RAWSON'S AMERICAN ROAD TO SUCCESS

To FIRST STEPS IN PSYCHOLOGY

Science Sensation Simplicity
AMERICAN ROAD MAP
TO
SUCCESS

First Steps in Psychology

BY
FRED S. RAWSON

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA
Nineteen-Twenty-Two

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PREFACE.

THE ROAD MAP TO SUCCESS,

VIA

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL CHAIN OF LIFE.

All nature grows in silence. All growth is in silence. When you want any new ideas, go where it is quiet; get into the silence, absolute silence. Listen into your own head. When you have adopted this method as a means of getting inspiration, you will never have any trouble getting new ideas. They will come faster than you can write them. I am as positive as I can be, that no person can create anything of any consequence, under fear, excitement, or noise, where constructive thought is required. Have you not heard it said, "For God's sake, keep still and let me think!"?

The idea of the Psychological Chain of Life was received early one morning while lying in bed. When all was still, and I was feeling especially refreshed, I said, this is a good time to get something new—No, not new, because nothing is new; only things evolve from the mind, in silent meditation, manifest themselves for the first time, in many complex forms and expressions. Radium has always existed since the earth was a solid mass, or, I might say, since it was in a gaseous stage of its evolution, before it was condensed and formed the earth. But it took Madam Curie, a woman, to discover it and separate it out from its associated minerals. There never was a time in the world that fire or heat would not convert water into steam, or hydrogen gas, a great expanding and explosive force, but it took Watts to devise a means to control it and make it a docile and useful servant of man. He got his idea from watching the cover of a tea-kettle rise and fall as the steam was generated in the kettle. Think out your own problems. If you are stuck on some
business proposition, or feel the ground slipping beneath your feet, don't rush off to some supposed friend for advice. expecting him to help you. He may advise you, but if he does, and you take his advice, you are a weaker man from that day.

The real men of genius and originality will be found in the ranks of the workers—the producers. The office holders will be found in a class by themselves. No good business man can afford to take a political job. It interferes with any professional man's career, if he has a goal in life to which he aims. His purpose, his cherished ideals will be wrecked. You cannot get away from it. What becomes of all the chronic office holders after they are elected to stay at home? They are grafters as long as they live. They will never be found in the producing class again.

Any one following a useful occupation is a producer. He may be a clown. He cheers your lonesome hours; he makes you laugh when you need it. I have done clowning—I am proud of it. I still find my greatest pleasure in breaking the crust on some old grouch's face. A teacher, a preacher, an artist, all are producers. But a grafter, seeking to separate you from your loose change, is a parasite on society. He gives nothing but "hot air," and experience, in return for your good coin. He depends on his smoothness, polish to lure the shining dollar from your pocket.

A real business man is never a grafter. He knows the value of business integrity. He does not do business for a living. He lives to do business. Business is his hobby, his pleasure. His love goes into everything he sells; his blessing goes out to every one he serves; his ultimate end is Success.
The Psychological Chain of Life

POSITIVE:  NEGATIVE:

SUCCESS  FAILURE
PROSPERITY  I CAN'T
ABUNDANCE  DESPAIR
PERSISTENCE  CRUELTY
TRUTHFULNESS  DISHONESTY
CHEERFULNESS  FEAR
FRANKNESS  ANXIETY
WIT  REVENGE
HUMBLENESS  ANGER
COURAGE  HATE
HOPE  ENVY
FRINEDSHIP  WORRY
SYMPATHY  NOISE
GENTLENESS  CARELESSNESS
TOLERANCE  GREED
SINCERITY  HURRY
POWER  SELFISHNESS
THOROUGHNESS  EASE
ENTHUSIASM  DESIRE
SECRECY  PURITY
PATIENCE  VITALITY
GOLDEN RULE  STRENGTH
FAITH  HEALTH
WISDOM  YOUTH
LOVE  LIFE
A SPECIAL WORD TO THE DISCOURAGED ONES.

It is a scientific fact that the mind can not hold two opposite thoughts at the same time. This is the scientific principle on which the Psychological Chain of Life is based. When you think of any of the Positive Links of the Chain, you can not think of the negative one. Think Success, ever Success, you will leave no room for a failure thought to enter in. As you continually think of success, you attract it to you, but you must move up towards it by your own power, keep the light of your own desires and purpose ever ahead of you. Do not walk in the light of your own shadow. Resolve, as you close this book, I will think in Positives. I will no longer undermine my own destiny with negative thoughts. Remember, you are a part of the great Divine Entity, a unit of the Universe. You have always existed in some form; you always will continue to live in some form into everlasting. The oglians say it will be in the form of "angels," or perhaps imps, in a lake of hell fire. Those ideas are all the results of the wanderings of the primitive mind of man.

We are concerned with the Here and Now. The Creator that placed us here will attend to the matter of our next stage of existence.

You can make your life one of progress, or you can lower yourself below the level it was when it came into first consciousness.

He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

Know you not that the secret place is your own reason, the one guiding star of your own life?

The wholesome example of some one may stimulate you to a higher objective; but the great regulator, the governor of your activities will be your own reasoning powers: consequently, you see the necessity of having a mind free from all prejudices, superstition, and negative thoughts. You are in touch with the infinite source of Life and Success and as long as you hold a clear, steady, purposeful mind fixed on a definite purpose, you will progress.

Remember this always: You attract those things you fear—sickness, poverty, accidents; you can kill all the chances of realizing your desires by drawing to your self the things you fear. Do not allow doubt thoughts, or any of the discouraging thoughts of the Negative Chain of Life to
strangle or side-track your fresh-kindled desires. As you emerge from the depths of despondency and discouragement you will need to guard against those negative thoughts very carefully. But as you develop strength by winning one success after another, you will soon be in a position to laugh at all obstacles, “cold shoulders,” affronts, sneers, and ridicule of those who know nothing of the secret of success.

You are now supported by a power no human force can dethrone: It is your own awakened consciousness of your oneness with all that makes for success. Many discouragements and fears come from a feeling of separateness from the good and desirable things of life. It breeds weakness, and it is an awful sensation to feel that one is alone in the world. I never pass an old “blanket stiff,” on the road, if I can make room for him on the “running board.” Always make such an one know that “some one cares.” When you feel lonely, get out and mix with the whole-souled, happy hearts and cheerful faces. You will see reflected on some face the spirit of kindness that dwells within “one who cares.”

To all discouraged, misguided ones who have gotten off wrong on the Road to Success, I dedicate this book.

There is a place in this big world of ours where you will fit in snug and happy. Just start today, climbing the Psychological Chain of Life, and you will surely find it along the route. You can not miss it.

Make your future a success, make it happy, make it worth while. The power is within you; Start, Begin; the rest is easy. Remember you can’t pull and kick at the same time. Which do you thing will get you the most? You have been a chronic Kicker all your life: ”Try Pulling and Pushing a while.

My greatest success is not in reaping of a few dollars in the sale of this book. It is in the consciousness that my crude and humble efforts have aroused in the discouraged ones a new view of life. The sparks I have thrown off will give sufficient light along the road you must travel, until your own light shows you the way, step by step, until you finally come out onto the broad, fertile plateau of prosperity, happiness and Success.

Your greatest happiness will be in the consciousness that you have used your powers for Humanity and not for Self.
A REPLY TO

"NOBODY CARES IF SHE LIVES OR DIES."

There is someone cares if she lives or dies,
There is someone cares if she laughs or cries.

There is someone cares if the dark clouds meet,
There is someone cares if her life is sweet.

There is someone thinking of her today,
There is someone willing to smooth the way.

There is someone willing to give a hand,
There is someone wonders, “would she understand?”

There is someone sitting alone tonight,
Where there should be two by a fire so bright.

There is someone drifting alone with the tide,
No anchor to hold, no pilot to guide:

Just floating about on the Ebb and Flow,
In and out, as they come and go.

Like a helpless ship on a tireless sea,
A purposeless mind will ever be.
THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.

(By "Bells," with changes.)

There's a mystical land, way, far up the heights,
   It's a climb for women and men;
What a happy place, when once you're there,
   The land of beginning again.

Have you met with failure, have friends failed you?
   If so, there's something you lack;
Just go to the land of beginning again;
   Show them how to come back.

Failure and grief, bad luck and disaster,
   Poverty, sickness, or sin,
Just spur on to go the faster,
   If you have the pep to win.

If you are weary, let nobody know it.
   Discouraged? Don't let it out.
If you are unhappy, never once show it:
   A climber worth talking about.

Let's try once more, the heights to climb,
   From this land of beginning again,
For far up the slope, they are beckoning us—
   The real women and men.
TO BUSINESS MEN.

This book is practical, and scientific. An absolute Insurance against Failure.

Have you all you want? Have you even what you need? Has prosperity passed you by? Is your business all you expected it to be? Have you failed in your expectations? Has health failed you? Has Desire cooled? Have you a fixed purpose in life? If not, you do not know the power within you. There is a power within you, which if connected up gence, no man can resist. gence, no man can resist.

Edison says, he is only the channel through which flows the great Cosmic Intelligence. He connects up with the powers of the intelligence of every molecule, atom, and electron of the Universe, and it works out his problems—and will yours, and everyone who will connect up with it. Many men are pushing wheelbarrows, who could just as well be riding in limousines.

What you are, is the result of your own thinking. What you may be, is limited only by the clearness of your vision of your future, persistently and purposely worked out by Desire supported and stimulated by the thirty-three Links or Elements of the Psychological Chain of Life. To teach and explain the use and influence of these Elements, is the purpose of this book.

