VILLANOVA UNIVERSITY
Villanova, Pennsylvania
FALVEY MEMORIAL LIBRARY



ADVERTISING
AND
ADVERTISEMENTS


Elbert Hubbard
Schneider

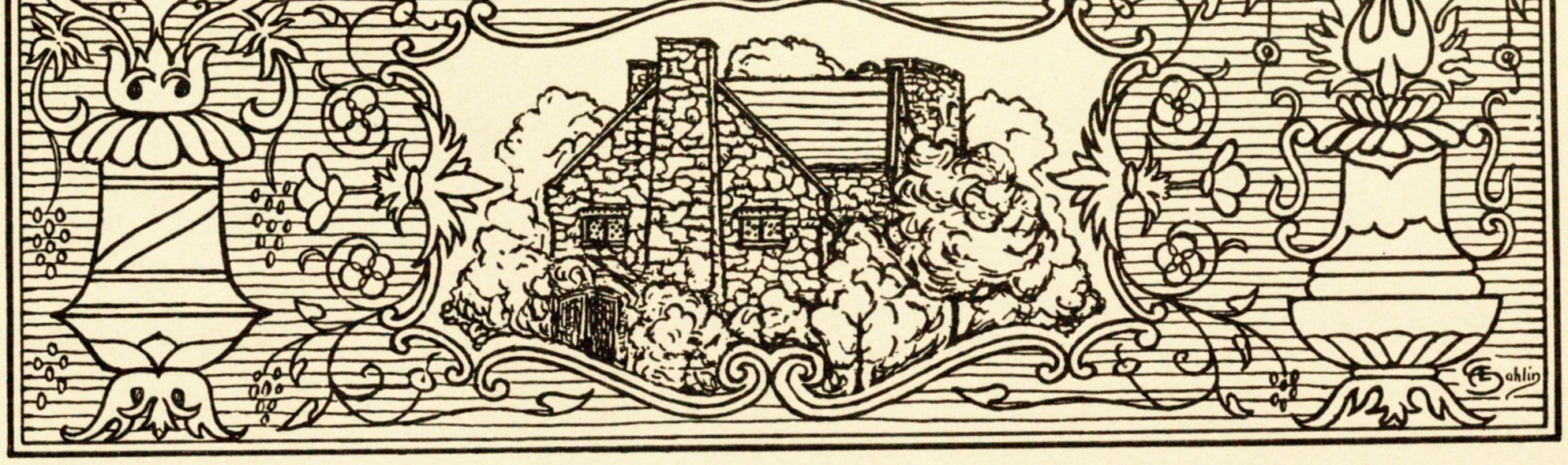
Advertising
and
Advertisements

By

Elbert Hubbard

Being Publicity Preachments from the pen of the *Fra* selected from Roycroft Publications and herewith submitted to the discerning for their inspiration and help

THE ROYCROFTERS
Roycroft-Town East Aurora, New York
1929



Copyright, 1929, by
THE ROYCROFTERS

OH
HF
5823
H78

FOREWORD

DEFYING all rules, ignoring precedent, refusing to be cribbed, cabined or confined, Elbert Hubbard splashed colorful messages in orange and black on the advertising pages of the *Fra* and *Philistine*, booklet, brochure and bill board.

His ads mark an epoch in advertising in America—the breathing upon the dead bones of publicity.

Hubbard's ads were different. They had the actinic ray. They were alive, virile, forceful and interesting. And they pulled!

Elbert Hubbard pushed the publicity pencil to a purpose. His advertising literature made him friends. It shoveled millions of dollars into the coffers of his clients. And Elbert Hubbard's ads also made him enemies; " No crime is so great to the envious as that of daring to excel,"—and as an ad-writer Elbert Hubbard had no peer.

Elbert Hubbard was an Ad-Man Plus.

He was a student of human nature. He knew the human heart. He knew history and acquainted himself with the great men and women of all time.

Incidentally he was a businessman. He made a success of business. He was one of those rare combinations of student, writer, lecturer, philosopher and businessman. And because of this wide range of vision and activity he was able to set a pace in advertising. His ads were human and interesting. Elbert Hubbard was a pioneer in the promotion of the literary advertisement and the signed ad and in these he has been copied and imitated more or less successfully. " Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

There has been much discussion among Ad-Men—the " technicians in the back room, " as to whether literary advertising will sell goods. " Salesmanship and advertising are twin sisters. It is hard to tell 'em apart " says Elbert Hubbard. After all the proof of the ad is: " Did it sell? " Hubbard's ads did sell; no doubt about that. Not all of them, of course, but the vast majority of them. No writer of ads strikes thirteen every time. ¶ Of course, ads may be too finely written—so high-brow that they shoot over the heads of the reader.

But right there comes the question of good judgment. Hubbard believed that people are reasonably intelligent! The ad-man should gauge his copy to the audience he is after. Some literary copy in certain publications would be absolutely lost—but in others it would go over.

Most of Hubbard's ads appeared in his own publications, and I hazard the opinion that you will agree that his circulation was class. The folks who read his stuff were the up-and-coming bunch. Maybe they did n't agree with him but they read him and perhaps did some thinking on their own account as a result ❧ ❧

Hubbard taught us the value of the Associated Idea in Advertising. An example of such copy is to be found on page 147. Read " The Feast of Mondamin " and what do you find? The Associated Idea—a bit of romance, poetry and a nice application.

Hubbard did n't always write literary advertisements. He could be technical when he needed to be because it 's easy to describe things when somebody supplies you the details. I heard Frank Crane say one time that his business was writing—and that he could n't shoe a horse under any circumstances —but turn him loose in a library with a pencil and pad of paper and he could write a better essay on horse-shoeing than any blacksmith who ever lived. On page 125 is an example of a little different kind of an ad just to show versatility ❧ ❧

It was written for an agency handling the Durham Duplex Razor account. The order for it suggested that the copy must lay stress on the price which was thirty-five cents. So

370863

Hubbard played with it in a thoroughly unorthodox style—unusual, daring, but he surely followed instructions and stressed the price ❧ ❧

Hubbard was often called the greatest egotist of his time—but it was n't egotism he dispensed—it was nothing more or less than advertising ❧ ❧

" If you don't advertise yourself you will be advertised by your loving enemies."

His sense of humor always saved his bacon. ¶ He was once asked to write an ad for a certain make of cigarette case. Knowing his aversion to cigarettes they thought they had him stumped. But he wrote the ad on page 159. The copy went to New York and came back by air-mail—(or it would have if there had been any) they could n't get it back fast enough.

" Hubbard, you can't get away with that stuff—it 's ridiculous—we are n't such damn fools as to use that."

So Hubbard had to sell 'em the idea that it was so unusual as to make it a corking ad. And they finally admitted it and paid for the insertion.

Elbert Hubbard wrote many of his ads on scraps of canary-colored paper for transcription by his secretary or stenographer. Others he dictated. An example of the latter is to be found on page 129. The circumstances under which this ad was written are worth relating. Hubbard was attending a banquet of the Goodrich people in Akron. The table-talk turned on advertising and one of the company ventured the assertion that The Fra had others to write his ads and challenged him to dictate an ad " right off the bat—right there!"—with the result before mentioned ❧ ❧

I might go on and on with this indefinitely, referring to many more characteristic pieces of copy ❧ ❧

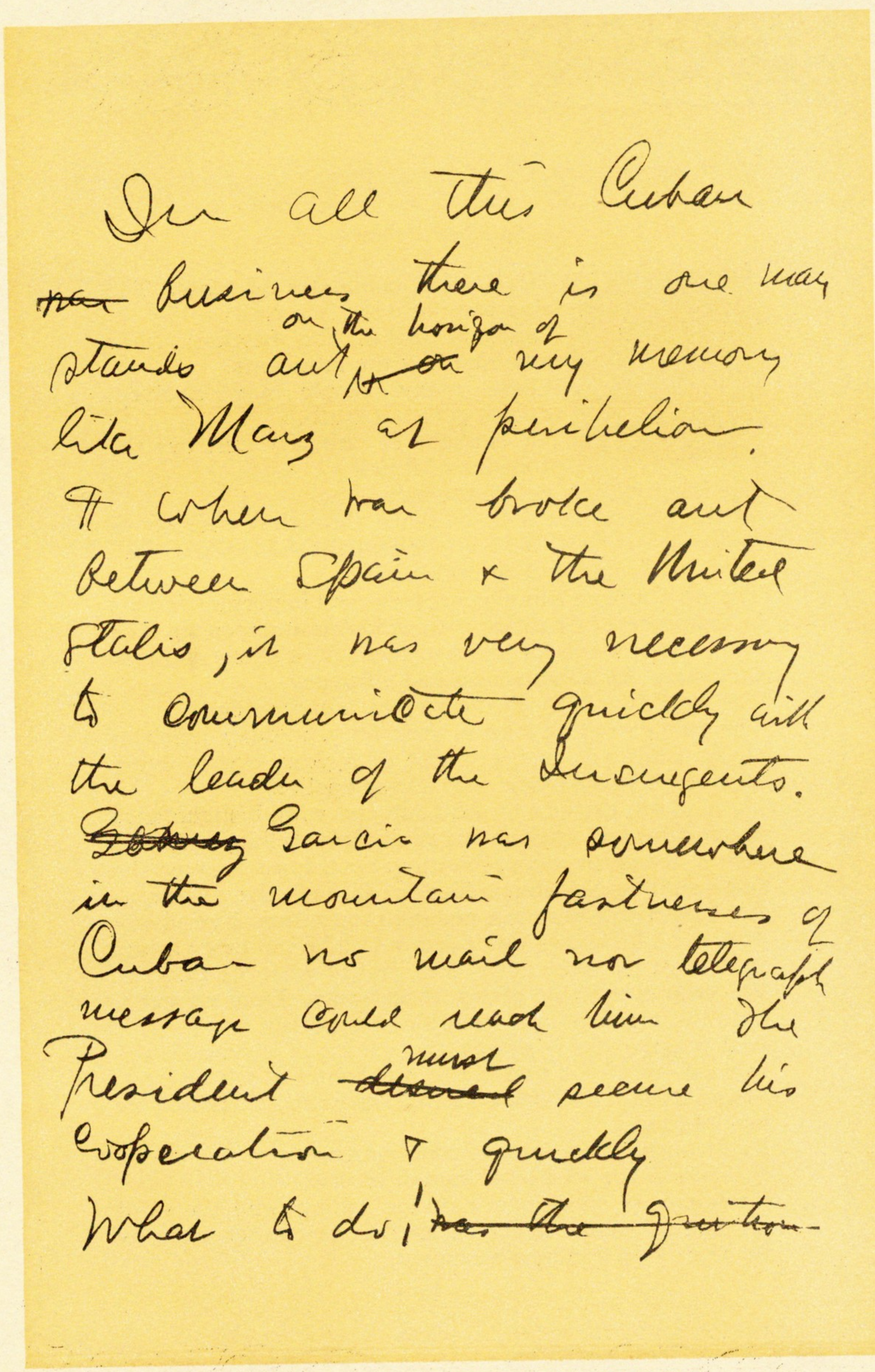
And attention could be called to another branch of Hubbard's writing—the advertising pamphlet or Little Journey as he called them. There 's the Story of the Steinways, The Stetson, and The Oliver, the Stenotype booklet, the K. V. P. Paper Mill, and many others that are still being used today by these firms. The other day our Steinway friends gave us a big reprint order.

The fact that they are, after twelve or fifteen years, still valuable advertising literature—seems proof enough of the potency of Hubbard's copy.

The Roycrofters have gathered together the material in this book with joy and gladness. It has been undertaken to answer a demand. It is sent forth with a two-fold mission—to complete the Hubbard Memorabilia possessed by Elbert Hubbard's friends and to furnish the actinic ray of inspiration to Ad-Men and Students of Publicity everywhere ❧ ❧

As The Master of Roycroft said, "Advertising, like literature, is self-discovery. The things we like are the things we recognize as our own."

Elbert Hubbard II


In all this Cuban
~~was~~ business there is one man
stands out on the horizon of
like Mars at perihelion.
When war broke out
between Spain & the United
States, it was very necessary
to communicate quickly with
the leader of the Insurgents.
~~Nobody~~ Garcia was somewhere
in the mountain fastness of
Cuba — no mail nor telegraph
message could reach him. The
President must secure his
cooperation & quickly.
What to do! ~~Do the Spanish~~

Facsimile of first page of the original manuscript of A Message to Garcia

The Adman's Philosophy

By Elbert Hubbard

PUBLICITY eliminates pretense. The faker can not work in a club.

Falsehood makes for friction; while truth and love are lubricants.

Where many people are involved, nothing goes but truth.

The sunlight of publicity destroys the ptomains of fraud.

The faker withers before the fact.

As the planets are held in space through opposition of forces, so are men held in the straight and narrow way of truth through public opinion.

The Ad-Clubs of America are great and important factors in the process of making men unionists and monists. The Ad-Crafters stand for ethics in the highest sense, and also they stand for effectiveness and efficiency.

The Ad-Clubs form, in themselves, a university.

The public meeting once a week for a midday lunch of an Ad-Club will, in the course of a year, evolve every member from a villager into a cosmopolite.

No man can get into an Ad-Club and wrap his ignorance about him, and tuck in his prejudices, feeling safe and secure. Smugosity dies a-borning. Foolishness is given the smile audible. Selfishness flies out through the window.

An Advertising-club is a pooling proposition. Everybody puts in all he knows, and takes out all he can carry away. And what he takes away is in reality what he puts in. We keep things by giving them away. Thus we get a practical monism, or a scientific pragmatism.

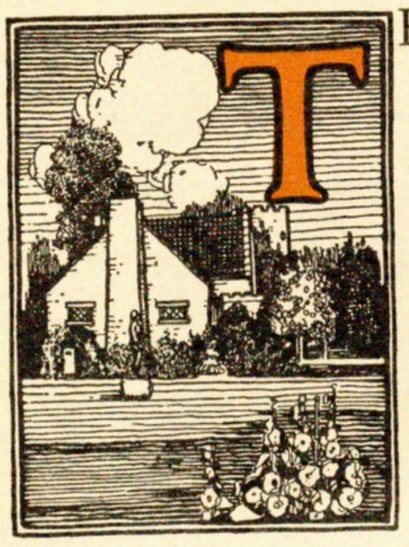
And pragmatism is simply the science of a sensible selfishness—or, if you prefer, call it enlightened self-interest. Pragmatism is the law of self-preservation illumined by love of kind.

Righteousness is a form of commonsense.

Business is the science of human service.

Commerce is eminently a divine calling; and the word commercial should never be used as an epithet, save by the man with a guinea-hen mind.

The Science of Advertising



THERE are about ten thousand new books published in America every year — mostly bad. This is a straight steal from Tammas Carlyle, who said, "Four thousand people cross London Bridge every day, mostly fools."

My opinion is, however, that all books do somebody good; also, they do good to somebody. Writing a book helps the author to get the matter straight in his own mind, and few books do anything else beyond this.

I have been reading a book with a prodigious title, *The Elementary Laws of Advertising, and How to Use Them*, by Henry S. Bunting.

This book proves three things:

First, is the mathematical demonstration that the laws of advertising exist.

Second, that the author knows them.

Third, that he can explain to the reader how to use them.

I have read this book with much pleasure and profit. It certainly has supplied me with a few ideas, likewise laughs, and it has convinced me that I am a charter member of the Ignoramus Club so far as advertising is concerned ✍ ✍

I once knew in Buffalo a very successful wholesale butcher ✍ This man had never reached long division in arithmetic, and he could write his name only with great pains. But he could sit on the top plank of a pig-pen and look down on a carload of hogs, and figure out in his own mind what he could sell those hogs for after they were butchered. This being done, he would make a bid on the hogs.

His books were closed every night. He bought for cash and sold for cash, and the amount of money he had, showed him what his profits were.

This man founded a great and successful business, but no one for a moment would say he was scientific.

In advertising I am a sort of wholesale butcher. I do things, but I do not know how. I work like Gaudentius, the Roman architect who built the Coliseum and the stone bridges that spanned the ancient rivers of the Roman Empire, without knowing the eternal laws of mechanical stress upon which the arch rests its indestructible power.

¶ Bunting is like James B. Eads, who reduces these laws to mathematical precision and creates a *tubular steel* bridge in his mind. Science is the common knowledge of the common people classified ✍ Business is the production or purchase and sale of commodities.

If a proposition is scientific, it can be analyzed, formulated, explained.

Also, you know in advance what will occur. So science is prophetic.

Mix an acid with an alkali and you know what will occur.

You put glycerine and nitric acid together and hit it with a hammer and you can bet on results. If you step on a dog's tail, you can safely assume that he will do one or all of three things: he will yelp, jump, or he may bite you, and if you know positively whether or not he will bite you, you are a prophet.

It all turns on the dog with which you deal, and on his mood. If you know your dog, and your science is empirical, that is based on experience with this particular dog, you can gauge results

We used to think there was a science in medicine, but no wise physician claims as much now. There is a science in chemistry, but when you apply a chemical to a human body, you can not possibly foretell results, simply because no two bodies are exactly alike. And as no two human bodies are alike, so do minds differ.

There is no science to education. You may send your boy to Phillips Exeter for two years and Harvard for four, and when he comes back you may have to support him the rest of his life. It works or it does not, as the case may be. Mixing so much boy with so much college curriculum is a matter of guesswork as to results.

We have said that there can be no science to advertising, because we deal with x, and x is the great unknown, unanalyzed, human mind.

If we knew exactly what the *Zeitgeist* was, we could set our machine, start it a-going, go off and leave it, and the results would come in.

But alas! and alack! humanity is a constantly variable quantity as fickle as the wind. For while it is true that the wind represents a certain amount of energy during the course of a year, yet, we do not know, and nobody knows, the amount of energy that will be represented in the wind on any particular day or hour.

And so, having unlimbered my ignorance to this extent, I take up the book of Henry S. Bunting, entitled, *The Elementary Laws of Advertising, and How to Use Them.*

It will not do to assume that Henry S. Bunting is fluffy in his alfalfa. He is a publisher who does not belong to the cult of Barabbas. He is a mathematician, an economist, an orator, and a businessman.

But because we can't fully understand him is no reason why we should stand off chewing a straw and declare, "There haint no such animile."

Man does not manufacture laws, he discovers them; and so rarely are laws discovered in the economic world that when one is recognized we attach the man's name to it and give him the same honors that we bestow on a doctor who discovers a new disease.

Doctor Bright did not invent Bright's disease—he merely discovered a strike on the part of the human system; a kind of sabotage when the kidneys, instead of eliminating their waste through the sewer, throw the refuse back and contaminate the water-supply.

¶ And as Doctor Oliver Wendell

Holmes said, we attach the name of the man to the disease, and it goes clattering down the corridors of time, like a tin can to a dog's tail.

The Law of Diminishing Returns is that law in economics which provides that the ratio of profits decreases according to the amount of business done, and if you do a business big enough you will reach a point where there is no profit at all, and then you go over the hill, and the business breaks down of its own weight. The Law of Average is the basic principle in all life and fire insurance. This is the law that recognizes that the element of chance does not exist in large numbers.

¶ This is one of the most useful laws ever discovered—invaluable to bankers, credit men, insurance companies.

The Law of the Cosmic Urge written of by Ernst Haeckel is a most interesting law.

Then we get Gresham's Law of Finance which is this: Where two kinds of money are in circulation, one base and the other intrinsic in value, the base currency will always drive out of circulation the coin of intrinsic value.

¶ I was greatly flattered by reading in an English paper an article on "Hubbard's Law of Education." I did not know before that I had discovered any law, but the Englishman who wrote the article declared that I had, and here is the law: "When you do too much for a child he will never do much for himself."

Doctor Jordan has put the same idea in a little better form, thus: "The true value of a college is in inverse ratio to the extent of its equipment."

¶ If Bunting can, by his recently discovered laws of advertising, figure out the exact value in returns of the ten million dollars which Henry Ford has advertised that he intends to give away, Bunting is the man Ford wants.

¶ Bunting's book is unlike any ever before written. He divides things into their constituent parts, analyzes the whole, and tells you how much of each the whole thing contains ✍ For instance he deals in what he calls Attention, Demand, Sales, Suasion, Preference, Depression and Elevation of the Selling-Point, Space, the Radius of Circulation, Repetition, Appeal, Determinants, Constants, Variants, Association, Suggestion, Specificity, Buying Units, Specialties, the Selling Power of Premiums, the Eight Main Tools of Publicity, Luxus and Monopoly Advertising. Needless to say, Bunting is a college graduate, with enough degrees to stuff an Ostermoor. Here are some of Bunting's Laws of Advertising. The selling-power of publicity varies with its attention value and its suasion ✍ With a given suasion value, the selling-power of an advertisement varies with attention value.

The selling-power of publicity varies with the frequency of its repetition and the frequency of change in the form of its appeal.

The selling-power of publicity varies with the directness of its appeal to the individual who buys.

The activating elements that enter into the composition of suasion are derived from the peculiar character of the medium.

The selling-power of publicity is limited

by the consumption limit of the goods.
¶ The selling-power of publicity is limited by the selling-power of all competing publicity in the same competitive field.

The variability of demand for monopoly goods is inversely proportional to the degree in which the goods are a necessity

The selling-power of publicity for monopoly goods varies inversely with the number of consumers of the monopoly goods specified.

The selling-power of specialties varies with the frequency of their use by the recipient and the permanence of their value in use.

The selling power of premium publicity varies with the value of the premium and the time required to win it.

The attention-getting power of the space used in a space advertisement is limited by the space-limit attention point of the space itself.

The selling-point of an advertisement lies at the intersection of its attention-getting power of its suasion.

The selling-power of publicity varies inversely with its attention-power when attention-getting is made the sole purpose of the publicity.

And in these days when everybody belongs to an advertising club, and we are all called upon from time to time to unmuzzle our ignorance, the Bunting book is bound to do good.

Bunting claims he has discovered laws that will show how you can make money through publicity. His formulae are algebraic, and algebra is mathematics that deals with symbols instead of figures.

Symbols stand for anything you may agree on: dollars, services, weight, strength, pressure, tension. By algebra you can formulate the quantity of water that passes a given point in a river in one day, or you can figure the amount of electric current delivered at the end of a wire. By algebra your symbols may stand for the selling power of a salesman as measured in the profits of the firm at the end of the year; the symbols may stand for the salesman's moral character, his good looks, or his persuasive ability.
¶ By algebra you could reduce long reports on foolscap to one little line of figures that can be put on the back of a visiting-card. Bunting takes a tangled mass of abstract facts and reduces them to mathematical terms
He unscrambles the eggs which make up the omelet of advertising. He shows the way to a much-needed rationalistic method in business.

After you have read the book, whether you can safely be trusted with the expenditure of forty thousand dollars in publicity so as to make sales to the extent of five hundred thousand dollars is still a question, although Bunting seems to infer it is n't.

Bunting's book is issued by The Novelty News Laboratory of Business Economics, Chicago.

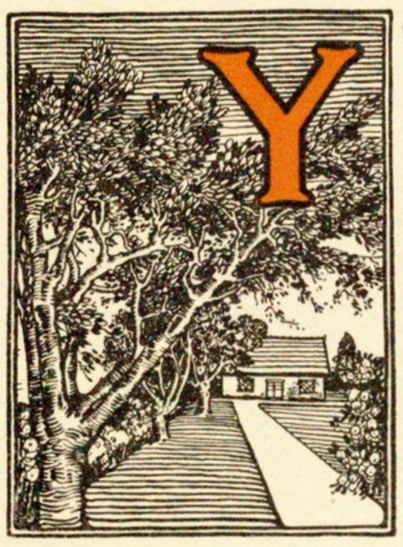
The most beautiful thing about Brother Bunting's book is his astounding claim that he has discovered the hard, clear-cut, invaluable, *natural* laws that control advertising. And now that I have introduced you to Bunting's book, I will state a secret. It 's this: Farmer Rankin, who runs

the John Lee Mahin Advertising Agency, has hired Brother Bunting at the trifling salary of one hundred thousand dollars a year, with a provision that all of Bunting's books shall be burned and the plates destroyed, so that the John Lee Mahin Advertising Agency will control the secret of advertising, and retain it for the benefit of their clients until such a time as the Attorney General of the United States orders a dissolution of the red-headed Rankin for a combination in restraint of trade.



Every Knock is a Boost

A Message to Ad-Men



OU are an Ad-Man. An Ad-Man is one who writes advertisements, sells or buys advertising, or reads the Good Stuff that others prepare.

Advertising is telling who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer the world in way of commodity or service.

And the man who has nothing to offer the world that the world needs, should telephone for the undertaker, for he is a dead one whether he knows it or not.

The Ad-Club have on their rosters the best and brightest brains in America

This bringing together of men of various and competing interests in a common bond of brotherhood is one of the greatest moves for good ever devised by human mind.

Salesmanship and advertising are twin sisters. I can not tell the girls apart; but I love them both, and the one that is nearest is dearest.

We are Americans. In America there is now being worked out the greatest system of business that the world has ever seen. Quick transportation and the rapid communication of intelligence have cemented the human fabric so that we are all practically one people.

¶ That which injures one injures all; that which is for the good of each is for the good of all.

The biggest businessmen in the world today are borrowers. Practically all the money they make is reinvested and redistributed.

They do not hoard.

Men who maintain big payrolls, and give permanent and profitable employment to vast numbers of men and women, with sure and certain promotion for the worthy and efficient, are the men who are building business and making the United States of America distinct from all nations that have ever before existed. Indeed, the most prosperous capitals of Europe are those which are being "Americanized."

Greece and Rome grew great through exploitation and annexation. We have grown through creation and production

Mark Antony, speaking at the funeral of the late Julius Caesar, said, "He brought many captives home to Rome, whose ransoms did the general coffers fill."

This encroachment on the preserve of the Honorable Patricius Crow of Omaha, would be to us an indelicate way to thrive. America has not made her money in this way.

We have plowed our money out of the ground, dug it out of the mines, smelted it, pumped it, or fished it out of the sea.

We are a nation of creators, of builders, and the fact is firmly fixed in the mind of every successful man today that he can only help himself as he serves humanity.

That is to say, business is a human service; and our desire is to be good public servants ☙ Any other ambition is slow and sure harakiri—and not always so very slow.

There are two forms of competition: one of barter and haggle, and the other the competition of quality and service. One is the competition of consumers, and the other is the competition of producers. To produce a better article and to give a better service have been the aim and intention of Big Business. Big Business makes its money out of by-products.

Big Business has given to the world the things it needed, at a cheaper price; and all the time it has lubricated the service and bettered the quality. Oil, steel, woven fabrics, lamps, electrical appliances, transportation—there is absolutely no dispute on this point that quality has been constantly improved and prices lowered. These things have been possible through the decrease of overhead charges, a taking up of economic slack and elimination of lost motion, a reduction in expense in advertising and selling, both of which are necessary economic wastes. The good advertisement is the one that gets the necessary publicity at the very lowest possible expenditure.

Instead of an army of sandwich-men, one automobile, properly festooned, does the business. Instead of five hundred men on the road selling, organization often allows fifty men to do the work just as effectively.

The ultimate consumer is the man who pays the bills, and Big Business has simply divided the profit between the consumer and the stockholders.

☙ The Sherman Act was passed in Eighteen Hundred Ninety, seemingly in response to a popular clamor that the octopus was going to get us. The Sherman Act was a legislative sop to Populism, which at that time was an unmuzzled Cerberus.

After the law was passed, it lay dormant for ten years, during which time the country evolved in a commercial way as it never had before.

After lying in a comatose state for ten years, the Act was resuscitated, and since then it has been invoked in a spasmodic way whenever the wind was East and the lawyers needed the money or the politicians required the votes of the man in the gutter—not to mention the sewer.

In America today there are fifteen hundred organizations against whom an action would lie under the Sherman Act. Lawsuits under the Sherman Act are not brought by the people, but on the motion of prosecuting attorneys. In all, perhaps a score of actions have been brought, and they have been brought against the concerns that seemingly were under popular ban, or that the saffron journals had advertised by the right oblique.

We all know that the newspapers are out for circulation, and that the periodicals which are most prosperous have adopted the tactics of the very concerns that they denounce.

All competition is more or less in restraint of trade; that is, if your competition is a success, you get the trade away from the other fellow. Successful competition has but one end, and that is monopoly.

The question then arises, when a practical monopoly is obtained, whether this monopoly shall be allowed to exist. Any trust that fails to serve humanity is inviting a competition that will eventually wipe it out. The commonsense of the big businessmen today is, without doubt, in the direction of human service. Big Business does not compete in price, it offers no Friday bargains, but always and forever it improves the quality and betters the service.

Never before in all history, so far as I know, has a higher court remanded a case to a lower court and said, "Now that you have got the defendants into this predicament, you must help get them out of it."

Practically, the Supreme Court ordered the Judges of the Circuit Court to act as legal advisors to the Tobacco Trust. Courts usually give decisions, and then wash their hands in innocency.

The far-reaching results of their acts are as nothing to them.

But Chief Justice White has introduced a new principle into the law. It is that the courts do not exist for the sole purpose of dissolution and restraint, but that their business is to protect, conserve, upbuild and create.

¶ The acceptance by the Circuit Court of the proposed plan of dissolution was eminently wise. In fact it was the only thing to do. The creditors, the stockholders, the consumers approve.

Naturally the competitors object. They failed to do to the other fellow what the other fellow did to them. If they did not kick, they would not be human. It is their right.

Laws for the protection of the cabby have my sentimental sympathy, but the public prefers the taxi.

All the laws you could pass would not reinstate the stagecoach, or replace the Hupmobile with the one-hoss shay

The basis of all American law is the greatest good to the greatest number.

¶ Business is a continuous readjustment, for it not only handles the commodity, but it also deals with the tides of the human heart, and these have never been charted.

To lash the rudder of the Ship of Commerce is to have her drift upon the rocks. The scheme that worked yesterday will not work today at all.

The ebb and flow of human desire and human emotions and human ambitions have never been platted, prognosticated or mapped A business should be free to move with the tides of Nature, and that business is bossed best which is bossed least. Natural law obtains in the economic world, as well as in the world of Astronomy or Geology.

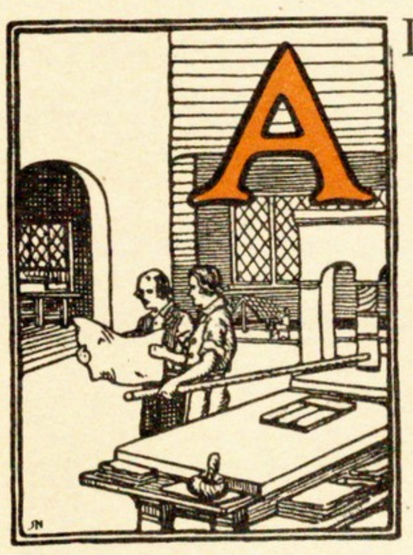
The Sherman Act will be a source of business disturbance as long as it exists on the statute-book.

Very few bad laws are ever repealed. They simply dry up and are forgotten. The law-books are filled with silly laws that no lawyer dare cite, and no judge dare enforce, simply because the proposition is not backed up by Public Opinion. Blackstone says, "The extreme of the law is the extreme of injustice."



Ali Baba In Full Levant

The Art of Advertising



ADVERTISING is fast becoming a science, an art, and a business ¶ Art is the beautiful way of doing things. Science is the effective way of doing things. Business is the economic way of doing things.

We used to regard advertising as an economic waste. Now we look upon it as an economic necessity.

There once was an assumption that men who advertised were fraudulent in their intents, hence arose the idea that advertising was unethical, and this fallacy still obtains in the traditions of a few certain societies and professions. ¶ Individuals, however, are always wiser than institutions. Institutions lag behind. They form a ballast, a sort of tail to the kite.

Commonsense people all now recognize the value of letting the public know who you are, where you are, what you are, and what you have to offer the world in the way of commodity or service

He who does not properly advertise himself will not only be advertised by his loving friends, but by Lincoln Steffens, Ida Tarbell and Upton Sinclair.

Every one who is doing anything in the world beyond the deadly commonplace is making enemies.

Our enemies are the people who do not understand us. Also, they are the people whom we move, and this they resent. Also, they tell, at times, the truth about us—or at least a part of it.

There are two reasons for advertising: One is to sell the goods, the other is to create good-will.

He who does not advertise because he is selling all of the goods he can manufacture gives reasons of three guinea-pig power.

There is no quicker way in the world to lose money than through advertising—therefore the necessity of making advertising a science.

In order to make a business pay in this day and generation, it must be beautiful and it must be scientific.

Advertising demands a knowledge of psychology, and psychology is the science of the human heart. In preparing ads we deal with emotions, passions, tendencies, hopes, ambitions, desires. ¶ In one sense, advertising and salesmanship are twin sisters. I do not know the girls apart. The one that is nearest I love best.

I need not argue that advertising must be pleasing.

All well-written advertising is literature, and all literature is advertising.

Literature advertises a time, a place, an event, a thing. Events do not live. All we have is the record.

History is n't the thing that happened; it is the account of it. So all history is advertising. And history well written is literature. All written advertising should be literary in style and quality!

¶ Good advertisements start with a platitude

That is, they begin with a bromide, which every one will accept. Then when you have the man walking down the street, you have the opportunity to tell him a few things.

Never begin an advertisement with a startling statement which invites dispute

Advertisements, however, must be more than platitude, more than truism. They must be sulphides as well as bromides.

¶ I would say that every advertisement should contain one platitude, but one is enough. Then here is the formula: Take a quart of truth, stir it up with a dash of wit, season with wisdom, flavor with love, mix—garnish with platitude, and serve.

The things that live are the things that are well advertised. The thoughts that abide are those which are strongly maintained, ably defended and well expressed

All literature is advertising, and all written advertising that grips attention is literature. Lies are launched and live, because they are well shoved off.

Silence under unjust accusation is finely poetic, but a protest at the right time is more effective when dealing with Lobo, leader of the pack.

The railroads and other big corporations that remain silent under the gee-haw lash of the business-baiter have their silence pointed out as proof of guilt.

¶ The world accepts a man at the estimate he places on himself. To let the rogues and fools expound and explain to the multitude, and you yourself make no sign, is to allow the falsehood to pass as current coin. And soon it becomes legal tender. According to the Common Law of England, a path across your property that is once used by the people becomes theirs for all time.

In America, now, millions of dollars are being expended by certain successful firms and corporations to correct a wrong impression that has been allowed to get a foothold in the public mind concerning them.

Just remember this: it is not the thing itself that lives; it is what is said about it. Your competitors, the disgruntled ones, are busy. The time to correct a lie is when it is uttered. So the moral is, you must advertise, no matter how successful you are.

You must advertise, wisely and discreetly, so as to create Public Opinion that is favorable to you. To stop advertising is to let your business run on momentum, and momentum is a gradual move toward a dead stop.

The *Zeitgeist* is always at work, always rolling up as a big snowball grows. The best asset you have is the goodwill of the public, and to secure this and hold it, advertising is necessary. And the more successful you are, the more necessary it is that you should place yourself in a true, just and proper light before the world, ere the lies crystallize, and you find yourself buried under a mountain of falsehood. "For be thou pure as snow and chaste as ice, thou canst not escape calumny."

And the more successful you are, the finer target are you for rumor. The only man who is really safe is the man who does nothing, thinks nothing, says nothing, has nothing. He is the only one who need not advertise.

To stand still is to retreat. To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals that skirt the border of every successful venture pick up your Termini and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising.

To hold the old customers, you must get out after the new.

When you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

The only names in Greek history that we know are those which Herodotus and Thucydides graved with deathless styli

The men of Rome who live and tread the boardwalk are those Plutarch took up and writ their names large on human hearts. All that Plutarch knew of Greek heroes was what he read in Herodotus. ¶ All that Shakespeare knew of Classic Greece and Rome, and the men of that far-off time, is what he dug out of Plutarch's *Lives*. And about all that most people now know of Greece and Rome they got from Shakespeare.

Plutarch boomed his Roman friends and matched each favorite with some Greek, written of by Herodotus. Plutarch wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mazuma to buy gasoline. Horatius still stands at the bridge, because a poet placed him there.

Paul Revere rides a-down the night giving his warning cry, because Longfellow set the meters in a gallop.

Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender, and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back, "Damn your souls, we have not yet begun to fight!" And the sound of the fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

In Brussels there is yet to be heard a sound of revelry by night, only because Byron told of it.

Commodore Perry, that rash and impulsive youth of twenty-six, never sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but a good reporter did, and the reporter's words live, while Perry's died on the empty air

Lord Douglas never said:

"The hand of Douglas is his own
And never shall in friendship grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Sir Walter Scott made that remark on white paper with an eagle's quill, and schoolboys' hearts will beat high as they scorn the offered hand on Friday Afternoons, for centuries to come.

Virginius lives in heroic mold, not for what he said or did, but for the words put into his mouth by a man who pushed what you call a virile pen, and who wrote such an ad for Virginius as he could never have written for himself

And in the final analysis all genuine advertisements are literature ☙ The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and things. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart-throbs of men and women—their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires—his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.

Advertising is fast becoming a fine art ☙ Its theme is human wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified ☙ ☙

It interests, inspires, educates—some times amuses—in forms and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

It was only about two hundred years ago when men were still availing themselves in England of "the benefit of the clergy."

This meant that they were exempt from statute law.

The word "clergy" means clerque, or cleric—clerk.

The clergy kept the records, because they were the only men who were educated ☙ ☙

We do not have to go back very far in history before we find that the majority of people believed that writing was of a miraculous origin.

In Mexico ninety per cent of the population can not read or write. In America an adult who can not read and write is a curiosity.

The writer must not be very much wiser than the reader. Literature is self-discovery ☙ The things we like are the things we recognize as our own.

The value of illusion of every sort and kind in literature is the fact that it makes the reader pleased with himself ☙ ☙

Advertising has opened up a field for any one who can shake the literary brush-piles, and put salt on the tail of an idea.

Twenty-five years ago the advertising man was unknown. The proprietor of a store wrote his own ads, and, of necessity, inertia prevailed to a degree that an ad once written was run in the paper until the electrotype was worn out. The idea of a new advertisement every day was a thing unguessed.

A. T. Stewart wrote his own advertisements ☙ ☙

He wrote them in the impersonal style, simply: "Mr. A. T. Stewart begs to inform the people of New York that he has just received a few cases of Irish linens, especially selected for him in Belfast. These will be opened on the sidewalk, in front of the Palace of Business, and offered to the first-comers at fully ten per cent below the figures which the same goods will bring after they are carried into the store."

To hire a man just to look after your advertising would have been regarded as rank extravagance at that time ☙ The argument would have been made also that no man could write about things unless he happened to be an expert in handling them. We did not perceive that a few simple rules apply and that the outsider often gets a better perspective than the man who is close up against the game.

Life consists either in being in and looking out, or in being out and look-

ing in. And the man who is outside looking in has a little better view, often, than the man who is inside struggling with details, perplexed, aggravated, worn, and wondering whether he will ever get his money back.

There are now upwards of twenty thousand men in America preparing advertising copy. Some of these men command salaries of princely magnitude, say a thousand dollars a month, and there are a dozen or so whose figure is just an even hundred dollars a day. Dean Swift said that a good man would write on any subject and make the theme interesting. "Then," said Stella, "write me an essay on a broomstick." And straightway the Dean accepted the challenge, and wrote an immortal thing in literature.

Charles Lamb's essay on *Roast Pig* is another example of good writing about nothing in particular.

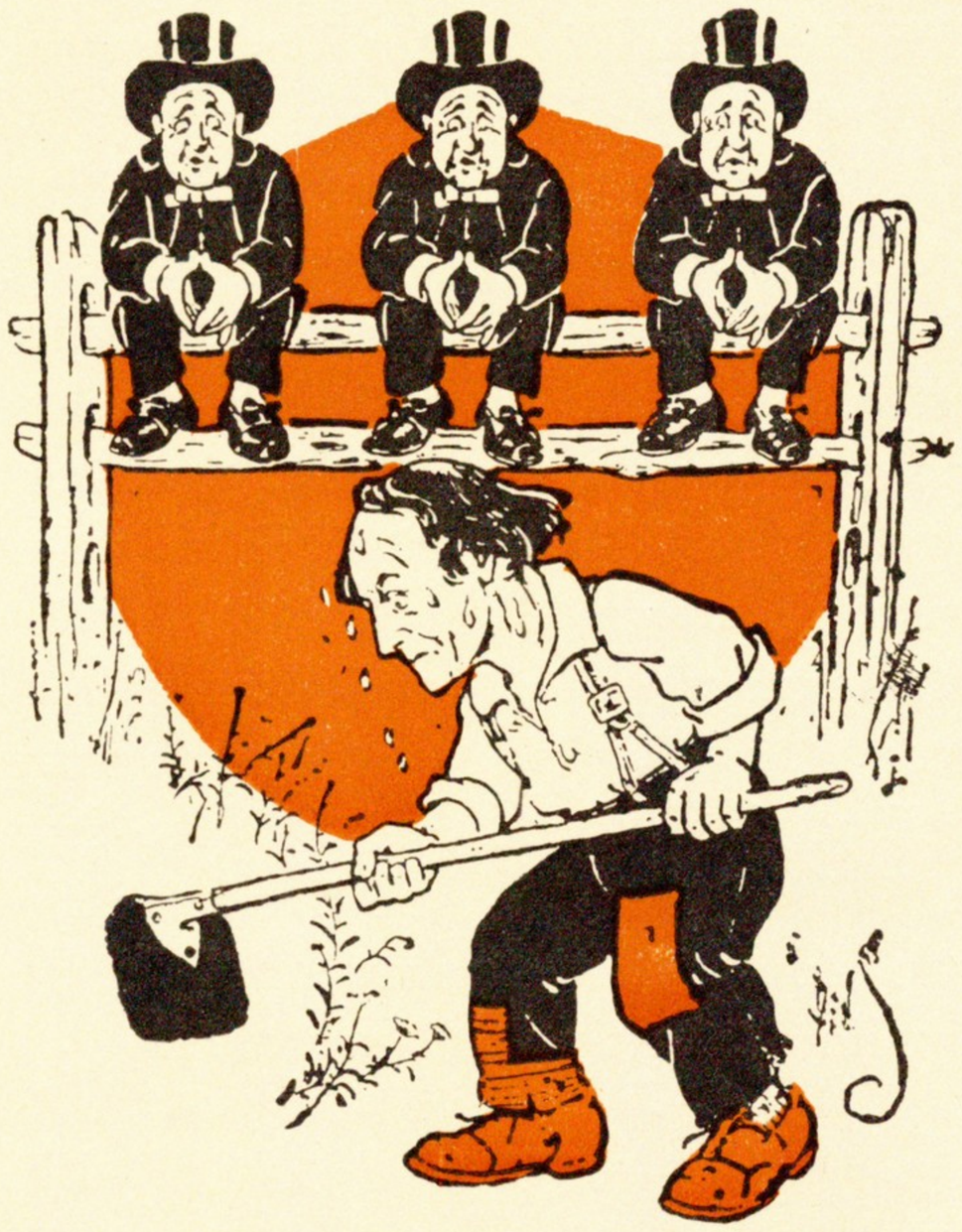
Both Charles Lamb and Dean Swift, if they lived today, would be writing advertisements for department-stores, and they would be making a deal more money than they ever made in literature

America has five thousand men who can write just as well as Dean Swift, Charles Lamb, Coleridge or Doctor Johnson. There are, however, but few writers in America able to match ideas with Addison, and none who can play the Cadmean game with Shakespeare.

¶ We have a precious few who use the Victor Hugo sentence.

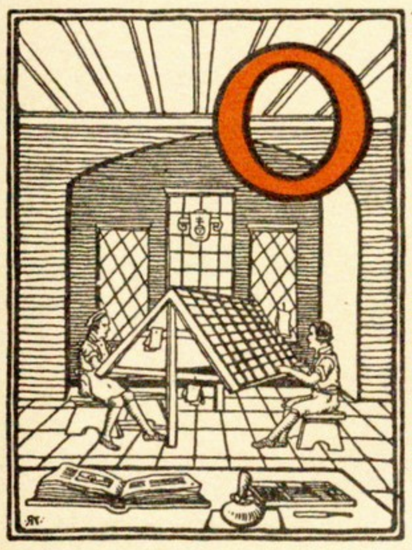
We work from complex to the simple. Your high-school graduate always writes Johnsonese—long, involved, strange sentences. Men with minds like little fishes write like whales. If this individual keeps on writing, however, and accumulates ideas, as he will if he continues to write, he may take on the Victor Hugo style.

Good advertising copy has the gentle flow of Addison and the swing of Hugo



IS HE SINCERE?"

Concerning Copy



OUR word "advertise" traces to the Latin *adverto*, meaning "turn to." Hence, advertising may be defined as that science which is designed to make folks "turn to" and give heed to your sales story.

Advertising is telling people who you are, and what you have to offer in way of commodity or service. It is publicity on paper, or, if you prefer to call it printed salesmanship, you will bing the bull's eye.

There is considerable difference of opinion about advertising "copy," but it seems to be generally agreed that the best copy is that which sells the goods. For this is the purpose of most advertising—this and building up a bulwark of good-will. Good-will is a very tangible asset. The man who disputes this dictum is qualifying for the down-and-out club. Also, he is in partnership with Ananias, who is said to have been the first ad-man. There is no hope in him.

We live in a busy age. Most people are too busy to read many ads. Every advertisement should yield certain definite information. It should tell what and why, and above all, where. Also, it should sometimes tell how and who. ¶ If possible, it should be illustrated. An illustration goes far to point a moral and adorn a tale.

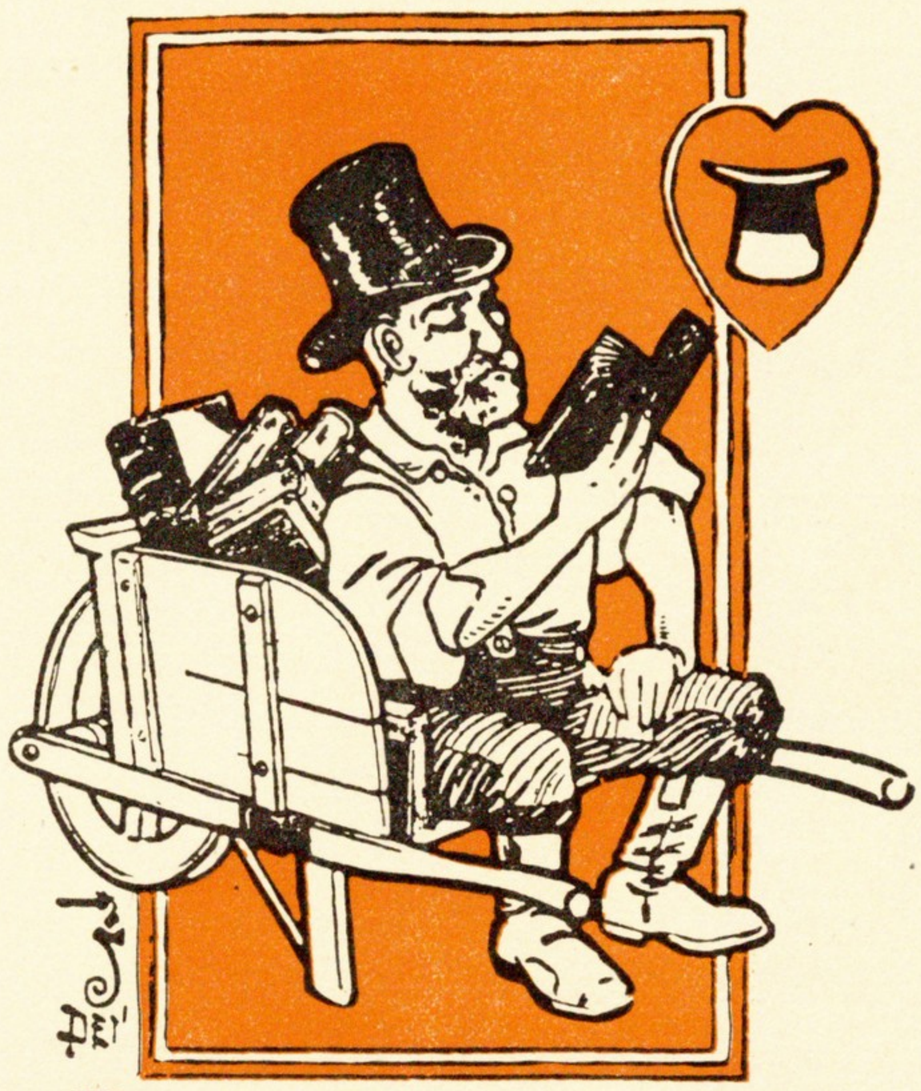
Advertising will sell good goods at an astonishing rate. It will even sell poor goods—for a little while.

The best advertisement conveys its message in straight, plain language that any one can comprehend. In the main, it should be serious, but an excess of seriousness may be a bad effect. A little humor now and then, provided it be timely, and not stretched to the breaking-point, will serve to break the ice, and put the reader in a receptive mood.

Most people put themselves on the defensive the minute they begin reading an advertisement. Hence it is the better part of wisdom to write just as you would talk; and above all, avoid the use of meaningless superlatives. A superlative is nearly always discounted thirty-three and a third per cent, anyway. Exaggeration is the rock on which many a fair business brig comes to untimely disaster.

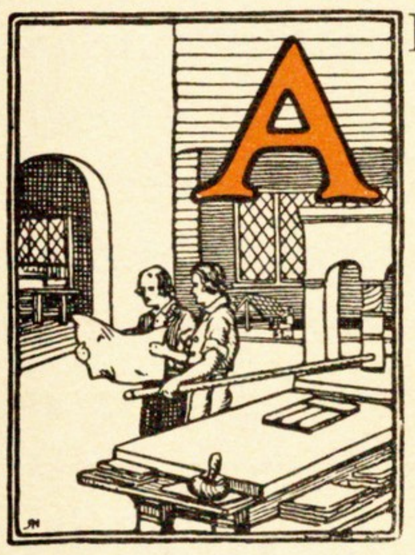
In the last analysis, advertising, like most everything else, is what you make it. To some it is a "game," to others a science. It can never be an *exact* science until the time comes when we can chart human nature. To me, advertising is an art, and like art, it is a "way"—the reasonable, the convenient way

EX LIBRIS



ALI BABA

Negative Advertising



AFFIRMATIVE advertising is pleasant publicity, plus salesmanship ℵ Negative advertising is unpleasant publicity, with intent to boost your own business by destroying the trade of your competitor. ¶ There have been instances where whole industries have been wiped out by negative advertising. Ten years ago there were in America at least a dozen successful manufacturers of incubators. These men started in to exposing the weak points of competitors. Things that they were not sure of they concocted, hinted at, and fished out of the cosmic ink-bottle.

So successful were these men in showing up the weak points in the business that they convinced the buying public that the whole thing was bunk.

All of them beckoned for the commissioner in bankruptcy, who graciously responded.

If these men in the same line of business had stood together in an educational, social and fraternal way and taught the people how to use incubators, they might all today be doing a successful business. For while it is a fact that it takes about as much genius to raise chickens as to prepare advertising, yet the thing can be done.

The business world has pretty generally come to the conclusion that to pound on a competitor is n't a very good way to sell your own goods.

Wise traveling salesmen do not do this sort of thing, but some people do in print that which they would not do by word of mouth.

I hold in my hand the catalog of a successful manufacturer of automobiles. The machine this concern makes, is, I believe, all that its manufacturer claims for it ℵ ℵ

Now this manufacturer is not content with emphasizing the excellence of his car, but he begins a campaign of hammering on the entire automobile industry. A casual reference to other makes by way of comparison would not be so bad, but this party devotes pages and pages to defaming competitors. Not only does he libel their commodities, but he attacks their credit. On page seven of this catalog I find: " Our car is gracefully free from harsh and broken lines, and awkward curves, and from garish and inharmonious details. No striving for effect and no discordant elements. Top-heaviness, characteristic of many cars, is absent from ours." On page thirteen I see a startling headline thus: " Do you know what 's happening? Sudden changes among automobile manufacturers warn buyers. Men who read financial news know that the

past year has seen an unusual number of borrowing operations, stock offerings, and failures among automobile-manufacturers. How these swift changes will affect car-buyers ought to be considered by those who intend to purchase cars, for nobody wants to make a bad bargain." ❧ ❧

Thus does this manufacturer throw a scare into every "prospect." Instead of supplying us courage, he gives us goose-flesh. Instead of encouraging the buying mood, he tries to stampede the public into a panic.

He goes on thus: "It is no secret that the automobile industry has been traveling at high speed ❧ Many an automobile-manufacturer has had expensive dreams of a golden harvest, and has permitted extravagant operations to go unchecked. This disregard for sound business methods, and the mistake of over-expansion, have already resulted in the bankruptcy of several companies that had been rated as highly successful.

¶ "When a manufacturer is forced into bankruptcy, as has already been the case more than once, the consequences are felt in some degree by every man who owns one of his cars. Cars bearing the name of the bankrupt maker become instantly discredited things, and the owner will make haste to dispose of his discredited machine as quickly as possible, at the same time pocketing a financial loss.

"You will find upon investigation that the number of absolutely dependable makers is not great; and so much the more reason, therefore, why you should know who these dependable makers are ❧ ❧

"By all means find a manufacturer whose present condition and outlook are free from doubt. Insist upon having the facts ❧ If the manufacturer can't show a clean bill of health, waste no time on him."

Then comes the man who puts out this wild, weird, rough stuff, with its rumors of bankruptcy and prophecies of evil, and with unblushing cheek gives his own capital, output and liabilities. The whole thing looks like the butting in of the newly-rich, or the bully bounce of the Mexican athlete. Having shown how most everybody else is treading the border-line of red ruin, this manufacturer puts his thumbs in the armholes of his vest, struts three times across the parlor, and lights a dollar cigar.

¶ The fact is, of course, that the whole automobile industry is a new enterprise, and the men who are making the most money today were poor yesterday. And this individual who is boasting of his solidity and comparing his own happy state with that of the parties he avers are hanging on by their eyebrows, belongs to the pioneer stage ❧ ❧

If this man has a beautiful car, and big resources and small liabilities, these things are well; but when he goes on to warn us not to deal with anybody else, he is sowing a crop of nettles. No business is on such a solid foundation that it can afford to carry its nose in the air and spit on those less fortunate.

¶ Here we get one of the penalties of success—a supercilious, bull-dozing, cocksure mental attitude.

Personally, if I were going to buy a car, I wouldn't buy of this man who

assumes the lordly strut, who boasts of his success, and intimates that the whole industry, outside of himself, is on the bink.

Let this man advertise the beauties of his own goods, but when he utilizes space in his catalog and in the magazines to convince the world that as an industry the whole automobile business is in a shaky financial condition, he overshoots the mark.

If he treads the border-line of libel, and deals in scandal and gossip concerning his competitors, is n't he a fairly good man to let alone? I think yes ☙ And my opinion is that lots of people will give him absent treatment.

¶ Here is the way he begins an advertisement in the *Century* Magazine: "Does your car get on your nerves? Do you come in from a run with your muscles tired and your nerves in a knot? Do your friends need a rest after riding with you? Does your wife prefer staying at home because she can't enjoy the wearing, pulsatory shocks of your car? Is the rear seat constantly shaking with comfort-destroying vibration? ☙ ☙

"Some cars are never comfortable. Cars so light that they are all the time bounding up from the road surface can never be made comfortable. Waste no money on shock-absorbers, for these can never cure the nerve-eating vibrations that are shot through a car by its motor." This is exactly on the order of the old-time medical advertisements that began by throwing a scare into you, convincing you that you had it.

If there were no demand for automobiles, if the people were sick of them, and they were not a practical every-day necessity of our lives, then this talk of dissolution and bankruptcy might have some point. The fact is, however, if one man can give away ten million dollars, which is supposed to be one-half of his profits for a year, then other men in the business can make a million dollars a year. Or if they make a hundred thousand dollars a year, clear, it is n't so awfully bad ☙ ☙

Tastes in automobiles differ; we do not all want the same machine. The great number of makes reveals a great number of variations in style, weight, size and general attractiveness.

So far, it looks to me as if there were room for all of the automobile-manufacturers who are in the business. The use of the automobile is increasing rather than lessening.

If we have been extravagant in buying automobiles, we are equalizing the matter by curtailing expenses in other directions. The lobster palaces are complaining: jewelers and dealers in precious metals and gems say that their business is suffering through the over-purchase of automobiles; fancy milliners and dressmakers the same. An argument can be made for automobiles that can not be made for the lobster-palace, and for extravagance in dress. The automobile takes you out into the open. Also, when you go out you take your wife and the kiddies; you visit your neighbors; you get acquainted with the great out-of-doors; you see the farms, the factories, the forests, the running streams. You grow

to have ideas on the subject of good roads and safe bridges, and a new world is opened up to your vision ❧ And when along comes a manufacturer of automobiles and fills up good newspaper space with scare-heads and such words as, "Caution," "Go Slow," "Who are you buying of?" "Can you afford it?" and "Remember there is a Risk," this man is injuring not only his own business, but the entire automobile industry. He is hitting his competitors without benefiting himself. This is what you call suicidal competition—industrial hara-kiri, or grouch gone to seed.

What does this man want to do who is pounding the automobile industry and prophesying bankruptcy for the manufacturer, and embarrassment and shame for the owner?

He can not possibly make all of the automobiles that the country needs. Is he not willing to thrive and allow others to thrive at the same time? Why does he "holler?" Well, my opinion is, that it is simply the habit of the ages cropping out; it is village gossip lifted to fortissimo; scandal with a brass band.

He does not know that a new day has arisen; that life today is affirmative; that the brotherhood of man is at the door. Co-operation is the big word now.

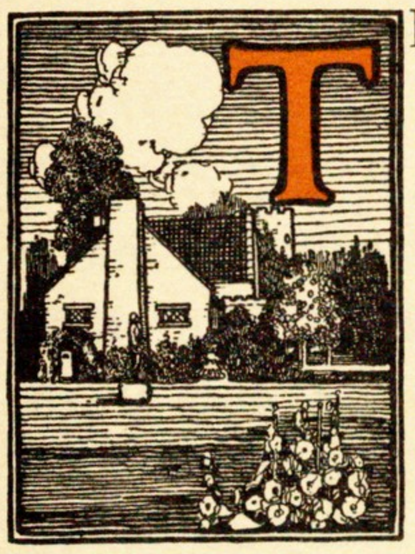
Every man in any line of worthy business ought to help every other man in the same line—this for the plain, simple, commonsense reason that when you put the skids under the other fellow's prospects, you slip the knock-out-drops into your own.

There is n't a single successful automobile-manufacturer today who has not at some stage in his career been assailed as shaky, irresponsible and on the slide. If outsiders knock, the automobile men can't help it, but when automobile-makers carry in their kipsies a goodly assortment of hammers for use on the heads of men in their own line of business, let the public sneeze ❧ What kind of a man is this who wants to thrive by tearing others down? Who hopes to build a monument to himself by scrapheaping the machine of a competitor—melting it up and making for himself a monument? ¶ Suppose fire, flood and earthquakes should sweep the factory of this man who runs the publicity trip-hammer, would all of us cease to ride in automobiles? Oh ho! and oh ho! Possibly we would ride in better automobiles, bought at cheaper prices.

Any man who thinks that he is necessary to the perpetuity of an industry would do well to take a look at himself in a mirror and make sure that his purity of purpose will stand the litmus test. Said Falstaff to Prince Hal, "Will there be no cakes and ale in England when thou art gone?"

Is this the Atlas of autos who bears upon his brawny shoulders the benzine world? If so, what will happen if he stubs his toe? Men in the same line of business should get together and stand by one another, and not get off in the corner of a magazine and throw spit balls ❧ Hey! up there, professor, hit 'er up a few—give us a taste of the turkey-trot, and nix on that funeral march! ❧ All together now, here we go for the best year we have ever had, 1914!

Humor in Advertising



THERE seems to be a growing science of advertising. It will never be complete. In fact, nothing ever is or will be finished.

Everything is in process

Mathematics itself is only a tentative agreement that two and two make four

Everything in the world is becoming something else.

There is only one thing in creation, and that is energy. This energy manifests itself in three shapes: atmosphere, hydrosphere, lithosphere — or, if you please, gas, water, rock.

These three forms, however, combine in a million ways. One of the things formed is man. His body is seventy per cent water, or more, ten per cent solid — the rest is gas.

This mass, vitalized in a certain way by Divine Energy, is man. When any one substance gets in excess, the particles that make up the man dissolve into their original elements and go on to make new combinations.

Advertising is a branch of the science of Psychology. And Psychology is the science of human minds and their relationship and influence on one another

Advertising includes two things, at least: one is publicity, the other is salesmanship. Before you can sell your commodity, the buyer has to know where it is, and something about it. So publicity precedes salesmanship

If you can fix the name of your article and its peculiar qualities in the mind of the prospective buyer, interesting him favorably concerning them, you have pretty nearly sold him a bill. About all that is required is his name at the bottom of the order-blank or application, or his mug at the ticket-window hammering for the thing that is at the end of his tongue.

That story of the tired, blase Englishman who appeared at a "booking-office" of the New York Central and asked for a ticket, and on being asked to what station, replied, "What stations have you, you know?" is simply fable. Individuals know what they want when they are laying down their good money

Advertising is an education of the public as to the things they need, also as to the things they want.

Advertising tells who you are, where you are, and what you may have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. The individual who has nothing to advertise is a dead one, whether he knows it or not, and the individual who does not advertise the things he has, is on the toboggan for

dissolution; and the constituent parts that make up his business will soon be evaporated into atmosphere, hydrosphere and lithosphere. Gas will probably get him.

A certain amount of lithosphere is absolutely necessary to life; but if you get too much you will have to order Lithia Water or drink buttermilk — according to Bishop Fowler and Doctor Tilden of Denver.

The Object of Advertising



SUPPOSE I need not try to prove here that the object of the written and printed advertisement is publicity. In other words, advertisements are to be read. An advertisement that is not read is not an advertisement at all. There are many advertisements so beautifully written, so faultless, so perfect, that they are "faultily faultless, splendidly null," dead perfection, no more. They impress no one. They contain neither wit nor wisdom. They are not bad enough to attract attention, nor good enough to thrill.

My idea is that a dash of humor in an advertisement is often a saving salt that will lure the reader on and fix in his mind the name of a thing, a person, a locality, which will eventually end in an order, and from one order into a permanent customer.

However, if an article is not absolutely bomb-proof, and a man is not a man from boots to bald spot, you had better not joke about him ☙ What he then needs is oblivion, silence and the kindly crematorium.

Only a big man is able to wear a nickname and carry it off jauntily. Very few men are fit to be called "Abe," "Joe," "Tom," "Bill," "Andy," "Sandy," or "Al." The man who is not right fifty-one per cent of the time you had better address as the Honorable Johnson Bumpkins; otherwise, your publicity will shunt him into the cosmic ditch.

But if a thing is genuine and possesses virtue, the smile is all right. The merry Ha-Ha! can always kill the bad thing. Lies well laughed at are out of the game; but you can never laugh down the Prudential and its Rock of Gibraltar.

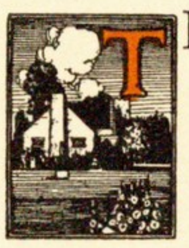
The Batten Boys and Pebeco



ALL of which is the result of a letter which I received from George Batten and Company, Advertising Agents, of New York City. Among the other valuable accounts that the Batten boys carry is that of Lehn and Fink, manufacturers of Pebeco ☙ I have tested Pebeco, personally, and tried it on my friends for a year or more. I am fully convinced that it is one of the finest preparations, if not the best, ever devised for the special purpose for which it is designed.

When Batten sent me a request to write six advertisements for Pebeco, I started in with one more or less humorous. Here it is:

Pebeco for Prevaricators



THE gentle Art of Lying is said to have had its beginning in the Garden of Eden.

As a result, man's days are full of toil and moil, and woman's life is filled with woe.

So was the knowledge of life paid for, and dearly.

Salvation has come upon the earth in many forms, but the Ananias Club still has a long waiting-list.

Since the first child "whacked" to his mother, there has been the not too gentle mouth-scrubbing, but seemingly to no avail.

The acid mouth exists. It causes tooth-decay, and tooth-decay means tooth-ache and language luminous and picturesque, but unfit for publication. Scientists avoid facing the truth, but the fact remains: the cause of acid mouth is lying. The Twentieth-Century mother is the first who has had a real scientific aid.

Pebeco Tooth-Paste will cure the acid mouth ☙ ☙

It is the one deadly foe to the enemy of the oral cavity. If teeth are to be saved from the effects of a lying tongue, they must be thoroughly scrubbed immediately after each offense.

This means that some will have to work overtime. All should use Pebeco Tooth-Paste once a day as a preventive. This will keep the mouth in perfect health and make truth-telling a toboggan-slide.

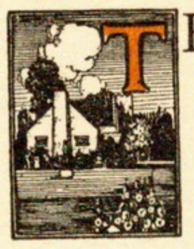
The child who is brought up with the Pebeco Habit will not spring white lies, and has less opportunity to develop the clinging habit of the red, black and blue, double deep-dyed prevarication of the maturer age.

The Pebeco Habit means that the Chancery Hold, and teeth and a soul may be saved.

Pebeco is becoming known through the land, and the generations shall rise up and call him blessed who has saved the race from its earliest and most deadly curse—acid in the oral cavity—late discovered to be caused by lying! And now the prophylaxis: Use Pebeco!

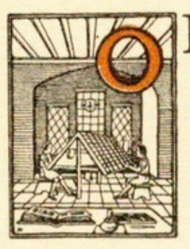
Write for trial tube and test-papers today. Yes, You! It may not be too late ☙ ☙

The Batten Advertisement



THIS copy came back from Batten with a sad epistle to the effect that my advertisement was preposterous and ridiculous and put Pebeco in an entirely wrong light before the public; and that neither George Batten and Company, nor Lehn and Fink, the manufacturers, would for an instant stand for any such trivial, trifling, unnecessary, absurd, foolish, insipid attempts at jocosity. If I wanted to advertise this excellent article, Pebeco, I must treat the whole thing in a dignified manner. Then was enclosed proof of an ad that was admitted to be about the proper caper. The advertisement that was enclosed I now print in full, nothing extenuating and setting down not in malice:

Does the Blue Test Paper Turn Pink?



ONLY five out of one hundred, so say the dentists, escape having their teeth damaged by "acid mouth." This unnatural acidity of the mouth, slight as the amount of acid may be, gradually weakens the hard, almost indestructible enamel and finally dissolves in places. Then the softer interior rapidly breaks down and the destruction of the tooth is accomplished.

To know at once whether you are one of the " lucky five " or whether you are one of the ninety-five whose teeth must some day give way to the attacks of " acid mouth," send to us for these test-papers and try the test illustrated above. With these test-papers you can prove scientifically and convincingly just where you stand.

" Acid mouth " turns the blue test-paper pink.

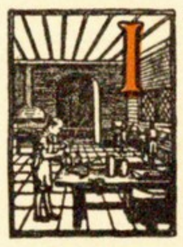
Just moisten a blue test-paper with the tip of the tongue and you prove the presence or absence of acidity in the mouth by exactly the same method that chemists use in their important laboratory tests and experiments. By the same test you can prove simply and strikingly that Pebeco Tooth-Paste is the one perfected dentifrice, scientifically formulated and chemically correct, which not only cleanses, whitens and polishes the teeth, but saves them by removing the cause of decay—" acid mouth."

Pebeco not only neutralizes acidity, but frees the mouth of the bacteria and germs underlying fermentation and acidity. It hardens soft, delicate gums and wards off many disorders of the mouth and throat with its prophylactic qualities. It is an effective deodorant, and gives the breath the sweetness and wholesomeness of health. Tartar and even stubborn discoloration are harmlessly removed by a consistent use of Pebeco. Gold fillings are brightened ☙ ☙

Pebeco is not a highly scented, saponaceous paste, but a perfect cleanser and preserver of the teeth, with a pleasant, revitalizing flavor that imparts to the whole oral cavity a refreshed, healthy sensation ☙ ☙

Pebeco originated in the laboratories of the P. Beiersdorf Company, Hamburg, Germany, and has long been recommended by conscientious dentists as a remarkably effective and absolutely harmless dentifrice-preserving the teeth from attacks of " acid mouth."

The Divine Kerosene of Pleasantry



IT will be noted that the advertisement of Batten and Company, which they put forth as a model, is serious, sincere, sober, grave and respectable. The only questions are: Will it be read, and does it contain enough essence of jamake so it will be remembered? The advertisement is certainly unobjectionable.

Personally, I think that humor has its place in advertising as it has in every other function of life. A joke at a funeral is not always out of place. When Mercutio gasped, " This is a grave subject," Bill Shakespeare embalmed his name in undying amber.

I have joked a few excellent men into immortality ☙ Certainly I have not tacked their hides on the barn-door of obliquity. I have sent them dancing, flitting, flying toward the empyrean. Just let us note the following: Flynn of Atlanta; Hotchkin of Oshkosh; Fox of Philadelphia; Ali Baba of East Aurora; Doctor Gould of Philadelphia; the Reverend Doctor Albertson of Rochester; Professor Jarrett Brumball of Boston; Dean Hart of Denver; Bruce Calvert of Pigeon Roost; Bill Reedy of Clonmel; Gimlet Norvell of Saint Louis.

These men are all now national fig-

ures, largely through the fact that I have anointed them with the divine kerosene of pleasantry.

Of course, there was a good deal of virtue in each individual; otherwise, it would not have been worth while. And if these men are ever ridiculous and preposterous, it will not be on my account, but because they have chosen to be. If any of these men have anything to offer the world in the way of talent or commodity, they now have a chance. They have been properly publicized ✍

A Case in Point



NE of the advertisements I wrote for Bre'r Fox has been copied into "Printer's Ink," "Successful Advertising," "The Business Philosopher," "Publicity," and several periodicals in Europe, reaching over two millions of readers without any charge. The Advertisement certainly did not hurt Fox. His business has doubled within a year—not on account merely of this one advertisement, but this advertisement helped him to get before the public as nothing else ever has. Here is the Fox ad:

At the Sign of the Rose—Fra Fox, He Knows



NCE there was a man in New York who thought he had an enemy. Perhaps he had. And a very good way to have enemies is to be one. Our enemies are our friends who do not understand us.

The bad blood had been circulating between these men for some years. Both were lawyers.

Suddenly the New York man had an idea: he would send his enemy a bouquet of flowers, because flowers symbol emotions, you know—project an aura—stand for a sentiment. I hope you get me ✍ ✍

And so the man forwarded to Fra Fox, who knows, at the Sign of the Rose—Fox, the friend of Philistines and interpreter of emotions—Five Dollars, with orders to send to the enemy a goodly bunch of the following, assorted, namely, to wit:

Stramonium, commonly called Jimson-Weed; Mimulus, misbegotten; Purslane, pulled plentifully; Skunk-Cabbage, a la mode; Chinkapin, done chuckaluck; Nightshade, a la carte; Pigweed, profuse; Burdock, biglienza; Cockleburs, copious; Burrmackintosh, bully-boy—all tied up with Rhus Toxicodendron.

¶ Fra Fox never before received an order like that. He never has received one since. He disregarded orders, as he always does when the man wants to send the wrong thing. He sent, instead, American Beauty roses—the giver's card enclosed.

The recipient was knocked off his Mephistic Perch.

He wrote asking forgiveness.

The other man now realized that he was an Anserine, Asinine Hippogriff.

¶ They met at Sherry's by appointment.

¶ Now they sleep in twin beds and hold hands—poetically speaking.

Comes here then a Sarcastic Cuss, and declares this story is a lie on the face of it, since no lawyer ever sent five dollars to anybody, not even as a matter of hate.

Waive this and enter a demurrer in my name. Judgment in favor of Fra Fox,

friend of Philistines—flower attorney for the Elect, and next-of-friend to all Lovers!

The Serious Side

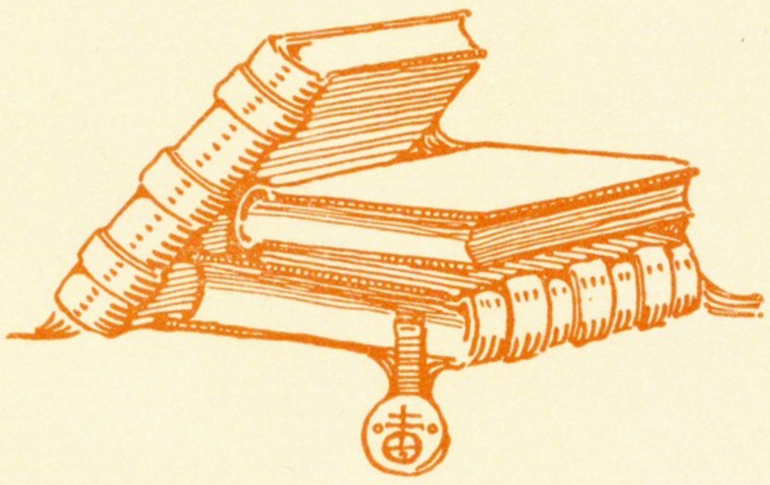


A FEW of the advertisements that I designed as pure joke matter were taken seriously and nearly swamped the supposed advertisers with orders. I once advertised "East Aurora Sage," and offered to send sage-plants franked through the mail. We received something like a thousand requests from excellent people, to whom we had to forward blueprints.

At another time I advertised "Laurel for Poets," and advised every poet or would-be poet to start a few laurel-trees before he ground out his stuff, so as to have everything ready. Orders came by the dozen for slips of laurel and laurel-seed.

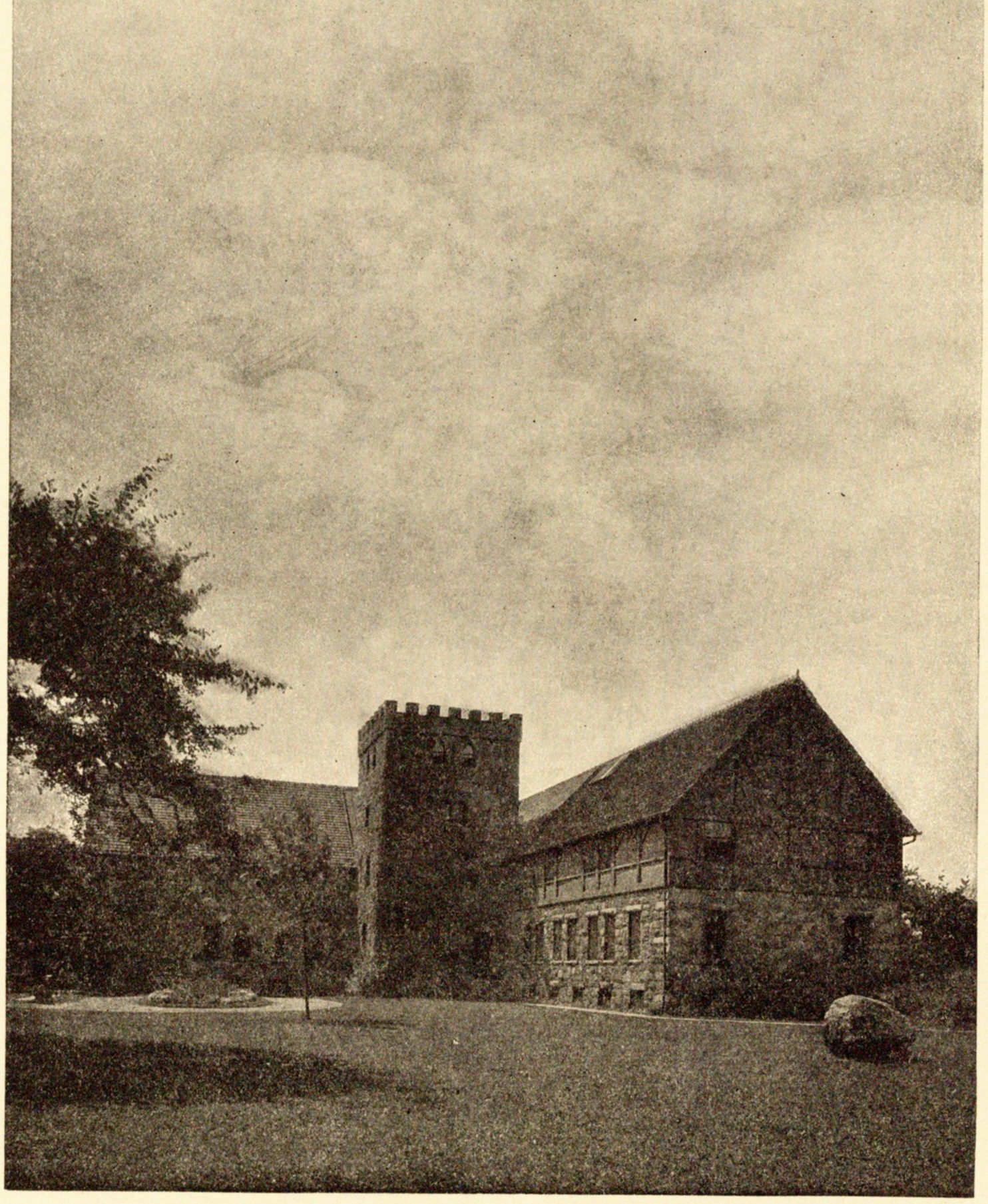
At another time I advertised that a certain Professor of Literature in the University of Chicago had discovered a way of making paper flowers that were really finer than the flowers made by God Almighty; that these flowers would deceive everything but bees, and it was expected as soon as the proper perfume was evolved that even the bees would be flim-flammed ✍ This Professor received hundreds of requests for bouquets. Some of the people sent money in advance, and the Professor got after me with Jaggers and Jaggers, Attorneys-at-Law, threatening to sue me for libel, and actually taking steps to get out an injunction against any more jokes. Publicity is not always desirable.

The simple point is this: Pebeco is an article of merit. Should it be advertised in a dead, serious, sober way—or is a smile and a glimmer of white teeth permissible? I leave the matter to the Elect, and invite replies; some of which I will publish if they carry the phosphorus and show the actinic ray. Now then! ✍ ✍



Advertisements

The majority of the ads shown on the following pages appeared in *The Fra*. ¶ *The Philistine* supplies the rest. ¶ They represent the cream of advertisers and advertising. Elbert Hubbard's clientele was a "who's who" of American Businessmen and for twenty years before his passing he was their Ambassador of Publicity. Every page is a photostat reproduction of the original. ¶ A dateline has been added for identification purposes and to lend further interest to the advertisement



ROYCROFT PRINT SHOP
Memorial Boulder in Right Foreground

TIME'S SENTINEL

WHAT a wonderful trip, could we but walk through Time's Gallery of Events ✻ Time, the All-Wonderful! Monarchies have risen out of nothing, and vanished again into the dust, but Time goes on. Heroes rise and fall. The surface of the Earth changes; the map is reconstructed; the World gives birth to a new art, a new civilization, a new religion, while Time smiles his smile of great contempt and holds his peace. Think you what strange tales he would have to tell, could we get past his cold reserve for one single moment; many a side-light would be thrown on the Great Men of History, and Women, too. But such is not for us!

All our apparent progress he has noted since the beginning of things, yet always preserved Sphinx-like silence. No doubt in his quiet way, he enjoys our hair-breadth attempts to clip seconds off so-called records. Must not we allow him the luxury of a smile, when some autoist, bent on what we call earthly fame, whirls around a circular-shaped track, only to dash his brains out eventually on one of its treacherous curves, in his race against Time?

Time has no real rival, yet his every breath is now recorded ✻ For centuries man felt that Time, of all things, should be watched. Not until the Howard Watch Company of Waltham, Mass., entered the field, however, was the matter *exactly* arranged. Now in all parts of the World, sentinels of insignificant size, but wondrous accuracy, keep pace with Time. Watches indeed! Second for second, during sixty-six years they have followed in his tracks, asking no favors, boasting not, yet proving worth and workmanship by the character of their movements. The Howard Watch controls Time, yet does not monopolize it ✻ The Howard has no competitor—it is unique, peculiar, distinctive. It stands alone.

HOWARD WATCHES

have been made since 1842, and the Howards made half a century ago are still being carried ✻ A Howard is like a "Stradivarius"—it never grows old. Edward Howard who originated the Howard Watch was a man of the Stradivarius type—he worked for twenty-five years before he made a watch that pleased him, and then he said, "Other men will make different watches, but they will never make a better one." He was right; they never have! ✻ Can you afford to spar with undivided time? Howard Watches solve the difficulty!

A little pamphlet, "Watch Wisdom," was written for you. Do you want it?

E. HOWARD WATCH COMPANY, WALTHAM, MASS.

A Little Sermon on TIME and Its Measurements

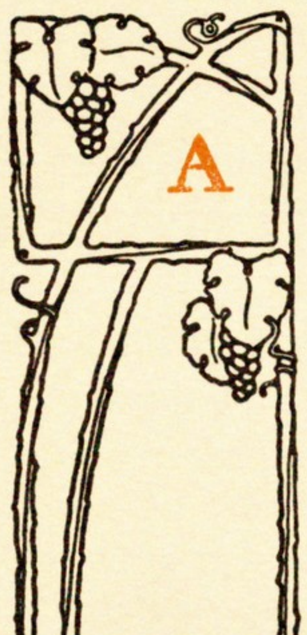
INFINITE time, like infinite anything, would be of small worth. Things assume a value in proportion to their rarity. Pippa passes, and prized the day because she had but one each year which she could call her own. ¶ To get a thing well done and quickly, you have to call on a busy man—the other kind, having all the time there is, have none. ¶ Macaulay said he wrote his essays on "stolen time," that is, time was so precious to him, having so little of it, that he seized upon every little stray bit and improved it to the utmost. ¶ We have heard of the rich man, condemned by disease to die, who offered a million dollars to the doctor who could give him a year of time ¶ To the toiler in the mine or mill an hour off, all his own, in the sunshine, is a Godsend. We are all living under sentence of death, with an indefinite reprieve, and life is beautiful because soon our eyes will be closed upon it forever. ¶ Nature knows nothing of time—time is for men. If life were without limit, we would do nothing. Life without death would be appalling. It would be a day without end—a day with no night of rest. Death is change—and death is a manifestation of life. We are allowed to live during good behavior, and this is what leads men toward truth, justice and beauty, for these things mean an extension of time, and happiness instead of misery. ¶ We work because life is short, and thru this work we evolve. The Master Man is simply one who has worked wisely and intelligently, and thru habit has come to believe in himself. ¶ God made the sun and sends the planets spinning thru space, but man made the sundial, and then a machine for measuring and recording time. He called it a watch because it watched the moments and never slept. The perfect watch is a very modern product. Skilled horologers say the

HOWARD WATCH

is a perfect instrument, or as nearly so as man will ever make. It is as near perfect as a Stradivarius violin, or a painting by Turner, the two things which Ruskin thought, among all man's creations, were perfect ¶ The best men now carry HOWARD WATCHES and the rest set their watches by the Howard Watches that the best men carry. Ask your horologer

E. HOWARD WATCH CO., Dept. W., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

WATCH WISDOM, by Elbert Hubbard, on request



A WORTHY monk in the year 1232, wrote: "If this thing of book-making is kept up, the world cannot produce enough sheep and goats to supply the skins." ❧ Good vegetarians were refusing to read books because they were printed on vellum, made from skins.
Something must be done.
So paper was invented.
The Japanese had made paper for a thousand years before, from a pulp made from the fibre of plants. They still make paper in the same way under the supervision of the Government. It is made by hand and costs a dollar a pound. ¶ It fell upon the Americans, however, to make the best machine-made paper and the "STRATHMORE QUALITY" brands of Book, Cover and Writing Papers are undoubtedly the finest. STRATHMORE JAPAN is the first in the Book Papers and is good enough for the best edition of books ever published and without the excessive cost of hand-made ❧ This paper embodies characteristics never before attained. ALEXANDRA JAPAN costs about half what STRATHMORE does. Of its class and price there is none other as good. This and the first issue of THE FRA shows the 90 lbs., 25x38, Cream, Plate Finish, for the Cover. There are seven other items including a white. Fra Rosen says, "We use it for poetic reasons and because it is strong, rarely beautiful, lasting, takes a good impression and is moderate in price." ¶ For printed matter that is worth while; for the kind you like to see and show; the kind you keep and the kind most appreciated, there is nothing as good as "STRATHMORE QUALITY." Printers and publishers can show you samples or we will be glad to send them.

Mittineague Paper Co., Mittineague, Mass., U.S.A.
MAKERS OF "STRATHMORE QUALITY"

What a pity flowers can utter no sound!—A singing Rose, a whispering Violet, a murmuring Canterbury Bell,—Oh, what a rare and exquisite miracle would these be!—*Beecher*

BEECHER was an Old-Fashioned Man—a New Englander of pure mind and sweet thoughts; to him flowers symbolized the good in the world—one of his greatest pleasures was to walk thru his garden in the early morning among the Canterbury Bells while they were yet wet with dew, and croon to them as tho they understood. 'T is said, this was his inspiration.

Many of the gems of Literature that Beecher willed to the world first saw the light of day in his Old-Fashioned Garden. But then, who has not during life received a message from a Violet, a Canterbury Bell, or some such simple flower!

Few of us fail to look back to a time when we, too, walked the paths of some Old-Fashioned Garden with a certain Some One, or leaned across the garden wall to whisper a question that was not meant for the flowers to hear. Think you the garden's influence had aught to do with the answer?

Whether or not the real Old-Fashioned Garden and Old-Fashioned Flowers have their origin in New England is of no importance. These people seem to have the happy knack of supplying that homely, homelike touch which beautifies everything.

In this same county Longfellow, Whittier and Hawthorne lived out-of-doors with their plants every year, while in their own minds flourished the flowers that were afterwards transplanted in the Garden of Literature.

¶ Just a few miles from Longfellow's home in Cambridge there is an

Old-Fashioned New England Garden

presided over by Old New England Folks; and every summer they entertain right royally. If you love OLD-FASHIONED FLOWERS the Rawson Folks of Marblehead, Mass., want you to call and see them —any time this summer will suit. Of course they'll let you buy a few for your Own Garden—if you insist—that's understood.

For the convenience of friends who cannot get away to see the Farm they have a little office in Boston that will attend to all inquiries.

W. W. Rawson & Co., 5 Union St. Boston, Mass.

Proprietors Rawson's Farm, Marblehead, Mass.

THEIRS IS THE MODERN EDEN

IT is the way of man first to dream, then to doubt, then to despair, and finally to sneer both at his dream, his doubt and his despair. Human history is continually going this round of evolution—with its poets, its sceptics, its pessimists, and its cynics. An age of spiritual despair has recently passed into a brief period of bitter and brutal cynicism, but the moon of change is once more bringing in the dreams. Once more man again begins to "think nobly of the soul." Certain coarse old voices will no doubt have him merely a ridiculous animal still, but their audiences are thinning. Young men, in belated imitation, are to be heard preaching their little gospels of brutality, and vainly hoping to stem the rising tide of idealism by miscalling it "sentimentalism," but such are wearing last year's fashions.

¶ There has never been sufficient life in cynicism to allow it a long day. A little stinging fly loses its sting as it uses it—and though the natural history of the illustration be fabulous, its application will serve. Sentimentalism! After all, is there any sentimentalism more shallow and dangerous than the sentimentalism of brute force, the sentimentalism which glorifies man's lust of destruction, and bids the ape and the tiger rise again? If to practice pity, and to seek peace be sentimentalism, to prefer gentleness to cruelty, beauty to ugliness, self-sacrifice to selfishness,—then blessed be sentimentalism.

—Richard Le Gallienne

Fear, hate and prejudice deprive a person of the power to arrive at correct conclusions.

All of the best literature is autobiography, that is to say it is a confession.—W. D. Howells

A CONFESSION

THIS is an advertisement written by "John," alias "The Fra," erstwhile Elbert Hubbard, being a little labor of love for his friends, The Aeolian Company. Furthermore, this advertisement has the unique quality of being literally true. I have written one Little Journey a month for fourteen years. The best selling series, as well as the best selling book I have ever written is "Little Journeys to the Homes of Great Musicians." The musicians I wrote about in this series are as follows: Wagner, Liszt, Bach, Schumann, Brahms, Mozart, Paganini, Chopin, Handel, Mendelssohn, Verdi, Beethoven.

Now I am not a musician, although I have ever listened to music with keen delight. But the names of the great composers, and their best pieces, were to me merely names. I decided to write of Great Musicians simply because I knew nothing about them, which is surely excuse enough for choosing a theme. I began with Richard Wagner, because he was arrested for speechifying on street corners in Dresden. This interested me, for I once was given a ride in the hurry-up wagon for the same offense ❧ Beside that Wagner could never play the piano, and therein he also resembled me—we seemed to have things in common. So I wrote my Little Journey to the Home of Wagner. Three days afterward I read it, and it was so Class B punk that I tore up the MS. and chucked it into the waste-basket.

A few days after this I lectured in a town on the same evening that Paderewski played there. We stopped at the same hotel. I cut my Effort a little short, so to hear his last piece. He knew I was coming in late, and like the true gentleman that he is, he added two numbers to his program, just for me.

After the recital we had a little Dutch Lunch and I told him of my experience with the "Wagner." "If I could hear you play every day, I could write some Good Stuff," I said.

❡ He smiled, replied, "Buy a Pianola, and play for yourself."

The next day I was in New York and met Rev. Hugh Pentecost, orator, thinker, poet and honest man. I told him of what Paderewski had said. "Good," he replied, "come home and have dinner with me and I 'll play my Pianola for you."

That evening Hugh played for me, and the next day I bought a Pianola.

I began on Wagner, and the satisfaction I got out of playing was for me a glad surprise. I seemed to get acquainted with my man—he was very near to me. I knew his trials, struggles, disappointments, aspirations, hopes, joys. Sometimes I mopped as I played—just as I do when I write, and I write well occasionally. After playing for half an hour I would write, and my pencil could n't keep up with my thoughts.

Each composer was taken up in the same way ❧ I played his music until I seemed to know the man—I bathed me in sweet sounds. Then I bought another Pianola and put it in the Roycroft Bookbindery, and one of the girls used to play for the workers, to their great delight. I think I could write a better series of "Musicians" now—I have more harmony in my cosmos I hope than I had then, less grump, grouch and growl in my fortissimo. Then the Pianola Piano is a better instrument than I at first used. For one thing, it has the Metrostyle, which gives the proper swing to a composition —helps to make plain the thought that was in the composer's mind.

The Weber Pianola Piano is a great boon for a Business Man—it brings to him the joy and zest of producing the music himself. It is educational and it is a rest and relaxation for tired nerves. It tends to sanity, strength and length of days. Music stirs the imagination to the creative point. And the reason I know is because I have tried it.

CAUTION:—There is but one Pianola. Do not make the mistake of supposing because a music store sells Piano-players that it sells the Pianola and Pianola Piano. Only the Aeolian Company makes the genuine Pianola and Pianola Piano ❧ Send for our Booklet S

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Aeolian Hall: 362 Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-fourth Street, New York, U. S. A.

That Man Has Nothing On His Mind But His Hat!

SO sayeth the Wiseacre with a knowing Wink ¶ But the Wiseacre betrayeth feeble judgment and falleth far short in his joke, provided the man weareth a Knox Hat. ¶ Prithee, Kind Friend, do not cast the slur salebrous at an advocate of Knox. Be assured his thoughts travel on a high plane, when he circleth his top-piece with the Hat of his Grandsire. People of Quality wear hats of Quality, even unto the Third Generation. ¶ Latter-day prophets who proclaim ever and anon, in voice sonorous, "What was good enough for Grandpapa suits this chickee from the Head Up," refer, of course, to

STYLE KNOX HATS *SERVICE*

Immortals sanctify their thoughts under Knox Hats

Address: Knox Hats, Planet Earth

GREAT DISCOVERIES

THE world was discovered in Fourteen Hundred and Ninety-two. Man was discovered in Seventeen Hundred and Seventy-six. But woman was not discovered until Eighteen Hundred and Seventy-six

¶By a curious coincidence, it was in Philadelphia, the home of B. Franklin, Printer, that man was discovered and his presence first announced. Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Paine, Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry and B. Franklin, Printer, are the men to whom we are most indebted for the discovery.

¶By a still further curious coincidence it was in Philadelphia, at the Centennial Exhibition that woman was discovered. The two great things exhibited at the Centennial were the Typewriter and the Telephone.

¶The Telephone was regarded by most people as a hoax. I talked with a man they said was five miles away—but I knew better.

¶The Typewriter I could understand, and also, in degree, the Typewritist. She was an expert pianist, and the belief then was that only a person who had the "piano touch," could become an expert operator on the Typewriter.

¶In Eighteen Hundred and Eighty I saw an advertisement of a New York music teacher, wherein the professor warranted all of his pupils to play well enough, so if they were really not great pianists, they could at least get jobs operating Typewriters.

¶Sometime between Eighteen Hundred and Eighty and Nineteen Hundred and Nine it was discovered that the Typewriter is just as easy to operate as a lead pencil and the man who buys a Typewriter today would no more think of consulting the professor to acquire the "piano touch" than he would of taking a correspondence course in the science of using the Telephone.

¶The greatest discovery since the Typewriter is the Monotype; a combination of a Typewriter and a Type Foundry. The compositor who operates the Keyboard of this wonderful machine makes out an order for the type required. This order is a strip of perforated paper, not unlike a piece of music for a pianola, and as it passes through the Casting Machine, that Type Foundry produces the type, not in packages to be sorted into cases and laboriously picked from these letter by letter, but in perfectly justified lines on galleys ready for proving. You don't believe it? Neither did we until we tried it.

¶The Roycrofters hesitated for months before buying the Monotype for fear its product would not be equal to hand-work—the best hand-work with new type—Roycroft work. When it comes to machine quality being equal to hand quality East Aurora is located in the geographical center of the State of Missouri, and until this point was demonstrated we were not sufficiently interested to have any other doubts. We were shown, and now the Fra, Philistine and Little Journeys are showing Monotype quality.

¶Our next doubt was that we would have to import a skilled operator for the Keyboard—a man expert in Monotyping, but with everything to learn about the style of Roycroft work. It takes time to learn that and it isn't pleasant to teach a prima donna, male or female. Therefore we held off. Had the Monotype Folks had their new Style D Keyboard then we would not have hesitated a minute.

¶We admire the Monotype, it is a monument to creative genius but after seeing the Style D Keyboard we admire more than ever the Monotype makers for their ability to restrain their inventive talent. The writer of "Class A Stuff" who uses an apt quotation does so, not because he needs help, but to gain force.

¶Instead of inventing a new Keyboard the Monotype Company has "quoted" the Universal Typewriter, for the key arrangement and action of the Style D Keyboard are exactly like any standard Typewriter, except that the operator has at his finger ends *six* alphabets, Roman CAPS and lower case, *Italic CAPS and lower case* and **Bold Face CAPS and lower case.**

¶Good bye, Expert. Farewell, Prima Donna. Any compositor can operate this new composing machine at sight, and after a little practice by the touch system. Instead of the machine requiring him to learn a new trade the compositor uses this typewriter composing machine to apply his knowledge of typography.

¶To those interested in the installation of composing machinery the Monotype Company asks this pertinent question:

WOULD YOU BUY A TYPEWRITER WITHOUT THE UNIVERSAL KEYBOARD

LANSTON MONOTYPE MACHINE COMPANY, 1231 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

March, 1909

LORD ELGIN was an Admiral in the British Navy. In the year Eighteen Hundred he had a fleet anchored in the Bay of Athens. One of his boats needing ballast, he loaded up with the broken fragments of the Parthenon. Some of these armless and headless marbles had lain buried in the sand since before the time of Christ, where they were tumbled from their pedestals by the ruthless Romans, who thought they were gods.

A little later a Roman general issued an order that any Roman soldier mutilating a Greek statue, would be compelled to make one just as good. After eighteen hundred years, the unspeakable Turk completed the ruin which the Romans had begun. Then comes Lord Elgin, who sensed the value of these priceless relics of the grandeur that was Greece. The British Nation paid him seventy thousand pounds for the fragments, and they now repose in the Lord Elgin Room, the glory of the British Museum. "Be on time," was the motto of Lord Elgin.

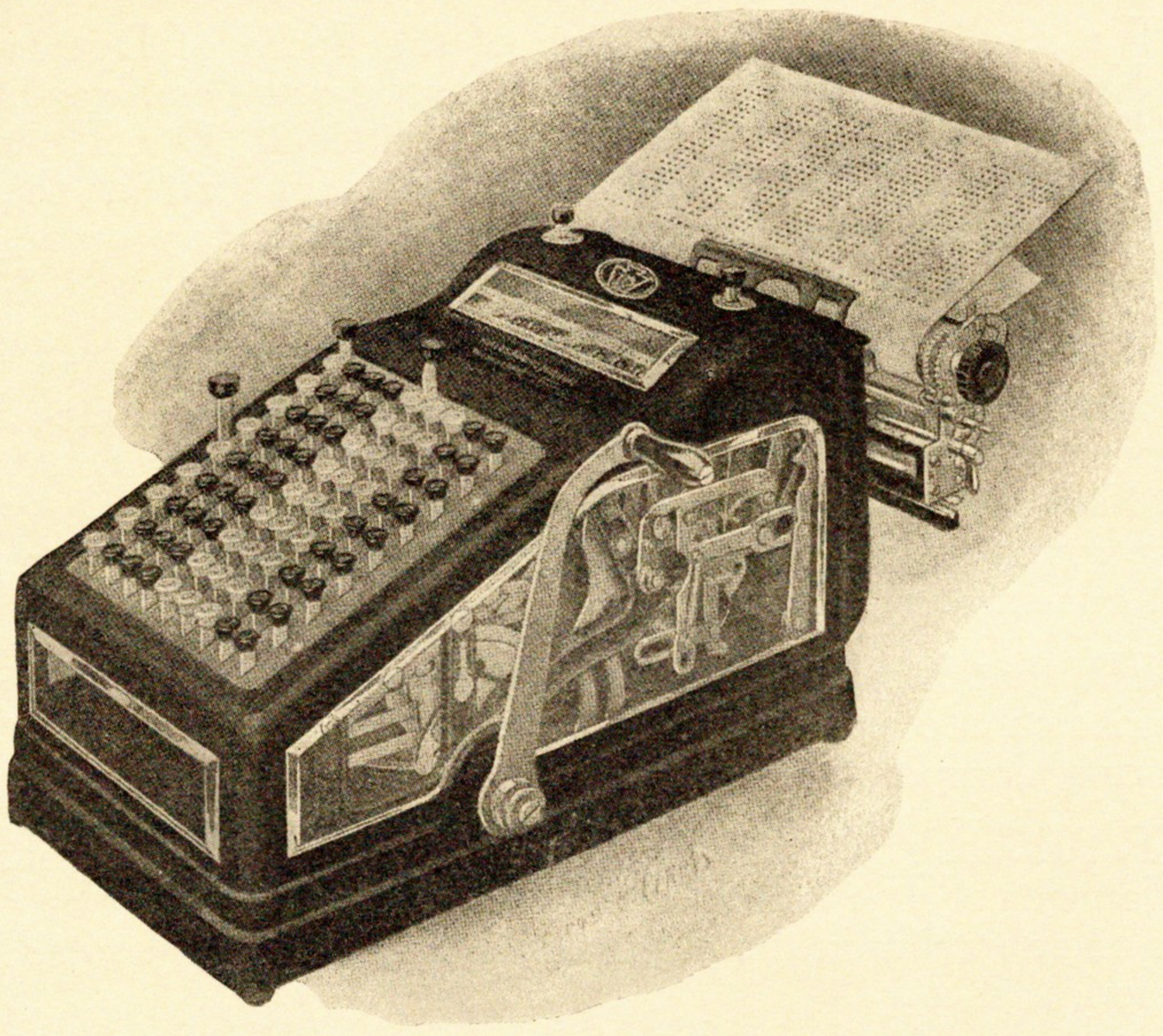
The City of Elgin, Illinois, was named in honor of Lord Elgin, by English settlers. Elgin is the Home of the Elgin National Watch Company, an institution that makes more watches and better watches than any concern on earth. The Greeks had sun-dials and hour-glasses, but the watch is a modern invention. The Elgin Watch is to watches, what Greek Art is to sculpture. If it were possible to make better watches, the Elgin Folks would surely do it. Ask your horologer.

"Be on Time!" And if you carry an Elgin, it is easy, for your watch reacts upon your character. "BE ON TIME!"

THE NATIONAL WATCH COMPANY

ELGIN, ILLINOIS, U. S. A.

WALES VISIBLE PROSPERS



Trust Tricksters Thwarted

JUDGE HALSEY, Equity Court, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on February 6th last, handed down an Opinion, a decision, that put a crimp in the newest-born Hope of The Adding Machine Trust. "Hands Off The Wales Visible!" said Judge Halsey. "The Evidence shows that these people are making the Best Adding Machine on the market, making it honestly, and selling it at an honest price.—Hands Off!" ¶ Some time ago, Trust Sales Managers recognized that unless a certain something happened to the Wales Visible Adding Machine, Business for them would wane. Discriminate Business Men everywhere asked, "In what way are your Machines superior to The Wales Visible?" Of course Trust Salesmen were stumped; some things can't be explained, nor belittled. A Bluff will not sell an Adding Machine to a Twentieth Century Financier. ¶ So Trust Sales Decreased. An "Indignation Meeting" was called. Old Trust Tricksters recommended a little "underground purchasing." You know, when fair competition fails, there are several other Methods left. Trust Heads decided to buy a controlling interest in our Company. ¶ Offering a price double the par Value of Our Stock, Trust Agents secretly purchased almost 33 per cent of the entire amount, before they reached the bone and sinew of Our Organization. There they stopped. Our Brains, Blood and Beeswax were concentrated in those remaining Shares. Prices soared. Feeling the positive need of annexing The Wales Visible, ridding The Trust of its Peerless Competitor, money was not spared. But no more Stock could be bought at any price. Stone-wall resistance on the part of Our "Old Guard" compelled a change of tactics. ¶ Then the Trust President in whose name the betrayal stock had been purchased, believed he could at least disrupt Our Company; he sought to "kill" our fine product by introducing internal strife. So he served notice on Our Trustees that he, *as a member of Our Company*, Owner of 943 Wales Visible Shares, refused to abide by their decisions or judgments; henceforth he would be a secessionist, a revolutionist. You see he hoped to frighten us into a quick, conciliatory sale. ¶ Right here we rallied to the Colors; we carried the Case to Court and asked the learned Judge to decide whether or not these Trust Brigands had any Right to interfere with our Legitimate Business. ¶ On February 6th, 1909, Judge Halsey scathingly condemned Trust Tactics, and decided the case in Our Favor. "Hands Off The Wales Visible!" said Judge Halsey. "The Evidence shows that these people are making the best Adding Machine on the Market, making it honestly and selling it at an honest price.—Hands Off!"

LET US EXPLAIN TO YOU

why The Trust wanted The Wales Visible Adding Machine. Let us explain to you how this machine serves the Business Man. Let us explain to YOU the exact Workings of this "Mechanical Brain." Write for Information

NO ERRORS! NO BACK TALK! NO DAYS OFF!

THE ADDER MACHINE CO., Factory and General Offices **WILKESBARRE, PENNA.**

A Declaration of Independence

BY THE KNOX HAT MANUFACTURING COMPANY

AT a regular monthly meeting of the Board of Directors of The Knox Hat Manufacturing Company, held at The Knox Hat Works, Brooklyn, on Monday, December Fourteenth, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Three, and a quorum being present, the following Resolutions were read, and upon motion duly made, seconded and carried, were UNANIMOUSLY adopted:

¶ Inasmuch as the employees of The Knox Hat Manufacturing Company, of the Borough of Brooklyn, who are members of the United Hatters of North America, have violated their written and signed contract, dated December Fifteenth, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Two, and running for three years from that date, which they had made with this Company, and having left our employ, it is

RESOLVED, that hereafter the United Hatters of North America shall have no jurisdiction over the Manufacturing Department of The Knox Hat Manufacturing Company; and it is

FURTHER RESOLVED, that the Board of Directors hereby instructs the General Manager of The Knox Hat Works never to employ any man who may retain membership in the organization known as the United Hatters of North America; it is

FURTHER RESOLVED, that we heartily endorse the action of Mr. MacFarland, the General Manager, in employing other men to take the places of those who have left our employ, and we hereby authorize him to engage all the men that may be needed who are not members of the United Hatters of North America; it is

FURTHER RESOLVED, that from this date The Knox Hat Works shall be conducted as an INDEPENDENT FACTORY; and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that no negotiations in the future will be made with the officers of the United Hatters of North America, the action taken by Mr. MacFarland, the General Manager of The Knox Hat Works, in this matter is FINAL and will NEVER be rescinded.

E. M. KNOX, President
ROBERT T. BIXBY, Secretary

Brooklyn, December 14, 1903

Elbert Hubbard, Editor THE FRA, East Aurora, New York

Dear Fra Elbertus:

I glory in your stand on the Tyranny of Labor. O'Sullivan should return from whence he came as freedom is not for him.

Success to you,

E. M. KNOX

Art is the expression of man's joy in his work.—*William Morris*

A MUSICAL CRITIC

WHO NEVER HAD A MUSICAL TRAINING

I know a man in Buffalo, who had incipient nerv. pros.—that is to say, Nervous Prosperity. He owned more things than he could use. He was where he could n't sleep very well, nothing tasted like mother used to make, and all entertainments were a bore.

I took the liberty of ordering a Pianola sent to this man's house on suspicion. Then I went over to show the man how to operate it.

My friend caught it, and when I was around there the other day, he was illustrating an impromptu lecture on music by playing from Mendelssohn, Chopin and MacDowell.

The music was medicine enough for him—it was all he needed—and he was happier and better than I had seen him for years.

Music is a collaboration between the listener and the performer ❧ In this operation the listener's part is a passive one, but as he listens, often in imagination he fuses himself with the player, and, in fact, for the moment is the performer.

That is to say, the listener is a vicarious player. This is what is called "getting an atmosphere," or a oneness of feeling between the audience and performer.

In Ruskin's "Modern Painters," the argument is made that everybody should paint and draw in order that they may be good critics.

Your enjoyment of art requires that you, yourself, must have tried to create art; otherwise you are not able to sympathize with the master in his difficulties and rejoice with him in his triumphs.

That is to say, you must be a brother to the artist, in order to get the fullest degree of delight from his art.

The absolute truth of this statement never came to me until I tried to produce music by my own efforts.

There is music you admire, and then there is the other kind of music—the kind you enjoy. One is a thing outside yourself, and the other is that which is very close home.

I discovered that any piece of music which I had played on the Pianola gave me an especial delight when I heard it played upon the stage.

In anticipation of attending a "Grieg evening" I set to work studying Grieg with the help of the Pianola. By playing over certain pieces I became sort of en rapport with the master. The harmonious discords that seem to mark his individuality appealed to me.

I got joy, before unguessed, out of that Grieg evening.

There is a great fascination in doing things for yourself. It kind of lifts you out of yourself, and gives you the pleasure of patting your cosmic self on the back.

Any exercise of our powers that produces harmony is a joy and a satisfaction.

By the use of the Pianola the performer accents, emphasizes, gives the crescendo and the diminuendo, not to mention the allegretto and the fortissimo—goes back and plays it over, if he wishes—calls in the family and the neighbors to listen, and thus gets at the heart of it, all by himself.

