

The New

SUCCESS

Marden's Magazine

September 19

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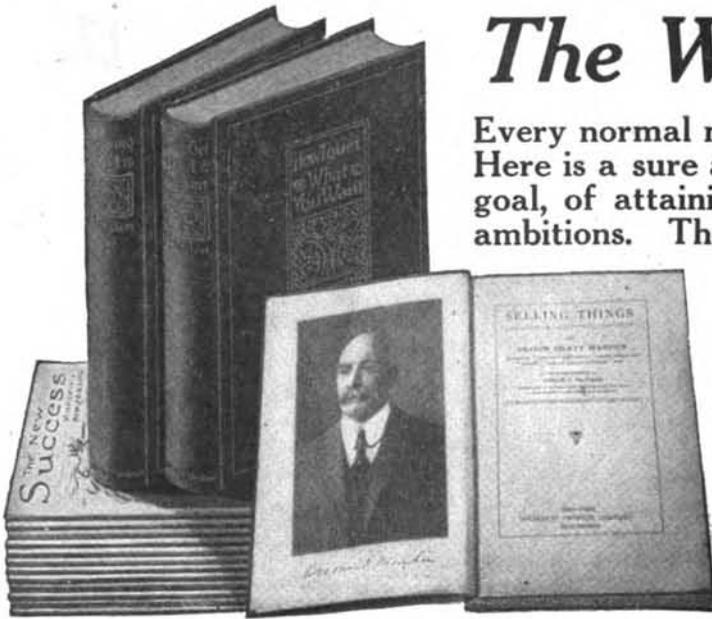


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Success
Magazine

ORISON SWETT MARDEN—EDITOR

ROBERT MACKAY—MANAGING-EDITOR

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“NO SURRENDER!”

The Slogan of the Winner

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

JAMES MIDDLETON COX, Governor of Ohio, the Democratic nominee for President, in an interview, immediately after his nomination, said: “Jefferson and Lincoln are a constant inspiration to me. Whenever I am in doubt about the proper course to pursue, I am strengthened by consultation with these two men, consultation which may be had by reading their lives. I also read the biography of every man who has made his mark in the world.”

When you are confronted with a difficulty of any kind, when obstacles pile up in front of you and bar your progress, when you are smarting under unlooked for disappointments or setbacks, whatever the trouble, there is no better hope and courage restorer, no finer stimulus to renewed effort and the will to victory, than to recall the lives of those who have fought and won out in the teeth of all sorts of opposition, setbacks, and obstacles.

Who is not thrilled and inspired by that single instance in the life of John Paul Jones, who, when his ship, *Bon Homme Richard*, was sinking and the dead of her crew outnumbered the living, was called on by the commander of the British ship, *Serapis*, to surrender. “Surrender!” shouted Jones. “Hell, I’ve just begun to fight!”

Even when your ship is almost sinking, and like John Paul Jones, you are fighting against desperate odds, refuse to surrender and you will come out, as he did, victor in the fight.

IT was this no-surrender spirit that carried one of the young salesmen pictured in our illustration to his journey’s end and the signing of a big order, while his disgruntled companion sat down by the roadside to whine and moan over the mishap which had befallen him.

The young men, traveling for rival firms, had hired a motor-car, and their gas had given out while they were yet some distance from their destination. There was no possibility of renewing their supply. They were far from any railroad station. What was to be done?

“Nothing, I guess,” moaned the disheartened one. “This is the

worst luck I have ever struck, and I’m always striking snags. It’s too hot to walk and I see nothing for it but to wait for some passing car to turn up and give us a lift.

“Oh, wait nothing!” impatiently snapped the other. “You may do what you like, but I’m not going to wait for anything to turn up. I’ll go and turn up something. I started out to get to X—, and I’m going to get there on schedule time. And, I’m going to get that order, too!” And, with a cheery, “So long” to his disconsolate friend, he started off with a do-or-die look on his face that spelled success.

A STRAW shows which way the wind blows. A little thing shows whether a man is going to fail or to win out in life. How he acts when his plans go awry, when he strikes snags where he expected plain sailing, when obstacles appear where he never dreamed of meeting them—these will show up his weakness or his strength as nothing else can.

The man who loses heart when he finds the way to his goal unexpectedly blocked; who waits for smooth conditions and favorable circumstances will never get anywhere in this world. Conditions will never be such that success in any field will be a walkover. It is the man who at the start makes up his mind to win in spite of adverse conditions, the man who instead of surrendering to obstacles rides over them, that succeeds in life. The very struggle to overcome the obstacles in his way develops the power that carries him step by step to his goal.

THE test of a sea captain comes in time of storm and stress. We cannot tell much about his qualities as a captain on a smooth sea.

What will he do when his ship is wrestling with the tempest when the waves run mountain high? What will he do in great emergency, when the lives of all of his passengers are in danger, when there is a collision or when his ship strikes an iceberg, or some other terrible disaster overtakes him far out at sea, when he must depend wholly upon his own resources? What

THE distinguishing trait of every great soul is his ability to get on his feet every time he falls, to stand erect and face the foe under the fiercest fire.

Original from

He does then will test his mettle, will show how much of a man he is, how great or how small a commander. It is in the storm and stress of life we are tested. No fair-weather sailor will reach the success port. If obstacles do not rouse your fighting blood; if defeat does not stimulate you, if it is your Waterloo; if you do not make a stepping-stone of every unfortunate experience, a point for a new departure, with a grim resolution to stick to your purpose at all costs, then you are not made of winning material—you are only a fair-weather sailor.

THE distinguishing trait of every great soul is his ability to get on his feet every time he falls, to stand erect and face the foe under the fiercest fire. Strong men who do big things for civilization, who help the world go forward, are always trampling upon obstacles, accomplishing impossibilities—doing things that everyone said couldn't be done.

The men who have blessed mankind by their great discoveries and inventions have had to labor incessantly against all sorts of obstacles; to begin all over again and gain after failure in order to perfect their work. And in the past their inventions had to fight their way to recognition, often against the opposition of the most progressive men of their time.

Even in our own times, with the aid of all modern facilities, not one has yet discovered a royal road to success. While the world is more hospitable to new ideas than in the past, it is only by continued effort, by refusing to surrender to obstacles, by beginning again and again after every defeat and pressing on with renewed vigor that we can hope to reach our goal.

THAT was how Peary discovered the North Pole—the great prize of three centuries of explorers. "My dream and goal for twenty years," he wrote in his diary after he had planted the Stars and Stripes at the Pole. Eight times he had journeyed to and fro in his great quest, suffering incredible hardships, every trip facing death in the frozen and uncharted seas of the North. But although he had his hours of discouragement, and doubt would creep in, he never surrendered, never succumbed to defeat. There was no obstacle on earth that could keep Robert E. Peary from reaching the Pole. He had the will to victory, and every obstacle finally yields to the persistent will to win.

If it was not for the will to win, that fights on doggedly after defeat and obstacles have done their worst, humanity would still be at the foot of the ladder of ascent, man would not be going on all fours, and there would be no hope of progress. The achievements of the great inventors which have relieved us from so much drudgery and given us leisure for the finer things of life would be impossible.

It was only by persistently experimenting day after day with things that would not work, that Edison succeeded in finding more valuable ideas that will work than any of his contemporaries. With him defeats are but milestones on the road to success. He has made his failures teach

him success in an almost unprecedented degree—and, to-day, in his seventy-fourth year, he is no more discouraged by a mere failure or obstacle than when he started experimenting with chemicals, as a lad, sixty odd years ago.

It was only by gathering their shattered forces together after every defeat and entering the battle again with a stubborn determination to win or die in the attempt that the Allies succeeded in holding the Kaiser's forces at bay until America entered the field and assured the victory of democracy over autocracy.

Whatever has been done in the world's history can be done again through the operation of the same laws and forces. No matter what obstacles oppose us we can be men and women of power if we will. There is a psychology back of every victory, national or individual, that far transcends in importance any mere physical or brute force. The moment one grasps the fact that there is within him an immortal power which can lift him above the limitations of the body and sweep him past all obstacles to his goal, he has come into possession of limitless resources. If he cultivates and uses his divine power, no obstacle can frighten him, no opposition or hindrance can hold him back from the realization of his life dream.

God, Himself, decreed that man should have dominion over the universe. But He also decreed that, in order to gain and hold his dominion, man must struggle with and overcome obstacles. He cannot be developed in the lap of ease, without personal effort, any more than an oak could be made to grow to its full strength and stature in a hot house.

If it had been possible to produce strong, ideal characters without hardships, without the struggle with obstacles, the necessity of overcoming difficulties, the Creator would have done it.

YOU FIND YOUR OWN

By EDWIN MARKHAM

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

ONCE where a prophet in a palm shade lay,
A traveler stopt at noon one dusty day,
And askt, "What sort of people in this land?"
The prophet answered, lifting a happy hand:
"Well, friend, what sort of people whence you came?"
"What sort?" the traveler snorted—"knaves and fools!"
"Well," said the prophet, "When your fervor cools,
You'll find the people here the very same."

Another stranger at the dusk drew near,
And paused to ask, "What sort of people here?"
"Well friend, what were the people whence you came?"
"Ah," smiled the stranger, "they were good and wise."
"Then," cried the prophet, laughing in his eyes,
"You'll find the people here the very same."

THE divine power within us is more than a match for any handicap or obstacle. It is because they realized this that thousands and thousands of people who were blind or deaf, crippled, or suffering from some other fearful handicap, succeeded in doing the seemingly "impossible" and rising to great heights of power and usefulness in the service of mankind. In their extremity they were turned in on themselves and forced to seek within the help which most of us seek only without. There they found limitless resources, divine strength—the real man, the real woman, that God made for success, not for failure.

Every time you surrender to an obstacle you lose an opportunity for growth, for the development of greater power, a sturdier, more virile character. Instead of calling out and using the divine strength implanted in you by the Creator for the very purpose of overcoming obstacles, you undermine and weaken it. By your cowardice you actually defeat God's purpose in creating you—the making of an ideal man or woman.

We do not dream of the extent of our divine resources until we are compelled to grapple with unusual difficulties.

"No surrender!" must ever be the slogan of the man or woman who would overcome the obstacles that block the road to success.

The Presidential Candidates for 1920

Harding and Coolidge, Republican; Cox and Roosevelt, Democratic

Why They Were Selected to Lead their Parties

By ARTHUR WALLACE DUNN

(Author of "How Presidents Are Made")

EITHER Warren G. Harding, of Ohio, or James M. Cox, also of Ohio, will be elected President of the United States at the quadrennial election which takes place this year, on November 2. Either Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, or Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York, will be elected Vice-President at the same time. So it is reasonable to say that at least one, and possibly two, of these men will be a future President of the United States. Since the Republican and Democratic national conventions have placed their tickets in the field, great interest has been manifested in these men who are the Presidential candidates. There is always the possibility of Vice-Presidents succeeding to the Presidency, as only one life stands between the Vice-President and that great office. Hence, the Vice-Presidential candidates of these two great parties have had their share of public attention because everybody knows that one of them will be placed in a position to succeed to the Presidency.

All of these men have been in the limelight to some extent, but more particularly since the Presidential campaigns opened, when at least three of them were considered Presidential possibilities, and were voted for in the national conventions, while the fourth had been before the public more or less conspicuously for the past seven years as an officer of the federal government. But the intense interest did not attach to any of these men until they came out into the blaze of political sunlight which shines upon men who are near the grand prize in American politics. Then, everybody had a keen desire to know something about them personally, their past lives, their chief characteristics, and what it was that brought them into their present situations. No matter what else may happen, no matter what may be going on in the world at large, the most important thing to the whole people of the United States is the selection of a President.

All Four Have Pure American Ancestors

WHILE two of the four men who are now on the road to high honors may have come from humble surroundings there is no question as to the stock from which they all sprang. Harding, Cox, Coolidge, and Roosevelt all have pure American ancestors. Of course, in this country, a man stands for what he is, and doesn't run for President or Vice-President either on what his father did or what his grandfather did, or even whether or not his forbears served the country well as far back as the days of the Revolution. Of course, men are proud of their ancestry, they are pleased that their ancestors were great and served their country well in the time in which they lived. All four of these men can well be proud of their ancestors who were sturdy citizens of America, going back for many, many years.

The most remarkable coincidence in regard to the candidates for President is the fact that both of them are newspaper men, and neither is a lawyer. Both are from Ohio, and that will give Ohio the lead as the "Mother of Presidents"—that is, it will mean that Ohio has furnished more Presidents than any other State in the Union, leading both Virginia and New York. It is a fact, however, that more men became Presidents who were natives of Virginia than were natives of Ohio, although Ohio crowds Virginia pretty

close on that score. It means the election of six men from Ohio to the Presidency. Coolidge and Roosevelt are lawyers.

Neither Harding Nor Cox Are College Men

NEITHER Harding nor Cox are college men. Harding was educated in a small academy, and Cox had a high-school education. Coolidge is a graduate of Amherst; Roosevelt a graduate of Harvard. All have sufficient education, however, to handle the business that will come before them if they achieve the high offices for which they are nominated.

No matter what happens, we are sure to have a President who plays golf. There was a time when it was a habit to poke fun at golf and those who played it, and it was held to be just a little outside of real American sport until it proved to be one of the best recreations in which a middle-aged or elderly man could indulge, and, also, that there was more of a game in it than appeared from the casual observation of those who did not know anything about it. Both Senator Harding and Governor Cox play golf. Both like it, not only as a recreation, but as a game; consequently the next President of the United States will be a golf player just as were Taft and Wilson. It is a curious fact, that considerable criticism was passed on former President Taft because he spent so much time playing golf, but no one seems to criticize President Wilson for indulging in his favorite pastime and getting his recreation in the open air. Both candidates like to hunt. In this form of sport and recreation they are like Roosevelt, who earned the reputation of a mighty hunter.

Their Families and Religions

SENATOR HARDING, many years ago, married the daughter of a prominent business man of his home town—Marion. She has been a great help to him, particularly when he was struggling with a country newspaper. She helped him in his office, but more particularly in smoothing out the rough places that always arise when a young man is climbing the ladder. They have no children. Governor Cox has been married twice, has three children by his first marriage, and one, an infant daughter, by his second wife, who is still a very young woman, a very handsome woman, and the daughter of a wealthy Chicago man. Governor Coolidge has a charming wife who is a real partner in his life. They have two boys. Mr. Roosevelt married a cousin of the late President Roosevelt, and they have five children.

In the matter of religious belief, the candidates are of different denominations. Senator Harding is a Baptist; Governor Cox belongs to the United Brethren, although he attends the Episcopal Church to which his wife belongs; Governor Coolidge is a Congregationalist; and Assistant-Secretary Roosevelt is an Episcopalian.

When a Man Is Forced into the Light

ONE Sunday afternoon, a number of persons were sitting under the trees of a country club near Washington, and a veteran journalist—who began his career in Washington as far back as 1866, and has taken a keen interest in all political events ever since—delivered himself of this monologue: "It is surprising what a difference a Presidential nomi-

The Presidential Candidates for 1920

ination will make in regard to the interest which attaches to a man. A few months ago, or even if Governor Lowden, or General Wood, or some other man, had been chosen as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, Senator Warren G. Harding could have departed from Washington, either by train, automobile, or any other way that suited

him, and no notice would have been taken of the happening; it is doubtful whether the event would have been chronicled in the newspapers. It would have been the departure of a senator for his home, nothing less or nothing more. Now, note the difference! Senator Warren G. Harding departed yesterday and the papers are full of it, giving every detail and recording every incident; telling what everybody said, even what the colored cook said to Mrs. Harding. The Senator leaves in an automobile and is followed by other automobiles filled with newspaper men. Morning papers tell all of the incidents concerning the trip, together with the fact that a Secret Service man had to jump out of the automobile several times to retrieve Senator Harding's cap which had blown off as the automobile was making fast time over the Maryland roads toward the Alleghany Mountains. His arrival at his home town is described with minuteness of detail—even gusto. Everything he says, and even what his neighbors say to him, is set down as a matter of moment and interest to the reading public. The little town of Marion goes on the map. Now, and for many months hence, the Marion date-line will be on the first page of nearly all the newspapers of the country. Such is the change which a Presidential nomination makes. There is no particular change in the man."



J. M. COX
Governor of Ohio



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
of New York

AND why not? Why should not the people take a great interest in any man who is likely to be President of the United States? It would be an extraordinary thing if they did not. And yet it is a fact that Senator Harding has not changed, save that he realizes the responsibility that has been thrust upon him by his selection as a candidate for President. He may be more cautious in his speech, giving more care to the choice of words to express his meaning, knowing that they will be scanned by friend and foe for approval and criticism, and that his every utterance is likely to be printed in every part of the country within a short time after it is made. Consequently he is likely to be more circumspect; but the man,

Harding, is there just the same.

In the first place, Warren G. Harding is a rather modest type of man. When his friends first began to talk to him about becoming the Republican candidate for



Mrs. James M. Cox and the Cox baby.



Gilbert Cox, of Camden, Ohio, Governor Cox's father, and the candidate's stepmother.



"Trails End," near Dayton, Ohio, the home of Governor Cox.



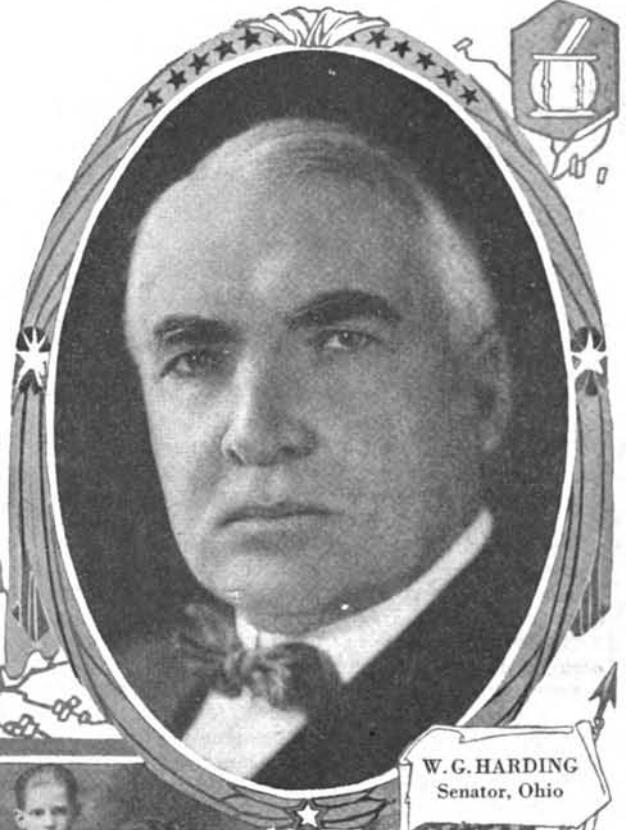
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt and the Roosevelt family.

President of the United States, he had some misgivings as to whether he should allow his name to be used in connection with that office because he realized what a tremendous task it was to administer the affairs of this great government. Naturally, he looked back upon his past career and wondered whether the man who began as a country newspaper boy, thirty-five years ago, gradually working his way upward until he had served a term in the United States Senate, was fitted to assume the great responsibilities confronting the Chief Magistrate of the United States. Running all through his political career is that same modesty and reluctance for public office which is absolutely in contrast with the vigor, vim, and push which characterized his newspaper career. Diving in and taking hold of a defunct country newspaper as a youngster, twenty years of age, he scrambled, fought, pushed, turned, twisted, and finally achieved success by sheer persistence and dogged determination. He said he was going to make that newspaper a success, put it on a paying basis, and that is what he did. That characteristic of Senator Harding still exists and is often observed by those who are close to him. While it is true that he has a reluctance about accepting public office, whenever he is chosen for a position, he takes up the duties of that position and performs them with the same determination to reach a successful conclusion as characterized his newspaper work.

Popular and of a Pleasing Personality

IN conducting his paper Harding became a partisan. He fought for Republican success in a Democratic county. He insisted that the Republicans should put up a candidate and fight for their ticket regardless of the fact that there was no hope for victory. On one occasion, these Republicans said that Harding should take some of his own medicine and he was nominated for a county office. He went into the fight, was beaten, but he was able to show great gains for his party. It was with reluctance that he became a political speaker, but once on the platform, he hammered away with such vigor and such ease of manner

that he was declared an orator and a very valuable campaigner. Then he was elected to the Ohio State Senate from his district and was afterwards elected Lieutenant Governor. He was not fond of these political offices, but his position in his community was such as to cause his



W. G. HARDING
Senator, Ohio



Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, Mrs. Coolidge and their sons, Calvin, Jr., and John.



MRS. HARDING
Wife of the Republican Candidate



Dr. George Tyron Harding,
Senator Harding's father.



House in Bloominggrove, Ohio,
where Senator Harding was born

Photographs copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

friends to put him forward for the places. He was popular with the people and he had a pleasant personality, besides being a vigorous fighter in political campaigns.

Of course, his real boost into politics came in 1914, when he was elected United States Senator from Ohio by a majority of over 100,000. He was rather averse to becoming a candidate because his old personal friend, Senator Foraker, was also an aspirant. Foraker had been defeated in 1908, largely through the efforts of Theodore Roosevelt, who was then President. Foraker, then an old man, naturally sought vindication; but a great many Republicans in Ohio doubted whether Foraker could be elected if he received the Republican nomination, and with great insistence they urged Harding to become a candidate. He did become the candidate, was nominated, and elected.

Might Have Been Nominated in 1916

HARDING had been in the Senate only about a year, but long enough to show people who were interested that he was a man who could speak and who could preside. When the Republican convention met, in 1916, and was looking about for a capable presiding officer, Senator Harding was chosen. He was known as a good parliamentarian, both as presiding officer of the Ohio Senate and for the few times he had presided, temporarily, over the United States Senate. That he was a good speaker and could make the "keynote speech" was assured—and so he was chosen. He rather endeared himself to the people who attended that national gathering in 1916, being just to everybody, courteous, and often displaying a sense of humor that was appreciated during the rather dull proceedings.

No doubt had there been any such deadlock in 1916, as occurred in 1920, Senator Harding would have received a great many votes in the convention and might possibly have been named at that time instead of four years later. Personal contact and propinquity has much to do in determining the choice of Presidents. One reason why Harding was nominated at the last Republican convention was because he was personally known to a great many people. Nearly all of those who attended the convention, in 1916, felt that they knew him; at least they had seen him and they had heard him speak, and for four days they had had a sort of personal relationship with him; he had been the presiding officer of the convention which they attended either as delegates or spectators.

SENATOR HARDING is a big man physically. He is the kind of man that people like to look at; a type of what we conceive to be a physical specimen of an American. He is somewhat above the medium height, stands upright, with big square shoulders; when he walks he has a good swinging gait, going as if he meant to get somewhere. He has a rather dark complexion, deep-set brown eyes overhung with somewhat shaggy eyebrows, a good square jaw, and a determined mouth. His face is decidedly striking, strong and resolute. It is a face that lights up when he is speaking earnestly, or when he is amused and smiles. In point of looks, the Republican candidate for President has nearly everything in his favor. "He looks the part," was the remark of a political observer during the early stages of the canvass for candidates when speaking of Senator Harding. Perhaps that was because his appearance in a way reminds one of President McKinley. McKinley always "looked the part."

SENATOR HARDING is a pleasing personality without being a "hail-fellow-well-met" sort of person. He isn't the kind of a man who would slap you on the back—nor is he the kind of a man you would want to slap on the back. He is pleasant to talk to, has an affable manner, but doesn't belong in that class called "magnetic"—nor was McKinley

for that matter. In fact, there are few Blaines and Roosevelts in Presidential campaigns, and mighty few men are ever made candidates or elected President on their magnetic characteristics. As a speaker, Senator Harding is rather captivating, because of his oratorical style and his earnestness when on the platform. He chooses his sentences well and expresses his ideas in a clean, clear-cut manner. This is also true of his style in private conversation. He neither stumbles nor hesitates, but seems to have an easy flow of language, and he is not in the least hesitant in expressing his opinions or answering questions.

SUCH is the Republican candidate for President; a man fifty-five years old, not a lawyer, but a country newspaper man. One of the many men who started out in rather poor circumstances, for he was the son of a country physician and lived in a rather humble manner in his early youth, but finally worked his way to the top like many another man making the best of his opportunities, and in a way the favorite of opportunity, coupled with his own determination to make a success of his chosen vocation.

From Printer in a Country Newspaper Office, to Governor of Ohio. The Story of James M. Cox

JAMES M. COX, of Ohio, now a man fifty years old, is another example of the youngster starting out as a boy born and reared on a farm, beginning as a newsboy selling papers, working in a printing office, teaching school, becoming a newspaper reporter, and, finally, a politician—and a successful politician, too—going steadily forward until he reached the pinnacle with the White House in sight if his party wins. "Jimmie" Cox, and there are a lot of people who have called him "Jimmie" for many years, is one of the most likeable men you could meet anywhere. He is a right, all-around, good fellow; a man who can talk—who can say things. He is the life of any party of which he is a member. One may disagree with Cox politically, but one will like him personally. From a printer in a country newspaper office, he became a reporter and editorial writer on the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. He interested people by his personality, and by his shrewdness in politics. In that way he became associated with men who had confidence in him, and they were able to help him when he became the proprietor of two newspapers, one in Dayton, and the other in Springfield, Ohio.

He was a newspaper man when he went to Washington as secretary to a congressman. He learned so much about the congressional business that he was elected to the House of Representatives and served four years. Probably no one who then knew him as "Jimmie" Cox, member of Congress from the Third Ohio District, expected that he would become a Presidential possibility, much less be nominated by his party for that high office. He was a good speaker then, and he knew enough to take up topics which he understood, and which were of interest to the people. That was where his newspaper training came in and where he used it to good advantage. He made speeches, and they were speeches which he understood, and they were made in a style which was understood by the people, and on subjects which were of interest to the people. That is a part of his success in politics; that's what made him Governor of Ohio and why he was elected three times. In fact, his being Governor of Ohio is what made him a Presidential possibility and put him on the road to the White House.

GOVERNOR COX knows how to say a thing in a taking way. For instance, at the Jackson Day banquet, in Washington, last January, when the Democrats assembled to talk politics and hear great orators speak, it was Cox who made the decided hit by making a speech which de-

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The Key to Opportunity

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IN opportunity's door, there is always a key; but many of us fail to see it. We condemn a cruel fate that keeps us outside when others are admitted, but we little dream that that fate lies in ourselves, in our lack of observation, energy and determination.

Opportunity becomes invisible to those who are doing nothing, or looking somewhere else for it. It is the great worker, the man who is alert, that sees it and grasps it.

Many a man sits on the doorstep of opportunity and, Micawberlike, waits for something to turn up, when, by only a little exertion, he might see and turn the key and find the realization of his fondest dreams.

Young men often write me that they are satisfied they could make their mark in the world if they only had a chance such as others have; but they have nobody to give them a lift, to pay their way to college, or to help establish them in business, and so they see little use in trying to get ahead.

ONE of the most depressing and discouraging conditions to try to overcome in a young person, is that of not trying, of giving up. There is not very much that you can do with a person who won't try to help himself. You can do a lot of things with a bad youth, with one who has all sorts of evil tendencies. If he has force and grit there is hope of changing his habits, his ideals. But what can you do with a person who has reached a position where he ceases to try, where he will not help himself?

John Hunter has written:

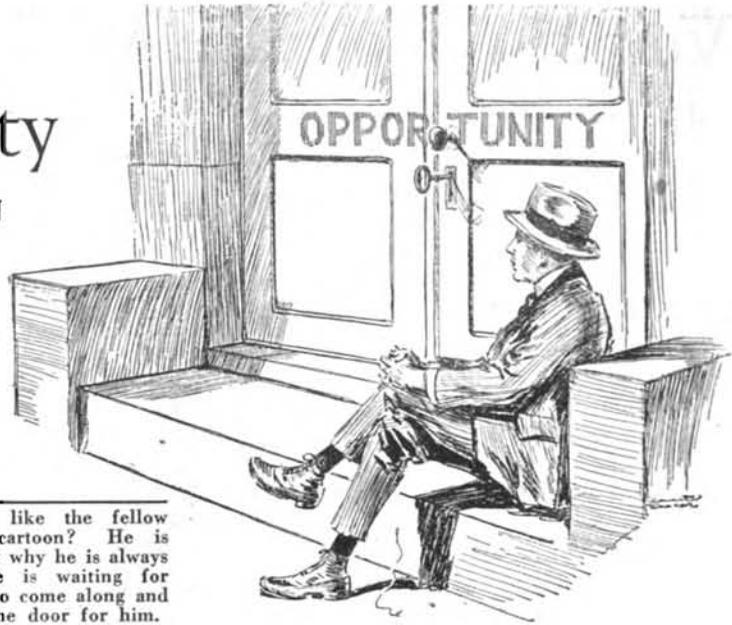
"Is there one whom difficulties dishearten—who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who will conquer? That kind of man never fails."

IF you are made of the stuff that wins, you will see great opportunities in little ones. The youth will make every chore on the farm or around the house, every errand, an opportunity. He will make every letter he writes a chance in life. He will look upon every lesson in school as a foundation stone for his great success structure.

Many youths seem to pity themselves because they are without pull or capital, which, they say, is absolutely essential in this day of terrific competition. My friends, let me tell you that the men who have made the world sit up and take notice, the men who have made their mark on the world, have had neither pull nor capital to start with.

My experience has been that those who depend upon pull and capital outside of themselves never amount to anything. They either are mediocre plodders or they are nobodies.

DID you ever realize, my friends, who complain that you have "no chance," that the men who had "no chance" have done about all the big things in the world that have ever been done? They are the history makers, the world's movers who had the ability to see the uncommon in the common, the unusual in the ordinary, the great future in the little present.



Are you like the fellow in this cartoon? He is wondering why he is always down; he is waiting for someone to come along and unlock the door for him.

After one of Alexander's campaigns, he was asked if he intended taking the next city if he had an opportunity. "Opportunity!" he thundered, "why, I make opportunities!"

There is, perhaps, no more pitiable object than that of a healthy, strong, well-educated young man whining about the lack of opportunity, that the good chances are in the past, that somebody must help him or he can never get on his feet.

"It is not the opportunity that a man has, or the tools that are available to him; but it is the determination with which he pushes on against unfavorable circumstances, and with which he uses such tools as are available, that settles the question of how much he amounts to and what he accomplishes in life," says Walter Joslin.

FAAME is the echo of a man's determination. Does it not make you boys and young men who are idling away your time, who are making no great effort because there is nobody to give you a lift, feel a little ashamed when you see all around you those who are much poorer than you, who were born and reared in a mean environment, and yet who are starting in all kinds of business for themselves without money capital, but with something far better: with grit capital, with manhood capital, character capital, pluck capital, the capital that gives confidence?

While you are waiting for somebody to help you, thousands of young men are putting their manhood, their push, their determination and grit in the place of the money capital you are wishing for, and are starting for themselves.

While you are complaining that you have nobody to help you, they, unassisted, push ahead and open the door to opportunity. They do not wait outside for somebody to hand them the key.

THE good openings you cannot find are in yourselves—nowhere else. You are your own best opportunity.

It is a dangerous thing to wait for opportunities until waiting becomes a habit. Energy and inclination for hard work ooze out in the waiting.

Waiting for opportunities has kept multitudes of men in mediocre positions who might have gone on to something

(Continued on page 61)

Original from

23

THE world does not dictate what you shall do; but it does demand that you do something, and that you be king in your line.

Women Who Have Made a Success in the Busy Field of Advertising

By JOHN WEBSTER

Photographs copyrighted by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.



Euphemia Holden and her pet collie

THE development of advertising in newspapers, magazines, and other mediums of display, is one of the most remarkable phases of our national life. Indeed, to such an extent has it developed, that, the generations of the future will study the manners, customs, and tastes of various periods in the development of American national life by reading the advertising pages of various publications, many of which are preserved in the national library at Washington.

A quarter of a century ago, advertising was in a very crude state. To-day, the advertising sold to the weekly and monthly publications of the United States, amounts to about \$300,000,000 a year. This branch of advertising, alone, forms one of America's largest industries. It has attracted many of the cleverest men in the United States, and, therefore, it is little wonder that it has attracted, in recent years, some of the cleverest women. I am writing here about a few of the young women who are leaders in the advertising field. To mention them all would take more space than could be afforded to one subject in a single number of THE NEW SUCCESS, but, the subjects of this article represent a fair average of the type of the young American woman who has chosen advertising for her life career and is making a success of it.

AWOMAN who stepped out of a luxurious home and a social position to manage the advertising department of a New York newspaper, is Mrs. Helen Rogers Reid, who took her husband's property in hand because she wanted to do something worth while. She has accomplished this in the development of the New York *Tribune*.

Teas, dinners, the opera, and all the rest of the activities that contribute to a New York season, do not interfere with Mrs. Reid's handling of her duties at the *Tribune* office. She is the wife of Ogden Mills Reid, the owner of the *Tribune*. It is just about a year since she took the advertising reins of that newspaper. Some of the foremost executives connected with great New York enterprises, name Mrs. Reid as one of the ablest business executives in the country.



Katharine Farrell

Mrs. Margaret Burlingame

Jane Martin

MISS ELDENA LAUTER, of the H. Lauter Co., of Indianapolis, holds a two-fold position. She is not only advertising manager of the firm, but directs the general manufacturing and selling details. Until recently, when added executive details fell on her shoulders and she was obliged to seek assistants, Miss Lauter not only looked after the

details of shipments, but purchased the lumber with which the firm's furniture is built. She knows wood and its value, and has so thorough a knowledge of the business which bears her name that few men are able to cope with her when it comes to a commercial deal.

FLORENCE E. SHINDLER is advertising manager of the Desmond Department Store, Los Angeles. She was a stenographer at the beginning of her business career, but pothooks and notebooks and typewriters began to weary her. Incidentally, she had learned a great deal about the department-store business through devotion to the correct and intelligent transcription of the letters and orders dictated to her by her employers.

So the stenographer went higher—to a responsible position in the advertising department of the United States Cavalry *Journal*, at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. The work at the big Government Military Reservation gave her a thorough training for the advertising career she had made up her mind to follow.



Adele Drouet

THE leader among advertising women is Miss Jane Martin, president of the League of Advertising Women, and member of the executive committee of the Associated Advertising Clubs of the World. The last-named is an important position because every worth-while advertising organization is represented in this organization. At the recent convention at Indianapolis, Miss Martin had behind her reelection a fervor which rivaled the nomination of a candidate at a National Convention. She is the first woman to hold such a post in the history of the association.

Miss Martin is advertising manager for the big trading-stamp corporation, The Sperry & Hutchinson Company. She owes her promotion to ability, foresight, and hard work. To know the needs of women, is a part of her task; but she must know, also, what items appealing to men, shall be included in a trading-stamp catalogue.

Miss Martin is the personification of pluck, and her career demonstrates the value of this asset in a woman engaged in business. "There are two prime essentials for a woman's success in business life," she declares. "The first is thorough training, then the courage and determination to request promotion as often as she feels convinced that her work deserves recognition."

Miss Martin is earning a yearly salary of \$10,000. She has seemingly demonstrated the soundness of her theory.

After completing her work at Leavenworth, Miss Shindler accepted a position with an advertising agency in Los Angeles. Soon after she stepped into her present place—publicity director of Desmond's.

Notwithstanding her arduous duties, Miss Shindler believes in plenty of exercise and a due amount of recreation. When she can slip away from her office she spends her time motoring over the picturesque hills and through the inspiring mountains and cañons of Southern California.

KATHARINE FARRELL entered the advertising business as a competent secretary to an executive of the Crowell Publishing Company. She absorbed every bit of the theory and practice which was transmitted through her pencil to a notebook during the period of her apprenticeship. Then she outgrew her position as secretary. To-day, she holds a responsible advertising position with the Crowell Company, and has been actively engaged in the promotion of the group of publications for which she was a stenographer. She has proven that women of originality find a great outlet for their abilities in the field of advertising.



