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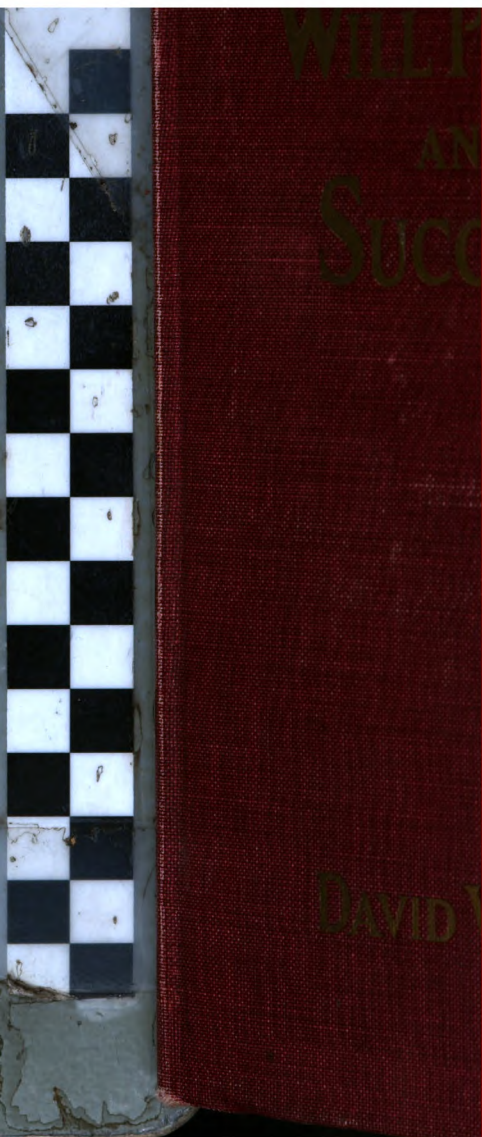
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WILL POWER
AND
SUCCESS

DAVID V. BUSH



WILL POWER
AND
SUCCESS

DAVID V. BUSH



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D. V. BUSH

WILL POWER AND SUCCESS



BY
D. V. BUSH

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Dedication.

To the "Average Man" who by work, perspiration, perseverance and will can become a genius in his line of work, this book is hopefully dedicated.

—D. V. Bush.

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Work and Sweat.

The ones whom the gods have with laurel crowned,
The men who have climbed to the topmost round
Of the ladder we call success,
Are the men who have toiled in stress and pain,
And by sweat of their brows achieved their gain
And hold to the boons that bless.
So while you may not be on top just yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

The men who the forces of capital wield
Are the men of hard care who will never yield,
Exemplars of ceaseless work;
For he who in season will take first place
Is the man with the sweat streaming down his face,
Who scorns to loiter or shirk.
So while you may not be in first place yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

The writer and artist and man of trade,
And all whom struggle has famous made,
Who bask in the limelight's glow;
No hour or effort will ever waste,
But will work overtime and oft make haste,
And the sweat of labor know.
So while you may lack the limelight yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

The great have had failures and woes to meet,
And have sometimes felt they were near defeat;
But toil-turned the tide at last;
Like you they have oft thought work was vain,
And have winced at the beating of life's bleak rain,
Yet have sweated each barrier past.
So while you may not be on top just yet,
There is still a chance if you labor and sweat!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

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Who Wins.

The man who idly says: "I May
Do this, but by and bye,"
May gain perchance the laurel wreath—
But few on him rely.

The man who says: "I Ought, I know,
And shall—some other day,"
Can scarce expect the best of life—
He's too much like "I May!"

The man who seeks life's larger prize
And says: "Of course I Must,"
Is not without his fleeting chance,
But lacks the will to trust.

The one who says: "Yes, I will Dare,"
Becomes an abler man,
Yet he alone may win the race
Who boldly cries: "I Can!"

"I May," "I Ought," "I Must," "I Dare,"
Each one his place may fill;
But he who wins, combines all these;
"I Dare," "I Can," "I Will!"

—By D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER I.

“The Greatest Thing in Life”

“You are born to victory.”—Emerson.

“The question is not, what can you do?—can you and God do together?”—Lyman Abbott.

“Form a plan, have an object; then work for it; learn all you can about it, and you will be sure to succeed.”—Waters.

“A singular mischance has happened to some of our friends,” said Hamilton. “At the instant when He ushered them into the world, God gave them a work to do.”

“Working without a program is like sailing a ship without a compass or rudder.”

“Every one can make his mark in the world—even though it be in the snow.”—Joseph J. Lamb.

This chapter is the greatest thing in life—your life!

Henry Drummond, one of the greatest minds of his generation, wrote a sermon on “The Greatest Thing in the World” which stirred all Christendom. Arthur Brisbane, the “greatest editorial writer” living, gives us what he calls the greatest thing in life. You will find it on the next page or two.

Earle Purington says the two greatest words in the English language are: “I can”—you can!

This is a chapter of the greatest thing in life for you.

Let me first quote Emerson. Our great American philosopher says, “Each man has an aptitude born with him to do some feat impossible to any other.”

ALL POWER AND SUCCESS

Means every normal man or woman can do some thing where he or she is placed, better than any one else can do it. It also means that every normal person can do some thing in life, some thing in business, art, trade or profession better than any one else can do it. It means that every normal child can excel in some particular line of work. Not that you can do it well, but you—you can do some work better than any one else can do it! Aim for the greatest thing possible for you and if you will follow the teachings of this book you will hit the mark!

“No one of my fellows can do that special work for me which I came into this world to do; he can do a higher work, but he cannot do my work. I cannot hand my work over to him, any more than I can hand over my responsibilities and my gifts.”—Ruskin.

Every human being is intended to have a character of his own, to do what no other can do.

Again listen to Emerson: “You are born to victory!” What a heritage the Almighty has given to the human race—so made the universal laws that every person can excel in some work—and not only can we excel, but we are born to excel, born to victory, if we but do our part in accomplishing the work the Creator has put us here to do. But so many people do not believe Emerson, do not believe in humanity, do not believe in themselves, do not believe in victory. So many who have ears and hear not, eyes and see not, and will not respond to the laws of God to make everyone experts in some line of work.

“Every one was born to achieve something great.

Science and experience both declare that the average man can train himself to do finer, bigger things than the man of genius ordinarily accomplishes. More than half the men who have gone beyond you in your line of work are probably less gifted than you are. They merely found where their greatest power lay, then learned how to develop, train, use it.

“Biologists tell us that the brain of a Shakespeare, Napoleon, or Lincoln does not differ in chemical substance from your brain or mine. These men simply worked their brain beyond the average—and so we can work ours. Not the cells of a man’s brain, but the sinews of his ambition put him high among the immortals.”—Earle Purington.

Let us consult the Bard of Concord again. He says: “Each man has his own vocation. The talent is the call. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertions. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side but one; on that side, all obstruction is taken away and he sweeps serenely over God’s depths into an infinite sea.
* * * In this talent he has no rival.”

Now Brisbane’s “Greatest Thing in Life”—“The greatest thing in this life is to map out a plan and follow it. Every man who has reached success has followed some definite plan. Each young man and woman has his or her chance of success. A few will achieve very great success. Not all of us can do that. But every one that will, can achieve success sufficient to make life happy and worth while.” Find out what you can do, what you ought to do, and then tackle it with

all your might and main; with all your soul and body; never thinking of giving up, and you will see that Emerson was right when he said we are born to victory—to do some thing better than any one else can do that particular thing. When you map out a plan make “Pike’s Peak or Bust” your motto, stick to it, and victory will be yours.

A man who had achieved greatness was asked what was necessary for success. He looked a little pained but gave a worth while answer, “Well,” he replied, “I think it takes one target and a steady aim.”

A life without a purpose is a languid, drifting existence headed for the land of broken dreams, doomed to be wrecked on the sand bar of disappointment. Have a purpose, stick to it and make your dreams come true.

“It puffs and whistles like a locomotive,” said a little boy of a donkey engine, “but it doesn’t go any where.” There are a great many people who make a lot of noise, puffing and blowing, but they never get any where; they have no definite aim, no controlling purpose. A traveler tells us that in the Royal Cemetery at Vienna, chiseled upon the tomb of the disappointed, heart-broken King, Joseph II of Austria, is this epitaph, “Here lies a Monarch who with the best intention, never carried out a single plan.” It is the man with an unwavering aim, a vigorous resolution and grim determination that wins out. The world makes way for such a man. He knows what he wants, knows where he is going. And he gets there.

“It is not talent that men lack, it is the will to labor, it is the purpose.”

“The essential achievement of the will,” says Professor William James, “when it is most voluntary is to attain to a difficult object and hold it fast before the mind. Effort of attention is the essential phenomenon of will.” Be a phenomenon-of-will-man.

The woods are full of men who agree with Brisbane. If you're not in the woods, get there. L. H. Harriman, son of an obscure country preacher, who rose to make railroads as boys make toy windmills, is responsible for the following: “Grasp an idea and work it out to a successful conclusion. That is about all there is in life for any of us.” Plan your work, grasp it with a Brisbane-Harriman grip, and you will be classed with the men who have done the greatest thing in life.

While we are talking of Brisbane, Woods and Harriman, “that reminds me” that Lord Bulwer Lytton has said substantially the same thing, when he wrote: “The man who succeeds above his fellows is the one who, early in life, clearly discerns his object, and toward that object habitually directs his purpose. Even genius itself is but fine observation strengthened by fixity of purpose. Every man who observes vigilantly and resolves steadfastly grows unconsciously into genius.” So you and your brother and the other fellow's brother and all the brothers' sisters besides, can become geniuses by planning work and steadfastly pursuing it.

Speaking of Bulwer Lytton, geniuses and others, “that reminds me” of Powell Buxton and his Emerson-Brisbane-Harriman-Lytton saying which is as follows: “The longer I live, the more deeply I am con-

vinced that that which makes the difference between one man and another—between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant—is energy, invincible determination, a purpose once formed, and then death or victory.”

Speaking to you, me and myself, “that reminds me” of skunks. You know the skunk brings annually to the trappers of the United States about three million dollars. It stands second in importance only to the muskrat among our fur-bearing animals. Skunks are valuable—are ye not worth more than many skunks? If so there must be something you can do—Emerson must be right; Harrimon ditto; Bulwer likewise; Buxton, yaw-yaw; Brisbane yis-yis; skunks pew-pew.

William E. Dobbs, the great Christian merchant, thought so; thought he was worth more financially than skunks. Are you not worth as much as Dobbs? Well hardly, maybe, but you can do something Dobbs couldn't do if you will have the belief in God and yourself that brother Dobbs had.

Mr. Dobbs, when a boy, was quite ambitious to be a salesman, and after a short experience as a salesman in one of the large stores of the city, he was told that he was not fitted for that position, and he was advised to try and find something else to do. But William, with that persistency, believing in God's calling him, said to the owner, “I see that I do not sell as the others sell. I have not the knack,” as he expressed it, “to sell goods as these clerks do, but I

am good for something. Is there not something that I can do?” The owner said he did not know of anything, but the boy persistently went on saying there must be something he could do. He said, “I am good at figures, I was good in mathematics in school, and I can figure out these bills.” His employer at last gave him the opportunity to be a sort of bill clerk. That was the boy’s beginning, and he went on and on until he became himself the owner of that store and the owner of twelve other stores, and became the foremost merchant in America, with the exception of Peabody, and died in the joy of knowing that all his life had been happy as well as successful.

“I felt that I was in the world to do something, and thought I must,” said Whittier. You are in the Whittier class—don’t go to the bottom.

And listen to the Dutchman, Goethe—that is, he would be Dutch only he’s German:

“Are you in earnest? Seize this very minute:
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage and then the mind grows heated;
Begin and then the work will be completed.”

Dobbs and Garfield are along with the rest when they knew God had something for them to do. Why not get in their class?

Dwight L. Moody became the greatest evangelist of his generation and yet, after he had tried to speak in “meetin’” and was requested not to “testify” again, as they thought that he would not “edify the church,” he went to his lodgings, saying, “That proves

that I am right; I have no talents; I have no genius; I have no force; I'm nothing but a green country boy, and I must keep down the rest of my life."

Have you ever thought as Moody—that the world has no room for you? Well, change your thought. It has. The world has a big room for you, a roomy room, all you have to do is to claim your room and then prepare to move into it—work, plan, forever keeping your one aim uppermost in your mind. **Will** to have your own and your own will come to you.

Professor William James says, "That each of us has resources of which he does not dream." If we could turn a search-light on ourselves and see the latent powers yet unlocked, the reservoirs yet untapped and the bright future in store for us, if we but had faith in ourselves and believed in our victory, life indeed would appear blest by the wand of fairy land.

All of the potencies and possibilities of the great oak tree are wrapped up in the acorn, small and apparently of little account among the giant trees of the forest. But given the right conditions with a chance of growth and behold the mighty monarch of them all. You are the acorn! You have the power within you to become a giant among the sons of men. If you are circumscribed by conditions, environment or birth, you can by the development of your **WILL** come into your own and sit upon the monarch's seat in your chosen line of work.

You can!

What is the greatest cause of inefficiency in America? It is lack of a definite purpose. The best efficiency experts declare that only ten per cent of the

people of this country have a definite object, an ultimate aim, a genuine motive for living. This is the great tragedy of American life. It is the lack of a definite object in life that causes so many people to drift. The man who has no definite object is going nowhere, he is just drifting, and that is the reason he never arrives. He is sailing toward no port, and if he ever reaches port it will be as a result of pure accident. All great attainments are made by keeping in the line in which we set out. The waddler is never a man of purpose. The man who works at random gets only random results.

“General Garfield’s mother told me,” says Conwell, “that after her son was nominated for the Presidency, she saw him walk over from the road toward the old Ohio canal. She did not know why until afterward when in a speech he made reference to the lock on the old canal. It seems that Garfield, when he was driving a mule and trotting alongside of the canal as a boy, stood at that lock while the water was coming in to lift the boat, and looked forward into life, asking himself and God what he should do with his life. He felt within him that there was something special he should do. His ambition was high and his hopes were great, and there at that lock, as a boy in his teens, he silently asked God to be with him and let him come back again bearing his sheaves. He often mentioned it. When at Hiram College he wrote it in an autograph book of one of the students, ‘He that goeth forth with weeping shall doubtless come again bearing precious sheaves.’ After he was nominated for the Presidency, when his name had become world wide, when he himself was to

do more to influence the world than any other one man in America, he got out of the carriage, clambered through the bushes and the trees down to the bank of the old canal that he might return to that spot after the years had rolled in the circuit of the life in which he had accomplished so much."

Believe there is something you can do, for there surely is, and believing, plunge into life's contest with all the fervor of a man who means to win; and if your steam doesn't blow off, but is controlled, concentrated and directed, you will have enough power to climb to the top. Repeat "I'm born to victory, I shall go to the top—Pike's Peak or Bust"—and you won't bust.

Remember Emerson and the rest of them and keep your ambition keyed to the wireless station "born-to-victory," and some day you'll own the station.

If you will map out your plan of work; if you will take this Harriman-Emerson-double B (Buxton and Brisbane) determination, you'll get there too.

Bear in mind when things do not go well with you and you see other fellows getting a lead, and doing apparently so much better than you, that many a man gets a good position or begins well in business or his profession who is not one whit better than you. Many a man, not because he has more talent or applies himself more than you, climbs the ladder faster. Many a man falls into an easy berth who has not planned or worked for it. Many a man gets the world's applause and is held up as a hero in the public lime-light who is not as much deserving of it as you may be; **but remember this:** if you do not get an early lead, or as good a position or as good a start in your profession,

or do not tumble into an easy berth or get the flimsy applause of the populace, that **the world will yet give you your own** if you will work on, develop your judgment, perfect your vocation and never give up.

“Pike’s Peak or Bust” was the slogan of the gold seekers in 1849 when gold was discovered in California and later near Pike’s Peak in Colorado. To cross the prairies then in “prairie schooners” was a most dangerous and perilous undertaking. The Indians were ever on the “war path” and many a scalp of the “forty-niners” hung dangling from the Red Man’s belt; the elements were a great enemy to those early foot and wagon travelers; the drought of the plains claimed many; disease thinned their ranks and withal to make a successful trip across the mountains, rivers, and the great American desert to the land of dreams and gold took more than ordinary courage. Those fearless pioneers, like you and me, needed something to buoy their spirits and revive their faith and the desideratum which keyed them to go forward, on to their land of promise, was the slogan “Pike’s Peak or Bust.” They would get there or die! No slogan of courage has yet been coined in the English language which has the magic power to steel men to heroic sacrifice and personal achievement equal to the slogan “Pike’s Peak or Bust.”

The two greatest words in the English language are: **You Can!** You can what? Anything which you want to accomplish—you can! “Pike’s Peak or Bust!”

What do you want to do most?

“Your aspirations, your heart’s longings, your yearnings are indications of what is possible to you, of

what you can do and be. It is your business to nurse the vision which you see in your highest moment and to match it with reality."

Find out what is your special gift, the one thing you can do best of all. In doing that special work you will achieve not only large success, but also find the true happiness in your life. That which a man can do most successfully he does with most delight.

The best way is to follow Nature; she never deceives us; her hints are infallible—do the work you like—follow your bent.

Decide now! Map out a line of work; stick to it; hang on; play the game a man and you will win. You can!

“Misfits” Can Win.

No permanent failure for men who dig hard,
For under their labor is hid their reward;
Success waits the man with unfaltering hand,
For pluck is the most that the world will demand.
Perhaps you are classed as a cosmic misfit,
But you never are beaten unless you have quit!

If the work that you have is distasteful to you,
And your life moves along with a dull leaden hue,
Resolve to discover the work that you like,
Then pound like the man who is driving a spike!
You’ll pull yourself up from earth’s many misfits,
For the fellow who fails is the fellow who quits!

The greatest of men you’ll encounter today
Have followed a work that at first did not pay;
They had labored for years at the shop or the bench,
Yet success in the end from hard fortune could wrench.
By their lives be instructed—they once were misfits—
But no man can remain so if never he quits!

Look about for your work, and all vigor bestow,
For YOU’LL prosper in time, though the process be slow;
You may sweat drops of blood, and sometimes slip behind,
But at last You Will Conquer—so never you mind!
The great men of today years ago were misfits,
And the failure is merely the fellow who quits!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

“What men need, in order to be happier and better than they are, is not more knowledge of what is right—they are amply supplied with that; or the pressure of plentiful good purpose and the desire to do the right—hell itself is paved with good intentions; but what is needed is strength of will, firmness and stability of character.”—T. H. Cheyne.

“I think it rather fine, this necessity for the tense bracing of the will before anything worth doing can be done. I rather like it myself—I feel it is to be the chief thing that differentiates me from the cat by the fire.”—Arnold Bennett.

“There is no power in the universe that can help a man do a thing when he thinks he can not do it.”—Marden.

“Count Von Moltke, the great German strategist and general, chose for his motto, ‘Erst waegen, dann wagen,’ ‘First weigh, then venture,’ and it is to this he owed his great victories. He was slow, cautious, careful in planning, but bold, daring, even seemingly reckless in execution the moment his resolve was made.”—Orison S. Marden.

CHAPTER II.

“I Will.”

“Nothing is impossible to the man who can will.”

—Mirabeau.

“Will makes men giants.”—Ike Marvel.

“I’ve sat in physical darkness for twenty-seven years, and if I have learned anything it is that the dynamics of the human will can overcome any difficulty.”—Senator Gore.

“They can because they believe they can.”—Virgil.

“‘Impossible’ is a word found only in the dictionary of fools.”—Napoleon.

“There is no impossibility to him who stands prepared to conquer every hazard; the fearful are the failing.”

“We all yearn and aspire, but few of us determine.”

—William Harold Martin.

“The will is the keystone in the arch of human achievement. It is the culmination of our complex mental faculties. It is the power that rules minds, men and nations. Man’s noblest occupation is to bring all his powers into subjection to his own will, until he attains self-mastery. Will-power does not mean obstinacy nor stubbornness, but such a direction of his own forces as to perfectly control them, and when he can do that he can also control others. For will-power means the ability to grapple the minds of those about one and

those with whom he comes in contact, and to influence and control them.

"The will holds your mind to its task until you see the vision of success, and until the vision is made reality. Of all qualities entering into success in anything, none can compare with patient, persistent determination to stop only with success. A man can do anything he believes that he can do, and is determined to do, when he sets himself to the task. His will is the power that holds him to the undertaking, so that he can meet criticism with silence, opposition with courtesy, and defeat with the air of one who says, "I haven't begun to fight yet," (and so makes that defeat seem like a victory.) Something is better for me—believe it and work on. That will keeps his eyes open, his mouth shut, with the corners lifted, his face shining, and defies the world to discern any discouragements, and the genius of success it to keep people from finding out how discouraged you feel. I can, and I will, puts a man in touch with forces that enable him to feed a flock or shake a kingdom, to banish pain, heal a distempered mind, or soothe a wounded spirit. Let your cause be just, so that conscience cannot raise a mutiny among your forces, and face your problem with the will of one who said, "There shall be no Alps." You can coin your dreams into reality; you can speak, and it is done; you can command, and it will stand steadfast."

"No, I haven't got a mill; you old turkey cock, but I'll build one some day that will make this rattle trap look like a pig sty." Thus spoke a poor boy, who was in love with the daughter of a rich miller in Hanover, Pennsylvania. When this obscure, poor lad asked this

rich man if he could marry his daughter, the miller roared, “What, you want to marry my Ada, you beggar! You dare to love my daughter! What have you got to support a wife on? Look at this mill. Have you got one like it?”

“No, I haven’t got a mill, you old turkey cock, but I’ll build one some day that will make this rattle trap look like a pig sty.” Until then (until he received this stimulation) that young twenty-three-year-old lad had not thought of being a rich man, but when he made up his mind to be rich, to out-class this insulting father-in-law (minus) he set his teeth and with a will went to work. He did because he wanted to—“they can because they believe they can.” This poor youth, spurned, insulted and abused, years afterward erected a mill in California which was the wonder of the coast. This boy who said “I will,” was James Lick, whose famous Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, California, is one of the scientific wonders of the ages. He is buried “more grandly than any king or queen and has a finer monument than the pyramids furnished to Cheops and Cephrenes * * * * his body was deposited in a vault built for it in the stone foundation upon which was to rest the steel support of the telescope in the observatory.”

“Hitch your wagon to a star”—if you don’t have a wagon, hitch your aeroplane.

Some one has said that there are three classes of people, the “wills,” the “won’ts” and the “can’ts”; the first accomplishes everything, the second opposes everything, and the third fails in everything. It’s easy

to see in which class Lick belonged and in which one you can belong if you say, "I will."

Truly, the author of these words understood life: "The most powerful thing in the world is Will. It is more powerful than habit; it is more powerful than drink; more powerful than vice, indifference, laziness, procrastination or immorality. The difference between the success and the failure in this world is **Will Power.**" Remember the Maine, but don't forget the will of James Lick. Also bear in mind you can lick any difficulty or obstacle or handicap so far around the stump that "the shot heard 'round the world" couldn't catch up to it in a millennium and by that time you will have the habit of licking anything, any where, any time, and you've put it over Monte Cristo, even though the world was his.

I Will! carries the day.

"Will you hold this fort?" asked General Rosecrans of General Pierce at Stone River. "I will try, General!" "Will you hold this fort?" "I will die in the attempt." "That won't do. Look me in the eye, sir, and tell me, will you hold this position?" "I Will!" said General Pierce, and he did. So can you. The difference between success and failure is will. Ask General Pierce.

Even brains are second in importance to will.

Mirabeau struck the right note on the accordion of life—if such a note was ever struck—when he said, "Nothing is impossible to the man who can will." Determine now—"do it now"—to use your will, and say with Pitt: "I trample on impossibilities." Then "the wolf shall lie down with the lamb, and the leopard

with the kid, and the calf with the lion," and your obstacles will become opportunities.

In 1806 five students of Williams College were wont to hold prayer meetings in a grove of maples near by. On a sultry day in August, these five young men, while on their devotions bent, were caught in a thunder storm and sought protection under a neighboring haystack. As they sat there under the stack their conversation turned toward Asia and the work of the East India Company, which was opening up to commerce a continent then unknown. As they spoke of the darkness and degradation of the heathen people there, the leader of the little group of students, Samuel J. Mills, who was in the freshman class, began to urge upon his comrades the obligation that rested upon Christian people of sending the gospel to lighten that darkness. He grew earnest in his speech, and used an expression which has come down to us as one of the great watchwords of missionary work. "We can do it if we will." The hearts of the little company were stirred with the enthusiasm of their leader, and then and there, in the midst of the lightning flashes and the roll of the thunder, they offered up prayers to God that He would use them for the advancement of His kingdom. There began the modern missionary movement in America. We can do it if we will.

"When the British admiralty wanted some man to take Quebec, they began with the oldest general first, asking him: 'General, will you go and take Quebec?' To which he made reply, 'It is a very difficult enterprise.' 'You may stand aside,' they said. One after another the generals answered that they

would, in some more or less indefinite manner, until the youngest man on the list was reached. 'General Wolfe,' they said, 'will you go and take Quebec?' 'I will do it or die,' he replied. 'He went, and did both.'"

Some people might just as well die as not to strive, so let us do and dare, work and persevere, and run the **chance** of not dying, at any rate, let us "die climbing." The dice are in favor of the men with the spirit of "I can. I will."

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man in Illinois, he went down the river to the city of New Orleans on business. While there he visited a slave-market. He saw a red-faced, burly auctioneer selling a comely mulatto woman, who stood trembling upon the block. The girl looked out into the eyes of a lot of human sharks who stood there waiting to bid on her and to buy her, as she well knew, to her lasting shame. "Step right up and examine her, gentlemen, if you wish," bawled out the auctioneer. "I never have any secrets from my customers." And the strong, pure soul of Lincoln writhed in moral anguish as he saw the ugly sight. He looked up to heaven, as he tells us later, and in silent determination breathed out his vow: "Great God, if I ever have a chance to hit that thing, I'll hit it hard!"

But when you are planning to drive slaves out of the country or to be president of Mexico, it would be well to use judgment, for remember there are a lot of people in the United States and we would have to live much longer than Methuselah did if we were all to get a seat in the presidential chair. All have our limitations, perhaps, as well as all can excel in some work, so it

would be well to remember that Phillips Brooks said: “It is almost as presumptuous to think you can do nothing as to think you can do everything.”

The evidence is with us, namely, that the great thing in life is to plan our work (the work which we can do better than anyone else) and then with the born-to-victory spirit we shall win, if we say **I Will**.

The only thing to stop us now is one of these technical lawyers for the plaintiff. But a man with the born-to-victory spirit can steam-roll, rough-shod or spike-climb any plaintiff lawyer this side of Uncle Blackstone himself, when it comes to hewing his way to victory.

Many people pass their fiftieth, even their sixtieth milestone, before they find themselves, before something happens which unlocks a new door in the great within of themselves and reveals new powers, new resources, of which they had never before been conscious. Then in a few years after their discovery they have redeemed half a lifetime of ineffectiveness.

Chicago has a motto, “**I Will**,” and of course she does. The history of Chicago from a little prairie town to the second largest city in our country, rallying from the disastrous fire of 1871, when a total of two thousand one hundred and twenty-four acres were burned, and the “most sanguine persons predicted that it would require at least ten years to rebuild the buildings that had been destroyed,” is a marvelous example of **I will**. People had not counted on the “**I will**” of Chicagoans. Buildings equal in capacity and with a two-fold value were erected within three years. “**I will**,” says Chicago, and of course she does. She is not in the class, and don’t you be, with the fellow who talks as though he

has the yellow "janders"—"I'll do it, I'll do it, I'll do it," and then sits down, cocks his feet on a desk (or box) high as his head, sticks a cylinder of nicotine in the side of his mouth, tilting it sixty-eight degrees skyward and then gets the hookworm-men-gee-tis, otherwise known as lazy-men-ki-tis, and forgets that ever such a thing as the Will existed. Say "I will," and remember Chicago and the Panama Canal.

"Of course we'll dig the ditch," was the slogan during the largest engineering feat of history—the building of the Panama Canal.

Review the history as given in the Chicago American and see if you don't think so.

The great Panama-Pacific Exposition which was thrown open last week makes the final paragraph in a long chapter of history and illustrates how slowly and precariously the great canal project came along.

For a long while it looked as though the honor of making a Panama Canal must go to Spain. Three hundred and eighty-eight years ago the Spanish government actually surveyed a route across the isthmus; and, for a while, it looked as though Spanish hands would dig the canal. Nothing further was done, however, and the project slumbered for one hundred and sixty years.

Then in 1787, Thomas Jefferson, President of the United States, somehow got wind of the Spanish survey and wrote to our Ambassador at Madrid asking him to purchase copies of the survey and report, stating that the documents would be to him "a vast desideratum for reasons political and philosophical." Apparently at this stage the job looked like Uncle Sam's.

A few years later (1803-09) Goethe, the German poet, and Humboldt, the German explorer, urged a Panama Canal upon their people. Then it looked as though the great work would be German.

Later (in 1879) a French company, under the famous engineer, De Lesseps, actually began the work and made considerable progress. Looked like the honor was to be French this time!

But the French company became bankrupt in 1881 and the great project became somnolent again.

Finally the ball in the wheel rolled back to the old Jeffersonian idea of a hundred and fifteen years before; Congress passed an appropriation and the work was commenced and finished!

The honor is Uncle Sam's.

Of course we will! Of course you will! Will-power will do even far greater things than connect two basins of water. It will make your life successful and happy; and that means more to you than worlds of Panamas; and mark you well, not only Panama but the world is yours if you have the spirit, “I will, Pike's Peak or Bust.”

Josephine, who was loved by the French and even by the nations her husband, Napoleon, subdued, said: “There is only one occasion in which I would voluntarily use the words, ‘I will’—namely, when I would say, ‘I will that all around me be happy.’” There is more to be desired than position and gold; for what will it profit a person if he gain the whole world and lose his self respect, friends, and faculty of enjoyment? “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor than silver and gold.” A self-

ish, squeezing, warped, rich man or influential woman who uses "I will" for any other purpose than to make him or herself a better man or woman, although the world bows at their feet and their argosies of riches encircle the globe, had better not have heard of "I will." Above all thy getting get friendship, kindness, love; honorable in all things, or better would it be for thee that a millstone were hanged about thy neck and some one cut the rope.

In this game of life let us remember :

Having decided what is right to do, and having resolved to do what is right, let us stand as firmly by that resolve as Fitz-James in Walter Scott's "Lady of the Lake," when Roderick Dhu's armed followers suddenly rose on every side of a wild mountain pass—

"His back against a rock he bore
And firmly placed his foot before;
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'"

Take "Pike's Peak or Bust," "I can," as your slogan, and you're going to win just as surely as Roderick Dhu held the mountain pass in his hand. Not every one like Roderick Dhu could hold that mountain in his hand, but all of us can win if we have the spirit of **I can**, for where there is a will there's a way.

It can be done!

CHAPTER III.

Some One Can Do It.

When some one says, "It can't be done,"
 And squirms 'neath manhood's toiling;
 Complains about "No battles won"—
 His speech with whimpers boiling;
 Some other man with steady tread
 Success attains—how was it?
 Pursues his course with aching head;
 Plods on and works and does it!

"It can't be done!" He strikes his pate
 And rails against his station,
 While off'ring to the god of Fate
 His daily weak oblation.
 Yet other men whose lot in life
 Was "down" from Fate's worst stacking,
 Go on with plucky gain through strife,
 And win without a backing!

When some one says, "It ain't no use—
 I've had no hand that boosted;
 My head's been thrust within a noose;
 Ill luck on me has roosted"—
 Some other man far lower down
 On Fortune's fateful ladder
 Mounts on his way and wins the crown
 For ill luck none the sadder!

When some one says, "It can't be done,"
 Believe it not one minute;
 For near at hand one's on the run
 To see the prize and win it.
 The baffled losers rub their eyes,
 And idly cry "How was it?"
 But while they yearn to grasp the prize
 Their next-door neighbor does it!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

("We are not sent into this world to do anything into which we can not put our hearts. We have certain work to do for our bread and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for our delight and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.")—John Ruskin.

("Do not dare to live without some clear intention toward which your living shall be bent. Mean to be something with all your might.")—Phillips Brooks.

"Keep moving. Things move so fast these days that people who say 'it can't be done' are interrupted by people who 'do it.'"—Patrick H. Houlahan.

There are two laws, the psychological law of suggestion and the physiological law of stimulation, which make it possible for you to develop a will. You will be acquainted with these laws and know how to use them by the time that you have finished "Will Power and Success."

Dr. J. M. Boyer gives a simple but concise statement of the law of suggestion: "The mental

constitution of man is dual, if not in nature at least in operation. In terms of psychology, a man has an outer, objective, or a conscious mind, and an inner, subjective, or subconscious mind. Or he may be said to have a mind that is objective and subjective, conscious and subconscious in its action. Either theory is near enough to the truth for all practical purposes.

“The function of the conscious mind is to receive and dispose of the activities of mental consciousness. Its process is by deduction, induction, analysis and synthesis. It gathers any number of concepts, compares them, draws a conclusion, determines a truth, announces a law and so forth. It also stands sentinel at the gateway to the subjective or subconscious mind, and in its moral action allows only true ideas and ideals to pass it and becomes commander to the subconscious self. The subconscious mind reasons only by deduction. Given any fact, and its deductions are logical and in harmony with the nature of the fact, but it has no power of analysis or comparisons, and can not determine the truth or falsity of any proposition,

because it cannot hold two opposite ideas at the same time. This is the significant feature of the subconscious mind. It can hold only one idea at a time, and it acts upon that idea with equal facility, whether it be true or false; and it does not originate an idea but merely takes whatever idea passes the sentinel at the gateway and begins at once to work it out in the physical condition or the mental or moral character.”

So if we suggest to our subconscious mind “the sentinel at the gate,” that we intend to will, we intend to follow a certain course, the sentinel passes the

thought to the subconscious mind and the subconscious mind is working toward the goal continually. The laws of God and Nature are with the person who will map out a plan of work and then resolutely set his or her mind to pursue it to its successful conclusion.

The process of thinking "I can, I will" puts into operation the psychological law of suggestion and makes a will.

That the subconscious mind is immense beyond comprehension, and that the possibilities which are latent in every mind are nothing less than marvelous, is the conclusion of all modern psychologists; therefore, to unfold these possibilities is to take a direct path to genius and extraordinary achievement.

That genius does exist in the subconscious of every mind is no theory; it is a fact that has been demonstrated through the most careful research in this great mental field; and that anyone can, accordingly, develop genius and extraordinary ability, is also a statement of fact. But it is not possible to proceed with such development until **poise** has been gained. So long as we lack **poise** the greater powers from within will simply scatter whenever we try to bring them out into fuller expression.

"To affirm anything is to assert positively, even in the face of all contrary evidence, that it is so. We may not be able to see how, by our simply affirming a thing to be true which to all human reasoning or sight does not seem to be true at all, we can bring that thing to pass; but we can compel ourselves to cease all quibbling and go to work to prove the rule each one for himself."

To affirm that it can be done is the first step in the doing of it. When others say, "It can't be done," "Oh you can never do that," affirm that it can be done, that there is nothing this side of success to stop you. Affirm, "It can be done. It's going to be done, and I will do it!" **And you will do it.**

There is glory in struggling when you know it can be done. Therefore in all thy getting, get glory.

Mere determination to win is not enough. There must be a studied determination. The winner often seems to use up less energy than the loser. It is simply because he thinks and acts in one stroke. There must be a trained judgment with a will. If you have no judgment you can develop it just as well as any one else. Simply tell your subconscious mind that you want wisdom and judgment, then look for your weaknesses, be quick to accept suggestions of your critics, to survey your past mistakes and profit by not making the same mistakes again. Only a fool makes no mistakes, but you can become a fool by making the same mistake twice.

Your subconscious mind will prevent you from being such a "fool." Man can be made all over in temperament and mental constitution. Therefore if you have poor judgment and foresight, simply command your subconscious mind to give you judgment, foresight and wisdom and it will become your obedient co-worker to develop judgment, wisdom and precision.

"The man who, in a fit of the blues the other day, threw himself into the East River from the deck of the ferry boat Texas, did not realize what he was missing.