I am not an educated musician and yet mainly by my own efforts I feel on close and familiar terms with the great Music-Makers of history. The men are dead and turned to dust, but the record of their dreams survives, and I at will can produce their melodies. Richard Wagner could not perform his own scores on the piano But I can repeat them on the Pianola, just as Franz Liszt played them. Wagner and Liszt are very near to me.

—Being an Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

CAUTION:—There is but one Pianola. Do not make the mistake of supposing because a music-store sells Piano-players that it sells the Pianola and Pianola Piano. Only the Aeolian Company makes the Pianola and Pianola Piano ❧ Send for our Booklet S.

THE AEOLIAN COMPANY

Aeolian Hall: 362 Fifth Avenue, near Thirty-fourth Street, New York, U. S. A.

Charity or Business—Which?

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

THE germ of both life and fire insurance had its rise in the custom of taking up a collection for the stricken family. We all chipped in, in the hope and expectation that if we were snuffed out by sickness or accident, the neighbors would do as much for us. When I lived in Kansas I well remember how when a farmer, who owned the next eighty to my father's, was killed by a runaway team, we all turned out and plowed the widow's fields, planted her crops and cared for her live stock. That she was young and comely probably had much to do with the ready and cheerful service which we brought to bear. So it seems that it was largely a matter of mood. Life-insurance avoids the uncertainty of leaving things to the neighbors. It is a business plan, founded on the laws of mathematics and sound economy, to provide for those dependent upon us in case of death. Life-insurance is no longer charity, or quasi-altruism, any more than fire-insurance is. Life-insurance is a duty, and it is a privilege. To eliminate the distressing results of death, through insurance, payable to business partners, wife or children, seems but common prudence. Lord Nelson in his will left his wife and daughter "to the tender care of the British Nation, to which I have given my life." And the wife and daughter—gravitated to the poorhouse; for what is everybody's business is nobody's business. Don't leave your loved ones to the care of the public or the neighbors. The neighbors may have troubles of their own. Cut out risk, accident and worry, by life-insurance. There are no microbes in a life-insurance policy. Some folks can not get life-insurance. Possibly you can not. If so these words are not for you.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

OF THE UNITED STATES

"STRONGEST IN THE WORLD." The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them

Paul Morton, President **One Hundred Twenty Broadway, New York City**

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there—Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the Equitable.

POETS, PENCILS AND PERICLES

An Advertisement By ELBERT HUBBARD

Robert Southey was Poet-Laureate of England. He succeeded a worthy gentleman by the suggestive name of Pye. Robert Southey and Samuel Coleridge married sisters. The quartet ran away one fine moonlight night, captured by the cosmic urge.

Southey and his wife were happy ever afterward; excepting when Coleridge came to visit them, which he once did and left his wife in the care of her sister, and never came back. They lived at Keswick, where the water comes down from Lodore.

Right near the foot of the waterfall, or where the waterfall is supposed to be when the stream is running, is an old lead-pencil factory, founded by the grandfather of the man who now runs it.

It is a clean little shop, and in this shop, Mrs. Coleridge worked for a stipend of twelve shillings a week. Every visitor at Keswick now visits the old pencil-factory, and has his name stamped on a lot of pencils while he waits.

I bought a dozen of them, and every Christmas now the man who owns the shop sends me a dozen more gratis, and I send him a Roycroft Book.

They are splendid pencils, almost as good as those made by the father of Henry Thoreau—who made splendid, good pencils that were pushed successfully by his son and by Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Great literature is always written with lead-pencils—I always write with a lead-pencil, and before I start away on a little journey I pocket a dozen Blaisdells, and then lie in wait for ideas.

My business is to transmute a feeling into a thought; and in this process I have been greatly aided, abetted and blessed by the Blaisdell lead-pencil. If there is a better pencil than the Blaisdell, I have never discovered it. Even a woman can sharpen one!

Blaisdell Paper Pencils come in grades of lead suitable for all purposes, from writing advertisements to checking lumber. Also made for special business uses, for art-work, photography, copying, etc., *and in nine different colors.*

Any two of the best grade of Blaisdell Pencils will be mailed to you, postpaid, for Ten Cents. State purpose intended for, or color desired. Address

The Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co.

4405 Wayne Avenue Philadelphia, Pa.

LOVE-TOKENS

FLOWERS are Nature's great advertising mediums. ¶ The exquisite colors; the geometrical forms; the pungent or delicate perfumes are for the purpose of attracting attention, and bringing about a certain result

Then man takes up the idea, and by artificial selection and careful nurture, a wayside weed is transformed into a rare and beauteous creation, and a new breed of beauty is born. ¶ To gain the finest flower effects, Nature demands man's aid. In truth, however, it is all Nature anyway, for man is a manifestation of Nature, quite as much as is the flower. His ancestry is divine and we all trace to Sinai.

But today man is using flowers for a purpose all his own. Flowers, outside of the perfumer's use, have a value only as a symbol of sentiment. But this is a sufficient excuse. More flowers are being sold today than ever before in the history of the world. This tokens two things—one is that there is more sentiment in the world than there ever has been before, and the next is, that there is more money. ¶ The beauty of flowers has been sung since the days of Solomon and his Shulamite Maiden, and this was a thousand years before the time of Christ. Shakespeare's immortal work, if understood aright, was but a love emanation. Shakespeare has over three hundred references to flowers. "When daisies pied and violets blue, and lady-smocks all silver white, do paint the meadows with delight."

Flowers were sold on the streets of London in Shakespeare's time, but they were wild flowers, gathered in meadows, byways and hedgerows.

The domestication of flowers seems to have come in with John Wesley in the early part of the Eighteenth Century.

We hear of Wesley giving out flower-seeds and encouraging his converts to plant gardens, as a remedy and refuge against the lure of the alehouse.

Once, near Burslem, Wesley reined in his old horse, Timothy, to see a flower-bed in front of a house. Such sights evidently were not very common, for Wesley made note of it in his diary thus: "His name is Josiah Wedgwood. He is small and lame, but he has a flower-garden and his soul is near to God."

You see that John Wesley assumed that any man who raised flowers had a "soul that is near to God." He might truthfully have added that any man who loves flowers is in love with a woman; and that the love of man for woman and woman for man is the one thing which brings us near to God—but John Wesley never ventured quite that far, and his later experience did not bear out the assumption.

Flowers are Nature's nuptial decorations.

Flowers are lovers' properties, and well might lovers warn all else to keep hands off. "If I had but two loaves of bread I 'd sell one of them to buy White Hyacinths to feed my soul," was the remark of a man very much in love, whether he knew it or not.

Flowers symbol sentiment, and naught else. They can not be hypothecated nor preserved. They touch heart-chords like sweet music, or the memory of days agone.

Not only does all the world love a lover, but lovers love all the world. ¶ A certain pair of married lovers imagine that I have been of much benefit to them in a mental and spiritual way. They first met each other on a Philistine basis. She was riding in a street-car, reading

M. G. W.

April, 1910

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

the Good Stuff. He got opposite; and taking a "Philistine" out of his side pocket, she glanced over and smiled.

That started it.

Every now and then they surprise me with a sumptuous gift of flowers.

¶ They keep track of where I am lecturing and then with the aid of Charles Henry Fox, the Violet-Shop man, they drop bouquets in upon me as I barnstorm the one-night stands.

Think of going to my hotel in Milwaukee, and finding on my dresser a bushel-basket of American roses! I go on to South Bend, and there on the stage is another rare and wondrous reminder of their love.

¶ I follow down to Evansville and again I find a floral tribute, with the card of my friends, and on the back these words, "We love you because you love the things that we love."

I sometimes think that no man in the world is so blessed with friends as I am. Of course I have a goodly list of the other kind, too, who having read extracts from the "Essay on Silence," refuse to go further. But I flatter myself that these are the folks who do not know me. ¶ That man Charles Henry Fox, the Flower Man, is a sort of lover's emissary. He is a psychic and an artist and a vicarious lover and the next friend of all lovers. His work illustrates two big facts in modern life. One is the safety of the mails and the sureness of the Express Companies; and the other is the love of a man for his business until he makes of it an art.

Send Charles Henry Fox five dollars—or up to fifty or a hundred if you prefer—and tell him the time, the place and the occasion, and the flowers will be there, and always your card is attached, and all charges prepaid.

Nothing is ever slighted, lost or forgotten. Every order has the personal attention of Charles Henry Himself.

When I am in Philadelphia I always go over to the Violet-Shop, there on Broad Street, opposite the "Bellevue," to gather inspiration. The place is not large, but it is exquisite in every detail. You may live in Oshkosh or Ottawa, but you can send your order in safety to Charles Henry Fox, and have flowers sent to your friend when he sails from New York, San Francisco or Liverpool.

Charles Henry Fox has correspondents in all the principal cities of America and Europe. Give him the order and the flowers are there, packed with the skill and care of an artist madly in love.

This man Fox is to flowers what Huyler is to candies—also he co-operates with Huyler if you say so, and the chocolates go smothered in violets. His name is a guarantee of the high ideal that finds its gratification in human service. Could John Wesley have foreseen a big business, grown out of a love sentiment, that circles the globe and fans a universal emotion? Hardly.

And it is a beautiful business, too, worthy of all the love one can pack into it.

Costly gifts are apt to be in bad taste, but flowers, for young or old, rich or poor, on occasions of joy or times of grief, always and forever symbol the love that cements human hearts and makes the whole world kin.

Weddings, christenings, anniversaries, Fox—descendant of George—hears and sees the Voice in the flowers—and knows what and when and how!

Charles Henry·Fox, The Violet-Shop

Broad Street, below Walnut, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

M.G.W.

W. Atlee Burpee, Seedsman

Being an Advertisement

The Age of the Farmer

THIS is the Farmer's Age. ¶ Unless you are a Farmer, or a Near-Farmer, or a Truck-Gardener, you are not commyillfaw. ¶ The Day of the Farmer has arrived.

The U. S. Government is spending millions to irrigate the Arid Lands of the West for the Farmer.

Agricultural Colleges are educating the finest Boys in the Land—and thousands of them—to be Farmers.

The best Magazines are advocating Gardens, Country Life and Farming.

Even so with the Theorists: Philosophers assure us we are Land Animals, and the only Peace for us in living lies close to the Land—Farming.

Doctors are following the trend and prescribing outdoor life and exercise, a Home and effort away from congested cities—Farming.

¶ Ethical Culturists maintain that not to do some useful Labor with your Hands each day, is to Exist—not live—and Die disgraced.

¶ And Bolton Hall cries—"Three Acres of Land and Liberty."

Truly, there's Success and Health, Wealth and Happiness in the Slogan—"Back to the Farm."

Your Garden and Burpee's Seeds

THERE is one man in this great Country of ours who is helping the Farmers, great and small, in a permanent way, and that man is W. Atlee Burpee, of Philadelphia, California and the Planet Earth.

¶ He mates plants, breeds, and evolves **Seeds that Grow.**

Whether you plan to plant a square yard of ground, an acre or three acres, you should, for your own protection and satisfaction, write Burpee.

His 1910 Garden Baedeker.

By Fra Elbertus

Just come off your Cosmic Commode and tell Burpee your troubles. Tell him everything. And he 'll write you what will, and what will not grow—and he 'll sell you the Best Seeds at a moderate Price.

¶ Burpee knows what he 's talking about, and he gives Service, plus. That is, he experiments with Seeds three hundred sixty-five days each Year, at his own expense, but only **the Best** he sells to you.

¶ This is an interesting fact: *Burpee experiments for you—you don't experiment for Burpee.*

The Burpee Business is more than that—it is a Friendship. "My Friends" (what a fine phrase for a Business Man!)—that means honest treatment, fair dealing, prompt service and **Seeds that Grow.**

Burpee buys no seeds in the Open Market ✍ Burpee seeds are grown by Burpee.

Burpee is a Busy Boy bent on Benefiting you.

Burpee's Customers are always Burpee's Customers.

Burpee's Baedeker

ANY man or woman, girl or boy, who is interested in a Garden, Flowers, or Home-grown Vegetables, would do well to write to W. Atlee Burpee for his Latest "Seed-Book." It 's a Garden Guide. All the Flowers, Plants and Vegetables that will grow in your part of the World are pictured, and information of interest given about each ✍ This data has not been gleaned from an Encyclopedia; it 's the crystallized Garden Experience of a Man who tells of things as he knows them—W. Atlee Burpee. You should have this Book—and you may. Just Address ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍ ✍

Burpee—Philadelphia

Brains in Goose-Step

By FRA ELBERTUS

HOW I pity the man who forces his Brain to do goose-step; who follows figures up one side of the page and down the other; who never grasps the possibilities of his position.

The fellow who lives in the Ink-Bottle and spends his recreative hours with strained eyes, hanging over a desk doing PLAIN ADDITION, is n't giving His Divine Thinkery a chance.

Every time you say two-and-two, two-and-two, and one-to-carry, you are stealing from yourself the time that might be devoted to improving yourself and your work.

Teach your brain to do LITTLE THINGS, routine things—over and over the same—and presently you have a LITTLE BRAIN

Nature rarely disputes with a Man; if he wants to climb little hills she provides him with a low gear.

To increase the girth of your forearm you must exercise it. The same with your Brain.

Don't shrivel and make impotent a Reasoning Mind with LITTLE tasks. There's no sense to it.

You need, must have and should have scope.

The Burroughs Adding Machine will add any column of figures and give you the correct answer with a single press of the lever. No man's Mind can compete with it for accuracy.

To have a Burroughs in your office means extra hours of time for the Better, Bigger Problems.

Let the Burroughs do the MACHINE work and your value to yourself and to the house will be double.

Any man who deals in figures should know the Burroughs Adding Machine and the Burroughs "Service." (Which same is something unique and helpful.)

Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Dept. F, Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Foreign Office: 65 High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

Sixty-five Styles

There are sixty-five styles of Burroughs Adding Machines made to cover every requirement Sign coupon at the right and receive the literature that will make helpful suggestions for your business. (These are NOT Burroughs Catalogs but BUSINESS aids for every business man.)

Check the Books that Appeal to You and Sign Coupon

"Burroughs Methods in the Retail Store"

"Burroughs Systems for the Wholesaler and Jobber"

"How Days and Dollars can be Saved" (about Statements)

"A Better Day's Work." (The best business-help book ever published)

Your Name.....

Position.....

Firm Name.....

Address.....

At the Sign of the Rose

Fra Fox, He Knows!

Once there was a man in New York who thought he had an enemy. Perhaps he had. And a very good way to have enemies is to be one.

Our enemies are our friends who do not understand us.

The bad blood had been circulating between these men for some years. Both were lawyers.

Suddenly the New York man had an idea: he would send his enemy a bouquet of flowers. Because flowers symbol emotions, you know—project an aura—stand for a sentiment. I hope you get me!

And so the man forwarded to Fra Fox, who knows, at the Sign of the Rose—Fox, the friend of Philistines and interpreter of emotions—Five Dollars, with orders to send to the enemy a goodly bunch of the following, assorted, namely, to wit:

Stramonium, commonly called Jimson-Weed; Mimulus, misbegotten; Purslane, pulled plentifully; Skunk-Cabbage, a la mode; Chinkapin, done chuckaluck; Nightshade, a la carte; Pigweed, profuse; Burdock, biglienza; Cockleburs, copious; Burrmackintosh, bully-boy—all tied up with Rhus Toxicodendron.

Fra Fox never before received an order like that. He never has received one since. He disregarded orders, as he always does when the man wants to send the wrong thing. He sent, instead, American Beauty roses—the giver's card enclosed.

The recipient was knocked off his Mephistic Perch.

He wrote asking forgiveness.

The other man now realized that he was an Anserine, Asinine Hippogriff.

They met at Sherry's by appointment.

Now they sleep in twin beds and hold hands—poetically speaking.

Comes here then one Felix Finnegan O'Shea, a Sarcastic Cuss, and declares this story is a lie on the face of it, since no lawyer ever sent five dollars to anybody, not even as a matter of hate.

Waive this and enter a demurrer in my name. Judgment in favor of Fra Fox, friend of Philistines—flower attorney for the Elect, and next-of-friend to all Lovers!

C H A R L E S H E N R Y F O X

At The Sign of The Rose

Broad Street Below Walnut, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

AFTER 10 P. M.

About the Bookkeeper Who Works Late to "Balance Up"

An Advertisement by Fra Elbertus

RIGHT here let me blot out the Impression that the man who works till ten-thirty at night is the Valuable Man. Not so. The fellow who earns all the medals is the One that accomplishes just as much and goes home whistling at five-thirty.

Good Business requires Good Health, and no man can work a fourteen-hour day and then repeat the operation and stay in the game.

On the tabulated list of Qualities necessary for Success in Business, Health leads all the rest. And Health means hours of freedom; plenty of play; brisk walking in the Open Air; Saturday Afternoon at the Ball-Game; and Evenings of Music and Good Books.

You must drive your work or your work will drive you. When your "duties" hold you 'till ten o'clock you invite an investigation.

No one will doubt your sincerity if you slave on into the night, trying vainly to "Balance Up"; but they may doubt your *commonsense.*

The Burroughs Adding-Machine will relieve you of the tiny, tedious troubles, that take your time, and waste your energies.

The Burroughs Adding-Machine can not make mistakes. It delivers the total—true every time.

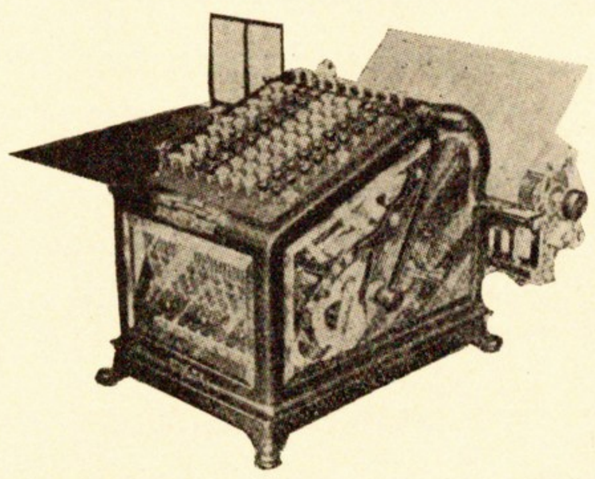
Why not insist upon One—and go Home for Supper

SIXTY-FIVE STYLES—One to Handle Any Kind of Work: and Made to Fit Any Socket.

There are sixty-five different styles of Burroughs Adding-Machines made to cover every requirement. Sign the coupon and receive the literature that will make helpful suggestions for your business.

(These are NOT Burroughs Catalogs, but BUSINESS AIDS for every business man.)

Check the Books That Appeal to You and Sign Coupon



"Burroughs Methods in the Retail Store."
"Burroughs Systems for the Wholesaler and Jobber"
"How Days and Dollars Can be Saved."
"A Better Day's Work." (The best business-help book ever published.) 192 Pages

Your Name _____

Position _____

Firm Name _____

Address _____

FRA 6

Burroughs Adding Machine Co., Dept. F, Burroughs Block, Detroit, Michigan

Foreign Office: 65 High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng.

THOUGHTFUL SHOES

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Feet are like People they vary.

If all feet were "standardized" there would be no Shoe Problem. You could simply designate the material that pleased you most—and never mind the "make."

But each and every one of us have feet with Personality plus—peculiar, particular feet—and Any Make of shoes will not do.

To shake in Powder and then jam home your foot in an unfitted and unfitting shoe is a sin against Commonsense.

And to wear shoes that pinch just the least leetle bit, or rub, or suffocate the feet, is to make every minute miserable.

There can be no annoyance equal to a hurting shoe.

"Trifles make perfection, but Perfection itself is no trifle," admitted Michelangelo five hundred years ago.

All the little niceties that go to make livable shoes are "trifles"—to makers who consider them so.

The Coward Shoes are *Thoughtful Shoes*. They have width where width is needed, and snugness where snugness helps. They are friendly. If your foot sags or spreads, or bunches, or chafes or grows tired too soon—or if you are hard to fit—you need The Coward Shoe.

'T is one thing to be a Capitalist employing Workmen to turn the handle and grind out "factory" shoes; and 't is quite another thing to be a Practical Shoemaker and an Expert in Foot Anatomy as is James S. Coward.

Many of Coward's Shoes anticipate Serious Foot Trouble, and remedy it before the ailment becomes chronic.

THE COWARD SHOE

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

All Coward Shoes fit perfectly, because Coward wants them to. Explain fully to Coward your "tender spot," and it will all be arranged for when you try on your first pair of Coward Shoes.

Some Coward "Special" Shoes

The Coward Good-Sense Shoe (made especially for tender feet)
The Coward Straight-Last Shoe (for slim, straight, slender feet)
The Coward Bunion Shoe
The Coward Arch-Support Shoe
The Coward Corn-Room Shoe
The Coward Orthopedic Shoe

JAMES S. COWARD, 264-274 Greenwich St., New York

(Sold Nowhere Else)

MAIL ORDERS FILLED. SEND FOR CATALOG.

Teaching The Boy To Be Useful

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

DOCTOR RUMELY of the Interlaken School has paid me One Hundred Dollars for writing this Ad and printing it in THE FRA. But he could n't have paid me One Hundred, and told me how to write it.

¶ And if the Good Reader of this Magazine will watch the text-pages during the months to come, he 'll see more about this man Rumely and his School which is a School.

Doctor Rumely knows that the only way to make useful citizens of boys is to teach them to be useful boys. At Interlaken School, La Porte, Indiana, he is working out this theory, practically.

Straight scholastic methods are good in a way, but they go not far enough.

You can not cook by studying a textbook. You must cook.

You can not run an auto by correspondence. You must get into the car and take the wheel, also chances. The way to learn horsemanship is to get on and ride.

You can not appreciate how hot the fire is till you put your finger in it.

Only Practical Experiences are profitable. This most applies when the Person is young and impressionable.

So Rumely, instead of cooping up restless, active, ambitious boys in stuffy class-rooms, with prim clothes and primmer manners, takes them to the Garden-Plot, the Farm, the Carpenter-Shop, the Machine-Shop, and teaches them to do by doing.

¶ As in life, they are confronted by a problem, and it is their business to get over or around it.

Suppose there 's a building to be raised. The work is turned over to the Boys of Interlaken.

The teacher is always present to suggest and encourage—but the real work of planning, designing, construction and decoration is done by the Boys themselves.

They learn to think, to act, to employ their own initiative, and—best of all—to work.

Interlaken Boys get all the ordinary School offers in the way of "Book Knowledge." And in addition they learn how to make their brains and their hands work together.

If you want your boy to be a ninny or a muff, a sissy, dubb or mutt, don't send him to Interlaken School.

But if you want him to be an Intelligent, Cheerful Worker, with two willing hands and a brain equally developed, ready to take his place in the New Order of Things, give him the chance to spend a year or more with the real Boys—the Manly Boys of Interlaken.

You 'd better write to Doctor Rumely to make arrangements—and soon. Address

DR. EDWARD A. RUMELY, INTERLAKEN SCHOOL

LA PORTE, INDIANA

Catalogs and all necessary information furnished to interested Parents or Guardians

P. S. Doctor Rumely was a boy once himself, and has never gotten over it.

Consider the Flour-Sack—!

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

WHAT does it Profit a Miller to grind the Best Wheat, in the Best Way, into the Best Flour—and then to pack and ship the Product in Porous and Absorbing Cloth Sacks?

Very well may he call His Flour "Superior," in his Clean Mill, but freight-cars of mixed cargo are not so clean. And in the handling and rehandling, the cloth picks up all the impurities and digests them into the Flour.

Through the open weave of the cloth, infinite insects crawl, attracted by the starch in the Flour. And there they live and propagate.

In storage-houses and back rooms of groceries, strange odors are assimilated. After awhile the Flour *you* Purchase is not that which pleased the Miller's eye. The Life and Buoyance and Freshness have been drained through the cloth.

Note you this: All the Cloth Flour-Sacks you have ever seen were well coated with Flour. Part of the contents had sifted out.

Think this out for yourself: If Flour can get out of the Bag, Impurities can get in. The exit of one is the entrance of the other.

All Good Housekeepers ***Insist*** *on* ***Paper*** *Flour-Sacks*

All Good Housekeepers should insist on Flour in Paper Sacks. Paper Sacks are Sanitary, and the way the Flour leaves the Mill, that way it reaches your home.

Paper Sacks are clean, wholesome—they keep the Good in and the Bad out.

Also, they are cheaper: For each Cloth Sack you receive, you pay a commensurate amount, every time, everywhere. Millers can not afford to give away Cloth Sacks. Some one must Pay—and it's you.

When you Buy Cotton, for goodness' sake Buy Cotton. But when you Buy Flour buy only that—Clean Flour.

Now, it's very safe to assume that a Miller who (knowing all that is written here) packs His Flour in Paper Bags to protect your Health, and Interests, and His Flour, has a Flour Worth Protecting.

At least that's the way it seems to me.

The Science of Service

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

"He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

THE other day I met John G. Shedd, General Manager of the great business of Marshall Field and Company. He introduced me to his First Assistant, a youth of thirty-two. This young man draws a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars a year—and earns it.

Also, he has an interest in the business that pays him—oh, say a hundred thousand dollars every twelve months.

In five minutes the young man had heard my case and made his decision. He was quick but kindly—sane and positive. He knew what he wanted and also what he did n't want.

"Where did you find him?" I asked Mr. Shedd, as the Hundred-Point man disappeared up the elevator.

"God sent him, I guess—I need six more just like him, now. He knows the science of human service!"

As I made my way out on the street, those words, "The Science of Human Service," sort of stuck in my memory.

Society needs the men who can save it from dissolution—who can serve it. The "Don't-Care Colony" is crowded. But the men who can concentrate and consecrate, and joyously and jauntily carry life's burdens shall be crowned with honor and clothed with riches.

However, to work for honors and to strive for money is to miss both. "The Science of Human Service!"

Is there such a science? I answer, "Yes." Success is the result of complying with the Laws of Success; just as Health is the result of obeying the Laws of Health. These Laws of Success have been formulated by Arthur Frederick Sheldon, as Blackstone analyzed, formulated and organized the Common Law of England.

Blackstone made a Science of the Law. Sheldon has made a Science of Business.

Sheldon began with a Science of Salesmanship, and this was well, but the expansion, unfolding and blossoming of the idea has given to us the Science of Business-Building.

The Science of Business-Building

Business was once a matter of barter, a thing of the booth and bazaar. Today, business is the Science of Human Service. It is, in fact, the philosophy of manhood—of right thinking and right doing. It has taken twenty-five years' time, the expenditure of a million dollars, and the help of forty thousand pupils for The Science of Business-Building to bloom and blossom.

Sheldon is a student and a teacher—he is always learning, and he has grown rich by giving. His is n't a perfect science, this thing of "Sheldonism," because there is one ingredient which has never been fully analyzed, and that is Human Nature, and Human Nature is Divinity in process.

Sheldon knows full well that he can not produce manhood on formula.

¶ You must work, but Sheldon shows you how to work.

These lessons in The Science of Business-Building I have read and studied with pleasure and profit. They are the expansion of the "Salesmanship" idea, and are taught as a Correspondence Course. They are for average men and women—even as you and I—folks who desire to know and to become.

"You can not make a statue out of punk," says Emerson. And no one knows this better than Sheldon. But no human punk product will read this, much less be interested in it. If you are interested in what I here say it proves that you are not a punk party.

Would you enlarge your powers, enrich your life, increase your usefulness, and make yourself safe against hospital, poorhouse, penitentiary or insane-asylum? Then study this *Science of Human Service*. It is no cut 'cross lots—you 'll have to work, but you 'll find it pleasant work—profitable work—and work that may change the whole current of your life

Perhaps this is the pivotal point in your career—who knows!

Write to Arthur Frederick Sheldon for complete information regarding this course

THE SHELDON SCHOOL

(A. F. SHELDON—Personal)

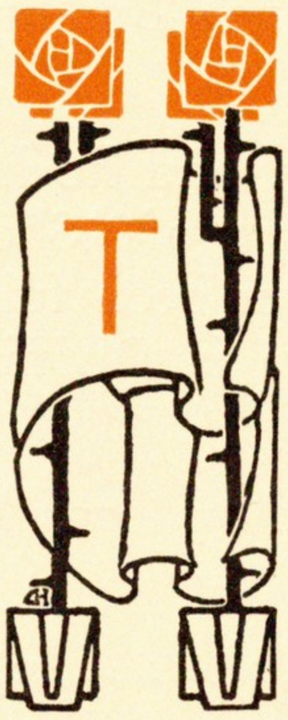
REPUBLIC BUILDING

CHICAGO, ILL.

Horses and Humans

An Advertisement

A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse!—Shakespeare.



THIS is a horse town. In East Aurora have lived Pa Hamlin, Ed Geers, Budd Doble, Billy Andrews, Billy McDonald, S. H. Knox, Henry C. Jewett. All were my neighbors and friends. I have ridden with them all, traded horses with them all, trotted horses with them on the track and around the stove. And when I wanted to borrow a sulky or a harness, I knew where to go.

We met on a horse basis—I love you because you love the things I love.

I love any man who loves a horse.

I love any man who delights to grease harness on Sunday morning; to "lead 'em out" and go over 'em with loving care, and tell what this horse might have done had he been given half a chance.

In this village we now hold the world's triple-team trotting-record, and we have held the double-team record, the three-year-old record, and the single-harness horse record was ours until Ketcham of Toledo, with Cresceus, knocked a quarter off of The Abbot's time, and put us to the bad, pulling in all our loose mazuma.

In East Aurora is now the only covered mile-track in the world. On this track I have gotten up behind John R. Gentry, Sweet Marie and Hal Pointer.

Down at Pa Hamlin's track on the flat, on many a morning in June, I have jogged in the quiet sunshine, when the dew was on the clover and the thrushes in the hedge—Belle Hamlin, Justina, Prince Regent—the nine-heat hero—Fantasy, Daredevil.

Ed Geers once opened his silent yawp long enough to say to me: "Lookee, Fra, you 'd have made a great reinsman had you only left the ink alone!"

It was Ed Geers who sent me a can of *Reducine* as a present. It was the first time I had ever heard of the article. My saddle-mare, Garnet, Sire, Hamlin's Almont, Dam by George Wilkes, was getting a little puffy in front. Ed rode up in an exercising-cart, handed out the can, pointed to my mare's front legs, sighed, shook his head and rode away. He is that economical of words.

Ali Baba tried the *Reducine* according to the label, and soon these legs were as slick as a colt's. Here 's a standard-bred mare, sixteen years old, out of a producing mare, sired by a horse with eighty or so in the thirty list, and she has never been harnessed. How 's that! And do you know the same of another? I ride this horse, and so does

Spavins and Splints

By Elbert Hubbard

The more I see of women, the better I love my horse.—Ali Baba.

my daughter, who was born the same year. A saddler must be absolutely safe and sure on his pins—that's the one thing!

The grass is the natural place for a horse's hoofs—God didn't intend the horse for a rocky road or a pavement. He belongs on the moist turf. But we men put them on the hard, dry road and then expect them to keep without "puff or blemish."

Spavins, splints, puffs, soreness of the tendons come from this demnition pound. To counteract the soreness, the Vets have tried firing and blistering, on the theory that a violent action could only occur in one part of the body at one time. I would not say that there is nothing in counter-irritation, but I do say that *Reducine* has done for my saddlers what the blister never has. I have a gelding by Chimes—Robert Browning, we call him—who would go suddenly lame, and then go down on his nose, from two little splints. We tried *Reducine* and knocked the splints galley-west.

These standard-bred, high-class, nervous, intelligent horses that go off on a little amble make the sweetest sort of saddlers. They are responsive, cheerful, go to the end of the road, and come in fresh.

¶ Often I ride twenty miles in two hours, and never do I use whip or spur. And in spite of the benzine-buggy, good horses were never so high around this neck of the woods as they are now. Perhaps the auto has got us used to big money. A thousand dollars for an untried looker? Yes, neighbor, exactly so. But we take care of our horses—we keep them free from swollen muscles, sore tendons, splints, curbs and spavins, by catching the thing with *Reducine* mixed with love, health and commonsense.

"Say, Fra," said Jack Splan to me the other day when he was up here, "when you throw your leg over that animal you are on a horse!"

¶ The horse was Belle Chimes, standard, registered, with her front legs under her. A horse is just as strong as his front legs, and no stronger. The use of *Reducine* is a humane treatment—the blister is torture—firing is fierce. And I would no more pain a horse than I would a child.

Write for Booklet—it's Free.

Reducine is made in Ireland, but Tom Murphy tells me he would use it even if it wasn't. For sale at Druggists and Harness-Stores. Price, $4.00 per can—Cash with order in all cases. Or send New York Draft, Express Order or Post-Office Order.

The Reducine Company, 90 W. Broadway, New York

Quality as a Printing Asset

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

WHEN I was in Sandusky last week I called on my friend, Tom Barnes Tom and I worked and loafed together on the old Springfield "Republican," back in the Eighties. He was a pretty good comp, was Tom, and he saved up the dough and bought him a little printshop at the corner of Decatur Avenue and Eighth Street, where he built up a tidy little business and gained the reputation of turning out fairish work

When I met Tom some two years ago, he had lost his old-time, cherubic plumpness, and there was an expression in his troubled eyes that looked like blue funk

The reason I soon discovered, after a little examination by the right oblique. He had fallen a victim to that bugbear of the whole printing business—price-cutting.

His competitors had gone in for throat-slitting, cheese-paring tactics, and had taken away some of Tom's best contracts, and naturally he felt that it was up to him to cut likewise, if he expected to stay in the game

He told me his story with a rueful face and many objurgations and maledictions and expressions of disgust.

"I tell you, Fra, the printing business is on the bink. Machine-made printing and slapdash methods have stove a hole in the good old typographic barque, and it takes a devil of a pile of bailing to keep afloat. There is not a price-cutter among us but what knows that his figures are away below par, but we keep on in just the same damphool rut, for fear the other fellow will side-swipe us and bowl us over with a lower estimate.

"I 've had to mortgage my house to get money enough to get some badly-needed equipment. And just look at the work we have to turn out. Say, is n't it fierce?"
It certainly looked the part.

And here is what I said to Tom:

"Tom, cut out price-cutting and get back on the safe and sane platform of fair profit for high-grade work. You know I 'm running a printery—and I 'm not in it for my health alone I won't cut prices for anybody, and yet I 'm not headed for destruction on the high-speed clutch —not exactly!

"And I 'll tell you, old man, the secret of my success. It 's just this: Do the work better. Quality pays, and it is the only thing that does pay. It is the best and only lever to raise prices and increase profits.

"The customer that you are compelled to hold by the slender thread of low prices is here today and gone tomorrow—the mere flotsam and jetsam of trade.

"The customer you hold by service and quality is bound to you with hoops of mutual interest—and is a permanent asset of your business.

"The only way to get above competitors is to admit of no competition—in quality of service. Don't expect to beat the price-cutter at his own game—you can't, without both of you going down in the gutter.

"You can't maintain a high standard and a low standard in one shop. The one means sanity and length of days —the other the quagmire of despair. Get out on the high ground, brother! Quit serving two masters, and with an eye single to your own best interests, follow the bent of your soul and turn out the good stuff as of yore, when it was a delight to the eye and a joy to the cosmic self."
¶ Tom had a strange gleam in his eye, as he wrung my hand at the railroad-station.

Last week, when I entered his shop, there was the merry hum of industry and the diapason of presses grinding smoothly away, with old Tom Barnes, looking ten years younger, busily overseeing the erection of a new Monotype battery.

"Hello, Fra!" he yelled, making a grab for my outstretched paw. "How 's everybody?—Mother Grant, Felix and the bunch? All lovely? Good! You see, this looks like business—more business and lots of it. I 've got seven of them going now—three keyboards and four casters, and they 've spelled 'Success' for me with a cap 'S'—in fact, turned virtual defeat into easy victory. No more groveling in the depths of mediocrity for yours truly. I 'm a Quality Printer now."

And he certainly looked it—from the toe of his shoe to the top of his carroty head.

The Roycrofters are enthusiastic users of the Monotype. We started in to do everything by hand, but when the machine can do the work better, we let the machine do it and use the hands for passing the medicine-ball. We find the Monotype the only Composing-Machine that keeps up The Roycroft Standard and yet keeps cost down to a minimum.

Monotype is the only shop-made type that approaches foundry type.

Justly earned is that other name of the Monotype—"The Versatile Machine that keeps itself busy."

But of all things, Brother Printer, bear this in mind: The ability to give your customer what he wants is worth a whole lot more than the time saved by not having to argue him into being half-satisfied with what you can give him. Here 's the formula: Get Monotype-wise. Send a card today for "Printing for Profit," to

LANSTON MONOTYPE MACHINE CO.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

New Type and Quality

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

¶ Every little while some fellow who wants the real goods writes to me for printing. Maybe he is away off in San Francisco or San Antonio or Boston; he may have a printer doing business right next door; but still he writes to me.
¶ If he has ever had work done here before, he does n't say anything about prices —just sends along the job.
¶ But the new customer generally wants some figures, and when he gets them his next letter probably tells us that he knows a printer who will do the job for "just about half that."
¶ Does he send the job to the other fellow—the Cut-Price Jabberwok? On your life he does not!—and I will tell you why, Algernon: it is because he wants *Roycroft Quality*.
¶ Quality pays, and pays big dividends. It is not much harder to turn out a fine piece of printing than it is a bum job—just a little more care, just a little more patience and a little better typography.
¶ If you do good work, pretty soon you find men and concerns who will pay Your Price.
¶ Low Price and Poor Work go hand in hand.
¶ Here at Roycroft we use good paper and good presses, and hire the best printers we can find—Printers with the artistic grouch preferred. But if the printer is supplied with a lot of worn-out type he is discouraged before he begins to set the job. And the pressman who has to spend his time sticking underlays on the feet of letters that are too low for the rollers to ink them—well, if you are a printer you know what he says. Also, you know just about how long it will be before he is looking for a place where they don't monkey with that kind of type.
¶ I know both sides.
¶ Type costs money, and the Type-Founders have an unpleasant way of sending their bills in with alarming regularity. But you have to have clean, sharp, new type to get "quality" results, and until we installed our Monotype Machine the Type-Founders were getting most of our money.
¶ Now, the fuzzy face of Italian Handmade paper does not worry us a little bit. When the type is worn out it goes back into the pot, and the beauty of it is, that since the Monotype Machine came to our rescue, we not only cast and set the type for THE FRA and "The Philistine" every month, but make the display-type for the advertisements as well.
¶ So here, then, is a hunch—to get good prices you must have *quality*, and to get quality you must have good typography and good type. The Monotype is the solution, and this is my experience.
¶ When you cut Prices below your self-respect, you lose it.
¶ Send a card today for "Printing for Profit."

Lanston Monotype Machine Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

SERVICE AND BEAUTY

THE CLOTHING THAT COUNTS

THE first waterproof coat I owned was a "slicker." It was made from the canvas cover of a prairie-schooner, and then dipped in a solution of rosin, turpentine and linseed-oil It weighed a part of a ton, smelled to high heaven, and its creaking listened in a way to scare a cayuse stiff.

Next, I had a straight rubber coat that was waterproof and airproof It was cold in Winter, hot in Summer, and gave you first a Turkish bath, then a cold in the head.

The "mackintosh" came in as a glad relief, being a vulcanized cloth of decentable weight. The word, however, covered a multitude of sins, but the thing itself was good until you found something better—just as everything is.

The cloth that is artistic, rarely beautiful, light in weight, strong in fiber, rainproof and yet porous to air—the perfection in all woven fabrics as a "topcoat" for men and women—is Priestley's "Cravenetted" Cloth.

There are two brands of this wonderful weave.

One is called *Priestley's Cravenette English Gabardine.*

The other is *Priestley's Rosebery Cloth.*

A woman once asked William Morris this question: "What is your highest ambition?" And his answer was, "To produce a perfect blue."

Priestley's Cravenette Gabardines and Priestley's Cravenette Rosebery Cloths come in colors, shades and tints that would have delighted the soul of William Morris, Master Dyer. They represent the "art shades," those elusive colors that fade one into another and are indescribable, since words convey sounds, but not colors—much less tints.

Your Motor-Car Equipment is not complete without a few Cravenette Coats of the Priestley Patent—the aristocrat of coats—always

An Advertisement

By ELBERT HUBBARD

"classy," dressy, useful—no rubber, no odor, no spots. Insist on Priestley's Rosebery Cloth. There are no substitutes.

The thrill of quiet compliment I felt when Hugh Chalmers held a "Rosebery Cloth" coat for me I will not soon forget. It took me back to the day I first saw Lord Rosebery. I think I must have felt as Lord Rosebery felt, when at Epsom Downs he led his winner down past the Grandstand.

Lord Rosebery was Premier of England then: a carefully groomed, singularly boyish-looking man, blushing like a schoolgirl, as we shouted and threw our caps in the air.

I met Rosebery an hour afterward at the paddock. We talked horse and books. He congratulated me on my *Sharps and Flats,* and Gene Field at my elbow had to stand and take it. We noticed that Rosebery wore a raincoat—a marvel of lightness and subdued rainbow beauty. It was the "Priestley," just coming into vogue; and the half-blown rose in the Premier's buttonhole gave the last touch of careless grace to this sportsmanlike man, a man of affairs who found his rest in play.

For all kinds of outdoor wear, the Priestley Cravenetted Rosebery Cloth will add to your comfort and peace of mind—autoing, golfing, fishing, yachting, hunting, on horseback or on foot, always take your "Rosebery." It is beautiful and it is serviceable—dustproof, rainproof, mothproof.

When not in use it can be folded so as to take up about as much room as the evening paper. Equip your auto with "Roseberys" and note the gladsome glee of the girls, also the pride of the boys—of all ages.

B. PRIESTLEY & CO.

BRADFORD, ENGLAND

Manufacturers of Mohairs, Worsteds, Woolens, Dress Goods, Cravenetted Cloths, Etc.

AMERICAN SELLING OFFICES

100 FIFTH AVE., COR. FIFTEENTH ST., NEW YORK

GETTING ACQUAINTED
OR THE LAW OF MIXABILITY

If I knew you, and you knew me,
And both of us could clearly see,
I'm sure that we would differ less,
And clasp our hands in friendliness,
If I knew you, and you knew me.

OLD Doctor Johnson and Oliver Goldsmith were once seated in The Mitre Tavern fletcherizing on tripe and Great Themes.

A man entered and took his seat over in the corner.

"I hate that fellow!" said Ursa Major, jerking his thumb in the man's direction.

"Who is he?" asked Oliver.

"I don't know."

"And yet you hate him?"

Doctor Johnson rocked and swayed like a scow in the wake of a liner, and then sputtered in a softened voice, "Goldy, that 's the trouble—I don't know the man—if I knew him, I 'm sure I would love him."

To know people intuitively and to sympathize with their good qualities, tends to bring out the best in both.

If nations knew each other, war would be done away with. If individuals knew each other, love would be supreme.

:: :: :: :: :: ::

Give out a grouch and you get it back with interest, grim, grum and ginxlike.

Give out the generous thought, the self-reliant, helpful, honest desire to benefit and bless, and all doors open at your touch.

In hotel dining-rooms I often hear men fuming, fussing and flaring because they got no pie. All the time, the waiter was bringing me two nice quarter-sections that I had n't even suggested, except in a telepathic way.

There is a great Spiritual Law covering human communication. To get acquainted and quickly—that 's the thing.

AN ADVERTISEMENT

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Today, I spoke to two thousand people at the Majestic Theater. Tonight I do the same. I must meet them with smiling abandon, and make them respect me, otherwise it is me for the Mulligatawney. And that is where I've never been yet. I always win; not always to the same extent, but I never get the kibosh. To win your audience or auditor is Salesmanship.

I have advice, humor and words of wisdom to sell. When I speak I get five cents a word. When I write I get double that and more. I reel off a hundred dollars' worth of good stuff in an hour.

Sheldon has helped me to get my goods into the front windows more than any other living man except Hubbard.

Sheldon has a mail-course in Salesmanship, that I have bought and read with care, also with pleasure and with profit.

It has helped me to organize the forces of my mind.

Young men and women—of all ages—should study Sheldon and thus acquire Mixability, or the power to meet people on an equality.

¶ You have a service to render this world, but you must be able to let the world know it, or time will gnaw your heart out as Opportunity ambles by in a hobble skirt.

Do not imagine that Sheldon pretends to take moral and mental defectives, and transform them into Managers. Sheldon performs no miracles.

He simply helps you bring out the powers that lie latent in your soul. He makes you acquainted with yourself, then he shows you how to meet and mix with the world so you can help yourself by benefiting the world. The Science of Salesmanship is the Science of Human Service.

A postal brings you the Free Sheldon Book that tells you what the Sheldon School has done for forty thousand other men—**what it will do for you.** Can you afford to be without it, since it costs you nothing? **Send for it now.**

THE SHELDON SCHOOL, 1086 Republic Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The Spirit *of* the Hive

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

COMMERCE is carrying things from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. Business is a science of Human Service. Business is life! To deceive is to beckon for the commissioner in bankruptcy. Nothing goes but truth. We know this, because for over two thousand years humanity has been trying everything else. But this has been part of the great evolution.

¶ We are going forward. There is nothing static for a second in all the universe. The first commandment written by the creative hand, which was to last through all eternity, was a move-on ordinance.

¶ Every day, we are discovering better ways and means of performing human service in business. Excellent systems are swept into the dust-bin of time to give place to something more efficient.

¶ Yesterday a man called my attention to a brand-new plan which he called "a manufacturers', co-operative selling plan, for getting bigger results for less money." He explained to me the ***Hamilton Plan,*** by which manufacturers and wholesalers are making special inducements to retail dealers, to secure their co-operation in putting a uniformly fine line of goods on the market.

¶ All good things are mutual propositions. To succeed you must answer the universal heart-throbs of men and women, their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, and most of all their needs! The ***Hamilton Plan*** centers on human wants and how they can best be supplied.

¶ By this system the manufacturer increases his sales, the retailer is given an extra compensation by the manufacturer in addition to increased profits, and the people get a more reliable line of goods at no increase in cost.

¶ The ***Hamilton Plan*** means safety, purity, confidence and prosperity Of these good things the world has not yet had too much.

¶ Maeterlinck says: "Man is like the Bee. The Bee alone makes no honey, has no intelligence; but the hive has a great and magnificent intelligence. The Bee succeeds only as it works with other Bees."

¶ So, if you are a manufacturer, wholesale merchant or retailer, get into the ***Hamilton Plan*** high before you are stung by the working bees as a commercial drone. ¶ *Detailed information will be furnished for the asking. Get in touch with the* ***Hamilton Plan*** *immediately as a matter of duty to yourself.*

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION

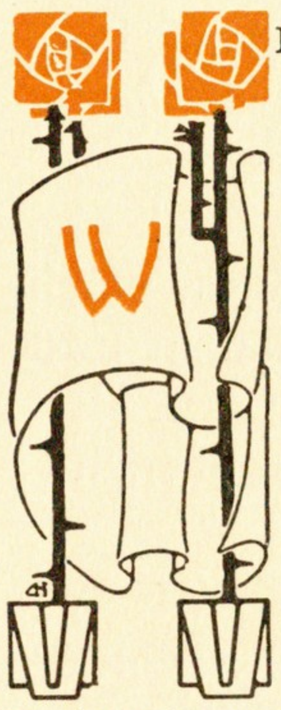
Guaranteed Resources, One Million Dollars

Twenty-Nine *and* Thirty-Five West Thirty-Second St.

N E W Y O R K C I T Y

Money for Manuscripts

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard



"WE authors," as Disraeli, the Diplomat, said to Queen Victoria—"we authors are usually very bad business men ❧ Sometimes we ask too much, usually too little."

James J. Hill once remarked that millionaires are always busted. That 's us!

Oliver Goldsmith was typical. But when he dressed up the bailiffs who had come to carry away the furniture he had forgotten to pay for, and utilized them as flunkeys at his banquet, he showed a trace of commercial genius.

Coleridge was the first philosopher of his day, but grown old he found himself sick and penniless. "Come to my house," exclaimed a sympathizing friend, who found him wandering in the fog. "I was on my way there," was the teary reply.

¶ To compile a list of authors who have died in want is to write a history of English literature.

¶ Stephen Crane was America's one modern, literary, sure-enough genius. His "Open Boat" is the best short story of the century. But Stevie was skating on his uppers until a man with a business brain took him in charge and cashed in his phosphorus.

To produce the thing is one thing; and then to know what to do with it is another.

To meet this demand The Literary Bureau comes in ❧ ❧

There is a constant and growing market for the output of ready writers. Certain publishers want stuff with a peculiar flavor. All publishers prefer to deal with a Literary Broker—they can talk to him frankly. But no publisher dare tell the truth to an author, any more than you dare tell a mother the truth about her baby!

It is n't for the publisher to educate an author into what to write. That is for the specialist—and here is where the Literary Adviser gets his entrance-music.

One of our greatest publishing houses recently sold their magazine. They found themselves with a quantity of accepted MSS. on hand. This good stuff they turned over to The Literary Bureau to sell.

The man who preys on the ego—the hope, love, pride, vanity of an author, and asks for money in advance—probably belongs to Wolfville: 'ware of him!

And now comes an old friend, the author of a recent big, successful novel and a lot of other good things, and offers his skilled services as an MS. Salesman.

There are no advance fees of any kind.

When the Bureau renders you a service, you pay for it, at a reasonable rate, previously agreed upon ❧ ❧

Typewriting, revision, re-paragraphing, accenting, are often needed before an MS. can be sold. These are minor details involving a slight expense.

The chief thing is to sell the MS. to a concern that wants it. This the Bureau undertakes to do.

¶ If an MS. has no market value, you are told the truth about it, and no charge. And this advice may be worth a thousand dollars to you.

In fact, The Literary Bureau is the friend of the author, and undertakes to do for him that which he can not do for himself.

The late E. C. Stedman, Poet, Banker and Princely Gentleman, did all his literary business through a broker, as he had a nervous fear that a publisher might buy his MS. just to please him.

He wanted everything on a strictly impersonal basis. And if the goods had value, he wanted the money for them—the poet is worthy of his hire!

¶ Now, can we serve you—that is the question? Perhaps you better write us and tell us about your Inky Output and the Idea Crop you have to offer. Let 's get acquainted.

THE LITERARY BUREAU

Suite 809-812 Stephen Girard Building

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

BUSINESS FRIENDSHIP

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

"I BELIEVE in friendship founded on business, not business founded on friendship," says a certain Master Printer ❧ ❧

What this man knows about business is the result of a quarter-century of experience in New York. How much longer twenty-five years is in New York than in East Aurora I do not know, but I understand perfectly what he means.

Friendship resultant of business is the real thing. Business born of friendship dies aborning.

The Hamilton plan is a system by which manufacturers, retailers and consumers are brought into a business fraternity or friendship. This plan is pleasant, profitable and practical, because it centers on service.

The manufacturer places in his packages Coupons and Certificates for the consumer which can be redeemed for articles of utility and beauty. In the cases containing the packages is a Hamilton Retailers' Bond for the merchant. This entitles him to the merchandise he desires or needs. The manufacturer gets his reward in the increased sales caused by intensified demand on the part of both consumer and retailer.

Just at this time when Mothereens is thinking of Christmas and the kiddies, the Hamilton Plan serves her well. If she selects goods containing the Hamilton coupons, she makes the necessities pay for the luxuries ❧ The Hamilton Corporation is a benefaction.

The plan is simple, direct and clean.

Manufacturers should secure the privilege of using the Hamilton Plan Certificates, Coupons and Bonds before they find themselves on the zero side of the ledger. Retailers should push the goods containing Hamilton Plan Documents for their own profit and their customers' best interests. Consumers should demand goods indorsed by the Hamilton Plan—not only for the valuable premiums, but because Hamilton Plan Certificates mean honest merchandise. ¶ Only Class A, One-Hundred-Point manufacturers are admitted. Only reliable dealers can buy these goods, and men and women who have an eye to getting good values are pretty good stuff. ¶ So here is a friendship based on human service—a friendship we do well to cultivate! ¶ Information gladly supplied on request.

GUARANTEED RESOURCES—ONE MILLION DOLLARS

THE HAMILTON CORPORATION

TWENTY-NINE AND THIRTY-FIVE W. THIRTY-SECOND ST., NEW YORK CITY

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF STATIONERY

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

WHEN the Hearst Papers want something extra choice, strictly Class A stuff in the way of copy, I am asked to write an editorial

Last week, Wex Jones, who edits the back page of the "American," in addition to writing stories about how some people save money, got a hunch that I could handle a particular story better than any one else, including Himself. So Wex grabbed a blue pencil, picked a piece of heel-printed print-paper off the floor, and sent me a rush request. But I did n't get it—Rush! The boys and girls who open my mail promptly elected Wex to the Down-and-Out Club, and passed him on to Jimmy, my private Sec. And Jimmy, being busy accepting advertising for THE FRA, took one look at the letter and gave it a mental manana for two whole days.

I was compelled to prepare that food for thought in twenty minutes, to get it off on the four o'clock. The fact that it was one of the best things I ever wrote has nothing to do with the story.

If Wex Jones looked like his stationery, he 'd never get into any office. Wex is wise and witty, but his stationery is n't. I advise Hearst's able pen-pushers to invest four cents (to help cover postage) on a trial box of Old Hampshire Stationery—"The Stationery of a Gentleman." It has the look and a feel of respectability.

This bond is crisp, strong and clean. It is a man's stuff.

It reminds you of John Lee Mahin, Percival K. Frowert, George Dyer, J. L. Isaacs and Arthur Hopkins.

Write your Message to Garcia on Old Hampshire Stationery.

It will reach Garcia because it has appearance plus. He will read it because it pleases him, and to convince a man you must please him first.

Old Hampshire Bond is the superb and unequaled personal stationery for particular men. To use it is good psychology. Send four cents to help cover postage on a Trial Box.

Hampshire Paper Company
SOUTH HADLEY FALLS, MASSACHUSETTS

The only paper-makers in the world making bond-paper exclusively

How I Won Fourth Prize

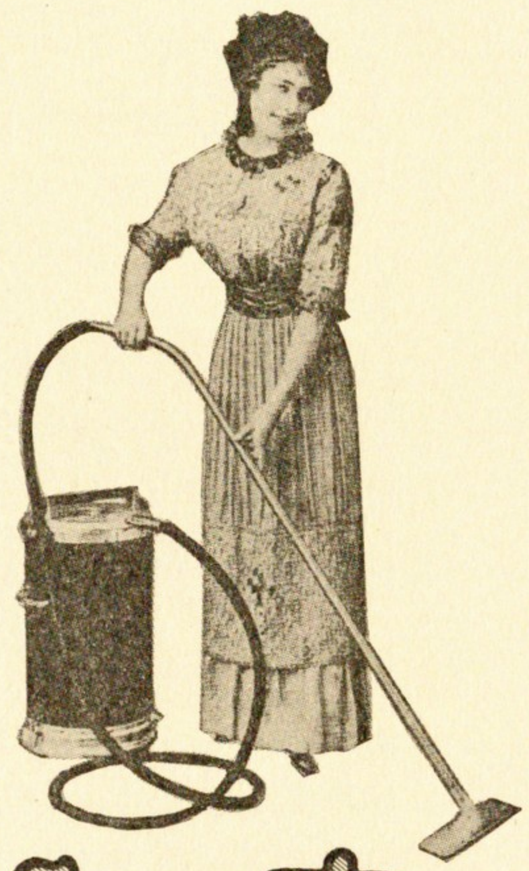
A LAMENT BY THE FRA

THE Cublet wanted a Detroit-Electric for Christmas.

What she wants she gets, and this poor pen-driver almost breaks his transmission writing good stuff to get the 5 off—ten days!

¶Just as I was cranking up for another "Message to Garcia," along comes my old pal, Roy Simpson, Billposter for the Keller-Santo Vacuum Cleaner, and offers One Thousand Dollars in prizes for epigrams about the Santo.

We use the Keller-Santos here at Roycroft, and I know all about them. They have no competition here. So I worked off seven epigrams and sent them along. In the same mail I sent in my order for the Detroit-Electric.



Now, what do you think! The day I received my bill for the little Car, that rogue Simpson sends me word that I have won fourth prize in the contest—a $125 Santo Vacuum Cleaner! The Cleaner is all right—the best ever. It is a joy—but not a joy-ride.

¶Heretofore I have had only two rivals for orphics—Solomon and Shakespeare—and I leave it to you if these are not the best epigrams you ever read:

"Santo" spells safety from dirt,
disease and death.

Sweep dustless and live long.
"Santo"!

Dust, dirt, disease, death—
"Santo" for ours!

Dust, dirt, disease. Salvation?
"Santo"—sure.

Dust distributes disease; duty
demands S. V. C.

Healthy and happy? Dodge dust
—"Santo."

Sweep "Santo" style, and live long.

I am disappointed and undone, but I won't take back anything I said about the Keller-Santo. I personally endorse it. The $125 Model is the best Vacuum Cleaner made—no exceptions! It is sold on approval. Don't take my word for it—Send for one.

Santo Vacuum Cleaner

KELLER MANUFACTURING CO., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Tangible Appreciation

An Advertisement by Fra Elbertus

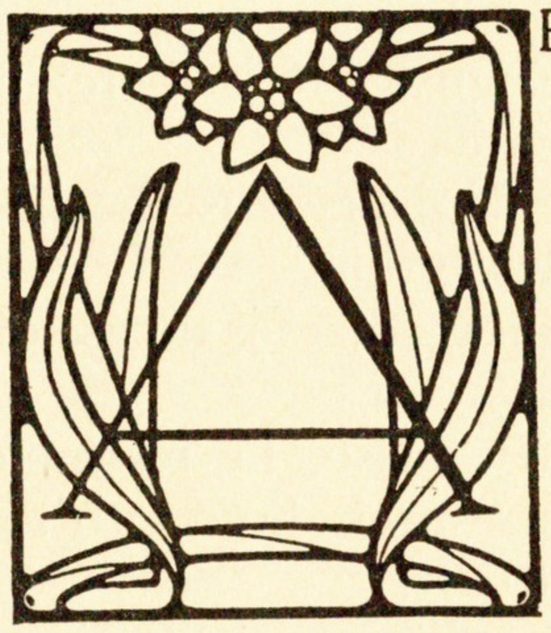
WORDS are the airy, fairy butterflies of the imagination.
¶A philologist is a man who catches words and sticks a pin through them, fastening them to the wall.
A static language is a dead language.
Our language is not English—it is more: it is Americanese, and very much alive.
Bill Reedy of Saint Louis—and the Universe—is the best writer of Americanese in the world, with one exception.
If you do not know who this exception is, there is no use of telling, for you would n't believe it, anyway.
Bill has facility, felicity and fecundity. Also, he resembles your old college chum, Fuzzy Wuzzy, in this respect: he does n't give a dam.
¶A dash of indifference is necessary to art.
Bill says, says he, "Class B literature is literature that is good enough to print, but not good enough to pay for."
Writers who would win should lose no time in getting into Class A, where the choice stuff is paid for in good Taft dolodocci.
Not that we care for money—oh, no! but money is the measure of appreciation. Patronage is awful—charity is worse—get free!
As long as you are anxious about what is to become of your brain children, you are unfitting yourself for good work. Make way for liberty, literature and light! Get free from the microbe of fear.
Just here is where the Literary Broker comes in, to aid you good folks who liberate your airy, fairy butterflies and send them flitting through the void. He can market your wares in a way you never can, yourself.
¶The Broker can tell you, also, what to write in order to supply a certain demand.
"A man alone is no man," said Aristotle twenty-three centuries ago. It 's the same now. The man who wins is the one who knows how to avail himself of the Cosmic Cut-Off, utilizing the services of others.
¶The Literary Bureau helps authors to help themselves.
Don't lie down on your friends.
Don't ask for the loan of the large furry ear of your kinsmen.
Get things on an impersonal, business basis, and climb out of Class B on the back of a Business Booster who acts as a buffer between your feelings and the Cold and Crewel. That 's us!

THE LITERARY BUREAU

Suite 809-812 Stephen Girard Bldg., PHILADELPHIA

THE ART OF ADVERTISING

Three Decades Ago and Now



BOUT thirty years ago, there began to appear in the columns of the Wire-Grass Weeklies a new style of Advertising.

It started in as a news-item and ended as an appeal for Bushwhacker's Bitters.

It was a cheap and seductive literary illusion—a sort of bucolic practical joke, nettling and disappointing to the reader.

It had one virtue: It was interesting—until you discovered that you were being treated like a troglodyte.

The fact that this sort of advertising has gone out of fashion is pretty good proof that it was not profitable.

It was like that peculiar form of Holiday Card, designed in imitation of a New York Draft, making payable to you on demand, "One Thousand Blessings."

Only the crossroads humorist would use a thing like that as a token of friendship. It excites a person's hope, curiosity, credulity, and then reaps his resentment. It is like filling Christmas Stockings with sawdust.

It is a mistake to raise false hopes—'ware of the reaction.

¶ But now comes a new style of advertisement, founded on the old idea of luring the reader on, but without its disappointing features.

I write advertisements for rest and recreation. But I only write about the things I know have merit plus.

If your heart is in a theme, when you write about it, the product is easy to read, instructive and amusing. These publicity articles, I frankly head, "An Advertisement."

Thus at the start, I disarm disappointment and make peace with prejudice. Some of these advertisements are readable. A few are read from the first word to the last, and some of

AN ADVERTISEMENT

By ELBERT HUBBARD

them impress good people and great, with the truth, beauty and desirability of the thing advertised.

"No sane man could read your advertisements for 'The Equitable Life' without wishing he had a half-million dollars on his life," thus wrote to me a certain eminent Railroad President.

And here is something a good woman said: "I could love any man with a million dollars' life-insurance, because only a decent, brave, healthy and manly man could secure such an honor."

The woman who made this remark had been reading THE FRA and had gotten a brand-new view of life and life-insurance.

¶She could not now imagine a man with a nice big policy on his life, who kept bad hours, had a bad breath, used bad language, fell into downhearted moods, or lost his buoyant smile of faith that life, love and work are good.

¶The chief value of life-insurance seems to be that it gives the man insured an increased capacity for meeting the natural and inevitable trials, difficulties and obstacles of life.

¶We fight the cussedness of inanimate things, the stupidity and inappreciation of the public—also, we fight our own limitations. But to meet these things with faith and fortitude and know in advance that you are victor—this is to live.

¶That is the big thing at last—to live!

And all that which helps us to live is good.

The man who lives rightly will die gracefully when his time comes.

And he 'll not die a hundred deaths before.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE

'Gene Field Letters

Or Little Messages That Uplift

THE Reformers tell us that this country needs this, that and the other, to save it from dire dissolution.

These things are true, or not, as the case may be, but to my mind the one vital thing needed in America is an increase in the 'Gene Field Letter.

We are suffering from epistolary elephantiasis.

Every college should have a 'Gene Field Chair. Very few folks know how to write a letter, what to say or when to stop.

A 'Gene Field Letter always contains an element of joy.

Next, it bears a message of wisdom.

Third, it has a jigger of wit that gives the wisdom flavor.

Fourth, it closes when it is done, and there is no postscript.

A 'Gene Field letter breathes kindness, appreciation, friendship, love, truth. The owner clings to it, shows it to friends, preserves it. If you own an original, you 'll not part with it any more than you would sell your mother's portrait.

'Gene Field may not have been a great man, but he had a great heart. He knew the secret of friendship. To live so you will love and be loved is a fine art. Field was a friend.

Now let the world learn at his feet and follow his example.

The age demands it. A long letter robs you of time and thus shortens your life. ¶ A vacuous news-letter does the same.

A long letter of counsel and advice tends to make us do that which we ought not.

The missive that contains a grain of good hidden in six bushels of wordy chaff tries eyesight and temper, turning the milk of human kindness to bonny-clabber.

Sensible people do not go around putting everything straight. Things will not stay put, anyway, unless it is in their nature to do so. ¶ 'Gene Field never called you down. He always called you up—up out of the mire of selfishness and despondency, up into the sunlight.

On the Rialto, where manuscripts and the autographs of the great and proud are sold, 'Gene Field—like Abou Ben Adhem—leads all the rest.

'Gene was not as profound as Emerson, nor as learned as Greeley of the *Tribune*, nor as flowery as Longfellow, but his letters today command a price that those of the good men just named do not. When 'Gene wrote a letter he always made the recipient pleased with himself, and being pleased with himself he was pleased with 'Gene and everybody. He put you for the moment *en rapport* with the world.

An Advertisement

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Never write a grouchy letter—telephone. The grouchy word passes, and if you write in the mood it is fixed, and only the charming should be perpetuated.

A 'Gene Field letter is always brief. It is a lettergram of love.

It is written with the exquisite care that tokens deep respect. 'Gene wrote copperplate, getting the idea from Thackeray, and of all letter-writers, Colonel Newcome alone surpasses our 'Gene Field.

Of all living men no writer's letters are so valuable as those of James Whitcomb Riley. Jim may say foolish things, but he never writes them. Riley's letters are like bunches of violets with the morning dew upon them. Jim caught the idea from 'Gene.

As a relief to pent-up emotion, the writing of a nasty letter has its use and purpose. So, if you must, then write it, fold it up, put it in the envelope, direct it in a bold hand, and mark it *Personal*. Next, stamp the envelope, placing the stamp upside down in the left-hand corner of the envelope. Then tear up the whole thing into bits and throw them into the waste-basket.

Read these four 'Gene Field letters—written man to man, by those who never stopped to think that they were writing in the style of a great stylist. Please note that each one contains the Kosmic Kilowatt.

DEAR JOHN:

Your eyes are bright, your teeth are good, your step is firm. You are a trifle short on hair, but long on joy. That Equitable Policy helps keep your heart young. It stops worry. God is good to me—I know you. 'GENE.

DEAR BROTHER:

I hate you. You said so many wise and witty things last night that I should have said, first. You have a hundred-thousand-dollar life-policy in the Equitable—I guess that is what does it! Have sent my application to 120 Broadway, and I, too, am going to turn the dial back.

JOS.

DEAR BILL:

Mary feels better since my policy in the Equitable came, although at first she "did n't want to think of his dying."

The kiddies and all seem a little closer now. It 's a beautiful world, and I am always,

YOUR OLD CRUSTY TOM.

DEAR ELBERT:

I read all your ads. They are for me a Mental Martini.

You made me try the Equitable for another hundred thousand on my life. It went through all right.

Naturally I feel a foot taller, and am more your friend than ever—if it were possible.

BILL.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the same day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. One Hundred Twenty Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Safety and Sanity

Or the Has-Been and the Never-Was

TWO Irishmen were seated on a pile of brick, eating their dinner.
McGinty, the foreman, walked by.
Now, it seems that McGinty had occasion to call these two particular men down, a few hours before, and they are a bit grouchy.
"There goes McGinty!" says Mike.
"He is n't the man he was once," says Pat with deprecating sigh, a wave of the hand and a mouth full of pie.
"Indeed, he is n't the man he was once—and begorrah, what 's worse, he never was!" answers Mike.

THE man with no Life-Insurance probably is n't the man he was once—and there is a suspicion that he never was.
¶ A good time to get Life-Insurance is when you can. Many a good man "goes past"—we all do, in time. Some never were.
¶ To use the word "beneficiary" as applied to the person to whom the policy is payable, as if all the benefits were his, is a lapse in logic and linguistics.
The value of Life-Insurance is just as much to the insured as to the insuree. Both are beneficiaries. The consciousness that you are an insurable quantity makes you carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. The man with a hundred thousand or so on his life is a bigger, better, stronger, safer and more competent man than one who ambles through life with a dark cloud of doubt over him as to what would become of wife and kiddies should the benzine-buggy catch him on the curve.
In very truth, you are enough bigger to earn and pay the premiums on your policies. If this is not so, then set me down as a soused gurnet, a has-been and a never-was.
Among other good things, Life-Insurance insures you against your own indiscretion when the fit is on to go after a financial wildcat, which, as Lincoln said, may be only a louse on your eyebrow. But do you think it fair or reasonable to suppose that your loved ones, after you have gone hence, will prove themselves better able to manage money wisely and well than you are now? ¶ You insure yourself, through insurance, against your own indiscretion, but how about your loved ones when you are no longer here to give them counsel?

An Advertisement

Written by Elbert Hubbard

Life-Insurance is based on the elimination of chance by large numbers through the Law of Average. The knowledge of the Law of Average is gained in but one way, and that is through statistics. Now, there are accurate statistics, not only as to the life of individuals, but also as to the life of a legacy; that is, how long five thousand, ten thousand or twenty-five thousand dollars will last the average person who is not used to handling such sums.

A widow with money is a shining mark for the mining-shark. I am sorry to say it, because I think well of woman's ability to manage her affairs; but the fact is, five thousand dollars usually lasts a widow three years, and ten thousand is dissipated in five years. Doubtless, the average man, not used to having such lump sums come to him, would do no better. And anyway, if you have never made a financial fool of yourself, you are not in my class.

Money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also the well-meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class, who know just how to double it in a month.

Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy which, instead of being paid in a lump sum on the death of the insured, gives a fixed payment every year (or more often) to the beneficiary as long as she shall live. On her death the remainder is to be paid to her heirs in one sum or in payments as she may devise.

Here is a plain, simple, safe plan whereby you can insure those dependent upon you against want and temptation, by insuring them against their indiscretion, and yours. It is the Equitable Way.

We would like to tell you more about this plan—whether you want insurance or not—because we feel that the public should know about this great modern betterment.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in The World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE

Peace and Plenty

THOMAS BRACKETT REED once said, "No poor man can tell the truth, and liars are mostly men on half-rations."

"Tom" Reed was a joker, but mixed up in all his jokes was a goodly trace of truth.

Money is the counter in this game of life.

And while we do not longer love Money for its own sake, we realize that it is only money that can ward off want, woe, wretchedness—perhaps starvation—when earning power is gone.

And earning power, for all of us, will surely go some time—this we know.

Money is the maker of success. It also stands between you and the fear of want.

When you insure your life, you insure your peace of mind.

Also, you insure the peace of mind of those who depend upon you.

It is not want that eats out our hearts, and renders our work nil: it is the fear of want—worry, apprehension, uncertainty, doubt. Life-insurance means assurance. I believe that nothing will increase a man's earning power so much as the feeling that he is an insurable proposition, and has made all snug against stormy weather, and even mortal shipwreck itself.

Yet money in a lump sum in the hands of those not versed in finance is a burden, and sometimes a menace. It lays them open to the machinations of the tricky and dishonest, also—

An Advertisement

By Elbert Hubbard

the well-meaning men of the Colonel Sellers class who know just how to double it in a month.

Realizing these things, and to meet a great human need, the Equitable is now issuing a policy, which instead of being paid in a lump sum to the insured, gives a fixed monthly payment as long as the beneficiary shall live.

It works either way. It will protect you if you live. It will protect your wife (or other beneficiary) if you die. And if you both live, it will protect you both.

This policy may be used to provide for your own future, while protecting a son, daughter, mother, father, sister or any other dependent.

If you are interested, fill up the Coupon, and full particulars will be sent to you without delay.

The Equitable Life-Assurance Society
Of The United States
120 Broadway - - - New York City

Without committing myself to any action, I should like to know what it would cost me to provide an income of $.....payable at my death to my estate.

My present age is.....years.

Name.....

Town or City.....

County..... **State**.....

Age of Beneficiary.....

Lunacy and Lucidity

IT is a great thing to be protected against your own indiscretion, for even the best men are locoed logically half an hour every day, says Ali Baba, the Sage. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the time-limit, just as good executives are men who decide quickly and are sometimes right. Few men are big enough never to get mad when the other fellow does.

However, sensible men never do business in their woozy, boozy, bughouse period of the day.

But did you ever stake your all on an election, and prophesy to your friends that the other party was really out of the game, you know—and then find the next morning that you were snowed under by forty thousand majority?

Did you ever go into a lawsuit as plaintiff, and when the jury filed out, whisper to your counsel, "The enemy have n't a leg to stand on"? And

An Advertisement

Written by Elbert Hubbard

when the jury came back, hear the foreman solemnly say, "We, the jury, find for defendants"?

¶ Did you ever go into a land deal expecting to clean up a hundred thousand in two years, and instead find yourself saddled with a deficiency judgment?

These are the things that try men's souls and pocketbooks.

The moral is, while you are in possession of health, sanity and cool judgment you should decide to put a little money away for a certain wise, loving and beautiful purpose, and put it where you can't get at it in one of those feverish intervals, when your imagination is astride of a wild, bucking bronco of biz.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in The World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE

Time and Chance

or Life's Toboggan and the Checkmate of Chance

BORN into life without our permission, and being sent out of it against our will, Time is our one brief possession.

A thousand years before Christ, Ecclesiastes wrote this:

> *I returned, and saw under the sun, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill, but TIME and CHANCE happeneth to them all.*

ARE we masters of Time? In degree, yes. ¶ A very good time to speak is when you have an audience; about the best time to sell is when you have a buyer; and the time to secure Life-Insurance is when you can.

When the blood flows free and fast; and life is full of joy, and hope soars high, and walking hand in hand, we sing the lovers' litany, "Love like ours can never die," then is the time to insure against the evil days to come.

The savage can not project his imagination from the Summer to the Winter. When the sun shines and the South Wind blows, he can not believe that grim Winter will ever rage.

An Advertisement

Written by Elbert Hubbard

There is where the savage differs from the Enlightened Man. The Winter and the snow will come to us all, but we smile with a quiet satisfaction when we realize that we know the worst, and have prudently provided against it.

Time and Chance! We extend the one and disarm the other with the aid of Life-Insurance. Chance comes only to individuals, but in the Law of Average, there is no Chance. And the bigger your company the more is Chance put on Time's Toboggan.

Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it provides for the papooses without fail in case of your call. Also (and to me this is its chief value), it insures your peace of mind, and makes you more of a man—a better, healthier, happier, stronger, abler and more competent man. Thus is an extension placed upon Time, through the checkmate of Chance.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them
PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE

Commonsense and Life-Insurance

TO keep young is something we all want to do. And it's mostly brought about by not thinking about it. You can't keep young if you are always dwelling on those terrible things that may happen when you're young no longer. That's why some people save. Saving is fine, excellent, provided we can find out in advance that you are going to live long enough to make the saving worth the stinting. It's a mean thing after you've done without your tobacco for a week, to hike into the sweet eternal. What's to be done about it anyhow? Easy! A life-insurance policy means saving plus. No risk of falling into the long sleep with $14.75 at the bank. Not only is your life insured, but you are insured against your own inclination to shake the baby's bank, when you see a "sure thing."

It is a great thing to be protected against your own indiscretion, for even the best men are locoed logically half an hour every day, says Ali Baba, the Sage. Wisdom consists in not exceeding the time-limit, just as good executives are men who decide quickly and are sometimes right. Few men are big enough never to get mad when the other fellow does; also few men ever do business in the woozy, boozy, bughouse period.

Did you ever stake your all on an election, and prophesy to your friends that the other party was really out of the

An Advertisement

written by

Elbert Hubbard

game, you know—and then find the next morning that you were snowed under by forty thousand majority?

Did you ever go into a lawsuit as plaintiff, and when the jury filed out whisper to your counsel, "The enemy have n't a leg to stand on!" and when the jury came back, hear the foreman solemnly say, "We, the jury, find for defendants"?

Did you ever go into a land deal expecting to clean up a hundred thousand in two years, and instead find yourself saddled with a deficiency judgment?

These are the things that try men's souls and pocketbooks.

¶The moral is, while you are in possession of health, sanity and cool judgment, you should decide to put a little money away for a certain wise, loving and beautiful purpose, and put it where you can't get at it in one of those feverish, booby-hutch intervals, when your imagination is astride of a wild, bucking bronco of biz.

Insure yourself and be assured.

Don't let the wife and the kiddies run the risk of having not only lack of syrup, but actually no cakes at all. It simply means that you deposit a part of your savings with an insurance company instead of a bank. The bank pays you back what you put in; but the insurance company may pay much more. No bank in the world is as strong as the Equitable.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in The World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, President. 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend some good man—or woman—to us, to represent us there? Great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE

In Re the Corporation

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Numbers eliminate chance.—ADAM SMITH.

THE business corporation was a device of the Romans. The original idea came from Julius Caesar, and was suggested by the uncertainty of human life ❧ It was an insurance against the dissolution of a project in case of death.

The intent was to provide for the continuance and perpetuity of enterprises which probably no one man could carry out during his lifetime.

The first application of the corporation was for building water-systems and laying out roadways. The corporation provided against stoppage of the work in case of the death of any one man connected with it.

Lord Coke called the corporation the keystone of England's commercial supremacy. Her great enterprises were insured against dissolution when the leader died. ¶ The corporation is a body without death, a mind without decline.

The Roman corporations were founded on the idea of the Empire. "The King is dead—long live the King." The man filling the office dies, but his successor is already chosen, so there is no interregnum.

The corporation has its official head, known as the President; the man dies and at once the Vice-President takes his place. ¶ The corporation is a little government inside of a big one, receiving its official life by the permission, approval and sanction of the supreme government.

The dying man passes the torch to another, who carries it forward. The procession never halts, even though here and there men drop out of the ranks. Thus is the State and Society relieved from shock, disaster and dissolution.

The State, the province, the county, the municipality, all are corporations. To charter corporations in order that they may carry out a great and beneficent work which no one

man could do with safety, owing to the uncertainty of the individual life, has been a natural evolution.

But the corporate life of a great business is not secure against shock, unless the lives of its managers are insured for the benefit of the corporation. Hence we find the big men—the men of initiative and enterprise—allowing their lives to be insured at the expense of the corporation which they serve, for the corporation's benefit.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society will exist when every eye that reads this page is closed forever; when every heart that now throbs with joy is still; when every brain through whose winding bastions thought roams free, has turned to dust.

¶ The Equitable will live on, for the purpose of its founders endures, though all its present officers die. The Equitable is a body without death, a mind without decline.

The man who said that corporations have no souls spoke in haste. The corporation that has no soul is dead and will soon be buried. A soul is a great animating purpose—a oneness of aim—a beneficent, living, loving, active desire.

The Equitable has a soul, and the animating purpose of this soul is to protect the policy-holders of the Society against the disturbing tragedy of death, and to throw a shield around their heirs and assigns, forever.

A goodly part of the work of the Equitable is to insure officers of corporations for the benefit of the corporation. Only safe, superior and competent men can secure life-insurance nowadays. Also, life-insurance adds poise, power and purpose to able men. It helps you to carry your chin in and the crown of your head high.

If you are in the peewee class, this is not for you. But if you are helping to carry the burdens of the world and making this earth a better place because you are here, perhaps you had better write us for further information.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. Number 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE: None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE SOCIETY

The Problem of Time

TIME has always been a strange and baffling puzzle to philosophers.

They could never explain, or account, or trace its beginning and end.

While we can calculate the end of worlds and of solar systems, time stretches away illimitable, unfettered and uncontrolled.

The principal thing that differentiates man from the animals is his cognizance of time. Animals know when they are hungry, but they never look at the sun or make any sign which shows that they are speculating about time.

Birds and fowls go to roost when it grows dark, and get busy when light returns.

When a total eclipse happens, chickens accept it as a matter of course, and hunt their roosts; while we foretell the coming eclipse by the use of a watch and a calendar.

And what of the eyeless fish in caves and in the depths of the sea, that see no light?

Time must pass as it does to a prisoner in darkness, who soon loses the power to even approximately measure time.

Prince Peter Kropotkin, in describing the horrors of solitary confinement, says the kind jailer who allowed him to keep his watch, thereby saved him from insanity.

We divide life up into periods of time, and thus make it endurable.

You lend a man money and in a year he pays you back with something additional—or he doesn't. Anyway, he should.

Where did the extra money come from?

Time produced half of it?

Such is the power of time. Time mitigates all grief, cures all sickness, satisfies revenge, equalizes the high and the low.

An Advertisement

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Shakespeare says, "What is time but the shadow of earth on the background of eternity?"

The Bible contains nine hundred and sixty references to time.

Does time exist outside of our consciousness?

It certainly does.

It goes on just the same when we sleep, and if we should fail to awake it would still go on. It will go on when watches cease to tick, when all animal life ceases to breathe, when stars cease to shine and suns to set.

How can time cease? By no leap of mind can one imagine.

But all the time that the individual can call his own is while he lives.

When will Fate with her scissors clip the thread of time for me?

I do not know, and this very uncertainty makes me prize time and work while it is called the day.

To limit the shock of my passing, and to ease my affairs over the shallows when my hand and brain can no longer guide them, Life-Insurance comes in.

Death, for most, comes without warning. By Life-Insurance, those dependent upon us are cared for, and the result of our foresight and prudence is the possession of those we love after we are gone.

Life-Insurance is not a duty: it is more than that—it is a privilege.

Life-Insurance does not actually insure you against death, but it insures your loved ones against want when you are no longer here. That very fact gives peace, poise and power to the man who is insured. It makes for length of days.

Life-Insurance is an extension on time. And being wise we provide against the time when time shall be no longer ours.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World."

The Company which pays its death-claims on the day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. Number 120 Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE: None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in Life-Insurance work for the EQUITABLE SOCIETY

History in Little

¶ The Equitable Life Assurance Society was organized in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-Nine.

The founder was Henry B. Hyde.

¶ Hyde was a country boy with health and ambition, who had come down to New York from the village of Catskill to make his fortune. He got a job (which is just as good as to accept a situation) with a life-insurance company as errand-boy. In a year he rose to a clerkship, then became cashier, and not satisfied with the policy of the company for which he worked, decided to start a new company.

¶ His plan was to secure two hundred high-class men as stockholders who would take five hundred dollars each. These men must be good risks, and of themselves would form the nucleus for a strong company.

¶ Hyde succeeded in vaccinating fifty men with his own enthusiasm, but there the number stuck. The shares were one hundred dollars each. Rather than disband and give up the project, Hyde persuaded his men to make up the deficiency.

¶ For himself he had just a thousand dollars, but he borrowed four thousand more, which was proof of his genius, and all was put into Equitable stock.

¶ Hyde was then twenty-five years old.

¶ He was taunted with his youth; but his reply was, "I'll get over that!"

¶ The President of the new company was Wm. C. Alexander, aged fifty-three. Alexander was a member of the F. F. V. and the son of a Princeton professor. He was a lawyer and an orator—a man of intellect, education, worth and high standing in society. Alexander used to say that all he supplied was dignity, while Hyde did the work.

¶ Alexander's salary in the new company was just seventy-five dollars a year.

¶ Hyde was Vice-President, and his salary was one thousand dollars a year.

¶ The Physician was Edward W. Lambert, aged thirty-one.

¶ The Actuary was George W. Phillips, aged twenty-eight.

¶ For the first year all the clerical work was done by Lambert, and the outside work was done by Hyde.

¶ And the way Hyde secured applications would have set a pace for some of the clever field boys of the present.

¶ The first day the office was opened, there was a "housewarming," and Hyde secured fourteen applications from the guests, one of which was

An Advertisement

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

from the president of the competing company for which Hyde had worked.

¶This man came in because he said the new concern would bust in a year, and he would then take all the policy-holders over, and reinsure them, and he wanted to be on the premises.

¶The year went by as the years do. Henry B. Hyde had written over one million and a half. There were four hundred twelve policy-holders; and several of these are alive today. Not a single death had occurred in the company. Hyde always argued that life-insurance was for the living, not for the dead.

¶Twenty years passed. Hyde was forty-five, but a young man in heart and appearance, with the same keen scent for an application.

¶The Assets were $37,366,842.00. Outstanding Insurance, $162,357,-715.00.

¶Thirty-six life-insurance companies that had started in New York since the Equitable was launched, had gone into the rag-bag of Chronos.

¶The present Assets are, oh, say, $500,000,000.00. Outstanding Insurance, $1,500,000,000.00.

¶Why this success? Well, it is chiefly because the Equitable policy is a policy that insures, and wise men know it.

¶The Equitable meets the growing needs of the people. It is not afraid of initiative—it changes as the times change. It makes itself a necessity to commerce—it supplies a great human want. Best of all, it keeps faith with its policy-holders.

¶Not every one can get in the Equitable, but once in you are cared for. That general plan of Henry B. Hyde's, which in a year's business did not have a loss, was prophetic of the future. Losses have occurred, but always inside of provisions made for them. The Equitable is full of initiative, yet conservative when it should be.

¶The Equitable believes in the people, and the people believe in the Equitable. It keeps arteriosclerosis at bay by causing the youthful corpuscle to circulate through its management. It is a vast culture-bed of happiness, hope, health, work, faith—all devoted to Human Service.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the same day that it receives them.
PAUL MORTON, President. One Hundred Twenty Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in LIFE-INSURANCE WORK for THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Some More History

ALITTLE over a year ago the Equitable Life Assurance Society celebrated its fiftieth birthday.

Many people do not know how long fifty years is.

Time can only be measured by deeds. If nothing happens, time is merely an illusion.

When the Equitable was organized, A. T. Stewart's "Business Palace" was uptown, and it was the finest and biggest building in New York. All of A. T. Stewart's clerks were male men. The only women around the store, save customers, sold apples on the curb in front.

There were 'buses on Broadway; and there were three horsecar lines on other streets. The cars ran every half-hour. The fare was ten cents, or three tickets for a quarter. Transfers were yet to come.

There were no stenographers in business offices.

There were no typewriters, and consequently no typewritists.

Telephone troubles were unguessed.

There were thirty-three States in the Union.

The population of the United States was thirty-one million.

The postage on a letter to California was fifty cents, and if your correspondent replied promptly you got his answer in six months.

The voyage from Liverpool to New York in the fastest steamer was thirteen days.

The trip from New York to Chicago took three nights and four days, and you changed cars seven times.

There were no sleeping-cars, and no dining-cars.

There was n't a hotel in New York that had a room with bath attached.

The first year's business of the Equitable showed no losses by death, and no dividends were paid to either stockholders or policy-holders. The salary list, attorneys fees and fees of examining physicians and all expenses totaled nine thousand five hundred dollars for the year.

The Equitable turned the corner into its second year with capital unimpaired and a surplus of ninety-six thousand dollars.

Being An Advertisement

Written by Elbert Hubbard

The president of the big competing company, who a year before had sneezed, now coughed.

Since its founding The Equitable has paid back to its policy-holders —mostly widows and orphans—over seven hundred and fifty million dollars.

The Equitable was the first life-insurance company to adopt the immediate-payment plan. Ninety-eight per cent of its losses are paid the day proofs are received.

Some critics, kindly, but misinformed, imagine that the surplus of the Equitable is withdrawn from circulation and hoarded. This is a great mistake. The amount of actual cash on hand is insignificant. The surplus is put back into circulation through carefully secured loans to the business world.

Over a thousand clerks are employed at the Home Office. System and organization are complete. Absolute economy is on every hand. Industry is the unfailing rule.

From errand-boys to president everybody works and works hard. Good-cheer prevails, and there are enough breathing spells to prevent work becoming drudgery. But the thought that to work for the Equitable is to be a servant of the people is never forgotten.

The Equitable stands for human service.

Through numbers it eliminates accident, abolishes chance, blots out risk, and gives an assurance against dire calamity which no individual, or group of individuals, can possibly bestow. Insure in the Equitable and your peace of mind is assured.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

"Strongest in the World"

The Company which pays its death-claims on the same day that it receives them.

PAUL MORTON, President. One Hundred Twenty Broadway, NEW YORK CITY

AGENCIES EVERYWHERE! None in your town? Then why not recommend to us some good man—or woman—to represent us there? There are great opportunities today in LIFE-INSURANCE WORK for THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY

Scientific Mutuality

"Each According to His Needs."

THE business of Life-Insurance is to take care of people who need help, at the time they need it most

Yet it is not charity.

Life-Insurance had its rise in philanthropy. When a man died the neighbors took up a collection for the widow and children.

Even yet, in pioneer districts, we find in vogue the plan of all the neighbors helping any particular family that needs help, by a "donation party," a "raising-bee," a "husking-bee," or a "shower."

The early Christians were communists. We read in the Bible, "As many as were possessors of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold and laid them down at the Apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

¶ Life-Insurance is scientific communism, with no surrender of your individuality or taint of patronage.

In the clan we get this first idea of brotherhood and mutual help.

The world has not advanced yet to a point where we dare do away with individual ownership. But to give indiscriminately to the needy we now know is to injure both the one who accepts and the one who gives.

¶ Hence, Life-Insurance comes in, wherein the man himself provides for himself and his household over against the evil day. He insures himself against his own indiscretion and that of the beneficiaries.

Charity degrades—foresight uplifts.

Life-Insurance takes the matter out of the mood of the neighbors, and places the whole thing on an equitable, scientific basis.

The Romans nearly reached a scientific basis for life-insurance, but not quite. They organized the corporation—a body of men banded together to perform some great and important work. They figured that if a man were thirty years of age, he would live to be sixty.

After that he lived only by grace, and the corporation paid him a fixed sum during the rest of his life. Then we hear of Iamblichus complaining, "These annuitants seem to get in the habit of living and forget to die."

¶ Ruin came to Rome, and the science of economics perished.

It was a thousand years and more before Oliver Cromwell supplied the

AN ADVERTISEMENT

By ELBERT HUBBARD

basis for scientific calculations as to the length of life. He issued an order, in seventeen words, to all keepers of parish registers thus: "You shall record every death, and make sure to write without fail the age of the deceased."

The death-rate then in England was twenty-one to a thousand. Now it is fifteen or less.

In Sixteen Hundred Ninety-eight the Reverend William Ashton organized a company "for the relief of clergymen's widows and children."

¶A hundred clergymen paid into a fund five pounds a year, and on the death of any one a hundred pounds was paid to his widow.

This was the launching of Life-Insurance. From insuring clergymen, "Knights and Gentlemen" were included. Then the mercers took it up, and any haberdasher "of good health and good repute" was made eligible.

Now the business is on a strictly scientific basis, but the fact remains that you must be in "good health and good repute" in order to secure life-insurance.

When Iamblichus said that "the annuitant forgets to die," he hit on a bit of stern logic.

Life-Insurance in any form serves as a ballast to life—it helps a man to live

The annuity, either for yourself or to be paid to your wife or children, is a specialty with the Equitable Life Assurance Society. They would like to give you information along this line. It will cost you nothing—use it or not, just as your good judgment dictates.

Life-Insurance helps you to live. You need no help to die.

We can help you to help yourself to live; and dying, those you love will be safeguarded by your foresight.

The best time to secure life-insurance is when you can. Possibly you are not eligible; if so, this is not for you.

The Equitable Life Assurance Society

of the United States

ONE HUNDRED TWENTY BROADWAY, NEW YORK

Without committing myself to any action, I should like to know what it would cost to provide a Life Income of $.....

a year payable at my death to a person now.....years of age, the income to be paid for twenty years in any event.

Name .....

Full Address..... Age.....

BY mail, you may now send packages weighing more than four pounds to forty-three foreign countries—but not to any one of the States of the Union.

If you live in New York, you may send a ten-pound package by mail to Tokio—but not to Brooklyn. If it weigh only four pounds, it may go by mail to Brooklyn for sixty-four cents—but four pounds to Germany costs only forty-eight cents.

¶ These are not little jokes perpetrated on the public by the Post-Office Department; they are facts which have grown naturally out of the deep interest that the express companies have taken in the distribution of merchandise by mail. If you insist upon having the same parcels service to Chicago or Saint Louis that you have to Berlin or Marseilles, how do you expect the express companies to make a living?

—"World's Work."

ORATORY: *The Exercise of Power*



Prof. Henry Dickson

America's foremost authority on Memory Training, Public Speaking, Self-Expression, and Principal of the Dickson Memory School, Auditorium Building, Chicago.

AN ADVERTISEMENT WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD

MUCH that passes for oratory is merely talk, lecture, harrangue and argument.

These things may all be very useful, and surely they have their place in the world of work and business, but oratory is another thing. Oratory is the impassioned outpouring of a heart—a heart full.

Every great speech is an evolution—it must be given many times in many ways before it becomes a part of the man himself. Then comes the opportunity! Oratory is the ability to weld a mass of people into absolutely one mood. To do this the orator must lose himself in his subject—he must cast expediency to the winds. And more than this, his theme must always be an appeal for humanity. Invective, threat, challenge, all play their parts, but love is the great recurring theme that winds in and out through every great sermon or oration.

Pathos is only possible where there is great love, and pathos is always present in the oration that subdues, that convinces, that wins and sends men to their knees in abandonment of their own wills. The audience is the female element, the orator the male, and love is the theme. The orator comes in the name of God to give protection—freedom. Usually the great orator is on the losing side. And this excites on the part of the audience the attribute of pity, and pity fused with admiration gives us love—thus does love act and react on love.

Oratory supplies the most sublime gratification which the gods have to give. To subdue the audience and blend mind with mind affords an intoxication beyond the ambrosia of Elysium.

When Sophocles pictured the god Mercury seizing upon the fairest daughter of earth and carrying her away through the realms of space, he had in mind the power of the orator, which through love lifts up humanity and sways men by a burst of feeling that brooks no resistance. Oratory is the child of democracy: it pleads for the weak, for the many against the few, and no great speech was ever yet given save in behalf of mankind. The orator feels their joys, their sorrows, their hopes, their desires, their aspirations, their sufferings, their pains. They may have wandered far, but his arms are opened wide for their return. Here alone does soul respond to soul. And it is love, alone, that fuses feeling so that all are of one mind and mood. Oratory is an exercise of power.

Henry Dickson, founder and principal of the DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY, is the author of a new book on oratory which is of interest to every man who wishes to understand the joy of this exercise of power.

The name of Professor Dickson's book is "How to Speak in Public." It contains valuable instruction by this famous memory expert. Professor Dickson has done his work well, and has shown a charming insight into the heart of his subject.

¶ The book is divided into chapters, which makes it easy to use, as you can turn to the subject which concerns you most, quickly.

Just now Professor Dickson is making a remarkable offer. One thousand copies of this valuable book, printed from new clear type on specially made paper, illustrated and bound, a very de luxe edition, will be given away absolutely free to pupils of the Dickson School of Memory.

The regular price of this book is Two Dollars, but reading it in connection with the Memory Course you get its full value and scope. Enroll now! Send the Dickson School a deposit of Two Dollars, which will apply against the price of your Course, and the book will be sent at once.

DICKSON SCHOOL OF MEMORY

963 Auditorium Building, Chicago, Ill.

EVERYBODY is a business-builder, or should be. Everybody has a patron or patrons, therefore he has something to sell—services or merchandise of some kind. The employer is a patron of the employee. The patient is a patron of the physician. Everybody has something to sell.

—Arthur Frederick Sheldon.

UNDER the magnetism of friendship the modest man becomes bold; the shy, confident; the lazy, active; or the impetuous, prudent and peaceful.—Thackeray.

The time to mind somebody else's business is when he does n't.

EVERY time that we allow ourselves to be penetrated by Nature, our soul is opened to the most touching impressions. Whether Nature smiles and adorns herself on her most beautiful days, or whether she becomes pale, gray, cold and rainy, in Autumn and in Winter, there is something in her which moves not only the surface of the soul, but even its inmost depths, and awakens a thousand memories which to all appearances have no connection whatever with the outward scene, but which, nevertheless, undoubtedly hold communion with the soul of Nature through sympathies that may be entirely unknown to us, because her methods seem to be beyond the touch of our thought.—Maurice de Guerin.

THE man who makes his wife get up in the morning to start the fires, at last saved enough money to buy an automobile. One day while going up a hill the machine stopped

"You'll have to get out and push, Fannie," he said, "because I've got to stay here and guide it."—William J. Burtscher.

A Dutchman—His Paint

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI once said, "Perfection is so rare in this world that when we find it we must pause and pay it the tribute of our silent admiration."

I have been studying the subject of Paint, and I have found a perfect paint.

¶The first painters were Sailors—Dutch at that. They painted their ships as a matter of necessity—to waterproof them. A house is nothing but a ship on land, and the first house was painted by a sailor out of a job.

These Dutch sailors came from the land that produced Rembrandt, and if I were to apply Rossetti's definition of Perfection to any painter, I would give it to Rembrandt.

The maker of this Perfect Paint is a Dutchman, P. M. Baumgardner, of the Holland Linseed Oil Company. Rembrandt was a king of light and shade, and so is Baumgardner. He is the inventor of an Indestructible Paint.

This paint is composed of pure white lead and pure linseed-oil, combined with a special preparation which goes to make it absolutely rust-proof, and keeps it from cracking, peeling or blistering. This waterproof formula is transparent and works in any color. Baumgardner will match any color or tint, including jet-black and white.

His paint stops the disintegration of metal, wood, brick and stone. It will wear five times longer than any other paint yet made.

It is sold direct from the manufacturer to the consumer, at a lower price than you could possibly mix Linseed-Oil and White Lead yourself.

The Holland Linseed Oil Company will ship this paint at the low price of $1.50 per gallon, freight prepaid on one hundred pounds or over, to points East of the Rocky Mountains and South of the Canadian Line.



Beautiful color-plates of different painted houses are sent on application, so that you can make an intelligent selection of color combinations.

Mr. Baumgardner will be delighted to inform you on the subject of paint and painting if you write to him.

Holland Linseed Oil Company

2012-2014 Austin Avenue Chicago, Illinois

MY garden, with its silence and the pulses of fragrance that come and go on the airy undulations, affects me like sweet music. Care stops at the gates, and gazes at me wistfully through the bars. Among my flowers and trees, Nature takes me into her own hands, and I breathe freely as the first man.

—Alexander Smith.

That which perfects humanity can not destroy any religion except a bad one.

A VIOLET STORY

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

AT Norfolk, Virginia, I once saw an Armour Refrigerator-Car being loaded with Violets—fresh and fragrant—bound for Pittsburgh, and it came to me that Armour cars always carry the fresh, pure and clean.

¶ Armour's "Star Hams and Bacon" and "Simon Pure Lard" are the cleanest, choicest and finest prepared anywhere. ¶ "Star Hams and Bacon" are from corn-fed hogs—barrow hogs. Being something of a farmer myself, I know that from this combination can be produced the best possible Hams and Bacon. Armour "Star" Hams are cured and smoked the good genuine way over smoldering hickory-logs, and they are tender, juicy and alluringly palatable.

¶ "Simon Pure Leaf Lard" is just what its homely and unpretentious name claims for it. It's "Simon Pure"; that's all.

¶ The housewife who says "Armour" when she talks over the telephone knows what she is doing. She is ordering the best, and most of us are so poor that we can only afford the best. Nothing cheap is cheap at the last, and though Armour's products are sold at reasonable prices, you can possibly get cheaper products, but this is not economy.

¶ "Simon Pure Leaf Lard" is economical. You need use but two-thirds as much as of ordinary lard, and then you have absolute assurance of purity, because it comes to you in the original package. You can depend on uniformity when you tell the man, "Armour's."

¶ Take my word for it—Armour's Products are none too "good" for you, because you can buy them and save money. As clean as the Violets that were shipped in the Armour Car from Norfolk, your dealer receives the eatables stamped "Armour."

¶ Send to Armour and Company, Chicago, for "Pastry Wrinkles"—an interesting little book free for the asking. Here is some common-sense, domestic-science literature.

An American Bible xxi

THIS page shows the general style of typography of AN AMERICAN BIBLE, a most valuable book now being printed by The Roycrofters.

¶The intent of the book is to help people live in one world at a time and live well.

¶If there is a life to come, we know of no better way to prepare for it than to live here and now up to our highest and best.

¶Man's chief duty is to know this world and realize his relationship to his fellow men — not to make peace with the skies.

¶Books written in Asia two or three thousand years ago are adapted to our use only in very slight degree, and such exist now only because it is easier to accept a popular superstition than to refute it.

¶All books are written and have been written by men.

¶All religions have been devised by men.

¶We know of no Being higher, greater or superior to man.

¶We not only believe in the divinity of one man, but of all men.

¶America represents a combination of ideas and a mingling of blood such as the world has never before seen.

¶The problems that confront us are practical problems, such as eliminating the need of jails, prisons, hospitals, court rooms, almshouses, asylums for the insane, and doing away with gamblers, grafters and the parasites — educated and illiterate — that prey upon society. Every grown man & woman should be able to earn a living and this ability to earn a living and to be useful should be the possession of every one until the day of his death.

¶People who live long and well are not afraid to die. They are willing to go or stay — and the person who is willing to go or stay, stays a good while.

¶There will be portraits in photogravure of the authors, with a special introduction by Alice Hubbard. ¶The book will be printed in two colors, and will be an especially fine specimen of typography—something that would delight the heart and eye of that master printer, Benjamin Franklin, were he alive today.

¶Oxford binding—Yes, certainly!

THE authors of *An American Bible* are: ¶Benjamin Franklin, printer, businessman, financier, diplomat, statesman and philosopher. ¶Thomas Jefferson, lawyer, educator, statesman, twice President of the United States ❧ Thomas Paine, writer, thinker, patriot, inventor, philosopher ❧ Abraham Lincoln, lawyer, diplomat, orator, writer and patriot, twice President of the United States. ¶Robert G. Ingersoll, lawyer, iconoclast, writer, orator, teacher, philosopher. Walt Whitman, hospital nurse, poet, newspaperman, philosopher. ¶Ralph Waldo Emerson, poet, preacher, essayist and philosopher. ¶Elbert Hubbard, farmer and publisher.

Price of the volume is Five Dollars. Orders are now being recorded by
THE ROYCROFTERS, EAST AURORA, N. Y

THE IRISH AND FLOUR

THE finest book in the world is an Irish production. Look at it when you are at Trinity College in Dublin. "The Book of Kells"—it represents the work of one man. He began this book when a youth of twenty, and finished it when he was past eighty. A lifetime to a single book! Think of the patience, the endurance, the devotion, the persistence, the love of such a man.

¶ Alexander Turney Stewart was an Irishman, born in Eighteen Hundred Two. He came from the land that supplied England her greatest orator, Burke; her greatest satirist, Swift; her greatest fighter, Wellington; one of her greatest poets, Oliver Goldsmith; one of her greatest scientists, John Tyndall.

¶ "Look out for transplanted Irish—they will run the world!" said Mulvaney to his friend Rudyard Kipling.

¶ I once heard Michael Davitt say, "I came from a race that will not pay rent." The answer in America is obvious—the Irish are landowners, not renters.

¶ And it was Shane Bros. who, with the help of Wilson, true Irishmen, evolved the Flour business in America until it became a fine art. Shane Bros. & Wilson Company, Irish, are the manufacturers of "King Midas Flour, The Highest-Price Flour in America and Worth All It Costs."

¶ The concentration, patience, application, persistence and love which that monk who created "The Book of Kells" brought to bear in his bookmaking, Shane Bros. & Wilson Company have focused on the making of flour.

¶ Wholesalers, grocers and jobbers are largely responsible for the marketing of food-products; and the salesmen employed by these houses influence the local retailer to a greater or less extent as to what he shall put in stock and offer to the public.

¶ This particular message is designed to appeal to the wholesaler, and to say to him that if he has the interest of his patrons at heart, who in turn are looking for the welfare of their customers, I would say, "Advocate and sell King Midas Flour."

¶ You are giving the grocer a chance, and every opportunity you give him to expand his business is a direct aid to you. You can not afford to give him an inferior product. Business is built on co-operation, faith, reciprocity, helpfulness, truthfulness, frankness and fraternity. All of these good qualities enter into the making and selling of "KING MIDAS FLOUR."

¶ King Midas costs a little more than any other flour, but you are not in a "cheap" business if you are progressing. ¶ Purchase your Flour supplies from the Irishmen who make flourmaking a fine art.

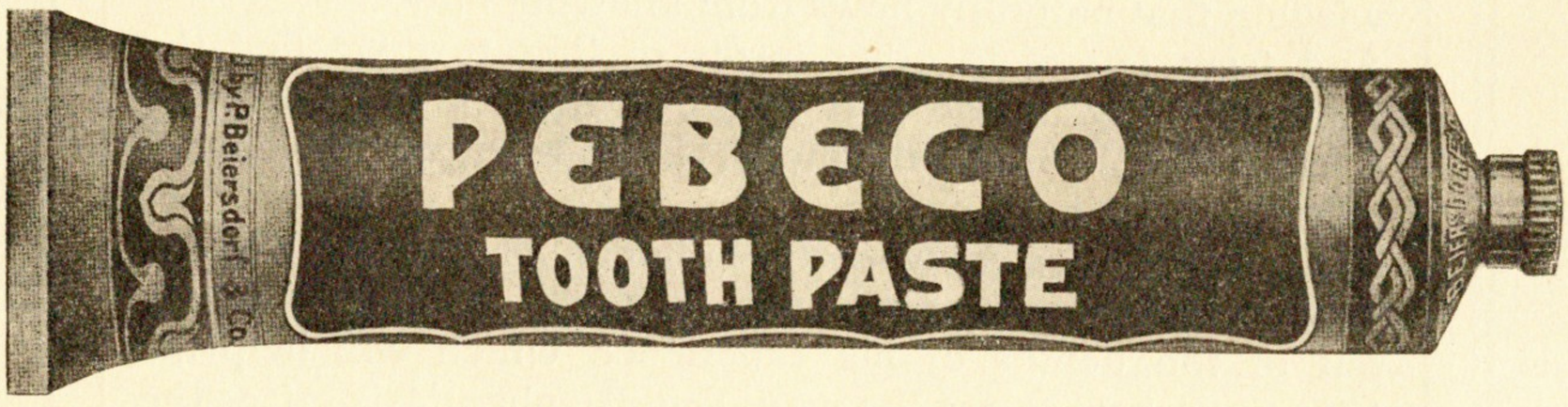
¶ The Shane Bros. & Wilson Company will gladly supply you any information you may desire on the subject of FLOUR.

SHANE BROS. & WILSON COMPANY, Philadelphia

WHY I USE PEBECO

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

BEING fairly civilized and reasonably genteel, I appreciate the necessity of having a clean mouth. Disease frequently finds its first manifestation in the mouth, and the individual who has a clean mouth and a good breath has nothing to fear so long as he keeps busy, does not exceed the speed limit when eating, and scouts the glooms. All the diseases of the teeth come from absence of cleanliness. By putting the mouth in a sanitary condition, the whole man is much strengthened. ¶ I use



because I used it once, and after using it the first time no other dentifrice satisfied me or gave me the feeling of absolute mouth cleanliness as does Pebeco

¶ The sale of toothbrushes in the United States is twice as large per capita as it was twenty-five years ago. So you see that we are moving forward along the line of oral righteousness.

¶ Teaching Toothsomeness in the Public Schools is a splendid thing. It is just as necessary to take care of a child's mouth properly as it is his brains. For the real fact is that there is no such thing as having good brains with a bad mouth. If I were to dictate what should be done in the Public Schools, I should say that this teaching be done with Pebeco. My reason is that Pebeco is the Tooth-Paste of modern science.

¶ Every good dentist will tell you this. There is absolutely no question about the efficiency of Pebeco. Every D. D. S. knows that Pebeco stimulates the salivary flow, neutralizes acidity and destroys harmful bacteria. It is an efficient cleanser and polisher of the teeth. It has a tonic action on the gum and glands. It induces good circulation; and good circulation means vigor.