Every man who has achieved great success—men like Burbank, and Edison, and of women, Helen Keller, and writers of poems and books of philosophy, know and realize there is a power external to themselves, working and directing their thoughts. Poets, more than others, feel this force. They can write a poem, and not know a verse of it when they are through writing it. The power or force is there in the cosmos around us and will come to our assistance and help solve all our daily problems if we will just connect up with it.
NEGATIVE CHAIN OF LIFE.

Let us suppose two men start in a business career; both are equal in all mental and physical points of vantage up to desire. There they choose different fundamentals to attain their desires. The man choosing the Positive chain has a fixed purpose. The man choosing the Negative chain has no fixed purpose, but with inherited wealth he has acquired a love for ease, which he tries to enjoy in his business.

It gets him nothing, and develops selfishness. He tries to hurry his employees and assistants. He gets more greedy but his love for ease leads to carelessness. He gets out and makes a big noise; talks loud about his business; but he sees his noise is not getting him anything, and he begins to worry. The success of his neighbor rival makes him envious; he sees acquaintances trading with his neighbor rival; it makes him hate him just because he can’t hold the trade. He resorts to deceit. It only makes matters worse. He grows anxious about his affairs—anxiety is the forebearer of fear.

And now fear has quieted his big noise; but he has practiced deceit so long, he is now downright dishonest. From hurrying his employees, long hours and child labor are forced to pay tribute to his greed. Still, business does not prosper. There is no love in it. It is a nightmare, an irksome burden. No one tries to do their best; the employees are constantly watching the clock; all they think of is quitting-time and Saturday night’s pay envelope.

He knows something is wrong, but in his blind conception of his own personality he is not in a position to analyze his trouble. He lays everything on to others. Despair now casts a shadow over his life. He drops back—not into his easy chair, but—one called Failure, with the cry of, I can’t.

His career along the negative course of life is ended. He never will reach the Isle of his Nicotine Dreams.

You say: but he can try again. Not along that route. No man ever did! No man ever will. It cannot be done, my friends.

Read this book carefully from cover to cover. Note the experience the writer has had. Take his advice if you have only just a spark of ambition left. I will show you a Rout to Success—but you have got to furnish the gas to make the run!
THE ROAD MAP TO SUCCESS.

I have arranged a combination of elements of Success in a chain of links I call the Psychological Chain of Life, making a Road Map to Success, based on the scientific and practical application of the principles of psychology, of course a mythical chain of life.

From the first link of life to the thirty-third link of Success, every link is an important factor of success.

The world is full of people in close touch with modern progress, who have not yet had any thought of some day being a Success. Or perhaps, do not realize they are not a success until they are a State or county charge. My desire is to arouse a new line of thought in all such people—Yes, make them dissatisfied with their present condition. There is no greater enemy of progress than contentment. Get that into your consciousness.

Contentment and superstitions are the shackles that hold the human race in servility. Contentment is preached only by those who would hold their fellows in their power. Never be content with anything. Let your most earnest endeavors be to improve yourself, and by so doing you improve everything around you. Throw into the discard everything that does not tend to make you stronger, better, more ably equipped to make your upward climb. Carry no excess baggage in your mind or body. Smash a lot of long-worshipped idols; cut out a lot of junk, in the way of imaginary necessities. You are over-weight with them; you can’t make first base, carrying them, to say nothing about a home run.

The Psychological Chain of Life is destined to raise thousands of misguided and thoughtless people to a supreme and happy success, who are just wandering aimlessly around, getting nowhere—drifters on the currents and eddies of life.

It will make mental giants of thousands who do not know their powers. It will raise thousands from poverty to prosperity; from a common-place job, to one of responsibility. Take a climb to the top of the Psychological Chain of Life and wave the flag of Success, to those just wandering around.

This Road Map to Success is a refuge for the weary, an inspiration for workers; a stimulant for the discouraged; a source of power from which all may draw strength. It holds unlimited possibilities for you. Have you perplexing prob-
lems? Do you feel the ground slipping under your feet? Read, study, and be guided by this Guide to Success. Look over the chain of links; see which one you have not been using. See which one you are weak on. Put them into use, you will feel new strength at once.

Commencing with the link of Life, it takes you from the first germ of life, up through all the ages of human progress, to the great achievements of man of the present time. It shows you man in his first consciousness, as he was first awakened by the first ray of thought, a spark of divine light that lit his feeble mind and led him from his primitive existence, through all his wanderings to his present stage of mental development. Every condition we find man in from the time he was first attracted by moving matter, to the present time, was the result of thoughts aroused by those objects foreign to himself. The quest of food, and the reproduction of his kind, were instinctive—not the result of thought.

The principal factors that advanced or retarded man's progress are described plainly in the language of the American household, business and street. I find the language of the street has a get-there-ativeness, to the point, unequalled by any other mode of expression.

I am sometimes carried away on the wings of enthusiasm, to short flights of oratory, but as a rule, I stick close to the ground. A little "silver tongue," spread on light, is a good finish for a Fourth of July oration but as a common linguistic diet it gets stale. My prayer is to be plain. Psychology can be made a popular entertainer, as well as a useful help if we will make it easy to take. Do not be shocked if I put a little "jazz" in it. I know the elementaries of human nature. I am writing for human beings, not saints. I am concerned with those who are out in the dark, not the ninety and nine in the fold.

I hear many so-called lectures that go over the heads of the listeners. They look wise, and say "it was fine." But they never got a thing out of it. I am trying to throw the light where it lights your way, here and now. As we start the study of this Guide to Success, get this Principle. It is the whole secret of the workings of Psychology:

*We teach, You are what you think. You make a Life Mold*
by your daily, hourly thought, and into that Mold your Life, your Destiny, your Success flows.

Read, study, apply, is the motto I would suggest to all who would sincerely, earnestly, and intelligently extract the germ of Success from this plainly written little book.

The study of the mind, in all its phases, includes the Economic, Social, and Industrial conditions, as they affect the Mind, and consequently our every day life.

You cannot go into a study of the mind without dealing with the external affairs that irritate that mind.

Mind is the throne of Reason, the source of thought. It is the external, visible, irritating things that create thought and inspire imagination, love, pity, hate, joy; all would remain still unborn in the mind if external influence, acting on the senses, did not bring them to life.

You hold in your hand a flint; it is cold and apparently lifeless; you strike it with another hard substance; you produce a spark, a light. You hold a dry substance to it and you record that spark on the substance;—it makes a mark. Continue that process and your substance will burst into flame. So with Thought, when once generated, it will run wild, if uncontrolled. Reason is the governor that controls Thought. If the irritating force was a thing to be desired, Love in some form was generated. If it was a dangerous thing, Fear, or a desire to Destroy was generated. There is in every normal mind a hidden force that can get you what you desire, if you learn to direct those forces. Psychology is the Science of the Mind, and is divided into three divisions:

Psychic, the mind only, or mind and soul.

Juvenile Psychology, the training of children. (See article on Youth.)

Economic Psychology, our every day life, here and now. Applied Psychology is practically the same, but some do not recognize industrial affairs as being a Psychological study. I do. I know it is the industrial and economic affairs of life that warp men's minds; that polish, shape, stimulate to the highest endeavor, or ruin them. I ask you if it is worth while to make the environment of man such as will stimulate his mind to higher endeavor? To make him the thing God said was His image, and keep him there, or just let the survival of the fittest be the law and policy of man today, as in the days of his first consciousness. Have we advanced, or not?
Psychology teaches us the Oneness of all Creation. You may have to think a little before you get that, if it is new to you. It took me some time to get it clear in my mind. It finally came “tip-toeing” up to me. This thing we call life is just the same in the lowest forms of animation as it is in mankind. You and I are different from it, only in the degree and power to think, and we can not comprehend the intelligence of the lower forms of life, any more than they can ours. Study this Idea I have worked out for a Road Map to Success, and you will have a new conception of Life, and its possibilities. You will have a new hold on life, a firmer grip, a decided advantage over the other fellow that has not.

You will succeed, you just can not help it; you will bump right into it at the top. I am trying to be frank with all who read this book. I am trying to use terms no one can misunderstand. I intend it to be a Road Map so plain you can read it as you go speeding along the highway of life. It might interest you to know where I was educated; That I have been to college, you may doubt, judging from my grammar and “street” vocabulary. But I have a UNIVERSITY training. I entered a University at quite an early age. In fact my memory runs not back to my “freshman” year. My earliest recollection is that the east side of the great Institution was on the shores of Silver Lake in York State, in the little town of Perry. I also remember that it reached to the banks of the old Genessee River. There I entered and took up a course I have never finished. I wandered through its corridors and halls, sometimes dark and dim, sometimes light and glorious; sometimes alone; again with the wild rollicking crowd of students, taking the different courses. Sometimes guided by wise instructors; sometimes listening to one unfit to guide a soul through its winding halls. I met all the ups and downs of college life. I earned many merit marks; I received many just demerit marks. I have helped “haze,” I have been “hazed.” If I was hog-tied and thrown into the brush, I have helped do the same thing to others. If I have “faked” an examination, I learned it from those higher up. I was spotless when I entered the Great Institution. The scars I bear I received in the games on the great Campus. I wandered through its long and winding halls until I came out on the South entrance of my University in a Foreign Land. But I was not yet
ready for Graduation, though on several occasions I was nearly expelled. The President of the faculty said, “give the boy another chance.” I pondered long on problems I could not understand. I took another Course. It carried me through strange Rooms I had never seen before. The courses were getting harder, more difficult to understand and master. The co-operative spirit of the Junior year was gone. New methods of teaching, many dogmas and creeds, and new thoughts were being introduced. I was in a maze of tangled thoughts and desires. The Professors and Instructors were everywhere. They were not all teaching the same rules to do the same thing. What could a poor devil do in such a mess? I just wandered on from course to course, getting what I could out of them. I strolled along until I came to the North entrance, looking out onto the vast frozen tundras and ice-fields of the Arctic. The Gem for which I sought was not there. Yet I would not lose the treasures I found in those long nights and feeble days. Again I sought to explore Rooms, that till now had been closed to me. Sometimes the Light would dazzle my eyes, and stun my understanding. Again, I would grope in darkness, knowing not where I drifted. I became a drifter, with desires unsatisfied, with purpose dulled. I finally came out on the Pacific Ocean side of the great university I had entered many years before, practically alone now. The Students and co-workers who had studied with me in the years gone by have Graduated, have taken another Course.