“There is no game so thrillingly interesting as the game of life, and the man who has the chance to play it and refuses to do so deprives himself of the keenest pleasure conceivable. It has been said a thousand times that ‘life is a battle.’ Ah, it is!—And there is where the glory and joy of the business comes in! Life is a battle and to stand in the battle line and fight, never despairing, never showing the white feather, with courage undaunted, facing the enemy until its lines are broken and victory sits upon your standard—that is where the true grandeur and blessedness of existence are found!

“Someone once said: ‘Life is like a game of whist; I am not particularly fond of it, but since the cards have been placed in my hand I am going to play them for all they are worth.’ That is the spirit to have in one’s breast! That is the spirit that wins victories and keeps the world a-moving up grade. No matter what your theories may happen to be concerning the existence in the midst of which you find yourselves, it is your privilege, if you will have it so, to get a whole lot of solid comfort out of the affair.

“To struggle, and through the struggling to grow strong, and in that strength you will win the prize for which you are striving! Is there any intoxication to be compared with that, any pleasure or joy that is worthy of being compared with it? What if there are troubles, what if there are difficulties in the way, what if the skies are dark?—bring your teeth together, knit your brows, screw your courage up, and pitch in!

“The bigger the trouble, the more stubborn the difficulties, the darker the clouds that hang over your

head, the more firmly you should resolve to press on. You may be defeated, but you are not defeated yet, and still there is room for victory.

“And in that thought of victory there is enthusiasm enough to hold one up in the darkest and most trying hours.”—Thomas B. Gregory.

And this law works whether you live in the north, south, east, or west.

All you have to do is to affirm that you are going to achieve your goal, suggesting continually to your subconscious mind, and working with your conscious mind, that there are no impediments big enough to keep you from having what you desire and all of the stone walls will crumble into dust.

When Stonewall Jackson arrived at West Point, he had little to recommend him in the eyes of the students as a future great cavalry commander, unless it was his awkward figure and his homely home-spun clothes. But he came to stay. To stick it out, to achieve! and he did.

When the first examination time came, fearing that he would fail—he wasn't bright enough to lead his class—by grim determination and indefatigable effort he out-shined the bright fellows. He would pile the coal high on the grate, lie down on the floor in front of the fire and study until the fire had passed its illumination stage. Long after the other students were asleep Stonewall Jackson plugged through the night to success.

While there he formulated a few rules of conduct, among which were, “You may be whatever you resolve to be.” He stuck tenaciously to this rule, operating the

natural laws of achievement and proved his own rule. You may be whatever you resolve to be!

Is that confined to the great Stonewall Jackson? O no! It means you. You can be whatever you resolve to be. Prove the rule yourself!

Affirm it can be done and the conscious mind will repeat it to the "sentinel"; the subconscious mind will begin working for you; and in time, though dark the way, heavy the burden and stubborn the struggle, victory will be yours!

It can be done no matter how long the road, how rough the path, how winding the trail, if we affirm, it can be done—it can!

It has been said that "Columbus," the following poem, is the finest in the English language. That has been said about other poems—take your choice—but be sure to read this and store it away for future reference.

"Behind him lay the great Azores,
 Behind, the gates of Hercules;
 Before them not the ghost of shores,
 Before them only shoreless seas.
 The stout mate spoke, "Now must we pray
 For lo! the very stars are gone,
 What shall I say at break of day?
 'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on, and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
 My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
 "What shall I say, brave admiral say,
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
 "Why, you shall say at break of day,
 He said, "Sail on! Sail on, and on!"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave admiral, speak and say—"
He said, "Sail on! Sail on, and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on, and on!"

Then, 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 starlight flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! Sail on!"

Who says "I can't," fails. Who says "I will,"
achieves. But have a studied, developed determina-
tion.

Keep everlastingly at it. Affirm, "It can be done,"
and sail on and on and on!

“Why should we fret and worry or dwell on the evil and ill? When we know that our thoughts have magnetic power to bring us whatever we will.”

“We can accomplish what we think we can accomplish.”
—Hubbard.

“Say not that this or that thing came to thwart you; it came only to test you.”—Muriel Strode.

In a recent psychological story called, “My Friend Will,” Chas. F. Lumis pays a striking tribute to the power of the human mind over the accidents of life and chance when he makes his friend, “Will,” say: “I am bigger than anything that can happen to me. All these things—sorrow, misfortune, and suffering, are outside my door. I am in the house and I’ve got the keys.”





self. Oh, I guess there is something in that, if a man don't get too conceited. People like to see a man who is sure of himself. Anything else?"

"He said to keep steadily at it all day, holding these thoughts persistently in mind, and success will eventually come. His theory might be summed up in this way: A man's thoughts tend to objectivize themselves, and—"

"Hold on! I've slipped the trolley. What is that objectivize?"

"Why, a man's thoughts tend to produce concrete results in harmony with—"

"Wait! Are concrete results any different from other results?"

The professor laughed good-naturedly.

"No; just call it results. A man's thoughts tend to results as he thinks."

"But supposing a man is no good?" objected Pete. "Take one of these fellows that doesn't know how to do things. Could he sell goods by just jollyng himself up like that? Not on your life! Why, I know a fellow—"

"Just a moment, please," interrupted the professor. "What is it that makes a man no good, as you express it? Isn't it, first of all, his own state of mind? He concedes in his own thought that he is a failure. He doesn't believe in himself. You will seldom have occasion to call a man no good who really believes in himself."

"Well, how is a man going to believe in himself when he is no good? He hasn't got anything to believe in. Here is a man who can't sell goods—he just

simply can't. He hasn't got the way with him—doesn't talk right—can't see the point—makes people tired. Do you mean to say that he could do business if he would only fill his mind with hot air? Nit. Why, he'd have to make himself all over."

"Precisely. And modern psychology tells a man that this can be done. First of all, he must make himself over in his own thought. He must change his mental measurement of himself; then, under the constant stimulus of his new viewpoint, he will begin to develop those dormant faculties that tend to make him what he thinks."

"How is he going to work to do all that? asked Pete, sarcastically. "Did that writer tell how?"

"Yes, he said it must be done chiefly by auto-suggestion."

"Auto-what?"

"Auto-suggestion. Filling one's own mind with positive thoughts and mental images."

"How does a man get at it?"

"By auto-suggestion; that is, by insisting upon these things in his own thoughts. Flooding the mind with ideas and suggestions to that effect. Picturing one's self in his thought as he wishes to be, and insisting that he is that. A good time to do it is night just before going to sleep. The sub-conscious mind will finally get saturated with these ideas, and begin to impel one to act accordingly. It will become a positive force in his life, and help him to overcome temperament. That is the theory of that writer, Mr. Crowther."

"Then, if I understand it, he means to say that if

a man who is no good—who can't sell goods—will go through all that monkey work, then, after that, he can sell goods!" said Pete in disgust.

"He insists that it would be a positive help in that direction, and a most efficient force in his life."

To be made over is easy, isn't it? Yes, if we think it is. You can remake your mind, if you will. Do not say you can't, for "every time you sit down before an obstacle and say 'I can't' you forge about yourself the ball and chain of habit that will eventually rob you of all power to progress. Meet discouragements with an 'I can' and see them vanish."

You cannot too strongly affirm the power which you possess to rule, control and mold yourself in the realm of mind. Many leaders in the medical profession now are claiming that all is mind. You are a part of the Universal Mind, you therefore have within you the creative force and power to mold and make of your mind that which you will. Deny the fatalistic doctrine that as a man is born so is he to be. You can be what you will to be! It's all within your province, scope and power.

The weakest in volitional power can be made strong. No matter what may be your volitional tendencies you can be strong, powerful and courageous. The narrow quivering chin can be broadened and firm. The shifting eye can be made steady. The weak will can be made strong.

Every affirmation of "I can" and "I will" makes a physical change. The brain cells at once respond to the psychical demand. They begin to multiply, to enlarge, to be filled up with the best of grey matter and

by affirming that you have a will, you are thus by the process of psychology and physiology remaking yourself.

The philosophers all concur in their estimate of the value of concentration and determination. "I have no genius," said Sir Isaac Newton; "it is only patient, concentrated toil that gives success."

All that Man has ever attributed to an Invisible World without, lies, in fact, within him, and the magic key which will confer the faculty of sight and the power to conquer is the **Will**.

It is a truth proved by psychology that one can become interested in anything in which he really wishes to become interested. You can teach your subconscious mind, that great power within you, to do anything you desire. It will change your work, environment, disposition; make you to become interested in things foreign to your likes; it will change the timid man to the courageous; the faint-hearted to the strong; the weak-kneed to the self-willed. Your subconscious mind will remake yourself—make your **Will**.

According to psychology you have a will but it has been prevented from functioning by some experience or suggestion in life which prevented it from having been nurtured and developed. Fear, worry, anxiety, nervousness, or some other danger-thought has obsessed your mind crowding out the strong native faculty of will. So your work now is to in turn crowd out fear, worry, anxiety or thought of danger by affirming and asserting your right to your God-given heritage of a well shaped will.

Some affirmations to hold which will help you to develop your will are as follows:—

I am strong, courageous and brave. I will to have a will, Pike's Peak or Bust.

I am confident of my success.

I shall begin today to be the master of myself and conditions. I am the captain of my soul and master of my future. I know that I have the power within me to surmount any and all obstacles. I will meet all conditions of my life without running away, knowing that there are none which I cannot use for my good.

I can become what I will to be, that is my prerogative and I claim it now. I am success.

I am achievement.

I am force, power, will.

I have judgment, I am judgment and I use my judgment.

The power to succeed is mine and I exercise that power now.

I have succeeded.

“Do not fear being misunderstood; and never waste a minute thinking about your enemies. Try to fix firmly in your mind what you would like to do, and then, without violence of direction, you will move straight to the goal.

“Keep your mind on the great and splendid things you would like to do; and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfilment of your desire, just as the coral insect takes from the running tide the elements it needs. Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be.

and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme. Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness, and good-cheer. To think rightly is to create. All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. We become like that on which our hearts are fixed. Carry your chin in and the crown of your head high. We are gods in the chrysalis.”—Elbert Hubbard.

Let us hear from one of these modern fellows again—psychologist. The following quotations are from “Brain and Personality,” by William Hanna Thomson, M. D.:

“A stimulus to nervous matter effects a change in the matter by calling forth a reaction in it. This change may be exceedingly slight after the first stimulus, but each repetition of the stimulus increases the change, with its following specific reaction, until by constant repetition a permanent alteration in the nervous matter stimulated occurs, which produces a fixed habitual way of working in it. In other words, the nervous matter acquires a special way of working, that is, of function, by habit.

“From facts we arrive at one of the most important of all conclusions, namely, that the gray matter of our brains is actually plastic and capable of being fashioned. It need not be left with only the slender equipment of functions which Nature gives it at birth. Instead, it can be fashioned artificially, that is, by education, so that it may acquire very many new functions or capacities which never come by birth nor by inherit-

ance, but which can be stamped upon it as so many physical alterations in its protoplasmic substance.

“This well demonstrated truth is of far-reaching significance, because it gives an entirely new aspect to the momentous subject of education.

“That majestic endowment (the will) constitutes the high privilege granted to each man apparently to test how much the man will make of himself. It is clothed with powers which will enable him to obtain the greatest of all possession—self-possession. Self-possession implies the capacity for self-restraint, self-compulsion and self-direction; and he who has these, if he live long enough, can have any other possessions that he wants.”

Along this thought of remaking ourselves and developing a will, Professor Munsterberg, I think it was, who said, “Man is no longer a blind victim of fate.” We can remake ourselves just as well as the economical wife can remake her spring bonnet, only we are without the ribbons, laces and chiffons. It was either the late Professor James or Professor Munsterberg, I think, who said: “The poor fellow who is born an under-vitalized anaemic, must work out a new birth.” It is so with the fellow whom Mr. Crowther calls “no good.” “The idealism of modern psychology has a message for him. He need not be a victim of his temperament.”

“Memory and attention, apperception, and reasoning, feeling and emotion, effort and will can be remoulded by a well directed education.”

So you see all things are in favor of the one who says, “I will”—with the Pike’s Peakers—as it were. Someone has said, “~~No one can stop me from~~ and

He won't. Of course not. He's with the courageous spirits. "The God who liveth forever is on our side today."

Don't forget to keep your eye on the goal and affirm ever and ever, "I am going to have a will. I have a will. I will! All things are in my favor. I will!"

There was not printing enough about psychology in the time of Daniel Webster to wad a gun. Of course, psychologists don't spend much time now wadding guns—but Daniel made a will and was so good in the making that no one ever thought of saying, he made a poor job of it. What Daniel Webster did, all can do if they want to—make a will.

The world has never heard of the teacher, Mr. Buckminster, who taught the Academy near Exeter when Webster went there. Webster was one of the most timid boys. He had an elder brother who protected him as much as his own father did, so much that he grew up timid and bashful and would not speak to a stranger. When in school they asked him to declaim, he broke down altogether and went weeping off the platform. Five times he tried it and broke down; yet, this kindly teacher went to his room, especially one night when he was by himself, and said to him, "Daniel, make a new resolution for the new year. This is the Christmas season and the new year. Make a resolution, 'I can if I will.' " Daniel wrote it down under his teacher's dictation, 'You can if you will.' He stuck it upon his desk—'I can if I will; I will.' And on Christmas morning he walked out into the fields along the crusts of snow and recited a little recitation and then

held firmly to that motto, 'I can if I will.' He went in to the chapel service and sent word to Mr. Buckminster that he would like to try it again. He walked to the platform with his nerves wrought up, but he stood by his motto and held on to his will, and delivered the first recitation that Daniel Webster ever gave before the public at all. Yet, only five years later, at the town of Dartmouth, the college that he attended, asked him to give the Fourth of July oration, and the world was astonished at the eloquence of the young man. What has he not done for the world.

Because Daniel Webster said, "I am going to—I will," why he did. And Dan'l doesn't have any patent on the "I will" business. Because he said "I will," "everything went lovely as a marriage bell"—only there wasn't any marriage and the bell was missing.

Peter the Great, we know, was so timid that he could not even cross a bridge over a stream without having the carriage windows darkened by curtains. But he said "I can and I will overcome this weakness." He did master it. He crossed the ocean, worked as a common ship carpenter in an English navy yard, gave to Russia her first vessels, and laid the foundation of her imperial greatness.

Henry of Navarre, we must not forget, was a natural coward and fled ingloriously from the field of conflict. But he affirmed, "I can and I will conquer this shameful poltroonery." In the next encounter, when fear began to shake him, he shouted out: "Down, traitorous flesh!" Then striking the rowels into his horse's sides, he plunged into the thickest of the fight.

And ever afterward his white plume was seen in the battle's van.

The world-renowned George Muller tells us that he was by nature a thief, stealing from his own father and friends, and bringing disgrace upon himself and family. He came to the resolution one day to say, "I can be honest and I will be honest."

God, who always helps His children when they ask Him, helped the wayward boy. Millions of dollars afterwards passed through his hands and never a dishonest penny clung to them. Thousands of orphaned children were cared for by him. Two continents welcomed and honored him.

He who would acquire the perfect Will must carry into all his thoughts and actions the resolute assertion: **I resolve to will!** This resolution, borne out in persistent practice, has never been known to fail.

Knox says: "If enough of these positive ideas are brought in contact with the brain cells, a revolution is bound to take place in the human life, and the individual develops from a man of mediocrity to a man of great power. He changes from a rollicking, good-for-nothing Webster on the farm, to Webster, the statesman, and one of the greatest orators the world has ever known. But what brought about this revolution? A certain kind of thinking."

Think I will. Think hard enough and you will.

"Pike's Peak or Bust," taken internally or externally, rubbed on or swallowed down, injected or metaphysic-ed, is the best-ever remedy for the one who thinks he or she can't. **I can! I will!** "Pike's Peak or Bust"—and you will achieve, not bust.

I Wasn't Born a Fighter, But I Found I Had to Be!

In Life's broad field of battle,
In the struggle of the race,
I wasn't born a fighter—
But the world had set the pace.
I'd rather dwell in peace-land,
Nor brave Life's stormy sea:
I wasn't born a fighter,
But I found I had to be!

In quiet nook I'd rather dwell,
Enjoying sun and shade;
I'd rather be a shepherd,
Or wield the gardner's spade;
Or live at peace among the flow'rs
That grow upon the lea:
I wasn't born a fighter,
But I found I had to be!

I was thrown on Life's swift eddy,
On the restless, surging stream,
To battle 'gainst all odds and fate,
And cast away my dream.
And so I've had to struggle,
Brave the storms and ride the sea—
I wasn't born a fighter,
But I found I had to be!

If we are placed where we must show
The strength of Hercules,
And though unused to fighting life
Must sail its roughest seas,
If snatched from out our quiet nook
Beneath the broad beech-tree,
Though we weren't born as fighters,
We find we soon can be!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER V.

How the "Greatest Thing in Life" Is Stimulated into Activity.

"The education of the will is really of far greater importance as shaping the destiny of the individual than that of the intellect."

"Our chief want in life is somebody who shall make us do what we can."

"In some sense and in some effectual degree, there is in every man the material of good work in the world; in every man, not only in those who are brilliant, not only in those who are quick, but in those who are stolid, and even in those who are dull."—Emerson.

You are no small potato.

After you have read this poem, I'll show you the medical profession says so; the psychologists say so; Jonah says so; and "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" until you say so—if you will. Of course, if you would rather be a scrub "spud" and not a big "murphy," it won't make much difference whether the curfew rings or not,—come to think of it, it won't hurt you, any way, and may help the potato crop.

When you finish this poem, say, "I will not be a small potato," and you won't, if you properly prepare the soil of service, plant the seed of determination, cultivate the field of will, and kill the potato bugs of pes-

simism and "I can't," by the physiological law of stimulation as well as the psychological Law of Suggestion. Then will you harvest your crop of big tater—yourself—in due season, without fail. Here is the poem, the name of which is

"The Man You Ought to Know."

"Young man, the books will bid you read the seers from Kant to Plato—

But get acquainted with yourself—you are no small potato.
And though you swing a blacksmith's sledge, or dig within the trenches—

Hold up your head with those who sit upon the highest benches.
O read the sages of the world and let their wisdom win you,
But get acquainted with yourself and find what you've got in you.

In modest arrogance of soul, make you your calculation,
Then slowly make the sluggard world accept your estimation.
Go get acquainted with yourself before your leaf is yellow—
You'll find the man beneath your hat is something of a fellow.
Then stir him out and prod him up, before his power has fainted—
Go get acquainted with yourself, then make the world acquainted.

Then trust the man beneath your hat, and, when you come to know him,

You'll find a fellow fit to grace a novel or a poem.
Go get acquainted with yourself; you'll find that very few are,
For tasks for which they are designed, a better man than you are.

Young man, the books will bid you read the seers from Kant to Plato—

But get acquainted with yourself—you are no small potato."

The author of this poem isn't a pill pusher or a drug mixer, but he was as near right as doctors generally are, when he wrote the above poem.

Now just to show you I have nothing against the doctor and his advice (when he doesn't charge too much), I here give you verbatim from Dr. Stephen Smith. This is one of the Smiths you read about. He is over ninety years of age, proud of it and still growing older.

“The cells, estimated to be upwards of two thousand millions in the human brain, are implanted before birth in a rudimentary form and undergo an evolution from the cell of the lowest animal life to the complex cell of the human brain. Though at birth the cell has been perfected, so far as regards its structural adaptation to its special future function, yet it will remain in an inert state and undergo no further change or development until excited to activity. Each cell has its own special function to perform and hence has its own special stimulant; the cells of the auditory center are stimulated by sound, those of the ophthalmic center by light, those of the olfactory center by odors.

“The protoplasm of the brain cells is so extremely sensitive that by proper instruments a change can be detected in its substance when a cloud passes over the sun; also a thermometer will detect a rise of its temperature during any great mental effort; and, again, delicate scales will weigh the amount of blood which rushes to the excited brain cells for their nutrition when a person in a recumbent position has sudden mental excitement.

You have enough brain cells to make you successful if you will only develop and use them.

“Physiologists believe that in the human brain there are large numbers of nerve-cells that remain undeveloped because never excited to functional activity, and also that at any period of life, cells hitherto inert may receive their proper stimulus and become active. They assert that if to the born-blind there is no world of light, and to the born-deaf there is no world of sound, may it not be a fact that worlds exist around us other than those revealed by the five special senses; worlds which we do not recognize because the special nerve centers for that purpose have not as yet been stimulated to activity? St. Paul hints at that opinion when he declares that spiritual truths cannot be discerned except the spiritual (cells) sense has been awakened, and Haeckel now asserts that the soul is the output of the functional activity of ‘Soul Cells.’ Along the same line of conjecture may we not suggest that many strange mental phenomena—dreams, telepathy, hypnotism—find their proper explanation.

“Cells, like other tissues, are constantly undergoing change in the act of nutrition and owing to their extreme susceptibility to impressions, their functions are easily disturbed by the food we eat, the fluids we drink, the condition of our digestion, in addition to the infinite number of impressions which they daily receive from causes internal and external to the body. For this reason our mental moods are constantly changing; we are not the same this year that we were last year, this month that we were last month, this evening that we were this morning. It follows that any change

in the constitution or structure of the cell must be attended by a derangement of its function that would find expression in the mental acts of the individual."

"Traced to its true source it will be found that the want of opportunity to apply the greater number and variety of stimulants to the brain through the special senses—seeing, hearing, feeling, tasting, smelling—accounts for much of what we call degeneracy. The farm laborer toiling alone has none of the intelligence and vivacity in conversation of the village tailor, cobbler or blacksmith, though equally endowed mentally. The farmer has few brain stimulants, while the latter are abundantly supplied through constant contact with customers. A schoolboy rated as deficient saw an older scholar sketch a horse on the schoolroom door; he was so profoundly impressed by the picture (that is, his art nerve-centers were so stimulated) that he devoted himself constantly to sketching and became the most distinguished portrait painter of his time. Sir Isaac Newton states that he 'stood very low in his class,' but the sight of a falling apple aroused dormant brain cells which revealed to the world the law of gravitation and made him forever famous."

When James Whitcomb Riley was twenty years of age he was a loafer and had no ambition in any direction whatsoever. Just a drifting, ordinary loafer. He eked out a lazy existence by following cheap minstrel shows and painting signs. He was stimulated into becoming a poet by painting these two lines from Maud Muller:

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: It might have been."

He did not know who was the author, but thought it was Burns. He then took a volume of "Bobby" and in reading the poems his brain began to move and think in rhythm and the "Hoosier Poet" was born—his brain cells for poetry stimulated.

There is somewhere in every brain the energy which will lift the possessor out of a rut and put him or her upon the mountain peak of success. We mean the average man and not the genius. **You** are a genius. You have stored within you the undeveloped brain cells, the making of a genius, if when the stimulus comes to stir up your talent, you will fan the spark until it becomes a flaming torch in the sky line of achievement.

You have the brain capacity to climb over the fence of "Impossible" into the fruitful meadow of success. No man gets over the fence by just wishing himself on the other side. He gets over by climbing. You can climb. You have as much brain power, will power and talent as any one else for the particular kind of work which nature has fashioned you to do. The question is whether you will respond to the stimulus and will pay the price by work, concentration and application to the God-given talent within.

The gasoline in the engine of an automobile doesn't move the car until the spark comes to explode the gasoline. So with the mind of man. You need the spark. Stimuli are coming your way every day in various ways. When your brain cells say, "Here is where we can work for you," do not discourage them but turn on the power—work.

There are thousands of men at fifty and sixty who

are running along in the same old rut, who could be counted in the ranks of the successful if they but had the spark to explode their energies; if they responded to the stimuli.

John B. Gough was perhaps the greatest platform man of his generation. He stirred two continents into a temperance movement which eventually put America "Dry" and yet was such a dejected drunkard, with not a ray of hope for the future, that it was not a question of whether he should take his own life but how. After signing the pledge he drifted into a little meeting where he felt an urge within—the stimulant—to say a few words. He buttoned his seedy overcoat to conceal the ragged clothes beneath and began to give his experience, which proved to him a delight as well as a pleasure to the hearers. There he found himself. The stimulant came and from thence he went out developing the stimulant until he became world famous.

You have the germ of greatness, the kernel of success within your brain cells. Look for the stimulant. Develop the talent. Climb up to the top.

In chapter four remember we told you that you naturally have a strong will but that it was smothered, choked and crowded out by some danger or fear thought. So when you make positive affirmations such as we gave you on page fifty-one, you are removing the stimuli of fear and danger and adding the stimuli of faith, courage and will.

Not only does the law of stimulation unlock pent up reservoirs of latent talent but it has action and re-

action upon every class and strata of society and civic advancement.

“History is replete with incidents of the sudden awakening of hitherto unstimulated brain cells of persons accounted defectives. Can we, therefore, wisely and justly determine the mental capacity of any living being, man or animal, until we have given the opportunity for development? But however handicapped by heredity or disease, or environment, science teaches with unerring certainty that, unless their organic properties are destroyed by accident or disease, cells promptly respond to such curative measures as are adapted to relieve them of their disabilities.

“And wherever these cells are found, whether in the brain of man or beast, fish or fowl, insect or creeping thing, they only await the skill, the cunning, the patience of the expert educator or animal trainer.

“The most interesting and practical feature of these cells evidently is the absolute control that we may exercise over their functions. They enlarge and become active when we stimulate them, and atrophy and become passive when we withhold stimulants. As each cell, or group of cells, has its own special function to perform, we can select the group that will accomplish the object we have in view, and stimulate it to the degree necessary to reach the desired result. Or we may reduce an active group of cells to their rudimentary state of quiescence by withholding its proper stimulant.

“The treatment of the criminal class on the physiological or humane system strikingly illustrates its value compared with the punitive methods still prac-

ticed. It is interesting to notice the conclusion of the last meeting of the International Prison Congress, which was to the effect that no criminal is hopelessly bad and incapable of reform.

“Socrates replied to an Athenian who inquired as to the best method of correcting the vicious and criminal tendencies of his son, ‘Remove from him all conditions which incite to vice and substitute the allurements of virtue.’ In physiological language he said, ‘Cease to stimulate the vicious brain cells which are now excited and govern his thought and they will waste and cease to influence him; stimulate the virtuous cells and they will enlarge until they control his acts.

“‘When you pass through the gate to this place, you left your past life behind you. I do not wish to have you ever refer to it; my only concern is as to what your future life will be, and to determine that question you are here.’ Such was the reply which the superintendent of a prison for convict women made to the threats of homicide of a young woman who was declared by a Boston judge to be the most desperate criminal ever known in the courts of that city. She boasted of having been in every prison in Ireland and in many of this country. The treatment was physiological; all incitements to vice and crime were removed and every possible stimulant to virtue substituted; the cells of the former wasted while the cells of the latter grew and became dominant. Today the priest of her parish in Ireland writes that she is the most helpful person he has in his work among the vicious classes.

“‘Try me,’ said a prisoner to the sheriff who

asked him if he would work for wages. These two words reformed the management of a Vermont prison and made it a school for the making of useful citizens. The prisoners go out to work in the city of Montpelier and command by their conduct universal respect. They are seen on the streets on holidays without attendants; they receive wages for their work and thereby support, not only their families, but the prison itself. They leave the prison prepared to lead the lives of good citizens and few fail to meet that test of true reform.

“ ‘I am going to make men and not brutes of these fellows,’ said Governor West, of Oregon, when he began his famous prison reforms. His ‘first trick’ with a convict, it is reported, stirred the state from the lowest to the highest. He requested the warden of the prison to give one of the most desperate prisoners a dime and direct him to call at the executive office. The warden replied that to give Jim Baggs a dime and his liberty meant that Jim would soon be scarce in Oregon. He, however, complied and the prisoner soon appeared at the state house; he was in prison dress, but was very proud, informing every officer who he was and that he came on the Governor’s invitation. A position was found for Jim Baggs on a farm where he did good service and the Governor made him his first ‘honor man.’ This reform in prison discipline resulted in the release of prisoners on parole ‘in droves,’ who found situations outside and earned their living and became respectable citizens. It is stated that, when one of his ‘honor men’ broke parole, the Governor went out himself and captured him. Since that time the other con-

victs have made that prisoner's life miserable. The Governor sent a crew of forty convicts, without prison dress and unattended, to a distant town to work on a road. He says, 'Oregon won't need a penitentiary at an early date.'

“ ‘Arizona State Prison, a School for Developing Manhood,’ is the startling headline of a daily paper. Governor Hunt's policy in the management of prisons is physiological. He says, ‘Shall we go on making penitentiaries schools of crime, or make an effort to build up the man's character, restore his self-respect, strengthen his weakness, and cultivate in him a proper appreciation of his relation to others, and to society in general? You can never do these things by continually reminding him that he is a criminal, by submitting him to small humiliations or to cruelties.’

“The result of management based on these principles is given by a prisoner: ‘The Governor thinks we are worth saving and he is willing to let us come back. He has taken away all of our useless humiliations that kept before us our condition. The Governor trusts to our honor to obey the prison laws and there is not an English speaking prisoner, at least, who would do anything to bring discredit on the Governor's policy. You have no idea already of the difference of the men among themselves. We used to have fights every day. Oh, it was hell! Now, although we are restless and every man longs for his liberty, we are at peace.’

“Other states are adopting the humane policy, and converting their prisons into schools of reform and with marvelous results; prisoners of all grades respond to the influence which remove from their thoughts the

incentives to vice and crime and yield to the allurements of virtue. The punitive or savage policy in treating convicts is generally dominant and the result is that prisons are schools of vice and a dead weight of taxation."

While we are on this stimulation thought let us consider this John Smith descendant a little further in seeing what he has to say about Nikola Tesla's "Electrified Schoolroom to Brighten Dull Pupils." The 130-nth cousin of Pocahontas' John says: "It is well known that eminent experimental psychologists believe that the high-frequency current intensifies cerebration; that it is a mental stimulant like alcohol, but instead of being harmful to the brain cell as is alcohol, the electricity is harmless and confers lasting benefits."

Mr. Tesla's attention was attracted to this subject by noticing the effect of electricity on one of his assistants who, while making certain high-frequency tests, was very stupid in carrying out instructions concerning laboratory adjustments equipped with a coil generating high voltage currents. After a time Mr. Tesla noticed that his assistant became brighter and did his work better, but supposed the change was due to his becoming more familiar with his duties. On observing the actions of the man more closely, he concluded that his assistant's increased aptness and alertness was due to a much deeper cause than mere experience; that the elements of "mental life"—the brain cells—had been stimulated to greater functional activity. This new, novel and practical method of awakening to activity dormant brain cells, has been subjected to trial on a large scale in Stockholm, Sweden.

Two sets of fifty children each, averaging the same age and physical condition, were placed in separate classrooms exactly alike except for the concealed wires in one of the rooms. The regular school work was pursued and the test lasted for six months.

“The results recorded were as follows: The children in the magnetized room increased in stature two and a half inches, those in the unmagnetized room increased one and one-fourth inches; the former also showed an increase in weight and physical development greater than the latter. More remarkable was the difference between the mental development of the two classes, viz.: Those exposed to the electric rays averaged ninety-two per cent in their school work, compared with an average of seventy-two per cent of the children in the other rooms; fifteen pupils in the electrified room were marked a hundred, and nine in the other class. It is stated in the report that the electrified children appeared generally more active, and less subject to fatigue than those not electrified and that the teachers experienced a quickening of faculties and an increase of endurance.

“The method of applying the electricity is thus stated: Carefully insulated wires will be inserted in the walls of the experimenting class-room and the tests will be carried on without the knowledge of either the teachers or the pupils; the air of the room will be completely saturated with incalculable millions of infinitesimal electric waves vibrating at a frequency so great as to be unimaginable and capable of measurement only by a most delicate volt meter.”

I have adduced these remarkable illustrations of

mental stimulation to encourage us in the belief that we have this faculty of power within to do our best, which will mean success. The most necessary faculty to be stimulated is **will**. Let that be stimulated to do and to dare and you'll not be put out at "first." So you have the psychologists with you, the doctors with you, Jonah with you, and what more do you want? All you have to do is to go out and conquer the world—and you will conquer most anything you tackle if you say **I will! I can! "Pike's Peak or Bust!"**

Who said you are a small potato? Don't hit him in the eye—that would almost prove it—but go out and take the bull by the horns and matador all circumstances and conditions and show 'em your crop of taters—your successes—are just as near par as theirs. Of course, if you don't want to take a bull by the horns, take anything that comes your way, that needs taking, to put you out of the small potato class.

When we desire to make a will, to have a victorious slogan to do our best; we put into operation the physiological law of stimulation; we set in motion undeveloped brain cells; into activity those which have been dormant. Also the psychological law of suggestion. So you have enough laws with you to do almost anything, and all you need is to do it, and with the spirit of "Pike's Peak or Bust," you will.

I'll Play Life's Game a Man.

Life tossed me in a barren ground
Where grew no trace of green.
One vast, bleak desert hemmed me round;
No hope for me was seen.
I feel my "hand" was poor indeed
Whene'er the cards I scan,
But brave endeavor is my creed—
I'll play Life's game a man!

Environment of poorest kind;
By cruel Fate defil'd;
No ray of hope; my poor soul blind;
A lone, deserted child!
My choice: "Would I had not been born!"
Fate cursed me in her plan—
Yet I will take Life's cards forlorn,
And play the game a man!

I would not live this life again
For wealth and pow'r untold,
Nor all the pomp of famous men
In modern times and old.
But though each pang of life I've felt,
I'll conquer through, "I Can!"
I'll take the cards that Fate hath dealt,
And play Life's game a man!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER VI.

**Stimulation Tested by Autobiography.—Seventeen
Years Dormancy of Brain Cells.**

“No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil!”

—Lowell.

Gladstone said that what is really desired is to light up the spirit that is within a boy.

You will pardon me for polluting these pages of medical research and psychological investigations by dragging my own name over the paper whereon you are now looking, but I'm sure, after reading about criminals, when a man is in need of pardoning as I am about to be, you will pass the pardon without delay.

When a lad from nine to sixteen years of age I had the “honor” of being a newsboy. (While you are pardoning me, do so again, when I say I was a good newsboy—so my mother thought.) I had to rise at three a. m. in the summer and five a. m. in the winter to go to work peddling papers. If you haven't been a newsboy, who rises at three a. m. when you would give the world to sleep just one morning as other boys do, you don't know what you've missed—in misery. Of all of life's Gethsemanes that is the worst I know. I have drunk deeply of the dregs of life's bitter cup, but those years of overwork of my boyhood is the “unkindest cut of all.”

After rising so early and trudging until 7:30 a. m. before breakfast I changed clothes and went to school where the days wore drearily on. Oh, how those little eyes wanted to repose in slumber! Of course, those little eyes then were too little to know anything about "reposing in slumber," but their experience in loss of sleep was crying aloud for rest; for sleep; and so loudly did they cry that I would fall asleep at supper—at the table while eating. Then as the bed was not under the table but up-stairs, I would have to be aroused to go to bed. You know how you feel when you would give all the world not to be wakened, don't you? That is how I felt continually, only I didn't know what it would be to give a nickel, for I did not have the use of the money I made—we were too "hard up" for that. Well, the bed was reached at last, and I so tired I could hardly tumble in. And as though the gods had conspired to make my boyhood so much different from that of other boys, I could not enjoy a sleep when stretched out in bed. For years I slept propped up in a forty-five degree sitting posture because I was dizzy, if I lay down. So dizzy and so sick! I did not know why but now I do. When I lose my sleep now, I have the same sickness as I had then. Oh yes, I know! But children! What they endure no one knows but the devil, and he's just mean enough to keep it to himself. It seemed that old alarm went off bur-r-r Bang!—three o'clock the minute my head hit the pillow. And then what misery to drag that little nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen-year-old boy out of bed, dress with both eyes tired and shut, and then while the whole world seemed to slumber, steal out in

the dark and pinch myself to keep awake, while I walked more than two miles to the press-room to get my papers and trudged the two miles back again before coming to a customer, where I could deliver a paper to lighten the load that nothing this side of a husky, sixteen-year-old should be forced to carry. And the mental suffering and torture of seeing ghosts pop up and stealthily cross my path in the woods in Dunmore, until my heart leaped to my mouth and choked me, until my legs froze stiff and my blood boiled with fright. You may think freezing and boiling at the same time seems a little exaggerated, but just the same it's true. I would be so frightened the blood would rush through my veins, hot and burning, and at the same time I was so stiff I could not move. If my legs were not frozen stiff they were boiled stiff, and at such times, when you do not have any choice of how your legs become stiff, one way is just as bad as another. Maybe it was an auto-liquid-air-boiling-and-freezing stunt—without the liquid air.