¶ When things happen to your circulation you are on the toboggan-slide for a nice, cozy room in Bellevue. Discolored teeth and an unpleasant mouth are absent when Pebeco is used faithfully. As a dentifrice, it is pleasing, cooling, stimulating and pleasant.

¶ *The dentifrice that does not make you feel as fresh as the dew is not serving its purpose.*

¶ These are the reasons why I use and recommend Pebeco. It is absolutely the only Tooth-Paste which will preserve the teeth from the attacks of "acid mouth," the greatest cause of tooth decay. Fill out the coupon and send for a sample tube.

Lehn & Fink

133 William Street, New York

Lehn & Fink,
133 William St.
New York

Gentlemen:
Please send me Trial Tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste and Acid Test Papers.
(Write your name and address fully and plainly.)

Name.....

Street .....

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

Can You Write Your Message?

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

AN adscripter has said that, to the man who can not write one, a well-written letter is the most wonderful thing in the world. The average form letter is doubt made static, fear frozen stiff. A well-written letter is the distilled essence of wisdom that naturally flows from knowing how.

And from letters to other forms of literature we find the same inability on the part of the average man to express himself intelligently, distinctly, in a brief, to the point, epigrammatic manner.

We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers, and every man has a message—something to say out of the depths of his experience which will help his fellow-workers to see the way. But Elephantiasis seizes the pen and the message is lost forever.

Grenville Kleiser, formerly of the Yale Faculty, has evolved a correspondence course which teaches the practical writing of the English Language. And an eminently sane course it is, too—carried on by correspondence, the right way to teach people to write.

Mr. Kleiser gives you a daily theme. You have to get close to the work when you study under this man, because he demands that you get the most out of it. It is a serious though joyful business with him; so he wants every student to show progress by steady degrees.

Mr. Kleiser's methods are thoughtful, reasonable and intensely practical. Sure-enough writers, as well as those in the literary cradle, would do well to investigate for their own eternal benefit.

The whole art of writing the English language is treated in Mr. Kleiser's graphic way.

Write to FUNK AND WAGNALLS, Dept. 383, New York City, for details concerning the Grenville Kleiser Course on "How to Write English." It will pay you

IVORY—FOR GIFTS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD



IF you wish to make a Christmas, wedding or anniversary present—choose ivory. The exquisite joy that comes from owning a fine piece of ivory is past description.

Carved ivory is almost the very oldest expression in art. The Bible mentions it many times, and in almost every instance it is "gold and ivory," the two most precious substances known. ¶ The world is knowing more and more about ivory, and with the gradual disappearance of the elephant, there appears on the scene the genus collector.

¶ So ivory is the vogue! When you give bronze, gold, silver, or other malleable things, you give what is easy to duplicate and what is more or less commonplace. Ivory is unique; it is peculiar; it is beautiful, and its appreciation dates from the very dawn of history.

¶ Probably the finest collection of carved ivories in the world can be seen at Vantine's, New York

There one sees miniature tablets, dancing Geisha girls, old men at work, children at play; and hundreds of things, perhaps only a few inches high, made from ivory representing the human figure, that are absolutely perfect in form and full of the subtle imagination that only the great artist can bring to bear

¶ Then there are useful articles: combs, brushes, complete toilet-sets, paper-knives, hat-pins, belt-pins, all worked out with exquisite care—mostly by the Japanese, who today excel in this particular line of work.

¶ Not to know ivory and appreciate it, is to be without the pale in an artistic way.

Even if one does not care to purchase, a visit to Vantine's is time well spent.

Children, young people, students, all who would know of what our wonderful little brown brothers across the sea are doing, should see the ivory display at Vantine's

It is a thing to remember long, and once fixed in memory is never forgotten.

The days will pass, as the days do, and the elephants will die; and the time will come when the form of the elephant will be shown in museums, just as we show the mastodon, the mammoth, the behemoth; and then some of these rare and exquisite things which we now behold at Vantine's will be in existence and will ornament the rooms of the queens of the earth.

And the queens of the earth are right here in America.

Art is the expression of a man's joy in his work Beautiful things are created in an ecstacy of joy, and this joy becomes again the possession of the individual who owns this work of art, provided, of course, he is able to enter into its history and sympathize with its creation.

The province of art is to add to the happiness of the world. And if Truth and Beauty are twin sisters, and Art is their handmaiden, then how exquisitely rich this carved ivory must be!

If you want to give a present that is unique, peculiar and can not be duplicated, the value of which can never die—buy ivory!

November, 1911

FULPER Germ-proof Filter

AND COOLER COMBINED

positively removes all the germs from the drinking water (even spring water) right in your home. $3.85 at your dealer's or expressed direct. Write for free book, "Nature's Laboratory," with noted doctors' endorsements.

FULPER POTTERY CO., 21 Fulper Place, Flemington, N. J.

entire burden and fails to use this tremendous force constructively in sales effort.

Who can tell how many advertising failures lay at the advertiser's door, due wholly to lack of coordination of his sales and advertising departments? ❧ How many advertising managers, inwardly, at least, resent suggestions or criticisms from the sales department? And how many sales managers "get a grouch" when the advertising department "butts in"?

These are not two separate branches of business effort—they are identical in principle and purpose, varying only in scope and service; the largest results can come only from their combined harmonious administration.—*Norman Craig.*

❧

A SELLING ATMOSPHERE

In my innocent days, when I studied the wonderful science of psychology at Harvard, I was told that only one strong emotion can occupy the mind at one time.

Just think that over.

If you are so thoroughly frightened that your hair is standing on end, like a La Follette pompadour, it is quite probable that your joyous and hopeful mood will not aviate at the same moment.

Where doubt and fear enter, animation and hope retire.

You do not buy goods when you are mad; neither do you make love, nor presents.

Moreover, you do not purchase things of a person whom you dislike—if you can help it, and you usually can.

Some periodicals have a pleasant atmosphere

They radiate optimism and calm courage.

They put the buyer in a mood where he loosens up his weasel-skin.

No salesman can sell a bill of goods to an individual whose hopes are below par. The buyer can lure, but he can't coerce or stampede.

Enthusiasm and animation are the first factors in success. Kill these, and every project dies a-borning.

There are always fifty-seven reasons why anything will not work, and lots of men can flash these up—and do—at inopportune times.

The muckraking magazines that pound on American business, rip the judiciary up the back, and hammer on the Administration, gradually evolve an atmosphere unfavorable for the seller, and prepare the way for a shut-down.

A great man has told us that life is a matter of buttoning and unbuttoning; and when you have gooseflesh, it is a matter of buttoning.

The buyer when doubtful stands back to the wall and buttons up as tight as the proverbial bull's mizzle.

And so the argument is this: A magazine that stands for laughter, reciprocity, mutuality, big business, faith, hope, good-cheer, health and love is a Selling Magazine.

Periodicals that are given over to pish-mince, carping criticism and distrust, and that maintain an anvil chorus of Glooms, instead of a silver-cornet band of Joys, kill the buying mood in the reader and make of him a tight-waddo.

In his heart financial panic reigns. He is the antithesis of a creator.

Advertisers would do well to patronize the Magazine that fosters the buying mood.

Elbert Hubbard

❧

IT is indisputably evident that a great part of every man's life must be employed in collecting materials for the exercise of genius. Invention, strictly speaking, is little more than a new combination of those images which have been previously gathered and deposited in the memory: nothing can come of nothing; he who has laid up no materials can produce no combinations ❧ The more extensive, therefore, your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention, and, what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conceptions.—*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

❧

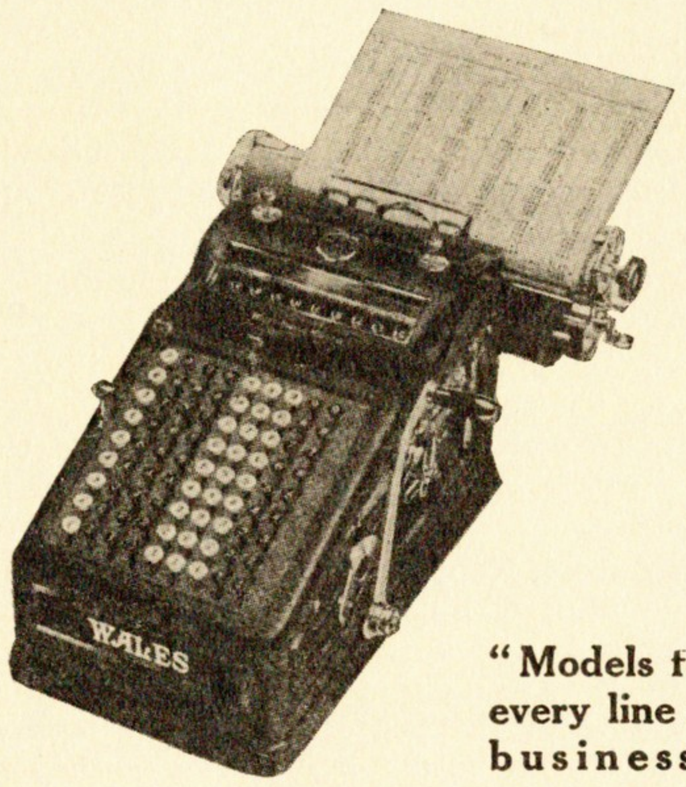
It is a great mistake to fancy ourselves greater than we are, and to value ourselves at less than we are worth.—*Carlyle.*

THE CHANGING ORDER

A Statement of Fact by Elbert Hubbard

¶ Every good thing in this world has at some time been bitterly opposed. Even as great a man as John Ruskin foresaw that the railroads would ruin England by driving the stages out of business and killing the demand for horses, thus ruining the farmer. Thomas Jefferson tells us of a neighbor of his who was opposed to the public schools because, "When every one could read and write, no one would work."

¶ Bishop Berkeley thanked God there was not a printing-press in Virginia, because, "Printing-presses printed mostly lies, and their business was to deceive the people." ¶ The word "business" was first used in the time of Chaucer to express contempt for people who were useful. The word was then spelled "busyness." In those days the big rewards were given to the men who devoted their lives to choking off all possible competition to their way of doing and living. Men who wanted to do something a little bit better than the "privileged few," were considered "irregular."



"Models for every line of business"

¶ In truth, it is only within our own time that we have made it a misdemeanor to oppose great and good things because they interfere with the plans of the "privileged few," who find it hard to adjust themselves to the changing order. ¶ So, it is not strange that the *WALES Visible Adding and Listing Machine* has had fierce opposition, and it is a matter on which the American people may congratulate themselves that the WALES Visible is now getting its due credit in the business world, which it so richly merits.

¶ The chief competitor of the WALES Machine has been trying for five years to put the WALES off the market. And now that the WALES has defeated its opposition, we are all wise enough to discover that after all the WALES has no real competition. The only possible competitor the WALES has is a machine that can never be made a Visible machine. The WALES is the only adding-machine that carries with it a five-year guarantee.

¶ The printing and totals are always visible and in the same line of vision. The flexible keyboard makes correction-keys unnecessary. "Clear Signal" guarantees accuracy, printed automatically opposite first item following total. It prints in two colors in one or more separate columns and automatically cross-tabulates.

¶ The WALES Visible has succeeded in both the sales field and the courts. Send for particulars of the Free Trial Offer, also booklets describing the WALES Visible.

Pin Coupon to your Letterhead

Send particulars of your free trial offer and booklet describing the WALES Visible.

Name.....

Address .....

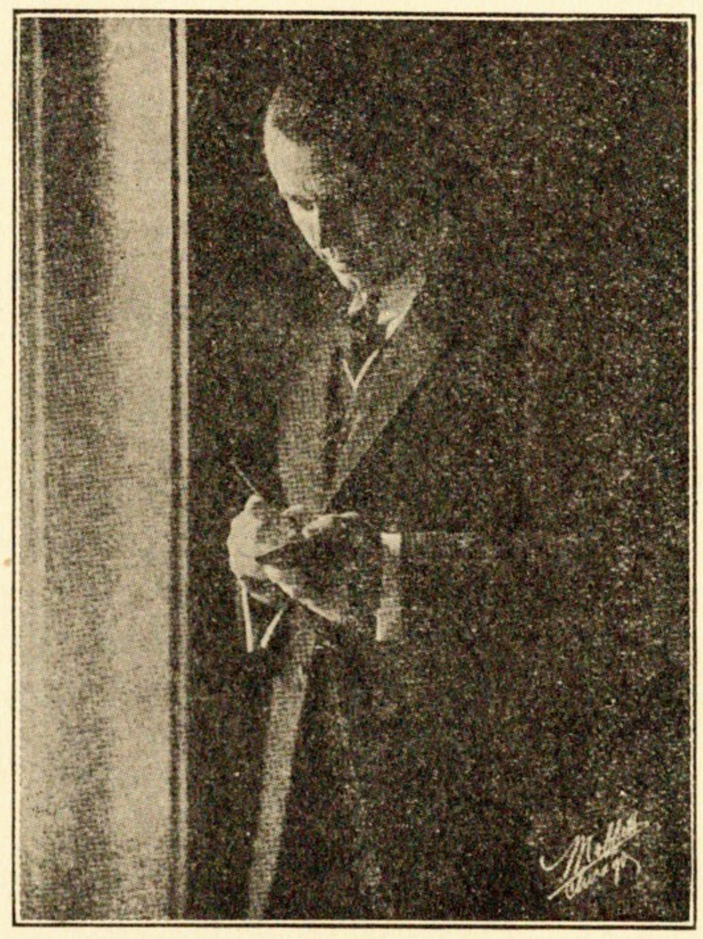
Business .....

"FRA" May 1912

The Adder Machine Company

Walnut Street Kingston Station
WILKES-BARRE, PA.

Agents in all leading cities.



EVAN EVANS

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THERE be grumpy and grouchy folks who claim that photography is a mere matter of hair-cut and neckties. ¶ And the question is still debated at the Little Red Schoolhouse on Friday afternoon, "Is Photography an Art?"

¶ The answer is, it all depends upon the photographer. William Morris says that art is not a thing separate and apart: art is a way; and art is the beautiful way.

¶ Any man who does a thing superbly well is an artist. And James McNeill Whistler says that where the artist is there you will find art.

¶ The City of Chicago is the second city in size in the United States, and some say it is the first city in importance. ¶ There are many men in Chicago who make photographs, but there is one institution that has made photography an art, and that is the Moffett Studio, 57 East Congress Street, immediately opposite the entrance to the Auditorium, and just around the corner from The Auditorium Annex, sometimes called The Congress Hotel.

¶ Every one at The Annex goes over to Moffett's, if they are wise, not alone to have photographs taken, but to see the superb display of pictures of the world's celebrities.

¶ If there were an official photographer to the President of the United States of America, it would be my old college chum, Evan Evans of the Moffett Studio. ¶ From time to time, during several administrations, Evan Evans—he of the Welsh cognomen, brother in spirit to Lloyd George, that other big Welshman, who looms so large just now on the sky-line—has been summoned to the White House to take pictures of the great man and his family.

¶ Presidents, Vice-Presidents, Members of the Cabinet, Senators, Representatives, Supreme Court Judges, Great Actors, Near-Great Actors, Actorines, Vaudeville Headliners, Railroad Presidents—these are the raw stock of the Moffett Studio. ¶ Photography is not a mere question of pressing the bulb. It is a matter of studying the sitter; getting at his best in a characteristic pose and then finishing the picture. And it is just as much of an art to get the right expression in photography as it is to secure it with a brush and palette. ¶ Moffett's photographs are not pictures—they are portraits. Anything that is just good enough never goes out from the Moffett Studio. It never sees the light. The most exacting client of the studio is never so hard to please as is Evan Evans, the owner. The fame of the Moffett Studio has gone abroad so that its representatives are sent out, to photograph in their homes the big people who are making the wheels go around.

¶ Cincinnati, Denver, Colorado Springs, Winnipeg, Duluth, Minneapolis, Saint Paul, San Francisco, Nashville, Houston, Galveston, San Antonio, Mobile, Memphis, New Orleans—all the best towns in the South have families who are patrons of the Moffett Studio.

¶ No matter where you live, it would be well for you to get in communication with MOFFETT'S STUDIO.

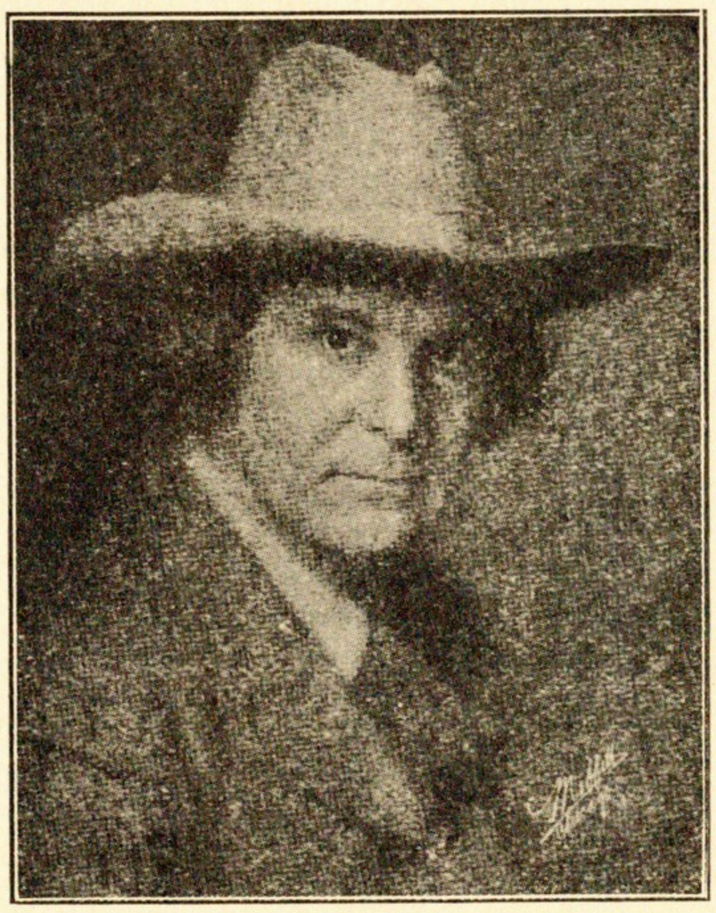
¶ Pictures taken in the home have a value, often, which those taken in the studio never have.

¶ Write to Moffett's, and when their artist is in your vicinity he will call and see you and talk the matter over. ¶ The business of the Moffett studio is to take pictures for particular people, critical folks, those who are hard to please, those who have never had a really good photograph and have given up trying.

¶ And when you are in Chicago, just go in to Moffett's at 57 East Congress Street, and see the most artistic, beautiful, well-furnished, and complete Photographic Studio in the wide world.

¶ There you will see friends, old and tried, and you will feel at home from the moment you enter.

Moffett Studio, 57 E. Congress St., Chicago

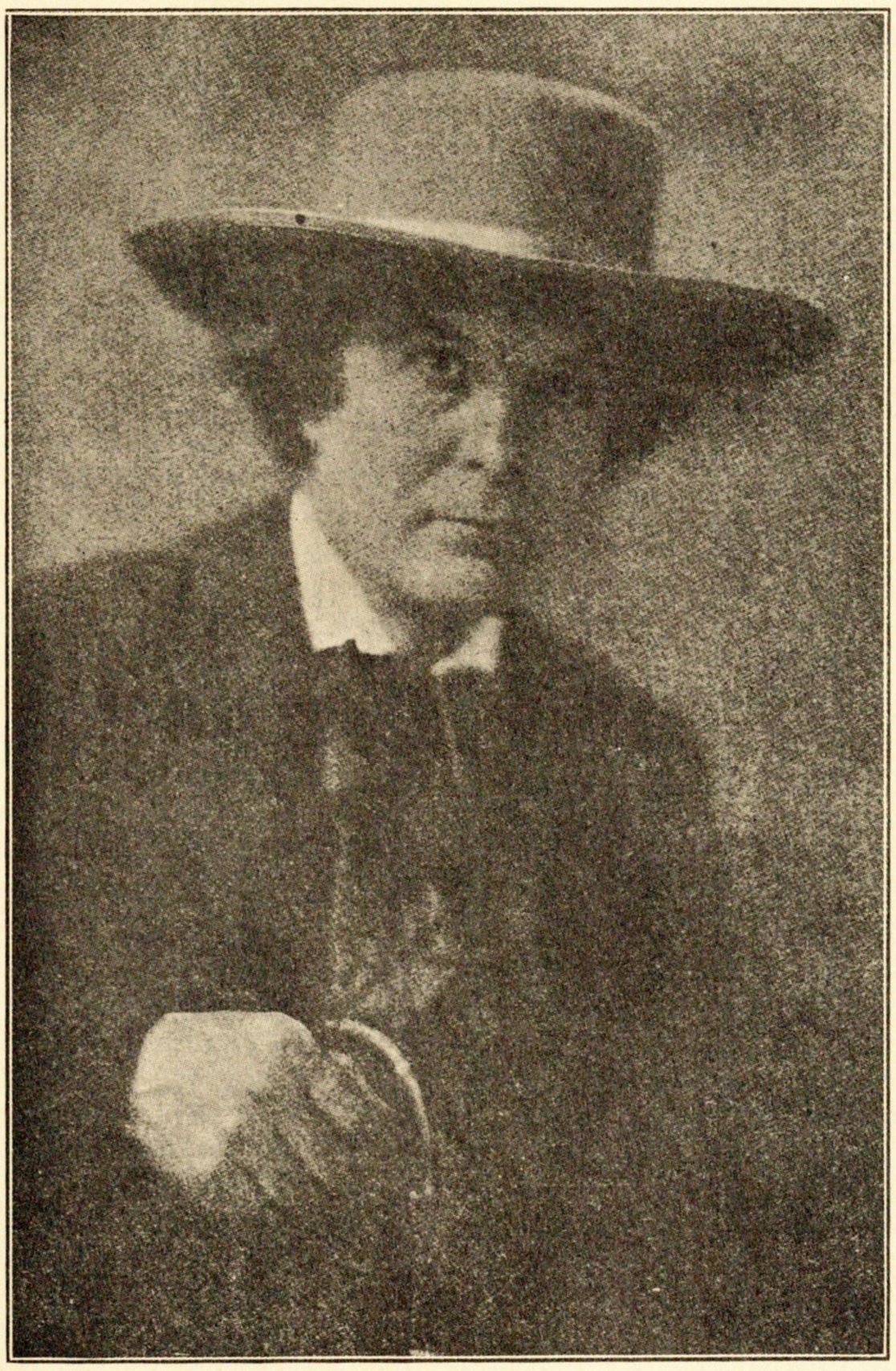


ELBERT HUBBARD

ONE OF MY HELPERS

AN APPRECIATION BY ELBERT HUBBARD

This is to recommend one of my helpers. I do this in a most cheerful way, because while I commend this helper to your consideration, I will not lose him myself. ¶Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than an efficient machine. A machine which does its work well, speaks to us, arouses us, teaches us, and opens its heart to us as a brother. ¶In The Roycroft Shops for some time we addressed all our magazine wrappers by hand. Then when more and more people demanded the good stuff, it was necessary for us to get our magazines, THE FRA and THE PHILISTINE, out in immense numbers. Also, we had thousands of booklets to mail to our people, which could not possibly be done by the rosy-cheeked Erie County boys and girls. So I asked the Rapid Addressing Machine Company to supply us the Belknap Addressing Machine. And the saving in money, time, temper and vocabulary exceeded the profits of the so-called Trusts, or nearly so. ¶I believe that the Belknap Addressing Machine has many advantages over any other machine on the market, but it seems to me the important fact is that the machine runs on a rotary principle, while the others have an intermittent movement. There is practically no loss of time, and repairs are not a big consideration with the Belknap. ¶To every business organization in America which has a regular list of people to whom they address catalogs, publications and various other literature from time to time, I suggest the use of the Belknap Rapid Addressing Machine. It has done The Roycrofters a wonderful service. It has carried the "Message to Garcia." Write to the makers for information.

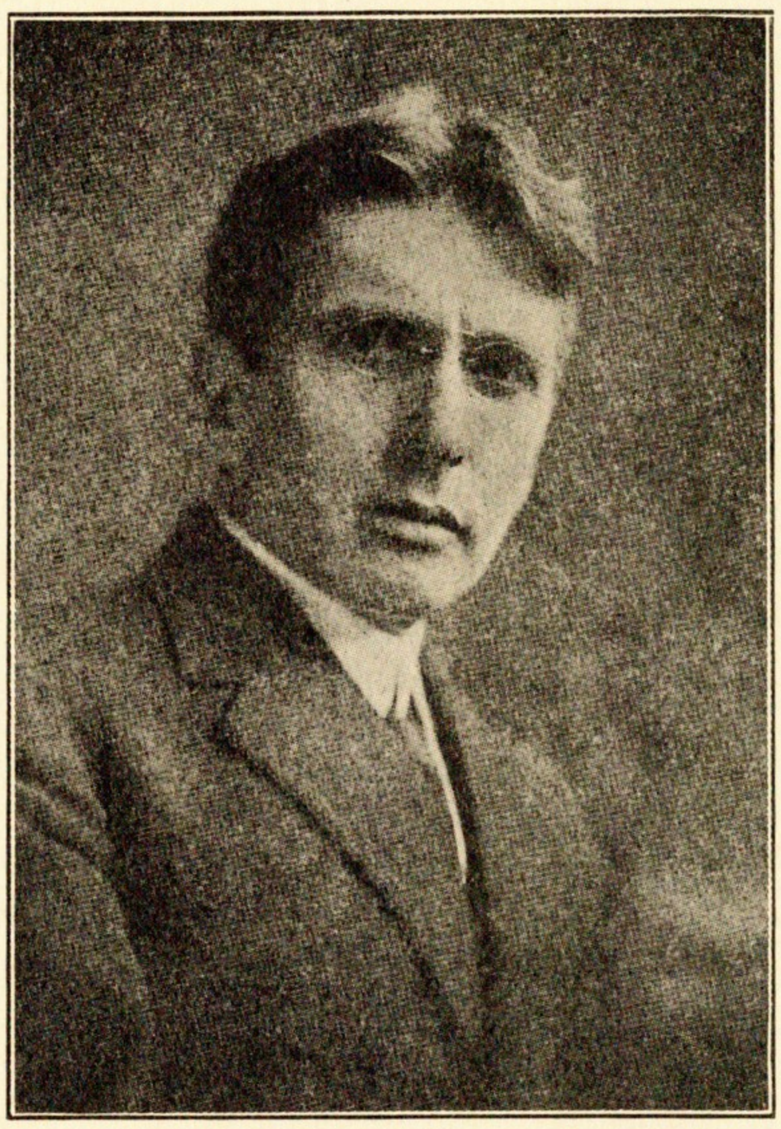


Rapid Addressing Machine Company

374-378 Broadway **New York City**

The ROYCROFT CONVENTION

Four Americans who are leaders of the people and yet of the people will attend and help make the Seventeenth Annual Roycroft Convention during the first week in July an event of National importance. These men are thinkers and doers. It will be the first time that they have been brought together, and they are all engaging the world's attention from different angles.



BRAND WHITLOCK

BRAND WHITLOCK, the Novelist Mayor of Toledo, who is an authority on municipal government, will be with us. Mr. Whitlock's Novels, *The Thirteenth District* and *The Turn of the Balance*, have had a wonderful influence on the American people

WILLIAM MARION REEDY is the Editor of the Saint Louis *Mirror*. "Reedy's Paper" is the journalist's journal. Colonel Reedy is the author of *The Law of Love*, a book of essays which The Roycrofters have had the honor of publishing

ED HOWE, Editor of *Howe's Monthly*, a farmer's magazine for city people, will give us some of his quaint and wholesome philosophy. His book, *The Story of a Country Town*, is a classic. His talks have all of the beauty and the humor of this story, which was one of Mark Twain's favorite books

SAUNDERS NORVELL, otherwise Mike Kinney, of Saint Louis, is a businessman with a literary bias who will add to the joys of the occasion. Mr. Norvell will tell you many things you can use in your business

The Roycroft Inn is making reservations now for rooms, so that you had better write for yours immediately. This Convention will be a golden event in your life. Come!

The ROYCROFT INN

EAST AURORA, ERIE COUNTY
NEW YORK

Eliminate Bad Breaks In Business

An Advertisement By ELBERT HUBBARD

¶ I notice that almost every man who is manager of an office thinks that his helpers have a monopoly on stupidity. The real fact, however, is that the thing is very generally distributed. It is one of the facts that we have to face. If our helpers were as smart as we are or a little smarter — which we expect them to be — they would own the office and we would be hustling along, delivering bundles and taking their grump and grouch as a part of our duties.

¶ It is no proof of the man's insight to hear him relate his sad tale of woe about the stupidity of his helpers and the inappreciation of the public. It is up to him to equip his office with the mechanical helpers which eliminate office woes. There are firms who pride themselves on having such a perfect system that a crack out of the box can not occur,

¶ The Belknap Addressing Machine was invented in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-two by Mr. F. D. Belknap. Now Mr. Belknap is making the Rapid Addressing Machine with the Belknap Typewritten Stencils, which has proven to be the most efficient of all addressing devices.

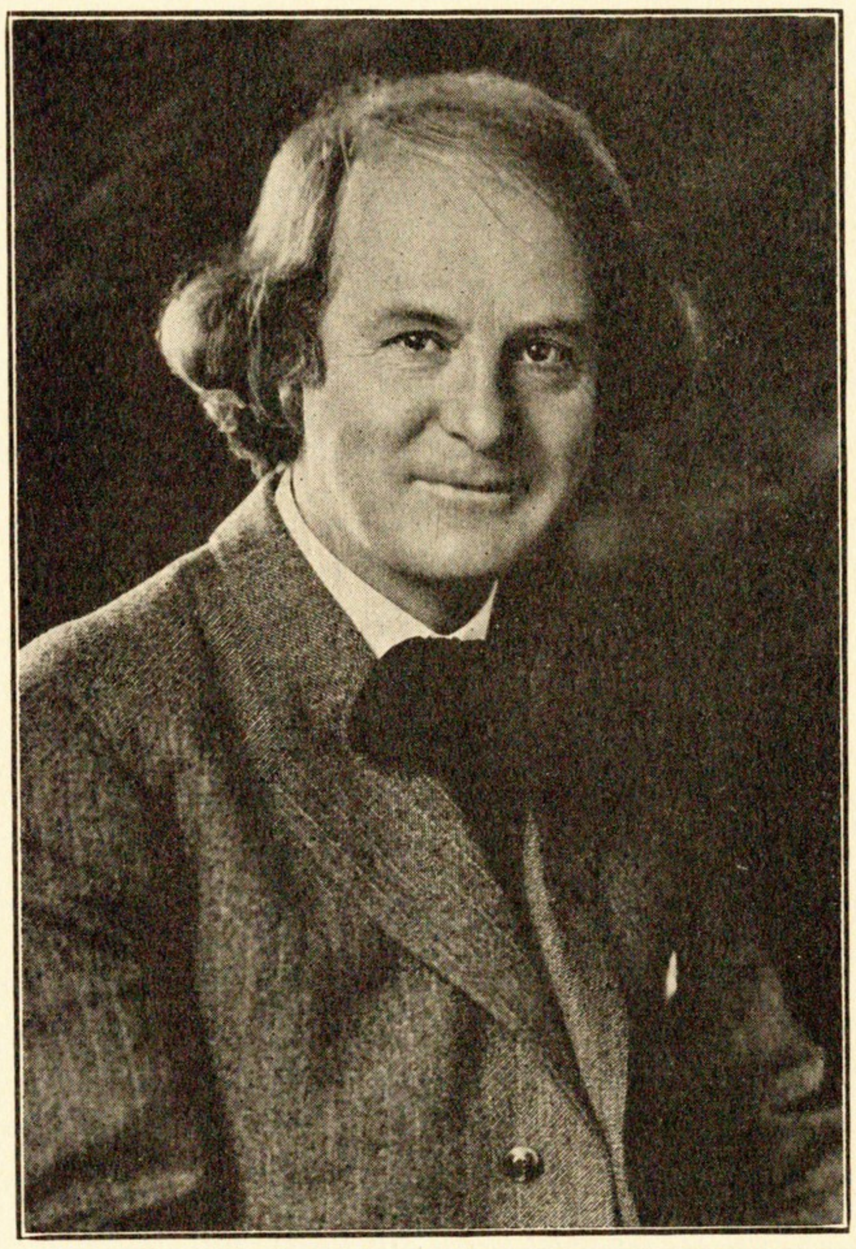
¶ If you have a list of people to whom you address your advertising or other literature as a regular thing, you can make no better investment than the Belknap system. The Belknap slogan is, "Your typewriter is your stencil-maker." The Belknap system makes it possible for every owner to make his own stencils

¶ I once wrote a form letter which started, "Smith and Jones — Gentlemen:" The letter was given to a girl who was told to write the letter to a large number of names, a list of which was handed her. She called in several other girls to assist her and the next day the form letter which the girls were writing read as follows: "Smith and Jones — Gentlemen:"

¶ Some time ago I received from a New York Firm all in one mail a thousand letters all written by typewriter and signed with a rubber stamp, every letter exactly alike. You see the same thing happened to this New York Firm that happened to me. With the Belknap this would have been impossible.

¶ No one would write a thousand stencils to the same address. That is sure, because the addressing of a stencil focuses the attention on the address. And no machine-operator would pass them up in case they were written. The Belknap insures one letter to a person, and in addition to that it means thirty times the speed, at least, over hand-addressing

¶ We use the Belknap System in The Roycroft Shop, where our help is above the average; but I must confess that since we have installed the Belknap Addressing Machine, the number of our complaints has been reduced along with the strain on temper and vocabulary. ¶ We are publishers, but I can see how manufacturers, bankers, public-utility corporations, insurance-companies (in fact, every concern whose business and welfare depend upon keeping in touch with humanity) will be benefited and blessed by the use of the Belknap Addressing Machine and the Belknap Typewritten Stencils. Write for Catalog "D," containing full information.



WHY HE SMILES: HE HAS FOUND SOMETHING TO DO HIS WORK

Rapid Addressing Machine Company

374-378 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
610 Federal Street, Chicago, Ill.

PUBLICITY AND PRAGMATISM

PUBLICITY eliminates pretense. The faker can not work in a club.

¶ Falsehood makes for friction.

¶ Truth and love are lubricants.

¶ Where many people are involved, nothing goes but truth.

¶ The sunlight of publicity destroys the ptomains of fraud.

¶ The faker withers before the fact.

¶ As the planets are held in space through opposition of forces, so are men held in the straight and narrow way of truth through public opinion.

¶ The Ad-Clubs of America are great and important factors in the process of making men unionists and monists. The Ad-Crafters stand for ethics in the highest sense, and also they stand for effectiveness and efficiency.

¶ The Ad-Clubs form, in themselves, a university

¶ The public meeting once a week for a midday lunch of an Ad-Club will, in the course of a year, evolve every member from a villager into a cosmopolite.

¶ No man can get into an Ad-Club and wrap his ignorance about him, and tuck in his prejudices, feeling safe and secure. Smugosity dies a-borning. Foolishness is given the smile audible. Selfishness flies out through the window

¶ An advertising-club is a pooling proposition. Everybody puts in all he knows, and takes out all he can carry away. And what he takes away is in reality what he puts in. We keep things by giving them away. Thus we get a practical monism, or a scientific pragmatism.

¶ And pragmatism is simply the science of a sensible selfishness — or, if you prefer, call it enlightened self-interest.

¶ Pragmatism is the law of self-preservation illumined by love of kind.

¶ Righteousness is a form of commonsense.

¶ Business is the science of human service.

¶ Commerce is eminently a divine calling; and the word commercial should never be used as an epithet, save by the man with a guinea-hen mind.

¶ The creed of an Ad-Club is short and concise. It runs something as follows:

CREDO

¶ I believe in myself.

¶ I believe in the goods I sell.

¶ I believe in the firm for whom I work.

¶ I believe in my colleagues and helpers.

¶ I believe in American Business Methods.

¶ I believe in the efficacy of printer's ink.

¶ I believe in producers, creators, manufacturers, distributors, and in all industrial workers who have a job and hold it down.

¶ I believe that truth is an asset.

¶ I believe in good-cheer, and in good health, and I recognize the fact that the first requisite in success is not to achieve the dollar, but to confer a benefit; and the reward will come automatically and as a matter of course

¶ I believe in sunshine, Sunday Baseball, fresh air, spinach, apple-sauce, buttermilk, laughter, babies, motor-cars, chiffon, always remembering that the greatest word in the English language is "sufficiency."

¶ I believe that when I make a sale I must make a friend.

¶ And I believe that when I part with a man I must do it in such a way that when he sees me again he will be glad — and so will I.

¶ I believe in the hands that work, in the brains that think, and in the hearts that love.

¶ Amen, and amen!

Elbert Hubbard

ELIMINATE CHANCE AND SUCCEED

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

¶ "Get your principles right," says Napoleon, "and the rest is a mere matter of detail." ¶ No man can say to what extent a business will grow when the principles upon which it is founded are scientific and based on good psychology.
¶ In order to get a scientific proposition we have to eliminate chance and thus secure the law of average.
¶ Were it not for statistics, life and fire insurance would be absolute impossibilities. Through large numbers chance is eliminated.
¶ The best and most satisfactory statistical concern in the world is that founded by Roger W. Babson, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts. And in passing, it is well enough to acknowledge the fact that it is the largest statistical organization in America. I believe there are two such in England, one in Germany, one in France, and none in Russia. ¶ The business of Babson is to supply reliable statistics for the use of businessmen.
¶ I have in my library a book entitled, ***Business Barometers,*** by Roger W. Babson. The price of this book is Two Dollars, and it has given me ideas that are worth many hundred. ¶ Roger W. Babson has worked out, at great expense of time, money, patience and materials, business schemes and methods. Babson knows everything that will not work—and some things that will.
¶ Bankers, manufacturers, investors, miners, railroad-men, civil engineers, should be in touch with Roger W. Babson. The laws of trade are just as sure as the trade-winds or the tides that come and go. Commodity prices, commercial failures, cause and effect, supply and demand, over-production, bad business or money flowing throughout the land as waters from an artesian well flow down the sandy slopes and irrigate the waste places—these are the Babson raw-stock.
¶ Business is a science. Until very recent times it has been a haphazard, catch-as-catch-can, happy-go-lucky, now-you-see-it-and-now-you-don't proposition. In degree, business has been a sort of gambling game.
¶ Babson's business is to collect statistics on a vast number of themes relating to the ebb and flow of business, the rise and fall of confidence and credit. Babson tells you where business is good and where things are dull. He shows you which way the tide is running, and by the use of his tables and the valuable information that he can impart to you, you will be able to pilot your ship into port on the high tide and not drown amid the shoals and shallows. There always is business somewhere, and you should be getting your share.
¶ Do not take my word for this: just write a letter to the Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts, asking for literature, stating your line of business, and then thank me for putting you next to a good thing.

Address Dept. F-8 of the

Babson Statistical Organization

Babson Offices, Wellesley Hills, Mass.

Largest Organization of its Class in U. S.

One Way a Businessman Can Save Money

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

THIS is an age of economy. We are cutting out waste; taking up the lost motion; eliminating the economic slack. The only sin is waste. ¶ I am a printer. I print things that are set up on the monotype, the linotype and by hand; also, I use the *MULTIGRAPH*, every day, both for myself and for my customers.

¶ The *MULTIGRAPH* is a printing-machine that your clerk and your stenographer can run. In every business house emergencies arise when you want the printed matter at four o'clock in the afternoon. The way to get it is to print it yourself on the *MULTIGRAPH*. Then you will have it when you want it.

¶ By the use of the *MULTIGRAPH*, you can print letters, folders. mottoes, epigrams, notices, billheads, statements, receipts, checks, envelopes, reports, bulletins; and, in fact, anything (within its size) that any printer can print, you can print.

¶ There are various sizes and styles of type supplied with this most useful machine. ¶ Printers' bills by its use can be cut in two.

¶ In recommending the *MULTIGRAPH*, I am quite aware that I am depriving myself of a certain amount of good business which would otherwise come to The Roycrofters. However, the main thing is to help the business world. Anything that adds to the prosperity and the well-being of businessmen at large is a good thing for us all.

¶ In most business houses, a *MULTIGRAPH* will pay for itself in a couple o' months. The bigger your house, the more extensive your wants, the more you will use the *MULTIGRAPH*.

¶ I never yet knew a man who used a *MULTIGRAPH*, who after that would go without it. You get the "Multigraph Habit."

¶ The first use of the *MULTIGRAPH* was for typewriting form-letters. The work was done splendidly and well. But now, this is only one of a vast number of uses to which the *MULTIGRAPH* is being put. It is a printing-machine that does not require a printer to run it, any more than you need a pianist to run a pianola.

¶ I advise every printer to have a *MULTIGRAPH* in his shop. Printers above all men will find a way to use this most economical and industrious servant. The *MULTIGRAPH* does not get out of order. It is pretty nearly fool-proof.

¶ You better write today for information that will be sent gratis.

The American Multigraph Sales Company

Executive Offices
1832 E. Fortieth Street

Cleveland
Sixth City

Branches in Sixty Cities
Look in Your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W-8 Krausenstr., 70 Ecke Friedrichstr.

East Aurora - July 13th, 1912

Dear Jim Thrift:

Your letter recd, and I've hit 'em up again as per your request. This time I believe I've got it.

And best of all, Jim, what I've said in this ad was written right out of my heart - it is God's truth. You surely have the Roycraft that saves printer's bills.

Sincerely Yours,
Elbert Hubbard

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery*. We'll show you what others are doing.

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO
1832 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:

___ Booklets
___ Folders
___ Envelope-Stuffers
___ House-Organ
___ Dealers' Imprints
___ Label Imprints
___ System-Forms
___ Letter-Heads
___ Bill-Heads and Statements
___ Receipts, Checks, etc.
___ Envelopes

Typewriting:

___ Circular Letters
___ Booklets
___ Envelope-Stuffers
___ Price-lists
___ Reports
___ Notices
___ Bulletins to Employees
___ Inside System-Forms

If you've any faith in the Fra -- and particularly in his knowledge of printing -- don't you think you eliminate all chance when you check and return this list of uses? Then DO IT and let us show you how to save money.

Jim Thrift

Advertising Manager,
The American Multigraph Sales Company.

BABY MINE, a Message to Baby's Mamma

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Babies will never go out of fashion—God bless 'em! And anything we can do for their comfort and health we should do.
Incidentally, when we benefit Baby we lessen Mamma's work and care.
Baby's Never-Kick-Out is a simple invention that gives absolute security against Little Blessed kicking off the covers.
It is not a bag. It affords ventilation, and lifts a portion of the weight of covers from Baby's body. Its use will avoid colds, coughs, croup, and adenoids, that most serious thing which causes mouth-breathing. All live, active, healthy children kick, roll and toss—they have n't much else to do.
They exercise in their sleep. This is Nature's plan.
Now, you can't lie awake all night to keep Little Ooftygoof covered.
You have to work the next day.
Here 's your opportunity—get a Never-Kick-Out for Baby's crib.
A blessing to parents, but, best of all, sound sleep, an even temperature and health for the " little soul fresh from God," to use the phrase of Froebel.
Baby's Never-Kick-Out—invented by a man who used to work on the night-shift. $2.50 postpaid—Order Today.
If you buy a **Baby's Never-Kick-Out,** we will give you our **Coupon-Bond, worth Fifty (50) Cents in Cash** on future purchases made from us Write for free Booklet, **"The Crib Age."**
There has been originated for us in France, an exquisitely delicate, subtle, distinctive Perfume, sweetly enchanting, christened **"Cupid's Breath."** The vogue with mothers.
Trademark

An Elegant Carton and Beautiful Cut Bottle (about 2 oz) **Price, $3.00**
A Superb Toilet Accessory New and Fascinating.

Liberal Sample, to delightfully scent Baby's Wardrobe and " Bassinette," sent **FREE**
For Names and Addresses of Three Mothers with Infants.

THE HOWARD-STACEY CO., Baby and Home Specialties, 238 Livingston St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

November, 1910

PIGS FOR PROFIT—With the Owners in Clover

A PUBLICITY PIGMENT BY FRA ELBERTUS

ONCE I waited in the lobby of the office of James J. Hill, with intent to strike the great man for a pass.
While there, a Chicago newspaper-reporter entered, his derby tipped over one eye, and his cigar pointing to the Northwest. Naturally, we talked about the Railroad Magnate. ¶ " He 's the best educated man in the world," I said, filled with gratitude for favors about to be received.
" I 'll ask him a question he can't answer," said His Nibbs.
Just then the colored man entered and said, " Mr. Hill will see you." My heart thumped fast; but if the newspaperman's thumped and bumped, or if he had a heart, I do not know. Anyway, he walked straight up to Mr. Hill, without removing his hat, and said, " Mr. Hill, do you like the Jersey Reds? "
" Very much! " said Mr. Hill.
" Ah! Do you raise them? "
" Yes! " said Mr. Hill.
" What do you feed them? "
" Ground corn and bran."
" Wet or dry? "
" Dry," said Mr. Hill.
" Why," said the young man, " don't you know that it takes a pig five times as long to eat dry food as wet? "
" Yes, I know! " said Mr. Hill. " But, young fellow, what do you figure a pig's time is worth? "
¶ The next day I had the great happiness of visiting Mr. Hill's splendid farm, twelve miles out, North of St. Paul. There I saw that Jersey Reds were no idle dream.
Jersey Reds are not built for speed. No pig that fletcherizes swill takes on adipose like the Jersey Red. Some farmers feed them Anti-Fat to keep them down. We raise them at Roycroft, and yesterday I sent in to Buffalo seven Jersey Reds that were just ten months old, all of one litter, and the bunch weighed three thousand pounds. I sold them for 8½ cents to Jakey Dold, and Ali Baba brought back a check for Two Hundred Fifty-five Dollars ❧ We have twenty brood sows that produce on an average ten pigs each a year. No Race Suicide there!
The Jersey Red is always healthy and happy and reaches the age of discretion quicker than any pig that eats purslane. This is my experience. ¶ If you want to know more about the genuine, Princeton Graduate Jersey Reds, write for a 48-page catalog to ***Arthur J. Collins, Moorestown, New Jersey.***

September, 1912

The Most Democratic Industry

A Sermonette by Elbert Hubbard

IN every little city, as well as in the metropolitan towns, there are men engaged in a great industry which has nothing to sell but service. And this service is of a peculiar and most important kind. The status of this business in each town depends on the quality of service rendered by its representatives

I speak of the Laundry Industry, which ministers to the well-being of the people. The Laundry Industry is the most Democratic Business in the world. No matter how much of the world's goods you have or how little, the Laundry does your work equally well, charges you the same reasonable price. The One-Price System is and always has been in operation in the Laundry Industry

The American people have become dependent on the efficiency of the Laundry Service for clean clothing. In a few years, the Laundry Business will advance from the eleventh in the number of employees and the sum total of wages paid, to the fifth in size. I make this prophecy because the Laundrymen's National Association of America is devoting more thought to the idea of Service than any other body associated with a national industry

Only prosperous, active, moving, growing people can make a success in the Laundry Business. Success in the Laundry Business lies in doing, not in the final achievement, because the labor is never finished · it is a repetition of itself all of the time.

The new type of Laundryman is frank. He does not claim to be perfect, but he tries to live up to his ideal. And the ideal of the new Laundryman is to reduce the amount of wear on clothes, to wash silks and delicate fabrics skilfully, and to be always and ever on time.

The Laundrymen's National Association encourages every local Laundryman to make his name a symbol for all that is honest, excellent, hygienic, beautiful and useful. Everything about his laundry must reflect decency, order, thrift, cleanliness, good-cheer and system. The American Laundryman of today is setting a standard of excellence. He is acquiring a reputation which he must keep as spotless as the fine linens which he delivers to your door

If I were a Laundryman today, I should feel as did Wendell Phillips when about to give a Lecture It was noticed that Mr. Phillips was a bit agitated "Can it be possible, Mr. Phillips," said the young man who was to introduce him to the audience, "that you who have spoken so long in public are nervous about appearing before an audience?" "Young man," said Wendell Phillips, "the trouble is, I have spoken too well. Any man who has ever done anything excellently is always nervous afterward when asked to do it again, because much is expected of him."

¶ The American people have a right to expect much of their Laundrymen, but I believe that our "Brothers who Wash for a Living" are going to continue to progress, and that each year will see more efficiency and charm about the business of keeping the world's clothes clean. To keep faith with the public and to give pretty nearly perfect service is not a small job.

If you want to know more about the importance of the Laundry Industry in America, write to

W. E. Fitch, Secretary
The Laundrymen's National Association of America
La Salle, Illinois

August, 1912

LET THE MULTIGRAPH SAVE MONEY FOR YOU

An Advertisement by ELBERT HUBBARD

"Blessed is that man who has found a machine to do his work."

THE monasteries during the Middle Ages were the sole repositories of learning. The great mass of medieval population made no pretense to book wisdom.

¶ In the monasteries the monks lived a communal life along division-of-labor lines. In every monastery there was a Scriptorium, or writing-room, where scribes were constantly at work on manuscripts.

¶ There were dictators who read aloud to the scribes; correctors who reviewed what the scribes had written, and corrected palpable blunders; and lastly, artists who took the manuscript and went through it, inserting illuminated initials and marginal decorations. It sometimes took months, even years, to turn out an elaborate manuscript.

¶ Then came the invention of printing, bringing in its wake a deluge of books, pamphlets and publicity preachments of every description. Printing, undoubtedly the greatest single factor in bringing in the Modern Age, dates back only a little more than four hundred years.

¶ Now we have the Multigraph, the extraordinary possibilities of which are just beginning to be appreciated by alert, wide-awake businessmen. *In my opinion the Multigraph is the greatest invention of its kind since printing came into vogue.*

¶ The Multigraph does about everything you can think of in the way of printing. It does work for you that a skilled printer could not do any better—the only difference being that the printer would charge you something like four or five times as much as it would cost you to produce the same work on the Multigraph, and you would have to wait four or five times as long for it.

¶ The Multigraph effects a saving of twenty-five to seventy-five per cent on your annual printing-bills. It is so easy to operate that your office help can run it at spare times. It does its work efficiently, quickly, economically. It makes money while saving money. Is n't that worth while?

¶ All those odd jobs, big and little, that you have always sent to the printer, at a loss of time, patience, money and vocabulary, can be run off in a few short hours in your own private establishment.

¶ The Multigraph will do as much work in an hour as five hundred monks could have done in a day in the Scriptorium. And this is a conservative estimate. It will pay you to investigate the Multigraph as a business asset of practically unlimited possibilities.

¶ Write today for interesting literature, specimens and data. Check the coupon and return it with your letter.

What Uses Are You Most Interested In?

Check them on this slip and enclose it with your request for information, *written on your business stationery*. We 'll show you what others are doing.

AMERICAN MULTIGRAPH SALES CO.
1832 E. Fortieth St., Cleveland

Printing:

- ____ Booklets
- ____ Folders
- ____ Envelope-Stuffers
- ____ House-Organ
- ____ Dealers' Imprints
- ____ Label Imprints
- ____ System-Forms
- ____ Letter-Heads
- ____ Bill-Heads and Statements
- ____ Receipts, Checks, etc.
- ____ Envelopes

Typewriting:

- ____ Circular Letters
- ____ Booklets
- ____ Envelope-Stuffers
- ____ Price-lists
- ____ Reports
- ____ Notices
- ____ Bulletins to Employees
- ____ Inside System-Forms

The American Multigraph Sales Company

Executive Offices
1832 E. Fortieth Street

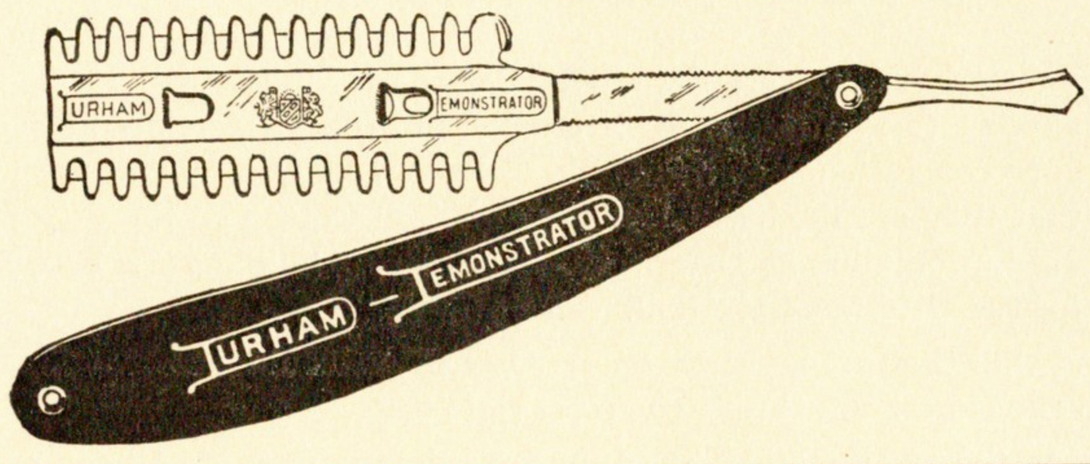
Cleveland
Sixth City

Branches in Sixty Cities
Look in Your Telephone Directory

European Representatives: The International Multigraph Company, 59 Holborn Viaduct, London, England; Berlin, W-8 Krausenstr., 70 Ecke Friedrichstr. Paris, 24 Boulevard des Capucines

THIRTY-FIVE CENTS!

ONCE there was a colored gentleman entered a hardware-store. He was a very swell and swagger colored person. It was just after the Jack Johnson and Jeffries debate, when all tips to Pullman porters were raised to Thirty-five Cents! (35c.) ¶ "Gimme a razor!" said the colored man to the salesman. And the clerk, who had studied scientific salesmanship, smiled sweetly, rested his forefingers on the counter, and asked, "To shave with?" ¶ "Naw!" said the colored man; "social purposes! (35c.) ¶ You, Mister White Man, may live a hundred years and never again find an offer as big in value as this which is made below. (35c.)



¶ The Durham Duplex is not much good for social purposes; but it is paradise enough to shave with. Any man who does not want to harrow up his soul, freeze his young blood in its veins, and use language unprintable, should try the Durham Duplex. Its use gives a peace such as religion lends. (35c.) ¶ No other razor made — and I have tried most of 'em — can compare with this razor in the way it moves over the stubbly lawn of a good man's mug. It starts the day right, and brings good luck before nightfall. (35c.) ¶ How the Durham Duplex people manage to give us so much for so little money, I do not know ❧ I guess it must be because every man who buys one of these Five-Bone Razors for Thirty-five Cents (35c.) is so delighted with it that he loosens up five simoleons for one of the De-Luxe Editions. ¶ Now then, while you think of it, get that quarter and one dime in the mails! (35c.) I 'm ashamed of any person who reads this if he does n't come across. (35c.) ¶ Every person who reads this does not shave, but if you do not shave then you surely love a man that does. ¶ The principle of this razor is peculiar. It shaves without pulling — slides close to the skin, and clings like love's young dream. Words can not describe its comfort—that 's why they send you one for Thirty-five Cents. (35c.) ¶ "Shall I go over the chin again?" asked the talkative barber of the customer. ¶ "No; I think I can remember it!" was the answer. (35c.) ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

DURHAM DUPLEX RAZOR CO., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. FRA

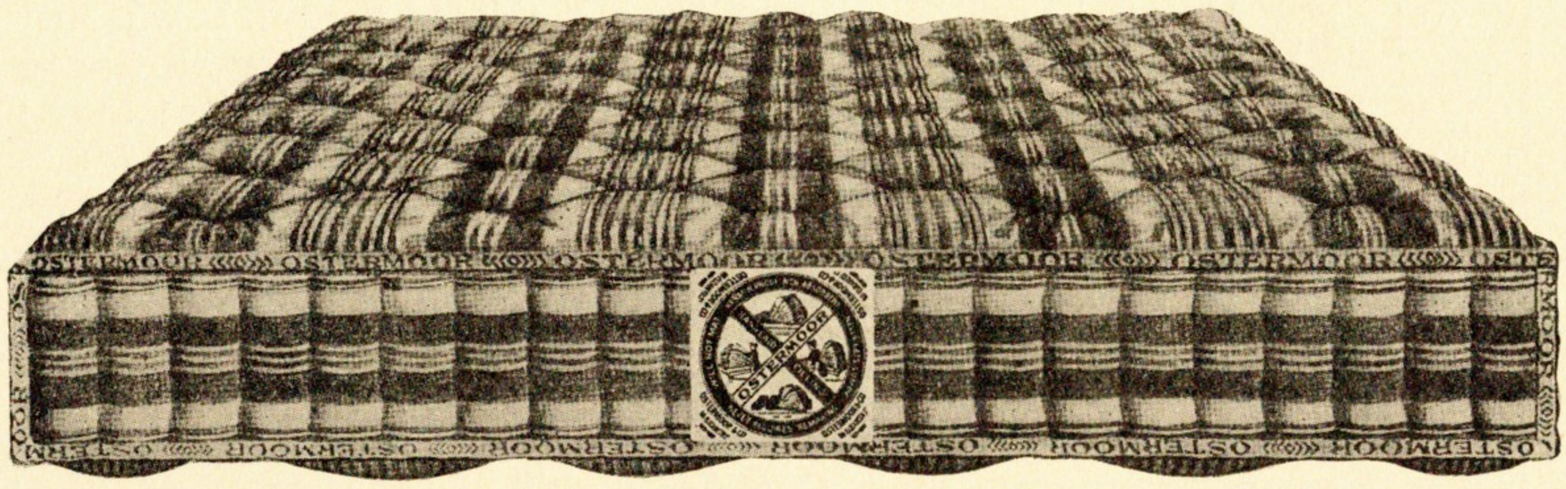
Dear Sirs: Enclosed find 35 cents in coin (to pay postage, packing, mailing and distributing expense). Send Durham Demonstrator Razor with Durham-Duplex blade which you are to present to me without further obligation on my part.

Name .....

No and Street .....

Town ..... *State* .....

Yours for Sweet Sleep o' Nights



FOR nearly sixty years the word "Ostermoor" has stood for highest quality as applied to mattresses. ¶ Ostermoor pre-eminence is no accident. It is a fore gone conclusion. You have only to know *how* Ostermoors are made, to realize that they are the best in all the world. ¶ Cotton of the very finest quality is used in building an Ostermoor — the word "building" is here used advisedly, for the Ostermoor is "built — not stuffed."

¶ The care and skill that are lavished on an Ostermoor would amaze you. Every mattress is subjected to the closest scrutiny — the most rigid tests.

¶ An Ostermoor that is imperfect in so much as the minutest detail can not pass the portals of the Ostermoor factory. Think for a moment what that means! It means that you *can't* buy a faulty Ostermoor, even if you want to, supposing you do.

¶ "There *aint* no sech animile," as the boy said, when he visited the menagerie and viewed his first giraffe.

¶ Just now the Ostermoor people are making an offer that will surely add thousands of converts to the Ostermoor idea.

¶ It 's this way: Send along check or money-order for Fifteen Dollars, and the Ostermoor folks will send you a mattress measuring four feet six inches in width by six feet three inches in length, carefully packed in leatherette paper and burlap, express prepaid.

¶ You are privileged to sleep for thirty nights on this Ostermoor, at the expiration of which time, if the mattress has not come up to your fondest expectations, your money will be refunded with cheerful alacrity.

MATTRESSES COST
Express Prepaid
Best Blue & White Ticking

4'-6" - 45 lbs	$15.00
4'-0" - 40 "	13.35
3'-6" - 35 "	11.70
3'-0" - 30 "	10.00
2'-6" - 25 "	8.35

All 6 feet 3 inches long in two parts, 50c extra
Dust-proof, satin-finish ticking, $1.50 more
French Mercerized Art Twills, $3.00 more

¶ But why argue the matter! — After experiencing the comfort of an Ostermoor for just one night of solid, uninterrupted, dreamless slumber, you will wire the Ostermoor people to keep your hard-earned and use it in whatever way seemeth to them best

¶ Send today for the 144-page booklet telling all about the famous Ostermoor Mattresses. There 's a copy here with your name on — ask for it.

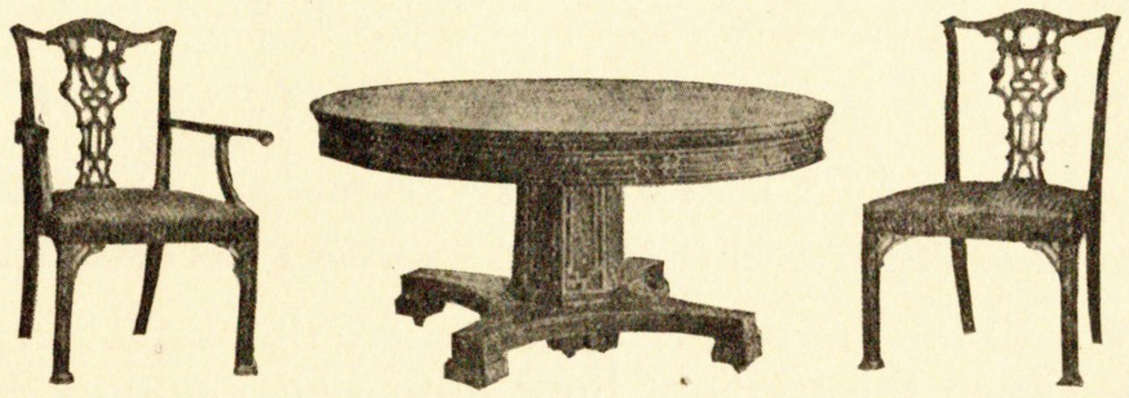


OSTERMOOR & COMPANY

Established 1853

182 Elizabeth Street NEW YORK

Canadian Agency Alaska Feather & Down Co., Ltd., Montreal

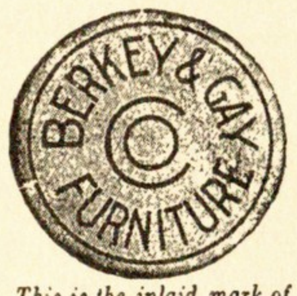


A good example of Chippendale with Chinese treatment

Furniture, Friends and The Fra

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

The Cave-Man lived ten thousand years ago. He had no furniture to speak of. ¶ The things you never had, you do not miss ¶ Yesterday's luxuries are today's necessities. Furniture, once, no doubt, a luxury, has become a necessity. ¶ Beds, tables, chairs—how vital a part of our lives they are! They are friends with whom we fraternize daily. We could no more dispense with them than with our daily bread. ¶ The furniture in your home proclaims you, what you are, just as surely as the company you keep, or the language you use. Also, it is forming you. In buying furniture, then, get the very best your hard-earned will command ¶ The influence of association colors and shapes our lives to an unthinkable degree. ¶ I never say, read, hear, write or think "Grand Rapids" without at the same time conjuring up "Berkey & Gay" The two are synonymous, just as, when you say "Steinway," I think "Piano," or "Concord," I think "Emerson." ¶ Berkey & Gay have been making furniture for the better part of half a century. If there ever was a time when they were struggling in the throes of experimentation, it was over and done with before the guns of Fort Sumter roared out the opening of the Uncivil War—and Berkey & Gay started business in Fifty-nine the year that John Brown was hanged and Darwin published his *Origin of Species*. ¶ Period Furniture was practically unobtainable in this country until Berkey & Gay began making it. ¶ Now it is possible to fill the home with furniture designed in the styles of Chippendale, Sheraton, the Adam Brothers, William and Mary, Colonial and Flanders, at prices that are amazingly attractive, considering materials, workmanship, design and wood. ¶ To create a reposeful, eye-pleasing interior, it is no longer necessary to possess a plump, plethoric purse ¶ The Berkey & Gay Shopmark of honor and integrity is inlaid in every piece of Berkey & Gay furniture. ¶ Send for the fascinating booklet, *Character in Furniture*. This is not a catalog, but an authoritative treatise on the history and meaning of Period Furniture. ¶ You will want to put it in your library. Fifteen two-cent United States stamps will fetch it to your door via the courteous postman. ¶ There is likewise a catchy little poem by 'Gene Field, *In Amsterdam,* which refers in a humorous, whimsical way, to Berkey & Gay, Grand Rapids, Michigan, U.S.A.



This is the inlaid mark of honor that is in and on every Berkey & Gay piece

Berkey & Gay Furniture Company

192 Monroe Ave.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

We all love music, but not one in a thousand can play a piano. ¶ When the twilight hour approaches and the day's work is done, who is there that does not love to sit in the gloaming and listen to the sweet strains of soothing music? ¶ The musician, at this time, sits at the piano, hands wandering aimlessly over the keys, and brings forth all that is in his heart, be it joy, gladness, laughter, happiness, or sadness, grief, misery, woe, despair. ¶ Most of us can not do this. Our feelings fail to find expression. When the desire for a particular piece of music comes to mind, we are unable to go to the piano and play it. So we banish the longing, forget the contemplated reverie, and sorrowfully delve into one of the six best sellers. ¶ The Tel-Electric Piano-Player gives you all this — and more. Its mechanism fits any piano. It rests on a table, stand, mantel, or on the cabinet containing the music-rolls. The playing mechanism is connected with the player by a small electric cord. The player can be in one room and the piano in another. You merely press an electric button, settle back in your comfy Morris chair, and the Tel-Electric plays the melodic music. You are then at liberty to dream, to sigh, to smile, to weep — to forget yourself and roam through space as you listen to the soul-thrilling music. ¶ The great pianist plays perfect music. The melody is detached, floating, independent. You do not see the musician or think of his cleverness. And you praise him on this account. ¶ Music is synonymous with rest. No one enjoys music while laboriously pumping the common kind of pneumatic hand-controlled player with his feet. ¶ The Tel-Electric plays all by its lonesome, rendering the music with the same accent, color, grace, expression, tone and originality that the composer gave it. No other piano-player does this. ¶ If the music you wish to play is familiar, and there are parts in it you wish to accent, soften, retard, accelerate — perhaps play as She played it — the easily controlled Tel-Electric expression devices do your bidding. They obey your every wish and impulse. ¶ The music is in thin metal strips. Damp weather does not affect it. The rolls do not shrink, swell or tear. They are as indestructible as an Indestructo trunk. When the music-roll is played, the metal strip rewinds itself electrically. ¶ It is not necessary for you to have electric current in your home; batteries can be used. The Tel-Electric is simplicity itself. It is fool-proof. ¶ Write for descriptive literature. Better still, visit our nearest salesroom and hear the Tel-Electric play. It is the machine you will conclude to buy

THE TEL-ELECTRIC COMPANY

299 FIFTH AVENUE - - - - - - - - - - NEW YORK, N. Y.

The B. F. Goodrich Co.

By ELBERT HUBBARD

EMERSON said, "The first man who made a pair of shoes carpeted the earth with leather."

By making a rubber tire, Doctor B. F. Goodrich paved the roadways with rubber.

The B. F. Goodrich Company is the lengthened shadow of Doctor Goodrich.

The man is dead, but his spirit abides, and his soul goes marching on ❧ If, from his reserved seat in the Valhalla Ad Club, he looks down on us now, he must be proud of Akron, for without The B. F. Goodrich Company, there would be no Akron.

Having just spent a half-day at The B. F. Goodrich Company Works, my adjective tank is exhausted. An expurgated chapter of *The Essay on Silence* seems a fitting thing to recite.

The roadways of the world are carpeted with Akron productions ❧ And in the Goodrich Tire I see the gradual and sure, certain, absolute evolution and revolution of the tire industry.

Any tire that minimizes friction, lessens the danger of wear and tear on your vocabulary, and tends to keep not only your temper but your walletoski intact, is bound, in time, to get the tangible recognition of mankind—granting, of course, that it is properly publicized.

The rubber tire made the automobile possible, just as the iron rail made the locomotive a fact. If Doctor Goodrich had invented the rubber tire before Stephenson utilized the steel rail, the railroads would never have been built.

Possibly yet the streak of rust and the right of way will live only in history, passing into the realm of things that were, like the high-wheel bicycle, the beaver, the wild pigeon, the buffalo, the dodo and side whiskers.

Transportation is the second most important thing in the world; and he who lubricates transportation is a world-builder, a benefactor of his kind, and will live in the hearts of humanity.

The rubber tire traces a pedigree to the rubber hose, and the rubber hose, reinforced with cotton, traces to the brain of Doctor B. F. Goodrich.

Great was Doctor Goodrich ❧ Great, passing great, is the institution that he founded. Every one of this vast Goodrich Family should be proud that he is connected with an institution so widely beneficent. The B. F. Goodrich Company lessens the jars of life, minimizes its bumps, speeds us on our way, and supplies a meal-ticket to one hundred thousand people. Such is modern organization.

Adios, Doctor Goodrich, my Stetson 's in my hand.

February, 1913

THE WORLD MOVES

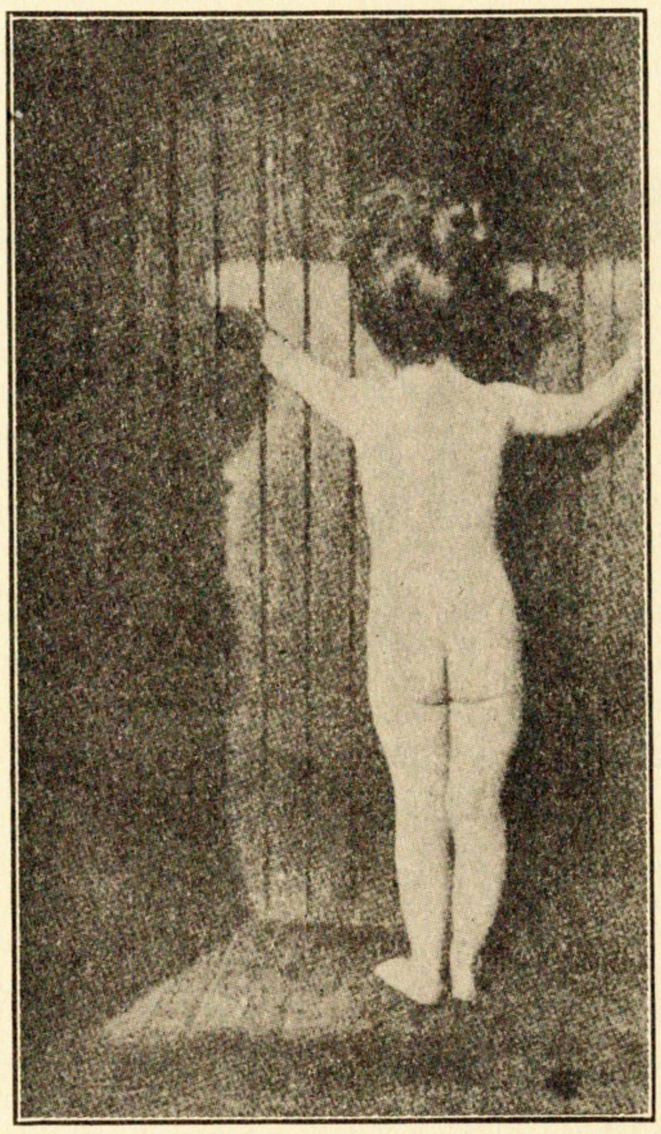
An Ad-Vibe
By
Elbert Hubbard

NOT one-quarter of the people in the world live in their own houses. The rest of the folks move on May-Day — or before. ¶ And if we are rich enough to own a home, then we are rich enough to travel, and we move, just the same. ¶ More than ninety-nine per cent of adult people in America own a trunk, or a chest, or a moving-box. ¶ Twenty-five per cent of adults in America live in trunks. That is to say, one-fourth of our population must have a trunk easily accessible, for some of their belongings are packed in it. ¶ And this twenty-five per cent of American adults packs its worldly possessions into trunks and moves on. ¶ To say that twenty-five per cent of the American people have Trunk Troubles is a conservative estimate. We have more Trunk Troubles than a pachyderm. ¶ When a trunk goes out of your room it has become baggage. ¶ Baggage is lifted, pulled, hauled, mauled, tossed, slammed, thrown and dropped. Its contents are shaken, shoved, twisted, turned, and sometimes deposited on the sidewalk, in the baggage-car, on the express-wagon, or gently scattered over the cobblestones on the way from the railroad-train to its destination. ¶ The condition of mind of the owner of such baggage is miserable to contemplate. He is unfit for society or service. ¶ "I am utterly ruined," exclaimed a weary traveler when he saw his personal effects scattered among the bootblacks, and his trunk in kindling-wood. He looked a part of the calamity as he stood disconsolate among the ruins. ¶ Such incidents used to be a common calamity — and are now where people do not own INDESTRUCTO Trunks. ¶ What is an INDESTRUCTO trunk? Wait a minute, Terese, and I 'll tell you. In Mishawaka, Indiana, there is a factory which makes INDESTRUCTO luggage. These trunks are made so as to avoid destruction through concussion, extreme pressure from within or without. ¶ Every corner and edge is reinforced; so the weakest place must stand the strain, and the only way to fix that as I maintain is to make that place just as strong as the rest — and stronger. ¶ They have the best patterns that experienced makers of luggage have designed. The trunks are reinforced around the body, strapped and locked, so that there is no place that receives too much strain. The pressure is distributed. ¶ The INDESTRUCTO folks make trunks for women who own elegant wardrobes. Milady may hang her gowns in her trunk. She may pack her wardrobe in an INDESTRUCTO as systematically as in her dresser at home. ¶ A gentleman of leisure, or a traveling man, may pack his belongings in an INDESTRUCTO with security, knowing that when he opens his trunk, he will find undisturbed what he packed. ¶ The INDESTRUCTO people make trunks of all sorts and sizes, steamer-trunks for men and for women. Trunks for long visits and short ones. Trunks that can cross the Continent and the ocean, and carry your wardrobe safely. ¶ Besides this, every INDESTRUCTO trunk is numbered and registered. With very little care on the owner's part, the trunk can be identified anywhere and returned to him. ¶ This INDESTRUCTO Registry System means that, if your trunk is lost, you 'll be notified by the INDESTRUCTO Trunk Manufacturers where your baggage is, because the baggageman has notified them that one of their trunks, quoting the number, is in his baggage-room, and they will notify you. ¶ Not only do the INDESTRUCTO people make trunks, but bags and luggage of all kinds. Suitcases for men and women made of the best material, with every convenience, and of a weight and quality that you wish. Hatboxes to suit the most fastidious. Portfolios — everything that a traveler can need or use. ¶ INDESTRUCTO luggage is made on honor. The best material used by the most skilled workmen. ¶ The great moving population of America needs INDESTRUCTOS. ¶ Ask your dealer, or write to

National Veneer Products Company
Mishawaka, Indiana

A Healthy Product

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD



HERE she is — four years old — and never sick a day in her life — loved into life, nourished by a happy, healthy mother, dowered with a disposition that accepts life and finds it good. Happy, healthy, laughing, little cherubinsky!

To have healthy children, be healthy yourself. Also, we should select our grandparents with care.

Eat the food that you like, but always in moderation; work, play, study, laugh, and flavor all with love, and you have the key to the situation.

These things spell health, happiness, length of days; for not only should we be happy and effective ourselves, but if we have children we owe them the debt of health, and we must dower them with the ability to fight the battle of life without handicap. God knows, there are enough sorrows in the world already without importing any artificial ones by the way of the Booze or Gorge Route. The world is full of dietetic sinners.

ARMOUR'S GRAPE-JUICE is a beverage and food; a gentle stimulant; an eliminator of waste. It makes for an even circulation, a good breath, a clear eye.

In the young it tends to healthy dental formation, and a regular, natural peristaltic action that spells health.

There are other grape-juices. Some of them are fairly good. But I know of none that is prepared with the same skilful care as Armour's.

The grapes from which Armour's Grape-Juice is made are of selected stock, carefully inspected, tested in many ways and prepared under the most scientific formulas.

The "Grape-Cure" of Southern France and in the Alps was founded on actual fact. The gentle alkaline qualities of Grape-Juice neutralize the acids in the mouth and the alimentary tract. They tend to eliminate calcareous matter; and while Armour's Grape-Juice is not a medicine, yet, better still, it will prevent your getting into a position where medicine is needed.

If you are giving a social affair, you needs must serve something to your guests. Here are just a few suggestions of some of the good things that are possible with Armour's Grape-Juice.

Use it plain, with a little chopped ice, as a beverage.

Make a grape-punch and garnish with sliced fruits.

Freeze it, and have the most delectable sherbet that ever melted in your mouth.

A teaspoonful on grapefruit is delicious.

All dealers! Address Dept. 278.

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

Grape-Juice Factories at Westfield, N.Y., and Mattawan, Mich.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I never think Gum—I think SPEARMINT. Also I never see a spear, or the likeness thereof, without being forcibly reminded of SPEARMINT. And from SPEARMINT, it's a short wriggle to Wrigley.

SPEARMINT spells Oral Righteousness. Teeth, breath, gums, appetite, digestion—all are benefited by the regular and consistent use of SPEARMINT. SPEARMINT is thus vitally coupled up with the question of Health and Happiness.

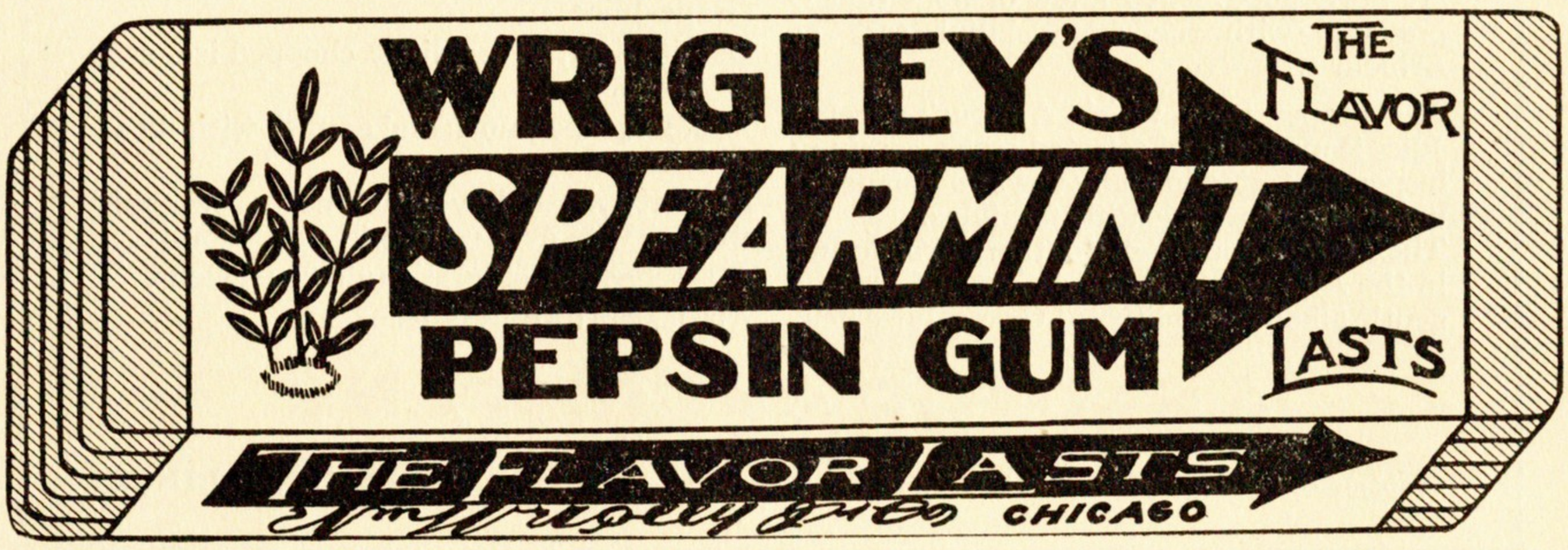
No, Terese, a gleaming set of ivories does not necessarily token SPEARMINT. But I will say this: To use SPEARMINT is to go far towards eliminating the Doctor and the Dentist, except as delightful Social Factors.

Buy SPEARMINT by the box. It's the best way, because it's the economical way. It saves Time and Money.

Chew it after every meal.

Peace be with you! (Box vobis-gum!)

Elbert Hubbard



Richard Wagner *and* *The* Tel-Electric

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

WHILE Richard Wagner was in exile in Switzerland, he received barely enough from his work in music to support him, and several times, during those long ten years, he would have been in sore need had it not been for the "loans" made him by Liszt. He did not even own a piano, and never heard his scores played, except when Liszt made a semi-yearly visit. At such times a piano would be borrowed and the friends would revel in the new scores, and occasionally talk the entire night away.

¶ When Liszt would go home after such visits, Wagner would go off on long tramps, climbing the mountains, lonely and bereft, sure that the mood for high and splendid work would never come again ❧ Then some morning the mist would roll away, the old spirit would come back, and he would apply himself with all the intense fire and burning imagination of which his spirit was capable ❧ ❧

¶ When the score was done it was sent straight to Liszt, before the ink was dry.

¶ The *Lohengrin* manuscript was sent along in parts, and Liszt was the first man to interpret it. On one such occasion we find Liszt writing:

> Your Walkure has arrived — and gladly would I sing to you with a thousand voices your Lohengrin Chorus — a wonder, a wonder! Dearest Richard, you are surely a divine man! And my highest joy is to follow you in your flight and be one with you in spirit.

¶ On this occasion when the Lohengrin Chorus first found voice, the only auditor was the Prince von Wittgenstein, who added a postscript to Liszt's letter, thus:

> I wept bitter tears over the scene between Siegmund and Sieglinde! This is beautiful — like heaven, like earth — like eternity.

¶ Was ever a woman so blest in privilege to be the near, dear friend of Franz Liszt and hear him play the music of Richard Wagner from the manuscript, and then to add her precious word of appreciation for the work of the weary exile? The quotation given is only a sample of the messages that Liszt was constantly sending to his exiled friend. And we must understand that at this time Liszt had a worldwide reputation as a composer himself, and was the foremost pianist of his time. And Wagner — Wagner was only an obscure dreamer, with a penchant for writing erratic music!

¶ The *Lohengrin* was produced at Weimar under the leadership of Liszt, but even his magic name could not make the people believe — the critics had their way and wrote it down.

¶ Yet Liszt lived to see the name of Wagner proclaimed as the greatest contemporary name in music; and he was too great and good to allow jealousy to enter his great soul. Yet he knew that as a composer his own work was quite lost in the shadow of the reputation of his friend ❧ At a banquet given in Munich in Eighteen Hundred and Eighty-one in honor of Wagner, Liszt said:

> I ask no remembrance for myself or my work beyond this: Franz Liszt was the loved and loving friend of Richard Wagner and played his scores with tear-filled eyes, and knew the heaven-born quality of the man when all the world seemed filled with doubt.

¶ What a satisfaction, what an encouragement, what an inspiration it would have been to Wagner to have a Tel-Electric, whereby he could have played his own masterpieces, as well as those of others, over and over again! In the stillness of his forced retirement his troubles would have been forgotten.

¶ With the aid of the Tel-Electric a person absolutely unversed in musical technique can play Wagnerian music as Wagner never could. We can saturate ourselves in the soul of the master.

¶ Are you familiar with the Tel-Electric? If not, send for literature describing this greatest musical invention that the world has ever seen.

The Tel-Electric Company

299 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Paint With a Personality

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

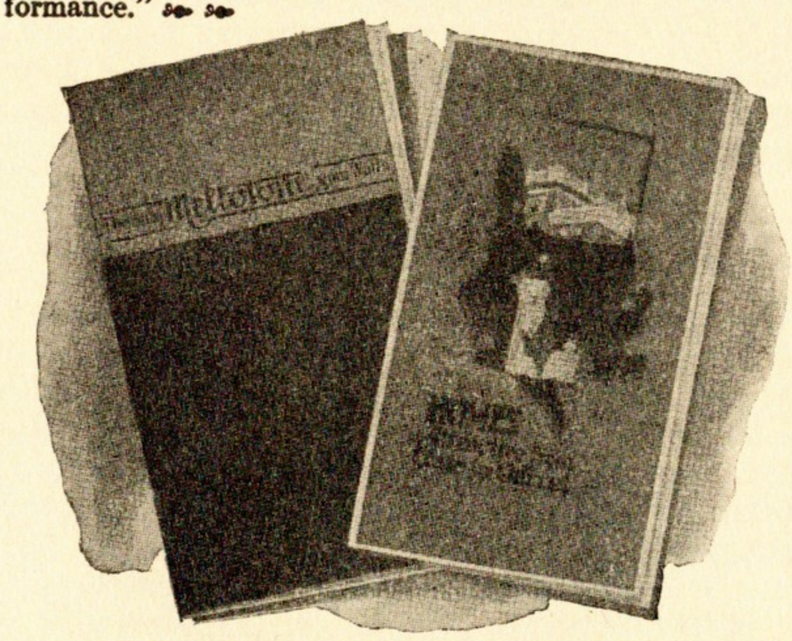
WE are a part of all that we have met.
We mirror the ideas and ideals of others.
Subconsciously we absorb and exhale the opinions, sayings and experience of our fellows.
Under the emery-wheel of our exigencies we polish and recut the rough diamonds and fit them in new settings.
We discard the rubbish and use only the best.
This is the science of business.
Business claims the best that is in us.
Business is the reflex of ourselves.
The limitation of a man's business depends on his own capacity.
Character is the father of reputation.
The reputation of a man's business depends on the quality of his goods.
The quality of the goods depends on the man's character
To realize that he is in business for the public good is to make good.
His goods become part of himself — they have personality.
Lowe Brothers Company's "High Standard" paint is an example of what I mean



Apart from the appropriate name — which in itself is a true index to its quality — it has behind it, in it and on it, the stamp of integrity, intelligent research and fair dealing.
For over forty years, Lowe Brothers have given their whole-hearted efforts to paint problems.
Their success has been solid and sure, not mushroom growth, no change of policy.
In early days they found it tough sledding, but they stuck it out.
The years passed, as the years have a way of doing, and with them came experience and success, dearly won, richly deserved.
Not the least factor in this success has been the spirit of co-operation and mutuality rife in the Lowe Brothers' Factories, which has rarely been equaled outside the precincts of Roycroft
Principals, agents, salesmen, workmen — all work together for a common purpose. This kind of teamwork makes for success, not necessarily the success that means coffers piled high with doubloons, but that greater success which spells prestige, loyalty and integrity, to the world at large.
Naturally, therefore, the "Little Blue Flag" with the letters "H. S." (High Standard) has been held aloft, and carried on and on; and the standard has never been lowered — it is now the Highest Standard.
A better paint than "High Standard" is yet to be found.
When it is found, Lowe Brothers will find it.
Always alert — ever experimenting — paint is their pabulum.
¶ The "Little Blue Flag Varnish" is the spouse of "High Standard."
Like a good wife, she puts the polish on.
A woman for the last deft touches — and "Little Blue Flag Varnish" for the final shine!
The whole family of Lowe Brothers paints, varnishes, enamels and stains are of the same character.
Their mission is service, satisfaction
The fact that, during forty years, Lowe Brothers have never lost an agent by dishonest business methods, or shoddy goods, shows they fulfil it.
For the outside of your home, for its interior — for any or every room — for roof or floor, wall or wainscot, for everything for which paint, stain or varnish is needed, Lowe Brothers have the correct requisite.
They are ever ready to give advice on the decoration of your home
They will demonstrate to you the fact that their paints neither crack, crawl, crumple nor crumble when fairly treated, that their paints cover more surface, do it more thoroughly and work more easily than any other.
Lowe Brothers' paints wear longer and wear better, and are therefore more economical than any other paints made.
The Lowe Brothers' products are put up in sealed cans — *full to the brim.*
In all your dealings with Lowe Brothers you will find at least four fine fortes:

Quality — Quantity — Durability — Satisfaction

"High Standard" Liquid Paint is used here at Roycroft for painting houses, barns, silos. These are touched up twice and thrice a year — not because necessary, but because it is a pleasure to work with "High Standard" paint.
"High Standard" paint is the prime preservative. It is also a preventive. It is the paint with a pedigree — "proven performance."

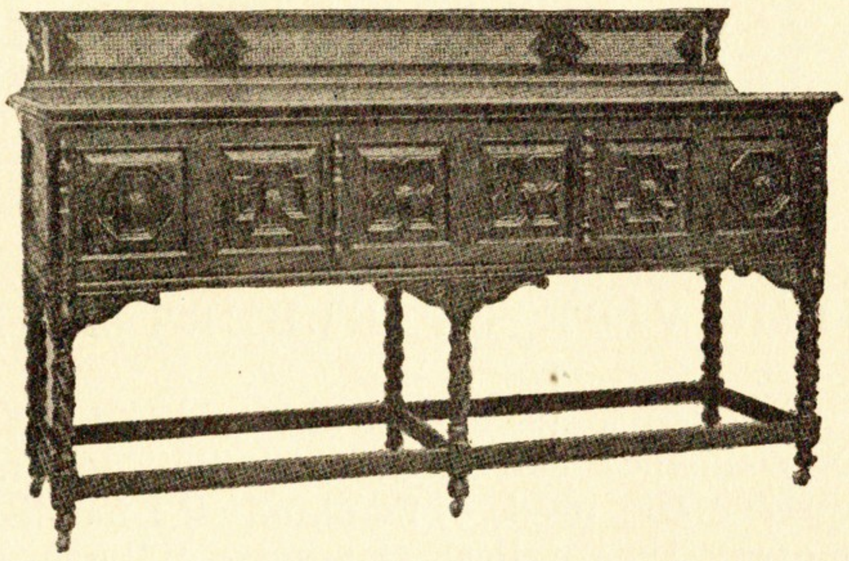


Send for sample cards, beautiful booklets on house decoration and practical helps on your paint problems.
At dealers in principal cities, or address

The Lowe Brothers Co.

Third Street East
Dayton, Ohio

BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO KANSAS CITY



A fine example of oak treatment from the latter half of the Seventeenth Century

A Patent of Nobility

An Advertisement by Elbert Hubbard

THE Dutch hausfrau who thought mahogany would look better if it were "peynted plue," was no worse than the folks who load their homes with indiscriminate furniture.

The promiscuous gathering of unrelated pieces of furniture, to be seen in the average home, is proof of the need of education in regard to the House Beautiful. ¶ Your taste and judgment are revealed in the furniture you buy. Your furniture is a patent of nobility. It should represent quality, and should be made to last.

Berkey & Gay make furniture that shall be, as they express it, "for your children's heirlooms." Good furniture should be handed down as a rich legacy unto our issue. ¶ Berkey & Gay furniture possesses significance, worth, individuality. Furniture that is made primarily "to sell," is to Berkey & Gay an abhorrence. They dub it "catalog furniture."

Berkey & Gay furniture, in all the famous Period Styles, is the best in the world. These pieces are carefully studied from the best efforts of the old master cabinetmakers, and the thought and purpose expressed in these masterpieces are reproduced with exactitude. ¶ Berkey & Gay originated the justly celebrated Flanders Furniture. Vriedman de Vries, the master woodworker of Holland in the Seventeenth Century, furnished the inspiration for this artistic revival

From the great Dutchman's designs in sturdy weathered oak was evolved a motif admirably adapted to the household needs of the modern American home. ¶ For years oak was discountenanced and discredited by the judicious. Indifferent workmen fashioned it in cheap and meaningless designs.

Berkey & Gay's Flanders Furniture has been instrumental in reinstating and rehabilitating this beautiful and distinctive American wood.

Berkey & Gay's Flanders Furniture has been imitated frequently, and, of course, unsuccessfully. An imitation is always an imitation.

The Berkey & Gay Shopmark, inlaid in every piece of Berkey & Gay furniture, symbols honesty and integrity of construction.

Berkey & Gay are educators in a real sense. They are leading people into the Promised Land of Beauty, Service and Durability in regard to Furniture for the Home. ¶ Ask your dealer to show you the elegant Portfolio of Direct Photogravures, illustrating more than two thousand pieces of Berkey & Gay furniture. ¶ This is not a catalog. It costs the dealer Fifty Dollars, reason enough why copies are not being distributed gratis. ¶ However, the de-luxe brochure entitled, ***Character in Furniture,*** will be sent to you on receipt of thirty cents in stamps. ¶ This is a reliable textbook setting forth the romance and history of Period Styles, and containing many attractive drawings by Rene Vincent.

With it, if you say the word, will be sent a copy of a 'Gene Field poem, wherein is made special mention of Berkey & Gay. 'T is done in colors on a card and will amuse you.



This is the inlaid mark of honor that is in and on every Berkey & Gay piece

Berkey & Gay Furniture Company
192 Monroe Ave.
Grand Rapids, Michigan

MUCH VIRTUE IN VARNISH!

A VARNISH VIBE BY ELBERT HUBBARD

Few industries endure the acid test of time. And no business can long survive that does not exist to serve the needs of mankind. ¶ I feel like saluting every time I hear the name "Berry Brothers." I never see or hear "Berry Brothers," but I have visions of good Varnish — the best made. ¶ And vice versa, I never think "Varnish" — I think "Berry Brothers." ¶ The first Varnish worthy of the name was evolved in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five by Thomas and Joseph Berry, brothers. ¶ Emerson held that every institution was only the lengthened shadow of a man. ¶ The dictum holds good in the present instance, being in fact doubly true, for the Varnish Industry in America traces straight to the old copper kettle in which Thomas and Joseph Berry made their first run of Varnish, from fossil gums ¶ Berry Brothers' products have for more than half a century been universally accepted as the standard of excellence. They are "finish" products. Also,, they are "finished" products. ¶ The standard has never been lowered, and will *never* be lowered so long as there is a single Berry, either Elder Berry or Junior, at the helm. ¶ Something more than a knowledge of ingredients and methods enters into the making of Berry Brothers' Varnishes ¶ Right intent, integrity of purpose, high manufacturing ideals — these things have helped to put Berry Brothers' Varnishes far to the fore — old-fashioned virtues all, for which the world has not yet found a substitute — nor ever will, markee! ¶ Strict adherence to these ideals has inspired the makers of Berry Brothers' Varnishes, from the very first, with the inevitable result that "Berry Brothers" everywhere stands for, symbols, and is recognized as representing, Varnish products, than which there can be no better, possibly. ¶ Berry Brothers have kept abreast of the times, or, as Ali Baba puts it, "a leetle ahead!" ¶ New blood and new enthusiasm have been injected from time to time, and have "taken." ¶ There are a thousand and one Varnish needs, the experts tell us, and while no one Varnish will meet them all, there is a perfect Varnish for every purpose, and at the right price, made under the Berry Brothers label. ¶ If by chance there should arise a Varnish necessity not already anticipated and provided for, Berry Brothers will furnish a special prescription from your data — and fill your order forthwith. ¶ All good dealers and conscientious sell Berry Brothers' Varnishes. ¶ The label and name are your guides to Varnish Value. See that they are there, and insist upon them! ¶ Special booklets for every class of Varnish user can be had for the asking. Write today, stating your requirements.

BERRY BROTHERS

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

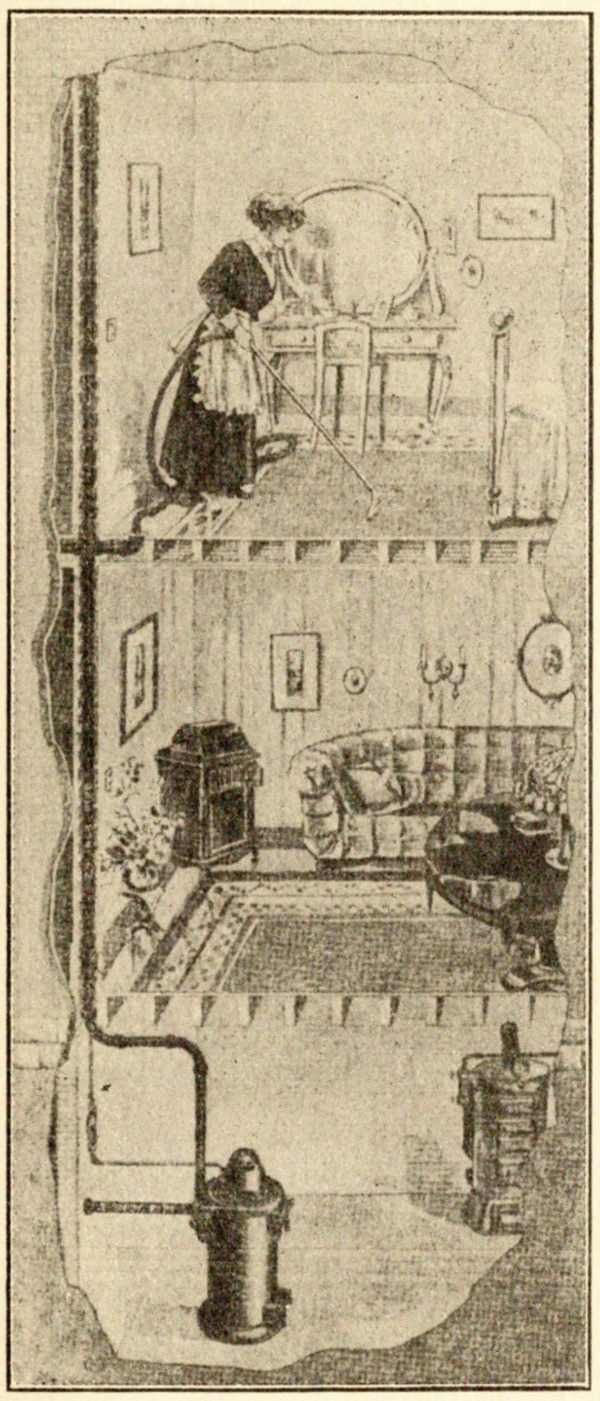
BRANCH OFFICES — New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, London, England

FACTORIES — Detroit, Mich., and Walkerville, Ont.

Propinquity and Poison

A Reminder and a Warning

By Elbert Hubbard



Ninety thousand pupils in Greater New York are attending school on the part-time plan. There are fifty thousand more who are crowded out altogether, on account of lack of room.

All of which means that the Metropolis is sadly handicapped for lack of school-buildings.

Comes now Health-Commissioner Darlington, with an interesting report, in which he observes that no longer ago than Nineteen Hundred Six, fifty-five thousand of the City's school-children showed symptoms of illness, and were examined by the Health Board Physicians, who directed fully twenty thousand to remain at home because of contagious diseases they had contracted.

In spite of our boasted civilization, there must be something radically wrong with a public-school system in which this state of affairs is possible.

¶ The children of today are the men and women of tomorrow. Let us look well to the children, that the children may look well—and *be* well!

Doctor Jacobi, President of the American Medical Society, is sponsor for the following statement:

"Unfortunately, the systems of ventilation used in our public-school buildings, even the best, are failures. They are filled with *foul air*, which is a perpetual detriment to the development and health of our future citizens."

¶ Also, note this, from a letter of protest penned by a teacher in one of the big public schools:

"The air supplied is dry and dust-laden, and has a decidedly depressing effect upon children and myself—thus lessening my capacity for effort in instruction, and dulling the pupils' power of sustaining attention."

And there, mind you, are the future citizens we are depending on to advance the banner of social and intellectual freedom, and fight the good fight, "that government of the people, by the people, for the people, may not perish from the earth," as the Great Emancipator put it.

When we realize that ninety per cent of our children go no higher than the elementary grades, we begin to appreciate the necessity of making the public schools approach, say, ninety per cent efficiency as a limit.

No man ever made love efficiently and well, who had a code in his node, or a bad breath.

Nor can we get the best results from school-children who are forced to breathe impure air for five or six hours a day, five days in the week, forty weeks in the year, for ten or a dozen years.

Results are cumulative. And the cumulative result of years of bad air is more years of bad health.

"The first requisite," said Carlyle, "is to be a good animal."

Health is the cornerstone on which to build. What 's this world to a man when his wife 's a widow?

We talk a deal about Eugenics these days, but we have got to begin with pure air, and proper ventilation, before we will advance very far.

To keep the atmosphere in our schoolrooms reasonably fresh, pure and wholesome, is a moral obligation which should rest heavy on the civic conscience.

An atmosphere that is ninety per cent free from dust will not convey contagion. This, by the way, is the condition prescribed for patients recovering from tuberculosis, or those in the incipient stage.

Germ-laden dust is a deadly menace to health and happiness. And dust that is kept in motion by dry sweeping and dusting is almost invariably germ-laden. Such dust is a prolific breeder of disease.

To subject our children to the unseen dangers lurking in the average schoolroom constitutes criminal negligence on the part of the board or commission permitting it.

Every public school of sufficient size in this country should be equipped with a TUEC Stationary Cleaner.

The TUEC System is a cleaning system—not primarily a means of ventilation. Yet the TUEC is a most effective aid to scientific ventilation, this in addition to its admitted superiority in the way of thorough and efficient cleaning.

The TUEC combines all the good points of broom, suction and vacuum cleaners, along with other excellent features, exclusively its own.

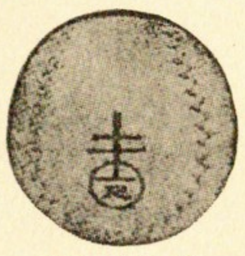
The TUEC System can be installed at a very moderate expenditure of money. The whole thing has been thought out, carefully and conscientiously, by a corps of competent experts, whose lives have been given over to a study of just such problems. They have approached the proposition from every possible angle, and have perfected the system to the point where uncertainty is a discard.

Write for information regarding the greatest and most efficient stationary air-cleaning system ever brought to the notice of the nation.

THE UNITED ELECTRIC CO.

33 Hurford Street **Canton, Ohio**

HAND-BALLS AND MEDICINE-BALLS

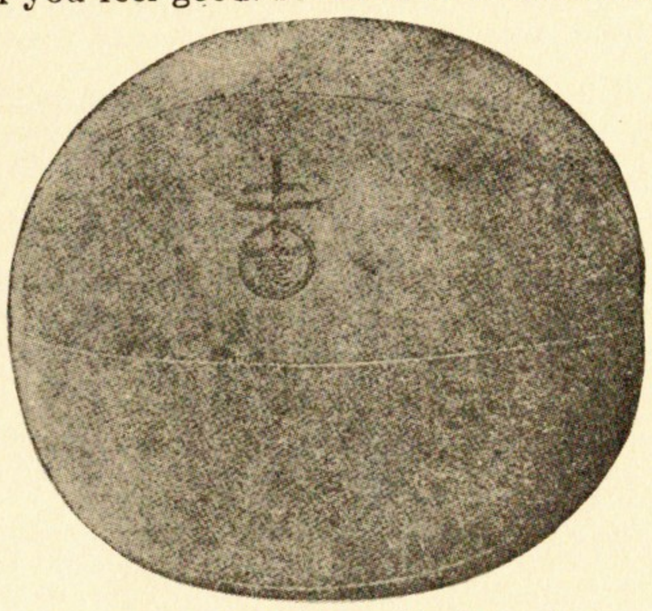


Hand-Ball
Price, $1.00

"Head, heart and hand," runs the Roycroft creed.

HERE is something for the hand — something to send the blood fresh-bounding to the wearied brain.

If you feel good. so much the more fun!



Medicine-Ball. Weight, 5 lbs. Price, $4.00
Postage Extra

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, New York

Roycroft Stationery

Take advantage of the first impression:

IT is the eye that gives the brain its first impression of a letter. The letter's contents are second to be appreciated.

¶ Unique and distinctive stationery gives color and originality to a letter, and to the personality whose expression it is.

¶ The Roycrofters have lately put their mark on some letter-paper and correspondence-cards imported from Italy. Its colors are white, and rare shades of tan and green.

¶ The paper, cards and envelopes all have four deckle edges, characteristic of handmade papers.

¶ The paper is 6 by 7½ inches. The cards are 3¾ by 6 inches. The envelopes fit snugly. The letter-paper is One Dollar a box ❧ The correspondence-cards are also One Dollar the box. Postpaid ❧ ❧

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

Roycroft Neckties

The quality streak runs through Roycrofters and Roycroft products alike

IN some of the Faithful, the spirit runs so high that they must have Roycroft quality even in things of dress.

¶ Hence the official ties of fine crepe-de-chine, in black and brown, grey, ecru, red, white and blue.

¶ These are long enough to allow for a good bow with a collar of any size.

The Price is Two Dollars

The Roycrofters, East Aurora, N.Y.

MAPLEPECAN PATTIES

ROYCROFT PECAN PATTIES are a product of purity and right intent.

¶ Their ingredients are the best New York State maple-syrup, the finest Texas pecan-nuts, and honest effort.

¶ The sap of the maple-tree contains, besides its quota of sugar, certain aromatic substances which give these candies their peculiarly delicious flavor.

¶ Only the first, freshest, clearest run of sap enters into Roycroft Pecan Patties.

¶ No other sweets so luscious, so nutritious, so satisfying. One Dollar the Box, Postpaid.

THE ROYCROFTERS
EAST AURORA, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

BRANN
THE BELLIGERENT

WITH a cypress shingle on either shoulder, Brann trailed his star-spangled cut-away down the plank turnpike.
His writings are a conglomerate mass of bitter invective and venomous vituperation.
¶ His books are a veritable Donnybrook; his path is strewn with the broken images and wreckage incidental to the *Iconoclast*.
Little escaped his vitriolic tongue. Nothing was sacred from his sarcasm; his pen-point flowed with picric acid.
¶ Yet still we read his books with interest, even with fascination.
For surely here is a man who rejoiced in his strength.
Brann was a wonderful weaver of words; a man with the eye of Uriel.
He arrays his army of words skilfully and with strategy.
He plays with sentences like a juggler with his multi-colored globes.
While we may differ with his views, we are pleased with his pyrotechnics.
His end, like his life, was violent, spectacular.
He has left behind him a marvelous record of human emotions — sardonic satire, wholesome wit, and passionate patriotism.

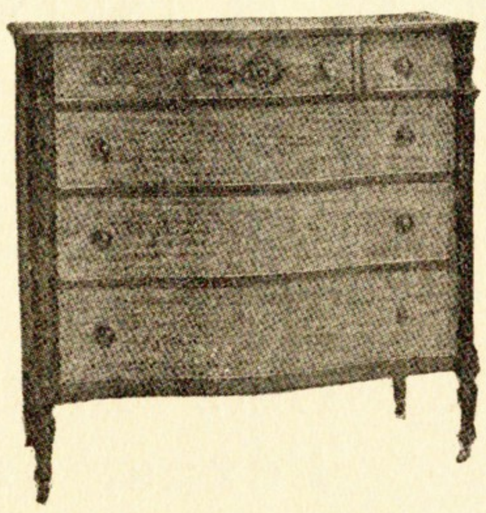
Herz Brothers, of Waco, Texas, are publishing Brann's writings in two beautiful volumes, bound in Morocco Grain Skiver, printed on Cheltenham Antique Paper, with Marble Linings, Gilt Top and stamped in Gold. Title of the work,

Brann, the Iconoclast.

¶ This Edition Deluxe is limited to *One Thousand Sets*. It contains a complete collection of Brann's vitriolic exhalations, with a well-written biography by J. D. Shaw. The net price of this superb set is Six Dollars — to which add thirty cents to cover postage.

There is also a smaller set; comprising two compact, cloth-bound volumes, well printed. Price, Three Dollars, net — plus thirty cents for postage.
Order direct from the publishers.