Florence E. Shindler

vertising copy. The longer I work the better I like it!" But this capable woman also realizes that all work and no play makes Jill a dull girl. She has a motor-car which she runs herself. In the summer months, when she can be absent from the office consistently, she lives on a ten-acre farm not far from Fort Worth and varies her activities by exercising her skill as a farmer and a botanist.

ONE of the most successful women in the advertising field is Miss Jean Dean Barnes. Miss Barnes is a free lance and runs her own agency. She is an expert on textiles, and one of the keenest publicity "men" in the business. Miss Barnes has a number of important clients. She is an expert "copy" writer, and her advertisements are full of "feminine charm," practical merchandising, and a true "selling punch."

Although her business activities keep her on tiptoe, Miss Barnes finds time to administer her duties as a duly commissioned major in the Manhattan and Bronx Units of the Women's Police Reserves, a New York Civic organization which grew out of the needs of the



Helen Rogers Reid

FRESH from a college vacation, Miss Theresa Jackson received her first advertising experience with the Murray Howe Advertising Agency, New York. A first-rate athlete, and a devotee of swimming and gymnasium training, Miss Jackson made her mind as nimble as her muscles. She developed a taste for getting at the heart of things, and

is now holding a very important post on the agency staff, spending much of her time investigating market conditions and the demand for advertised products.

FROM the position of envelope addresser in the mailing department of Washer Brothers, Dallas Texas, to the post of advertising manager, is the achievement of Mrs. Irene Scott Dicklow. After developing her industry and ability, Mrs. Dicklow was made secretary and assistant to the advertising and general manager of the establishment. After six years of intelligent work in this capacity, her chief relinquished the duties of advertising manager and conferred them upon his assistant.

Since that time, one responsibility after another has been entrusted to Mrs. Dicklow. To-day she is a factor to be reckoned with in the big store. "Outside of my home," says Mrs. Dicklow, "my chief joy in life is writing ad-

World War and, since, has concerned itself vitally with the welfare of the city.

Miss Barnes is a trained investigator of trade relations and conditions, and her work in this particular phase takes her all over the country. Her reports are not only highly valued but well remunerated by the country's leading business-organizations.



Mrs. Irene Scott Dicklow

Nine years ago Jean Dean Barnes knew nothing about the advertising business and had no commercial training whatsoever. To-day, she is one of the best known figures in her chosen profession. She makes acquaintances which are valuable and holds them because her advice is always of interest. She has a thorough knowledge of the selling field and brings to the hand of prospective national advertisers, knowledge and principles which are exceptionally desirable because of their earthy practicality and profitable potentialities.

Besides her daily work and her police activities, Miss Barnes is an enthusiastic worker in political circles. She is fond of outdoor sports and is as skillful at them as she is at business problems.

IN 1917, Miss Adele Drouet graduated from college and secured a position in the advertising department of the D. H. Holmes & Co., Ltd., Department- (Continued on page 56)



Minna Hall Simmons



Theresa Jackson



Jean Dean Barnes



Eldena Lauter

Suppose a well-dressed business man came up to you on the street, and handed you an envelope containing \$10,000 in one-thousand-dollar bills?

What would you do with the money?

Howard P. Rockey's New Serial

THE TEN PAY-ENVELOPES

Illustrations by Ronald Anderson

RICHARD PENBROOKE sat in the library of his magnificent Fifth Avenue mansion, staring at ten little brown envelopes which reposed on his study desk. They were ordinary manila envelopes such as business firms and factories use to enclose the weekly pay of their employees.

Inside of each envelope were ten one-thousand-dollar bills.

Wrapped about the crisp currency was a typewritten letter, a copy of which Penbrooke held in his hand and was reading over for the seventh time. He shook his head, and, leaning back in his easy chair, sank into a reverie, which was only interrupted when the butler announced the arrival of Judge Travers and the Reverend Edward Taulane.

Penbrooke put down the typed paper he had been perusing and arose to greet his guests, at the same time telling the servant to serve dinner as soon as it was ready.

Then he asked his guests to be seated. The three formed a curious group, well set off by the sombre yet luxurious background of the great library with its wainscoted walls, its costly pictures, rare tapestries, and out-of-the-ordinary curios.

PENBROOKE was a picturesque man. Tall, white of hair and ruddy of feature, he was a striking man of sixty—a man whose name was a bond in the business world. "As rich as Richard Penbrooke," was a commonly used synonym, although but few of the general public knew anything about him except his reputed wealth and his unquestioned success in commercial fields. He had never been active in promoting charities, as were many of his close associates; he never entertained political ambition or a desire for social prestige. His wife had died shortly after their marriage, and, true to the memory of the only love that ever touched his life, he had never married again.

Judge Travers was a distinguished jurist of the old school—a man of infinite courtesy and still more infinite brain. He was probably the closest friend Penbrooke possessed, and each reveled in the intimate contact of their equally keen though widely different brains. The third member of the party, Dr. Taulane, was better known to the New York public. Rector of one of the richest churches in Manhattan, nevertheless he was the most democratic of distinguished clergymen. He did not denounce humanity from the pulpit, nor threaten the erring with eternal punishment. He understood those things which lead to temptation and he went out boldly and grappled with them.

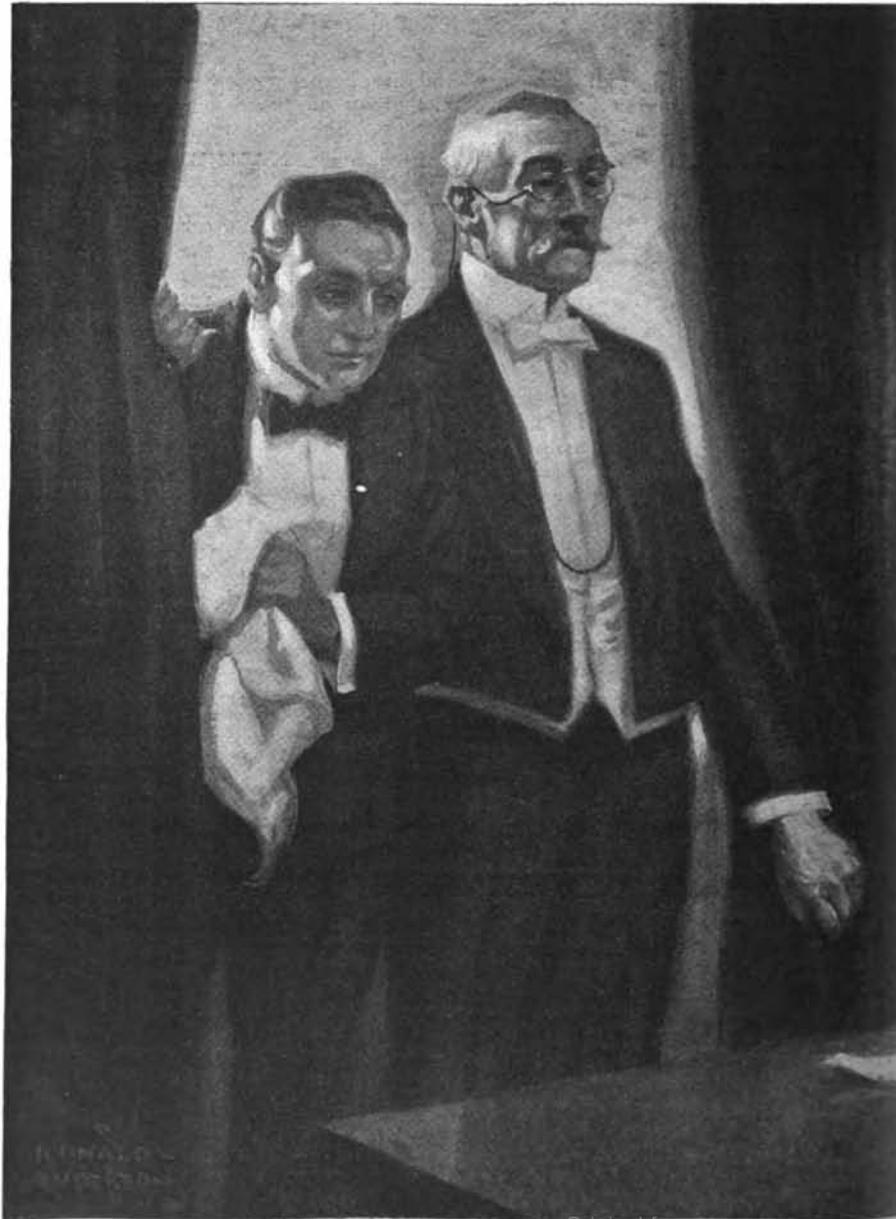
They were men who found keen enjoyment in studying the varied life of the great city in which they lived.

PENBROOKE smiled as he saw the two staring at the ten manila envelopes.

"Is this pay day in the Penbrooke menage?" Judge Travers asked with a twinkle in his eye.

"No," interposed Dr. Taulane. "These little envelopes are contributions our friend Penbrooke is going to drop into my pet charities." He knew better than that, for

it had been a lifelong disappointment to him that he could not interest Penbrooke in the many helpful projects which were his own pet hobbies. Nevertheless, he genuinely admired the austere Penbrooke, and on more than one occasion, had profited his endeavors by taking Penbrooke's advice. Penbrooke smiled frankly. "You are both wrong," he announced. "These ten envelopes



opes contain the nucleus of a most interesting experiment. They contain the seed of ten human careers—of their making or their wrecking—I do not know which. But I am going to find out. I am about to play the most fascinating game of my career—a little experiment which may alter my whole attitude toward humanity in general and toward Taulane's ideas of humanity in particular."

"Since when have you been going in for that sort of stuff?" asked Judge Travers, doubting his friend's good faith.

"Since this morning," Penbrooke told him. "But here is Thomas announcing dinner, so let me tell it to you over table." He arose and ushered his guests into the dining-room at the other end of the hallway.

HE TOOK with him, however, the letter which he had been reading when his guests arrived, and passed it, first, to Dr. Taulane. "That will explain my little scheme," said Penbrooke. "I asked you and Travers to dinner because I wanted your opinion on it; because I am not by any

means certain that this is not an extremely foolish thing for me to do. I am not even certain that it is not absolutely wrong."

Dr. Taulane looked at him in surprise, as he took the neatly typed sheet and glanced at it. His eyes narrowed as he read the first sentence. "Read it aloud, Edward, then I'll know what you're discussing," remarked Judge Travers.

The minister looked to Penbrooke for permission; the host nodded assent. "If Thomas should come in, stop reading," he cautioned. "He would not understand, and I do not care to explain it—to him."

Dr. Taulane leaned forward, and, in a quiet tone, read the short note. "In this envelope," he began, "you will find ten thousand dollars in United States currency. I do not know who you are, and I shall not ask. It is none of my affair. Who I may be, is none of your affair—at present."

He paused. Penbrooke was conscious of a piercing glance from Judge Travers. "No," he anticipated the other's query, "I am not insane. I mean just what I say—and you will discover why I say it if you

will let Taulane read the letter through." The Judge nodded and Dr. Taulane resumed: "I wish you to accept this money. There are no strings attached to it. I can well afford to present it to you, and I do so freely without obligation or condition. It is yours to dispose of as you see fit. I hope it will prove helpful and not harmful to you. If it does prove helpful, my ambition will be realized. If it does not, my fears will be substantiated. I will not endeavor to learn your name; I ask you not to try to discover mine. All that I do ask in full payment for the ten thousand dollars, which I freely give to you, is that, at the end of one year, you will tell me what you have done with it. On September 3, 1920, I will be registered at the Hotel Margrave, New York City, as Peter Brown. Will you either come to see me on that evening, at seven o'clock precisely, and have dinner with me, or will you write me a letter at that address giving me the information I desire? If you prefer not to honor my request, you are not compelled to do so; but I shall greatly appreciate it if you will—preferably in person—and tell me frankly and fully just what this ten thousand dollars has meant to your life."

"There is no signature," Dr. Taulane said as he finished the reading.

For a moment there was silence in the dining-room, and as the butler entered with the next course, the minister folded the letter and handed it to Penbrooke. When the three were alone again, Judge Travers looked squarely at Penbrooke.

"You said this idea came to you this morning," he said with judicial calm—in the tone he might have used while questioning a witness. "Will you kindly tell us just how you became possessed of such a notion and where you expect it to lead you?"

"Gladly," assented Penbrooke. "At least I will tell you the source of my idea. Its outcome no man can foresee."

"The whole purpose is far from clear to me," Dr. Taulane said. "To whom—"

"That is a leading question," Judge Travers broke in. "Let Penbrooke tell us his story in its proper order."

"In the first place," began the millionaire, "our good friend, Taulane, is always asking me to contribute to this fund and that. He practices charity on a wholesale basis, and, no doubt, does a great deal of good. But, somehow, guilty though I feel in refusing him, I have but little sympathy with many of his projects and believe that they can well be supported by those who believe in them and like to lend their names to such endeavors."

"You also objected to contributing to my fund for the redemption of reformed criminals," Judge Travers reminded him.

"Yes," said Penbrooke, "because I do not believe that money will reform anyone. If a man wants to turn honest, he will do so for no other reason than because he wants to do it—just as a man will not break any other bad habit unless he honestly desires to quit. And if he is sincere in his desire, he will accomplish his purpose despite all obstacles and without outside aid."

"Perhaps," Judge Travers admitted, "but tell us the rest of your story."

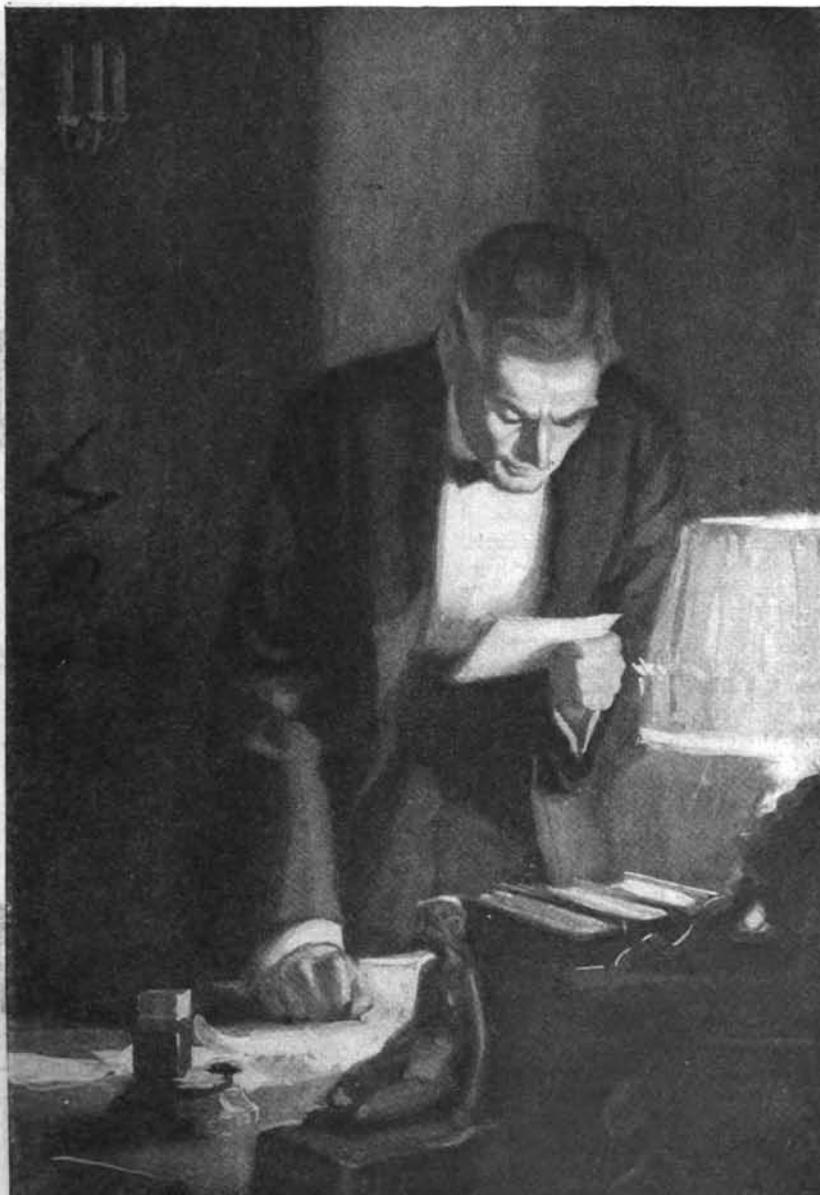
"Well," Penbrooke resumed, "I've fre-

The other two stood staring at him in amazement.

"Phone the police," was the judge's practical suggestion.

"Never," said Penbrooke. "I anticipated this very thing—and have proved one of my theories."

"At the cost of a hundred thousand dollars?" said Travers.



quently heard in roundabout ways, that people, knowing of my wealth, say, at times, 'Why don't Penbrooke give me a little slice of his fortune. He has so much he would never miss a few thousands and it would mean everything to me.' They say it jokingly, of course, but it has often set me thinking. This morning, I happened to be riding in the subway—a thing I seldom do. And I heard that remark made by a young man who stood close to my elbow. I was angry and impatient with him at first, for he was a dissipated looking youth; but as I saw him pass through the door and melt into the throng at Brooklyn Bridge, I was disappointed at not having accosted and questioned him. The incident lingered in my mind throughout the morning. By the time I had finished luncheon, I had hit upon my plan."

THE jurist and the clergyman were listening attentively.

"I began wondering what would happen if I did give a few thousand dollars to some stranger—someone who had little or nothing of the world's wealth. I wondered whether it would lead such folks to success or to failure—whether it would prove a blessing or a curse. And I resolved to try it. I do not desire to leave my millions to some impersonal institution. I do not care to endow libraries or colleges, while I live. But I would like to see my surplus accomplishing good in the world, for I am not the self-centered, selfish, callous old crab you two seem to think I am."

"Penbrooke," interrupted Judge Travers, "if I didn't know that you are an extremely level-headed man I would move the appointment of a committee in lunacy to examine you."

"Perhaps you would be justified," Penbrooke admitted smilingly, "but wait until you hear the rest of my plan. I don't know any deserving individuals, and I have no poor relatives or favorites. I am not disposed to ask either you or Taulane to give me a list of such cases; but I do propose to experiment in human beings to the extent of ten thousand dollars each."

"Are you going to drop those precious envelopes out of an aeroplane, or set up a grab bag in Central Park?" Travers asked, with a twinkle in his eye.

"Neither," Penbrooke told him. "I am going to slip those ten envelopes into my pocket. Each contains a letter similar to the one which Taulane just read. I am going to walk up Broadway, from Madison Square to Columbus Circle, and I am going to give one to each person who stands beside me when I pause at the curbstone, every ten blocks. That will dispose of half my envelopes."

"If you're not mobbed or arrested before you reach Central Park," commented Travers.

"Nonsense," said Penbrooke. "I am merely going to present the envelope, request the recipient to read its contents when I am gone, and then hurry off before he or she breaks the seal."

"And, then—where will you dispose of the other five of the ten talents you propose distributing in this manner?"

"I shall walk up Riverside Drive from Seventy-second Street," Penbrooke told him, and repeat the same performance.

"Why select these two thoroughfares?" Travers questioned. "Why not the slums, the East Side, Brooklyn, or the Bronx?"

"Because I wish to leave the whole matter solely to chance," said Penbrooke. "I do not wish to pick either likely or unlikely localities. I do not wish to experiment with types. I shall take my ten, just as chance or fate hands them to me. If you happened to be the man at my elbow, I would hand you an envelope."

"What time do you start your walk?" continued the jurist.

"Come, come," protested Dr. Taulane. "This suggestion of Penbrooke's forms the basis of a tremendously interesting experiment—provided, of course, we ever learn its outcome. Those who receive the money may suspect some trick—may fear to come to your dinner or to write. They will be suspicious—"

"I expect they will," Penbrooke answered. "I am investigating human nature. I may never hear from any of the ten—and I may hear from all of them. What I shall hear, my imagination refuses to conjure up. And my patience will be exerted to the limit, keeping my curiosity in check for the next twelve months."

"But ten times ten thousand makes one hundred thousand dollars," Dr. Taulane protested. "Richard, you could do many worth-while things with that sum of money. Now, I could—"

"I know you could," snapped Penbrooke, not unkindly. "But I won't permit you to suggest your alternatives. I am consumed with a desire to know what ten different persons would do if they unexpectedly received ten thousand dollars out of a blue sky. I may be doing them a great wrong

CASH PRIZES

for the Best Solution of Richard Penbrooke's unique problem presented in this remarkable serial, "The Ten Pay-Envelopes."

We will ask our readers to solve this problem, after the publication of the last installment. Cash prizes will be offered for the best solutions.

Do not miss this chance.

to place the means of temptation in their path—and I may be doing the most wonderful thing in the world. Whatever the result, I am going to give my plan a trial. If you gentlemen would like to accompany me on my walk, I shall be glad to have you see the various types that fate will cast into my experiment."

"Gladly!" said Judge Travers. I wouldn't miss it for the world."

"Of course Richard, I shall go with you," Dr. Taulane agreed; "but I cannot say that I sympathize with your venture when there are so many worthy institutions—"

"Worthy institutions be hanged!" exclaimed Penbrooke. "You can get all the money you want for them. They do good, of course, but I want to do good—if I can—in a totally different way. I want to find the unknown deserving—to stumble across those who would do something really worth while with money, if they possessed it. I want to find the eternal grumbler who bases his failure on lack of money, and see if the possession of funds will make something out of him. Now, I can't advertise for such people. I would be flooded with letters! I am going to leave it solely to chance and abide by the results."

"As I understand it," Judge Travers said, "you will not attempt to check up these people in any way."

"No, sir!" Penbrooke replied, emphati-

cally. "I shall not even ask their names. I want to see whether they are honest enough to come to me and give an account of their stewardship—of their rendering of service to themselves, when I furnish the means."

"Well," said Dr. Taulane, "I hope you will invite me to your dinner next September third, so that I may witness the result of it all."

"By all means," agreed Penbrooke. "Now let us have our coffee and start out, for it is nearly half-past eight."

HE PRESSED his foot on the electric bell beneath the table and fell to talking again as he watched the pantry door. But it did not swing inward, and no butler appeared. Five minutes passed. Then Richard Penbrooke arose with a queer snile. "I fancy that the first result of my experiment has already developed," he told his guests, who looked at him in surprise.

"I do not understand," Dr. Taulane said, but Judge Travers's keen mind had solved the mystery.

"You mean that your servant has been listening to our conversation?" he offered.

Penbrooke nodded. "Let us go to the library. Unless I am greatly mistaken the ten envelopes will be missing."

"Penbrooke!" exclaimed Dr. Taulane. "This is unthinkable—that your man, Thomas—"

Penbrooke started toward the door.

"In any event," Dr. Taulane went on, "if your suspicion is true—as I am sure it is not—you are guilty of placing temptation in the man's way. One hundred thousand dollars would strain many a man's honesty—"

"Not if he is really honest," Penbrooke snapped. "Besides, I doubt if my butler is. I decided to try a little experiment on my own hook without anyone knowing it, and employed a man with a very shady reputation just to disprove the doctrines Travers has been hurling at me for years."

"What!" exploded the Judge. "You mean—"

"Come, let us see," Penbrooke suggested, and led the way rapidly to the library.

THEY paused in the doorway and Penbrooke strode to his study-table. On the blotting pad were the ten manila envelopes, each slit at the end. The money had been extracted from each. On the back of one of the letters which had been enclosed in each was this hurriedly serawled note:

With this hundred thousand I can do ten times as much as the ten bums you were going to hand all this coin to. And I'll sure let you know next September 3 what I did with it. Thanks.

THOMAS.

Penbrooke burst out laughing, and the other two stood staring at him in amazement.

"Phone the police," was the judge's practical suggestion.

"Never," said Penbrooke. I anticipated this very thing—and have proved one of my theories."

"At the cost of a hundred thousand dollars," said Travers.

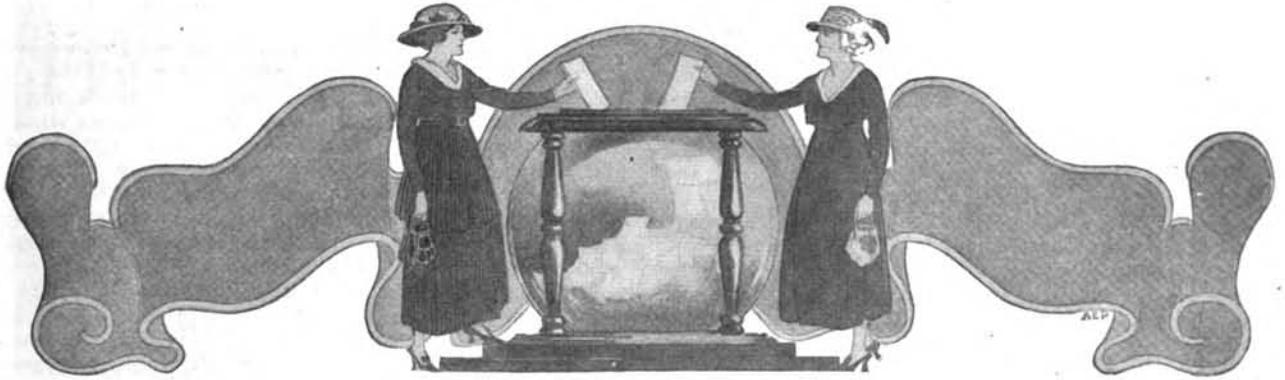
"And the cost of a man's soul, perhaps," broke in Dr. Taulane. "The tempter is always more guilty than the tempted."

"I wonder," Penbrooke said, and walked to his wall-safe. Twirling the combination, he opened the panel and extracted a packet of bills. "We'll have to fill the envelopes again," he remarked, as he sat down in his easy chair.

The minister and the judge exchanged glances. It was clear that they suspected their friend's sanity and each hesitated as to how best to frame his protest. But Penbrooke forestalled them.

(Continued on page 57)

Are You One of the 20,000,000 Women Who Vote for the
First Time This Year?



Do Not Miss This Important Series

Short Cuts for Women Voters

By MARY AUSTIN

Author of "The Young Woman Citizen," "Outland," "26 Jayne St.," etc.

II. *Men and Measures.* *The third article of this series appears in October.*

FOR some years yet, women will have to accept the political leadership of men. In the business of selecting the right man out of the few possibles offered as candidates, the women who have had experience in the world of business will have the advantage, for all the ordinary standards by which women have judged men are likely to be at fault.

Women have been accustomed to measure men by personal and moral qualities chiefly. But our government machinery is so arranged that no matter how ideal his character, nor how superior the quality of his mind, that man will fail as Chief Executive who has not also the capacity for convincing the intelligence and organizing the will of the people. Much of the disappointment felt about popular government is due to our failure to understand this as an essential of men in high administrative office.

Every day we hear people imagine that the whole business of successful government is as simple as electing "some good man who will go to Washington and clean up things." But most of our difficulty is due to the form and process of government, which assumes that the intelligent coöperation of the people is a constantly operating factor at the Capitol. The organizers of our system never imagined the vast and intricate machine that the United States has become. We are greatly in need of systemic reorganization; but until the people themselves take heed of the situation and instigate action through their Congress, nothing can be done about it. In the meantime, it is manifestly unfair to select a man of natural executive capacity with the idea that this is all that is necessary to insure the orderly processes of government. It might be easier to secure satisfactory Presidents if success were not made to depend quite so much on this rather rare quality, but since things are as they are, the new voter in selecting her candidate, should make sure that he has the indispensable gift for consolidating the political intentions of the people.

Not Easy to Select Any Leading Principle

HERE we touch again on the function of party spirit and party enthusiasm, of which women, as a class, are disposed to think lightly. No individual capacity for admin-

istration will begin to do for the country what can be accomplished by a high enthusiasm for their Chief on the part of Congress and the people.

It so happens that no one of the present candidates has this quality to a compelling degree. This is partly shown by the lack of definiteness and high conviction in the statements of issues in the respective platforms. It is not an easy matter to select from the broad generalities offered, any leading political principle.

The one exception to this rule is the Socialist Party. Socialist solidarity is shown by the unequivocal statements of their platform, and the Party's uncompromising attitude toward all issues that do not square with the main contention of Socialism. It is not possible within the limits of this article to give any description of this main contention. Socialists themselves prefer to do their own explaining. It is, perhaps, enough to say that Socialism is so opposed to the present condition of society that no one need think of applying to it for a solution who is not prepared to see the present system completely overturned, who does not believe that such an overturning is the only solution possible.

The majority of voters, still unconvinced of this necessity, will pass by the Socialist Party and seek to find in one of the other three leading political groups, some method of progressively improving our political conditions.

Can the United States Continue as it Started?

THE idea that seems to be trying to get itself expressed in present-day politics is that the United States can not continue to be what it was. It is undergoing inevitable change as our civilization becomes more intricate. All the party platforms show this, but no one of them shows it in a clear, definite manner. It would be foolish, however, to attribute this vagueness, as many people do, to "pussyfooting" or to a desire to fool the people. Party platforms are only reflections of party attitudes, and it is simply the fact that the people have not yet clarified their ideas about the nature and direction of the changes taking place. Let us see if we can not pick out the two main trends of politics, from the party statements.

Although the subject of prohibition has been brought forward by both old parties, it is not a leading issue. On this matter the people at large have so definitely expressed themselves that all that either party has any hope of doing is slightly to modify that expression. A great deal is said in this connection about personal liberty, but women who are close to the source of the prohibition movement, know that the abstract question of personal liberty has very little to do with it. Party managers themselves, realizing that it is impossible to controvert a judgment arrived at by such general consent, are merely seeking to modify the Eighteenth Amendment.

But knowing that this would only mean double opposition on the part of the forces that brought about prohibition, the woman voter will hardly feel a keen interest in any measure with so little promise of permanent achievement.

Labor Has Not Formulated a Program on Which it Is United

NOR is there anything in the labor issue as stated by the two old parties, of genuine progressive policy. The Democratic Party pledges itself "to contrive, if possible, and put into effective operation, a fair and comprehensive method of composing differences" such as are continually arising between labor and capital. But it does not give any hint as to what that method may be. It implies that government employees will not be permitted to strike, and that, in general, strikes and lockouts which endanger the health and lives of people" are "unsatisfactory." Collective bargaining is conceded, and the right of labor to organize and be represented by agents of its own choosing, are admitted. But none of these ideas are new, and it is not pretended that they are final.

The Republican platform is a trifle more explicit, but gives no intimation of any other program than the well-known succession of strikes, bitter disputes, and consequent failure of general comfort and production. Neither platform faces the central demand of labor for a voice in the control of industry.

This is undoubtedly partly because labor itself has not formulated any program on which all labor, or even the majority of laboring men have united. So without any prejudice to either Democrats or Republicans, the inquirer must look beyond the labor planks of both to find standing room.

In another paper we will discuss some of the newer aspects of labor in politics as revealed in the platform of the new third party, at this writing still without a name. The problem of government ownership since it is so closely allied to labor problems can not very well be discussed apart from them. But there are still two or three items touching the whole destiny of the American Republic about which the two old parties have attempted to formulate opinions.

Why We Cannot Intervene in Mexico

THE question of Mexico, which we are accustomed to speak of as though it were simply a matter of the administration of oil fields or the deaths of a few American

citizens by the accidents of revolution, is really much broader than either of these incidents. It is the key question to our Foreign Relations.

The differences between the Republican and Democratic statements of the problem of Mexico, appear slight, though are of grave significance. The Republican plank faces slightly toward intervention and the Democratic plank slightly away from it. But taking into account the general attitude of the Democratic administration, and the general expression of the controlling group in the Republican party, it is evident that the angle of divergence is enough, in any crisis, to carry the country along very rapidly in one direction or the other.

If we intervene, no matter with what good intentions, in Mexico, we lose our right to object to such things as the invasion of Belgium by Germany. At least, we lose our right to object on moral grounds. By forcibly imposing our ideas on Mexico we put ourselves in the same category with great European powers.

By so doing, we lose our right to protest on moral grounds against the invasion by Europeans of either of the two American continents. We deny the principle in

which the United States was founded, and for which we entered the World War: The right of any people to determine for themselves how they they will manage their internal affairs.

This Is the Real Gist of the Mexican Situation

THERE are able and informed statesmen who think that it is the inescapable destiny of the United States to do just this, to play in the Western Hemisphere the part that was once played by Rome and is now being played by England in the East. They think that great and powerful nations must govern the affairs of the world, because it is the only way in which they can remain great and powerful. This is probably true in so far as it concerns

the management of lands and resources and other material things.

On the other hand, there are statesmen equally able and perhaps better informed in history, who think that the moment a great nation imposes itself on other nations less powerful, then that great nation begins to decay. The soul of the American Republic is the idea that every people has a right to self government. If we violate this principle by imposing our own ideas on Mexico, then undoubtedly the same thing that happens to a man who violates his ideals, will happen to us as a nation.

The real question then, about Mexico, is not whether or not Mexico deserves intervention, or whether we could not make better use of her natural resources than she is making, but whether the American Republic has gone as far as republics can go, and must begin to be an autocracy.

What Women Can Contribute to Internationalism

THE question of the League of Nations as it appears in the platform of the two parties, has to be judged in the same way as the Mexican question, by its general implications rather than by its wording in the platform. Generally speaking, the Democratic party endorsed all of

(Continued on page 81)

IF I persist in thinking and affirming that I am a nobody, that I am "a poor worm of the dust," that I am not as good as other people, I shall after a while begin really to believe this, and then a fatal acceptance will be registered in my subconsciousness, and the mental machinery will begin to reproduce the "nobody" pattern. If I radiate the thought of lack and of weakness, of inefficiency, the pattern will, of course, be woven into my life, and I shall express weakness, failure, poverty.—O.S.M.

That the World Makes Way for a Determined Man Is Proved
by this Life-Story of

Francesco Nitti, Strong Man of Italy

Whose Motto Is: "I Believe in Myself"

By JOHN T. DRAYTON

European Correspondent of THE NEW SUCCESS

SHEER determination to accomplish what he knew was in him to do has enabled Francesco Nitti, former Premier of Italy, to put himself in the forefront of the group of world statesmen who are still struggling to bring order out of chaos brought about by the World War.

This shrewd Italian scholar, teacher, editor, lawyer, and statesman, has gone over the top of diplomatic procedure and has established himself as one of this era's most striking personalities, by the exercise of a truly exceptional force of ambition and energy.

Nitti has never been a shrinking flower. Yet he has never been a hollow boaster or a dreamer. He has confidence in himself. He mapped out his life course—realized that he had the necessary ability to attain his ambition—and set out to reach his goal. Everything else in life was secondary to the reaching of that goal.

Nitti is essentially a good advertiser. He had a talent to sell to the world and he has sold it. He realized, as every sane advertiser should, that the product offered must measure up fully to the claims made for it. So, while Nitti advertised himself, he set to work to make himself fit what he claimed for his ability.

"I Will be Premier," He Said

A FULL year and a half before the World War ended, Nitti made a prophecy. "Before the end of the next year, Germany will have to make peace," he announced. "I propose to be the premier who will sign for Italy. Italy needs me. I am the strongest man in Italy."

At the time Nitti made this boast, he was an obscure member of the Italian House of Parliament and a professor in the University of Naples. His expression of his personal estimation of the situation and of his own abilities would have been bombastic and absurd—had he not followed out what he said to the very letter of his promise.