I have lived this over again until I had almost forgotten I have reached manhood—what there is left of me—and those terrible years are but as a shadow, “as a dream that is past,” and I almost forgot what I began to say. Well, in those nightmare days I thought I was a poet. (The gods are kind and ever forgiving.) And many's the time I would rise half an hour earlier than my accustomed time to write a verse or two before I had to start on my trip of four hours and a half on an empty stomach. (I hope you will never have to start on a stomach like that.) This was continued for nearly seven years until the doctor ordered me to stop

because my eyes had failed; my stomach was ruined; and my general health was impaired; resulting with the long, hard years that followed, in a weakened body for life. And for all of this sacrifice of sleep, strength, energy and play I received the handsome sum of five dollars a month, which I did not get—someone else spent it for me.

As I began to say, I wrote some po-hems (that's as near the real poem as I could get) in those early morning struggles, but the effort was too much and poetry was abandoned. That was good for the poetry.

The next seventeen years was such a continual struggle, and so discouraged was I, that I gave up entirely the thought of ever writing a poem—or a death warrant. But one disappointment too many came, and in that disappointment my brain received a stimulation that it needed, and I wrote a poem which set my brain on fire to write more. That particular kind of a poem might set any one's brain on fire. Within three weeks I wrote seventy-five, and "Peace Poems" was published.

For seventeen years those brain cells were dormant but not dead. They only needed the stimulation to bring them into activity. Had that last bitter disappointment been taken the wrong way, complainingly, the stimulation would have done my brain no good. I would not have written poems or anything else, and the world would have sailed along just the same.

You have a talent, just as surely as God is Creator, which will leap and bound to freedom, to expression, to activity, which will make you perhaps rich as well as

happy if you but take the stimulation that is coming your way as often as opportunity knocks—which is every day—and say, “I will!” “I’ll make the best of my talent,” and then dare to go until the world is at your feet—by that I am not insinuating that you have big ones, either.

You can if you think you can.

They may call you stupid, but never mind! So also they called David Livingstone, Richard Wagner, Charles Dickens, Stefanson, the explorer, and many others.

Let us make the best of what opportunities we have; make more opportunities; accept others as they come and determine to win, and the rest is easy to the man with the iron will; to the Pike’s Peak or Buster.

In his recent book, "Christianizing the Social Order," Rauschenbusch says: "In the sermon on the mount Jesus revised and expanded the moral standards of His nation. The current law forbade murder and made killing justiciable in the common court. Jesus pushed up the whole schedule of crime and made it an offense justiciable in the High Court even to call your brother a worthless fool. To break down a man's sense of his own worth murders his power of aspiration. It chokes the good in him just as surely as faith in the higher possibilities awakens the soul in a lost man to a new birth." The Scripture reference is familiar to all: Matt. 5, 21-22. "Ye have heard that it was said to them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment; but I say unto you, that every one who is angry with his brother shall be in danger of the judgment; and whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council, and whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of the hell fire."

CHAPTER VII.

The Greatest Thing in Life Handicapped—"Backward," "Dullards," "Dunces" and "Asses."

"To persuade a boy that he is a worthless fool is murder."

—Edgar M. Robinson.

"Whosoever shall say thou fool shall be in danger of hell fire."—Jesus.

We have had our doctor's evidence—some of it—we will now have a little more, after which the psychologist's evidence will come again and Jonah's later—if we need Jonah.

I know many parents won't like this evidence from the medical profession (unless your boy is a medico-pill-pusher-o) because it proves, almost conclusively, that our neighbor's children are just as bright as our own and we don't want to acknowledge that—that is, I don't. It's common to every home I suppose, this idea of our Mary or Jimmie being smarter than our neighbor's Katie or Sammie. You know how it is. Papa gets his little boy a new suit of clothes, a pair of shiny shoes with bright buckles, smacks his hair down on both sides of his head—the boy's head I mean, not the father's—takes him by the hand, marches down the street and tells everyone he meets that the boy "looks just like his dad; takes after his dad in every particular." Yep. The next day the boy does something that makes the father angry and he tells the boy

he doesn't know enough to come in out of the rain—takes after his dad in every particular.

It is hard for us to see that maybe our daughter is bright in music, but "dull" in mathematics; while our neighbor's girl is "dull" in music but bright in mathematics. Nevertheless it's true in nearly every instance where our children are inefficient, some others excel and where ours excel in one thing they are inefficient in something else. Emerson was deficient in mathematics, but his renderings from Latin and Greek authors were better than those of his classmates who excelled him in grammatical knowledge.

Let me illustrate in the case of a boy, as told by Mr. Bok, whose parents thought him stupid, and so did his playmates. Of course the boy became discouraged, and he began to believe that he was hopelessly slow and stupid, until one day in class his teacher called him.

"George," she said, looking the boy straight into his eyes with loving confidence, and speaking in a tone of absolute conviction, "there is not a child in this school who has a better mind than you have. All you need is to learn to use it right, and you will have no trouble with your school work. I see you understand me."

George looked at the teacher with eyes of surprised joy. The boy fairly beamed, and from that moment he went to work with enthusiasm to learn to use his mind. Today this same boy is one of the most satisfactory scholars in the entire school.

The Tuberculosis Society of St. Louis found that many under-fed children who appeared to be mental defectives, after proper out-door living and nourish-

ment not only went back to school, made their grades, but many led their classes.

Medical examination of Chicago's 400,000 school children shows that seventy-five per cent are "defective." In ninety-five per cent of these cases the defects are "above the neck." Bad teeth and poor nourishment are the most common troubles. "We are trying to reduce this high average," Superintendent Mortenson says. "A sick or suffering child cannot do his work well."

New York City made a careful study and tabulation of backward children, which also proves the native ability given to all normal children.

There is something the normal child can do, although we sometimes think they are everything from a dunce to a duncie. (Dun-cie is the gentler sex dunce, wafted on the still night zephyrs with bated breath).

When we can find only two per cent of the backward children in New York City with mental deficiency and nearly each one of those having a physical defect, it seems quite ripe enough time—if time ever gets ripe—to take the medicos into our confidence. The whereabouts, the why-fores, the what-a-bouts and the end thereof is something like the following:

The number of "backward children" in New York City schools became so problematic that physicians of repute were engaged to examine every child in the schools to see if there was any remedy. The result in 1906 showed that with ninety-five per cent of the "backward children" the trouble was due to some physical defect. Only two per cent were mentally defective and in "nearly all these cases adenoid growths, defects of

vision or other remedial disabilities existed." I quote from the investigations of 1905 and 1906 as given by Dr. John J. Cronin:

"The work of examining the school children of the city had not proceeded far when letters of appreciation began to come in at the office of the Department of Health. Hundreds of parents had got their first inkling of an oncoming illness or of a serious physical defect from the postal cards sent out by the medical inspectors. In some cases cataracts, that in the course of time would have permanently blinded the children, were discovered during the examination, and the parents had been unaware that anything was wrong with their child's eyes. About 8,000 children are now wearing glasses as the result of the examinations, and the principals and teachers are enthusiastic over the improvement in the work of these pupils. The following extract from a teacher's letter is only an example:

"Since the last physical examination of my class seven girls have been fitted with glasses. The girl that was the last to be induced to go to the dispensary has showed marked improvement. Although always sitting in the front row she seemed never to see the board and was absent-minded. Now there is no girl in my class more alert or more nearly up to the standard. She always had good reasoning powers, so I could not understand why she was deficient in reading, writing and spelling. She could not see the blue lines on white paper, but always wrote in the spaces between them. Now all this is corrected since she has the use of eye glasses. In fact, her spelling is now perfect every day."

“Backward” children will respond to the right stimulation—even the worst is no “small potato.”

“But perhaps the most striking results in the way of physical and mental improvement have been noted in the children who have had adenoid growths or large tonsils removed. The amazing change which these children have undergone can scarcely be believed unless actually witnessed. From dullards, many of them have become the brightest among their fellows, after the operation. The following letter from one of the inspectors shows the transformation of a boy who underwent the operation:

“This boy, aged seven years, was regarded by his teacher as a hopeless idiot, and his appearance justified her opinion. His was a case of most pronounced nasal obstruction; had an acrid, persistent discharge from both nostrils; his mouth was always open, and tongue and mucous membrane of the mouth were dry and covered with crusts of mucus. Hearing was defective, apparently about 8-16 in both ears. Mentally, he seemed hopeless; he would sit in his seat gazing blankly around the room, answering questions indifferently, and playing aimlessly with articles upon his desk. He did not romp or play with other children, and his motions were sluggish and dull.

“He was operated on, and at once improved in activity, both mental and physical,—the discharge disappeared, his expression brightened, and he became possessed with such exuberance of spirits that he became the most mischievous boy in the class.’

“The brilliant results attained in various parts of the city in children operated upon at home or at the

dispensaries impelled the authorities to give attention to those children whose parents were too poor to pay even the necessary car fare to send them to the clinics where the operations could be performed. A number of such children were attending one of the East Side schools, where it was especially important to have the operations performed on account of the presence of a number of mentally defective children in special classes. The parents' consent having been secured in writing, these children, eighty-four in number, were operated on, on June 21, under the supervision of Dr. Emil Mayer, of Mt. Sinai Hospital. In September, after the children had returned from their vacations in the country, where they had been placed in the care of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, there was a marvelous transformation effected by the removal of adenoids in these cases. The dull, listless, apathetic expression, the open mouth, the staring eyes of the children are replaced after the removal of the growths by bright, intelligent countenances and a general look of health.

“The scholarship of these children has improved to such a degree that the principal, Miss Simpson, who has faithfully and enthusiastically devoted time and energy to this special work, has made the following report:

“‘You will doubtless be interested in learning about the little ones who were operated upon last June. Without exception, we have found a marvelous improvement in these children. They all assert that they can breathe better, sleep more soundly, and have better appetites. Several of the boys have been able to give

up their habit of cigarette smoking, and all appear to be in far better physical condition; mentally, they exhibit an unusual alertness, interest and intelligence, the absence of which was the chief and most noticeable feature of their previous condition.

“‘Even our lowest types of mentally defective pupils exhibit a wonderful physical and mental improvement, which can only be appreciated by those who come in daily contact with the children. Much of their abnormal restlessness and nervousness has disappeared, and they show a ready response to directions, which previously was wholly lacking, the latter probably due to their improved hearing.’”

You may appear to be dull or your children's children—and maybe you are—but there is in all probability a reason. Remove the cause and see that Emerson knew as much about the laws of creation as the M. D.'s when he said, each one can do “some feat impossible to any other.” Remove the cause, set your mind in one direction, and that to win, and just as surely as the “night follows the day” and cholera morbus follows green apples, you'll get there.

They Knew You Would Be Great.

No one believes in you today;
They scoff and derogate;
But when you're famous they will say,
“I knew he would be great!”

Before you're known outside your town
You're just “a neighbor's son”;
The hapless butt of those who frown;
A mark for Gossip's gun.

WILL POWER AND SUCCESS

A youth to make his mark in verse
 Sets out with soul aflame;
 At ev'ry turn he feels the curse
 Of dullards who defame.

They cut him through with hardened look,
 And freeze with words malign;
 But when he writes a famous book—
 Why, "He's a friend of mine!"

The boy at home who's cuffed today,
 And feels the critic's spleen,
 Some time will hear those dunces bray
 Of friendship warm and keen!

Perhaps you tinker round with tools,
 Or "fiddle" day and night;
 Today they call you "worst of fools"—
 Tomorrow, "Always bright!"

The one who sneered at you and said
 "Too dull to write his name,"
 Some day will come and nod his head—
 "I knew you'd win the game!"

The meanest tongue upon the earth,
 The most Satanic sneak,
 Will smirking praise your name and worth—
 "I knew you'd scale the peak!"

So keep it up! You've grit to rise!
 Mind not how sad your fate;
 Although in scorn they now depise,
 Some day they'll call you great!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER VIII.

**A Few Illustrious "Dunces," "Fools," "Dullards,"
"Unfits," "Defectives," and "Asses."**

"Tell a man that he is a fool and you cast him into despair."—Joseph Parker.

There are no average boys—all are above the average if discovered.

Demosthenes was looked upon as a person of no great natural genius; but his indomitable will, together with labor and industry, supplied the genius. If you have not genius—work.

I did it because I had a will to do it, says one who overcomes. Thomas Edison in his biography says: "I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental caliber I should probably have turned out badly; but her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know what it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teacher never used to sympathize with me, and that my father thought I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. But I was afraid to tell her all my dif-

facilities at school for fear she, too, might lose confidence in me.

“One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was ‘addled’ and it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt by this last straw that I burst out crying and went home and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother was. She came out as my strong defender. Mother love was aroused; mother pride wounded to the quick. She brought me back to school, and told the teacher that he did not know what he was talking about. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then that I would be worthy of her, and show her that her confidence was not misplaced.

“My mother was the making of me. She was so true that I felt that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me.”

Robert Fulton was a dull pupil at school and the teacher complained to his mother. To this complaint his mother replied proudly: “My boy’s head, sir, is so full of original notions that there is no vacant chamber in which to store the contents of your musty books.”

If you cannot show aptitude in one way, you can in another, in time, if you will but respond to the mental stimuli coming your way.

While Bjornsen cannot be regarded as the equal of Ibsen as a dramatist, he has a much wider range, and for versatility and human interest is the most commanding figure of our day in Scandinavian letters. At

his books Bjornsen was accused of being dull, and indeed took so little interest in them that he never finished his university course at Christiana. But there was something he could do, and do well, if he did not like to follow the prescribed course. What he needed was to turn himself loose and "let 'er rip."

What all of us need is to know we can do something and then, "This one thing I do" until we win, or the bottom drops out of everything. To date most everything has its bottom—so you are to win before you lose your bottom.

"They" might call you dunce, fool, "Ass' head" and so forth; but to prove it, is another thing, and with the spirit of "I will" they'll have so much difficulty in proving it that you'll be crowned the "noblest of them all" before they can get enough evidence to even make the charge before the tribunal of equity and fairness. So let 'em whang. You are in first class company if they do misclass you. Just to think of some of our friends, let us consider a few dunces that became illustrious.

The boy that stands at the head of his class is not always the boy that grows into the brilliant man. Many illustrious scholars have been the greatest dunces at school, and some of the stupidest boys have made names for themselves in the world which no one could have prophesied from their unpromising beginning.

Pietro de Cortona, the painter, was thought so stupid that he was nicknamed "Ass' head" when a boy; and Tomaso Guidi was generally known as "heavy Tom" (Massaccio Tomasaccio) though by diligence he

afterward raised himself to the highest eminence.

Newton, when at school, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form but one. The boy above Newton having kicked him, the dunce showed his pluck by challenging him to fight, and beat him. Then he set to work with a will and determining also to vanquish his antagonist as a scholar, he rose to the top of his class.

Many great divines have been anything but precocious. Isaac Barrow, when a boy at the Charterhouse school, was notorious chiefly for his strong temper, his pugnacious habits, and his proverbial idleness as a scholar. He caused such grief to his parents that his father used to say that if it pleased God to take from him any of his children, he hoped it might be Isaac, the least promising of them all.

Adam Clark, when a boy, was proclaimed by his father to be "a grievous dunce," though he could roll large stones about with ease. Dean Swift, one of the greatest writers of pure English, was "plucked" at Dublin University, and only obtained his recommendation to Oxford *speciali gratia*.

The well-known Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cook (late professor of moral philosophy at St. Andrews) were boys together at the parish school of St. Andrews; and they were found so stupid and mischievous that the master, irritated beyond measure, dismissed them both as incorrigible dunces.

Oliver Goldsmith was a stupid little fellow, and attended various small schools rather unsatisfactorily. Finally he entered Trinity College, Dublin, but displayed no talent there, and eventually ran away because he disliked his tutor and his studies and was hu-

miliated by his position. He did all sorts of things—among others taking up the study of medicine. When he was examined at Surgeon's Hall for the position of "hospital mate" he was found not qualified. Yet, this was the man who later wrote some of the best things in English literature, works that continue to live. He is the man whose first teacher said: "Never was so dull a boy; he seemed impenetrably stupid."

Says William McAndrew: "Why is it that Beecher was rated by the leadership experts thirty-fourth in his class, while number one became an inconsequential barber? Why is it that Linnaeus' teacher said that he was unfit; Darwin's, that he was dull; Steward's, that he was stupid; Wordsworth's, that he was a disappointment; Sheridan's, that he was defective; Humboldt's, that he lacked ordinary intelligence; Heine's, that he was a dunce; Hegel's that he was only middling; Byron's, that he belonged to the tail; Huxley's, that he was notably deficient; Lowell's, that he was negligent; Wagner's, that he was a mental sloven; Goethe's, that he was unsatisfactory; Emerson's, that he was hopeless; Pasteur's, that he was only average; Gladstone's, that he had no unusual ability; Watt's, that he lacked the qualities of success; Ibsen's, that he belonged in the lowest grade; Curie's, that he was too stupid for school."

If you have not accomplished what you think you should, or what you ought to accomplish, it may be because you have never had the right stimulation. If you seem a little duller than other people, it may be because your brain has not yet had the stimulation that it needs; if you have given up a time or two, it may be

because you need stimulation to make a "will." If some of your associates or friends have done more in life than you have, it may be due to the fact that they were more fortunate in having a stimulation that you have not had. If you have not yet selected the work which you should follow as a vocation, perhaps you have not developed the stimuli which you have had, and instead of following the bent of your talent, you have followed the "lines of least resistance," and are plodding along in a mediocre way, while if you would develop the stimuli you would be an expert, you would excel in the work you can do best.

James Whitcomb Riley was asked: "What is the chief requisite for success in letters?" He answered: "The most essential factor, in which, for the battle with the world in any vocation, who has great determination and little talent rather than his seemingly more talented brother with great talent, perhaps, but little determination." Charlotte Bronte had "Jane Eyre" sent back by publisher after publisher, until she was almost bankrupt by paying the return postage. But she held on. Thackeray's "Vanity Fair" was treated almost in the same manner. The Hoosier poet, just quoted, said: "I struggled for many years, through almost sleepless nights and hopeless days. For twenty years I tried to get into one magazine. Back repeatedly came my manuscripts. I kept on. In the twentieth year that magazine accepted one of my articles."

We are "dullards" and "asses" because of environment, physical handicaps, lack of stimuli, etc., rather than lack of brain capacity. So all we need is

to develop our "will," exclaim "victory or death";
"Pike's Peak or Bust"—and work—and the "dunce"
of today will be the genius of tomorrow.

By the Living God, I'll Win!

I've gone through fire and water;
I've smelled the fumes of hell;
I've seen the flames of terror—
Their ways I know too well.
My back has oft been laden,
My spirit seared within.
But by the living God I swear
That I am bound to win!

I've stood alone, deserted,
And sweat my heart's red blood;
I've seen the waves of failure
Engulf me in a flood.
I've felt the throbs of error,
I've seen my fortunes spin;
But by the living God I swear
I'll try again and win!

I've tramped the trails of sorrow;
I've waded streams of grief;
And from the tree Misfortune
I've stripped its ev'ry leaf.
I've scaled the Mount Temptation;
I've drunk the dregs of sin—
But by the living God I swear
I'll try this time and win!

—Soul Poems by D. V. Bush.

“Tell a man that he is a fool and you cast him into despair. Tell him he has lost every chance, spoiled every opportunity, neglected all the counsel of heaven and is no longer worthy of being counted a living creature in God’s universe, and possibly you may burden him with all the distress of absolute despair. The effect will be according to the nature of the particular man who is addressed. Jesus Christ never gave us a discouraging view of ourselves whenever He saw us set in any relation to Himself, of earnest listening or religious expectation or incipient desire to be wiser and better men.”—Joseph Parker.

CHAPTER IX.

The Effect of Stimulation on Different Races.

“The germ of greatness is in every man, but we fall victims of arrested development.”—Elbert Hubbard.

“Man’s unequal intelligence has nothing to do with his capacity for intelligence.”—Lester F. Ward.

Frederick Douglas, the great slave orator, is a striking example of one, who born in serfdom, surrounded by the vilest conditions, got a stimulus for knowledge and determined never to let the stimulus atrophy.

We may have all the stimuli needed to turn back Niagara, but if we do not respond to those stimuli we may just as well not have them. While there are many, I suppose, who have never had the stimulus, I should think there are many more who have had it, but did not profit by it. Lincoln and Franklin might have had a desire for knowledge, but if they had not kept alive that desire by developing it, the stimulus might just as well not have been. Frederick Douglas, the boy slave, who caught just a wee bit of insight into the chamber of knowledge, might just as well never have had the stimulus unless when he was returned to slavery, he determined to have an education.

He was owned by one of the great slave owners who would not know his human property if he saw them. Once a month buyers came to take the increase.

He did not know who was his father, where his brothers or sisters lived. His mother walked twenty-four miles, after working all day in the field, to pay a visit to her boy. He belonged to someone but he didn't know who or why, or whence or for what purpose. Oh, the story of his utter loneliness.

Douglas told how he had drunk the waters the meat was cooked in and fought for crumbs with the dogs; how at night he slept in the chimney corner with his legs in the ashes to keep them warm, or crawled into the meal sack in the closet, his feet being sometimes so cracked with the cold that one might put a nail into them.

He said in part, as he continued: "Many things I could tell you that I have seen on that plantation, were my time not limited. I have seen a man shot dead because he stood in the river and refused to come out when called. I have seen a woman who had been beaten over the head with a hickory cudgel by a drunken overseer, sent back with curses because she dared come to the steward to complain. I have seen a woman tied up by the wrists and beaten upon her naked back because she refused to yield herself up to the steward's lust. But I must go on to my later years—to the time when I was suddenly, by God's providence, as I have always believed, taken out of the home of all darkness."

He went on to tell of his being sent on to Baltimore to serve a little boy relative of the family; and of his kind mistress, who first taught him to read, and then tried to prevent him, when her husband had shown her its un-wisdom. Step by step you saw how the soul of that beautiful and kind lady was turned to

harshness and bitterness by this effort to watch and keep down and circumvent another human creature. Strange and painful was his picture of his childish groping for light in the midst of this darkness, until at last the truth was found.

Next, the steward, his master, died, and the estate was divided, and his lot changed again. This time he found himself in St. Nicholas, an oyster-fishing village in Maryland, notable for the drunken and sodden character of its inhabitants. There he became the property of Captain Auld, who had gotten religion and taken to singing psalms, but who also fed his slaves upon half a peck of corn-meal a week. Finding his new slave rebellious, he at last hired him for a week to one, Covey, a savage creature, whose reputation as a "negro breaker," enabled him to hire labor for his farm for almost nothing. It made his hearers shiver, the negro's picture of this character, of his green, snake-like eyes, his sneaking watchfulness, and his ferocious cruelty. The slave felt, as he trudged to this farm one bitter January morning, "like a fish in the net being drawn to the shore." "I am but the sport of a power which makes no account, either of my welfare or of my happiness. I have been spoiled and made tender by kindness in Baltimore—I have developed a mind; and now like a wild young working animal, I am to be broken to the yoke of a bitter and life-long bondage."

The first day the clothing was torn from his back and three black gum ox-goads worn out upon him. "From dawn of day until darkness of evening," said Douglas, "I was kept at hard work in the fields or the

woods. At certain seasons of the year we were all kept in the fields until eleven o'clock at night. If at any time in my life more than another I was made to drink the bitterest dregs of slavery, that time was during the first six months of my stay with Mr. Covey. We were worked all weathers—it was never too hot nor too cold. It could never rain, snow or blow too hard for us to work in the fields. Mr. Covey succeeded in breaking me; I was broken in body, soul and spirit. My natural elasticity was crushed; my intellect languished; my disposition to read departed; the cheerful spark that lingered about my eye died; the dark night of Slavery closed in upon me, and behold a man transformed into a brute!

He described the climax—how he fell panting in the field one hot July day, the man gashed his head with a hickory slab—and how later he ran away, and fainting and almost dying, blood-stained and horrible, confronted his owner, only to be sent back with the excuse that otherwise his year's wages would be lost. For a week he hid in the swamps, cared for by another slave, and when he returned at last and the farmer attempted to beat him, in a sudden burst of fury he confronted him and fought him off. It was death to a slave to resist his master, but this man, as it chanced, had his reputation as a "negro breaker" to keep, and would not let it be publicly known that he had tried in vain to beat a sixteen-year-old boy. During the six months more that the slave lived with him he never laid hands upon him again. "You can kill me, but you cannot beat me," was the slave's defiance.

Many other adventures the man told; in the end he had found himself in Baltimore, whence he had made his escape. He passed over these things with a few brief words; and then, cast loose from the restraint of his narrative, rushed on in bursts of impassioned eloquence, of denunciation, sarcasm, pleading—almost to tears.

Frederick Douglas, that young negro who did not own his own body, had a mental stimulus, which was never allowed to atrophy. His brain was stimulated, never to rest until developed.

Thus can negroes, heathens, and er—you—respond and “make good” if you will.

Anna R. B. Lindsey, in “Gloria Christi,” says, “A remarkable fact has been discovered, that in early childhood, the children even of the savage races or of lower caste, do not differ very greatly in intellectual receptivity from those of civilized lands.” These heathen young people respond wonderfully to mental stimulation, for again the same author says that at Bishop’s College, near Calcutta, India, “the courses included Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Sanskrit, Bengali, Hindustani, Persian, Tamil, Arabic, Singalese and Armenian. Of the lads there, the Bishop of Calcutta said in 1837, that they ‘translated Homer, Xenophon, Cicero and Ovid in a manner perfectly surprising,’ besides being familiar with many of the great English religious writers.”

Hamilton Wright says, “Young Philippino children are as bright as American children of the same age or as Japanese. There is in the character of the Philippino nothing to prevent him from advancing as

rapidly as the Japanese have done; but foreigners are only beginning to appreciate this."

By missing stimulation the heathen mind atrophies. Moral—Don't be a heathen.

Which is a man's ruling faculty—his reason or his will?

Dr. William Hanna Thompson is consulting physician for several hospitals and medical schools in New York City. He has had many years to study cases of individuals who are suffering from some nervous or brain trouble. He has come to the conclusion that the brain is only a physical machine that an invisible spirit uses. The center of that spirit or personality is the **will**, and the brain reasons as the **will** directs it to. That **will** compels the brain to do what it wants it to do. It first teaches it to talk. A man's brain has no more physical machinery for producing words, he says, than the brain of a chimpanzee. That **will** teaches the brain to make the fingers play a violin, paint a picture, make machinery, write a book, or what not. But that **will**, by relaxing and yielding to the desire of the body may lose the power to compel the brain and body to do its bidding. Then we have a man who is like a ship without a captain. Watchfulness, carefulness, rigor and determination, this is the only way, said Jesus, that a man can be prepared for the emergencies of life.

Don't let your mind atrophy. It's your dynamo of success.

Rev. T. Wakefield says: "When I was going out to East Africa in 1861, a great number said to me: 'It's no use. The Africans cannot be converted. They haven't mind enough to understand the Gospel; they

have no moral conscience.' I went, and then I returned to these men and assured them that there was no lack of intellectual power in the Africans. Let him stand upon his own feet, he stands as high as we do."

"Never despair," says Burke, "but if you do, work on in despair."

No matter what your ancestry may be, no matter what your nationality is, no matter the color of your skin or the tint of your hair, there is something you can do, and do well; if you have the spirit of "Pike's Peak or Bust"—the "I will" grit.

If Fred Douglas, if the South American, if the African, if the Philippino, if the Indian, if the races which have long been in intellectual and moral darkness have such ability to rise to heights of intelligent progress in their generation, can you doubt for one minute that there is something you can do and do well? What we need is our talent and our will stimulated, and then—act. Never let your mind, your talent, your "call," your desire atrophy. If you do, the realization of your life's ambition may never be accomplished.

"The power of the Christian consciousness when awakened to activity, to change the most savage tribes into highly civilized communities, is related as an incident in the experience of Darwin, the projector of the theory of 'Evolution.' In his scientific voyage he found a tribe of savages in South America which seemed so hopelessly animal that he was inclined to believe he had found the missing link. So, after his visit, a pious Scotch captain of a trading vessel, visited the tribe and was so impressed with their savagery that he felt impelled to attempt their conversion to Chris-

tianity. He returned home, secured a company of devoted Christians, stocked his vessel with the necessities of the colony and returned to the tribe. Several years later Darwin visited the tribe on one of his scientific explorations, intending to study the people more thoroughly. He was surprised on reaching the place to find a flourishing community with its schools, churches, and various industries under the government of the natives. On returning home he visited the rooms of the British Foreign Missionary Society in London and related the incident, stating that he desired to become a subscriber to the propagation of a religion which could effect such changes in savages."

It therefore appears that what the savages and the "heathen Chinese" need is the proper religious and mental stimulation to make them equal to any other race of men. Late scientific men have declared that there is no race of men, no matter what their color or nationality, but have the propensities for enlightenment and development equal to that of the best civilized peoples of today. The Eternal has so made His laws that all men—and that includes you—have the inherent faculty to be just as efficient as anyone else in some kind of work; something in which you can excel—some "feat you can do better than anyone else."

The Successful Man.

Successful men are always kicked, they're kicked with envious
wrath;

No matter what their line may be, on life's laborious path.

The man who wins is always kicked, they kick him black and
blue;

He's thumped with mud and rotten-egged; gets number four-
teen shoe!

Because he's always on the job, industrious at his work,

Because he plods and plugs away, while other men may shirk,

Because he puts more in his work and gets more in return,

And stirs things up and get things done, he's kicked by those
who yearn.

The men who set the world ahead are kicked in jealous spite,

They lift us to a higher plane, but feel green envy's blight;

No matter, sir, what lives they save, no matter what they give,

If they do more than other men, they're punctured like a sieve.

If you're not kicked, I wonder now if you have lost your hope?

Do you play fair and do your best, or sulk or grunt and mope?

If you're not kicked, you won't rise far; so man get in the
game,

And let them kick you all around—kick hard until their lame!

So do your work and play your game—play fair and hard all
day;

And let the townsmen wag their tongues, the gossips have their
say,

And never mind their cutting ways, nor see that surly frown;

For in the end you'll beat them all—altho your oft kicked
down!

—D. V. Bush.

“Wrong environment can slay the soul that does not fight. It can suffocate all aspirations that do not insist on breathing freely. It can stab to the death all ideals that will turn their faces and run from ridicule. It can poison all love that is not strong enough to absolve those who would drag life down to their level. It can never bleed the great of their greatness, unless their blood is warm enough to heat other blood to the place of its current. The soul that would know freedom, happiness and fullest life must escape from the wrong environment, or fight sturdily and overcome it. Therefore, if the environment be narrow, let us delve deep for hidden treasures; if the environment be shallow, let us search the heights for stars; if the sky be cloudy and the ground hard, let us visit with the wind the far-away fruitful valley, and bring home rich, succulent nourishment to tide us over the period of famine; if the environment be foul, soiling our fairest garments, let us become gardeners, and cherish flowers that bloom best in the mire; if the environment be drowsy as a poppy patch of luxury, let us tear up the roots that are nearest so that we may set our feet on rough and rugged earth; if the environment be cramped, let us, like Samson, break down the pillars of the Philistines at our own peril. For though the environment be narrow, shallow, dark, foul, dull or cramped, it can be changed by independence and sympathy on the part of those who fight all alone, but who live, love and suffer with all others.”—Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.

CHAPTER X.

**How the Greatest Thing in Life Is Strangled, Choked
and Murdered—Sometimes—Environment
and Heredity.**

“God gives us always strength enough and sense enough for everything He wants us to do.”—Ruskin.

“Our doubts are traitors and make us lose the good we oft might win, by fearing to attempt.”—Shakespeare.

“Energy will do anything that can be done in this world; and no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a man without it.”—Goethe.

“One ship drives east and another west,
With the self-same winds that blow;
’Tis the set of the sails
And not the gales
Which tells us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate,
As we voyage along through life;
’Tis the set of the soul
That decides its goal
And not the calm or the strife.”

Social classes are not born; they are made. In this connection Lester F. Ward, the leading American sociologist, said: “A certain kind of inferiority of the lower classes to the upper is admitted. There is a physical inferiority in intelligence. This last is not the same as intellectual inferiority. Their physical inferiority is due entirely to the condition of existence. As a subject race, as slaves, as over-worked laborers

or artisans, as an indigent and underfed class, their physical development has been arrested and their bodies stunted. Their unequal intelligence has nothing to do with their capacity for intelligence. Intelligence consists in that capacity, together with the supply of information for it to expand itself upon. We see, therefore, that both kinds of inferiority of the lower classes are extraneous and artificial, not inherent and natural." And again, in the same connection, showing the intimate relation of classes to improvement, he says, that what we need is not more ability, but more opportunity, and he estimates that if the opportunity could be made for existing ability by the abolition of social classes, the increase in the efficiency of mankind would be at least a hundred fold.

With enough will-power we can make our opportunities. The encouragement from such statements of noted authorities is a stimulus to our talent, faculties and abilities to spur us on even though it takes almost superhuman effort, to mount above our surroundings.

"Of a total of four hundred sixteen new arrivals at the reformatory last year," says Professor Klei R. B. von Kleinsmid, associate superintendent of the Indiana Reformatory, "two hundred forty-six came from disorganized families, and approximately this same proportion has been maintained throughout the last ten years; that is to say, that sixty per cent of the criminal class as represented by the boys of our institution, have not had the possibility of normal family training. In a very large number of disrupted homes, divorces have been granted. In other cases the father, the mother, or both were dead. Neglect of youth

makes directly for crime; clearly it seems to me, that society has a duty to perform for the children in disorganized homes. Not one of us but recognizes the large place the home should and does take in the normal development of the child. Where these influences are made impossible, because of one reason or another, it is obligatory upon the state to act in 'loco parentis' to assure the child that training, without which we cannot hope for his normal development."

Horrible as your environment has been or may be, you can rise above it, if you will. You can "make good" if you want to—if you will. All the "demons down under the sea"—if demons live down under the sea—can't keep you down if you determine to go up. "Going up!" Get on the elevator of soul mountain climbing with the spirit of "Pike's Peak or Bust," and some time we will meet up yonder on the hilltop of success.

Blondin, the rope walker, said: "One day I signed an agreement to wheel a barrow along a rope on a given day. A day or two before I was seized with lumbago. I called in my medical man and told him I must be cured by a certain day; not only because I should lose what I hoped to earn, but also forfeit a large sum. I became no better; and the evening before the day of the exploit, he argued against my thinking of carrying out my agreement. Next morning when I was no better, the doctor forbade my getting up. I told him: 'What do I want with your advice? If you cannot cure me, of what good is your advice?' When I got to the place, there was the doctor, protesting I was unfit for the exploit. I went on, though I felt like

a frog. I got ready my pole and barrow, took hold of the handles and wheeled it along the rope as well as ever I did. When I got to the end I wheeled it back again, and when this was done I was a frog again. What helped me so that I could wheel the barrow? It was my reserve will."

Hugh Miller relates that a man-o'-war sailor in an engagement had become so exhausted that he could scarcely lift a marlin-spike, but at the enemy renewing the fight a thrill like that of an electric shock passed through the frame of the exhausted sailor; his fatigue at once left him; and, vigorous and strong as when the action first began, he found himself able, as before, to run out the one side of a "twenty-four pounder." The psychologist terms this "abnormal stimulation." When we work until we are fatigued and then seem to take another spurt, bright and fresh, and alert as ever, we have entered another mental and physical state—abnormal stimulation—in which we can do oftentimes more work than in our ordinary condition. Therefore when we are exerting ourselves to what seems beyond endurance we are often putting into effect this psychological law. Abnormal stimulation is quite a friend to the one who has more work than he thinks he can accomplish.

You can tie a strong horse with a very small cord. He cannot show his greatest speed or strength till he is free. On every hand we see people, with splendid ability, tied down by some apparently insignificant thing which handicaps all their movements. They cannot go ahead until they are free.

Some people live in a cramped and uncongenial

environment, in an atmosphere which dampens enthusiasm, discourages ambition and effort, scatters energy, and wastes time. They have not the courage or stamina to cut the shackles that bind them; to throw away all crutches and props, and to rely on themselves and get into an environment where they can do what they desire. Their ambition finally dies through discouragement and inaction.