I am not yet ready to read my Valedictory. I am content to stand in the Entrance of the Great University of Life and point the way around the snares and chuck-holes that I, on account of my poor lights, ran into. Do you think my experience has made me competent to make a Road Map, a Guide for those of less experience, through this Great Institution called Life?

Use a copy for a few trips. If you get off the road I will pull you back free of charge. Use the Links in the Psychological Chain of Life, in a new and fresh desire to Succeed. You will realize for the first time in your life, perhaps, that you can be a Success, and the jeweled Crown of Success will become you most if in your upward climb, you have boosted another fellow, headed in the same direction.
LIFE.

In the discussion of the Links of the Psychological Chain of Life, I will not go into the biological phase of life any more than a brief general review of what late scientific research tells us of the phenomena of life, to give us a clearer idea of what we are and what we have to work on. Life, in its psychic phases is what we are more particularly concerned with in this brief discussion of the thirty-three Links, the elements of Success in the Psychological Chain of Life.

On the basis of established facts in biology, it can be said we know nothing positively as to the origin of life. However, it is demonstrated there is no sharp boundary between organic and inorganic chemistry, as organic compounds are produced from inorganic substances. But none of these compounds so far made, show any sign of life, growth or power of reproduction. Life has been propagating life since the earth had atmosphere and hydrosphere. How and when it began is unknown, but Paleontologists give us the proof that life has been on earth countless ages. Carbonaceous deposits show evidences of life since the earliest sedimentary rocks were laid down.

It would not seem a difficult matter to define life. However, it has baffled the most profound scholars and researchers. Life has not been demonstrated to be separate or independent of matter. It is always associated with very complex carbon compounds and is always derived with change from previous life.

All the previous stated cases of spontaneous generation have proved to have risen from invisible organic germs from the air, and falling into water, or other suitable culture necessary to give them birth, growth, and development. The differentiation comes with change of environment, quest for food, or forced change of food.

Not only can we trace life to the earliest sedimentary rocks of the Archeozoic era, the age of primal life, but we find proof in fragmentary meteors of life on other planets of quite an advanced stage of development, crinoid stems,
mineralized, that would correlate with life in the carboniferous age of our earth. I only give a general mention of these facts for the benefit of many who have not heard of them. For a more detailed discussion, see chapter on Unveiling of Man. The every day life, with its multitude of problems, and psychic mind control, is what we are interested in now.

It has been demonstrated in the last few years that we are just what we have by our thoughts, made ourselves. Some will not yet admit this truth, but the proof is so overwhelming there is no chance to successfully deny the fact, except, of course, those who have been born with the curse of inherited wealth. I am speaking of real people who have had to work their passage since they came aboard the ship of Life.

I do not mean that every man who occupies a high position directed his thoughts and desires on that position, but he did a line of thinking that fitted him for the place and when the opportunity came he just naturally fitted into it. I have in mind Presidents of the United States.

Had Napoleon remained in the vine-covered island of Corsica, and planned to be the greatest wine grower and wine maker of the world, he would have succeeded. But his dreams were of another conquest and he succeeded in making himself the most cruel murderer of modern times. His whole thought was on political conquest, conquest of empires. Human lives were nothing to him. He started to Russia with five hundred thousand men and returned defeated with one hundred and twenty thousand men. Not discouraged, he again raised an army of three hundred and fifty thousand more men, and went after the Prussians. In two years Napoleon sacrificed six hundred and forty thousand lives of his own men, to say nothing of the thousands of lives his soldiers took in battle, and the suffering he caused never disturbed him. Such control did he have over his men that at one great battle he gave his plans to his Generals and went off and went to sleep, knowing that the carnage would go on just the same, that his orders would be carried out. That is one of the most remarkable cases of one mind controlling many, in the history of the world.

JUVENILE PSYCHOLOGY.

Two boys were born on a farm, go to the same old red schoolhouse, the same Sunday school together; as far as we
can see and know they have about the same line of thought, environment being the same, and they are brothers. One reads books more than the other one; one takes more interest in the farm crops. The story-book boy reads tales of western life, Indians, cowboys, buffalo, wild game. He is big and strong, "milk-raised." One day an old fashioned "wagon circus" comes along. Our reading boy goes out and measures the elephant tracks. That night he dreams of hunting wild game; his thoughts are changing, but no one knows it. One day Jack announces he is going out west. Mother cries. Grandpa says, "let the boy go." He knows boys.

Where would you expect to find Jack? Go find the books he has been reading, you will have no trouble locating our boy. He has gone where there is life in abundance to suit his own vigorous mind; Indians, big wild game, bear, wild horses, cowboys, a land without fences. Our boy was free. The line of thought kindled by the literature he had read awakened in his mind a desire not to be satisfied on the old farm. Will he get hurt? Will he go wrong? Never! That boy's mind runs back to Mother. He writes Mother, he is doing fine. "Got a swell job. Lots of Injins. Got a wild broncho. Bu'ks fine—ride him to a finish." How could he do it? Why, just because he had no idea of doing anything else. It was the only thought he had in his mind, or head, when he mounted that broncho, and, of course, he rode him. Now he has had his first "shooting scrape." He meets a bear and a big one, a bear of his dreams. It is in the night time. Did he run? Why, he forgot he had legs. He dropped down on his knee to get the sky-line on Mr. Grizzly and pumped it into him. Did he get him? You know he got him. He never had any other thought in his head. He couldn't help getting him. Do you expect that boy to write home for money? Not that kind of boys. You can follow that boy all through life. He will get into a hole sometimes, but he will dig himself out again, because his thoughts just lead him out. . . . You will say, not every one can succeed. Every one can and does succeed to the extent of his desires, and unity of purpose. Scattered and mixed desires, and a divided purpose will get us nowhere. Concentrate on a purpose.

Life, your life, is molded in a mold of your own making.
Consciously or unconsciously you have been making that mould ever since you were old enough to creep. Your life has been running into it. If you wish to change the character of your life, you may do so by simply changing the line of your thinking. You are to first make a new mold with a new line of thought. There is not a single involuntary muscle that moves till it is first directed by thought. You say, "why, when I walk, I do not think of moving my feet," but you started them with your thought, and, barring an accident, they will keep moving until thought stops them.

Thoughts are the forces that create life. It is as difficult to define thought, as to define life. You may say, life must precede thought. It may be so. I would not argue that point, but I do know that thought sustains and directs life. Why did it not precede life? Can you say life and thought are not one? Thousands of instances can be cited to show that our lives are as we think. "As we think, so are we."

If you doubt it, think destruction when you wish to construct; think hate when you wish to entice love; think sorrow, when you would be joyous and happy. I think the results will be sufficient to convince you that you have the making of your own destiny in your own mind. If you have been buffeted back and forth by the exterior forces of life, it is simply because you have not thought constructively strong enough to withstand or combat those external forces or influences. They have overbalanced your own internal power to regulate and control your own life.

These lines are written, not to discourage, but to encourage you to try the science of Applied Psychology as a means of shaping and improving your every day life and affairs. The rewards are here and now. It interferes with no religion, it enslaves no mind. Study the Psychological Chain of Life. You will soon see the banner of success waving over your life, where failure or a poor showing was casting its shadow before. The higher you can rate your batting average on these links the greater will be your success in life. As long as you have power to think, you have power to change or shape your life.

I have looked over a long list of celebrated characters, men and women, to find a type of Youth that Years could not tame, that Time could not subdue. I found many men and women who, at sixty years of age were still holding
Old Man Time at bay. I believe I found my type in America’s great favorite stage artist, Edna Wallace Hopper. Who ever heard “Floradora” can surely recall that spontaneous combustion of mirthfulness and vitality; that effervescent, sparkling spray of human energy that left a vision of radiant youth lingering in your memory long after the last encore, when the curtain had closed from view the brilliant chorus of “Floradora.” Very recently I was a guest at “Grauman’s Million Dollar Theatre,” in Los Angeles. I saw in the lobby display several large, framed pictures of a beautiful young woman. I said, Grauman has found a “star,” exceptionally beautiful and youthful in appearance, and as I looked towards the top of the frame, I read, “Edna Wallace Hopper, 60 years old, looks 19.” And she did, and is to every appearance, on or off the stage, a perfect representative of a girl of 19 years. Still vivacious, radiating youth in every movement: a combination of wit, wisdom and vitality. When she said, “A woman is as old as she looks, and a man is old when he quits looking,” I knew I had met a woman philosopher. The whole city was going to see her—America’s type of the Girl-Woman, whose spirit never grows old. In her I found my type to illustrate Youth, in my new book on Success. The same vibrant voice, the same bounding, supple form; the same spontaneity of energy, the same fountain of youth bubbling up from a heart of love and kindness, finding expression in eye, voice, step. Every rhythmic move and gesture, from the drawing of the multi-colored curtain to the last fading ray of light on her silvery costume, all was a picture of Youth.