Declared Italy Would Need Him to Make Peace

EARLY in his career, Nitti's friends found reason to admire him and predict a brilliant future. His seeming ego—which would have been intolerable in some men—seemed to inspire confidence on the part of those who knew him best. At the age of twenty-two years, he clothed himself, mentally, in the rôles of such leaders as Bismarck, Gladstone, and his own fellow-countryman, Francesco Crispi. Nitti used to say, with a smile, that he was a composite picture of all of them and that the name, Francesco, would be appended some day, with the name, Nitti, instead of Crispi, in Italian history. Instead of laughing

at young Nitti, his associates predicted that the least he would attain would be a portfolio as cabinet minister to the Italian Crown.

And Nitti has done it. He is a wonder of determination. His career should be an inspiration to every ambitious youth—whether his aspirations lie along the lines of business or public service.

Nitti is another example of the doctrine of his wartime associate, Marshal Foch, who calmly says that he won the war for France by both smoking his pipe and by "the will to win." Nitti determined to succeed—and he did it.

When Nitti was in America, back in the dark days of 1917, he blandly announced that Italy would require his services to direct its destinies in the settlement of peace problems. The leaders of American government and business were impressed with his theories, his personality, and his splendid spirit of determination. And, while here, he took a valuable lesson from the American practice of advertising and turned it so adroitly that he has "put over" his own intentions to the very letter.

His Presence Seems to Vibrate Power

NITTI is not an impressive man physically. He is short of stature. He is fat. He has a round, smiling face, interlined with creases which show deep thought and considerable worry—but his smile erases these. His dark-brown eyes are full of varying expression. His bristling, short-cropped moustache and his graying hair give him the poise of age and experience. His fascinating—or damning—smile, and his gift of subtle sarcasm, put his opponents to a distinct disadvantage.

There is a certain something about Nitti which senses the presence of power—and of domination. It is not explainable. He is the electric dynamo—which men can see—but the power of which is almost impossible of understanding. He is a human wonder because he knows his power—feels it with all of his splendid vitality—and tells the world what he can do and then makes good by doing. If Nitti were not premier of Italy he probably would be a captain of industry in America.

Nitti, early in his life, read the axiom, "Know thyself," and profited by it. He knows himself—trusts himself—and, being true to himself, realizes that he cannot be untrue to any other man.

The men who met him when he was here with the Prince of the Undine, in 1907, as a member of the Royal



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PREMIER NITTI
The Strong Man of Italy

Italian Commission to the United States, were forced to admire him, despite the fact that he could only talk to them through an interpreter. It was the unanimous vote of America's men of affairs that Nitti was the leading brain of the commission.

Like all other great men, his own countrymen predicted his downfall when the conduct of Italian interests fell into Nitti's hands after the retirement of Orlando. The customary abuse was heaped on his head—the penalty every public man pays for being truly great. He was said to be a schemer, a fakir, a man not by any means big enough to match his wits against the little Welsh lawyer, David Lloyd George, or the Tiger of France. Yet Nitti's personality not only won him the respect of his colleagues in the Conference of the Allied Premiers, but his representation of Italy earned from him three successive votes of confidence in the parliamentary house of his native land.

He Knows When Silence Is Golden

NITTI is a man of the people, for the people, and by the people. He is, perhaps, the Abraham Lincoln of Italy. There is no end to his energy or to his ambition. When men upbraid him he merely smiles. He has the old diplomatic trick of keeping silent when silence is golden; yet his words ring out like sirens when he is sure of his ground and certain that the cause he advocates is right. And his spoken word is as deadly as his smile. Nitti knows full well the art of "damning with faint praise," and he knows equally well how to gain his point by praising or by "damning" when occasion warrants.

Nitti's life history is as interesting as his personality. He is Italian to the core. On July 9, 1868, he first saw the light in the province of Basilicata. His boyhood is somewhat obscure, but, in his eighteenth year, he was a student at the University of Naples. There, "Ciccio" as he was nicknamed, astounded his fellow students by remaining absent from their college revels and devoting his time to the unrequired study of foreign languages, finance, and political economy. Nitti's father was a newspaperman—a "hack" writer. The son dwelt with his parent on their small estate at Materdei; and Nitti, junior, had a place in the editorial rooms of the leading Italian journals of the day, *Corriere di Napoli*, *Resto di Gardine*, and *Gazetta Piemontese*.

His studies, plus his newspaper writing, made him a keen student of the art of saving time. He grew so systematized that he would have defied a modern efficiency engineer to rearrange his schedule, and this matter of methodical movement and conservation of minutes enables him to perform the great task which he faces to-day.

Nitti is a marvel of orderly movement—of accomplishment through the perfected art of lost motion—and a tremendous power of force in ambition, self-confidence and the will to do. Every act is an act of the moment, based on previous thought. He thinks, not twice, but many

more times before taking action. And when Nitti decides to take action, he is as stubborn as our own Grant who decided to fight "along this line if it takes all summer!"

He Believes a Smile Can Be Dangerous

NITTI is not yet at the height of his power. He is handling a big job in a day when big men are required to put over big things. Those who know Nitti best, say that he is the greatest common-born statesman Italy has ever had—and one of the few real statesmen the world has ever seen. His smile is almost a sneer, at times. It is always a sneer when it is leveled at failure. He believes and practices the belief that the smile can be made the most dangerous weapon given to man. It has sent his enemies on the run many times.

Nitti's first political leanings were socialistic. But he quickly rallied from the error of his early career. It required the assassination of King Humbert, which occurred twenty years ago, to convert him. He has not lost faith in the rights of mankind—in the necessity for personal liberty; but his splendid mind knows that the socialistic principles preached by violent agitators will not bring about the promised Utopia. The premier is, politically, an Independent Radical. But that does not mean that he is an anarchist or a communist. Nitti is sound in his views. He knows there is unrest. He knows there is abuse. He also knows that the remedy for these things is not riot, strikes, or sabotage—but construction. And being of the people, he is working for the people to secure the happy ending by force of work and sound construction rather than by destructive principles.

After receiving his university diploma, Nitti became successively a teacher and a lawyer. He won the respect of his associates, and some of the foremost men of Italy realized that he was not an idle boaster but a man who would one day take his seat beside or in front of them. He owes much of his achievement to the confidence of these men who realized that he was a doer instead of a dreamer.

Set His Stride After First Appointment

HIS first tutor was Giovanni Gillotti, a politician who puts to shame the bosses whose names are a smear on the history of American democracy. Yet Nitti profited from every lesson learned from Gillotti. To the credit of Nitti's predecessor in the Italian Department of State—as well as to Nitti himself—both Orlando and he cast away from the dominance of Gillotti and went their own separate ways.

Nitti attained the first step in his declared ambition when he was appointed to the Italian Cabinet, in 1911; when he was handed the office of minister of agriculture, trade, and commerce. Then he was set in his stride and he accomplished things which will go down into Italian history. To Nitti's activities may be credited the creation of the labor councils which were intended to give the working-

(Continued on page 62) from

That Treacherous Easy Chair

By ADELAIDE KENNERLY

T IRED one! Weary one!

Seeker of ease!

If you would win

In the battles of Life

And reach a place

In the world of men—

Steer clear of the arms

Of the easy chair.

It beckons and coaxes

And rocks to and fro—

It whispers of comfort

And hums of rest.

Its cushions are soft—

Made of treacherous down

From the great white geese

Of the witches' domain.

Ah! That easy chair

Is a subtle affair—

So calm

So sweet

As it rocks and sways—

Staking its claim

On the best of life

Like that dreadful

"Old Man of the Sea."

It allures and retards—

Destroys the spark

Which spurs us on

To better things.

Take care! Beware!

Of the enticing charms

Of that calm but destructive

Easy Chair.

Pulling Success Out of Failure

*How G. A. Bennett Built up a Six-Million Dollar Plant
from a Pile of Ashes and a List of Debts*

By ALBERT SIDNEY GREGG



G. A. BENNETT

G. A. BENNETT has built up a \$6,000,000 flour business, in less than four years, in Grafton, a village in Northern Ohio, and is providing for further expansion. I went out to Grafton in an automobile. It is located on the Big Four, but the service to that point is on the basis of two locals a day—one going and one coming—although numerous express trains between Columbus and Cleveland thunder by each twenty-four hours. Of course, I could have gone on the interurban car by way of Elyria, but that is a long, hard trip, and, furthermore, it was a fine day for an auto ride.

Bennett enthused for a while about his plant which is up to date in every respect, and then I shot a question at him which reached a vital spot.

"Did you start with a shoestring in the usual way?"

"Worse than that," he responded, "I did not even have the shoe string."

"How could anything be worse?"

"A pile of ashes and a list of debts."

"Burned out?"

"Yes, twice in less than a year."

A Bank Account Is O. K., But What Do Others Think of You?

AND thereby hangs the tale. It is a significant story, for it is a striking illustration of the maxim that seeming disaster may bring larger success. But it was a heart-breaking experience for Bennett, until he discovered that he had unconsciously developed a reserve of "intangible assets" in the hearts of the people who knew him—farmers, grocers, business men and bankers, who backed him in his hour of need. A snug bank-balance is a mighty comforting thing to have within reach; but, after all, a man's real un-failing resource is the esteem in which he is held by others.

Bennett got his start in a flour mill owned by his father and uncle at Valley City, Ohio, a hamlet of less than three hundred people, which is sometimes described as a "wide place in the road." As a boy, he began by shoveling coal. He finally learned how to make flour.

One night, Bennett had to meet an emergency that was a real "acid test." It was necessary to get out an extra quantity of flour in order to meet pressing obligations.

When the head miller was called on to work right through, he refused, partly because he was slightly drunk and partly because he did not relish doing overtime.

"We've got to make this flour," exclaimed Bennett, "and you ought to be willing to do it."

"She's all choked and I can't do anything," was the indifferent response.

"But who'll help us," continued Bennett; "I was up all last night and want to go to bed."

"That's all right, I ain't going to work. So I guess it is your job—sleep or no sleep," replied the miller.

So Bennett had to face the situation. He ran the flour mill that night, making a grand total of seventy-two hours since he had slept. Toward morning, he was about "all in"; but he managed to keep his feet and give directions to his helpers, so that the task was accomplished.

Had To Fail or Meet New Conditions

A BREAK occurred in Bennett's career as a miller, at this time, during which he served four years in the marines. As a fighter he traveled over much of the world and had many experiences of value to him later. After his discharge, he returned to Valley City and making flour. His father and brother had bought the uncle's share in the mill, and, in the readjustment, G. A. Bennett became the manager of the concern.

Then he sat down to do some analyzing. The mill was located a mile from the railroad, and everything had to be hauled. New competition and better methods were being developed, and he saw failure ahead if he did not plan to meet the new conditions. First, he decided to put up another mill close to the railroad track, and operate two plants. Capital was obtained from bakers, grocers, and farmers, and the new enterprise was launched with the backing of eighty-four stockholders and a capitalization of \$25,000. Green lumber and rough timbers were used, and a line of machinery was bought at a bargain, in Conway, Arkansas, where a mill wanted to sell its equipment and install a new outfit. Bennett personally went to Conway and loaded the machinery into a box car and brought it to Valley City.

Both mills were working to full capacity when the first blow fell. In July, 1916, the old mill was destroyed by fire, after which the father and brother retired. G. A. Bennett then gave his entire time to developing the new the ground.

The fire occurred early one Monday morning. Not a thing was saved. The owners faced ruin. There was no thought then of starting up again. The only way out seemed to be to pool the family resources with the insurance, and meet obligations as far as the money would go. They had about enough to settle on the basis of 48 cents on the dollar. The chief creditor was The National Bank of Elyria, which held notes amounting to \$6,000. That debt looked as big as a mountain to Bennett, and he racked his brain all day Monday and Tuesday to find a way to take care of his obligation.

He was doing his utmost to get matters in shape before news of the disaster could reach the cashier. But the news traveled fast, and the bank learned of the fire before Bennett was ready. Tuesday night was a dark hour for the young miller, and, in that hour, he was called on the long-distance telephone from Elyria. With heavy heart and a feeling of defeat he answered the telephone call.

"Hello, this is Sam Squire of the National Bank, Elyria."

"Yes, this is Bennett."

"What are you doing?"

"Been having trouble."

"That's good. I understand your mill burned down the other night. Is that so?"

"You are right. We have been cleaned out."

GET your happiness out of your work, or you will never know what Real Honest Happiness is.

"Well, I am glad of it," was the surprising message that reached the astonished Bennett. "Don't worry about what you owe us, and don't do anything until you see us. When can you come over?"

"I was thinking of coming Thursday."

"All right, I'll look for you."

The Hard-Shells Would Not Be Convinced

THAT very unexpected assurance from the bank put new courage into Bennett, and his hopes revived.

Squire was optimistic and enthusiastic. "We have a small flour mill at Grafton on which the bank holds a first mortgage," he said, when Bennett saw him on Thursday, "and as soon as I heard of your trouble I thought you would like to take over the Grafton mill and run it. I believe that would be a fine location for a big plant. At any rate, the mill there now would be a good place to start. What do you say?"

"It sounds all right. Let's have a meeting of the stockholders, and decide what we are going to do."

Bennett visited Grafton, studied the general conditions, shipping facilities, etc., and decided that Grafton was an excellent location for a flour mill. A few days later came the stockholders' meeting.

When Bennett went into that gathering he had a big idea in his system. He had caught a vision, and his eyes flashed with the fire of a crusader.

Of the eighty-four stockholders, eighty were present. The number was made up mainly of bakers and grocers in nearby cities and towns, who had served as distributors in selling the flour produced by Bennett. There were, also, a few farmers present.

Bennett stated the situation, and showed that they could wind up the business and pay off at the rate of 48 cents on the dollar. Several men among the farmers favored quitting. Bennett told about the plant at Grafton, and added that if the men would back him a new and modern mill could be erected there and business resumed on a much larger scale than ever before. The bakers and the grocers rather liked the idea, for Bennett had been making good flour.

Finally, a vote was taken and all but four voted in favor of backing the new enterprise. Bennett, himself, bought the stock of the four men who wanted to get out.

"They invested that money in rubber stock," he added, a little grimly, "and lost it. If they had stayed with me they would have received seven per cent. right along with the others."

Made His Bankers His Best Friends

A NEW company was formed with a capitalization of \$350,000. Holders of stock in the Valley City concern were given new stock in exchange for the old shares, much to their profit. It is noteworthy that the capital for the Grafton mill was floated in Elyria, Cleveland, Lorain, Amherst and Grafton without employing a broker or stock salesman. It was done directly and personally by Bennett and his associates in the organization. A new mill was put up at once and equipped with the best machinery on the market, and the business has since been growing by leaps

I WANT an Industrial Democracy, but we are not going to get one until we have an Industrious Democracy.

—THOMAS R. MARSHALL,
Vice-President of the United States

and bounds. Besides the main office at Grafton, the mill has branches in Cleveland, Elyria, and Valley City, and is doing an export business.

This achievement was possible only because Bennett had the confidence of the stockholders, many of whom are actually selling the flour. He had enlisted bakers and grocers on the basis of quick service in getting flour and in mutual

profits. There is no "selling problem" in this concern, as the mill is 20,000 barrels behind in its deliveries. The big "problem" is to get sufficient wheat.

A very important part has been taken in this enterprise by the Elyria National Bank. Confidence in Bennett induced the bankers to get back of the young miller in every way. In referring to his relationship with the bank, Bennett said:

"They are my best friends. I tell them everything. They know every bit as much about this concern as they do about their own institution. It has paid me to be perfectly frank, for they have not only extended credit necessary to the development of the business, but they have given me some mighty valuable help in other ways. There is a lot besides borrowing money in a banking connection. A patron is entitled to expert advice, and the bank is entitled to know all about your affairs. The banker must have all the facts before he can help a customer."

Pitfalls the Business Man Must Avoid

"WHAT are some of the pitfalls that a business man must avoid especially in starting a new enterprise," I queried.

"The big pitfall is failure to analyze his business at frequent intervals," was the quick reply. "If he has departments, like we have here, he should keep records in such a way that he will know just what each department is doing. If this is not done, one department may be run at a loss, thus cutting down the net profits. We analyze our business daily, and every month we take a trial balance, so we know exactly how we stand all the time. The next big thing is to watch the outside connections that may affect your own business. The suggestions I am about to make, apply to subordinates as well as the boss himself. In order to safeguard himself in the matter of prices and material, and often in markets, a manufacturer in these days must study world movements, no matter if his plant is located at a wide place in the road. I am convinced that breadth of view has everything to do with a large success.

"A manager, a bookkeeper, a stenographer, or a mill hand who does not try to learn what is going on outside of his own plant and town will not get very far. Railroads, steamships, interurbans, automobiles, trucks, telegraph and long distance lines, together with the wireless, have brought the ends of the earth very much closer together than they were a few years ago.

My travels as a soldier and a marine, I think, had something to do with my world outlook. I know when I came back and built the new mill at Valley City. I was always thinking of the world as one big village instead of confining my thoughts to the spot where I happened to be living. Of course, I have had an exceptional advantage in that respect, but really it is not necessary for a man to join the army

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A NAME that stands for character, that is synonymous with integrity, is the best advertisement in the world.

1,500,000 American Women Now Hold Positions Requiring Executive Skill

These Range from Railroad Presidents at \$30,000 a Year, to Office Managers at \$5,000 a Year

By LENA MADESIN PHILLIPS

Executive Secretary, National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs

WHEN those who ought to know announced that there were, approximately, twelve million women engaged in gainful occupations in the United States, the few of us who heard, or thought of it at all, said, "My, what a lot of women!" And then we drew our mental picture. We saw thousands of girls behind the counter, mostly selling clothes and other adornments, necessary and unnecessary—mostly unnecessary, we considered,—to your wives and daughters. We had heard, too many times, alas, what impossible creatures they were, smirking at the floorwalker, serving with condescension, and deliberately offering for inspection the thing "she knew I wouldn't be caught dead in."

And to these we added the large group of stenographers: those young women, using the business world as an ante-room to matrimony, working only until they could marry a pay envelope. These we knew better, having seen them every day, as they eyed each mirror passed, lest, perchance, they should suffer the immodesty of a visible ear. We knew their little vanity cases of rouge and powder. We knew their vulgar, flimsy, little blouses. We had raved over their punctuation and sworn at their phonetic spelling. And we said, "Can there be twelve million of these?"

Then, suddenly, we thought of the girls in mills and factories; we remembered how they had taken the places of our boys in France. We pictured them in southern cotton mills. We presumed many must be in factories, too.

And finally—oh, happy thought!—we recalled the old maids—those faithful plodders who had gone to work twenty-five years ago at eight dollars a week, and who now, if lucky, or hadn't moved about too often, were making twenty-five. Yes, we were quite used to them, with their tired, worn faces, their sour dispositions and their made-over dresses, turned and returned until threadbare. And then we threw in an army of women teachers and nurses, drew a long breath, and said, "Well, I had no idea there were twelve million of them."

Well, you were right. There aren't. In the first place, your vision has not been clear in seeing the group you have pictured. You remembered only the incapables. That's human nature, perhaps. During the marching days of war—all too soon forgotten—if a line of twenty soldiers



LENA MADESIN PHILLIPS

Graduate of Goucher College, Maryland, First Honor Graduate, Law Department, University of Kentucky.

marched, nineteen perfect in action and rhythm, but with one man out of step, did we watch the nineteen? Did we say, "My, what a splendid body of men!" Not always. Too many of us were prone to nudge our neighbor and say, "Look at Jim—with his left foot where the right ought to be."

After all, efficiency is rather inconspicuous. It is more than easy to visualize the incompetent—the one out of step, forgetting the nineteen others whose competency is without distracting incident.

They Factor as Workers—Not as Women

BUT aside from this, you have overlooked the focal point of the whole picture—the many hundreds of thousands of successful business women in executive positions. And here is the startling fact of this article: There are said to be, by one who ought to know, a million and a half of women in America holding positions requiring executive skill. Now, I am not so exacting as that old Scotch farmer who said that the Americans were a "verra dishonest folk"; and on being asked why he thought so,

replied that he had bought a paper of pins and on the paper was printed, "1,000 pins"—but that he had counted them and found there were only 997. There may not be an even million and a half of women executives. I haven't counted them one by one; but even if there are only a million and a quarter, or a million, is it not a stupendous fact?

A million women working so efficiently, with so little lost motion, so quietly in our economic world that they factor as workers rather than as women; sex no longer the primary gauge of achievement, but service; building America, rebuilding the world!

"But what a pity," you say, "what a great pity! If they are such fine business women, think what good wives and mothers they would make. What a loss to the future generation! They should be home makers, builders of young Americans." True, all too true. But while it is—or was—axiomatic that nature has provided a man for every maid, nature, in all too many cases, stops right there. No unflinching measure has as yet been found to bring the really "intendeds" together. The man who furnishes the measure will be a genius, and his success is already assured. As for the other kind, the hit-and-miss variety in which the

man marries a cook, and the woman a home—well, the world is far too full of those already.

Moreover, a large percentage of the women employed in gainful occupations are, or have been, married. The United States Census for 1910 shows that married women constitute forty-seven per cent of our entire female population. It also states that, at that time, one out of every four women was a wage earner; and that one out of every four women wage-earners was married. In fact, a recent survey of New York City disclosed that four out of every five girls employed had dependents and were forced into the field of industry by necessity. In its third report, the Federal Board for Vocational Education states that of the twenty-five million women, of twenty or more years of age, in the United States, in 1910, eighty per cent were married.

Inasmuch as the past ten years have brought about a large influx of women into the workers' world, and inasmuch as the executive positions are apt to be held by those older and more matured, it is a very liberal estimate to say that at least one half of this executive group either is, or has been, married. Many of our most eminently successful business women are among these. To-day, there is a new triangle—Woman, Home, and Business. It brings its own peculiar problems, compensations, disadvantages. I doubt if it is always equilateral; but, probably, it is fraught with less danger than the old.

This Grandmother Makes \$35,000 a Year

ABOUT two months ago, I had breakfast in a southern city with a woman who is a signal example of this new triangle. She is a happy mother, an adoring grandmother, and yet conducts a business which nets her \$35,000 a year. She is alert, vivacious, happy, successful. Her home was never before so perfectly kept, she told me. Her business is a joy, not an endurance. She plans, constructs, controls her work, but is not driven by it. It keeps her always cheerful. She is a true executive in every sense.

It was not sheer luck that she had leisure in which to show me over her splendid plant, to take me in her limousine to my train. It was a status brought about through efficient management, courage, executive ability. She had started *less than five years ago, without experience, capital, or equipment.* But she brought to her opportunity—the same sterling stuff which has made for success throughout the ages.

"But what kind of work do they do—these wonder women who achieve such signal success, these hundreds of thousands who have really 'arrived'?" you ask. They do all kinds of work, with the exception, of course, of that requiring great physical strength.

Work itself is sexless. It is the attributes which we bring to it that are molded and colored by the generations and centuries of false or biased standards. It has been said that work belongs to him—or to her—who can best do it.

You Can See the Work, but Not the Worker

SO it is really quite natural that we find women employed in occupations greatly varied. Most of us are familiar with women in various lines of traveling salesmanship. It is quite customary, now, to meet the "lady of the grip" as well as the "knight." I met one, this spring, traveling over the whole State of Georgia, selling starch—or was it bluing?

A twenty-four-year-old saleswoman sells fire apparatus on the Pacific Coast. She gives a good theory of salesmanship, too: "Tell it to 'em straight and simple, and you'll put your deal across." That is evidently what Miss Courtney did when, in the face of keenest competition, she sold some \$70,000 worth of fire-fighting machinery to the city of Seattle.

The women in advertising and the newspaper women break even, and often surpass the men in their respective lines of work. A few months ago, a distinguished gentleman wrote an editorial, explaining at length why banking was not a promising field for women. "No one has an idea," said this writer, "that a woman will eventually become a banker." And, lo, before the ink from his pen was dry, a group of women had organized, officered, and established a bank of their own, and that, in the conservative State of Tennessee. As for insurance—there are many selling half a million dollars worth yearly.

There are manufacturers, too. Lillian Palmer, of San Francisco, made lighting fixtures—while Sophie Delavan, of Chicago, made mattress fillers—and Arda Day devotes a whole factory to baby shoes. Mrs. Knox feeds America with her gelatine, having built a great business from very small beginnings.

Yes, they do things you wouldn't think about. The youngest steamboat captain in the world is a woman—Portland, Oregon, claims her. The general manager of the subsidiary export company of a \$20,000,000 American razor firm is a woman, as is the manager of a Northern Silver Black Fox Company, and the director of a western rock-drill company. Mrs. Cora B. Williams is president of a southern railroad, and Mrs. C. P. Adams is president of a Dallas, Texas, bank and has the right to sign a ten-dollar bill with the best of them. Louise Dewald, of Cleveland, is keeper of a cemetery. A little woman wrote us an interesting letter, the other day. She had been in the tombstone business for twenty-five years.

They do all kinds of work—but they do it so well that you and I see the work and not the worker. After all, we do not notice the sweet, smooth-running engine of our machine, when every valve is working, and the carbon is out. It is only when she runs on two cylinders that we stop and say, "Listen at her miss—she'll never take that hill on high."

They don't take it on two cylinders, these executive women whom our economic world has so silently produced. They go up on four or six or eight, and the onlooker is conscious only of the even pull of a powerful engine—of the job well done, of efficiency, of progress, of right results.

Do Not Ask Rights of Men and Privileges of Women

CHIEF among the elements of that efficiency is a willingness to abide by the rules of the game—to have their work judged fairly and impartially, asking no favors because they are women—and oftentimes, not always, accepting no handicaps superimposed for the same reason. In other words, they do not ask the rights of men and the privileges of women. The day dawns when they will neither seek the one nor accept the other.

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SYMPATHY

By Nan Terrell Reed

DON'T say to the fellow who's down and out:
"Forget your troubles! Cheer up, old scout!"
But give him a wholesome, friendly hand,
And say, "I'm sorry—I understand."

The saddest thing in life, maybe,
Will happen—who knows—to you or me,
And it won't be in us to calmly smile
Or put it aside for a little while.

So cheer him over the roughest spot
With sympathy, for he needs a lot.
For many a heart that's tired and broken
Longs for a word that is never spoken.

It is fine to know, at the close of day,
That you helped some one in a human way.
So give him a wholesome, friendly hand,
And say, "I'm sorry—I understand."

Little Things that Cost the Presidency

How Trifles that Seem Unimportant To-day, Blocked Famous Men From Reaching the Highest Office in the United States

By PETER GRAY

HOW opportunity and chance play hit and miss with the Presidency of the greatest republic the world has ever known, is one of the interesting features of the political history of our nation. Here is the most important office in the world, for the President of the United States has come to be recognized as the most powerful leader of all the nations, yet the selection of the man for that position is often left to chance. In many instances, the Presidency has been decided by the petulance of a few men and the pique of individuals, or by the preference of uninformed and weary delegates. Sometimes, the people themselves, by voting for an impossibility, have defeated the real choice of the majority; and that, too, shows that Presidents are often selected by the whim of a small number.

Defects in Early Voting Nearly Defeated Jefferson

IN the early stages of our government, the undoubted choice of a large majority of the people was nearly defeated by a defect in our electoral system. At the third Presidential election, Thomas Jefferson came within a few electoral votes of defeating John Adams, and, four years later, in 1800, Jefferson, at that time the popular choice for President, was almost defeated on account of the cumbersome system of voting for President. The Constitution of the United States then provided that the electors should vote for two candidates for President—the one having the highest number, if a majority, should be President, and the next, should be Vice-President. It so happened, that seventy-three of the electors voted for Jefferson and also voted for Aaron Burr, who was considered the candidate for Vice-President. There was no choice, and the election went to the House of Representatives where each State had one vote, the delegation of that State casting the vote. Here, Jefferson was tied again, having eight of the sixteen States; six voting for Burr and two voting blank by reason of an equal division between the two parties.

At one time it looked as if there would be no election by March 4, when Adams's term expired; and as no provision had been made for any person to become President, the result would have been a chaotic condition—possibly a wrecking of the government before it had fairly started. Fortunately, the patriotism of Alexander Hamilton was such that he induced his Federal-party friends in the two States where the parties were equally divided, to refrain from voting, allowing the votes of the two States to be cast for his old political enemy, and Jefferson was elected.

Opposition to Annexation of Texas, Hurt Van Buren

AGAIN, in 1824, the selection of a President was thrown into the House of Representatives, and the leading and most popular man, Andrew Jackson, was not elected. This was mainly through the influence of Henry Clay who also had been a candidate, but ran fourth in the electoral college; and, as the Constitution provided that only

the three men receiving the highest number of electoral votes could be voted for by the House of Representatives; Clay could not be considered. He threw his influence to John Quincy Adams, and elected him.

It was not until 1844, that anything extraordinary again occurred in the election of the President. That year was one of most unusual conditions. Four years before, the calculations of the Democrats had been upset in the election of William Henry Harrison, who defeated Martin Van Buren then running for a second term. Van Buren became a candidate for the next term. When the convention was near at hand, it appeared certain that he would be the nominee. Then it developed that he had written a letter in which he opposed the annexation of Texas. That turned the southern slave-holding Democrats against him.

It has been supposed, generally, that the Democratic rule, requiring two-thirds of a convention to nominate a candidate, was adopted at that time for the purpose of defeating Van Buren. The fact is, the two-thirds rule was adopted in the Democratic convention of 1832, when Jackson was nominated a second time by acclamation, and Van Buren nominated for Vice-President almost without opposition. The two-thirds rule was reaffirmed in subsequent Democratic conventions, and was adopted in 1844 over the protests of the ardent Van Buren men who saw in it the probable defeat of their candidate. This turned out to be true. While Van Buren had a large majority in the convention, he failed of the necessary two-thirds and could not be nominated.

The First Dark Horse Was James K. Polk

IT was at this time that the first "dark horse" appeared. On the eighth ballot in that convention, James K. Polk, of Tennessee, whose name had not been mentioned in the convention up to that time, received forty-four votes and won the nomination on the ninth ballot with 233 votes against 30 for other candidates. While the nomination was exploited as a "dark-horse" choice, the politicians of that day well understood their game. There is not the least doubt that everything had been planned carefully to spring Polk's name on the convention at an opportune time and nominate him.

The people, that year, thought Hery Clay, of Kentucky, was certain to be elected President. He had been passed over, in 1840, by the Whigs, who nominated William Henry Harrison. In 1844, Clay was nominated by the Whigs by acclamation. Again, the Texas annexation question bobbed up, and a letter of Clay's was unearthed in which he opposed annexation at that time. This hurt him with the southern Whigs and did him no good in the North where the intense Abolitionists voted for a third-party candidate, John G. Birney, and gave New York and Michigan to Polk, and he was elected. Thus Clay, a second time, missed the Presidency.

THE great moments of life are but moments like the others. Your doom is spoken in a word or two. A single look from the eyes, a mere pressure of the hand, may decide it; or the lips though they cannot speak.—THACKERAY.

Van Buren Destroys Chance of Lewis Cass

LEWIS CASS, of Michigan, missed the Presidency in 1848. He was nominated by the Democrats, and defeated because Van Buren ran as a Free Soil candidate and took enough Democratic votes away from Cass, in New York, to defeat him, giving the election to General Zachary Taylor. Again, Clay had been passed over for a war hero and missed the Presidency.

Franklin Pierce was the second "dark horse" in the Presidential race. The Democratic party was reunited in 1852, and most of the Democratic leaders of that time were in a fierce struggle for the Democratic nomination. There were Lewis Cass, of Michigan, James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania, Stephen A. Douglas, of Illinois, and William L. Marcy, of New York. Not until the thirty-fifth ballot was the name of Franklin Pierce brought before the convention. Then, Virginia cast her fifteen votes for him, and he was nominated on the forty-fifth ballot.

Buchanan Tried for Twenty Years

AFTER a constant candidacy of twenty years, James Buchanan was nominated for President in 1856, defeating President Pierce, his chief rival. Chance and manipulation helped Buchanan to the Presidency, and probably it was on account of the third ticket in the field, with Millard Fillmore at its head, that prevented the brilliant, but somewhat erratic, John C. Fremont, from defeating Buchanan. At all events, a combination of the Fremont and Fillmore votes in Pennsylvania, with either the States of New Jersey, Indiana, or Illinois, would have elected Fremont instead of Buchanan. That is all in the realm of speculation, however, because no one can say where all the Fillmore votes would have gone if he had not been in the field.

Buchanan's term of office covered a very critical period in the history of the country—from 1857-61. It was generally agreed, by his most kindly critics, that he proved unequal to the task devolved upon him. He was a northern man with southern principles. He could not be confident, strong and energetic regarding what he considered right. Instead, he was vacillating and timid. Had he been a man of great individual strength, he might have even overshadowed Lincoln; but the appearance of Lincoln on the horizon of politics left Buchanan with little to do but try to defend his acts.

Lincoln's Error of Judgment Made Johnson President

ANDREW JOHNSON became President of the United States on account of an error in judgment on the part of Abraham Lincoln. Lincoln had nothing to do with the nomination of Hannibal Hamlin for Vice-President in 1860; but, in 1864, he was powerful enough to determine who should go on the ticket with him, and he chose Johnson over Hamlin because he believed it would tend to reconcile the South to have a southern man on the ticket. Johnson became President, and Hamlin missed his only chance for the Presidency.

How Greeley's Ambition Defeated David Davis

IN 1872, David Davis, of Illinois, missed his chance for the Presidency through the overweening ambition of Horace Greeley, of New York, and B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri. The Liberal Republican convention met at Cincinnati, with thousands of prominent Republicans in revolt against General Grant and the powers in the Republican party which controlled it. David Davis, who had been a former Democrat, had become a Lincoln Republican, and Lincoln put him on the Supreme Bench. He would have had a great deal of the Lincoln support and a large Democratic following, if he had been nominated; but Greeley was ambitious—and so was Brown—and they formed a combination to nominate themselves, defeating Davis who might

have been elected over Grant. The business interests of the country were distrustful of Greeley, but they had confidence in Davis. That the Grant administration and the Republican party, as then controlled, was unpopular, was shown in the great Democratic congressional triumph of 1874, after Grant had been elected a second time.

Blaine Fainted—and Lost the Nomination

THE next time that chance and opportunity played a prominent part in Presidential politics, was in 1876. James G. Blaine had called Roscoe Conkling a "strutting turkey cock," in the House of Representatives, and that remark cost him the nomination for President. But that was not all. Blaine would have been nominated if he had not fallen in a faint as he was entering a church in Washington, on the Sunday morning before the convention met.

The majority of delegates, assembled at Cincinnati, were for Blaine, and would have nominated him except that they believed he had received a stroke which might prove fatal. Even with that fear in their minds, they would have nominated him had it not been for Conkling's opposition. More than that, he would have been nominated if the Pennsylvania delegation had not been so skillfully manipulated by the Camerons so as to prevent a large proportion of the delegates from casting their votes for Blaine.

Thus Blaine missed his first opportunity to become President; and it is no doubt true that he would have been a much more popular candidate than Hayes, who was finally declared elected. Blaine received a majority of all the delegates at the convention on different votes, but not on any one ballot.

Rutherford B. Hayes became a President by the prompt action and steadfast determination of two Chandlers—Zachary Chandler, of Michigan, and William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire. The morning after election, when the result was in doubt, both Chandlers issued statements in which they declared that Hayes had carried Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina, and was elected by 185 electoral votes against 184 for Tilden. These master minds of the Republican party stuck to their claim, and after one of the most exciting contests for the Presidency ever known, the electoral commission, by a party vote of eight to seven, seated Hayes in the White House.

Blaine's Second Laid to the "Mulligan Letters"

DURING his career in Congress, though Blaine won many friends he made many enemies, chief of whom, on his own side, was Roscoe Conkling. Also, various charges were brought against Blaine, chiefly to the effect that he had used his political position for private gain—particularly by accepting improper favors from certain railroads. These charges were the subject of investigation by a committee of the House of Representatives, in 1876, culminating in one of the most dramatic episodes in Congress, the production of the so-called "Mulligan letters."