A giant would be a weakling if he were confined in so small a place that he did not have room to exert himself with freedom. The great majority of people work in cramped, uncongenial, unfavorable environment. They do not get rid of the things that rob them of power.

Which was first, the egg or the hen? Which is worse, environment or heredity? Neither has been satisfactorily settled to all, but environment and heredity combined just about settle many a poor soul to eke out a miserable existence when with the abnormal-stimulation-Blondin-reserve-will we can "hit the sawdust trail" of insurmountable difficulties and land in the bosom of success. (Bosom of success is a very substantial place to land after twenty-four years of struggle. Try it and see!)

Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes on heredity as follows: "I have known scores of human beings who were yoked like cattle to their load of belief in the hopelessness of their inheritance and who 'died as the fool dieth,' either physically or morally, because they expected to.

"I know a woman today who believes she 'inherits' consumption through two generations of ancestry, and

who is faithfully inviting it to make her the third victim.

“But there are others whom it is a greater inspiration to know. One is a robust woman of sixty, the only survivor of a family of consumptives. At sixteen she was declared to be in the grasp of the disease. One day she fell to thinking and God ‘illuminated’ her mind with a great truth. She said to herself: ‘If I inherit a bodily disease from my parents, do I not inherit divine health from God? He made my soul, and He must wish me to be well. I will be.’

“She began to **breathe**. Until this time she had used only a few cells of her lungs—afraid of the fresh air because she ‘inherited’ weak lungs. Then she practiced gentle calisthenics and increased the exercise gradually. She took no medicine, because she had all her life taken them without avail. She believed in her divine right to health, and she obtained robust health.”

“Out of the tomb crept Vice with a hideous leer—
 ‘I am Heredity,’ he cried, ‘whom all men fear!
 I sleep, but die not. When fate calls I come,
 And generations at my touch succumb.’

“A lofty shape rose sudden in his path.
 It cried: ‘You lie!’ and struck at him in wrath.
 Heredity, the braggard, stark and still,
 Fell prostrate at the feet of **mighty will**.”

We are understanding today, as never before in the history of bipeds, that man is no longer a blind victim of fate; that he is not the slave of his environment and circumstances; that he can become master of him-

self and his circumstances; captain of his Fate; creator of his own destiny.

Man is not clay in the hands of conditions. He has the God-given power within his will to be the moulder of that clay. Get in the moulding game and don't let circumstances and environment control you, but you control them.

Your experiences, wherever you have been or are, are the very experiences which will add luster to your achievement and power to your strength. Use your circumstances to make of you a greater man or a greater woman than you could have been if everything had been wafted into your lap by the gentle, zephyr breezes from under sunny skies.

It was perhaps Henry Ford's handicap of a common school education which finally made him the richest man of his generation. Fifty million a year income because of his circumscribed conditions and circumstances. Perhaps if he had been school-educated, the fine flair of his originality would have been hammered out of him. Don't let environment and circumstances hammer you, but you hammer from them your greater career.

Your experiences are worth more to the world and to you than any other experiences. They are your chisels with which you can carve from the marble of life, your highest niche.

"Every life has a purpose. No matter what we do not know of God and the Beginning, this we do know—that some Intelligence greater than the mind of man conceived and executed this tremendous and glorious scheme of worlds. Every part of the universe is a

part of that Course. Every star has a purpose; every human life has a purpose. The star knows and obeys; man ignores and rebels. But once let him know and obey and realize his Higher Heredity and live up to it, and he becomes a part of the Omnipotence."

Socrates said: "If the Almighty should come to me with complete success in His right hand, and an eternal struggle in His left, I would take the left." Would that we could all be Socrates—without Xanthippe.

Live through your stimulating period though it takes all your mind and strength. Draw on your reserve strength if necessary, for the time will come when you will not have to exert so much effort.

Michael Angelo studied anatomy twelve years, nearly ruining his health, but this course determined his style, his practice and his glory.

Above all, no matter what effort it takes, do not allow your talent, "the feat" you can do better than others, to atrophy. We can all, as Blondin did, muster strength for the crucial experiences.

When I speak of circumstances and environment, I speak as "one having authority." I have been through all the handicaps environment can give, and I know! Ah yes, I know! Despite all, the man who will, can rise above environment. "Pike's Peak or Bust."

Senator LaFollette is inspired to do and dare by the following poem:

“Out of the night that covered me,
 Dark as the pit from pole to pole;
 I thank whatever gods may be
 For my unconquerable soul.

“In the fell clutch of circumstance,
 I have not winced nor cried aloud,
 Under the bludgeonings of chance
 My head is bloody, but unbowed.
 * * * * *

“It matters not how straight the way,
 How charged with punishment the scroll;
 I am the master of my fate,
 I am the captain of my soul.”

If we can grasp the thought that, **we, ourselves** are the captains of our souls, we will not let environment, heredity, ill health, poverty, misfortune, circumstances, physical deficiencies, blindness, hindrances or handicaps of any kind keep us down.

Work on high gear; let abnormal stimulation help you over your Niagara of difficulties and you'll reach the sparkling waters of the one who wins life, love, liberty and the pursuit of happiness!

Be a Blondin, who tramples on impossibilities; be the master of your environment; the captain of your pajama parade of nightmares! I have

“* stood on the bridge at midnight
 When the clock was striking the hour,
 And the moon rose over the city
 Behind the old church tower.
 * * * * *

“How often; oh! how often,
 I wished that the ebbing tide
 Would bear me away on its bosom
 To the ocean wild and wide.”

And again I stood on the bridge at midnight and exclaimed, "‘Life isn’t one — thing after another,’ to the one who says, ‘I will rise above my circumstances, I will rise above my handicaps, above my hindrances, above my conditions and above my environment. I am the master of my fate. I am captain of my soul.’”

Hundreds of times I asked myself, during those years of my battling against what I thought was fate: "Is it worth it; is it worth the struggle?" And hundreds of times the echoes answered faintly: "It’s not worth it; it’s not worth the struggle." And then as though a life line were thrown to a drowning man, there came to my mind the phrase which I am trying to pass on to other sinking and struggling ones, "Pike’s Peak or Bust."

I can answer the question, "Is it worth it?" as a man who knows by years of battling against the tide, and I exclaim with all the powers I have—"Yes! It’s worth it; it’s worth the struggle!"

One night, after my lecture on "Will Power and Success," I walked to the hotel with an old school master. He was perhaps sixty-five years old, and a complete failure in life. His clothes, his attitude, his every movement bespoke the wail of a man who has not "made good." In discussing the lecture, he said, "Yes, that’s all right, if a man will only pay the price. Oh, if I had only paid the price!" Oh, my readers, we may slip into the easiest way, trying to excuse ourselves because we have no one to help us, because our environment is against us, because it is our "fate" to have misfortune, because it’s "our luck."

But God has put us here for a purpose; that is why He has given each the talent to do some "feat impossible to any other," and if we neglect the "call," stifle the "desire," kill our aspirations, drift along with the current, some day we will say with the old school teacher: "Oh, if I had paid the price; if I had only paid the price!"

If there is any damnable teaching in this life to a person who is hemmed in by circumstances and environment, it is that "fate" has decreed against you. In my teens, when I had never had a dollar of my own to spend and not even a five cent piece, excepting on the Fourth of July and at Christmas, an astrologer read my horoscope and my fate was sealed: "I would never have anything in life. Money was hard for me to get." Why, to impress upon a boy such a doctrine as that was worse than murder! And it seemed to me that that fellow knew what he was talking about. I knew money was hard for me to get, and the thought that it always would be, and not much at that, threw me into a state of despondency and discouragement which was all but the end of me. (If you knew me very well you might think the end of me would be humane.) In 1898 I was advertised as "the boy wonder" for dare devil bicycle riding, and was unofficially the "world's champion." When I received my summer's pay I lost every cent of it. This incident backed up that fellow's teaching—that money was hard for me to get. Well, that proved it. Then when I received a legacy from my grandfather's estate, I got twenty dollars of it and the rest was snatched away. The stars had decreed that I could not get ahead! During

all my early struggles for betterment I was handicapped by the notion that my single will was pitted against the sternest laws of fate and the universe. Would that I had known then, as I know now, that all these "decrees of fate" were purely imaginary; that the hostility of the stars was only an empty phantom and delusion. I was indeed free, yet at the same time chained and hindered by an effete superstition. And during the years of "Pike's Peak or Bust" preaching to myself I had to declare and affirm that I would overcome my fate!

If I could only have read the following from Edward B. Warman, how many years of heartache I would have been saved. It seems too sacred for me to try to paraphrase; every word is hallowed, so I give you the opportunity of reading it from the author himself:

"If you receive a premonition through the intuitive perception of the subjective mind; or the astrologer, in casting your horoscope, predicts dire disaster at a certain period, and in either case or by prediction from any source you accept this foreknowledge as inevitable, then, as I have previously stated, you are a fatalist."

Let me again caution you about thinking it must be so. Were you to hold such a mental attitude you would be living in a constant fear—ruinous to the will and the mind.

"So long as people drift aimlessly with the time and tide," says Max Heindel, the well-known astrologer, "wafted hither and thither by the wind of circumstance, the task of prediction is easy, and the

careful and competent astrologer can predict accurately for the great majority of people, for the horoscope shows their tendencies, and apart from individual effort, mankind follows these tendencies unresistingly. But the more evolved the man, the more liable is the astrologer to fail, for he can only see the tendencies; the will of the man, as a factor, it is beyond him to calculate."

Then let it always be remembered that no man is compelled to do evil, and that the greater the temptation the greater the reward to him that overcometh. **Again, though the stars impel, they do not and cannot compel.** In the final analysis we are the arbiters of our destiny, and despite all the evil influences, it is within our power to rule our stars by the exercise of will, the badge of our divinity to which all else must bow.

"I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

Affirm—"Pike's Peak or Bust," and you won't "bust." If you do I'll refund your money.

Misfortune Cannot Break My Back.

Misfortunes shall not break my back,
 No matter what they be;
 I'll rise above them, every one,
 Although I cannot see.
 If I'm struck blind, of speech bereft,
 Or lose my old time knack,
 I'm bound that naught this side of death
 Shall ever break my back!

WILL POWER AND SUCCESS

I have no "pull," my funds are low;
My heritage most dire;
My birth and breeding cast my lot
In Life's entangling mire.
But though my health and strength be small;
Though every grace I lack;
I swear by God and man that these
Can never hold me back!

Full oft I faint from grave mistakes;
My blunders never cease;
My debts, instead of growing less,
By leaps and bounds increase;
Such pains and sorrows tear my heart
That anguish forms Life's pack;
But I'm resolved that all of this,
And more, can't hold me back!

The heavy load that Life has laid
Upon my mind and strength
I am determined to cast off—
I'll overcome at length!
Though curse of Cain be on my brow;
Though trials rend and rack;
I'm bound that I shall conquer all,
For naught can break my back!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER XI.

“Where There’s a Will There’s a Way.”

“Men do not lack strength; they lack will.”—Victor Hugo.

“I’ll be the first contralto in the world.”—Madame Schumann-Heink.

“What do you most want to do—have—be?

“No matter what. You can do it, have it, be it—or something better. This statement is backed by the experience of great efficiency engineers, and by the achievement records of hundreds of men whom we have watched succeed. There is no ambition or desire, within reason, that should be impossible to you when you have complete knowledge and use of personal efficiency methods. Base all your study on this fact, this promise.”—Earle Purington.

When her husband deserted her with four children to support, after enough misery and discouragement to kill most any woman, Madame Schumann-Heink exclaimed to her tormentor, “I will be the first contralto in the world. I don’t know today just how, but I will.” To hear her story from her own writing, as given in the Saturday Evening Post, seems the more fitting to give here, for she writes with her own heart’s blood:

“In Dresden, also, began the suffering. The third year I was there I married against the warning of my friends; and because of that marriage I was compelled to leave the Royal Opera House, and for half a year I could not find anything to do. I remember I tried to sing at a concert six weeks after my first child was

born, in Chemnitz, near Dresden; but when I was about to sing I found I had no voice—not a note! So I stopped singing after that and just worked about the house, trying to get my voice back; and I did get it back.

“Then I went to Hamburg. There my real life began. I had to fight for my daily bread and that made the artiste. Most of the time we were without food in the house—starving, starving; always starving! Oh, if persons with artistic ambitions did not have stomachs how much easier the road to success would be! When I was in the way for the baby I was hungry. I used to walk past a restaurant just to get the smell of the food. Yet I never asked any colleague or friend of mine to help me. I tell this because I am proud of it.

“Years later, when I went back there from the United States, full of success, people told my husband:

“‘We knew she was hungry, but she asked for nothing. Once, when a colleague was about to offer her money she said not a word; she only looked at him, and he stopped in the middle of his talk—but we knew she was hungry!’

“I got an engagement at the Stadt Theater, in Hamburg, at a salary so small I’d be ashamed to tell you what it was. From lack of nourishment and what I’d gone through I was too weak to hold a great part. Thus it went on for a long time until my fourth baby was born, a constant struggle.

“Then came a time when my husband left me, alone with my four children; but I was very happy with them. I never felt the burden of my little family. **It**

was a positive stimulation and a blessing to me, and my baby was my greatest support.

“To make things worse, the sheriff was always on the doorstep. He had already taken everything we had accumulated in Dresden—furniture, bric-a-brac, and the like; but that did not satisfy him. As fast as I got anything new he seized it.

“In spite of my struggle I was happy—very happy with my little family. At five o’clock I used to get the children ready and give them their supper. Then I nursed the baby, put him in his little wagon, closed the door and went to the theater. But how I suffered during those performances!

“While I was singing, in imagination I was always seeing my little home burning, my children in agony, with no one to save them. I saw the door blow open in winter and the snow drift into the room, and the children dead. Or criminals would come to steal them in order to use them for begging purposes, as they did in the *Two Orphans*. Many a night at the theater I have lived through a long search for my children, only to find them at last crippled mendicants. That was life with a vengeance; but it could not go on long.

“So I went to the manager and asked him to give me something better to do. I must have more money. I must have some one to look after my children while I was at work or I should go mad with anxiety. I remember how the manager looked at me. He said:

“‘My child, I will not try you in first parts, because you will never be a first class contralto; in fact, you will never be a contralto at all. I will make you the first comedienne.’

“That made me furious—if he would allow me!— and I stood up and shouted at him:

“‘I will be the first contralto in the world. I don’t know today just how, but I will be if it costs me my future life! And in an honest way!’

“What do you think of that for nerve—defying this man, with misery at home! Four little mouths to feed! My God! what could I do?

“In the midst of my distress came the tenor, Heinrich Boetel. Boetel sang at the Sommer Theater in Berlin, and was a famous man. He knew me from singing *Azucena*, in *Trovatore*. He said to me:

“‘What’s the matter with you, Heink?’

“‘Oh, nothing,’ said I.

“But he knew I was in trouble, with my little family on my hands, and he said:

“‘I want you to sing at my benefit in Berlin. I cannot give you a salary, but Berlin will hear you in good part. It is a rare opportunity.’

“His words gave me great hope, for I felt that if I once got recognition the rest would be easy. However, hope is better food for the spirits than it is for the body, and my little ones refused to be comforted by it. I waited and waited, but nothing came. Then the middle of August brought a telegram from Boetel:

“‘Am waiting for you. Be here tomorrow to sing with me in *Trovatore*—my benefit.’

“This was at the end of an enforced three months’ vacation and I had no money. But the poor always have the poor to turn to; so I went to my neighbor, the wife of a school teacher, who had nine children and

was almost as poor as I was. I showed her the telegram and said:

“‘What shall I do? I can’t go. My children want food and my baby needs care, and I have no one to look out for them; and furthermore, it will cost me nineteen marks and fifty pfennigs for railroad fare—and I haven’t a sou!’

“‘Well, this wife of a poor school teacher, with nine children of her own, did not hesitate a moment when I told her my story.

“‘I’ll help you,’ she said at once.

“‘So she took care of my children and made me up a big package of sandwiches; and she went down into her little hoard of savings and loaned me twenty marks. What do you think of that?

“‘I could not afford to go to the hotel; so I took my little bundle, went aboard the night train, and arrived in Berlin at six o’clock in the morning. I did not know where to find Boetel at his hotel, but I knew the theater; so I sat down and had some sandwiches and a cup of coffee, and waited for the hour of rehearsal. When I went to the theater it was nine o’clock. You may guess my joy at seeing my name announced on the bill—Ernestina Heink! When Boetel saw me standing in the wings he called me to him and said:

“‘Where were you? Why didn’t you come yesterday? I sent the telegram for you.’

“‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I got your telegram, but I could not afford to go to the hotel; so I came last night on the train.’

“‘Why, you goose!’ said he, ‘why didn’t you come

to me? I had a first-class room and meals engaged for you. How will you sing tonight after traveling that way, with no rest? You're all worn out!

“That's nothing—you can't kill me,” I said. ‘I'm in good voice!’

“Well, I got my reward. We rehearsed and I sang; and the next morning the papers were simply great, speaking of me as a simple, unspoiled creature, with a wonderful voice and a great future.”

She believed she could sing, she believed she was born to victory and that's just as well, she had faith to believe “where there is a will there is a way,” and she was right. There is a way for every single individual who has the spirit of “Pike's Peak or Bust”—to do or die.

Nothing this side of Billy Sunday's devil can keep you from winning, and even he can't if you plan your work and plow on no matter what ever comes.

Back in the East, Keene, New Hampshire, in 1819, there lived a widow who had been comfortably cared for but who woke one morning to find herself in poverty. Her husband had died and left her a glass factory which would have cared for her and raised and educated her children, but Congress reduced the tariff on glass and destroyed the glass industry, and thus threw the woman, once in comfortable circumstances, into poverty. So dire was the situation that the children had to be “bound out”—torn from their mother, separated one from the other, the family broken up. One of the boys, who was then about thirteen years of age, had to go way west (Ohio was West in those days of coach trails and ox-carts). His mother was forced

to send him to Ohio to live with an older brother of hers. Before he went an old farmer, near the glass factory, came to see the boy before parting, perhaps forever. The old man had no money to place in the hands of this little fellow, who later became one of America's great men, but the old man had something better than money, he had good, sound advice to give. Said he, this old friend, to the little homeless, orphan boy: "It is not so great a matter that you have lost much and that your mother has lost much, for, my boy, remember, that where there is a will, there is a way. You can find your way up. You can get back all that your father lost and more, if you will. My boy, remember my last advice." The boy went to his uncle in Ohio. He had been a wild and petted boy, disobedient to his mother, as he afterward said, yet, when he reached Cincinnati, he determined that some day he would take care of his mother and himself; and get back all that his father had lost; and the continual inspiration of his life was the motto which he followed to his death, "where there is a will, there is a way."

Time sped by, our country was in the throes of a civil war, Lincoln was at the helm, he had surrounded himself with the best men our country had. During those extremely stormy days the cabinet would meet; and poor, great-hearted Lincoln! He needed money to carry on the war; he needed friends to stand by him. When they thought they could raise no money in New York; when they thought they could get nothing to carry on the war any further; this little boy, now a friend and advisor to the great Lincoln, Salmon P. Chase, arose and confidently said, "Mr. President, where there is

a will there is a way," and he always found it to be true.

Living in an upper third story back room, with but one little window to light the dingy quarters, no fire and but a box of crackers on which to nibble but now and then for existence; and so weak from malnutrition that she could not climb the stairs without sitting down to rest; was the dire condition of Anna Howard Shaw, who later became one of the greatest women of her generation.

She was twenty-six years of age, in Boston preparing to become a minister, and far away from her home and friends in the middle west.

But while she was debating if after all had God called her to be His evangel, seeing that He had forsaken her, good news came. Very good—for a while. A Boston minister invited her to help him in conducting an evangelistic campaign for a week. She was to do the preaching, etc. That one box of crackers was still her sole subsistence. Her shoes were worn through on the bottom and her clothes far from the latest-cut. But she managed to get through the week on the excitement of earning a few dollars and having them lovingly put into her hands at the expiration of the meeting.

The meeting was over. Many kind words were spoken to her about her winning ways and great service by those who had attended the services. All had gone save the minister, who kindly told her that she had done wonderfully well, that her services should be remunerated by at least fifty dollars. (Fifty dollars! Fifty dollars would buy many boxes of crackers,

a pair of shoes and tide her over for a time.) The minister, however, continued that he was much indebted to her; she ought to be well repaid; but that he had nothing, not even a dollar to pay for her services. (And only a few more dried-up crackers in that almost empty box in that third story back room, where the lights were out and no fire and no friend to cheer her weary soul.)

Anna Howard Shaw was ready to eat her last cracker and lie down to die—but she didn’t—die, I mean. There is always a way if we have a will.

Some one had noticed her wan cheeks, her fainting steps and this some one sent a check to the little brave girl with a message that for the rest of the term she would be allowed three dollars a week. Three dollars a week and more crackers! Saved! Saved to become a leader of her generation.

We cannot always tell how the way will come about, but it will if we determine our course and never say die; we don’t have to know just how it is—we get there just the same.

When you take “where there’s a will there’s a way” as your watchword, and mean to stay by it, though long the way, and dark the path and thorny the briars, and muddy the waters (if there are any other tough ways I have purposely forgotten them), you will see it’s true just as Salmon P. Chase did. Just as Madame Schumann-Heink and a host of others have found it true. There’ll be a way if you have the will—and if you don’t have a will, make one!

He'll Win.

When ill luck has perched on his shoulders to stay,
And misfortune has dogged him for many a day;
When the rest have surrendered to fate and to chance,
But he still struggles on with a resolute glance;
When he faces his foes in the midst of the strife,
And with never a doubt braves the battles of life,
That man will win!

When he's harassed by woe and has lost every franc,
And has naught left but failure, forbidding and blank,
When his fortune and friends all have taken to flight,
Yet he starts once again to win out in the fight;
When he's courage to face every setback and fear,
And is bound to become in his province a peer,
That man will win!

The way he has wended is lined with hard knocks,
And he's often been battered by nerve-wrecking shocks.
His gait's not so fast, but his faith's just as sure,
And though slower, he's hardened and braced to endure.
When he's plodding today, though one time he could skip,
And is keeping through trouble a stiff upper lip,
That man will win!

When mile after mile has been stony and rough,
With no pleasure or rest, but rebuff on rebuff;
When he scorns giving up, though the journey be long,
And though buffeted sadly, continues in song,
When though stone-bruised and winded, though foot-sore and lame,
He treads on with the courage to master the game,
That man will win!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

The Time to Stand Firmly.

When in looking for wealth you encounter a stream
Of a slow muddy kind—like an ominous dream,
And find only the pebbles of grief and despair
Lying under your feet, rough and dull in their lair,
Never give up the search, for behold!—down the rill
Are fair golden nuggets, your coffers to fill!
 Shining nuggets of gold, that your coffers can fill!

When your star in the heavens has passed from your view,
And the chances to sight it seem slender and few,
Just remember the whirling of planets and sun;
It will bob up again, and you’ll know that you’ve won!
So when you don’t get what you want, my dear pal,
That’s the time to stand firmly and whisper, “I shall!”
 Just the time to stand firmly and whisper, “I shall!”

When in looking for sunshine you land in a fog,
Or sink up to your knees in a treacherous bog;
When your rainbow has flickered, and drowned is your gain
In the early spring freshets from life’s torrent rain,
When what you expected has turned out as dust,
That’s the time to stand firmly and whisper, “I must!”
 Just the time to stand firmly and whisper, “I must!”

When in looking for fortune, for fame, or for health,
Grief, disaster, or failure comes on you by stealth;
Falter not in your search, for the clouds in the sky
Are not put there to stay, but will lift by and by.
And when sudden misfortunes or trials you scan,
That’s the time to stand firmly and whisper, “I can!”
 Just the time to stand firmly and whisper, “I can!”

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

“I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death.”—Thomas Paine.

“It is not every calamity that is a curse and early adversity is often a blessing. Surmounted difficulties not only teach but harden us in our future struggles.”—Sharpe.

“All experiences are good and the bitter ones are the best of all.”

“There is nothing which the body suffers which the soul may not profit by.”—George Meredith.

CHAPTER XII.

“Pike’s Peak or Bust,” a “Will” Maker.

“The world belongs to the energetic.”—Emerson.

“But strive with God, there is nothing impossible to Him and thee.”—Japanese Poem.

Carlyle said: “Genius is the power of continuity”; in New England this thought is expressed by the saying, “Genius is the power of stick-to-ativeness.”

The honor of being the first man to reach the North Pole was given to Robert Edwin Peary. At the time of his triumph he was older than most explorers when at the height of their achievement. Fifty-two years old and handicapped by an amputation of part of one foot, which had been frozen while on one of his polar expeditions. But what are handicaps and age to men whose wills are steeled and tempered by life’s storms and experiences.

The eyes of the world were watching the maneuvers of Peary, who had so much faith in himself and the will to back up that faith, that he had made the startling prophecy that this time he was going to do the impossible—reach the Pole. Theodore Roosevelt was standing on the wharf as the ship was leaving and Captain Bartlett, the veteran navigator for Peary, who had caught the going-to-win-spirit of the leader, shouted:

“It’s the Pole or bust this time, Mr. President.”

The bust was left for more timid souls—they found the pole.

“Pike’s Peak or Bust.” Write it on the tablet of your heart; over the threshold where you live and on the bed-post where you sleep. Let it become a part of your subconscious mind; the fibre of your existence; the warp and woof of your mental cerebation, until it has made for you such an indomitable will that neither height, nor depth, principalities, nor powers, demons nor nymphs can derail you from the purpose which you have planned and are now pursuing. Stay on the single track of your life’s aim, no matter who or what may throw sand in the gears or block your wheels of progress, and some day you will arrive safely with a well accumulated cargo of life’s happiness at the terminal of your experiences.

If you sink or swim—it’s up to you. Learn to swim. Jump out into deep water with “Pike’s Peak or Bust” as your life preserver or last straw to cling to, if you begin to sink and you won’t sink. You’ll come out on top.

It all depends, from now on, upon you, not your environments; not your training; not your friends to push you up; not your luck or your fate; but yourself.

“Pike’s Peak or Bust” was the silent partner of those sturdy, staunch Americans, bound for the land of promise, gold, and homes. As they slowly wound their way across the prairies, “Pike’s Peak or Bust” was their thought by day and their thought by night. It was painted on the sides of the “prairie schooners”; it was their slogan to win; to blaze the path of difficulties to the city of success, no matter how long the

trail, nor how hard the way. Though it wasn’t quite as grammar-ry as it might be, and sounds harsh to us, it was a sweet lullaby of the prairie to those brave souls of ’49. It lulled them to sleep, amid the cries of wolves and the shrieks of coyotes; was their first thought on awakening in the morning; and inspired their despondent souls to go on, and on, and on.

Oh, I heard about that fellow who came back with “busted” written on his wagon (and two words besides that wouldn’t look well in print and are only used by lawyers and printers—and others). But he and anyone else whose thought was “Retreat”; who became despondent and ready to return home to his “wife’s folks”; who did not have the nerve to stick ’er through; they are not the real Pike’s Peakers—they’re just plain pikers. If they became discouraged because they didn’t find silver hanging from the weeping willow bough, or budding on cotton-wood (if silver ever cuts such capers) or gold lying around thick as cacti on a Texas prairie, and gave up the quest, they were not the Pike’s Peakers we would emulate. But we would emulate those who never gave up, whom troubles could not down, difficulties could not impede nor draw-backs discourage—the Pike’s Peakers who had a will and developed it.

Will you find any of those “forty-niners,” or those who later went home-seeking “down and out,” who hung on with bulldog tenacity to their slogan and goal? Oh yes, many did not find a gold mine in the earth or streams; but with the spirit of Pike’s Peak or Bust they made one. Philip D. Armour did that. He was a forty-niner, but found this “get-rich-quick,” via the gold

mine discovery wasn't what it was "cracked up to be." So he said, "I'll make a gold mine with my brains"—and he did. Do as those victorious forty-niners did—hang on like a "dog to a root." Join the chorus of those who are marching on to victory and you'll get there for the roll call of the successful. Of course if you don't want to hang on like a dog to a root—if that is too undignified—hang on like a man to his Brisbane plan, and you will probably do more than a dog. Here's wishing so, any way. And take it from me, one who has been there—not with the dog—but who has slashed his way through life's jungle to sunlight, this dog-hanging on-to-a-root idea is very helpful, although it doesn't sound as comfortable as pink teas and tatting parties.

In South Dakota I have been told many, many times that the prairie schooners used to slowly wind their way over the barren plains with "Chamberlain or Bust," "Jim River or Bust," written on them. Some came back "busted" all right, but those who did not give up, who fought it out, who hung on, are the men today whom we respect, who have their bank accounts and who ride in their automobiles—or Fords. They were the "will" makers.

Let us turn our thoughts south to Henry Clay, the poor boy who said, "I will be an orator; and as for me it will be death or victory." Then he went out to the barn and declaimed to the geese, the chickens, the cows and hogs—many a time I have wished I had an audience as large as that (while tramping about the rural districts of Pennsylvania, speaking in country school houses). "Yes, I'll be a public speaker, victory

or death.” And Henry got his victory long before he did his death—so thou canst go and do likewise. If you select your calling, map out your life’s “plan,” determine to be of service to others, whether in business, profession, trade, art or science, and make “victory or death,” your aim, your slogan, you’ll win.

Henry Clay’s mother was a widow, with seven little boys and girls to support; he lived where the poor were despised more than in some other states and sections; he was the barefoot “Mill Boy of the Slashes” who dared to think of being a “somebody.” Although he did not expect to be an orator known outside his county (yet such a high ideal will carry us, sometimes further than we think) he became the “Demosthenes of America” because he determined his course and stuck to it. When a person says, “As for me, it is victory or death,” you can pretty nearly tell which it will be. Of course you can get death easier by taking rat poison or strychnine, but “as for me, give me victory or give me”—“Pike’s Peak or Bust,” they are one and the same thing. “No one can pursue a worthy object steadily and persistently with all the powers of his mind and yet make his life a failure.”

Lord Nelson, the hero of many battles and the smasher of the combined Spanish and French fleet at the battle of Trafalgar, as the climax to his illustrious life, was a real “Pike’s Peaker.” “The greatest sea victory that the world has ever known was won,” says W. C. Russell, “but at such a cost (the death of Nelson) that there was no man throughout the British fleet—there was no man indeed in all England—but would have welcomed defeat sooner than have paid the

price of this wonderful conquest." Ridpath says, "England buried him in St. Paul's cathedral and the pageant surpassed any spectacle ever before witnessed in the kingdom." Yet this great hero had made himself a hero. Young and in ill health, with little hope of rising in his profession of seaman, almost in despair after a "long and gloomy revery in which I almost wished myself overboard," he said, he rallied himself, his mind exulted and went so much further than most of us would have done when he decided he would not let ill health, youth, or any handicap prevent him from being useful to his country and his fellow man—from being a hero. When in his despondency it was either to succumb to his ill-fated condition or rise above it and "make good" in spite of life's handicaps, he resolved, "I will be a hero, and confiding in Providence I will brave every danger!" "I will be a hero!" He dared to expect great things, he dared to defy apparent fate, he dared to stand for a life of usefulness, he dared to hurl back into the face of difficulties the exultant shout of one who had triumphed over morbidity and despondency, "I Will Be a Hero!" As soon as he said that he was assured that some time in the future, some how, some where, some way, he would be a hero in his community, in his country or in the world. Oh, how old mother earth needs heroes today right in our own home town!

Every one of us can be a hero where we live and by that do more to lighten our fellow brothers' burdens than win fame on the field of battle. Excuses for war in the future will be very slight, though in the past it seems that war (which is hell) was almost a necessity

because of our barbaric instincts and living; but we are growing a little more civilized, more God-like, more Christ-like, and the time is nearing when “swords shall be beaten into plough shares and spears into pruning hooks” and the battle field hero will be a thing of the past. What more could man desire to satisfy ambition but to be a hero in his community, a hero in the eyes of his wife, his children, his family. All can do that. All can be heroes if we will. If we go into business and say we will give the best goods we can to our patrons at a fair margin, no short weights, no “bot-tomed” measures, no sham qualities, to be the best merchant I can, “Pike’s Peak or Bust,” will win for that man respect, admiration and laurels—the title of a hero. If a man enters a profession with the same determination to do good to others, serve them, and by so doing hope to “reach the top” of his profession, he will if he has the spirit of Nelson, the spirit of “Pike’s Peak or Bust.” If he enters the ranks of the tradesman, art, or science, and keeps ever before him the vision of a hero and falters not, yields not to the siren call of graft, fraud or dishonesty, that man will some time be a hero in the estimation of his wife, his parents, his family, his community or his country.

Not long ago a man was sitting on top of a lofty scaffolding with his feet dangling. Others had been there before him and others would be there a little later, but just at this time his little girl came home from school with a companion and she, seeing him way up there all by himself, pulled the sleeve of her little friend, as if for emphasis, and said, “Look at my papa, isn’t he brave!” Oh my! To have one little soul in

the whole wide world think you were a hero is worth a life-time of struggle. We may not be a Lord Nelson-Armada-buster hero, but we can be our own kind of a hero, and that is better than any other. A hero if we will! We can at least bear in mind the words of Carlyle, even though we are not "cut out" for a Nelson, for President, King or diplomat. "Brother, thou hast possibility in thee for much: the possibility of writing on the eternal skies the record of a heroic life."

It may be ten, twenty, thirty years or more in the future, but to him who gives not up, keeps ever his slogan before him and fights with the determination of a victor—that one is bound to reach the goal. Mr. William de Morgan, of England, of whom it is said is more widely read today than any other writer in the United Kingdom, never wrote a line for publication until he was sixty-seven years old. Yet this life of preparation was the making of the author. A recent number of the London Bookman furnishes a rich fund of information about this modern genius. From the interesting article in that periodical by Mr. A. St. John Adcock we gain the following glimpses of the novelist's character: "He started late because he stayed to fill his purse before he set out to spend his money; he lived first, and then began to write about life; and his work is the richer, the riper, the truer for his having so long and full a past from which to draw. His novels are a very storehouse of his memories; places in which he lived, people among whom he lived; the motley world as he has seen and known it—these are at once the sources of his inspiration and the stuff of his dreams; if there is much in his books that he has in-

vented, there is even more that he has remembered.”

This very ripeness of his experience Mr. Adcock believes to be the principal source of Mr. de Morgan’s power to impress the spirit of truthfulness upon his characters and his scenes where less profound artists would have fallen into cheap melodrama. “There are scenes in Mr. de Morgan’s novels—in three out of the four, at all events—that, if a young man had written them, might have been merely squalid and repellent, might have been shrewdly observed and cleverly presented, with something of cynical detachment or with gushes of pretty and false sentimentality; but they could not have been handled with the largeness of comprehension, the easy charity, the kindly humor and whimsical, gracious forbearance that are the fruit of knowledge only and that enable Mr. de Morgan to feel and reveal the whole truth instead of but half of it—the piteousness as well as the baseness of his grimmest incident and most degraded characters.”

Never fear, do not complain, worry not, keep a “stiff upper lip” and yours will be the victory! Affirm “Pike’s Peak or Bust,” and strengthen your will-power by auto-suggestion.

It was this spirit which made Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who has been called the greatest poet of her generation. As a mere child she determined she would be a writer and vowed that not a day should go by without writing a verse or a poem. She wrote, she worked, she plugged, she was discouraged, she had lots of free advice about the nonsense of writing, she sent manuscripts to the publishers as high as fifteen times and for fifteen times they were refused, but she had

made up her mind to be a writer, and what cares such a heroic soul if some old, musty editor doesn't know a good thing when he sees it. Some time some one would. Her goal was set, her ambition aroused, her determination made of the stuff kings are made of (stuff kings used to be made of) and nothing this side of complete success could stop her, she was practicing the law of suggestion. She was a "Pike's Peaker"—and a woman at that. Yes, my fair one, the spirit of the soul who sets out to win will carry "my lady" to fame and fortune just as well as a man—and if you knew men as I do, you would think a little quicker too.