Edna Wallace Hopper is not “an elderly lady,” as she showed, when she chased Old Man Time up the alley. You know she did a good job. To her type we offer the highest tribute our tongue can speak. The spirit of youth still moves her dainty fingers to tickle the keys of the piano. From her repertoire of song she can sing everything from “Floradora” to “The Old Folks at Home,” or a good night lullaby. She is a type of youth because she is the embodiment of purpose, sincerity, love for all living creatures. I got that from her Airedales. She is the type of the American Girl-Woman that enters the golden twilight of life clothed in the silver draperies of the spirit of youth. To grasp her hand is to
feel the vibrations of youthful energy; to look into her eyes is to see reflected the bright mentality of ambitious youth.

Her secret of Youth, is to be kind. Kindness and youth make good pals; old age and youth will not pal. Take Miss Hopper’s advice and “chase Old Man Time up the alley.”

I thought when I conceived the idea of writing a series of essays on the Psychological Chain of Life, there would not be much to say about Youth, but as I silently comprehend youth in all its many phases, I find a whole volume, or many, would not cover the subject. Early youth is so closely connected with life, they could well be written under one title.

Juvenile Psychology, to me is the most interesting of all the different phases of psychology. In youth, we find the inherited traits manifested before the real individuality is developed. And if those inherited characteristics are evil ones, early youth is the time to eradicate them by gently and unconsciously leading the youth away from them. Turn the youthful mind into other channels, than his inherited traits would lead him. A good Mother, by that I do not mean an indulgent mother, but one who knows the laws of psychic unfoldment and sex development, as well as a realization of her responsibilities as a creator of life, is always the best person in all the world to direct the impressible mind of her child. Her aim should be to equip herself for this great work. Her words, her examples sink deeply into the sensitive and impressionable mind of her child. A man can be made or ruined before he is fifteen years old, and there is nothing connected with a child’s development that he should not learn at home. But through the false notion that the idea of sex being an impure thing, something to be never mentioned, is a perversion of the mind to commence with.

Alien, the English naturalist, says, “Everything high and ennobling in our natures springs from the sexual instinct.”

Armatage says, “The sexual processes of the plant are akin to the sexual processes of the human creature.”

Is there anything impure to be seen in the plant life of flowers? No flower is immune; its purity is recognized and respected. Why? Simply that we recognize that the organisms of functions and processes of its sex life are natural, clean and worthy of respect. Then why are the similar organisms of the human creature considered impure? Just because fanatical, perverted teachings of prudery have im-
pressed upon the race the suggestion that its sex functions were impure. Kipling says, "In the imputation of things evil, and in putting a wrong construction on things innocent, a certain type of good people may be trusted to surpass all others." Carpenter says, "Our public opinions, our literature, our customs, our laws, are saturated with the notion of sex uncleanliness and are making the conditions of its cleanliness more difficult. Children have to pick up their knowledge of sex in the gutter."

Remove this sentiment of uncleanliness of the sex relation which surrounds it and rehabilitate it with a sense of natural purity, and you will have a free people, proud in the mastery of their own lives and in the national propagation of the race.

There is a move in the right direction by thinking people, men and women. The once suppressed voice of intelligence is heard in all scientific discussions of sex and sexual questions. No longer are the discussions of sex confined to the vulgar and immoral who associate all sex problems with sensuality. In these days of equal legal rights for men and women, the subject of sex has regained its natural place in thought discussion and literature. It will soon be no more of a crime to teach the breeding of high-grade humans, than thorough-bred cows: and they are needed just as much. The days of promiscuous and accidental births, in the United States, is drawing to a close. Women have a right to demand the knowledge of the laws of life, long monopolized and commercialized by the medical profession.

God said, "Let there be light." Mothers, it's coming. If there is any further argument necessary to support the contention that Mother is the rightful custodian of her children, and that she should be thoroughly trained in her duties, I will cite a few more reasons, all taken from public, social and police records. Who are the delinquents? The ranks of prostitutes are filled from very many sources; chief among them are the following: Indolence on the part of the young woman causes her to seek a life of ease; love of excitement on the part of young girls, whose home life is too tame; lack of restraint by parents of the girl, allowing her to form evil acquaintances; difficulty of securing employment. Think of a young girl in a strange city, trying to find work, hunting a "job." Promiscuous living in crowded
tenement houses. Love of luxury and nice things she is not able to buy with her own honestly earned money. Seduction, by some young "idol of her heart," who leaves her to shift for herself, a deceived and heart-broken girl. Natural sex passion, and authorities say, that is the least of all causes. In more cases than can be deemed possible, the primary cause has been ignorance regarding sex matters. And in the nature of men generally, these girls do not come from the slums as some theological society workers tell us. Very many country homes have been made sad by a "daughter gone to the city." Many of the girl recruits are of defective mentality. Be patient with me: to my mind this is the greatest psychological problem in the world today.

This, from the Survey in Mental Deviation in Public Institutions in California:

"The probable number of feeble minded children in the State reaches the stupendous figure of eleven thousand (11,000). It will be necessary to resort to more widespread control of defectives in mating. The proportion of feeble-minded unwed mothers is enormous. In the feeble-minded, the measurable intelligence does not develop much beyond the age of sixteen years. The most menacing of all feeble-minded cases are the ones known as the "border-land" ones, those who do not attract attention until they "go wrong," then they are found to be delinquents, perverted, defective, or degenerate. It is an established fact that the mentally weak are prolific breeders. There is the menace to the higher development of the race. The reason is simple to understand. The group of mental functions known as the intellectuals or reasoning faculties are weak in structure, in texture, or convolution, while the procreative brain, or cerebrum will dominate the other functions."

These mental defects are not partial to either sex.

I will now give the boys a little attention. The boys need a mother's care and attention fully as much as the girls. A scientific-minded mother will not hesitate to take her boy into her confidence, and boys will soon go to Mother when they learn that a boy's best friend is his Mother.

Many boys are taught to tell their first lie by their mother. Yes, that is right. Good mothers, too, they think they are. They do not do it consciously, but through ignorance of their duties as mothers. Mother says, "Jack, now you must
be a good boy, I am going out for a little; you play on the back steps while I am gone, will you, dear? Now, if you don’t, mother will whip you, when she gets back. Now, be a good boy,” are the last words Jack hears as mother passes out of the front door. Jack soon tires of his teddy bear, and wonders why mother stays so long? He sees some boys and girls out on the street; he goes to the back gate, pushes it open and has a good time playing with the other children, gets all dirty; the kids go away. Jack comes in, sits on his lonesome steps again. Mama comes back. “Oh, Jack, how did you get so dirty? Have you been out on the street?” Jack remembers mama said she would whip him if he went out, so, of course he says, “no, mama, just played in the yard.” “Well, you are a dear, good little boy, come in, mama will put a clean waist on you.” Jack knows he put one over on mama that time with his first little lie. But it went over all right, and he is in training now for bigger ones. Next day, when he has eaten several cookies and asks for more, mama says, “No, Jack, they are all gone.” She simply thinks that is the best way to stop him from teasing and coaxing, for more. Well, after a while she goes to a neighbor’s and leaves Jack playing on the floor. He thinks he will look around a bit, opens the cupboard where the good eats are kept, and lo, he finds plenty of cookies there. He also discovers mama lies, too. Is it any wonder he grows up a liar and a thief? And his parents can’t see where Jack ever learned to be such a bad boy. Can you?

As a boy, so is the man, and those respectable parents, good church-going people, have the experience of bailing Jack out of jail, before he is twenty years old. Now, who was to blame?

A boy or girl raised under the teachings of applied psychology will never bring sorrow to their parents, will never “go wrong.” Because, as Dr. Miller says, “Their heads are screwed on right.” No young buck with a flash of a new spring suit will turn your girl’s head if it is “screwed on right.” And your boy will not fall for the first “beach Vamp” he meets, if he has an even chance to learn the snares of life before he runs into them. Have I showed you that Youth, that is, the time from five to fifteen years, is the time to mould your children’s characters? Sunday School, in the morning; all the play and sports they want for the
rest of the day. Yes, make it a day of recreation. Recreation is rest. God said rest. He did not say stagnate, and loaf around all day, making your poor stomachs do double duty, working off a double-sized Sunday dinner. The women folks had to put in double time to prepare for the men loafers—that was the old theological idea of rest at my old boyhood home.

I never imagined God going around on that seventh day, with a face that would stop a Seth Thomas clock. I imagined God taking a walk and looking over his new, finished job, on that seventh day. Don't tell your girls and boys ghost stories, whether you get them from the Bible or not. Do not, just before bed time tell them tales of cruelty, horrors, or of any unpleasant spectacles. Don't tell them such stuff at any time, but least of all, near bed time. You can actually injure a child's mind so it will never fully recover from it, by mental shocks.

In dreams, the subconscious mind of a youth is very receptive. You can even teach a sleeping child words of a foreign language by repeating them to him when sound asleep. Bad habits can be cured in a child while sleeping.

Freud, the great psychologist, says, "Through a close investigation of a subject's mind, it is often possible to discover the source of a morbid mind." Parents can now go to a scientific psycho-analyst with their child problems, one who makes a specialty of the study of a child's mind. All children should have the advantage of such an examination. The science of phrenology, as well, is used in such a study. The science of psychology concerns itself with an investigation of the child's ancestry, and inherited characteristics with the nourishment of the child. Malnutrition will and does dwarf a child's intellect in many cases. The best investment a parent can make is a good milk supply. Never wean a child. Encourage the children to drink milk to the exclusion of other drinks. The psycho-analyst will point out the most successful occupation for the child. Inspire the child's mind with the thing he is best suited for. Start him to dreaming of the thing he ought to be, and he will be that thing and succeed at it also.