Mulligan was a railroad clerk who had a personal animus against Blaine, and who offered to bring forward certain business letters which could be used against him. Blaine, however, managed to get the letters from Mulligan, and secured a written opinion that they "had no relevancy whatsoever to the matter under inquiry." The concealment of the letters caused great perplexity, and Blaine, fearing that he would be regarded as guilty if they were not produced, read them boldly to the House of Representatives. The House decided that Blaine's only discredit was that he had sold railroad bonds on a commission. However, it remained in the minds of many that he had used his position as a Member of Congress to make private gains.

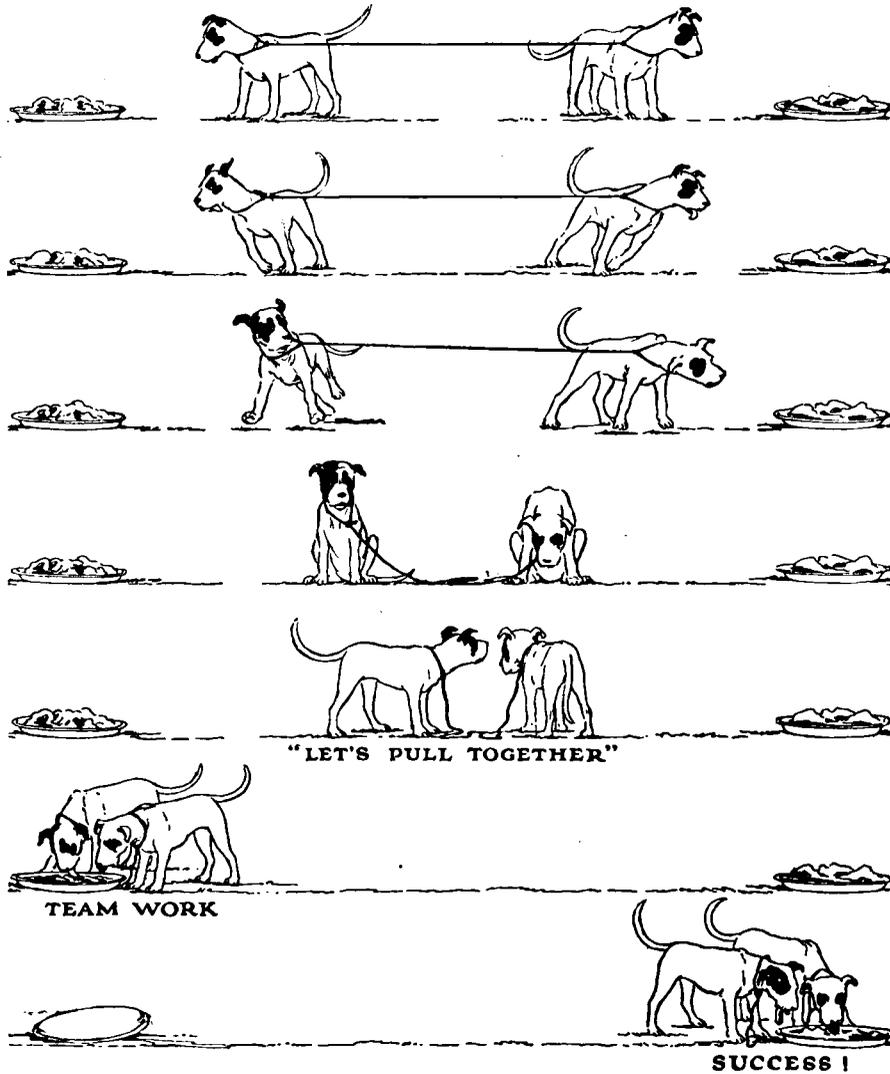
Blaine missed the Presidency again in 1880. This was another "dark horse" year. James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was elected. Although his name was not presented to the convention, he received one vote on the second bal-

lot, and continued to receive one or two votes until the thirty-fourth ballot when seventeen delegates voted for him. On the next ballot, he received fifty votes and was nominated on the thirty-sixth. That was also a third-term year, when powerful politicians in the Republican party tried to name Grant for a third term. Conkling, in New York, Don Cameron, in Pennsylvania, and John A. Logan, in Illinois, were able to hold the delegates in those States solid for Grant long enough to prevent Blaine's nomination, and, thus, a second time, Blaine missed the Presidency. Garfield barely scratched through in the election which was very close, as the popular plurality was only about eight thousand. If Conkling had not been placated just before the election, Garfield would have lost New York and the Presidency. This shows how near General Winfield Scott Hancock came to the Presidency, as he was the Democratic nominee.

Blaine's year before the people came in 1884. The Republicans passed over Chester A. Arthur, who could easily have been elected, and nominated Blaine, who came near being elected. Blaine's defeat was one of the tragedies in politics—as that is a term that can be used when ardent friends cause the defeat of a man for the greatest office in the world. Near the end of a very hot political campaign, Blaine was on his way home and passed through New York. He was tendered a reception by a large delegation of ministers who were anxious to contribute their influence toward his election. An address of welcome was to be delivered by one of the ministers. At first, the selection fell to a very prominent clergyman, but because he was personally obnoxious to some few of the members, objections were made and it was finally determined that the address should be delivered by the oldest minister in the gathering.

He proved to be an obscure preacher—Reverend Samuel D. Burchard. In the course of his well-meaning address, Dr. Burchard drove many poignant thrusts into the Democratic party. But he ended his speech with these words, "We are Republicans, and do not propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with those whose antecedents have been rum, Romanism, and rebellion." Mr. Blaine, however, missed the point. At any rate, he did not protest and the expression being widely circulated gave sufficient offence to actually cost him the Presidency. This alliterative phrase drove away from Blaine quite a large number of Catholic votes—sufficient to enable Grover Cleveland to have a plurality of 1,149 in New York State and gave the Democratic candidate the electoral vote of that State and a majority in the electoral college. The work of years was destroyed in a few moments.

Coöperation



Another factor which contributed to the defeat of Blaine was the 25,000 votes cast for the Prohibition candidate in New York. Without the Prohibition ticket in the field most of these votes would have gone to the Republican candidate and elected him. Thus it happened that Blaine, for a third time, missed his opportunity to become President, and Cleveland became President by an unforeseen incident very detrimental to the Republicans near the close of the campaign.

When William B. Allison Was Too Far West

BJENAMIN HARRISON has always been spoken of as a "dark-horse" candidate, but a man who starts with fifty votes outside of his own State cannot be considered in that class. Many political observers of that day believed that he was the logical candidate from the beginning. The only other possibility was William B. Allison, of Iowa. Mr. Allison could not be nominated because the Eastern States were not radical enough then to accept a candidate from the heart of the granger region, which was then beginning to be so antagonistic to railroads and other corporations. But Harrison was elected by a very narrow

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The Wisdom of Buckley Brice

By

De Witt Howard Clinton

Illustrated by

ROBERT A. GRAEF

Mr. Howard is an author, new to our readers. We take pleasure in introducing him through this story. He is a writer of strong vigorous fiction, and has been published in the leading American magazines. Another unusual story by Mr. Clinton will appear in SUCCESS for October.—The Editor

BUCKLEY BRYCE took for his motto a comic magazine's misquotation of two lines from one of Longfellow's poems, with the result that his life became as tragic as the parody was amusing. The lines which sent Bryce's career into misguided channels, were:

*"Wives of great men all remind us
We can make our wives sublime."*

The quotation had been accompanied by an illustration showing a group of gorgeously overdressed women leaving a performance of the opera. It left a lasting impression on Bryce; but, having no sense of humor he missed its point. He coupled the parody with his serious acceptance of the saying, "Clothes make the man," and decided that the clothes of the wife are even a greater indication of a man's success and standing.

And when Buckley Bryce married pretty Janice Gerard, his vain soul thrilled at the dainty beauty of her wedding-gown and the smartness of her trousseau.

Naturally, he had a glimpse of the filmy lacy gown before the ceremony, and, with the thought of the old quotation in his mind, he pondered on what bright jewel he could get to add to the glory of the bride—a glory that would reflect on his own achievements.

THE idea of the gift was not entirely selfish, for Bryce loved Janice dearly. It was a strange combination of generosity and an overdeveloped personal pride. It had, as the background, the desire to create an impression—to elevate himself, in the estimation of those who knew him, by an ostentatious display—not merely in his own attire and possessions, but in those of his wife.

He proposed to make his wife measure up to his ideas and ideals; and in the happy moments of the wedding ceremony, he looked upon Janice, not only with the love in his eyes, but with a certain pride in the pearl necklace that had been the total of one of his savings accounts.

Bryce had never been so thoroughly at peace with the world in all his life. The chance remarks he caught concerning his gift to Janice, delighted his soul, and the girl herself was a delight to all who beheld her. Although the Gerards were by no means wealthy, the wedding was a brilliant affair. Realizing Bryce's wishes, Janice had converted her mother to the thought and Janice's own slender savings had gone to help defray the expense of decorations and the wedding breakfast.

In fact, the affair was the talk of the town. Only two weeks before, Bryce had resigned his position in the bank of which

Janice's father was cashier, and the whole town knew that Buckley Bryce was leaving with his bride to join a large Wall Street firm. The wedding guests did not know Bryce's salary—nor did Janice—for he had not confided in her at all. It was generally supposed, however, that Bryce was accepting a much larger and more responsible position than was really the case.

He let them think so, and took occasion to drop the remark that he wished the necessity of taking up his new duties had not prevented their spending their honeymoon in Japan. As a matter of fact, he had been somewhat staggered at the rates quoted him by the Atlantic City hotel where he had engaged a simple room and bath,

which he took occasion to refer to as his "suite".

Not that Bryce was a bad sort—for he was an industrious worker and his record with the local bank had brought him an offer to join the bond department of Hall & Van Vleet, at a salary of six thousand dollars a year. Now, six thousand dollars was a large sum for the little town of Medford, and even Bryce with his knowledge of metropolitan conditions had overestimated its possibilities in a city like New York. However, he had always been frugal. He figured that his savings would help out in their living until his salary should increase to the sum necessary to support Janice as Janice should be supported.



AS they sped away in the limousine he engaged to take them to the station, Janice, in her smart traveling-suit, slipped contentedly into his arms, and fingered the pearls which a short hour before had adorned her wedding gown.

"Buckley, dear," she said with enthusiastic eagerness, "you are so good to me! These pearls are so beautiful, I'm almost afraid to wear them. I don't mean to be inquisitive, or wish to make you angry—but are you *very* sure you can afford to make me such a gift?"

"Of course, you sweet silly!" he assured her. "And that is only the start of the many pretty things I want to give you. Don't you worry about the money. That will be up to me. And, in everything you buy I want you to get the best—a little better than other women own—for, having married

the inroads these purchases were making on his capital.

THEY met a gay and pleasant set of well-to-do New Yorkers who welcomed the Bryces to their inner circle. Bryce was a pleasing personality, but Janice really brought them the entre, and Bryce was well aware of the fact. He liked to walk through hotel corridors, into dining-rooms, and down the aisle of a theater, and hear the admiring comments his wife's appearance evoked. An envious remark about one of her hats delighted him more than a commission check. The thought that this glorious, radiant creature was his wife sent him into the seventh heaven of delight. And he secretly rejoiced in the knowledge that other men and women envied both the Bryces—that this outward evidence of his ability and

BUT one morning, just before the opening of the Stock Exchange, Henry Hall dropped into the private office of Jim Van Vleet. "What are we paying Buckley?" he asked his partner.

"Six or seven thousand—I forget which. He's had one raise, I know," Hall answered carelessly as he continued to look through his mail. "Why?"

"Well, if that's the case—even seven thousand—I don't see how he does it. I think he'll bear watching."

Van Vleet stared at his partner. "I don't get you," he said. "Why bear watching—and you don't see how he does what?"

"I was at Sherry's last evening after the opera. Bryce was at the next table with the Allisons, the Billy Danas, and Sam Thornton and his wife. Next to Thornton sat one of the most stunning women I've ever laid my eyes on—beautifully gowned in things I'd hate to see on Mrs. Hall's bills. I learned that this woman is Mrs. Bryce."

"Well?" commented Van Vleet. "What of it?"

"Just this," Hall went on. "I was presented to her and had quite a little chat. Perhaps it was unfair, but I questioned her rather closely, and, I hope, skillfully. At any rate, she came through with some rather startling information as to what it costs them to maintain their home, and how frightfully expensive she finds all the things Buckley buys her."

"Maybe she has money of her own," Van Vleet suggested.

"Not a cent," Hall snapped. "She's the daughter of old Phil Gerard of the Medford National Bank. He's a typical example of why a man should not enter the banking business. Honest as the day is long and able as can be, but the sort of man who'll always be a bank cashier at a few thousand a year."

"I still don't get what you're so excited about," Van Vleet said impatiently. "I can't see why a man earning a reasonable salary can't dress his wife like Caesar's, if he wants to do it. Bryce is a splendid fellow and he's doing good work. I don't think he'll ever set the world on fire, but he hasn't any vices that I know of—not half as many as *you* have—and he doesn't play the market. Of that, I'm sure. I can think of a great many more reprehensible and usual things than squandering money on one's wife."

Hall grew peevish. "Don't be idiotic!" he exclaimed. "If the little glimpse of their life that came to me last night is typical of all their goings and comings, Bryce simply can't do it on his salary and the money doesn't come out of the air. It's evident that Bryce is spending money he doesn't earn! I don't want him around here when the crash comes—as it's bound to soon or later."

Van Vleet shrugged his shoulders. "I'm not his keeper," he said. "So long as he does his work and keeps his hands out of the safe, I don't care what he does with his money."

"Well, I do!" Hall announced firmly. "And I'm going to find the answer."

BUCKLEY BRICE was at his desk in the outer office when his superior, with a thoughtful frown, passed by. Bryce was bending over a check-book, and it seemed to Hall that Bryce's brows were knit in perplexity as he totaled up the figures. With sudden resolve he paused, and with a well-feigned smile of amusement, said, "Figuring up the damage of last night's party?"

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Then he looked through the check book. The stubs seemed to arouse his anger. He threw the offending book on the rug and stamped on it.

Janice stepped briskly into the room. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Won't it hold all your money?"

the most wonderful woman in the world, I want her to dress the part."

With such an introduction to married life, it is scarcely to be wondered that Janice Bryce became a veritable fashion-plate and a costly one at that. Countless shoes and buckled slippers, dozens of silk stockings, and an overflowing wardrobe resulted when the Bryces were installed in the apartment Bryce had taken on Riverside Drive.

He had told her from the start that to succeed in selling bonds, he must meet men and women with money, and that her modish attire would help materially. Janice took him at his word, and, although the bills which began to come in, staggered him, he neither murmured nor ventured to tell her

success was not lost upon folks they met.

It began to be whispered about that Bryce must be making a good deal of money. It was certain that he was spending a lot. When the summer changed to fall he bought Janice a set of furs that made her women friends gasp. He bought her a beautiful platinum ring for her birthday, and, despite the ridiculous cost of servants, he decided that she needed a personal maid.

Janice accepted it as a matter of course, but not without gratitude. She was constantly prating of his generosity and of his latest promise to buy her an expensive car. What his bank balance might be never occurred to her, since he was ready to write a check at her slightest suggestion.

"Oh, no," Bryce said laughingly. "If that were all I'd be happy. First of the month, you know, and I've just opened Mrs. Bryce's bills!"

"Find it rather stiff going?" Hall inquired casually.

"Very," admitted Bryce. "In fact, Mr. Hall, I was going to ask you if you don't think I'm worth more to the firm than when I came here."

"Bryce," said Hall, after a moment of silence "It's none of my business—prying into your personal affairs—but I think you're a fool. You're evidently living way beyond your means. If your wife is to blame—as so many women are—that is a pity. But whether it's her fault or yours, it's all nonsense for a man in your position to attempt to clothe a woman so extravagantly as Mrs. Bryce was last evening."

Buckley Bryce returned Hall's gaze with amazement in his eyes. He did not know whether to be angry or to appreciate this unsolicited advice.

"I can't afford to do other than dress Mrs. Bryce as becomes her position in—"

"Position in a world of fake scenery and fool bluff!" snapped Hall. "Why, Bryce, I am worth nearly seven millions, and my wife doesn't spend any more money on personal adornment than she did when I was making sixty dollars a week! But, since you've mentioned the matter, let's have an understanding. What you do with your money is your own affair—but where you get it, is mine. What we pay you won't support your style of living. Have you money of your own or—what?"

Bryce sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing. "Are you suggesting that this money comes from—"

"I'm not suggesting," Hall interrupted. "I'm asking where you get it!"

"Then," said Bryce, very quietly, although his pulses throbbed and his fist clenched, "my answer is that my personal affairs don't concern you—and that I'm through here!"

Hall smiled unpleasantly. "Your resignation is accepted," he announced, and went into his private office.

BRYCE remained at his desk, staring blankly at the check-book almost bare of its balance. At the time of his marriage, he had had nearly twenty-five thousand dollars. Having been fairly successful, and economical in every way, he had been able to put by that sum. Now he had less than five hundred dollars in the bank. The bills beside the check-book amounted to more than that.

Moreover, he was out of a position. His idea of mingling with New York spenders had taught him that it is not the most ostentatious who buy the most bonds. In fact, none of the men at the table the night before had ever given him an order or put him in the way of one. They all grumbled when their wives mentioned Janice Bryce's clothes, and they secretly believed that Bryce must have a pretty soft snap somewhere. But he had foolishly clung to his theory that Janice must be the best-dressed woman wherever he took her.

Several of the office employees who had overheard parts of the conversation, were staring at him curiously. With lowered eyes, he reached for his hat and strode out of the office.

He walked over to Broadway and sauntered through Trinity churchyard. He wanted to be alone, unobserved, and to think over the situation. Pride would not let him tell Janice the truth. That it should ever get back to Medford, horrified him. Yet he did not blame himself. The whole thing was silly. He had ability and he knew it. His very extravagance would doubtless now stand him in good stead.

Men had believed him successful; women had heralded his generosity with his wife.

"This jolt is just what I needed," he consoled himself. "I was in a rut there and they did not appreciate me. I'll just drop in at a few places and see what a really progressive house is willing to pay a man of my ability."

HE left the historic churchyard in the heart of the city's bustle, and made his way for the office of Brown & Hunterleigh. He had met Hunterleigh several times when he and Janice had been at expensive restaurants, and he felt that a little bluff wouldn't be out of order. He tried it, suggesting that he was not quite satisfied at Hall & Van Vleet, and was thinking of making a change.

Hunterleigh seemed amazed. "Good people, Bryce," he said. "I'd think twice before leaving them. I don't know your salary, of course; but you'll have difficulty finding a firm that pays as well as Hall and Van Vleet these days."

That ended the hope of action with Hunterleigh. Half a dozen more ostensibly friendly calls ended similarly. And, as rumor travels fast in the financial world, it was generally known, before noon, that Buckley Bryce was looking for a job. At luncheon, Towne, of Burton & Towne, learned from Hall that Bryce was out of a job. When the closing gong rang in the exchange, every one in the Street who knew Bryce was well aware of the fact.

Late that afternoon, he had an offer of a place at fifty dollars a week and indignantly turned up his nose. Others were sorry they had no openings; hut, innocent as he was of a single crime, Bryce found himself a marked man in the district—liked yet secretly mistrusted by everyone he approached. It was true Van Vleet had not voiced the reason for Bryce's leaving; but Wall Street has the gossiping habit, and speculation regarding the affairs of individuals is as regular as speculation in securities.

The Street knew that Bryce had been a lavish spender. His extravagances were reputed to be greater than they actually had been. And since it was apparent that he and Hall had indulged in verbal flights, the supposition was that something was wrong somewhere. No one would accuse him of crooked dealing; but—well—it might be just as well not to take him in.

As he made his way home on the subway, Bryce realized the situation. He began to pity himself, to rebel at the unfairness of it. He had spent his own money. His whole idea had been to keep up a front and to make Janice mirror the success he wished people to think was his—that he had dreamed might be his someday.

"But," he said to himself, as the train roared under the city, "Janice went too far with it. It is all well enough for me to tell her to dress herself well, but she might have used a little judgment and not have run up such terrific bills."

THE turn had come. He was indulging himself in self-pity and shifting the blame to his unsuspecting wife. She was not at home when he let himself into the apartment. He was rather glad of that, for he wanted to think before speaking to her. Of course, she must be told. They would have to give up the apartment at once. That would be easy. He could readily sublet, perhaps at a profit. The maids would have to go. And Janice must go back to Medford, ostensibly on a visit. Meanwhile, he would place himself and bring her back when matters had straightened themselves out.

Then he looked through the check book. The stubs seemed to arouse his anger. He

found countless payments for clothes, for millinery, and a hundred and one articles of feminine luxury. He threw the offending book on the rug and stamped upon it.

And as he did so, Janice, with pink cheeks flushed from the evening air, stepped briskly into the room. She was unusually attractive in her saucy little toque, and the happy smile in her brilliant eyes made Bryce ashamed of himself.

Janice looked at the check-book curiously. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Won't it hold all your money?"

Bryce clenched his teeth—then stooped to pick up the book and hide his confusion. "I guess so," he managed to laugh. "I lost my temper—because I'd made a mistake in figuring."

Janice was by his side and her arms crept round his neck. "Are you sure that's all, dear?" she asked solicitously.

"Yes," he lied—and kissed her.

"I've had such a glorious afternoon," Janice went on as she removed her hat and coat. "Aline Forhan took me out in her car. I'll be so glad when you buy me mine."

Bryce felt his heart sink. He did not know whether he wanted to swear or to upbraid her, and he carefully slipped the telltale check-book into the drawer of the desk. The phone bell rang, and the maid informed Bryce that someone wished to speak with him.

"If you wish to go out this evening, go ahead," Janice said, as he started from the room. "I promised Aline I'd run over for a game of bridge whist."

Bryce frowned as he passed down the hall. It was true he had taught Janice to play bridge; but, of late, she had been losing consistently—and rather heavily. It brought back to his mind the depleted condition of the check-book.

"Hello!" he said rather gruffly into the phone.

"That you, Bryce?" came the query. "This is Mr. Van Vleet. I'm sorry you left this morning without speaking to me. I'm also sorry that you and Hall had a disagreement. Now, I don't want to interfere in any arrangements you two have made, but I wonder if you could drop in at the Manhattan Club, about nine o'clock, and see me for a few minutes."

Bryce's first inclination was to decline abruptly, but he had always liked Van Vleet; and, besides, beggars can't afford to be choosers. So he agreed to the appointment and seized it as an excuse to defer telling Janice of the events of the day.

"Perhaps he's going to discuss a promotion," he added for good measure.

Janice's eyes sparkled. "I'm sure you deserve it," she said enthusiastically, and Bryce writhed under her remark. If it had not been that she was unaware that he was no longer with the firm, he would have thought her tone sarcastic.

AT dinner, she chatted volubly and described in considerable detail a new and stunning dinner-gown she had seen that day. "It's rather expensive, I know," she finished, "but then you always want me to have the very best."

He nodded and nearly choked over his coffee.

Shortly after eight o'clock he hurried to the subway. At the Manhattan Club, Van Vleet received him cordially, and led him to a secluded settee in the library.

"Bryce," he said, "Hall is one of the finest fellows in the world; but he is a self-made man, who has earned every dollar he owns, and he looks with natural suspicion on extravagance. I'm sorry you didn't understand him better. If you had, you wouldn't have flared up as you did."

"I don't care to discuss it, Mr. Van

(Continued on page 77)

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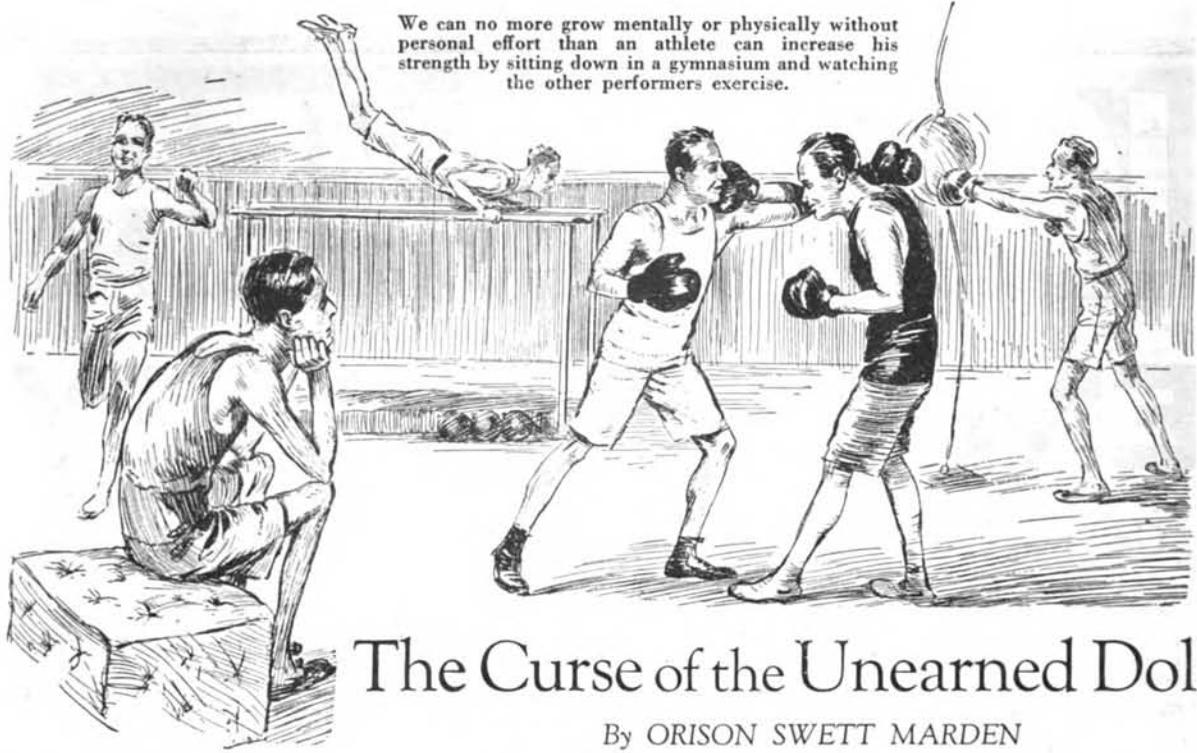
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We can no more grow mentally or physically without personal effort than an athlete can increase his strength by sitting down in a gymnasium and watching the other performers exercise.



The Curse of the Unearned Dollar

By ORISON SWETT MARDEN

IN Moscow, not long ago, a dying millionaire had all of his fortune drawn out of the banks and the bank-notes brought to his sick-room. He then ordered them piled up in the fireplace and burned. Next, he summoned his relatives and, pointing to the ashes, congratulated them on escaping from what he thought would have proven a curse to them. This man had seen how inherited wealth had sapped the ambition out of rich men's sons and daughters, and he decided not to let it mar the character of his own children.

In a world where there is so much suffering caused by unpreventable poverty I believe there is an infinitely better way of disposing of wealth than that of destroying it, but have no doubt that the hungry heirs of this millionaire will receive great benefit from his dramatic destruction of his fortune.

IT is an unfortunate day for any youth when he learns that his father has rendered his exertions for a living unnecessary. That is, when a youth is told that his father is rich and that he will never need to struggle to make a place for himself in the world, because his place is already made.

Oh, the curse of the unearned dollar! It has dwarfed more lives, spoiled more futures, wrecked more possible careers, than almost anything else in the world. An inheritance from an estate often means to a youth an inheritance of a life of ease, of luxury, which kills ambition, ruins one's self-help and discourages the development of self-reliance. It is responsible for no end of mollicoddles, weak, spineless human beings.

We can no more grow mentally or physically without personal effort than an athlete can increase his strength by sitting down in a gymnasium and watching the other performers exercise. There is only one way for an athlete to develop his muscles, and that is by exercise. If he prefers to sit, a listless onlooker, he will soon resemble the curved-back, muscleless youth our artist has portrayed

in the accompanying picture, and not the fine physical specimen he might become were he to take an active part in the exercises.

DID you ever stop to think, Mr. Rich Man, that the very thing you are trying to do for your son with your money, you are really destroying; that the advantage you expect your money is going to give him is likely to prove just the opposite, and be a handicap instead of a help?

Do you realize that you are likely to take from him the very motives which have in all times made the giants of the race? Do you realize how much you yourself owe to your early struggles with poverty and your discipline from hard conditions, that your very wrestling with obstacles developed your strength, and that without this wrestling, without this discipline, without this training, you would have been a weakling?

IF your son keeps his arm in a sling, his muscle will grow flabby, and then atrophy. If he puts his brains, his faculties, in the sling of idleness or inaction, they will atrophy. Nature will only allow your son to keep the faculties which he uses, which he develops; and there is only one way to build up personal power and that is by personal effort. No matter how much a father may think of his son he cannot develop for him initiative, courage, levelheadedness, self-reliance and the other qualities that make for manhood, a strong sturdy character. If a youth is minus these he will not get very far.

THE character of the pampered, idle, luxury-reared youth is soft and spongy, staminaless, strengthless.

There is no fight in him. There has been no struggle, no stern experiences which could develop strength, nothing from which character could be developed.

Wouldn't it be cruel never to let an infant learn to walk, to develop its muscles? It is infinitely more cruel to dwarf his

MAN is not normal when he is not at work. He begins to deteriorate very rapidly when idle.



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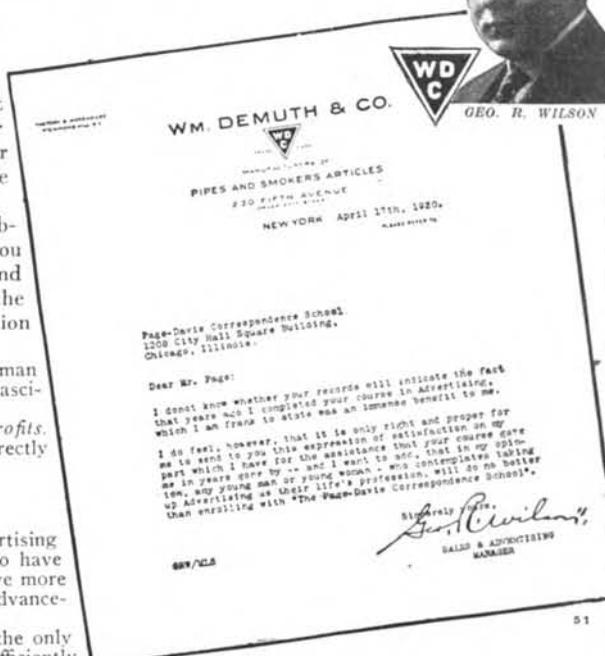
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mental and moral development, to make it probable that he will never learn to walk mentally.

Don't spoil your boy. Don't make him a mollicoddle, a backboneless, jellyfish sort of a man. If you want him to be manly, strong, and vigorous, a robust character, you must put him through the training which alone can produce such a product.

P. T. Barnum once said that money in some respects is like fire—it is a very excellent servant but a terrible master.

If you are going to put money in your boy's hands, see to it that he is capable of handling it. See that he is thoroughly grounded in the principle of thrift and in the art of self-restraint, so that he will have something to steady him when temptations assail, or when drunk with passion. The father and mother are often to blame for the crime of the rich son.

MANY a self-made man blesses the day that took away his father's fortune and thus knocked the props, the crutches from under him, and threw him upon his own resources, his own ingenuity, and made a man of him. There is nothing like great responsibility for developing efficiency, practical power.

Are you handicapping your own flesh and blood by making things too easy for him, by relieving him of all work and responsibility, by never letting him attain man's estate, which means the period of looking out for one's self, of solving one's own life problem, of deciding on one's own course and sticking to it to a glorious finish?

"Know thy work, and do it," said Carlyle; "and work at it like a Hercules. One monster there is in the world—an idle man."

EVERY human being comes into this world mortgaged. Did you ever think of that? Each one of us is mortgaged to the past. When we open our eyes in this world, we come into use of the accumulations of all the civilizations which have gone before us. All the people who have ever lived have contributed something towards it, to what we find. We owe the results of all these centuries to thousands of peoples' efforts, yet how many of us go through life leaving nothing new for those who come after us, stretching our long arms into the great life granary and taking out what the efforts, the toil and sweat of others have put in there, and putting back nothing of value! This is to be a thief rather than a contributor to civilization.

His father or his uncle cannot pay the debt which a youth owes to the past, to say nothing of what he owes to the life he is living. We are getting the result of billions of peoples' efforts. Is it honest? Is it fair and square for us to use all of the luxuries, to take advantage of all the facilities, the wonderful inventions and discoveries for which others have given their life's blood, paid such tremendous sacrifices? Do you realize that a man is taking

all these things and giving nothing in return when he leads an idle, indolent life?

EMERSON said: "The high prize of life, the crowning fortune of a man, is to be born to some pursuit, which finds him in employment and happiness—whether it be to make baskets or broadswords, or canals, or statues, or songs."

Employment is man's salvation. Idleness is a curse. To toil, to labor, to work is divine. Learn to be busy. Doing and achieving brings happiness.

There are a multitude of evidences that the human machine was intended for constant work, and whenever it is idle there is something in us that protests. When we stop working and hunt for happiness, try to find some way of getting a living than by working for it, there is a tremendous protest perpetually going on within us. We are not normal unless we are at work. We begin to deteriorate very rapidly when idle.

"Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears," the wise Franklin warns us.

IF rich parents only realized how demoralizing and destructive an idle life is to all that is noble and manly, how it honeycombs the character and destroys the stamina, they would prefer poverty for their children.

How much better to help our sons and our daughters to become thoroughly established in habits of industry, frugality, and application, than to leave them fortunes without this preparation!

It is cruel, almost criminal, to deprive children of their strongest motive for self-development, to rob them at the outset of their careers of the spur of necessity, that great stamina builder and character developer, the great bringer-out of the noblest latent resources in the individual, that which calls out the real man and the real woman, which makes the everlasting struggle to overcome obstacles regardless of difficulties.

The perpetual wrestling with problems, the constant planning and executing, the adjusting of means to ends, these are the things that call out the best in the individual, that develop stamina, stability, soundness of judgment, quickness and certainty of decision. It is the perpetual focusing of the mind, the concentration of the effort upon daily problems, that makes for man-building.

PEOPLE who never work for a living cannot drown the consciousness that they are drones in society, that they are really a burden upon civilization. that they have no right to take all and give nothing in return. They never can feel the same manliness or womanliness, the same sense of power and independence that even a poor man feels who knows that for every dollar he has ever had he has given an honest equivalent in conscientious endeavor.

How I Helped My Husband

THE NEW SUCCESS Monthly Prize Contest

TELL us how you helped your husband to succeed—to accomplish the thing that lay nearest his heart—to overcome the obstacle that blocked his path to success. He might not have succeeded in life if it had not been for your patience, sacrifice, and determination. Maybe your story will be an incentive to other wives who are trying to help their husbands.

For the best article of 700 words, or less, we offer three prizes: First prize, \$25; second prize, \$15; third prize, \$10.

This competition closes September 20, 1920. The winning articles will appear in the November number. Contributions to these prize contests will *not* be returned unless postage is enclosed with the manuscripts.

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

Double Your Present Salary!

What Would an Increase of \$1,000 to \$5,000 or More a Year Mean to You?

TAKE a pencil and jot down the things you would like to have, the things you would like to do, which could easily become realities if you were to double your present salary.

If you could double your present salary the high cost of living would solve itself—wouldn't it?

You could buy pleasures for yourself or your family which now are impossible; you could associate with business men among whom you now feel ill at ease; you could enjoy many of the good things of life which always accompany success.