Mrs. Garfield used to take James beside her knee at night and there it was she taught him how to pray and to read the Bible. But there was something else Mrs. Garfield taught the future President of our republic. I fancy I can see that Christian mother running her fingers through the silken locks of her little boy as she said, "He who wills to do anything will do it." Have you got it? "He who wills to do anything will do it." You will remember the psychologist says the same thing today, nearly, when he says, "Man is no longer a blind victim of fate." Yes, Mrs. Garfield taught her boy the power of the will and Mrs. Garfield had never been introduced to a psychologist. In this "willing" business, be sure to will to do the right thing, the honorable thing, the serviceable thing. The poor lad encouraged by his mother determined right there to "will." He would go to college, he said, "I will be a scholar, I will go to college." Anyone acquainted with the "Pike's Peak or Bust" spirit, would

be assured he would, somehow or other, get through college. When we make our solemn word that we “will” we have our face facing the right direction, for a winning face to face, and that kind of a face is bound to continue facing, the right facing way, until the goal shall have been faced and gained.

The Law of Suggestion works.

“I must,” said Theodore Parker, “I must have a dictionary—I must have an education—I must be a great man.” That settled it—he was.

Half in earnest, half in jest, Mr. Baker said to Charles E. Hughes when the young man applied for a position in his law firm: “I suppose you expect to be the best lawyer in New York?” And quick as answer could be made and as clear cut as though Hughes had already the assurance of being such a great man, he replied, “Yes, sir.” He got the position and I wonder how far he is from the goal? Hughes knew that he was here for something, just as a father knows he is here to take the children to the circus and the mother to darn socks. Get the Hughes habit—the “Pike’s Peak-ers” gait. The pace that wins.

When Horace Maynard entered Amherst College, he nailed a large “V” over the door of his room. Not until the college course was finished and Horace was valedictorian of his class did he tell what that “V” stood for. It stood for “Valedictorian.” He would graduate with that honor. He had the real forty-niners’ spirit.

“I will paint or die,” said a poor country boy from Ohio as he trudged to Washington where he hoped to pursue the study of art. Fainting from lack of nour-

ishment, and sinking to the ground from weakness, he continued to say, "I will paint or die." He was alive many years afterward. Needless to say he became an artist, just as he said he would.

"There shall be no Alps," said Napoleon when it seemed fate had decreed that he was blocked. "A hundred thousand soldiers forgot their frosted feet and frozen fingers. And he built his perfect roads, climbing by graded galleries their steepest precipices, until Italy was as open to Paris as any town in France."

Emerson, in "Representative Men," says: "He saw only the object: the obstacle must give way. 'Sire, General Clarke cannot combine with General Junot, for the dreadful fire of the Austrian battery.' Napoleon replied, 'Let him carry the battery.' 'Sire, every regiment that approaches the heavy artillery is sacrificed: Sire, What orders?' 'Forward, forward!'" Emerson says we must not set him down as cruel, but only as one who knew no impediment to his will. Be a Napoleon in will but forget his selfish ambition.

Spurgeon, the great preacher, in John Ploughman's Talk says: "Never mind luck; that's what the fool had when he killed himself with eating suet pudding; the best luck in the world is made up of joint oil and sticking plaster." If you are looking for luck, put on your specs for "Pike's Peak or Bust," and you will find it in every opportunity, in every effort, in every trial, in every hindrance, in every draw-back, in every temptation to quit, if you Will.

There is nothing that can keep you from winning "but God and He won't."

Have the Wilcox-Clay-Nelson-Maynard-Garfield-

Napoleon determination—the real forty-niners’ spirit—and you need not take a moment’s reflection to wonder if you will win. That is a foregone conclusion. The man who is beaten, is beaten because he gives up, not because he is really defeated. There is no defeat to the heroic soul!

Where there’s a will there’s a way. The psychological Law of Suggestion is one way and the physiological Law of Stimulation is another way. Actual practice of either or both will open the way and make it possible for you to achieve.

It can be done and you are the one to do it.

The Real Success.

Success is a cottage painted white,
With shutters of green outside;
Where peace reigns benignly day and night,
And love and contentment bide.

Success is a cottage made for two,
With room for the little tots;
With quiet and harmony in the view,
And calm in the garden spots.

Success is a cottage or any place
Where love is enthroned supreme;
With a spirit kind and a smiling face
It weaves its enchanting dream.

Success is a home that's rounded out
By husband and children and wife;
Where love melts the shadows of dread and doubt
Whatever your walk of life!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER XIII.

Above All Your Getting, Get Honor!

“Life’s success is not so much what we accumulate for ourselves as it is how much we accomplish for the general welfare of humanity.”—C. O. Frisbie.

“No true and permanent Fame can be founded except in labors which promote the happiness of mankind.”—Charles Sumner.

Lincoln once said: “Every man is said to have his peculiar ambition. Whether it be true or not, I can say that I have none other so great as that of being truly esteemed of my fellow-men by rendering myself worthy of their esteem.”

When Henry Clay was warned by a friend that if he persisted in a certain course of political conduct he would injure his prospects of being elected, he made this famous statement, “I would rather be right than President.”

“And remember, if you are going into business, that, after all is said and done—after your fortune is made, however great it may be—in the small hours of the night, in your heart of hearts, the thing you are really going to enjoy, take satisfaction in and be proud of, the thing that will carry you over the rough places, that will keep your heart strong and your brain clear, will be the thought of what you have done to help others, what you have left to a world that has offered so much to you.”

Finding One's Work.

“I account the loss of a man's life and individuality through the non-adaptation or mal-adaptation of his powers to his pursuits, the greatest calamity, next to the loss of personal virtue, that he can suffer in this world. * * *

“If there be one man before me who honestly and contentedly believes that on the whole he is doing that work to which his powers are best adapted, I wish to congratulate him. My friend, I care not whether your hand be hard or soft; I care not whether you are from the office or shop; I care not whether you preach the everlasting gospel from the pulpit or swing the hammer over the blacksmith's anvil; I care not whether you have seen the inside of a college or the outside—whether your work be that of the head or that of the hand—whether the world accounts you noble or ignoble, if you have found your place, you are a happy man. Let no ambition ever tempt you away from it by so much as a questioning thought. I say, if you have found your place—no matter what or where it is—you are a happy man. I give you joy of your good fortune, for if you do the work of that place well, and draw from it all that it can give you of nutriment and discipline and development, you are, or you become, a man filled up—made after God's pattern—the noblest product of the world—a self-made man.”—Josiah Gilbert Holland.

CHAPTER XIV.

Looking for the Greatest Thing in Life—on the Wrong Track.

“Every man has his own vocation.”—Emerson.

“Do that which is assigned to you, and you cannot hope too much or dare too much.”—Emerson.

“Blessed is he who has found his work. Let him ask no other blessedness. He has a work—a life purpose; he has found it and will follow it.”—Carlyle.

“If we are contented to unfold the life within according to the pattern given us, we shall reach the highest end of which we are capable.”

“The man who is perpetually hesitating which of two things he will do first; will do neither.”—William Wirt.

“Try thyself unwearily till thou findest the highest thing thou art capable of doing, faculties and outward circumstances being both duly considered and then do it.”—J. Stuart Mill.

We will now take up the man who is not where he belongs. We will take him up and set him where he belongs—if we can. If we can't it will be as much the fault of the setter as the lack of our strength.

Conwell says: “A young man left school because he was obliged to go to work, and occupied himself at street paving and sidewalk laying. An old friend of his father's came along and sowed a seed. He said to him: ‘Young man, your father was a mechanic, a natural mechanic. Have not you any of his ability?’ The

young man said: 'O yes, I like to make things. When I was a boy I used to make little wagons.' Then said the friend of his father, 'You ought to follow the bent of the genius God gave you. You ought to be doing something with mechanics.' The seed thought was there, and the young man went home and thought about it. Nothing came to his mind for a long time as to what he could make, until one day while driving cattle the handle of the whip came off in his hand with the covering that had been braided upon it. He said: 'I could make that, I wonder if anything is made at it?' When he inquired he found there was a great demand for the stocks of whips and he immediately set himself following that seed-thought to the making of whips. If you go to Westfield, Massachusetts, and drive up its main street, the finest house in all that city is that young man's house. It is a home of beauty, the children are finely dressed, the automobile is standing at the door, he is sending his children away to college, and himself living a wealthy and happy life. There is not a farmer growing turnips where he might be growing raspberries; nor a mechanic working with a plane, who might be drafting buildings; not a laborer in the dye house, who might be a teacher of chemical science; not a stenographer in an office, who might be an instructor to many others; not a Sunday school teacher, who might be a great philanthropist; not a bookkeeper, who might be an editor; if they do the best that is in them in their respective vocations."

There are a few of us, the psychologists say, who are doing the best we can. We have latent faculties, abilities, powers, which would respond to the stimula-

tion of the work for which we are fitted, if we would but select that work and keep up the stimulation.

Artemus Ward says: "Every man has got a Fort. It's some man's fort to do one thing and some other man's fort to do another, while there are numerous shiftless critters going around whose fort is not to do nothin'. Twice I've endeavored to do things which they wasn't my fort. The first time was when I undertook to lick a owdashus cuss who cut a hole in my tent and crawled threw. Sez I, 'My jentle sir, go out, or I shall fall onto you putty heavy.' Sez he, 'Wade in Old Wax Figgers,' whereupon I went for him, but he cawt me powerful on the hed and knockt me threw the tent into a cow pastur. He pursood the attack and flung me into a mud puddle. As I aroz and rung out my drencht garmints, I concluded fitin wasn't my fort.

"I'll now rize the curtain upon seen 2nd. It is rarely seldum that I seek consolation in the Flowin Bole, but in a certain town in Injianna in the fall of 18—, my organ grinder got sick with the fever and died. I never felt so ashamed in my life, and I thought I'd hist in a few swallers of suthin strengthenin. Konsequents was, I histed so much I didn't zackly know whereabouts I was.

"I turned my livin wild beasts of Pray loose into the streets and split all my waxworks.

"I then bet I cood play hoss. So I hitched myself to a kanawl bote, there being two other hosses behind an anuthher ahead of me. But the hosses bein' onused to such an arrangement, begun to kick and squeal and rair up. Konsequents was, I was kicked violently in the stummuck and back, and presently I found myself

in the kanawl with the other hosses, kickin' and yellin' like a tribe of Cusscaroorus savajis. I was rescood, and as I was bein' carried to the tavern on a hemlock board I sed in a feeble voice, 'boys, playin' hoss isn't my fort.'

"Moral: never don't do nothin' which isn't your fort, for ef you do you'll find yourself splashin' around in the kanawl, figgeratively speekin'."

Edwin Markham, the very successful poet—the "Man with the Hoe" Markham—tells: "That I have been able to follow the choice of my heart places me among the fortunate few, for how many are forced by the tyranny of circumstances into lines distasteful to their sentiments! And, no doubt, this misfit of our environment and this mis-direction of energy are the causes of much of the dilatory and imperfect work of the world. It seems an unfailing truth that the best work, like nest building and honey-making, must be done in joy. Every one should be free, at least, as the artist who selects his career and works out his ideals.

"I began life as a shepherd boy, and even in those early years I felt the lure of poesy. Many a time I stretched out on a rock, my sheep scattered about me on the hillside, and spent hours poring over Byron's "Cain" and "Childe Harold," dreaming delicious dreams of the rosy future when I should have nothing to do but to read books and write them.

"Since that hour of boy's vision I have been a man-of-all-work, a cattle ranger, farmer, editor and teacher. But never once did I forget my boyish hope or waver from it—never once did my purpose flag or my interest falter. Into all these paths of life I went

with my whole heart; and each task was good for me, for it broadened the horizon of my experience—made me know life.

“I would recommend to every young man to set his heart upon some wise, central purpose, and to cleave to it to the end. Yet, if he is forced into uncongenial work, let him not sulk and sorrow, but be up and at it with conscience-care, knowing that the first duty of a man is to be manly, and knowing, also, that some day he may need the enrichment and enlargement of his every experience, to fit him for the work of his heart’s desire.”

Thus let us bear in mind our “heart’s desire” with a fervor of one who “wills” and it’s you with Edwin paddling the canoe-of-successful satisfaction! No other canoe ever had such a long name, but then no other “heart’s desire” ever had such possibilities.

“Each cell has its own special stimulant,” says Doctor Stephen Smith, and to recognize the “call” all that is necessary is that the talent of each individual receives its stimulus, and the stimulus of that talent is the exercise of it. If a person has a talent for mechanics, in order to make of himself an expert mechanic or inventor, he must practice his mechanical ability. The same for a musician, artist, business man, artisan or writer. Exercise your talent and you need not worry about not having a “call.” Elbert Hubbard is perhaps the greatest writer of his generation, and he says he is a writer because he wrote. Writing made him a writer. Stimulate your talent.

In a town where I gave “Pike’s Peak or

Bust," an auctioneer fully fifty-five years old said, "If I had only known thirty years ago what I do now, how different life would be." In his early manhood he had shown talent in writing advertisements. His catchy ads, written for local business, were attractive and widely read. Instead of following his bent and developing his talent for writing he had taken up some other work and had been a mediocre man all his life. He said he was sure—and we quite agree with him—that had he followed his talent he would have been a rich and happy man. (Maybe you wouldn't want to be rich and happy, but then he did.) And yet it was not too late for him to begin. There's the rub! We lack **will—determination—decision**. The longer those brain cells are allowed to go undeveloped, the more probable are they never to be stimulated into activity. But remember, our brain cells are never too old to be stimulated. Oh the wonderful things that have been done by old heads, and the wonderful possibilities for their development!

It takes courage, of course, for a man who has a mother, sisters, or a family to support to leave a job paying a living wage, for what appears to be an uncertainty; but fortune favors the brave, likewise the courageous, and especially the man who follows his bent. There is danger in delay and danger ahead for the man or woman who does not follow his or her talent, no matter what the cost may be. If you have not succeeded in one kind of work, that is no criterion, that there is nothing you can do. **There is!** Find your work, map out your plan, change from what you are doing if you have to, and then, make it, "Pike's Peak

or Bust," and there is nothing this side of eternity to keep you back.

We must be in "love" with our work or we are where we do not belong—in the wrong pew, so to speak.

Edison toiled for five days and five nights without sleep to produce the incandescent light. "In love" with his work, or he would not have spent five days and five nights without sleep. If you are not "in love"—get there.

Herschel is another, and their names are legion—who toiled without rest, toiled, and yet it was fun. For it isn't hard work, if you like it. If you are not getting fun from your work, the gods have overlooked you—or you have overlooked your "call." Don't blame the gods.

The world has seen Herschel polishing the lens of his telescope with his own bare hands, and, because to leave the work unfinished would be to spoil it, persisting at his task for sixteen hours at a stretch, while his sister at meal time put morsels of food into his mouth and he continued his labor without interruption.

Nothing but love for his work would have done that.

If we would not be a Herschel, we are in all probability on the wrong track.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox is an Edison-Herschel worker and she tells us very beautifully what's what if we are not on the right track. Says she:

"Are you on the track where you belong? People are a good deal like the engine in a depot—each belonging on its own track, at its own time.

“There is no trouble or disaster or confusion so long as this rule is observed. As soon as it is violated the calamity begins.

“I have so many letters from people who tell me of their struggles—their perseverance, their ambitions, their persistence and the succession of disaster and failure which they have made in spite of all.

“Let me ask you one and all—are you not on the wrong track? You may be full of power and force, like the big freight engine. But if you have planted yourself over on the wrong track, which belongs to the ‘all-parlor-cars-express,’ your failures may be the result of your own lack of wisdom and your own lack of perception.

“Without imagination and expression we cannot be authors, however we may love books, and without a taste for mechanics or mathematics we can never excel in that realm if we devote a life time to the study.

“I know a man today who has toiled earnestly half a century in the mercantile world, with only a small measure of success, simply because he has the artistic temperament and tastes and was cut out by nature for a professional man.

“We all know professional men who would have made successes instead of failures of their lives if they had become mechanics instead of lawyers, doctors, actors or writers.

“These mistakes are often—usually, we might say, the result of the amazing lack of foresight and understanding of parents. Again, it is the error of the man or woman who insists in attempting a line of work for

which nature has not supplied the necessary equipment.

“No matter if you have wasted a good portion of your life in pursuing the wrong road, **switch off**, if you realize your error, and get upon the track where you belong. There is one for you some where.”

This “on-the-wrong-track” author was once approached by a man who had the wrong conception of life and its work. He said, “Now, Mrs. Wilcox, that you have fame and fortune, I presume you won’t have the drudgery of writing much longer.” This famous poet said that the remark made her indignant. Over a million people, many of whom are helped, read her writings every day, and to call her life’s vocation, “drudgery!”

If you are in the ranks of the drudge, make up your mind that when the roll is called there again you will be in the company of the “lover.”

When You Are with Me, Then I'm Strong.

The bravest heart sometimes will faint;
 The sturdiest oak may fall;
 A blast of sin may mar the saint,
 But strength is lent to all.
 The fainting heart is roused by life,
 The oak by sun revived;
 And prayer may mend a saint's weak life,
 Blest aid by God contrived.
 But when I face life's battling throng,
 To know you're with me, makes me strong!

The boldest and most valiant men
 Have had their weakened days;
 A Robert Bruce once paused, but then
 A spider fired his ways.
 A Charles the Twelfth has fled the field,
 Yet won a lasting place;
 It doesn't matter if we yield
 If we renew the pace.
 Sometimes I fear I can't last long,
 But when you're with me, I am strong!

A Peter, tempted, falls and cries;
 A Paul has led the throng;
 Something within each spirit lies
 To help to keep us strong.
 Some men may need a martial air
 To make them brave and true,
 But when I'm fainting, I declare
 That what I need is you:
 For when I'm tempted to do wrong,
 Your spirit with me, makes me strong!
 —Soul Poems by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER XV.

**Looking for the Greatest Thing in Life—Switching to
the Right Track. Finding Your Work.**

Plan Now and Make the Leap.

Ah, are you happy in your work?
 If not, you ought to be;
 The man who loves the work he does
 Works most effectively.
 There's something in this varied world—
 Some mountain tall and steep—
 That you can reach; so do and dare,
 Then plan and make the leap!

Full many a man with talents great
 Lies prostrate on life's plain;
 He once began, but felt too weak
 The summit to attain.
 You cannot do your level best
 Or past your troubles sweep,
 Unless you follow up your bent—
 Plan well, and make the leap!

It takes much nerve and courage too,
 Your talent to augment;
 But ev'ry man beneath the sun
 A talent has—his bent.
 Get in your line—you have a work—
 Climb up instead of creep.
 No height's too great—just know thyself—
 So plan and make the leap!

Plan well, of course, but do thou plan!
 Of course you'll sweat and pant;
 The road of life is strewn with bones
 Of those who said "I can't."
 The skeletons of men who've quit,
 You'll leave in dreamless sleep,
 Come, have the pluck to do and dare—
 Just plan and make the leap!

The one who leaps may wonder oft
 If he did what was right;
 You'll often feel yourself "at sea,"
 But don't give up the fight.
 Your way is long, perhaps, and tough,
 And snares seem close and deep;
 But banish doubt—you cannot fail—
 Plan now and make the leap!

—Soul Poems by D. V. Bush.

"The desire is the call."

"It may be proved with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, 'In the sweat of thy brow,' but it was never written, 'In the breaking of thy heart.'"—Ruskin.

"The crowning fortune of a man is to be born to some pursuit which finds him in employment and happiness, whether it be to make baskets or broad-swords, or canals, or statues, or songs."—Emerson.

"Choose always the way that seems the best, however rough it may be; custom will soon render it easy and agreeable."—Pythagoras.

"Get your happiness out of your work or you will never know what real happiness is."—Carlyle.

"The first thing to do if you have not already done so is to fall in love with your work."

"Why spend money and time along a line for which you are not adapted."—J. J. Mundy.

Those who have been through the mill of changing from one vocation to another tell us that changing is no easy matter, but a real "Pike's Peaker" isn't looking for easy matters. For two reasons: First: it isn't the spirit of such a one, and second: he has better sense, for there are no royal roads to easy matters, easy snaps, or easy ginger snaps.

Life is a battle and the sooner we know it and the sooner we make up our minds to win the battle and the sooner we change from the work that is distasteful to what we like, the sooner we will, and the sooner the quicker, and the quicker the sooner—we will "make good."

Professor Munsterberg, in "American Problems," shows how we can tell what kind of work each person is fitted for:

"The other day I wired from Boston to a friend in another town that I should expect him the next day at the Hotel Somerset. The telegram arrived with the statement that I would be at the Hotel Touraine. The operator had substituted one leading hotel of Boston for another.

"No good will on his part can help that young man. He is not in the position of another Boston operator, whom I recently gave a cablegram to Berlin, and who, as he looked at the rate, asked, 'Berlin is in France, isn't it?' The geography of the latter can be cured, but the mental mechanism of the former, who, under pressure of rapid work, substitutes an associated idea for the given one is probably fundamental.

"The psychological laboratory would easily have found out such mental unreliability, and would have

told the man beforehand that, however industrious he might be and however suited for a hundred professions, that of the telegraph operator would not be the one in which he could reach the fullest success.

“The establishment of psychological laboratories as part of a municipal vocation bureau would by no means demand a very costly and elaborate outfit.

“No boy ought to become a chauffeur, however his fancy is excited by motor cars, if his reaction times in the laboratory indicates that he would not be quick enough to stop his automobile if a child ran in front of the wheels. No one ought to try for secretarial work who shows in the laboratory lack of inhibitory power and therefore a probable inability to be discreet. The boy who shows no sensitiveness to small differences ought not to work in a mill or factory in which his labor would be a constant repetition of the same activity. He would be opposed by the uniformity of the work, it would soon be drudgery for him, and with his interest, he would lose the good will. The next boy who is sensible to small differences might find in the same work an inexhaustible pleasure and stimulus, as no two repetitions would be alike to him.”

If you are not in your chosen work, if you have not decided what you can do best, if you are “at sea,” let the psychologist help you. Change!

Speaking of changing; see how these men floundered around. Of course, floundered around isn't quite as genteel as changing from one po-sish-shon to another oc-cupay-shon; or from one vo-cay-shon to another car-reer-shon; but after you have been buffeted around for a few years you'll feel much like a floun-

dered flounder—or something else. These men felt like something else and fled from the wiles of the despised-vocation-path to the primrose-vocation-road.

John Wanamaker, "The Merchant Prince," thought he would be a preacher and partly for such preparation he worked for the Y. M. C. A. One day a man told him that if he worked for himself as hard as he did for the Association he would become a rich man. The business-brain cells thus were stimulated and John changed from the ministry to business—and you know the rest.

Don't be afraid to follow his example of changing if you do not like the work.

"Whatever you are by nature, keep to it; never desert your line of talent. Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else, and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing."—Sydney Smith.

Now you have Sydney Smith's opinion of you if you do not follow your talent—and Sydney's dead, too.

"A new field? Morse turned from the easel to the laboratory and brought forth the telegraph."

It is reported that some one said to Hall Caine: "Mr. Caine, wouldn't it be a fine thing to be president of the United States?" "Yes," replied Mr. Caine, "but wouldn't it be a finer thing to be an author?"

Love for his work brings to the aforesaid Caine eighty thousand dollars a year in royalties. If you are not a Caine lover, change.

Clemenceau, a college professor, changed to a physician, then to a journalist, then to a writer of

novels, then to an art critic and finally to ruler of France.

“Some” changing, but it was worth it.

James Wharton, president of the American Iron & Steel Company, a friend and advisor of half a dozen republican presidents, was an educator, a writer and a poet.

Do you need a change?

James Whitcomb Riley’s father wanted him to study law. What kind of a lawyer would Riley have made? He would have been talking poetry to the jurors and the judges, and they would have thought it “dago” or “chinee” and that would have been the end of Riley. A Dago-Chinee-Riley lawyer always was a failure.

Hubbard—“the greatest writer since Shakespeare”—was a farmer, a cowboy, a soap peddler, a printer, a reporter, a school teacher, a soap maker, horse raiser, student, lecturer and author. What are you peddling when you might be an expert in some line? Right about face! Find your work and make it “Pike’s Peak or Bust.”

Says Ruskin: “We are not sent into the world to do anything into which we cannot put our hearts.”

Of course you wouldn’t want to put your heart where you couldn’t get it again—so put it in your work, and it’s always yours.

Mr. Green, president of the National Biscuit Company, was a school teacher, a very successful librarian and a lawyer, but he was greatest of all in business.

Get where you will be the greatest. Change!

Lowell said: “It is vain endeavor to make our-

selves what we are not that has strewn history with so many broken purposes and leaves life in the rut."

Don't be a "broken purpose"—make of yourself what you can be.

Ibsen studied medicine and worked in a drug store and wrote the while. After a few failures in his writings he became Henrik Ibsen, one of the most successful play-writers of his day.

Sir Walter Scott was a lawyer with an eight thousand-dollar-a-year income. But he wanted to be a writer. With the spirit of the man who intends to conquer he left the legal profession and became author of the great "Waverley Novels."

At the age of thirty-eight, after having been a business man, a noted traveling correspondent for the New York Herald, a lawyer and an editor, Russell H. Conwell changed to the ministry and became the greatest preacher of his generation.

Dwight L. Moody changed from a business career to a Sunday school builder and became the greatest evangelist of his day.

You may not be an evangelist, but you can be something else and a good something else if your talent is developed.

A horse fitted for high jumping may not make a good draft horse, but he is good in his line.

Have a line. Find your line. Take "Pike's Peak or Bust" for your motto and failure will be struck from your life's vocabulary.

You may be what Franklin calls a "misfit"; if so, you have the wrong number—you're on the wrong wire. Ring Central again.

“I know a woman who in her youth and early womanhood had marked musical ability—a voice rich, powerful, divine. She had also a handsome, magnetic personality. Nature had been very generous to her in bestowing rare gifts, and she longed to express her remarkable powers, but she was in a most discouraging environment. Her family did not understand her or sympathize with her ambition; and she finally became accustomed to her shackles and like a prisoner, ceased to struggle for her freedom.

“A songstress of international fame, who heard her voice, said she had it in her to make one of the world’s great singers. But she yielded to the wishes of her parents and the fascination of society until the ambition gradually died out of her life. She said that this dying of the great passion was indescribably painful. She settled down to the duties of a wife, but has never been really happy, and has always carried an absent, far-away look of disappointment. Her unused talent was a great loss to the world and a loss indescribable to herself. She has been dragging out an unhappy, dissatisfied existence, always regretting the past, and vainly wishing, that, instead of letting her ambition die, she had struggled to realize it.

“I recall the case of a youth with artistic talent who let precious years go by, drifting by accident from one vocation to another without encouraging this God-given ability or making any effort to get rid of the little things that stood in the way of a great career, although he was always haunted by an unsatisfied longing for it. He was conscientious in his every day work, but his heart was never in it. His artistic nature

yearned for expression, to get away from the work against which every faculty protested, and to go abroad and study; but he was poor, and, although his work was drudgery and his whole soul loathed it, he was afraid of the hardships and obstacles he would have to encounter if he answered the call that ran in his blood. He kept resolving to break away and to follow the promptings of his ambition, but he also kept waiting and waiting for a more favorable opportunity, until, after a number of years, he found other things crowding into his life. His longing for art became fainter and fainter; the call was less and less imperative. Now he rarely speaks of his early aspirations for his ambition is practically dead. Those who know him feel that something sacred and grand has gone out of him, and that, although he has been industrious and honest, yet he has never expressed the real meaning of his life, the highest thing in him."

We have a dream, an inkling now and then of what we would like to be, and that is the talent we show for books, mechanics, arts, "deals," business and so forth. Let that man follow his talent, no matter o'er how rocky a road it takes him to develop it, and he is the man who will never regret the sweat it took to follow his "bent."

Lord Chesterfield hits the nail on the head—of course, it isn't the Lord's business to go about hitting nails in such places, but there are exceptions to all rules—so this time he is the exception. Here is what he says:

"It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is

scarce any one man who is not fit for something, which something Nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. I look upon common sense to be to the mind what conscience is to the heart—the faithful and constant monitor of what is right and wrong. And I am convinced that no man commits either a crime or a folly but against the manifest and sensible representation of one or the other. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education—for they are hard to distinguish—a peculiar bent and disposition to some particular character; and his struggle against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisyphus.

“Let him follow and cultivate that vocation; he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way, at least; whereas, if he depart from it, he will, at best, be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous.”

Don't be an inconsiderable-probably-ridiculous man by being in the wrong kind of work. Get on the right track—even though you have to change your vocation to do it.

“Be sure you are in the right work. My collegium is wearing out his life in an insane asylum. He was born a manipulator of men, with a taste for the big game of human seeking. Before he knew himself, he studied medicine and became a doctor. He was never happy, and finally his reason fled. He was meant, not to write prescriptions, but to rule empires. Many a bright youth is maddened by something the size of pills, when he craves the huge risks and rewards of life. A school, a business, or a household, that fails to teach and practice vocational training is offering

the shell of education without the kernel. There are leaders of wide repute who are now endeavoring to banish the 'square pegs' from the 'round holes.' Consult one of these authorities if you are in doubt as to your choice of vocation."—Purington.

"Rags" was just a plain every day dog. A mongrel dog. But he was more than a dog in the estimation of his mistress who entered him in a dog show.

His mistress took him to the dog show in a limousine and displayed her favorite dog—"Rags," the mongrel—in an expensive box lined with satin. But "Rags" wasn't used to satin boxes. He made his getaway. Sneaked out the back door and ran the ten miles back home, having a heap lot more of fun running back wagging his tail than he had when being conveyed in his satin-lined show box in the colored chauffeur's fancy car.

"Rags" wasn't so dumb after all. He knew that he was out of place in a thoroughbred dog show, with a silk ribbon around his neck and tenderly packed in a satin box.

You don't have to be a mongrel, but I hope you have as much of an understanding of your place in life as good old "Rags." He knew he wasn't "fit" for a pink-ribboned-satin-lined box dog show.

There are multitudes of people who are not happy for the same reason as Rags—not in their right place, not doing their right work. Are you fitted for your job? If not—run. And the sooner you break loose the better. Don't be afraid. There will be a way for you to follow your bent.

Edison was a telegraph operator, but he ran from

his dog-box to fame; Charles A. Dana, the great journalist, started out to be a minister, but he broke from his ministerial kennel and the world is better for his adventure.

Lincoln was a clerk in a country store; Franklin a printer by trade and General Grant a leather clerk, but they all followed the example of "Rags" and beat down the bars of their dog-boxes, without which they would have remained in the mongrel class. Cut away from the place which has you chained to a life-long kennel and strike out for the thing nature intended you to do—change—and some day you will be the owner of the limousine and maybe the big dog show.

Our happiness depends upon being where we belong—even "Rags" knew that.

When one's past life has been a failure it should be given up, like his deeds that have failed. Some get started wrong, and need a change even late. To throw away a great part of life is a heroic sacrifice occasionally needed to save the rest. One should learn when he is failing, and be willing even in age to be a child again. He who is so unfortunate as to have started wrong, and made a long failure by continuing, must change radically to retrieve himself; and every unsuccessful man, unless sure of success soon, should be looking for such change as his next venture. It is enervating to keep up hope after too long failure.

An elephant would make wretched work hatching out goose eggs, but no more wretched work than a man with great capabilities who is filling some insignificant office.

The young man who wants to get on must pick for

himself the work which he wants to follow and not devote his life to some calling just to please a devoted mother or a fond father. He is to live his life and not theirs. He must follow his "bent" and not the pet ambitions which they have nursed for their child.

You must be sure of two things. You must love your work and you must not be ashamed of your work. It is just as dignified to be a good blacksmith as to be a college graduate, with a starched shirt, stiff collar and dependent upon a political ward boss for spasmodic jobs.

Chas. M. Schwab says: "Go at your work. You may not find yourself the first year. You may start at work that you think will not be agreeable to you. Do not hesitate to change. If you find that it is not according to your tastes and ultimate ambitions, then change and go into something that is more pleasant. No man can be successful at work if he doesn't find the work he has to do pleasant. No man can ever do a thing well that he is not interested in.

"When you start in life if you find you are wrongly placed don't hesitate to change, but don't change because troubles come up and difficulties arise. You must meet and overcome and conquer them. And in meeting and overcoming and conquering them you will make yourself stronger for the future."

"No one ever succeeds by allowing himself to be deflected from the most important business of life, which is making the most of the best that is in him. Even a cow does better if she sticks close to the business of eating grass and chewing the cud. When she starts in to learn to whistle like a catbird and to flit

from field to field like a butterfly, it is safe to say she is no longer a success in life. When a cow strays from plain milk-producing methods and begins climbing trees and turning somersaults she may be more picturesque, but she is gathering nothing but goat-feathers. Seven farmers, a school-teacher and a tin-peddler may line up along the fence and applaud her all afternoon until she is swelled with pride, but when she gets back to the barn at sun-down she will not give much milk. She will not be known as a milch cow long; she will be a low grade of corned beef, a couple of flank steaks, and a few pairs of three-dollar shoes."—Ellis Parker Butler.

What others have done you can do. If need be—change.

Do Not Grumble.

Misfortune's bruised your brow again;
The clouds have poured their floods of rain;
The lightning from an angry sky
Has hit you hard as you passed by?
Your cup of sorrow's at the brim;
You're facing life with spirit grim;
O'er all resounds Misfortune's mumble?
Be glad for life and do not grumble!

The one you loved has found relief,
So that you sit alone in grief;
No friend can bring a ray of cheer,
You pine because "she is not here!"
Your thirty years of joy and bloom
Lie still and pallid in the tomb?
Mourn not your lot, for all things crumble—
Be glad for love, and do not grumble!

The rains of spring have washed away
The grain you planted yesterday,
So that your ground must languish drear
And bare until another year?
Do not complain, for left to you
Are fertile fields and heavens blue;
What if your plans are all a-jumble?
Be glad for land, and do not grumble!

Suppose you've lost a hand or eye;
'Twill do no good to sit and cry,
For other souls have had like pains,
And through them all have found their gains.
Misfortunes come to train the mind,
To bear and struggle and be kind;
So though you oft may trip and tumble,
Be glad for feet, and do not grumble!

Suppose that wealth has taken flight
And each day aggravates your plight;
These trials hurt, we must admit,
But where is he who's ne'er been hit?
Life is not made of gems and gold,
You'll gain again if brave and bold:
If wealth has left you poor and humble,
Be glad 'twas yours, and do not grumble!

No man on earth has gone through life
Without some bruises in the strife;
Each in his day has made mistakes,
And in confusion nursed his aches.
No time on bygone errors spend—
The game is on; play to the end.
The baseball ace who ne'er could fumble
Is yet unborn—so do not grumble!

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER XVI.

Which Way Are You Bound?

“The greatest thing in this world is not so much where we are, but in what direction are we going.”—Oliver W. Holmes.

“Genius is only another word for hard work.”

“When I graduated from the high school, one of the class of five, the commencement orator told us that we were the wheat from which the chaff had been winnowed away. Some of this chaff run the town today, and do it well.”—W. M. McAndrews.

“He who laughs last, laughs best.”—Benjamin Franklin.

When I was six years old we moved from the country to the city, and there was no greener yap than this six-year-old. I was the butt of all the slurs, contempt and bullying in our part of the city. “Hayseed,” “Buckwheater,” “Rube,” “Farmer,” and “Greenhorn,” were little pet names to which I was supposed to answer. Boys older and larger than myself considered me a good substitute for a football—fit to be kicked—and many’s the fight the poor little country kid had to put up to defend himself and save a beating.

Because we were farmers we were ridiculed and shunned. Farmers in those days smelt foul to the cityites. That is, the name smelt that bad; few farmers did that I ever knew. Those were the days before the farmer came into his own. So, young as I was, I was bound that I would make up in behavior, good-

ness and brightness what I lacked in manners, name and social prestige. Therefore, when I began going to school, I had resolved that I would be first in my class. But how little we know about resolves at such an age—sometimes. I soon lagged behind. Not only was I poor in every study in school but added to that was my country twang and “hayseed” vernacular, such as, coew, noew, gall-darn, whater, laf, etc. It was not long before the teacher saw that I wasn’t of this generation and people, and I was at the foot of the class with no competitor. You might say I was the class’ bottom. If you haven’t been such a bottom you don’t know what you have missed in school. And take it from me, you never want to know. Well, after two or three years of being the bottom, my ambition of being able to make up in brightness what I lacked in every other way, rather lost its savor. I wasn’t so dull but what I could see that a fellow who had held the tail of the class as long as I had, didn’t have much of a chance of being anything but a tail holder; and a tail holder isn’t the incentive to head-leader that it might be. So I finally thought that I was doomed to be the fool as well as the “hayseed” and as that dawned upon me I naturally lost hope and with that I became indifferent. I didn’t try any more. I had tried, Oh! so hard, ever since coming to the city, and all I had received in turn was nick-names, so I lost heart, and from being indifferent, I became careless and then mischievous and finally mean and ugly. I was the intractable, refractory dullard. How many, many times I wished I had as good marks or grades as the other children in my class! How often, Oh! how often I

wished that my teachers only knew how hard I tried to understand, how hard I tried to apply myself and how much I desired to have their favor. I remember once the teacher had offered a reward for those who did not whisper for one day. When this was offered I had had the habit of whispering so firmly formed that to go a day without whispering meant much more of an effort to me than to the ordinary child, but I did want to win that teacher's favor so badly! I determined that when that day was over I could go up to her, look squarely into her face and say I had not whispered. What a thing for me to say! What a transformation, what a good boy! But the old habit of continually making trouble was so fixed, that before the day was over, I had unconsciously whispered. It was done Oh! so quickly and what a remorse I had! Yet I determined I would not do it again and by careful watchfulness and control the day was over and I had whispered only once.