The struggle for a place in the world is going to be harder and harder. Give your children every advantage
possible to engage in the coming struggle and problems of life.

Greater questions and problems than have ever presented themselves before, are now moving toward us. Industrial, social and economic. The science of modern governments must conform to modern conditions. Our government is now suffering from malpractice of incompetent doctors. They look wise, and bleed the patient. Poor Uncle Sam has certainly had some constitution to still be able to sit up and take nourishment.

Vast Inherited Fortunes are rolling up at an appalling rate, to one of a thinking mind. Before your boy or girl reaches maturity, twenty per cent of the population of this country will be in possession of eighty per cent of the wealth originally produced by labor. The youth of our country have the greatest problem the world has ever seen ahead of them. It is up to the parents to raise men and women who will have the wisdom and courage to handle these questions justly.

HEALTH.

Health is next in the chain, and also first in importance in a successful life. Without it, we could not enjoy life. How to preserve health, and recover it when lost, is the greatest study of today. To be proficient and efficient in health control, is now within the reach of every one through the teachings of applied psychology.

We have demonstrated that through our minds, we can control our physical bodies, heal diseased parts, strengthen weak ones and restore rundown vital organs to their normal functions. The days of depending on a medical trust for healing, is coming to an end. Millions of intelligent people are now practicing self-healing, and also healing others, many, without pay.

In self-healing, you must have a “house-cleaning” in the upper story as well as in the basement, when you go after lost health. The first step in health building is to look after the mental condition. As I have told you in the Link of Youth, you are what you think—nothing less nothing more. Let that into your head thoroughly. Are you feeding your mind for results, or just grabbing every attractive thing on display in the mental cafeteria? Do you select brain fertil-
izers for your mind, or do you just pick up something to
tickle your mental appetite? I want to impress on you the
fact that you, your mind, can control your body, and health.
You have always allowed someone to do it for you who had
no interest in you until you got down, sick; someone who
waited for you to get out of order, that he might have a job
fixing you up again. If you still think that is the best way,
stay with it.

Modern thought leads off in another direction. The
Christian Scientists have done wonders in bringing the world
to a realization of mental control. Primitive Christians
practiced healing as a part of the teachings of Christ, until
they made an alliance with the Roman Emperor, Constantine,
about three hundred, A. D. From then, Christianity drifted
away from the pure teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, the
world's greatest healer. Today, we are going back to the
forks of the road, where we lost our way seventeen hundred
years ago.

Medical colleges will change greatly in the course of study
they will teach in the future. Psychopathic studies will be
given as much attention as pathology. Psychology of health,
taught in the schools, will be the next important step in edu-
cation. No one needs to be ignorant of the healing science,
even today. Learned lecturers and demonstrators of health,
are calling at even the small towns, giving the glad message.
I cannot, in such limited space, give a health course, but, I
can point out the road over which you must travel, if you
think health is something worth while.

Foods are the first consideration. If you want to raise a
grain or a vegetable crop, or a garden of flowers, would you
use any fertilizers? I take it for granted, you would. Would
you select them because they look nice, or because they smell
nice, or are nice to handle? Well, hardly. You select what
you believe is the best for that growing crop. You use your
mind on that job. That seems sensible, so far. Now, you
feel hungry, your body calls for a fertilizer for those dying
cells in every in every part of your system; you go into a
grabeteria, pick up a tray, go down the line—don't know
what you want—finally, a bewildering display of so-called
foods confronts you, prepared mostly to please the eye and
taste. You load up, prompted and guided by those two
senses. You find a seat, and after eating all your "Duke's
Mixture,” of a lot, you go about your business. In about two hours or so, you feel hungry again; there is a call for more food, more body fertilizer. What is the matter? Only just this: The stuff you ate was not food—just a filler, like they put into a “two-for-a-nickel” cigar. Is your Body not entitled to a more intelligent care-taker? But until you think you know it all, you repeat the performance and continue until you have to go to the hot springs, to sweat and wash out the poison you have unloaded into your poor, heupless and defenseless stomach, now scattered to all parts of your system. Finally, you return to your old haunts and habits, much improved, you say. In a few months you are worse than before. It’s a doctor, this time. Doctors are waiting for just such “simps.” From the doctor to the drug store. You are supporting both, now. Daily visits to both as long as your change lasts. Finally, you are patched up and try again to fertilize your body with stuff prepared to sell, by the big “Health Food” concerns and trusts, Post Estate Co., Kellogg, Armours, are all offering you something. You select a patent brand called “shredded wheat.” Well, that is an improvement over what you have been using because you have to take plenty of milk with it. But, try it alone a while and see how you would thrive. I heard of a fellow who, after living on it for a while dreamed he was in a shredded wheat field up to his ears, eating with both hands. When he awoke, he had eaten half of his excelsior mattress. Post, the first big health food mixer, made twenty millions out of his food concoctions and finally shot himself, committed suicide on account of stomach trouble. Six months out on a good dairy ranch will cure any stomach trouble. Learn to milk cows, and drink the milk when it’s warm, if you are very bad. Do you know that you can restore the youthful sense of taste by drinking warm milk? The prize bull at the big Chicago stock show, was never weaned. No? You don’t want to be a bull? All right, but you can not beat the bull for health, and I am trying to show you the road to Health. That is my mission on earth, at the present time.

The writer of these lines was once told by a very learned Doctor, that he could not live three months. It was a bad case. I was a down and out “lunger.” Bright prospect for a man forty years old. That was over twenty years ago. I cut the doctors out. I can only give you a short account of
my experience. I got a punching bag, and in my feeble way, I commenced to fight it, and unconsciously, fought the disease. I forgot I was sick, except when the pains would be very severe. I changed my line of thought. I lived on eggs, honey, milk, raw hamburger, some whiskey in the egg-nog, kept out of doors as much as possible; bought some ponies, pet animals, monkeys, dogs; started an animal circus or college. Did things I never had done before. I changed by whole life, and mode of life. Did I get well? One hundred and eighty-five pounds, at sixty-two, is the answer. Just play, to step off four miles in fifty minutes. The secret of that self-healing, the making of a new man, was just simply a desire to live and live in all the strength God intended me to live. That desire brought into play an entire new change of mental activities. I built up an entire new business from what I had never done before, while growing a new body. I traveled from Alaska down into Old Mexico, sleeping outdoors winter and summer. I lived at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet, for weeks at a time. That requires a good heart, as well as good lungs. I am writing this in the off-hand style of a western out-door-life-man. I often think health lecturers and book writers “shoot too high,” away over the heads of their hearers or readers.

I want you to feel the “pep” of the writer, when you read this. I want to arouse new hope in the discouraged. I want to close my career in the smiles of those whose hearts I’ve cheered. You can have health, and health in abundance, if you will take the “tips” I have given you. Take a new hold on health, and you will have new strength, our next Link in the Psychological Chain of Life. When you have a good, tight grip on the Link of Health, your upward climb will be easy. Think Health, Think Youth, Think Strength. Never close the door of Youth, never draw the curtain of memory so close that you shut off the view of your vigorous, happy, youthful early life. Never forget the time you were a boy. Any man is all right when the boys speak well of him. A man without boy friends is past my helping. I never could build a camp-fire with old, water-soaked drift-wood. It can’t be done. You loveless, sexless misfits of humanity, come alive. Recover that breath God breathed into you, that you let die out. Be once more the image God called his own, that you have reduced to a travesty of a real man or woman.
The elastic step of youth may be yours at "five score and ten", if you will have it so. Though your head may be silvery white, your ruddy cheek may be the color of the "rose in the snow." The wings of Youth will float you; the Spirit of Youth will stimulate you; the things you may yet accomplish, will inspire you, and when you retire from active pursuits, sit by the highway, and with cheering smile, wave the others on to success.

STRENGTH.

It is the jolts, set-backs and conquered difficulties that make us strong. One writer says, "the worries, sorrows and fears." I emphatically disagree with him. No man ever got "strong" with any of them. Bury your mistakes, sorrows, worries, and fears, with their bones. Let them be things of the past. Would you have strength? Carry no surplus baggage. Carry no dead matter in your system, and those things are dead matter, fouling up your mind.

One of the very strengthening things of a business man's equipment, is Credit. No factor is more important in building up or maintaining a business. Establish a credit when you start your business, even though you don't use it. You may need it, and then the banker may think it strange, and want to look into your business. Keep a credit always. It gives strength....strength in discussion. Avoid heated arguments, and when possible, get the other fellow seated in your own office. You will have a great psychological advantage. You will feel a new strength every time you settle a dispute in your own court room.

You have had good advice, as far as foods are concerned, to give you strength, but a certain amount of exercise is necessary for health. Even if you are a working man; if your long hours of labor make you tired, it is only one set of muscles that are tired. Rest them by using a different set that have rested all day, and you will be refreshed all over. Always take a little rest before eating; if possible, take a walk from your shop to your lunch. It is a rest itself. Never sit down and eat your lunch where you do your work. If you have arranged to eat your lunch in your shop or office, first, take a walk around the block, and a short rest afterwards.
Always fill up your lungs with fresh air before you do your stomach with a cold lunch. *Try it out.*

You are now climbing the Psychological Chain of Life. Be strong in your own counsel. If in doubt, secure professional counsel and pay for it. In matters of business a good business man is the one to go to. In matters of contracts, go to a lawyer who specializes in contracts. Keep out of litigation. It is a paradise for lawyers, but hell for any one else engaged in it.