You can never double your salary by continuing in the work and sticking in the job you have today. The only way you can double your salary and earn promotion and success is to prepare and train yourself to fill a position in which you can earn more money.

It Is Not Difficult

Thousands of other ambitious men have proved it. Are you willing to pay the price—a little spare time? You surely are willing to invest a few of your evenings at home to gain a big increase in earning power.

More than 225,000 ambitious men have already been helped to promotion, increased salary and success because they have traded some of their spare time for the knowledge and training offered by one or more of the thirteen specialized home-training courses in higher business subjects as taught by LaSalle Extension University.

Study the list of names in the center column of this page. These men and hundreds of others reported increases in salary during a period of only six months. They did it right at home. The increases reported range from 100% to 400% and the average is 145%. We can give you the names of such men from every state.

Each month brings hundreds of reports of advancement from LaSalle students and graduates. Many who report such increases have not half completed the home-study training course in which they have enrolled. They were able to cash in on the knowledge and training long before they completed their courses.

You Can Do As Well

All that is necessary is that you have ordinary intelligence and the ambition and the courage to be willing to spend part of your spare time in training by mail under the personal direction of LaSalle experts. It is the quickest, surest way to prepare yourself for the big job ahead.

The training you receive thru LaSalle is a real training. You are not asked to memorize a lot of principles and theories and then turned loose to practice them as best you can. On the contrary, the new and interesting LaSalle "Problem Method" by means of which you work out for yourself actual business transactions, makes you feel as though you were at the very desk and on the very job you are training to fill. It is like being privileged to sit in a council of modern business executives, assisting them in the solution of their daily business problems.

You are, in effect, taken behind the scenes of big business; taken into every department of business; shown the relation of each department to every other department; trained to look upon business as the great, smooth-working machine that it is. Under the LaSalle "Problem Method" you are not risking your position, your money, nor the

These Men Increased Their Salaries From 100% to 400%

—You Can Do the Same if You Will Train in Spare Time Under the LaSalle "Problem Method"

N. A. Borgen rose from \$87.50 a month to \$5,600 a year. He says:

"Less than a year ago, when I enrolled, I was earning \$87.50 per month as a clerk with the C. M. & St. P. Ry. Co.

I am now managing the promotion department of the Standard Oil Company, but in addition I am promoting sales, criticising correspondence, and gingering the salesmen of the White Salmon Development Company, The L. C. Smith Company, and the Northwestern Marmon Company. My present salary is approximately \$5,600 per annum, or an increase of over 400 per cent.

I am writing this to show what a good course of study planned along specific lines can do for a man."

Cordially yours,
(Signed) N. A. BORGEN
Minneapolis

C. Deusch, New York, N. Y.	400%
M. C. Kockman, Norwood, O.	400%
E. M. Burleson, San Antonio, Tex.	300%
W. F. Strumke, Racine, Wis.	300%
C. H. Puenhagen, New Lebanon, O.	300%
G. E. O'Brien, Akron, O.	300%
J. H. Mack, Denver, Colo.	300%
Mr. Schmidt, Springfield, O.	250%
H. E. Cabanis, Memphis, Tenn.	250%
L. S. Meyers, Boston, Mass.	233%
F. Wunder, Cincinnati, O.	227%
C. Lausch, Whitehall, Mich.	220%
R. E. Urfer, Decatur, Ill.	200%
G. H. Tibbets, Clintonville, Wis.	200%
F. G. Brumund, Joliet, Ill.	200%
H. Freichelner, Dayton, O.	200%
R. W. Hoff, St. Marys, Ga.	200%
H. G. Almand, LaGrange, Ga.	200%
F. H. Hamack, Washington, D. C.	200%
O. Lambdin, Marshall, Ill.	200%
D. B. Holwell, New Rochelle, N. Y.	200%
W. M. Taylor, Columbus, O.	200%
J. H. Worman, Greenville, Mass.	200%
H. M. Hillgardner, Memphis, Tenn.	200%
H. R. Cox, Knoxville, Tenn.	200%
L. P. Taillon, Manitoba, Can.	200%
A. H. Satterlee, Gilroy, Calif.	200%
L. C. Whitten, E. Las Vegas, Mex.	200%
C. Lairsch, Whitehall, Mich.	183%
W. R. Pope, Schenectady, N. Y.	175%
L. R. Christie, Columbus, Ga.	166%
E. S. Davis, Chattanooga, Tenn.	150%
H. C. Barker, Houston, Tex.	150%
A. L. Schwab, New Philadelphia, O.	150%
E. Hoover, Lansing, Mich.	150%
E. L. Brown, Sumter, S. C.	150%
W. G. Carus, Battle Creek, Mich.	150%
S. C. Harkness, Springfield, Mo.	150%
B. N. Ward, Rock Island, Ill.	140%
R. A. Moore, Macon, Ga.	133%
C. R. Passapue, Baltimore, Md.	130%
R. G. Fellows, Lansing, Mich.	125%
W. Eisenhuth, New York, N. Y.	125%
F. L. Leslie, Riverhead, N. Y.	125%
F. H. Liedike, Albany, N. Y.	122%
H. S. Leigh, Memphis, Tenn.	105%

You will find LaSalle trained men holding responsible positions with large business firms and corporations everywhere—and what Borgen and Deusch and O'Brien, Schmidt and thousands of others have done, is a fair indication of what you can do if you will follow the plan they have found so effective.

time and money of your employer on untried schemes, ideas and methods.

LaSalle organization comprises more than 1,150 people, including 450 trained business executives, traffic experts, certified public accountants, efficiency experts, trained business correspondents, bankers, lawyers, business authorities, text writers, lecture writers, instructors and assistants. You are carefully and painstakingly coached in every duty of the position you are training to fill.

Help That Insures Success

During your enrollment and also after you have completed your course you have at your command, 8 hours each day, the University's big staff of highly specialized experts to help you make good, not only in your present position, but when promoted to the bigger job. This consulting service is not paralleled by any other educational institution and enables you to bring your problems, at any time, to men of practical business experience for their help and advice.

Decide to train now and in a few months you, too, will have greatly increased your earning power. The first step is to fill in and mail the coupon below marking the course which would fit you for the high salaried position for which you wish to train. We will send you full information as to the LaSalle Problem Method of Training, the reasonable cost, the convenient terms of payment, and a copy of our famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which tells how men with the aid of LaSalle training have obtained in one year promotion which without the aid of this training they could not have realized in ten.

Which course shall we tell you about?

—COUPON—

- HIGHER ACCOUNTANCY:**
Training for positions as Auditors, Comptrollers, Certified Public Accountants, Cost Accountants, etc.
- BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION:**
Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Executive Positions.
- TRAFFIC MANAGEMENT—FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC:**
Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Managers, etc.
- LAW:**
Training for Bar; LL. B. Degree.
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Training for Production Managers, Department Heads, and all those desiring training in the 48 factors of efficiency.
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Training for positions as Correspondents, Mail Sales Directors, and all executive letter-writing positions.
- BANKING AND FINANCE:**
Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.
- BUSINESS ENGLISH:**
Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.
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Training for positions as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.
- EXPERT BOOKKEEPING:**
Training for position of Head Bookkeeper.
- EFFECTIVE PUBLIC SPEAKING:**
Training in the art of forceful, effective speaking for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Cluemen, etc.
- C. P. A. COACHING FOR ADVANCED ACCOUNTANTS:**
Prepares for State Board and Institute Examinations.

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The Largest Business Training Institution in the World
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A Message to Young Americans

This article was written especially for THE NEW SUCCESS
by one of the leading business men of the United States
who requests that his name be withheld

I DO not share in the belief at all that seems to prevail in some directions, that the business opportunities which were presented to the pioneers in this country, are not present in the same degree to-day. On the contrary, it is my belief that there never was a period in the history of our country when a young man of high caliber might look forward with so much assurance to his future.

Far from having exhausted the natural wealth of the country, we have only begun to appreciate the almost limitless opportunities for the conversion of the enormous natural resources of this wonderful continent, into forms usable by mankind, in the products of the soil, the mine, the forest, and the factory.

Next to the scarcity of capital for investment, the most important factor in preventing a more rapid development of these resources is the *scarcity of competent and trained men* to fill the higher places in the great business organizations which are required in such development.

I HAVE neither the capacity nor the desire to preach a sermon, but it goes without saying that the old, homely virtues, honesty and energy, are indispensable prerequisites. Despite the animadversions of muck-raking magazines, it is my belief that business life in America is on a higher moral plane than ever before; and short cuts or anything suggesting sharp practices quickly create a feeling of

suspicion and distrust, which, in the business atmosphere of to-day, is fatal to the aspirant for success.

It is trite to remark that real brains command a high price, but there never was a time when it was so necessary to have inherited brains and natural talent, reinforced by education and sound training. The successful business man cannot now confine his outlook to his own specialty. He must have a mind trained to grasp and understand the big movements of industry and commerce—often world wide in scope—which now vitally affect nearly every business. The man who would be *successful, to-day, cannot sit constantly at his own desk*. He must give generously of his time and of any talents he may possess to such organizations, as chambers of commerce, that work for the commercial and civic advancement of his community. *Success in this day will not come to the selfish man.*

FINALLY—the fundamental virtues of integrity, reliability, and the possession of natural or acquired ability, will be relatively ineffective without the development of what, for want of a better term, might be called the human qualities. The old-fashioned picture of the “skinflint” type of successful merchant is as obsolete among successful men, to-day, as is that of the impertinent, over-aggressive, self-assertive “hustler” of a bygone generation. *The leader of industry, to-day, must be a gentleman.*

To Be Great in Spain—Go to Jail for Politics!

So says Señor Blasco-Ibañez, the Famous Author,
to The “Success” Interviewer

IT has been said that to be a truly great man in Spain, one must have served more than one prison term for some political offense; and that the more times that a man can claim confinement behind prison bars, the greater a Spaniard he is. Vicente Blasco-Ibañez, the eminent Spanish author, whose novel, “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,” is, perhaps, the most popular book on the World War, has been in prison no less than thirty times. His first conviction came at the age of eighteen, when he was clapped into prison for a sonnet directed against his government—and this was the beginning of a series of imprisonments that, according to the ethics of his sympathizers, have done him honor.

Señor Blasco-Ibañez was born in Valencia, in 1867. His father kept a small dry-goods store and clearly cherished the ambition that his son should be a lawyer. The son, quite as early, began to reveal those anti-legal tendencies that later made him the leader of the Republican party of his nation. After being graduated in law, he immediately took up journalism. But he seemed to have been born to rebel against things as they are. He has suffered for every idea he has championed, but has returned again and again to make a new attack.

As a leader of the people and as a disseminator of progressive ideas, Blasco-Ibañez has translated many volumes dealing with sociological and political topics, issuing them at prices within the reach of the masses. He has directed

one of Spain's largest publishing houses, stimulating not only a love for what is best in Spanish, but also a desire for the best works of an international nature.

In 1890 he took refuge in Paris from the vengeance of the Spanish monarchy, and, in 1892, he fled to Italy after heading a popular demonstration against the government for its methods in suppressing the Cuban insurrection. On his return, he was imprisoned for two years; and on his release, in 1894, he was elected to the Cortes as Republican deputy from Valencia. It was at this time that he first turned his attention toward writing.

TO-DAY, this question arises again and again: “Why has Blasco-Ibañez gained such great popularity?” It is true that he breaks many rules of construction and uses long paragraphs with practically no snappy dialogue. He fairly delights in diffusive chapters. In fact, he takes no short cut to quick purchase. But he confirms his ideas of journalism to a representative of THE NEW SUCCESS:

“In order to write novels, one must have been born a novelist. Reason, intelligence and reading may make great writers—inimitable ones, worthy of admiration; but with such elements they will never become great novelists, dramatists or poets.

“It is necessary that the subconscious intervene as the chief factor; mysterious divination, presentiment, the effective elements, which, in the majority of cases, are diametrically opposed to the intellectual elements.”

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT WILSON M. TAYLOR

By T. P. COMEFORD

NOTE—THIS IS ESPECIALLY ADDRESSED TO SALESMEN, SALES MANAGERS EXECUTIVES AND ALL INTERESTED IN SELLING OR EMPLOYING MEN TO SELL

I have been a salesman and sales manager for years, and have been groping about trying to get at the root of the selling problem to find some basic plan or method that would be helpful to every man who sells—to put selling on a common-sense basis.



Wilson M. Taylor

SALES EFFICIENCY EXPERT, COUNSELOR and LECTURER on SALESMANSHIP before large corporations. He has for years successfully applied his methods outlined in "The Science of Approach"

I have bought and digested hundreds of dollars' worth of books on the science of salesmanship. I have analyzed my own years of practical experience in selling, and yet it was not until two months ago I discovered what I consider the most important contributions to the Science of Selling that has developed

up to date. At that time I was called in consultation with a client relative to advertising. Naturally, I came in contact with their selling force, and I was amazed at the success that these people were procuring from new salesmen, men who had no previous knowledge whatever of their line. I found upon close investigation they had engaged 40 men who had never sold their product before, and in three weeks had trained them to be super-salesmen, earning double and triple their previous salaries.

I was naturally interested and was told that the man directly responsible for this success was Mr. Wilson M. Taylor, Sales Efficiency Expert of this organization. I met Mr. Taylor, talked with him, and found him to be an extraordinary man. In one hour he explained more of the real fundamentals of selling than I had ever before

learned from any one man. I was delighted that I had at last found the solution to my problem, and, best of all, Mr. Taylor's method was so simple and practical that any man could apply it.

I realized at once that this man had a message for a million other men like you and me who are selling or employing men to sell and I discussed with him the advisability of distributing this message to those whose success in life depends upon selling. The result is that Mr. Taylor has written a book, "The Science of Approach," giving to the selling world this plan which is the result of over 20 years of practical experience in selling, research and analysis of men. It is now ready for distribution at a price within the reach of everyone. I further learned that Mr. Taylor has for years been successfully applying his methods in his connections with such firms as the Willys Overland Co., also for the United States Government.

If you sell goods behind the counter, on the road or anywhere, or if you employ men to sell goods, you realize that the biggest secret of selling is to know your prospect, and that your success in selling is largely measured by your ability to do this.

Mr. Taylor's method, as outlined in "The Science of Approach," gives you the key to men's minds. He classifies all types of men and shows you the best way to quickly appraise the minds of men of various types, to determine their inclinations, their process of thinking, their basis of judgment and decision, so you can always take the line of least resistance in selling. Above all, Mr. Taylor is a teacher of men, and a builder of super-salesmen. He has proven time and again that his deductions are not theory but are practical common sense and usable by every man who sells.

You should be able to greatly increase your sales through the application of Mr. Taylor's simple yet scientific method of selling. It is time for you to stop guessing. It is time for you to know your prospects, to be able to judge men, to know why people like you or do not, to know how to

handle the procrastinator, to know the type of man who must be sold slowly, the type of man who must be sold quickly, the type of man who is interested only in cash values, the type of man who is emotional or non-emotional. To know these facts is to know in advance the proper way to approach men of all types so as to sell them or employ them successfully.

I want you and a million other men who are so vitally interested in selling to send for Mr. Taylor's book and to read it. He has agreed to send it

ON 5 DAYS' APPROVAL

I venture to say that after you have read it you will not take 10 times the price for it but should you not feel that it is worth the price, only \$2, you can return it in 5 days without obligation.

Your opportunity is presented in the coupon below—Use it. All it requires is a little initiative to determine whether or not "The Science of Approach" will benefit you as greatly as it has benefited other men. You take no chance in determining this, and the chances are for the small investment of \$2.00 you may run its value to you up into the thousands. Sign and mail the attached coupon TODAY.

NOTE.—Get this book and analyze yourself—learn your latent forces and how you can utilize them. Know your positive qualities, so as to direct your energies most successfully.



WILSON M. TAYLOR, Inc.,
35 West 39th Street, New York City.

Please send me copy of your book, "The Science of Approach," on 5 days' approval—enclosed find \$2.00. If I decide not to keep the book, I will return same to you within 5 days and you are to return the \$2.00, without question.

Name

Address

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☐ Gregg Shorthand is the best—there is no reason for accepting a substitute.

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Denver	Providence
Des Moines	Richmond
Detroit	Rochester
Elizabeth	San Antonio
Fall River	Schenectady
Grand Rapids	Seattle
Houston	Spokane
Indianapolis	St. Paul
Kansas City, Kans.	Syracuse
Kansas City, Mo.	Tacoma
Los Angeles	Youngstown

If you are in doubt as to what school to attend in September, fill out the attached coupon and mail to our nearest office.

THE GREGG PUBLISHING COMPANY
New York Chicago Boston San Francisco

----- COUPON -----

The Gregg Publishing Company
Dept. N. S.

Gentlemen:

Please send me sample lesson and name of nearest good school in my locality teaching Gregg Shorthand.

Name

Address

RULES FOR A YOUNG MAN STARTING IN BUSINESS

NEVER sign a paper for a stranger.
Never refuse a choice when offered.
Personally inspect your accounts once a month.
Avoid display, and choose associates discreetly.
Never fail to meet a business engagement.
Confine capital closely to the business you have chosen.
Have one rule of moral conduct, and never swerve from it.

Avoid litigation; but, in case of necessity, employ competent counsel.

Never misrepresent, falsify or deceive, or allow it to be done by those under you.

Never "run down" a competitor's goods. Remember that he has friends, as well as you.

You should never allow a letter to remain unanswered, however unimportant it may seem.

You should acquire a correct epistolary style, for you are judged by the business world according to the expression and style of your letters.

Your first ambition should be to acquire a perfect knowledge of the details of your business, so that you will not be at the mercy of inefficient or incompetent subordinates.

With the above suggestions as a groundwork upon which to build a business career, your structure will rise storm-proof; and if a little longer in reaching the topmost course, its character for solidity and business probity will more than repay. All that should be done for any young man is to help him to help himself. The individual who depends upon others is a clog in the wheel of progress. You cannot pass upon the reputation of your ancestors. You are either genuine or counterfeit, and the world knows it. Bear this in mind, and act accordingly.—*New Ideas.*

TWELVE THINGS TO REMEMBER

(From the papers of Marshall Field)

THE value of time.

The success of perseverance.

The pleasure of working.

The dignity of simplicity.

The worth of character.

The power of kindness.

The influence of example.

The obligation of duty.

The wisdom of economy.

The virtue of patience.

The improvement of talent.

The joy of originating.

IT IS EASY TO MISJUDGE

IT'S easy to misjudge men and motives. Here is an incident, called authentic by historians, which illustrates this point:

At one of the Waterloo banquets—an annual function in the early nineteenth century—attended by the Duke of Wellington and a large number of his veteran officers, the duke produced an odd and very valuable snuff-box. Greatly admired, it went the rounds of the table—and disappeared.

The incident was so unpleasant that several guests suggested that everyone permit himself to be searched.

To this all agreed, except one officer, who, in consequence, was strongly suspected. However, the matter was dropped without further investigation.

The next year found the same guests at the banquet, all in dress uniform, as was their custom.

Wellington, who had not worn that particular uniform since the previous banquet, happened to put his hand in a small and

half-concealed pocket during the course of the meal—and found the missing snuff-box.

After the dinner, the duke searched out the old officer and asked him why he had allowed suspicion to be cast upon himself by refusing to be searched.

"Your grace, I refused to be searched at that moment because my pockets were filled with food I had taken from the table. While I feasted, my family were starving in a poor lodging, and I was taking them food."

The duke, much affected, immediately proclaimed the innocence of the suspected officer, and saw to it that his impoverished condition was relieved.—*Exchange.*

SOMEBODY NEAR YOU

THERE is some one who is actually doing the thing that you are dreaming of—some one who is no better fitted or equipped than you are, but he is actually doing the thing you are dreaming of. There is some one not very far from you, who would make a great big thing out of the chance you are throwing away, because you see nothing in it. There are thousands of young men who would think they were "made" if they only had your chance to make good, your chance for an education, where you think there is no chance at all.

THERE is someone not very far from you, my friend, who could annihilate what you have regarded as impossible obstacles to your goal, not very far from you there is some one who is doing very much better than you with half your chance, some one who is making great strides with material that you would turn your nose up at. There is some employee not very far from you, right now, who is opening the door above him which you think is too securely locked to yield to your efforts. You can't see any way to the place above you, but some one not very far from you will see in the position you are scorning, an opportunity which you do not see.

There is someone actually doing what you are dreaming of, there is someone, right now, taking the big orders, making the big sales which you are dreaming of making. There is somebody, right now, with, perhaps, much less opportunity than your own, making the big records in salesmanship, in stenography, in business management, in manufacturing, which you are now dreaming of doing.

NOT very far from you there is somebody actually doing the thing that you are going to do, there is somebody right now doing under what seems to you very unfavorable conditions the very thing that you are going to do when conditions are just right. There are solicitors who are taking much bigger orders than you are taking, in the same territory, and with less favorable propositions than yours.

TRY IT!

GET up right in the morning. Go to bed right at night. Start with joy in your heart, hope in the future, kindness in your purpose.

If it is a dark day, never mind; you will lighten it up. If it is a bright day, you will add to the brightness. Give a word of cheer, a kindly greeting and a warm handshake to your friends.

If all of us would only think how much of human happiness is made by ourselves, there would be less of human misery.

If all of us would bear in mind that happiness is from within and not from without, there would be a wellspring of joy in every heart and the sun would shine forever.

Try it!—*Lottie's*, from

A New Art

is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.



Dorothea Nourse
Attributes her success as photoplay writer to the Palmer Plan.

For literary ability is not required—one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.

Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

Who hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try to write that better photoplay?

The thing to do is *act now*—begin today—learn how to put your ideas into the *proper form* for presentation to producers.

The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the *arrangement* of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they *could* write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplay plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry and is still its fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from \$250 to \$3000 for successful *first attempts* by unknown writers. They must hold out these

inducements to *get the stories, to develop new writers into photoplaywrights.*

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may *not* be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacher of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Elijah, author of "Wagered Love," recently



G. Lerol Clarke
Formerly a minister. Sold first photoplay for \$3,000.

purchased by D. W. Griffith.

You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents *their* ideas of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism



Mrs. Caroline Sayre
She wrote "Live Sparks" in which J. Warren Kerrigan starred.

by experts in all departments of the art.

It is of university calibre in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

A Feature of This Course

THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbaley, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

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Original from



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We want you to read this booklet that you may understand what the course will do for you, the real practical help it will give you in a hundred different ways. Obtain a mastery of English and realize your own possibilities. Be yourself at your best. It means more money, more power, more life in every way.

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Please send Booklet and full information regard-
ing Grenville Kleiser's Correspondence Course in
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Post-Office _____

Date _____ State _____

A FRANKLIN ACROSTIC

THESE verses were sent to Benjamin Franklin, when he was but four and one-half years old, by his uncle of the same name. They were learned by the boy as soon as he could read. Without doubt they exercised considerable influence upon his whole life, especially the line about the "shelf," meaning the pawn-shop. When he had become the great Dr. Franklin, he quoted them from memory, at the age of sixty-one, in a letter written from England to his son.

Be to thy parents an obedient son;
Each day let duty constantly be done;
Never give way to sloth, or lust, or pride,
If free you'd be from thousand ills beside;
Above all ills be sure avoid the shelf;
Man's danger lies in Satan, sin, and self.
In virtue, learning, wisdom, progress make;
Ne'er shrink at suffering for thy Saviour's sake.

Fraud and all falsehood in thy dealings flee;
Religious always in thy station be;
Adore the Maker of thy inward part,
Now's the accepted time, give him thy heart;

Keep a good conscience, 'tis a constant friend;

Like judge and witness this thy acts attend,
In heart with bended knee, alone, adore
None but the Three in One for evermore.

EQUAL PARTNERS

"LOOK ye, man, why haven't you cleaned and polished my boots?" asked Dean Swift of his eccentric servant John, at a tavern where they had just passed the night. "What's the use of polishing such things?" asked John, doggedly, as he held up the boots, discolored and grimy as when they were taken off the night before.

"Very true," said the Dean, and without further protest he put them on. Then he went to the office and gave orders that no one should give John any breakfast. He partook of his own, and directed the hostler to saddle the horses and lead them to the door.

"Mercy!" cried John, when he found the Dean ready to start, "I haven't had my breakfast yet."

"Oh," replied Swift, "I can't see the use of your breakfasting; you would soon be hungry again."

John could think of no answer to such an unexpected application of his own sophistry, so he maintained a stoical silence.

They mounted and rode on, the Dean in advance reading his prayer-book, and the servant following at a respectful distance.

"Hark ye, my man," said a stranger whom they met, after he had observed the two closely, "you and your master seem to be an uncommonly sober pair; may I ask who you are and where you are going?"

"We are as near saints as we can be," replied John, with melancholic solemnity, "and we are going to heaven, I hope. My master's praying, and I'm doing the fast-
ing!"

HOW DO YOU MEET OBSTACLES?

DO OBSTACLES, obstructions in your path, discourage you, or do they make you the more determined to overcome or surmount them? Do the difficulties which unexpectedly arise spur you on with a firmer resolution to conquer? This is a good test of your mettle.

It is the weakling who is discouraged by obstacles, and who turns his back on his goal in the face of discouragement. It is the weakling who sees obstacles through the small end of the telescope. A Napoleon looks at them through the big end, making them appear small and far away, instead of magnifying them.

Obstacles mean little to a strong character. He does not say, "I hope to do this thing," but "I will do it. I know I can do it and I shall do it." It is the Napoleon who says, "There shall be no Alps," no matter how formidable they may seem to others. He does not see the mountains of difficulties as the weaklings about him see them. To him there are no impassable Alps at any season.

DETERMINATION and will have made a great singer of many a poor girl who had no chance in the estimation of all who knew her. "Returned with thanks," has sealed the fate of many a manuscript and prospective author, yef it has made many an unknown writer who had determination.

The late Ella Wheeler Wilcox, whose versatile pen brought cheer and courage to many a despairing heart, once told me that her first manuscript was returned by nineteen different publishers before she got a check for it. It is not unusual for an author to try for years to get a work published and then to have it numbered among the "best sellers."

An editor of a London magazine returned the manuscript of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" and said there was no interest whatever in the story. Many publishers turned down De Poe's "Robinson Crusoe." Milton's "Paradise Lost" ultimately brought a price which many a modern author would spurn. What a lesson we learn from the experiences of others!

THOSE of us who would despair or lose heart under our struggles must remember that "great works are performed not by strength but by perseverance," and that, according to Lucretius, there is "No rock so hard but that a little wave may beat admission in a thousand years."

It is the stout heart that triumphs over the difficulties that block the progress of many a well-intentioned man. If you would succeed, take courage, grit, and perseverance as your watchwords. These will help you to overcome the most formidable obstacles that crowd the pathway to your goal.

WHEN SPEAKING OF BIRDS OR ANIMALS

THE generally accepted terms of the various groups of animals and birds are expressed as follows: A herd of swine; a skulk of foxes; a pack of wolves; a drove of oxen, or cattle; a sounder of hogs; a troop of monkeys; a pride of lions; a sleuth of bears; a band of horses; a herd of ponies; a covey of partridges; a nide of pheasants; a wisp of snipe; a school of whales; a shoal of herring; a run of fish; a flight of doves; a muster of peacocks; a siege of herons; a building of rooks; a brood of grouse; a swarm of bees, gnats, flies, or locusts; a stand of plovers; a watch of nightingales; a cast of hawks; a flock of geese, or goats.

In planning for the future it is not always necessary to rake up the past.

Some men are really important. Thousands merely act that way.

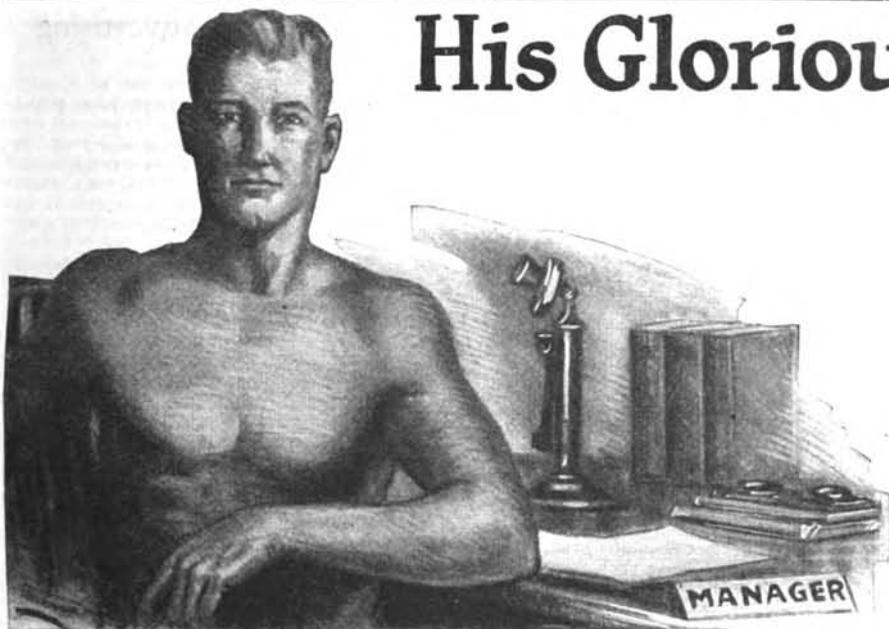
"Don't brood over the past nor dream of the future, but seize the instant and get your lesson from the hour."

It is just the little difference between the good and the best that makes the difference between the artist and the artisan.

Don't be like the farmer who carelessly sows thistle seeds in with his regular seeds and later complains because of a mixed harvest. Original from

His Glorious Health

Never Skips a Day!



If You Could Look Through the Clothes of the Average Big Executive, This is About What You Would See—

Seldom do you find a physical weakling at the top of the business ladder.

Really successful men have almost always made themselves masters of their own bodies; they are *physical successes* first. Very rarely do you find a weakling in a place of real power.

In his very interesting book, "The Executive and His Control of Men," Professor Enoch Burton Gowin of New York University gives some remarkable information that proves this. He learned the height and weight of over 2,000 Americans who occupy positions of leadership, and found that a *majority of them were over five feet ten inches tall, and that their average weight was 175 pounds.*

These figures do not prove, of course, that the medium-sized man cannot hope for eminence in business. Napoleon, Harriman and many others are exceptions. But they do prove that

Big Deeds Require Strong Doers

and that, in the swift and strenuous race of modern business, the weak, and all who neglect their physical development, are soon outdistanced by those who cultivate their bodies intelligently.

Why should you "feel great" only some of the time? Why have only half health, half energy, half life? The state of your health is up to you. You can be nervous, weak, and sickly—or you can be strong, healthy, sickproof, and successful.

You rule your health as surely as you rule your actions. If you are not enjoying the 100 per cent health which makes success easy, it is merely because you haven't employed the methods provided by Nature to keep you well. "But what are these methods?" you say. "How can I learn these secrets of glorious daily health?"

These methods and secrets of perfect health are now unfolded to you. The lifetime experience of Bernarr Macfadden, America's greatest health advisor, is now put before you.

Bernarr Macfadden's Encyclopedia of Physical Culture reveals Nature's methods and secrets of perfect health. It gives a wonderful service to those ambitious men and women who wish to gain the glorious health that never skips a day of achievement.

Gain the Physique for Big Success

If you want to enjoy glorious health every day in the year—if you want your family to enjoy the health which makes home life radiate joy and happiness—if you want to add years of pleasure

to your life and have more success-winning energy, power, and vitality than ever before—select the volume of the Encyclopedia which you wish to

examine, and mail the coupon for it today. The general contents of each of the five volumes are as follows:

- Vol. I.—Anatomy, physiology, diet, food preparation.
- Vol. II.—Physical Training, gymnastics, corrective exercise, physical culture, exercises for women, sports, athletics.
- Vol. III.—Fasting, hydrotherapy, first aid, spinal manipulation, mechanical diet and regimens.
- Vol. IV.—Diagnosis and detailed treatment for individual diseases, alphabetically listed.
- Vol. V.—Sex Hygiene, physiology, motherhood, pregnancy, maternity, baby care, disorders of men and women, beauty culture, mental culture.

A reading of the panel will give you a better idea of the vast scope of this Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. In it is contained the equivalent of at least twenty complete books. The Encyclopedia contains more than 3,000 pages and 1,200 illustrations, besides scores of color plates.

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Decide which volume of Macfadden's Encyclopedia of Physical Culture you wish to examine. Then fill out the coupon and mail it at once. The volume you select will be sent to you prepaid for five days' free examination. Then if you decide that you want the Encyclopedia, send a deposit of \$1 and the other four volumes will immediately be sent prepaid. Then pay only \$2 a month until the total cost of the Encyclopedia, \$25, is paid. If you care to pay cash, the price is only \$22.50. If, on the other hand, after 5 days' examination of the one volume you select, you decide that you do not wish the Encyclopedia, return the volume and the matter will be considered closed. To all who decide to retain the volume and purchase this Encyclopedia, a full year's subscription to PHYSICAL CULTURE is included.

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Physical Culture Corporation

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This set of five volumes contains a complete education in Physical Culture and Natural Curative Method—the equivalent of twenty comprehensive books on the following phases of health and vitality building.

- (1) A complete work on Anatomy, fully illustrated.
- (2) A Physiology in plain language, and embracing many illustrations.
- (3) A reliable and comprehensive handbook on Diet.
- (4) A complete Cook Book.
- (5) A book on Exercise in Its Relation to Health.
- (6) A Handbook on Gymnastics, with full instructions on drills and apparatus work of every sort, with hundreds of illustrations.
- (7) A book illustrating and describing every form of Indoor and Outdoor Sports and Exercises—complete courses in Boxing, Wrestling, etc.
- (8) Handsome colored charts and instructions for Developing a Powerful Physique.
- (9) The most complete and extensive work on Fasting ever published.
- (10) A comprehensive work on Hydrotherapy, including water treatments of every variety.
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- (12) A thorough work on First Aid with drugless methods.
- (13) A lavishly illustrated work on Diagnosis, giving plainly written instructions for detecting diseases of every sort, and finding their cause.
- (14) A comprehensive, illustrated book on Home Treatment for All Diseases, alphabetically arranged and written in plain language.
- (15) An Anatomy of the Sexual Organs.
- (16) Sexual Weakness and Diseases, Their Cause and Cure.
- (17) Rules for Happy Marriage and Parenthood.
- (18) A complete work on Child-birth—how to make it safe and comfortable.
- (19) A practical work on the Training of Children.
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Send me for inspection Volume ... of the Encyclopedia of Physical Culture. I agree at the end of 5 days to make a small deposit of \$1 on the entire Encyclopedia of Physical Culture and then send only \$2 a month for 12 months, or accept your cash discount price of only \$22.50, or simply return the book and owe nothing. This depends on my judgment after seeing the volume. My acceptance of this offer also entitles me to a year's subscription to "Physical Culture" Magazine.

Name.....
 Residence.....
 Business Address.....

Women Who Have Made a Success in Advertising

(Continued from page 25)

Store. It is one of the largest in New Orleans. Miss Drouet had a natural aptitude for describing women's merchandise, and gradually worked her way to the position of assistant advertising manager, entrusted with the preparation of all advertisements and, also, the firm's catalogue.

ONE of the pioneer women of the advertising business, is Mrs. Margaret R. Burlingame, now a member of the advertising staff of a Los Angeles newspaper. For five years she conducted the publicity of the Presto-Lite Company of Indianapolis, and resigned her position to open an advertising agency of her own in Detroit.

Mrs. Burlingame was the first agent to specialize in the preparation of advertising from a woman's point of view, and her theory and practice regarding sales methods in terms women would understand and appreciate, was adopted rapidly by advertisers the country over. She sounded a new note in making trade-marked goods popular, and opened up new possibilities for appealing to women in everything from household utensils to dainty articles of apparel.