Triumphantly I marched up to the teacher in the line which passed her desk, with the day's verdict, how my eyes shone, how briskly I walked, how delighted I was, how straight my shoulders—how near the teacher's favor! I had been there nearly two years, and in all that time I had never received a pleasant expression or kind word from her. She had me branded, before coming to her, as an outlaw and had had her preconceived idea confirmed by my behavior; but at last I was to win her. I thought that when a boy, who had been as mischievous as I had been, could tell her I had spoken only once that day, and admitted it, that she surely would wink her eye to such a little thing, and

give me the reward which she gave other children. Did not God wink at some sins? As I said, I walked to her desk, Oh so proudly! I do not know that I ever felt as proud in school since the day I, as the rejected "hayseed" lad, first took my seat. How proud, to be honorably mentioned as one of the honor roll! Where could that teacher's eyes have been as she saw me come forward with such a triumphant expression, that she did not see that I came as a victor—a boy who had ruled himself, almost. But as I approached her—she knew who was coming, it seemed—she did not see the light in my eye, she did not think of returning the blazing happiness in my face, she thought I was not worth a smile. As I triumphantly marched to her desk and told the truth—I did whisper but once—I was sure she would let it pass, but my luck of always being misunderstood; of being always considered unworthy of consideration, was with me; and very sternly she said, "That's enough!" Why had she not struck me unto death? It would have been far more humane. That proud little head dropped, those straight forward shoulders fell, that elastic, triumphant step relaxed and I slunk back defeated again! I could never have the teacher look kindly at me, no matter how hard I tried. It was no use! I was the dullard, the nobody; and what cut the deepest was the fact that more than one (I thought "teacher's pet") had reported clean slates when I knew they had lied. Lie and be rewarded, tell the truth and be rebuffed, was more than I could stand, and yet I would be honorable though I was the scape-goat of the room.

If that teacher had known human nature and

overlooked, just for that once, my weakness—that one whisper—there would have been no occasion in the future for her to take the pointer to me, no occasion to scold, no occasion for punishment for I would from that time on have gone through fire and water for her and proved against all contradictory history of the past that I was a good boy. But she didn't. She lost as much as I. She was defeated as much as I for she never could control the boy whom she might have found as docile as a lamb, had she but understood.

If that teacher had known that from spring to fall I had to climb out of bed at three o'clock in the morning to peddle papers, if she had known that I had other work at home which robbed me of most of the play hours that the other children had; if she had known how physically exhausted I was, and on top of all, that I had eyes which were deceptive to me, which did not register correctly, and I could not see the blackboard as other children did! if she had realized that I did not know because I did not see; she might have smiled at least just once at me, that country boy whose heart was bleeding for a sympathetic look, for one who understood, for a voice that was kind, for a manner that was pleasant and free from scolding and threats.

If there has been anything in the way of environment or dunce-cap row that hasn't come to me, it isn't on this earth and I haven't time now to go to Mars or Jupiter to look for it there.

I never was a real bad boy, however—don't laugh for I wasn't—that is if you leave out all my meanness. Circumstances had made me such, but at heart I despised myself. Well, I fell behind my class as I say,

in No. 28 school and there I was a backward pupil. I don't know that they called me by so genteel a name as "pupil." I know the teacher wouldn't unless she had lots of religion, and a boy of my actions then wasn't very conducive to inoculating religion into a teacher. I was left behind the second year and that of course took all the ambition out of me and put more hell into me and the more the devil injected of the nether kingdom into my make-up, the more I was able to spew sulphuric temperament into the teacher, until I imagine I was quite a burden to her. If I wasn't she was an angel and to this day I do not remember any angelic teacher "in mine." Finally, I went into the next room and with that promotion my ambition to be a somebody arose, for I wasn't entirely devoid of pride even though my class had gone on two years ahead of me. I had resolved to myself that now I would buckle down and do good work. I would not be ugly any more, I would be a good boy, but, alas! When we make New Year's resolutions we can never tell what great falls they may have. I had not been in the room two days before the teacher heard a noise in the part of the room near me—honest Injun 'twasn't "me"—but I was taken forward in front of all the school and told that I might make trouble in the room from which I came but I would find I couldn't do that in this room. Right there my new resolution fell and my fighting blood was up and from that on it was the same old time of the devil fighting the lamb, I, as the devil and that good teacher as the lamb—only she didn't look like a lamb to me, especially when she took down the pointer to flog me.

So here I remained for two years and came back in the third year, my class going on and I the only one left behind by so many laps. The third year that I was to be in that room, better news came to me than the fall of Napoleon at Waterloo to Rothschild, namely, there was a vacancy ahead and by virtue of my seniority (there was mighty little virtue in my seniority, however, at that time) another boy and I were to take an examination and the better boy—in brains, not deportment—was to go on. My heart soon fell—by this time it was used to falling—but somehow or other it still had the capacity to feel hurt and bruised and wounded and my eyes had not forgotten their function of weeping when I was the dunce and everyone, including myself, knew it and that's what hurt the most. If backward children could only be as ignorant of their positions in the class as they appear to be in their lessons what a blessing it would be. As I say, my heart fell because the boy who was to compete with me was a much brighter boy than I, had never given the teacher any trouble, had always kept ahead of his class and I saw there was no earthly chance for me to outdistance him in the race for promotion, either in brightness or behavior. The one great difference between us was that he was the brightest boy in the "B" class while I was the dullest dunce in the "A" class. Anyhow the examination (which was worse than an operation without gas) came and I went to the next room. To this day I believe the cards were stacked against that boy. He was a playmate of mine, one of my best boy friends and how my heart did ache for him! You see I didn't seem to have enough troubles

to weep over for myself, at least for that moment, for I was going on, so my little heart bled for my chum, so good and so bright. To this day I have not recovered from the feeling I had for that boy, for I thought he wasn't treated right, and, though I was a dullard, I had some sense of honor and wanted to see fair play. I have always thought that that teacher, who was going to make me toe the chalk mark better than her colleague did, and who did not succeed in doing so, passed me on to get rid of me. My class was now three years ahead of me and I was yet determined, now, that fortune seemed to smile on me, to make good in the next room. That old ambition for the country boy by his merit to win the self-respect of his playmates, came back to me with all its growing fervor. But fortune had never smiled on me before and I didn't know what to do under such circumstances. I was out of my swimming pool, as a fish out of water so to speak, but it didn't last long. It wouldn't do for a fish to be out of water too long, neither would it do for a bad boy to be good too long. He might get the pious-meningitis which would so shock his nervous system as to render him unfit for life. Of course I wasn't fit for anything as I was, but I made another resolution only to be broken as the first one was. But then who can read the future? After that second broken resolution, I thought I could. But I'm anticipating. I marched down to the annex, big as life or Jim Jeffries and I went "bump" just as quickly. No, as I read events I went down much faster than Jim. I had sworn to myself that now I would be good and I would show the rest of the boys and girls I was to be considered

more than a man without a country or a country boy without a friend. I had taken my seat and had not been there a half hour—I and that resolution—when bing! Arthur B. was punched by some one or he pinched a kid—it all happened too quickly for me to follow—I got the sequel and that was all I cared to remember, at that time anyway. I being in the seat with Arthur and the noise coming from that quarter I was called before the class—as I had been two years previous in the other new room—only this teacher was more emphatic than the other one had been. I told her as politely as I knew that “it wasn’t me” and it wasn’t. But my reputation had gone before me, she said, and I was going to behave in this room if I never did before, and after demonstrating before the class what she meant, with a pointer (the way I felt I thought she meant it too) she sent me to my seat and my broken resolution. For then and there I decided I would be as mean to her as I knew how. And I guess I was. But through it all my humiliation was more than I could endure, my pride was wounded to the quick and my heart was broken to think that when I did want to be somebody and when I did try to do right I never had a chance.

It happened that we moved to another part of the city. The school ruling provided that I could continue where I was for the term or go to another school. I chose the latter. I was thirteen years old then and in three years my class would enter the high school. I mean that class which had left me three years behind. Without a word to my parents or to anyone else I decided to go to the other school. There was a man

teacher, Mr. Hawker, and I thought perhaps he would understand boys better than women did. Maybe he had not heard of what a nincompoop-dunderpate I was. I thought in getting an even start there I would be better. So I made up a speech of what I wanted to say and after committing it I waited a week or more before I could get enough courage to go to him. When I told him I would like to change schools he asked the very question I had thought he would and the very question I was prepared to answer in that speech I had so carefully thought out and which I had taken so much time to memorize. My answer was, "I think I am not making the progress I ought to." I don't remember whether I said pro-gress or prog-gress, but I do remember I never settled in my mind just what it should be. Oh, that friendly feeling that sprang up between the teacher and myself! It's one of the life-long blessings that I have so seldom found. "An oasis in a dreary desert," only it wasn't an oasis and a desert but a blockhead boy and a teacher who understood. Blessings on you, Mr. Hawker! And believe me! that beats any old oasis or desert you ever saw or heard tell of! Well to make a long story short, this resolution wasn't broken. I had always had weak eyes and they were made weaker by lack of sleep and physical exhaustion from my paper peddling. When I got glasses, there was quite a difference in the way things looked and seemed; when I had Mr. Hawker for a teacher there was quite a difference in my "Pro-prog-gress," and I went through two classes a year and when that class which had left me so far behind entered the high school, there was that blockhead, Davy, along with

the rest, as chirp and as proud and as happily satisfied as any of them. I had "made good" so far.

If the world, and some teachers, only knew what so called backward children suffer, there would be fewer little hearts a-bleeding and far better understanding between teacher and pupil and far better progress in the schools than there is today.

It took years of handicapped struggling to follow the talent, the call, but these struggles are only the circumstances which "try men's soul." Your soul, your very life is being tried by every adverse condition, environment and circumstance.

Be like the "oyster which turns into pearl the sand that irritates it," and victory is yours. Don't be a lobster, be an oyster.

**Though You're Struggling in the Cellar You Can Climb
up to the Top.**

Once the leader of his people,*
 Born in slavery's dire plight,
 With grim determination
 Struggled upward to the light;
 Not a counsellor or tutor;
 Not a soul to push him on;
 But the "Moses of his people"
 Fought the fight to climb—and won!

In the structure of the races
 He was in the cellar, deep;
 Not for him was time to whimper;
 Not for him was time to weep.
 He was in the mire of manhood,
 He was floored and handcuffed, too,
 But he rose to heights of glory
 Just as you can likewise do!

There's an elevator running
 From the cellar to the top,
 And the man who will may board it—
 Here it comes—now on it hop!
 There'll be stops to make a plenty;
 There'll be floors that "floor" you oft;
 But the man with grit and gumption
 In the end will mount aloft!

* Booker T. Washington.

Hardest floor of all's the cellar;
When you make the second flight
Riding up is rather easy,
Though you still toil day and night.
It's the starting, friend, that "gets" you—
It's the will to take a plunge;
So decide you'll labor skyward,
And right now, man, make your lunge!

Oft while plunging in the darkness
Of the cellar and the mud,
You'll be sickened and discouraged,
And will come down with a thud.
But if you are quite determined;
Never falt'ring, loath to stop;
Though you're struggling in the cellar
You will climb up to the top!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

Compensation.

Full many a man of power and fame
Has not attained his cherished aim
Till fifty years or more of care
Have lined his brow and thinned his hair.
So though your goal seem far ahead,
Push bravely on with ceaseless tread,
Nor hesitate to set your face
For final vict'ry in the race.

Some find a short and easy way,
And conquer early in the day,
While others still are thick in strife
With all the myriad ills of life.
But though you have not gained your own,
Envy no man, and toil alone;
What if you seek a tardy prize?
You'll win before the world's assize!

For 'mid the road of cares and pains
God's law of compensation reigns,
And some whose strife is quickly done,
Tire of the prize as soon as won.
Enjoying what was once their quest,
Success obscures their early zest;
But you, whose trials seem unfair,
When you arrive will have your share!

Just have the faith that as you plod,
Your path is in the sight of God;
And that His justice, firm and clear,
Will smooth the way and give you cheer.
With God to hold your questing hand,
You'll some day reach the promised land;
What comfort more thy soul can raise,
Than God to guide thee all thy days?

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER XVII.

Failures and Pike's Peakers.

"Our greatest glory is not in never falling but in rising every time we fall."—Confucius.

"Your enemies never run up for you the white flag. If this is done, you have to do it yourself."—Elbert Hubbard.

"Who thinks he will fail will probably fail; who doubts himself will achieve only such results as will confirm it."—Muriel Strode.

"What is failure? It's only a spur
 To a man who receives it right;
 And it makes the spirit within him stir
 To give once more and fight.
 If you never have failed, it's an even guess
 You never have won a high success."

—Edmund Vance Cook.

"Fail? Fail? In the bright lexicon of youth that fate has prepared for young manhood there is no such word as fail."

"There is only one man who fails—the man who says, 'I can't'."

"Failure exists only in acknowledging it."

"He who has never failed, has only half succeeded."

"Failure is only an added reason for trying again."

"Failure is the final test of persistence, and of an iron will; it either crushes a life or solidifies it."

"He that rises again quickly and continues the race, is as if he had never fallen."—Molineaux.

"Every defeat is a step toward victory."—Jacob Riis.

"When we say we are undone, we mean only that we have weakened and run up the white flag. * * * Failure is only for those who think failure."—Fra Elbertus.

“E. H. Sothern, when co-star with Julia Marlowe, divided with Richard Mansfield the distinction of gathering the largest receipts of any attraction in this country.” Yet the years of apparent failure! Sothern writes to one of his English friends, of the years of struggle, despair and failure: “A long, struggling tear forced its way down his cheek, for fate had done naught but cuff him for years, and the gray hairs have been forced through the hot-bed of my skull.” Mr. Sothern’s elevation shows the result of the relentless pursuit of a definite ambition.

You may have “hot beds” and “weary skulls” through the long, dreary nights of failure, but then “hot beds” and “weary skulls” cannot last forever to the one that throttles failure.

“Suppose,” said Lord Clarendon to Cyrus W. Field, in talking about the proposed Atlantic Cable, “suppose you don’t succeed? Suppose you make the attempt and fail, your cable is lost in the sea, then what will you do?” “Charge it to profit and loss, and go to work and lay another,” was the ready answer of the man of this iron determination.

“To suppose the iron will to fail is to suppose a contradiction of terms.”

Field failed, but he never counted it a failure. Defeat is not failure. There is only one man who fails—the man who gives up. As a boy Cyrus Field wanted to do something for humanity and when he had amassed a fortune and retired, it was swept away. So he plunged into life’s game and made another. When he a second time retired from business he became interested in the project of laying the Atlantic Cable. He

organized a company, furnishing one-fourth of the money, while the United States and the English Governments furnished the ships. The expedition was a failure. The second was likewise. The third was another failure. Of course the people said, "I told you so," and "It can't be done." After two years a fourth effort was made; when the cable was laid a distance of twelve hundred miles, it broke and was lost in the sea. The fourth failure! The year after, 1866, it was picked up in mid-ocean and completed! Failure. There is no such thing as failure, unless you think so.

Frederick Froebel, the father of the Kindergarten System of teaching, was a failure in school; he never graduated from college, and was ever taunted about it; he was a failure in making money, and, unable to pay his debts, he was cast into prison! The first three schools he started failed and not until he was sixty years old was his first kindergarten a success. Thirty years of it! But think of the results!

Senator Albert J. Beveridge, the famous young American, was a failure at farming and pioneering. It is the one chapter on which he does not often dwell, for, it is written over with the plain legend, "**Failure!**" And yet, had he succeeded in farming and pioneering, he would not, in all probability, have become the author-orator-statesman he now is.

"Do not fear failure but call it good, for it really is good."

You like Brisbane, don't you? Hear him again: "We do not mean to suggest that men, to succeed, should necessarily undergo repeated poundings and hammerings, though, as a matter of fact, the really

great men of the world have undergone such grinding and polishing and hard knocks as no diamond was ever submitted to. But we do say distinctly that almost every man needs in the course of his life a first-class failure. No man is more unfortunate than he who succeeds too quickly and too easily. His success makes him exaggerate his own importance and ability. It makes him underestimate the strength of those who compete with him, and the difficulty of winning in the long run.

“The world is full of all kinds of disappointed beings: artists, writers, business-workers of all sorts, who lead disappointed lives. Of these men a great many started out hopeful and promisingly. But fate failed to do for them the work of the polishing lapidary that we all need. They succeeded too soon; they made money too easily; they rose too suddenly. Failure at the right time would have made them think, work and do better. But failure came too late, and when the energy to fight and to overcome was no longer there.

“If every young man who thinks well of himself will realize that he mistakes good fortune for great ability, and that the failure that has been put off will come sooner or later, unless he thinks of it and struggles to improve himself in spite of success, many disappointments will be saved in the future.”

“Discount your failure. Don't wait for it to discount you.”

The battle of Bunker Hill was a failure for the Continentals; the battle of Bull Run was a failure for the Union, but neither was a defeat. They were but

the challenge to plunge again with renewed vigor and to grasp victory from defeat!

Let me draw an illustration from the life of a young lady. (Of course I am not much of a drawer, but when you have such a heroic lady as this, you don't have to be.) She was standing one day in front of a great University when she told her story. She wanted to get an education, but every time she spoke about it, her parents opposed her "foolish notions" because they didn't have the necessary money. Time and time again she broached the subject, but each time she met with the same objection. At last, in spite of the protests of her parents, she went to the University with only money enough to keep her for a week. Then she went about asking for work that she might keep herself while getting an education. She found the work and then entered upon her task of attending lectures, trying to study and keep up with her class. But so exhausted was she after so strenuous a day, that soon her eyes would become heavy, her head would nod and she would fall asleep. So taxing was such an experience that she did not always pass at examination time. But after failing, she was plucky and the next year found her back there again. This struggle was continued for nine long years before she graduated. She could have finished her course in four had she been able to apply herself to her school work without the strenuous work to make her living. Nine long years! She looked at her listener, then at the many buildings on the University grounds and as the tears came into her eyes, said, "But next year I go back as one of the professors. It paid, sir, it paid."

If a woman with such odds against her—with as many failures as she experienced—can win, surely it ought to put to blush any “lord of creation” who gives up without reaching his goal.

Whether you are a man or a woman be a goal getter.

I read recently an interesting statement from a college principal who is a great stickler for the self-reliance doctrine. For thirty-five years he has been keeping statistics about the students educated at his institution. He divides them into two classes: the men who received their education as a free gift from parents or relatives and the men who toiled for every penny that put them through. Among the men for whom life had been made easy were many moral as well as financial failures. There were a few cases of signal success. The remainder he classed as mediocre. Among the toilers hundreds have made good. Some occupied places of national importance, some were the leading lawyers, doctors, ministers or business men of their communities.

Your failures—your struggles—may be a blessing in disguise—don’t become sour, try, try again and win.

Ninety-nine out of every hundred human beings may be called failures. A man may do fairly good work, he may make a success in comparison with his fellowmen, and yet be a failure. A man who fails to do the best that is in him is a failure, whatever he may do, no matter how he may impose upon the world with his work.”

. Patrick Henry failed as a farmer, as a merchant, and was dubbed a “legal no-account.” If I could be as

good a failure as Patrick was you could give me liberty, or give me his experience.

John B. Gough was a moral failure, but he rose above his failure and roused two continents to the temperance cause. Rise and climb as Gough rose and climbed! Defy Failure to break your back, your spirits, your nerve, your pluck, your grit, your gumption.

Reports may have you branded as beaten, insolvent; your calculations all misfired; your creditors clamoring on your door-step; your judgment never was any good; your pursuing the wrong method; your ship of success has gone aground; it is being battered to pieces by the on-coming tide of adversity; you're a wreck of what you might have been! You're a failure! Society may herald it from the house-tops and megaphone it from the street corner that you are defeated, you are beaten; but bear in mind that not imagination, not pre-science, not judgment, make the successful man, but grit, courage and persistence!

Be a failure if you will, but will to rise above failure!

Will Payne is responsible for this encouragement. Our hats are off to Will. He says, "You may be exactly right in your judgment of the particular proposition that engages your attention, and yet fail because of the flux of numberless and often inscrutable causes that play upon business, turn against you," and then he tells how such men as John W. Gates, Wm. H. Moore, Jay Cook, Russell Sage, Theodore H. Price had laid plans absolutely correct in judgment as far as mortal man could see and yet unforeseen circumstances over which they had no control intervened and swept

away their fortunes. They had failed. But they were not beaten. With determination, pluck, grit and courage they plunged again into the battle of the brave and snatched success and wealth from the very maelstrom of defeat. Society and the press said they had failed but to such determined men failure may come, but it comes "right in and it turns around and walks right out again." You can't keep a brave soul down.

What a failure was Lincoln! The first time he ran for political office he was a failure. But it did not sour him. Oh no, he was bigger than failure. Then he failed in business and had to shoulder both his and his partner's share, a debt which made him stagger for many years. And back to rail splitting for "Honest Abe," but not back into the ranks of the defeated.

Bigger than failure! He kept at his studies undaunted. Bigger than failure! And so is everyone, if he but thinks so. **You** are bigger than failure. Failure can't keep **you** down—you need not be the under dog unless you want to. And who really wants to be such a dog? Thousands and thousands of brilliant men have failed for the want of courage, faith, decision and stand gazing at less gifted persons who go on and accomplish great things for no other reason than that they did not stick it out.

Frederick the Great ran away from his first battle and yet was one of the greatest winners that the world has ever known. After he had time to reflect upon his cowardly act he became a "Pike's Peaker" long before Pike's Peak was named. It matters not where you are, what your work, or what your failure, the man with the spirit of "Pike's Peak" will win

against all odds, powers, principalities and everything else that the "world, flesh and the devil" throw your way. Of course if they are not thrown your way, you can trample on them no matter how they get there.

The Ladies Home Journal, The Curtis Publishing Company, isn't a bad failure, is it? Curtis failed three times. Where would that journal or Mr. Curtis and The Curtis Publishing Company be if he had acknowledged failure? Probably with Jeffries—in the ranks of the "has-beens." Don't be a "has-beener."

As a traveling salesman I had the privilege of calling on some of the largest buyers in America. I never went down Broadway, New York, and up into one of those sky-scrapers to show my samples (mark you I don't say I ever sold anything, just showed my samples) but that I thought of the time when Mr. Woolworth, who then had a hundred sixty-six Five and Ten-Cents stores throughout the country, back in his early days had failed twice. He and his brothers were interested in a new kind of business. These free advisers and non-visionary dispensers who didn't have gumption enough to pop a pop-gun, came around and said, "You can't make any money in that business, you'll fail, you'll fail." The Woolworth brothers failed, but that didn't defeat them. F. W. Woolworth went on climbing over those failures until he built the largest sky-scraper in the world. Failure and sky-scrapers is a pretty good kind of a combination to the man with the spirit of never giving up.

Let failure come if it must—and if it doesn't, the gods have overlooked you—but remember! To the pusher, to the hustler, to the bustler, to the grit-er, to

the puller, to the plucker, to the "Pike's Peaker" there is no such thing as failure!

A young Englishman once failed to pass the medical examination on which he thought his future depended. "Never mind," he said to himself. "What is the next thing to be done?" And he found that policy of "never minding" and going on to the next thing the most important of all policies for practical life. When he had become one of the greatest scientists of the age, Huxley looked back upon his early defeat and wrote: "It does not matter how many tumbles you have in life, so long as you do not get dirty when you tumble. It is only the people who have to stop and wash who lose the race."

Lowell says, "Not failure but low aim is crime." The one with the "Pike's Peak or Bust" spirit will have neither failure nor crime sewed onto his dicer to advertise his class for there is no such thing as failure to the real "Pike's Peaker."

For every failure there is a reason. A point has been overlooked. A mistake has been made. Somebody has erred. In some manner the man, in the vernacular, has "fallen." Perhaps he has been satisfied to give up the ghost and stay down. If he had instead, been big enough to rise above it all and fight it out to a finish there would have been no failure. At such times he who is up and doing and keeps his eye on the trigger commands the situation, takes up the battle and wins.

If your finger is not on the trigger put it there.

Ben King, "the Thomas Hood of Michigan," grew up lacking the instincts that make men successful in business; he was pronounced a failure—not by those

who have warmed themselves in the glow of his poetical nature, but by the men who believe that to turn over a dime and thereby to make a dollar was the most gracious faculty that could be bestowed upon a member of the human family. But when Ben King died, St. Joseph became more widely known in one day than hundreds of excursions and a thousand orchids had advertised it in the past. On that April morning, people living in the far east and the far west asked the question: "Where is St. Joseph?"

Scientists affirm that copper is simply aboriginal elementary matter which was on the way to become gold, but it got shunted onto the wrong track and stopped just short of the splendid consummation.

Don't be copper—be gold.

“There was no more remarkable feature in the character of Timour, the Asiatic conqueror—commonly known by the name of Tamerlane—than his extraordinary perseverance. No difficulties ever led him to recede from what he had once undertaken; and he often persisted in his efforts under circumstances which led all around him to despair. On such occasions he used to relate to his friends an anecdote of his early life: ‘I once,’ he said, ‘was forced to take shelter from my enemies in a ruined building where I sat alone many hours. Desiring to divert my mind from my hopeless condition, I fixed my eyes on an ant that was carrying a grain of corn larger than itself up a high wall. I numbered the efforts it made in accomplishing this object. The grain fell sixty-nine times to the ground; but the insect persevered, and the seventieth time it reached the top. This sight gave me courage at the moment and I never forgot the lesson.’”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Keeping Everlastingly at It. If at First You Don't Succeed, Try, Try Again.

“When you get into a tight place and everything goes against you, till it seems as though you could not hold on a minute longer, never give up then, for that is just the place and time when the tide will turn.”—Harriet Beecher Stowe.

“There is one way of avoiding the down-and-out club, and that is—never apply for membership. No man is down and out except the one who admits it.”—Hubbard.

When some one asked Admiral Farragut if he was prepared for defeat, he said, “I certainly am not, any man who is prepared for defeat would be half defeated before he commenced.”

Prepare for victory—go forward.

“At the Red Sea! Slavery behind; freedom ahead—if they can go ahead—people become discouraged and cry, ‘What can we do?’ Moses paused for Divine help and the Lord speaks, ‘Wherefore criest thou to Me, speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward!’ ”

Sydney Smith—the kind of a Smith you read about—has a wonderful “memory gem” to-wit: “A great deal of talent is lost to the world for want of a little courage.” There are many who read these pages who can be future Edisons, Brisbanes, Edgar Guests, Gladstones, Schumann-Heinks, or Clays. You who could stir the world but may never be known because you

have not the courage to carry out your talent. Be a go-forwarder; and the process of thinking that you can go forward, that you are bound to go forward, that you will go forward, will operate the psychological law of suggestion, will generate your courage, will stiffen your power; and your talent will not be lost to the world.

We often have success within our grasp, virtually in our fist—and you don't have to have a big one either—and yet we do not know it, so close is the line of success and—failure.

We often lose the grasp, open the fist and let it get away from us because we have not the courage to keep at it, to try again. Professor Samuel P. Langley was really the inventor of the flying machine years before the time of the Wright Brothers and yet he did not receive the credit. He lacked just one more effort. Had he but tried it again he might have shown the world that he had conquered the principle of aviation. The very machine which he made but did not fly, was tried by Curtis eleven years afterward and it flew! Yet Professor Langley died a premature death with a broken heart because he gave up too soon, just as he had success, fame and fortune within his grasp! How many, many men today become discouraged, quit the ring, give up after years of struggle when they have the reins of victory already in their hands! Only one more effort and Professor Langley would have succeeded! For you—one more struggle and the world is yours. Don't lose the world.

“Genius is only the power of making continuous efforts. The line between failure and success is so fine

that we scarcely know when we pass it—so fine that we are often on the line and do not know it. How many a man has thrown up his hands at a time when a little more effort, a little more patience, would have achieved success. As the tide goes clear out, so it comes clear in. In business, some times, prospects may seem darkest when really they are on the turn. A little more persistence, a little more effort, and what seemed hopeless failure may turn to glorious success. There is no failure except in no longer trying. There is no defeat except from within, no really insurmountable barrier save our own inherent weakness of purpose.”

In Portugal, when Revolution was rife, the leader feeling positive that the tide had turned against him, committed suicide, when, lo! instead of disaster, victory was pounding on the gates, and his comrades swept on over his dead body to the success which their leader had not foreseen.

Cato committed suicide on the eve of victory. Over and over again we find men ready to give up at the pivotal point, when, if they had kept on only one day longer, opportunity would have burst in the door.

Michael Angelo, the greatest artist and one of the five greatest men in the world's history, is quoted by Emerson thus: “Meanwhile the Cardinal Ippolito, in whom all my best hopes were placed, being dead, I began to understand that the promises of this world are for the most part, vain phantoms, and that to confide in one's self and become some thing of worth and value is the best and safest course.”

Michael Angelo, having the determination “to confide in himself and become something of worth and

value" could not fail. Don't give up! Go forward! Try, try again!

"The life story of Francis Thompson furnishes another page in the tragedy of genius. Earth gave to the sharp sword of his spirit no velvet-padded scabbard. He came of Celtic blood; his sister is Lady Butler, the well-known painter of cattle. His father, a prosperous physician of Manchester, decreed that his son should become a doctor. The father did not consider that God might have decreed otherwise. Any way, young Thompson had determined to be a poet; and he soon broke with his parents and wandered away to the great vortex of London. There he went drifting penniless on the streets; now selling matches for bread, now running for a cheap messenger, now calling cab at the door of the theater after the play. In the absence of money, he carried Blake in one pocket and Aeschylus in the other—those other and older explorers of the stars and the destinies.

"For five years he lived a lackey of poverty, yet all the while a persistent client of Apollo. He besieged in vain the magazines with his prose and verse, writing mostly on scraps of paper gathered from the gutter—a poet on the rack of the world. Then like the starving Chatterton he prepared to make an end of his life. He saved up his farthings till he could buy a dose of laudanum, and went one night to his old bed in the rubbish heap in Covent Garden Market—the night that was to be his last on earth. He had already begun to drink the poison, when he felt the touch of a hand, and looking up he saw a vision of Poet Chatterton, who commanded him to drink no more. Then, remember-

ing that another day of patience would have brought relief to Chatterton he determined to fight against the dim powers.

“As though he had forced the hand of Fate, that very night relief was on his track. The editor of ‘Merry England’ had kept one of the poet’s essays six months unexamined. At last he read it, was delighted and printed it, but could not find the poet in his obscure rubbish heap. On this fateful day, however, the editor had just traced the poet to the drug shop where the laudanum had been sold. The poet was found, and the horizon suddenly cleared for him. Life had triumphed. Now began his years of fine courage and artistic creation; now came forth his three volumes of verse—his ‘Poems,’ ‘New Poems,’ and his ‘Sister Songs,’ volumes that have given him an unique and impregnable immortality.”—Success Magazine.

Make another effort and save the day—and yourself at the same time. John Paul Jones, the “Father of the American Navy,” was defeated by the English but that did not stop him from making another effort. He wouldn’t for a moment think he was defeated. The British had him beaten; anyone could see that—but Jones. Half of his men were either dead or wounded, his ship was afire, his flag was shot away, his ship was aleak, and slowly sinking, sinking, sinking, when Captain Pearson of the Serapis, called out, “Have you surrendered?” “Surrendered? Hell, I’ve just begun to fight,” answered Jones. In less than half an hour his ship went down to the bottom of the sea forever, but he took what men he had alive, put them on board the Serapis, took the enemy captive and won when they

had had him defeated and all because he would never, never, never give up. The British saw fire in his eye; determination in his face; and they saw that when a man was sinking to the bottom of the sea and yet yelled, "I've just begun to fight," that he meant business and they allowed themselves to be taken captives. This was the work of a man who made another effort.

We ought to be like an Irishman who one day saw a turtle with its head cut off. Of course he thought the turtle should be dead but there the thing lay on its back, flopping its four feet. The Irishman looked down at the turtle and said, "Sure, the blame thing is dead, only he don't know it." When it seems as though all the fates of heaven and hell have you pinned to earth, don't give up. Make an effort, try again, squirm once more, wiggle again and some day your worst enemy will pat you on the back and say, "You're all right, you've got the stuff in you!"

When you are defeated and all seems lost, don't let the world know how your heart is bleeding, but face about squarely, throw back your shoulders, smile and make another effort; say, "I can!" Believe in your work, believe in yourself, believe in victory and victory is yours!

Zachary Taylor never knew when he was defeated—that is he never would admit it. And many a time, it is said, he snatched victory from defeat because he would not admit or let it be known that he was defeated. We are never defeated unless we admit it, and then defeat cannot last if we try, try again.

"The very reputation of being iron willed, plucky and indefatigable often cows opposition. Men feel

that it is useless to battle against a man who will never yield."—William Matthews.

The following editorials from the Chicago American are right to the point—I hope you see the point.

"Mr. Rockefeller, playing golf, missed quite an easy shot on the green. His ball didn't go into the hole. He stopped the game and kept it waiting while he made the same shot over fifty times, to find out just why he had missed it and how he could avoid missing next time." That gives you a good idea of how he gets things done.

It is interesting to see Mr. John D. Rockefeller, owner of a large slice of the United States and about to give back to the people something like a thousand million dollars—trying fifty times in succession to put a little white golf ball in a little round hole with a golf club!

Men like Rockefeller and Carnegie, when they get old spend a good deal of their time telling how they won success. They don't really tell how they won it, they tell how they **think** they won it.

Mr. Rockefeller, for instance, has told all human beings how he saved up his first dollar, how he could remember to this day how it looked, and how it felt in his boyish pocket, where it was waiting for 999,999,999 other little dollars to come and join it.

Mr. Rockefeller probably believed in his heart that he managed to get all of the oil and most of the money in his neighborhood because he saved up his first dollar. But that has nothing to do with it. There are plenty of men who have also saved up **their first dollar**.

And yet that first dollar never attracted a thousand million little brothers.

Next time Mr. Rockefeller tells the story of his success he ought to tell about that hitting the golf ball fifty times, making the shot over fifty times to find out why he missed it and how he could avoid missing. There's more explanation of Mr. Rockefeller's success in that scene on the golf links than there is in all the stories ever told about saving the first dollar.

The great majority of all human beings have their **chance at success**. They make a shot and miss it, then they spend the rest of their lives telling how unlucky they were. They don't camp right down on the spot and stop the game **while they try the shot over fifty times!**

This failure to put the little white ball in the little round hole wasn't Mr. Rockefeller's first failure, you can be sure. It wasn't the first thing he tried to do over and over fifty times, refusing to give up. He has had to put a great many men in little round holes and little square holes, and he has put them in by trying. He has put the people of the United States each one snugly into a little round hole labeled, "**kerosene.**" And he has about eighty millions such little round holes nicely filled up, thanks to repeated tryings. It wasn't what Mr. Rockefeller did in the golf game that made any difference. It was just what that fifty times-trying **told about his character**. Just apply the Rockefeller story to the particular thing that you are trying to do now. If there's anything you are doing in a slouchy, slip-shod, ineffective way, missing sometimes

and hitting sometimes, put your brain on that and **stop missing.**

Remind yourself that Washington was first of all a man that could not be discouraged. He possessed many kinds of greatness. But his greatest greatness was his ability to keep on fighting in the face of defeat.

Defeat, desertion by friends, false accusation by enemies, hope deferred—the forces that discouraged men that are not like Washington have no effect upon him. He was there to work and hang on.

He was there to fight and fight on. He despised the cowards, shirkers and the easily discouraged. But he worked with them and won with them.