HERZ BROS., WACO, TEXAS



HISTORY & ROMANCE IN FURNITURE

A Retrospect by Elbert Hubbard

THE history of a people is commonly figured forth in its furniture. ¶ The things we make show to the world what we are. ¶ The Furniture of a period is a sure index to the ideals and aspirations of that period—or to the lack of them. ¶ And right here is a good place to observe that History is divided and subdivided into Periods, for the most part distinctly differentiated. ¶ We have the Age of Pericles in Athens, a time when the Greek genius attained the top notch of brilliancy and grandeur.

Under the leadership of Pericles, the arts flourished and Athens was unquestionably the capital of the world, from the standpoint of artistic and literary achievement.

"The glory that was Greece" was never more glorious than during this brief period of Periclean-Athenian ascendency.

The Greeks had little furniture in their homes, and that little was fashioned mostly after Oriental models.

The Greeks were an outdoor people, like the Greeks of our own day.

And for folk who lead the simple life out of doors, a very few household articles suffice.

Not until the time of the Renaissance did furniture begin to take on modern characteristics. With the advent of the New Birth, the medieval mind experienced a quickening process that shadowed forth the dawning of a new and better day.

The pent-up genius of the Middle Ages burst forth in a flood of fine furniture ❧ The Renaissance brought in new ways of thinking, and this "new thought" was applied not merely to religion and literature and politics, but to dress, furniture and household furnishings, as well.

The growth of sedentary habits, unknown to the Ancients and the people of the Middle Ages, inaugurated a new regime, and the development of furniture was largely dependent on this change in ways of living.

From being sparse, splendid, massive, costly, furniture became plentiful, inferior in quality, light, cheap.

The cabinetmaker's art reached its culmination in the Eighteenth Century ❧ This was the great furniture period in every European country. Originality and initiative waxed brilliant, and the designs wrought out by the master craftsmen of England, France, Germany and Holland have never been surpassed. The best we can do today is to make impressive replicas of these masterpieces.

The originals are mostly worth many times their weight in gold; but for a song, comparatively, we can today revel in the bold and pleasing conceptions of such artisans as Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppel-White, Shearer, the Adam Brothers, and others composing the Eighteenth-Century School of Cabinetmakers in Merrie England.

Berkey and Gay have spent their lives in the endeavor to reproduce the designs of these masters ¶ There are more than four thousand separate pieces of this Berkey and Gay Furniture, any one of them worth more to the thinking man or woman than a whole houseful of the ordinary and nondescript stuff that by the grace of nobody in particular masquerades under the name of "furniture." ¶ Berkey and Gay are pioneers in the production of Period Furniture that will rival comparison with the originals themselves.

The next best thing to owning one of these priceless originals is to buy a Berkey and Gay

Berkey and Gay have succeeded in capturing the thought and the ideals expressed in the originals and imprisoning them in the reproductions.

Berkey and Gay Furniture will last longer, look better and yield more genuine satisfaction than a carload of the stuff with which the generality of people disgrace their domiciles.

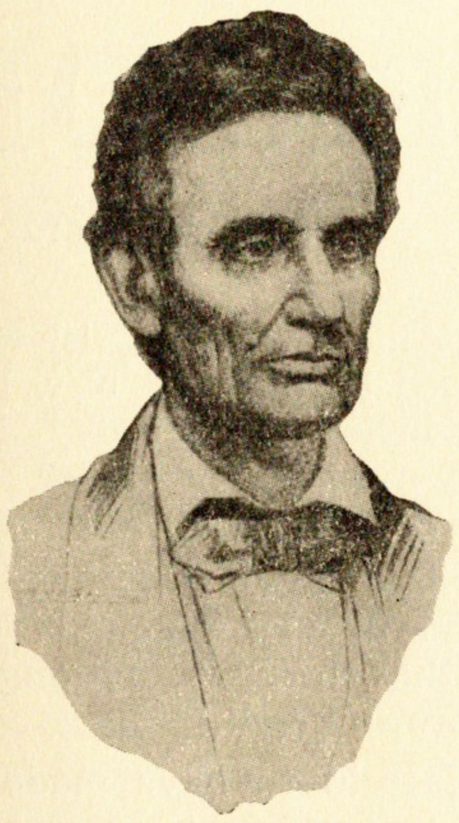
Write for the exquisite Berkey and Gay brochure, *Character in Furniture*, illustrated by the French artist, Rene Vincent. It is yours for just fifteen two-cent stamps. Be sure to ask for a copy of Eugene Field's amusing ditty, entitled, *In Amsterdam*. Field was an ardent admirer of Berkey and Gay Furniture. He voices his enthusiasm in this characteristic rhyme.

BERKEY & GAY FURNITURE

This shopmark on every piece of Berkey and Gay Furniture is a means of identification, and a protection to purchasers

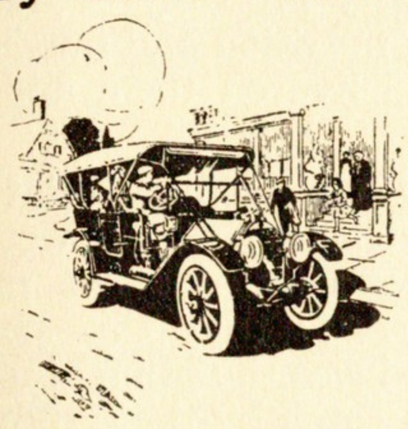
BERKEY AND GAY FURNITURE COMPANY

192 Monroe Avenue, Grand Rapids, Michigan



The Lincoln Highway

By Elbert Hubbard



USE THIS BLANK

A. R. PARDINGTON
Vice-President and Secretary, Lincoln Highway Association,
2115 Dime Savings Bank Building
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Dear Sir:
I regard it as a privilege to be one of the many who will make the Lincoln Highway possible, and am accordingly sending along my check for Five Dollars as my subscription to this glorious cause. In your acknowledgment, please send me book of ten membership certificates, which I will see are properly placed.

Name .....

Address .....

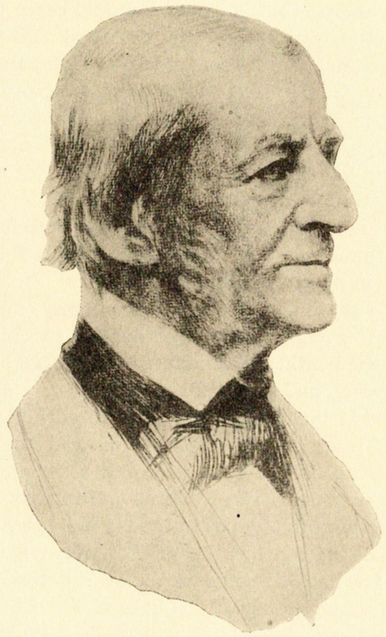
.....

¶ A dustless, mudless, skidless highway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific—that 's what! I should cease to worry.
Behind the project are the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, the Packard Motor Car Company, the Willys-Overland Company, the Hudson Motor Car Company, the Prest-O-Lite Company, the Wheeler and Schebler Company, the Remy Electric Company, and over one hundred other firms and corporations who are doing big things.
Over Five Million Dollars are already pledged.
Subscriptions are now asked for from every cheerful, good sport who owns an automobile and loves the smell of gasoline. And does n't that take in pretty nearly all of us?
It is a privilege to get into this glorious company, and I wish that every reader of *The Fra* Magazine who owns a machine or rides in one would fill out the blank, and send it in today to the address named.
¶ A lot of time, energy and gray matter has been put into this project by good, hard-headed businessmen. They are enthusiastic over the success thus far. These men are determined and the project must succeed. It is now up to you motorists and all lovers and users of good roads to co-operate in the work now. It needs personal work and support—send your five-dollar bill today and ask Mr. Pardington to send you a book of ten membership certificates, which you will agree to sell to a few kindred souls who want a better opportunity to see America first under pleasant conditions. The Lincoln Highway, and the lateral roads tributary to it, will make it possible to go with the motor-car into the most scenic country in the world.

HENRY B. JOY, President
President Packard Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
CARL G. FISHER
President The Prestolite Co., Indianapolis, Indiana
A. R. PARDINGTON
Vice-President and Secretary, New York
RUSSELL A. ALGER
President Alger-Smith and Company, Detroit, Michigan
ROY D CHAPIN
President Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit, Michigan
F. A. SEIBERLING
Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio
A. Y. GOWEN
Treasurer Cleveland Builders' Supply Company, Cleveland, Ohio
EMORY W. CLARK, Treasurer
President First National Bank, Detroit, Michigan
PAUL H. DEMING
The George Worthington Company, Cleveland, Ohio
ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE, Indiana
JOHN N. WILLYS
President Willys-Overland Company, Toledo, Ohio

Any man who owns a machine and does not get in on this is a piker from Pikersville. That 's what I said.
Fill out the blank and enjoy the sweet satisfaction of knowing that you are in this glorious company who are making the world a fit place for a gentleman to live in. Good roads are the most unselfish enterprise in the whole realm of human betterments.

This space for one year devoted to the cause of the Lincoln Highway by THE FRA Magazine



RALPH WALDO EMERSON

THE letters of Ralph Waldo Emerson to Thomas Carlyle, and those of Carlyle to Emerson, are published in two delightful volumes.

The art of letter-writing is almost a forgotten one. Now we telephone, send a night letter, or a postal card.

In one letter to Carlyle, Emerson says: "Our Henry — Henry Thoreau — raises prodigious crops of beans. He threshes these out on the barn-floor in the Winter-Time when he can not work outside. Then he shows us how to cook the beans. He bakes them for hours and hours with wondrous care. They certainly form a very nourishing and palatable food, and are so inexpensive withal, that I know they would recommend themselves to your Scottish nature."

Were you to ask a child in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts concerning the habitat of the bean, he would probably answer: "You mean *Leguminosæ* or *Vicia Faba*? Why, they were landed on Plymouth Rock by my ancestors, November 11, 1620."

EMERSON AND CARLYLE

A Beanazinement By Elbert Hubbard

The bean in America first flourished in Boston. And it is used by all good New Englanders, with brown bread for Saturday-night supper and Sunday-morning breakfast, even unto this day.

Every patriotic New Englander would go without food at the beginning of the old Sabbath, rather than eat anything but baked beans and brown bread.

Bean diet is said to have made Bostonian superiority. In any event, Massachusetts has a lower death-rate than any other State. She also has the lowest per cent of illiteracy, and the largest amount of money in Savings-Banks, pro rata with population, of any State in the Union.

Aside from all pleasantries, beans form a fine brain-food

Beans were used as food by the early human inhabitants of the earth, and gained a justifiable popularity probably because they contain so much nutrition and nutritive qualities that man can live on them and do efficient work

If we knew the commissariat in Moses' commissary department, we would probably find that bean-flour was the principal raw stock he carried: that this portable, concentrated food was the primal ingredient used in the manna eaten by the Children of Israel.

¶ Because of the superior food qualities of the bean, and that it is easily transported, it has been carried into war, both in medieval and modern times, and often has been the chief diet of the soldiers.

Not only soldiers, but all people who need to carry portable, concentrated, complete food into mountain fastnesses, dense forests and deserts, carry beans. Baked beans have been the chief diet of men who have done the work of construction in extending civilization West and South and North.

H. J. Heinz Comp

Pittsburgh,

Member of Association for the

And beans are now being relied upon as a necessary and effective food where transportation is easy. Heinz Baked Beans for the balanced ration.

In food-value, beans rank side by side with wheat. There is a constant demand for beans on the market, and they always command a good price.

Wheat has been called the "universal food," but this honor should be given to beans.

On the mountain range, on the battlefield, in mining camps, in our own homes, there is one, and only one drawback to the use of beans as a common food.

They are difficult to cook. It takes time and great care to cook beans so their flavor and best nutritive qualities are preserved.

The hurried housewife steams them or boils them, thereby losing twenty-five per cent of their value.

However, there is just one way to cook beans so that they give you the best nutrition, and that is to Bake them.

The H. J. Heinz Company have solved the bean problem for the world by putting upon the market

HEINZ BAKED BEANS

The Heinz Company have long passed the experimental stage and they Bake Beans exactly right. They seal them in tin cans and they are ready to serve. ¶ They are tempting, palatable, and easily digested.

Slices of choicest pork, and rich tomato-sauce, just enough, are baked with the beans if you wish.

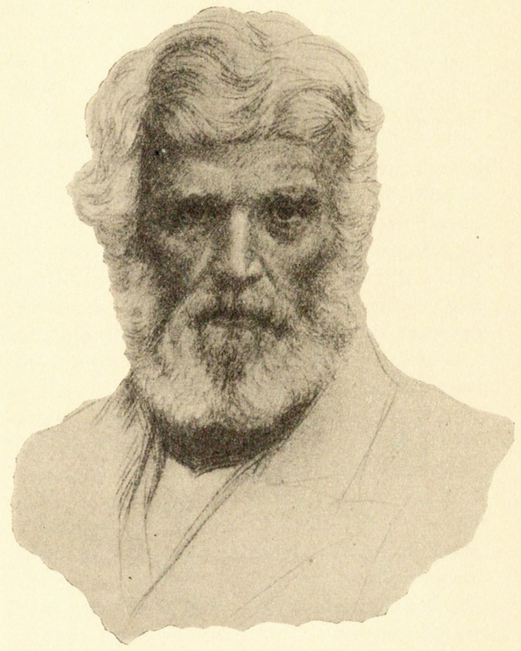
Baked pork and beans without tomato-sauce—Boston style—if you prefer these.

Baked beans in tomato-sauce, without pork, for vegetarians.

any—57 Varieties

Pennsylvania

Promotion of Purity in Foods



THOMAS CARLYLE

Baked Red-Kidney Beans, most delicious.

¶ In fact, the H. J. Heinz Company have anticipated the food wants of the family. From their own gardens and fields, they gather the fresh fruit and vegetables, and in their own factories preserve them. The best scientific methods are used in all processes The Pure-Food Law looks with pride and satisfaction on the Heinz Gardens and Factories

The Heinz Company employ highly skilled intelligent labor and use every device that the American brain can invent to assist in making perfect food in their Preserves, Jellies, Tomato-Ketchup, Tomato-Soup, Peanut-Butter Spaghetti, and many other foods Remember! Heinz Baked Beans are baked. Steamed beans contain twenty-five per cent of water, which you pay for. Heinz Baked Beans are cooked like the Boston product. They look good, they taste good — they nourish. Ask your Grocer!

"Letters That Make Good"

By Men Who Have Made Good

AN ADVERTISEMENT BY ELBERT HUBBARD

SOMEBODY has observed that to the man who can not write one, there is nothing in the world so wonderful as a well-written letter.

This applies to business letters as well as to epistles of a purely personal nature. There have been good letter-writers in all ages of the world.

The Roman Plinies excelled in letter-writing.

¶ So did Cicero, whose letters to Atticus and various others of his friends are today precious historical documents. Cicero employed a professional stenographer or scribe, a freedman named Tiro, to whom he dictated daily ❧

The letters of Madame Sevigne and Madame Maintenon are read today with an interest that has never abated.

Charles Lamb wrote letters to Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt and others, that are as good as anything he ever penned for publication ❧ ❧

We have the letters Lord Chesterfield wrote to his son and godson—models of the didactic style ❧ ❧

Also, we have the letter that Ursa Major wrote to Chesterfield, "repelling the tardy advances of his patron," as Macaulay says. It is a masterpiece of energy and dignity of thought ❧ ❧

'Gene Field was the great modern American letter-writer. He wrote a hand like copper-plate. It was the Thackeray hand.

'Gene Field wrote very briefly, but he always said something. And in everything he wrote there was a dash of wit, a dash of wisdom and a dash of love.

I have a letter from him that reveals his quality He said "Dear Elbertus: I hate you! You said so many things last night I would have said if I had had the mind. Nevertheless, dine with me tomorrow. Yours, 'Gene Field." ❧ ❧

And how about the letters of those famous lovers, the two Brownings?

But to come back to the business letter, of the which there are fifty-seven varieties.

Thousands of these are sent out every day. Letters of the "form" type predominate. Some few get read, but the vast majority are filed away in the capacious maw of the Waste-Paper Basket.

We have all received form letters. They are of many kinds.

There is the letter that starts off with a facetious willopus-wallopus, right off the J. Franklin Baker, something like this:

"You need a grater for your cosmic nutmeg." ❧ ❧

Or this: "Your cobwebby hayloft needs a little vacuum cleaning!"

Or this: "Your bump of procrastination needs another wallop to flatten it!"

Or, "A psychic vibe for your Sarah Bellum!"

¶ Then the letter proceeds to tell you some of the things you do not know about your own business.

There is the letter that concludes with the words, "Thanking you in advance," and is signed with a rubber stamp wielded by the office-boy ❧ ❧

There is the letter that is "dictated but not read." The official is so overwhelmed with yast volumes of correspondence that he can not possibly take the time to look through his letters for possible corrections and amendments. Of this type was the man who dictated to his trusty stenog the words, "Replying rather tardily to your kind favor of recent date," and after many moons discovered that the letters that had been going out over his rubber stamp looked like this: "Replying rather tartly to yours, etc."

Then, we get the letter filled with "curious infelicities of diction." One of these came to me the other day, and here is just one paragraph from it. I quote verbatim, setting down naught in malice: "Allow me to thank you for your kind letter of the Twenty-third, in which you request me to advise you whether you wish me to have you insert a little advertisement in *THE FRA.*"

It must have been some such letter as this that impelled Robert Browning to write his famous poem, *The Grammarian's Funeral.*

¶ Lastly, there is the letter which is merely a rubber stamp from beginning to end, utterly lacking in individuality and personality ❧

Some day we will have machines that can turn these letters out by the thousand—the "rubber-stamp" letter.

The Earl of Chesterfield hit the nail on the head when he said: "The first thing necessary in writing letters of business is extreme clearness and perspicuity; every paragraph should be so clear and unambiguous that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor be obliged to read it twice in order to understand it. Do not content yourself with being barely understood. Let your first attention be to clearness. Read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it. Then correct it accordingly."

We may assume, I think, that Milud would not have put his O. K. on the "dictated but not read" heresy.

All of which leads up to the admission that the foregoing is in the nature of an introduction ❧ ❧

There has been compiled a volume covering the aspects of practical letter-writing, from the businessman's point of view. The title of the book is ***Letters That Make Good,*** and more than a hundred businessmen of wide experience have collaborated in the compilation ❧ ❧

This work is a notable exception to the old rule which says that "too many cooks spoil the broth."

The form letter is a highly popular style of advertisement these days, and so we find that the form letter is taken as a type, and discussed from every conceivable angle of vision.

¶ There are chapters on the principles of letter-writing—the plan, the data, message, style, etc. These chapters are written by men who are recognized as experts in this line ❧

Then there are facsimiles of more than three hundred genuine sales-letters that have been used with great success by some of the biggest and best-known commercial houses in the United States and England. These letters have built up business—they have made good, all of them.

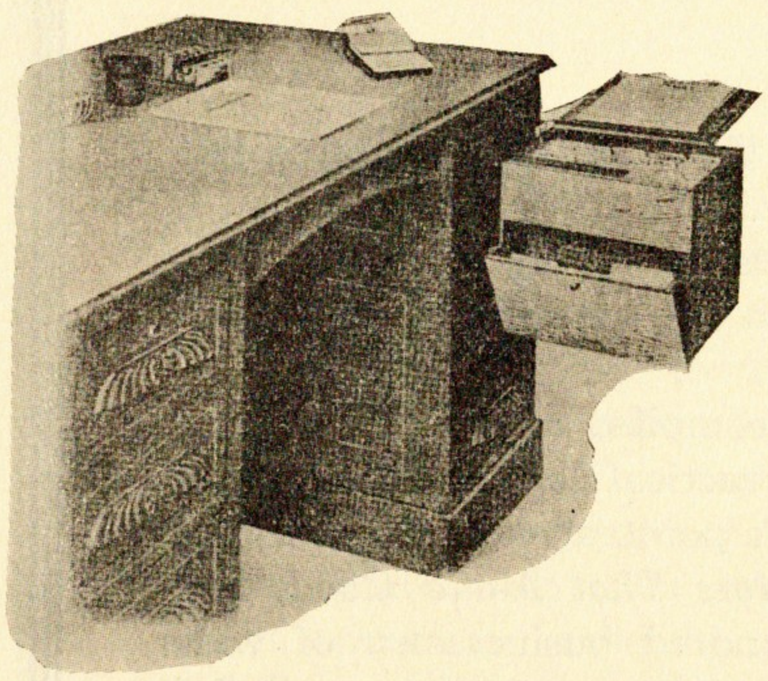
Accompanying the letters are notes, analyses and comments on them, explaining the why and how of the success that resulted from their use.

Not the least important part of the volume is the vast amount of incidental information on such subjects as letterheads and type styles, to say nothing of the sales stories, facts, figures and ideas necessarily contained in each and every letter. These data alone are worth many times the price of the volume, which is only Five Dollars.

The book is sent, all charges fully prepaid, anywhere in the United States. Your money refunded without a murmur, if you can not scent full value from afar. Send now, today, for a copy of "the greatest work on letter-writing that the businessman has yet received."

American Business Book Company

251—A CAUSEWAY STREET, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



Classify Your Mail

Is n't it the Dickens when your mail is Oliver Twist? Mislaid correspondence, lost documents, straying data, mean wasted time, ruffled temper, lost trade. Save yourself these worrying experiences by procuring an Oliver Office Orderly, a desk accessory that increases your efficiency. ¶ It expedites your work, clears up your desk, utilizes waste space, increases your desk capacity.

The Oliver Office Orderly is an attachment to your desk, for which you will form an attachment. ¶ It stands by your side, receptive, responsive, reliable. At a touch it swings on its swivel, to do your bidding. It is silent, serviceable and secretive (except to yourself). The Oliver looks after ten phases of your business. ¶ Six of them — Personal, Correspondence, Orders, Cash, Bills, Suspense — are indexed. Four other compartments are left blank, for your own special purposes. ¶ The Oliver is the "follow-up" King, the ideal remembrancer, the methodical-man maker.

It helps to keep your business in order — its smallest detail at your fingers' ends. No business is too small to be kept orderly. It is the orderly business that grows. ¶ Get an Oliver Office Orderly and watch 'er grow. The Oliver is to be had in Quartered Oak or Mahogany, beautifully finished. ¶ Style "A" is provided with a special automatically opening and closing cover, useful as a letter-tray-holder. ¶ Style "B," with a cover, heavier and strongly braced, is intended for typewriter, adding-machine, business phonograph, card-cabinet, et al. ¶ If desired, the latter shelf can be secured separately, and is superior to any swinging typewriter-shelf on the market. ¶ **Prices**: Style "A," Quartered-Oak Finish, $10. Style "B," Quartered-Oak Finish, $12.50. Typewriter-Shelf (separately) Quartered-Oak Finish, $3.50. ¶ Furnished also in Mahogany at a slightly additional cost.

C. HOWARD HUNT PEN COMPANY, CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

June, 1913

THE REFRIGERATOR'S RESPONSIBILITY

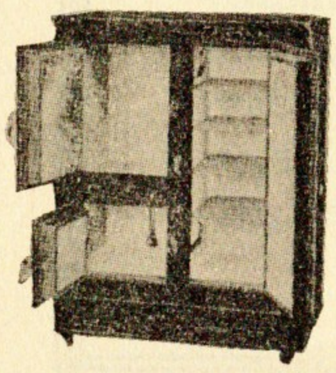
IF all food were consumed as soon as produced, there would be little danger of contamination; but when distance intervenes and time as well, great care must be exercised to prevent contamination. Also, the subject of temperature must be carefully considered.

"The germs of everything are everywhere," says Grant Allen in his Essay, "A Square Foot of Sod." If there are ten thousand different kinds of germs in a square foot of sod, only awaiting conditions to evolve them, how many kinds of germs are there in your supply of milk, butter, meats, fruits and other eatables?

The health of your family is your Refrigerator's Responsibility. See that the Refrigerator is Right, and you will make the best possible safeguard for the health of every one in your home, from Baby Mine down!

The Leonard Cleanable Refrigerator is especially commended to you in this connection. The lining of the Leonard Cleanable is real porcelain. All corners are rounded. All the openings for the circulation of the cold air are rounded. The connecting-rings are made of pure aluminum, which will never rust or corrode. They are tightly fitted by clever workmanship. The waste-pipe is a masterpiece of sanitary construction. The best nickel and brass are used. The woven-wire shelves are coated with pure tin. There is no obstruction to ventilation. No wood is exposed anywhere in the refrigerator.

There are many other points of Health advantage which we can not enumerate in this space, but a postal card will bring you the Leonard Booklet, which is an interesting and authoritative study on the subject of Refrigeration, with the Leonard Cleanable Porcelain-Lined Refrigerator as a special example.



GRAND RAPIDS REFRIGERATOR CO.
134 Clyde Park Avenue
Grand Rapids, Michigan

May, 1912

THE WOMAN WITH THE BROOM

THE besom has had its day. It is difficult to understand why it has been "on the carpet" as long as it has, for no more clever device for disseminating disease has been found since Gabriel shooed the first pair out of the Garden for knocking the persimmons.

You remember the man with the hoe, standing there, bowed and bent, a man devoid of spirit and ambition—almost of human intelligence. Edwin Markham's great word-picture made a powerful impression on men's minds. The man with the hoe is merely a type. We recognize the stupid, sodden product, the inevitable result of centuries of sluggish, brutish contact with the soil.

The Woman with the Broom is the co-partner of the Man with the Hoe. They make a well-balanced team. Plodding, patient inefficiency is their watchword.

The broom and the hoe are discards. The hoe traces a pedigree to the earliest peoples of whom we have any record.

The broom is a distributer of disease, deadly in its effect when wielded by a woman of energy and determination. The broom never did away with dust and dirt; all it did was to stir it up, kick it into commotion.

The Tuec Stationary Cleaner, on the other hand, is in line with the spirit of the times. It means more work for less effort; shorter hours for our sweethearts, mothers and wives: a cleaner, healthier and more livable home.

For further facts and information, you should get in touch with

THE UNITED ELECTRIC COMPANY
31 Hurford St. - - Canton, Ohio

N. B.—A few good territories still open. Write for terms.

March, 1914

The Feast of Mondamin

CORN, or maize, was grown in this country by the Indians long before the coming of the paleface
Because it grew native to the soil, and was cultivated by the Indians, it came to be called "Indian" Corn.
The Indians cherished certain traditions in connection with their corn-plantings, and some of these traditions are found in the famous Indian Epic, *Hiawatha*.
We find maize personified and given the name *Mondamin*. Hiawatha wrestles with Mondamin, slays and buries him, tending his "grave" with diligent care. His patience is at length rewarded. Mondamin in the form of maize pushes up into the sunshine. Then Hiawatha

Showed them where his maize was growing,
Told them of his wondrous vision,
Of his wrestling and his triumph,
Of this *new gift to the nations,*
Which should be their food forever.
And still later, when the Autumn
Changed the long, green leaves to yellow,
And the soft and juicy kernels
Grew like wampum, hard and yellow,
Then the ripened ears he gathered,
Stripped the withered husks from off them,
As he once had stripped the wrestler,
Gave the first Feast of Mondamin,
And made known unto the people
This new gift of the Great Spirit.

It would seem that the Thanksgiving of the Pilgrims was only an adaptation of this Feast of Mondamin. The "new gift" is Maize, or Corn, given the Indians by their Great Spirit.
From the earliest times, corn has been prized for its nourishing and sustaining qualities. And of all the ways in which corn is prepared as a food for man, there is none daintier or more palatable than



Your grocer sells it. Look for the name

W. K. Kellogg

THE BE-GUM

DYSPEPSIA is all that William Te-gum-seh Sherman said War was---and more.
The world is full of Dietetic Sinners.
Steer clear of the Gorge Route, if you would experience the Peace that passeth understanding.
Chew **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT**
the gum that is good for the gums, & tokens white teeth.

May, 1913

F SPEARMINT

Spearmint jogs the appetite, and gently aids digestion.
Pin your faith to the man with the clear eye; the sweet, wholesome, unoffending breath; the hand-grasp that vibes Good-Will, Good-Cheer, Health and Heartiness.
¶ The god Billiken is deposed.
We bow to the Be-Gum of Spearmint.
"Get next!" says Harry Lauder. "Chew Spearmint, and buy it by the box!---Box-Vobis-Gum!" and so say I.

Elbert Hubbard



THOMAS JEFFERSON, adscripter plus, wrote the Declaration of Independence, the greatest ad ever penned by an American. Thomas Jefferson mentioned Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness, and in the enthusiasm of the moment, forgot Health. But Health is the basis of all Happiness. No man was ever so much a philosopher that he could bear the toothache stoically ❧ Eat moderately, breathe deeply, work at something you like, clarify all with love. Forget fear, jealousy and hate. Don't masticate the lint. ☞ Chew WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT the gum for folks of gum-ption.

The fine, friendly flavor of Spearmint adds tang, tartness and tinge to the taste. Propitiate the Ginx of Gastronomy with Spearmint ❧ The things we like are

good for us. And Spearmint is good for any and all times—before meals, between meals, after meals. Let the kiddies chew Spearmint, you Fathers and Mothers of the rising race. Also, chew it yourselves. For teeth, appetite and organs of digestion there is nothing so beneficial, so pure, so clean, wholesome and healthsome as Spearmint! Treat your friends to Spearmint and watch them smile.

Box-vobis-gum, as Caesar said, meaning, "Buy it by the box."

Elbert Hubbard



Flavor
life with
Spearmint
and live long

DO YOU WRIGLEY?

IF so, buena gum-bo and tres bien!! Any joy shared with Friend Wife and the Kiddoes is doubly joyous. Any pleasure you divide with Gran'ma, Mother, your Sweetheart or your Neighbor is *not* 50—50: it's 100—100!

¶ For when you divvy life's little delights you double them.

¶ When you WRIGLEY, you draw double dividends—one in beneficial pleasure and another in the premiums secured by the United Profit-Sharing Coupons with each package.



—"*after every meal*"

Spear a whole grist of gratitude by giving WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT

UNITED PSC PROFIT SHARING COUPONS

Double your joys by passing along WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT

Santy's best ante!

Very Merry Indeed!



These WRIGLEY "twins" bring great benefit—they brighten the teeth—sweeten the mouth and breath—soothe the throat and help appetite and digestion.

¶ They do not burden the stomach.

A Treatise on Zinziber

By ELBERT HUBBARD

Being an attempt to Jamake the Truth from a comatose state

THAT 'S one on you, Terese — Zinziber is just the Latin word for ginger.

Ginger first became known to man in Benares, the Holy City, which is on the Ganges, the Sacred River of India.

According to others, it is a product peculiar to East Aurora.

At all events, it was known and used long before the Christian Era.

Ginger was discovered by a Priest of Brahma, and it is only reasonable to suppose that Brahma was well acquainted with the sparkling beverage now known as Ginger Ale.

But Brahma did not live to taste the Waco brand. He was never admitted into "Circle A."

Nirvana claimed him first

In India, ginger was used in the Temple Service. Later it was one of the ingredients of a prime conserve prepared exclusively for high-caste Hindoos.

¶ From India, ginger was introduced into China by Indian Priests, and so became known to the Greeks and Romans—not, however, in the green and growing state, but in a dried form. It was brought to the Greeks and Romans by caravan over the desert, and Pliny, the Younger, who was up on such matters, declares it came from Arabia. You can take your choice. The fact remains, that ginger never reached its highest perfection until after it was brought to the Island of Jamaica. When we now speak of ginger, we mean Jamaica Ginger, the same that is sometimes referred to as Jamake.

A Portuguese Jew had the distinction of being the first to introduce ginger into the Western Hemisphere. This payboy of the Western world, being a trader by instinct, as well as by profession, and also something of an observer of climatic conditions, conceived the idea of bringing ginger to the West Indies. The Europeans, who were colonizing the Islands at that time, were suffering from stomach-troubles and liver-complaint. The enterprising Hebrew got his supplies in Calicut—or if you prefer, Calcutta—but in too fresh a state. On arriving at Jamaica, they were deemed quite worthless, and were dumped in a waste place.

They took root, grew apace, and were acknowledged to surpass the bouquet and aroma of the ginger grown in India

Ginger boiled with honey and water made a beverage greatly relished. Later, sugar was added. Fermentation was the last step in the process. Then there were no more improvements, until Doctor Priestly (somehow, ginger seemed ever linked up with Priests and Priestleys) got the notion of producing artificial mineral waters, by injecting carbonic-acid gas into plain water, and dissolving the different minerals found in the spas, or watering-places, of Europe. Later the minerals were left out, and sugar and spices added, to form a sparkling beverage, without fermentation — —

All ginger drinks, however, were made from the dried roots of the ginger-plant — And here is where we get the difference! ¶ The Ginger Ale that is designated by the name Circle "A," is made from ginger purchased in the green state, and imported hermetically sealed.

Circle "A" is made in Waco, Texas, which is on the Brazos de Dios.

Circle "A" is a carbonated beverage for people of taste. It has flavor, sparkle and tang, due to first-class materials, and improved scientific methods of manufacture.

The Circle "A" plant is one of the completest and up-to-datest in the United States; and that means, in the round world.

You are requested to register an order for a trial case, containing two dozen bottles. I have tried the good stuff myself—and it has my unqualified O. K. Nothing is too good for The Roycrofters! — — — — — — —



Give the Devil His Due

An Advertisement
By
Elbert Hubbard

Herz Brothers

Publishers

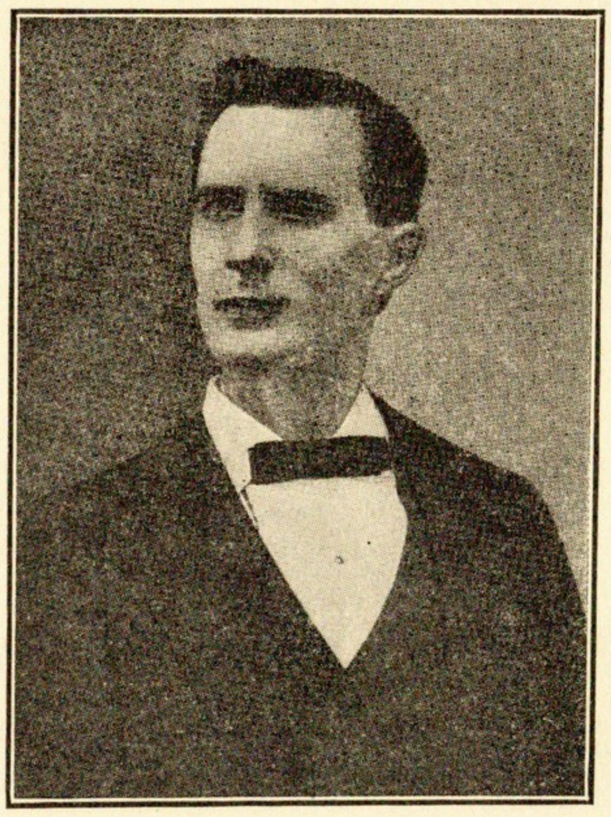
WACO :: :: TEXAS

Brann, the Firebrand

BRANN was a fighter. He neither asked quarter nor gave it.

At times his crusade became one of calumny, and his weapons were invective and vituperation, used viciously and ruthlessly.

But Brann never concealed his weapons. He was an erect and manly foe, courageous in his convictions.



The incentive, the generator of this fearful fearlessness, was his intense patriotism.

Brann loved his country passionately, and his peculiarly high-strung, sensitive nature and penetrating vision was a combination that abhorred sham and cant. He tugged at the linch-pin of hypocrisy.

The Constitution was his Bible, the Declaration of Independence, his Confession of Faith. He didn't pander to public opinion, nor yet covet the spoils of office.

"The blessed saviors of this country won't let it be saved," said Brann; "they are forever reporting imaginary landslides and paranoiac washouts up the line—impeding the commerce of the country by tinkering around their damned old work-train."

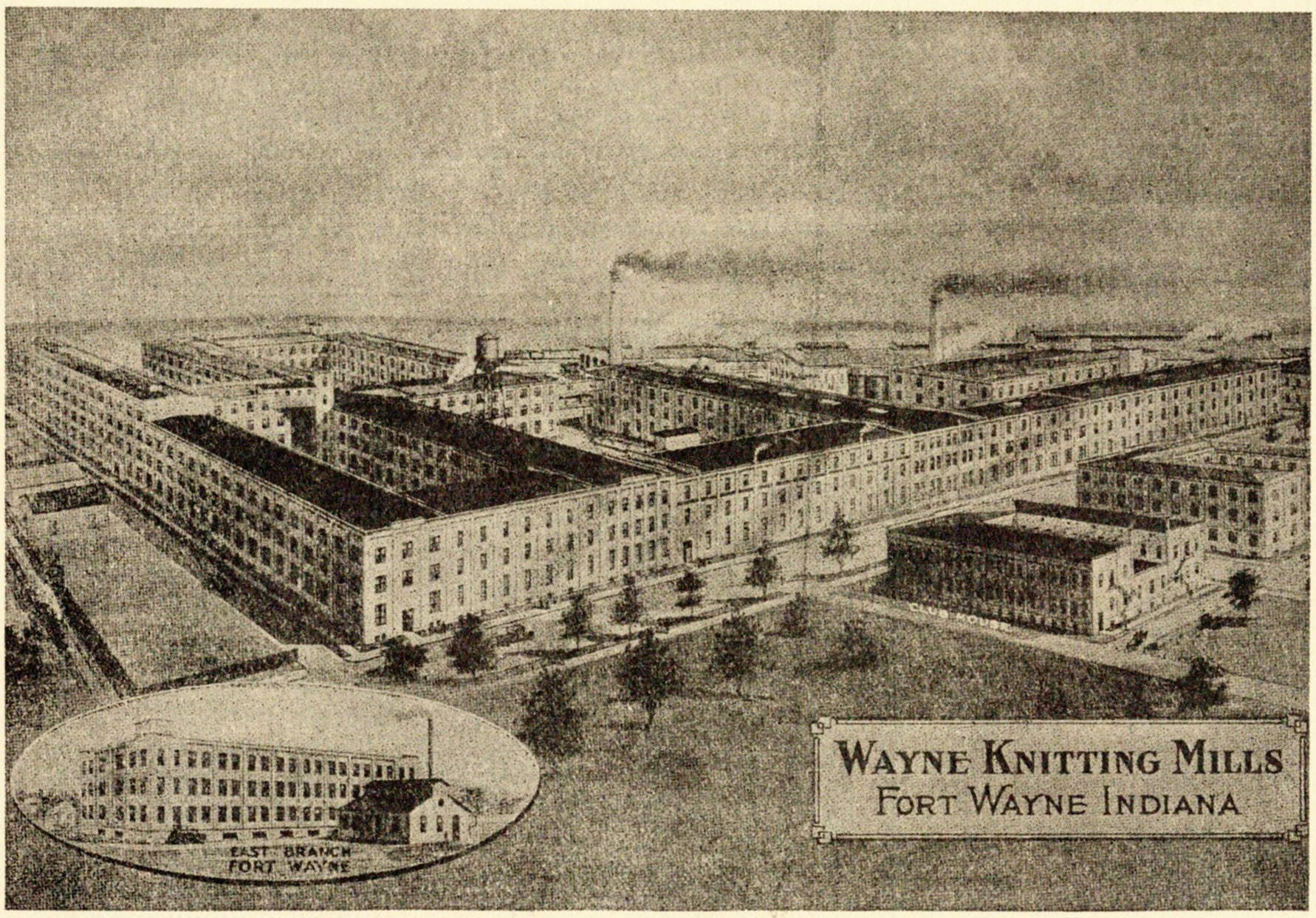
Brann has left behind him a rich legacy of luminous literature. He touches life at a variety of points, and in a masterly manner. He shocks us, but causes us most furiously to *think*. And the man who does that will live long after his bones are committed to the dust.

HERZ BROTHERS have collected Brann's complete writings, dealing with over two hundred topics, and bound them in Half-Morocco, Gilt Tops, stamped in Gold. There are Two Volumes to this Deluxe Edition, and the price is Six Dollars (add 30 cents for postage). This edition is a library acquisition of which every progressive thinker should be proud.

A Cloth Edition for Three Dollars is also available.

The well-written biography of Brann by J. D. Shaw adds to the value of the books.

A Million Booklets



NOT often are booklets run in lots of a million. ¶Many printers print a lifetime and die the death, and never get an order for a million copies of anything. ¶During the last year, The Roycrofters have received five separate orders for million lots; but the one particular book of which The Roycrofters have printed a million, that has given them the most satisfaction, is entitled, *A Little Journey to Wayne-Knit.* ¶In this booklet, Mr. Hubbard has put some of his most subtle psychology. ¶The brochure is historic, economic, poetic, convincing. The subject is stockings—just stockings. And the theme is well handled. ¶Stockings have played a big part in sociology. ¶No mill in the wide world makes finer hosiery than the Wayne-Knit, of Fort Wayne, Ind. ¶Europe comes to America for Dentistry, Plumbing, Electric Appliances—and Hosiery. ¶A copy of Mr. Hubbard's delightful little book will be sent you gratis, on request. Address

Wayne Knit
HOSIERY
FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

THE WAYNE-KNIT MILLS
FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

NUMISMATIC TREASURES

C. E. GILHOUSEN of Los Angeles, California, has been collecting coins and medals for thirty-three years. Now he has the most unique and valuable private collection of numismatic treasures in the world

History is the record of events, and coins may be said to be its corroborative evidence

Coins are chronological records. They give to us the pedigree of royal houses—interesting portraits of famous figures in history.

¶ They mark the evolution of religious beliefs. Greek coins, especially, are interesting studies of allegorical characters personified.

¶ Coins preserve to us examples of sculpture, art and architecture —even surpassing their models in wealth of detail and skilled craftsmanship.

Hence, numismatics, or coin study and collection, is a delightful companion to historical reading and research.

Petrarch was the first collector of coins, but his collection was poor compared with Gilhousen's.

Gilhousen's collection numbers over twenty-five hundred pieces —all of rare beauty and rich in reminiscences and historical interest

To mention just a few: A Sixty-Ducat Gold-Piece of Sigismund III, King of Poland and Sweden in 1621. This remarkable coin is the largest and finest gold coin in the world. Its estimated value is $10,000.

Here are gold coins of Darius the Great, coins of Apollo, struck for the City of Syracuse B. C 346, and one of the two largest gold Papal coins in existence.

There are gold coins showing the bust of Caesar; of Tiberius at the time of Christ; of Constantine, Charlemagne, Ferdinand and Isabella; John III (Sobieski) of Poland, who saved Europe from the Terrible Turk.

The beautiful platinum coins of Russia find a place; the gold, silver and copper coins of England and Scotland; the "slugs" of California and American coinage from the earliest pioneer times

To the collector who is looking for rare coins—for perfect specimens of the highest numismatic worth—here is a unique opportunity; for Mr. Gilhousen has decided to dispose of his collection

¶ Not a coin or piece is plugged, defaced or marred. Most are "proof coin"—marvels of distinctness, delicacy and coloring.

¶ They tell the tale of the ages clearly and beautifully.

Mr. Gilhousen will be glad to give you detailed information, data, terms, etc.

Write him, stating your requirements. Address

C. E. GILHOUSEN, 1136 South Olive St., Los Angeles, Cal.

Studebaker

The Car You Can Depend On

By ELBERT HUBBARD

WHEN I ride in a Studebaker I always know that I will get there—and also get back.

¶ The Studebaker is reliable. It knows no spark-plug spisissitudes. It never does the "off-day" nor argues the point with the cop at the crossing.

¶ Studebaker stands for strength, style, satisfaction. It is the car of culture, comfort and commonsense.

¶ The Studebaker embodies *the* ideal in motor beauty and perfect mechanical construction.

¶ The Studebaker is *not merely assembled*, it is made understandingly, in the Studebaker factories, by men enthused with personal and professional pride in their work, and imbued with the Studebaker spirit of service.

¶ The Studebaker Corporation have served the people of this nation for threescore years and more, and have built up their enormous industry on a basis of integrity, initiative and absolute fairness to customers.

¶ The motto of the Studebakers has always been this: **Give the Buyer the Benefit of the Doubt.**

¶ Only honest people with an honest product can deal successfully with the public.

¶ Studebaker customers are Studebaker friends, always and forever. The Studebakers allow nothing to mar the faith their customers place in them. And so they enjoy the good-will and confidence of an ever-increasing world-wide clientele.

¶ The Studebaker is a combination of the useful and the beautiful. No car is more satisfactory or more reasonably desirable than the Studebaker!

¶ There is probably a Studebaker man in your town—possibly on your very street. He is prepared to back up the great National Studebaker proposition with good local, reliable service.

Studebaker Prices

FOUR Roadster	$ 985
FOUR Touring Car	985
SIX 5-Passenger	1385
SIX 7-Passenger	1450

F. O. B. Detroit

Applying to All Studebaker Cars

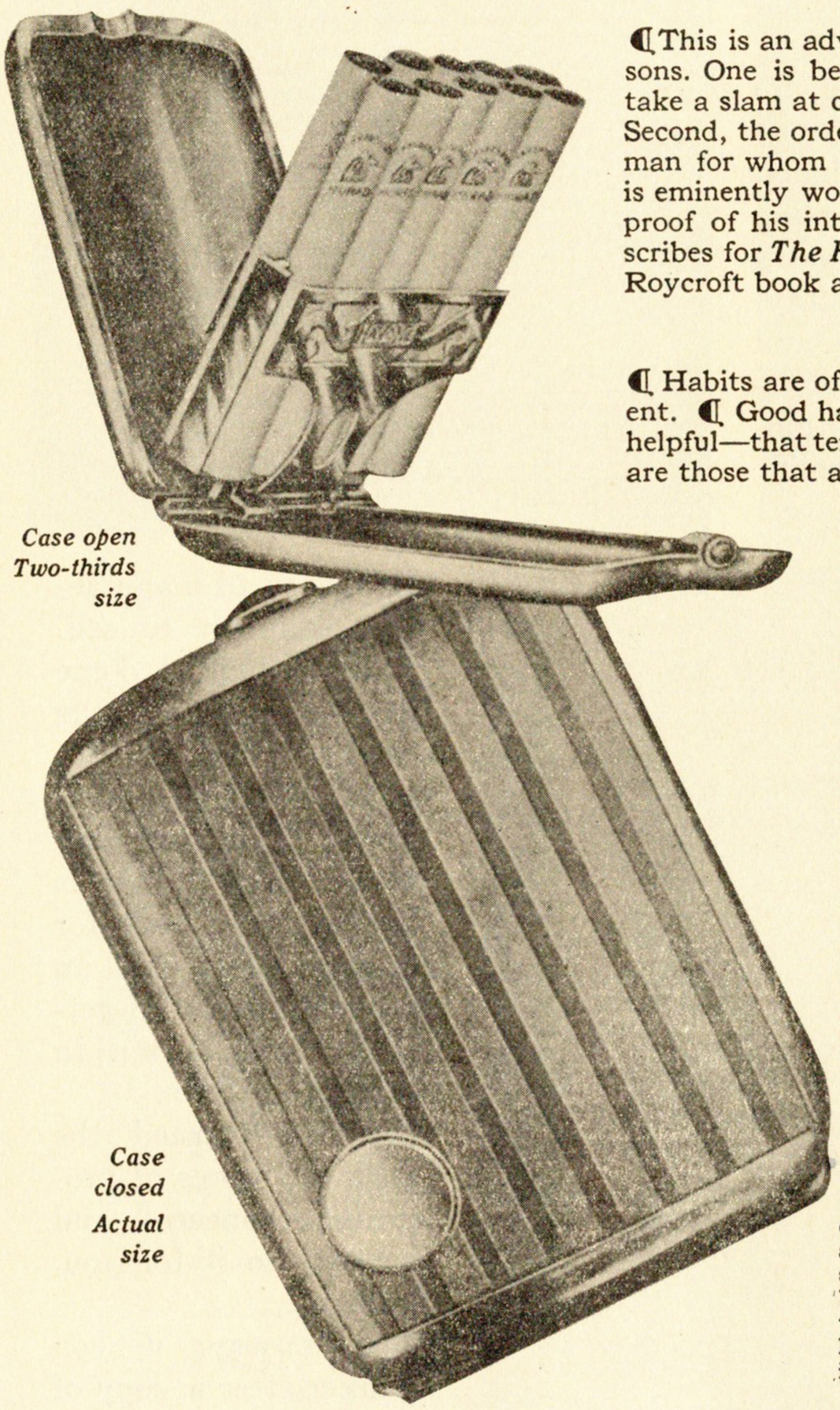
Full floating rear axle with Timken bearings—Electric starting and lighting—Extra size tires—Safety tread in the rear—Built-in wind shield—"One-man" type silk mohair top—Crown fenders.

STUDEBAKER - - - - Detroit

THE CIGARETTE HABIT

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

¶Once upon a time an Irishman was employed as one of a gang to demolish a Protestant Church. And as Fate would have it, this particular Irishman was of the Catholic faith. The foreman saw him quietly chuckling to himself, and at last the Irishman's mirth overran until he had to lean up against the wall to laugh it out. ¶When the foreman demanded the reason for this unseemly hilarity, Pat replied, "It 's because I am tearing down a Protestant Church, and being paid for it!"



Case open Two-thirds size

Case closed Actual size

¶This is an advertisement. I accepted it for two reasons. One is because it gives me an opportunity to take a slam at cigarettes and get paid for it.
Second, the order for the advertisement comes from a man for whom I have a high personal regard. He is eminently worthy — reliable, intelligent — and the proof of his intelligence lies in the fact that he subscribes for *The Fra* and *The Philistine*, and buys every Roycroft book as it appears.

¶ Habits are of three kinds — good, bad and indifferent. ¶ Good habits are those that are beneficial and helpful — that tend to make a man better. ¶Bad habits are those that are injurious in their tendency, costly, and which rob a man of his health, strength and efficiency. ¶ Indifferent habits are those that practically have no influence on a man's character, or mental and physical estate, either one way or the other. ¶The cigarette habit is a bad habit, and very seldom will you find a man who attempts to defend it. No man ever claimed that it made a good man better; and often it makes a bad man worse. ¶ It is palliated by saying, "Oh, well, if you do not do this, you will do that!" ¶The cigarette habit can not be classified as an indifferent habit, because it costs money to gratify it. Also, it takes time. And in some instances cigarette-smoking is offensive to certain worthy people — to say nothing of fire risks. ¶ Degenerates are usually cigarette-smokers. But it is not certain whether a degenerate is a degenerate because he smokes cigarettes, or is a cigarette-smoker because he is a degenerate. ¶Of course it is not claimed that all cigarette-smokers are degenerates. Some are splendid men — the argument simply is that they are good men in spite of the habit. ¶Cigarette-smoking usually begins with the youth who wants to do something smart and clever. The habit grows on him until it becomes a necessity. Then he is a "fiend."

¶Nevertheless, if you are going to use cigarettes in spite of all I say, then I pray you, carry a HAVONE. ¶The HAVONE cigarette-case is one of the most lovely and artistic pieces of metal-work ever devised by ingenious man. ¶The design of the HAVONE is rarely delicate, harmonious, esthetic, lovely to look upon. ¶This cigarette-case has a curve that slips into your hip-pocket and fits your glutius maximus. It is fluted, chaste — also chased. Mine is in Havone silver-plate, gold-lined. ¶It holds ten cigarettes, and by a clever spring invention holds them unmashed — unbroken. You press a little key and the case flies open, and it is an invitation to your friend to have one. ¶The HAVONE cigarette-case, in HAVONE Silver Plate, is $4.50: in 24-karat Gold Plate, is $5.25; in Sterling Silver, $12.00 up. ¶If you will not quit cigarette-smoking, then order a HAVONE, and it will tend to neutralize the nicotine in your ego, and you will be what the Venus de Milo is not — a perfect gentleman — or nearly so. ¶There is a delightfully illustrated little book entitled, "HAVONE AUTOBIOGRAPHY." A copy of this book will be sent you on request. It gives some pictures of the HAVONE case, in various designs, with monograms, etc. *Address, Dept. F.*

HAVONE CORPORATION, 21-23 Maiden Lane NEW YORK CITY

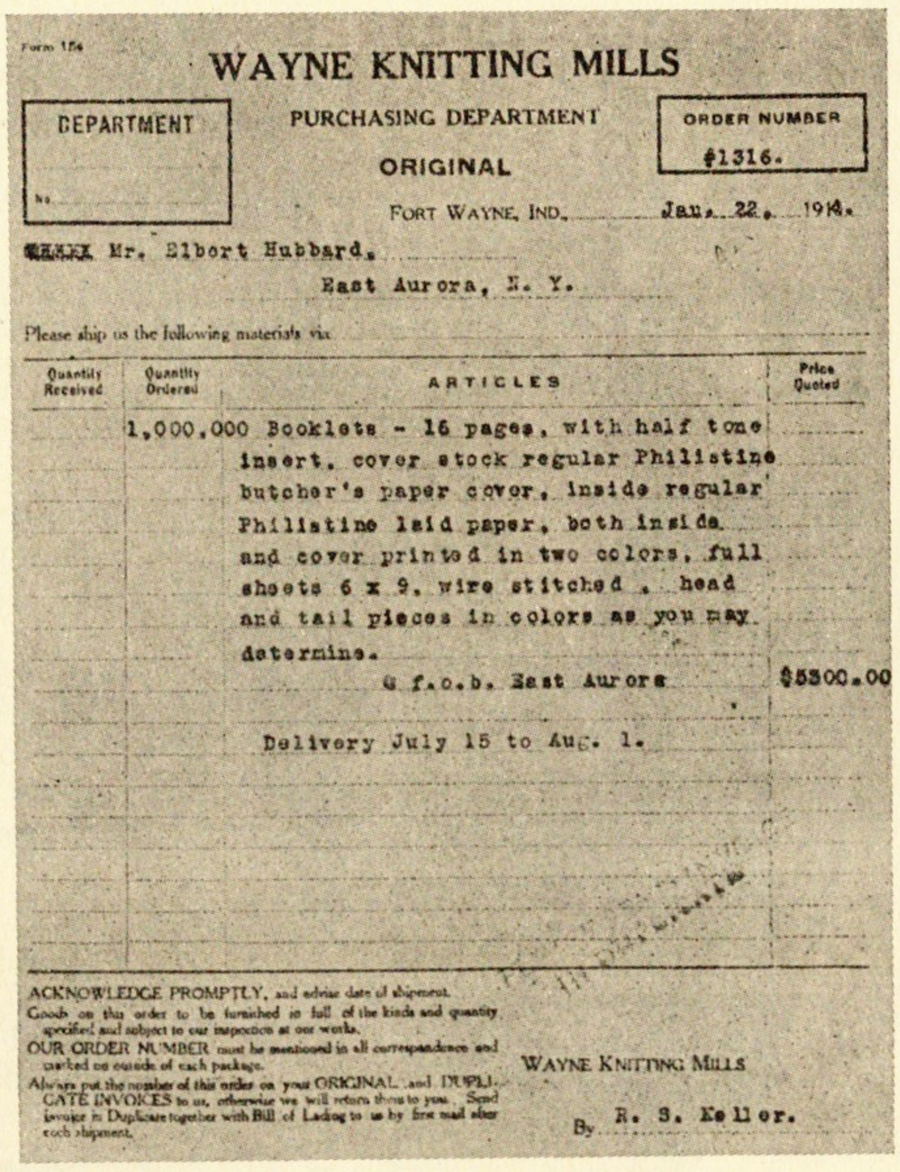
An Order and a Letter of Appreciation

During the past year The Roycrofters have printed just six business booklets ordered in lots of a million or more.

The photographs on this page are reproduced by courtesy of the Wayne Knitting Mills, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

¶ We could give you some interesting facts about this order, but what's the use? The photos tell the story.

¶ As selling helps for dealers and merchandisers, these booklets, written in good-humored and entertaining style, seem to be specially prolific of good results.



Form 154

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS

DEPARTMENT No.

PURCHASING DEPARTMENT

ORIGINAL

ORDER NUMBER #1316.

FORT WAYNE, IND. Jan. 22, 1914.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard.
East Aurora, N. Y.

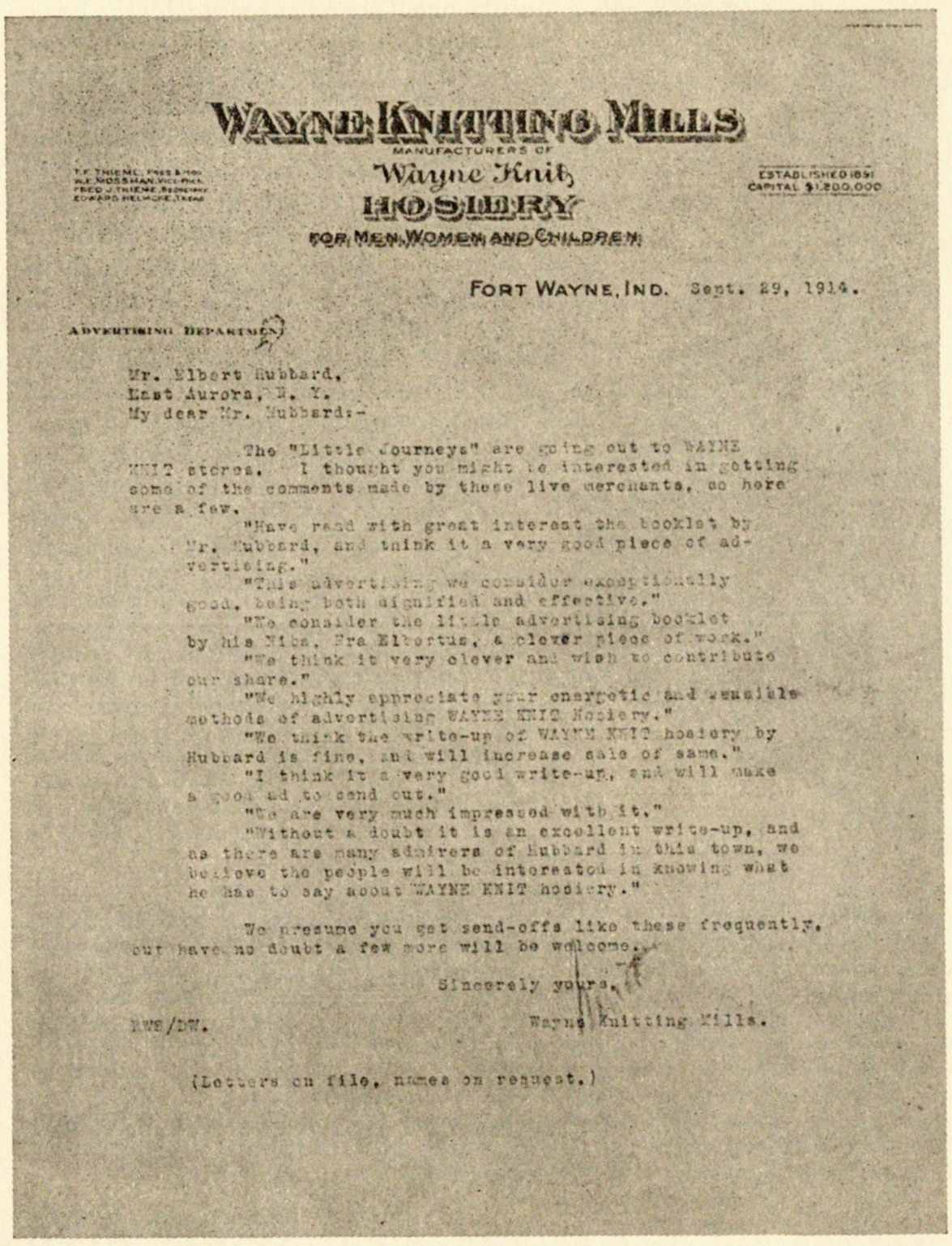
Please ship us the following materials viz

Quantity Received	Quantity Ordered	ARTICLES	Price Quoted
	1,000,000	Booklets - 16 pages, with half tone insert, cover stock regular Philistine butcher's paper cover, inside regular Philistine laid paper, both inside and cover printed in two colors, full sheets 6 x 9, wire stitched, head and tail pieces in colors as you may determine.	
		C.f.o.b. East Aurora	$5300.00
		Delivery July 15 to Aug. 1.	

ACKNOWLEDGE PROMPTLY, and advise date of shipment.
Goods on this order to be furnished in full of the kinds and quantity specified and subject to our inspection at our works.
OUR ORDER NUMBER must be mentioned in all correspondence and marked on outside of each package.
Always put the number of this order on your ORIGINAL and DUPLICATE INVOICES to us, otherwise we will return them to you. Send invoice in Duplicate together with Bill of Lading to us by first mail after each shipment.

WAYNE KNITTING MILLS

By R. S. Keller.



WAYNE KNITTING MILLS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Wayne Knit HOSIERY

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

T. F. THIEME, PRES. & MGR.
A. E. MOSSMAN, VICE-PRES.
FRED J. THIEME, SECRETARY
EDWARD HELMKE, TREAS.

ESTABLISHED 1891
CAPITAL $1,200,000

FORT WAYNE, IND. Sept. 29, 1914.

ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT

Mr. Elbert Hubbard,
East Aurora, N. Y.
My dear Mr. Hubbard:-

The "Little Journeys" are going out to WAYNE KNIT stores. I thought you might be interested in getting some of the comments made by these live merchants, so here are a few.

"Have read with great interest the booklet by Mr. Hubbard, and think it a very good piece of advertising."

"This advertising we consider exceptionally good, being both dignified and effective."

"We consider the little advertising booklet by his Nibs, Fra Elbertus, a clever piece of work."

"We think it very clever and wish to contribute our share."

"We highly appreciate your energetic and sensible methods of advertising WAYNE KNIT Hosiery."

"We think the write-up of WAYNE KNIT hosiery by Hubbard is fine, and will increase sale of same."

"I think it a very good write-up, and will make a good ad to send out."

"We are very much impressed with it."

"Without a doubt it is an excellent write-up, and as there are many admirers of Hubbard in this town, we believe the people will be interested in knowing what he has to say about WAYNE KNIT hosiery."

We presume you get send-offs like these frequently, but have no doubt a few more will be welcome.

Sincerely yours,

RWS/DW. Wayne Knitting Mills.

(Letters on file, names on request.)

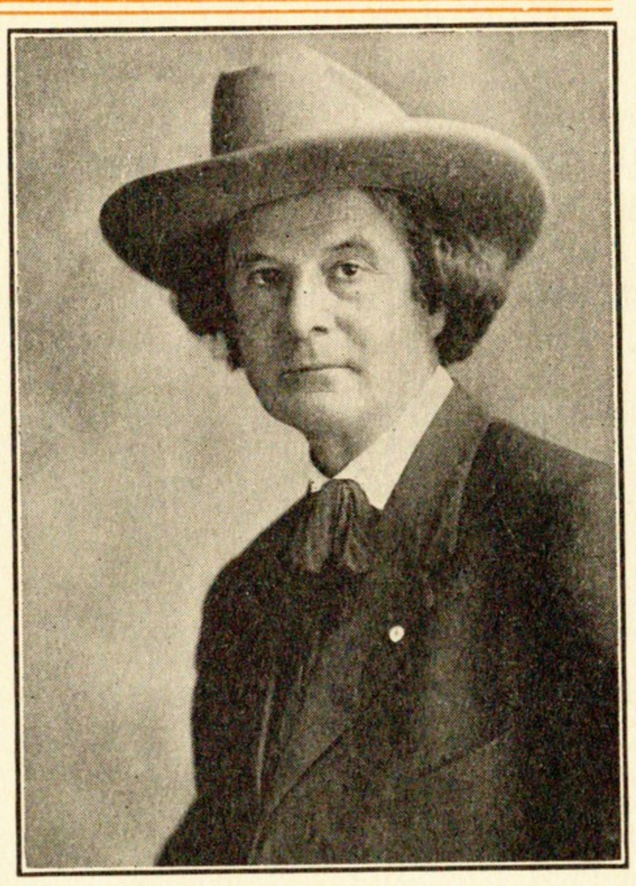
It is easy to manufacture, difficult to sell. This is bromidial. Some day you will be in the market for a booklet telling about your business. When that day comes, East Aurora is the place to look for original ideas and an interesting way of getting them down in black and white.

We have turned the trick for scores of progressive concerns, and we can do it for you, perhaps.

By the way, if you hanker after a copy of this booklet, written by Elbert Hubbard, you can get one by dropping a line to the Wayne Knitting Mills, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Diximus!

SOME ADVICE BY FRA ELBERTUS



ACCURACY in business is a virtue beyond esteem.

¶ Most inaccuracies come from not really listening to what is said, or not really seeing what you put down.

¶ All the knowledge and effort exerted in a business transaction may be overbalanced by an error in figures, an omitted word or by indistinct writing. Pull yourself together when these finishing touches are to be made, and, on your life, get them clear and correct.

¶ As a salesman, know your stocks—what you have, and the facts of make, use, beauty and fashion which help and interest a customer. This will make you enthusiastic over your goods, and a good salesman without your knowing it.

¶ If asked for information, be sure you have it before you give it. Do not assume that the location or fact is so now because you once knew it so. Don't misdirect. Make your directions so clear that they will be a real help.

¶ And for the same good reason, keep your personal callers, personal letters, personal matters, thoughts and states of mind away from the post of duty.

¶ Having promised to obtain goods or information, or to deliver goods by a certain time, do not start the thing going and trust to luck for the rest. Do your own part in full, and then follow up to know that the rest is moving on schedule time. Remember that the thing specially promised and of special importance needs most watching. "Accidents" and life's "various hindrances" get after just those things with a keen scent.

¶ All of the above things you can not do unless you have a trained memory, and let me here recommend my good Friend, Professor Henry Dickson, Principal and Founder of The Dickson Memory School.

¶ Professor Dickson's new book, "How to Speak in Public," with an introduction by myself, will be presented absolutely free to any student who enrolls in the Dickson Course of Memory Training within ten days after reading this offer The regular price of the Book is Two Dollars.

¶ Write to Professor Dickson for the free book, "How to Remember" also for full particulars as to how you may secure a free copy of Dickson's "How to Speak in Public." ¶ Do this much for your business success today

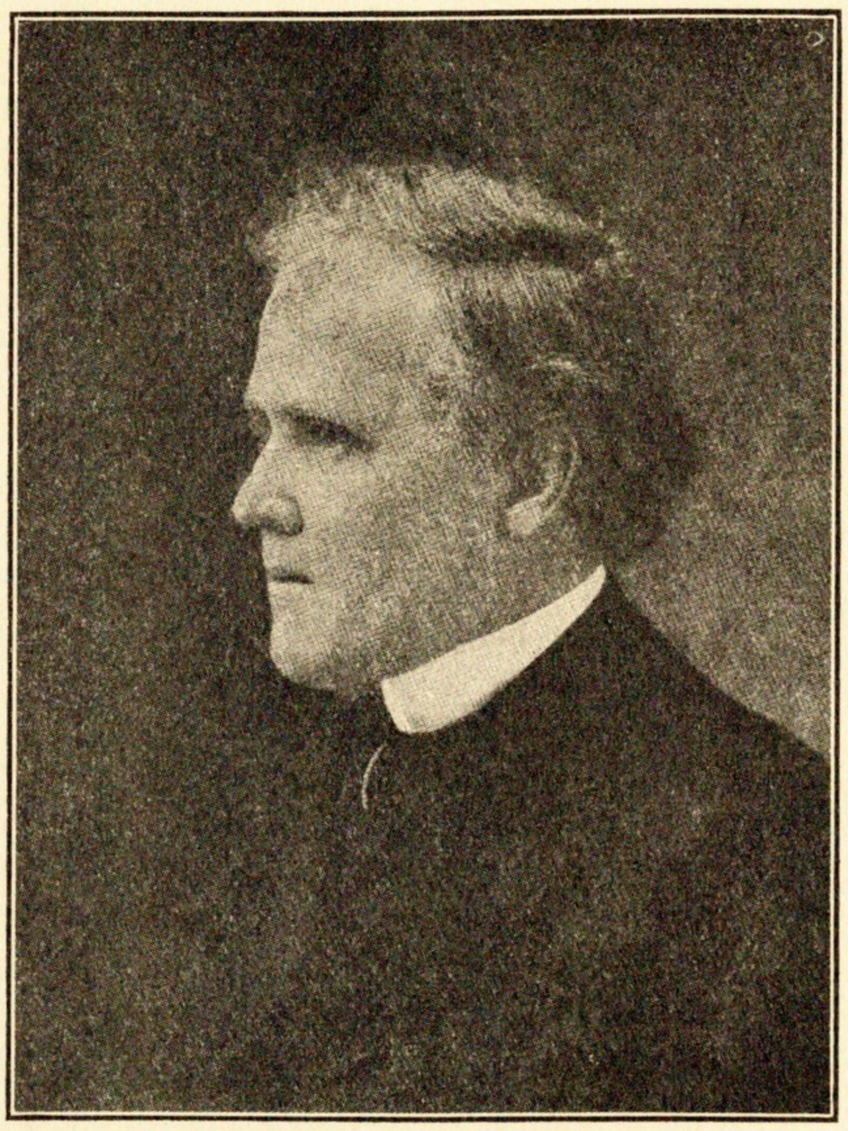
PROF. HENRY DICKSON, Principal Dickson Memory School

963 Auditorium Building - - - - Chicago, Illinois

SHAKESPEARE says—

" * * * we petty men walk and peep about to find ourselves dishonorable graves."

TO spend life looking for a grave is to miss the joy of living. Also, you miss the joy, if you spend your life as a sparrow cop chasing after joy. ¶ People who are preparing to die, die a thousand deaths—the brave man dies but once. ¶ To prepare for death means that you go through life half-dead, and gravitate easily into an early grave. ¶ The best preparation for a life to come is to live now up to your highest and best. Then, if you do not live again as an individual entity, you have got all there is in it anyway; and if there is another world, you have made the best possible preparation for it by starting a little Paradise enow. ¶ And to live in Paradise here you must have a good digestion, sleep eight hours, work eight, play four and study four. Then only are you loving and lovable.



¶ And as no two faces are alike, so no two human bodies are exactly the same. You can not judge one individual by another, any more than you can reason from a guinea-pig to the President of the First National Bank. ¶ If we were wise we would take charge of just one individual, and that man the one under our own Stetson. ¶ And that is exactly what Doctor Moras helps you to do ❧ ❧ Doctor Moras is a great doctor; but he does n't believe much in doctors—that is why he 's great. With him the saw and the scalpel and the bally bolus are anathema. ¶ He believes that health is our natural condition, that we are headed for the bink bazaar when we visit the chemist's shop in search of physical harmony. Also, to pin our faith to a pill is to " peep about and find dishonorable graves." ¶ Doctor Moras is a psychologist. He knows that fear is the father of failure and the forerunner of disease. ¶ To fill up on the gobbles and guzzles and become clogged with slag until " shooting the well " is necessary is neither wise nor nice. ¶ Fear springs from ignorance. Educate a person and his fear flies ❧ ❧ Heaven is a condition of mind, and hell's fires are flickering flames furiously fanned by fanatics. ¶ The wind, even now, is whistling through the medico's lace lambrequins. ¶ People are beginning to think—a dangerous thing to do—and to realize that we should be happy, healthful and purposeful all the time—and that to " peep about," scared stiff, frozen with fright, cultivating gooseflesh, is to " find ourselves dishonorable graves ! " ¶ Doctor Moras is a philosopher. He has written a book called, *Autology*. He wrote it after he had cut his wisdom-teeth on the hard crust of experience. It is full of good-natured suggestion, truth and beauty. It deals with health, happiness, life and efficiency. ¶ Describing this book is a brochure entitled, *A Guide to Autology*—a charming little book which Doctor Moras offers you as a gift—a literary love-token, antiseptic and sterilized, on receipt of a postal card. You incur no obligation and contract not a muscle. Address: *EDMOND R. MORAS, M. D., Highland Park, Illinois* ❧ ❧

A LITTLE PREACHMENT ON POMPEIAN

By ELBERT HUBBARD

I HAVE never been sick a day in my life, & have never missed a meal except through inability of access. I neither overeat nor underbreathe. Consequently, I do not enjoy poor health.

One of the secrets of my perfect health for fifty-odd years lies in the fact that, so far as Olive-Oil is concerned, I am a consumer. I do not claim that Olive-Oil is a cure-all — a panacea, if you please, for anything and everything you have, or think you have.

Nothing can take the place of cheerfulness and industry, fresh air and wholesome thoughts. But I am convinced that the use of Olive-Oil as an article of diet is not as universal as it should be.

If you argue that the taste for Olive-Oil is an acquired taste, I rebut thusly: So are the ills that flesh is heir to, acquired.

Adam never was operated on for appendicitis, and Eve's digestive apparatus was absolutely unimpaired. They raised Cain because they were Abel. And the Tree of Life did not grow Northern Spies as was formerly supposed. It was an Olive-Tree.

The patriarchs of Bible times were well acquainted with the uses of Olive-Oil. The Good Book is full of references to the "Oil of Gladness."

¶ When a certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho and fell among thieves, some passed him by on the other side, but the Good Samaritan "went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in *oil* and wine." ¶ The wound was washed with wine. The oil acted as a healing-agent.

¶ Coming down the centuries we find the Greeks very partial to the delicate flavor of Olive-Oil. There was a Greek proverb to this effect: "A long and pleasant life depends on wine within and oil without."

The Greeks used Olive-Oil also as an article of food. ¶ When the Spanish *padres* came to California, in the wake of the mailed *conquistadores,* and set the mission bells a-jingling, they used wine in place of milk and Olive-Oil for butterine.

Olive-Oil is a lubricant. Also, it is a condiment, making rich the salad. ¶ A tiptop aid to a healthy digestion. A builder of tissues, and a renovator of sluggish blood and nerves on edge. The elements contained in pure Olive-Oil are needed in the body. ¶ Use it as an unguent and you can laugh at Rheumatiz. Just as excellent taken internally. A pint of Olive-Oil a week will biff the doctor on the beak, and reduce him to the neutral position of a delightful social factor.

Take a little before each meal, and a three-finger swig just before the taps. It 's the best bedtime tonic.

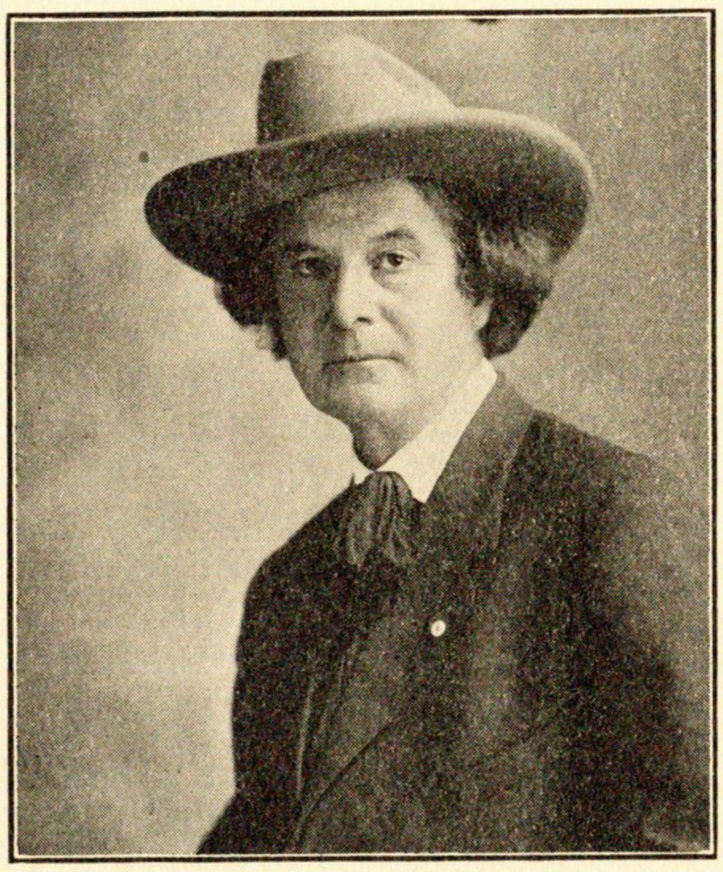
¶ If every bottle of patent medicine were dumped into the deep, and Olive-Oil put in its place, think of the universal good that would result.

There are good Olive-Oils galore, but none better nor purer than the brand put out by the Pompeian People. The quality of Pompeian is not strained. It has a delicate, nutty flavor that will please particular people.

¶ Pompeian has set all Olive-Oils a pace, and is now recognized as standard throughout the United States.

¶ Any good grocer or any good druggist will sell you Pompeian.

I forget the price, but it is worth all you pay and more, considering the benefit you will derive from pure Pompeian.



Keep

By

I HAVE a saddle-mare that is nineteen years old
I have ridden her almost daily for fifteen years.
This animal is not for sale, nor do I care to trade her off for a younger horse.

I HAVE a watch that I have carried across seas and over continents, on mountain peaks and down into mines, for over twenty-eight years.
When I lecture, it lies patiently on the table, where I can see its restless hands and open, honest face.

I HAVE a violin made by Joseph Guarnerius in Seventeen Hundred Ten. The thought that it was made by a pupil of Stradivarius—Stradivarius, who made violins to the glory of God—means much to me.
I do not care to exchange this violin It serves and it satisfies.

I HAVE an automobile that I bought six years ago
Conservative in outline, perfect in mechanism—it has been run almost every day, eight months in the year
It has never flirted with a street-car, argued with a telegraph-pole, disputed the right of way with another, nor shown a fondness for the ditch
And because it never was freakish in outline, it will always be in style.
We call this automobile "Old Betsy."
Last year I was offered a glittering machine in trade—the newest creation of a factory whose principal business was to create new creations so often that none of their customers could remain in style—or the style as outlined by that factory—and keep their car over six months.
But instead of trading, I sent "Betsy" to the sanitarium, where she was overhauled and painted.
On her return my two little grandchildren raised the joyful cry, "Betsy is home—Our Betsy is home!" For no new car would ever replace in the future in their affections a car that had done so much for their happiness in the past

---

AND so when I read the glorious slogan of The White Company that has made literature of their advertising campaign this season—"Keep Your Car," there was an extra circulation of red corpuscles in my veins, for here was at once the solution of what is the matter with the automobile-manufacturer, the automobile-dealer and the automobile-owner today
"Keep Your Car!"
You would do so if you knew what these three words really mean
It means first, careful buying—a clinging to conservatism, propriety in outline, in your selection, because you are going to buy for keeps and not for trades.
It means a great load off your mind to think that not next year nor the year after that nor for half a dozen years to come do you have to worry about a trade, for if the car you buy

Your Car!

ELBERT HUBBARD

this year is right, that car will be right then ❧ But in a broader sense, it means still more. It means that the automobile-dealers—those men who have made the world marvel at the growth of the American automobile industry—will make money from the sale of new machines and will not have to take their place as merchants on the level with dealers in second-hand furniture or secondhand articles of any kind ❧ ❧

What matters it if only one manufacturer in America today is broad enough—big enough and confident enough in the perfection of their manufactured article to advise "Keep Your Car!"

Other manufacturers will follow—shall follow —must follow!

KEEP Your Car! Buy a good one and keep her. She is worth more to you than to any one else. Treat her well and do not trade her off to satisfy a spasm of vanity.

Keep your car!

The old aristocratic family used to buy a family carriage, and it lasted a lifetime. Then it was passed on in the will to a new generation ❧ ❧

The modern, completely equipped automobile approximates the perfect.

That you should want to have a new car every year is silly and absurd.

It tokens the Newly-Rich—the Bounder who may be poor tomorrow.

KEEP Your Car! ¶ When you do, it does not suffer that thousand-dollar slump ❧ When the auto was being evolved, and every year meant marked improvements, "there was a reason."

Don't buy a car that was built for trading purposes ❧ ❧

There are various makes of good cars. Select the car that is built to keep, not to trade—your ideal of what a car should be, and buy it. Then treat it well.

Automobile extravagance does not consist in owning a machine. It lies in the bughouse idea that you have to have a new one every year.

If your chauffeur gives you an especially good run, hand him a V, and say: "Good boy, Charlie! Some machine, eh!"

Once in a while at the garage, hand a crisp, green one-dollar bill to the chap who gives her "treatment." Not that the man needs the money, but you owe it to yourself to let him know you are a gentleman, and not a gent ❧ Show the cop at the crossing that you are no piker ❧ ❧

Loosen up, and be a big, kindly, generous human being. The world is short on this kind.

¶ Instead of throwing good money away on "swaps," keep your car and pass out a little love and small change as you journey.

Then note how much better you feel; and others will feel just as good as you do.

Keep everything that serves. Don't be a jing-bing—get credit for the past, and the present, then the future is mortgaged to you —Abas the bounder!

Love is the great lubricant.

Keep your temper.

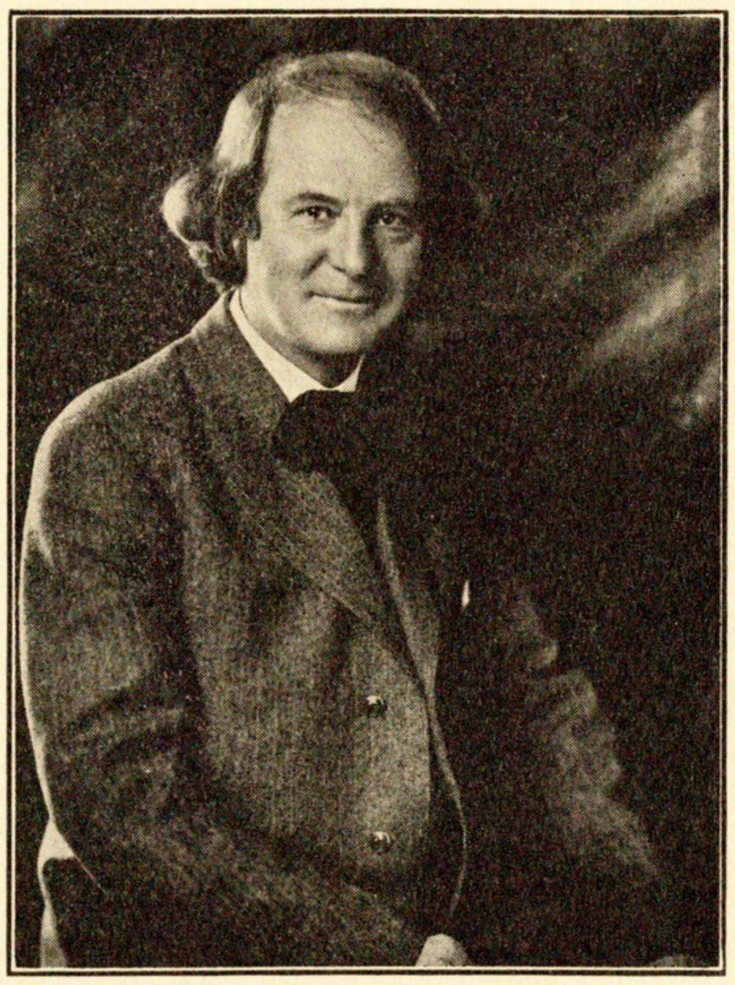
Keep your friends.

Keep your health.

And lastly—

My hat is off to the automobile-maker whose work and worth enable him to popularize the three greatest words ever used in automobile advertising:

KEEP YOUR CAR!



Keep

By

An Advertise

SOME advertisements are overlooked. Most advertisements are merely scanned. A few advertisements are read. Occasionally there is an advertisement that is re-read.

"I'll praise your book, but damn me if I'll read it," said Doctor Johnson to the aspiring and perspiring poet.

But even to have a book read, is not enough.

No author has achieved, until people read his book to other people, and buy copies to give away.

Literature is a point of contact between minds. I produce both literature and advertisements—and admit it

In *The Fra* Magazine for May appeared a double-page advertisement of The White Company entitled, "KEEP YOUR CAR."

This advertisement attracted more attention than anything in the text, which is no reflection on the text.

It also attracted more attention than any other advertisement ever printed in this Magazine.

The White Company paid for the ad but their competitors distributed it.

Hundreds of people have written us, ordering extra copies of *The Fra*, because they wanted others to see the "KEEP YOUR CAR" advertisement.

¶ Wives have shown that advertisement to husbands; husbands to wives; employers to employees; brothers to brothers; neighbors to neighbors—friends to friends.

It struck a responsive chord in the great welling common heart of the bronzed boys who sit at the wheel, as well as those good people who ride in the tonneau.

We had fallen victims to the swapping proclivity, and foolish fashion had us in a grapevine twist.

Pride and prosperity had set up a job on prudence, and extravagance umpired the game.

Today, all automobiles made are good ones. But, perhaps, as they used to say in Kentucky, some are better than others.

And they ought to be, since they cost more.

Your Car!

ELBERT HUBBARD

ment of an Advertisement

The slogan, "KEEP YOUR CAR!" inaugurated by The White Company has gone ringing and singing round the world, swelling into a resounding chorus.

Originally written with the "WHITE" in mind, the cry has been taken up by manufacturers, dealers and owners, and the words have become a shibboleth—legal tender in the coin of common-sense.

The White Car has qualities which make it, peculiarly, the car of the patrician—no peon owns one, and the proletariat is not interested.

Yes, even in America there is an aristocracy, an aristocracy of manhood, and a royal line of intellect and enterprise.

The car you drive should mirror your character. Any family that has a White Car is proud of it. It does not belong to the men folks alone—it is a car in which ladies take a pardonable pride. It is a family inheritance, and is everywhere so regarded.

Beautiful in outline, artistic in design, strong, serviceable, satisfying, it appeals not only to the eye but to the judgment. It tokens taste.

The "WHITE" has survival value.

And yet while "KEEP YOUR CAR" applies essentially to the "WHITE," the words also make their appeal to manufacturers, salesmen, owners and drivers of all other good cars.

Hence, the response to that FRA advertisement, which one dealer—and not a White agent, either—writes us was "the biggest, best, most sensible and far-reaching advertisement ever written."

And now, in order to meet the demand for that ad, which was more than an ad, The Roycrofters have reset the Good Stuff in poster form and pulled a few rubricated proofs on Japan Vellum.

This poster is a masterpiece of the printer's art.

It is a set-up which all loyal sons of Caxton, and loving disciples of Gutenberg, will prize and appreciate.

And here is the gist, the crux, the nugget, and the medulla oblongata of this whole screed:

Write to the White Folks and they will send you one of the Roycroft poster proofs of THE FRA advertisement, "KEEP YOUR CAR," with their compliments, provided you will simply state the name of the automobile you are now using.

ADDRESS

The White Company

Cleveland, Ohio

He Kept

BY ELBERT

RECENTLY a group of us were seated on the Roycroft Lawn discussing in a desultory way the question of what satisfaction the hole of a doughnut would give to a hobo who was psychologically hungry.

¶Our conversation was interrupted by one of the boys, who brought me a message from Freddie Welsh telling me he was now the world's champion lightweight.

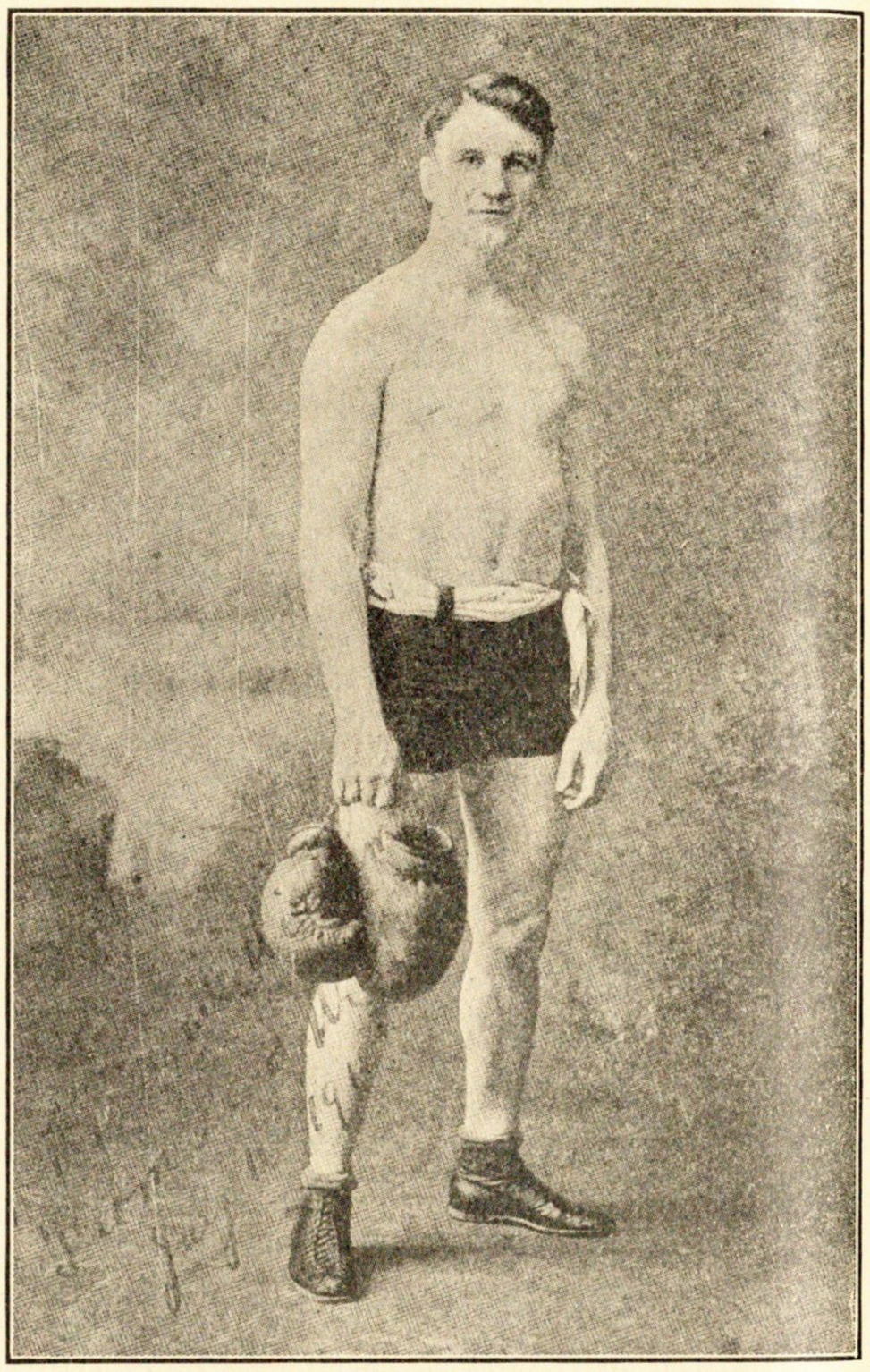
Freddie is a Roycrofter-at-large. In fact, he trained here. Every day we passed the medicine-ball and did the cross-country. Freddie keeps his car-cass in good condition. He just trained naturally. He thus kept his temper. Freddie believes in keeping many good things, including *The Belt*. He is a charming, intelligent, kindly gentleman, and we were delighted at his success.

And so from speculating in mere psychology we switched to matters pertaining to pugilism and physical culture, and wondered if Li'l Artha was due for the willopus-wallopus, and who would hand it to him.

"Here comes a White Hope now," interjected 'Gene, our chauffeur-in-chief. And a "WHITE 60" glided gracefully by us and drew up at the Inn.

After extending the glad hand to the newcomers, I turned to the owner of the car and said, "That's a fine new car you have."

"Yes, it is a fine car—although not exactly new. I've had it four years. You see," he continued, "it's a WHITE; and the White Folks make WHITE CARS like they



KEEP YOUR CAR-cass in good order!

make WHITE TRUCKS—to *last* as well as to look."

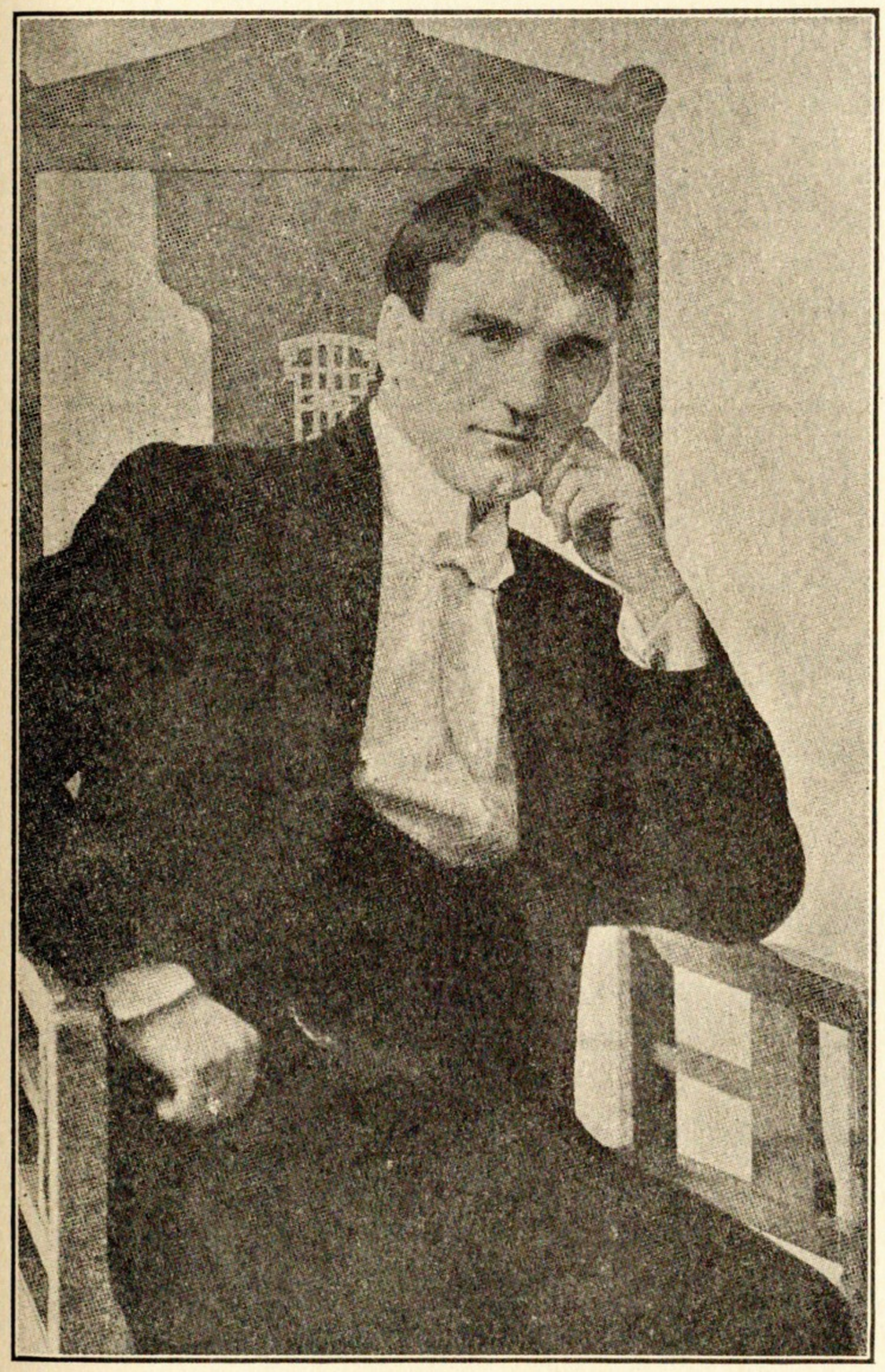
"There's nothing permanent but change," I hazarded. "And that doesn't last forever, either," put in Ali Baba.

I handed him a dollar—in dimes—thus shutting him off from further assisting in the conversation, and our friend smilingly continued:

"Oh yes, I know it has become fashion-

His Car!

HUBBARD



FREDDIE WELSH

able to exchange cars—a new one every year; you 'll find some auto-dealers' places full of such. But did you ever see a WHITE in these junk-shops? Rarely—very rarely. A WHITE owner doesn't 'swap'—he KEEPS HIS CAR! And he keeps it because he knows it can not be beaten for looks, use or economy.

"I prefer my WHITE," he went on, "to any glittering, glistening car I have been offered for it in exchange. And I 've had a few such offers—brand-new cars for my used WHITE! But I 've turned them all down.

"Why should I substitute a freak for a friend; a machine that is almost semi-human—dignified, conservative, symmetrical and reliable—a car of super-quality, for something I am not acquainted with?

"I know what the WHITE is—so I KEEP MY CAR!

"I have tested it. I know its superior wearing qualities and its economy of operation; and I would as soon think of firing our cook, or mixing my drinks, as exchanging my WHITE.

"Ask my wife and kiddies what *they* think of our WHITE! That's another reason why I KEEP MY CAR!"

And affectionately glancing at its shining body he went to join his family in the Dining-Room.

¶I turned once more to the WHITE—beautiful in outline, artistic in design, strong, serviceable and satisfactory—and breathed a benediction on the White Folks.

And being an auto-owner as well as a farmer, I realized the sentiment conveyed in the lines, "I love the cows and chickens—but THIS is the CAR!"

Keep your Friends! Keep your Health! Keep your Head—a thing Charles the First was unable to do!—but above all, KEEP YOUR CAR! And this you will do provided you have the Right Car, which is the WHITE CAR!

WHEN I tell you that Waco, Texas, is one of the very livest towns in this country or any other, you will not be surprised to learn that the highest-grade Ginger Ale in the whole round world is made there.
We found it out the other day.
And it happened thus-wise: A case containing two dozen bottles of Ginger Ale was shipped to Roycroft and the Fra sounded his ram's horn and all hands were piped on deck.
"By Secretary Daniels' orders," says he, "booze is kiboshed from the Queen's Navee!" (Cheers from Ali Baba.) "But I should gebibble—for here is

CIRCLE 'A' GINGER ALE

Letter pop, Butch," and Butch letter pop
The Fra served out three fingers apiece to all present, and you should have heard the smacking of lips and the "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" of unctuous satisfaction
"For the information of the non-cogibund," continued the Fra, as he finished off a healthy swig, "just let me tell you that this Ginger Ale is the finest in the world, bar none!" ("Hear! Hear!" from everybody.) "The Artesian Manufacturing and Bottling Company have scoured the earth for the best materials, machinery, men and methods whereby to make this sparkling, laughing, joy-jingling beverage—known as Circle 'A' Ginger Ale. They set out to make the FINEST ever and they've done it, my hearties! Ulster may rebel, but Belfast bows the knee to Waco. So to celebrate the Glorious Fourth, just send along Three Dollars and a two-dozen case of Circle 'A' Ginger Ale will be forwarded you—they pay the freight—sure!—certainly!!—of course!!!
You are dismissed."

The Artesian Manufacturing & Bottling Co., Waco, Tex.

July, 1914

Keeping Tab on the Ticket

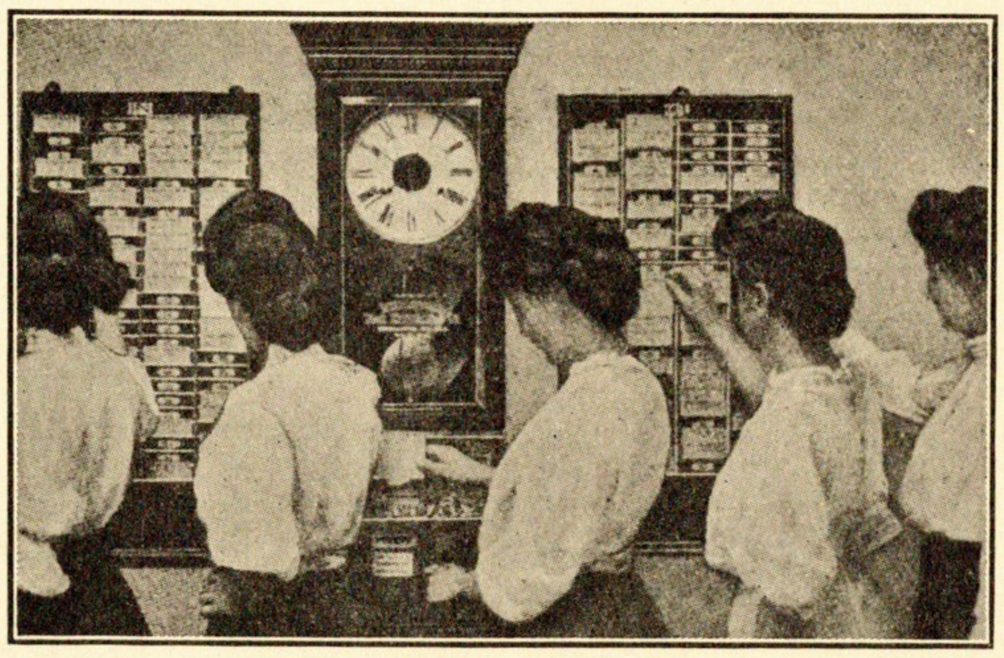
I USED to clerk in a grocery where a twelve-year-old boy stole eggs from us at the back door and brought them around in front and sold us our own property
He kept this up for a year, and he might have kept it up indefinitely had he not taken in a partner and tried to do a wholesale business.
But the day of reckoning came, and ever afterwards Johnny and his pal were known as "a couple of fresh yeggs."
Every business suffers from "leakages"—petty pilferings that annoy and aggravate.
In order to avoid these leaks there must be a system that will locate them, or, better still, eliminate the possibility of their occurrence.
My attention has been called to two ingenious devices that forever forbid petit larceny in connection with the selling of, and accounting for, tickets at places of amusement. One of these machines is a ticket-seller, and the other is a ticket-mutilator.
The ticket-seller registers *every* ticket sold, and prevents tickets being sold through any other medium.
¶ The old way permitted the enacting of a little drama between the cashier and the doorkeeper that was not billed by the proprietor—yet one which he nevertheless paid for!
A "full-to-capacity house" did not always insure a correspondingly big box-office return.
But often it did mean a "full"-to-capacity cashier—wearily wending homeward his wobbly way after "hours."
And the S. R. O. sign was the sure earnest of the doorkeeper hanging out the S. O. S. ticket next morning—his tongue like a piece of flannel and with a breath like a buzzard.
With this excellent machine, which sells its tickets honestly, the law of diminishing returns is rendered inoperative. It keeps tab on every ticket, counts without a mistake, rings true every time.
Also, it delivers the ticket gracefully, neatly, and with dispatch
To have the ticket-seller tear off an uneven, scraggy "scrap of paper" and deliver it like an ultimatum is calculated to destroy your peace of mind.
The ticket-seller cuts off a perfect ticket, presents it in an upright position to you, and it is a positive pleasure to accept the clean, fresh, unsoiled strip. You feel as if you had got something besides a piece of paper—a sympathetic service.
A step brings you to the ticket-mutilator—a well-made, artistic box—into which you drop your ticket. A turn of a crank and it disappears between the knives in the interior and the ticket's life is ended forever. It is perfectly annihilated!

And having chopped,
The ticket is destroyed;
Not all the touts can make a sale of it!

The Allies are put to rout!
To be indicted is bad, to be convicted is worse, but to work under suspicion is *hell!*
Moving-picture managers, amusement-house proprietors and theater-managers owe it to their employees as well as to themselves to install devices that will put dishonesty at a discount and eliminate the chances of it happening, and at the same time relieve the atmosphere of the oxygen of suspicion.
Such devices are efficient, reliable, and in every way satisfactory to both management and helpers.
They are time, temper and character savers.
And they give you peace of mind—and save the "pieces."

If you are a showman, write for literature to the AMUSEMENT SALES CO., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

January, 1915



EQUAL RIGHTS! —SURE!

THAT is one of the big reasons why an International Time Recorder should be installed in every Business Institution.

¶ The employer has a right to every minute of the working-day of the people on his payroll.

¶ The employee has a right to be paid for all his time.

¶ And that is just what the International Time Recorder does. It precludes the possibilities of mistakes in computing time and wages.

¶ When Mary fusses unduly with her curling-irons and is late, it makes note of the fact in flaming red — indisputable evidence of her tardiness — and she is "docked."

¶ Next day she's right on time! for she can't afford this depletion of her exchequer — and neither can her employer. Equal rights — sure! ¶ The International Time Recorder cuts out waste, prevents error, shows "who's who," and is an invaluable aid to efficiency, economy and success.

¶ The International Time Recording Co. make error-proof, fool-proof, cost-saving machines of every description. ¶ Drop them a postal, stating your business and position, and they 'll show you how to dam the waste and stop the leaks.

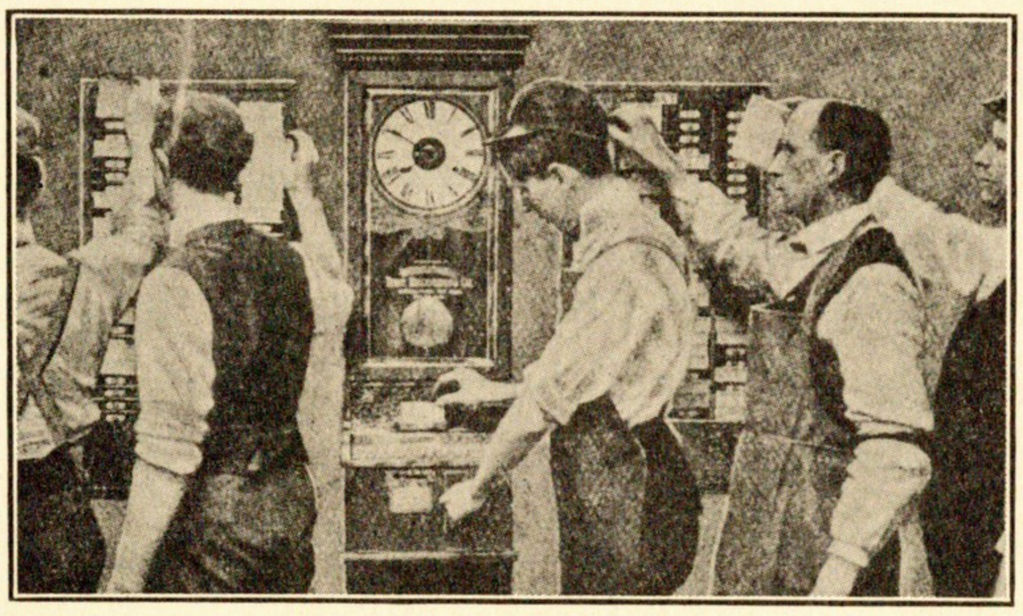
INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDING COMPANY

LONDON OFFICE:
International Time Recording
Co., Ltd., 30-32 Farringdon Road, London, E. C.
England

of New York
Lock Box 26
Endicott, N. Y.

BERLIN OFFICE:
International Time Recording
Co., m. b. H., 135-136 Alexandrinenstr., Berlin, S.W.,
Germany

March, 1915



PUNCHING THE - CLOCK PAYS -

It pays the employer, because:

¶ It means better work and bigger business — "on time" and "on-to-their-job" helpers. It enables him to detect waste, to find costs easily, to compute wages accurately, to weed out undesirables, and to reward the diligent and efficient.

It pays the employee, because:

¶ It places him in the line of evolution. It is the indelible record of promptness, of alertness, competence and co-operation — and the resultant bulging pay-envelope.

¶ Punching the clock is no longer considered a nuisance — it is a matter of ethics and sound economics. It spells efficiency and success. ¶ Let us tell you how the INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDER can be profitably used in *your business* — for recording day, piece, productive, non-productive, clerical and executive time. When writing please state your position.

INTERNATIONAL TIME RECORDING COMPANY

LONDON OFFICE:
International Time Recording
Co., Ltd., 30-32 Farringdon Road, London, E. C.
England

of New York
Lock Box 26
Endicott, N. Y.