IT IS the proud boast of Miss Anna M. Kelley, now manager of the J. B. Haines Advertising Agency of Philadelphia, that she began her career with a small firm as an "office boy." From that vital post, Miss Kelley says, she was advanced to be stenographer and bookkeeper in the agency. She had a quick grasp of what was going on about her, and, within six months, she was preparing the advertising "copy" for her firm's clients.

The Haines Agency then heard of her work and sent for her. She accepted a position to handle their catalogue work, looked after the minute, technical details, and, later, took up the mechanical end of designing and planning of more elaborate advertisements. She is now in her sixth year with the Haines Agency.

Miss Kelley has an interesting hobby—the collection of quaint old houses, which is, perhaps, not unnatural to one familiar with the historic buildings of Philadelphia. The latest addition to her collection is a battle-scarred brick building on the battlefield of Gettysburg. Her deeds to the property date back to the time of old John Gettys, founder of the town that was to become the turning point of the Civil War.

"I PUT two pigtales on the top of my head, lengthened my skirts, and, at sixteen, joined the teaching staff of my business school, instructing, at first night classes and then classes both day and night, in the mysteries of Sir Isaac Pitman's stenographic hieroglyphics. Most of my pupils were older than I."

That, apparently is where life began for Miss Minna Hall Simmons, vice-president of the League of Advertising Women: at the point where her business career began, according to *Advertising & Selling*. Miss Simmons was born in New York City, and was graduated from the public grade-schools and from Morris High School.

"Then having ambitions to enter upon a business career, I soon gave up teaching and went with Rogers & Company, high-grade catalogue printers of New York and Chicago, as a stenographer," continued Miss Simmons.

As a stenographer, she learned a great deal about printing, in her spare time, was graduated into the estimate department of Rogers & Company, given charge of supply purchasing, did investigation work on cost systems on the side, and in

two and a half years had tripled her initial salary.

"Coming into contact with many of the leading advertising managers of the country, who were customers of Rogers & Company, I began to feel the stirrings of an ambition to get at advertising work in some form," she says.

Six and nearly seven years have elapsed since Miss Simmons began to think in agate lines and column inches, and, during that period, she has learned to look from practically every angle of the business.

Her agency experience has covered estimating and contracting, the management of the mechanical production department of the John O. Powers Company, copy writing and "accelerating." For three years, she was "accelerator" for the Blackman-Ross Company of New York, involving the correlation of all data concerning the various stages of campaigns and the speeding up of the departments working on that data.

Her ambition unsatisfied, in April, 1918, Miss Simmons went with John Campbell & Company, manufacturers of aniline dye stuffs, her work, as she told *Advertising & Selling*, including the preparation of all copy for use in technical publications, as well as the handling of all the direct advertising.

Miss Simmons says, very seriously, that it is her firm belief that women in business should not receive special treatment because they are women.

Yet, her various duties did not keep her specially busy, and she continued to write the weekly illustrated New York fashion-letter for women, which for three and a half years, she has syndicated throughout the United States and Canada. Nor did it divert her from the straight course that she had been steering all along toward her ultimate goal—the opening of an agency of her own. To-day, she has reached that goal. She has recently opened the Minna Hall Simmons Agency, adopting as her slogan: "The woman's viewpoint backed by a long experience in all branches of advertising."

"E. HOLDEN" isn't a man, as the name would indicate, but Miss Euphemia Holden, a remarkably capable young woman, who directs the advertising of the Eaton, Crane & Pike Company, makers of fine writing papers. Miss Holden was born in Detroit, and was educated in the public schools, Chicago preparatory school, and the University of Michigan.

She first engaged in writing special articles for the Chicago *Tribune*, then moved to New York where she entered the magazine field as a free lance. Later she prepared financial articles for several investment firms. In 1915, she joined the promotion department of the Butterick Publishing Company. There her work included the writing of advertising matter for the company's periodicals and patterns. Miss Holden also initiated an employees' house organ and other forms of promotive activity among retail dealers.

In April, 1918, Miss Holden joined the Ingersoll Watch Company, as manager of consumers. In this capacity, she prepared the periodical advertising, window display bulletin boards, and motion-pictures which advertised her firm's products.

Miss Holden is now advertising manager of Eaton, Crane & Pike. She edits a trade-house-organ which goes to 10,000 dealers in stationery each month, and another monthly for 1,600 employees. She also has a supervision of the company's general advertising and "stimulation for dealers."



Don't Wait Ten Years for That Big Job

Let LaSalle home-study training help you to win ten years' promotion in one. That big expert accountant's job with a salary of from \$5,000 to \$10,000—or even \$15,000—is waiting for you when you are qualified by knowledge and training to fill it. Thousands of men have got out of the crowd of "office help," become expert accountants and made swift and sure progress to positions of great importance, trust and profit by the aid of LaSalle training.

LaSalle Men Are "Problem-Trained"

Big business today wants men to come to it prepared to make decisions and to shoulder responsibility. LaSalle trains its members by the famous LaSalle "Problem Method" which, in effect, takes them behind the scenes of big business. The member uses his knowledge in the solution of actual business problems just as though he were on the job and sitting at the desk he is training to occupy. It is like being privileged to sit in a council of big executives, and taking part in the solution of their daily business problems.

High Salaries Await Expert Accountants

The Expert Accountant commands a high salary because he is the man upon whom the directors and officers must depend for information and facts about every department of the business upon which important decisions are based. More high executives, officers and directors are being picked today from among the men trained in Higher Accountancy than from any other class of men. For such men the road for promotion leads clear up to the president's chair.

Send Coupon and Get the Facts

If you want to get out of the rut and move quickly to the front in your organization, send the coupon below with your name and address. We will mail you full information as to the LaSalle home-study training course in Higher Accountancy, the low cost and convenient terms of payment. We will also send you a copy of our famous book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which tells how men with the aid of LaSalle training have gained in one year promotion which other men without this training have not realized in ten. Send the coupon today. Decide now to train at home by mail for a bigger job. Don't wait ten years for promotion. Training—not waiting, is what is necessary. Find out how—today.

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

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Please send, without cost or obligation to me, full information about the LaSalle Problem Method of home training in Higher Accountancy together with a copy of your helpful book, "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

Name.....

Address.....

Present Position.....



The Ten Pay-Envelopes

(Continued from page 28)

"Don't be foolish," he said quietly. "To many people, two hundred thousand dollars is an inconceivable sum. As you know, it is not a loss I will feel. Let me conduct this little experiment. If it results well in one instance, it will outweigh the ten other failures it may cause. I knew Thomas was a crook, and he knew that I knew it. I gave him his chance but he would not take it. Some men cannot be honest, even with themselves. I shall make no effort to find him. If there is anything in your reform theory, Travers, or anything in your preaching of repentance and conscience, Taulane, Thomas will be at my dinner and give an account of his stewardship. Then we shall see who is right—and whether right does triumph."

Silently the two guests watched Penbrooke fold the new lot of thousand-dollar bills into ten new envelopes. They saw him put in the typed letters of explanation, seal each one, and slip them into his pocket.

"Now," said Penbrooke, "are we ready to start out?"

For a moment there was silence in the room. It was Dr. Taulane who spoke first. "Penbrooke, my friend," he pleaded, "won't you give up this idea? It seems like an insult to government and social order."

Penbrooke shook his head. "I am determined," he answered. "And I wish to put you both on your honor not to mention this incident to a living soul. It is an opportunity of a lifetime to learn what power money really has in the making or marring of a human life. The money itself will prove neither an incentive nor a temptation. Those qualities already exist in the ten individuals who will receive these envelopes. How far they will succeed, or how far they will fall, as a result of being thus financed, depends entirely on those whom chance will throw across my path."

"I think he's right," Judge Travers said, at length, "and I suggest that we be on our way."

Somewhat reluctantly, yet resignedly, the clergyman assented. The three men left the house.

HALF an hour later, they stood on the curb at Madison Square. The red flashing light which replaces the daylight chimes in the great Metropolitan Tower was indicating the hour of nine, and the place was deserted save for a few of the fotsam lolling on scattered benches.

"You might as well distribute the whole ten envelopes among this driftwood," said Judge Travers, indicating the vagrants typical of New York. Penbrooke shook his head.

"I told you I wanted to secure as many different types as possible, and I wish to leave the distribution solely to chance. I shall follow out my original plan, and—here comes the first recipient."

His companions turned sharply as a huddled figure shuffled along and paused by Penbrooke's side to look east and west before crossing Twenty-third Street. Penbrooke took a step in the man's direction, and the light of the arc lamp fell upon the stranger's wrinkled, bearded face.

He was, possibly, seventy years of age, a typical patriarch of New York's ghetto, his shiny black clothes and stringy necktie suggestive of poverty, though the shrewd glitter in his weary eyes gave the lie to his appearance. Penbrooke held out his hand with the envelope extended toward the man, who gazed at him suspiciously.

"Will you read what is in this envelope when you have time?" Penbrooke asked pleasantly, and the man's guard was broken. He took the envelope in his talonlike fingers and stared at it. Then, before he could say

a word, Penbrooke and his companions passed on, eager to be away before the man might break the seal.

For a moment the stranger looked after the three well-dressed gentlemen, then he stuffed the envelope into his pocket and trudged wearily on his way. It was not until late that night, as he sat in his dingy Hester Street flat, that he thought of the envelope and the strangers who had given it to him. With careless curiosity he tore open the missive and unfolded the typewritten letter. But before he glanced at the wording his eyes caught sight of the bills. Breathlessly he held them up to the light and scrutinized them unbelievably.

"Real—real thousand dollar bills!" exclaimed Isadore Lezinsky. "Who is it that is crazy they should be giving away such money?"

Sitting at the table, he read the letter over and over again. A smile came over his features, a strange, kindly light came into his eyes, and he nodded his head slowly.

"I will go by that dinner," he announced, "and I will surprise this Mr. Brown. Tomorrow, I shall take these thousand dollars to the rabbi. Isadore Lezinsky is not poor. Money is money, but Lezinsky has plenty and there are ghetto babies needing milk and medicine in the district. To that shall go the money of this man." And, stuffing the packet of bills beneath his pillow, Lezinsky went to sleep.

PENBROOKE and his companions were wending their way up Broadway, and at the allotted corner in the "Thirties," stopped at the curbstone. Directly at Penbrooke's elbow stood a smart young policeman, and he looked squarely into Penbrooke's face as the latter reached into his pocket for the second envelope.

Penbrooke handed it to the officer. A queer look came into the policeman's face. "I think you'll find that interesting," Penbrooke said to him and started to cross the street.

At that moment a traffic snarl attracted the officer's attention and he stepped forward to correct it as Penbrooke and his two friends disappeared in the night throng. When Patrolman O'Hara opened the envelope carelessly, some five minutes later, his blue eyes nearly popped from his head. Then a frown overspread his face. "Is this on the level—or a joke?" he murmured perplexedly. Attempted bribery was not unfamiliar to him. But he could not solve this case. That any man could seriously do so bold a thing was beyond his comprehension. Yet here was the actual cash. The donor was gone, but his letter was perfectly plain if not comprehensible.

"I suppose I'd better turn that into headquarters," O'Hara decided. But as he stood at the street corner for the balance of his time of duty, he kept thinking of the many things ten thousand dollars would buy, and the length of time it would take him to earn such a sum.

Penbrooke and his companions, walking northward, arrived at Times Square, brilliant in its dazzling electric lights and thronged with men and women seeking its varied amusements. Penbrooke's heart beat faster as he paused on the curb at Forty-third Street. What type of the many interested and varying elements of humanity, that streamed past, would chance throw in his way. But he had not long to speculate, for, at that very moment, he collided with a flashily dressed, bright-eyed girl whose carmined lips and powdered cheeks indicated her carefree existence.

She drew back and indignantly glared at Penbrooke as he accosted her; but the mil-

Let Me
Fit You
for a
Big
Job!



\$100
a Week

Young Men—Young Women

there is no other vocation which offers wider opportunity for advancement and big pay than EXPERT SHORTHAND. Some of the most successful men in commercial and public life—men worth millions to-day—owe their chance to shorthand. It opened the door to advancement.

Fine Positions—Good Pay

But you must be an EXPERT, a master of shorthand, to win the big prizes.

The Robert F. Rose Mail Course has qualified hundreds of young men and women for positions that pay from \$3,000 a year upward. Its graduates include expert court reporters, private secretaries to men prominent in the political and business world and successful stenographers in commercial and legal work.

\$12,000.00 a Year

JOSEPH M. CARNEY, official reporter of the Circuit Court, Milwaukee, Wis., in a recent letter to Mr. Rose, writes:



JOSEPH M. CARNEY

"Last year I made a little more than ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A MONTH out of my shorthand business here in Milwaukee, and the indications are that this year I will do even better. This I owe to your instruction, and I cannot express my gratitude. You may use my name and refer inquirers to me as much as you desire."

Endorsement of World's Champion

CLYDE H. MARSHALL, the winner of several international shorthand speed contests, says:

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Yes — only 15 minutes a day with Sherwin Cody's New Invention — and you can actually SEE how your English improves.



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FREE! Every time you speak or write you show just how much you know. Lack of language power may easily be costing you thousands of dollars every year. See what Mr. Cody can do for you. See what a few minutes a day NOW will mean to you later. It costs nothing to find out. Mail the coupon or a postal card this very minute for the free book "How to Write and Speak Masterly English." It will prove a revelation to you. WRITE NOW. Address

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lionaire raised his hat and apologized profusely.

"Won't you read this, sometime?" he asked, handing her the envelope. She took it, glanced at it skeptically, and thrust it into her handbag. "Is it a tract—or an advertisement?" she asked.

"Neither," Penbrooke told her, and then passed on hurriedly.

BUT as they moved away, the clergyman looked after the girl with a curious interest in his eyes. "Penbrooke," he said quietly, "that, to me, is the most interesting case so far. Your money may do great good or great harm in her hands. I must say again that I cannot but feel there is something almost criminal in what you are doing."

"Nonsense!" his friend said impatiently. "Don't scoff!" Mr. Taulane reproved. "Experiments with humanity have invariably proved disastrous. You recall the story of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?"

"Money doesn't change one's nature—it probably tends to develop it," said Penbrooke. "More men have turned to evil through lack of money than because of its possession. One who is driven to indulgences because of wealth would probably be weak enough to err in some other way without it."

But the clergyman only shook his head as the trio resumed their walk. Ten blocks further on they again paused, and each man felt a little thrill of expectancy as to who would be the next actor in the little drama. He was a man of some thirty-five years, smartly dressed, but with evident marks of dissipation on his rather handsome face. He gave Penbrooke an impatient look as the millionaire accosted him, holding out the fourth of his envelopes. Although Penbrooke's appearance belied the thought, the recipient evidently believed that he was being handed a summons for jury duty. In any event, he took the envelope, thrust it into his waistcoat pocket, and, swinging his cane, passed on without comment.

AT Columbus Circle, the three men came to the end of their Broadway tour, and the fifth character proved to be a pretty, well-dressed girl of twenty-five. She seemed rather startled as Penbrooke addressed her, raising his hat and speaking politely. Seeing nothing offensive in his manner, she smiled courteously and, taking the envelope, thrust it into her handbag. The men saw her hasten across the street, board a cross-town car, and disappear in the direction of Fifth Avenue.

"Now, said Penbrooke, "let us board a motor-bus and hasten to Riverside Drive. Just five more, and my stage is set."

"Will the outcome be a comedy or a tragedy?" mused the clergyman.

But Penbrooke did not answer, and the three sat silently until the bus turned into Riverside Drive at Seventy-second Street. There they alighted. As they reached the sidewalk at the edge of the Drive, Penbrooke found himself beside a smartly dressed man who was pacing up and down nervously with his hands behind his back.

He seemed to resent Penbrooke's intrusion upon his thoughts, but, nevertheless, he took the envelope and resumed his walk without so much as looking at it.

"Evidently, that man is in trouble," said Dr. Taulane.

"And, most evident, guilty of one thing or another, unless I mistake the signs," Judge Travers commented.

"I wonder if we could help him," the clergyman asked eagerly.

But Penbrooke held up his hand in protest. "That is the purpose of the experiment. If the man is in trouble, perhaps the money will solve his difficulties. If he is a criminal, perhaps it will enable him to make restitution or help him to reform. I insist

that my characters be permitted to work out their own destinies without comment or aid from us."

The minister said nothing; but Penbrooke smiled to himself, and nothing more was said until the next stop was made at Ninety-second Street. There they encountered a nursemaid, standing alone in the shade of the trees. She accepted Penbrooke's envelope with a smile, and since she showed immediate signs of investigating its contents, the three men swung on a motor-bus and hastily made off.

It was well that they did so, if they wished to avoid questioning, for the girl's eyes shone like blue agate as she read the letter and fingered the bundle of bills. "If that's not stage money, Nora O'Brien, there'll be weddin' bells for you!" was her comment.

Ten blocks further up, the three men alighted. The first man Penbrooke encountered was a young laborer, walking rapidly. He did not even pause in his walk as Penbrooke extended an envelope to him. As he continued on his way, he tore open the envelope.

Hastily Penbrooke and his associates effaced themselves from view. "Thinks you handed him that by mistake," remarked Taulane. They did not dare turn their heads to see the expression of wonder on the young laborer's face. He stood as one fixed, now looking in the direction of the fast-walking men, now looking at the wind-fall of wealth that had dropped into his hands.

AT the next stopping place, they waited a moment—for nobody was in sight to receive the ninth envelope. Finally, from the steps leading up from the park which skirts the Hudson River, there appeared a bronzed youth in the khaki of his country. His right sleeve was empty. In the light of the street lamp, the three men noticed the red chevron of discharge on his left sleeve.

As the soldier approached, Penbrooke brought his right hand to salute and handed Private John Watson the very thing that, a few moments before, he was hoping would actually happen to him. For, not ten minutes earlier, the soldier, weary and heartsick with idleness, wondering what he could do besides beg and how he was going to help himself to an existence without the arm that the enemy's shrapnel had torn from him, had muttered, half aloud: "I wish somebody would hand me an envelope containing ten thousand dollars."

RICHARD PENBROOKE and his companions were nearing the end of their journey. But one envelope remained to be presented. Then would begin the year of waiting and wondering. They were standing in the shadow of the massive mausoleum of General Grant. The only figure on the dimly lit plaza was that of a man of seventy years, perhaps—a tall, well-proportioned man with snow-white hair. Had it been daylight, they could not have failed to notice his keen blue eyes, firm jaw, and countenance on which failure had linned its indelible markings.

As this man passed, Penbrooke handed him the last of the envelopes.

"What's this?" the old man asked, rather surlily.

"Take it and see," replied Penbrooke. "You don't play me for a fool, do you?" remarked the man.

But the others were on their way. Penbrooke had realized the miscarriage of his plans that might follow if he delayed to parley with his subjects. In a few moments, Penbrooke, Taulane and Travers were a safe distance away—heading toward the broad viaduct that leads to the northern section of the metropolis—looking for a vacant taxi-cab that would return them safely to Big Redbrook home.

THE recipient of the tenth envelope smiled grimly as he crunched it in his strong hand. Life had been a succession of miseries, of blasted hopes, of shattered dreams to Mr. Kenyon Brice, for thirty years.

"There go three idiots who look as if they all had more money than they know what to do with," he remarked to himself, as he strode toward a gaping green can provided by a well-meaning municipality as a receptacle for discarded papers. Into the maw of this thing, Kenyon Brice chucked ten thousand dollars. "Some new method for renewing one's youth," he remarked further. "Wonderful what advertising schemes they get up to-day. But—it won't do me any good now."

He strode further toward the river. Its dark waters looked good to him that night. Long had he contemplated their embrace—as the best way to end it all; but again and again he had put it off hoping that something would happen, that some new thing might come into his shattered life, some blessing fall across his pathway. But—the end had come.

Ten minutes later, Kenyon Brice stood on the end of the wharf where the Hudson River boats pick up their passengers. He had paused to wonder—to wonder why the contents of that discarded envelope had such a peculiar, almost a familiar feeling—a feeling of something that no man in his senses could ever forget.

"But, it isn't possible—it can't be possible," he said.

(Continued in *The New Success* for October.)

TO KEEP YOUNG

KEEP in the sunlight; nothing beautiful or sweet grows or ripens in the darkness.

Avoid fear in all its varied forms of expression; it is the greatest enemy of the human race.

Avoid excesses of all kinds; they are injurious. The long life must be a temperate, regular life.

Don't live to eat, but eat to live. Many of our ills are due to overeating, to eating the wrong things, and to irregular eating.

Don't allow yourself to think on your birthday that you are a year older and so much nearer the end.

Never look on the dark side; take sunny views of everything; a sunny thought drives away the shadows.

Be a child; live simply and naturally, and keep clear of entangling alliances and complications of all kinds.

Cultivate the spirit of contentment; all discontent and dissatisfaction bring age furrows prematurely in the face.

Form the habit of throwing off before going to bed at night all the cares and anxieties of the day—everything which can possibly cause mental wear and tear or deprive you of rest.—Chicago Daily News.



Your own will come to you, if you hold the thought firmly and—hustle.



It is much easier to be critical than to be correct.—DISRAELI.



The fellow who watches the clock during the day time, usually pays no attention to it at night.



No man ever got nervous prostration pushing his business; you get it only when the business pushes you.



Some one has defined happiness as "the constant pursuit of an agreeable object with a sense of continual progress."

Why 60,000 Firms Force Me to Say This to You

An Important Message from the Vice-President of The American Commerce Association. He Tells Why the Needs of 60,000 Concerns Have Forced Him to Appeal For Men Willing to Become Traffic Managers at \$3,000 to \$5,000 and More a Year.

By **E. J. MARTIN,**
Vice-President, *The American Commerce Association*

AS a last resort I am writing this message in a final effort to acquaint you with the splendid opportunities open in traffic management and to tell you how through a special Association organized for this purpose you can quickly obtain an excellent traffic position and a salary of from \$3,000 to \$5,000 or more a year.

The issuance of this message has practically been forced upon me by the tremendous needs of more than 60,000 firms requiring trained traffic men. Although there was a big need for traffic managers before and during the war, yet it is nothing compared to today's great need for trained traffic men as a result of the tremendous business expansion. In this message I want to tell you what a traffic manager is, why he is so vitally needed and how you can get your share of the splendid opportunities offered you by this high-paying profession.

Transportation, the Second Largest Business in America, Needs Your Services

TRAFFIC Management is just in its infancy. It was created less than ten years ago when the Government passed an amendment to the Interstate Commerce Law making the Railroad Tariff the *Freight Rate Laws* of the country. This made it necessary for about 1,000 railroads, 60,000 large business concerns, nearly 450,000 smaller shippers, thousands of Chambers of Commerce and Commercial Clubs, State Railway Commissions, and the Interstate Commerce Commission to employ men with a thorough knowledge of Interstate Commerce and Traffic Management.

Thus was created a need for trained traffic men that has never since been satisfied. There is a "crying need" for 100,000 trained traffic men this very day. It was for this purpose that a few years ago the American Commerce Association was organized. Since its organization many thousands of men have been put into high-salaried traffic positions and today we are trying to supply the needs of more than 60,000 other firms.

Traffic Men Earn Big Money Because They Save Their Firms Big Money

IT is easy to understand why traffic men are in such need and why they receive such big salaries. How important is the trained traffic man's work can be seen by these few cases out of thousands which occur every day. Traffic Experts saved an automobile concern \$640,000 in ten months. A traffic expert discovered that freight rates paid by the Mecker Coal Co. were legal, but exorbitant. A ruling secured from the Interstate Commission resulted in a refund of \$122,000. An oil shipper in Kansas was losing over \$30 every day—\$700 monthly—because he did not know of certain tariff regulations entitling him to lower rates.

Thousands of concerns, without realizing it, are losing money every year because they do not know that there are many classifications, special freight services and rate combinations which legally entitle them to rates that would amaze them if they but knew.

Is it any wonder that the traffic experts who can save their employers hundreds and thousands of dollars in freight charges are highly paid? Such knowledge can almost dictate its own salary.

New Way Puts You Quickly in Big Traffic Position

HERETOFORE there has been no simple way to master Traffic Management. Realizing the need for trained traffic experts and seeking relief, the American Commerce Association—a National organization of traffic men, FOR traffic men, BY traffic men—offers men the training required to make them competent to handle the problems of men's economical distribution. The training is given by mail and can be studied in spare time, at home. Though most complete and thorough, the training is remarkably easy to master, and through the Association costs a trifling sum.

What this training will do for you is indicated by the letters of others. P. A. Bateman, of the Maryland Casualty Co. of Baltimore, writes, "I have had three advances in salary—\$600 in all—since starting with your Association." Emil Klemm, a former shipping clerk, writes from Chicago, "I received my appointment as Traffic Manager with my concern and realize it is all due to my study with the Association." "Was a rate clerk, now Assistant Traffic Manager," writes A. Eichmeir of Chicago. And these are only a few of the thousands of other similar letters which pack our files.

Mail Coupon for Free Book Giving Full Information

IT is impossible to go into details in this message, but the Association has published a remarkable book for free distribution which explains everything in detail and tells how anyone can quickly learn the new profession of Traffic Management. The possibilities in this field today—great as they are—are nothing compared to what they will be a year from now. If you are at all interested in getting into this highly profitable field, be fair to yourself and write for the remarkable book now offered free by the Association.

It tells in detail the wonderful work of the Association and how anyone may easily and quickly qualify for a good position in this profession of great futures. \$3,000 to \$5,000 are just the ordinary salaries paid to traffic men. There is almost no limit to what you can make yourself worth under the tremendous commercial awakening that has already begun. Mail Coupon at once for this interesting book.

American Commerce Association

Dept. 79, 4043 Drexel Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

AMERICAN COMMERCE ASSOCIATION,
Dept. 79, 4043 Drexel Boulevard,
Chicago, Illinois.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your free book on Traffic Management. Also tell me how I can qualify for a big traffic job.

Name

Address

Age.....Original Occupation.....

I am paying
\$2.00 An Hour
 for SPARE TIME

Here is a wonderful opportunity right at home for you to make big money without investing a penny. You can make \$50 a week or more

—you can do it as well as G. A. Rowe of New York, whose profits for one month were \$503, or McCrary of Georgia, who made \$4,175 last year. This is your chance to double your income.



FINE SAMPLE COAT FREE

I WILL PAY YOU \$2500.00

I need more men and women in your town who will spend part or all of their time taking orders for Comer raincoats, raincoats and waterproof aprons. Tremendous values—latest styles—low prices—and big profits. Ray Reed adds from \$20 to \$50 a week to his income. M. B. McDonald cleared \$81.00 in two days.

You don't need experience. You don't deliver—you don't collect. I tell you where to go, what to say and what to do. Your success is assured. No waiting—no delays. You get your profit in advance through the new, wonderful Comer plan.

Beautiful Raincoat FREE

Your choice of 65 fine coats free. I furnish everything, including dozens of samples of the rich, handsome material used in these coats.

The time is ripe—today is your great opportunity. Don't wait. J. A. Wilson made \$112 in six days—you can do as well. I will pay you \$2,500 a year in addition to the big cash prizes if you will only take three average orders a day.

MAIL THE COUPON

Just put your name and address on the coupon and mail it right now. We will send you all the details of this great offer, and tell you how you, too, can get started, just like hundreds of others are doing today.

MAIL NOW

THE COMER MFG. CO.
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Gentlemen: Please give me full particulars about your Comer raincoat offer. Tell me how I can make \$2,500 to \$3,000 a year. Send me free circular so I can pick out my sample coat.

Name.....

Address.....

P. O.

State.....

THE ORIGIN OF PAPER

PAPER is one of the most important things that came from the Orient. The Chinaman who made the first sheet of paper by covering a lattice of willow switches with the wet fibers of silk started an industry that has been one of the foundations of civilization.

Centuries ago, when the rulers of the European nations were unable to sign their names, the peaceful inhabitants of China were manufacturing paper from vegetable fibre and rags, and the Chinese emperor was the possessor of a library containing more than 50,000 books.

As early as the sixth century the Chinese made a good quality paper from the mixed pulp of various fibers and rags, and gave this paper a smooth writing surface by either coating it with gypsum or sizing it with starch or gelatin procured by burning lichens or other plants.

The Arabs gathered a knowledge of paper manufacture from the Chinese, and by the year 900 the Mohammedan people had become leaders in the art.



USE YOUR HEAD

A WOODPECKER pecks
 Out a great many specks
 Of sawdust
 When building a hut.

He works like a nigger
 To make the hole bigger—
 He's sore if
 His cutter won't cut.

He don't bother with plans
 Of cheap artisans,
 But there's one thing
 Can rightly be said:

The whole excavation
 Has this explanation—
 He builds it
 By
 Using
 His
 Head.

—Exchange.



SEVEN AGES OF MAN

THE seven ages of man have recently been tabulated on an acquisitive basis, as follows:

- First Age—Sees the earth.
- Second Age—Wants it.
- Third Age—Starts to get it.
- Fourth Age—Decides to be satisfied with half of it.
- Fifth Age—Becomes still more moderate.
- Sixth Age—Now content to possess a six by two foot strip of it.
- Seventh Age—Gets the strip.

—The Efficiency Magazine.

The human race is divided into two classes—those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and inquire, "Why wasn't it done the other way?"—O. W. Holmes.

Salesmen make paths in the forests of prejudice which afterwards become the streets of a metropolis.

True friendship in marriage is an exchange of soul qualities.

Genius has a twin brother whose name is patience.

The high desire that others may be blessed, savors of heaven.

Contains a Fortune



ELIZABETH TOWNE
 Editor of Nautilus

Elizabeth Towne wrote a unique little New Thought booklet called "JUST HOW TO WAKE THE SOLAR PLEXUS." It met with immediate favor and over 125,000 copies have been sold. Among those attracted by it was ELLA WHEELER WILCOX. Mrs. Wilcox gave the book a flattering review notice in which she said:

"It Contains a Fortune in Value if You Practice the Exercises Given."

This odd little book contains deep breathing exercises of special value. It teaches that the Solar Plexus is a center or storehouse of power and energy. This center is aroused to activity by deep breathing and other exercises and then radiates nerve energy to the whole body. The book will help to outgrow worry, fear, anger, etc., and to develop concentration.

Mrs. Blanche C. Martin, Instructor in a prominent girls' school, writes: "I have used your little booklet as a text-book on thinking and breathing, and the pupils look upon it as a revelation. They put it into practice, too, and send the booklet to friends and parents."

Mr. R. J. Hughes, Lynchburg, Va., writes: "I have received from the practice of its teachings more peace and joy and happiness and health than from all other sources combined. I regard it as the greatest inspirational booklet ever written."

Yours For 10 Cents

If you act now you can get not only a copy of "Just How to Wake the Solar Plexus" but a month's trial of NAUTILUS MAGAZINE of New Thought, both for 10c.

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NAUTILUS is the leading magazine of New Thought. Every number contains practical articles by the greatest writers on self-help in the development of human efficiency.

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 UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Key to Opportunity

(Continued from page 23)

much higher. The waiters are always left behind. It is the doer, the man who acts, who gets to the front. Even though he makes mistakes, in the long run he will get along much faster than the man who is always waiting for a chance to turn up, waiting for outside help. It is the alert, active man who has initiative.

THERE was never a greater falsehood than the saying, "Opportunity comes to him who waits." Opportunity comes to no one who waits. It comes to the man who is pursuing it, the man who is pushing ahead, the worker, who is ready for it and who will make the most of it.

The trouble with most of us is that we don't care enough, not half enough; and we don't dare enough, not half enough.

As a rule, the man who unlocks the door of opportunity and makes his mark in the world fights his way up to his own loaf. What others do for him does not amount to much in comparison with what he does for himself.

No, it is not fine tools or splendid opportunities or influential friends or great riches that make great men. The greatness is in the man or nowhere. The golden opportunity you are seeking is in yourself. It is not in your environment. It is not in luck, or chance, or the help of others. It is in yourself! If it is there, no one can keep you down. If it is not, nobody can help you much. It is there, however, for the Creator has put the opportunity in every normal human being.

THE EFFECTIVE WAY

SELLING goods is a good deal like praying. There are two ways of doing both. Mandy Jane once described them both, thus: "W'enebber I pray de Lo'd to sen' one o' Massa Peyton's fat chickens fo' de ol' man, dere is no notice took ob de partition; but w'en I pray dat he sen' de ol' man fo' de chickens, de t'ing is 'tended to befo' sunup nex' mo'nin dead sartin."

The effective way of praying is the effective way of selling goods.

Don't leave it all to the Lord to do.

WORTH THE COST

"I COSTS five millions to elect a President, and no money is better spent," wrote Horace Greeley many years ago, "for in that way once in four years the whole nation is made to discuss the same ideas. We thus become educated on public issues and, though we do not agree about them, we become a unified nation by arguing over our problems."

The cost of our Presidential elections has multiplied four or five times since Greeley's day. The money is still well spent if the campaign produces discussion and education.

The power of a clean record as a success factor cannot be overestimated.

+

The object for which we strive tells the story of our lives.

+

The world generally deals good-naturedly with good-natured people.

+

If a man empties his purse into his head no man can take it from him. An investment in knowledge always pays the best interest.—Franklin.

Go After the Job You Really Want —And Get It!

THE SECRET OF YOUR FUTURE SUCCESS IS CLEARLY MAPPED OUT IN THIS WONDERFUL NEW BOOK

YOUR JOB How to Choose a Job How to Get a Job How to Grow in a Job

By **HAROLD WHITEHEAD**

Professor of Sales Relations and Director of Vocational Guidance of Boston University

Do you want to know how to analyze yourself and then fit the analysis to the work you are most competent to do?

Do you want to find out what field of endeavor it will pay you best to enter?

Do you want to find out how to reach the men who have already achieved prominence in your chosen field?

After you have selected a field do you want to know how to go about it to actually land in a desirable position?

Do you want to know the little things that may help you enter a successful career, and those which, on the other hand, may hinder?

Then, when you have accepted a position of your choice, do you wish to grow in it to success and happiness?

Mr. Whitehead, through his many years of experience as Vocational Counsellor, tells you the exact procedure for achieving the best possible results for yourself in your chosen line of endeavor.

Start the race right and it is half won. Mr. Whitehead starts you right, then shows you how to finish the course—a winner!

This book is now in press and will be shipped as soon as issued after receipt of your order. If you do not feel that the book is of real help, send it back to us within the specified time and you owe us nothing.

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The Deadly Dangers of CONSTIPATION



R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.
Founder of
The Alsaker Way

*How to Rid Yourself of this
Unnatural Condition*

Quickly! Permanently!

WITHOUT DRUGS OR MEDICINE OF ANY KIND

By R. L. ALSAKER, M. D.

CONSTIPATION is a very common trouble. In fact it is such a universal disease that it is often neglected until it becomes chronic. Then it is indirectly the cause of sickness and death. It is a part of nearly every serious disease.

and when it is present it eventually succeeds in damming up enough poison in the system to aggravate any previous disease tendency. It is a great aid in building arteriosclerosis, heart disease and chronic bronchitis, and many other serious complaints.

Obstinate constipation is called obstruction. If this condition is allowed to get too serious, obstruction may take place, and bowel obstruction, if complete, will end fatally in a short time unless an operation is performed. Medical literature contains records of cases where the constipation was so severe that two weeks or more would pass without a bowel evacuation and after a movement the sufferer would die from the shock, but this is very exceptional. Nearly all cases of constipation can be permanently cured. Occasionally cases of long standing will react in a few days, but usually a longer time is required to effect a complete cure.