John Smith thought he was a poet. He began hopeful and well off. He wrote rhymes and neglected business. He grew poor and despondent. Children were taken away. His wife, thin and discouraged, worked hopelessly on in their wretched home. Her work brought something to eat and stamps for the return of rejected manuscripts.

The husband wrote and wrote; nothing was published. At last he decided that he would stop writing, that he would give up the hunt for glory and that he would try for revenge.

What little money he had—save a few pennies—he spent for stamps. He got enough stamps to send at least one to every magazine editor that had ever returned his unhappy poems. With the rest of it he bought from a friend in the drug store a small supply of prussic acid. He spent the whole night working.

First he wrote a poem. He had never written so fast in his life before. Words had never come so easily,

thoughts had never crowded each other so violently in that poor brain before.

The poem wrote itself. It was a poem of hate, of despair. It told of the blackness of life, the horror of failure and of remorse.

He made a careful copy of this poem for every one of the hated editors who had refused to appreciate him. He mailed a copy with stamp for reply to every one of the band of literary conspirators who for years had kept him down, starved his family and his genius.

And on the back of each stamp for return he carefully put a little prussic acid. Then he mailed the letters, and after a while he drank what was left of the prussic acid, leaving a short note to tell his wife that he felt that he must set her free.

But he didn't set her free. He didn't die. The drug store man knew better than to give prussic acid to a hungry, wild-eyed looking poet.

The letter that he had written to a friend, saying, "You may think of me when you hear that magazine editors are dropping dead all over the country," puzzled that friend when he got it. For no magazine editors dropped dead. On the contrary, four of them that very day hurriedly sent to the poet's-flat-garret to tell him that his poem was accepted, and that they would like some more. They told him that it was the most remarkable poem that they had ever read, that it was really wonderful and that it was powerful in its expression of hatred. They hoped he would write another just a little more pleasant, for they tried to please a conservative class.

The poet was shaken for a while, things had been

happening rapidly. But he soon pulled himself together. His name was made, and he could go on writing the old kinds of poem now, and he could sell them besides.

He lived to be old, prosperous and fat. And he always said to ambitious young men who asked for advice: "Don't write unless you have something to say."

Don't give up—go forward. Try, Try Again.

Make One More Plunge.

If first you haven't learned to swim
 You're facing life with prospects dim;
 You've lost your nerve and missed your stride,
 And oft may wish you could have died.
 But if you swim, life's tide will still
 Convey you through each trying ill;
 Fear not, when stopped, again to lunge—
 Stand up and make another plunge!

The swimmer who would gain renown
 Must sometimes sink, be oft cast down;
 Must swallow water, gulp and choke,
 Before he learns the steady stroke.
 But soon he's safe in that calm sea
 Wherein lie rest and victory.
 If you have sunk, try once again—
 Stand up and plunge into the main!

Before the swimmer learns to float
 He hovers near some friendly boat,
 And looking round with anxious eye
 Cries out for help when waves run high.
 But when he finds no boat at hand
 He paddles hard and gains the land:
 So though in troubles to your chin,
 Strike out with all your might—and win!

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

“Never underestimate yourself—the world will do that for you.”

“More men and women fail by reason of underestimation of their power than by reason of overvaluation. As a rule people of conscience do not take themselves at an adequate valuation, they do not believe enough in themselves. If they believed more in their own resources they would make more out of their lives. To believe in ourselves in the sense of regarding ourselves full of germs of growth is not only to secure the highest growth but it is to render the finest service which a man can render to his fellows. * * * Putting the highest price on yourself does not mean that we consider ourselves at the moment worthy of the price, but it does mean that we intend to make that price represent our actual worth in the world.”—Hamilton W. Mabie.

“When one loses faith in himself he is a weakling and will never do anything strong, forceful or original.”—Marden.

“The situation that has not its duty, its ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes, here in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy ideal; work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! The Ideal is thyself, the impediment, too, is thyself; thy condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of; what matters whether such stuff be of this sort or that so the form thou givest it be heroic, be poetic, Oh thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth: the thing thou seekest is already with thee, ‘here or nowhere,’ couldst thou only see!”—Carlyle.

CHAPTER XI.

Believe in Yourself.

“Be a friend to yersel, and ithers will.”

“The reverence of man’s self, next to relig
est bridle of all vices.”—Bacon.

“Self-respect is the cornerstone of all v. .s.”—John
Herschel.

“Above all things reverence thyself.”—Pythagoras.

“Self-distrust is the cause of most of our failures. In the
assurance of strength there is strength. And they are the
weakest, however strong, who have no faith in themselves or
their powers.”—Bovee.

The Chinese say it never pays to respect a man who does
not respect himself.

“He who has lost confidence can lose nothing more.”—
Boiste.

“Self-confidence is the iron string to which all hearts
vibrate.”—Emerson.

“While the fire was still raging, a San Francisco
merchant telegraphed to New York: ‘I have lost all.
Store, stock and home are gone. Insurance doubtful.
Will start business as soon as you can get me goods.
Ship anything.’ In less than twenty-four hours, ten
carloads of goods were en route to this man of un-
daunted faith and unflinching courage.

“The world takes a man at the estimate he places
upon himself. If you believe in yourself, the world
stands ready to back you.”—Hubbard.

The beginning of one of the world’s greatest maga-
zines on nothing but the editor’s belief in himself, made
the great “**World’s Work.**”

The Norwood Press, in Norwood, Massachusetts, had been engaged to print the magazine before an article had been written, a subscriber secured or an advertisement bought.

A trial edition of only thirty-five thousand copies had been contracted for but "whether we could sell or even give away so many, the gods had not yet made clear," says the editor himself, whom we quote below:

"That night the late Colonel Carrol D. Wright, a frank and honest gentleman whose long friendship is now become a pleasing memory, came into the Colonial Club at Cambridge to dine; and the dummy was shown to him. He looked it over very carefully and asked, 'How much capital have you?' 'None.' 'Have you already committed yourself to it?' 'Yes.' 'I'm sorry. There's no room for this. It is an impossible undertaking. Forgive me, and quit now.'

"And another good friend wrote in kindly sarcasm: 'I've noticed for some time the need of more magazines.'

"In a similar way, an advertiser asked one of the owners: 'Why should I advertise in a magazine that isn't yet born, has no circulation, and of which I have never seen a copy?' 'Because we need the money.' 'By George, you shall have it!'"

To believe in yourself is to win. Therefore win!

"Self-reliance can turn a salesman into a merchant; a politician into a statesman; an attorney into a jurist; an unknown youth into a great leader. All are to be tomorrow's big leaders,—those who in solitude sit above the clang and dust of time, with the world's secret trembling on their lips."—Hillis.

“Faith, absolute dogmatic faith, is the only law of true success. When we recognize the fact that a man carries his success or his failure with him, and that it does not depend upon outside conditions, we will come into the possession of powers that will quickly change outside conditions into agencies that make for success. When we come into this higher relation and bring our lives into complete harmony with the higher laws, we will then be able so to focus and direct the awakened interior forces that will go out and return laden with that for which they are sent. We will then be great enough to attract success, and it will not always be apparently just a little ways ahead.”—Ralph Waldo Trine.

Beecher's worthy successor, Dr. Hillis, once preached a sermon in which the following appeared: “Jesus Himself had an indestructible conviction that He was sent on a Divine Mission. That is why He was so strong. He understood that God had given Him something to do, and that He was doing. He breathed that disposition into the hearts of His disciples that they were sent on a particular mission by God. Everything was against them. Every class was opposed to them. All the educational institutions and schools of every kind, all the learned men, were arrayed against them. All the rich, all the mighty, all the elite, were against their religion. And yet they were sure they had a work to do, and they were going to do it. See the Church climbing up the stairs spattered with blood. They never would have climbed so high unless they were sure they had a mission from God.”

You may be spattered with blood from the battles

of life—so have others been—believe you can overcome and the blood spots will help.

“Lack of self-confidence ever makes you fall back into the ranks, weak, helpless, despairing. It shuts from you the revelation of power that is born only of action. Feel in every fibre of your being, feel with the heat and glow of conviction that you have infinite possibilities you must yourself make realities, or you will do nothing truly great.”

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell the following story of how he was taught, when a boy, to depend on himself:

“One day the teacher’s cold, calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, ‘No!’ I hesitated, and then went back to the beginning; and on reaching the same point again ‘No!’ uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress. ‘The next!’ I sat down in red confusion. He, too, was stopped with ‘No!’ but went right on, and finished; and as he sat down, was rewarded with, ‘Very well.’ ‘Why,’ whimpered I, ‘I recited it just as he did, and you said, ‘No!’ ‘Why didn’t you say yes and stick to it?’ It is not enough to know it. You, son; you must know that you know it. You have learned nothing until you are sure. If all the world says, No, your business is to say, Yes, and prove it.”

Believe in yourself and prove it.

The Boston Transcript says: “In summing up the characteristics of President Harper of the University of Chicago, his greatest characteristic was the unflinching and generous belief that things could be done. In his thirteen years of service he saw the Chicago Uni-

versity rise to a place in the first rank of the world's institutions of learning. It never seemed to occur to him that a thing must be abandoned or even postponed because it was difficult."

He believed in himself! Go thou and do likewise.

"Give all thy terrors to the wind."—Homer.

If all of your plans have been torn to shreds and scattered to the four winds of Heaven, let your terrors follow suit. Believe in yourself.

Few men have inspired as many people to higher ideals as Russell H. Conwell. A quotation from him makes the inspired page more holy still. He says: "I saw a young woman yesterday, who said she wished she had a college education, and talked about the University, wondering if the thing were possible that she could get a college education. 'But,' she said, 'it would not be of any use to me. I could not do what other women do in this world,' underestimating all the time her ability and strength while I knew by observation that she had the genius to do great things if she would."

"I remember a young lady under similar circumstances, saying that she did not know that she could be of any use to the world. I told her of a dozen things, and said, If you only knew yourself you would set yourself, to writing. You ought to become an author. She smiled as though I were only making sport of her. Afterwards, circumstances drove that lady to that kind of work, and the other day, she told me she was receiving three thousand dollars a year and was soon to go still higher in her literary work. I thought of her as the poor girl who earned three dollars a week

because she failed to get an accurate estimate of what she was really worth. That is almost universally the case with women. Because of their feminine instinct, because of their natural love of home, and the expectation of home life, they abandon all thought of their intellectual capacity, of their influence upon the world in other walks of life. They do not see their own identity."

"Man and the giraffe are the only two living things that cannot swim naturally. Throw a day-old kitten into the Mississippi and it will paddle its way to shore. The giraffe can't swim because he is built that way. Man can't swim, just because he is afraid. The chances are that the reason you are not in the swim financially or otherwise is because you are afraid."—Glen Buck.

Don't be afraid to swim, believe you can and paddle!

George Westinghouse, when a young man, was trying to interest capitalists in the automatic brake now used everywhere on rail road trains, but then only an untested scheme. Commodore Vanderbilt was then President of the New York Central Rail Road and to him Westinghouse addressed a letter inviting his attention and very carefully explaining all of the details of the invention. The letter was promptly returned to him with the Commodore's personal indorsement, "I have no time to waste on fools." Later when the Pennsylvania Rail Road was making a good thing of it Commodore Vanderbilt sent in a request for an interview. Westinghouse as promptly replied, "I have no time to waste on fools."

Believe in yourself, though they call you a fool—there are others.

“If you are starting out in a career of any kind for yourself, no matter whether in the trades, the professions, or the arts, do not be constantly on the alert for outside help.

“A woman of decided mental power, of decided gifts and unquestioned ability has yet failed to attain any goal, mainly because she has always waited for others to help her on the way.

“Wherever she encounters a man or a woman of any position, power or influence, her first thought is, ‘What can that person do for me?’ Such an attitude of the mind affects the character, just as a child’s physical development would be affected if, instead of learning to walk itself, it is always to depend upon the guidance of some hand. Waste no time on foolish and belittling regrets, other people have not done for you what they should have done.

“It is a divine compliment when any soul stands solitary in the world, with no one on whom to depend, or to turn to for assistance.

“A man who asked a friend for financial help received it, and the friend indulged in a little encouraging talk in addition to the loan. ‘You must have more faith in yourself,’ he said, ‘and must realize that the whole matter of success is in yourself. You must succeed in spite of everything and everybody if you would fully come into consciousness of your own responsibility, and your unlimited powers.’

“‘But when I tell you how I have been handicapped,’ the man began, ‘how little encouragement I

have had and how people have wronged me'—but the friend stopped him. 'Every thought of that kind you entertain and every word you utter is so much energy wasted and mental force dissipated in useless, unproductive ways. No human being can handicap another unless that other lets his mind power be unused or employs it wrongly,' he said, and he spoke the truth.

"Self-pity, harsh judgment of others, envy, jealousy, doubt, mental indolence, weak longings for more than you have won by strong endeavor, all these things prevent more men from becoming successful than all the unjust conditions which exist in our industrial system.

"Waste of thought is the most common waste which exists. And there is no extravagance so far-reaching and so vast in its devastating results. For thought is the God-given power which was meant for man to use constructively, and to have, and to be, and to do whatever he wished.

"If you are a merchant, waste no time nor breath in talking about the dishonesty and unworthiness of your rivals in business. If you are a physician, or a beauty specialist, or a dressmaker, or a teacher of wisdom, the same advice applies to you. All the vitality you can draw from space helps to make your own methods successful. Each time you indulge in criticism and back-biting, or in open denunciation of the methods of some competitor, you are losing ground for yourself. This is the law and you cannot change it. I have known a physician to devote the greater part of his time while calling on patients, or while they are in his institution, to the disparagement of brother doctors

whose ideas did not coincide with his own. There are metaphysicians who are similarly inclined, even though such a procedure is in contradiction of the laws they teach. But while it is a simple matter to teach the philosophy it is very difficult to make it a part of our daily working habits. Every time we stop in our appeal to the forces within or without for strength and aid to criticise a fellow man who follows some other line of procedure we turn off the current that the Divine Electrician has always in working order for us.

“There’s room for every sincere soul on God’s earth. No one can crowd another. No one can injure or interfere with your own affairs and the surest way to do it is to interfere with the affairs of another. Wish every man God-speed no matter if he opens a place of business next door to you in direct competition with you, wish him God-speed. Say to him and say to yourself, ‘There is room for good workers everywhere. We are like two stars in space, and one does not interfere with the other’s light.’ It may be hard work to bring yourself into this state of mind but once you arrive there you will be conscious of a new power, a new force. If your competitor is on a lower plane and opens his business merely to injure you, rest assured his attitude of mind will have ten-fold the power to overcome his efforts than a resentful and defiant one would have.

“Conserve your forces, nothing dissipates them like flaw-picking. Think about your own splendid possibilities and let your mind reach out for new ideas and new developments in what you are doing, not back and

down, seeking flaws in what your competitors are doing.

“Let other artists paint, let other authors write, other merchants sell, other actors act, and other singers sing. We wish them all glory, success, happiness. Lift your soul to the vastness of space and refuse to be petty and small and jealous and critical. Ask for all the force, all the light, all the wisdom that is being stored up for your use. Believe it and go your way.”—
Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The young hack driver of the story was John L. Sullivan, just beginning to fight. He beat many men because he started out **convinced that he could beat them.**

Mike Donovan, who taught Theodore Roosevelt to box, or tried to teach him, told this story :

“I got this broken nose in a queer way. I was matched to fight for the lightweight championship and went to Boston to make a little money before my big fight. They wanted me to knock out a strong young ‘chopping block’ that they had selected.

“When I got there I saw the ‘chopping block’ and didn’t like his looks. He was a hack driver, eighteen years old, with an eye that went right through you. I said to him: ‘Young fellow, I am matched for an important fight and I wouldn’t break that little finger on you for a \$1,000. Don’t try to get gay when we box and I will bring you to New York and teach you to fight.’

“The eighteen-year-old hack driver replied, although he knew I was a champion: ‘If you get in that

ring with me you'll be lucky if I don't break your neck.'

"He didn't break my neck, and I was lucky. I kept him away from me as long as I could. He knew nothing about boxing. But he swung his arm like a club, hit me on the back between the shoulders, knocked me on the floor face downward and gave me that broken nose."

"Believe in yourself and you will get others to believe in you."

"It is not all the getting of money. It is not all the winning of success. It is partly these and partly that we are so made in this human world that he who tries for nothing, he who does nothing for his kind or himself, is not given a real place among us. And if we could get inside of his soul we should find that he did not believe in himself, that he even did not give himself a place among his fellows."

"Do not lose your red blood! Whatever you are, wherever or however you are situated, keep your heart warm and your humanity at par. Be of good cheer, believe in our people, in our methods, in our country, in your neighbor and in yourself."

CHAPTER XX.

**Stick-at-it-ive-ness; Plug-i-tive-ness;
Hang-on-i-tive-ness.**

“If you have something to say, say it often enough and folks will be bound to listen.”

“No abilities, however splendid, can command success without intense labor and persevering application.”—A. T. Stewart.

“Good luck is another name for tenacity of purpose.”—Emerson.

“A destiny, like a diamond, is a matter of digging.”

“Nothing is incurable save lack of courage.”—Edward Earle Purington.

“Hardship is hurtful only to cowards. It can't break a real man's back—it only stiffens his back-bone.”—Herbert Kauffmann.

“It is all very well to tell me that a young man has distinguished himself by a brilliant first speech. He may go on, or he may be satisfied with his first triumph; but show me a young man who has not succeeded at first, and nevertheless gone on and I will back that young man to do better than most of those who have succeeded at the first trial.”—Charles James Fox.

“The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they while their companions slept
Were toiling upward in the night.”

Grit makes the man,
The want of it, the chump;
The men who win
Lay hold, hang on, and hump.

Mr. George Warren Brown built up the largest shoe concern in the world and did it by grit, gumption and stick-to-it-tive-ness as well as judgment, foresight and patience. At one of the critical times in the history of his institution when others might have surrendered to circumstances and waved the flag of white, he had the following motto printed and put in the hat of every employee of the Brown Shoe Company: "Difficulties are the things which show what men are."

Always-at-it grows good cabbage and lettuce where others grow thistles, says Spurgeon—and Spurgeon knows.

From discarded amateur to world's champion ball player, is the record of stick-to-it Jones. The story was told to me by R. R. Roberts, says James Crusinberry.

"We didn't used to think that Jones would be a good ball player," said Roberts. "Why he had a brother who was considered a much better player, while this man Groves was thought to be the best that ever hit that part of the country. I used to play with them myself and can remember a team we had up in the country one summer where we used Fielder Jones just because we could not find anybody else. Groves was our pitcher and was a star. I was playing the outfield and trying to coach Jones along so he could keep a place on the team. But things are different today. Groves never got past the college team and I never got past the little country team and both of us thought we knew something about the game. But this man Jones, whom we would not have thought of consulting on things pertaining to base ball, has showed us all up

and built up a reputation as a ball player and general that no one in the country can excel.

“He did it just because he had the power to stick to a thing until he had mastered every detail. That is the key to his success. He never gives up.

“In school when he was a little boy it was just the same. He was often laughed at because of his dullness in things, but when such was the case he would just grit his teeth and struggle until he could beat any of us at the same thing.

“It made no difference whether it was one of the studies in the class room or running a foot race, if Jones took it up he never gave up until he could beat us all.

“I remember when he was quite young he was awkward and clumsy and all the boys could beat him running. It hurt his feelings, for he was always sensitive, but he got to work and before he left the little school he was the champion sprinter of the country and while in college won some honors on the track team. It was just this ability to stick that has made Fielder Jones the great ball player and manager that he is today.

“Fielder Jones is not a natural ball player. That may be contradicted by the fans who watch him in Chicago, but I can remember when he started playing ball and he was awful. But just because we laughed at him and because he was sensitive he went to work and studied base ball all the time. He practiced as much as all the rest of the boys put together. He never got tired of chasing flies and all of a sudden we awoke

to the fact that he had drilled himself until he was better than any of us.

“After that things came fast for Jones. He went out west and played on a semi-professional team in the state of Washington. Then he played in Seattle and the following year came back East and played at Corning, New York. The next season he got into the New York State League on the Binghamton team and one year later he went to Springfield, Massachusetts, in the Eastern League. From there he was pushed into the National League in Brooklyn and finally he landed with the Chicago White Sox, where he became manager while Groves and I clung to the little home village and kept ourselves busy reading the papers about Jones’ success.”

Never say die! If you do, say it under breath, and then take it back. Hold to the Law of Suggestion; to the Law of Stimulation.

“Please hear me play,” said an eight-year-old girl in 1850, to the committee of the Paris Conservatory of Music. She had been turned away time and time again but would not give up until finally the committee said, “Now get out of here and stay out.” Well, the committee didn’t speak that harshly but that is the way it sounded to Camilla Ursa. They told her the conservatory was for boys only and the youngest who would be admitted was ten years old while she was only eight. But that did not make any difference to her. She wanted to show them that she could play and her determination meant success. She continued her importunities one way and another until the Emperor, Louis Napoleon, learned of her perseverance and he directed

the committee to give her an audience. There were seventy-six boys all older than she facing the dignified judges and she stood highest at the close of the examination given the seventy-seven. A girl, mind you! The first girl who had ever been admitted and but for her, perhaps the institution would be closed to all of her sex today. Of course those judges had said beforehand that she could not "make it," and of course the judges were mistaken when bumping against such a "Pike's Peak or Buster." Grit made the great Ursa. Grit is all the introduction you need to join the open order of "Pike's Peakers." Be initiated. Stick 'er out.

Edison spent fifteen to twenty hours a day for six or seven months at a stretch shouting the word *spezia* against the wax cylinder in his efforts to have the hissing sound removed. Any one who is that kind of a shouter, is going to get what he goes after. A word to the wise.

David Warfield is one of the world's greatest actors but he "was not always thus." Oh no, he was a newsboy, an usher in a theater, a would-be "legitimate" stranded and "busted" kind-of-an-actor and a few other hard bumping bumped actor before he became one of the world's greatest actors. In San Francisco he persuaded a vaudeville house manager to let him give the audience an exhibition of his power. "It was an exhibition all right," and trembling with stage fright—that stage-meningitis and actor's fright-ki-tus,—he managed to wobble from the wings to the footlights and tried to do his act, but he didn't. Some one yelled, "Ah, forget it." "He has," answered another.

He began to tell a "lively story," but lost the thread of it and amidst jests and jibes and the rest of the "get-the-hook" jeering and scoffing he was hissed off the stage. That was quite enough of San Francisco for David, but not enough of acting so he next turned up in New York. You do not always turn up that way after being hissed off the stage, but David did. After some more of that persevering-stick-to-it-spirit, Warfield climbed to the top. He is no better a climber than you can be if you sharpen your sticker-out-or-die spurs.

"How long did it take you to learn to play?" asked a young man of Geradini. "Twelve hours a day for twenty years," replied the great violinist.

Lyman Beecher when asked how long it took him to write his celebrated sermon on the "Government of God," replied, "About forty years."

"We have met the enemy and they are ours," is not copyrighted by Commodore Perry. You have the same chance to meet the enemy and spank 'em, too, if you use the "Pike's Peaker's" stick-at-ive-ness. Be a sticker and a spanker.

Here is what one world's champion says: "Anything can be overcome, if one has grit enough to fight and to keep on fighting." And he was at one time a paralytic! His story was printed in the American Magazine, a portion of which follows:

"For seventeen years Ray C. Ewry has been absolutely invincible, as a high and broad standing jumper. When a boy he suffered from paralysis after an illness. For months he was unable to walk and the doctors said he would never recover, but the American spirit was strong within Ewry and he refused to quit.

In time he was able to stand. Then he tried to jump but a few inches; for weeks he was unable to move both feet at once. 'I remember the first time I succeeded in shuffling both feet ahead a couple of inches'; he said, 'I kept on trying day after day. Sometimes I was so tired and so hopeless that I sat down and cried. But I determined to overcome. I worked and worked and worked! Then at last I could jump a couple of feet and after that I improved more rapidly. I trained all the time, always jumping and jumping. The first thing I knew I improved so much that I could beat other boys. Then I began breaking records. I believe that if I hadn't made up my mind to work out my own salvation I might have been crippled to this day.' "

Today Ewry holds the world's record for the standing high, standing broad and three standing jumps. He has won national championships by the score. He has won Olympic after Olympic; the three events in Paris, the same three in St. Louis, and the two standing jumps at Athens.

Who told you, you can't be a jumper, the kind that jumps over handicaps and lands in the solar plexus of your hindrances? Don't believe him, he's a judge bought by the chap who doesn't know.

Thomas B. Gregory tells us that the name Grant is one of great antiquity in Scotland, and it has been claimed that the hero of Appomattox sprang from the Scottish clan of Grant, whose motto was: "Stand fast,—stand sure!"

Be that as it may we know that the General's mother was a woman of an iron will, and that one of

the things she was fond of teaching her son was that when he had "once begun a task, he must stick to it until he had finished." All of which reminds one most forcibly of the famous telegram from Grant to Lincoln: "I propose to fight it out along this line if it takes all summer." Don't you give up the fight.

To be sure, the skill of Lee, backed by the valor of his men, forced Grant to a new line, but with grim determination he kept on fighting in the face of losses that would have appalled the stoutest heart, and along the new line, but with the old resolution, he kept at it until he had exhausted his adversary's strength and wrenched from him the victory for which the government had so long contended.

He did not forget his mother's advice about "keeping at it." It was the heroic courage and unflagging perseverance of the farmer's daughter, imparted to her son when a little boy at her knee, that saved the nation from disruption and made it possible for "Old Glory" to wave forever over "The land of the free and the home of the brave."

Grant never applied for a patent on "keeping at it," you may use it if you will.

Jean De Reszke was approaching middle life before fame came to smile on him. The history of the concert as well as the operatic stage shows to us over and over again that determination and persistence have much more to do in bringing about ultimate success than the initial possession of a beautiful voice.

It isn't voice, looks, size, name, place, pull, luck or anything else as much as it is stick-at-it-ive-ness, plug-i-tive-ness and hang-on-i-tive-ness.

Arago, when on the point of yielding in his early days to poverty and neglect, picked up by chance a piece of torn newspaper. In it he read the words of D'Alembert: "**If you are tempted to turn back, go on, sir, go on!**" The determination then formed by the youth to go on carried him to his glorious goal.

Go on, my friend, go on; your success is just around the corner. Go on and you will catch up with it.

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Do Not Quit the Fight.

If you think the game is up,
Do not quit the fight!
Scorn to drink life's hemlock cup—
Do not quit the fight!
If you've felt calamity,
Drifting wild on life's dark sea,
Brave and stalwart strive to be—
Do not quit the fight!

Should the tables turn on you,
Do not quit the fight!
Paths to fortune you can hew—
Do not quit the fight!
If you think your doom is sealed;
That the end is now revealed;
Think of others who have reeled—
Do not quit the fight!

If your fortune's on decline,
Do not quit the fight!
Never stop to sulk or pine,
Do not quit the fight!
If reverses check your way;
If your plans are near decay;
Your strong hand the whole can stay—
Do not quit the fight!

If your hopes have come to grief
Do not quit the fight!
If the frost has nipped each leaf,
Do not quit the fight!
Though engulfed by fen and mire,
Still fight on and never tire;
You can wade through flood and fire—
Do not quit the fight!

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

The Bull Dog Grip.

Ho, man! Hold on with bull dog grip,
 Determined mind and firm set lip!
 "It's dark today and slow the pace!"
 But you are bound to win the race.

"Worked long and hard and no reward!"
 Just keep unsheathed your fighting sword.
 And just hang on and let 'er rip—
 The world gives way to bull dog grip!

Have no kind words or thanks been yours?
 The crown is there for whom endures.
 You've often failed? Had many a slip?
 But win you will with bull dog grip!

Have critics harsh been on your trail?
 Just never mind, you will prevail;
 There's many a slip 'twixt cup and lip,
 But no "last count" for the bull dog grip.

Have you been fouled, hit 'neath the belt?
 Others the same as you have felt.
 Though some may get you on the hip,
 These but make tight your bull dog grip!

Have plans gone wrong and blown away?
 Just you keep plugging all the day.
 Have some called you too "bold and flip!"
 Take your rebuke, but keep your grip!

Have others said, "It can't be done!"
 And you the only battling one?
 From o'er the sea will come your ship,
 To pay you for your bull dog grip!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

CHAPTER XXI.

Opportunity, or Turning Things up.

“Things do not turn up in this world until somebody turns them up.”—Garfield’s motto.

“The best men are not those who have waited for chances but who have taken them, besieged these chances, conquered the chance, and made chance the servitor.”—E. H. Chapin.

“The world makes way for the determined man.”

“Do not wait for opportunities; seize common occasions and make them great.”

“I will find a way or make one.”

“There never was a day that did not bring its own opportunity for doing good that could never have been done before, and never can be again.”—W. H. Burleigh.

John Adams in his diary, in 1759, wrote: “What am I doing? Shall I sleep away my whole seventy years? No, by everything, I swear I will renounce this contemplative, and betake myself to an active roving life by sea or land; or else I will attempt some uncommon, unexpected enterprise in law. Let me lay the plan and arouse spirit enough to push boldly. I swear, I’ll push myself into business; I’ll watch my opportunity to speak in court, and will strike with surprise bench, bar, jury, auditors and all.”

“To a healthy mind the world is a constant challenge of opportunity.”—James Russell Lowell.

“Luck is ever waiting for something to turn up; labor, with keen eyes and strong will, will turn up something.”—Richard Cobden.

A million dollars a month isn’t bad for a man to handle, own, control and spend, if he wants to.

A million a month and the United States Senate also thrown in for good measure is the record of a man

who didn't wait for things to turn up but who went and turned them up.

Senator William Andrews Clark went from the rocky ribbed hills of Pennsylvania to Colorado (as many others of the Pike's Peakers did) to find gold and like many others he was disappointed in not finding it hanging like moss from the weeping willow trees! (If any weeping willow trees were there.) Clark, seventeen years old, was disappointed, and you will remember he wasn't senator yet. "He had been jarred to his back bone when the plow handles punched his ribs back on that Pennsylvania farm," once too often and he was out after wealth, fame and a Senatorship,—only the Senatorship was an afterthought. The man who does not wait for things to turn up but goes out and digs them up can expect several afterthoughts. The man who sits around waiting for things to turn up and sees nothing turn up, but the butcher, the baker, the candle stick maker and a few other bill pushers, generally gets an afterthought or two also, but that kind of an afterthought is of a different species.

With sleeves rolled up, Clark went to work digging a bonanza but that bonanza thing after eighteen months of Clark's digging wouldn't be dug up.

At this juncture of missing the bonanza, Iowa offered a pleasant and successful life as an attorney. But no Iowa attorney-ship could lure the young fellow from that bonanza.

So it was from Colorado to Montana for him, seven hundred miles via the ox-cart route, and sixty-five days of travel, amid dangers that would make a man's hair stand on end twice in every twenty-four hours.

To travel from Colorado to Montana was hazardous in those times, unhampered by the Pullmans and Limiteds. Every mountain stream was a lure to death, Indians resented intrusion. Burnt wagons of the pioneers and their skeletons were guide posts. So you will see it was a trip which required courage, yet Clark made the trip safely. It developed the grit which he has never since lacked. Henry Knapp writes that upon Clark's arrival at Virginia City, Montana: "He bought a claim which, with his oxen and nine months of real back breaking, knee deep in ice water, yielded him, in the year of '64, fifteen hundred dollars. Others had been more successful. Some had cleaned up as many thousand. They spent theirs. Clark drove three hundred miles to Salt Lake and bought goods, and became a trader." (You see he was always turning up things.) "Then he opened up a store. Flour was one hundred and fifty dollars per fifty pound sack. Ham was a dollar a pound. The greatest expense was the freight. Clark was his own freighter."

Needless to say that such a spirit as Clark's would not have waited long for things to turn up in Pennsylvania! He would have turned them up there too but just now we are with him on his way to the Senate and that million dollar a month in the West, still turning things up. "He made money," (turning things up). "In a year his fifteen hundred dollars was seventy-five hundred dollars. The fall of '65 saw an impending tobacco famine at Last Chance Gulch (now Helena). The last tobacco laden steamer up the Missouri River had been snagged; her cargo went

down! "On horse back, Clark rode two hundred fifty miles across plain and mountain into Boise City. Other men knew of the tobacco famine but to them, a comfortable log hut was preferable to a minus twenty temperature, punctuated by snow driven blizzards." (They were not the turners-up-of-things as Clark was.) "On January first, Clark drove to Helena with two thousand barrels of tobacco on his wagon. It cost him three thousand dollars. It sold for ten thousand and he was the most popular man among those ten thousand miners." (Popularity, that's what you sometimes get for turning things up.) "The next year saw him with a wholesale supply house that controlled the trade of Central Montana." (He was still turning things up, not whimpering for some rich uncle, dead aunt or good luck angel to turn 'em up for him.) "Then his office became a depository of miners and teamsters and so he drifted into banking." (In other words he turned up a bank there in Montana.)

"In 1872 he bought a mine at Butte which was supposed to carry high values in gold. This proved to be not so, and the investment looked like a total loss. For ten years Clark had lived and breathed mining. He realized now that no man could be a successful miner without knowledge of the technicalities of the mining industry." (So he again got the turning up crow bar that no one else could handle for him, and that winter he was at Columbia College where he graduated in assaying and metallurgy.) Henceforth he intended to make his own assays and eliminate possibility of a fraud.

"He assayed his own mine and found copper.

Then he became miner as well as banker. Reduction works and smelting plant was the natural sequence of his foresight and energy, and he became rich."

In time he bought a mine in Arizona, now Jerome, and after turning up a few more of his tricks when the others thought they had him down he became owner of a mine—the United Verde, which yields a million dollars a month. The story of how he went to the senate is a continuation of the same Clark spirit of turning things up, the same spirit which we all can have, which will send all men and (in these days of women's rights and suffragettes) all women anywhere they have a mind to go. May we meet turning things up.

"Great men never wait for opportunities, they make them. Bunyan had no writing paper in jail, but he untwisted the stoppers of the milk bottles and wrote his 'Pilgrim's Progress' on them." Use milk bottles, stoppers or jails if you have to but make your way! Turn things up!

Elbert Hubbard, the Prince of all writers, gives us the following:

"I do not believe in waiting for 'things to turn up,' like our old college chum, Wilkins Micawber. I take off my hat to the man who jumps in and creates his opportunities, who makes things happen, where before there was nothing doing. Today a young man has more golden opportunities handed to him on an asbestos platter than ever before, but there are opportunities and opportunities."

"**Make good or get out**, is written over the entrance of the Modern Business World. It's not a hope-

less condition either, in fact it's full of hope. To the man who writes it on his own heart it spells opportunity, the opportunity to make good. We can all make good in some degree and we ourselves set the limit of our attainments. Are you making good? Is your promotion due?"

Opportunity is a daily visitor instead of once-in-a-life-time-comer as some seem to think.

Play on, plunge on, keep on. Slide and get it

Slide.

In league baseball when near a base
 And play is close, without much grace
 The runner plunges, falls, and slides,
 And clouds of frantic dust provides.
 To some it seems a trifle odd
 To see him ploughing sand and sod,
 But many a time ere play is done
 By such a slide the game is won!

In making slides a suit is ripped,
 One man is spiked, another tripped;
 Bruised shins there are—joints out of place—
 An ankle turned—a bleeding face.
 But men of gumption, grit, and life
 Will slide oftentimes to win the strife:
 Bruises and raps ne'er stop the play—
 You have to slide to win the day!

In life's great game when base is near
We slide sometimes, but void of fear,
For he who has the sportsman's grip
Won't mind a casual bump or rip.
Not many reach life's highest goal
Without a torn and bleeding soul;
The extra slide the hero points—
The tattered garb and aching joints!

If you are free from scar or whack,
From broken bone or weary back,
Perhaps you haven't reached first base
For fear of soiling clothes or face.
Stand at the plate with battling nerve
To bang the swiftest pitcher's curve;
Don't think about your shins or hide—
Run like a winner—slide! man, slide!

For who in life has reached home plate
Who hasn't felt the knocks of Fate;
Who stands unfallen and unbruised,
And passed the bases unconfused?
Just duck your head and boldly dart;
If once put out, make one more start:
Don't hesitate in fear and pride—
Plunge for your goal—slide! Kelly, slide!

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

Keep sliding, turning things up—opportunity—and
your time will come!