BERLIN OFFICE:
International Time Recording
Co., m. b. H., 135-136 Alexandrinenstr., Berlin, S.W.,
Germany

February, 1915

I Carry the White Man's Burden

A prose poem on power

By ELBERT HUBBARD

I AM the tireless servant of man.

¶ To the intelligent merchant or manufacturer—the man who prizes economy, efficiency, sanity, sanitation and safety—I am a necessity.

¶ No animal that lives has strength and endurance such as I possess.

¶ Congested highways cried aloud for me, that the channels of commerce might be cleared, delays to distribution destroyed—and the quicker enjoyment of life's luxuries might be yours.

¶ Then Inventive Genii waved a wand, and I CAME!

I—WHO am more powerful than fifty horses—swifter than flesh and blood—tireless and sleepless.

¶ I—who eat little and drink seldom—who feel not the lash of the driver and fear neither heat nor cold;

¶ I—who ask no mercy—expect no kindness—to whom day and night are as one;

¶—born full grown and full strength, as Minerva leaped from the brain of Jove, full armed; I—whom age does not weaken nor illness harm.

I LENGTHEN the reach of the merchant's arms a thousandfold, and daily help him win the battles of life; — bring from the fields and marts of plenty the overplus that feeds the rest of the world;

¶ —to the factories the food from the field—to the stores the cloth from the looms—from the press the news of the world;

¶ —to your home what you wear, eat or drink — the music you play, the books you read;

¶ —to the trains the passengers who ride and the goods whose shipment is the commercial life of a community;

¶ —to you the wealth that comes from bridging space come I, compressing time, saving money, eliminating uncertainty.

VARIOUS imitators have I, but no competitors.

¶ The brains of a thousand inventors have seethed, dreamed, contrived, thought, so as to bring me up to my present form.

¶ I render useless the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals;

¶ I represent a maximum of carrying power with a minimum of cost —

¶ I symbol safety, surety, sanity, sanitation;

¶ I carry the White Man's Burden!

I am the White Truck

The GREAT "WHITE" WAY

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

THREE hundred twelve years before Christ, Appius Claudius began the making *of* the Appian Way ¶ When this European War is over *and* you go Abroad with your White Car, you may have the pleasure *of* motoring over parts *of* the original Roadbed *of* the Appian Way.

¶ It was a Roadway eighteen feet wide, extending south from Rome to Capua—*and* thence on *and* on to Brundisium; parts *of* it are still in daily use.

¶ *The* Appian Way was the symbol *of* abundance. It made the Oil *and* Wine accessible. It became the Milky Way *of* Roman Commerce. It was a Great White Way *of* Prosperity.

¶ *The* Romans, two hundred fifty years later, while occupying Britain, constructed Watling Way, leading from Dover to York, *and* the great North Road from London to Edinburgh; and *of* this road, too, portions still remain.

¶ Caesar's Legions, by establishing that broad stretch *of* Roadway, endowed the Britons with one *of* the primary principles *of* Civilization. Also, it may have suggested to them that thoroughness is a quality that commends itself to all men.

¶ Undoubtedly the American more than the Roman or the Briton will live in History as a Roadmaker; at least he deserves to. In the year 1915 we have 10,000 Appian Ways *and* as many Watling Ways here on this continent; ribbons *of* brick *and* stone *and* macadam stretching from County Seat to County Seat; from State to State. All *of* which effect for good the lives *of* 100,000,000 people.

April, 1915

¶ These WAYS are memorials to great builders. They show Vision, *and* Courage, *and* Stick-to-it-iveness. They bespeak an intelligent desire to "get there!" They animate the spirit *of* the times—"Forward! March!"

THE evolution *of* Roadways depends upon modes *of* transportation. *The* modern automobile has been the greatest factor in scientific highway construction. Perfection in the one has brought perfection in the other.

¶ And *of* all the Automobiles that have inspired road-builders to "make a road worthy *of* the car" the WHITE CAR—with its staying qualities, its wearing qualities, with its long life *and* its super-ability to render a service—is supreme. Hence we call a particularly fine bit *of* road a "WHITE WAY."

¶ *The* WHITE "WAY" is the beautiful way, the efficient, economical, safe—the thoroughgoing Way. *The* White Automobile is more than a Car—it is a Masterful "WAY."—It is a "Way" that endures.

¶ *The* thoughtful man travels in *The* WHITE CAR because the WHITE "WAY" leads to satisfaction—to Health, to Happiness, *and* to a broader appreciation *of* all things.

¶ *The* WHITE CAR is the lasting car. It is supreme in strength, style, luxury, comfort, safety *and* economy.

¶ It is not a cheap car—it was not meant to be.

¶ But every dollar you invest in a WHITE brings back a generous dividend, in the pleasure that comes from owning an Automobile that goes *and* keeps on going—a Good Car when you purchase it—a Good Car for years afterward.

¶ Whatever Road you travel in a White Car is a "White Way"—a Road *of* ease *and* comfort, *of* smooth, satisfying swiftness—and *of* superb scenery—*of* freedom from worries large *and* small.

¶ *The* White Car is for the person who can take pride in a Perfect Piece *of* Mechanism—not for the one who is primarily interested in PRICE.—The Price *of The* White Car is what it is worth!

¶ I remind you that William Morris said, "Art is not a thing—it's a Way."

¶ *You should know more about the White Car.*

Character and Cars

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WHEN the late J. Pierpont Morgan was being pujoed by the Pujo Committee he was asked this question, "What is the best and safest collateral for a loan?"

And the reply was given in one word, "Character."

Then the inquisitor asked the conquistadoro a second question.

And this question deserves to rank with Pilate's deathless interrogation, "What is Truth?"

The question asked Mr. Morgan was this, "What is Character?"

And the reply was, "Character is the sum-total of what a man is!"

The examination continued about as follows:

"Please enlighten this Committee further as to your ideas on Character."

¶ "Well, Character implies certain physical, mental and moral qualities. Good health is a requisite — for ill health might jeopardize one's commonsense. Clear eyes, good teeth, the ability to work, play, laugh and enjoy, moderation in the use of all good things, intelligence, honesty of purpose, sympathy, patience and persistence, ambition within bounds — these make up character."

"Mr. Morgan, would you loan a man money if he had merely these qualities you mention, and yet had no tangible property or funds?"

"I can not imagine a man with the qualities I have named, living in this beautiful, fertile and abundant world, who does not possess a certain amount of property. But granting the hypothesis that a man of character had no property, he would still be a better risk for a loan than a man who had property but no character."

"Do you then regard character as the greatest thing in the world?"

¶ "Yes."

"You seem to disagree with the prophet who said, "*Pax Vobiscum* — love is the greatest thing in the world!"

"On the other hand, character implies love, and includes it. A man of character is both loving and lovable."

THE word "CHALMERS" to a million Americans means "Character."

"Chalmers" was once the name of a man; now it is the name of a machine ☙ The man still lives who bears the name, and gave it wings, but when I say "Chalmers," a machine, powerful, beautiful and obedient, comes rolling before your inward vision.

A man is known by the men who are hands, feet, eyes, ears, and gray cortex for him.

It takes hundreds of men to make an automobile. And it takes a thousand men to make a "Chalmers."

A "Chalmers" is an automobile, plus. There are many makes of automobiles, but only one "Chalmers."

A man of character surrounds himself with men of character.

Man creates in his own image.

Corporations have souls. One animating impulse keys every great and successful institution. What did Ralph Waldo Emerson say about that? Yes, and Emerson's remark is truth, just as Sherman's remark about war is truth. ¶ Everything you make is spun right out of your heart. It looks like you.

A "Chalmers" looks like Chalmers.

A "Chalmers" has character. It has certain qualities that distinguish it as peculiar, individual and distinctive. It has personality.

We remember the man told of by old Doctor Johnson who approached a stranger and asked, "Sir, are you anybody in particular?"

No one ever asked a Chalmers Owner any such question as that, either about himself or his car. ¶ Chalmers — the Car of Character!

THE CALL OF THE CHALMERS

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

SPRING is here — and the "Chalmers" is calling! Come with me, it says, out into the country and see the miracle of Nature when Spring unlocks the flowers to paint the laughing soil. See the budding trees, the squirrels playing peekaboo in the branches, the robin in his court dress; and hear the singing birds! — Come! let us go — you and I! Leave the grime of the city, the jar and jostle of the streets, the hurly-burly of business. Come where the winds blow around you and the sun shines upon you — Come! Let us go — you and I, and the family.

¶ I am the "Master Six" — big, roomy and comfortable, and the smartest car on the market.

¶ I can be trusted, because I exemplify the Chalmers character and policy — QUALITY.

¶ My mechanism is as perfect as human brains and hands can make it, and adjusted as correctly as skill and science know how.

¶ I and my two brothers — the New Six-40 and the Light Six-48 — are the leaders in all medium-priced Sixes in volume of sales.

¶ And all because we possess that QUALITY which the American people demand, and which they find and appreciate in the Chalmers Cars.

¶ Forty thousand of us are giving efficient service to delighted owners, today. That is what we are created for — service. The Chalmers People BUILD their cars — they don't merely ASSEMBLE them.

¶ Every axle, tube and spring is made to meet not simply the requirements of its particular job, but its exigencies. So every scrap of material put into the Chalmers Car is of the finest quality, and is subjected to the strictest scrutiny and test.

¶ Hence we are strong and sturdy and we keep to the road — taking the hills with ease, and the rough places without jar or shock.

¶ We have the correct balance, and carry our happy load jauntily, safely and speedily.

¶ We are never out of kilter, and doctors' bills are ausgespielt.

¶ We are perfect pictures of grace and beauty — our lines are the acme of refinement, our appointments the criterion of comfort and elegance.

¶ We are the utmost in motor-car construction. We token quality, reliability and satisfaction.

¶ The Spring is here — and the "Chalmers" is calling!

The Three Graces — The 1915 Chalmers Sixes

The "Master Six" 7-passenger Touring-Car - - - - - - - - -	$2,400
The "Light Six-48" 5-passenger Touring-Car - - - - - - - - -	1,650
The "New Six-40" — "The Economy Car" - - - - - - - - -	1,400

CHALMERS MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT



"How many musical compositions have you written?" inquired the admiring young lady, of the long-haired virtuoso.

"It would be difficult to say offhand," replied the L-H. V. "I only know that I have composed *scores*."

I AM not a musician. All notes look alike to me. Yet, I keenly enjoy good music. ¶ We have a Music-Room in the Roycroft Inn, and you should see the pianos we ave mobilized. Our meetings are invariably opened and closed with musical selections, rendered by talented young people of all ages.

Musicians of "note" have been coming to Roycroft for years, but if any one had told me that you could buy the best sheet music for the price of a ten-cent smoke, I would have passed him by on the other side. My impression has always been that sheet music came high.

But it 's true. The cost of high living may have a basis in fact, but this need not bother the people who love good music

Imagine getting a copy of Beethoven's *Moonlight Sonata* for a dime! The publisher's price is seventy-five cents.

Leybach's famous *Lucia de Lammermoor* is listed at ninety cents, yet by buying the "Century Edition, the price to you is just two nickels.

Similarly, Liszt's *Second Hungarian Rhapsody* brings a dollar-thirty at most music-stores. By specifying "Century," you save a dollar-twenty.

The Erl King, by Schubert-Liszt, averages around fifty cents. It is one dime for the "Century Edition."

Publishers' prices usually range from twenty-five cents to a dollar or more, but a uniform price of ten cents per score has been established for the new "Century Edition."

Whether you sing, play the piano or violin, or teach music, you can save time, trouble and money by drawing on "Century" stock for your musical library.

The selections number about two thousand, and include not only semi-popular music, both vocal and instrumental, but also the good old standard and classical things that we never grow tired of hearing.

All scores are printed on super-quality paper, from engraved plates, and in point of editing, phrasing and fingering, leave nothing to be desired.

I am told, by people who are in a position to know, that "Century Edition" scores are in every way excellent for teaching, drawing-room or concert use.

Think of it!—the best sheet music for the price of a round-trip trolley-ticket!

Don't take my word for it—ask your dealer for complete catalog of the "Century Edition," containing titles of nearly two thousand scores, published by the

CENTURY MUSIC PUBLISHING COMPANY
231-235 40th Street - - - New York City

CAROLINE HERSCHEL was a singer who sang solo parts, when her brother William was leader of the famous Symphony Orchestra at Bath.

Those were great days! Beau Brummell was there, so were Garrick, Reynolds, Dr. Johnson, Sheridan, Fanny Burney, and lots of other clever people. They admired Caroline, but for the most part she kept them on their own side of the footlights. She and her brother had other aims that they knew nothing of—they were studying the stars.

Musicians and star-gazers!

Caroline lived to be ninety-eight—she lacked only two years of making a century run. She was sane and sensible to the last, and when ninety-five, sang for the King, and danced with him a minuet. She said it was music that kept her young. The people who make the

Starr Pianos

should name their best instrument "The Caroline Herschel"—possibly they will some day.

YOU can only educate people along the line of their natural tendencies—you cannot educate new desires or ambitions into them. You can educate a Norman horse to pull a load; a thorobred to run; a Wilkes to trot. You cannot teach a horse to watch, but a dog you can.

Throw a stone in the air a thousand times and it does not acquire the habit either of going up or staying up. Its nature is to seek the ground, and this nature it is true to. Do not expect much from education—men are true to their natures.

All normal people like music—some more and some less, but the kind of music they like is largely a matter of education. The habit of learning music tends to mental, moral and physical health. It means sanity, strength and length of days.

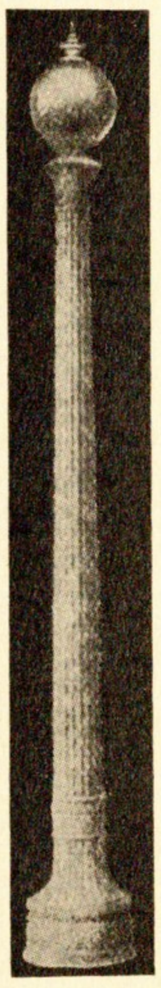
"Men who can afford it should have a piano in the house," says Ernst Haeckel in his lecture on "Subtle Influences." He should have said

The Starr

and would, doubtless, if he had written in 1904 instead of 1876.

The STARR factories are at Richmond, Indiana. Warehouses at Dayton, Indianapolis, Toledo and Cleveland, Ohio.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS



" Pale and worn, he kept his deck
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled.
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He found a world: he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: On! sail on!"

THAT light was one of the beacons in history. It made it possible for us to be Americans. ¶ America stands for Liberty—and Light. ¶ And THE UNION METAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY are literal exponents of that philosophy. They believe in light, and they make the most beautiful mediums for its diffusion—superb examples of craftsmanship and skill, in imperishable metal. These graceful, fluted columns are a most desirable acquisition to parks, playgrounds, public or private estates or residences. The Roycroft grounds have these artistic pillars of light scattered throughout—a beautiful and added attraction to the place—an all-round source of joy and satisfaction. ¶ Any lighting problems you have should be placed in the hands of the Union Metal People. Their advice is sound and their products GUARANTEED. Communicate with them at once.

The Union Metal Manufacturing Co., Canton, Ohio

March, 1915

TO plead ignorance of the law avails nothing in the court-room. And who would mildly accept the excuse of a butcher, or a grocer, or a dairyman, that he did not know he was selling tainted meat, or sanded sugar, or sour milk? Who would not be the more irritated by such a plea? But why? —Because you say, "He ought to know. I pay him my good money and want the best, and besides I cannot afford to put that bad stuff in my stomach, and knock out the efficiency of that important functionary; no, not I"—Ah! but hold up a bit. There is another member of the human machinery that is just as necessary to the stomach as the stomach is to you—THE TEETH—are you quite sure the druggist is n't selling you an acid dentifrice with which you are daily feeding your teeth? You don't know? Well you ought to know. An acid dentifrice and mouth wash used every day is a sure guarantee of future misery and premature old age, for the stomach has no teeth and cannot stand the digestive work that is imposed upon it by bad teeth. Do not be entirely satisfied with the manufacturer's guarantee or the dentist's word for it. The former comes cheap from him who perpetrates a nuisance, and the latter may not be fully acquainted with the facts. Demand proof; it is your right and you should insist upon it. We prove the alkalinity of Sozodont, and being alkaline it cannot be acid. An acid will turn blue litmus paper pink; that is the chemist's test. Try it on Sozodont and substantiate our claim, and then test the stuff you may be using, and condemn yourself for being so easily misled. Sozodont is and has been the one safe & reliable dentifrice for over sixty years. ¶ Sold in three forms: a Liquid—a Powder—a Paste.

THE motto of Victor Hugo was " More Light! More Light!" And yet there were times when he loved to sit in the twilight.

Henry Thoreau loved the sunlight, but said that he liked the moonlight better, and he was amazed that anyone should have ever used the word " Moonshine " as a synonym of the whimsical, unreliable and changing. Moonshine was the one eternal fact in Nature, because, he argued, the moon would be here when the sun had ceased to exist, for the moon itself is only a burnt-out sun.

The Dim-a-Lite is not a luxury. It is a necessity. Not to be able to control the degree of your light is either to endure the glare or sit in the gloom.

A little light is very reassuring, and to be able to control the light is certainly a most desirable thing, not to say anything about the matter of the meter and the bill at the end of the month.

¶ Every good thing can be overdone, and too much of a good thing is what you call excess. We die either from an excess or from a deficit. Too much or too little—ask your doctor!

Mr. Buckner, Vice-President of the New York Life Insurance Company, said to an employee who asked for a raise in pay: " I would feel much more inclined to double your salary if you lived on half that which you now have. This is no business of mine, but I express this to you as a friend."

Mr. Buckner did not want this man to have less of the good things of life, but to exercise some judgment in the use of them.

¶ The Dim-a-Lite is an aid to people who want to exercise good judgment and commonsense economy in the use of lights in their homes. The Dim-a-Lite is a portable attachment for dimming a single electric light. You simply remove the lamp from the socket, screw it into the Dim-a-Lite and place the Dim-a-Lite in the socket. Pull the cord and you get your desired changes of light—"full," "dim," "low," "night light" and "out."

In the nursery, bathroom, basement, bedroom, entry, drawing-room, stable, garage, office, factory—in fact, in any place where light is a necessity—the Dim-a-Lite proves its efficiency and value.

If the use of gas for illuminating purposes has any argument in its favor, I would say that it consists in the fact that you can regulate the amount of light you care to use. The Dim-a-Lite removes this one objection against the electric light and in favor of gas, making the electric light absolutely supreme in the field.

WIRT ELECTRICAL SPECIALTY COMPANY

IN the June number of *The Philistine* Magazine appeared a write-up by Mr. Hubbard of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company. ¶This concern manufactures various articles from paper that are especially valuable to the economic housekeeper.

The goods are novel, cheap, effective, sanitary, and once used are appreciated.

Being a new thing, all of the advertising of the concern is more or less educational, and so samples are sent to any housekeeper on receipt of four cents in stamps to cover postage.

The write-up in ***The Philistine*** brought the company more replies and more real orders than all other advertisements combined.

Philistine advertising does not always bring as big returns as this, but the fact that ***The Philistine*** has a constituency, and many of our subscribers have been with us for ten years or more, makes our advertising pages especially valuable.

Everything in ***The Philistine,*** advertisements included, is read and read with care.

KALAMAZOO VEGETABLE PARCHMENT COMPANY
Manufacturers of
Pure Vegetable Parchment and Wax Paper

Kalamazoo, Mich.
June 29, 1914.

Mr. Elbert Hubbard,
East Aurora, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—

It has occurred to us that you would like to know the results of the "Little Journey" that you have written for the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company in the June *Philistine.*

We have done considerable advertising since we have started on our Specialty Line, and it is safe to say that this Little Journey of yours has brought us in more inquiries and real orders and has given us more general good publicity than all of our previous advertising put together, and this is no exaggeration.

We can not help but feel that it would make your heart glad to see the thousands of letters that we have in our office in answer to this Little Journey. The writer feels that the biggest day's work that he has ever done was when he invited you to visit our plant to write this Little Journey. While the writer has always been a great admirer and booster for The Roycrofters, his enthusiasm has increased wonderfully since seeing the results of this little write-up.

I wish you would please accept my appreciation for the services that you have rendered our company, and we assure you that we are wasting no time in spreading the glad tidings to others, and that if they wish to witness a miracle in their own business to engage Elbert Hubbard and the thing will be done.

Again asking you to accept our heartfelt appreciation, we are

Sincerely yours,
J. Kindleberger, *Sec'y and Gen. Mgr.*
Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co.

JK-MW

P. S.—We are enclosing copy of letter just received this morning.

Chicago, Ill
June 27, 1914

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Gentlemen:—

I have read the splendid advertisement of Elbert Hubbard regarding the products put out by your company, and am so much interested in it that I should like to have you do me the favor of sending a list of different special packages and prices referred to in this advertisement. Elbert Hubbard, in our opinion, is the greatest word artist in this country. When you begin reading any of his "dope," whether it is an advertisement or what not, you are held clear through to the end, with the interest he injects in everything he writes.

Very truly yours,
W. H. LININGER,
(Springfield Fire & Marine Co. of Springfield, Mass.)

East Aurora
Which is in Erie County, N. Y
July 2, 1914.

J. Kindleberger,
Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Co.,
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Dear Mr. Kindleberger:—

I must thank you for your very gracious letter of June 29th.

I am delighted indeed that you are getting good returns. In fact, I knew you would You have a splendid production and the novelty of it is bound to appeal to people who are interested in improved methods of housekeeping.

Mrs. Hubbard is using the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment in many ways with much satisfaction, and is also taking pains to show your goods to many of our guests at the Inn.

Come and see us when you are this way.

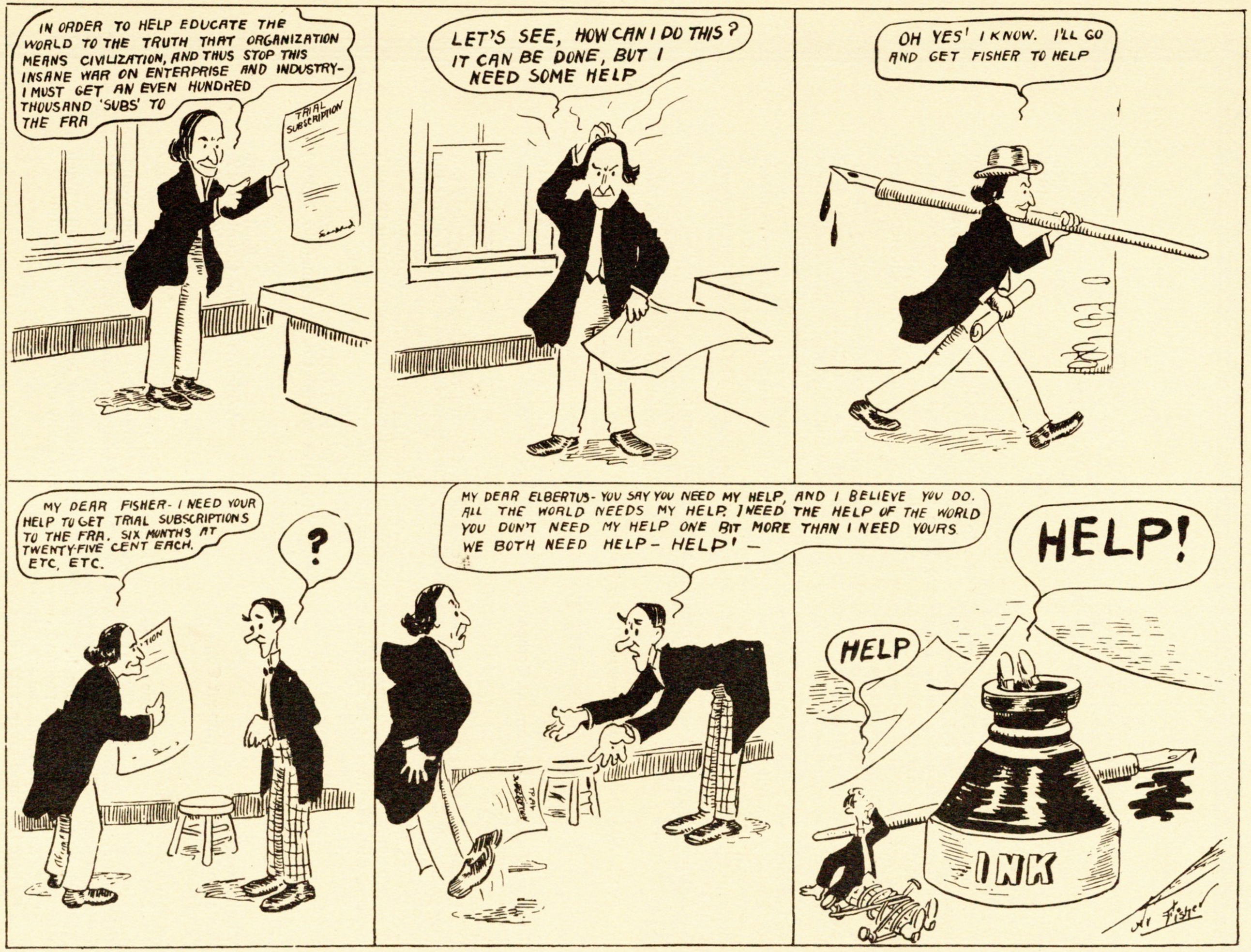
So here is a hand-grasp, and I am ever

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

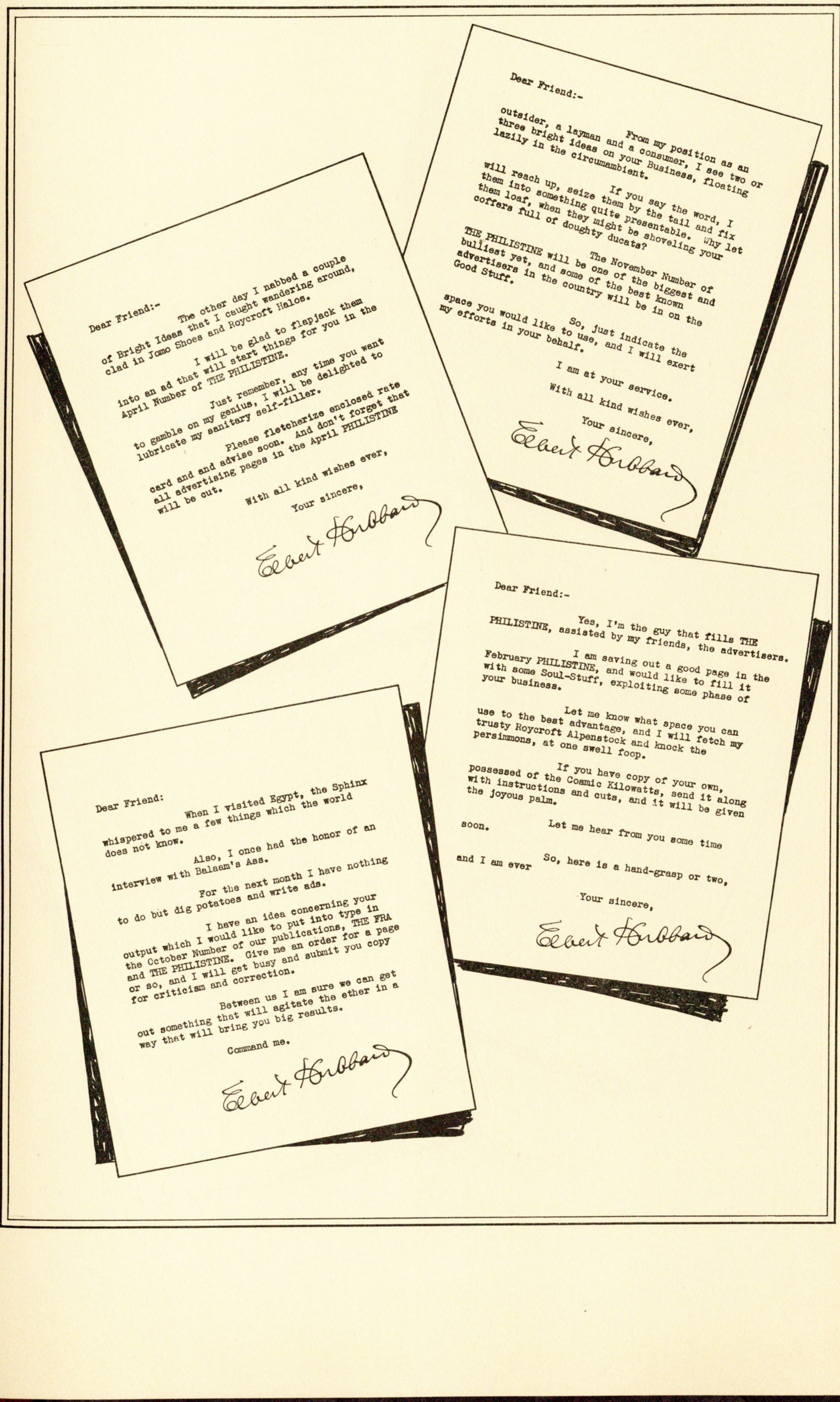
EH-WM

Bud Fisher Comes to the Rescue



Letters

Most executives and advertising men are agreed that the writing of resultful solicitation and collection letters calls for more intensive mental effort than any other phase of publicity campaign work. ¶ The following letters from the pen of Elbert Hubbard are characteristic of this Master of Publicity. ¶ Daringly unusual, breezily funny, convincingly coherent and logically consistent—they are letters with the punch!



Dear Friend:-

From my position as an outsider, a layman and a consumer, I see two or three bright ideas on your Business, floating lazily in the circumambient.

If you say the word, I will reach up, seize them by the tail and fix them into something quite presentable. Why let them loaf, when they might be shoveling your coffers full of doughty ducats?

The November Number of THE PHILISTINE will be one of the biggest and bulliest yet, and some of the best known advertisers in the country will be in on the Good Stuff.

So, just indicate the space you would like to use, and I will exert my efforts in your behalf.

I am at your service.

With all kind wishes ever,

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:-

The other day I nabbed a couple of Bright Ideas that I caught wandering around, clad in Jamo Shoes and Roycroft Halos.

I will be glad to flapjack them into an ad that will start things for you in the April Number of THE PHILISTINE.

Just remember, any time you want to gamble on my genius, I will be delighted to lubricate my sanitary self-filler.

Please fletcherize enclosed rate card and and advise soon. And don't forget that all advertising pages in the April PHILISTINE will be cut.

With all kind wishes ever,

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:-

Yes, I'm the guy that fills THE PHILISTINE, assisted by my friends, the advertisers.

I am saving out a good page in the February PHILISTINE, and would like to fill it with some Soul-Stuff, exploiting some phase of your business.

Let me know what space you can use to the best advantage, and I will fetch my trusty Roycroft Alpenstock and knock the persimmons, at one swell foop.

If you have copy of your own, possessed of the Cosmic Kilowatts, send it along with instructions and cuts, and it will be given the joyous palm.

Let me hear from you some time soon.

So, here is a hand-grasp or two, and I am ever

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:

When I visited Egypt, the Sphinx whispered to me a few things which the world does not know.

Also, I once had the honor of an interview with Balaam's Ass.

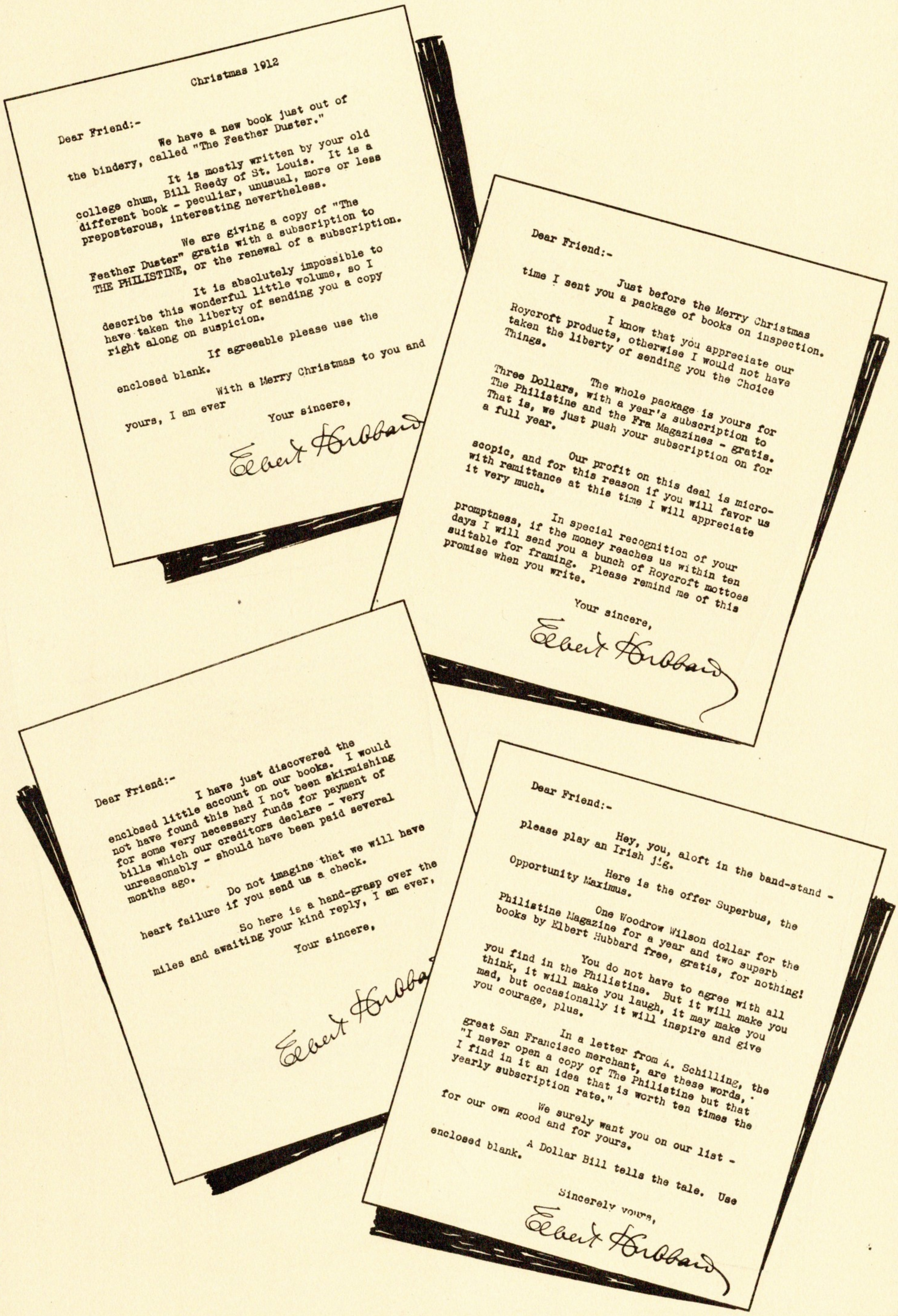
For the next month I have nothing to do but dig potatoes and write ads.

I have an idea concerning your output which I would like to put into type in the October Number of our publications, THE FRA and THE PHILISTINE. Give me an order for a page or so, and I will get busy and submit you copy for criticism and correction.

Between us I am sure we can get out something that will agitate the ether in a way that will bring you big results.

Command me.

Elbert Hubbard



Christmas 1912

Dear Friend:-

We have a new book just out of the bindery, called "The Feather Duster."

It is mostly written by your old college chum, Bill Reedy of St. Louis. It is a different book - peculiar, unusual, more or less preposterous, interesting nevertheless.

We are giving a copy of "The Feather Duster" gratis with a subscription to THE PHILISTINE, or the renewal of a subscription.

It is absolutely impossible to describe this wonderful little volume, so I have taken the liberty of sending you a copy right along on suspicion.

If agreeable please use the enclosed blank.

With a Merry Christmas to you and yours, I am ever

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:-

Just before the Merry Christmas time I sent you a package of books on inspection.

I know that you appreciate our Roycroft products, otherwise I would not have taken the liberty of sending you the Choice Things.

The whole package is yours for Three Dollars, with a year's subscription to The Philistine and the Fra Magazines - gratis. That is, we just push your subscription on for a full year.

Our profit on this deal is microscopic, and for this reason if you will favor us with remittance at this time I will appreciate it very much.

In special recognition of your promptness, if the money reaches us within ten days I will send you a bunch of Roycroft mottoes suitable for framing. Please remind me of this promise when you write.

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:-

I have just discovered the enclosed little account on our books. I would not have found this had I not been skirmishing for some very necessary funds for payment of bills which our creditors declare - very unreasonably - should have been paid several months ago.

Do not imagine that we will have heart failure if you send us a check.

So here is a hand-grasp over the miles and awaiting your kind reply, I am ever,

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:-

Hey, you, aloft in the band-stand - please play an Irish jig.

Here is the offer Superbus, the Opportunity Maximus.

One Woodrow Wilson dollar for the Philistine Magazine for a year and two superb books by Elbert Hubbard free, gratis, for nothing!

You do not have to agree with all you find in the Philistine. But it will make you think, it will make you laugh, it may make you mad, but occasionally it will inspire and give you courage, plus.

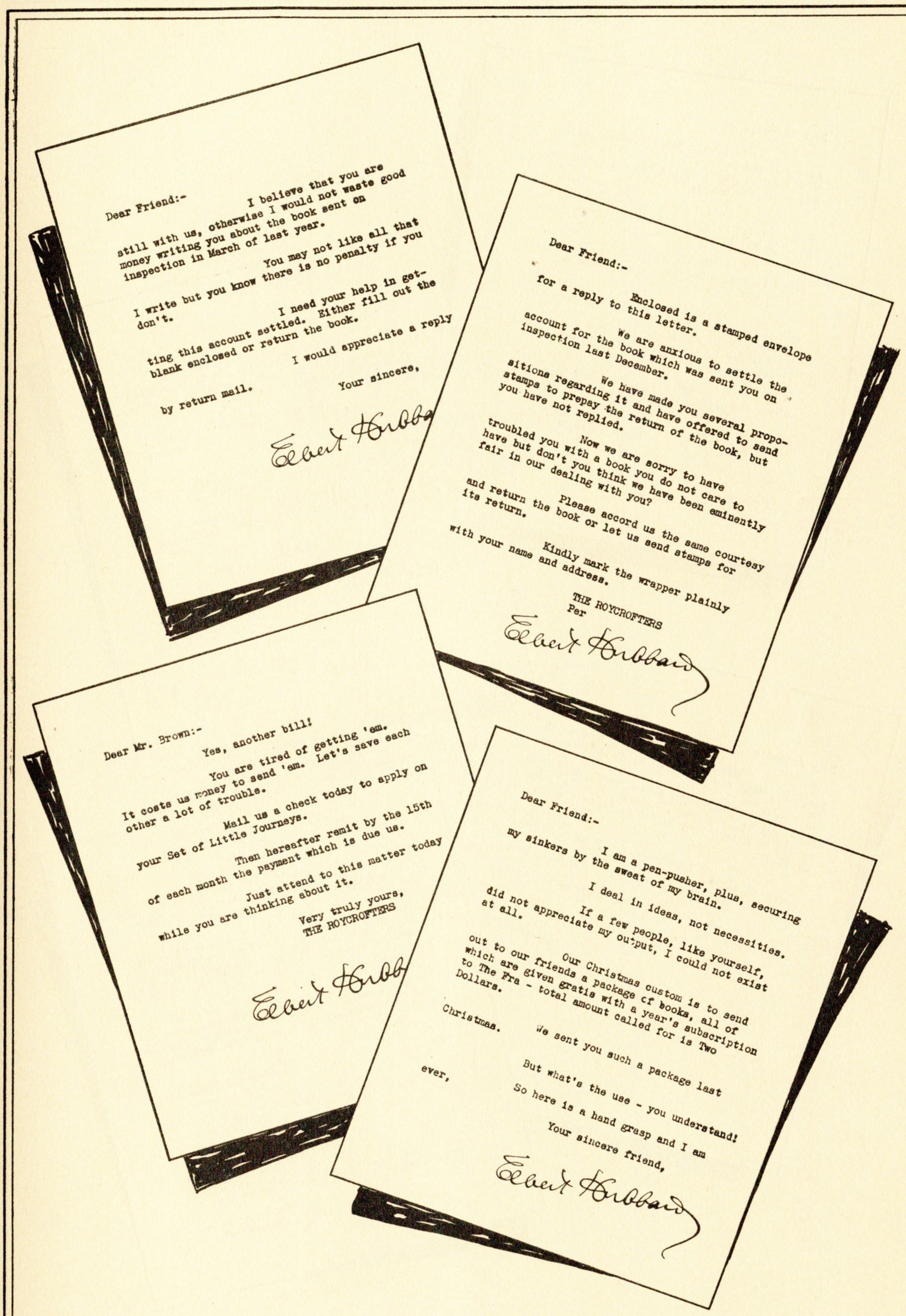
In a letter from A. Schilling, the great San Francisco merchant, are these words, "I never open a copy of The Philistine but that I find in it an idea that is worth ten times the yearly subscription rate."

We surely want you on our list - for our own good and for yours.

A Dollar Bill tells the tale. Use enclosed blank.

Sincerely yours,

Elbert Hubbard



Dear Friend:-

I believe that you are still with us, otherwise I would not waste good money writing you about the book sent on inspection in March of last year.

You may not like all that I write but you know there is no penalty if you don't.

I need your help in getting this account settled. Either fill out the blank enclosed or return the book.

I would appreciate a reply by return mail.

Your sincere,

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:-

Enclosed is a stamped envelope for a reply to this letter.

We are anxious to settle the account for the book which was sent you on inspection last December.

We have made you several propositions regarding it and have offered to send stamps to prepay the return of the book, but you have not replied.

Now we are sorry to have troubled you with a book you do not care to have but don't you think we have been eminently fair in our dealing with you?

Please accord us the same courtesy and return the book or let us send stamps for its return.

Kindly mark the wrapper plainly with your name and address.

THE ROYCROFTERS
Per

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Mr. Brown:-

Yes, another bill!

You are tired of getting 'em. It costs us money to send 'am. Let's save each other a lot of trouble.

Mail us a check today to apply on your Set of Little Journeys.

Then hereafter remit by the 15th of each month the payment which is due us.

Just attend to this matter today while you are thinking about it.

Very truly yours,
THE ROYCROFTERS

Elbert Hubbard

Dear Friend:-

I am a pen-pusher, plus, securing my sinkers by the sweat of my brain.

I deal in ideas, not necessities. If a few people, like yourself, did not appreciate my output, I could not exist at all.

Our Christmas custom is to send out to our friends a package of books, all of which are given gratis with a year's subscription to The Fra - total amount called for is Two Dollars.

We sent you such a package last Christmas.

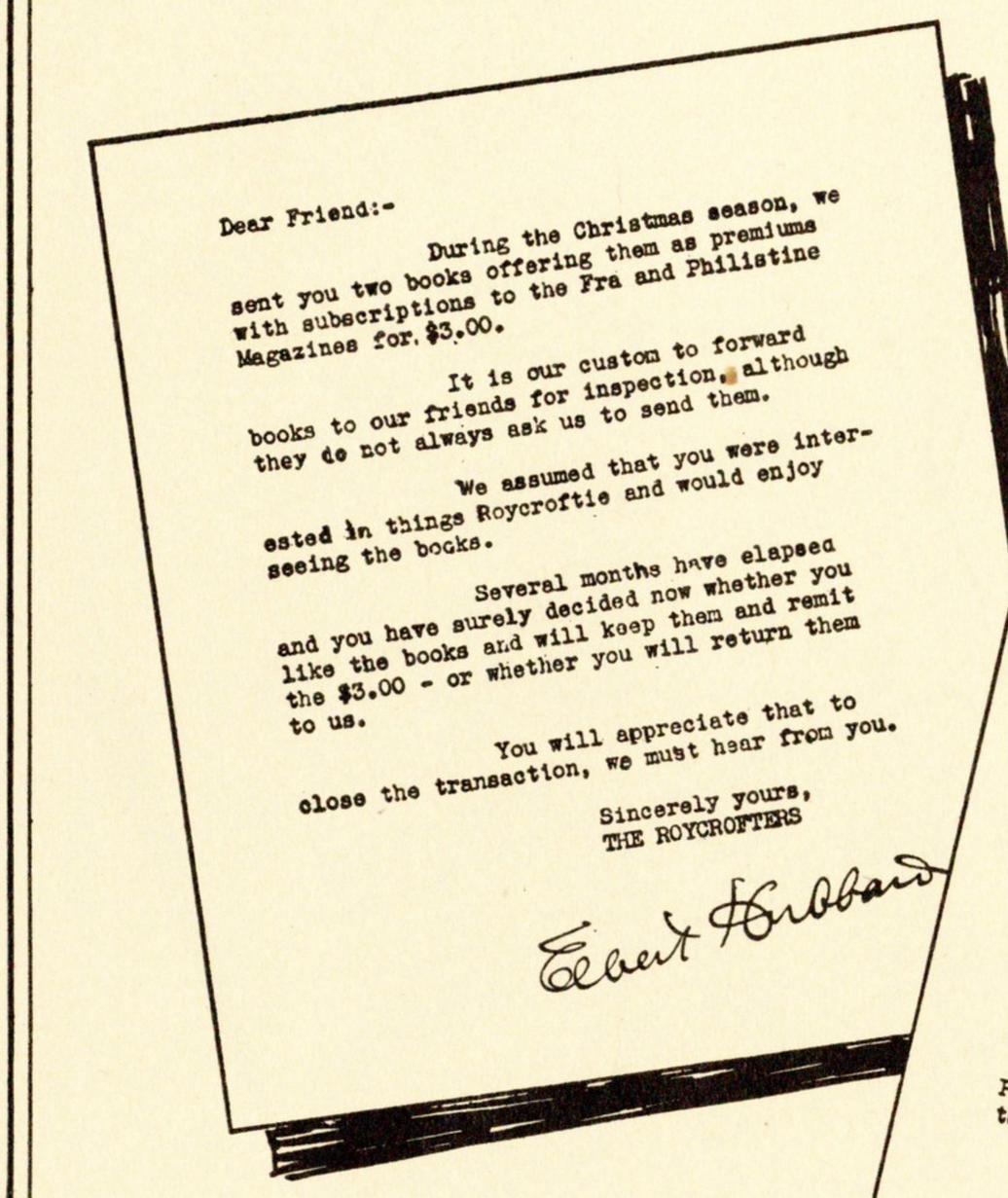
But what's the use - you understand!

So here is a hand grasp and I am

Your sincere friend,

Elbert Hubbard

ever,



Dear Friend:-

During the Christmas season, we sent you two books offering them as premiums with subscriptions to the Fra and Philistine Magazines for $3.00.

It is our custom to forward books to our friends for inspection, although they do not always ask us to send them.

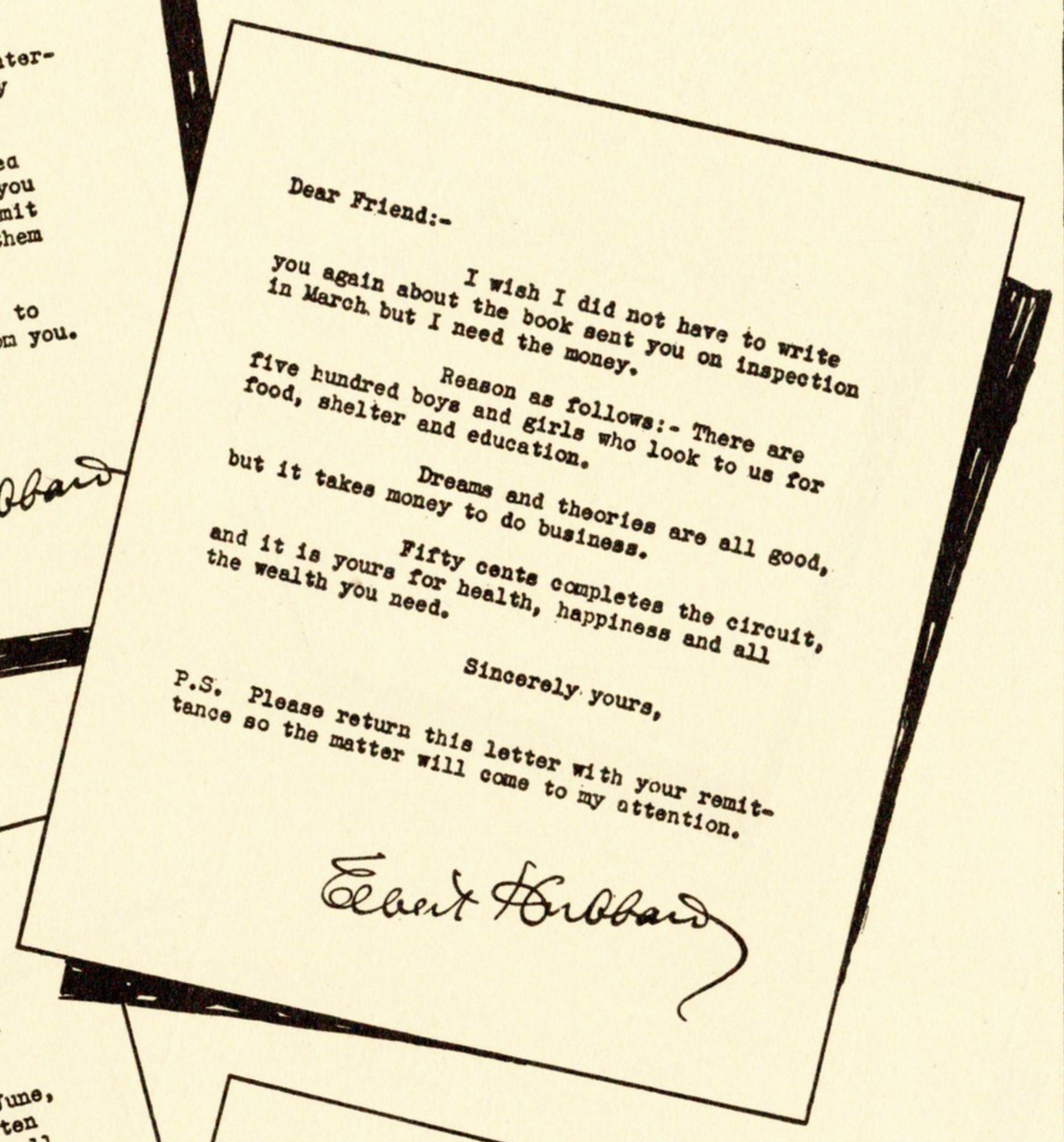
We assumed that you were interested in things Roycroftie and would enjoy seeing the books.

Several months have elapsed and you have surely decided now whether you like the books and will keep them and remit the $3.00 - or whether you will return them to us.

You will appreciate that to close the transaction, we must hear from you.

Sincerely yours,
THE ROYCROFTERS

Elbert Hubbard



Dear Friend:-

I wish I did not have to write you again about the book sent you on inspection in March but I need the money.

Reason as follows:- There are five hundred boys and girls who look to us for food, shelter and education.

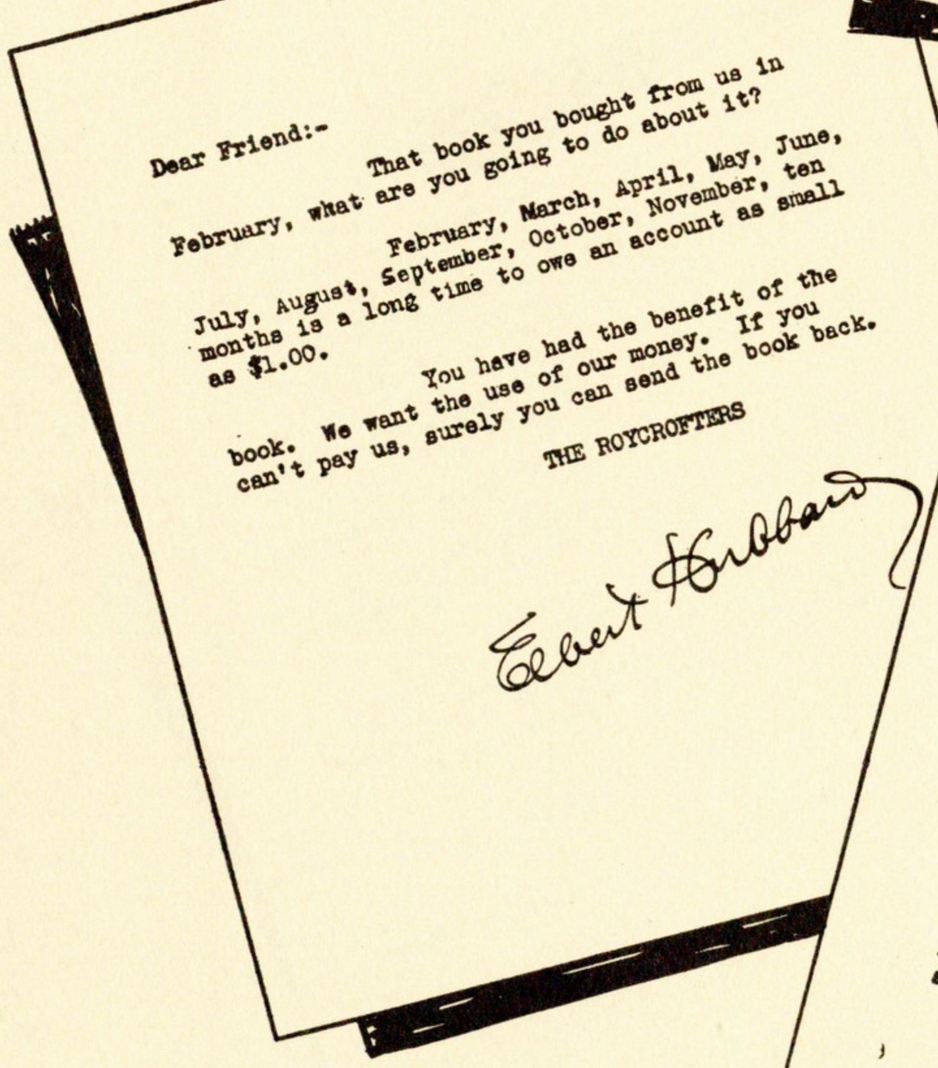
Dreams and theories are all good, but it takes money to do business.

Fifty cents completes the circuit, and it is yours for health, happiness and all the wealth you need.

Sincerely yours,

P.S. Please return this letter with your remittance so the matter will come to my attention.

Elbert Hubbard



Dear Friend:-

That book you bought from us in February, what are you going to do about it?

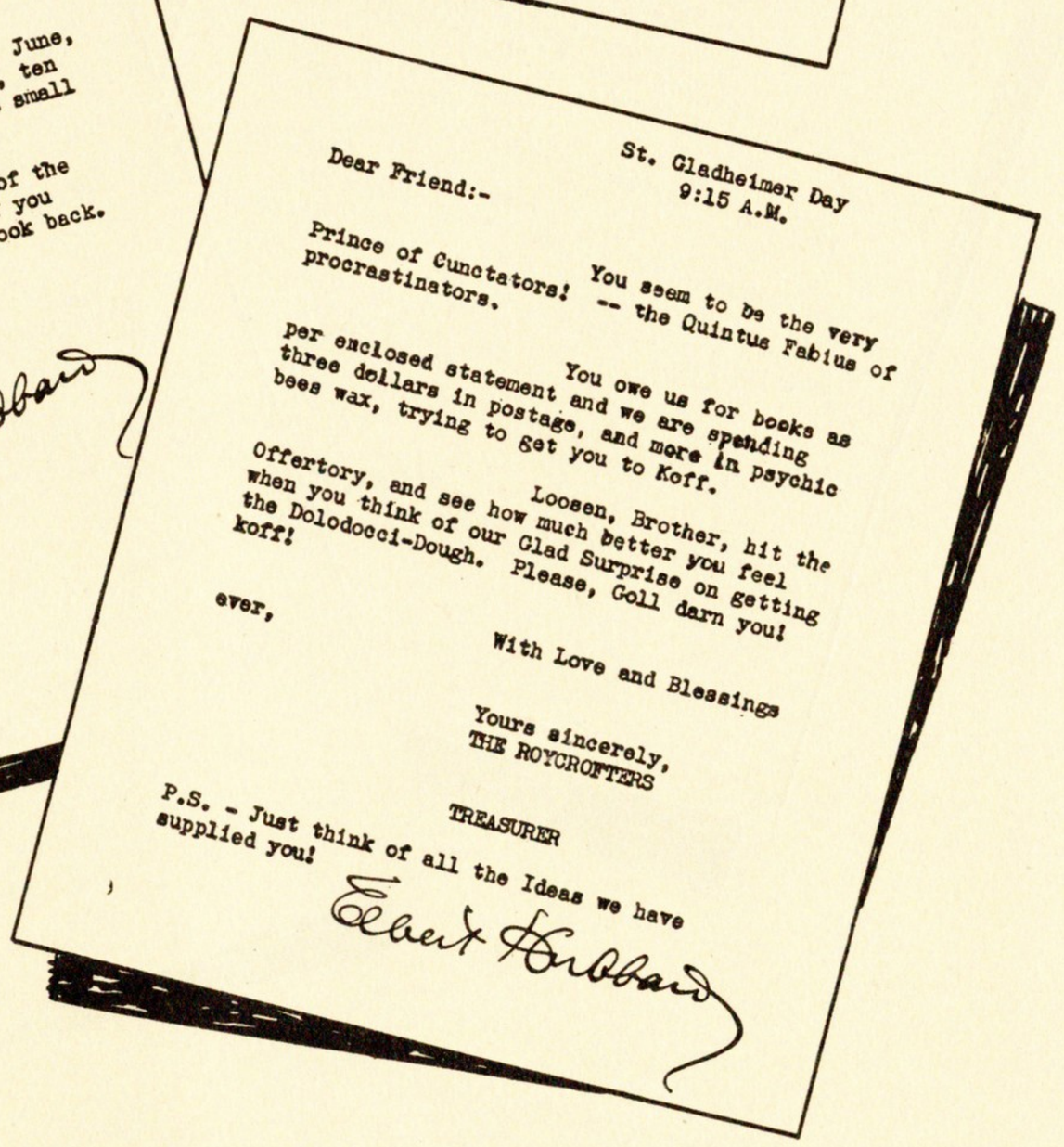
July, August, September, October, November, ten

February, March, April, May, June, months is a long time to owe an account as small as $1.00.

You have had the benefit of the book. We want the use of our money. If you can't pay us, surely you can send the book back.

THE ROYCROFTERS

Elbert Hubbard



St. Gladheimer Day
9:15 A.M.

Dear Friend:-

Prince of Cunctators! You seem to be the very procrastinators. -- the Quintus Fabius of

You owe us for books as per enclosed statement and we are spending three dollars in postage, and more in psychic bees wax, trying to get you to Koff.

Loosen, Brother, hit the Offertory, and see how much better you feel when you think of our Glad Surprise on getting the Dolodocci-Dough. Please, Goll darn you! koff!

ever,

With Love and Blessings

Yours sincerely,
THE ROYCROFTERS

TREASURER

P.S. - Just think of all the Ideas we have supplied you!

Elbert Hubbard

Publicity Preachments

Elbert Hubbard was a pamphleteer. ¶ The famous Little Journeys first appeared in that form. ¶ And even as in the field of literature those biographies have attained high eminence, so have Elbert Hubbard's Publicity Preachments proved their power as advertising media. ¶ They are written with characteristic skill and artistry. ¶ They have in them the spirit of poetry and romance. ¶ They tell the story. They "fetch up." ¶ Many of these Publicity Preachments have been reprinted. ¶ The Story of Steinways is even now on the press for a fourth edition. ¶ So it would appear that Elbert Hubbard's advertisements have survival value—the mark of publicity plus.

A Palaver on Paper

KALAMAZOO produces and purveys " direct to you."
It is a safe bet that there is not a city, town or village in the United States which does not possess some tangible token of Kalamazoo's manufacturing ingenuity and commercial activity. Kalamazoo products are doing more to emancipate the slaves of the kitchen than any other devices invented.
These beneficent productions are manufactured by the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company, and are widely used by people who prize sanitation and economy. They are fittingly described as " Handy Home Helpers."
Truth is stranger than fiction. And it may so happen that in reading this preachment you may lift your eyebrows a little, now and again.
Let me assure you, however, that every statement has been duly sterilized, and fulfils every requirement of the Pure-Food Laws relative to literary coloring matter ❧ ❧

THE father of Paper was Pap Y Rus, whose habitat was the marshes of the Nile. His brothers in fraternity used to greet him thus, "Howdy, Pap!"
¶ The Egyptians used papyrus for many purposes. They wrote books and scrolls upon it; used the reeds for utensils; made the roots into sandals; and wreathed their gods with its flowers.
They darted over the mysterious waters of the Nile in skiffs and canoes made from its bark. The ark of bulrushes, out of which Moses played " peekaboo " with Pharaoh's daughter, was, in fact, made from papyrus ❧ ❧
But by far the most important use to which papyrus was put was that of providing a medium for the preservation of deeds, sayings and events—a written record ❧ ❧
It is a curious fact, though, that although paper and parchment preserve for us the history and thought of the times, that commodity itself has no authentic written history that is continuous. We know that in Three Thousand B. C. the Egyptians wrote on papyrus.
¶ The procedure was the stripping of the covering of the plant, then laying the strips side by side, with another layer crosswise. The layers were then subjected to pressure and smoothed by flat stones. Parchment made from the skins of animals was next in vogue; the chief seat of its manufacture was Pergamos—from which it derived its name.
Paper as we understand it today was practically unknown until the capture of Samarkand, a Chinese province, by the Arabs in Seven Hundred Fifty.
¶ Here were found men who made paper from pulp—a diversion in paper-manufacture.
The Arabs carried these skilled paper-makers into captivity, learned the secret from them and conserved it for centuries. Gradually, however, it became known to the Greeks, through the avenue of trade; but for hundreds of years its evolution is a mystery.
¶ The Moors established the industry in Spain, about Twelve Hundred Fifty; and the beginning of the Thirteenth Century found the Arab occupation of Sicily, bringing the art of paper-making into Italy.
¶ And for two hundred years Italy was the world's paper-maker—the early German printers finding it an invaluable source of supply.
Later, France, the Netherlands and Germany operated mills of their own. But it is an astonishing fact that not until the year Fifteen Hundred Eighty-seven, was there a paper-mill in England.
Shakespeare makes Jack Cade indict Lord Say for " most traitorously corrupting the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar school; and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill!"
The irony of Fate decreed that some two hundred years later, an Englishman with the French name of Fourdrinier should invent a paper-machine that has revolutionized the industry of paper-making.

THE history of paper-making in America begins in Sixteen Hundred Ninety, when a paper-mill was put in operation at Germantown on the Delaware.
¶ The State of Connecticut gave a bounty of twopence a quire on all paper made within its borders.
And both Massachusetts and New York State appointed a public official, who rejoiced in the title of " Rag-Gatherer," who secured rags for paper-making.
And the people were glad to get it. Hence the origin of the term " Glad Rags!"—just as " Saving your Skin " originated from the custom of each homesteader—who was also a hunter and trapper—saving the pelts from his " bag " for the periodical calls of the itinerant tanner's agent. In the War of the Revolution, paper played a great part—not only as " paper bullets of the brain, which made countless thousands think," but as paper for cartridges and wadding.
The supply of paper for these purposes running low, caused foraging parties to be sent out to collect it from any likely source.

In the garret of Ben Franklin's printing-office, two thousand copies of a sermon, *Defensive War*, were found, and these were seized and converted into cartridges ❧ ❧
They were used at the Battle of Monmouth, and " carried conviction " all right, all right!

WE produce more iron and coal than either Great Britain or Germany, and more paper than both together.
Some folks call cotton, king. But the world's product of paper is between ten and twelve million tons—three times that of the cotton-crop!
The thousand paper and pulp mills in the United States have over a million horse-power, and a daily output of twenty-five thousand tons!
And to this immense supply New York State contributes one-half, Michigan and Maine being next.
Measured in dollars and cents, perhaps the income is not so vast as other staple industries—but I think you will agree that the manufacture of paper and paper products is one of the most important adjuncts of civilization.
There is no industry that can exist without paper.
¶ Trade, commerce, the arts and crafts, all activities—professional or industrial—must have paper.
The form, size, texture, composition and color of paper are bewildering in variety.
The newspaper-publisher wants a paper that is strong, easily impressed, and cheap.
The magazine needs a stock that will lend itself to clear illustration.
The cutler must have a paper that is anti-rust; the silversmith, a tissue that is free from tarnishing acids.
¶ The soap-maker must have a paper that is alkali-proof; the fly-paper manufacturer, one that is impervious to oils.
The shoemaker wants a leather-board to cheapen the cost of his sole.
The camera-maker wants a substitute for rubber; the upholsterer one for leather.
The manufacturer of carbon insists on the flimsiest of tissues—without a pin-point flaw; and the lithographer grouches for big sheets of unshrinkable paper.
¶ Our grocer, dairyman, butcher, tobacconist, purveys his commodities in airtight, waterproof, germproof, dustproof packages.
Flour comes to us in paper bags; breakfast-food in cartons; tea in dainty packets.
You can ask your dealer to wrap you up a gallon of paint, or your grocer to run you a pound of molasses in an envelope, and everywhere we drink out of paper cups ❧ ❧
Articles much pawed over by human hands become contaminated. And the facilities afforded by paper have done much to bring about conditions under which we get food that is fresh, untainted, sanitary and hygienic.

DID you ever try to imagine a paperless country?
¶ No newspapers—no magazines—no letters—no mails—no parcel post—and no greenbacks.
We live on paper—and paper credit.
We use it in building our houses; we beautify our rooms with it, furnish with it, lie on it (in a double sense), walk on it, and sometimes folks chew their food with teeth made from it.
We fan ourselves with paper fans to get cool, and wear paper clothes to keep warm.
Last year, a man tramped from Chicago to 'Frisco, in a paper suit, for a wager. It was n't a Mother Hubbard wrapper, it was a regulation Stein-Blox.
He experienced some rough weather, but it stood the test all right, and he pulled the mazuma.
Whenever he was caught in a storm, he just swabbed it off'n him with a blotting-paper hanky!
Paper is put to all uses here enumerated, and then some. But it is paper that has been subjected to special treatment by ingenious methods. And it was a wonderful experience and a delightful one to me, when recently I visited the plant of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company and saw their wonderful and unique business. Here is the acme of genius applied to paper-making ❧ ❧

I FOUND the Home of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company delightfully situated on the river road, two miles North of Kalamazoo.
It is an institution saturated with the spirit of mutual helpfulness and good-will.
The executives are alert, able and sanguine; the employees, happy and contented and efficient. The whole place breathes the spirit of the hive—busyness, business and co-operation, activity and intelligence.
A cleanliness and order prevails that mirrors the mind of the Institution.
For the main idea upon which the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company was formed was that of hygiene, and time and labor saving. What Lincoln was to the slave, the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company is to the housekeeper.
Their products have emancipated the slaves of the kitchen, and made the maid's labor less irksome and distasteful ❧ ❧
These products are made of vegetable parchment.
¶ Vegetable parchment is paper from which all mineral matter has been extracted—leaving the vegetable fiber, only. This parchment is waterproof.
And being non-absorbent, it is sanitary; and because it is sanitary—hygienic—healthful—it is invaluable.
That only is sacred which serves.
Usefulness is the test of service.
If a thing is useless, out with it to the junkpile!
The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company takes a roll of paper—soft, absorbent, microbe-holding—and transforms it into an article of usefulness, beauty and healthfulness. Occupying one room is a huge machine—half a block long—which performs this wonderful transformation.
The process is a secret one—and an ingenious one as well ❧ ❧
No matter how frail or flimsy, how strong or heavy, is the strip of paper fed into it, this machine does its work ❧ ❧
The paper winds its way o'er hills of steel rollers, through running streams of water, emerging eventually

clean, tough and durable—the famous Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment, from which is made between twenty and thirty household helps and kitchen and pantry aids.

Ice-Blankets, Dish-Cloths, Cake-Pan Liners, Jelly-Protectors, Shelf-Paper, Lining Paper, Wrappers for Butter, Bread and Biscuits, Household Rolls, these are some of the handy home helpers!

Clothing is made, too! Coats, raincoats and capes—and every year, millions of "Old Glory," floating from the flagstaffs of the patriotic American, are made by the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company.

When the parchment leaves the huge machine it is taken to the Cutting Room, where it is cut to required sizes, according to its uses, or the article into which it is to be fashioned.

I saw one girl busy cutting squares of an inch, for powders. Another person was shearing it up in seven-foot squares for blankets! The pressroom is a hum of industry

Every day half a million wrappers and novelties are rattled off this battery of presses.

And much of the work is in two colors—artistic and beautiful

The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company is strong, vigorous and thriving.

Its products are known in every State in the Union, and in every civilized country.

England, France, Germany, Italy—all great paper-makers—come to Kalamazoo for vegetable parchment. China, Japan and the Philippines are their customers.

¶ Look at your butter, lard, bread or biscuit wrapper—it 's more than likely that it bears the Trademark of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company.

This company has won, and maintains, a reputation for quality goods and fair dealing, everywhere and with every one with whom it has done business.

THOUSANDS of busy housekeepers use Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment, with joy and gladness.

They are satisfied. It enables them to do their work quickly, easily and hygienically.

It saves time, money and waste. Also it conserves energy

The Kalamazoo Parchment is absolutely water-proof, grease-proof and odor-proof. It is antiseptic. It prevents food from absorbing odor and becoming tainted. Milk, butter, and such like foods, when wrapped in Kalamazoo Parchment, can be kept in the refrigerator along with fish, or cooked meats, without danger of infection

It keeps all food fresh and appetizing.

Meat is kept fresher, juicier and cleaner by being wrapped in it. The parchment, being impermeable to air or moisture, keeps the gravy in and the germs out. And you don't need to pick off the lint or fibrous threads, as when you use cheesecloth for a covering.

¶ In a thousand and one ways Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment proves helpful and efficient.

It serves as a tablecloth, a serviette or a doily. You can use it to line your cake-tins, preventing burning or sticking

You can line your shelves with it; it stays "put," neither curling nor crinkling.

As an ice-blanket it will cut your ice-bills in half, and save you a lot of muss and dirt. One blanket will last all Summer.

It takes the place of smelly rubber for a "stork sheet," keeping baby warm, dry, comfortable and sanitary. And as a bed-blanket it will cause your heart to warm!

No need to fuss with paraffine for your fruit-jars—Vegetable Parchment does the work better and in less time. And they look some pretty in your fruit-closet, believe me!

The deadly dish-rag has had its day. Kalamazoo Parchment has given it the willopus-wallopus!

It washes dishes better than a cloth, leaving them lintless and unstreaked.

Grease and dirt slip off it, like water off a duck's back! It is never smelly nor slippery, but always sweet and sanitary

For polishing cut glass, windows, mirrors and marble, for wiping off the sink, stove, toilet-bowls or painting, it is equally useful and efficient.

To get along without these beneficent products of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company is to keep 'way behind.

To use them is to get in the line of evolution—to make life pleasanter—to be happier and to live longer.

The Kalamazoo Paper Products have passed through the trial stage. They are no longer experiments.

They have proved their merit, their value.

The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company stands for health, hygiene, helpfulness—and their handy home helpers are standards of absolute purity, good-will and good service.

All their products are inexpensive.

They put them up in handy parcels—specially selected as to variety, or in accordance with your own order. Every good housekeeper owes it to herself to know what the world of science is doing to lighten her burdens

Most dealers carry the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Products. Be sure that the name "Kalamazoo" is on every package. If you can not obtain the Kalamazoo Products from your dealer, send us the required amount for article desired, and dealer's name, and we will forward goods to you POSTPAID.

The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and things. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart-throbs of men and women, their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires, his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.

A Little Journey To

Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau

I AM an author, a lecturer, a publicist, a printer and a farmer.
I use more words than Shakespeare; I have Demosthenes backed off the map; I make Solomon look like a two-spot.
I do my writing in a Zeppelin, coming down only for grub—and to grab the gimmeo-goblins ❧ ❧
And occasionally I disguise myself in red and blue whiskers. And my real name is John.
I am quoting from press clippings!
I have several thousands of these, housed in a special fireproof, burglarproof room at the Roycroft.
Whenever I have lost my identity and feel in need of a mental exhilarator, I hie me to this room and taking a handful of clippings from one of the pigeonholes, I get a line on myself.

" O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion."

Good for you, Robbie!—and here it is in Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau.
I, figuratively speaking, sit on the grandstand and watch myself go by. These diversities of opinion and distortions of personality amuse me—they cause me to laugh, to relax. And I utter a prayer for strength to live up to my reputation, and go back to my work.

EVERYBODY is interested in what folks say about them ❧ ❧
They may not care to admit the fact, but nevertheless it is so.
And you will generally find that the person who does n't give a Continental what the newspapers say about him either one way or the other subscribes to the press-clipping bureau anyway. Of course, you may find exceptions, where a supersensitive soul can not endure the pin-pricks of newspaper publicity, or the harpings of a magazine harpy. Such a man was Stephen Crane, who suffered endless torture through the unkind criticism of the press.
It is not every one who can cash in on adverse comments or turn a knock into a boost.
But it is surely saner to know how your cosmic bank-balance stands—who are your debtors and creditors—than to jog along to friendless bankruptcy.
Therefore, I subscribe to Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau, which keeps me supplied with personal pointers—polite and otherwise—telling me things about myself which I never even suspected, and giving me credit for things I never did, and for which I am no more responsible than the Queen of Sheba.
Which reminds me! King George of England assisted by Queen Mary has got together a collection of press clippings, magazine articles and pictures relating to themselves, which they have had sumptuously bound in calf ❧ ❧
This book is entitled, " Things We Never Did," or " Nuttings Diddings."
And you can imagine it is a Royal Octavo Volume.
So do we pay the penalty of greatness.

OF all the characters in Dickens' " Dombey and Son," Captain Cuttle is dearest to our remembrance ❧ ❧
What a kind-hearted, eccentric soul the old sailor was! ❧ ❧
Squat, stocky, blue-coated, kindly-faced, and with a wonderful bread-hook with which he did prodigious stunts ❧ ❧
But Captain Cuttle's fame rests on six words—his favorite quotation—" When found make a note of—"
¶ And to follow Captain Cuttle's advice is to step forward on the Lincoln Highway of success.
The person who succeeds takes note—also notes. Jot it down!—sure!
Whenever you get an idea, hog-tie it. Get it on paper—you may never have another.
The notebook habit and Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau are twins.
They furnish the building material from which genius and craftsmanship evolve art and science and literature and Big Business.
Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau is an idea-garage which supplies mental gasolene, and spare parts for your Cosmic Motor-Car.

NO man knows everything. If he says so he proves he does n't.
Therefore I believe in Votes for Women as well as in Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau.
And for reasons that are obvious and synchronous. Because both can tell us something—teach us something. And though at times these things may not be palatable they are beneficial—which can not be said for every sugar-coated pill. Also, it will be remembered, " Equal burdens break no backs."
Blessed is that man who has found his work.
Also blessed is he who has found some one else who can help him do his work.
And this (dismissing Emmeline for the present) is exactly what the Hemstreet Bureau does.

It brings the warp and weft for you to weave and pattern, the nuggets for you to refine, the rough diamond for you to cut, polish and set.
The professional man, the student, the businessman, the worker may all draw inspiration and help from the Hemstreet Bureau.
It lightens the labor of research, saves valuable time, and keeps its patrons en rapport with men and things.
¶ And you need not accept my mere " say so " for all this. The thousands of professional men, craftsmen and laborers who utilize Hemstreet's Bureau emphatically endorse my statements.

IN addition to the services rendered to the professions, to business, and to the student, Hemstreet's Bureau fills another important role.
It is a history of the times, a record of events that mark pivotal points in the evolution of mankind.
Also, press clippings of time agone, when produced at the psychological moment, can be used with even more deadly effect than Irish confetti.
Mick and his brick at Donnybrook are not in it. " What did Roosevelt say in Nineteen Hundred Eight?"—sure! Believe me, there are a few big guns in the United States today whom a handful of clippings supplied by Hemstreet's Bureau would put out of action ❧ ❧
I have a few shots in a specially marked locker, myself, which I may fire " when in the course of human events it becomes necessary."
At present I am neutral—nix!

IF you are a society one, Hemstreet's Bureau must appeal to you.
It provides dainty clippings and beautiful albums relative to theaters, concerts, receptions, weddings, and other public and private functions in which you are particularly interested.
Hemstreet's Bureau procures this information from every source, likely and unlikely; and the nooks and corners of newspaperdom and magazinedom are ransacked for interesting information on your favorite player, painter, pianist, singer, orator, or public man.
¶ You have at your fingers' ends the life-story and doings of the lion of the day.
Obituary notices, too, are clipped in thousands, and grateful subscribers cherish these clustering memories preciously ❧ ❧

AND thus, in a multitude of ways Hemstreet's Bureau serves its vast clientele.
The personal, the professional, the business, the social and political, the sentimental and the recreative phases of life are catered to.
And this entails the exploration of a vast field, the employment of a big corps of trained people, and the exercise of a system, an organization, and a specialization of departments that is remarkable—almost unique in the arena of business and business institutions ❧ ❧
I had often thought of the tremendous amount of work attached to a press-clipping bureau; and a little while ago, when in New York, I had the good fortune to see the inside workings of the biggest press-clipping concern in the world—Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau.

AND it happened thuswise:
I was walking along Tenth Avenue. Clang! Clang!! Clang!!! A fire-engine swept by. And then another—swaying, plunging, clanging.
A block away they drew up with a jerk. The firemen leaped from their places and ran out their hose.
A crowd of people sprang up from nowhere. I joined them.
And down the steps of the fire-escape of a big building, I saw a stream of workers descending calmly and in perfect order to the street.
There was no fire! Just a fire-drill—that was all.
Some excited person—very probably a national-defense bug—thought fire-engines were needed and called them.
But it was a fine advertisement, as this booklet demonstrates. For if the fire-department had not been called out I should have walked by 626 Tenth Avenue, and Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau would have remained undiscovered—by me.
As it was, however, when the fire-laddies had departed and the crowd dispersed, I entered the building, where there is carried on this great press-clipping business.
¶ I had gone but a few steps when I met Charles Hemstreet, the manager of this institution.
I knew Mr. Hemstreet both personally and through his writings.
Many a pleasant hour have I spent in the quaint and curious " Nooks and Corners of Old New York," in the " Odd Nooks of Old London," and on the " Broadway of Yesterday."
And by " The Story of Manhattan " and " Literary New York " I have been charmed as with a romance.

MR. HEMSTREET introduced me to Francis E. Falkenbury, who has the hearty hand-clasp and the cordial greeting which are the sure earnest of a gracious, kindly and big-hearted man.
Later I learned that my professional instinct was not dead—that my diagnosis was correct, and that Francis E. Falkenbury was respected and loved by every one in the institution, from his partner, Mr. Hemstreet, down to the janitor.
This by reason of the kindly interest he takes in every person employed by Hemstreet's Bureau, exemplified in his constant endeavor to make them happy and contented. And yet he is a disciplinarian, but he keeps his discipline out of sight.
He is responsible for giving to the workers shorter hours, and a morning and afternoon recess. And many other privileges trace their origin to him—all of which tend to the greater efficiency and closer brotherhood of the Hemstreet family. And Charles Hemstreet and Francis Falkenbury in turn are great admirers of " Little Journeys " and are " Fra " and " Philistine " subscribers ❧ ❧
Thus between us there is a bond of brotherhood, mutuality and good-will. Under their kindly guidance I made a tour of the Hemstreet building. And I was amazed at the magnitude of the business and the facility with which it is handled.

Thirty thousand newspapers and magazines, covering every imaginable subject and from every country in the world, are read, marked and clipped every day by the competent, alert corps of Hemstreet workers. ¶ So, if you want to know what every newspaper and every magazine says about you, or any subject, thing or person in which you are interested, you can be supplied ❧ ❧

Hemstreet's Bureau will send you the desired information, day by day. Each clipping is mounted on a slip, which shows the name of the paper or magazine from which it was clipped and the date on which it was published ❧ ❧

I also noticed that some wonderful scrapbooks were made here—weddings, big social events, and the like ❧ ❧

My attention was called to a special scrapbook which was in the course of preparation.

This is to be a newspaper history of the European War. ¶ From the earliest suggestion of a war this great scrapbook is being carried on day by day.

" We feel," said Mr. Hemstreet, " that this book will not only be a comprehensive and exhaustive history of the greatest of conflicts, but that it will be the most wonderful scrapbook of newspaper-clippings ever attempted. We are compiling it for a client who has granted us the privilege of holding it for inspection; so that in case any information is desired by our subscribers the work may be consulted here at any time." ¶ This huge volume is prepared on specially printed Irish linen paper leaves, and will contain title-pages and sub-title pages, together with an index covering every detail of each engagement. Hemstreet's Bureau is divided into different departments, all under competent heads, whose slogan is, " Service and Satisfaction." ¶ There is a smoothness, a sweetness, in the whole organization that mirrors the perfect " fitting-in-ness " of each employee with the policy and work of the institution ❧ ❧

Mr. Hemstreet has general charge of the management, and he is to be congratulated upon having such an able colleague as Francis E. Falkenbury as sales-manager ❧ ❧

These two men make a fine team.

They are imbued with the idea that Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau is, and must always of necessity be, the finest press-clipping bureau in the world.

They believe in themselves, in their helpers and in their business.

They know they have the goods, can deliver them—and do ❧ ❧

" Results count " is their motto, and they refuse to see anything else.

They are optimists. They do not wear their future for a bustle. They prefer to take the accomplishments of the past and the achievements of the present as an earnest for the future.

HEMSTREET'S Press Clipping Bureau is a wonderful organization, marvelously conducted. ¶ It is an object-lesson in utility and usefulness. Trifles make perfection, but perfection itself is no trifle.

And this wonderful business has made it possible for every one, " from college professor *up* to hod-carrier " (to use Mr. Hemstreet's quaint phrase), to become a brighter, better and more useful citizen.

And my advice is, leave the mummy trust and get into communication with Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau.

Edward Bellamy declared advertising to be an economic waste; and he explained that the cost of advertising was always counted in and added to the value of the article and ultimately was paid for by the consumer. He then made his calculation that by eliminating advertising the cost of the article to the consumer would be much reduced

Some Oxaline

IN a recent issue of the Good Stuff I handed out a little dentes sapientia. In fact, I used the literary slap-stick on a few pee-wee dentists who not only will not advertise, but who want to boycott those who do ❧ ❧

To my surprise that issue was cleaned up on the newsstand in short order, and the call still continues, although there are no more copies to be had.

It was n't alone the dentists who read the article, but almost every one else who believes in the newly-evolved and evolving science of advertising.

The widespread interest in the subject of advertising is revealed in the formation of clubs to study the theme from every point of view.

The "Adscript," "Adcraft" and "Poor Richard" Clubs combine in their membership the brightest and most progressive minds in their respective communities. New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Boston, Grand Rapids, Kansas City, Indianapolis, Buffalo and various other cities have their Advertising Clubs where the psychic sparks are made to fly, in a daily, weekly or monthly forum.

He who imagines that modern advertising is the exploitation of the public is a bicuspidati diplidocus, would do well to come out of his comatose state and currycomb his convolutions.

Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in way of skill, talent or commodity.

LIFE, now, is human service.

To deceive is to beckon for the Commissioner in Bankruptcy. Nothing goes but truth.

We know this—because for over two thousand years we have been trying everything else.

Academic education is the act of memorizing things read in books, and things told by college professors who got their education mostly by memorizing things read in books and told by college professors.

It is easier to be taught than to attain.

It is easier to accept than to investigate.

It is easier to follow than to lead—usually.

Yet we are all heir to peculiar, unique and individual talents, and a few men are not content to follow.

These have usually been killed, and suddenly.

Now, our cry is, "Make room for individuality!"

¶ Yet your "ethical" dentist, or doctor, harks back to a day that is dead and cries anathema at the man who infuses a little of his own God-given individuality into his business.

Some men can only do their best when amid the buzz of industry, and surrounded by a group of congenial souls ❧ ❧

For such a one, if he be a dentist, to coop himself up in a cubby-hole of a room and wait for customers to push in the door, is death.

He may have a genius for leadership, but your ethical says "Nay," and thrusts him back.

I know of dentists who are dying of loneliness and heart-hunger.

If they could be at work with a dozen others, advertising and getting the business, they would be happy.

Why can't they?

Ask the Interstate Dental Society!

TRUTH," says Dr. Charles W. Eliot, "is the new virtue."

Let the truth be known about your business.

The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer in way of service, or one who can not make good.

All such should seek the friendly shelter of oblivion, where dwell those who, shrouded in Stygian shades, foregather gloom, and are out of the game.

Not to advertise is to be nominated for membership in the Down-and-Out Club.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts are opposition societies to the Mummy Trust, symboled by the Philadelphic Club—that hoary, hoarson, senile and babbling bunch of barnacles who having lost their capacity to sin, alternately blab of a Goodyear virtue and boast of the days that are gone.

About the best we can say of the days that are gone, is that they are gone.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafts look to the East. They worship the rising sun. The oleo of authority does not much interest them. They want the Kosmic Kerosene that supplies the caloric.

A good Adcraftscripter is never either a philophraster nor a theologaster—he is a pragmatist. He seeks the good for himself, for his clients, and for the whole human race.

The science of advertising is the science of psychology.

¶ And psychology is the science of the human heart.

¶ The advertiser works to supply a human want; and often he has to arouse the desire for his goods. He educates the public as to what it needs, and what it wants, and shows where and how to get it.

The idea of the "ethical dentist" who refrains from advertising was originally founded on the proposition derived from the medicos that advertising was fakery. This view once had a certain basis in fact, when the

only people who advertised were transients. The merchant who lived in a town assumed that every one knew where he was and what he had to offer. The doctor the same ❧ ❧

This no longer applies. We are living so fast, and inventing so fast, and changing so fast, and there are so many of us, that he who does not advertise is left to the spiders, the cockroaches and the microbes. The fact that you have all the business you can well manage is no excuse now for not advertising.

TO stand still is to retreat!

To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals that skirt the borders of every successful venture, pick up your Termini and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising ❧ ❧

To hold the old customers, you must get out after the new ❧ ❧

When you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

The only names in Greek History that we know are those which Herodotus and Thucydides graved with deathless styli.

The men of Rome who live and tread the boardwalk are those Plutarch took up and writ their names large on human hearts.

All that Plutarch knew of Greek heroes was what he read in Herodotus.

All that Shakespeare knew of Classic Greece and Rome, and the heroes of that far-off time, is what he dug out of Plutarch's Lives. And about all that most people now know of Greece and Rome they got from Shakespeare ❧ ❧

Plutarch boomed his Roman friends and matched each favorite with some Greek, written of by Herodotus. Plutarch wrote of the men he liked, some of whom we know put up good mazuma to cover expenses.

BUT of all the Plenipotentiaries of Publicity, Ambassadors of Advertising, and Bosses of Press Bureaus, none equals Moses, who lived fifteen centuries before Christ. Moses appointed himself ad-writer for Deity, and gave us an account of creation, from personal interviews. And although some say these interviews were faked, this account has been accepted for thirty-five centuries.

Moses wrote the first five books of the Bible, and this account includes a record of the author's romantic birth and of his serene and dignified death. Moses is the central figure, after Yahweh, in the whole write-up.

¶ Egyptian history makes not a single mention of Moses or of the Exodus, and no record is found of the flight from Egypt save what Moses wrote.

At best it was only a few hundred people who hiked, but the account makes the whole thing seem colossal and magnificent. And best of all, the high standard set has been an inspiration to millions to live up to the dope ❧ ❧

The phrase, "The Chosen People of God," was a catch-phrase unrivaled. Slogans abound in Moses that have been taken up by millions on millions.

When Moses took over the Judaic account, Jehovah was only a tutelary or tribal god. He was simply one of many. He had at least forty strong competitors. The Egyptians had various gods; the Midianites, Hittites, Philistines, Amorites, Ammonites had at least one god each ❧ ❧

Moses made his god supreme, and all other gods were driven from the skies.

What turned the trick?

I 'll tell you—the writings of Moses, and nothing else. So able, convincing, direct and inclusive were the claims of Moses that the world, absolutely, was won by them ❧ ❧

In the Mosaic Code was enough of the saving salt of commonsense to keep it alive. It was a religion for the now and here. The Mosaic laws are sanitary laws and work for the positive, present good of those who abide by them ❧ ❧

It is not deeds nor acts that last—it is the written record of those deeds and acts.

It was not the life and death of Jesus that fixed His place as the central figure of His time—and perhaps of all time—it was what Paul and certain unknown writers who never even saw Him claimed and had to say in written words.

HORATIUS still stands at the bridge, because a poet placed him there.

Paul Revere rides a-down the night giving his warning cry, because Longfellow set the meters in a gallop.

¶ Across the waste of waters the enemy calls upon Paul Jones to surrender, and the voice of Paul Jones echoes back, "Goddam your souls to hell—we have not yet begun to fight!" And the sound of the fearless voice has given courage to countless thousands to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat.

In Brussels there is yet to be heard a sound of revelry by night, only because Byron told of it.

Commodore Perry, that rash and impulsive youth of twenty-six, never sent that message, "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but a good reporter did, and the reporter's words live, while Perry's died on the empty air.

Lord Douglas never said,

"The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall in friendship grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Sir Walter Scott made that remark on white paper with an eagle's quill, and schoolboys' hearts will beat high as they scorn the offered hand on Friday afternoons, for centuries to come.

Virginius lives in heroic mold, not for what he said or did, but for the words put into his mouth by a man who pushed what you call a virile pen and wrote such an ad for Virginius as he could never have written for himself ❧ ❧

Andrew J. Rowan carried the Message to Garcia, all right, but the deed would have been lost in the dust-bin of time, and quickly too, were it not for George H. Daniels, who etched the act into the memory of the race, and fixed the deed in history, sending it down the

corridors of time with the rumble of the Empire State Express, so that today it is a part of the current coin of the mental realm, a legal tender wherever English she is spoke.

ALL literature is advertising.
And all genuine advertisements are literature. ¶ The author advertises men, times, places, deeds, events and things. His appeal is to the universal human soul. If he does not know the heart-throbs of men and women, their hopes, joys, ambitions, tastes, needs and desires, his work will interest no one but himself and his admiring friends.
Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is Human Wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified.
It interests, inspires, educates—sometimes amuses—informs and thereby uplifts and benefits, lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

TIME AND PROGRESS

¶ The recognition of time as the most important factor in existence constitutes civilization. The proper measuring of time is an absolute necessity to human progress.

¶ The Waltham Watch Company takes this occasion to congratulate the United States Government on the success of its experiment of announcing its time by wireless. ¶ Having been informed that the United States Government had decided to begin the practise of indicating daily from naval wireless stations the hour of noon, the general manager, the superintendent of watchmaking, and the horological expert of the Waltham Watch Company, each from the private wireless station at his own home, took the time-signals. They had previously set two of their finest timepieces to the fraction of a second in their own clock-room, which contains the most accurate and finest instruments in the world. The Government time-signal proved to be correct without one-tenth of a second.

¶ The Waltham Watch Company, which is the Original American Watchmaking Concern, is always alert and active in behalf of humanity in evolving perfect timepieces.

¶ The Waltham Watch, in construction, material, finish, technique and craftsmanship, represents the highest development of the science and art of watchmaking. ¶ To carry a Waltham Watch is a mark of discrimination and distinction. The Waltham Watch can be seen at the best jewelers' in various styles and movements. ¶ You can secure some interesting literature on the Waltham Watches by writing the makers.

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY
WALTHAM, MASS

A Little Journey to Wayne-Knit

RECENTLY I gave a lecture at Fort Wayne, Indiana, as beautiful and prosperous a little city as there is in America. Fort Wayne is a city of homes—homes with gardens, flowers, trees, and all that makes for thrift and comfort.
Fort Wayne has well-paved streets, cluster lamps, splendid schools, clubs, parks, forests and farms. ¶ It is a peaceful, prosperous, progressive place.
After my lecture, I remained on a day, just for one purpose—to visit the Wayne Knitting Mills.
For five years I had been wearing " WAYNE-KNIT " and had found rare comfort in the brand. And I wanted to see the place and the people that produced goods of such merit and grace.

THE art of knitting was first practised in Scotland. It was carried on by the thrifty housewife, while with one foot she rocked the cradle.
In Fifteen Hundred Eighty-nine, the Reverend W. Lee, vicar of Calverton, Nottingham, England, invented a machine that would knit.
He was the first man to loop the loop, mechanically.
Lee waited upon Queen Elizabeth and presented her a dozen pairs of silken hose, which she graciously accepted, and counted among the choicest things in her wardrobe.
It was to save these hose that Sir Walter Raleigh spread himself and his cloak, thereby earning undying fame

IN less than a century, this nation has created for itself a name, and accumulated a wealth, which is the wonder and envy of the world.
We no longer card, spin, weave and knit our clothing in the home, and our best clothing is not necessarily imported
American women are the best-looking and the best-dressed in the world—closely followed by the men.

IN hosiery and knit-goods, the United States has outstripped the world.
More fine knit-goods are used here than in all other countries combined.
We believe in comfort, also we believe in beauty. Comfort is use—art is beauty. We must have the best.
So when we want hose that is the best, we say " WAYNE-KNIT "—and the salesman understands.
As a people we have the " WAYNE-KNIT " habit.
¶ " WAYNE-KNIT " symbols the stocking that has style, that fits, that lasts, that makes our walk through life easy and graceful.

In the Fall of Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one, a group of twenty-three men and two women arrived from Saxony, Germany, at Fort Wayne, Indiana.
This little band had a special skill and dexterity in hosiery manufacture.
All were experts—full-fashioned knitters—whose joy was in their work. They were a healthy, happy, able people
Awaiting them was a little mill equipped with the most modern machinery, and these hosiery artists began operations. The result was hosiery that was unique and beautiful, durable and artistic.
Hitherto, full-fashioned, artistic hose was an imported article. The Wayne Knitting Mills made it their specialty—they began a new enterprise.
The Wayne Knitting Mills was the first successful full-fashioned plant in America. Today it is perhaps the biggest home of full-fashioned hosiery in the world, and the most exclusive.
It has increased its capital nine times—from Thirty Thousand Dollars to a Million and a Half.
The Wayne Knitting Mills now employ one hundred times more employees than they did at the commencement of business. They have fifteen hundred girls—bright, happy, contented girls—and they want still more.
And they have a thousand men—all expert stocking-makers
To look a payroll in the eye every week is one of the compensations of an employer of labor.
And the payroll is the world's greatest civilizer.
Since its inception, the Wayne Knitting Mills has never deferred a pay-day, nor closed down for lack of money or work. They deal in quality goods; and quality goods are not made simply by quality material, but by quality service, and by quality people.
Every employee gives of his best, and he is paid the highest rate.
Out of their surplus earnings, many WAYNE-KNIT workers have built homes.
Not only do they knit hose at the Wayne Knitting Mills, but here Time's shuttle plies over the web and woof of friendship, and the fabric is Life. The employers and employees are all just one big family.

THE environment of the " WAYNE-KNIT " workers approaches the ideal. In addition to light and sanitary work-rooms, the management has erected one of the most complete clubhouses, for the use of the workers, I have ever seen.
It represents an investment of over Fifty Thousand Dollars

One hundred girls live here in comfort and security. And they fully appreciate its provision.

The main floor contains a large dining-room and small private ones, with seating capacity for seven hundred, and the menus are exponents of the low cost of high living—meals being served at infinitesimal prices

The basement is laid out for recreation in bowling and pool, and reading and music rooms are also provided.

¶ In Nineteen Hundred Four the Textile Industrial Club was organized. It is composed of executive officers and department heads and makes the club-house its headquarters.

The Textile Club has charge of all welfare work, discusses business problems, and creates " vibes." It has proved an important factor in the promotion of harmony and efficiency between the firm and the workers.

¶ The members of the Textile Club participate in a profit-sharing plan, at the end of each fiscal year.

¶ There is also an Insurance and Benefit Club. The payment of a sum ranging from ten cents to seventy-five cents a month gives sick or accident allowance of from two dollars to fifteen dollars a week, and from fifty dollars to one hundred twenty-five dollars at death

THE Wayne-Knit people co-operate. They stick together and pull together.

The fidelity and loyalty of the workers has been tested and tried. The Wayne-Knitting Mills, with its twenty-five hundred loyal workers, is an example of solidarity and harmony.

Here is not only the home of full-fashioned hosiery, but also the home of democracy.

Behind the hum of industry is a pulsating humanism. The air is surcharged with helpfulness and good-will.

¶ The Wayne-Knit management do not keep their sympathy in water-tight compartments. It runs over.

¶ Three branch WAYNE-KNIT plants are operated in the suburbs, employing nearly a thousand people.

¶ There are also several hundred homes in the city where work is done for the WAYNE-KNIT firm.

So is many a welcome dollar brought to striving families and to the industrious widow.

The Wayne Knitting Mills believes in the Trinity—the Employee, the Customer and the Stockholder. Upon this trinity they have built their successful business

The products of a mill mirror the men behind them. A concern that considers the welfare of its people will also consider the well-being of its customers. And to do this they will make their commodities from the best materials, and in the most scientific and artistic way.

¶ That is the Wayne Knitting Mills way—

" THE WAYNE-KNIT WAY."

Does it not follow, therefore, that with such happy, healthy operatives — with such environment — such ideals—the Wayne Knitting Mills products should be preeminently first?

THE success of the WAYNE-KNIT brands is due to honest goods and honest methods in selling.

¶ They were the pioneers of guaranteed hosiery—the first to offer a broad, comprehensive guarantee on hosiery

And today every pair of " Indestructible " hose made here bears this guarantee: " This pair of WAYNE-KNIT Indestructible Hose is warranted to give satisfaction as to wear and color. The dealer is authorized to exchange this pair for another if not satisfactory in this respect."

No successful business is satisfied with its past achievements

The Wayne Knitting Mills has been the pioneer of hosiery for twenty-two years, and has introduced many of the most artistic and comfortable hose. These have been extensively imitated, but they all lack the WAYNE-KNIT finish and beauty—the hall-mark of quality

And their latest production—the WAY-NEW FOOT—is far ahead of any silk, or thin lisle stocking, hitherto made

It has been built. It is scientific. The sole—made of long-staple cotton, as all WAYNE-KNIT soles are—is extended, until it covers the toes and side of the foot

Your toes are pocketed in a soft envelope of cotton. Comfort is yours. Your hose lasts as long again, and corns and bunions are nix and nil.

The upper foot and legs are silk and lisle, full-fashioned. They fit like a glove, and give an added grace to a shapely leg or a neatly turned ankle.

A well-dressed person is a soxologist. At one time hose was heavy, lumpy and shapeless. Silk or lisle hose were considered a luxury.

The housewife's recreation was darning socks—in a double sense.

The feel of ridges and chunks in much-mended socks was one of life's experiences. Now, silk or lisle hose is worn by every one, and they must synchronize with our neckties, or show themselves " courageous to the petticoat."

To be well dressed you must be WAYNE-KNIT hosed. Nothing looks worse than a baggy, wrinkled hose " a world too wide."

The big advantage of WAYNE-KNIT hose is that they are full-fashioned.

I walk every day from five to twenty miles. And I wear WAYNE-KNIT because they fit and give me that comfy feeling. When I get tired I change my socks, and when I change my socks I change my mind.

All legs are not alike. So the hose of WAYNE-KNIT are various—for the tangoist, the tangoette, for men, women and children, for slim and fat.

The ever-increasing prosperity of this country has so increased the number of plump and plutocratic women, that something had to be done in the direction of hose, to meet, and fit, the expansion. Hence, the " WAYNE KNIT " FLARE TOP which meets the case, and fits it

The " FLARE TOP " is an innovation that has proved very acceptable.

Another WAYNE-KNIT introduction is the WELCOME—probably the finest silk hose to be had anywhere for service and looks.

Made of the finest silk thread, with three garter-proof

straps, and the " WAY-NEW " FOOT, it is a stocking that is true to name.

Nothing exceeds the speed-limit like the " run " in a silk stocking, or is more embarrassing.

The WELCOME to a large extent eliminates this trouble, by reason of the construction of foot and garter straps.

For children, the famous " PONY STOCKINGS " have become a standard. They are practically indestructible.

All the products of the Wayne Knitting Mills are stylish, comfortable and durable.

They are made scientifically, artistically and efficiently —they are works of art.

WAYNE-KNIT HOSE are a blend of use and beauty.

They have style and they have character, because they are made by people who have both.

WAYNE-KNIT makes happy, healthy, prosperous men and women, more so.

FOR any one to deny the cleverness of Hubbard is like saying flying-machines don't fly. Hubbard always has been smart

¶ Hubbard makes and sells pretty nearly everything—from literature to andirons. He runs an Inn at East Aurora; he lectures all over the country; he has been on the vaudeville circuit; he writes advertisements.

¶ A critic says Elbert Hubbard uses more words than any other living writer, and next to Shakespeare has a larger vocabulary than any other man living or dead.

¶ Words, to Hubbard, are like wine to an ordinary drinking man. He plays with words, juggles words, invents words, makes them do tricks; his hobby is words; he lets them intoxicate him. With his word-play, he can make things beautiful or ugly, intense or silly, moral or immoral, at will. He never has to search for an idea—thoughts come to him continuously and fast, and he uses his remarkable gift for words to dress his thoughts (but often they are decidedly decollete). He delights in word-play. He has his supreme gratification in that he gets a great many beautiful rises to his word-casting. He enjoys the startling compositions he is able to accomplish with this extraordinary gift for words. To suppose for an instant that Hubbard really believes a half of what he publishes would be the height of gullibility. He writes for the fun of the effect his words will have —not from what he feels.—*George Batten.*

A Little Journey to Mooseheart

AS a good and loyal Moose I recently made a little journey to Mooseheart ❧ ❧

I went alone, unattended, unannounced, wishing to see the place in its working-clothes.

Mooseheart is five miles from the center of the thriving city of Aurora, Ill., on the line of the Interurban, that runs between Elgin and Aurora. Cars run every half-hour, but I preferred to walk. ¶ It was a delightful October day. The sun shone brightly; the trees were spangled with russet, brown and gold; the bluejays called and chattered; and the squirrels were playing hide-and-seek over the gnarled branches of the oaks.

I followed the street-car line, out past stately, prosperous residences.

The houses grew farther and farther apart, the yards more spacious.

The road led along the West bank of the Fox River. It is a rarely beautiful, winding stream. Now and then I saw a boy fishing; and there were little motor-boats that wound in and out among the numerous islands. ¶ The roadway was perfect. Automobiles whizzed past me, and one man in seeming pity stopped and offered to give me a ride. I was sorry not to accept his kind offer, but I wanted to foot it that little distance from Aurora to Mooseheart. I wanted to view the country slowly and calmly.

I talked with people along the way, asking the route. Everybody knew of Mooseheart!

AND then I came to a little waiting-room, tidy and artistic, and over the door, in graceful letters, was the legend: MOOSEHEART.

Up to the left, on the hillside, were numerous barns and other buildings. I did not have a chance to introduce myself. Before I entered the gate I was greeted with the brotherly "Howdy-Pap!" Everybody knew me—I knew everybody.

In the grove, down by the waterside, I saw a group of youngsters—boys and girls, seated in a semicircle, and I soon discovered that this was a part of Mooseheart—an outdoor school.

The teacher told me that when the weather was pleasant, instead of keeping the youngsters cooped up indoors, she took them out in the open, across the fields, down to the waterside, and they studied the birds, the bees, the flowers, the trees, and got on good terms with God's great beautiful out-of-doors.

It was a very happy throng of children, brown, simply dressed, healthy, happy and well fed.

These children in the khaki-suits and the check-aprons seemed to fit into the landscape and become a part of the scenery. Along the front of Mooseheart—for a thousand feet, I should say—there is a beautiful stone wall, fronting an old-time mansion.

Back of this are carriage-houses and barns that have been transformed into workshops, schoolrooms and sleeping-quarters.

Two things I looked for—water-supply and drainage. Both are perfect. The soil is the black, rich loam of Illinois, running down to gravel and then the limestone. The wells are inexhaustible, and the sewerage perfect. No germs of typhus nor fogs of miasma could ever find footing there.

You judge the richness of the soil by the luxuriousness of the trees. The oaks, elms, ash, hickory and walnut at Mooseheart abound.

There is a deep, picturesque, wooded gully, with a ledge of limestone on one side. Beneath this runs restlessly a little brook fed by springs, hurrying toward the sea ❧ ❧

It is as fair a sight as one ever saw.

Across, up the hill, for a mile is a plateau of the land that produces one hundred bushels of corn to the acre, eighty bushels of oats, or forty bushels of wheat.

This land, properly rotated, will never wear out. It is the garden-spot of the world.

There are a dozen barns, I should say, each sacred to some particular breed of cattle, hogs, sheep or horses. The Jerseys seemed to have the place of honor among the cattle; next came the Holsteins; then the Herefords—broad of back, fat, lazy, sleepy, beautiful Herefords, brought from across the sea.

Mooseheart consists of a tract of a little over a thousand acres. Nearly all of it is under the plow. But surely the man from whom the Brother Moose purchased the tract had an eye for the picturesque, and there is just enough of woods to give the place a park-like appearance that makes its appeal to every lover of beauty.

IN one of the barns I found an Ex-Congressman from Ohio, a lawyer, and a great one, busily using a shovel, mixing feed for the blackest lot of black Berkshires that I ever saw in my life.

If Moses had seen hogs like these, he never would have placed his ban upon pork.

Of course I was delighted to see my old friend, the legal light, get down to business and do a little of the thing that we all talk so much about—that is, good old-fashioned manual labor.

There is a certain amount of work to do in the world and somebody has got to do it, and the reason that

some people have to work from daylight until dark and the work is never done, is because other people never work at all.
If everybody worked a little, nobody would be overworked ❧ ❧
I broke in on the great man's labors long enough to ask him a question and that was this, " Tell me in a few words just what Mooseheart stands for."
And here is his reply, " Mooseheart is the material manifestation of the spiritual substance of the world's best manhood and womanhood."

MOOSEHEART is a farm, a school, a university, and a home.
The place belongs to the Loyal Order of Moose.
Every member is actually a stockholder, and pays one dollar a year toward making Mooseheart possible. Two cents a week! It seems an insignificant sum.
And the women who belong to the Woman's Loyal Moose Circle contribute one cent a week.
Mooseheart provides a home for the orphans of those who belong to the Order. The children of a good Moose will never be a care on the public.
The Moose provides for his own.
And Mooseheart will also be a home for the aged and the infirm, although it looks to me as if a good Moose, who lives up to the ritual, will really never grow old nor incapacitated for work. He carries with him the young heart.
Moosedom symbols industry, economy, good-cheer, courtesy, kindness and good-will.
For the most part the members of the Loyal Order of Moose are workingmen. They carry a dinner-pail. ¶ They go forth to their labors until the evening.
Some of them have had few advantages in life.
They have carried heavy burdens.
They know what it is to work hard and long for a moderate return, but they are men of intelligence, integrity, and they are anxious that their children shall have every opportunity to evolve, to grow, to become ❧ ❧
Mooseheart is no place for loafers.
The children here are taught to take care of their own rooms, look after their clothes, and this applies to girls and boys alike.
All of them work a certain number of hours out of doors, for Mooseheart essentially stands for the ozone and the sunshine.
If the children get sick, there is every facility for properly taking care of them, but the intention is that everybody shall be well all of the time.
Mooseheart is a little world of progress in itself.
Of course the place is incomplete, and it will never be complete ❧ ❧
Here building will be carried on for many, many years ❧ ❧
Out of Mooseheart will emerge many strong, useful, helpful, able men and women.
The place tokens the simple virtues, for which there are no substitutes—industry, economy, truth, reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation.
Mooseheart is a Mecca, a place of pilgrimage for the Faithful ❧ ❧
Here meals are provided for the visitor. You can remain one day or more. Just suit yourself. The charges are very moderate, indeed. I paid just twenty-five cents a meal—and I guess they lost money on me. The food is abundant, simply served. Everything is of the best, with all flunkeyism omitted.
To make himself useful is the first thought of every good Moose. Here everybody works—yes, even visitors. But it 's glorious to work—when you work with those you love.