Removal of the appendix causes much colonic trouble, including constipation. The appendix is lined with mucous membrane, which is a secreting structure. The secretion of the appendix is without doubt useful to the colon. When the appendix is removed by an operation the lower bowel does not work properly. It is very well to say that the appendix has no function and that it is a menace to health. But Nature seems to know her business. Her results are much better than those attained by her critics—even when the critics are great surgeons. Sometimes irritation, wounds or disease will cause the formation of scar tissue in the colon. This contracts and causes mechanical obstruction, which may be of varying degrees of severity. If there is much scar tissue and extensive contraction, the only help is an operation in advanced cases. This un-

natural condition is sometimes the cause of a tumor or cancer.

The sufferer from constipation can generally diagnose this disease. Most of those who are afflicted with this trouble are aware of it, though many do not know how deeply seated it is.

Many of the diseases of chronic degeneration, such as chronic bronchitis, Bright's disease, asthma, various heart diseases, hardening of the arteries, varicose veins, chronic diabetes and nerve degeneration are due to constipation to a large extent.

Constipation causes premature old age and early loss of beauty in women. It helps to break down the physical and mental powers of the sufferers. It is, therefore, very unwise to remain constipated.

There are various ways in which to relieve constipation, but no one should be satisfied with relief. What is needed is a cure and in order to cure, the real cause of the difficulty must be removed. This is not a difficult matter for anyone who will give up cathartics and other artificial means and will follow the few fundamental rules of living that are simple and easy and leave no bad after effects.

R. L. Alsaker, M.D., a physician of recognized standing in his profession, is an eminent authority upon the causes and cure of constipation. He has treated thousands of cases personally and by mail with the most remarkable results. The net results of his many years of professional experience he has put into a handy instruction course called "Curing Constipation and Appendicitis" and it may be had in book form for only \$3.00 postpaid by anyone who reads this announcement. It contains more valuable information than many courses costing ten times as much. The Alsaker Way of curing constipation is a very simple method without drugs, mineral waters, enemas, coal oils or laxatives. It is a sensible home treatment that anyone can put into practice without trouble and without adding to the cost of living. All you need do to secure a copy of this course in book form is to write to the Lowrey-Marden Corporation, Publishers of The Alsaker Way, Dept. 70, 1133 Broadway, New York City, enclosing \$3.00, and the book will be sent you by return mail. Keep it for thirty days, read it, follow the instructions, and then if you are not satisfied simply return it and your money will be refunded in full and without question. You take no risk, and if you have any tendency to constipation, or if any member of your family is suffering from this complaint, you should not hesitate about securing this remarkable treatment course before this special offer is withdrawn.

Francesco Nitti, Strong Man of Italy

(Continued from page 32)

man a voice in the destinies of creative effort under the crown of Italy. His other national benefits, such as creating new waterways, new national achievements, new laws regarding the protection of individuals through compulsory insurance, are too numerous to mention. Railroads, factories, and the activities of the lowest labor all benefitted from the fertile brain and the bills introduced by Nitti.

And during all of these vital activities, Nitti found time to write some score of books which are of benefit, not only to every Italian but to every other citizen of the world. The year before the outbreak of the World War, Nitti resigned his cabinet post and resumed his work as a lecturer at the University of Naples, where he inculcated his inspiration for work and achievement in the youths who were—shortly after—to bear the brunt of the fight against the Central Powers.

Learned Many Things in the United States

THE World War cast its lurid glare over Europe. Italy was tottering on the verge of making good its pledges—hesitating on plunging into a quarrel which was by no means Italian, and forced on Italians by virtue of an outrage of existing conventions. Nitti advocated the breaking of the earlier ties and the alignment of Italy on the side of right. "Perfidious Italy!" was the cry of the moment. Nitti would have rolled up his sleeves and fought with his fists if such an epithet had been hurled at him. But he had another idea of making a treaty a "scrap of paper" when the tearing of it made a great nation line itself with the cause of liberty against the scourge of militarism gone riot, and personal ambition to dominate running rampant.

When Nitti was appointed a member of the Royal Italian Mission to America, it was said by his enemies that he was named for the journey to "get rid of him." Theodore Roosevelt was once named for the Vice-Presidency for the same reason. Subsequent events made the acceptance of the post, by Roosevelt, result in the one thing the "old guard" of the Republican Party had not figured on.

The man who never lost faith in Nitti was Marconi, who gave to the world the wireless telegraph. Marconi has always been a close friend of Nitti and a staunch admirer of him. Marconi, naturally, had the confidence of the United States government and the keenest minds of the American business world. The return of these two men to Italy—Marconi to give his inventive brain to the military service; Nitti to return to governing councils—was backed by a complete world-confidence in their abilities.

Then it was, that Orlando, who had been serving as Minister of the Interior, summoned Nitti to the post of Secretary of the Treasury. Nitti had talked with William G. McAdoo, then Secretary of the United States Treasury. He "knew the ropes." He made good in the place assigned to him.

Nitti had learned another thing while in the United States. He had seen the value of spreading propaganda; he knew how it had benefitted other nations; how it had hurt some people; how the unspoken and the spoken word had hurt others still more. Nitti, in addition to his various other accomplishments, had learned what advertising would do for a nation as well as for an individual. But, also, he realized that what advertising will do must be based on the merit of performance, whether it be an individual, a nation, or a corporation. He set himself to

Original from

work to urge Italy to "make good." Italy did. So did Nitti.

D'Anunzio Dreams; but Nitti Thinks

WHEN the Peace Conference met at Versailles, there were three powerful delegates—Sonnie, Orlando, and Nitti. Nitti could not approve the advocacies of his associates and he resigned his delegacy in 1919. Nitti's resignation from that group resulted in his selection as premier of Italy.

He was requested by the crown to form a ministry. That was in the summer of 1919. There being no majority in the house, he was obliged to form a coalition cabinet—and it was predicted that this body could not last half a year. There were two parties in Italy which could have overthrown the Nitti government by uniting; but the wily premier welded them in support of him, rather than in opposition to him, and won the day.

Nitti is unquestionably the McAdoo of Italy. His was the voice that resulted in the successful appeal to the people for a loan of 15,000,000,000 lire. Nitti also pled his cause so nobly and convincingly that he persuaded Italians to subscribe \$25,000,000.00 to the home government's needs.

His own predecessor, Cavour, failed to observe the expedition of the immortal Garibaldi. But Nitti was upon his "hind legs" when Gabrielle D'Anunzio thwarted his own plans for obtaining, as Italian integrity, both Fiume and Dalmatia. There came the point of break between the man of happily, beautifully painted history and the man who is trying to direct the history of Italy as it should be written on the pages of the future records.

D'Anunzio dreams—and acts. Nitti thinks—and acts. Which will be the greater figure when the world is a hundred years older? It is a question that cannot be answered now. But the thinker has been, as a rule, a greater man than the dreamer.

In disapproving the actions of D'Anunzio, he knew he was running foul of the love of romance of his fellow countrymen and, also, drawing upon himself the fire of many influential Italians. Nitti knew his Italians too well to demand drastic action. He is playing the old chessboard contest of diplomacy and sooner or later, he figures, someone will make a false move. He figures that it will not be the premier of Italy who will be checkmated.

Nitti has converted most of the statesmen of the Alliance to his views regarding the treatment of Germany and Russia. He has brought down a tirade of abuse upon his head; but what man in the public eye, today, has not done so? But, on the whole, his accomplishments have been more than satisfactory to himself and to Italy—whether or not Italy realizes it at close range.

He has always asserted that he is the strongest man in Italy. He proves it in his private life by a self-denial which would stagger the average citizen. And Nitti is a lover in self-indulgence, in his food, his wines, and his smoking. Yet, at regular intervals, he cancels this program of indulgence and denies himself with the fervor of a religious enthusiast observing Lent.

Nitti is not yet at the height of his power. He is still vigorous, mentally and physically. Before his name goes into the tablets of fame in his kingdom's records, he may have established new laurels which will outrival those of the statesmen of ancient Rome.

"My success in life," he told me, shortly after the Treaty of Peace was signed, "is due to the fact that I have always had the greatest confidence in myself. I have never failed to believe that I could do the thing that I set out to do—and I have tried to infuse that belief in others."

It is out of business hours, not in them, that men break down.

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My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent entirely away from the keyboard—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all others keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. QUINN-DEX is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

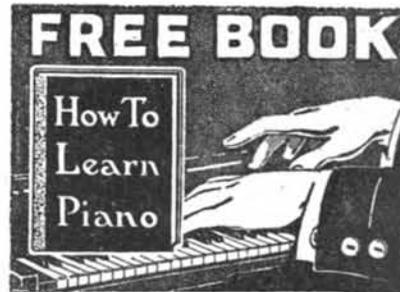


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Suppose a ruffian insults you, or worse still, passes a stinging remark about your mother or sweetheart. What will you do? The bully probably knows enough about boxing to give you a good beating. Prudence would tempt you to swallow the insult and shrink away. But your pride won't let you do that—you're too much of a man—to save yourself from disgrace you fight. And you are like most men who know nothing about boxing, your opponent will give you a sound thrashing.

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The Presidential Candidates for 1920

(Continued from page 22)

lighted Democracy. "When our boys went over the top in Europe, they did not go with reservations," was a sentence uttered by Governor Cox when referring to the League of Nations, and the insistence of certain Republicans that there should be reservations to the Covenant. Then he proceeded to lambaste the Republicans with the vigor and vim that is delightful in a political oration. He did not pussy-foot; he did not hesitate; and he mixed his flail-like sentences with a sufficient amount of humor to amuse and entertain his hearers while praising his party and denouncing his opponents.

He has a round, almost jolly face; it would be if there were not serious lines and a reflective and intelligent expression always predominating. His is an attractive face, the face of an honest man looking squarely at you and making you feel that you are in the presence of a real man. The gleam of humor which flits over his countenance, from time to time, is very attractive. Governor Cox is a man of average size in height and build. He is a type of the million as to first appearance, but his superiority, if it may be so called, is at once discernible when one comes in contact with him. Then, his qualities as a man above the average appear; then one begins to sense that charming personality which makes him popular, and one also appreciates the intelligence and force which has carried him so far in a public career.

SPEAKING of Governor Cox as an all-around, good fellow, and probably explaining why he has been called "Jimmie" for so many years, a man who knows him well, pointed out that it was this good fellowship that went a long way toward securing his nomination. He said that the big leaders, the men who had come to the top in the management of politics in their States, were the men who held the delegates together and finally put Cox over. Such men as Edward Moore, of Ohio, and Patrick Harrison, of Mississippi, the manager, and floor leader for Governor Cox. Besides there were Charles Murphy, of New York, James Nugent, of New Jersey, Wilbur Walsh, of Iowa, Thomas Taggart, of Indiana, George Brennan, of Illinois, who were with Cox early in the fight, and, later, other leaders like Fred Lynch, of Minnesota, and Joseph Guffey, of Pennsylvania, came to him at a time when they were most needed and swelled his vote until it was a band-wagon rush. This same good fellowship of Governor Cox is shown in the assertion that he belongs to the "wets" simply because he believes in what is called sanity in the administration of sumptuary liquor laws.

IT IS a noticeable fact that the Republican candidate for Vice-President, was unknown to the current standard books of biography at the time he was nominated, which means that Governor Calvin Coolidge, of Massachusetts, sprang into national fame at a comparatively late date. In fact, he did not become a Presidential possibility until after he took such an active part in handling the policemen's strike in Boston, backing up the police commissioner in a manner which won for him favorable comment from Americans all over the country. Coolidge, because of his stand for law and order, was elected governor a second time—Massachusetts choosing her governor every year—by the largest majority ever received by any man in that State. He was congratulated in a telegram by President Wilson, after his election. Before that event, he was known as "Go through Coolidge," on



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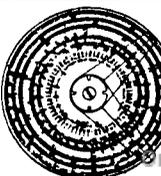
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account of his firm determination to accomplish successfully anything he undertook.

Previous to 1918, Coolidge had been a lieutenant governor, and it was the natural thing that he be advanced. Before that, he had been in the State Senate, making a very creditable record as a legislator, so it appears that one official position leads to another higher up and when a man becomes a governor, or a senator, or a congressman, and does something that especially attracts the attention of the country, he at once becomes a Presidential possibility. There are people aplenty who think that Coolidge should have been preferred to Harding by the Republican national convention, but Coolidge did not come from the right State for Presidential material.

HERE is an interesting thing in that same connection; Calvin Coolidge is the first man since 1904, to be nominated by one of the major parties for either President or Vice-President who was not on the Presidential highway. This "highway" consists of the States of New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. Look back, you who are interested in this subject, and you will find that not since 1856, has any man, not a resident of one of these five States been elected to the Presidency. Only three men have ever been nominated for the Presidency who were not residents of these States, and none of them were elected. More than that, the Vice-President is usually chosen from one of these States, and only three times in sixty years has a Vice President been elected who was not a resident of one of the States on the Presidential highway. And, by the way, one of them came from Massachusetts.

Calvin Coolidge is one of the few Amherst College men to come to the front in Massachusetts politics. As a usual thing, the successful Massachusetts man is a Harvard graduate. Coolidge, as soon as he began to show what we call "class" as a member of the legislature, attracted the attention of Frank W. Stearns, a wealthy Massachusetts man who is a trustee of Amherst College, and Stearns has been one of his faithful adherents and political backers all the time. It was not simply because Coolidge was an Amherst man; but it may be because Stearns believed in him, and saw in him the possibilities which have since developed.

A striking characteristic of Governor Coolidge is his reticence. He is a silent man, and in company, or with only one other person present, he will often remain silent ten minutes or more at a time; listening if the other men are talking, but saying very little himself even when he breaks these long periods of silence. Not that he cannot speak. In fact, he is a good speaker, and has made many addresses on various subjects—addresses that have been published in book form. That his public utterances were highly considered, it is only necessary to note that campaign material in regard to him, previous to the Republican national convention, was largely in the form of pamphlets containing his speeches or extracts from them.

GOVERNOR COOLIDGE, a native of Vermont, forty-eight years old, is what some people term a "typical Yankee" if there is any such thing as a typical Yankee, which is to be very much doubted, unless we are all "Yanks" as we were during the World War. He may be a typical New Englander, due to the fact that he is of a cool, calm, calculating temperament; not given to unusual acts or extravagant expressions; a man with a set purpose; a thinking man; one who no doubt resembles and has many traits of the early Puritans from whom he descended. He is a man little less than the average in height, some-



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what thin of figure and face; slightly reddish hair; keen eyes set well under projecting brows; a man who attracts people, but not one who inspires warm personal friendships of a miscellaneous character.

As before remarked, Calvin Coolidge would not have been considered a Presidential possibility if it had not been for a strike of the Boston police. These police quit their jobs and left the City of Boston to the mercy of mobs and violators of the law. The police commissioner refused to cater to the striking policemen, and, in this, he was backed up by Governor Coolidge who sent the State Militia to restore and preserve order. He acted promptly and with such courage as to cause the most favorable comments from all sections of the country without regard to partisanship; comments which often closed with the remark, "Here is a man who might well be President."

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Young, with Strong Convictions, a Distant Cousin of "T. R."

"WHAT'S in a name?" was the query of the lovelorn *Juliet* of William Shakespeare. Well, there is a great deal in a name sometimes, and in this year of our Lord, 1920, there was a Vice-Presidential nomination in it.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was nominated for Vice-President for two reasons: one, because he is a resident of the State of New York, and the other because his name is Roosevelt. Roosevelt has often been talked of as a possibility in New York politics, either for governor or for United States senator. He is one of the men mentioned for Vice-President who never was in the running for the Presidency. That often happens, and we have had several Vice-Presidents who were not considered available for President in the conventions which nominated them for the second place. It has been said that Frank Roosevelt, on account of his name, is 30,000 votes stronger in New York State than any other Democrat that could be placed in nomination for the high office. That may be true, but it is also said that Frank Roosevelt will add material strength to the Democratic ticket because of his popularity up-State, which, coupled with the popularity of Governor Smith in the greater city, will make New York a doubtful State and one of the great political battlefields of the coming campaign.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT is a young man. He is only thirty-nine years old, and, if circumstances should take him into the Presidency, he would be even a younger man in that office than was the more illustrious man of the same name who became President at the age of forty-three. He is a distant relative of Theodore Roosevelt, who was elected Vice-President of the United States, and, also, a predecessor of Franklin D. Roosevelt as assistant secretary of the navy. It has been stated that the two men are very much alike, a statement which is not in the least true; for neither in appearance, manner, or method, are they alike. Frank Roosevelt is tall, slender, boyish looking, somewhat soft in speech; in fact, there is nothing about him that would remind one of Theodore Roosevelt, save the name. He does possess vigor, is active, and a tennis player, but thousands of men have these characteristics which were noticeable in President Theodore Roosevelt.

Franklin D. Roosevelt first came into political prominence as a member of the New York Senate, to which he was elected in 1910. He took an active part in the legislature and made an impression which brought him to the attention of the new Democratic administration. While Roose-

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velt was a member of the New York legislature, he made himself well known by backing a bill providing for a uniform apple barrel. It is said he corraled the up-State vote in New York, where large quantities of apples are produced, by his fight for this apple barrel, which proved a great boon to the apple growers. It may seem like a small thing, but it has been necessary for men of vigor and persistence to take hold of small things and secure needed reforms. A great many of our statesmen have taken hold of small things and pushed them to success.

ROOSEVELT was appointed Assistant Secretary of the Navy in 1913, and has held that position ever since, although he has been mentioned for an advanced position several times. As Assistant Secretary of the Navy he has done what he could for the Navy. He has been loyal to his chief, although at times he has not agreed with him. For instance, at the beginning of the war with Germany, when it was stated that everything was all right in the Navy, a man who was writing that side of the story and getting up facts and figures in regard to the fitness of the Navy for the great work it was doing, dropped into the Assistant Secretary's office and asked him if the Navy was fit.

"Far from it!" snapped the Assistant Secretary, and for that one time there was just a hint, or a suggestion, of the older Roosevelt who did so much to put the Navy in shape for the Spanish War.

But that did not mean that Frank Roosevelt laid down on the job. On the contrary, it meant that there were deficiencies, and he went to work to remedy them to the best of his ability and so far as he had the power. It was Assistant Secretary Roosevelt who did what he could to strip the red tape from and advance the work of outfitting the Navy, getting the commissioned ships ready, and those to be commissioned, in shape to go to sea and properly manned.

FRANK ROOSEVELT is an alert, active man, having decided convictions, not only in governmental affairs, but in political affairs. He has been up in the air in the naval flying-machines, and he has been under the sea in the submarines. He has learned much about the Navy; he knows about the big guns as well as the big ships, and he also knows about little ships. He has made the Navy his business since he has been Assistant Secretary.

I once witnessed an amusing incident which happened on the *Dolphin*, which was the Assistant Secretary's flagship for the day during certain ceremonies at Hampton Roads. Mr. Roosevelt had for his guests a number of men just a little less than cabinet officers, but government officials. Among them was Henry S. Breckenridge, Assistant Secretary of War. That was before the first break in the cabinet when Breckenridge resigned along with his chief, Lindley M. Garrison.

"It is a part of a sailor's duties," remarked Assistant Secretary Roosevelt, "to be able to go to any part of the ship. I am going to climb the 'shrouds,' and I will be pleased to have any of you gentlemen follow me."

IT reminded me of the time when President Roosevelt was taking a sprint through Rock Creek Park on a cold, December day, followed by Army and Navy officers who desired to be near him, and he plunged through the stream up to his armpits and invited the others to follow him.

"Breckenridge," said Mr. Roosevelt, addressing his contemporary in office, the Assistant Secretary of War; "you, as a bold warrior, should be game enough to shinny up that rope ladder. This was a sort of a



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allow to dissolve. With this liquid bathe the eyes two to 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.

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"dare" and Breckenridge accepted the challenge.

Roosevelt led the way and Breckenridge followed. They climbed the slanting rope-ladder until they reached the mast, and then grasping other ropes, stood upon a yardarm. After a time, both descended without accident; but I doubt very much whether Roosevelt made a practice of "shinnying up" rope-ladders on various ships when he was inspecting them. That occurred in 1913, shortly after Roosevelt became Assistant Secretary of the Navy. He was only thirty-two years old then, and that makes a difference, and it is a good guess that the thought of the Vice-Presidency had never crossed his mind up to that time.

SOUSA PROMOTED HIMSELF

JOHN PHILIP SOUSA, the famous bandmaster and popular composer, is another example of a musician who does not allow discouragement to prevent his pushing himself ahead. When a boy, he practiced playing the violin until he was able to study with a violin performer in a theater orchestra. Continuous work finally secured the leadership of the orchestra; but there were far greater triumphs ahead. More work brought to the great musician the position of bandmaster of the Marine Band at Washington. Here the peculiar form of aristocracy existing in the United States army made the ambitious director a non-commissioned officer, with no hope of promotion. One of his mettle could not endure the galling feeling of subordination, so he started a concert band of his own.

THE REAL MILLIONAIRE

HEALTH is wealth, and good cheer is cash on hand.

The real millionaire is the man who can smile and mean it.

The most useful, the most successful men in this country have the happy faculty of smiling and then saying something cheerful.

I do not mean the grim-smile—the smile that the lion wears when he has found a way of exit—the smile that is as grateful as a dissolving cake of ice.

I mean the smile that looks like sunshine when sunshine breaks through the storm-clouds on a morning in May.

A smile is the passport to prosperity. It promotes business, and incidentally business is an important occupation.

Besides the profits we find that follow a smile, there is a lot of satisfaction in living a pleasant life.—*Silent Partner.*

A WAGE CURVE

IS THERE not some method of making wages depend on prices—of regulating the curve of wages by the curve of prices?

It is plain that wages must not depend on the brute force of a lockout or a strike. We cannot allow strikes that threaten the safety of the nation.

Neither can we allow any body of workers to be at the mercy of a few directors.

There must be some fair LAW OF WAGES and whoever first finds it will be as great a discoverer as Columbus.—*Efficiency Magazine.*

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—*Humphry Davy.*

Pray for a short memory as to all unkindnesses.

Pulling Success Out of Failure

(Continued from page 34)

and go around the earth in order to get a world point of view. He can do it by reading, and by making friends among men who have traveled. If he is wise, a local merchant can learn a lot that he can turn into cash just by asking questions of commercial travelers. The "knights of the grip" are always loaded with up-to-date facts about outside conditions, and they love to tell what they know.

"No matter where a man is doing business, he is vitally affected by the supply and price of raw materials he uses, by railroad rates and equipment, by the extent of the crops, by war or pestilence in the countries where he sells his product, by the labor supply, by tariff regulations, and by the wisdom or folly of Congress. Viewing it from the standpoint of buying, making, and selling, the world is one closely related community, and men in selling or manufacturing lines must study and make their moves in the light of what is taking place elsewhere as well as at home. The World War ripped up the orderly business and industrial relations of the world. Our big problem, right now, is one of economic readjustment, and it is going to be a long, slow and painful process.

"To give you an idea of what I have in mind about studying outside conditions and connecting with others at a distance, I will revert to my experiences at Valley City before our mills were burned. In putting up the second mill we had to do some very close financing for lack of capital. Then I hit on the plan of securing bakers and grocers as stockholders. My proposition was that they would always be sure of a supply of flour besides making a profit on the investment. In other words, the dividends went into their own pockets. Furthermore, we cut out selling costs, for we had a place for our output as fast as we could produce it. Then I connected with farmers' elevators in various parts of the country in place of buying from a middleman. We made short cuts in purchasing raw material and in selling, and the stockholders reaped the benefit and are still reaping it.

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"ONE big handicap was our long-distance telephone service. There were too many exchanges between our plant in the village and nearby cities where our customers were doing business. Every exchange means a delay, and there were times when we wanted connections in a hurry in order to take advantage of fluctuations in the market. I took a few days off and looked into the telephone system that connected our village with the rest of the world.

"I marked off the lines on a map, and found that by running a special telephone wire for a distance of five miles, the number of country exchanges could be cut down to one. There would then be only one exchange between us and Cleveland—a big gain, in every way. The next thing was to get that wire. It was rather a bold thing for a little, country flour mill to ask for a special wire to the city, but I had made up my mind that we must have it. So I proposed it to our directors, and met opposition "right off the jump" from a farmer who still had the Valley City point of view and will probably have it as long as he lives. Nevertheless, I won over a sufficient number of directors to authorize an expenditure of \$200 for the cost of stringing that extra telephone wire, and we soon had direct connection with Cleveland.

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and can truthfully say that it is through the medium of this Course that I got rid of my catarrh and am enjoying my present state of health." Mr. St. C. H., Charlotte, N. C., says: "Grateful results in less than ten days. Now feel sure I will permanently rid myself of catarrh. These are only a few of many wonderful testimonials of similar character. The Alsaker treatment without drugs or medicines of any kind produces successful results immediately. Best of all there is no big fee to pay, for Dr. Alsaker has placed his knowledge at your disposal in the form of a convenient instruction course, bound in book form, the price of which is only \$3.00—less than a specialist would charge for a single call. You assume absolutely no risk when you send to the publishers for it as you may follow the instructions for 20 days and then return the book and you have not been benefited you may return it. The money will be refunded at once without question. 'Curing Catarrh, Coughs and Colds,' to The 'Alsaker Way' Dept. 65, 1171 Broadway, New York, N. Y. (and you will never regret it.)



"Then the very thing happened that I had anticipated. In one or two telephone talks in one day, when the market was fluctuating rapidly, we cleared \$3,700 in one deal, which could not have been made without the quick action afforded by that special wire. It is quite common for big concerns to have a direct wire to New York; but, I think, this is the first time on record when a cross-roads institution has actually had a special wire erected for its exclusive use in tapping the markets of a big city.

"Here is another instance, showing the value of knowing what is going on elsewhere that may have a bearing on what you are making or selling. We use a great many jute bags, and a difference of a few cents in the price makes a big item in the course of a year. Our plan is to watch the market and buy in quantity when the price is right. We do not pay much attention to the bag makers, but we do keep a pretty close tab on the production of jute out of which the bags are made. We know very well that the price of jute will control the price of the bags. It is furthermore a big advantage for us to be able to convince the bag makers that we are familiar with the conditions that control their raw material. With this in mind, last year, we made a close study of the production of jute in India, where most of it is grown and sold. Calcutta is the great jute market. We obtained figures on the visible supply and the growing crops, just as we keep track of wheat in America. When we thought the market was about right, we placed our order. After that, the price began to go up, and, before the year was over, we made a profit of 100 per cent on those bags. Our profit was due to skill in buying, and not to any manipulation of the prices."

When the Price of Bread Will Drop

WHAT you say is all very interesting," I interrupted, "but you must have had a special cable to Calcutta in order to get so much inside information about jute."

"That's the joke," replied Bennett. "We did not have any advantage over anybody else in the matter of information. We relied on market reports and trade journals that are available to any person who has the subscription price, and that is merely nominal. The point is, we studied jute from every possible angle, and I venture the guess that we knew as much about that subject as the bag makers themselves. Every occupation and line of business has its special trade journal nowadays, in which may be found information of the highest value. The trouble is, a lot of men think they are too busy to gather up such facts. They don't see the connection between their own business and general conditions, or they would read such publications from cover to cover."

"Now, that you have explained how to make a big profit on jute bags, can you tell us when the price of bread is coming down? What can the common people do to cut the cost of living?"

"I can't promise much," replied Bennett. "And yet, maybe, I can ease the strain a little by pointing out world developments that affect the price of bread. In spite of the way the price has gone up, bread is really the cheapest food we have on the market to-day. As I said before, the industrial relations of the entire world have been wrenched out of shape by the World War, and it will be a long time before a readjustment can be reached. For instance, Russia has always been a heavy exporter of wheat, but war, revolution, and bolshevism have made that a thing of the past. At one time, Odessa was the greatest wheat market of the world. But now, Russia is having a desperate struggle to feed herself. We cannot expect much from Continental Europe

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N. S.—9-20

for some years to come, in the way of food production. Argentine has been exporting wheat at a sacrifice, but only recently the Argentine government cut off wheat exports in order to save the grain for their own people. England will have to depend on Canada and America for some time, instead of Russia. At home there has been a material decrease in the acreage devoted to wheat. This year it is seventy-six per cent normal as against eighty-eight per cent last year.

"If you want to really locate the cause of high prices for food, you can find it in the steady movement of population from the farm to the city. In short, we are becoming a nation of food consumers in place of food producers, and the men who are sticking by the farm are not able to raise enough for the non-producers in this country and the dependent peoples of Europe. This shift of population from the country to the city is tied up with the industries and immigration. Very little labor is coming over from Europe. If anything, it is going the other way. And what is the result? The factories are getting labor from the farms, thereby reducing the production of all kinds of food. It is perfectly clear to me why prices have been going up; but, as one man, I am not able to do much more than analyze the situation. The short cut to our economic troubles would be increased production all along the line, and that is what is taking place as fast as readjustments can be made. But something must be done to put farming on more of a business basis and establish closer relations between producers and consumers.—We have done that very thing in this mill, and our stockholders and their patrons are profiting by our system of coöperation in buying wheat and selling flour.

"My bit of advice to those who wish to better their condition, is to cultivate a broader outlook on life in all its relations. Power depends on knowledge and the exercise of the mental faculties, and such power is essential to industrial and business progress. The most encouraging thing about this view is, that power that leads to success is within the reach of any person who is willing to pay the price in study and effort."

THERE ARE OTHERS LIKE HIM

ONCE, while walking through the land of Imagination, I saw a dull-eyed man, sitting at the door of a small, dingy cottage.

"Why are you so poor?" I asked.
"I am not poor," he answered indignantly.

"There is coal underneath my garden—one hundred thousand tons of it."

"Then why don't you dig it up?" I asked.

"Well," he admitted, "at present I have no spade and I don't like digging."—*Herbert N. Casson.*

BEN FRANKLIN SAYS—

IT WOULD be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright. Dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and there will be sleeping enough in the grave!

Power flows to the man who knows how.

You can not lift up the people upon whom you look down.



"Good Bye, Boys!"

"Today I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago.

"When I started here I was put at a desk and given certain routine things to do. It was my first job and I took it as a matter of course. But after a few months I began to realize that I was nothing but a human machine—doing things that anyone could do and that I couldn't expect to advance that way.

"So I had a talk with the manager and I'll never forget what he said. 'If you want to get ahead, put in some of your spare time getting special training along the line of your work. We want men who care enough about their future not only to do their work well but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.'

"That very night I wrote to Scranton and a few days later had started studying evenings at home. Why, do you know, it gave me a whole new interest in our business? In a few months I was given more important work and more money. Since then I've had three increases, six months ago I was put in charge of my department, and now my big chance has come—I'm to be manager of our Western branch at \$5,000 a year!

"Tom and Dave could never see any sense in my studying nights—they said eight hours a day was enough for any man to be bothered with business. They had the same chance I had—they could have been big men in the firm today. But they stood still while I went up to one of the best jobs in our business. It just shows what spare time training will do."

Every day men who have let the International Correspondence Schools help them are moving up to more responsible positions and bigger salaries. Clerks have become advertising, sales and business managers; mechanics have become foremen, superintendents and engineers; carpenters have become architects and contractors; men and boys have risen from nothing at all to splendid positions of responsibility—because in spare hours at noon and night they have learned to do some one thing well.

If you want to make more money, show your employer you're trying to be worth more money. If you want a bigger job, show him you're willing to prepare for it.

There's a simple easy way to do it. For 29 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men and women right in their own homes whenever they had a little time to spare. More than two million have stepped up in just this way. More than 100,000 are studying now. Ten thousand are starting every month.

Can you afford to let another priceless hour pass without finding out what the I. C. S. can do for you? Here is all we ask—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

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BOX 7391, SCRANTON, PA.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting and Rys. | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> MECHANICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Railroad Trainman |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATING |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> PLEUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> CIVIL SERVICE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Mail Clerk |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMIST | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing <input type="checkbox"/> Spanish |
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Remember When You Were a Kid

and tried to ride a bike for the very first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

We Will Show You How

Without loss to you of a single working hour, we can show you a sure way to success and big pay. A large number of men in each of the positions listed are enjoying their salaries because of our help—we want to help you. Make check on the coupon against the job you want and we will help you get it. Write or print your name on the coupon and send it in today.

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I want job checked — tell me how to get it.

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-Telephone Engineer \$2,500 to \$5,000
-Telegraph Engineer \$2,500 to \$5,000
-High School Graduate In two years
-Fire Insurance Expert \$3,000 to \$10,000

Name

Address

Little Things That Cost the Presidency

(Continued from page 39)

margin, and Cleveland's defeat, when he ran a second time, can be attributed to his vetoes of pension legislation, which turned many votes against him in the Northern States.

Circumstance and opportunity did not again figure in making Presidents in conventions or at the elections until 1912, although accident made Roosevelt President when McKinley was assassinated. In 1912, at Baltimore, a chapter of accidents, incidents, and blunders, prevented the nomination of Champ Clark, of Missouri, at a time when a nomination was as good as an election. The first blunder was in antagonizing William J. Bryan for temporary chairman, and dividing the Clark votes between Bryan and Alton B. Parker, who had been the Democratic candidate in 1904. Even then, Clark might have been nominated, as he had a majority of the convention on nine ballots. His friends made a tremendous blunder when New York's ninety votes were taken from Judson Harmon, then Governor of Ohio, and cast for Clark. The Clark forces started a demonstration and kept it up for twenty minutes. This gave William J. Bryan time to organize his forces and to stage the attack on Clark which caused his defeat.

Woodrow Wilson was not a "dark horse" in the convention. He was a possibility from the beginning to the end. At the same time, it was known that he, at one stage of the proceedings, gave one of his prominent supporters authority to withdraw his name; but that supporter was wise enough to keep his own counsel and keep Wilson before the convention until he was nominated. And thus it happened, that in 1912, Champ Clark missed the Presidency while Wilson won it.

Charles E. Hughes, of New York, missed the Presidency on account of half a dozen circumstances. But the main reason why he was not elected was because he failed to meet Hiram W. Johnson in a hotel in Southern California, when they were both under the same roof. There were a number of other blunders, all fresh in the memory of the people, but this one was sufficient to defeat Hughes and elect Wilson the second time.

In 1920—the election yet to come—there is another example of how fool friends can defeat a man for the highest office in the land. If the Republican nomination means an election, and a great many people believe that is true, then certain supporters of Governor Frank O. Lowden, of Illinois, are responsible for his defeat for the Presidency. The men who gave checks of \$2,500 each to two Missouri delegates, giving the color of bribery and the corruption of these delegates, are responsible for Lowden's defeat. It may be, that he would not have been nominated; but it is the judgment of all who are in any way connected with the inside workings of the Republican convention at Chicago, that Lowden was defeated on account of these petty money-transactions.

WHAT NAPOLEON OWED TO HIS WIFE

BUT for his wife, Josephine, it is doubtful if Napoleon would ever have attained greater eminence than that of a good French soldier. It was Josephine who conceived the plan of wresting the government from the directory and elevating Napoleon to take its place. It was she who cajoled the generals of the French army, by lavish promises of rewards, to support her

in the stroke she contemplated. But the conspiracy becoming known to the directory, a special meeting was called to order Napoleon's arrest. When the news reached Josephine, she went straight to the directory and assured its members that the reports brought to them by their agents were untrue, and she managed to stay their hands until the trap was ready to be sprung for the overthrow of the Jacobins.

BUT read her own account of the condition in which she found Napoleon, when she returned from the directory, if you would realize how empty would have been the Corsican's ambition but for the courage of his brave wife:

"When I arrived, every one was overwhelmed with affright. Bonaparte himself was walking in his garden. His looks were haggard, like one who expects every moment to be surrounded by foes. At every moment he cast fearful looks toward the capitol. In speaking he would begin a sentence and break off abruptly without finishing it. I caught him by the hand and drew him toward a kiosk and endeavored to calm his mind, which was absorbed in profound meditation. Any other person but myself would have pitied him at that moment, for he really showed himself pusillanimous. Overcome by fear, he was really unable to comprehend anything or to execute anything. Indeed, despair actually seized him for an instant; he fled like a guilty person from the sight of everybody and ran and concealed himself in the darkest alley in the park, a short distance from the chateau. He was preyed upon by the deepest despondency. All believed Bonaparte's cause lost. Some immediately abandoned him and others were preparing to follow their example. A courier arrived with a report that towards Neuilly, the country was over-spread with troops, but I told them with an air of confidence that what they saw was the result of my exertions. This restored the courage of Napoleon and our friends."