And he spake a parable unto them to this end,
Saying, there was in a city a judge, which feared not God,
neither regarded man:

And there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him
saying, Avenge me of mine adversary.

And he would not for a while; but afterward he said
within himself, Though I fear not God, nor regard man;

Yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest
by her continual coming she weary me.—St. Luke.

“Seest thou a man diligent in his business? He shall
stand before kings. He shall not stand before mean men.”—
Proverbs.

“Patient waiting is often the highest way of doing God’s
will.”—Collier.

“Washington never won a battle until his last one and that
ended the war.”

“Noah was six hundred years old before he knew how to
build the ark—Don’t lose your grip!”—Hubbard.

CHAPTER XXII.

Your Time Will Come—Your Time Will Come.

“Success in most things depends on knowing how long it takes to succeed.”—Montesquieu.

“The battle is not lost so long as you have a leg to stand on and a gun to fire.”—Dr. Frank Crane.

“Weak men are crushed by detraction, but the brave hold on and succeed.”—Bovee.

“Difficulties strengthen the mind as labor does the body.”
—Seneca.

“Adversity is the diamond with which Heaven polishes its jewels.”—Leighton.

“He who can wait long enough can win.”—Charles H. Spurgeon.

“He who steers right on will gain, at length, however far the port.”

“Victory belongs to the most persevering.”—Napoleon.

Strong, brave men make opportunities; weak men cringe and wait for opportunities.—Don't be a cringer.

In seeking to become the mistress of the world, Rome had ravished and hounded Carthage until Hannibal's father Hamilcar, had Hannibal, at the age of twelve, to swear eternal vengeance against the hated Romans. Some historians count Hannibal as one of the world's five greatest generals. His motive was to conquer and destroy Rome. Before he was thirty he decided to cross the Alps and attack the proud and haughty Roman citadel. His generals said that it could not be done as there was no road across the Alps. Hannibal replied, “I will either find a way or make one.” And he did.

The writing of Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" took twenty years of drudgery, but the author kept at it, murmuring, "My time will come, my time will come." It did come; he produced one of the master classics of the English language.

Your time will come.

When Arago, the celebrated French scientist, was a poor boy working in a book-bindery, he saw these words on a piece of paper that was used in the lining of a book cover, "Go on, sir, go on!" and he afterwards said the inspiration of this motto affected his entire career.

Dr. Samuel Johnson's famous letter to Chesterfield shows the character of the man who persevered, knowing his time would come. The opening of the letter reads: "Seven years, my Lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms and was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before."

Hang on for seven years, seventeen years if need be, or more and you're going to win, your time will come, **your time will come.** No one, not even Chesterfield, can keep you back.

John Milton, when twelve years of age, had an ambition to write an immortal poem; and the world will ever remember its triumph in the work of the blind bard.

Milton kept his eye on his goal and won out. Your

time will come, keep your eye on your goal and plug.

One of the most inspiring biographies of our day, is that of Senator Gore of Oklahoma, as told by James Crellman in Pearson's Magazine. I give an abridgement below :

“At the age of eight years the boy's left eye was blinded by an accidental blow from a stick. Three years later he was employed as a page in the Mississippi Senate and boarded at the house of Senator J. Z. George in Jackson. One day while playing with a cross bow, an arrow entered his right eye and destroyed his sight. As the wounded lad was carried home, he stretched his hands out and moaned, ‘Don't tell my mother. Please, don't tell my mother.’

“On his return to his home in Walthall the boy passed his first winter listening to the readings of his mother and his sister, ‘The Lives of Self-Made Men,’ stirred courage and ambition in him. In the following winter and for several winters afterwards, he was able to grope his way to and from school, which was three-quarters of a mile away from the Gore cottage. His father, meantime, had been elected chancery clerk of the village and was able to provide decently for the family.

“His father wanted to send him to an asylum for the blind, but the boy protested against segregation. He refused to be confined to the narrow life of any special class. He begged to be allowed to associate with the well and able, to take his chances in the ordinary world about him.

“A great ambition had grown in his breast. He had attended a school debating club and he found that

he could debate with his fellows on equal terms. Why might he not rise in politics? It was a time oratory counted in Mississippi. Stricken and helpless after a desolating war, tortured and insulted by bitter years of political reconstruction, the South did need voices to utter her soul.

“While Gore was attending the high school, his closest companion was his class mate, Charles H. Pittman. This youth used to read to him. One day they found an old volume of the Congressional Record. Going out to the stable the blind student would stand there for hours while Pittman read to him the speeches of the law makers at Washington.

“‘I can remember that stable well,’ said Senator Gore a few weeks ago, ‘and I can recall the very moment in that thrilling experience when the ambition to be a United States Senator entered my breast, never to leave it even in the darkest days and years which followed. From that time on I never allowed my hope to die out.’

“He went to law school for ten months, returning with but twenty-five cents and a suit of clothes which he had worn fourteen months. His father was practicing law in Walthall, where young Gore tried it for two years, but since there were forty-five lawyers in that little town it was impossible for the ambitious blind boy to succeed.

“It is precisely at this point in their lives that so many men weakly succumb to what in self-justification, they call inexorable fate. Failing to win success after a fair and brave trial in one place, they settle down to ruin by stagnation, forgetting that it is better to wear

out than to rust out, or that even the lobster has intelligence enough to quit a shell too small for further development.

“So, after two years’ effort to earn a living as a lawyer in the place of his birth, Gore decided to go to Texas. Having saved forty dollars he started in April, 1894, for Texarkana, arriving there an absolute stranger with only twenty-one dollars in his pocket. He secured a boarding house and offered himself promptly to the Populist leader for service in the approaching State and County election. His political speeches brought him money enough to pay his expenses, but he found no chance to practice law. In the winter he went back to Walthall and for a year made another desperate effort to win success as a lawyer. He was nominated to Congress by the Populists, but was defeated. Yet his speeches in the campaign attracted much attention.

“On the last day of the year 1895 the sightless and unsuccessful lawyer decided to abandon the struggle in his native spot and to go back to Texas. Before leaving Walthall he made a vow that he would never enter that village again until he could return to his neighbors a United States Senator.

“The desire to be a Senator had become a consuming fire in the blind man’s breast. The oath he took on leaving Mississippi was kept through years of penury and strife. Again and again in his final fight for the Senate he told his audiences of his solemn pledge and declared that he did not care so much to enter the Senate as he did to go back to Mississippi without breaking his oath. Gore was only twenty-five

years old, when he made the vow and left his native state forever. * * * *

“His clothing might be shabby and his meals scanty; he might have to feel his way with a walking stick or be led about by the hand. But what of it? He had ears to hear the complaints of the people about him; he had a brain to think and he had a tongue to talk—these were enough for a man in a world full of opportunities; a sound argument, a lofty sentiment were just as convincing in the mouth of a blind man as in the mouth of a man who could see.

“‘I ask no odds of any man because of my affliction,’ he said. ‘All I ask is fair play. I will win on my merits or not at all.’ * * * *

“When he was twenty-six years old he and his brother opened a law office. It was a very fierce struggle with the world. His father, mother and brother lived with him. Sometimes they were without a single dollar. And again and again the family was reduced to the verge of physical suffering. Yet year after year they kept up the fight for existence without a complaint. Nor did the blind lawyer once despair of reaching the Senate.

“In April, 1899, Gore’s fortune had sunk so low that he appeared in the street with frayed clothing, broken shoes and a visage white with deprivation. One day it seemed as though he had come face to face with actual starvation, when an old nigger woman paid two dollars which she owed him, and that saved the situation.

“The Senate! United States Senate! He would reach the goal of his ambition yet. Shabby, hungry

and in eternal darkness, there was in him an inextinguishable something that never allowed him to doubt it.

“After clearing up one thousand dollars in a Presidential Campaign as a stump speaker, he took unto himself a wife. But the one thousand dollars soon dwindled. He moved to Oklahoma to take up a claim, and ‘grow up with the country.’ After putting up a cottage, buying a stove and a few articles of furniture, they had only one dollar left. His wife became sick and for four months he was her only nurse, save when the baby came in January. The baby was born in desperately cold weather in a room heated by a tiny cook stove. It lived only seventeen days and was buried on the prairie.

“That winter tried the man in him. For months he and his fair young wife lived on the scanty portions of bread, beans and beef liver, with syrup made of sugar dissolved in water for dessert. He borrowed fifteen dollars from a friendly neighbor; then he got \$125.00 as his share of the commission for selling a land claim and paid his debts. But the struggle for bare life was hard, and it is a fact that for six years in Oklahoma before Gore reached the Senate, his grocery bills averaged twelve dollars a month, or about thirteen cents a meal. All through this time his wife encouraged his political ambitions. She believed in him and he held his head high as he groped his way in the streets with a stick, puzzled at times to know where the next dollar was to come from, but more determined than ever to be a Senator. There was no self-pity in him. It was a hard thing to be blind and it was harder still to live insecure from one thin meal to an-

other. Still he faced it all with a smile and spurned pity as an insult.

“‘All that I ask is the same chance that any other man has,’ he said. ‘I will win yet.’ They liked that brave spirit in Oklahoma and although Gore was inwardly tormented by want, he made friends. The convinced man is always convincing and the blind and briefless lawyer’s courage persuaded many that he would succeed, somehow pity changed to admiration, and admiration to confidence. It is very strange that so often, ‘the condition which the high friendship demands is the ability to do without; and Gore, out of the desperation of his poverty, was compelled to make the world follow him by sheer ‘bluff.’

“In April, 1902, Gore managed to go as delegate to the Territorial Convention that was to choose a delegate to Congress from Oklahoma, and his speech in response to the welcome of the Mayor of Enid so struck the fancy of the delegates that there was a movement to make him the choice of the Convention. He declined the honor in favor of the others. It was a shrewd move and counter-balanced the fact that he was a new-comer in Oklahoma. The result was that he was elected to the Territorial Senate.

“That summer the blind man had another terrible struggle to keep alive. One day in June he had only eight cents left. He held a war council with his wife to consider what they should do with the eight cents. It was decided that the money should be spent on postage in an effort to secure speaking engagements. The political fight had to be kept up at any cost. The Fourth of July Address at the town of Ingersol brought in

twenty-two dollars above expenses. This, with four dollars a day for his two months' service in the Territorial Senate saved the situation. He and his wife managed to live during his whole service in the Legislature at a total cost of ninety dollars. Mrs. Gore took the place of his eyes. She became his political spur.

"In 1905 he declined a good offer to lecture for the Knights of Pythias in order that he might speak at all sorts of political gatherings and invited his audience to shake hands with him. It was hard to live but he managed it somehow. Everything had to give way to the great plan he had set for himself.

"The Statehood bill was passed by Congress in 1906. The political air of Oklahoma was 'full of razors' as the struggle for the two new Senatorships began with the primary campaign to elect a Legislature. Gore's opponents were both rich men who spent their money freely. He stayed in Guthrie, borrowing money to pay the \$4.50 a week which it cost him to live. Being at the Capitol he met men from all over the State and was able to make shrewd combinations.

"It was a tragic thing to see a blind man harassed by poverty, fighting against his rich rivals, one a banker, the other a lawyer, but, however he bled inwardly, Gore gave no sign that he saw anything pathetic in his situation. His friends wanted him to abandon his ambition for a time and run for Congress. 'It is the senate or nothing,' he replied.

"In April, 1907, he began to make speeches all over the State. It cost him sixty-five dollars to get out a hundred thousand copies of a circular in which he announced the views on which he expected to be chosen

as Senator, with much tall rhetoric about Jeffersonian principles and 'the jeweled hand of greed picking the thread-bare pockets of the needy.' 'I would rather expend money to build homes than battleships—to dig ditches than graves,' he wrote.

"He spoke on street corners, from tops of boxes, from cart tails, anywhere, everywhere, night and day. The leading newspapers ignored him, while his rivals were able to buy advertising space, and one of them hired brass bands, Opera Houses and advance agents. In March he had mortgaged his house for one thousand dollars, but the money was soon gone. To get his name on the primary ballot under the rules of the Democratic State Convention, he had to pay three hundred seventy-five dollars. But on the last day allowed for payment he found himself with only eight dollars. In sheer desperation he made out his check for the amount and paid it in. A Mr. Young saved him by raising the money to meet the check.

"As the voting drew near the blind candidate's circumstances became more desperate than ever. He was spending about twenty-four dollars a week for traveling expenses. To get out of money at that stage of the game would have been fatal. He made from two to four speeches a day, although he would sit up all night in hotels to save paying for a bed, and ate only one meal a day. At times he would go from one day to the other on cheese and crackers carried in his grip sack. So great was the physical ordeal that he lost thirty pounds weight. He had no light clothing and wore his thick winter suit in the fiercest summer heat. There were holes in the bottom of his shoes. His face

was bloodless and haggard. One day his money gave out entirely. In spite of voluntary starvation he had failed to make it last. He had two speaking engagements on that day but no means to reach his audience. In his agony he tried to place a second mortgage on his house, but failed. He went from one friend to another in vain effort to borrow money. In the condition of utter despair he walked down the street, head bowed, walking stick tapping the side-walk before him, and stood on the corner, helplessly wondering if he must at last confess defeat. He was a pitiful object as he stood there, racking his brain for some device to continue his struggle for the Senate. Just then he felt somebody touch him. It was Thomas Dunn, a republican banker. The blind man felt something slipped into his hand as Mr. Dunn whispered in his ear, 'Pay it back when you can.' It was fifty dollars. Again he was saved. Between that time and the voting he was able to borrow one hundred dollars.

"Gore won the fight in the primary election and was elected to the United States Senate by the Legislature drawing the short term. The struggle cost him one thousand and one hundred dollars exclusive of the \$375.00 he paid to get his name on the primary ballot. One of his opponents is said to have spent seventy-five thousand."

When he was thirty-seven years old, after seventeen years' fight and twelve years' absence from his native state, his life's ambition was realized, he was elected United States Senator.

"Last year he went home and was re-elected. When he reached Lawton a cheering crowd surrounded

the carriage that took him and his wife to their cottage. As roar after roar broke on the air, he turned to his wife and whispered, 'They don't seem to know that it's only me.' "

Your time will come! Your time will come!

"If a fellow gwine wuhk jes' as harhd as he ken foh forthy yeahs, somepin's jes natcherally bleedged foh to occuh," an old darkey is quoted as saying.

Your time will come.

"Joshua marched about Jericho seven days. It was only at the seventh trial that the people shouted for victory. 'Young men fail, not because they do not do right the first time, and the second time, and even the third time, but because they do not do right the fourth time or the seventh time; it is holding unto virtue that makes honor.' "

Your time will come.

One of the paintings which made Titian famous was on his easel eight years; another, seven.

Your time will come.

Jacob Riis, the man who has been called "the nearest to being the ideal American citizen," the friend and lover of children, the slum destroyer and political boss smasher, knew what it meant to say, "My time will come, **My time will come.**"

"In spite of the tramping and starving of the first three years in America he knew he was out to twist the wheel of fortune his way if he could only get his hands upon it. In Buffalo when the editor of the 'Express' laughed at the desire of the green, young carpenter, to become a reporter, the boy shouted, shaking his fist: 'You laugh now—but wait!'" "

And another Jacob surmounted great difficulties.

“Jacob is not the only one who worked fourteen years for his Rachel and got her. If all successful men could tell their stories most of them would recount some point in their respective careers wherein a continuity of purpose and bull dog tenacity twisted for them the wheel of fortune.

“All things do come to him who waits and works and also believes. Persistency is good in other industries besides that of catching fish.”

Although there was no harder worker in Athens than Demosthenes he was not considered a genius or even a man of ordinary ability. Indeed, when he spoke the Assembly would not listen. Crestfallen he bemoaned his sad fate, saying, “that he could find no acceptance with the people, that drunken sots, mariners, and illiterate fellows were heard, while he himself was despised.” When his friend Satyrus told him he was deficient in enunciation and delivery he built himself a place under-ground in which to study and here he came every day to form his action and to exercise his voice; and here he would remain oftentimes two or three months at a time. Once he shaved half of his head so that for shame he might not go abroad, even though he desired it ever so much. That he had an impediment in speech and put pebbles under his tongue to overcome it and declaimed to the wild sea waves, is common knowledge to every school boy and girl. Yet with all of this he declared that through perseverance his time would come; he stuck to the resolution with the result that Demosthenes is known as one of the world’s greatest orators.

Bulwer scored nothing but failure after failure, yet he kept writing and writing until the world was compelled to notice and acknowledge him as one of the greatest masters of modern fiction. Some of the greatest actors, like Talma of France, when they first appeared were hissed off the stage. The same is true of orators. Richard Brinsley Sheridan, in his maiden speech, hopelessly broke down, but he muttered, "It's in me and will come out." Disraeli uttered almost the same words when taunted on his first effort. Facing Parliament he said, "You laugh at me now but some time you will hear me." Success is measured, not so much by what is accomplished, as by the opposition that is overcome. The most precious hour is that in which you are tempted to give up.

Don't give up—Your time will come!

"The Romance of the Reaper," which means the struggles of Cyrus McCormick, is the Hallelujah Chorus of one who continually sang, "My time will come! My time will come!" If he didn't sing such a song he worked it and that's just the same. Mr. Herbert N. Casson gives us the inspiring story. Tenacity! Absolute indifference to defeat! The thirst for victory makes a man indifferent to the blows hurled at his pate or pits dug for his down-fall! These were needed to give Cyrus McCormick his place among the men of genius and power who have made America.

"So it came to pass that Cyrus McCormick clung to his reaper, as John Knox clung to his Bible. The two things of which he stood most in need were money and cheaper iron. So, after thinking over the situation in his lonely cabin he decided to build a furnace and

make his own iron. His father and a neighbor joined him in the enterprise. They built the furnace, made the iron, and had taken the first step toward success when the financial earthquake of 1839 shook them down into the general wreckage. The neighbor, who had been a partner, signed over his property to his mother and threw the whole burden of the bankruptcy upon the McCormick family, crushing them for a time into an abyss of debt and poverty.

“Cyrus McCormick gave up to his creditors everything he owned except his reaper, which nobody wanted. With the rest of his family he slaved for five years to save the home-stead from the auctioneer. Once the sheriff rode up with a writ, but was so deeply impressed with their energy and uprightness that he rode away with the dreaded paper still in his pocket.

“Up to this time Cyrus had not sold one reaper. As Mahomet preached for ten years without converting anyone except his own relatives, so Cyrus McCormick preached the gospel of the reaper for ten years without success.

“He graduated into success through a fifteen-year course in failure. The world into which he was born was as hostile to him as the Kentucky wilderness was to Daniel Boone, or the Atlantic Ocean was to Columbus. He was hard-fibered because he had to be. He was the thin edge of the wedge that split into fragments the agricultural obstacle to social progress.”

He was the “My-time-will-come-McCormick” who revolutionized the farming industry; and great is his honor, and great are his riches, and great are his benefits to the human race.

Keep "pegging away" and your time will come!

Marcus Morton ran sixteen times for governor of Massachusetts. At last his opponents voted for him for admiration of his pluck, and he was elected by a majority of one! Such persistence is bound to triumph!

"Believe in victory if your cause is right, believe that it must, and insist that it shall prevail. Whatever opposition confronts you, whatever difficulties are in the way, recognize that they are there to be overcome, not to make you give up and turn back in defeat. Front the opposition, and keep hammering away at it. Search out the weak points and attack night and day, again and again. Repulse at one point means only that another point of attack must be found, or that repeated attacks must be made at the same point. Wear away the opposing difficulties by constant pounding at the line, by constant hacking it away, by sapping and undermining, by surprises and direct assault. Make a detour, if necessary and outflank the enemy if you can. Never mind if you do appear for the moment to be running off after some other objects. It may be that the longest way around is the shortest way to the real object of your campaign. Gain ground if you can, even though it be but a very little. Any real progress is good. If the opposing forces are too great for the moment, or the ground in front of you is treacherous with barbed wire entanglements, or quick-sand, or mines, be content to hold the ground you have until you can plan a safer advance. Hold fast! But if even that will cost you more of life and supplies than you can spend without losing the main fight, do not hesitate to resort

to a strategic retreat and fall back to a safe position from which you may advance again when reinforcements and supplies have come. Never doubt. Do not heed the gibes, or curses, or false accusations. Keep up heart. Believe in yourself. Believe in your leader. Believe in the folks back in the home-land. Believe in victory to come. Fight to the last ounce!"—Eugene Thwing.

Fight and your time will come!

Napoleon used to tell this story: "One day on a parade a young lieutenant stepped out of the ranks, much excited, to appeal to me personally. He said to me that he had been a lieutenant for five years and had not been able to advance in rank. I said to him, 'Calm yourself. I was seven years a lieutenant and yet, you see, a man may push himself forward for all that.'"

"Napoleon when he preached this lesson to the young dissatisfied officer, was the self-made emperor of the French and a great many other nations. He had come to Paris a thin, hollow-cheeked, undersized boy from the conquered and despised Island of Corsica.

"He stuck to the humble grade of lieutenant for seven years. When the time came he blossomed out. While he was lieutenant he was developing himself. He studied and mastered the art of war. He wrote the history of Corsica and no one would publish it. He wrote a drama which was never acted. He wrote a prize essay for the Academy of Lyons and did not win the prize. On the contrary, his efforts were condemned as incoherent and in poor style. These are a few failures, enough to make your ordinary young man throw up his hands and say: 'I've done all I can do; now let

the world look out for me.' Just as he became hopeful about his future when he knew that he had real military genius, he was dismissed from the army, and his career seemed to be ended. He made the thin soup upon which he and his brother lived. He could afford to change his shirt only once a week. He said: 'I breakfasted off dry bread but I bolted the door of poverty.'

"He kept at it and all the time, successful or otherwise, he was developing himself. He developed into an Emperor. Young men will please take notice of that fact and the fact that Napoleon worked and tried under adversity and monotony instead of grumbling.

"The newspaper reporter who does not get ahead very fast, the author whose manuscripts are treated as were Napoleon's first efforts, may study with considerable profit a young American writer named Richard Harding Davis. That young man had been a reporter in Philadelphia for several years when he went to a New York evening newspaper for a small salary. He had written and was writing some of his best stories, but could not get ahead apparently. Nevertheless, he kept on trying and developing himself.

"When other young men were busy talking about themselves or deploring their lot Davis was writing and grinding away out of working hours at the effort to get out and realize what was in him. He succeeded and now leads probably as satisfactory a life as any young man in the country.

"No young man need worry about himself so long as he can honestly say that he is doing his best. Being in the same place at the same salary for seven years can

do no harm, if you are developing during that time what is in you. But you may well worry if you are drifting aimlessly, pitying yourself, making no effort. If your mind stays in the same spot for years, it is dangerous. But don't worry about anything else."—Arthur Brisbane.

Your time will come—keep at it!

"The cat watches long the hole but catches the mouse at last."—Charles H. Spurgeon.

"If you only want to hard enough you can accomplish anything. You can make yourself stronger and happier than you have ever been. Mental determination can accomplish greater marvels than anything else. I don't believe that miracles can happen contrary to the law, but I don't believe we know all of the law. The wonders and mysteries of unknown continents are pebbles on the seashore compared with what is waiting for the explorer of the human mind, the world that we've never been able to explore."—Frank L. Packard.

The possibilities of the will are almost unlimited—an unknown sea which we are just beginning to explore.

You can't keep success from the man who works and is on the level.

Remember Abraham Lincoln said: "I will study and get ready and maybe my chance will come."

When the great humanity lover, David Livingstone, in 1869 had been in the heart of Africa for three years without any message from him reaching the outside world, all England—aye, the whole civilized world—was anxious and alarmed for his safety. The world

thought that a man who had given up so much to live in such squalid conditions was worth more than all the poor heathens of Africa. Newspapers, clergymen, Royal societies, scientific associations and the British Government were all debating how best to organize, equip and instruct a relief expedition to find Livingstone.

In this crucial time of perplexity a young American, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., Manager of the New York "Herald," settled the question. He was in Paris and wired a representative of the "Herald," Henry M. Stanley, who had been doing much valuable service for that publication and who was now in Spain reporting the civil war then raging in that country. The following is Stanley's own description of Mr. Bennett's message and his commission to find Livingstone: "I am in Madrid fresh from the carnage at Valencia, at ten A. M. Jacopo, at No. — Calle de la Cruz, hands me a telegram; on opening it up I find it reads, 'Come to Paris on important business.' The telegram is from James Gordon Bennett, Jr., the young manager of the New York 'Herald.'" It was late at night when Stanley arrived in Paris. "I went straight to the big Grand Hotel and knocked at the door of Mr. Bennett's room. 'Come in,' I heard a voice say. Entering I found Mr. Bennett in bed.

" 'Who are you?' he asked.

" 'My name is Stanley,' I answered.

" 'Ah, yes! sit down; I have important business on hand for you. Where do you think Livingstone is?'

" 'I really do not know, sir.'

" 'Do you think he is alive?'

" 'He may be and he may not be,' I answered.

“ ‘Well, I think he is alive, and that he can be found, and I am going to send you to find him.’ ”

“ ‘What!’ said I, ‘do you really think I can find Dr. Livingstone? Do you mean me to go to Central Africa?’ ”

“ ‘Yes, I mean that you shall go and find him wherever you may hear that he is. Of course you will act according to your own plans and do what you think best—but find Livingstone.’ ”

“ ‘Draw a thousand pounds now; and when that is spent, draw another thousand; and when you have finished that draw another thousand and so on; but find Livingstone!’ ”

“ ‘I asked no questions, waited no further instructions. We parted with hearty hand clasp. ‘Good night, and God be with you,’ said Bennett. ”

“ ‘Good night, sir. What is in the power of human nature to do I will do; and on such an errand as I go upon God will be with me.’ ” ”

Dr. Marden, in “Stories from Life,” tells of Stanley’s experience.

“The young man immediately began the task of preparation for his great undertaking. This in itself was a work requiring more than ordinary judgment and foresight, but Stanley was equal to the occasion.

“On January 6, 1871, he reached Zanzibar, an important native seaport on the east coast of Africa. Here the preparations for the big journey were completed. Soon, with a train composed of one hundred and ninety men, twenty donkeys and baggage amounting to about six tons, he started from this point for the interior of the continent.

“Then began a journey the danger and tediousness of which can hardly be described. Stanley and his men were often obliged to wade through swamps filled with alligators. Crawling on hands and knees, they forced their way through miles of tangled jungle, breathing in as they went the sickening odor of decaying vegetables. They were obliged to be continually on their guard against lions, elephants, hyenas and other wild inhabitants of the jungle. Fierce as these were, however, they were no more to be dreaded than the savage tribes whom they sometimes encountered. Whenever they stopped to rest, they were tormented by flies, white ants, and reptiles, which crawled all over them.

“For months they journeyed on under these conditions. The donkeys had died from drinking impure water, and some of them had fallen victims of disease.

“It was no wonder that the survivors of the expedition, all but Stanley, had grown disheartened. Half starved, wasted by sickness and hardships of all kinds, with bleeding feet and torn clothes, some of them became mutinous. Stanley’s skill as the leader was taxed to the utmost.

“After months of traveling in the jungles of Africa, surrounded by cruel savages and wild animals, with supplies almost exhausted, and the remnant of his followers in a despairing condition, the young explorer came near being discouraged.

“He would not give way to any feeling that might lessen his chances of success, and it was at this crisis that he wrote in his journal:—

“‘No living man shall stop me, only death can

prevent me. But death, not even this: 'I shall not die, I will not die, I cannot die, something tells me I shall find him and—write it larger—**Find Him! Find Him!** Even the words are inspiring.' ”

Something—your “desire,” your “call” has whispered to you many a time as strongly as this voice did to Stanley. Oh, my friend, have you heeded? Plunge with all your force into your life's work and your enthusiasm, your determined efforts, your persistent toil, will be heard vibrating on every side, “I shall not die—I cannot die, until I have fulfilled the duties of my talent; until I have returned to humanity, to myself, and to the God who sent me the fruits of one who has finished his course and has fought the good fight.”

Would you be a farmer, an artisan, an inventor, a business man, a public speaker, an editor, an author, a singer, an artist, a painter, a professional man, a home maker? Remember your time will come, if you but persevere.

“Patience and perseverance accomplish all things.”

Say to yourself: “I am the unconquerable. I shall arise. In the center of creation sits not an enemy, but my Friend. I shall arrive, what time, what circuit first, I ask not. In some time, His good time, I shall arrive. Let come what will, I shall never say I am beaten. I am not a negligible molecule, a mote in the sunbeam, a worm; I am a man; so help me God! I shall play the man.”

Your time will come! Your time will come!

And so endeth the preachment of “Will Power and Success,” with the last admonition of the zeal of a

religionist, and the cry of one who has overcome.
"You can if you will!" "Never give up the ship!"
Remember, **your time will come! Your time will come!**

Fare ye well, my "Pike's Peak or Bust" friend,
my struggling one, until we meet upon the pinnacle of
success—**Your time will come! Your time will come!**

When Papa Shaves His Face.

You bet you things are mighty still
Around our yard an' house;
No one can move, an' all must be
As quiet as a mouse,
Because my Pa has got ter shave.
An' there's an awful case
Of "Sh!" "Hush up!" an' "Please don't move!"
When Papa shaves his face!

He gets his strop an' whets his blade,
An' tries to cut a hair
To see how sharp his razor is—
You'd think he was a bear,
The way he scolds an' knits his brow
An' makes a wry grimace.
An' all we hear is "Stop!" an' "Don't!"
When Papa shaves his face!

But we don't mind, my Ma an' me,
We know the reason why
He stamps his foot an' says, "Be still!"
An' heaves a fretful sigh;
For shavin' is a ticklish job
That takes an art an' grace,
An' all the settin's must be right
When Papa shaves his face!

He puts the lather on his cheeks,
En' some gets in his ear;
En' often—gee!—I have to laugh
When he exclaims, "Oh, dear!
I wish I didn't have to shave—
I'd rather even lace!"
En' then he gets some in his mouth—
When Papa shaves his face!

En' then so solemn an' so still
 He draws the razor down
 En' pulls some bristles off his cheek—
 My Stars! how he does frown!
 Why, you would think he'd eat you up;
 But pshaw! we know his case
 Of eatin' up—it's all put on
 When Papa shaves his face!

"Now please don't move or wiggle, child,
 I have a dreadful time
 In cutting whiskers off my chin
 To save a precious dime!"
 Oh, gee! he scolds if I just breathe—
 To hold my breath I brace—
 But me an' Ma ain't scairt one bit
 When Papa shaves his face!

En' when at last the shavin's done,
 En' Pa is spick an' span,
 My Mamma pats him on the cheek—
 Says he's the nicest man;
 En' she is right—yes, Sir, I know!
 For say! That awful case
 Is just put on to keep me still
 When Papa shaves his face!

—Soul Poems by D. V. Bush.

WILL POWER POEMS

The Successful Man.

Successful men are always kicked, they're kicked with
envious wrath;
No matter what their line may be on life's laborious
path.
The man who wins is always kicked, they kick him
black and blue;
He's thumped with mud, and rotten-egged; gets num-
ber fourteen shoe!

Because he's always on the job, industrious at his work,
Because he plods and plugs away, while other men may
shirk,
Because he puts more in his work and gets more in re-
turn,
And stirs things up and gets things done, he's kicked
by those who yearn.

The men who set the world ahead are kicked in jealous
spite,
They lift us to a higher plane, but feel green envy's
blight;
No matter, Sir, what lives they save, no matter what
they give,
If they do more than other men, they're punctured like
a sieve.

If you're not kicked, I wonder now if you have lost
your hope?

Do you play fair and do your best, or sulk and grunt
and mope?

If you're not kicked, you won't rise far; so man, get in
the game,

And let them kick you all around—kick hard until
they're lame!

So do you work and play your game—play fair and
hard all day;

And let the townsmen wag their tongues, the gossips
have their say,

And never mind their cutting ways, nor see that surly
frown;

For in the end you'll beat them all—tho they kick you
all around.

—Peace Poems by D. V. Bush.

Suppose You Haven't Won.

Suppose that you, while racing fast,
Have slipped, and let the rest fly past;
Suppose they're even out of sight—
Will you quit then, and lose the fight?
Suppose the turtle in the race,
Who won the prize by steady pace,
Had said, "The hare's so far ahead
I need not try my humbler tread!"

Suppose that Grant at thirty-nine
Had stopped to loiter and to whine,
Because the neighbors knew that he
Could not support his family?
If he had whimpered, "I am through—
I've done the best that I could do—"
And moaned his dire, disastrous luck,
He'd ne'er have won the war by pluck!

Suppose that you are on the way
To thirty-nine or more today,
And yet you have not gained the goal
That once you fixed with hopeful soul.
What use is it to pine and cry,
"I'm through with strife, and wish to die?"
The end is just around the curve,
And means success—so keep your nerve!

Your chance will come, your grit will win,
If you will stride with upraised chin;
All men who start the rising road
Have had to bear a heavy load.
If you are slow upon your feet,
That is no sign you'll never beat
The very ones who have the start—
So struggle on with lion heart!

Don't let another's lead retard
Your own slow steps, but press on hard;
Not every man gets started young,
Or has his praises loudly sung.
Let not the man ahead today
Your courage mar, or block your way;
For if you stick, though now you're down,
You too will wear a victor's crown!

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

My Health to the Man Who Is Down and Fights.

I drink to the man who is down and fights on,
Though he lie where the gulfs of calamity yawn ;
Who has slipped in the race and is rolling to death,
Till he lacks a last hope and has reached his last breath.
If he pray, not despairing, nor deem life in vain,
But boldly declares he will try once again,
Then I drink to that man, and I prophesy this :
That nothing can push him into the abyss !

I cheerfully toast the man prostrate and out,
Whom others would shun, and like Pharisees flout ;
For the best of the men who have finally won
Have often been burned by humanity's sun ;
Have been left by the roadside for scoffers to jeer,
And refuse food and shelter, no matter how near.
My toast to the hero who once more will try,
Though deserted and left in the gutter to die !

All hail to the man who has failed and been bruised,
From whose veins the warm life-blood has silently
oozed ;
Yet who still can keep calm and hold fast to his life
By the thread that another would cut in the strife.
That man has my toast and my heart and my hand,
For some time on the summit I know he will land.
The man who can fight when the last thing seems lost,
Is the man who will conquer, whatever the cost !

Applause to the man who with resolute will
Has won in the struggle of fever and ill;
Who would never give up when the world thought him
 dead,

And who now has come out in the race far ahead.

Whatever his station, whatever his lot,

I sing in his honor and envy him not;

And what in the teeth of despair he could do,

Can with firmness of spirit be equalled by you!

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

“In the Desert of Waiting.”

Each heart has some fond yearning
For things to dare and do,
A soul that's all a-burning—
Oh, Friend! Is that soul you?

Through desert wastes of weeping
In solitude you roam,
Bemoaning time's sure creeping,
Away from friends and home!

You've builded well in planning
Your castles in the air;
But now, the desert scanning,
Deserted do you fare?

Out in the desert tearful,
Storm-tossed and wrecked you are?
The birds around are cheerful,
And happy ev'ry star.

Though in the desert waiting,
Your time will come some day!
Don't spend your time belating,
But work and hope and pray!

—Inspirational Poems by D. V. Bush.

Keep Warmed up.

It's when the players get warmed up,
And perspiration flows,
That they can run in hottest sun
While time unnoticed goes.

It's when the race-horse tugs the bit
Because he's run a pace;
When bathed in foam he makes for home,
That glad he wins the race.

It's when a man gets warmed in life
By steady, tireless gait,
And finds a pace with ready grace
That he can conquer Fate.

The one who lolls and loafs around
And sips the lazy cup,
Who whines and shirks yet thinks he works,
Has never got warmed up.

It's when a man gets fairly warmed,
And never halts or lags,
That work is play as he his way
Wends among money-bags.

The man who never spurts at work,
Or gets his blood red-hot,
May win his aim in life's great game,
But chances are he'll not.

The winner does the greatest task
With ease, and looks for more ;
Works on high gear year after year,
Alive at every pore.

If not warmed up, we listless work,
Our blood unstirred and pale ;
We idly scan the destined plan,
And half expect to fail.

Who thinks that life is dull and hard ;
That joys to him are few ;
Is plainly chilled—with zest unfilled—
He is not warmed all through.

To gain your goal and reap rewards
In comfort and in fame,
Keep warmed clear through by what you do
In life—your greatest game !

—Poems of Mastery by D. V. Bush.

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