MOOSEHEART stands essentially for industry and economy. Practically everything consumed is raised on the premises.
Arrangements are now being made for a cold-storage and ice plant. Mooseheart will have its own butchers and kill its own cattle, hogs and sheep.
Vegetables, fruits and poultry will be produced in vast quantities.
I walked over the whole premises, and I really did not know before how much a thousand acres is.
A square mile is six hundred and forty acres.
Mooseheart is a mile one way and straight a mile and a half the other, being somewhat irregular in form, but the acres are smiling, beautiful and rich beyond the dreams of avarice, and all paid for by these seemingly small contributions so cheerfully given by the members of the order. God bless them all!

THE spirit of fraternity is always beautiful, and all fraternal orders have much to recommend them, but I do not know of any other Order that has undertaken a great work in the education of the children of its members, and this education of a practical, commonsense kind, free from frills, the frivols and the flummery that so often pass for education.
The finest thing in the world—the most essential thing—is the ability to earn a living, and this is the first thought at Mooseheart.
In the course of time, I prophesy that there will be a great auditorium here seating ten thousand people. ¶ There will be an orchestra of one hundred pieces or more ❧ ❧
There will be a great pipe-organ, played by a master musician. Here will be heard the grandest music and the best singing in all America.
Here great scientists will give lectures to the children and the grown-ups, as well. Athletics will have its place, and work and education will go forward hand in hand, this to the end that " the waste places shall be made green and the desert shall bloom like a rose, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."
The first thing in doing a great work is to have a clear idea of what you want to do.
In order to arrive you must know where you are going. ¶ The big men who are back of Mooseheart have a well-defined idea of what they wish to accomplish. It is not a hit-or-miss proposition.
Progress consists of simplification, and if we can be healthy, happy and useful, that seems about all there is to it ❧ ❧
The happy people are those who work. But when we get too much dead lift and labor, a thing becomes

drudgery. Then the mind becomes stunted, dwarfed, but if we can intersperse a little play every day with our work, then work itself becomes play. The habit of study is a wonderful thing. Any man who studies any subject one hour a day will in five years' time become an expert in that particular line, and be regarded as an authority

Mooseheart means study, work, play and laughter—all flavored with love.

AS an economic investment Mooseheart appealed to me as an essentially good one. Land within a mile of Mooseheart has been sold for five hundred dollars an acre.

Mooseheart is an hour's ride from Chicago by train. Automobiles make the distance easily in two hours. ¶ Here is the center of a vast population, and if Mooseheart produces supplies beyond its own needs there will be found a market for them.

Shops of various kinds are under construction at Mooseheart. The children will be taught various trades

The place will be almost independent, for all of the work and the various kinds of arts will be carried forward here.

Mooseheart will have its own carpenters, plumbers, blacksmiths, masons, etc. Forestry will hold an important place. Gardening and the acre of flowers will not be forgotten.

Housekeeping will never be overlooked, and here the arts and crafts and the trades will go forward hand in hand and industry and education blend. This is the ideal

Of course we must not look for perfection. The millennium is quite a ways off yet, but we are certainly moving in the right direction, and Mooseheart is pointing the way

The Loyal Order of Moose have a sick benefit to which all members are entitled. There is also a funeral benefit. In addition the Order is arranging for an old-age pension, so no good Moose need ever fear the yawning almshouse

The Moose seem to have every advantage, excellence and betterment, that any or all other fraternal orders possess. In addition comes the Moose University, known as Mooseheart, which is dedicated with loving affection to every Moose, his wife and his children. ¶ The property belongs to them. It is theirs to utilize. It mirrors the great throbbing heart of the time in which we live. It means health, happiness, education and all that binds together human hearts. It means the Brotherhood of Man!

Advertising is fast becoming a fine art. Its theme is human wants, and where, when and how they may be gratified. It interests, inspires, educates — sometimes amuses — informs and thereby uplifts and benefits lubricating existence and helping the old world on its way to the Celestial City of Fine Minds

A Little Journey to

The Owl Drug Co.'s Stores

I HAD been out on a lecture-tour under the kindly care and gentle guidance of the Ad-Clubs.

I spoke in Chicago, Minneapolis, Fargo, Winnipeg, Spokane, Seattle, Portland, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles, San Diego. The "Adscript," "Adcraft," "Poor Richard" and "Town Criers'" Clubs combine in their membership the brightest and most progressive minds in their respective communities.

He who imagines that modern advertising is the exploitation of the public is a bicuspidati diplidocus, and would do well to come out of his comatose state and currycomb his convolutions. Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in way of skill, talent or commodity ❧ ❧

Life, now, is human service.

To deceive is to beckon for the Commissioner in Bankruptcy ❧ ❧

Nothing goes but truth.

We know this because for more than two thousand years we have been trying everything else.

"Truth," says Doctor Charles W. Eliot, "is the new virtue." ❧ ❧

Let the truth be known about your business.

The only man who should not advertise is the one who has nothing to offer in way of service or one who can not make good.

All such should seek the friendly shelter of oblivion, where dwell those who, shrouded in Stygian shades, foregather gloom, and are out of the game.

Not to advertise is to be nominated for membership in the Down-and-Out Club.

The Adscripts and the Adcrafters look to the East. They worship the rising sun. The oleo of authority does not much interest them. They want the Kosmic Kerosene that supplies the caloric.

The science of advertising is the science of psychology. ¶ And psychology is the science of the human heart. ¶ The advertiser works to supply a human want; and often he has to arouse the desire for his goods. He educates the public as to what it needs, and what it wants, and shows where and how to get it.

We are living so fast, and inventing so fast, and changing so fast, and there are so many of us, that he who does not advertise is left to the spiders, the cockroaches and the microbes.

The fact that you have all the business you can well manage is no excuse for not advertising.

To stand still is to retreat.

To worship the god Terminus is to have the Goths and Vandals that skirt the borders of every successful venture pick up your Termini and carry them inland, long miles, between the setting of the sun and his rising ❧ ❧

To hold the old customers, you must get out after the new ❧ ❧

When you think you are big enough, there is lime in the bones of the boss, and a noise like a buccaneer is heard in the offing.

The reputation that endures, or the institution that lasts, is the one that is properly advertised.

NOMINALLY, on my lecture-tour, I was instructing the people in the science of business.

Actually, I was learning what the businessmen of the country are doing and saying. To learn all about a subject, write a book on it.

I was intent on learning all I possibly could about the new ways, methods, plans, schemes, by which the old world is being moved on her way toward the Celestial City of Fine Minds.

Certainly, things are changing. The world has made greater head within the past forty years than it has in the two thousand years preceding.

IN no particular line of human endeavor has a bigger evolution taken place recently than in that of the doctor ❧ ❧

My father is a doctor. He is ninety-one years of age. He has practised medicine for seventy years. He is still practising, but his practise is of a different sort from what it once was.

It is a common thing for the funny man to take a fling at the doctors. The medicos are the butt of many a joke ❧ ❧

Happily, however, the doctor has evolved with the times; and the good doctor is now a totally different sort of man from what he was forty years ago.

Doctors have played a big part in the evolution of civilization. Also, they have done a valuable work in literature ❧ ❧

Doctor S. Weir Mitchell, Doctor John W. Draper, Doctor John Brown, Doctor Thomas Huxley, Doctor Lord Lister, Doctor Harvey, Doctor Edward Taylor Still, Doctor Austin Flint, Doctor Frank Billings, the Mayo Brothers, Doctor Roswell Park, Doctor J. H. Tilden, all have played big parts in the play we call life ❧ ❧

Then there is Doctor Morton, a dentist who made one of the world's greatest discoveries; also, Doctor Evans, an American dentist, who put his impress on the

molars of royalty; and Doctor Youngers, who is yet doing big things in Paris, fighting Pyorrhea for the parlez-vous.

When I was a country doctor our business was to eradicate pain. Consequently, we pulled teeth. If a tooth ached, we knew how to stop the ache—we yanked the tooth.

The world did not seem to know that Pain was Nature's beneficent warning and indicated that something was wrong in a vital way.

Instead of searching out the cause, we went after the effect, and when we got rid of the effect we thought the man was cured, even though he did not have a tooth in his head.

But times have changed, and I hope that I, too, have changed, in degree.

ON this recent tour through the West, in every town and city I met the biggest and best business-men in each place.

There were always little suppers after the lecture and luncheons before, and many informal meetings where business in its manifold aspects was put on the slide and viewed with a microscope.

One of the most interesting business propositions that I saw was that of The Owl Drug Co. I ran across The Owl first in Seattle. It was just through accident.

I wanted a toothbrush, and so I walked into a store with an orange alcove front—the color of Roycroft stationery. The clerk called me by name, and this is always pleasing. I bought the toothbrush, also a cake of soap, for I do insist on having my own individual toilet fixings. This store with the yellow front had a big jar of yellow poppies in a jardiniere near the door. The colors seemed to blend. Everything seemed in harmony. Even the girl and the cashier's counter was a blonde and fitted into the landscape.

The salesman saw me rubbering, and volunteered a little information. " We are The Owl—one of The Owls—you will find Owl Drugstores in all the big towns along the Coast."

And then the salesman gave me a little dab of dainty perfume on my handkerchief, handed me my change, thanked me and parted.

But the whole transaction was so pleasing, so friendly, that the event sort of stuck in my memory, and when I reached Portland I was on the lookout for an " Owl," just to see if the same atmosphere were possible in two places ❧ ❧

I found the yellow front alright in Portland. The windows were draped with yellow ribbons and oxeye daisies were in vases.

I walked into the store, and as a clerk came forward I growled, " Gimme a package of birdseed for a cuckoo-clock!" ❧ ❧

The clerk smiled and said, " Certainly, Mr. Hubbard, we have some very excellent birdseed!" And I saw that I was discovered.

Here again was the same buoyant atmosphere of good-cheer. The store was full of buyers, but the small army of clerks moved quietly and surely at their tasks without bustle or friction.

WE are told that Corporations have no souls, but surely The Owl Drug Co. has a soul. Go into the nearest Owl Drugstore and you will sense it.

¶ Yes, these Owl Drugstores have a peculiar personality—and an atmosphere all their own.

They are keyed in a certain way.

You can always tell an Owl Drugstore at a distance. First, the color-scheme in every Owl Drugstore is the same—the bright orange color of the poppy is the tint. It is the true dandelion tone.

The people of the Far East tell us that yellow stands for intellect. And the color of gold always means value. The Owl folks are certainly doing things in the drug line in a way that they have never been done before.

¶ It seems strange that you should have to go to the Pacific Coast to find such revolutionary methods in such a necessary business. It is distinctly a Pacific Coast concern, owned and managed by Pacific Coast people. Its executives have grown up in the business. Show me a business where the management know as much about their business as these Owl folks and I will show you a business that is a success.

Kicking competitors call them " The Trust," but they are a trust only in the sense that the people trust them. " Trust thyself," says Ralph Waldo Emerson.

¶ The whole mystery of the success of The Owl Drug Co. lies in the fact that they supply the best goods at the lowest possible prices, and serve the public in artistic surroundings in a kindly, generous and friendly way. In every city where they operate, they seem to have most of the business. They own a chain of twenty-one stores in Spokane, Seattle, Portland, Sacramento, San Francisco, Oakland, Los Angeles and San Diego, and I understood that soon they will revolutionize the drug business in other cities on the Pacific Coast. They have a modern six-story laboratory where they manufacture their own products, such as standard household remedies, soaps, face-powders, tooth-paste and powders, talcum powder, cold cream, and other toilet requisites. They also have a modern six-story building on one of the principal downtown streets of San Francisco to accommodate their head offices and supply house, and another four-story supply house in Los Angeles ❧ ❧

They maintain Eastern headquarters in New York City, and there operate a large factory for the manufacture of the famous Red Feather Toilet Preparations, a line which is exclusively controlled by The Owl Drug Company ❧ ❧

They study the wants of the people, and at the same time keep in touch with the world's market and know how to buy at the lowest possible figures, and in such quantities that they can sell at the lowest possible prices ❧ ❧

Also, it is very sure that no average druggist has the capital back of him to buy big quantities on a strictly cash basis and sell at a standardized rate of profit.

WHEN I was in the drug business we used to double our money and more, on everything we sold. We sold straight drugs, and most of these drugs were poison.

We filled prescriptions, and in those days a prescription was made up of about a dozen different articles, mixed.
¶ Just why the doctor put in a little dash of a dozen poisons, and mixed them all up in the interests of health, no one knew nor does any one now know. But our faith in poisons as healing factors has very much diminished ❧ ❧

The drug business, even in the palmy days of drugs, was an enterprise in which no man could hope to achieve a fortune. And so to amend and make up for sales, cigars and tobacco were carried as a side line, and down in the cellar was a barrel of *spiritus frumenti*.
Of course, a drugstore was not a saloon, but the patrons of the store knew where the barrel was, and they had a way of helping themselves and coming up out of the cellar with an odoriferous breath, leaving ten cents on the prescription-counter.
About half of the drugstore was usually a dark, dingy, mysterious place where the prescriptions were compounded ❧ ❧

The front of the store was devoted to the public, but the back of the store was esoteric, mysterious, strange—the place where miracles were worked.
This prescription-department became a kind of social club, and any one in the front of the store could see a cloud of smoke rising like incense above the top of the prescription-desk.
When a prescription was handed in to be filled, the clerk disappeared into these mysterious nether regions, where usually a card-game was in progress.
As the years went by and people lost faith in drugs, the proprietor, to cut down his expenses, hired girls with strange hirsute domes of the fluffy-ruffles variety.
These girls attracted the youth of the town, who used to come in and discuss the weather and things.
Everybody chewed gum prodigious, and one of these girls could wait on the customer and at the same time discuss the last night's dance with three youths, thus rivaling the feat of Napoleon Bonaparte, who was said to dictate four letters at one time.
The prescriptions were supposed to be filled by a man versed in chemistry and the science of drugs. But when this man was away, Fluffy Ruffles did not hesitate to take his place. She considered herself "something just as good."
Then a soda-water fountain was put in, and we had a small, slender, yellow youth who worked for five dollars a week, and who could fight flies, manipulate the fountain, dispense wisdom and carbolic acid all at the same time.
When things get bad enough, they cure themselves.
¶ Business is in evolution, and only the men who can conform to the growing wants of the people can stand the business pace. All of the others drop out.
The Owl Drug Co. seems to have built on the ruins of the past, and by taking advantage of a disintegration in the drug business, they have evolved a new kind of drugstore ❧ ❧

First, The Owl Drugstore is a cut-rate drugstore. Its prices for first-class goods are nearly always lower than elsewhere—always as low.
Next, an Owl Drugstore does business on a strictly cash basis ❧ ❧

Third, it has absolutely the one-price system, with everything marked in plain figures.
Fourth, it has no dark, mysterious back room. The prescriptions are filled in plain sight of the patrons, and the man who fills prescriptions does nothing else.
Fifth, it has removed those mysterious Latin labels which we used to see on the bottles and packages.
Sixth, it has discarded substitution. You get what you ask for at an Owl Store.
An Owl Drugstore writes things out in good plain English, and the salespeople speak the English language in a way that the patron understands. Mystery and metaphysics are eliminated.
Seventh, it provides waiting-rooms and conveniences for women patrons; women clerks and trained nurses are there to look after the needs of women customers, who often have a hesitancy about explaining their wants to a man clerk.
The Owl Drugstores sell a hundred articles in the way of toilet requisites, which in years agone we never knew anything about. And these articles are sold at a reduction of from ten to forty per cent from the prices that are usually asked for the same things.
Proprietary articles have often been sold at extravagant prices, and the manufacturers have disputed the right of a merchant to cut prices.
The Owl Drug Co. has been obliged to go into the courts and defend its position, with the result that the United States Supreme Court has upheld it in this right to sell things at its own prices.
At an Owl you will always find "specials" in the way of combs, brushes, perfumes, soaps, writing-pads, etc., etc., piled out and sold at a cut figure, the sight of which would give an old-time merchant paresis.

THE Owl Drug Co. is enabled to make its profits on toilet articles by buying certain brands and certain articles in immense quantities and distributing them among its various stores. Thus they are enabled to give a better article at a lower price.
Best of all, in an Owl Drugstore there are no old, shop-worn goods. Things are sold out and sold quickly. Everything is fresh, bright, new. And if there is no market for a particular thing, it is simply eliminated, and not carried in stock year after year in the vain hope that some one will eventually call for it.
One other peculiarity I discovered about an Owl Drugstore was that Owl drug packages and bottles are plainly labeled, giving the exact capacity and contents of every package or bottle. All pill and powder boxes sent out by the prescription department have hinged tops that can not be removed.
This prevents covers being accidentally changed, and wrong directions followed. Every precaution is taken to guard against the possibility of error or accident.
¶ All poisons are put in three-cornered bottles, so that even in the dark any one would know that the bottle contained poison.
In an Owl Drugstore, never a poison nor a preparation containing poison is sold but that the fact is explained to the customer that the substance is poisonous and that it is put in a three-cornered bottle so no mistake can possibly be made.

No Owl prescription-clerk guesses what a prescription calls for. If he does not know, he does not put up the prescription. This is a positive rule.

All Owl Drugstores fill prescriptions free for the worthy poor

Any doctor is at liberty to give a man without money a prescription on an Owl Drugstore to fill; and this prescription has exactly the same care and attention as if it were paid for.

The Owl discourages the use and sale of drugs that have a tendency to form a habit in the user. All Owl sales people are instructed to call the manager's attention to any wrong use of a drug.

The drug-fiend is gently and quietly made to understand that his patronage is not desired. If possible, he is weaned from his habit.

But certainly, The Owl does not want the money of people who do not thrive and who are not made happier by the transaction.

Both sides must make money. Otherwise the transaction is immoral. This is the slogan of the Owl folks.

There are a great number of articles today that are regarded as necessaries which once were luxuries or perhaps unthought of; such as, toothbrushes, hair-brushes, clothes-brushes, combs, dental floss, wash-cloths, sanitary towels, soaps, dentifrices, pleasant-tasting mouth-washes, perfumes, toilet-waters, hair-washes, manicure-tools, toilet-powders, cosmetics. And, in fact, most of the business of The Owl Drug Co. is to supply these little trivial necessary nothings that we all need, and without which we are uncomfortable and at a disadvantage.

As we go through life we want to be pleasant and agreeable. Most certainly, we do not want to live in such a way that people will wish to side-step us when they see us coming

Clear eyes, a good breath, agreeable manners, cheerful habits, a kindly disposition—these are the things, at the last, that make or mar on this little journey through life

THE Owl salesmen never say, " That woman," or " This fellow." It is always " This lady," or " This gentleman," and the marvelous way an Owl salesman can remember the names of his patrons is beyond my ken

The Owl aims to help civilization. It stands for courtesy, kindness, good health, reciprocity, mutuality.

An Owl Drugstore is a sort of club in a community, where the good people meet and mingle.

The dark, the mysterious, the illegitimate have no place at The Owl. Everything is right out in the open, for an owl sees as well at night as in the daytime.

¶ The Owl aims to accommodate the people.

Two-cent postage-stamps are sold for two cents.

The use of the telephone is yours.

The directory is at your service.

A writing-desk is provided.

Most Owl stores have waiting-rooms for women, and a thousand things in the way of accommodation are yours for the asking.

If you want to buy, all right, and if you don't it 's just the same

AT each city I visited, I made it a point to call on The Owl Drug people. The uniformity of the stores was most pleasing.

I saw, in some instances, that the orange color was being adopted by rival stores. Of course, a color does not make the store. But the orange is the distinctive tone of The Owl Drugstores, yet it might be the case that some one else would have a store with a yellow front. But in any event, a glimpse into the windows would reveal the fact that it was an imitation Owl, a sort of dead owl stuffed with straw.

All the yellow-painted Owl Drugstores you find in the East and Middle West are merely " reprints " of the original Owl Drugstores of the Pacific Coast—the real, genuine, " name-blown-in-the bottle " Owl, which first saw the light of day way back in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two in the little drugstore on Market Street, San Francisco.

For a time, I understand, The Owl people are going to devote their brains and energy to the Pacific Coast, but I 'll bet you, Terese, you 'll find this self-same bird doing business on " Dear old Broadway " some day

There is a degree of decency, order and good taste manifest in these Owl Drugstores that I have never seen in any other drugstore, or, in fact, in any other business institution. They have kiboshed the cock-roaches, flies and microbes, and lifted the whole trade from that cheap village atmosphere which used to fill a drugstore, to a plane of art.

Such a degree of excellence and beauty and worth is only possible where a large number of people work together, and where a high standard is maintained.

THE present-day Owl Drugstore is the result of twenty-three years' experience in the business. In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two, Mr. R. E. Miller, the originator and still the dominating factor and guiding hand in the business, with three clerks, opened the first Owl Drugstore. Gradually he extended his idea and enlarged until they have a chain of a score and more of stores employing over nine hundred people.

¶ These stores wait on thirty-five thousand people daily

The public has so approved of its methods, and The Owl folks do the business so well, with such grace and kindness, with such beauty and effectiveness, that they practically eliminate competition—and that 's all there is of that " trust " talk.

There may be other drugstores in the vicinity when an Owl Drugstore starts, but they soon drop out of the game, not being able to play the game according to Owl rules. At the last the people will go where they get the best goods and the best treatment.

While The Owl Drugstore makes it a rule to sell at a lower price everything sold by any other drugstore, yet cheapness is n't the first thing in the mind of an Owl

Quality comes first. Nothing inferior is handled, simply because it is cheap.

The Owl people buy the best and finest goods possible, hunting over and through the markets of the world for them

Then they buy in such quantities that by distributing the article through their various stores and getting a quick return, they are enabled to sell at a lower price than any man possibly can who runs one store and who buys from a jobber.

The Owl people buy direct from the manufacturers. ¶ In many cases they, themselves, are the manufacturers. They have machines for making Cod-Liver Oil into an emulsion that looks like whipped cream; they have machines for cutting drugs and herbs; they punch their own tablets.

They even count some pills by machine, which surely is better than the old-fashioned druggist's method of holding the same in the sweaty palm of the hand.

In one instance I saw combs—beautiful, strong, excellent, and as good as could possibly be made—sold at the trivial price of twenty-five cents each. Such combs would elsewhere be sold for, say, double this price. ¶ I saw toothbrushes sold for twenty-five cents each—large, healthy, snow-white toothbrushes. There was a basket of them—a bushel—and the basket was sold out every day. Twenty-five cents for a toothbrush which would cost you elsewhere perhaps thirty-five or fifty cents! These toothbrushes had flexible handles, and were of a quality and kind the equal of which you might hunt for long and then never find. I saw one man lay down a dollar and say, "Give me five!" But all he got was four. There was no discount.

This was the result of buying by the hundred gross and taking the product of a factory running straight through the year, dull season and busy—it made no difference ❧ ❧

Perfumes from France—or California—distilled from the flowers; toilet-soaps from Paris; toilet-powders from Vienna; exquisite things from the Orient; manicure-tools from Sheffield—each and every article being exquisitely packed, plainly labeled, marked in plain figures with the price, with absolute truth stated in reference to the article. Finesse, sharp dealing, cleverness, are absolutely eliminated.

An Owl Drugstore is the friend, chum and wise counselor of the patron. The plan is n't to make money on one-sale transactions. That is just where The Owl folks make money, selling postage-stamps and postal cards. They sell at cost, but you come back. You buy postage-stamps of The Owl for the same price that you get them at the Post-Office. When you go into an Owl Drugstore, you are not importuned to buy, yet the fact remains that when you have occasion to buy you will head straight for this store that has accommodated you in a gracious, kindly way by selling you postage-stamps and putting them in an envelope for you and passing them out with a smile and a thank-you.

When The Owl makes a sale it makes a friend.

Friendship nowadays plays a big part in business. Sentiment flavors everything.

We buy of our friends; and the more friends a concern has, the more customers.

You will find this idea of friendliness everywhere in The Owl store.

Every clerk, every salesman, every manager—in fact, everybody you meet in an Owl Drugstore is your friend ❧ ❧

INFORMATION desired on any subject is given to you. Before it is given to you it is known to be accurate ❧ ❧

Above all things, nobody is ever turned away or made to feel that he possibly was in the wrong pew. If The Owl does not have the thing you want, they tell you where to get it, and, if necessary, will send a boy with you to the place.

If you want the location or locality of a certain business, building or person, go into an Owl Drugstore and ask. ¶ An Owl Drugstore is a Bureau of Information, and you are never misinformed or wrongly directed. Instead of asking a policeman, go into the nearest Owl Drugstore. You will thus avoid the risk of being run over by an automobile or hit by a street-car.

The policeman at the crossing undoubtedly knows, but he does not usually know as well, nor does he have the time to explain, as The Owl Drugstore Information Bureau has.

Information on any subject relating to the welfare of the traveler or the tourist is yours for the asking.

CHILDREN and old people always have special consideration in an Owl Drugstore.

If the man is deaf, he never gets the smile audible when he calls at The Owl.

If he lisps and stutters, nobody knows of it.

If he is dull and stupid and speaks the English language imperfectly, it makes no difference—unfailing courtesy and attention are his. No service is too small for an Owl to undertake. I saw a boy ask for a cent's worth of court-plaster, and he got it—free—his penny was returned ❧ ❧

Children can trade at an Owl Drugstore with the same safety as an experienced buyer. In every way the welfare of the patron and client is looked after with unfailing patience.

DRUG-CLERKS should not be too young, nor should they be too old.

Great responsibility is upon them. A mistake may be fatal. Note this fact, that Owl clerks are well and strong, never tired and overworked. They give their time to every customer, and listen to what he says.

Owl Drug-Clerks get more than a full day off in every seven, and do not average over sixty hours' work in a week. What a change from the old-time methods when the drug-clerk spent all his time in the store—slept there at night—even ate his meals behind the counter, and then if he had a few minutes to spare, he ran errands for the boss' wife.

There are regular meetings of the clerks, where everything relating to the welfare of the business is discussed. These clerks have their own clubroom and library, and no speaker is too expensive for the Company to engage if the clerks can get pleasure and educational interest from the same. Everything is done to help make life worth living.

An Owl Drugstore is a public service, and all Owl clerks are public servants. Do you know now why this chain of stores has the confidence and friendship of the public?

Owl Drugstores do not try to lessen the number of

mistakes—what they do is absolutely to do away with them

You will note the high intelligence, the gentle courtesy, and the concentration manifested by these Owl salespeople—men and women.

They wait on one customer at a time without visiting with somebody in the next aisle. And today I saw a girl clerk tying a customer's shoestring. Concentrate and consecrate. He who can do these two things is a success

If I were asked to name the secrets of the success of The Owl Drug Co., I would say that it lies:

First, in studying the needs and wants of the people; in giving the people what they want; and at the same time educating them gently, but surely, into buying only the very best.

Good taste, good health, simplicity, frankness, are everywhere present.

Second, absolute truth, never misinforming, never misdirecting

Third, prices as low as they can possibly be made; depending upon turning over the quantity, figuring that it is much better to sell ten articles and make a cent on each one than to sell one and make ten cents on it—simply because when ten customers come into your store, you stand a pretty good show that five of them will want something more than the one thing they had in mind when they entered. Ten pleased customers are apt to come back and bring ten friends with them. So the more customers you get in your store, the bigger your trade. That is how and why The Owl Stores wait on thirty-five thousand customers a day.

Fourth, everything sold for absolute cash Thus nobody has to pay for debts, it being well understood that when a customer pays cash in a store that extends credit, he pays the bad bills of all those men who never pay

In an Owl Drugstore everybody pays. But he does not pay more than the thing is worth.

Fifth, sending everybody away happy and in a mood where he will come back smiling. If he comes in with a grouch he leaves it and no one ever sees it again.

¶ Sixth, The Owl Drugstores do not over-advertise. There is no finer way in the world to lose money than through advertising. Money can be slung out mixed with printer's ink, and nothing come back—and this is often the case.

At the same time, while advertising is an economic waste, it is an economic necessity.

Owl Drugstores advertise no more than is necessary to plainly, simply, inform the people where they are and what they have to offer the world in the way of commodity or service. This advertising is effective.

¶ It is truthful, and it is cheerful, kindly, good-natured, straight to the point, and in it all there will be found a dash of wit, a dash of wisdom, the whole flavored with love

The science of business is the science of human service.

¶ The Owl seeks to serve humanity. It supplies a need. It ministers to a want, and this at the lowest compensation possible.

The Owl spells reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation.

¶ By having a large number of stores, selling to an immense number of people, ministering to society in a big way, rents, insurance, lights, all overhead charges are reduced to the absolute minimum.

Here you get the best of goods at the lowest possible figures, all served in a dainty, gracious, agreeable manner

"The greatest thing in the world is Mother-Love." So said Charles Darwin. Mother-love, which is a desire to minister, bless, care for, when carried into the realms of painting, sculpture, music or business, gives us genius, and genius is the high, effective, noble way of doing things.

Anybody can do business fairly well.

Some can do business superbly well; and occasionally there are men who do business so perfectly well that they are without competition in their own particular chosen line of human endeavor. These are the people that grumpy, grouchy, growling competitors often refer to as "the limit."

The Owl Drugstores reveal genius brought to bear in the realm of commerce. It is mother-love in trade.

This may look like praise superlative; and if you think it is, just call on the nearest Owl Drugstore and buy a two-cent stamp, a postal card, a cake of soap, a spool of dental floss, or, if you please, go in and ask the time of day, and at the same time keep your eyes and ears open and you will agree with me in all that I have here said

The Owl Drugstore eliminates the futilities of life and prints in the utilities.

It combines art, industry, truth, service, science, economy, all with sanitation, order, system, organization

Thus does it mirror the best in civilization and express for us the Modern Method of Doing Business—or, if you please, the Brotherhood of Man.

THE Owl Drug Co. wish it to be understood that each, every and all Owl Drugstores are headquarters for their many friends. Every facility of this great train of stores is at the service of their guests. A smile and a hand-grasp await you.

When you want to know, ask an Owl Drugstore man!

The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer in way of commodity or service, and such a person is a dead one—whether he knows it or not

Readable Write-ups

The Glenwood

RIVERSIDE, California, has no very wealthy citizens, yet it is the second richest town per capita in America. At Riverside there is a hotel that seems to express in its every appointment the fulfillment of the better-day prophecy. At " The Glenwood " there is luxury, but it is so refined and subdued that it does not scream. The architecture fits the furniture, and the furniture seems a part of the architecture. There is nothing superfluous—nothing that cries out for attention, nothing that makes a bid for applause.

The atmosphere of the place seems to have secreted the appointments. This atmosphere is one of kindness, gentleness and courteous welcome, and so genuine, that the traveler accepts it as he does the beauty of the woods or meadow.

In your room you find, on returning from breakfast, a pitcher of fresh-cut roses on the mantel, and during the day, a heaping basket of fruit appears in a like mysterious manner. You wonder who has thought of you in this gracious way, but when you ascertain that it is all part of the system of this superb hostelry, your joy becomes universal instead of particular, and you mentally warm to a host who treats all his guests alike

Emerson spoke of " the riot of the senses " to be found in our fashionable hotels, and we all know of the entertainment so lavish that we sigh for solitude. But here you have an ideal ministry, beautiful architecture, perfect appointments and intelligent service. ¶ I am quite familiar with the best hotels of Europe and America, and I know of nothing to compare with " The Glenwood," save possibly, "The Roycroft Inn" at East Aurora, " The Alvarado" at Albuquerque, New Mexico, and " El Tovar," at Grand Canyon, Arizona. Nothing need be said about the two last mentioned hotels save that they are Fred Harvey institutions, with architecture designed by Whittlesey. However, one thing about all four of these hostelries should be noted, and that is, women have a practical hand in their management. That quiet, restful completeness of " The Glenwood " would not be possible without the wife of the proprietor, and his sister—and the proprietor knows this and acknowledges it. These splendid women, that not one guest out of ten ever sees, add the final touch of art and excellence to the place and lift it out of the realm of competition, setting it apart like a picture by Corot.

At " El Tovar," Colonel Charles Brant presides, but we know this combination bibliophile and host, realizes full well that without Mrs. Charlie, " El Tovar " would not be the unique and almost perfect place it is. And as for " The Alvarado," they do say that one of Fred Harvey's daughters, a daughter of her father in very fact, keyed the place to its present superb degree of harmony

Not only do we live in an age of wealth and gradually evolving commonsense, but we live in a time when women are taking their places in the world of practical business as the friends, comrades, helpers and equal partners of men.

The Evolution of Business

FOR business success today it is not enough that you should look out for " Number One:" you must also look out for Number Two; that is, you must consider the needs of the buyer.

To sell a person something he does not want, or to sell him something at a price above its actual value is a calamity—for the seller.

Business is built on confidence. We make our money out of our friends—our enemies will not trade with us. ¶ In law the buyer and seller are supposed to be people with equal opportunity to judge of an article and pass on its value.

Hence that legal maxim, " Caveat emptor "—let the buyer beware, and this provides that when an article is once purchased and passed into the possession of the buyer it is his, and he has no redress for short weight, count or inferior quality.

Behind that legal Latin maxim, " Caveat emptor," the merchant stood for centuries safely entrenched, until say, the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five.

IT was in that year that it came to John Wanamaker, a young merchant just starting business in Philadelphia, that the law is wrong in assuming that buyer and seller stand on a parity and have an equal opportunity for judging values. The dealer is a specialist, while the buyer, being a consumer of a great number of different things, has only a general knowledge at best, of each. The person with only a general idea as to values, pitted against a trained specialist, is at a great disadvantage

Therefore to be on ethical ground the seller must be the friend of the buyer, not his antagonist. For a seller to regard the buyer as his prey is worse than non-

ethical—it is immoral—a violation of the Golden Rule.
¶ Moreover, it is a poor business policy.
You must treat people so they will come back.
There is no advertisement equal to a pleased customer.
¶ These things came to the young man, John Wanamaker, with a great throb and thrill. Philosophers had taken this view, but where was the merchant who had ever thought it possible to do business on this basis?
¶ And at once John Wanamaker put his theories into execution, and on them his business was founded.
The One-Price System—all goods marked in plain figures, and money back if not satisfied—these things were to revolutionize the retail trade of the world.
The plan worked. The John Wanamaker business increased; and a few merchants all over the country began to adopt the plan.

THE second great epoch in the life of John Wanamaker was when he inaugurated the great store in Philadelphia, covering a block, in Eighteen Hundred Seventy-six, which was known as the John Wanamaker Department Store. This supreme business innovation was actually a rival of the Centennial Exposition.
¶ Indeed, many merchants from all over America went to Philadelphia to see the great store of John Wanamaker, and incidentally they attended the Exposition.

THE third great epoch in the life of John Wanamaker was when he purchased the A. T. Stewart "Palace of Business" at Broadway and Twelfth Street, New York City.
Now comes the fourth great epoch in the life of this tireless and restless man: He has transformed the A. T. Stewart Palace of Business and its adjoining new sixteen-story building, into a Business Exposition, that really outstrips that epoch-maker, the Centennial Exposition
The A. T. Stewart building is a "Woman's Store," devoted to woman's wants.
The first floor of the new building is a "Man's Store."
The remaining fifteen stories of the new building are "Galleries," wherein are displayed the wonders of loom, mine, forest and farm, from every corner of the globe with all that talent, skill and human ingenuity can add or invent, in bronze, marble, canvas, fabric or textile
Here is shown all that civilization demands for its comfort, necessity, luxury or delectation. The "Department Store" has gone with the things that were, or lingers on the outskirts. The Galleries of Art and Industry are here.
This is the new John Wanamaker Idea. It is the crowning achievement of a great and useful life. However, I believe it is not the last innovation of John Wanamaker; for the Wanamaker spirit of "noble discontent" seems perennial. He who has not seen this new educational departure represented by the New York Wanamaker Exposition, does not know his America, he is moored to the past, and is not afloat and free upon the tide of times.
Are the items and articles on exhibition for sale? Yes, and all marked in plain figures, with the guarantee of your money back if not satisfied. But you are not importuned to buy. The place is an unforgetable object lesson for young and old in what man hath wrought.

JOHN WANAMAKER, of all men in America, seems to know that to stand still is to retreat. For over forty years he has led the vanguard of the business world
He has been a teacher of merchants. His insight, initiative, originality and prophetic judgment have set the retailers of the world a pace. Many have learned much from him, and all have been influenced by him. Whether they know it or not, and whether they would acknowledge it if they did know it, matters little.
Professor Zueblin says of William Morris, "Not a well-furnished house in Christendom but that shows the influence of his good taste and his gracious yet practical ideas of economy, harmony and honesty in decorations."
So likewise we can truthfully say that there is not a successful retail store in America that does not show the influence of John Wanamaker.

The True Faith

ON the Southern Pacific Railroad in California there is a Conductor by the name of Stafford—runs from San Francisco to Fresno—who always wears in his lapel a red moss-rosebud, and has buttoned under his blue coat a heart full of the True Faith. "Ever off the irons?" I asked. "Never!" said Stafford—"and never expect to be, and I've been in this business for twenty-six years. This train and this track are all right; I just center on my work, and have faith that everybody else is doing the same, and let'er go at that."
And the Conductor disengaged the half-blown rose from his buttonhole, and handed it to me. "Oh, take it, I've got a basket of 'em in the baggage-car," said he, and passed on through the train.
When he came back I tried to talk to him further, but he had nothing more to say.
We killed time running into Fresno, and slowed down on the minute.
An inward peace comes when you have faith that things are all right. This faith brings good health, and good health comes from an inward peace.
To think clearly and act wisely there must be calm at the center—peace.
Doubt, distrust, uncertainty, apprehension, are destroyers of peace, and mark the first stages of dissolution. We could all live to be a hundred and never once "get off the irons" if we had faith in ourselves and faith in this Eternal Something of which we are part and particle.
We are manifestations of Nature, and the more faith we have in Nature the more she seems to have in us.
¶ The just shall live by faith—and doing their work the best they can.
The writer of these words is in his fifty-third year; he has never been ill a day—never lost a meal through

indisposition to eat—never consulted a physician; never had a debt he could not pay on demand; and has always had everything he needed. Possibly he has wanted things he did not need, but as he did not get them he counts it gain.

He has carried burdens, but burdens are a matter of proportionate strength. If you have strength, the burden ceases to be a burden and may become needful ballast. Nature (or God if you prefer), gives strength to bear the burdens of today. God never calculated on your piling the burdens of yesterday and those of tomorrow on top of those of today.

"You do not mind my weight?" said the apologetic fly on the elephant's ear.

And the elephant said, "Not the slightest—I really did not know you were there."

The Roycrofters live by faith—and diligent work. They have faith in each other, faith in you, faith in your discernment—the whole Roycroft industry is built upon faith. We trust our workers and trust our customers—we keep few books and we have never been off the irons. In fact, within five years' time we have stone-ballasted our track, straightened most of the curves, lessened the grades and replaced all iron rails with ninety-pound steel. Faith (and good works) seems to pay.

A Little Journey to Vantine's

I HAVE just made a little journey to Vantine's.

Vantine's is a bazaar, an object-lesson, a sermon, a school, a fair, an exposition—a store. There is only one objection to the place, and that is, it exhausts your stock of adjectives. I have known Vantine's for a quarter of a century. I used to stand outside the show-windows and look long, also longingly, at the beautiful things displayed; but until recent years I never went inside, because in some way I imagined that Vantine's was out of my reach.

I thought that anything that Vantine displayed was so high in price that no one, unless he were in the Yim Hill class, could afford to put his beak inside the door.

¶ There are many people in New York who have never been to Vantine's—people born in New York and grown to manhood's estate—yet Vantine's was started before I was born—and that was over half a century ago

Now that I have spent a couple of hours looking over this little Permanent Exposition, for about the steenth time, I am amazed that any one living in the vicinity of New York should not have made this pilgrimage.

¶ Vantine deals in curios, art fabrics, individual bits of hand-carving, embroideries, silk patterns, ivory, lamps, shades, teakwood carved by men and women with all the time there was.

He who has not seen Vantine's has something to live for; otherwise, he will grope through life surrounded by an aura of ignorance, blase, bloated, self-satisfied, untaught, hiking down life's highway to dusty death—the buzz-wagon of Fate close upon his heels. Poor man! To live long and well you must know what is being said and done by the rest of mankind.

GO to Vantine's! Don't think you are compelled to buy. Simply go and see and look and linger and examine

Behold rugs made in the Fifteenth Century—before Columbus turned the prow of his caravel to the West. Rugs made before the days of Michelangelo and Leonardo da Vinci—individual things, the price of which is three or four or five thousand dollars. Then, side by side with these, you will be shown other rugs which to me were just as beautiful—perhaps more so—made in imitation of the antiques; things worked out with the same loving care and indifference to the flight of time, that can be bought from seven hundred fifty dollars up. The joy of visiting Vantine's is that you are not deceived as to values.

The prices placed upon the articles are not the art value, or speculative value, but simply the commercial value. It is art commercialized!

That is to say, the thing has been purchased for what it is worth. You are buying of men who know exactly what they are selling. They have a pedigree of these articles which they offer. They know where they come from, how they are produced, what they are worth.

I SUPPOSE there are a great number of people just like myself who imagine that everything in Vantine's is very costly; whereas, the real fact is that beside the rare and precious antiques coming to us from centuries agone, there are other things in great profusion in the way of fabric and art treasures that are to be purchased for very moderate sums. At Vantine's I saw Japanese brocades at fifty dollars a yard, twenty-seven inches wide; and side by side were shown fabrics that could be bought for three dollars a yard, seemingly equally attractive. The difference was that one had history behind it, the other had not.

HOUSEKEEPERS and all who love the beautiful would do well to inform themselves as to the values of these treasures. And I do not know of another school in America where the knowledge of values can be attained so well as at Vantine's.

Here you do not get your information from an art coster-monger or a genus huckster.

At Vantine's they are not afraid to tell the truth. The Vantine folks recognize that to deceive the customer would be a calamity for Vantine; also, to sell anybody anything he does not want, or to sell anything at a price beyond what it is worth, would not be a mistake—it would be a sin.

A half-century of fair dealing lies behind this concern. If it comes from Vantine's, you know it is not shoddy or bogus. If you buy it at Vantine's you 'll be proud to say so.

At Vantine's you are dealing with experts who have only one ambition and desire, and that is that you should know as much about a thing as they do, and when this is done, if you wish to purchase, you have the opportunity.

The methods of booth and bazaar, which usually obtain in places where curios are kept and sold, do not prevail at Vantine's. Here the American philosophy of one price and absolute truth is the watchword.

IF I were giving an entertainment to some of my friends with Eastern proclivities, I would ornament the room with a few Japanese screens, fans on the walls, a Japanese picture or two, a few fabrics from India; and then I would serve the guests with Vantine's Orange Pekoe Tea, and a few of those condiments brought from the Equator.

Then, if I wanted to make my visitors especially happy—and my bank-account warranted—I would present each with a tiny ivory, or something in the way of Satsuma or Cloisonne.

Thus would I give an entertainment unlike anything else afforded in the round world; and when I sent each visitor away I would conduct him to the door carrying in my hand, lifted high, a silver candlestick with ivory trimmings. My dress would be a silken kimono of the Fifteenth Century, embroidered with the Signs of the Zodiac, thus proving myself a Philosopher, Poet or Prophet. On my breast, swung by a silver chain, I would wear a handmade piece of jewelry containing a cat's-eye gem that would put to shame anything ever indulged in by John Mason or mortal hotel-clerk.

¶ To go to Vantine's is to, indeed, spend a Witching Hour

Do It Right

THE town of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin, is a pleasant place where there is neither poverty nor riches It is a tidy, homelike town and its population seems made up of people who appreciate the fact that there are a few simple virtues that can not safely be shelved, pigeonholed nor waived. In short, it is just like hundreds of other busy little centers of industry and light, all through the Middle West—centers that every now and then supply Chicago, Boston and New York with the Big Boys who do things

But when I think of Fort Atkinson, I think of just one man—and that man is Milo C. Jones. Jones is a farmer, plain, simple, unpretentious—healthy. Just why the strongest people get sick first, I might here explain if I had the time, but let it go at this—rheumatism laid Jones by the heels and suddenly. He was tied up in knots, and the pain-devils in relays seized him and danced at his bedside night and day. Doctors were vain—baths were naught—specialists gave it up. Jones was flat on his back, praying for death.

So he laid for a year—two years—five—seven. Dragging, dull, dead years when only pain was supreme. Jones saw his surplus money go—his farm was mortgaged. Jones prayed for death, but as his prayers were not answered, he tried another tack. It was Fall. The frost was on the pumpkin, the fodder in the shock. The boys were butchering hogs. He thought that if he could only taste sausage like that his mother made he would get well! He would make sausage for his neighbors! He could not walk—he could not use his hands, but he could think, and he could show others how. And so on that bright October morning, just to humor him, the farm-hands carried him down to the kitchen. But what 's the use?—You know the rest! The man got well!

It was n't exactly the sausage that cured him—it was work, ideas, an animating purpose. Jones does not run foot-races nor chase the pleasures of past years, for the moving finger writes, and having writ, moves on, nor all your tears shall blot a line of it. But every day for ten years, Jones has been at his work. And from supplying his neighbors with dainty eatables, he has built up a family trade that covers the entire United States.

¶ Jones is rich—not absurdly rich, but he has all the money he needs. His little plant is a very model of sanitary and convenient perfection. He raises his own pigs, or depends upon his neighbors for supply. Every animal he himself inspects. Even our Semetic friends do not draw the line at Jones' Little Pig Sausages.

Jones makes me think of Doctor Maurice Bucke, who was bowled over by Fate and lost his feet, and then set to work cultivating his sky-piece. Jones achieved an education in bed. Calamity gives heroism opportunity. Jones got on good terms with Herbert Spencer, Balzac, Victor Hugo, Emerson, Thoreau, Tennyson and the great men in art and literature. These came and ministered to him.

In any company, Milo C. Jones would be a distinguished man. His reserve, his kindliness, his appreciation, his honesty, his poise, his sympathy, his knowledge, are unique. So, see what pain may do for a man! It gave Milo C. Jones an understanding mind and a receptive heart. It gave him business success. Great is the man who can cash in on his disabilities. Life supplies the lemons—all we have to do is to furnish the sugar.

Harvey's Restaurant

FRED HARVEY? Do you know the name? If not, then your education has been much neglected. Fred Harvey used to run a restaurant. He ran it so well that the Santa Fe Railroad folks got him to establish a line of restaurants along the road from Chicago to California, and also, down into Texas. Some say that the Santa Fe made Fred Harvey, but the fact is, Fred Harvey had a little something to do with making the Santa Fe Railroad.

The Managers of a prominent Railway System running from Chicago to New York, once called in Fred Harvey and requested him to take the management of their Dining Service, cars and restaurants, on their entire line, and name his terms.

Harvey took three days to consider the matter, and declined to touch it, saying he was unable to get enough men or women who were competent to act as local managers. In fact, at that very time he was short ten men, salaries really no object if they could do the work.

Commonplace men were plentiful, and there were as many waiters everywhere as a dog has fleas, but men fit to manage a Fred Harvey Eating-House were all holding down big jobs. Oh, it is easy to run a restaurant—but it is not easy to run one of the Fred Harvey kind!

And do you still say that a good man has no chance in America!

Twenty years ago, railroad travel was attended with much discomfort. You might get something to eat at the eating-houses, and you might not—you had to take your chances on soggy biscuit, muddy coffee and impossible pies. The term "Eating-House" was somewhat ironical. As for the West, Fred Harvey changed all this. When a train stopped at a place where there was a Fred Harvey Eating-House, you knew there would be ample time for a meal—the train would not leave until ordered to do so by the Restaurant Manager—you would not be overcharged, and everything provided would be of the best—absolute cleanliness, order, system, courtesy, would prevail. Fred Harvey set a standard of excellence! It is a terrible thing to acquire a Fred Harvey reputation.

¶ Wendell Phillips, after speaking in public for twenty-five years, was once to lecture at the little town of Le Roy, New York. A man I know was to introduce him. This man noticed that Mr. Phillips was a bit agitated

"Can it be possible, Mr. Phillips," said my friend, "that you who have spoken so long in public, are nervous about appearing before an audience?"

"Young man," said Wendell Phillips, "the trouble is, I have spoken too well. Any man who has ever done a thing excellently, is always nervous afterward when asked to do it again, because much is expected of him."

¶ Where the name Fred Harvey appears, the traveling public expects much. It may be on the desert of Arizona, a hundred miles from water, but if it is a Fred Harvey place, you get filtered spring water, ice, fresh fruit and every other good thing that you can find at the same season in the best places in New York or Chicago. How the miracle occurs you do not know—it is a Fred Harvey concern—that is enough!

The manager of a Fred Harvey Eating-House must be in accord with the Fred Harvey System. He must be intelligent, quiet, alert, courteous. Everything about the place must reflect decency, order, thrift, cleanliness, good-cheer, system.

The girls at a Fred Harvey place never look dowdy, frowsy, tired, slipshod or overworked. They are expecting you—clean collars, clean aprons, hands and faces washed, nails manicured—there they are! bright, fresh, healthy and expectant—Extra Choice!

And so this man, Fred Harvey, has educated thousands of young men and women, and showed them how to meet people, how to serve them without boring them, how to speed them on their way in gladness.

Fred Harvey is dead, but his spirit still abides. The standard of excellence he set can never go back. He has been a civilizer and a benefactor. He has added to the physical, mental and spiritual welfare of millions. No sermon can equal a Fred Harvey example—no poet can better a Fred Harvey precept. Fred Harvey simply kept faith with the public. He gave pretty nearly perfect service. I did not know Fred Harvey, but I know this: he must have been an honest man, a good man—for the kind of business a man builds up is a reflection of himself—spun out of his heart. Man, like Deity, creates in his own image.

I take off my hat to Fred Harvey, who served the patrons of the Santa Fe so faithfully and well, that dying, he yet lives, his name a symbol of all that is honest, excellent, hygienic, beautiful and useful.

Opportunity

A GRAY-BEARDED maxim, which is honored on account of its venerable age, runs thus: "Opportunity knocks once at each man's door."

John J. Ingalls once went a-sonneting around this proverb, and some say he wrote the finest sonnet ever written by an American. I am inclined to think this is so; and if it is, it proves for us that truth is one thing and poetry another

The actual fact is that in this day opportunity not only knocks at your door, but is playing an anvil chorus on every man's door, and lays for the owner around the corner with a club. The world is in sore need of men who can do things. Indeed, cases can easily be recalled by every one where opportunity actually smashed in the door and collared her candidate and dragged him forth to success. These cases are exceptional; usually you have to go out and meet opportunity. But the only way you can get away from opportunity is to lie down and die. Opportunity does not trouble dead men, nor dead ones who flatter themselves that they are alive

Let no man repine on account of lack of early advantages. Rare-ripes run away from advantages—they can not digest them. "If I had my say I would set all young folks at work and send the old ones to school," said Socrates, Four Hundred Twenty, B. C.

What Socrates meant was that after you have battled a bit with actual life and begin to feel your need for education, you are, for the first time, ready to take advantage of your opportunities and learn.

Education is a matter of desire. An education can not be imparted. It has to be won and you win by working.

¶ And this fact also holds: The best educated men are those who get their brain development out of their daily work, or at the time they are doing the work. Quitting work in order to get an education was the idea of a monk who fled from the world because he thought it was bad; a fallacy we have partially outgrown. It takes work to use it, and it takes work to keep it.

The great blunder of the colleges is that they have lifted men out of life in order to educate them for life. All educated college men know this and acknowledge it

In his last annual report President Eliot of Harvard made a strong appeal to parents to get their children

into the practical world of life as soon as possible, and not expect a college degree to insure success.

Those who want to grow and evolve should not give too much time to the latest novel and daily paper. Don't spread yourself out too thin. Concentrate on a few things—the very best educated men do not know everything

Choose what you will be and then get at it. You 'll win. If you quit, it simply shows you did not want an education; you only thought you did—you are not willing to pay the price.

The other day in the Michigan State Penitentiary at Jackson, I saw in a convict's cell three architect's designs tacked on the wall, and on a shelf were several books from the International Correspondence Schools, of Scranton, Pennsylvania. " Is it possible," I asked Doctor Pray, the prison doctor, " that a convict is taking a correspondence course in architecture?"

" Not only that," was the reply; " but a good many of our men are studying hard to better their mental condition. This particular man has gotten beyond the amateur stage. You see he has been working at his course for three years. He draws plans for us and is doing work for parties outside." Then we hunted up the man and found him in the marble shop.

He seemed pleased to know that I had noticed his work. " You see," he said, " I work only six hours a day for the State, and after that my time is my own, and I try to improve it; there are no bowling-alleys, poolrooms, nor saloons here—no place to go."

And he smiled. I tried to, but could not—my eyes were filled with tears. A convict getting a practical education, and so many of us who think we are free, frittering away our time.

If, in its anxiety to present itself, opportunity will break into jail, surely those outside can not complain of opportunity's lack of persistence in hunting out the ready and willing.

Spokane, The Model City

EMERSON says that ten men saved Kansas for the Union. He might have said one.

Fourteen men made Athens the wonder of the world; but without Pericles, probably the beauty of Athens would have been intangible, and the Cupids would have remained forever locked in their blocks of marble. Within a hundred years, a city the equal of Athens will be reproduced, and better possibly, in America.

Where this ideal city will be, no man can say. But this holds: We have in America a growing hunger for beauty, a reaching out for the ideal, a great desire to express harmony.

Through this desire will be created cities that will surpass anything the world has ever seen.

The prophecy is safe, for while the world has always had individual artists, yet it has not had the material wealth nor the practical men to recreate the poet's dreams in stone, iron or enduring bronze.

But now we are evolving men who are both artists and businessmen—dreamers and doers—men whose heads are in the clouds, but whose feet are upon earth.

Big things in the way of innovation can only be accomplished when backed by public opinion and public patronage. And now everywhere, in a degree never before known, is there a tendency to hold up the hands of the man who has the creative faculty. Not long ago, instead of holding up his hands, we made him hold up his hands—there is a difference!

Architecture is receiving a consideration in the United States that was undreamed of twenty years ago. For one thing, Carnegie Libraries have set a standard of excellence, and a model of good taste, that has been of great avail, and is bound to honeycomb a deal of fossilized bad taste.

At this writing it seems to me as if the city of Spokane, Washington, quite surpasses any city of America in its attention to the excellent and fit in architecture.

¶ Here is a city of seventy-five thousand people, built up in about fifteen years, not by struggling pioneers, squatters and speculators, but by people who came intending to stay.

Spokane skipped the shanty stage.

Spokane is being built by young, ambitious, hopeful people from the East, who went there with money expecting to make more.

The discard of Europe is noticeable in Spokane by its absence. It is a Yankee town with a fair mixture of Holland Dutch to give it a flavor.

The Dutch form a great ballast of solid commonsense wherever they go. Holland was once the financial, artistic and literary capital of the world, and while this capital has shifted, Holland unlike Spain, has never foundered on folly nor allowed herself to sink in superstition. Holland has also conserved her art instincts.

¶ The Dutch in Spokane were strong enough to influence their uncles at home to invest upwards of seven million dollars within ten years in Spokane real estate. And during the ebb and flow of financial tides the Dutch have stood by, stolidly smoking, and drawn checks in favor of Spokane. If a few Yankees at a time got cold feet, the Dutch took over their holdings at a liberal discount and smoked their pipes in a faith not founded on smoke.

So now behold that finest blood on earth—the product of the Middle West—Indiana, Illinois and Iowa, sending her strong men and women to Spokane, and there with a plentiful sprinkling of thrifty folk from New England, and a dash of our Semetic friends who follow the lead of commerce with unerring instinct, and the Dutch holding the rope, and you get Spokane, the model city of America

Mining towns always have a camplike quality of unstability—a flash quality that excites suspicion like a woman overdressed. But while Spokane has very large mining interests, you at once see that they are not supreme. There are lumber, agriculture, stock-raising —a vast territory on every side that looks to Spokane for supplies.

Spokane has various anchors to wind'ard. She can't be taken by surprise. Rowdyism, disorder, hoodlumism, are things that do not thrive in Spokane. The horses

on the hurry-up wagon have to be driven for exercise, and the jail rents rooms for light housekeeping.

In Spokane when convivial gentlemen are needlessly hilarious, the police have a way of asking the erring one for his card; they then call a cab and send him home. The next day they mail him a stiff bill for services rendered, and the money goes into the school fund.

¶ Only a prosperous, active, moving, growing people are healthy. Success is hygienic—and success lies in movement and doing, not in final achievement.

The best example of Spokane spirit, crystallized, is Davenport's restaurant. Fifteen years ago the owner of this concern ran a waffle-wagon. Then he rented a hole-in-the-wall, and was himself cashier, cook, waiter, scullion ❧ ❧

The busines soon outgrew its quarters.

Davenport grew with the business.

This is not a biography, so just let me say that Davenport's restaurant is the best, the most unique and nearest perfect restaurant in America—perhaps in the world ❧ ❧

It covers a block, and represents an investment of a little over a quarter of a million dollars.

Davenport often feeds five thousand people a day. The yearly receipts are four hundred thousand dollars, and the net profits are sixty-five thousand dollars.

The prices are moderate, but we must remember that Spokane is in Washington where fruit, vegetables, dairy products and meat are produced at a cost so slight that it would make a Massachusetts gardener faint away ❧ ❧

Where a single acre produces four hundred bushels of potatoes, or three tons of melons, where there are two crops of strawberries a year, there is a fortune for the gastronomic artist who can serve the people.

Davenport's place is as snug, clean and complete as an ocean liner ready to sail. It contains no rat-holes, chuck-holes or unsightly corners. The retiring-rooms are dreams in marble and tile. Between the serving-room and the kitchen there are immense plate-glass windows, so the customers can get a look at the kitchen, a place resplendent in copper, nickel and glass, dotted with quick-moving men in spotless white.

The style of architecture is Early Mission, but inside there are Flemish rooms, German, French and Marie Antoinette—these for family parties. Then there is a lunch-counter and a buffet, commonly called a bar, where carved woods rival hammered brass and wrought iron ❧ ❧

Of course, I fully anticipate the sudden gazabo who will declare as he reads these lines that I evidently have an annual at Davenport's and just before I wrote this had been generously patronizing the buffet, and so I will say that I know Davenport but he does not know me. At his restaurant I pay cash. I purposely avoid meeting the man—I see the creation of his head, hands and heart. It is enough!

A man is known by his work. Davenport's restaurant proclaims him.

I am told Davenport is a gentleman, low-voiced, quiet, tireless, systematic, imaginative, with a patience and persistency like that of Pericles.

The art side of Davenport's restaurant is debtor to Kirk Cutter, a designer and architect who has keyed Spokane in an artistic way, so they say the citizens get out a restraining injunction against any man that dares try to do a rotten thing in a building way within the city limits. Residences, stores, clubs, banks, proclaim Kirk Cutter's quiet good taste, and his safe, unbizarre lines and color-schemes.

Davenport has collaborated with Cutter and the result is Davenport's restaurant, the finest thing of the kind in America, a proposition no visitor to Spokane will dispute ❧ ❧

When a man does a thing well beyond compare, though it be but the making of mouse-traps, the world will make a pathway to his door, says Emerson. All trails lead to Davenport's.

⚜ ⚜

Business Headings

MOST anybody can do business fairly well. Many man can do business very well. A few can do business superbly well. But the Man who not only does his work superbly well but adds to it a touch of personality through great zeal, patience and persistence, making it peculiar, unique, individual, distinct and unforgetable, is an artist. And this applies to all and every field of human endeavor—managing a hotel, a bank, a factory, a railroad—writing, speaking, modeling, painting. It is that last indefinable touch that counts: the last three seconds he knocks off the record that PROVES THE MAN A GENIUS ❧

The above was written with THE BURLINGTON ROUTE in mind.

⚜ ⚜

The Only Way

A FOLDER that contains a device representing a locomotive engineer at his post has been issued by the CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD. The picture is one of the happiest inspirations of its kind I ever saw. The first time I looked upon it, it gave me a sort of thrill. There sits the man—gloved, cap drawn tightly, one hand on the lever of the throttle-valve, the other free. The pose is easy, natural—no intensity, no strain, no fear; on the face is a suggestion of elemental calm, and a courage that might be the envy of gods and men. Behind this quiet man, so calm, so poised, is a treasure of half a million dollars and two hundred precious lives—he holds them all in that easy, unquaking grasp. Before him are two straight lines of steel, and the huge, black, all-enfolding Night. And into the gloom, in perfect faith, this quiet man forces his flying monster, with all that precious cargo and the priceless lives. The man is unafraid. On the boyish face care sits lightly, and yet in it all the artist has thrown a look of experience and a wisdom that betokens Power.

I wonder if the man who drew that picture ever read a little book by Edward Carpenter called, *Towards*

Democracy. Let me quote you this: Was this then the sum of life?

A grinning, gibbering organization of negations—a polite tap, and a circle of endlessly complaisant faces bowing you back from reality!

Well, as it happened just then—and as we stopped at a small way-station—my eyes from my swoon-sleep opening, encountered the grimy and oil-besmeared figure of a stoker. Close at my elbow on the foot-plate of his engine he was standing. And the firelight fell on him brightly as his eyes for a moment rested on mine. That was all: it was enough!

The youthful face, yet so experienced and calm, was enough; the quiet look, the straight, untroubled, unseeking eyes, rested upon me—giving me without any ado the thing I needed, and in a moment I felt the sting and torrent of Reality.

The swift nights out in the rain I felt, and the great black sky overhead, and the flashing of red and green lights in the forward distance. The anxious straining for a glimpse sideways into the darkness—the dash of cold and wet above, the heat below—All this I felt, as if it had been myself. . . . O eyes, O face, how in that moment without any ado you gave me all!

These splendid fellows who do their work and hold their peace—they do give us faith in God and faith in ourselves. They mind their own business! Is there anything finer than to mind one's own business? O cursed spite, that men are born to set the others right ❧ ❧

Let us all mind our own business. How curious it is that men should quit their work and make a business of looking after the business of others! No man is ridiculous excepting when he neglects his own affairs to look after the business of other men—no man but is splendid when he is minding his own business.

THESE twenty-six letters of the alphabet—it is wonderful what you can do with them if you have the mind! Herbert Spencer juggled them for thirty-eight years in the production of his Synthetic Philosophy, and men will read and re-read that arrangement of the alphabet until the end of time—all done with twenty-six letters, I told you, and a few punctuation marks.

The other day a woman asked me, " What is your favorite book?" and I answered, " Webster's Dictionary." She thought I was going to say " Little Journeys," but I did n't.

¶ Sixty years ago two brothers by the name of Merriam began to make this book. Their descendants are still at it. Over a thousand men have aided in perfecting it. It is the one book that mankind could illest lose—the up-to-date Webster's International Dictionary.

For prices, terms, specimen pages and full description, address

G. &. C. MERRIAM COMPANY
PUBLISHERS
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Watch Wisdom

"TIME," said one Immanuel Kant, " is an illusion."

Kant only weighed one hundred and fifteen in the shade, and he was never more than twenty miles from home in all his eighty years, but he was one of the greatest thinkers that the world has ever seen.

Kant knew.

Time is an artificial and arbitrary division of eternity. And this division or spacing which we call " time " is an absolute necessity to our existence.

If we butted into eternity without first having mile posts placed for us, life would appall us, and we would sink into absolute animality or else go insane.

The fact is, the recognition of time as the most important factor in existence is civilization. Drunken, stupid, savage, insane and dead men know nothing of time and have no use for a watch.

The system of years, months, weeks, hours, minutes and seconds saves us alive.

We move from point to point, and all we have to live is one second at a time.

The man who can best organize and systematize this little piece of eternity which is given him for a plaything, and which he calls his life, is wisest and the best ❧ ❧

What are you going to do with it?

Why, work, laugh and love.

And when in doubt, mind your own business.

Julius Cæsar, it was, arranged our Calendar for us, and his plan of years, months and days is ours, with no improvement in twenty centuries.

Absolute sun time is never the same in two places, so we have been compelled to adopt for railroad and steamboat uses certain standards. England does business on Greenwich time, France on Paris time, and we used to run our railroads in America on New York, Buffalo, Chicago, Omaha, Denver, Salt Lake and San Francisco time, until in 1885 the railroads adopted Standard time, which we call Eastern, Central, Western, Mountain and Coast time.

Legal time, however, has been decided by the U. S. Supreme Court to be sun time, and no other. A man was indicted in Ohio for committing an offense on a certain day. It turned out, however, that the crime was committed the following day, if you used sun time and not standard.

And the man went fancy free.

" How were you able to whip the Austrians one to four?" was asked of Napoleon.

And his answer was, " I knew the value of time."

The man who knows the value of time is a sure winner.

¶ He who is indifferent to time wears out the patience of every one and fails. The world ceases to do business with him ❧ ❧

There are men who are always absolutely on time and they are the men the world trusts and believes in.

¶ There are also men who go through life ten minutes late—any old time. They rob good people right and left of precious moments, disarrange household affairs, miss trains and make others miss trains, too. Blucher was on time and as a result we have a different map of the world ❧ ❧

Benjamin Franklin once had a hundred mottoes carved in blocks of wood and gave them to as many of his friends at Christmas. The motto read, " Be punctual."

¶ A mother wrote to John Wanamaker asking him to give her a motto which if followed would bring her boy success, and he wrote these three words, " Be on time." ❧ ❧

A man who is on time needs a watch that isn't "about."

The railroads require their trainmen to carry watches that do not vary more than five seconds a day. And yet there is one watch made in America that is never allowed to leave the factory if it varies more than one second a day—this is THE HOWARD.

MEN of quality want a watch of quality—and the watch of quality is THE HOWARD.

A man is known by the watch he carries—the watch proclaims the man.

A watch also proclaims the man to his own cosmic self ❧ ❧

A watch that does not vary more than a second a day, and seldom that, reacts on character. It makes its owner carry the crown of his head high, and his chin in. If you give your boy a watch, give him a HOWARD. The Howard symbols integrity.

" He 's all right—he carries a Howard watch!" wrote Mark Twain in a letter of introduction. The phrase got the young man a job; and he held it himself for he had a character like his time-piece. That is to say, he was on time, and he was strong, honest, cheerful and reliable ❧ ❧

THE HOWARD has no competitor—it is unique, peculiar, distinctive. Every HOWARD WATCH is individually guaranteed. It is sent to you in a velvet-

lined mahogany cabinet, bearing Certificates of Guarantee, giving the movement and case numbers, and fixed price at which it is sold everywhere. " You don't 'ave to 'aggle when you buys a 'Oward," said Chevalier.
¶ THE HOWARD has been made since 1842, and Howards made half a century ago are still being carried. *A HOWARD is like a " Stradivarius "—it never grows old.*
Edward Howard, who originated the Howard Watch was a man of the Stradivarius type—he worked for twenty-five years before he made a watch that pleased him. And then he said, " Other men will make different watches, but they will never make a better one." The traditions of this strong, noble, honest and happy man have been religiously preserved; and HOWARD watches are still made by honest, strong and happy men, well paid and contented in their work, intent on only one thing—in making a watch that approximates the perfect ❧ ❧
The exclusive quality of the HOWARD has led many people to believe that the price is prohibitive unless you are a clipper of coupons. Get disillusioned! *You can now buy a HOWARD for $35 equal in every way to the HOWARD that cost your grandfather $100, or one for $150, equal to that HOWARD which cost your ancestors $500* ❧ ❧
The change in price is owing to the evolution in skill, the better system, the complete organization. Yet the Howard folks pay their workers a higher wage than any other watch factory in the world. Their factory includes every betterment in the way of light, heat, ventilation and every sanitary appliance that will add to the comfort and health of the workers that money can buy ❧ ❧
As for the Superintendent, the writer of this discovered that he is of the genuine Howard quality, a man who gives head, hand and heart to the business, and who has bound the workers to him with hoops of steel—all through a gentle courtesy, consideration, sympathy and dignity, coupled with an effective discipline that is kept out of sight.
The Howard folks know that beautiful, strong and honest things can only be made by happy, healthy, intelligent, honest people, and so it always has been the policy of the business to consider the worker.
The HOWARD output is not watches only—they are evolving skillful, intelligent, happy men and women—this is not a matter of philanthropy, but as a business policy ❧ ❧
" I 'll be there on time all right," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, in 1867, to a committee that was fearful he would not keep a lecture appointment. " I 'll be there on time all right, for I carry a HOWARD watch, and am as true as a Howard watchmaker."
Peary carried HOWARD watches on all of his Arctic expeditions and has placed himself on record thus: " Alone in the frozen North with not a human landmark to guide the way, the night six months long, the air, the earth, the sky, one dense, dull gray, a HOWARD watch was my solace, my unfailing friend."

HOWARD WATCHES are made large enough to be thoroughly practical; sufficiently small to be void of every semblance of gaudiness. They fill the eye, fit the discriminating intellect, and lend a peace like a dress that fits in the back.
The four HOWARD grades are determined only by the adjustments and are of equal merit in both material and workmanship. But there are men, say like Richard Mansfield, who demand a watch that shall not vary a second a week, and the HOWARD business is to accommodate men of the Mansfield mold.

FROM Falcon Harbor, Bowden Bay, North Greenland, under date of August 16, 1903, Commander R. E. Peary, the Arctic Explorer, pays the following tribute to HOWARD Watches:
" It gives me much pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your three HOWARD watches enclosed in aluminum cases, as suggested by me. The three watches of your make which I used on last year's trip to the northern extremity of Greenland enabled me to return to the point of my departure on the shore of McCormick's Bay, after a trip of some thirteen hundred (1300) miles with a deviation of a trifle less than five (5) miles. In the more compact and convenient form for carrying the watch for the coming expedition, I anticipate equally good results. The fact that I take them again is, I think, the strongest proof of my belief in HOWARD Watches."

HOWARD Watches are furnished in plain polished or engine-turned cases as may be desired, at the same price. More elaborate and richly engraved cases, also 18-karat cases will be supplied.
For those with whom economy is a factor and who believe in Jeffersonian simplicity, the guaranteed 25-year " Jas. Boss " or " Crescent " filled cases will be supplied.
For sale by the regular jewelry trade.

Advertising clubs, which had their rise in America, and are now spreading not only all over the United States but all over the world, preach the gospel of truth. Exaggeration, pretense and untruth are being placed upon the slide ❧ ❧

Oral Righteousness

As an aid to Health and Happiness

Oral Righteousness

DOCTOR SAMUEL JOHNSON once stood on a certain street-corner, in London, bare-headed, in the rain, as penance for having spoken unkindly to an old market-woman, on the same spot, twenty-five years before.

This did n't bring back the rude words; and if the old market-woman were alive, let us hope she had forgotten them.

But the recollection of the fault reamined with Old Ursa Major, and it was a relief to him to know that he had done the only thing he could, and that was to make public acknowledgement of his guilt.

Only a few weeks ago there was published in a New York paper an article written by one of the world's great artists, wherein this man made public confession of having for twenty years passed the citrous fruit to everybody within reach.

He says that the grouch became chronic with him, and the growl and the groan leaped easily to his lips. Doctor Johnson, seemingly, would have had the world think that his unkindness to the old market-woman was an exceptional circumstance. But the New York artist puts the case plainly and says: " For twenty years I have been peevish, irascible, unreasonable. Also, I have been only about fifty per cent efficient."

¶ He then goes on to state the cause of his grouch. It seems it was due to inability to masticate his food properly, because of a lack of molars. This threw too much work on his stomach and liver and made his life a continuous nightmare.

The trouble was of long standing, but a skilful dentist was able to give relief to the grouchy artist, and thus the grouch was exorcised, kiboshed and skiddoed.

¶ And now comes the artist, makes public confession of his sins, and lays it all to the bad condition of his teeth, which he had in ignorance and carelessness overlooked. He promises not to repeat the offense, and to devote himself hereafter to his art in a way he was never able to do before.

Through a bad oral condition this man's efficiency was reduced to about fifty per cent, when it should have been ninety-five per cent good.

All Doctors Agree

THE case of the grouchy artist is not a rare one, as physicians generally agree that many diseases begin in the mouth, especially diseases of the stomach, kidney and liver.

The first rule of health, therefore, is to have a good mouth and know how to keep it so.

If we lived out of doors, ate parched corn, and drank nothing but water, our teeth would take care of themselves, and a healthy mouth would not be the exception ❧ ❧

All disease manifests itself in the mouth. The tongue is a telltale, even when it does not talk.

The gums indicate the condition of the circulation.

¶ The breath is an advertisement of what the man is.

¶ An unclean mouth means thoughts to match.

The liar and cheat usually has a dirty mouth.

Truth-telling people are not fevered. Also, they prize cleanliness, for cleanliness is not only next to godliness —it is godliness.

If you have a clean mouth, you can put fear and hate and prejudice on the slide to Limbus.

If we can not be pure, let us at least be sanitary.

Man was made to be well, and he should be no more aware of his teeth than of his conscience. Anything that disturbs or diverts the mind absorbs energy, and thus takes so much out of life.

We do business on a mighty small balance of energy. It takes considerable power to keep our bodily machines running. Just to keep alive and in motion consumes a lot of vitality.

To do big work in the world—in the way of running a business, mastering a profession, or surmounting the every-day difficulties of life—requires all the available energy you can muster.

And yet most men take better care of their clothes than they do of their teeth.

Will we ever evolve a race of men who will care for their bodies as well as they do for their automobiles?

¶ I think so. The time is coming, and fast, too.

Within the last twenty years the insurance companies have added six years to our lives. That is, the avearge length of human existence has been increased that much ❧ ❧

Men are living longer and they are living better.

And now comes the greatest of all aids to good living and long life, in the line of oral righteousness.

A School Experiment

IN the Marion School, at Cleveland, Ohio, were recently worked out some statistics on the subject of mouth hygiene that are rather startling.

This school is in the congested section of the city. Most of the children are born of poor parents. Many of them are foreigners. Their homes are poorly lighted

and poorly ventilated. The children are sometimes overfed, but usually underfed. Many of them are under-loved.

By permission of the Cleveland Board of Education, ten dentists, with their assistants, examined eight hundred forty-six children in this school.

Out of that number, only three were found whose oral conditions were perfect.

Decay, abscesses, cavities, mal-occlusions, filth, and a general bad condition of the mouth prevailed.

Forty of the worst cases were selected for experiment. Several of these were mentally deficient; several others were incorrigibles, and had been placed in an ungraded room ❧ ❧

These forty children were assembled, and the proposed experiment was explained to them in the simplest possible language. They were told over and over again as to the value of having good teeth and a clean mouth. And they were urged to co-operate with the dentists.

¶ They were sent home to explain the matter and get the consent of their parents, with the understanding that their teeth were to be put in perfect condition free of charge if they would follow instructions.

They were given toothbrushes and dentifrice, and were shown how to use them. Moreover, they were promised a Five-Dollar gold-piece at Christmas-time if they lived up faithfully to the requirements.

At the end of three days, after talking the matter over with their parents, five children dropped out.

The remaining thirty-five agreed to follow the plan laid down.

Twice every day the subject of having a good mouth and clean, perfect teeth was discussed.

Lessons were given in mastication and in the importance of eating slowly and chewing the food perfectly. Teeth were for use, and food must be prepared in the mouth. Otherwise, it would not digest properly, and would not be used to build up tissue.

Certain tests were prepared in the way of memory, perception, accuracy of association, differentiation of ideas, rapid calculation.

At the end of a year, twenty-seven children had followed this course to the end.

The amount these children had gained mentally and physically was away beyond that of any of the other pupils in the school.

Moreover, they all showed a marked degree of self-respect and obedience; truancy and incorrigibility had disappeared.

In one year every one of these children had accomplished as much as most of the other children accomplished in two years.

The lesson of the Marion School is well worth the attention of the whole world. It was so startling that similar experiments have been carried out, and are still being carried out, in other schools, with similar results ❧ ❧

The Marion School experiment demonstrates that the value of oral righteousness can not be overestimated. It demonstrates that diseases of the body and of the mind come directly from a bad condition of the teeth. By putting the teeth in proper condition the whole human body is strengthened, benefited and uplifted, and enabled to do its work better.

Moreover, a man's happiness and usefulness turn largely on the condition of his teeth. Bad teeth will take the edge off any man's genius and reduce him to dull and deadly mediocrity, in short order.

An Age of Specialization

DENTISTRY is a new science. It has come into being along with electricity, the internal-explosive engine, the long-distance telephone and wireless telegraphy. It is a science that is not fully developed, but is still in progress of evolution. Any dentist who practises now according to the methods laid down ten years ago is a has-been. Dentistry has grown until it embraces six distinct branches, each requiring a different kind of skill.

No dentist was ever born who possessed equal skill in all the six branches of dentistry, or who could keep his skill in any one branch up to the highest mark unless he made a specialty of it.

The old-time dentist confined himself to the simple proposition of pulling and filling teeth and making artificial teeth.

Then crown-work came along, requiring a more artistic eye and touch.

Next came bridge-work, demanding a metallurgist's knowledge of gold, and a jeweler's skill with the blowpipe ❧ ❧

After that came inlay-work, both porcelain and gold.

¶ Then came orthodontia (the science of straightening teeth in the jaw); pressure anesthesia; high-pressure anesthesia; the Buckley methods of treating the roots of teeth, and a new way of treating pyorrhea alveolaris, or Riggs' disease.

Thirty years ago the barber's chair and the dentist's chair were identical in construction. One chair was bought for either or both purposes.

The modern dentist's chair is a barber's chair with a college education.

Today we live in an age of specialists. One man may know in a theoretical way the various departments and branches of dentistry, but when it comes to doing the work and doing it well, no one but a specialist can fill the bill.

Something more than knowledge is necessary in dentistry. There must also be digital skill.

It is one thing to write music, and another thing to produce it.

Richard Wagner was a great composer, but he was not a pianist; and when he wanted to hear his productions played superbly, he had to call on his old friend Liszt. Music was in his head, but he could not get it out with his fingers.

I am a printer and a bookbinder, but instead of working all day at the case or bench I employ a hundred capable men to do things for me, and the real fact is they do the work better than I can—better than any one man can ❧ ❧

A business-man may understand every department and branch of an intricate business, but he succeeds only by employing specialists in each of these departments ❧ ❧

The finest department-store in New York has one

hundred sixteen separate departments, each of which is managed by a specialist in his particular line.
The general manager of the store may have a theoretic knowledge of all these branches, but he leaves the details to specialists.
Any man today who succeeds beyond the average is one who knows the secret of getting specialists to do his work ❧ ❧
On the other hand, there are men, skilled in various lines of human endeavor, who have n't the ability to manage a business. Business responsibility subdues them. The risk, the danger of failure, the worry of management, are constantly before them.
These men must be economically free; and being free they naturally choose the line of work they can do best, and specialize. Then they gradually evolve the peculiar and delicate skill in manipulation which only specialists acquire.
In short, as the specialist has come in every other line of human endeavor, so now he has come in dentistry.
¶ Only, dentistry being a new art, dental specialists are as yet exceptional.

The Man Himself

THE very first man I know of to realize frankly his limitations in the line of dentistry was Edward Everett Cady, D.D.S., of Brooklyn.
And yet Doctor Cady was one of the best all-around dentists, and stood very high in his profession when he came to this realization. In fact, he was a teacher of dentists. Also, he was a born dentist, for his father was a dentist and he was brought up in a dental office. Moreover, his uncles were dentists, his cousins were dentists, and his only brother is a dentist.
He came into life on the rising tide of dentistry.
And he remembers the time, as most of us do who were born before the Civil War, when no one visited a dentist unless he had an aching tooth. When we went to a dental office in those days we went for relief.
The idea of going to a dentist when a tooth did not hurt never occurred to anybody at that time.
Doctor Cady found in his own work that he was mostly doing the things he liked to do best.
Things that seemed to be out of his line and that did not come easy he side-stepped.
Like most city dentists, he did not turn away work; but when it was of a kind he did not like, he took an impression and sent it out of the office to be finished.
¶ It is a fact not generally known that city dentists make it a rule to do the filling of teeth themselves, and sometimes the extracting. But when other work is required they take impressions and send these impressions out to have the work made up in what are called dental laboratories.
These laboratories, or workshops, employ a large force of men and boys who are known as dental mechanics. They work quickly, cheaply, and only for dentists. They make up the case from the impression the dentist sends them; but as they never see the patient, their work lacks individuality and proper expression.
Under such circumstances, of course, a good fit, a close match in color, or an artistic effect is the exception. And yet in large cities, fully ninety per cent of bridge-work, artificial teeth, crowns, inlays and regulating appliances is made in this way.
As I said, Doctor Cady practised years ago as most city dentists do. But one day he had a great light. He saw that the way to put dentistry on a scientific basis was to specialize it. He said: " While I know the whole theory of dentistry, the science has grown so much that it is now beyond the range of commonsense for any one man to attempt to put that theory into practise. Also, it is absurd to send work out of the office to be made up by mechanics who lack artistic sense, and who never see the mouth in which their work is to go. I will try a new way."
And so Doctor Cady began to look around for dental associates, who could do particular tasks in dentistry superbly well.
He hired these men. He made them secure against economic risks. He also insured them against worry and disturbance in their work. They were experienced, efficient men, each with unusual skill in a special branch ❧ ❧
And now, instead of practising in the usual way, Doctor Cady puts into the hands of specialists all his work, beyond seeing every patient and diagnosing every case himself. His ability and experience are passed along to his associates. This does not destroy their individuality; it merely increases their initiative, resulting in constant discovery of new and better methods, and a general increase of skill that is impossible in any other way ❧ ❧
There is an excellent and true saying, " Get your happiness out of your work, or you will never know what real happiness is."
But your work must be congenial. You must cut out the part you don't like. You must specialize. Then you will not only be happier, but your work will be better.
¶ The conditions for constant improvement, for congenial work, and for general happiness and helpfulness which are found in Doctor Cady's office explain why some of his fellow-workers have been with him more than fifteen years.
Also, why so many of his patients declare they really enjoy going to his office, and are sorry when their visits come to an end.
Doctor Cady enjoys the largest and most important high-class dental practise in the world today.
His success is due to a number of things: science, cleanliness, order, honesty, kindness and sympathy. But the two most important things are specialization and painlessness.

The Abolition of Pain

ANESTHETICS were formerly used in dentistry, the same as in surgery, to make operations easy.
¶ In fact, it was a dentist—Doctor Morton of Boston —who first discovered the principle of anesthesia and used it in extracting a tooth.
The principle of Doctor Morton's discovery was to deaden the entire nervous system of the individual, so that pain could not be felt in any part of the body. The patient could be operated on at any point or place in his physical cosmos without feeling it.
As is well known, Doctor Morton's discovery revolu-

tionized surgery. But it is a back number in Doctor Cady's office.

Doctor Cady has special local treatments that do away with pain in the particular spot only on which he operates, and affect no other part of the body. As the part operated on is small, and involves such a minute portion of the human anatomy, no interruption of general bodily comfort is experienced. The patient is never put to sleep and does not lose possession of any of his faculties in the least degree. Moreover, there is not the slightest risk.

Sympathy

IT ought to be said, however, that much of the pain in dental work is the fault of the dentist.

The average dentist, like the average man, is unsympathetic. His mind is riveted on getting the job done. He wants to earn his money as quickly as he can, and he has n't the imagination or the sympathy necessary to put himself in the place of the patient.

¶ Now, sympathy is the first requisite of a good dentist, because from it come patience, gentleness and carefulness ❧ ❧

Of course, he must have skill—the ability to do a thing well and do it quickly. But not too quickly.

If a dentist has sympathy and skill, many delicate operations in dentistry can be performed without the use of an obtunder.

" Obtund " in the old dictionaries meant to pound into a state of insensibility.

The word " obtund " now, however, has a new use and a new meaning. It means to cause the local nerves to throw up their job—to sleep. Sensation for the time being is done away with, and the operation goes merrily on without a trace of painful sensation.

Obtunders of the right kind, skilfully used, are wonderful things. But Doctor Cady insists that two other things are necessary to abolish pain in dentistry: first, the skill which comes with specialization; second, the gentleness which comes with sympathy.

Without the first, obtunders will not do the trick, because the technique of using them is difficult to acquire. Without the second, obtunders will not be used at all, because they require extra time and trouble, which an unsympathetic operator will not give.

Speaking of time: this is one of the Cady rules, " Take time, don't hurt, forget the fee."

Many dentists have an ambition to alleviate pain. The ambition of Doctor Cady and his associates is not merely to alleviate pain, but to do away with it entirely ❧ ❧

By removing the cause of pain, Doctor Cady does away with pain, and he does so painlessly.

I know of no other dentist who, without the use of sleep-producing drugs or narcotics, is able to perform every difficult and delicate operation on the human teeth without pain.

I know what I am talking about when I recommend Doctor Cady, for I have been vastly benefited by his advice and by the work of his specialists.

I am fifty-six years of age and have never been sick a day in my life. Often, for a year at a time, I never have a cold, but when I do, I know just how, and when, and where I caught it. I am so careful about the laws of health generally that I naturally am careful about my teeth particularly. I know how to care for them in the best possible manner, and I do.

That, and my dislike of being hurt, explain why I am a patient of Doctor Cady's.

Dental Publicity

I LIKE Doctor Cady's ideas on advertising ❧ The assumption that all advertising is charlatanry goes back fifty years or more, when the makers of nostrums discovered that by the use of space in newspapers the public could be exploited. Business then was mostly on a basis of barter. The legal maxim, *Caveat emptor*—" Let the buyer beware "—mirrored the times.

Legitimate advertising was limited to bare announcements. A. T. Stewart's first advertisement read as follows: " The public is invited to inspect some Irish linen at the store of A. T. Stewart." That was all.

¶ To use a page was regarded as vulgar, brazen, bold and suspicious.

Not until the days of John Wanamaker and R. H. Macy did the drygoods trade dare to tell what it had and describe its fabrics.

And then it was done on a new basis; to wit: you had to have the thing you advertised.

Here was a brand-new proposition—the idea of honesty and reciprocity in business.

It was long before this that the medical societies adopted their rules against advertising. These rules have never been changed to conform to the times, as have the rules regarding advertising in every other line ❧ ❧

Dental societies were founded on the lines of the medical societies, and sprang out of them. Their rules regarding advertising are the same as the rules of the medical societies ❧ ❧

They are both out of date.

The ethical code of the dental societies is a straight lift from the gentlemen who call themselves " Regulars." That code is a relic of the Dark Ages. The ethics of all business have changed, and now approve of honest advertising.

The ethics of dentistry and of medicine should do likewise. They will a little later.

Let the dental societies come out of their comatose state. To advertise is no longer immoral. Even the churches are doing it. In April, Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the Men and Religious Forward Movement used up more newspaper space than was ever paid for in all the history of the world before by churches. And recently in Dallas, Texas, every pulpit in the city was filled by leading men in the Associated Advertising Clubs of America, who delivered lay sermons on the moral influence of advertising. Advertising has come to stay, and in the most ethical circles. Let the dental societies and the medical societies sit up and take notice ❧ ❧

The association of men for mutual study and social interchange is beautiful, but an association that

formulates a code of false ethics is outrageous. There are enough actual sins without adding imaginary ones.
¶ The error lies in the assumption that all advertisers are unable to make good their promises.
But the man who advertises now can not afford to misstate. He must make good.
And just here let me say that if I did not know that my friend, Doctor Edward Everett Cady, made good I would not be writing this booklet. He has practised dentistry more than thirty years, most of the time in one city and in one office; and many families that patronized him nearly a quarter of a century ago, still patronize him. He sees more patients than any other dental practitioner in America, and his judgment and advice in dental matters are unsurpassed. His associates are skilful, sympathetic gentlemen, who make more money working for him than they could alone. Remember, I speak from personal experience when I commend their services.
Doctor Cady's work needs no eulogy from me. But I wish to put in an earnest word of appreciation of this able and skilled man, who has devoted his life to one of the great specialties of human service, and who, in order that he might be more effective, has specialized his specialty, until he has made of his profession a success so complete that it marks an epoch.
Doctor Cady is not only a successful dentist, but is also a successful advertiser; and it is good to know that he has assisted in dumping into the rag-bag of time the old prejudice against advertising.
He believes it is just as much his duty to let people know he can work as it is his duty to work.
If you don't tell people what you are able to do, you may not have the opportunity to do anything.
If you don't advertise, you may become a sluggard.
And what does the proverb say about sluggards?
If idleness is a crime, is it not a crime to be idle through failure to let people know you can work?
He who imagines that modern advertising is not good ethics and good morals as well as good business, is a bicuspidati diplidocus, and ought to come out of his comatose state and currycomb his convolutions.

Leaders

IT is easier to be taught than to attain. It is easier to accept than to investigate.
It is easier to follow than to lead, yet we are all heir to peculiar and individual talents, and a few men are not content to follow.
These have frequently been killed, and suddenly.
¶ Today the cry is, " Make room for individuality."
¶ Yet your " ethical " dentist or doctor harks back to a day that is dead, and cries " Anathema " at the man who infuses his own God-given individuality into his business.
Some men can only do their best amid the buzz of industry, surrounded by a group of congenial souls. For such a man, if he be a dentist, to coop himself up in a cubbyhole of a room and wait for customers to push in the door, is death.
He may have a genius for leadership, but your ethical says, " Nay," and thrusts him back.
" Truth," says Doctor Charles W. Eliot, " is the new virtue." ❧ ❧
Let the truth be known about your business.
Not to advertise is to be nominated for the Down-and-Out Club ❧ ❧
The Adscripts and the Adcrafts are opposition societies to the Mummy Trust.
They look to the East. They worship the rising sun. The oleo of authority does not interest them. They want the Kosmic Kerosene that supplies the caloric.
¶ A good Adcraftscripter is never either a philophraster or a theologaster; he is a pragmatist. He seeks the good for himself, for his clients, for the whole human race ❧ ❧
The science of advertising is the science of psychology.
¶ And psychology is the science of the human heart. The advertiser works to supply human wants. He educates the public as to what it really needs, and shows where and how to get it.
The idea of the " ethical " dentist who refrains from advertising is founded on the proposition derived from the medicos that advertising is fakery. This no longer applies ❧ ❧
We are living so fast, and inventing so fast, and there are so many of us, that to advertise is not only a convenience, but also a necessity. He who does not advertise is left to the spiders, the cockroaches and the microbes. And this applies to dentists and doctors as much as to druggists and drygoods dealers.
What the world needs is more publicity, not less.
He who has nothing to advertise is a dead one, whether he knows it or not.
But the man who advertises now must be able to produce the goods. When he surprises a customer he must surprise him by giving him more than he expects.
Exaggeration, misstatements, and misleading propositions lead straight to the Bankruptcy Court.
The successful advertiser must tell the truth.
Having tried everything else, the world is now trying truth ❧ ❧

Self-Reliance

WE are all of us interested in the things we know. I believe, also, that every strong man makes a pretty good estimate of his own value and his own worth. But I am also fully convinced that just as many people fail properly to appreciate themselves as overestimate themselves.
Self-reliance is born of success.
Courage consists in having done the thing before.
The thing you are used to doing you can do easily.
¶ For instance, most people think it a tremendous achievement to stand up on a platform with a thousand people looking at you, and talk to them intelligently, amusingly and at your ease.
The fact is, this is simply a matter of getting used to the situation, and when you are used to it, everything and everybody helps you.
The fact is, this is simply a matter of getting used to the situation, and when you are used to it, everything and everybody helps you.
It is a great deal easier to talk to a thousand people

than it is to stand up on a platform and talk to a thousand empty benches.

You may see sour faces, but they afford you merely a pleasing difficulty. You must convince the man who is bound he will not be convinced.

We grow by facing difficulties, opposition, obstacles—these are all things to surmount. Life itself is largely a matter of overcoming unfavorable conditions.

Dentistry offers many difficulties.

The dentist requires the knowledge of a physician, the skill of a surgeon, the eye of an artist, and the sympathy and gentleness of a trained nurse.

There used to be an idea abroad that a dentist was something less than a doctor of medicine. But the entire medical profession now admits that dentistry is a very important specialty of the great art of healing.

¶ The dentist deals with abnormal conditions. He also deals with the science of prophylactics—prevention. It is his business to put the patient's mouth in hygienic condition, and then by instruction and advice show the patient how to keep it so.

Doctor Cady has a great and profound pride in his profession

He believes that everything that is necessary is useful, and everything that is useful is sacred. Dentistry is useful, and therefore it is sacred.

He believes that art is not a thing, but a way—the beautiful way.

He believes that there is a beautiful, gracious, kindly, effective way of practising dentistry.

That way is SPECIALIZATION.

Through specialization he knows he is able to give a better service to humanity than any dentist does or can who works alone.

The ambition of every good man in the world is to be a good public servant.

We help ourselves only as we help others, and very few have helped as much through dentistry as Doctor Cady. His ambition has been to serve an intelligent clientele in the best possible way, and yet at moderate prices.

¶ He does not believe in sizing a patient up and charging him by his ability to pay, as so many professional men do.

He believes in the one-price system, and has a printed tariff which he never deviates from. This tariff is merely high enough to allow the highest class of service without any extra charge because the patient is willing or able to pay it.

If you want to know in advance the cost of putting your mouth in order, you can do this when you visit Doctor Cady's office. He makes no charge for consultation or advice.

Doing none of the manual work himself, he gladly gives his time to this important matter, and his advice is widely sought because of his unusual experience.

Doctor Cady's business is partly to show people how to get along without him. He is a teacher as well as a dentist.

Mastication

THE old plan of pulling teeth that were manifesting too much ego has gone out of fashion. The very worst use you can put a tooth to is to pull it, just as the worst use you can put a criminal to is to kill him

But through ignorance or neglect, teeth will disappear. Then the proposition is to replace them, especially the molars, which do the most important part of mastication. People without a full set of molars can not possibly chew their food properly, though they may think they can. They bolt it, thereby throwing too much work on their other organs. The result is seen, sooner or later, in diseases of the liver, stomach, kidneys or intestines.

A large per cent of cancer of the stomach comes from this cause, and many cases of appendicitis have been traced to it.

Nature's plan is that the first stage of the digestion of all food, except fats and proteids, shall occur in the mouth, through thoroughly mixing the saliva with them. To use a medical term, they must be insalivated.

¶ Now, note that mastication does two important things—not one. First, it causes saliva to flow, and second, it mixes it with the food. You won't have enough saliva unless you Fletcherize, and saliva is a chemical production, the invention of God, which you can not omit without paying the penalty.

Saliva changes starch into sugar, which the juices of the stomach can not do. Think of this the next time you eat bread or cake.

Saliva also changes cane-sugar, which is very indigestible, into grape-sugar, which is easily digested. Remember this the next time you have a box of Huyler's.

A noted English authority, Doctor H. Campbell of London, says: " On starch the saliva acts very potently, and herein mastication plays a special part in promoting the digestion of starchy foods. Indeed, if only mastication be persisted in long enough, starch may be wholly converted into maltose (a form of sugar) within the mouth. Provided they be sufficiently insalivated, there are few starchy foods that are indigestible, not even excepting the proverbially indigestible new potato."

A great German professor, Doctor Von Oerfele, has found that so much starch is undigested when food is not insalivated, that he can actually tell by the excretions whether the patient has molars or not.

His investigations included many people who wore artificial teeth. He had these people eat part of the time with their teeth, and part of the time without them, and he was able to tell, every time, by examining their excretions, when the teeth were in and when they were out. When they were in, the starch disappeared, because it was digested. When the teeth were out, the starch was found in large quantities, because the stomach and intestines could not utilize it when the food which had contained it was not insalivated.

Professor Von Oerfele's investigations prove that we can cure diseases of the stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys, by establishing proper mastication, and that we can not have normal digestion or realize full food value without the molars.

Goodwin Brown, in *Scientific Nutrition Simplified*, says, on page sixty-four, " While the saliva has no appreciable chemical effect upon the fats and proteids, it is

capable of practically completing the digestion of the starches and sugars, before they are swallowed into the stomach, if they are retained in the mouth long enough and *subjected to sufficient mastication.*"

Horace Fletcher was down and out physically, and had been rejected as an impossible risk by the best insurance companies. He put himself on the slide, and discovered that his teeth were in bad condition. He had his teeth put in good order and then began masticating his food properly. Today he is not only well, but unusually vigorous for a man of his years, and any insurance company in Christendom would be glad to insure him. That was the beginning of Fletcherizing.

Page after page might be quoted to show that thorough mastication is indispensable to health and long life.

Molars

BUT commonsense will tell you that thorough mastication is impossible without a full set of grinders, or molars.

This is such an important matter that if you have any molars missing, you had better get busy and study it. Read Goodwin Brown's book mentioned above, or Horace Fletcher's, *The A B Z of Our Own Nutrition*, both published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. After you have read them you will hike to a dentist and ask him to furnish you with molars, without delay, if you are wise.

Now the question is, How can we best replace molars after they are gone? The old way was with plates or bridges, but both have disadvantages, plates especially. Doctor Cady's long experience has enabled him to perfect a system which is a great improvement over both ❧ ❧

The Cady Replacement System

THE Cady Replacement System, as it is called, is more efficient than other forms of artificial teeth, and you can masticate food more thoroughly with it. Heretofore bridge-work has been the best method of replacing lost teeth, but the Cady Replacement System is more sanitary than ordinary bridge-work, more easily kept clean, more sightly, and more durable.

It is made, inserted and worn without pain or discomfort, and when it is cemented into position it is as satisfactory in every way as good natural teeth—much more so than poor ones.

In short, the Cady Replacement System is so superior that you will recognize its superiority as soon as you see it. No technical knowledge is necessary to grasp its merits or to perceive its advantages when it is shown side by side with other forms of artificial teeth.

¶ For the purpose of comparison, Doctor Cady has models of the old and the new work in his consultation room, to show to friends from Missouri; and he is always willing to take time to talk about the insalivation of food and its influence on health and longevity.

¶ He has the satisfaction of knowing that he does more, through his work, to add to the health and happiness of the human family than falls to the lot of most mortals.

A Railroad General

SOME years ago I used to know a man by the name of A. A. Talmage, who was General Superintendent of the Wabash Railway System. Talmage was one of the great pioneers of railway building and railroad management. He was a diamond in the rough, and had a vocabulary that was much in need of manicuring; but the heart of the man was right. He was possessed of sturdy, uncommon commonsense, and commonsense is a thing of which we hear much and see little.

But along came Talmage one day, in his private car, and stopped at the town of Decatur, Illinois. He rushed into the railway-station and looked about. It seems that a young man had been appointed agent, and Talmage had not met him. So Talmage roared out, "Where is the agent, where is that agent?" And a modest young fellow with red hair came forward and said, "I am the agent."

"Where is your desk?" said Talmage.

"I have no desk," said the young man.

"No desk, and you the agent here?"

"Yes, I am the agent and I have no desk."

"Well, why have n't you a desk?"

"Because my business is to get other people to do the work." ❧ ❧

Talmage looked at him, stared, stopped, stammered, made a remark in italics, left the office and waved the engineer to go ahead.

The next week the young man received an appointment as assistant superintendent of the road, and at the bottom of the commission Talmage had written, "Because he has no desk."

The business of Doctor Cady is to get other people to do his work, because they can do it better than any one man can do it alone.

He knows the science of dentistry as well as any man does, or can. He is familiar with the new methods and the old. He works by elimination; he knows everything that has been discarded, as well as every recent improvement ❧ ❧

His patients have the careful, skilful services of a corps of capable men working for a common purpose and a common good.

Any man working alone is apt to be careless at times. He gets into a wrong habit of doing things and does them over and over in a certain way. It is only where a number of men are working together, each holding the others up to the highest possible standard, that the best results are obtained.

Artists who do the greatest work in the world work in groups, and they always have. They set each other a pace, and a standard of work is evolved below which, if any man falls, he is disgraced.

Doctor Cady has around him a group of dentists who are experts in special lines. They are earnest, scientific men, each one of whom gives his entire time and study to his specialty. These men are proud of their work. And any man who goes through their hands is proud of the fact that he is a Cady patient. That explains why so many of them send complimentary letters with their checks, like the following:

Doctor Edward Everett Cady:

It is now a good many years since I began going to you for dentistry. If I had discovered you earlier I would have had less pain. Also, I would now have more teeth and more money—for few things are so expensive in the long run as poor dentistry. In your office I have had only excellent and satisfactory work.

You have never asked or suggested any word of commendation from me, but the brief and simple testimony I now send is justly due from your satisfied patron,

(Rev.) William V. Kelley, D. D.,
Editor, *Methodist Review*, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York

⚜ ⚜

Doctor Edward Everett Cady:

Now that my visits to your office are at an end, I want to express my appreciation of the service you have done me.

I went to you prepared to lose my teeth. You have saved them, and the process of salvation was withal so pleasant that I almost regret it is finished.

If the perfect satisfaction of the patient counts for aught, let me assure you that it exists in

Yours sincerely,
(Rev.) John L. Belford,
Church of the Nativity of Our Blessed Lord, Brooklyn.

⚜ ⚜

Doctor Edward Everett Cady:

In various cities I have had considerable dental work done by skilled dentists. When I moved to Brooklyn I read one of your booklets and was prejudiced because you were an " advertiser." I knew a better way to select my dentist, i.e., consult my friends. I did so and asked several friends what dentist they patronized and recommended. They surprised me by saying, " Doctor Cady." You have now done considerable and difficult work for me satisfactorily, painlessly and economically, and I take pleasure in comending you and your able assistants.

Very truly yours,
(Rev.) Jason Noble Pierce,
Pastor, Puritan Congregational Church, Brooklyn.

⚜ ⚜

Doctor Edward Everett Cady:

My attention was first called to you by one of the vivid writings of Fra Elbertus, called, *A Little Journey to a Great Dentist*. I was greatly impressed by two things:

First, the good old New England name of Edward Everett Cady, and

Second, the employment of specialists in each department of your work, which seemed both scientific and sensible.

When I put myself in your hands, I was an invalid and had neglected my teeth for years. I needed the services of several specialists in your office, but as a result of their gentle and skilful ministrations I am a new man today and entering on a new life. I owe you a debt of gratitude for a mouthful of masterpieces of dental skill which have greatly improved my health and increased my strength.

Any fellow-man may count himself fortunate who gets an appointment with you.

Very truly yours,
(Rev.) David Gregg,
Former Pastor of Park Street Church, Boston; Lafayette Avenue Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, and President of Western Theological Seminary, Pittsburgh.

⚜ ⚜

Doctor Edward Everett Cady:

It gives me great satisfaction to bear witness to your wonderful skill from my own personal experience. The patience, kindliness, good humor and unfailing courtesy ever manifested by the experts of your staff, added to their marvelous facilities for banishing pain and their surprising mastery of the most delicate operations, make visits to your office a pleasure that could never have been associated with old-time dentistry.

Very sincerely yours,
(Rev.) M. G. Flannery,
Pastor Saint Paul's Church, Brooklyn.

⚜ ⚜

Doctor Edward Everett Cady:

I take pleasure in saying that the work you have done for me and for my family has been very satisfactory. I may add that during the period of nineteen years that I have known you I have come in contact with many who have employed you, and they have all spoken in the highest terms of your work.

Yours very truly,
Julian D. Fairchild,
President, Kings County Trust Company, Brooklyn.

⚜ ⚜

Doctor Edward Everett Cady:

It will be a new experience for me to assume the character of a dental exhibit in the case, but I certainly can express conscientiously my entire satisfaction with the excellent work done for me in your splendidly organized establishment.

Very sincerely yours,
Norman S. Dike,
Judge of County Court, Kings County, N. Y.

⚜ ⚜

The above are taken from a little booklet which contains seventy-five or one hundred more of the same sort, from men in every profession. The booklet was written by Doctor Cady himself, and gives a description of his methods and prices. It is called, *Dentistry by Specialists and the Gentle Art of Painlessness*, and will be sent to any one who writes for it.

If you have never been in Doctor Cady's wonderful office I suggest that, no matter what the condition of your teeth, you make a little journey to Three Hundred Forty-Six Fulton Street, Brooklyn. If you are in New York you can take the Subway and get there from Forty-second Street in fifteen minutes. Ask for Doctor Cady, and, after he has examined your teeth and given you advice, ask him to show you over his plant.

You will see a big place and a busy place, but quiet and orderly, and equipped with every fine and excellent thing that can conduce to happiness in a dental office.

¶ Best of all, in this beneficent establishment, a patient feels no pain, except what he has already suffered in his own mind. Happily he soon gets this out of his skypiece and is surprised and amused to find that the operation is completed, while the agony which he anticipated has never come to pass.

Doctor Cady's desire is to add to the health and happiness of the world by rendering unequaled dental service to humanity, and this he is doing daily.

Great is Doctor Cady, and great are the achievements of his kindly specialists.

It is a splendid thing to find your happiness in your work. But it is more splendid to add to the joy and happiness of mankind, and to make this world a better place because you are here.

Fake advertisements do not appeal to us, but there is an advertisement that is no fake. It is absolutely honest, true, frank

Dust - Dirt - Disease and Death

Perolin

GERMANY is the home of music, and also of philosophy, pedagogy and applied science.
Patience, persistence, imagination and the capacity for infinite work have made the Germans supreme in the realm of the laboratory.
Perolin is the invention of German chemists.
Perolin is a sweeping-compound, a dust-absorber, a kibosher of the kantankerous rheum, rime, rust, grime, grit. It seizes the dust, dirt and germs of disease and death and hog-ties and paralyzes them.
Before you sweep, throw a little Perolin on the floor, and no dust will arise.
Sweeping without Perolin scatters and distributes the dust, dirt and bacteria. By the use of Perolin the death-rate is being materially reduced.
Sweeping without a dust-absorber is a perilous proposition ❧ ❧
The dust that you do not see is quite as bad as the dust you observe. By letting a ray of light through a dark room we see that the air is filled with infinite particles ❧ ❧
Perolin picks these up before they are scattered, and does it without leaving any stain on the floor and without disfiguring furniture.
It is pleasant to handle, is non-combustible, sanitary and hygienic, and works in the interests of health, happiness and long life.