BUT for the intelligence, loyalty, courage and devotion of Josephine, it is possible that Napoleon's name would never have filled history as it does. Napoleon became a great man because he had a faithful, courageous wife.

THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE

WHEN trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still—till you recover from your excitement, at any rate. Things look different through an unagitated eye.

In a commotion, once, I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life rubbed a little sense into me and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Less and less it seemed necessary to send it. I was not sure it would do any hurt, but in my doubtfulness I leaned to reticence, and eventually it was destroyed.

Time works wonders. Wait till you can speak calmly; then you will not need to speak, maybe. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable, sometimes. It is strength in very grandeur.—Burton.

As soon as a man begins to love his work, then will he also begin to make progress.

It is generally the man who doesn't know any better who does the things that can't be done. You see the blamed fool doesn't know that it can't be done, so he goes ahead and does it.—CHARLES AUSTIN BATES.

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Tobacco Steals from You the Pleasures, Comforts, Luxuries of Life

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Immediate Results

Trying to quit the tobacco habit unaided is a losing fight against heavy odds, and means a serious shock to your nervous system. So don't try it! Make the tobacco habit quit you. It will quit you if you will just take **Tobacco Redeemer** according to directions.

It doesn't make a particle of difference whether you've been a user of tobacco for a single month or 50 years, or how much you use, or in what form you use it. Whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff—**Tobacco Redeemer** will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. Your tobacco craving will begin to decrease after the very first dose—there's no long waiting for results.

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A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If **Tobacco Redeemer** fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that **Tobacco Redeemer** will quickly free you from the habit.



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Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... Original from State.....

Newell Pharmacal Company
Dept. 645 St. Louis, Mo.

The Right of Way

By CAROLYN SHAW RICE

COUNT life as a field,
With a path for each one
Of the children upon it—
Each daughter and son.
Don't ask for your heritage,
Faintly and low,
But earnestly, honestly,
Modestly go—
*Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Whether or no!*

THE way may be rough,
And the people be rude,
For you are but one
Of a vast multitude;
Don't rail at the selfishness,
Often revealed,
But let it inspire you
Never to yield—
*Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Over the field.*

THOUGH thousands may stand
To dispute you the way,
Go fearlessly, calmly,
Right onward each day;
The password is "Energy."
On through the throng,
Go modestly, pleasantly,
Pushing along—
*Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Singing your song.*

THE meadow is broad
You are starting to cross,
Go ready for danger
For sorrow and loss;
Then, room on the thoroughfare,
Room on the lea,
And way for the resolute
Army we see—
*Claiming the right of way,
Making the right of way,
Taking the right of way,
Merry and free!*

In the meantime, you've been wondering whether the girl has fainted or the operator has disconnected your call. Further than that, perhaps you didn't need to speak to Mr. Brown himself, but would have given a message to the girl if she had told you he was there. So it would have been much better if she had said, "Yes, would you like to speak to him?" or, "Yes, he is," waiting a moment to give you a chance to say whether you wanted to speak to him or to give her a message for him.

And if it had happened that Mr. Brown was not at his office, she might have said, simply, "No, he's not here," as if that finished the matter, or she might have said, "No, he's not here just now. Is there anything I can do for you?" Or, "He will be back in about twenty minutes. Shall I ask him to call you?" Or, better still, "I expect him back in about twenty minutes. If you will give me your number, I'll call you when he comes."

Don't you think "I'll call you" sounds much better than "I'll have him call you?" The latter sounds as if Mr. Brown were, perhaps, an office boy.

There's another thing about telephoning. When you hand the telephone to the person for whom you are receiving the message, place the receiver to the left of the instrument so it will be most convenient for him to take from you, or to pick up if you place it on his desk. With a little practice, you'll find that you can hold the stand with the third and fourth fingers and thumb of the right hand, and the receiver between the first and second fingers.

And just one more suggestion: You can save the operator and the person at the other end of the line much actual pain by a little bit of care and thoughtfulness. When you have finished the conversation, it's a simple matter to push down the hook with your thumb and then hang up the receiver. If, instead of this, you slam the receiver into the hook without first making a disconnection by pressing down the hook, you may cause acute pain to the ears of both the operator and the person with whom you were talking—unless, of course, he has hung up first. So much for the oft-neglected art of telephoning.

Your personality and your work are so closely related that it is hard to draw a line between them, but we may say that personality includes appearance, poise, courtesy, cheerfulness, dignity, tact, intelligence, initiative, and dependability—that your work, on the other hand, is the application of these qualities. Mr. Frank Vanderlip, formerly president of The National City Bank of New York, has ably defined what we call personality, as follows: "Perhaps a better word to express what I mean would be 'charm.' By personality, I mean a man's ability to make people feel he is frank, human, capable, honest, red-blooded—a broad-gauge man."

Are You a Stenographer? Read This!

NOW for a few suggestions on your work itself.

Of greatest importance is the short injunction, "Use your brains." The best way to develop brain power is to exercise the brain. "I didn't think," has cost the world very many dollars and lives, and has curtailed progress tremendously. Strive to be mentally alert at all times. Try to associate new information with what you already know on the subject and not simply think of it as so many separate ideas.

Be sure that you understand what you are asked to do. Think of the meaning which lies behind the words you hear. Don't let instructions come to your mind as a jumble of words, but find and retain the thought they are intended to convey. It is always well to make a written note of in-

How a Business Girl Can Make Herself Valuable

By LOUISE HOLLISTER

LET me give you a few suggestions which I have learned from my own experience and from my observation of others. Write the gist of them in the cover of your note-book, or anywhere you'll be sure to see them every day, and learn to apply them. For in the daily practice of these suggestions lies the secret of pleasing and satisfying your employer—and of winning that increase in pay.

First, make yourself attractive—both in appearance and in personality. First impressions are bound to greatly influence your employer's opinion of you, and the girl who is simply and attractively dressed, and whose hair is neatly arranged, has scored an important point at the start. I have heard men say, "She doesn't look as if she had brushed her hair for a week." Remember, too, that your hands and nails should be absolutely clean, but don't polish your nails too highly. Somehow, if a girl's appearance shows care and neatness, the thought follows that her work will display these traits, too.

If the first impression is created by your appearance, the next is created by your personality. That's a broad word and includes a good many things, every one of which is very important. For instance, no matter how attractive a girl may be in appearance, what would your impression be if she gave you the tips of two or three very limp fingers as you tried to shake hands with her, if she spoke so indistinctly you couldn't understand her, and giggled nervously throughout the interview? You wouldn't care about working with her day after day—would you? And it is a fact that, in spite of the importance of technical skill in shorthand and typewriting, the expression of a pleasing personality is of

even greater importance. I have often heard business men say something like this, "I need an assistant who has horse sense—who knows how to use her brains—who can see what needs to be done and can do it without being told."

Some Office Rules You Should Remember

SO I say to you:
Shake hands as if you meant it, or not at all.

L laugh naturally when there's reason for it, but do try to overcome the habit of nervous giggling. You may be quite unconscious of it, but it is very likely to annoy others.

Cultivate a clear, distinct voice. Many girls pitch their voices so high that it is very trying to listen to them. And, above all, don't whine!

Learn to use the telephone courteously and efficiently. Most of us think we do; but unless we have made a study of it, there are, probably, several ways in which we can improve this important part of our work.

Just suppose, for a few minutes, that you are a very busy man. You want to ask Mr. Brown to come to your office for a conference, so you call his number and the girl at his office says, "Hello." Now you must ask, "Is this Mr. Brown's office?" She would have saved your time and her's if she had answered, "Mr. Brown's office," when she first took down the receiver. Then you say, "Is Mr. Brown there?" Some girls don't bother to say whether he is or not, but pass the telephone to him, and it may be several seconds before he speaks to you.

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structions which are given you, for what we hear only is apt to be forgotten in the rush of other work. But what we have heard, have written, and now see before us, has come to us through three channels and has made a triple impression, so that it is not likely to be neglected. Ask sufficient questions when the instructions are given, so that you know what is wanted and don't have to come back, later, when you are trying to do the work.

Never let a piece of work leave your desk until you have carefully read it through and decided that it is the very best that your brain and hands can turn out. Consider, first, whether what you have written makes sense; second, whether it is clearly expressed; third, whether you have used correct punctuation; and, fourth, whether the typewriting and the arrangement on the paper are pleasing to the eye.

Studiously avoid strike-overs and smudgy erasures—it's much better to do the work again than to let it leave you only fairly well done. Your employer judges you largely by the paper you turn in to him.

If You Wish to Be a Private Secretary—Read This!

ANTICIPATE the wants of your employer. There are many things you can do for him without waiting for him to ask you. Keep an accurate record of his appointments and show him that he can always depend upon you to remind him of them. Never let him miss an appointment through your carelessness.

If a man expects you to do satisfactory secretarial work for him, he should be willing to have you read every piece of mail which comes into the office. A plan which works out very nicely is to have all mail come to the secretary's desk. She opens and reads it, and can probably take care of a good deal of it without bringing it to the attention of her employer. She must be very careful, however, to see that everything which does need his attention is promptly passed on to him. Many men place a mail-tray on the top of their desk for receiving such papers; but a better way, perhaps, is to use the front section of the first or second drawer of his desk. This tends to keep the top of his desk clear, and the papers are not so easily looked over by anyone who happens to stand near the desk. It is surprising how many people seem to think it courteous to read everything in sight.

If the secretary reads the incoming mail, she has a splendid opportunity to display her mental alertness and her powers of initiative. When she reads a letter asking her employer for a report, she has a chance to collect all the data he will need and attach it to the report. Perhaps she can even make out the report herself, and have it ready for his signature. Of course, if this will take an unnecessary amount of time, she should pass the letter on to her employer and tell him she will prepare the report.

Suppose your employer sends out a monthly report on certain conditions in his department. It may be that you could prepare a weekly report on the subject, for his personal information, and he might appreciate it very much, although he has never asked for it. Just try it sometime and see how he likes it.

Always look beyond your present work. Fit yourself for the position next higher up, so that, when a vacancy occurs, you can go to your employer and say, "I've been studying that work and I want a chance to show you that I can do it."

Then, when he gives you the chance, just apply yourself to the work with all your might—and get ready for the position which is next higher up.



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1,500,000 American Women Now Hold Positions Re- quiring Executive Skill

(Continued from page 36)

This has sometimes meant the sloughing off of old tendencies and of habits which are the heritage of past generations. The real business woman no longer resents it if her male co-worker does not rise gallantly as she enters the room. She endures or enjoys his smoking, as the case may be. She even keeps her temper if he says, "Why the deuce did you do that?" Above all, she doesn't cry when things go wrong.

She has also learned to husband her strength, both mental and physical, and to pass on the detailed work to those who carry less constructive and important work than her own. This was a hard lesson. Since the prehistoric days, woman has been prone to believe that no one could do all the petty detail of routine work quite so well as her own overworked self. Believing this, she has overburdened herself with so much more than she could do adequately, that her time, energy, and thought have been divided into such infinitesimal particles as to make them sometimes microscopic in result.

Women Are Willing to Accept Responsibility

FROM the shackles of this heritage—and bondage—the woman executive has had to free herself. It has been a freedom dearly bought. The art of delegation, of relinquishment, is hard to learn. But many have learned it, and now enjoy an openness of mind, an increased leisure, an added strength which make for far more constructive work.

But, perhaps, the greatest asset which she brings to her work is a new courage, a willingness to face and assume responsibility, to meet crises, trust her own judgment, and abide results whether successful or otherwise. It has often been said, and sometimes most truly, that a woman in business would not take responsibility, that she side-stepped. Certainly this is less true to-day than ever before. Many women have worked with intrepid courage, have seized slim chances and compelled success from them.

Not long ago, I sat talking with a demure little wife who had been cradled in the luxury of an indulgent husband's love and generosity until, one day, things began to go wrong. The husband became involved in his business, financial support lessened, and, to her tender understanding, it was clear that the exchequer was about exhausted. While he was away from home, she decided that she must bear a greater share of the burden. Immediately their household furniture was sold, only enough for two rooms being saved. This, she moved into a small apartment. Then she sought work. For the first equipment of her little restaurant she pledged her wedding ring—doubtless her dearest token. To-day, she feeds 200,000 people a year, and clears \$20,000 in so doing. But it took courage, and lots of it—courage of a Simon-pure variety.

Women bring to their work a goodly amount of TNT, the fresh enthusiastic determination that makes things happen. Business is not to women the matter-of-fact, every day, to-be-taken-for-granted thing it is for men, something that countless generations have known had to be done. To women it still smacks of adventure, and the sense of freedom, of fields untrod and yet unconquered. Business is business to men; but to a new executive business-woman, business is life!

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Please Take Notice

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CHAS. F. HAANEL

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The Wisdom of Buckley Brice

(Continued from page 42)

Vleet," Bryce interrupted. "I resented what Hall said; but, perhaps, he was right in taking the attitude he did. I dare say I have been a fool. But you know what it is to have a wife who is clothes-mad—who must be dressed better than every woman she knows."

Van Vleet held up his hand. "Don't try to bring it home to me," he warned. "I'm an older man than you and I'm married to a woman who's sole aim in life is dress. But I can afford to indulge her whims. On the salary you've been getting—you can't—unless you have other income, and I understand you haven't."

Bryce nodded in acquiescence. "Then you have been foolish and it's time you turned over another leaf."

"But I have allowed Mrs. Bryce to go on—there was no other way—we couldn't stop now and have everyone laugh at us!" Bryce reminded him.

"Why not?" Van Vleet asked slowly. "It would be too embarrassing, and Mrs. Bryce would never consent."

"If you have the backbone to face what you term the embarrassment, you'll have backbone to make her see the reasonableness of your position. If she won't see that—well, the sooner you find it out the better."

"You mean that I should—leave Janice!" Bryce exclaimed in alarm.

"Unless she's worth sticking to—unless she's willing to stick to you through anything," Van Vleet advised him. "Go home. Tell her the truth. Tell her she must give up her extravagant fads and that you're going to live more simply. See how she takes it—and report to your desk in the morning."

"See how she takes it?" repeated Bryce. "Why, she'd laugh in my face."

"Well," said the elder man, "you go home and tell her, anyhow—and report at your desk in the morning. Do as I say."

"But Hall—" Bryce protested. "Don't worry about Hall," said Van Vleet. "I'll handle him. Your job is to handle your wife."

But Bryce didn't relish that part of it. In fact, he had not quite made up his mind as to the course of action when he entered the apartment a little after eleven o'clock. Janice would not have returned as yet, and he would have time to think. He felt rather guilty in upbraiding her, for he realized that he had encouraged her spending from the start. Yet he tried to make himself feel that Janice should have been more thoughtful and more considerate.

AT the library door he stopped in amazement. Janice was seated at the writing-table, clad in a dainty negligee. He noticed the white pinkness of her hands and throat, bare of jewels and glistening in the soft light of the lamp.

On the sheet of paper before her was a mass of figures. Piled up beside the ink well was a stack of bank notes.

"Janice!" he exclaimed, and she turned to him with a smile of welcome.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

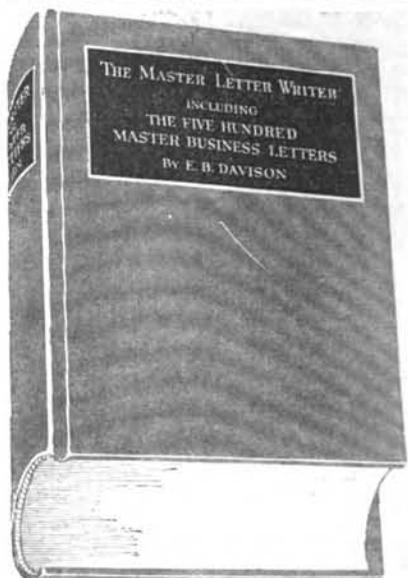
"Counting up my bridge winnings," she announced in a mocking tone.

"What!" he gasped. "You've been gambling—for stakes that permit you to win such a sum as that?" He seemed staggered.

"Suppose you had lost?" He thought ruefully of his empty check-book.

"But I didn't," she reminded him as she indicated the money.

Bryce's thoughts ran riot. Janice was nothing but an extravagant butterfly. And without hesitation, without curb on his



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THE NEW SUCCESS

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rising passion, he began to lecture her. In plain words, he told her his savings were depleted, that he simply could not stand the pace—that servants, house, everything would have to go. But he did not tell her the full truth—he did not tell her about his discharge and his conversation with Van Vleet that evening. That he felt, would weaken, rather than strengthen his argument.

Janice heard him through, then buried her pretty face in her hands, her slender shoulders shaking with her sobs. Then something smote his conscience. He took a step toward her, but she arose very slowly and placed her hands on his shoulders.

"Buckley," she said plaintively, "why didn't you come to me and say what you've just said—before Van Vleet told you to." "Van Vleet!" he exclaimed, astonished. "What do you—"

"Oh, I know all about it, Buckley," she told him, stroking his cheek with her hand. "Now sit down here and let me tell you my story."

RELUCTANTLY, yet curious, he sat down beside her on the davenport, and she looked at him with smiling, tearful eyes. "Ever since we've been married, dear, you've urged me to buy endless pretty things. You never told me your salary or your income, and as every woman likes luxuries, I did as you suggested without thought or question. That you couldn't afford it never entered my head."

"I suppose I was to blame," he admitted. "Of course!" Janice said affirmatively. "Do you think I would have had a moment's pleasure out of my gowns, hats, and jewels if I'd known the truth? Do you think I'd have employed two maids, when I can do all of my own housework, if I'd dreamed you were spending more than your income? I'm not built that way. Why, dear, father never had any money—yet mother and I dressed well and our home was a little dream. We two did all the work. There wasn't any ostentation—no thought of what people might think—except that we wished them to envy our happiness. And we were very happy."

"And you haven't been happy with me?" he asked ruefully.

"Certainly I've been happy—until—Mr. Van Vleet telephoned me at noon. He told me just what had happened and then it all dawned on me. So, together, we evolved a plot to reform you and make you the most frugal being in the world."

"Then you knew what he wanted with me this evening?" Bryce asked, sheepishly.

"Of course," she said, "and my little story about playing bridge was all a part of the plot."

"But the money?" he questioned, glancing toward the desk.

"Pretty money, isn't it?" teased Janice. "No, I didn't win it at bridge."

Crossing the room she separated the bills into two piles. "This one contains two thousand dollars," she announced, proudly. "That was the price I received for the pearls you gave me when we married."

"Janice!" he cried reproachfully, but she stopped him with a gesture.

"This pile shows what I've squandered on furs and needless things within the last six months. They were so new that I got splendid prices for them. So, altogether, we have nearly ten thousand dollars."

"Then thousand!" he repeated incredulously.

She nodded. "Yes, and we're going to start all over again with that as our capital. Buckley, I'd much rather have that as a nest-egg than the finery I sold for it!"

HE took her in his arms and kissed her gently. "I have been a fool!" he murmured, "and I've been an idiot to think of blaming you."

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"Mr. Van Vleet said this morning that being a fool is the apprenticeship a man must serve before being admitted into partnership with wisdom," Janice went on. "And I believe he's right. Buck, I wish you'd told me everything from the start. Don't think I don't appreciate your generosity; but generosity can be a fault and it's wrecked many a life!"

"Well, it hasn't wrecked ours!" he said eagerly, moved at her attitude.

"Perhaps it's a good thing old Hall called the turn," Bryce said with a smile. "In fact, I owe this discovery about my own splendid little wife to him!"

"Not exactly," Janice said mischievously. "You owe it to an old man out in a bank in Medford."

"Your father?" he asked, incredulously.

"Yes," she said simply. "Father has been reading my enthusiastic letters about all the lovely things I was buying, and his poor conservative soul was troubled. He, of course, knew what you'd had in bank and somehow he found out your salary. Then he wrote to Mr. Hall and asked him to take you in hand. Dad knew he'd only make a mess of things if he tried to interfere."

"Then I'm the helpless victim of three men and one designing woman!" Bryce said sheepishly.

"You are!" Janice laughed. "I've fired the maids, and I know where there is an apartment at one-third the rent of this. We're going to move there at once. And, Buckley Bryce," she said, shaking her finger at him roguishly, "if you ever buy me so much as a paper of pins, or give me a single dollar that you can't afford—I'll—I'll—run away from you!"

JOSH BILLINGS ON THE SQUARE MAN

THE square man mezzures the same each way and haint got any winny edges nor cheap lumber in him. He iz free from knots and sap and won't warp. He iz klear stuff, and I don't care what you work him up into he won't swell and he won't shrink. He iz amongst men what good kiln-dried boards are among carpenters; he won't season crack. It doesn't make any difference which side ov him you come up to, he iz the same bigness each way, and the only way to get at him ennyhow, iz to face him. He knows he iz square and he never spends any time trying to prove it. The square man iz one of the best-shaped men the world has ever produced; he iz one of them kind of chunks that kant alter tew fit a spot, but yu must alter the spot tew fit him.

SUCCESS NUGGETS

There are people who think themselves big because others point them out as "somebodies." They measure their importance by the amount of attention they attract and the flattery they receive.

Let the man who has to make his fortune in life remember this maxim: Attacking is the only secret. Dare, and the world always yields; or, if it beat you sometimes, dare it again and it will succumb.—*Thackeray.*

Speak it while I am alive to hear.
Right living is true thinking in action.—*Elizabeth Towne.*

Anxiety never yet successfully bridged over any chasm.

Being ignorant is not so much a shame as being unwilling to learn.—*Benjamin Franklin.*



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Flowers on His Grave—and Bullets in His Tombstone



The amazing and pathetic story of Brann, the Iconoclast. Why he was feared and worshipped, hated and loved. How he fascinated his friends and crazed his enemies with only one weapon—WORDS.

By SIDNEY HERZ

WILLIAM COWPER BRANN was born in Coles County, Ill., Jan. 4th, 1855, the son of Rev. Noble Brann. His mother having died when he was two and a half years old, he was placed in the care of William Hawkins, a Coles County farmer.

At the age of thirteen he quietly walked away one dark night, leaving behind him the only place he had ever known as home, and he entered upon his first revolt against life without friends or means and almost destitute of education. Early in his struggle he realized the importance of knowledge, and every moment that could be spared from his daily toil was spent in the acquirement of an education. Beginning his literary career as a reporter, he became well-known throughout the Mississippi Valley. He possessed an inexhaustible vocabulary, from which he could always find the words best fitted to convey his meaning at the moment they were most needed, and every sentence was resplendent with an order of wit, humor and satire peculiar to himself.

In July, 1891, the first issues of his paper, "The Iconoclast," appeared.

The venture was unsuccessful and he resumed his editorial work. Nothing daunted, in 1895 he revived "The Iconoclast" and it was successful from the start.

Brann, The Iconoclast

It was from this paper that Brann got his name of "The Iconoclast." They became inseparable, and Brann himself comes down to history as "Brann, the Iconoclast."

Brann has been classed as a humorist. But his humor was of the order

"I want to see more homes and fewer hovels, more men and fewer dudes. I want to see more women with the moral courage to brave the odium of being old maids rather than the pitiful weakness to become loveless wives. I want to see more mothers who would rather be queen of their homes than the favorites of fashionable circles; women who would rather have the love of their husbands than the insolent admiration of the whole he world—women who do not know too much at 15 and too little at 50."—Brann, the Iconoclast.

a voice in protest. He gazed upon the great god Greed whose slightest bidding sent a million slaves scurrying on his nefarious errands. He viewed the guided folly of Virtue erected by the guilty in token of their penitence. And at his heart of Brann grew bitter, and into his eyes grew the

red fires of wrath then, as the blinding flash of lightning, as the rending crash of thunder, Brann struck.

He Made the World Blush for Shame

The structures of society shake, the towers of hypocrisy tottered, the castles of convention crumbled. . . . Above the fiery ruins, above the blackened wreckage, the resplendent figure of Truth stood revealed in blinding nakedness. Brann, the Iconoclast, was a Crusader for Truth and Righteousness and Religion. He was the champion of Womanhood. He was the fearless guardian of childhood. He loved Nature and Children and Purity. He hated everything that to him seemed wrong. But whether he was right or wrong he had the courage of his convictions.

The Wizard of Words

Nothing could stop the fury of his attack. They tried to stop him—the press, society, political and financial powers reached out to him to pull him down. But nothing on earth could daunt him.

He WAS stopped finally. The bullet of an enemy found its mark and to the supreme power of death Brann yielded the life that no mortal man could control.

And his weapon was— WORDS.

Mere words—combinations of letters! But under his magic they burned like acid, seared like flames and cut like a whip. He attacked

every fraud and fake in christendom. With utter frankness he wrote down things as he saw them.

Twenty years ago I was a newsboy in Waco. Among other periodicals, I sold Brann's little magazine, which even then had a circulation of nearly a hundred thousand copies each issue. Thousands of people bought Brann's "Iconoclast" just to read what Brann had to say—whether they agreed with him or not. They called it an "intellectual cocktail." They enjoyed every line of it—literally reading it to pieces.

The Great Tragedy

On April 1st, 1898, Brann was shot down in the streets of Waco by one of his enemies. Before he fell, he turned on his assailant and buried five bullets in his body. The shooting took place just opposite my newspaper stand. I was the first to reach Brann as he fell, mortally wounded. Brann looked up at me and said, "Well, Sid, I guess I'm through."

Brann died a few hours later. But little did he realize his own glory, his own magic of words, his own thundering, crashing power of expression. And although he himself is gone, his flaming spirit lives.

I felt at the time of Brann's death that many people would like to have copies of some of Brann's writings. So some friends gathered together enough of his articles to make up two volumes. These I published and sold in a small way many years ago. About four years ago I began to advertise these two volumes and thousands of copies were sold. Every mail seemed to bring requests from people who wanted to know if they could obtain additional volumes of Brann's works.

In the meantime, however, the little paper, "The Iconoclast," as edited by Brann was forgotten, and none of the manuscript or copies of the paper could be found. Finally with the permission of Mr. Brann's widow, I made a thorough search of their home in Waco, found complete files of Brann's paper, and arranged with Mrs. Brann to publish "Brann's Complete Writings in uniform binding."

"I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole he-world than the contempt of his wife."

"The man hanged for homicide usually repents and is jerked to Jesus, while his victim, cut off in the heyday of his sins, is supposed to go to hell a-whopping."

"I'd rather see the whole congregation short on Bibles than one child crying for bread."

"Too many people presume that they are full of the grace of God when they are only bilious."

"I'd rather my babes were born in a conebreak and reared on wild berries, with the blood of independence burning in their veins, than spawned in a palace and brought up bootlicks and policy-plasers."

An Amazing Demand

Then I went to see some of Brann's old friends and told them my plans for a short time I secured the

necessary funds and came to New York. The first editions of Brann's Complete Writings amounted to more than 3000 sets. They were all sold before a second edition of 6000 sets could be rushed through the presses. Thousands of people who knew of Brann's writings of twenty-five years ago snapped up the first edition before the second edition could be delivered from the printers. While I know that there was a great interest in the works of Brann I little suspected how extensively his reputation as the Wizard of Words and the Apostle of Honor had spread. Whatever your religion—whatever your ideals or ideas—whatever your position in life—you must know Brann, the Iconoclast. His writings are as different from others as daylight is different from darkness. If you are a Lawyer or a Minister, Business Man or Writer, Public Speaker or Banker—if you are a lover of good literature—if you want to improve your talking and writing ability—if you want something that will make you think deeply and sincerely—you must read Brann.

"The woman who inveigles some poor old fool into calling her his tootsie-wootsie over his own signature, then brings suit for breach of promise—or the seventh commandment may be legally honest, but no woman worth powder to blow her to perdition ever did or ever will carry such a case into court. When a woman's heart is really hurting her money is not going to help it; when she's truly sorry for her sin, she tells her troubles to the Lord instead of to policemen and reporters."—Brann, the Iconoclast.

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Short Cuts for Women Voters

(Continued from page 30)

the fourteen points of the original League, and the Republican party only nine. But this means very little. The controlling factors, in the future, of League politics will be the desire of the Democratic party to uphold the Administration that initiated the League, and the desire of the Republican party to diminish the prestige of that Administration. This does not sound very high-minded nor very statesmanlike, but nobody ever pretended that politics is anything but the expression of average human nature applied to the broad problem of government. Both parties will more or less give way to international developments.

If there is one thing more than another that women can contribute to this question of Internationalism, it is a more sensible procedure than that of assuming that our motives are all the noblest possible and our opponents the basest. Aside from this unfortunate but inevitable party shuffling about the League of Nations, what are the fundamental human reasons for our failure to act upon it effectively, one way or another?

First of all is the fact that the majority of Americans lack international experience which would enable them to make up their minds quickly.

Secondly, a number of really informed thinkers feel that the provisions of the League are such that they would lead us too far from our best Americanism. These two factors have pulled back the action of those who heartily believe in the League as it was first presented to us.

The woman voter who feels herself in the first class, must either make up her mind blindly to trust either the Democratic leadership to close up with the League, or the Republican leadership to hold off, or she must search the common American experience to see if it furnishes any index of decision.

I think it does.

Political Decision Does Not Rest on Authority

IT is sound Americanism to believe that political decision does not rest on authority, but in the midst of the people. That is to say, it rests where it can be taken back at any moment that it ceases to be the expression of the people. This is shown in our growing disposition toward the referendum and recall. It is shown in our changing legislative codes, in our belief in divorce, in our very streets where we are always tearing up and making alterations of anything that fails to change automatically with our changing

conditions. Above everything else, it is shown in our cheerful disposition to undertake administrative experiments.

Does anybody know the number of forms of city government, for instance, that have been tried or are being tried, or being divorced for incompatibility with the dispositions of the people who live under them? It would be better if we were wise enough to make an absolute decision about our international relationships, but the one fatal thing would be to assume that any relationship into which we might enter in our present state of inexperience, is to be permanent. Whether you take an extreme Republican attitude of staying out altogether, or an extreme Democratic attitude of marrying the League without reservations, the important thing is to take it with the idea that divorce must ensue if the relation proves unsatisfactory and unfruitful.

Nations, Like Individuals, Must Take Chances

IN ordinary life, to be unwilling to "take a chance" is thought to prove that a man is lacking in resourcefulness and vitality. The same thing can be said of Nations. It may prove that the immediate service of women voters will be that of supplying the necessary flux and mobility to our politics by changing our minds as often as our experience changes.

It is on these two issues, our relations to Mexico which point to an old, old road traveled by all the great nations of the past, and our relations to the League of Nations which can be referred to our common Americanism for a criterion of decision, I would advise the woman voter to base her choice of a party affiliation. At least so far as the two old parties are concerned. They are the only issues which seem to be making for well-defined points of the political compass. As for the new party, on the Mexican question it is headed definitely and decisively away from intervention.

On the League question, its platform is complicated with several new political concepts, discussion of which will be reserved for the next article, which I am preparing for the October issue of THE NEW SUCCESS, in which I shall attempt to indicate some of the new political concepts just appearing in our national life and some of the reasons why the new party has not been able to formulate them satisfactorily.

Finding the Beautiful Everywhere

A FRIEND remarked to a rich man who motors through the country daily, how much he envied him his opportunity to see such glorious scenery.

"Oh," replied the rich man, "I have no time to look at the scenery; it takes all my mind to run the machine."

This is a good illustration of the way a great multitude of people go through life. They are driving their machine so fast that they must concentrate their whole mind upon it, and thus they lose the scenery along the way—the beautiful things of life. How few of us ever really stop long enough to think about or appreciate the wonderful blessings which our eyes and ears can bring to the senses. How few of us appreciate the beauty, the sublimity of the things about us!

Whatever our vocation, we should resolve that we will not strangle all that is finest and noblest in us for the sake of the dollar, but that we will put beauty into our life at every opportunity. Just think what life would mean if everyone was able to see the

magnificence, the glory, the unspeakable beauty and the divine significance which Ruskin saw in nature.

EVERYWHERE we go there are a thousand things to develop the best there is in us. Every sunset, landscape, mountain, hill and tree has secrets of charm and beauty waiting for us to discover. In every patch of meadow or waving field of wheat in every leaf and blossom, the trained eye will see beauty which would ravish an angel. The cultured ear will find harmony in forest and field, melody in wind and stream, and untold pleasure in all nature's songs. It is astonishing how much beauty we can see everywhere when we look for it.

A NATURALIST roaming about the country in search of specimens, stopped near a farmhouse and filled his bottle with brackish water from a muddy pond. While doing this he told a farm hand who stood watching him what wonderful things a microscope would reveal in that water.

"Within this pool, my man," said he, "are a hundred, nay a million universes; had we the sense of the instrument by which we could apprehend them."

The man with the hoe, unmoved by this remarkable statement, replied, "I know the water be full of tadpoles, but they be easy to catch." He saw only tadpoles where the naturalist saw miracles of nature.

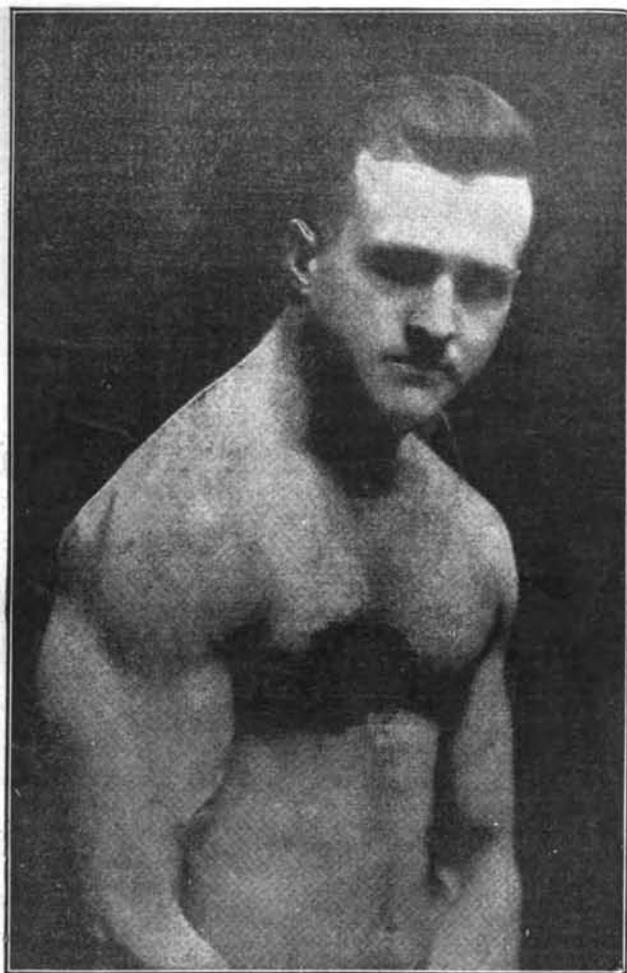
The most loathsome object, if put under a magnifying glass of sufficient power, will reveal beauties undreamed of; so, even in the most unlovely environment, in the most cruel conditions, there is something of the beautiful and the hopeful when viewed through a trained, disciplined mind.

It's not the position but the disposition that makes men happy.

It takes a certain amount of push to master even a wheelbarrow.

Reading good books is to the brain what eating good food is to the stomach.

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The Road to Strength

Have you found it? Are you satisfied with your present condition? Life is a fight of the fittest. The weak are trodden down by the strong. It is therefore up to you to prepare yourself and build up that body of yours for the fight. Enter the conflict and be a success. No one cares for the failure.

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