Another strong factor in a business man’s life is his personality. You must stamp your own individuality on all around you, not by harsh, domineering manners, but by the kindest regard you can show every one around you. All must know you are the “boss,” but a just one. That once impressed on your associates will add greatly to your strength.

**VITALITY.**

Health and Strength, naturally bring Vitality. Without it we could not endure hardships, or recover our strength when temporarily lost by sickness. Vitality is a function, and is located just back of the ears, phrenologically speaking. Blending with amativeness, destructiveness and combative-ness, it is the product of strong creative powers. Where you find these functions weak you will find Vitality low. To overtax your mental or physical strength is to reduce your Vitality. To impair your health by ignorant eating and drinking is to lower your daily efficiency. When you feel your stroke weakening or your pace slowing down, loom to the cause, and restore your Vitality, not by drugs and stimulants, but by intelligent application of the psychic laws of life, or health.

You will find in the psychological chain of life a solution of your troubles. If your batting average is low, on some of the fundamentals, see which one you are weak on; practice on the weak one, and you will soon be “hitting” on all six cylinders. There is no excuse for a “big six” to be hitting along on three or four, when, by “burning out the carbon,” or by “cleaning the spark plugs,” you could just as well be making the grades on “high.”

Keep in “high,” by keeping your three Planes, *Physical, Mental and Spiritual* in Harmony.
PURITY.

Purity is the great crystalizer of nature. As minerals crystalize only pure: that is, separate out into their different shapes, systems and forms, colors, hardness, etc., so thoughts come from the mind. They differentiate, crystalize, and take forms in the mind peculiar to their purity. Impurities make crystals dull, "off-colored," opaque, dense. When thoughts are not clear we know they are not yet purified in the mind before being released—not fully crystalized.

As impurities make crystals dark, so impurities in the blood make it dark. Pure red blood is ninety-five per cent water, if it has been made of the best of foods, and aerated in the lungs with a constant flow of air. Impure blood is only blood contaminated with dead matter in the system. Learn to nourish your body with real life-giving foods, instead of dead matter, as the principal supply of so-called foods are. And learn to aerate your blood—decarbonizing it, as you would your car, and health will be yours.

Beautiful expressions in language are the crystalizations of pure thoughts. Beautiful pictures are the crystalization of thoughts on canvas. The clearness of expression coming from the mind is an indication of its purity and sincerity.

As a rule. an expression is cloudy and indefinite because it has not been clarified and purified in the mind. It may have been a good thought, a bright idea, but it had not been sufficiently matured and crystalized in the mind before it discharged itself only "half done," still semi-opaque, cloudy. Simplicity is one of the surest indications of purity. Plain, straightforward frankness shows purity. Double-dealers are not straightforward. No one need be caught by them.

Purity of Mind is not the sole possession of "prudes." A prude may be said to be a person that gets "shocked" at what a virtuous person can, with all purity, have a good laugh at, or view with complaisance. Don't be a prude. It's no proof of purity. Most character readers would call it hypocrisy. Be what you are. When you try to be what you aren't, you only fool yourself.
DESIRE.

Without Desire, as well be impoverished in all other things—as far as success is concerned.

Without Desire, you would have no purpose. The first and chief fundamental in Success is Desire. It was the first expression of your Life, a desire to breathe. The next was for Nourishment. It preceded thought. It was an intuition higher than reason. You may say you breathed because you could not help it—atmospheric pressure filled your lungs. True, and it would have stayed there and extinguished the vital spark, if desire to get it out by the expansion and contraction of the muscles of your body had not forced it out again, and allowed a new supply to flow in.

The desire to do the things necessary for life was born with you. Hunger created Desire to roll around and find nourishment. Just according to the intensity of your desires, intelligently, persistently, and secretively cultivated, will your success be small or great. If you do not believe it take a good survey of one thousand men. Find who had strong desires to do some one great thing, and you will find a successful man or woman.

Have no shattered or crossed desires; no divided ambition.

Dr. Miller, the well-known Psychologist, says: "You can have no desire that you have not the power to realize."

Desire and Secrecy should be yoked together.

Many Desires are seeds of Disappointment, when not guarded by secrecy in their early development.

Have you never felt a force stirring you to do some one notable act? To create something of your own?—To bring out something "hatched" in your own mind? Ambition is the natural offspring of Desire.

When you have fired up your Desire to Create, Ambition will light the way—will throw the "spot-light" on the object of your Desire. Ambition and Desire have been spoken of as one and the same thing. From my point of view, I do not see them as such.

If you forget everything else I say about Desire, remember this: Your success will be in proportion to the intensity and concentration of your Desire on one purpose. Don't
have too many irons in the fire, and hit when the heat is right.

**PURPOSE.**

There's a subtle force a-working in the minds of women and men,
It may warp them, or it may enrich them, you notice now and then.
You may use it, you may enslave its wonderful powers to create,
But you must be the master, you must control your fate.
Is your will so weak, your ambition so low, you indolently gaze on the strong,
With no desire to be one of the “bunch” that’s climbing, climbing along?
Come, shake off the dust on your atrophied mind; fire up a desire to create!
Consult with yourself when lingering in doubt. These two great functions will mate.
They will bring forth Success; they will add to your “pep;”
You will see with a much clearer light;
You will wonder why you have been such a “dub.”
When this power you have learned to use right.

Your Desire has given birth to Purpose. Without purpose, your desires would go glimmering down-stream or out with the tide.

Always subject to the different and various adverse influences of every-day affairs, with strong purpose in view,—and that is the main point—keep it in view, and you will never tire of its urging you on, though you may think your success is a long way off. Keep your purpose ever before you. All the other links will help you when your purpose is good. Good things do not come by accident; they are always done on purpose. Examine a skeleton—it is for a purpose: not a bone in it that is not for a purpose. Study the thousands of glands, nerves, muscles, organs—every one for a purpose. There is no organ that can be removed without impairing some other organ, or the functioning of some organ. Remove the appendix, and you remove the organ that lubri-
cates the bowels. An appendixless person is a mark for drug stores as long as he lives. I speak in detail as to the purpose of everything in nature. It is the same in our lives; without a purpose you will be like a man without an appendix—you will have to be moved artificially as long as you live.

Don't be a "pill man." With a purpose, you will move yourself. The purpose of this article is to impress on one's mind the absolute necessity of a purpose. You may rate high on all other links, but without a definite purpose, your success will only be moderate. Concentrate on a purpose that your "horse sense" tells you is sound. Don't "chase rainbows," and don't expect to win every "heat." Don't look for "sure thing games;" be a "good sport;" take your chances with the "bunch." Be a "sticker" for fair play, and never forget, your purpose will shine brightest when it aims at the greatest good for the greatest number.

To fix Purpose in your mind, count the number of times I have used the word, "Purpose," in this article. I have done it for a purpose.

My Purpose is to help you who read this Book—My Purpose is to do Good—Have a Purpose!

HOW TO ESTIMATE VALUES.

The first step in Business, is to learn values. A thing to have commercial value must be of some practical use, with a minimum of perishing qualities, wear and deterioration, a thing that enters into our every day life. The market for non-essentials, except diamonds, or very rare works of art, is so limited that the values can not be reckoned as commercial. Their value is limited by a passing or temporary demand. The vitality of a thing is always to be considered, its keeping qualities. An article that deteriorates in value must be considered as perishable. A thing whose value is created by fashion would be placed in the same class as perishable goods. The tide of fashion will soon throw it on the "beach," with the wreckage of Time. The degree of resistance to wear, rust, and general disintegration and decay, are to be considered in fixing the intrinsic value of an article.

The invention of making artificial ice has done more to stabilize prices of food products than all other elements in commercial life. It has done more for humanity than any
other one single discovery. Its whole purpose is to preserve and conserve the life-giving qualities of food products. It is the only great invention that can not be used to destroy man. Every one of the other great discoveries of this century can be and are used to destroy human life.

If I was asked to name the two greatest benefactors of humanity, I would not hesitate to say Luther Burbank, who has multiplied the productiveness of food-bearing vegetable life a hundred, yes, a thousand fold; and the inventors of the Ice-Making machinery used in cold-storage plants, where perishable foods can be held almost indefinitely, and released and distributed, when desired, sound and fresh for the food of man.

No argument could sustain the contention that there is any greater aim or ambition in life, than to produce and invent things for the comfort, uplift and general prosperity of man. Any invention that can be used to enslave, destroy, or retard the progress of man, though it may have many good features, will be considered negative in its beneficial aspect to humanity. The electric currents are all used to kill, as well as to create for us the things we need. The Airplane is the greatest instrument of death ever invented. The deadly gases and bombs that can be carried in one would destroy a whole community. When Nobel, the inventor of nitroglycerine explosives, put his invention on the market he saw only the practical use of it in subduing the mountains and making them give up their hidden treasures. Had he seen the work it has done on the battle fields, I doubt if he would have revealed his discovery to the world. Science has now the knowledge of secrets of destruction too terrible to reveal. What would be the value of such knowledge in the hands of some—may I call them human beings? Today gas and electric-driven cars for pleasure, and practical use in transportation, have been made “Juggernauts” of death. “Pay the price” and you can hire men to use all these instruments of destruction to kill their brothers.

When governments become strong enough, they conscript and take by force, men from their peaceful occupations and compel them to kill without pay—and it is called Civilization.

Any man who spends his time inventing gases, liquid fire, and thousands of other deadly elements of destruction of man, his fellow brother—born in the same manner, having
the same impulses, loves and ambitions as himself, brought into the world by the selfsame process as himself—is a human reincarnation of all the Fiendish Imps of past ages combined.