The Pioneer Sweeping-Compound

PEROLIN is the parent of all sweeping-compounds. It was the pioneer in the field.
The Perolin Company of America was formed in Nineteen Hundred Six, and Perolin was then first introduced in America. It is patented in the United States, and in all civilized foreign countries.
The patent issued on Perolin by the United States Government is a broad one, and covers the entire range and field of compounds used for the purpose of making sweeping dustless.
Greedy, grasping, zealous parties have, in various parts of the country, started making strange, uncanny, dangerous compounds, advertising them as dust-absorbers. Some of these possess a certain amount of virtue. Others are faulty and hazardous in the extreme. Not one of them compares in quality with Perolin, which retains its moisture, or "radio-activity," for eighteen months.
Some of these compounds will retain their ability to keep down dust for only a day or so. For instance, you can tear up paper into particles and saturate it with water or oil, and it will absorb, in degree, the dust. It may, however, stain your carpets and disfigure your floors and furniture; and if you were to buy it by the pound, you would be paying for just plain H_2O—otherwise, water—and this water is soon evaporated, and the stuff becomes valueless.

Made Under Strict German Laws

THE home office where Perolin was invented is Dortmund, Germany, and it was first patented under the German Royal Seal.
It is more difficult to get a mechanical or scientific invention patented in Germany than in the United States. Everything there is inspected more closely, and, as a rule, by men eminently fitted for the task. ¶ No fake composition could possibly secure a German patent. Beside describing your material, you have to show, in Germany, that it has a genuine worth and a practical value.
Perolin has proved its purpose in the court of scientific investigation. It is made by people who have their good name at stake. They have ample capital, limitless energy and boundless enthusiasm.
Their beautiful little factory is situated in the Central Manufacturing District, in Chicago. The Central Manufacturing District consists of three hundred acres, set apart for manufacturing purposes in the geographical center of the second greatest city in America. No one is allowed to do business in this district, which is under the control of a close corporation, who is not rendering society a genuine service.
Perolin was investigated by the Central Manufacturing District's directors, and is used by them in their own stores, banks and factories.
Perolin supplies a modern, hygienic need. It works. ¶ Nothing goes now, but truth. Having tried every other scheme, the business world has decided, by mutual consent, to do business on the dead level.
Perolin being a new article, and serving a brand-new purpose in the economic world, had to fight for its life. ¶ It was a matter of education. The law of inertia has us all by the heels, and any old thing that our grandmothers did is good enough—that is, for the most of us ❧ ❧

The Efficiency Test

THANKS, however, to a few enterprising people in America who are filled with a noble discontent, for them nothing is ever quite good enough. Everything must be made better.

These are the people who are willing to scrap good machinery, when something better can be found.
Not a long time ago I heard a railroad manager say that every morning before breakfast, he went out and threw a locomotive on the scrap-heap.
What he meant was, that in his business he was constantly discarding good machinery for something more efficient.
In railroad management, this is especially true. All of the great trunk-line railroads in America have been practically rebuilt within the last five years.
Old " 999," which used to pull the Empire State Express at the then fabulous speed of fifty miles an hour, is now doing service on a milk-train on a jerk-water line.
The Empire State Express consists now of double the number of cars that it did when " 999 " was the crack engine of the line; and the present engine does it without fuss, sputter or splutter—a great black monster that walks away with a dozen modern coaches and Pullman cars without even asking for sand.
And so it has been through the whole manufacturing world ❧ ❧

The Toll of Dust

RECENTLY a bulletin issued by the Department of Health in Washington has called attention to the fact that one-third of all deaths in America are due to lung diseases, tuberculosis and pneumonia.
Tuberculosis is essentially a dust disease.
All occupations that involve the operator in a cloud of dust are extra-hazardous, and are so regarded by the insurance companies.
Everything possible is being done to keep down dust.
¶ All matter takes three forms—gaseous, liquid and solid. We are breathing in air and emitting it in vitiated liquid form. This liquid exhalation quickly turns to a soild, and becomes a part of the dust in the atmosphere.
Carbonic-acid gas that covers our floors, being heavier than the other air, can now be detected in the form of a tangible dust.
Perolin keeps down dust. It absorbs the minute particles, seen and unseen, and gives you an opportunity to sweep them up without scattering them through the air ❧ ❧

The Demand for Sanitation

TO educate the people to the use of Perolin has been a rather slow and costly proposition.
Fortunately, the invention came in on the crest of a demand—a demand for sanitation that our grandfathers did not realize.
Perolin now is made at a price that puts it within the reach of every school, store, theater and factory.
¶ The question is not, Can you afford to use Perolin? but, Can you afford not to?
Persistence, patience, and the fact that Perolin carries the punch, has convinced a great number of people that they can not safely do without it.
And so it has become a staple product; it has become standardized. A great number of jobbers buy it by the carload; and the Perolin factory of the Central Manufacturing District, Chicago, is fitted up with a private switch that makes car-lots easy.
This switch is a part of the Chicago Belt-Line Railroad, a famous strip of steel that puts every one on its line within touch of the thirty-four railroads that enter Chicago.
Chicago is the greatest railroad center in America.
¶ The Perolin factory is practically in touch with every one of these thirty-four railroads. A car loaded one day goes out the same night, and before sunrise is on its way ❧ ❧
The growing demand for Perolin has developed a business, sound, substantial, evolving and growing.
The business has gone past its time of stress and struggle and doubt and uncertainty. It has moved out where the water is deep and the sailing good.
Perolin is a business necessity to every big storekeeper, factory-operator and housekeeper. Especially is it valuable for schools where chalk dust abounds, and each scholar adds his mite of grime, grit, dust and dirt.

The Virtues of Perolin

BUT the imitators have certainly been busy. It looks easy—hence the army of would-bes. However, most of these would-bes are now has-beens. To be absolutely truthful, the whole bunch practically were a never-was lot.
Behind Perolin is ample capital; also, a goodly equipment of brains, and a faith and persistency that never tire ❧ ❧
The Perolin folks are intent on rendering the world a service. Incidentally, the dollars come, because the rewards of life are automatic.
Anybody who renders a big service to society is going to get paid for his trouble.
The consumer who uses Perolin never has a kick coming. No one, in his wildest dreams, ever claimed there was anything better; and the fakers, when they wanted to use the superlative about their bogus products, usually explained that the article was just as good as Perolin.
This was paying Perolin a great compliment.
The manufacturers of Perolin sell only to the jobbers.
Any wholesale dealer, anywhere, can handle Perolin to decided advantage for the following reasons:
First, it does not deteriorate.
Second, it is non-combustible.
Third, it gives satisfaction to the consumer.
Fourth, it allows a most excellent profit. I rather guess, yes!
Fifth, it increases trade, because anything that gives absolute satisfaction, and surprises the consumer by doing a little more than he really expected, is going to react in a beneficial way on the jobber.
Perolin is easily handled. It is a money-maker. Also, a friend-maker. And nowadays, when we make a sale we make a friend.

" Granolin," " Economy " and " Utility "

BESIDES Perolin, the Perolin Company manufactures three cheaper brands of sweeping compounds; namely, *Granolin*, *Economy* and *Utility*. These

are all excellent articles. They are exactly what they are represented to be, and they are worth the price asked for them.
However, it is well enough to understand that they do not represent the acme of perfection which Perolin does

The object of making them is largely to meet the competition which the consumers and small dealers demand.

Imitation the Sincerest Flattery

IT does seem pitiful when a little man gets hold of an idea too big to masticate, and makes a bogus article in imitation of a scientific compound, and thinks to get rich by it, that he has to be trimmed.
¶ The Perolin Company have been obliged to put the snuffers on a few of these get-rich-quick Wallingfords. It seems too bad to drive them out of business, but the fact is that they are simply good men who are in the wrong occupation. They should stick to the dray, or the janitorship, or take a job in a hand-me-out restaurant

About a thousand of them have sung their swan songs, and the rest are confining their ambitions to back-door wheelbarrow deliveries.
Most of these imitators talked price. They did n't have much to say about quality, but the thing they prated about was that they undersold Perolin.
Perolin is worth the money. It is effective. It gives the microbes the hook, kiboshes the dust, and passes the germs the sedative.
Perolin is as cheap as a first-class sweeping-compound can possibly be made, and while it affords the manufacturers a fair profit, it is no scheme for rivaling Rockefeller, or doing a marathon with J. Pierpont Morgan

The Pleased Customer

THE Perolin folks are hard workers. They are economists. There are no figureheads around their institution. They get to work early and stay late. Incidentally, they may go to the ball-game. They know how to keep well, and how to work and how to play. But just the same, they are bringing to bear a tremendous amount of good old-fashioned hard labor.
They realize that their success lies in pleasing their customers. They fill orders promptly. They do business on the dead level. They tell the truth.
If there was a substitute for truth, they might use it, but there is really no perfect substitute for Perolin.
¶ Mark Twain said, " Truth is such a precious article —let us all economize in its use."
Perolin is also a precious article, but you can not afford to economize in its use, any more than you can economize in the use of soap and water and fresh air, and kindness and good-cheer.
At the same time there is no use of wasting Perolin. Enough is enough. Every package sent out has full directions for use, and valuable, necessary hints about hygienic storekeeping, housekeeping and janitorship.

The Future of Perolin

AS the days go by, there will be an increased demand for Perolin, simply because we are realizing the danger of dust and dirt. We are keeping house better than ever before.
You can not afford to allow a cloud of dirt to arise in your store and settle on the counters, on the goods, on the customers and on the clerks.
Much of this dust is so fine that it remains stationary in the air, and is breathed in, to the great disadvantage of health and hygiene.
People everywhere are realizing the danger of dust and the necessity of breathing pure air.
And these things mean increased sales for Perolin.
¶ No jobber need fear ordering Perolin in car-loads.
¶ Perolin has a constituency, and a growing one.
The people who use it once will never be without it.
¶ It is for the good housekeeper and the intelligent janitor, what scientific plumbing and electric lights are for us all.
Perolin spells health, wealth and prosperity.
The men who manufacture Perolin are in business to stay

They have the capital.
They have the factory.
They have the business connections.
They are in the right location.
And they are rendering the world a service, adding to the health and happiness and joy of mankind, and making this world a better place because they are here.
¶ Perolin is the stuff!

An Advertising Agency has three problems to face. The first one is to get business. The second is to take care of the business to the profit and satisfaction of the client. The third is to be so organized as to make money for the agency

A Little Journey to the Home of

James Oliver

JAMES OLIVER was born in Roxburyshire, Scotland, August the 28th, 1823. He died March 2nd, 1908. He was the youngest of a brood of eight—six boys and two girls. He was "the last run of shad," to use the phrase of Theodore Parker, who had a similar honor. Just why the youngest should eclipse the rest, as occasionally happens, is explained by Dr. Tilden on the hypothesis that a mother gives this last little surprise party an amount of love and tenderness not vouchsafed to the rest. Let the philosophers philosophize—we deal with facts not theories, and no one will deny that James Oliver was a very potent, human and stubborn fact. He was Scotch

His father was a shepherd on a landed estate, where the noses of the sheep grew sharp that they might feed between the stones. The family was very poor, but poverty in the old world grows into a habit, and so the Olivers did not suffer. They huddled close for warmth in their little cottage and were grateful for parritch and shelter.

In Eighteen Hundred Thirty, the oldest boy, John, filled with the spirit of unrest, tied up all of his earthly goods in a red handkerchief and came to America

He found work at a dollar a day, and wrote glowing letters home of a country where no one picked up fagots for fire, but where forests were actually in the way. He also declared that he ate at his employer's table, and they had meat three times a week. Of course he had meat three times a day, but he did n't want to run the risk of being placed in the Ananias Club by telling the truth.

A little later Andrew and Jane, the next in point of age, came too, and slipped at once into money-making jobs, piling up wealth at the rate of three dollars a week

When three of a brood have gone from the home nest, they pull hard on the heartstrings of the mother. Women, at the last, have more courage than men—when they have.

Partnerships are very seldom equal partnerships—one takes the lead. In this case the gray mare was the better horse, and James Oliver got his initiative from his mother. "We are all going to America," the mother would say.

¶ And then the worthy shepherd man would give a hundred and fifty reasons why it was impossible.

He had become pot-bound. Fear and inertia had him by the foot. He was too old to try to do anything but care for sheep, he pleaded.

And persistently, as she knitted furiously, the mother would repeat, "We are all going to America!"

Little Jamie was eleven years old. He was a swart and sandy little Scot, with freckles, a full moon face and a head of towsled hair that defied the comb.

"We are all going to America," echoed Jamie—"we are going to America to make our fortunes."

John, Andrew and Jane had sent back real money—they must have earned it. All the debts were cleaned up, and the things they had borrowed were returned. The mother took charge and sold all the little surplus belongings, and the day came when they locked the door of the old stone cottage and took the key to the landlord in his big house and left it.

They rode away in a kind neighbor's cart, bound for the sea-coast. Everybody cried but Jamie. It was glorious to go away, such wonderful things could be seen all along the route.

They took passage in a sailing ship crowded with emigrants. It was a stormy trip. Everybody was sick. Several died, and there were burials at sea when the plank was tilted and the body slid into the yeasty deep. Jamie got into trouble once by asking how the dead man could ever be found when it came Judgment Day. And also the captain got after him with a rope's end because he scrambled upon the quarter-deck when the mate went aft. The disposition to take charge was even then germinating; and he asked more questions than ten men could answer.

Once when the hatches were battened down, and the angry waves washed the deck, and the elder Oliver prophesied that all were soon going to Davy Jones' locker, Jamie reported that the sailors on deck were swearing, and all took courage.

The storm blew over, as storms usually do, and the friendly shores of America came in sight.

There were prayer-meetings on deck, and songs of thanksgiving were sung as the ship tacked slowly up the Narrows.

Some of our ancestors landed at Jamestown, some at Plymouth Rock and some at Castle Garden. If the last named had less to boast of in way of ancestry, they had fewer follies to explain away than either of the others. They may have fallen on their knees, but they did not fall on the aborigines. They were for the most part friendly, kind and full of the right spirit—the spirit of helpfulness.

At Castle Garden, one man gave Jamie an orange and another gave him a kick. He never forgot either, and would undoubtedly have paid both parties back, if he had met them in later life.

There was a trip to Albany by a steamboat, the first

our friends had ever seen. It burned wood, and stopped every few miles for fuel. They ate brown bread and oatmeal, and at New York bought some smoked bear's meat and venison. At Albany an Indian sold them sassafras for tea, also some dried blackberries—it was a regular feast.

At Albany there was a wonderful invention, a railroad. The coaches ran up the hill without horses or an engine, and the father explained that it was n't a miracle either. A long rope ran around a big wheel at the top of the hill, and there was a car ran down the hill as another one ran up.

The railroad extended to Schenectady—sixteen miles away—and the trip was made in less than a half a day if the weather was good. There they transferred to a canal-boat. They had no money to pay for a stateroom, and so camped on deck—it was lots of fun. Jamie then and there decided that some day he would be the captain of a fast packet on a raging canal. His fond hope was never realized.

After the cooped-up quarters on the ocean, the smoothness and freedom of the Erie Canal were heavenly. They saw birds and squirrels and once caught a glimpse of a wolf. At Montezuma they changed canal-boats, because the craft they were on went through to Buffalo, and they wished to go to Geneva where John, Andrew and Jane were getting rich.

Two miles out of Geneva the boat slowed up, a plank was run out and all went ashore. John worked for a farmer a mile away. They found him. And in the dusty road another prayer-meeting was held, when everybody kneeled and thanked God that the long journey was ended. Paterfamilias had predicted they would never arrive, but he was wrong.

The next day they saw Andrew and Jane, and tears of joy were rained down everybody's back. Now for the first time they had plenty to eat—meat every meal, potatoes, onions and corn on the ear. There is no corn in Scotland, and Jamie thought that corn on the ear was merely a new way of cooking beans. He cleaned off the cob and then sent the stick back to have it refilled.

America was a wonderful country, and Brother John had not really half told the truth about it. Jamie got a job at fifty cents a week with board. Fifty cents was a great deal more than half a dollar—I guess so! He would have been paid more only the farmer said he was a greenhorn and could n't speak English. Jamie inwardly resented and denied both accusations, but kept silent for fear he might lose his job. His only sorrow was that he could only see his mother once a week. His chief care was as to what he should do with his money ❧ ❧

IN the fall of Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six, there were several Scotch families going from Geneva to the "Far West"—that is to say, Indiana. The Oliver family was induced to go, too, because in Indiana the Government was giving away farms to any one who would live on them and hold them down. ¶ They settled first in Lagrange County, and later moved to Mishawaka, St. Joseph County, where Andrew Oliver had taken up his abode. Mishawaka was a thriving little city, made so largely by the fact that iron ore—bog iron—was being found thereabouts. The town was on the St. Joseph River, right on the line of transportation, and boats were poled down and up, clear to Lake Michigan. It was much easier and cheaper to pole a boat than to drive a wagon through the woods and across the muddy prairies. Mishawaka was going to be a great city—everybody said so.

There was a good log schoolhouse at Mishawaka, kept by a worthy man by the name of Merrifield, who knew how to use the birch. Here James went to school for just one winter—that was his entire schooling, although he was a student and a learner to the day of his death. ¶ The elder Oliver fell sick of chills and fever. He sort of languished for the hills of bonny Scotland. He could not adapt himself to pioneer life, and in the fall of Eighteen Hundred Thirty-seven, he died ❧ This was the end of a school education for James—he had to go to work earning money. He became the little father of the family, which James J. Hill says is the luckiest thing that can happen to a boy. He hired out for six dollars a month, and at the end of every month took five dollars home to his mother.

Jamie was fourteen, and could do a man's work at most anything. "He has a man's appetite at least," said the farmer's wife, for he took dinner with the man he worked for. He soon proved he could do a man's work, too. This man had a pole boat on the river, and James was given a chance to try his seamanship. He might have settled down for life as a poleman, but he saw little chance for promotion, and he wanted to work at something that would fit him for a better job. Then the worst about life on the river was that each poleman was paid a portion of his wages in whiskey, and the rivermen seemed intent on drinking the stills dry. James not only had a strong desire to be decent, but liked to be with decent people.

Now in Mishawaka there were some very fine folks—the family of Joseph Doty, for instance. The Dotys lived in a two-story house and had a picket fence. James had dug a ditch for Mr. Doty, and split out shingles for a roof for the Doty barn. At such times he got his dinner at Doty's, for it was the rule then that you always had to feed your help, no matter who they were, just as you feed the threshers and harvesters and silo men now.

About this time, James began to put bear's grease on his unruly shock of yellow hair, and tried to part it and bring it down in a nice smooth pat on the side. That 's a sure sign!

The few who noticed the change said it was all on account of Susan Doty. Once when Susan passed the johnny-cake to James, he emptied the whole plate in his lap, to his eternal shame and the joy of the whole town, that soon heard of it through a talkative hired man who was present and laughed uproariously—as hired men are apt to do.

James once heard Susan say that she did n't like rivermen, and that is probably the reason James quit the river, but he did n't tell her so—not then, at least. He got a job in the iron mill and learned to smelt iron, and he became a pretty good molder, too. Then the hard times came on, and the iron mill shut down. But there was a cooper's shop in town, and James was

already very handy with a drawshave in getting out staves. Most of the men worked by the day, but he asked to work by the piece. They humored him and he made over two dollars a day.

Joseph Doty was a subscriber to " Gleason's Pictorial " and " Godey's Ladies' Book." They also had bound copies of " Poor Richard's Almanac " and " The Spectator," with nearly forty other books besides.

James Oliver read them all—with Susan's help.

Then something terrible happened! The young folks suddenly discovered that they were very much in love with each other. The Doty family saw it, too, and disapproved ❧ ❧

The Dotys were English, but as the family had been in America for a century, that made a big difference.

¶ Susan was the handsomest and smartest girl in town—everybody said so. She seemed much older than James Oliver, but the fact was they were of the same age. The Doty family objected to the match, but Doty the Elder one day dropped a hint that if that young Oliver owned a house to take his wife to, he might consider the matter.

The news reached Oliver. He knew of a man who wanted to sell his house, as he was going to move to a town called Fort Dearborn—now known as Chicago—that had recently been incorporated and had nearly a thousand inhabitants. The house was a well built cottage—not very large, but big enough for two. It was a slab house, with a mud chimney and a nice floor of pounded blue clay. It had two rooms, a cupboard across the corner, a loft to store things in, and forty wooden pegs to hang things on. The owner was going away and would sell the house for twenty dollars and throw in the lot—which was really worth nothing, because there was so much out-of-doors to spare in Indiana at that time.

Oliver offered the man eighteen dollars for the mansion, cash down. The offer was accepted, the money paid and the receipt was duly shown to Joseph Doty, Esq.

¶ And so James and Susan were married on May the Thirtieth, Eighteen Hundred Forty-four, and all Mishawaka gave them a " shower." To say that they lived happily ever afterward would be trite, but also it would be true.

JAMES OLIVER was thirty-two years old before he really struck his pace. He had worked at the cooper's trade, at molding and farming.

His twenty-dollar house at Mishawaka had transformed itself into one worth a thousand, fully paid for. The God's half-acre had become a quarter-section.

His wife had beauty and competence, two things which do not always go together. She was industrious, economical, intelligent and ambitious. She was a helpmeet in all that the word implies. The man whose heart is at rest is the only one who can win. Jealousy gnaws. Doubt disrupts. But love and faith mean sanity, strength, usefulness and length of days. The man who succeeds is that one who is helped by a good woman.

Two children had come to them. These were Joseph D. and Josephine. Napoleon was always a hero to James Oliver—his courage, initiative and welling sense of power, more than his actual deeds, were the attraction. The Empress Josephine was a better woman than Napoleon was a man, contended Susan. Susan was right and James acknowledged it, so the girl baby was named Josephine. The boy was named Joseph, in honor of his grandfather Doty who had passed away; but who, before his passing, had come to see that Nature was nearer right than he had been.

Children should exercise great care in the selection of their parents. Very, very few children are ever dowered with a love that makes for strength of head, hand and heart, as were these.

In Eighteen Hundred Fifty-five, James Oliver was over to South Bend, a town that had started up a few miles down the river from Mishawaka, and accidentally met a man who wanted to sell his one-fourth interest in a foundry. He would sell at absolutely inventory value. They made an inventory and the one-fourth came to just eighty-eight dollars and ninety-six cents. Oliver had a hundred dollars in his pocket, and paid the man at once.

Cast-iron plows formed one item of this little foundry's work. Oliver, being a farmer, knew plows—and knew that there was not a good plow in the world. Where others saw and accepted, he rebelled. He insisted that an approximately perfect plow could be made. He realized that a good plow should stay in the ground without wearing out the man at the handles.

The man who has n't been jerked up astride of plow handles or been flung into the furrow by a balky plow has never had his vocabulary tested.

Oliver had a theory that the plow should be as light in weight as was consistent with endurance and good work, and that a moldboard should scour, so as to turn the soil with a singing sound; then the share, or cutting edge, must be made separate from the moldboard so as to be easily and cheaply replaced. A plow could be made that need n't be fought to keep it furrow-wise.

¶ Without tiring the reader with mechanical details, let the fact be stated that after twelve years of experimenting — planning, dreaming, thinking, working, striving, often perplexed, disappointed and ridiculed—James Oliver perfected his Chilled Plow. He had a moldboard nearly as bright as a diamond and about as hard, one that " sang " at its work. Instead of a dead pull, " it sort of sails through the soil," a surprised farmer said. To be exact, it reduced the draft on the team from twenty per cent to one-half, depending upon the nature of the soil. It was the difference between pulling a low-wheel lumber wagon, and riding in a buggy with your girl. Then the old share, if worn, could be replaced by the farmer himself, without even calling on the local blacksmith.

From this on, the business grew slowly, steadily, surely.

James Oliver anticipated that other plow-wise Scot, Andrew Carnegie, who said, " Young man, put all of your eggs in one basket and then watch the basket."

¶ On this policy has the Oliver Chilled Plow Works been built up and maintained, until the plant now covers seventy-five acres, with a floor space of over thirty acres and a capacity of over half a million plows a year. The enterprise supplies bread and butter to over twenty thousand mouths, and is without a serious

rival in its chosen field. If the horse tribe could speak, it would arise and whinny pæans to the name of Oliver, joining in the chorus of farmers. For a moldboard that always scours gives a peace to a farmer like unto that given to a prima donna by a dress that fits in the back.

WHILE James Oliver was not a distinctively religious man, yet many passages of Scripture that he had learned at his mother's knee clung to him through his long life and leaped easily to his tongue. One of his favorite and oft quoted verses was this from Isaiah, " And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."

The big idea of chilled metal for the moldboard of a plow, probably had its germ in the mind of James Oliver from this very passage of Scripture.

" When Cincinnatus left his plow in the field to go in defense of his country, his excuse was the only one that could pardon such a breach," he once said.

Oliver hated war; his bent was for the peaceful arts—that which would give fruits and flowers and better homes for the people; love, joy and all that makes for the good of women and children and those who have lived long. James Oliver loved old people and he loved children. He realized that the awful burdens and woes of war fall on the innocent and the helpless. And so the business of converting sword metal into plow metal made an appeal to him. Being a metal-worker and knowing much of the history of the metals, he knew of the " Toledo blade "—that secret and marvellous invention with its tremendous strength, keen cutting edge and lightness. To make a moldboard as finely tempered in its way as a " Toledo blade," was his ambition ❧ ❧

He used to declare that the secret of the sword makers of old Toledo in Spain was his secret, too. Whether this was absolutely true is not for us to question; perhaps a little egotism in a man of this character should be allowable.

Cast-iron plows, as well as the steel plows of that date, were very heavy, wore out rapidly—the metal being soft—and did n't " scour," excepting in the purer sands and gravels. The share and moldboard quickly accumulated soil and increased the " draft," forced the plow out of the ground, destroyed the regularity of the furrows, killed the horses and the temper of the farmer. Every few minutes the plowman had to scrape off the soil from the moldboard with his boot-heel, or stick, or paddle.

When a local rival fitted out a plow with a leather pocket tacked on to his plow-beam, and offered to give a paddle with every plow, James Oliver laughed aloud. " I give no paddles, because I do not believe in them, either for punishment or plow use—my plows and my children do not need paddles," was his remark.

¶ The one particular thing—the Big Idea—in the Oliver Plow was the chilled moldboard. Chilling the iron, by having a compartment of water adjoining the casting clay, gives a temper to the metal that can be attained in no other way. To produce a chilled moldboard was the one particular achievement of James Oliver. Others had tried it, but the sudden cooling of the metal had caused the moldboard to warp and lose its shape, and all good plowmen know that a moldboard has to have a form as exact in its way as the back of a violin, otherwise it simply pushes its way through the ground, gathering soil and rubbish in front of it, until horses, lines, lash and cuss words drop in despair, and give it up. The desirable and necessary thing was to preserve the exact and delicate shape of the moldboard so that it would scour as bright as a new silver dollar in any soil, rolling and tossing the dirt from it.

¶ An Oliver moldboard has little checkerboard lines across it. These come from marks in the mold, made to allow the gas to escape when the metal is chilled, and thus all warping and twisting is prevented.

Morse, in inventing the telegraph key, worked out his miracle of dot and dash in a single night. The thought came to him that electricity flowed in a continuous current, and that by breaking or intercepting this current, a flash of light could be made or a lever moved. Then these breaks in the current could stand for letters or words. It was a very simple proposition, so simple that men marveled that no one had ever thought of it before ❧ ❧

Watt's discovery of the expansive power of steam was made in watching the cover of his mother's teakettle vibrate. Gutenberg's invention of printing from movable type, Arkwright with his spinning-jenny and Eli Whitney with his cotton-gin, worked on mechanical principles that were very simple—after they were explained. Exactly so!

Oliver's invention was a simple one, but tremendously effective. When we consider that one-half of our population is farmers, and that sixty per cent of the annual wealth of the world is the production of men who follow the fresh furrow, we see how mighty and far-reaching is an invention that lightens labor, as this most efficient tool certainly does.

Accidentally, I found an interesting item on page two hundred seventy-six, of the Senate Report of the Forty-fifth Congress ❧ Mr. Coffin, statistician, was testifying as an expert on the value of patents to the people. Mr. Coffin says, " My estimate is that for a single year, if all of the farmers in the United States had used the Oliver Chilled Plows, instead of the regular steel or iron plow, the saving in labor would have totaled the sum of forty-five million dollars."

When the papers announced the passing of James Oliver some of them stated that, " He was probably the richest man in Indiana." This fact, of itself, would not make him worthy of the world's special attention. There are two things we want to know about a very rich man: How did he get his wealth? and, What is he doing with it? But the fact that wealth was not the end or aim of this man, that riches came to him merely as an incident of human service, and that his wealth was used to give paying employment to a vast army of workmen, makes the name of Oliver one that merits our remembrance.

James Oliver worked for one thing and got another.

¶ We lose that for which we clutch. The hot attempt to secure a thing sets in motion an opposition which

defeats us. All the beautiful rewards of life come by indirection, and are the incidental results of simply doing your work up to your highest and best. The striker, with a lust for more money and shorter hours, the party who wears the face off the clock and the man with a continual eye on the pay envelope, all have their reward—and it is mighty small. Nemesis with her barrel stave lies in wait for them around the corner. They get what is coming to them.

JAMES OLIVER was the inventor of an implement which is supplied to the user at a moderate cost. This tool—one particular pattern of Oliver Plow—has been made for over forty years, better finished and lightened possibly, but unchanged in style and design. This plow has been used and is still being used in every corner of the wide world where men tickle the soil that it may laugh a harvest. Hundreds of attempts have been made to improve on this plow, to change or modify it. Oliver himself tried to revise it, but the so-called improvements were eliminated by time, and the plow reverted to type. And it remains today the biggest seller in the plow world. Elderly men come now to buy this plow that they used in boyhood and refuse to take any other. In fact, the present writer recently bought one of these plows—an exact duplicate of one he used in McLean County, Illinois, in 1896. The idea of this plow sprang from the brain of James Oliver as Minerva sprang from the brain of Jove, full armed. Its tests for efficiency and endurance have been the most searching possible. It has been used by three generations of men, and today the Oliver Chilled Plow Works is producing seven times as many chilled plows as its largest competitor.

The Olivers have never been in a " trust " or " combine." And moreover, they will never lend themselves to any trust in the future. This is their determined and unalterable policy. Their goods are sold in the open market, in competition with many other manufacturers —the field is a free one. And not even their most prejudiced competitor has ever accused them of coercing the consumer, of banking on his necessities, or of oppressing labor.

When James Oliver was last approached on this theme, after the matter had been pushed upon his attention several times with various and sundry tempting offers to put the Plow Works into a " Community of Interest," or what is vulgarly called a Trust, he replied, " I do not care for your money, neither do I nor my family wish to go out of business. We are not looking for ease or rest or luxury. I love this institution, and if I go into this combine, granting that I will make more money than now, what is to prevent your shutting down these works and throwing all these people who have worked for me all these years out of employment? And how would that affect this city which has been my home and the home of those I love? No, sir, your talk of more money and less responsibility means nothing to me. I want my children to always feel the stress and strain of work, and never to forget the burdens of life, in order that they may respect the burdens of others. To be free to come and go is death—morally and mentally, if not financially. Not only do the Olivers run this business to make good plows, but they run it for the economic and educational good of themselves, and of all the great Oliver Family who make Oliver Plows and who follow in fresh furrows behind them. So you see, gentlemen, how little your argument is worth as regards more money, greater ease and less responsibility. And if it ever comes to a show-down, I 'll take less money and more work, rather than greater ease and more money. That is the Oliver Policy—more work and work for everybody who wants to work. Next, more plows, and if it is possible, better plows. And as for the money part, that will take care of itself." And this same sentiment has since been repeated by Joseph D. Oliver.

The Oliver fortune is founded on reciprocity. James Oliver was a farmer—in fact it was the joke of his friends to say that he took as much pride in his farming as in his manufacturing. Mr. Oliver considered himself a farmer, and regarded every farmer as a brother or partner to himself. " I am a partner of the farmer, and the farmer is a partner of Nature," he used to say. He always looked forward to the time when he would go back to the farm and earn his living by tilling the soil. He studied the wants of the farmer, knew the value of good roads, of fertilizers, drainage, and would argue long and vigorously as to the saving in plowing with three horses instead of two, or on the use of mules versus horses. He loved trees, and liked to plant them himself and encouraged boys to plant them. He had positive views as to the value of Clydesdales compared with Percherons.

So did he love the Clydes that for many years he drove a half-breed, shaggy-legged and flat-tailed plow horse to a buggy, and used to declare that all a good Clyde really needed was patience in training to make him a race-horse. He used to declare the horse he drove could trot very fast—" if I would let him out." Unhappily he never let him out, but the suspicion was that the speed limit of the honest nag was about six miles an hour, with the driver working his passage. Ayrshire cattle always caught his eye, and he would stop farmers in the field and interrogate them as to their success in cattle breeding. When told that his love for Ayrshire cattle was only a prejudice on account of his love for Robert Burns, who was born at Ayr, he would say " A mon's a mon for a' that." He declared that great men and great animals always came from the same soil, and that where you could produce good horses and cattle you could grow great men. Mr. Oliver was always devising ways to benefit and brighten the lives of families on the farms.

For music he cared little, yet during the seventies and eighties he had a way of buying " Mason and Hamlin" organs, and sending them as Christmas presents to some of his farmer friends where there were growing girls. " A sewing machine, a Mason and Hamlin organ, and an Oliver Plow form a trinity of necessities for a farmer," he once said.

When Orange Judd first began to issue his " Rural American" the enterprise received the hearty interest and support of Mr. Oliver and he subscribed for hundreds of copies.

He thought that farmers should be the most intelligent,

the most healthy and the happiest people on earth—nothing was too good for a farmer. " Your business men are only middlemen—the farmer digs his wealth out of the ground," he used to say. He quoted Brigham Young's advice to the Mormons, " Raise food products and feed the miners and you will all get rich. But if you mine for gold and silver, a very few will get rich, and the most of you will die poor."

SO here is the point, James Oliver was more interested in industrialism than in finance. His interest in humanity arose out of his desire to benefit humanity, and not a wish to exploit it.

If that is not a great lesson for the young, as well as old, then write me down as a soused gurnet.

The gentle art of four-flushing was absolutely beyond his ken. He was like those South Sea Islanders told of by Robert Louis Stevenson, who did n't know enough to lie, until after the missionaries came, when they partially overcame the disability.

James Oliver did n't know enough to lie. He knew only one way to do business, and that was the simple, frank, honest and direct way. That great New York politician whose shibboleth was, " Find your sucker, play your sucker, land your sucker—and then beat it," would have been to him hopeless Choctaw.

To sell a man a plow at a price beyond its worth, or to sell a man anything he did not need, was to him a calamity for the seller, just as it was for the buyer. ¶ His ambition was to make a better plow than any other living man could make, and then sell it at a price the farmer could afford to pay. His own personal profit was a secondary matter. In fact, at board-meetings, when ways and means were under discussion, he would break in and display a moldboard, a coulter or a new clevis, with a letter from Farmer John Johnson of Jones' Crossroads, as to its efficiency.

Then when the board did not wax enthusiastic over his new toy he would slide out and forget to come back. His heart was set on making a better tool, at less expense to the consumer, than the world had ever seen. Thus would he lessen labor and increase production. So beside great talent he had a unique simplicity, which often supplied smiles for his friends.

James Oliver had a warm sort of feeling for every man who had ever held the handles of an Oliver Plow—he regarded such an one as belonging to the great family of Olivers. He believed that success depended upon supplying a commodity that made the buyer a friend; and Heaven, to him, was a vast County Fair, largely attended by farmers, where exhibitions of plowing were important items on the program. Streets paved with gold were no lure for him.

In various ways he resembled William Morris, who when asked what was his greatest ambition, answered, " I hope to make a perfect blue," and the dye on his hands attested his endeavors in this line.

Both were workingmen, and delighted in the society of toilers. They lived like poor men, and wore the garb of mechanics. Neither had any use for the cards, curds and custards of what is called polite society. They hated hypocrisy, sham, pretense, and scorned the soft, the warm, the pleasant, the luxurious. They liked stormy weather, the sweep of the wind, the splash of the rain and the creak of cordage. They gloried in difficulties, reveled in the opposition of things and smiled at the tug of inertia. In their natures was a granitic outcrop that defied failure. It was the Anglo-Saxon, with a goodly cross of the Norse, that gave them this disdain of danger, and made levitation in their natures the supreme thing—not gravitation. ¶ The stubbornness of the Scot is an inheritance from his Norse forbears, who discovered America five hundred years before Columbus turned the trick. These men were well called the " Wolves of the Sea." About the year Ten Hundred, a troop of them sailed up the Seine in their rude but staunch ships. The people on the shore seeing these strange giants, their yellow hair flying in the wind, called to them, " Where are you from, and who are your masters?"

And the defiant answer rang back over the waters, " We are from the round world, and we call no man master."

James Oliver called no man master. Yet with him, the violent had given way to the psychic and mental. His battleground was the world of ideas. The love of freedom he imbibed with his mother's milk. It was the thing that prompted their leaving Scotland.

James Oliver had the defect of his qualities. He was essentially Cromwellian. He too would have said, " Take away that bauble!" He did not look outside of himself for help. Emerson's essay on " Self-Reliance " made small impression on him, because he had the thing of which Emerson wrote. His strength came from within, not without. And it was this dominant note of self-reliance which made him seem indifferent to the strong men of his own town and vicinity. It was not a contempt for strong men, it was only the natural indifference of one who called no man master.

He was a big body himself, big in brain, big in initiative, big in self-sufficiency.

He could do without men; and there lies the paradox—if you would have friends you must be able to do without them. James Oliver had a host of personal friends, and he also had a goodly list of enemies, for a man of his temperament does not trim ship. He was a good hater. He hugged his enemies to his heart with hoops of steel, and at times they inspired him as soft and mawkish concession never could. And well could he say, " A little more grape, Captain Bragg." Also, " We love him for the enemies he made." He had a beautiful disdain for society—society in its Smart-Set sense. He used to say, " In order to get into Heaven you have to be good and you have to be dead, but in order to get into society you do not have to be either." ¶ Exclusion and caste were abhorrent to him.

Oliver gave all, and doing so he won all in the way of fame and fortune that the world has to offer. His was a full, free, happy and useful life. Across the sky in letters of light I would write these words of James Oliver: TO BENEFIT YOURSELF, YOU MUST BENEFIT HUMANITY.

ZANGWILL has written it down in fadeless ink that Scotland has produced three bad things: Scotch humor, Scotch religion and Scotch whiskey.

James Oliver had use for only one of the commodities just named—and that was humor. Through his cosmos ran a silver thread of quiet chuckle that added light to his life; and endeared him to thousands. Laughter is the solvent for most of our ills!

All of his own personal religion—and he had a deal of it—was never saved up for Sunday; he used it in his business. But James Oliver was a Scotchman, and this being so, the fires of his theological nature were merely banked. When Death was at the door an hour before his passing, this hardy son of heath and heather, of bog and fen and bleak north wind, roused himself from stupor and in his deep, impressive voice, soon to be stilled forever, startled the attendants by the stern order, " Let us Pray!" Then he repeated slowly the Lord's Prayer, and with the word " Amen," sank back upon his pillow to arise no more.

For Scotch whiskey he had less use than he had for Scotch religion. He cursed the stuff in good, stiff, unco words, that were not always to be found in Webster's Unabridged ❧ ❧

For the occasional drunken workman, he had terms of pity and sentences of scorn in alternation. At such times the Scotch burr would come to his lips, and the blood of his ancestors would tangle his tongue.

One of his clerks once said to me, " As long as Mr. James talks United States, I am not alarmed, but when he begins to roll it out with a burr on his tongue, as if his mouth were full of hot mush, I am scared to death."

¶ It should be here explained that there were two of these Olivers, " Mr. James " and " Mr. Joseph D."—father and son. And there be many good men and discerning who aver that without the son, the father would not have come into the lime-light, and that the greatest achievement of James Oliver was not the Oliver Chilled Plow, but Joseph D. Oliver, still happily unchilled ❧ ❧

IN Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three, James Oliver spent several months at the Chicago Exposition. He was one of the World's Fair Commissioners.

¶ Hundreds of people shook hands with him daily. He was a commanding figure, with personality plus. No one ever asked him, any more than they did old Doctor Johnson, " Sir, are you anybody in particular?" He was somebody in particular, all over and all of the time ❧ ❧

That story about how the stevedores on the docks in Liverpool turned and looked at Daniel Webster and said, " There goes the King of America," has been related of James Oliver. He was a commanding figure, with the face and front of a man in whom there was no parley. He was a good man to agree with. In any emergency, even up to his eightieth year, he would have at once taken charge of affairs by divine right. His voice was the voice of command.

So there at Chicago he was always the center of an admiring group. He was Exhibit A of the Oliver Plow Works' Exhibition and yet he never realized it. One day, when he was in a particularly happy mood, and the Scotch burr was delightfully apparent, as it was when he was either very angry or very happy, an elderly woman pushed her way through the throng and seizing the hand that ruled the Oliver Plow Works in both of her own, said in ecstatic tones, " Oh! it is such a joy to see you again. Twenty years ago I used to hear you preach every Sunday!"

For once, James Oliver was undone. He hesitated, stammered and then exclaimed in flat contradiction, " Madam, you never heard me preach!"

" Why, are n't you Robert Collyer—the Rev. Robert Collyer?"

" Not I, madam. My name is Oliver, and I make plows," was the proud reply.

That night Oliver asked his trusted helper, Captain Nicar, this question, " I say, Nicar, who is this man Collyer—that woman was the third person within a week who mistook me for that preacher. I don't look like a dominie do I, Captain?"

And then Captain Nicar explained what Mr. Oliver had known, but which had temporarily slipped his mind—that Robert Collyer was a very great preacher, an Unitarian who had graduated out of orthodoxy, and who in his youth had been a blacksmith.

" Why did n't he stay a blacksmith, if he was a good one, and let it go at that?"

But this Nicar could n't answer. However, the very next day Robert Collyer came along, piloted by Marshall Field, and Oliver had an opportunity to put the question to the man himself.

Robert Collyer was much impressed by Mr. Oliver, and Mr. Oliver declared that Mr. Collyer was not to blame for his looks. And so they shook hands.

Collyer was at Chicago to attend the Parliament of Religions. This department of the great Expostion had not before especially appealed to Oliver—machinery was his bent. But now he forgot plows long enough to go and hear Robert Collyer speak on, " Why I am an Unitarian."

After the address Mr. Oliver said to Mr. Collyer, " Almost thou persuadest me to be an Unitarian."

" Had you taken to the pulpit, you would have made a great preacher, Mr. Oliver," said Mr. Collyer.

" And if you had stuck to your bellows and forge you might have been a great plow maker," replied Mr. Oliver—" and it 's lucky for me you did n't."

" Which is no pleasantry," replied Mr. Collyer, " for if I had made plows I would, like you, have made only the best."

" Mr. Oliver, I wish you would make me a mental moldboard that will cause my ideas to scour and thus reduce the draft on my ego," once said Mr. Collyer.

" I think you have a mighty good outfit for stirring up the spiritual soil, as it is," replied Oliver.

The Oliver Exhibit at the great Fair, was a kind of meeting place for a group of such choice spirits as Philip D. Armour, Sam Allerton, " Higginbotham Himself," Clark E. Carr and Joseph Medill; and then David Swing, Robert Collyer, Dr. Frank Gunsaulus and 'Gene Field were added to the coterie. 'Gene Field's column of " Sharps and Flats " used to get the benefit of the persiflage.

Collyer and Oliver were born the same year—Eighteen Hundred Twenty-three.

Both had the same magnificent health, the same high hope and courage that never falters, and either would

have succeeded in anything into which he might have his turned energies.

Chance made Oliver a mechanic and an inventor. He evolved the industrial side of his nature. Chance also lifted Collyer out of a blacksmith shop, and tossed him into the pulpit.

Collyer was born in Yorkshire, but his ancestors were Scotch. Oliver's mother's name was Irving, and the Irvings appear in the Collyer pedigree, tracing to Edward Irving, that strong and earnest preacher who played such a part in influencing Tammas the Titan of Ecclefechan. Whether Oliver and Collyer ever followed up their spiritual relationship to see whether it was a blood tie, I do not know—probably not, since both, like all superbly strong men, have a beautiful indifference to climbing genealogical trees.

I once heard Robert Collyer speak in a sermon of James Oliver as " a transplanted thistle evolved into a beautiful flower," and " the man of many manly virtues." ❧ ❧

Seemingly Mr. Collyer was unconscious of the fact that in describing Mr. Oliver, he was picturing himself. Industry, economy, the love of fresh air, the enjoyment of the early morning, the hatred of laziness, shiftlessness, sharp practice and all that savors of graft, grab and get-by-any-means — these characteristics were strong in both. And surely Robert Collyer was right—if the world ever produces a race of noble men, that race will be founded on the simple virtues, upon which there is neither caveat nor copyright, the virtues possessed by James Oliver in such a rare and rich degree ❧ ❧

GEORGE H. DANIELS, of the New York Central Railroad and James Oliver were close, personal friends. Both were graduates of the University of Hard Knocks, both loved their Alma Mater.

When Daniels printed that literary trifle, " A Message to Garcia," he sent five thousand copies to Oliver, who gave one to every man in his factory.

Daniels was one of the Illini, and had held the handles of an Oliver Plow. He had seen the great business of the Olivers at South Bend evolve. Oliver admired Daniels, as he did any man who could do big things in a big way. Daniels had an exhibition of locomotives and passenger-cars at the Chicago Exposition, and personally spent much time there. Among the very interesting items in the New York Central's exhibit was the locomotive that once ran from Albany to Schenectady, when that streak of scrap-iron rust, sixteen miles long, constituted the whole of the New York Central Railroad; and this locomotive, the " De Witt Clinton," had been the entire motor equipment, save two good mules used for switching purposes.

Oliver and Daniels stood side by side looking at the quaint curiosity, the direct ancestor of old " 999."

"You own the teakettle, George, but I 've got the start of you—I rode behind the thing as a paid passenger in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-five," said Oliver to Daniels ❧ ❧

And this was an actual fact; the Oliver family had ridden over the road on their way from Scotland to the West ❧ ❧

It was during the Exposition that Oliver incidentally told Daniels about how he had been mistaken for the Rev. Robert Collyer.

" I can sympathize with you," said Daniels, " for the plague of my life is a preacher who looks like me. Only last week I was stopped on the street by a man who wanted me to go to his house and perform a marriage ceremony."

"And you punched his ticket?" asked Oliver.

" No, I accepted and sent for the sky-pliot to do the job, and the happy couple never knew of the break."

¶ The man who so closely resembled Daniels was Rev. Dr. Thomas R. Slicer of Buffalo, an eminent clergyman now in New York City. Besides other points of resemblance, the one thing that marked them as twins was a beautiful red chin whisker, about the color of an Irish setter. Once Daniels challenged the reverend gentleman to toss up to see who should sacrifice the lilacs. Dr. Slicer got tails but lost his nerve before he reached the barber's, and so still clings to his beauty-mark.

Dr. Slicer was once going through the Grand Central Station when he was approached by a man who struck him for a pass to Niagara Falls.

" I regret," said the preacher, " that I can not issue a pass to Niagara Falls; all I can do is to give you a pass to Paradise."

" Which," said Mr. Oliver, when Mr. Daniels told him the story, " which was only a preacher's way of telling the man to go to hades. You and I, George, express ourselves much more simply."

WITHOUT detracting from the meed of praise that is due James Oliver, the truth should be stated that alone he could never have built up or extended this business to its present colossal proportions. The fact that an invention is useful and much needed does not insure its success.

For while it is true that only an useful invention or appliance can at the last succeed, yet the further fact remains that because it is good is no sign it will go. It will not necessarily succeed any more than moral virtue and spiritual beauty will be popular next year at Atlantic City and on Fifth Avenue.

Good things go only when captained by big men. It is a question of generalship, or salesmanship. It is a matter of marketing your wares. The superior man is not the one who thinks great thoughts, but he who expresses them so as to give humanity a vibe and a list to starboard.

Success is voltage under control—keeping one hand on the transformer of your kosmic kilowatts.

So to the argument: Excellent inventions and mines with pay gravel are nil and nit and mox nix ouse, as we say in the classics, until a man with phosphorus in his ego takes the management and transforms chaos into cosmos ❧ ❧

We all see big pictures in our dream mirror when drunk on art, love, dope or religion, but the boy who puts his picture on the canvas and sells it to Col. Pierpont Morgan—he is the only one who is really IT.

So when you tell me of your wonderful invention and want to sell me stock in your company, just bring me

a snap-shot of the man who is going to manage your concern, as well as a list of what he eats and drinks, the hours he sleeps and how he exercises both his body and sky-piece.

Then I 'll talk with you about investing.

While Joseph D. Oliver lacks the picturesque crankiness of the older man, he has a mental reach and a judicial outlook upon the world which James Oliver never had. He is a diplomat, a financier, an organizer. He is a judge of men, and never does a thing he can get some one else to do for him. Big men succeed through the process of selection. Joseph D. Oliver has a wise sense of values, and rare good taste as to the eternal fitness of things. He manages men without their knowing it. And let this be said, James Oliver was big enough to leave all questions of salesmanship and finance to his son. For over thirty years, Joseph D. Oliver has been the actual working manager of the business. He knows every corner and cranny of this vast industry, and has the broad, prophetic outlook of a great Captain of Industry. He holds the ship safe and true to her course.

The Oliver Opera House and that paragon of hostelries, " The Oliver Hotel," were the ideas of James Oliver, materialized by Joseph D.

When I was told that James Oliver was the richest man in Indiana, I said to myself, " Well, his son is the best ballasted man, mentally and physically and spiritually, in Indiana—and perhaps in America." That sounds like oxaline, I know, but the remark is carefully considered. I weigh my words.

When we so often see great wealth coupled with great weakness, is it not a satisfaction to find a rich man who is moderate in all the affairs of life, who is liberal but not lavish, who conserves his nerve-force and who realizes that great wealth is a responsibility—a stewardship?

Joseph D. Oliver is so big and great that he has always been quite willing to stand in the shadow. He has not clutched for honors; he has not asked for applause. The sycophant and flatterer have never been able to move him. He is an educated gentleman in the best sense of the word, and he is also a workingman. His life is devoted to this great science of business—to creation and distribution. Yet he knows history, loves music and literature, delights in Nature, appreciates the plain, simple joys of Life and practices the great and manly virtues, without which the greatest and richest is something less than a man. His family relations are the happiest, sweetest and sunniest. He has two sons—James and Joseph Doty, Jr.—fine hearty young men, who are being brought up to work, as boys should and must if they would elude the frowns of Fate and dodge her Stuffed Club.

The social and financial bounder may have his use, but I do not know what it is unless it be as a microbe of dissolution. But of such is not the House of Oliver.

IT will not do to make James Oliver out a religious man in a sectarian sense. He did however have a great abiding faith in the Supreme Intelligence in which we are bathed and of which we are a part. He saw the wisdom and goodness of the Creator on every hand. He loved Nature—the birds in the hedgerows and the flowers in the field. He gloried in the sunrise, and probably saw the sun rise more times than any other man in Indiana.

" The morning is full of perfume," he used to say. And so it is, but most of us need to be so informed.

¶ He believes most of all in his own mission and in his own divinity. Therefore he prized good health, and looked upon sickness and sick people with a touch of scorn. He reverenced the laws of health as God's Laws, and so he would not put an enemy in his mouth to steal away his brains. He used no tobacco, was wedded to the daily cold bath and was a regular amphibian for splashing. He had a system of calisthenics which he followed as religiously as the Mohammedan prays to the East. The pasteboard proclivity was not one of his accomplishments.

But a few months before his death he was missed one day at the work. His son thought he would drive out to his farm and see if he was there. He was there all right, and had just one hundred and twenty-seven men, by actual count, digging a ditch and laying out a road.

¶ James Oliver was n't a man given to explanations, apologies or excuses. His working motto usually was that of Rev. Dr. Jowett of Baliol, " Never explain, never apologize—get the thing done, and let them howl!" But on this occasion, anticipating a gentle reproach from his son for his extravagance, he said, " All right, Joe, all right. You see I 've been postponing this tarnashun job for twenty years, and I thought I 'd just take hold and clean it up, because I knew you never would!"

He was let off with a warning, but Joseph had to go behind the barn and laugh.

One thing that was as much gratification to Mr. Oliver as making the road, was the sense of motion, action, bustle and doing things. He delighted in looking after a rush job, and often took charge of " the boys " personally. For the men who made the plows, his regard was as great as for those who used them. He moved among the men as one of them, and while his discipline never relaxed, he was always approachable and ready to advise even with the most lowly. His sense of justice and his consideration are shown in the fact that in all the long years that the Oliver Plow Works has existed, it has never once been defendant in a lawsuit in its home county, damage or otherwise.

Thousands of men have been employed and accidents have occasionally happened but the unfortunate man and his family have always been cared for. Indeed, the Olivers carry a pension roll for the benefit of the widows, orphans and old people, the extent of which is known only to the confidential cashier. They do not proclaim their charities with a brass band.

James Oliver thought that a man should live so as to be useful all of his days. Getting old was to him a bad habit. He did not believe in retiring from business, either to have a good time or because you were old and bughouse. " Use your faculties and you will keep them," he used to repeat again and again. He agreed with Herbert Spencer that men have softening of the brain because they have failed to use that organ.

¶ And certainly he proved his theories, for he, himself,

was sane and sensible to the day of his death. Yet when certain of his helpers, bowed beneath the weight of years and life's vicissitudes, would become weak and needful of care, he would say, " Well, old John has done us good work, and we must look after him." And he did.

He would have denied that he was either charitable or philanthropic; but the fact was that the Golden Rule was a part of his business policy, and beneath his brusque outside there beat a very warm and generous heart. When the financial panic of Eighteen Hundred Ninety-three struck the country and dealers were canceling their orders, and everybody was shortening sail, the Olivers kept right along manufacturing and stored their product ❧ ❧

Never have they laid off labor on account of hard times. Never have they even shortened hours or pay. This is a record, I believe, equaled by no big manufacturing concern in America.

In October, Nineteen Hundred Seven, when workmen were being laid off on every hand, the Olivers simply started in and increased their area for the storage of surplus product. They had faith that the tide would turn, and this faith was founded on the experience of forty years and more, in business. Said James Oliver, " Man's first business was to till the soil; his last business will be to till the soil; I help the farmer to do his work, and for my product there will always be a demand." ❧ ❧

JAMES OLIVER had no fear of death. He had an abiding faith that the Power that cared for him here, would never desert him there. He looked upon death as being as natural as life and probably just as good. For the quibbles of theology he had small patience. " Live right here—wait, and we shall know," he used to say.

When his wife died, in Nineteen Hundred Two, he bore the blow like a Spartan. Fifty-eight years had they journeyed together. She was a woman of great good sense, and a very handsome woman, even in her old age. Her husband had always depended on her, telling her his plans and thus clarifying them in his own mind. They were companions, friends, chums, lovers—man and wife. After her death he redoubled his activities, and fought valiantly to keep from depressing the household with the grief that was gnawing at his heart ❧ ❧

A year passed, and one day he said to his son, " Joe, I do miss your mother awfully—but then I 'll not have to endure this lonelinesss forever! " And this was as near a sign of weakness as he ever showed.

A woman once came to Mr. Oliver soliciting subscriptions for some sort of doubtful charity. She was so persistent, that to get rid of her Mr. Oliver took out of his pocket a silver dollar and pushed it across the desk to her. With lofty contempt the woman said, " I have no use for such an insignificant sum."

And with great courtesy, Mr. Oliver replied, " Madam, I have," and promptly picked up the dollar and put it back in his pocket.

He was neither a miser nor a spendthrift. He always knew the value of a dollar, and always his earnest desire was to so invest his money that it would add to the business prosperity of the community.

James Oliver was a successful man, but it was not always smooth sailing. In the early days the Plow Plant caught fire at night and was absolutely consumed. Returning home at three o'clock in the morning, exhausted, and with clothing wet and frozen in a sheet of ice, this man sorely kicked by an unkind fate, turned a chair over on the floor before the fireplace, and reclining on it, there with eyes closed, endeavored to forget the trying scenes of the night.

Mrs. Oliver had made coffee and prepared a simple breakfast for the tired man. But rest was never for her or her family when there was pressing work demanding attention. " James, why are you wasting time! Drink this coffee, put on these dry clothes and go at once before daylight and order lumber and brick so the men can begin at seven o'clock to rebuild. We have orders to fill!" And the man arousing himself, obeyed the command. At seven o'clock the lumber was on the ground and the men were at work preparing to rebuild.

¶ James Oliver was a man of courage, but his patience, persistency and unfaltering faith were largely the reflection of his wife's soul and brain. When seventy years of age, a neighbor once dropped in for a little visit and in conversation referred to Mr. Oliver's being a rich man.

" Yes," said this kindly old Spartan, " Yes, they say I am rich, but if I did n't have a dollar, I would still be rich—with a wife like that!" and he pointed to his partner of nearly half a century.

Mrs. Oliver smiled and said chidingly, " Now James!" But he continued, " I say, mother, if we did not have a dollar, we could still earn our living with our hands at just plain hard work, could n't we?"

And the old lady (who really was never old) replied, " Yes, James, we could earn our living with our hands, and we would not be miserable over it either."

Near the close of his wonderful career, Pericles said, " I have caused no one to wear crepe." The Hon. Marvin Campbell, in a speech at South Bend, once quoted this remark of the man who built the city of Athens and added, " Not only can we pay James Oliver the compliment of saying that he never caused any one to wear crepe, but no one ever lost money by investing either in his goods or his enterprises, and moreover no one ever associated with him who did not prosper and grow wiser and better through the association." A few weeks before his passing, some one told him this little story of Tolstoy's: A priest, seeing a peasant plowing, approached him and said, " If you knew you were to die tonight how would you spend the rest of the day?" And the peasant answered, " I would plow."

¶ It seems the priest thought the man would answer, " In confession," or " In prayer," or " At church." The priest heard the answer in surprise. He thought a moment, and then replied, " My friend, you have given the wisest answer a man can possibly make, for to plow is to pray, since the prayer of honest labor is always answered." The story impressed Mr. Oliver. He told it to several people, and then made a personal application of it, thus: " If I knew I were to die tonight, I would make plows today."

PRACTICAL PUBLICITY

WHEN I write an advertisement I aim to make it bright, readable, interesting. But I never lose sight of the fact that an Ad-Preachment is Salesmanship on Paper, and must have horsepower to make it effective ❧ Of course, I can not ping a Bull Moose *every* time I go a-gunning, but I kick the shako out of the cosmic circle about nine and a half times out of ten, say.
Put your publicity problems up to me, and I will evolve a few original and convincing thinks that will start the shekels scurrying into your strong-box. Yes, Terese, rate-cards on application—oh, cert'ny, cert'ny!
ELBERT HUBBARD, THE BULL MUSE
East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.

THIS is one by the late Bill Nye that will not be found in his Complete Works: A friend, who lived what you call a Sedentary Life, wrote Bill asking for a cure for constipation ❧ And Bill wrote back, "Give a lecture, recital or reading in a new town!" ¶ Mind-cure is all right in some instances, but when it comes to drilling rock, we are up against a condition—not a theory. A few years ago the diamond drill was the only effective prospector's drill known. Now all sensible prospectors and miners use the *Davis Calyx Drill*, which penetrates the hardest formations, preserves samples of the strata intact, and costs but a trifle compared with the diamond. Complete information about this wonderful core driller will be sent on application to
DAVIS CALYX DRILL COMPANY
No. 128 Broadway New York

PARTIES LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE SHOULD EAT *BURBANK'S SPILFICATED SPUDS:* THEY HAVE NO EYES.—
—ADV.

THE VALUE OF ADVERTISED NAMES

A GREAT American has been credited with saying that the people like to be humbugged. Maybe he said it and maybe he did n't—anyway the statement is untrue. ¶ The man who has been humbugged is humiliated when he finds it out, and none of us enjoy being humiliated. ¶ In buying merchandise the public is becoming more and more insistent upon getting trademarked brands. When the merchant's clerk wraps up a nameless article, you are back again in the old lottery days: you may get a prize, and then again you may not. The manufacturer who spends thousands of dollars introducing a trademarked article of merit is deserving of all the honor and profit that comes to him, for he is establishing a standard and he imparts a feeling of confidence to the purchaser. Buy advertised trademarked goods!

OUR SPECIALTY: Jamaica Plain Ginger for belliakers ❧ Low rates on quantities. For free samples, address
BLISS, CARMAN & BILL BLUE POINT
LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

TWO PRESS DISPATCHES

No. 1
From the New York *Sun*
Issue of Dec. 2d, 1902
Hubbard a Boodler

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 1.—Ray Williams, the right-hand man of Fra Elbertus at East Aurora, N. Y., has left the Roycrofters, and is to join forces with the Arts and Crafts Society of Syracuse. In an interview with a SUN correspondent today Mr. Williams said that the Roycroft Shop is not all that it purports to be. Mr. Williams and Elbert Hubbard have recently been on a lecture tour together, and while Williams gave the lectures Fra Elbertus gobbled the proceeds. This was what led to the ruction.

No. 2
From the New York *Sun*
Issue of Dec. 5th, 1902
They Picked Him Up

SYRACUSE, N. Y., Dec. 4.—Ray Williams, who recently escaped from the Middletown Hospital for the Insane, where he had been confined for the past four years as a patient, was returned to that institution by the authorities today.

NOTICE

¶ I am the original Bull Muse. ¶ All I have to do for the next month is to write advertisements for my friends. ¶ My advertisements possess lilt, lure, logic and lucidity. ¶ I place the reader *en rapport* with himself, stimulating the nerves that lead to his pocketbook. ¶ Advertising with me is salesmanship. ¶ I would like to introduce your goods to the several hundred thousand Roycrofters-at-Large who read THE PHIL. Please command me ❧ ❧
ELBERT HUBBARD, East Aurora, N. Y.

THE PHILISTINE
ELBERT HUBBARD, Editor, East Aurora, N. Y.
Subscription, One Dollar a Year; Single Copy, Ten Cents.

Folks who do not know how to take
THE PHILISTINE had better not.
—*Ali Baba.*

The Story of the Steinways

THE gentle reader, whose education has been blessed by reading " Little Journeys," will probably recall something of what the world owes to " the last run of shad," to use the phrase of the Reverend Theodore Parker.

The latest celebrant in the list to come to my attention is Luther Burbank. He was along here the other day. After supper we drifted into The Roycroft Music-Room. A girl sat down at the Steinway Grand and played Mendelssohn's " Spring Song."

And Luther Burbank said he would rather have written that song than to have evolved a spineless cactus.

" Spineless men are plentiful," I ventured.

" Perhaps," was the reply: " but think of the vertebrae and its surmounting brain of the man who worked for fifty years before he was able to make a piano that pleased him. And see how a great man blesses the world. Here we have the net result of a life of invention, dreams, toil, love, work and aspiration. The man is dust—his dream is ours. Strike the keys, child! Gently —so, it is the soul of a man."

Luther Burbank did n't care to talk about himself or his work; he wanted me to tell of Steinway, for I had mentioned the fact that I had been to the Steinway factory in New York a few days before. When I told him that Henry E. Steinway was the youngest in a family of twelve, he smiled and said, " Good! One more in the list—I myself am the thirteenth in a family of fifteen. Proceed!"

Some Big Broods

JOHN and Charles Wesley were two in a nice little family of nineteen. And Susannah Wesley, their mother, was the twenty-fourth child of her parents. Edmund Burke was one of fifteen.

Daniel Webster was the eleventh little Webster. Theodore Parker was also the eleventh, and last in his family ❧ ❧

Friedrich Frœbel and Beethoven were preceded by big broods, that were to achieve oblivion, save for the distinction of being kin to that last, little, wailing surprise-party.

William and Caroline Herschel had nine brothers and sisters. Coleridge was in competition with twelve other Coleridges, several of whom were twenty years, and more, older than he. Josiah Wedgwood and Richard Arkwright were each the thirteenth child of their mothers—and not unlucky members, either. James Oliver was the baby in a family of eight.

Benjamin Franklin was one of a family of seventeen. He was the last except the " anoder baby," or two. When fourteen, Ben was apprenticed to a brother who had yellow chin-whiskers and was twenty-two years his senior. After Ben ran away, this brother sinks from sight, so far as Clio is concerned, but the soul of Ben still goes marching on. In the famous family of Rothschild there were five sons and five daughters. The five sons were made barons in a single day, and the daughters should have been similarly decorated, for they too, had the genius of their mother, who lived to be exactly one hundred, and saw all her children and several of her grandchildren grow great. When past ninety, surrounded by over a hundred of her descendants, the pride of Letizia Rothschild was profound, and surely pardonable.

In the Hartz Mountains

HENRY E. STEINWAY was born February Fifteenth, Seventeen Hundred Ninety-seven, at the little village of Wolfshagen, in the Hartz Mountains. He was the baby in a big brood of twelve. But the brood being not quite big enough, they adopted three more—orphans left by a stricken neighboring family ❧ ❧

It was a happy, busy, economical group, where the garden gave vegetables, the mountain-stream fish, the forest fuel. The simple life of the forester and his family was bounded by six square miles. Of the great, troubled outside world—the world of war, of strife, struggle and ambition—this happy peasant family knew little. Their days were full of work and quiet, homely joys.

But in the midst of peace and smiling plenty came the army of the Corsican. It swept that pass in the Hartz Mountains, where lived the simple, modest, peasant family. It devoured the substance of the villagers, carried off their portable wealth and left them desolate. After the French had gone, came the Prussians. The father and older brothers had obeyed the call of their country and were far away in the field. The French returned to drive the Prussians out. The soldiers quartered themselves in the houses of the people, and compelled the women to cook for them—this as punishment for having given aid and succor to the enemy.

Saint Paul speaks of the degradation of being chained to a Roman soldier: but think of having to feed and house an idle, lawless and vicious soldiery! The Corsican boasted that he fought his way to success " with the criminal class," since he had opened every prison-door and given liberty, or glorious death, as payment for enlistment ❧ ❧

The Ravages of War

OF course it will not do to say that the French were necessarily worse in war-time than were the armies of Prussia or Italy. Men are men, and when war, red of tooth and claw, loosens the floodgates of passion, the Ten Commandments are waived and bestiality is rampant. Like a cloud of locusts on a summer field, the soldiers stripped the villagers of their all. They stabled their horses in the churches, and made the houses their own. Before the food was entirely gone, the women and children fled to the mountains. They followed the winding goat-paths, where the soldiers with their wagon-trains could not follow. Up there with the foxglove, alone with God and her children, worn by worry, hunger and cold, the mother of Henry Steinway passed away. Her children covered her worn-out form with a pile of rocks, and left her tired body there on the mountain-side. Several of the motherless children gave up the struggle and cried themselves to sleep, to awake no more.

Henry and one brother and a sister made their way back to the village, only to find it a mass of blackened ruins ❧ ❧

They set to work and built a cottage of logs and stones.

¶ Spring came, and the singing birds—those wonderful Hartz Mountain songsters—were there. A little garden was planted. And Nature, intent on hiding the results of man's inhumanity, sent her creeping vines and trailing flowers.

There were still distant thunders and rumors of war. The Corsican was in Russia, where " the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast had scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves." The villagers had prayed hard and often that they might thereafter escape the dread scourge of war. God seemed to hearken to their prayers.

The Overbrimming Cup

THE years passed, and Henry Steinway was fifteen —tall, strong, self-reliant, a man before his time, made so by grief and responsibility.

He was a forester, and as a mountain guide had piloted the Duke of Brunswick on hunting excursions up into the fastnesses where the wild goats herded, and through the gorges where the bear-licks lay.

His boyhood makes you think of Aristotle, the Macedonian who was guide to King Philip, and finally tramped away across three hundred miles of mountain and plain to join the school of Plato.

Henry Steinway had his dreams of books and study and the world of art, seen by him in fancy as soldiers and travelers told their tales around campfires when the sun went down.

His only surviving sister had married and followed fate and her soldier husband down to the cities. She had tasted of life, found it bitter, and had given up the struggle ❧ ❧

The father and three brothers had returned from the war. They had taken up their work of building roads and planting trees for the Duke of Brunswick on his estate, repairing the ravages of war.

And so it came to pass that, on a certain day, Henry Steinway, three brothers, their father and two other men were at work on the mountain-side.

A sudden storm came up, and they sought shelter in a deserted cabin. While huddled there, escaping the beating rain, a bolt of lightning came, striking and rending the house, prostrating every occupant. Henry crawled out of the debris, over the bodies of his companions ❧ ❧

All were dead.

He alone survived. And he alone now bore the name of Steinway. Had he suffered the fate of his father and brothers, with them would have died the name.

Grief and Responsibility—A Digression

TO stand by the open grave of one you have loved, and feel the sky shut down over less worth in the world, is the supreme test.

There you prove your worth, if ever.

You must live and face the day, and each succeeding day, realizing that " the moving finger writes, and having writ moves on, nor all your tears shall blot a line of it."

Heroes are born, but it is calamity that discovers them.

¶ Once in Western Kansas, in the early Eighties, I saw a loaded four-horse wagon skid and topple in going across a gully. The driver sprang from his seat and tried to hold the wagon upright.

The weight was too great for his strength, powerful man though he was. The horses swerved down the ditch instead of going across it, and the overturning wagon caught the man and pinned him to the ground.

Half a dozen of us sprang from our horses. After much effort the tangled animals were unhitched and the wagon righted. The man was dead. In the wagon were the wife and six children, the oldest a boy of fifteen. All were safely caught in the canvas top and escaped unhurt ❧ ❧

We camped there—not knowing what else to do.

We straightened the mangled form of the dead, and covered the body with a blanket.

That night the mother and oldest boy sat by the campfire and watched the long night away with their dead ❧ ❧

The stars marched in solemn procession across the sky.

The slow, crawling night passed.

The first faint flush of dawn appeared in the East.

" We Will Go On!"

I LAY near the campfire, my head pillowed on a saddle, and heard the widowed mother and her boy talking in low but earnest tones.

" We must go back—we must go back to Illinois! It is the only thing to do!" I heard the mother moan.

¶ And the boy answered: " Mother, listen to what I say. We will go on—we will go on! We know where father was going to take us—we know what he was going to do. We will go on, and we will do what he intended to do, and if possible we will do it better. We will go on!"

That first burst of pink in the East had turned to gold.

¶ Great streaks of light stretched from horizon to zenith ❧ ❧

I could see in the dim and hazy light the hobbled horses grazing across the plain a quarter of a mile away.
The boy of fifteen arose and put fuel on the fire.
After breakfast I saw that boy get a spade, a shovel and a pick out of the wagon.
With the help of others a grave was dug there on the prairie ❧ ❧
The dead was rolled in a blanket and tied about with thongs, after the fashion of the Indians.
Lines were taken from a harness, and we lowered the body into the grave.
The grave was filled up by friendly hands working in nervous haste. I saw the boy pat down the mound with the back of a spade.
I saw him carve with awkward, boyish hands the initials of his father, the date of his birth and the day of his death ❧ ❧
I saw him drive the slab down at the head of the grave.
I saw him harness the four horses. I saw him help his little brothers and sisters into the canvas-covered wagon ❧ ❧
I saw him help his mother climb the wheel as she took her place on the seat.
I saw him spring up beside her.
I saw him gather up the lines in his brown, slim hands, and swing the whip over the leaders, as he gave the shrill word of command and turned the horses to the West ❧ ❧
And the cavalcade moved forward to the West—always to the West.
The boy had met calamity and disaster. He had not flinched. In a single day he had left boyhood behind and become a man. And the years that followed proved him genuine.
What was it worked the change? Grief and responsibility, nobly met.

The Battle of Waterloo

WHEN the Corsican returned from Elba, and the cry, " He 's back!" startled and chilled all Europe, Henry Steinway joined the troops of the Duke of Brunswick and became a part of the " Army of the Allies."
The night of June Seventeenth came, when there was a sound of revelry by night at Brussels, and the boom of cannon was heard bumping against the dark.
The next day the Battle of Waterloo was fought. Preceding the battle, the Duke of Brunswick's troops became a part of Blucher's brigade.
Napoleon knew old " Marshal Vorwarts " and admired him. Also, he feared him. Blucher had been under Napoleon's command, and Napoleon, jealous of his power, had relieved him of his generalship.
Napoleon was forty-six years old, Blucher was seventy-four. Among other accomplishments, Old Forward had a vocabulary which unlimbered made him rival to Mephisto.
On June Fifteenth, at Ligny, Napoleon said, " We will have to kill Old Forward, or he may get after us with his cuss battery." Napoleon's fire, from three points, was centered on Blucher. This was the plan of action that won most of Napoleon's battles.
Napoleon was an artilleryman, and he liked to fight with projectiles. By centering his fire on a certain spot he pounded it to pieces. The idea survives in modern football, where eleven men often throw themselves on one—the one most to be feared, and put him out of the game.
Blucher withdrew before Napoleon's awful fire. At least, that is the word Blucher used, " withdrew." Napoleon called it a rout and spoke of " Marshal Backward." Napoleon was always a joker—he joked even at Saint Helena.
Blucher's horse was shot, and the rider was pinned under his weight, but the rider escaped.

The Musical Subaltern

ON the afternoon of the Eighteenth, Old Forward had his revenge. He came up late, when he was not expected, and struck Napoleon's picked troops on the flank. It was horsemen against artillery, and at close range. The horsemen sabered the gunners at their posts before they could flee. And Old Forward, hatless, coatless, muddy and bloody, personally exercised with terrific energy both his tongue and his sword ❧ ❧
In this last scene, subaltern Steinway played his part.
¶ But war was not to the liking of young Steinway. And in his kit he always managed to carry a wondrous jew's-harp of his own manufacture. The jew's-harp was so called because it was small and portable, and even Jews on the wing could carry one.
Nathan Rothschild was on the battlefield of Waterloo on that memorable day, and as the sun went down he did not know whether Napoleon or Wellington was victor. No one knew. But Nathan says, " As darkness came, I saw the English making campfires and the Germans were singing, and one was playing some sort of musical instrument." We know the rest. Nathan Rothschild rode eighty miles before sunrise, and his message to his brother, " Buy English Securities," reached London twenty-four hours ahead of the official post. The move made the House of Rothschild supreme in finance. Who that German soldier was that was playing some sort of musical instrument, we do not know. As for myself, I like to imagine that it was Henry Steinway.

The Pipes of Pan

AFTER Waterloo, it took Europe some months to get her nerve back to norm.
Most of the troops were still held, ready for trouble. During these long weeks of waiting in barracks, young Steinway improved his time making a cithern, or zither. It was simply a box made from spruce, with strings strung across, and played by plucking, but it made sweet music and broke the monotony of " those piping times of peace."
There are just two kinds of musical instruments. One is the stringed instrument and the other is the wind instrument. One had its rise in the hollow reed, or the pipes of Pan, and the other began with the hunter's bow, which some hunter on a march noticed " sang " when struck and made to vibrate.

Then another hunter discovered that no two bows sang just alike, owing to different degrees of length, structure and tautness. Where it was, or when, that a hunter took one bow and with it agitated the strings of another, and thus suggested the " fiddle," we do not know. Also, we can only guess when it was and where that a soldier sitting near a campfire surprised his fellows by putting four strings on a bow and making music on that progenitor of all 'cellos.

To add many strings and make a harp played with the finger was a natural and easy evolution.

We hear of how a thousand years before Christ the Israelites " hanged their harps upon the willows." The harp was the symbol of joy and gladness, and when a supreme sorrow came it was laid aside, and grief was expressed by singing, or wailing. In Ireland, the wail of the professional " keener," or mourner, is still heard, and once heard is never forgotten.

About the same time that Henry Steinway was relieving the tedium of life in barracks with his cithern, and playing a pleasing accompaniment to any song that might be sung, he tried his hand at making a dulcimer, which was played by striking the strings with little hammers.

The clavichord was played by striking keys, which released little hammers, which in turn struck the strings. This was an adaptation from the pipe-organ, which by pressing keys released the pressure of air in the pipes and made music. Organ music reached perfection with Sebastian Bach.

The violin reached its height with Stradivarius, and the piano—but that is another story.

Just a Love-Story

WHEN turned twenty-one, Henry Steinway left the army with an honorable discharge and a bronze medal for bravery.

The special bravery consisted in playing a bugle while leading a charge where the men on both sides of him were shot—and never missing a note. The man who could play and not flat under these conditions surely deserved recognition.

The House of Steinway was to have more medals later, but this first one was always called " our music medal." In his old age Henry Steinway used to say, " I want no more medals on these conditions, and would rather lose this one than try for it over again."

Henry's success in working in wood got him a job in a cabinet-shop. He made furniture, and evolved into a wood-carver who made six thalers in good money every week. He now lived in the little town of Seesen, at the foot of the Hartz Mountains. Near by was a barracks, where he led the band, and the Colonel of the regiment paid him a thaler and twenty groschens a week out of his own pocket for the work.

He resigned his job in the cabinet-shop to take a place in a little factory where church-organs were being made. Incidentally, he played the organ in the village church.

¶ Here comes in one of those pivotal points in life that make for glory or despair. The Colonel of the regiment told young Steinway that he wanted him on the spot all the time. But he must enlist in order to have the place. His rank would be that of Lieutenant, and his pay, including perquisites for breaking in musical recruits, would amount to ten thalers a week.

¶ At the organ-building he only made six thalers and twenty groschens, because he was supposed to be learning the business.

The offer of the army was tempting. It meant ease, honors and a sure and safe position for life.

Henry laid the case before a fair-haired German girl, Doretta Kinder by name, the daughter of the village doctor. When Henry played the organ in the village church, Doretta was always there. She loved music: also she loved Henry Steinway. The guilt braid, the brass buttons, the tall bearskin cap, and dangling sword had no lure for Doretta. Her woman's wisdom knew that Mars meant misery for women, even more than for men. She loved the obscure mechanic for his own sake, and the man who played the organ in the village church was more to her than the man who led the band on parade.

Love had its way. One decision leads to another. In February, Eighteen Hundred Twenty-five, they were married. Henry played the organ at his own wedding: the girl pumped the bellows: and then they descended from the loft and the ceremony was performed.

The Two-Stringed Piano

THE bride's present from the groom was a piano—a curious little instrument with two strings. Stradivarius fixed the limit of the violin at four strings. Two strings for a piano, with the hammers striking the strings at different positions, was supposed to be ample ❧ ❧

Across the case of this love-piano were cupids carved in relief, all playing hide-and-seek in the flowers ❧ Beyond this wonderful piano, Henry Steinway never expected to go. It was his Meister-stueck. Also, it was a " Steinway "—on this point there is no dispute ❧ But in a year we find Henry working evenings in the kitchen of the little house where they lived. He was making another piano—a better one than the first. It was to have three strings—this was in keeping with the poetic unities—for there were three in the family now. This piano was to be for Doretta's baby—little Theodore, aged only a few weeks, but making merry music of his own. His fond father used to say that little " The " was the only baby in the world that never cried off key, but always with a genuine musical expression ❧ ❧

The baby was to be known to the world as C. F. Theodore Steinway.

The Ideal Piano

THIS piano for the baby that " never cried off key " was n't completed for fourteen years.

As the father worked, his ideas of what a piano should be increased and enlarged. Long before the case for the first piano was complete, with his inward vision Steinway saw a better one.

Little Theodore learned to creep. He played in the shavings at his father's feet and crowed and yodled ❧ He evolved one little white tooth, then two.

He pulled himself up and stood on fat, wobbly little legs and tried to help.
Finally he wore his first pair of trousers, and talked good, genuine German. "How is the piano getting along?" the neighbors would ask. "Ach, du leiber Gott, I gave it to the Frau for a cupboard!"
A year later the question was answered thus, "Ah, the pianoforte—yes, I gave it to the Frau for a bookcase!"
Pianos were made and a few sold, but the one ideal piano, the piano for Theodore, was not completed
Other babies came—one, two, three, four, five, six. Theodore was twelve years old. He was a handsome youth, tall, strong, sturdy, with brain to match. He read and played all and any kind of music at sight. He saturated himself with sweet sounds: and as he worked at the bench by the side of his father he sang songs from Schubert.
"My son," said the father, "I started out to make an ideal piano for you. I could have achieved it all right, had not the ideal kept ahead of me. Now, you must help me make it!"
In Eighteen Hundred Thirty-nine, this first "Steinway Grand" was exhibited at the State Fair of Brunswick. It commanded marked attention.

The First "Steinway Grand"

MUSICIANS came from distant cities to see and hear this wonderful musical instrument. The tinkle, tinkle, tin-pan tones of the harpischord were gone. Here was full, clear, vibrant expression. Albert Methfessel, the celebrated composer, played on the instrument, examined it, tested it, and a special gold medal was struck, the highest honor that could be paid, and this medal was presented to Henry Steinway. Instantly, the father hung the medal about the neck of his son Theodore. The piano had been begun for the boy. The boy himself completed the task. We can imagine the good old Teutonic enthusiasm of those who saw the sight when that medal was presented
The boy was called upon for a speech. He could not think of anything to say. Then they called on him to play. He sat down to play—struck two bars, and burst into tears
At the time he thought he was disgraced, but the Duke of Brunswick, who was present, afterward said that by no possibility could anything be thought out and done as touchingly impressive as this inability of the boy to play.
This piano was bought by an "unknown music-lover"—probably the Duke—for a thousand thalers. The sale made the name Steinway synonymous with pianos

The Standard of Piano Excellence

AND today no one can discuss the subject of pianos for five minutes without using the word Steinway. You can refer to your "Steinway" in any civilized language, to civilized people in any part of the globe, and the allusion is always understood.
The word goes as legal tender, having passed into the current coin of language. It is neither German, English, French, Spanish, Russian nor Italian—it is a universal word
When Wu Ting Fang, that most versatile and inquisitive man, came to East Aurora and was being shown about, as he entered the Music-Room he remarked, "Oh, I see you have a Steinway! I have one, too, at my home in China. What did yours cost?"
For seventy years the Steinway has been the standard of excellence in pianos. It is the superlative, beyond which you can not go. Everybody who makes pianos, or deals in them, or plays them, will tell you, "This is a Steinway": or "This piano has the Steinway touch": or "This Piano is as good as a Steinway." People who have a piano that is n't a Steinway usually feel called upon to apologize and mention fifty-seven reasons why they did not buy a Steinway. But nobody I ever heard of dared say, "This is better than a Steinway." The remark would be so absurd that it would cause the smile audible to circulate rapidly

Revolution of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight

THE year of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight was a time of unrest throughout Europe. The dictum of Thomas Jefferson, "That country is governed best which is governed least," was not understood or appreciated by the men in power.
"Make way for individuality," was the cry among bands of earnest young men all over Germany.
Richard Wagner was arrested in Dresden for making speeches on the street corners in the name of liberty. He escaped to Switzerland. A price was placed upon his head. For ten years he lived in exile, and then itwas that some of his first scores were written. But he had to wait until Franz Liszt came down to visit him before his creations were given a voice, for Wagner was not a performer
But exile and persecution have their advantages.
We remember the man who prayed for an enemy, to arouse him out of his mental sloth. Enemies are often our friends in disguise, since they sting us into action. However, the matter of enemies can be overdone. Yet the fact remains that exile and prison-bars have given the world some great songs and great books. Go ask John Bunyan and Victor Hugo! Liszt contended to the day of his death that without exile we would never have had that half-tragic, cumulative, sublimely appealing and defiantly harmonious discord which constitutes "the soul of Wagner."
The political storm which blew Wagner out of Germany placed an interdict on that most gentle and beautiful character, Friedrich Frœbel. Four years later he died, a whipped-out and broken-hearted man. It was a panic, when kings were holding their crowns on with both hands and calling for deliverance from the Spirit of Liberty.

The Adventure of Charles

DOWN at the little village of Seesen young men were talking and writing. We hear of one accusation to the effect that a certain young man was playing "revolutionary music." Government spies were on the track of the Steinways. The father and eldest son

were not so much to blame as Charles Steinway, the second son, born in Eighteen Hundred Twenty-nine. ¶ Charles was just twenty-one. He lacked the artistic genius of Theodore, but from all we can gather he did not lack energy. He had read Benjamin Franklin, Paine and Jefferson, and had organized a " Junta " where the word liberty was used a trifle more often than was consistent.

The lines were being drawn about him. He escaped into Switzerland between dawn and the day, and made his way by relays to Paris and then to London. From there he sailed for New York, and arrived in New York, May, Eighteen Hundred Forty-nine. Charles was strong, hearty, practical and willing. He got a job without delay in a furniture-shop. Soon he was assistant foreman, and was making three times as many dollars every week as his father was making thalers. His glowing letters home were not without avail. The whole family—father, mother and six children—decided to follow the adventurous Charles.

To leave their modest little home, with its garden and flowers, and its shop in the backyard over which ran the trumpet-flowers, and where the pianos were made, and turn the cow and the goat over to the neighbors, was an awful pull on their heart-strings. But every letter from Charles said, " Come!" Finally the elder daughter, Doretta, took things in her own hands and wrote to Charles, " We are coming."

The New World

THE Steinway family sailed from Hamburg, and landed at Castle Garden, June Ninth, Eighteen Hundred Fifty.

They were not destitute nor poor, yet they were far from being rich. All they saw ahead was good, plain, hard work, and plenty of it.

Charles had been able to discover about a dozen pianos in New York, but the future for pianos in America did not look bright. In fact, it was a semi-pioneer country, and pianos were a luxury. That there would be a market for pianos in an extensive way might come about in, say, a hundred years. But anyway, everybody needed furniture. Charles Steinway had looked up the Astors. John Jacob Astor was a German and a musician. He was the first man to make a business of selling musical instruments in New York. In fact, he proved he was a true disciple of Sheldon when he started into the woods, bound for Canada, with no baggage but a pack of flutes.

When he came to an Indian village he announced his appearance by playing a flute. The Indians came out to see what the trouble was.

And the result was that always he sold them a flute and took pay in a bale of skins, usually worth about five hundred dollars. As a part of the bargain, he also taught the proud aborigines to play.

Charles told this true story to his father. And Pater Familias shrugged his shoulders and said, " Ach, mein Gott! You can carry flutes into the woods and sell them to savages, but think of carrying a piano on your back and educating Indians to play it!" The boys settled down to a weekly wage in stores and shops.

As the months went by, the Steinways got acquainted with both language and customs. The newness wore off, and the younger children were talking United States like Yankees born.

The First American "Steinway"

NEW YORK was not nearly so barbaric as they had thought. The best society was Dutch and had a decided musical bias.

With the father and the mother there were nine in the Steinway family—enough for a baseball team or an orchestra ❧ ❧

They had one, at least, of every kind of musical instrument, but no piano. All their pianos at home had been sold—to save freight, and because the money was needed ❧ ❧

Now Theodore, Charles and their father were hard at it making a piano.

The neighbors were taking quite an interest in this new instrument.

When the piano was finished they were invited in. Others came. Theodore was a player of decided ability, and Doretta was an artist above the average. Doretta and Theodore played " four hands."

A concert was given for the benefit of a neighboring church, where nobody but Steinways took part.

Two more pianos were being made. Peter Cooper had bought the first. At least, Peter Cooper had a Steinway which he always declared was the first one made in America. The piano is still in the Cooper family. I saw it a few years ago, and it is a good piano yet.

The Steinways now rented a barn in the rear of a house in Varick Street. And the whole family were at it building pianos—girls and mother included.

Theodore was an artist and an inventor. Doretta, the elder daughter, was a player and a worker. Her enthusiasm, ambition and good-cheer were infectious. Also, she had the salesman's instinct. She picked possible customers and took them to the factory, where in an office eight by twelve there was just one square piano. She played for them, and when they hesitated about buying, " because Mary can't play," Doretta said, " Oh, I 'll teach her!"

The Steinway Genius

AND soon the home of the Steinways became a radiating musical center for teachers and performers ❧ ❧

Charles Steinway was the businessman—earnest, active and practical. He bought materials and looked after ways and means.

Henry Steinway, Junior, was one year younger than Charles. He was a workman and an inventor. Other pianos were being made in America—the Steinway must keep ahead of all competitors, not by selling a cheaper but by making a better instrument.

To Henry Steinway, Junior, must go the credit of the overstrung scale in grand pianos, an epoch-making innovation. This invention did away with the uncertain, nasal, thin tone, and gave a resonant, sure and distinguished style to the vibration, which became at once known and is still known as the " Steinway Tone."

¶ But it is to Theodore Steinway, brother of Henry and Charles that the world now awards the palm as the great mechanical genius of piano construction. It was Theodore who succeeded in standardizing the Steinway. Up until this time, while the work of piano construction was very interesting and called for considerable artistic ability, the financial profits accruing were hardly worth mentioning. Experiments eat up money, as moths go through your last year's woolen suit

But with the invention of the overstrung scale, and the standardization of the Steinway, the fortune of the Steinway House was assured.

And never was a ship better manned for making the Port of Success.

The father had the industry, economy, directness, and the truth-loving qualities of the Vaterland.

Theodore was an artist and inventor par excellence. He was, in fact, the inventive genius of the House of Steinway, his activity in this respect covering a period of many years. His patented inventions are very numerous, among which may be mentioned, as of far-reaching consequence, the Duplex Scale, the Bent Rim and the Capo d' Astro Bar.

Doretta was a " mixer."

Charles was a businessman.

Henry was an inventor.

William was a salesman.

Wilhelmina was a singer, player and worker.

Albert was a schoolboy, who evolved into a mechanic, superintendent and salesman.

When the family reached New York, William was fourteen. We hear of his father asking him what he wished to be, a mechanic or a musician, and the boy answered, " Both." And he was.

At fifteen he was working in a cabinet-shop, doing a man's work for a boy's pay.

When eighteen, and the Steinways had discovered that New York wanted pianos, William's skill as a wood-worker was needed in the Steinway Shop.

After Charles had passed away, in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, William by natural selection became head of the house.

It was owing to the strength of character of this man, his persistency of purpose and boundless enthusiasm, that the house of Steinway and Sons achieved its proud place at the head of the piano world.

Emerson says, " Every great institution is the lengthened shadow of a single man."

In this case, William Steinway was the man. You must have the goods, that is granted, but to organize your forces and sell them is genius. " Pa " Hamlin used to speak of Ed Geers as a " horse general." And most certainly William Steinway was a business general. Every field of human activity was to him familiar. It was through his initiative that Steinway Hall was built. Here, in what was then the finest auditorium in New York, was heard every great singer, player and orator of the time. Theodore Steinway when abroad rounded up the artists of Europe, and William met them on the dock and introduced them to America. Rubinstein, Patti, Gerster, Joseffy were his proteges.

Expansion

THE barn in Varick Street soon proved too small, and quarters were engaged at Eight-eighty Walker Street. Two big rooms were utilized. Soon the tenants upstairs were bought off, and in two years stores on either side were rented, and then bought. The Steinways were making money and making it fast.

There were no commissions, and the overhead charges were at a minimum.

Doretta, Charles and William located every family in New York who did n't have but should have a piano. They went after big game only.

If there were " Fairs," " Institutes " or " Exhibitions," the Steinways were there. They had the goods: they had the people to show the goods; they had the bounding health and that firm faith in themselves which makes others believe in us, and without which life is drowned in shoals and shallows. Steinway spells success

William Steinway

WHETHER genius is a gift or an acquirement is still a debated question at the Little Red Schoolhouse on Friday Afternoons. Perhaps both sides are right.

Certain natural endowments are required, and then fate and environment do the rest.

The one particular strong all-round man among the Steinways was William, born in Eighteen Hundred Thirty-six, died in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-six.

A King Among Men

WILLIAM STEINWAY sent a thousand dollars to that most worthy man and wonderful artist, Ignace Paderewski, at that time, like 'Gene Field, broke in London. Paderewski's first recital was given at Carnegie Hall. William Steinway had gauranteed Paderewski thirty thousand dollars for the American tour. The amount secured was forty-five thousand dollars, all of which Steinway turned over to the gifted Pole, with the remark, " To have discovered you is pay enough."

Steinway's great hope and generosity made him an easy prey to hundreds of unappreciated artistic Weary Willies who were always lying in wait for him. He was constantly victimized, but he never lost faith in the race

William was instrumental in having Theodore Thomas made leader of the New York Philharmonic. At a Philharmonic banquet in honor of Paderewski, William once expressed one regret concerning Theodore Thomas, and that was that he was not a Pole.

And when Theodore Thomas arose to reply he expressed the regret that William Steinway was born in Germany, otherwise he would have been President of the United States

The remark comes pretty close home, for William Steinway was a king among men. However, he was a democratic king—also a lifelong member of the Democratic party. Colonel Ingersoll once said, " If Democrats were all like William Steinway, I 'd forsake the Re-

publicans." And William, not to be outdone, made the obvious reply.
William was the neighbor and close friend of Samuel J. Tilden, and one of Tilden's presidential electors ❧ Also, he was twice a presidential elector when Grover Cleveland was chosen Chief Executive.
He was an intimate friend of Carl Schurz.
William Steinway could have been Mayor of New York, but he declined to run. He was a "Rapid-Transit Commissioner"; one of the Commissioners who planned the first New York Subway: a member of the Park Commission: an Organizer of Kindergartens: a Public School Trustee: and one of the Directors of Cooper Union. He organized the East River Gas Company, and was chief owner of the Long Island City Street Railways.

A Very Mæcenas

IT was William Steinway who conceived the daring project of digging a tunnel under the East River to connect Long Island City with Forty-second Street, New York City, and the Grand Central Station, and who carried out a considerable part of that stupendous undertaking. His death intervening, the tunnel was completed by the Belmont interests. It would have been put to use ere this but for a controversy that has arisen between its present owners and the city authorities as to the terms under which this may be done. It is familiarly known as the Steinway Tunnel.
William Steinway, far-sighted optimist, was the first American of prominence and wealth who was willing to plank down his cold cash as proof of his unbounded faith in the "horseless carriage"—then in its experimental stage. He did this by founding at Steinway, Long Island City, where three big Steinway factories are situated, an American branch of the great German Daimler Works, makers of the renowned Mercedes automobile ❧ ❧
It was William likewise—staunch and patriotic American though he was—who spent a hundred thousand dollars or more in advancing German theatrical enterprises in New York to uphold German language and art in the New World. He held the office of President of the German Liederkranz of New York as often as the by-laws of that famous organization would permit.
¶ It was he who was ever ready to aid liberally not only with his valuable advice but with good money any and every great, worthy, musical, operatic and histrionic enterprise that came to these shores within a period covering more than a quarter of a century. Untold thousands were paid out by him in this manner, never to be seen again.
Without fear of contradiction, it may be safely said that William Steinway did more for the promotion of the cause of good music and musical culture in the United States than any other man dead or living ❧ As a musician and the friend of all artists, a manufacturer, a financier, an educator, an all-round man of affairs, tender, sympathetic toward all human endeavors for betterment, pure in purpose, young in heart, firm in the right, loyal to principle, America has never seen the peer of William Steinway.

Steinway Traditions

JACOB ZIEGLER, mechanic and artist, had followed the Steinway fortunes across the sea. He was a mechanic of rare skill, "with an infinite capacity for taking pains." And this capacity for taking pains, according to Ralph Waldo Emerson, constitutes genius ❧ ❧
Propinquity and fate had their way, and Doretta Steinway and Jacob Ziegler were married.
Never was a couple better mated.
That "the gray mare was the better horse" was always admitted by Jacob. And her father used to say of Doretta, "Nothing but her petticoat keeps her from running the whole town."
Henry Ziegler, born in Eighteen Hundred Fifty-seven, the son of Doretta, is now the active Director and Head of the Department of Inventions and Improvements in the Steinway factories. Whether he has the genius of his mother or not it would be indelicate to ask; but I can testify that he is a man of genuine worth and power. Moreover, he appreciates good literature, for he has told me that he reads everything I write ❧ ❧
¶ The plan of educating young men for their work, at their work, of slighting nothing and of never evading a burden or a duty, is a lesson fixed as firmly in the House of Steinway as the "Steinway Fame."

Human Service

HUMAN service and the idea of work are the keynote in the character of Charles H. Steinway, the present captain of the Steinway ship. His father, Charles Steinway, the man who was blown out of Germany by the blizzard of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, died in Eighteen Hundred Sixty-five, when the tide of the business was at flood—literally working himself to death.
Charles H. was then eight years old.
He went into the factory as a boy and has evolved to his position as President of Steinway and Sons, by divine right. He is the financier and businessman, and in times of doubt his word is law. He is an athlete in physique, and has the quiet self-possession, all sobered by stern responsibilities, that mark the Master-Man.
Charles H. Steinway has more medals, degrees and decorations than any man in America. Every crowned head of Europe has honored itself by honoring him. Mr. Steinway modestly apologizes for the decorations, thus: "You see they can't vote a university degree to a corporation, because corporations have no souls, so they hang the medals around my neck, pin the ribbons on my coat, and thrust the diplomas into my hands, I 'm convenient, that 's all!"
The actual truth is, that Doctor Steinway—he does n't like the "Doctor" part—is wrong when he says that corporations have no souls. The corporation that has no soul does not stay long in business. There is a Steinway Soul, as surely as there is a Steinway Touch and a Steinway Tone.
This soul stands for harmony, health, happiness—work, laughter, love and human sympathy—all symboled in sweet sounds.

Men of Power and Decision

NEVER were there more Steinways actively engaged in the business than there are today. And let the fact here be noted that, ever and always, first and last, the House of Steinway has accomplished what it has and is what it is by reason of its having always been in the immediate control and under the active management in every department of members of the Steinway family. From the very beginning down to the present day it is to the individual members of this illustrious family that credit must be given for all the great Steinway inventions, for taking the lead in every department of piano construction, and for guiding the destiny of the House throughout the years.

Frederick T. Steinway, brother of Charles H., and three years younger, is Vice-President of Steinway and Sons and Head of the Department of Construction, ably assisted by Theodore Cassebeer, a grandson of Doretta Steinway-Ziegler.

William R. Steinway, born in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-one and a son of William Steinway, the fourth son of Henry Engelhard Steinway, is the assistant of Charles H. Steinway, the Major-General. And, I was glad to see, William R. is a man of decision, to whom are gravitating big burdens, nobly born.

Theodore E. Steinway, born in Eighteen Hundred Eighty-three, is also a son of William Steinway. Theodore is understudy and hands and feet to Henry Ziegler, who, it will be remembered, is the son of Doretta the Daring.

Charles F. Tretbar

ANOTHER man who played an important role in the phenomenal success of the House of Steinway and Sons was Charles F. Tretbar, who retired as a director of the corporation half a dozen years ago and who died last year. For forty years Mr. Tretbar had direct charge of the Artists' Department, and what he did not know about pianists, violinists, singers, composers and musical matters generally in two continents, was not worth knowing. As a musical critic he was without a peer in this country. It was no easy matter for an artist to convince Mr. Tretbar of his merit, but when once this had been accomplished, the artist found him a most loyal friend and advisor, ever alert and eager to promote his interests through the powerful organization of the " House " and its world-wide connections. It is practically impossible to name any musical artist of note who was before the public when Tretbar presided over the destinies of the Artists' Department of Steinway Hall who did not at one time or another appeal to him for aid or advice, and who did not benefit in consequence thereof.

The Spirit of the Founder

AND adown the centuries still marches the soul of Henry Engelhard Steinway, sole survivor of war, disaster and sudden death, bugler under Blucher—" Old Forward," the farmer-general, grim and fearless —steady and unwavering, moves ever on, and on, and on, the soul of Steinway.

Influence never dies. The eddies set in motion by that simple, modest, unassuming life of honesty, industry, economy and high endeavor widen and widen yet again, and now circle the globe.

So whenever human hearts are sad or glad, and songs are sung, and strings vibrate, and keys respond to love's caress, there is known, respected, revered—loved—the name and fame of Steinway.

Advertising is the education of the public as to who you are, where you are, and what you have to offer in way of skill, talent or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer the world in way of commodity or service

A Little Journey to

The Elk Laundry

IN America, we locate our jokes in the vicinity of Oshkosh, Kokomo, Kankakee, Hoboken or Punxsutawney ❧ ❧

In England the yaps and yokels are all supposed to come from Yorkshire and Cornwall.

And yet, behold the irony of things: the two most able and highest gifted men, in their time, in all London, were the Reverend Doctor Joseph Parker and Sir Henry Irving.

Parker was from Yorkshire, and Irving was from Cornwall ❧ ❧

They were the same age, and they started for London about the same time—country bumpkins both—but the sort of boys that are always going up to the cities and taking them captive; brought up on difficulty, hardship, deprivation, knowing the sting of necessity!

Henry Irving gravitated to the stage, and what Irving was to the drama, Parker was to the pulpit.

In Eighteen Hundred Ninety-two I attended a banquet at the Cecil Hotel, where both of these men were present ❧ ❧

The dinner was in honor of Henry Irving. And I remember that he made a most impressive little speech, with many mutterings, stutterings, stammerings and haltings that were very effective.

And whether the man was passing us out art in a prepared form, all carefully rehearsed, or whether it was a cross-section of Nature, I am not yet sure.

But everything that Henry Irving did was graceful, even his grotesqueness and awkwardness.

No one could meet him on close approach without being filled with a great respect and regard for him.

¶ If he was a poseur, his poses were perfectly natural.

¶ So, on this occasion, behold Henry Irving referring to his own career most modestly, saying, " If I have in degree succeeded, it is because I, of all men, have been most fortunate in this: that I have been aided and assisted by very talented, loving and loyal people."

¶ And he waved his hand towards Ellen Terry, who sat smiling, next to the Reverend Doctor Joseph Parker ❧ ❧

And then Irving added this as an afterthought, seemingly catching Parker's eye, " And lucky it is for me that my brother, Doctor Joseph Parker, did not take to the stage instead of the pulpit, otherwise I would have had a comfortable seat in the parquet instead of working for your gentle approbation on the stage."

¶ This was pretty near a home-thrust, for everybody knew Parker and realized that he was a tremendous actor, and really a rival of Henry Irving.

Whatever Parker did or said was intensely dramatic. He marshaled his forces on an angle. At the Temple he had a stairway immediately under the pulpit, so that when he appeared he seemed to come right up out of the ground; and the first appearance was his shock head rising out of space. And there he stood, absolutely silent, poised as steady as a bronze statue. And often this simple, statuesque pose was an irresistible bid for applause, which he subdued with a deprecating lifting of one hand.

Doctor Parker laughed with the rest of the banqueters at the wit of Henry Irving. Then it was his turn to speak, and he began by saying, " Lucky it is for me that our honored guest, Mr. Henry Irving, when he arrived in London did not take to the pulpit instead of the stage, otherwise I would have been seated comfortably in a pew instead of struggling with your criticisms and disapproval from the pulpit "—all delivered in a bull of Bashan, deep, thunderous Othello voice, finely spaced, and, of course, winning the tumultuous applause of every one present.

The Psychology of Clothes

FOR more than twenty-five years, Doctor Parker used to speak every Thursday at noon, this besides the regular Sunday exercises. The Temple seats more than three thousand people, and each Thursday there was a crowd present that packed the place, filling every seat ❧ ❧

I knew Doctor Joseph Parker, and I also knew every corner of the Temple. Not that I was especially religious, but Parker's religion was of a certain commonsense kind that nobody could dispute or take exception to, and the man himself was most companionable.

It was a matter of cleanliness, decency, system, goodcheer, efficiency, work—making the world a better place because you are here.

The power of the man was tremendous. He was the greatest orator of England in his day. He absolutely dominated the situation. He had instant attention from the moment he appeared. At the slightest nod of his great shaggy head he could command silence or incite his audience to applause.

Down beneath his pulpit he had a shower-bath and a dressing-room.

The clothes he wore on the platform he never wore on the street ❧ ❧

I recall with what pride he showed me his wardrobe and chiffonier of clean linen, much more than he really needed. But there was everything, laid out by his valet, ready for use. And when the man walked up the steps and appeared before the multitude, he was arrayed in

absolutely faultless attire, with linen immaculate. He said that it was a matter of psychology; that your clothes reacted on you; that no man in dowdy linen could speak noble and convincing thoughts.

Henry Irving was once asked what one thing in life caused him most concern. His reply was, " To get my laundry on time and see that my linen is not frayed on the edges."

I never knew that laundry-work played so big a part in oratory as when the Reverend Doctor Joseph Parker explained the matter to me in detail.

Clean Linen Necessary to Success

AFTER that, whenever I spoke in public, I made it a point to try the Doctor Parker laundry tactics. And now I would no more attempt to give a formal lecture without wearing freshly laundered underclothes and clean linen than I would appear on the platform with a three-days' growth of Ali Baba whiskers and my hair full of hayseed.

We do business, anyway, on a very small capital of brain balance. It takes a certain amount of energy to run your mental calender.

Then to think big thoughts and marshal them in a commanding way, so as to appeal to a large number of people and prove to them that you know what you are talking about, is considerable of a task.

In fact, it is most presumptuous for any man to stand up on a platform and attempt to tell a thousand people a lot of things they do not know, transforming chaos into cosmos, making them smile, sigh, laugh, think and remember ❧ ❧

Emerson said that the consciousness of wearing a dress that fits in the back gives to most women a peace which religion can not lend.

And I am fully convinced that clean linen, for a gentleman who is before the public, is an absolute necessity to success. Not because the man is on display or under inspection, but because the consciousness of being clothed in clean attire reacts on his mentality and gives him a courage, a confidence, a self-reliance, a poise and a power which he otherwise does not possess.

"The Elk Way"

AND so behold, in the City of Saint Paul, which is in the State of Minnesota, I arrive with a valise of unlaundered clothes, and a lecture at eight o'clock, the time just noon.

Of course, I could have gone out and bought the things that I required. But the collars that I wear are of a peculiar, a special make; and I always have a horror of experimenting in the line of dress-shirts. I buy one pattern, and this pattern is merely duplicated from time to time.

" Could my clothes be sent to the laundry and brought back by seven-thirty?"

And the bellboy said, " I will call up the Elk for you."

And he produces a little pad of gummed labels issued by the Elk Laundry Company, 487-495 Minnesota Street, Saint Paul.

In five minutes my laundry was bundled. In ten minutes more a boy, in uniform, from the Elk Laundry appeared.

At seven o'clock that evening the bundle was returned. But it came back all packed in a box, fragrant, fresh, beautiful, artistic. And into my mind came the reply of Henry Irving to the woman who asked him what one thing caused him most concern in life. Here was a laundry service that would have delighted the Reverend Doctor Parker or Sir Henry!

I am always on the lookout for anybody who can do a thing superbly well—who does it a little better than any one else does or can.

And who would expect art to enter into the matter of *blanchisseuse?*

But this package from the Elk Laundry showed individuality ❧ ❧

It gave me a thrill of delight, just as if somebody had sent me a big bouquet of white hyacinths.

The handkerchiefs were all neatly folded with the edges straight and the corners square.

The collars were in a special round box, folded in robin's-egg-blue tissue-paper, sealed with a seal stamped with the words, " The Elk Way."

Every shirt was in a special wrapper, with heavy cardboard at the back and parchment-paper over the bosom. There were no pins in the shirt. There was a little miniature pearl—or something that looked like pearl—in the way of a collar-button at the neckband.

There was a beauty and fragrance and completeness about the whole package that was especially pleasing. ¶ Best of all, the work was there on time, and even before it was promised.

On examining the dainty way in which this work was completed, I came to the conclusion that no firm could possibly do the task with such exquisite care without making a charge a good deal higher than the average " washee-washee " would do the work for.