His thoughts dwell ever on destruction, and we find men in high places in social, political power, financing such activities. When a big corporation makes and stores away gas bombs, and all the other known instruments of death and torture of humanity you know they are planning a way to get the stuff on the market, or it would have no value. Think of that.

Implements of war deteriorate in value very fast—faster than any other known product of man’s ingenuity, because some other fellow is giving his thought to make something more destructive. While the Navy is calling for more big battleships to satisfy the yawning mouths of Big Steel Corporations, some small, obscure inventor is designing a little, hardly noticeable contraption that can send it to the bottom in the first “round.”

Where is the Value? Where is the justification for all this line of destructive thought?

The greatest producers of Values will be and are now men who are thinking Construction, instead of destruction. And the great Values of the future will be the result of constructive thought. All others will be fictitious, transitory, a delusion, a beautiful mirage of a form you can not grasp.

This should be a “tip” straight enough for any one on the “climb” to Success, to think constructively. It will put you in the producing class. The New Thought producers will never be poor again when once they have turned away from the things that kept them in servility.

LOVE.

The greatest of all elements, in the human mind, is Love. And there has never been anything in the human family, more abused and misunderstood than the thing we call love. It has nearly always been associated with sex conditions. Love, and the desire to reproduce the species, are in no way connected. Conception and Reproduction are results of sexual intercourse, where Love may, or may not have been an element in it. The birth of a child is no evidence of Love.
in its conception. As many times as not, the conception was an accident—the innocent babe, an unwelcome guest.

In all forms of life, in the Vertebrates, more than others, from the cooing dove, to the courting of a female mate for man, the desire for sexual relation was preceded by a real or a fictitious display of love. Love is used as a mask as often as in true, unselfish affection it calls to its side a trusting mate.

Pure Love is unselfish in its attachment for another, without hope of reward. Love may fail to awaken in another a response to its affection, its devotion. The law of attraction fails to function, seemingly. That is the most pathetic phase of Love. Most unfortunate, is the love that unites in marriage with another, whose profession of love was only a camouflage to cover a base desire. Only a life of unhappiness can result as long as such a contract lasts.

Love, morals, and righteousness are not always closely connected, however we may casually think so. I will say Love inspires righteousness. Morality is simply the observing of an accepted custom of society, or manner of conduct. Those who conform to these accepted forms are considered Moral. Those who do the same thing, or commit the same act under different conditions than those prescribed by custom are considered by society immoral. Morality is a code of procedure imposed by custom, the acts performed or committed may not be different from each other whether done by the sanction of custom or not. A very harmful act may be done with the full sanction of accepted custom and be considered Moral. Morality is not Righteousness necessarily. Much unhappiness and even misery can be caused within the moral code, but not within the Righteous activities of one's life. In other words, Morality is as often a sham as a thing to be desired.

A man and woman may be united and consorting together under the sanction of the law and accepted custom of the community called marriage, may under that custom make each other very miserable and unhappy from sexual inadaptability, or incompatibility as it is usually spoken of. A brutal man may misuse and mistreat a delicate and sensitive woman under the law and accepted custom of the community, and still pose as a Moral man; his acts are not Righteous, he can.
be brutal in his conduct to the one he has vowed to love and protect. She must submit and live in silent misery, bear his thoughtless and indifferent cruelties because he is a very moral man. He conforms to the customs governing behavior in society.

I find some people who have never seen the difference between Morality and Righteousness, but soon observe a wide gap when they come to make a close survey of the two conditions.

You may ask what has this got to do with success. Just this: No success can be built on a sham. And many of our modern customs are shams, snares, and subterfuges. If you are living under any of these conditions get away from them if you want peace, happiness, prosperity and success.

Under the Mosaic law a woman had no rights her husband could not annul. If she found no favor in his eyes, he simply gave her a written paper of his own, or the scribe's writing, placed it in her hand, and sent her out of his house. It would seem there was little love in the marriage relation of those days. Love was no element of ancient matrimonial unions. Even today, with the “alimony industry” in its most flourishing condition, love is more in evidence than in any other period of the world's history.

Pure, unselfish love has a right to self-expression, and freedom, and a modern sense of justice, through the law, gives one who has been deceived by another, into making an unfortunate marriage, a right to demand an dreceive a release from its burdens, slavery and unhappiness. It is just, it is right. No one can expect a successful life without a happy home life... It is success, itself... Any man may be said to be aSuccess when he has made a happy home for himself and family. Without it, all the wealth of the earth would not make him a “success.”

In ancient Rome, Gibbon tells us, a woman could and did have as many as eight husbands, in five years.

Horace Greeley says of the Roman Republic: “It rotted away and perished, plastered by the mildew of unchaste mothers and dissolve homes.”

If you still believe that love rules the human heart, that it is the greatest power in the world today, take it into your business with you. Love your business, if you expect it to be
a success. If you cannot love it, get out of it without loss of time. No business can succeed without love for it, by the one conducting it.

Henry Ford found time to write "The Secret of Love."

I will finish this article on Love, with the world's greatest defender of Love:

"Love is a transfigurations it ennobles, it purifies, glorifies. In marriage, two hearts burst into flower, two lives melt into one; every moment is melody. Love is a revelation, a creation. From it the world borrows its beauty, and the heavens its glory. Justice, Self-denial, Charity, and Pity are the children of Love. Without Love, all glory fades, the noble falls from life, art dies, music loses meaning and becomes mere motions of air; virtue ceases to exist."—Ingersol.

I wish I could add to those lines. I do not believe there lives a human being that can add to them, anything that would enhance their charm. I close with them—they cover the whole question of Love.

WISDOM.

There comes a time, in the lives of men and women, when they have to choose between the lesser of two evils. There are times when it takes the wisdom of a Solomon, to decide which is the best thing to do, the proper word to say, the most desirable course to take.

It is then, the Great Desire, and Fixed Purpose of your life will throw the light in the direction in which you must go. It is the law of Applied Psychology. That Fixed Purpose will be your guiding star. Other issues will melt away before it. Without that purpose well fixed in your mind, you will be drawn out of your course, as the magnetic needle is drawn from the magnetic north by some local attraction.

Do not be drawn into a useless argument. It is the greatest of all sacrifices of time. Do not reply to any remark intended to irritate you, and show the speaker's wisdom. If you are sure they are wrong and you feel like showing them their error, let your answer be absolute silence. Do not by word, look or movement give them a line on your opinion. Leave them in a quandary. They have lost strength; they have failed; they are without a "mark to shoot at." Let them exhaust themselves in abusing you. They are hurting
only themselves—wasting their own energies every time they turn their guns on you. Their venom runs off like water from a duck’s back. Keep that purpose of yours ever in view. It is the only shield you will need.

The logical use of Wisdom in Business is to know the details of it from top to bottom, and bottom to top, again. Know every little detail; nothing is too small to be worth your attention. It is around the details of an enterprise, the body is built. Wisdom will organize, systematize, and guide a man who looks after the details of his business. Wisdom is especially required in selecting help. A knowledge of character analysis is most important. Select men scientifically, for their different places. It is poor wisdom to fill a position with a man just because some friend asked for it. Repay favors done, some other way. “Pulls” should not fill jobs.

It is a poor indication of wisdom to be airing your opinions—always telling what you think. Some people are always passing their opinions: and someone is taking their “measure” all the time they are doing it. “Soft pedal” on that habit.

The “Wise Guy” is everywhere; but he don’t seem to be “drawing much water.” He gets “next” to every one but himself. He is the “cutie” that always laughs at his own jokes, or “chestnuts,” mouldy with age. He pokes you in the ribs if you don’t laugh at them, (no matter how much veneration you may have for antiquity). Ah yes, you know him all right—yellow finger tips, and bad breath; his breath usually goes a few feet ahead of him. He is the “bad loser” in a game where the real wise guys “trim” him every time. He is the “gazaba” that can always tell just how it happened. Is loud talking in politics, and giving “tips on the next race.” Sure, you know him; you can’t help it. He is everywhere, throwing bouquets at himself. If he has a business some one “staked” him to it—perhaps his “dad”—possibly he married it. He is usually strong with the ladies. I have known some to board with their wives, one at a time, until they got caught up.

This “brand” of Wisdom is not hard to accumulate or heavy to carry. There is one place, however, where it don’t fit in: That is where real business is done, and in a severe test it joyously ambles away.
The "brand" you will find along the Psychological Chain of Life, will stay with you when shadows fall. Gather it in; it will be a shelter in time of storm. It contains all the ingredients of Success. You cannot overstock with it. Get wise. And the first thing to get wise with, is Yourself. Know Yourself. Be Yourself. Care for Yourself. There is both wisdom and wickedness in this article, and they are also in all of us. Their equilibrium determines our destiny. Let Wisdom lead the way—Success will be the resting place.

FAITH.

Faith is an important factor in one's self, as well as in business. Faith in a thing is no proof of its genuineness, truthfulness or soundness. Even martyrdom does not furnish any proof of the truth of a contention. But it does show your absolute faith in your project, when you put all you have into it: and that means your mentality, physical strength, time and capital.

Your faith, so backed up, inspires others to come in with you. If you are only putting "hot air" into a project and expecting others to put in the capital, you will not inspire investors with Faith, and no one will invest in a business until you have created confidence in it, your plan, your project.