And so I called up the office of the hotel on the telephone and told them to send up the bill.

And I found the prices most reasonable, indeed.

On unpacking the work I discovered that the collars were done just as I want them.

There was not so much starch in them that they would break; neither were they ironed until they looked like celluloid.

The shirts were starched where they should be, left unstarched where they ought not; and the other articles were soft, absolutely clean, and showed that they had been laundered in soft water, such as my mother used to catch in the rain-barrel there at the corner of the house.

The next morning, having an hour or so to spare, I just had a curiosity to see what kind of place this Elk Laundry was, and so I dropped around and was shown through the establishment.

And I give it as my belief now that there is no laundry in the United States better equipped and with a more thorough system than the Elk Laundry of Saint Paul, Minnesota.

A Laundry Run by Elks

THE big boys that run this laundry are Elks. There may be Elks with a large capacity for rest, who wear shoes down at the heel, who shave when they

feel like it, and take a drink when they ought not to have a breath that would stop a Big Ben Clock, and who carry in their mouths the stub of a cigar.

If so, I do not remember ever meeting them.

Elks are men at the last, and I suppose they have their foibles and their faults.

But in the main, the Elks represent a type. They are all one age. What that age is nobody knows. They are young, no matter how long they have lived.

They stand for health, good-cheer, toothbrushes, clean linen, shined shoes and all that makes for efficiency and economy ❧ ❧

Elks do not retire from business to have a good time. A good Elk knows that if he does n't have a good time in his business he will never know what a good time is ❧ ❧

His religion is in his work, and he keeps his piety by giving it away.

Your Elk is a good public servant. His business is to spread good news, good-cheer, kindliness and give everybody a lift. And when he gives them a lift he does n't do it with a Number Nine boot.

He eliminates the grouch, kiboshes the growl, and puts fume, fuss, feud, faction on the slide to limbus.

¶ These Elks that run the Elk Laundry in Saint Paul have a system.

Their plant is divided into twenty-two separate departments—receiving, sorting, distributing—then comes the special work.

Certain garments are cleansed in a certain way—all done by specialists who do nothing else.

Rain-water, just as it falls from the skies, is the best medium for laundry-work. As every one knows, well-water and " city water " are apt to contain more or less lime, magnesia and sediment.

This lime and magnesia, undissolved, will find its way into the fabric, making the clothing stiff and shiny. Also, it will shrink the goods, and get them as wofully out of shape as if you had slept in 'em.

To counteract the effect of these minerals, alkali in some form is used by most laundries.

This alkali is simply caustic soda. Pure caustic soda will eat up leather. And caustic soda used for washing purposes, even when diluted, tends to devour the fabric. It will make your clothes rough and ragged and take the heart out of your shirt-bosom and make it look as if it were specially prepared for a colored Baptist preacher in Arkansas.

The Elk Laundry does not have to use soda-ash or caustic soda, because the water they use is soft.

By a very simple chemical process, through the use of a water-softening system—as all chemists know—any water can be made as free from mineral matter as the rain that falls from the skies in April.

The Elk Laundry has the apparatus that prepares the water for the work. Then nothing but straight Ivory Soap is used in the cleansing process.

The result is that the fabrics come out soft, fluffy, fine, unfrayed and undevoured.

Clothes washed at the Elk Laundry will last. Also, they look ❧ ❧

Ideal Surroundings

IN order to do good work you have to be in happy, healthful surroundings.

At the Elk Laundry you will find light, ventilation, absolute cleanliness, kindness, courtesy and good-cheer.

¶ Each worker has a special locker, and there are dressing-rooms set apart for men and for women.

The clothes these people wear at their work they never wear on the street. In that they are like Doctor Joseph Parker, who once said to me, " My boy, when you wear dirty duds, wear them on the outside."

The Elk Laundry folks certainly live up to their lithographs. They believe in the psychology of clothes, and all of their workers are dressed in spotless white.

They are a happy, well-fed, well-paid, strong, patient, persistent and able lot of people, who seem to take pride in their work—as certainly they should.

Those King Philip Horses

THE Elk Laundry has a score and more of King Philip horses. Their horses are dark chestnut with white manes and tails. The King Philip horse is trotting bred, and through intensive breeding the peculiar markings have been fixed. He is a horse of wonderful endurance, very docile, very teachable, very beautiful.

¶ To many owners the white mane and tail would be an objection.

Most grey horses, bays and sorrels have dark tails and manes. The mane and tail of most horses is usually, in fact, darker than the body; but the King Philip reverses the proposition.

When you go to Saint Paul be on the lookout for an Elk Laundry wagon with the King Philip horses. These King Philip horses and wagons cover the entire city of Saint Paul every day.

In addition, now, an automobile service has been put in. Drivers are selected who know their business. They are a part of the Elk equipment—courteous, dependable, healthy, able, strong, and on to their jobs.

A Complete Establishment

THE Elk Laundry, with their complete equipment covering thirty thousand square feet of floor-space, handles all classes of work, including dry cleaning, dyeing and pressing.

It is a fine art to press a suit of clothes and restore it to its original state. A garment in time becomes glossy—even the best of fabrics do that. But these people know the process of dry cleaning so as to remove the shine ❧ ❧

And the way these Elk Laundry boys can freshen up a suit of clothes, and send you back a seemingly brand-new one gives you a joy which a dry Martini can not lend ❧ ❧

Just try these antlered brothers the next time you are around Saint Paul way.

A Well-Deserved Success

HERE and there, all over the United States, are men in certain towns who do certain things especially well.

In Riverside, California, lives Frank Miller, who runs a hotel that is so unique, peculiar and individual that it is known the round world over.

Fred Harvey has sent his name clattering down the corridors of time because he fed people better and in a more artistic way than any one else did or could.

¶ Davenport's Restaurant at Spokane has advertised the city all over the world.

The Orpheum Theater in San Francisco has n't an equal, anywhere, in its own particular line.

The National Cash Register Company do things in their own way, and have made of their business, not only a profession, but an art.

The word " Gorham " symbols solid silver, modeled into exquisite and artistic forms.

When I say " Stetson," you think hat.

To mention Oliver is to think of the plows that tickle the soil and make it laugh a harvest.

The word " Steinway " is synonymous with piano, wherever keys are touched and strings vibrated to love's caress.

What Luther Burbank has done for plant life, the Elk Laundry has done for soiled linen.

When I say " Elk " I now think Laundry, and there comes to my inward vision this little army of workers in Saint Paul, whose business it is to take soiled clothes in a shapeless bundle and return to you a fragrant package of snowy, fluffy, beautiful, useful, effective garments that make you happy on their receipt, glad when you wear them, stronger, better and more self-reliant—better fitted to face the day—all through this exquisite service supplied by people who do this one thing and do it superbly.

Talk about the square deal! The Elk Laundry of Saint Paul hands you out a square deal on a solid-silver platter, all trimmed with fragrant American Beauties—poetic, of course, but if you doubt what I say, just give them a trial and prove to yourself how these men have lifted the business of washing clothes to a Fine Art.

Great is their success and they have succeeded because they deserved to.

" We will not only win success; we will do more; we will deserve it." So says J. Clair Stone, President of the Elk Laundry Company.

THE GENTLE ART OF WOOING
—or the—
SECRETS OF ROMANTIC LOVE
TAUGHT TO UNIQUES BY CORRESPONDENCE—Ten lessons for Five Dollars.
Address Prof. HARRY THURSTON MOTHBALLS,
10th Floor, Philistine Building,
East Aurora,
N. Y.

—DR. A. L. MITCHELL—
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
TREPANNING A SPECIALTY
OFFICE NEXT DOOR TO THE PHILISTINE
EAST AURORA, N. Y.

BALL BEARING BLUFFS
Fifty-seven varieties, in sizes suitable for either ladies or gentlemen. These bluffs are all mounted on our patent noiseless castors, and can be operated effectively, even by a novice. Do not forget that the value of a bluff depends upon getting it into line quickly.
For catalog, address
JENKINSON, STOGIE & CO.,
East Aurora, N. Y.

Sponges and Pumice

I WAS invited the other day to give an address before the Chicago Executive Club, at their weekly noonday meeting.

There is some good moral timber in this Club, and I was a bit complimented by the invitation.

Certain members of the Club had found out in some way that I was going to pass through Chicago, and they timed the matter, and rained in upon me sixty-seven telegrams in one day.

If you want to make impress on a man, send him a shower of telegrams—just as the San Francisco boys sent President Taft twelve thousand messages informing him that San Francisco was the place, and the time was 1915. And Bill capitulated.

And so I duly found myself at twelve-thirty on the day appointed at the Hotel La Salle. Several hundred typical Chicago men were present—bright, active, young, healthy, ambitious boys, because in Chicago nobody ever really grows up.

The chairman of the meeting was Mr. Elmer R. Murphey. I had never met Murphey before, although the name sounded a trifle familiar. I sat on Murphey's right, and on my right sat a man who gave me a little information about Murphey. And then Murphey told me a little about the other man.

The man on the right said that Murphey is in a peculiar kind of business—he deals in just three articles as specialties ❧ ❧

One of the three is Sponges. Next is Pumice-Stone. The third article is Chamois-Skins.

And it so happened that I possessed a beautiful ignorance on all three topics.

Murphey is the ideal executive. When he introduced me, he did not endeavor to make my speech; he was not in competition with me. He stated the case as it seemed to him, briefly, directly, calmly, to the point. He seems to me to be a man who has memorized my *Essay on Silence*, and has profited by it. He evidently knew that no man could talk as wisely as he could look ❧ ❧

I really liked the fellow. He was so simple, direct, intelligent and frank.

Nowadays, the chap who has anything to hide can not do business. However, it is very absurd to try to lay cosmic cornerstones or attempt to get a stand-in on your good looks.

Every man is what he is, no matter what he says or does or tries to do, or pretends to do.

Murphey seemed a bit proud of his business, and after the feed, and the spiel, I accepted his invitation to walk over to 162 West Kinzie Street and visit James H. Rhodes and Company.

Elmer R. Murphey

ELMER R. MURPHEY is the President of James H. Rhodes and Company. He began life young, but he is now thirty-three. The entire establishment shows his energy, good taste and restless ambition.

¶ The desks in the general office are all " flat-top." Murphey told me he got them so the employees would have at least eight hours of the day and thus save their eyesight.

That " listened " good, but knowing Murphey even a little, I knew he wanted to save electricity. Daylight is free, but electricity costs money in Chicago and New York ❧ ❧

I noticed, in looking through the office, that all the men connected with the institution are young. Murphey told me that no man in the organization has passed his fortieth year. However, they will get over that.

This business was started by Rhodes and Murphey.

¶ Jim Rhodes, at that time, was the vice-president of a large wholesale drug-house, but having some radical ideas about running a business, he wanted to try them.

¶ Murphey was a salesman on his staff and Rhodes took him as a partner.

A Remarkable Business

WHENEVER one firm can build up a business approximating a million dollars a year on three such trivial articles as sponges, pumice-stone and chamois-skins, it is well to take note of them.

Sponges are used for washing and cleansing things. Pumice-Stone is used for polishing things. Chamois-skins are used for shining things up after you have sponged and pumice-stoned them.

Sponges are not obtained from Lake Michigan, nor the East River.

No pumice-stone is found in Cook County or Kings County, except what has been imported. Chamois-skins are made from goatskins, and the soil of Illinois and New York is too rich to waste on goats. Goats there are used for poetic purposes only.

And yet here in Chicago we find a firm that has practically collared the sponge, the chamois-skin and the pumice-stone market of the United States.

Two-thirds of the traffic in these particular goods go through the warehouses and offices of James H. Rhodes and Company.

And they have n't secured the business by combining a lot of smaller concerns or by driving any one out of

the trade. They have simply brought wisdom, knowledge, experience, good judgment and hard work to bear ❧ ❧

They collect the goods and they distribute them. They use their knowledge of these strange commodities for the purpose of serving their customers, not to get the start of them.

The one-price system prevails. It is money back if you are not satisfied.

James H. Rhodes and Company are the friends of, and the attorneys for, their buyers.

The New Business Ethics

ONCE the retail-clothing business was the symbol of trickery in trade. It got so bad that something had to be done, and when things get bad enough they cure themselves.

And behold, we find a man in the retail-clothing business marking his products in plain figures, treating everybody alike. Take them or leave them, they are yours if you want them.

Also, he told the truth about the quality of the goods.

¶ His competitors said he was headed for bankruptcy, but they were false prophets. Soon the trade was coming his way.

He had eliminated friction, dickering, distrust, doubt; and to save themselves from bankruptcy his competitors had to adopt his plan—this simply as a matter of self-preservation.

The sponge business has, until very recent times, been in the hands of the Bashi-Bazouk. It has been a push-cart and a pack business.

Sponges have been sold at fairs, on the streets, and from the decks of ships, and the man you bought of disappeared from view and you never saw him again.

¶ And if you did, you would n't recognize him, for he wore another suit of clothes, and had a different name ❧ ❧

This has been the rule from the time that Mark Antony, the silver-tongued, lived in Alexandria, and Julius Cæsar threw up the sponge when beset by his enemies in the Roman Forum.

Be it said to the credit of James H. Rhodes and Company, of Chicago and New York City, which are in the United States of America, that they have eliminated mystery, myth and fable from the sponge business. They have done away with piffle, haggle, and dog-eat-god methods in their particular line.

The old-time scheme of mixing small sizes and large, first and second quality, good sponges on the outside and bad ones in, and branding them all first quality and thus deceiving the buyer, has been put on the slide ❧ ❧

Sponges and Sponges

THE sponge is an animal which has only recently ceased, geologically speaking, being a vegetable.

¶ When sponges are first taken from the sea they are black in color. The whole sponge is covered with a thin caul, which is a sort of sieve that keeps out a good deal of foreign substance which otherwise might be siphoned through the sponge and give him appendicitis.

¶ For two thousand years sponges have been hooked up from the bottom of the sea. But now, in Florida, the business has been standardized and divers do the work. One diver will collect as many sponges as twenty-five working with hooks from a boat.

" Give him the hook," may have originated on a sponge-boat, but that is neither here nor there. After the sponge is taken from the water it is exposed to the sun for a time. This kills the animal.

The outside skin is then scraped off, and the sponges are thoroughly rinsed in water so all the fleshy substance is washed out. They are then put on strings about a yard long, all sizes mixed, and offered for sale at the various sponge-markets. Sponges are sold by the pound, but there are ways of increasing the weight of sponges by loading them. Sometimes they are colored or discolored in order to make you think that you are buying a Turkish Sponge or a Sheepswool Sponge, when what you are getting is something very different.

We remember the Irishman who looked at one of those great big potatoes on a dining-car of the Northern Pacific, and, in astonishment, turned to the conductor and said, " Begorra! It would n't take many of them to make a dozen."

American Sponge-Markets

THE most important sponge-market in America is Tarpon Springs, Florida.

Sponges are now complimented by special legislation that protects them. Lobsters the same. We have all heard of the Chorus Girl who boasted of going to Rector's and finding, in the course of interviewing a dozen Blue Points, a pearl that was worth a hundred dollars. When she told this to a fellow vaudevillist, the other girl said: " That 's nothing! I got a diamond necklace out of a Pittsburgh Lobster."

The legal life of a lobster was once explained to me by that great and good man, Thomas Brackett Reed of the State of Maine.

He was engaged in a lobster litigation—not a breach-of-promise suit. His mind being full of the subject, he talked it out to me in order to get the thing straight for himself. The whole talk was vastly illuminating, as anything is when it is approached by a mind of the Thomas Brackett Reed order.

The Life-Story of the Sponge

I VENTURE that the average citizen of America knows less about sponges than he does about lobsters ❧ ❧

Florida followed the lead of Maine and protected her infant industries. There are federal statutes also on the subject of sponge-fishing.

Once it was a very easy matter to get soaked on sponges, but now wise buyers protect themselves by dealing with a responsible firm.

There are one hundred thirty-seven different grades of commercial sponges.

These range in price from a few cents a pound up to forty or fifty dollars a pound.

The various grades are sorted into first, seconds and thirds, and these again subdivided into various sizes.

¶ At the warehouse of James H. Rhodes and Company I saw a black sponge thrown into a tank. In a little while it came out of another tank a beautiful golden color, one of those soft, fluffy, blonde, peroxide things that you see in the druggist's window.

It illustrated the value of bleaching. Rhodes and Company have a capacity of bleaching thirty thousand sponges a day, by machinery, with a very small amount of manual labor. And science, which can tell you how to make sensitized photographic paper, can also tell you how to bleach sponges.

Nature's Processes

THERE is a book on sponges written by the world's greatest living thinker.

In order that no Smart Alecthander will think that I am talking about myself, I will explain at once that the world's greatest living thinker is Ernst Hæckel, of the little town of Jena, in Germany.

Darwin also has a good deal to say on the subject of sponges in his book, *The Origin of Species*.

All animal life seems to start from about the same basis. Things then move off in various directions.

Nature has tried about all the processes that can be imagined, and a good many that can't, in her endeavors to make a man.

The sponge seems to be the universal embryo. Everything in animal life begins in a sack filled with a jelly-like substance.

In order to produce a man, Nature draws strings across the sack, closes it here, lets it out there, then ties it up, and out of this sack protrude, in the course of time, arms, head, limbs, eyes, organs, dimensions, passions, political ambitions, thoughts, schemes, plans, that evolve into an executive. The sea is the great universal mother of us all. Every substance found in Nature is found in the sea. And the sponges seem to represent a very early form of life that fell a victim to arrested development ❧ ❧

The sponge of commerce is the skeleton of the animal. The oyster and the clam and the Baptists all have hard shells ❧ ❧

The turtle and the lobster are evolved types of jelly-fish, fitted out with armor. Instead of armor, man has a brain and he protects himself with ideas.

The Irishman who suggested that, instead of putting a bunch of flowers in the hands of his deceased partner, a brick in each mitt would be more appropriate, was not far from right. The sponge finds safety by attaching itself to rocks in the bottom of the sea. It is not much of a traveler.

All those holes and apertures in the sponge are for the purpose of sending currents of water through. They have a distinct purpose. The holes in the sponge carry eats to the animal that is inside. The whole body of the sponge keeps up a peristaltic motion, absorbing water and throwing it out.

From the particles that pass through, the sponge gets a living, but he has to work for it, just as we have to work for a living.The sponge is first cousin to the coral-insect. The coral-insect deposits a calcareous matter, this being a sort of waste.

The sponge puts out calcareous matter, but it is believed that an absolutely healthy sponge does not allow any lime to get into his bones.

Sponges with calcareous matter will scratch your automobile body and are, therefore, without much commercial value.

Sponges lay eggs. We have the male and the female living in happy relationship without scandal, near each other, happily attached to one big rock, living out a beautiful life of self-sacrifice, raising a big family that go off into the sea and attach themselves, in turn, to rocks and earn an honest living.

Sponges usually attain their growth in about ten years, but in some centers we are told that they grow for fifty or a hundred years.

Sponges that are used in America come largely from Cuba and the coast of Florida. James H. Rhodes and Company own sponge packing-houses at both points.

¶ There are other peculiar and valuable sponges that are found only along the Mediterranean Coast and among the Isles of Greece.

Superiority of America-Ground Pumice

PUMICE-STONE is imported from Italy. It is of volcanic formation.

Recent experiments and discoveries by Doctor E. G. Acheson of Niagara Falls, New York, with an electric furnace show us how pumice-stone is manufactured with the aid of a terrific heat. Until the days of the electric furnace, no fire was possible on the surface of the earth that could vaporize sand. This was the trick, of Nature. She performed miracles with the aid of a pressure incomputable and a heat in the depths of the earth beyond what man could measure.

The disintegration of the rocks gave us pumice-stone.

¶ Pumice-stone is the natural abrasive. It is specially adapted for finishing highly polished surfaces. In Nature there is no pumice-stone equal to the Italian product, and the best of it comes from the Island of Lipari, which is directly off the coast of Sicily. Rhodes and Company have a special warehouse in the village of Canneto, on the Island of Lipari, which is in charge of their own personal representative. Thus, the goods contracted for are examined carefully before being paid for, and hence Rhodes and Company are enabled to secure a much better article than if they did not buy in person ❧ ❧

So far as I know, Rhodes and Company are the only American firm who have their own buyer right on the ground ❧ ❧

They bring the pumice-stone over in lots of two or three hundred tons at a time.

On the Bush docks in Brooklyn, Rhodes and Company have a warehouse where this pumice-stone is unloaded. There it is crushed and ground by burr-stone mills.

¶ It is carried by specially constructed machinery to the dryers, where all the moisture is driven out.

Then it is bolted through three sheets of silk and again through wire before being placed in the barrels.

I was shown samples of pumice-stone as fine as baking-powder, and others as coarse as peas, and between these two grades there are a dozen other grades.

More than two-thirds of the pumice-stone brought to America is imported by James H. Rhodes and Company ❧ ❧

The only way we can get pumice-stone pure is to import it in the lump or crude state and then grind it, dry it and package it. Americans were the first to do this ❧ ❧

Pumice that is ground in Italy is usually loaded with Silica, and is known among the practical buyers as "bastardoni," which seems to prove that our Italian friends have a good eye for an illuminating word. ¶ Curiously enough, some of the pumice that is ground in Italy is branded "American Ground," which surely is a great compliment to America.

Mechanical Felts

ANOTHER line which Rhodes and Company have recently added to their list of specialties is Mechanical Felts. As a matter of fact, Rhodes and Company have what is perhaps the largest stock of mechanical felts in this country, so that they are equipped to fill orders without delay. In reality, Rhodes and Company are consulting specialists or attorneys, so to speak, in the matter of felt, and aim to give their customers those materials only which their experience has found to be the best adapted to the particular purpose for which they are to be used. Mechanical felt has a multitude of uses, but is chiefly employed by glass and mirror manufacturers; automobile manufacturers; printers; lithographers; tanners; electroplaters, and polishers of all kinds.

If any of their customers require a special felt for a special purpose, they may call on Rhodes and Company, with the full assurance that they will receive the benefit of their experience, and will be furnished an article that will prove most satisfactory and efficient for the purpose for which it is required.

This business is carried on by men filled with the true American spirit. Is n't it a matter of congratulation to the United States and to the cities of Chicago and New York that this firm of James H. Rhodes and Company should have done their business so surpassing well that they practically control the trade in their particular, special and unique line, and the world has made a pathway to their door?

I think, Yes!

A WILLIAM MORRIS BOOK

BY ELBERT HUBBARD

WILLIAM MORRIS was as honest as Moses, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Michael Angelo, Stradivarius, Richard Wagner, Beethoven, Walt Whitman, Henry Thoreau or Leo Tolstoi—and with these does he rank. He was an Oxford graduate and a rich man. Yet he lived like a working man, practically alone, his heart crying out for the love and fellowship that always seemed to elude him—perhaps that he might do his work. Jesus wept, Voltaire smiled, William Morris worked.

Printed on hand-made paper, in red and black with Morris Initials, facsimile reproduction of MS., and two portraits on Japan Vellum. Bound in limp leather, silk lined, with silk marker. Price, to the Elect, TWO DOLLARS.

THE ROYCROFTERS, East Aurora, N. Y.

A Little Journey to the Home of

John B. Stetson

Stetson the Man

THIS is the life-story of John B. Stetson, told in " tabloid."

Stetson was an American business-man ❧ ❧

He is one of the moderns. I use the word " is," because the influence of a great personality never dies. The influence of the man is with us, and his soul goes marching on.

Stetson was a workingman. He became master of a trade at a time when this trade was a synonym for the shiftless, the unreliable, the erratic.

" Mad as a hatter," was a saying that passed as legal tender in the current coin of language.

Lewis Carroll, in that very wise and foolish book entitled, " Alice in Wonderland," paid his respects to the mad hatter. Various other writers have done the same. The old-time hatter, like the old-time printer, worked when he felt like it—and a good deal of the time he did not feel like it.

He was filled with the wanderlust, and to take off his apron and walk out without excuse or reason was, for him, a very natural thing to do.

When the merry hatter received his pay and left the shop Saturday night, it was quite likely the shop did not see him until along about Tuesday or Wednesday, and then it took him the better part of a day to get his hand in.

It is probable that the particular trade of hatter has been maligned, for the fact is that one hundred years ago all the trades were very much on the same basis.

A Similar Case

JOHN WESLEY in his " Journal " describes the condition of the potters in England, during his time. Half their earnings were spent for strong drink. None of them owned their homes. They lived in long lines of hovels, from which they were evicted when they lost their inclination or their capacity for work. ¶ They were a brawling, bearbaiting, restless, shiftless, unreliable lot. They had no gardens, no flowers, no books, no pictures—no ambitions, no ideals. Very few of them could read and write. When they attended the meetings of John Wesley they often showed their appreciation by pelting the speaker with mud balls. ¶ The places where they worked were sheds or small shops, managed by a man who lived over the factory, or alongside, and looked after his dozen workmen as best he could. The wares they made were mostly jugs for brewers.

As John Wesley rode his old horse, " Timothy," through this Cumberland potters' district one day, greatly to his surprise, he saw a sight that caused him to rein in his horse and stop and stare.

It was a flowerbed in front of a little house.

John Wesley dismounted, tied his horse to the fence, and went inside to investigate. That night he wrote in his Journal these words: " He is small and lame, but he loves flowers and his soul is near to God."

The man of whom he wrote was Josiah Wedgwood, the founder of the town of Etruria, and who from making jugs for brewers evolved the art of making vases ❧ Incidentally, Wedgwood coined the word " Queens-ware," and made tableware of a sort and kind so that it came into general use among even the common people, taking the place of the old-time metal pot—from which each member of the household dipped and speared as suited his own inclination.

Wedgwood raised pottery from a trade to a fine art. In the process he became rich, and he made hundreds of other men rich. There is not a household in Christendom today where the marks of Wedgwood's genius are not known.

The daughter of John Wedgwood became the mother of Charles Darwin. Darwin has changed the thinking complexion of the world; but even Darwin, who was an innovator, did not do more for humanity than did Josiah Wedgwood.

John B. Stetson did for the hatter's trade what Wedgwood had done for the potter's.

Stetson made of his trade a business, a profession, a science, an art. He did the thing better than it had ever been done before since history began.

He was an economist, an organizer, and a humanitarian. Incidentally, he became rich, and he made thousands of other people rich. He evolved distinct styles, and he made his name synonymous with the thing he manufactured ❧ ❧

The Word Stetson

THE word " Stetson " has passed into the current coin of expression. If a man asks for a " Stetson " in any civilized country in the world, the dealer knows what he wants; and will possibly try to pass him out " something just as good." Wherever hats are mentioned and discussed for even five minutes the word " Stetson " is used. If a man wants to express the supreme excellence of a hat he tells his customer, " It is a Stetson," or " Just as good as a Stetson," or " Exactly like a Stetson."

But no dealer, even in his wildest imaginings, describes the hat he offers as better than a " Stetson." The

"Stetson" is the standard. It stands for beauty, durability, efficiency, and all that is worth while in the line of hats. It "looks" and it lasts.
Stetson made the business of hatting respectable.

The Evolution of the Factory

JOHN B. STETSON was born in Orange, New Jersey, in Eighteen Hundred Thirty. He died in Nineteen Hundred Five.
His was a life of constant activity. He ran the gamut from poverty and hardship to wealth beyond the dreams of avarice.
His father was an employing hatter, and a successful one according to the standard of the times. Stephen Stetson lived over his shop and worked at his trade in the good old-time way. It was an age of handicrafts.
¶ All manufacturing was once done in the homes. The entire family worked at the business, and the trade was passed along—whatever it was—from father to son. The sons, the daughters and the mother all worked, too, at the business. Spinning, weaving, glass-blowing, wood-carving, and the making of lead-pencils, cutlery and utensils of every kind and sort were done in the homes.
Each of the great factories of New England can be traced back to its rise when by the kitchen stove the master of the house worked out an idea which took form in a commodity that was supplied to his neighbors, being traded to them for something they themselves made ❧ ❧
Business was barter. Perhaps once a year the manufacturer took a load of his wares to the neighboring fair, and there in his booth sold enough to buy raw stock for a year.
These were the methods continued from ancient times down to the invention of the steam-engine, and for a good many years after the invention of the steam-engine the methods of the home handicrafts still survived ❧ ❧
The complete separation of the home from the factory is a thing which the modern man has seen evolved. Men in middle life now can remember a day when the principal merchant in every town and village lived over his store, shop or factory.

Stetson the Elder

STEPHEN STETSON was making money, for he had centered on that one thing. He lived in New Jersey, but he had the true New England instincts. He saved, and saved eternally. He worked and he compelled every one else to work, and in his life there were very few play-spells.
When he had accumulated fifty thousand dollars he was accounted one of the richest men in the business. He was fifty years old, and he decided he would retire from business and enjoy himself—not knowing that happiness is a habit, and if you do not get your happiness out of your work you will never know what happiness is.
He did not realize that to retire from work is to retire from life; so he sold out his prosperous business, and the money he had made in a business he understood, he invested in one he knew nothing about.
And the result was that his investments which he had expected would bring him in ten per cent or more without effort, melted away into thin air.
Andrew Carnegie's maxim, "Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket," had not then been expressed. The business that prospers is the business that is managed by the men who built it up.
¶ The elder Stetson passed away, whipped out, discouraged, a bankrupt man, and his sons took in hand the raveled shreds of his business and endeavored to build it up.

Hardship and Ill Health

JOHN B. was one of the younger children, and the older ones, filled with the thought of primogeniture, naturally took charge.
His father had taught him the trade. But education outside of one's trade among the hatters was then regarded as quite superfluous, so the lad never attended school a day in his life. His mother taught him to read and to write, and being possessed of a hungry mind he acquired knowledge as the days passed. Life was his school ❧ ❧
John B. Stetson was working for an older brother by the day. He made hats, taught others how, sold the product, bought the raw stock—and the brother absorbed the profits and the honors.
So we find the brothers separating, and John B. making arrangements to start a business of his own. Then calamity came in the way of ill health. The doctors said John B. Stetson had consumption and that his days on earth were few. He was slight, slim, slender, nervous, active, and the type of person who goes quick—or lasts long, as the case may be.
But John B. Stetson was not to die just then. He studied his own case and he came to the conclusion that he would have to quit the exacting business of making hats and get out in the open.
He struck out for the Far West, which then, in the late Fifties, meant Illinois.
Fever and ague were then the one sure crop of the Middle West. There were not trees enough to absorb the humidity, and the overturned sod created a miasma, and this transformed the prairies into a Campagna of "shakes" similar to that which surrounded Rome.
¶ Stetson shook, and shook dice with Destiny. He was burned with fever and chilled with cold, but he had no intention of going back East. If he was going to die, he would die in the West, and he pushed on across the Mississippi River, through to the rising city of Saint Joseph, Missouri.
Saint Joseph was a trading-post where parties fitted out for Pike's Peak—seven hundred fifty miles away.
¶ At Saint Joseph, Stetson worked in a brickyard; then he became manager of the brickyard, then part owner. Clay was plentiful, and wood was to be had for the cutting. He made money and invested it all in the business.
His brickyard was on the banks of the Missouri. He had made up half a million bricks all ready to burn, arches complete and filled with wood, fires started, when lo! the fickle and finicky Missouri River went on

a rampage, overflowed its banks, rose and kept rising, until it drove the firemen out of Stetson's brickyards.
¶ The water still kept rising.
It put out the fires, undermined the arches, and the bricks made without straw tumbled in a mass.
Soon they were a heap of mud, which the yellow waters of the Missouri dissolved.
Stetson's fortune, the result of two years of hard work, swirled and swam away to the South. Stetson stood on a hilltop and said: " Let 'er go! I am not the first man who has made a fortune and lost it!"
The Civil War was on, and Stetson tried to enlist, but his physical disabilities were too apparent and he was rejected ❧ ❧
There was a party fitting out for Pike's Peak, and Stetson was invited to become one of the members. He accepted the invitation and they started away on foot, a dozen young men headed for the Rocky Mountains.
¶ Stetson's health was still precarious. His risk, as the insurance men would say, was a hazardous one.
¶ In any event, however, he would not be a care to society. If he died, he would simply drop in his tracks and a shallow grave would be scooped out on the prairie and there he would rest in his last, long sleep.
¶ It was June and the rosinweed rose as high as a man's head, across the prairies. Clouds of wild ducks circled over the ponds. The prairie-chickens drummed on the little hilltops. The blue cranes threw out their sentinels, strutted and called.
Nature was at her loveliest and best.
And so these young men tramped, following the trail to the West, always to the West, and as they journeyed, health and happiness came back to John B. Stetson.

An Object-Lesson

WHEN John B. Stetson started from Saint Joseph for Pike's Peak, his baggage consisted of the clothes upon his back, a shotgun and a hatchet. His companions, a dozen or so in number, were similarly equipped ❧ ❧
Science, with all its wonderful discoveries, has not devised a better method for eradicating the Great White Plague than that used by Stetson. It was out of doors all the time, under the blue sky, in wind and weather; but best of all there was a purpose, an objective point. They were going somewhere. There was plenty of good-cheer and banter, and so they walked.
¶ But the storms came, and the plains and the prairies were wind-swept. At night they had no shelter.
In this extremity they resorted to a plan of sewing the skins of animals together; muskrat, rabbits, beaver, coyote, were plentiful, but our friends had no method of tanning the skins, and there is a certain, serious objection to using green skins for clothing purposes in the Summertime, that need not here be cited.
Shelter tents, just big enough to crawl into, were easy enough to make with the help of skins. But these skins were thrown away when the sun came out, and the hope and prayer was that the storms would not again come ❧ ❧
Then it was that Stetson showed his companions an object-lesson in science one fine day as they were sitting on the bank of the stream with their feet dabbling in the water. The thing that Stetson explained to his friends was something they had never heard of, and at once it caused a big argument. Things people have never heard of they usually denounce as impossible. And while they are saying that this thing can never be done, some fellow just goes ahead and does it!
¶ The question turned on securing cloth for shelter-tents. One man made the flat, dogmatic statement that cloth was made by weaving, and that it could not be made in any other way.
Stetson stood out that there was another scheme for making cloth.
All the others denounced him and voted him a theorist; so, to prove his case, Stetson expounded to them the science of felting.
This is a branch of knowledge that is as old as glass-making. It goes back to the time of Moses who led the Children of Israel out of captivity fifteen centuries before Christ. It was known to Homer and Hesiod, for they mention the scheme in their writings. Pythagoras six hundred years before Christ, made cloth by the felting process, and as far as we know, the first fabrics were made of felt, and weaving came in as an afterthought ❧ ❧
And the world does not yet understand the science of felting, any more than it understands the science of electricity or the making of concrete. All we know is that the thing can be done.
Stetson explained these facts to his friends and received the merry ha-ha, and the doubtful te-he by way of applause. Now here is a story that was told me for fact, but when I once asked Stetson about it, he only laughed and said I should not believe half I heard. However, I still believe the tale is sure enough true and so I give it, nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice. So here goes: Stetson took some of the skins that his friends had discarded, sharpened up his hatchet on a convenient stone, and shaved the fur off the skins.
He then cut a bit of a hickory sapling; sliced off a thong from one of the skins, and made a hunter's bow. With this bow he agitated the fur so as to keep it in a regular little cloud in the air.
Here is a process known to all old-time hatters, but which can only be done by an expert. It requires about as much talent and skill to manipulate a hunter's bow as it does to play the violin. Nowadays the fur is manipulated by a machine fan and allowed to settle, but the principle is the same.
Stetson kept the fur in the air, and then it fell gently by its own weight, and was very naturally distributed over a certain space. As it fell, Stetson, with mouth full of water, after the manner of John Chinaman, blew a fine spray of moisture through the fur. Soon there was a mat of the fur that could be lifted up and rolled. It was like a thin sheet of wet paper.
There was a campfire near, and a pot of boiling water, and into this boiling water Stetson dipped his sheet of matted fur.
It began to shrink.
By manipulating it with his hands, and rapidly dipping

it in the hot water, he soon had a little blanket, woven soft and even of perfect cloth.
The argument that the thing could not be done faded away into the nothingness. Nobody said, " I told you so!"
There was the actual thing—cloth made by the felting process—one of the oldest devices of the human mind.
¶ It was only recently that the microscope showed us that hair and fur are not made up of straight, reedlike strands, but that every individual hair is covered with small hooks, branches or prongs, and that when stimulated by hot water these prongs show a great tendency to cling to each other and will crawl or creep on after the manner of " tickle-grass." And the youngster who does not know about tickle-grass is to be pittied.
In the good old times when I went to the little red schoolhouse, arrayed simply in two garments, a runabout and trousers buttoned thereto, tickle-grass came in as a scientific wonder. You simply started the thing up your trouser-leg and it came out at your collar, or where your collar should have been.

The First " Stetson "

THE principle of the single strand of fur is exactly the same as that of the tickle-grass. But the tickle-grass we see with our wide-open eyes, and the other is only manifest by the use of the microscope. The shrinking of felt is caused by the fibers interlocking, seizing upon each other and creeping close. It is a form of physical affinity. Just why it is so we do not know, but the fact remains. Cotton does not shrink or creep, because it has n't the feet.
And the story goes that Stetson's traveling companions were so delighted with his experiment that they immediately went to work killing jack-rabbits, beavers and skunks and any other of the fur-bearing animals they could get. Then under Stetson's directions they made felt tents that effectually turned the water, to the delight and astonishment of the troopers on horseback and afoot, and in the prairie-schooners, that were winding their way to the West.
Hats then were more or less of a luxury. Indians got along quite well without hats. So did our friends in the pioneer days.
In winter, the Davy Crockett fashion was in vogue.
The coonskin cap, with its dangling tail, was picturesque and serviceable, but in Summertime it certainly had its disadvantages in way of moths and fleas. If you left your cap unguarded, some hungry dog would probably carry it off.
¶ To amuse his friends, Stetson made a hat out of the felt. It was big and picturesque. It protected the wearer from the wind and rain, as well as from the scorching sun
Besides all this, it attracted considerable attention. It made the wearer the object of envy, ridicule or admiration, as the case may be. But the ribald ones ceased to revile when a bullwhacker on horseback, gaily seated on a silver-mounted saddle from Mexico, looked upon Stetson's hat with envious eyes and then offered the owner a five-dollar gold-piece for it.
This was the first genuine Stetson hat made and sold.
¶ That it would eventually lead up to a great industry, no one guessed; but it was the germ of an enterprise that was to be worldwide in its influence.

Life is Life

THE little band of pioneers reached Pike's Peak, and discovered that life is life wherever you go, and that about all you have is what you carry with you
A very few of those Western miners made money. Some left their bones along the winding way; others died in the diggings. Most of them gambled and wasted their substance, whenever they had any.
Brigham Young's advice to the Mormons was: " Raise vegetables and feed the miners, and you will all grow rich. If you mine for gold, a very few of you will make money, but the most of you will die in poverty."
A year passed, and health and strength had come back to Stetson. He was big and strong, able and ambitious—full of ideas. He decided that he would go back to the East—back to the city that Benjamin Franklin had done so much to make. There he would work out his dream and, if possible, build up a business.
He could do this one thing. He was a feltmaker and a hatter. He had the skill of fingers and the talent to do. And so back to Philadelphia he went, with his scanty earnings made in the diggings.

Trials and Difficulties

REACHING Philadelphia, he had one hundred dollars left. He bought the tools of his trade, rented a little room at Seventh and Callowhill Streets, and started to work making hats. To buy the fur and make the felt was the first thing to do.
Stetson had no credit, but ten dollars' worth of fur was all that was required to start.
He studied the fashions that were in vogue, and made the sort of hat that seemed to be in demand. He peddled these out at the stores of the dealers, one, two, three, half a dozen at a time.
He saw, however, that if he simply made hats like those that others were making, working only to duplicate these, he would be but a molecule in the mass. He wanted to do something different—to start a style. And so he made a hat slightly different from that worn by the fashionables. Putting one of these on his head he walked around from dealer to dealer, doffing his hat and telling them he could duplicate it.
The dealers smiled in derision, saying that fashions came from across the sea, and that to start a new one was not to be thought of.
Then he went back to his shop and ironed an extra curl to the brim, gave the hat a new twist and started out again. He was going to meet the prejudices of the dealers. Again he was forced to return, unsuccessful. Over and over again he endeavored to start his new fashion
Finally, one day, he went out wearing a hat made of very fine, soft felt. He had made this hat from the finest fur that he could procure, and his endeavor was to make the lightest hat possible. A felt hat weighs anywhere from two to four ounces. This hat that

Stetson wore weighed two. Stetson gave a vicious curl to his moustache and a cock that matched to the hat, and twisting his hat over one eye, he started again on his rounds among the dealers.

He assumed a rowdy, Beau Brummel appearance, aping the ultra-fashionables, and as he swaggered into a store his dapper appearance got the attention of a customer who eyed him with approval.

Stetson took off his hat and showed it to the dealer in the presence of the customer who stood by. The customer became interested and bought the hat on the spot. The dealer gave Stetson an order for a dozen.

¶ This was the first order for a dozen hats that he had received, and he had been working the market for six months

He hastened back to his shop, took all the money he had, went out and bought the finest fur that he could procure, and started to fill the order.

From this time on he had plenty of work. The margins, however, were very close. Customers would not pay more than two dollars for a hat, and they said that this was such a little one anyway, that it was not worth more.

Every Monday morning Stetson bought ten dollars' worth of fur. The fur came in batches and was carried up the creaking stairways by a lusty Irishman who flopped the bale upon the floor and waited stolidly for his money. The mail during the week brought enough to pay for the fur, but barely enough, and one Monday morning when Stetson opened his last letter that had come to him, he discovered that he had not enough money to pay for the bale of fur that would soon arrive. He knew the Irishman was on the way with his wheelbarrow. Soon he would have to make the humiliating confession that he could not pay. What to do was the thing he was revolving in his mind.

He heard the man come up the stairs. He saw him enter with the load upon his shoulders. The Irishman gave the bale a toss and it fell with a thud to the floor, raising a cloud of dust. And as it fell, the Irishman remarked in a hot-mush brogue: " The ould man says that yez need n't moind about sinding the money for a week or so. Jes' suit yersilf."

And then the son of Hibernia disappeared down the stairway

Stetson sat dumb with surprise; and tears ran down his cheeks. From that day forward he was a believer in what our friend Socrates called the " Demon." Some call it " Providence," others call it " luck." Stetson never formulated it, but the belief was always his that God was on his side, and that whatever he did would prove to be right and proper and best; that no matter how dark the clouds, light would break through.

¶ This compelling faith in himself and in destiny never forsook him in all his long career.

The Big Idea

IT was only a few days after his receiving credit without asking for it, that he decided to stake his all on a venture that no hatter had before attempted. The bullwhacker on the plains who had separated himself from a five-dollar gold-piece for a very crude kind of hat, rose before him like an apparition. Instead of depending upon the local trade of the hatters of Philadelphia and haggling with them as to prices, Stetson decided to take all the money he had and make a big, fine, picturesque hat for the Cattle Kings.

He would call his hat " The Boss of the Plains."

He had gotten a list of the clothing and hat dealers in every city and town of the Southwest, and he would send each of these one of his big hats with a letter asking for an order for a dozen!

This would either make or break him, but he believed that destiny was with him. So he spent all his money for material and then ran in debt to the very limit of his credit. He made his big, natural-colored hats, four-inch brim and four-inch top, with a strap for a band—and out went the hat to the West by express or by mail

Whether the hat, or orders, would ever come back was the question. Two weeks passed and the orders were coming. " Send a dozen hats just like the sample." Some of the men sent cash with their orders, saying that they wanted their orders given the preference.

¶ This gave Stetson a clue. He sent out more samples as fast as he could, making the suggestion that if a man wanted his hats by return express, he should send the money in advance.

This new hat, " The Boss of the Plains," was made of one-grade material and retailed at five dollars; then in finer material to sell for ten dollars; then in extra-fine fur made from pure beaver or nutria. These hats sold for as much as thirty dollars apiece. Money came, and the orders were piling up.

From this time on the story of the business of John B. Stetson reads like a romance. No tale of the imagination written by Sir Walter Scott equals it. Stetson did things that Sir Walter could never even imagine. He introduced initiative into the business. Stetson was a creator, a dealer, a scout of civilization.

He marched always in the vanguard, and he introduced patterns which, seemingly, can not be improved on today

The great business of the John B. Stetson Company has doubled in volume since his death. But the increase has all been by a close application to the methods laid down by the dead Chief. Being dead he yet lives.

The Growing West

WHEN a thing is known it ceases to be either deep, strange or profound.

But we wonder why, when Stetson sold his first, big, picturesque hat there on the plains of Colorado, the thought did not at once come to him that there was a market for such wares.

The fact was that pioneers were poor. Hats were more or less of a luxury, and the possibilities of the West were to Stetson absolutely unguessed, just as they were to Napoleon when he sold that whole vast territory for a fraction of a cent per acre. It is doubtful whether forty or so years ago any living man imagined the extent of the wealth that now exists in America. Stetson did not know that there was even then a growing class

of Western aristocrats, men immensely wealthy from the sale of cattle, who were coming into power.

When we are in the midst of a thing we do not see it. Perspective is necessary; and the thought of supplying a distinctive hat for the aristocrats of the West did not come to him until a certain fateful day in Philadelphia, when he had tried everything else and only saw hardship ahead.

Stetson could always remember the exact time and spot when it came over him that he could get away absolutely from competition by making a hat for the cattle kings. The name, "Boss of the Plains," seized upon him, and to supply this market became the one controlling object of his life. He actually became fevered over it. Subsequent events proved the truth of his prophecy.

A Man of Faith

STETSON was distinctly a religious man in the highest sense. His love for his work and his workers was absorbing, and his faith was the guiding star of his life. This gave him courage and good-cheer, even in the face of seeming disaster. He knew that all would be well. His firm faith in the Good was a strong factor in his success.

The hat known as the "B. O. P." was a modified Mexican Sombrero. It was a sombrero with a college education. The limit of Stetson's business from this on was his ability to manufacture.

From making one style he began to make many. The vogue spread, and it became a fixed fact to the man of the West that for service and utility, and to the man of the East that for style, he must wear a "Stetson." A "Stetson" stands for success. Stetson's faith was contagious ❧ ❧

So far as I know, no great business was ever built up equal in volume to this with such a minimum of advertising. Our scientific friends tell us that advertising is an economic waste. This is certainly true. Advertising is telling who you are, what you are, where you are and what you have to offer the world in the way of service or commodity. The only man who should not advertise is the man who has nothing to offer. ¶ At the same time, there is no finer way in the world to waste money than in advertising. Very few advertisers indeed know how much of a return they are getting ❧ ❧

Stetson was the first man to say, "There is no advertisement equal to a well-pleased customer." He endeavored to make a hat which would so please the customer that he would show it and explain to others where he got it. The Stetson hat in looks and wear proved its worth to the wearer and his friends, and the Trademark which Stetson was proud to put in it told the name of the maker and where he lived. Thus every man who wore a "Stetson" was an advertising agent for John B. Stetson.

The Hat as a Symbol

I SUPPOSE it need not be explained that a hat is not concealed on the person. It surmounts a man's dome of thought. It occupies the proudest position in all that goes to make up his haberdashery and toggery. In togs the hat certainly occupies first place. The hat is a sort of modified crown. There is a certain tendency in the human heart which prompts the individual to show his social status in his hat. The hat reveals the mood of mind which the individual possesses.

We bestow honors by touching the hat-brim or lifting the hat. Thus we symbol our mental attitude toward an individual. There are people before whom we stand uncovered, and there are others in the presence of whom we stolidly pull our hat down.

William Penn was born with his hat on and never removed it, even in the presence of royalty. Thus did he manifest his ego. And from Beau Brummel, who wore a towering hat with a dinky brim, we run the hat gamut to George Fox, who reached equilibrium in breadth of brim. On Beau Brummel's hat was a fluttering flummery of ribbons of various hues, but the hat worn by George Fox was absolutely without ornament.

The Mexican will ride out from his hacienda on a ten-dollar horse and a one-hundred-dollar saddle, wearing a forty-dollar hat and a three-dollar suit of clothes ❧ ❧

The thing that got the eye of the American cattle king was size, simplicity, quality, individuality—something that was unique and genuine.

Stetson, instead of advertising his hats or sending out traveling men, shipped a sample hat by express to every dealer. Later on, he discovered that the men in a town he sold attracted to themselves pretty much of the hat trade.

The hats for which Stetson received orders when they reached the dealer usually proved to be a little better article than the man expected. Stetson aimed to disappoint his customers on this side. If there were any surprises, he surprised the man by giving him a better hat than he expected. And I heard the designer of today say, "Any hat, moth-eaten or defective, is good enough for a sample, but none is too perfect for a merchant to sell or a man to wear." And the merchant and the wearer know that the hat they buy will be up to the Stetson Standard, regardless of the sample.

Stetson disarmed criticism by absolute honesty, absolute integrity; and so far as I have been able to learn, he was the first hatter to adopt the one-price system and refuse to sell any dealer who cut or jockeyed prices ❧ ❧

In less than a year after Stetson began to make the hat known as the "Boss of the Plains," he gave up the Philadelphia local trade entirely, and in the interests of economy moved from the business district to Fourth Street and Montgomery Avenue, three miles out. He was clear in the suburbs of the city. The wise ones said that no man could do business so far out of town; others said the land he bought was not worth the money. But the days went by, as the days do, and now the Stetson factory is practically in the middle of the city, and a great deal of the most valuable real estate is still beyond the Stetson works. It became an axiom in the minds of the people who knew Stetson that wherever he bought real estate prosperity would follow ❧ ❧

The Idea Expands

WHEN the Stetson factory was built in the suburbs, it was a three-story building one hundred feet long and thirty feet wide. It was beyond the needs of the concern, but Stetson's prophetic vision saw it filled with happy, prosperous and intelligent workers.

The first thing to do was to transform the shiftless, indifferent, impulsive, drinking, tramp hatter into a reliable and earnest individual.

It was discovered that the men who were saving money soon evolved a degree of integrity and intelligence which the tramp hatter did not possess. Some of the men planned for building homes. This idea grew and from it sprang the Stetson Building and Loan Association ❧ ❧

If Philadelphia is " The City of Homes," Stetson made use of the favorable local conditions to encourage his men to build or to buy homes of their own, and in the years of growth of the business, this idea, worked out through the Building and Loan Association, developed to such an extent that a large portion of the Stetson employees became householders in their own right. These homes were so numerous and so attractive in their varied types that they drew the attention of the United States Government, and the Bureau of Labor made a special study of the results of the operation of the Stetson Building and Loan Association, displaying facts and figures with numerous pictures of houses in an exhibit at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition ❧ ❧

The apprentice system adopted by Stetson was absolutely unique. He paid the beginner a fair wage, with an understanding that if the boy remained during the apprentice period he would receive a fixed bonus for every week he worked. Here was a chance to learn a trade and secure a snug saving at the same time. It was a master-stroke in binding to him able and reliable men. This idea grew and was worked out later in all departments in a big way.

Today ninety per cent of all the employees in the great factory, in which fifty-five hundred people are working, are sharing in the profits of the business through a system of bonuses. Starting many years ago, Stetson offered on Christmas a small bonus to be paid the next Christmas to those men who worked continuously and faithfully throughout the year. While, the first year, not a large percentage of the men earned the bonus, the result was sufficiently satisfactory to induce the offering of a larger bonus the following year and the extension of the plan to the workers in other departments. Week-workers who had been on the job throughout the year received a bonus of a fixed amount per week, and pieceworkers a percentage of what they earned during the year. This percentage is in some departments as high as twenty per cent, so that the employee who has earned during the year one thousand dollars receives two hundred as a substantial Christmas reminder of his share in the prosperity of the business.

When last Christmas I saw fifty-five hundred happy workers gather in the great Stetson auditorium, all singing heartily in the intervals of receiving their bonuses, it was clear that Stetson had made life worth while ❧ ❧

A Friend to All

THE secret of the success of John B. Stetson turned first on meeting the market with a quality and style of hat such as was in demand. The next thing was managing the workmen so as to evolve about him a big Stetson family, a family of happy, healthy, effective workers.

A LITTLE JOURNEY TO THE HOME OF JOHN B. STETSON is no misnomer for a visit to the Stetson factory. Stetson so thoroughly identified himself with the life as well as the work of the factory that it may well be called his home.

Stetson was on friendly terms with all his people; called them by their first names; shook hands with them when they met; took a friendly interest in their affairs. ¶ When the gathering of physical years came upon him and the multiplied number of employees made it impossible longer to continue the personal contact with each, he still maintained his general interest and activity ❧ ❧

He was always a stickler for fresh air and sunshine. This idea had been impressed upon him in a tragic way through his close call from death by tuberculosis. Always he loved the sunshine. His offices and factory were flooded with light. He urged his people when they built houses to build facing the South and the East, and was often on hand to suggest, advise and encourage. ¶ John B. Stetson was too busy to go to a doctor, so when need arose his physician came to see him in his own office. Thinking of others, Stetson got the habit of bringing in such of his employees as needed treatment. This idea, like all of his, enlarged. His own physician's services were outgrown. Specialists in various lines were called in. A day came when Stetson found that if he was to have an office to call his own that was not a clinic and dispensary he must make other arrangements. And he built a hospital.

Nor would he confine this to the relief of his employees only. Its benefits were free to all. Twice has the work of the hospital outgrown its building equipment, and today a modern building with a staff of thirty physicians and unsurpassed facilities is ever ready to cure or relieve the ills not only of the workers in the Stetson factory but of the community surrounding it.

The prevention of illness has been even more effective. No expense in building and sanitation has been spared to make workrooms comfortable and healthful. The history of the business has been a constant succession of tearing down old structures and building new to secure the maximum of light and air. Figures show the result. The Secretary of the Beneficial Association pointed out to me that, while years ago to meet the sick and death benefits an occasional extra assessment has been made in the past seven years. From the regular dues a surplus has accumulated, so that these dues are frequently passed ❧ Through sanitation and careful filtration of water, typhoid has practically disappeared and tuberculosis is no longer the hatters' bugbear.

And through this unselfish—or if you please to call it, selfish—interest in his workers, the tramp hatter disappeared from the Stetson factory and there grew up a big band of healthy, strong, intelligent people.

¶ Then came in organization, a division of labor, with department heads, and these department heads were his marshals. They were paid a goodly wage and given an interest in the business.

No employer of labor ever got a more loyal service from his helpers than did John B. Stetson. The Stetson people, instead of planning or scheming for ease and how they could get out of work, turned their attention to helping the factory. They felt they were part of the concern, and to cheat the institution was to cheat themselves

The employer who can bring to bear this consciousness in the mind of the worker has achieved a great victory over human inertia. Stetson believed in his people and they believed in him. He diffused an atmosphere of good-cheer, of ambition, wherever he went. His business grew and he grew with the business.

Growing Rich by Giving

STETSON was always giving money, but he took good pains not to give so as to pauperize the individual. The amount of money he gave away no man can compute, for he kept no record of it himself and did not remember it, but like all men who give much he was occasionally victimized.

He made it a habit whenever there was an increase in the family of one of his workers to send congratulations, and at the same time a substantial recognition. He loved babies. He doted on children. He would often go out of his way across the street to pat some youngster on the head and give him a quarter. The children would follow him in the streets and call him by name, and sometimes he would carry a baby in his arms to relieve a tired mother.

It grew to be a custom that when a baby in the family of his workers was a year old the mother would come around to the factory and show her darling to the chief. No matter how busy he was he would go out into the hallway and greet such a mother, and the rule was to give her a dollar and wish her happiness.

Attached to his office in later years was a big waiting-room, and in this room every forenoon was a goodly group of callers who came for their blessing, and a bit anxious for the substantial part of it. Stetson would go out from time to time and clean out the room by shaking hands with everybody and starting them all on their way. There were occasional repeaters, but Stetson overlooked little things like that. He never sent any one hungry and empty-handed away.

On one occasion a woman with a baby in a shawl appeared as usual. Stetson shook hands with her, patted the baby on the head, gave her a dollar and started her off down the stairs.

In about fifteen minutes another woman appeared with a like youngster in her arms. Stetson was intuitive. His was the feminine mind. He simply knew things because he knew. This time, without thinking, he said to the woman, "Have n't I seen you here before?"

"And the woman said, "No."

He followed up the question with another, "Were you not in here an hour ago or less?" Then he said, "I have seen this baby before."

The woman, abashed, admitted that she had borrowed the baby from her neighbor.

Stetson never blamed anybody for anything, except laziness, not even for lying. He used to say, "Nothing but the truth pays." Yet censure was not in his heart. He never converted himself into a section of the Day of Judgment

He heard the woman's confession that she had borrowed the baby. Then he laughed, shook hands with her, gave her the dollar, and said, "Go off now, and when you come back here again bring a baby of your own."

A Builder and a Creator

MAN, like Deity, creates in his own image. When a painter paints a portrait he makes two—one of himself and one of the sitter.

If there is a sleazy thread in your character you will weave it into the fabric you are making.

A Stetson hat was a bit of Stetson character.

Stetson hats looked like Stetson—they were unconventional, natural, generous, genuine. They reacted, too, on the wearer.

The word "Stetson" not only stood for hat, but for a certain style of hat, and a certain type of man. No cheap, apologetic, sneakerino tightwad ever wore a Stetson—it would n't fit him.

Stetson stood for The American Philosophy, devised by people who live on the Fortieth Parallel in America.

¶ This philosophy reduced to its simplest terms means work, love, laughter, study and play, mixed in right proportions and taken ad lib.

Stetson believed that only the busy person is happy, and that systematic, daily, useful work, is man's greatest blessing

"This country is built on business," said Stetson.

¶ We are a nation of workers, builders, inventors, creators, producers.

We are the richest country, per capita, in the world; and our wealth has all come from the farm, the forest, the factory, the mine, the sea.

We have dug, plowed, pumped, smelted, refined, transported and manufactured. We did not inherit our wealth, neither have we laid tribute on other countries as did earlier civilizations.

The word "education" sometimes stands for idleness, but The American Philosophy symbols work, effort, industry. It means intelligent, thoughtful, reasonable and wise busy-ness—helping yourself by helping others. Only the busy person is happy. Systematic, daily, useful work, is man's greatest blessing.

The world's greatest prizes in the future will go to the businessman. The businessman is our only scientist, and to him we must look for a Science of Economics that will eradicate poverty, disease, superstition and all that dissipates and destroys.

It is a great man who focuses on his business and

instead of putting the whole world straight looks after just one individual, and that is the man right under your own " Stetson."

A Business General

JOHN B. STETSON was a business general. He did his work through other men. He knew the business of hatting, and he knew the human heart better. He knew the consumer and the dealer, and he knew the workmen who manipulated raw stock into forms of use and beauty.

He knew how to captain these workers for his own advantage and benefit—and theirs. He knew how to transform indifferent, slipshod, faulty, foolish human clay into men of worth. He knew how to take a man who was not a friend of himself, and by being a friend to him, make of him a man of integrity.

To influence an individual who does not know how to economize his own time, or save his money over against the day of storm, and make of this man an economist who will save his money and buy a home and pay for it and have money in the savings-bank, and conserve his health so as to enjoy his treasures of books and music and flowerbeds and vegetable-garden, and to be on good terms with his neighbors, and best of all with himself—to appreciate Nature and all the manifold beauties of this wondrous world, this was one of the achievements of John B. Stetson, done over and over again

From the very first Stetson was a stickler for quality. He believed in his goods, and refused absolutely to compete in the matter of price.

So far as I can ascertain, he was the first man in the hat business to adopt the one-price system; and for forty-five years the prices on Stetson's hats have remained the same. Materials and wages have all very much advanced, but to meet this advance, scientific economics have been introduced in the way of manufacture that equalized increased cost of raw stock and labor

Always and forever the price has been the same; and no man, no matter how much money he had, even in the darkest financial hours that Stetson ever saw, could buy a hat a penny cheaper.

Stetson believed in himself and he believed in his goods, and he had the supreme faith that the public would eventually come to him.

John B. Stetson was one of the great organizers of the world. All men who succeed in a masterly way owe their success to their ability to manage and control the efforts of other people.

Napoleon succeeded through his marshals, and this fact he made no effort to conceal. He bound men to him with hoops of steel. He fired them with his own enthusiasm and filled them with his own purpose. He loved them and they loved him.

Bertrand followed his master into exile at Saint Helena, and was servant of the man who once ruled the world until this man passed away. Bertrand, remaining on the spot, guarding the grave, refusing to leave Saint Helena even when the master had turned to dust, gives us an object-lesson in loyalty that we can never forget

When Sir Humphrey Davy was asked to name his greatest and most important discovery, he thought an instant and then answered, " Michael Faraday." ¶ If I were asked to name the greatest discovery of John B. Stetson, I would say, " James Howell Cummings."

It is unfair to compare one great man with another, because every superior man is an individual. God never duplicates. But the loyalty of Cummings for Stetson is the loyalty of Bertrand for Napoleon.

However, it is not a loyalty to a lost cause or to the memory alone of greatness gone. It is something far more difficult than that.

An executive has been described as a man who decides quickly and is sometimes right. The real fact is that he has to be right fifty-one per cent of the time, and more

Cummings was born in the little village of Goshen, Pennsylvania, in the year Eighteen Hundred Sixty-seven. The lad received a public-school education and passed through the high school with honors, and at fifteen years of age entered the employ of the Stetson Company as errand-boy.

Marshall Field once said that if he wanted to pick a boy who would take up his own work and eclipse his record, he would select a youth who left school at fifteen, whose father was dead, and who had a mother and brothers and sisters to care for.

Young Cummings was not a Bertrand; he was more. He was the Corsican. He had the same hungry desire to know, the quick intuition, the tireless grasp of detail, and the ability to swim with the tide and not get drowned in a multiplicity of items.

Like Napoleon, Cummings is slight in stature, athletic, and uses all the body he possesses. He has the ability to work long and hard, to laugh and play, to run and enjoy, and thus he gets his rest in change. He takes his vacation every day, and so he never needs one, and is always in a mood to enjoy one.

From errand-boy he became clerk, then assistant manager; and in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one when he was twenty-four years of age he was made Secretary of the great corporation.

Then he became Treasurer, then Second Vice-President; and in Nineteen Hundred Six when the Chief passed away, Cummings glided by divine right into the position of President of the John B. Stetson Company. For five years he had been hands, feet, ears and eyes for John B. Stetson. He had been manager de facto

Cummings had the respect and love of every department head. It was civil service carried to its logical end. Cummings knew the mind of Stetson better than Stetson had known it himself. Cummings at twenty-four had the prophetic vision. He had been disciplined by Fate, and Nature had supplied him with the ability to learn in silence and to accept what he could not change

Cummings never looked for slights or insults, or thought of having a good time. The business was his first love. He became a part of it; and since he became President of the institution he has made no attempt to change the name of the concern from " Stetson " to

" Cummings." He reverences the memory of the great man gone. He is not in evidence except when needed. He is a man who early learned how to take orders, and he now knows how to give them.

I would say that the chief characteristics of James Howell Cummings are summed up in the following-named qualities: loyalty, good-cheer, economy, faith, energy, industry, modesty, a restless ambition and a noble discontent.

Cummings is never quite satisfied. Everything must be made better. He is always willing to learn; and while he has little patience with the individual who springs a suggestion in order to divert attention from one that has already been made, and the genus kicker is quickly sized up, yet the most lowly helper in this entire army of five thousand people and more can always reach him and will receive a patient and kindly hearing if there is something to be said. Cummings gives small credit to himself for this great success. He says he owes it all to the people who make the hats, the salesmen and the wise and intelligent dealers who sell them

Cummings has sympathy, but it is not of the maudlin sort. " Forget yourself in your work," is his motto; and so he is a happy, healthy, grateful, gentle Colossus of business

Under the management of Mr. Cummings, the John B. Stetson Company, already the largest business of its kind in the world, has not only continued in this proud position, but has doubled the volume of its output

William A. Fray

WILLIAM A. FRAY is Vice-President of the institution. Mr. Fray has gotten a lot of fun out of his work—money as well. He is a joker with a wonderful fund of stories—that happened, or did n't, as the case may be. Also, Fray is a worker and a friend of workers. The history of hatting is at his tongue's end. Here is one that he told me, which may be true: Australia, we hear, is overrun with rabbits. The Government once offered a reward for exterminating the pests. The first rabbits were carried into Australia by a Scotchman with red hair. He certainly was a genius in spite of his color-scheme. Fray says he had freckles. In any event, the Scotchman carried two rabbits as pets to Australia.

In five years, Fray says, this Scotchman was the owner of ten million rabbits—the natural result of geometircal progression. As smart, however, as was the Scotchman, his scheme did not exactly work out. What the Scotchman wanted to do was to raise rabbits for the fur, so as to manufacture felt for Tam-o'-Shanters, spats and breeks. The rabbits in Scotland had a beautiful, deep, soft fur; but in a few generations in Australia the fur took on a totally different quality and evolved rather in hair.

The climate of Australia was of a kind that took care of bunny without a fur overcoat; and while the Scotchman had the rabbits all right he did not get the fur. So the only rabbitskins that can now be used for fur come from the North, or the land of cold and snow.

Albert T. Freeman

IT was the fixed policy of John B. Stetson that no one individual in an institution was necessary to the success of the concern.

His idea was that the organization should be so complete that any one man, from president to janitor, could drop out and his presence not be missed.

In order to show a man that he was not necessary, Mr. Stetson used to send certain individuals away on vacations. This would prove to the rest that the work could go on just as well. And in fact, if ever a man got it fixed in his mind that he was absolutely necessary to the business, he ran a pretty good risk of being dropped out entirely.

The understudy to Mr. Cummings is Albert T. Freeman. Mr. Freeman has the Stetson spirit in every particular. He came into the Stetson factory eleven years ago under rather peculiar conditions. Stetson met Freeman and liked the young man so well that he employed him to come on to Philadelphia and enter the office

From the first Freeman showed such marked ability that Stetson allowed him to gravitate to where he belonged

The man who can shoulder burdens is always needed, and Freeman exhibited a fine aptitude for taking care of difficult and complex propositions that needed readjustment

Freeman was born in the little village of Penfield, Monroe County, New York. He was one of a family of nine children—the father, a Baptist preacher, " passing rich on forty pounds a year." It is a great blessing to be born into such a family, where soft luxury is absolutely out of the equation, but where there is an earnest desire to improve every opportunity for good.

¶ The recipe for educating your children is: Educate yourselves. Freeman's parents were educated folks; and good health and a hunger for knowledge were the young man's sole inheritances.

From the village school to the High School, and then to Rochester University, was a natural evolution. Then came a post-graduate course at the University of Chicago, with a turn at teaching—and the rest followed. Mr. Freeman is now the practical general manager of the Stetson business.

I once heard Mr. Cummings say, " Blessed is that man who has found some one to do his work," and Freeman was in his mind. When, in Eighteen Hundred Ninety-one, the Stetson business was incorporated, Mr. Stetson provided for the interests of his lieutenants and older employees by assigning them portions of the stock.

¶ With the large later growth there was a natural infusion of new blood, and he sought some plan to give the younger men who had shown their value to the business, a direct interest in its profit.

With this in mind, in Nineteen Hundred Two, a new issue of five thousand shares of Common Stock was set aside to be assigned at the discretion of the President, to employees. Unlike other stock participation by employees, no payment was required or permitted. Stock was issued to trustees for the employees to be paid for at par out of its dividends. These dividends,

since the inauguration of the plan, have paid not less than twenty per cent per year. The stock is thus full paid in about five years, after which time the employee receives the full benefit of ownership of the stock, except that he is not permitted to dispose of it. At the end of a fifteen-year period of trusteeship, the stock is assigned absolutely to the employee. Absolute transfer is also made, in the meantime, in the case of death or incapacity of the employee.

If, on the other hand, the employee is discharged, he receives the actual amount paid up on the stock.

As the market value of the stock is more than five hundred dollars a share, there is, obviously, a strong material inducement to maintain the loyalty and interest of the employee. It is a splendid plan for insuring permanency.

Through the operation of the stock-allotment plan and by other means, a large proportion of the adult employees of the Company have become directly interested in the profits of the business by stock ownership ❧ ❧

Nearly thirteen thousand shares, of a market value of more than six million dollars, are now owned by persons actively engaged in the business of the John B. Stetson Company. This can not truthfully be said of any other big corporation in the world.

The factory floor space of The John B. Stetson Company covers more than twenty-five acres. Here nearly six thousand hands are employed. The entire round world is scoured for materials. When I talked with one of the head men in the manufacturing department, who has been with the business for nearly forty years, in the course of the conversation he threw out a grave wonder as to whether there were any fur-bearing animals along the canal-banks of Mars.

A remarkable feature of the Stetson business is the general and wide distribution of the product, the hats being sold throughout the world in every country in which hats are worn. No other trademarked article of merchandise that I know of is so widely distributed.

¶ Stetson hats are sold by one hundred fifty wholesale merchants and more than ten thousand retail merchants. Of the latter, one thousand one hundred twenty-four are in foreign countries.

The largest foreign markets of Stetson hats are Argentine Republic, Mexico, Canada, South Africa and Europe ❧ ❧

The materials for Stetson hats are brought from many parts of the world, but the manufactured hats go to a greater number of countries. The vogue of the Stetson hat is thus not in its exclusiveness so far as the merchant is concerned, but in the strong hold with the consumer which its quality has secured, and in the desire of the merchant to satisfy this public demand, regardless of whether other merchants are also handling the same goods.

The John B. Stetson Company is always striving to make the best, better. Nothing is too good for a "Stetson" wearer, a "Stetson" dealer or a "Stetson" worker ❧ ❧

This great business has more of this spirit of brotherhood than any other big business I can now recall. The Stetson spirit regards business as opportunity—not mere opportunity to make money, but also the opportunity to educate, bless, benefit, uplift and add to the joys of the world.

CORSETS FOR MEN!

Have you tried our AGRIPPINA? Made straight-front especially for men with a thirty-six chest measurement & forty-six waist. Absolves puss and makes your afternoon an invitation to kick. Most straight-fronts make breast bone black and blue, but our MESSALINA gives gamboge, tinted ultramarine. If you look like a caricature of God Almighty keyed in B flat, or a bed tick stuft with straw, ask your Haberdasher for one of our JEZEBELS! The SALOME is for Slimjims with mental curvature who carry their chins out, and is warranted to keep padding in place. Our corsets do away with all need of exercise, and make deep breathing impossible. Those who wear them once can never do without them thereafter. Address, with photograph, Nero, Claudius & Co., Aldermanic Outfitters, 444 Suspensory Block, Chicago, Ill.

Shoes and Character

IN life, there are four primal necessities—only four.
These are food, clothing, shelter—love ❧ ❧
Shoes and hats are a part of clothing. Also, they are secondary sexual manifestations, said Herbert Spencer. Spencer was a bachelor, and he knew.
And as women's shoes get more beautiful, skirts grow narrow and short.
Spiritless, dejected, whipped-out men advertise to the world their mental condition by their shoes.
There is a wonderful story by Tolstoy about a shoemaker whose shop was in a basement. When this shoemaker looked up from his work, he saw the feet of the people as they passed. Seldom did he see their faces—just their feet.
He judged them by their shoes, and his estimate was usually correct.
Once he saw a man go by barefoot. The shoemaker jumped up—but what 's the use, read the story for yourself ❧ ❧
The title of the story is, *Where God Is, There is Love.*
¶ Read it, and when you do, think of me and breathe a prayer of gratitude for having been introduced to one of the little big things in literature.
Shoes, sure, that 's the subject!
Hope, courage, animation, ambition, are mirrored in your shoes. Look to your pedals, Terese, to your pedals.
Your feet feature the facts. Shoes are a telltale.
Once there were people in America who never wore shoes. Now, we all do—a part of the time, at least.
¶ The Kneippers do not go barefoot all the time ❧
John Wesley, when he was rector of the church in Savannah, Georgia, went barefoot, even in the pulpit, to show his sympathy with the shoeless.
For to be shoeless was to be friendless.
Tolstoy went barefoot in the streets of Saint Petersburg, for the same reason that John Wesley went barefoot in Savannah, and was taken in charge by the police. And a celebrated painting of Tolstoy in bare feet was officially ordered from the shop-windows, because the people stood before it in mute admiration.

The Best-Shod People on Earth

IN America, friendless and shoeless humanity, practically, does not exist.
When we go barefoot we wade in the surf—what larks!
¶ Americans are the best-shod people on earth.
Our consumption of shoes is two hundred seventy million pairs a year—three pairs to a person. Twenty-five years ago it was two pairs a year per person. We are getting more particular. Also, as the years have passed, our shoes have been bettered in style and quality. Most of us, even we common folks, have different shoes for different occasions. It 's better for our feet, and better for our heads, as it lifts our self-respect. When you change your shoes you change your mind ❧ ❧
Shoe-manufacturers are a prosperous people. There is no " Shoe Trust," and there can't be, for there are some thirteen hundred shoe-factories in the United States, and more are being formed. I know of six shoe-factories in Saint Louis, all started by employees, who have come out of one particular factory and embarked in business on their own account. And they are all making money.

A Great Chance for Young Men

TO the young man, the United Shoe Machinery Company opens the gate of opportunity. Just think of it! Here is one of the biggest industries in the United States—the manufacture of shoes—in which hundreds of fortunes have been made and in which the foundations for others are almost daily being laid. Any young fellow with experience, ability and character can start in it with an insignificant expenditure for equipment. He can get his machines from the Shoe Machinery Company with the certainty that he does n't have to pay for them except in proportion to the number of shoes he makes, and that the rate he pays for his machinery is exactly the same rate that is paid by every other manufacturer in the United States who uses the same kind of machines. It is the only business in the world of which this can be said. You won't find any young men in the shoe business complaining about the United Shoe Machinery Company. They cheer for it. Whatever complaints there are come from a few big manufacturers who can't reconcile themselves to being placed in the same category as their smaller competitors when it comes to the matter of machines.
It is mainly the young men who have revolutionized all branches of the shoe trade during the past decade, and this statement applies to the merchandising side of the trade as well as to the manufacturing end ❧
From Nineteen Hundred to Nineteen Hundred Twelve, the products of our shoe-factories have increased a little over seventy per cent, while population has, during the same period, increased less than twenty-five per cent.
Our exports of shoes have jumped from two million

dollars in Nineteen Hundred to over seventeen million dollars in Nineteen Hundred Twelve.

Monopoly is out of the question in the shoe business, for the simple reason that any one who wants to start a shoe-factory is not obliged to buy an outfit of costly machinery. He can lease shoe-making machinery, and get it on exactly the same terms that the biggest factories can.

If every shoe-factory had to buy or manufacture its own machinery, and thus keep abreast of the times, it would require such a vast capital, and also such a corps of inventors, that of necessity the business would be concentrated in the hands of a few.

Instead of thirteen hundred factories, there would be thirteen, and if there were only thirteen they would get together and we would have a Shoe Trust. As it is, we have n't.

Today, the boot and shoe industry is the one large business left in the world not run by a so-called Trust, and the United Shoe Machinery Company is responsible for that fact.

The "Machinery Trust" Bugaboo

RALPH WALDO EMERSON once said that the man who makes a pair of shoes carpets the earth with leather.

Not so many years ago shoes were made by individual shoemakers. They put your pedal on a piece of paper and the shoemaker ran his pencil around your "tootsie," and then took various strange, peculiar and complex measurements, just as the old-time tailor did.

When you got your shoes, perhaps they fitted and perhaps they did not, but the breaking in of a pair of shoes was a terrible thing.

Personally, I much preferred to go barefoot—and I did until Winter, when snow and ice came along and made the wearing of leather a necessity.

The factories of New England began with home industries. Things were made in the kitchen, cut out with a jackknife, stitched, polished, put together, peddled out by the family, just as the father of Henry Thoreau made lead-pencils and Henry went out on the road selling them by the dozen, the gross or one at a time, just as luck would have it.

America now makes the best shoes in the world. Europe is coming along fast, however, and the other day a German told me that it was because the Germans were putting in American machinery that they were able to compete with American shoes in style and quality ❧ ❧

New England is the land of invention.

A few months ago I spent a week in Saint Louis and during my odd times I made a pilgrimage to the Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company.

This concern has several factories, and is reputed to make more shoes and better shoes at a smaller percentage of profit than any other concern in America ❧ In fact, I got so interested in the making of shoes that I chased a pair clear through the mill from the time the uppers were cut out of the hide until the laces were put in, and then I was proudly presented with the pair of shoes and I am now wearing them.

Massachusetts leads the United States in the making of shoes. Missouri comes next.

The Hamilton-Brown Shoe Company, I saw, uses machinery manufactured by the United Shoe Machinery Company.

A few days ago, I was in Boston, and I just took a couple of days off to find out who the United Shoe Machinery Company are, what they are, and what they are doing.

The general offices of the concern are in Boston, but their factories are at Beverly, Massachusetts, twenty miles out, near where President Taft made his Summer home. The salt water comes right up to the doors ❧

We have heard about the increased cost to the consumer by reason of the so-called "Machinery Trust." I suppose the average person, if asked what amount the owner of leased shoe machinery would receive on a pair of shoes, would say, "Oh, about forty or fifty cents."

The real fact is that it takes fifty-eight different machines to make a single shoe, and in cases where the entire fifty-eight machines are leased by the manufacturer of shoes the owner of the machines receives a royalty running up sometimes to five and one-half cents a pair.

Where fewer machines are used, it runs as low as half a cent a pair, and the average for most shoes is about one and one-third cents a pair.

If this entire cost were wiped out, it would not make one cent's worth of difference to the wearer in the price for a pair of shoes! Remember that, Terese!

Retail prices of shoes jump at the rate of twenty-five cents a pair, or perhaps fifty. That is in spite of the savings effected by machinery.

While leather and labor have increased in cost, the machinery cost of shoes is the one thing that has not advanced ❧ ❧

Through the persistent killing of calves, cattle have increased in value and hides have aviated. Leather has jumped about twenty-five per cent. Labor has increased nearly the same.

There is no problem of the unemployed now in America. Anybody who wants to work, and can work, can get work ❧ ❧

Let it be known that the United Shoe Machinery Company do not make shoes. They simply manufacture machinery that is used by shoe-manufacturers. They make upwards of three hundred varieties of machines. Different styles, weights and kinds of shoes require different machinery. There are babies' shoes, children's shoes, women's shoes, men's shoes, shoes for business, shoes for society, shoes for indoors, and shoes for outdoors. Some people wear one kind of shoe in the morning, another in the afternoon, and a different shoe in the evening.

The Consumption of Shoes

THE consumption of shoes mirrors the progress of civilization. Show me the shoe you wear and I will tell you the kind of man you are. "By their shoes ye shall know them."

Most of the principal machines made by the United

Shoe Machinery Company are leased to the manufacturers, although a great majority of the machines they make can be bought if the user so desires.

This leasing of a machine, paying a royalty for its use, so much for every pair of shoes, is no new thing. Shoe-factories making shoes by machinery started in the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-six, but the machines were few and they were crude.

They really did not get well a-going until about Eighteen Hundred Seventy.

Then they ran along on the old-time methods until Eighteen Hundred Ninety-nine, when the United Shoe Machinery Company was organized.

Since then the manufacture of shoes has received a decided boom.

Better shoes have been made, at a less cost to the consumer than ever before.

Wages of employees have been increased. There has been a steady demand for a better quality of workmen at a better wage, and the shoe-factories have made money ❧ ❧

In most manufacturing, five parties are directly interested: first, the manufacturer; second, the employee; third, the stockholder of the corporation; fourth, the producers of the raw material; and fifth, and most important, the consumer.

In the shoe business, however, there are only four parties directly interested, and that is where shoe-manufacturing stands alone among modern industries, for, with rare exceptions, every shoe-factory is owned by the man who runs it, and there are no stockholders to be taken into consideration.

It is the only industry in which individual effort still prevails, and that condition is due to the United Shoe Machinery Company. In order to know whether the United Shoe Machinery Company has bettered the world or not, it is only necessary to interview the four parties directly interested and get a frank, honest and intelligent opinion from them.

I have studied this problem from every possible point of view. I have interviewed factory-owners, tanners, employees and consumers.

The whole shoe industry is on a firmer, sounder and more satisfactory basis today than ever before in its history. There is more character in the business, from manufacturing to retailing.

The making of shoes in the good old family style at the hands of one man or a dozen, with the help of his neighbors, has gone forever. In these times a factory which turns out a thousand pairs of shoes a day does a small business.

There are several factories that turn out ten thousand, twenty thousand, and a few forty thousand pairs of shoes a day ❧ ❧

The Lease System

PRACTICALLY all of the shoe-factories in America lease their machinery. This custom has come down for the past forty years. The reason is that so many different kinds of machines are needed in making a shoe; and new inventions and improvements are happening every day ❧ ❧

Factories would not run the risk of putting in a new invention, especially in view of the fact that the machine might have to be replaced any day with something better, cheaper and more effective.

This indeed has been the case. Inventors working alone and manufacturers of machines have a very hard time, and always have had, in getting the public to accept their inventions. Things we don't know anything about, we are not aware of. Ninety-five per cent of manufacturers today very much prefer to lease a machine rather than purchase it outright.

Because a machine leased by the user does n't have to be " scrapped." This dread nightmare of an obsolete machine carried on the inventory has made many a good man turn gray before his time.

But when an outsider comes along with a machine that will do the work, and the manufacturer can lease it on a fixed sum for every operation, then the manufacturer knows in advance just what his costs will be. Under other conditions, it is guess work and cut and try.

The fact that a manufacturer would rather lease the machine has been proven out recently in Europe, where the leasing system never prevailed until the United Shoe Machinery Company introduced its machines in Europe on the lease basis. It is found that the manufacturers accept the innovation with a gladness that has been considerable of a surprise to American inventors.

Every shoe-factory in Europe a few years ago was equipped with machines made by European concerns which they owned outright. The majority of them are now equipped with the machines of the United Shoe Machinery Company, leased on substantially the same terms as those which prevail in the United States. They cheerfully threw into the discard the machinery they had bought and paid for, in order to get the benefit of the service which the United Company gives the users of its leased machines.

Service the Keynote

THE supreme merit of the United Shoe Machinery Company is the service it gives. This company was organized through the consolidation of three companies. One was the Goodyear Shoe Machinery Company, which made machines for sewing the sole to the upper. This concern also made various other auxiliary machines, which were used in the operation.

¶ The second company was the Lasting Machine Company, which made machines for putting the leather over the last—an entirely different operation from sewing ❧ ❧

The third company was the McKay Shoe Machinery Company, which made machines for attaching soles and heels by metal fastenings. These concerns were not in competition with one another, as each had a peculiar and distinct field of its own. By consolidating, however, under one company, one set of officers was able to manage the entire business; one set of traveling men looked after the different machines; and the result was a distinct reduction of cost in the making of the machines and the looking after them and the maintenance of their upkeep.

Another result was that shoe-manufacturers dealt with one concern instead of with three; and a distinct lowering of cost to the manufacturer, in addition to a better service, followed.

The United Shoe Machinery Company has a capital of thirty-eight million dollars ❧ The stockholders number more than eight thousand people. More than one-half of these are women, and practically the whole holdings are held by people who are more or less familiar with the shoe industry.

As I was being motored to the great Beverly works of the Company, I was informed, when commenting on the beauty of the mansions along the famous Lynn shore and that of the old-fashioned town of Swampscott, that these residences were generally those of shoe manufacturers, whose great fortunes had been made possible by the wonderful machines of the United Company. My companion who told me this was a Lynn shoe-man who knew what he was talking about ❧ ❧

The shoe business is like the biscuit business or the soap business. When biscuits are consumed, that 's the last of them. What becomes of a cake of soap when it is used up, no scientist has ever been able exactly to explain.

The life of a pair of shoes is brief, no matter how well made. Active, hustling people wear out shoe-leather ❧ Today shoes have to be better than ever before, and, sorry to say, they do not last so long as they once did. ¶ Books are not worn out. They last year after year and are handed down, sometimes, as heirlooms. Furniture the same.

The only men who make colossal fortunes are the men who deal in the primal necessities.

The Capital Required

THE one remarkable feature in the shoe industry, not noted in any other business, is that on a comparatively small capital the volume of business done is many times greater than the amount invested. Some manufacturers of shoes turn their capital from three to five times a year, so that with a two-hundred-fifty-thousand-dollar investment a volume of business of one and a quarter million dollars a year has been known, with a profit to the manufacturer of one hundred seventy-five thousand dollars. The only reason for this is because the shoe-manufacturer does not have to tie up his capital in machinery. The United Shoe Machinery Company relieves him of that handicap, and carries the machinery investment load alone ❧ The business of the United Shoe Machinery Company is one of the best examples of successful co-operation in America. Inasmuch as most of the machinery is leased, and pays a return only when used, it is self-evident that the machinery must be of a kind that will give a satisfactory service.

The United Shoe Machinery Company employs a force of more than five hundred traveling machinists, who are constantly inspecting the installed machinery and seeing that it is kept up in perfect condition. Idle machinery, like idle men, yields no income.

The United Machinery Company keep constantly in their employ a force of about a hundred highly skilled inventors, who are constantly working on new ideas, or perfecting old ones. No machine is ever made good enough. It must be made better.

To illustrate the thoroughness with which the Company goes about its work, note this: that over one million dollars has been expended in developing one single machine—the almost human mechanism that pulls over the upper on the last, in the work of lasting.

Visitors at the wonderful works of the United Machinery Company see these inventors in their little individual shops. Every inventor's study is fitted up with a dynamo, pulleys, shafting and everything to make the wheels go round.

I watched an inventor work the other day. This is what he did: Sat still for fifteen minutes looking into the eye of a machine, oblivious to the surroundings. Then he took up a piece of blue chalk, went over to a drawing-board and slowly began to sketch out the idea. I have since wondered whether he got it or not. The chances are he did n't. I have worked blocking out a good sentence in the same way, and then had it escape me in the void.

Ideal Factory Conditions

THERE are no secrets around the United Shoe Machinery Company's works. You see the inventors, the chemists, the workers in the laboratory, and the thousands of hearty, happy people in these wonderful concrete buildings, seventy-five per cent of the walls being glass—the sunlight flooding everything—and in some of the buildings ninety per cent is glass. There are five main buildings, each from eight to twelve hundred feet long and sixty feet wide. There is n't a dark, dirty, dingy corner anywhere from basement to roof.

" Light, more light! " the slogan of Victor Hugo, seems to permeate the place.

These great works give employment to upwards of five thousand people, and no mill in Massachusetts or in the United States pays an equal wage, the average weekly pay-envelope being $15.70.

I have visited many factories, stores, mills, shops, all over the United States and in England, France, Scotland, Italy and Germany, but never have I seen a big factory managed with the same superb attention to hygienic and sanitary conditions.

Here are shower-baths, wash-rooms, libraries, rest-rooms, schoolrooms, lecture-halls, all contained in this great institution that occupies a tract of three hundred acres of its own. The outcrop of granite here on the seashore is everywhere evident. In fact, the buildings are built on a solid mass of granite. The foundations seem to symbol the solidity of the business policy of the institution.

The management know perfectly well that they thrive only as the shoe-manufacturer thrives, and they also know that the shoe-manufacturer thrives only as he is able to market his product to pleased and satisfied customers. Thus the prosperity of the common people everywhere is the basis of the prosperity of the United Shoe Machinery Company.

Sidney W. Winslow

I MET Sidney W. Winslow, who is the President and guiding genius of this concern.

Well has it been said that every institution is the lengthened shadow of a man.

Winslow is a Cape Cod product, born fifty-eight years ago, the son of a fisherman, brought up on the sands in sight of the sea. He grew strong, hardy, courageous, efficient. When the elder Winslow was away, Sidney was the little father of the family and learned early in life to carry responsibility.

The elder Winslow had been a sailor on board a whaling-ship. The old-time whaler was a natural mechanic ❧ There came a time when this sailor forsook the sea and started a little village shoe-shop of his own. The boy Sidney naturally learned the business, never knowing when nor how. Later, the father moved to Salem, Massachusetts, worked for a while in a little shop of his own, and then as factory-made shoes were pushing the old-time cobbler to the wall, he set up a factory of his own. The little shop in which the father worked stands today under the shadow of the great machinery-factory which the son controls.

Sidney was given a job in the factory at three dollars a week. After a year he got a dollar a day, and then for fourteen years he ran first one machine and then another ❧ ❧

His father was one of the first to recognize the constantly widening possibilities of machinery in the manifold operations of making a shoe, and developed the Naumkeag Buffer, which is today a standard. Thus Sidney's bent toward shoe-machinery was natural, both from inheritance and from association.

He became an expert shoe-machinery man, and with this knowledge as a shoemaker and machinist was evolved the skill and far-reaching prophetic vision which has culminated in the United Shoe Machinery Company, which is the biggest institution of its kind in the world.

The proud position it occupies is on account of the fact that it has and is rendering the shoe business of the world an honest and most effective service.

Winslow is a typical New Englander, slim, wiry, active, athletic, rapid in his movements, quick in his thinking. He can talk, and talk to the point, although he does not profess to be an orator. He does not impress you as a " high-brow," or one of the world-reformers. He has n't too much top-head. He uses all the brain he has, just as he uses his body. He is moderate in his eating and drinking, and is only a glutton for fresh air, water and work. And when it comes to work, he just eats it alive. One of his secretaries told me that there was n't a man on the job who could stay with him days, nights and Sundays, when there was a big task to work out ❧ ❧

Winslow gets a great joy in his work. He is full of enthusiasm, animation, ambition, and is justly proud of his great achievements, although at the same time the man is essentially democratic.

You don't have to have an introduction to him. He is appreciative, friendly, and any of his employees who has business with him can see him, if necessary. His heart is with the workers, and there is no part of this vast business of manufacturing shoe-machinery that this man could n't go in and do with his own hand, head and heart, if necessity required.

He has sentiment as well as pugnacity and business genius. He loves paintings. He loves flowers. He loves outdoor life in the wild. He sticks to his friends. He has sympathy, poise and power plus.

The High School

THE Beverly High School works in conjunction with the United Shoe Machinery Company. There is a relay of boys sent from the High School to work in the shops. There, through proper instructors, they learn the mystery of machinery and the miracles of invention. And the boys get paid for their work. If it passes muster it goes into the stock, just like that of the oldest skilled mechanic in the shops. The boys graduate into the factory. I noticed that the phrase " Welfare Work " was not much in evidence around the institution. Here men are not pauperized by being coddled. They are simply supplied opportunities, and there is enough initiative, I noticed, among the workmen so that they have organized clubs, laid out rifle-ranges, tennis-grounds, etc., and there are baseball clubs, a brass band and orchestra, and a general fine spirit of loyalty to the institution. There is a club as fine as any country club anywhere, which belongs to the employees and to which any man or woman in the factory can belong by paying a dollar a year. The officers of the Company belong to the club on the same basis ❧ ❧

Winslow himself swore a halibi on the " welfare." He said, " All we do is to give people an opportunity, and then encourage them to make the best of it."

In way of factory equipment and so-called factory betterments, no institution in America surpasses this, but all of the betterment work is quite incidental and is a matter of course, without fuss, frivol or flummery. Visitors are welcome any working hour, and every part of this great institution is open for inspection. Viewed from any and every possible standpoint the United Shoe Machinery Company has made the world its debtor. Consumers, employees, inventors, producers of raw stock, stockholders, management—all have prospered, because a great service has been rendered. Business nowadays is based on reciprocity, mutuality, co-operation. The United Shoe Machinery Company is a splendid example of all three.

It has made its wonderful success by making it possible for the consumer to buy today for three dollars a better shoe than could be bought a quarter-century ago for five dollars.

And after all, is not the test of the worth of a corporation the service it gives to the people?

Reference

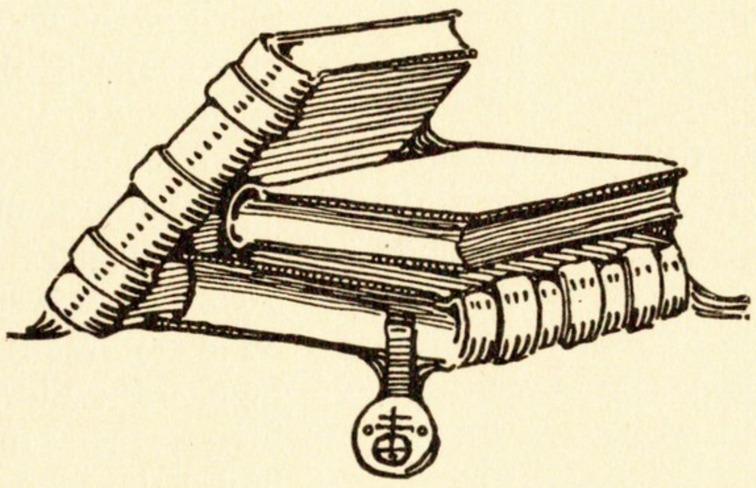
Reference

Abolition of Pain, The, 224
Accuracy in business,161
Acid mouth, 35
Acid test of time, 136
Activating elements, 13
Adcraftscripter, 197
Ad-man Plus, 7
Adman's Philosophy, The, 10
Adventure of Charles, 248
Advertisements, 39
Advertising Agency, 232
Advertising clubs, 221
Affirmative advertising, 29
Age of economy, 120
A king among men, 250
Albert T. Freeman, 270
Ali Baba, 28
Ali Baba in Full Levant, 20
All Doctors Agree, 222
America-Ground Pumice, 259
American Sponge-Markets, 258
An Age of Specialization, 223
An aid to Health and Happiness, 222
Ananias Club, 35
An erect and manly foe, 155
An Object-Lesson, 263
Appian Way, 174
Art of Advertising, The, 21
Art of knitting was first practised in Scotland, 200
Art of letter-writing, 142
Associated Idea, 7
Attention-getting power, 14
At the Sign of the Rose, 37
Automobile advertising, 29
A Very Mæcenas, 251
Back to the farm, 56
Basis of all American law, 19
Batten Advertisement, The, 35
Batten and Hubbard, 202
Batten Boys and Pebeco, The, 34
Battle of Waterloo, 246
Best-Shod People on Earth, 272
Big Business, 18
Biggest businessmen in the world, 17
Big Idea, 265
Big payrolls, 17
Book-making, 43
Border-line of libel, 31
Boss of the Plains, The, 265
Box vobis-gum, 132
Builder and a Creator, 268
Building up good-will, 27
Bull Muse, 243
Bunting on Advertising, 11
Burlington Route, The, 218
Business capital, 275
Business corporation, 94
Business General, 269
Business Headings, 218
Business is a human service, 18
Business policy, 242
Busyness, 113
Cady Replacement System, The, 228
Caroline Herschel, 178
Carpeting the earth with rubber, 129
Carved ivory, 111
Case in Point, A, 37
Celestial City of Fine Minds, 24
Character is the father of reputation, 134
Charles F. Tretbar, 252
Checkmate of Chance, 90
Children of Israel, 263
Clean linen necessary to success, 254
Clothing that counts, The, 70
Clydesdales, 237
Coins are chronological records, 157
Communists, 102
Complete Establishment, A, 255
Composition of suasion, 13
Concerning Copy, 27
Consumption of shoes, 274
Co-operation, 32
Corsets for Men, 271
Credo, 118
Dainty clippings, 195
Demand for Sanitation, 231
Dental Publicity, 225
Dentistry is a new science, 223
Divine Energy, 33
Divine Kerosene of Pleasantry, 36
Doctors, 206
Do it right, 215
Down-and-Out Club, 206
Dr. Tilden, 233
Drug-clerks, 210
Dust, Dirt, Disease and Death, 230
Earning power, 86
East Aurora Sage, 38
Education of the public, 33
Edward Carpenter's *Towards Democracy*, 218
Edward Everett Cady, D. D. S., 224
Efficiency Test, The, 230
Eight Main Tools of Publicity, 13
Elementary laws of advertising, 11
Elgin marbles, 48
Elk Laundry, 253
Elmer R. Murphey, 257
Every Knock is a Boost, 16
Evolution of Business, The, 212
Evolution of the Factory, 262
Exaggeration, 27

Expansion, 250
Facsimile of Hubbard's Manuscript, 9
Fake advertisements, 229
Famous Advertisers in History, 23
Father of Paper, 191
First American "Steinway," 249
First "Steinway Grand," 248
First "Stetson," 264
Fished out of the cosmic ink-bottle, 29
Foreword, 7
Four primal necessities, 272
Fra Fox, 37
Friday bargains, 19
Friendliness, 72
Friendship founded on business, 76
Friend to all, 267
From errand-boys to president, 101
Future of Perolin, 232
Gentle Art of Lying, 34
Gentle Art of Wooing, 256
George H. Daniels and James Oliver, 240
Germ of both life and fire insurance, 52
Get next, 149
Glenwood, The, 212
Golden Rule, 242
Good advertising copy, 25
Good business requires good health, 60
Granolin, Economy and Utility, 231
Great chance for young men, 272
Great Spiritual Law, A, 72
Grenville Kleiser, 110
Grief and Responsibility, 245
Growing Rich by Giving, 268
Growing science of advertising, 33
Growing West, 265
Habits, 159
Happy people, 204
Hardship and Ill Health, 262
Harvey's Restaurant, 215
Hat as a Symbol, 266
Hate, 72
Hiawatha, 147
History of paper-making in America, 191
Home Industries, 273
Housekeepers, 214
How to write Ads, 22
Hubbard and Great Musicians, 45
Hubbard's Law of Education, 13
Humanity, 12
Human Service, 251
Humor in Advertising, 33
Hundred-Point man, 64
Idea Crop, 75
Idea Expands, 267
Ideal factory conditions, 275
Ideal Piano, 247
Imitation the sincerest flattery, 232
Immanuel Kant, 220
Impersonal style, 24
Industrial hara-kiri, 32
Industrialism, 238
Inky Output, 75
Interlaken Boys, 62
In the Hartz Mountains, 244
Inventor of Knitting machine, 200
Is he sincere? 26
James Oliver, 233
Jersey Reds, 122
John B. Stetson, 261
John J. Ingalls, 216
John Wanamaker, 212
John Wesley and flowers, 54
Josiah Wedgwood, 54
Just a Love-Story, 247
Laundry Industry, The, 123
Laundry run by Elks, A, 254
Law of Diminishing Returns, 13
Law of the Cosmic Urge, 13
Lead pencils and literature, 53
Leaders, 226
Lease system, 274
Legislative sop to Populism, 18
Letters, 183
Letters of Lord Chesterfield, 144
Life-insurance means assurance, 86
Life is Life, 264
Life's Toboggan, 90
Life-Story of the Sponge, 258
Literary adviser, 75
Literary slap-stick, The, 197
Literature and advertising, 21
Literature is self-discovery, 24
Little Journeys, 45
Little Journey to Mooseheart, A, 203
Little Journey to Vantine's, A, 214
Little Messages that uplift, 82
Lohengrin, 133
Loyal Order of Moose, 204
Machinery Trust Bugaboo, 273
Magnetism of friendship, 104
Make peace with prejudice, 80
Make room for individuality, 197
Man himself, The, 224
Man of Faith, 266
Massachusetts and shoes, 273
Mastication, 227
Mechanical Felts, 260
Memorial Boulder in right foreground, 40
Men of Power and Decision, 252
Mental Martini, 83
Message to Ad-Men, A, 17
Mexican athlete, 30
Milo C. Jones, 215
Mixability, 73
Molars, 228
Monopoly on stupidity, 117
Monotype, 47
Moosedom, 204

Moose University, 205
Mosaic Code, 198
Moses, 198
Mother-love, 211
Motto of Lord Elgin, 48
Muckraking magazines, 112
Mummy trust, 197
Musical subaltern, 246
Nation of creators, 18
Nature's processes, 259
Negative Advertising, 29
Nervous Prosperity, 51
New business ethics, 258
New England and invention, 273
Newspaper history of the European War, 196
New World, 249
Nothing goes but truth, 197
Object of Advertising, The, 34
Old-Fashioned Flowers, 44
Old-Fashioned Garden, 44
Old-time Drug Store, 208
Oliver Chilled Plow, 235
Oliver moldboard, 236
Omelet of advertising, 14
One of the Illini, 240
Only man who should not advertise, The, 211
Only Way, The, 218
Opportunity, 216
Overbrimming cup, The, 245
Palaver on Paper, A, 191
Paper and paper products, 192
Pasteboard proclivity, 241
Payroll is the world's greatest civilizer, 200
Pebeco for prevaricators, 34
Penalties of success, 30
Percherons, 237
Period furniture, 127
Perolin, 230
Personality plus, 239
Pianola Piano, 45
Pioneer Sweeping-Compound, The, 230
Pipes of Pan, 246
Pleased customer, The, 232
Plenipotentiaries of publicity, 198
Pounding competitors, 29
Practical publicity, 243
Present-day Owl Drugstore, 209
Propitiate the Ginx of Gastronomy, 150
Province of art, 111
Psychology, 33
Psychology of clothes, 253
Psychology eliminates pretense, 10
Publicity Preachments, 189
Public Opinion, 22
Pumice-Stone, 257
Puzzle to philosophers, 96
Quality pays, 68
Railroad General, A, 228
Ravages of War, The, 245
Readable Write-ups, 212
Remarkable business, 257
Revolution of Eighteen Hundred Forty-eight, 248
Robert Collier and James Oliver, 239
Rocky Mountains, 263
Roman corporations, 94
Romans and road-building, 174
Ruskin's "Modern Painters," 51
Saffron journals, 18
Salesmanship and advertising, 7
School Experiment, A, 222
Science of Advertising, The, 11
Science of Business-Building, 65
Self-Reliance, 226
Selling-power of publicity, 13, 14
Serious side, 38
Service the keynote, 274
Sherman Act, 18
Shoes and Character, 272
Sidney W. Winslow, 276
Similar Case, A, 261
Some big broods, 244
Some Oxaline, 197
Specialization, 227
Spineless men, 244
Spirit of fraternity, 204
Spirit of the founder, 252
Spokane, The Model City, 217
Sponges, 257
Sponges and Pumice, 257
Standard of piano excellence, 248
Static language, 79
Steinway genius, 249
Steinway traditions, 251
Stetson the Elder, 262
Stetson the Man, 261
Stolen time, 42
Story of the Steinways, The, 244
Subtle influences, 178
Success is voltage under control, 240
Successful competition, 19
Sympathy, 225
Teaching Toothsomeness, 109
Teeth, The, 179
Test of a corporation, 276
The Elk Way, 254
Thoroughness, 275
Those King Philip Horses, 255
Thoughtful shoes, 61
Thrill of quiet compliment, 71
Time and Chance, 90
Tim Thrift, 121
To hold the old customers, 23
To keep young, 92
Toledo blade, 236
Toll of Dust, The, 231
Toothbrushes, 109
Transplanted Irish, 108

Trials and difficulties, 264
Tricksters thwarted, 49
True Faith, The, 213
Trust thyself, 207
Two press dispatches, 243
Two reasons for advertising, 21
Two rivals for orphics, 78
Two-Stringed Piano, 247
Typewriter and the Telephone, 47
Ultimate consumer, 18
United Shoe Machinery Company, 276
Uses for paper, 192
Value of advertised names, 243
Value of illusion, 24
Variable quantity, 12
Vegetable parchment, 192
Victor Hugo sentence, 25
Virtues of Perolin, 231
Wagnerian music, 133
Watch wisdom, 220
Weak points in the business, 29
Welfare work, 276
Well-Deserved Success, A, 255
We should select our grandparents with care, 131
We will go on, 245
What is your highest ambition, 70
When found make a note of—, 194
White Hyacinths, 54
William A. Fray, 270
William Morris Book, 260
William Steinway, 250
Word Stetson, 261
Worth of a pig's time, 122
Your sales story, 27
Zangwill and the Scots, 238
Zeitgeist, 12



List of Advertisers

Adder Machine Co., The, 49, 113
Aeolian Co., The, 45, 51
American Business Book Co., 144-145
American Multigraph Sales Co., The, 120, 121, 124
Amusement Sales Co., 170
Armour Co., 106, 131
Artesian Mfg. & Bottling Co., 154, 170
Babson Statistical Organization, 119
Berkey & Gay Furniture Co., 127, 135, 140
Berry Brothers, 136
B. F. Goodrich Co., The, 129
Blaisdell Paper Pencil Co., The, 53
Burpee, 56-57
Burroughs Adding Machine Co., 58, 60
Cady, Dr. Edward Everett, 222-229
Century Music Publishing Co., 178
Chalmers Motor Co., 176, 177
Collins, Arthur J., 122
Coward Shoe Co., 61
Dickson School of Memory, 104, 161
Durham Duplex Razor Co., The, 125
Elk Laundry Co., 253
Equitable Life Assurance Society, The, 52, 80-81, 82-83, 84-85, 86-87, 88-89, 90-91, 92-93, 94-95, 96-97, 98-99, 100-101, 102-103
Fox, Charles Henry, 54-55, 59
Fulper Pottery Co., 112
Funk and Wagnalls, 110
Gilhousen, C. E., 157
Grand Rapids Refrigerator Co., 146
Hamilton Corporation, The, 74, 76
Hampshire Paper Co., 77
Havone Corporation, 159
Heinz Co., 142-143
Hemstreet's Press Clipping Bureau, 194-196
Herz Bros., 139, 155
Holland Linseed Oil Co., 105
Howard Watch Co., 41, 42, 220-221
Howard-Stacey Co., The, 122
Hunt Pen Co., 146
International Time Recording Co., 171
Keller Manufacturing Co., 78
Kellogg, W. K., 147
Knox Hat Co., 46, 50
K. V. P., 180-181, 191-193
Lanston Monotype Machine Co., 47, 68, 69
Laundrymen's National Association of America, The, 123
Lehn & Fink, 109
Lincoln Highway Association, 141
Literary Bureau, The, 75, 79
Lowe Brothers Co., The, 134
Mittineague Paper Co., 43
Merriam Co., 219
Moffett Studio, 114
Moras, Edmond R., 162
National Veneer Products Co., 130
National Watch Co., The, 48
Oliver Plow Co., 233
Ostermoor & Co., 126
Owl Drug Co., 206-211
Perolin Co., 230-232
Pompeian Co., 163
Priestley & Co., 70-71
Rawson & Co., 44
Rapid Addressing Machine Co., 115, 117
Reducine Co., The, 66-67
Roycroft Inn, 116
Roycrofters, The, 107, 138
Rumely, Dr. Edward A., 62
Shane Bros. & Wilson Co., 108
Sheldon School, The, 64-65, 73
Studebaker, 158
Tel-Electric Co., The, 128, 133
Union Metal Mfg. Co., The, 179
United Electric Co., The, 137, 146
Waltham Watch Co., 199
Wayne-Knit Mills, The, 156, 160, 200-202
White Co., The, 164-165, 166-167, 168-169, 172-173, 174-175
Wrigley Co., 132, 148-149, 150-151, 152-153

HERE THEN ENDETH
"ADVERTISING AND ADVERTISEMENTS" THE SAME BEING "GOOD STUFF"
WRITTEN BY ELBERT HUBBARD AND SELECTED FROM *THE FRA*
AND *THE PHILISTINE* AND DONE INTO A BOOK BY
THE ROYCROFTERS AT THEIR SHOPS, EAST
AURORA, ERIE COUNTY, NEW YORK
ANNO DOMINI MCMXXIX

OH
HF
5823
.H84
1929

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room