A popular plan nowadays, is to give free excursions, free lunches and a lecture by a trained "spieler," who works mostly on the emotions, skilfully draws a picture of fortunes made, and opportunities lost—absolutely an appeal to the person's credulity. It is a very easy matter for a skilful master of human nature, to picture a life of comfort for those who will invest in his oily enterprise. He can do it without any faith in it himself, and at the psychological moment, you invest, plank down your good coin, and really, without any faith in it, either. Your gullability, fired by visions of great riches and unreasonable profit—all inspired by greed to get some easy money, leads you to invest in a scheme, your "horse sense" tells you is "rotten," when you have come to consider it in a practical way. Again, faith—blind faith—faith without reason, will lead you into embarrassing disappointments. Faith is the child of the emotions. If tempered with reason, it is sustaining and inspiring. Every one must have implicit faith in himself; must know his powers, his weaknesses, and how to control them at all times.
Glowing pictures of get-rich-quick schemes will not impress you when you have learned your own “game.” You will not be tempted by a gentle stranger, to play his game. Show your faith in yourself, and in your own enterprise, by enlarging your own mental boundaries and the business you are “boosting.” Others will want to play with you when they see your “game is on the square.”

THE GOLDEN RULE.

The Golden Rule is so old and has been taught you from childhood, it should need little space here to commend it to any business man. Its precepts were taught by Confucius, five hundred years before Christ. He spoke the Golden Rule in these words:

“Do no thing to him you would not have him do to you.”

It was five hundred years later that Christ said “Do unto others as ye would that they should do unto you.”

As a business principle, it has not been improved on. Use it for a tonic in your business; it can not be improved on.

But watch it, watch it carefully; it will slip away the first chance it gets. Yes, I will be honest with you. I have let it get away from me a number of times. But I have a “neck hold” on it now. I think I can hold on this time.

PATIENCE.

I am ever headed up the stream,
Though the current is sometimes swift
For my frail bark to navigate,
And none to give a lift.

But still, I paddle up the stream,
Setting a course of my own.
The winners in games are the staunch of heart,
They paddle and paddle alone.

I admit, sometimes I long for a rest,
When my progress is slow,
And swifter craft pass by me,
I am tempted to signal a “tow.”
But, unless it's a tow worth having,
It's much like a beautiful dream—
Just as you think it's real,
You're dropped, far out in the stream.

You are bound to strike some rapids,
You're bound to hit some rocks;
You're bound to get some heart aches,
You're bound to get some shocks.

But you are bound to be a winner
If your stroke is steady and strong;
Ever steering up-stream,
Just paddle, paddle along.

Without Patience, we would not always hold to our purpose when many discouraging things come along. When the clouds hover over your project, and funds are low; when you have to slow down over a rocky road, impatient to speed along "on the high," you must have Patience. Patience will do more than any other Link in the trying days—for trying days will come—no one ever "made the grade," without "blow-outs" "punctures," and "wash-outs," where you will have to "detour," but with your destination on Success, ever in your vision, your patience will bring you through with a song, as you mend a broken part, or make a detour around an impassable road. Patience keeps the head cool in accidents, makes the road seem shorter, makes the day seem brighter.

Patience makes you like the "board" you have. rather than go to other "boarding houses" you know not of.

My Mother used to tell me the story of "Robert Bruce and the Spider." She knew, as a boy, I needed patience. It would seem paradoxical for a person to write of something he was never credited with having much of. Experience is a great teacher, and we can all look back to the place where we would all have done better if, we had had more patience. Don't fret, don't worry, both are the opposites of Patience. And this is the only mention they will have in these essays.

Think only the positive. We are never to think a negative. For instance, say I am well. Never, I am not sick. Never say sick or ill. Never say, I am not afraid: say, I am brave. You are bound to get some set-backs, many disappointments, many cold shoulders.
SECRECY.

It has always been the part of wisdom to maintain a strict Secrecy of your plans until far enough advanced to withstand the attacks of rivals. The great Generals of all times have given the guarding of their plans special attention at all times. A feint, a lead off in another direction from which the real blow is to be struck is good strategy.

Secrecy can not possibly be overestimated. It is ever a great, subtle power. Millions have been made in secret planning that could not possibly have been gotten by any other way. However, many of them were not above reproach, but that does not detract from the potency of Secrecy.

Our Government has been robbed by native-born Americans, and big corporations, by secret negotiations with trusted custodians of the people's rights. Contractors conspired during the late War, to enrich themselves at the expense of, and even peril of the Government itself. A corporation, featuring the Stars and Stripes in front of their offices, and Filling Stations, and secretly, steadily and persistently exporting the much-needed oil to foreign countries, for mere greed and dividends on inflated oil stocks is a traitor to the People and Government. Big Oil Companies tank the oil away to foreign markets. Will they tank it back in twenty years, when Uncle Sam's wells are dry? Think this question over in secret; discuss it openly. President Wilson was right when he advocated "Open Treaties, Openly Discussed."

Did the "Oil Czar" want any such treaties? The shadow of the "Oil Octopus" darkened the council chambers at Versailles. He was first to arrive at Genoa. He will be at The Hague. His speeches will not be reported. He speaks a silent and secret language, but one heard and understood by all nations

He whispers in the ear. He calls with silent wand. His wireless message penetrates the most secret chambers of Diplomacy. He holds a begging and impoverished neighbor, (Mexico) by the throat, extorting his pound of flesh.

Shylock was an honorable man compared to the Czar of Oildom.

For a demonstration of Secrecy, I recommend all students to the Standard Oil Co. He is not proud. He will show you how to do business if you are not above his avari-
cious tactics. You can see the great Czar of Oildom, peddling oil and gas by the pint at his stations, although he is the largest producer and wholesaler in the world, he will fill your tin cup for you, if you hold it for him, and have the price. He will "scrap" you for two cents, and make no secret of it. He is not satisfied with his billions. He is out with his "doodle-stick" in all parts of the world, looking for more oil signs.

I have used this Monster to illustrate Secrecy, because in the Standard Oil Company, you see Secrecy at its greatest power.

Never, for one day in your life, forget the power of Secrecy and Desire.

ENTHUSIASM.

Youth, Vitality and Faith are the great generators of Enthusiasm. Youth is ever overflowing with it. But, you say you will not always be young. You will be young as long as you hold visions of Youth in your mind.

Enthusiasm makes the business radiate confidence. Your Enthusiasm is a reaction of your faith and vitality. You show your strength, your ability to "put one over" every time you present your "goods." It's a salesman's "long suit." It gives life to your personality, "pep" to your "gas." Keep it up to full measure; it will react on yourself. You will be stimulated by your own "pep."

You can cultivate and increase Enthusiasm. It is Life itself, in its most potent form.

Do not handle a "line" you cannot enthuse over.

You're a "live wire" when you are enthusiastic. You will be put in the lead in all movevents you're connected with. Your services will be called for where there is need of "pep," vim, life.

As a promoter in all legitimate enterprises, you will outshine all the "bunch." You are a hustler, a gloom killer. You are there with the "glad hand." You will be remembered when you are gone, welcomed when you return. When you let go of a friend's hand he will know he has touched a "live one." You carry an atmosphere of "first aid" to the weary ones—courage to the Brother with light sales.

Enthusiasm will put you over more "territory," make more "sales" than the old-time prescription, before the Vol-
stead act, when it was carried in the hip-pocket or suit case.

Try the “new brand”—lots are using it!

Don’t be tied down by the gentle, refined, supplicating air of one who feels as if he might violate some form of the modern conventionalities. You know, if you are clear-minded, and living on a broad plane of life, that these set rules of modern social conventionalities are the relics of an age of the “lord” and “vassal.” When you have mastered the art of Gentleness, and mastered the Golden Rule, you won’t need to be afraid of violating some mere social form. Always remember you are as good as the best. No matter if some are the victims of vast Inherited Wealth, and have a following of sycophants who have never done a noteworthy thing in their lives, they are making an accident a thing of adoration and worship. It is not Americanism to be a “man worshipper.” Character and honest achievement are the only “idols” to which American manhood should bow the head or bend the knee. Do not be afraid to “go to the bat.” Remember, Babe Ruth never made a home run, by pushing a ball. You have got to “swat it with all that is in you, if you expect to be classed with the winners, the “stars” of the game.

Go to it! The “bleachers” are “rooting” for you. The “pay envelope” swells every time you “put one over” the “outfielders.” Life in American environments, is just one big League Game.

Sympathy will not bring home the “pennant.” It takes “wallops,” hard knocks, and a good runner to “make the bases.”

When you are “on deck,” every one in the “field” is trying to put “you out.” You can expect no help after the “game is called,” from your fellow players on the “benches.” They can only “pull” for you. You are the one that has to “smash the hogskin.”

There is no more inspiring spectacle for a tired business man than a good “hot ball game.” Judge Landis recognized its vitalizing and stimulating effect on American manhood when he “doffed the ermine,” to be “Umpire of Umpires” in the great National Game. He is the great Umpire, who says this American Institution must be “on the square,” “on the level.” So, in your business life, you can put all the “punch” of a good ball game into your business, but if you would win a lasting Success, you must be “on the level,” and when the
"final series" are played off, and the "season closes," you will have received a reward that could not have been secured by "crooked plays." Let as few errors as possible mar the great game of Life. There are bound to be many, at best; we are all bound to make some "flukes;" we can not escape them and remain human. And while we are excusing ourselves for that reason—remember the other player is also human.

THOROUGHNESS.

If you can do but one thing—Do it well! It will attract attention if done well. Some one will say, That is a good job. Personally, I know of many failures, caused by that old saying, "That's good enough." Take your time; don't be hurried. Take a good steady gait and hold it. Be neither a "speed hound" nor a "snail" Do not start until you are ready. Know every detail of your business. Many shops fail by turning out jobs half done.

Have you had trouble with returned goods, because some one was not thorough in inspecting the job, or making them? If you know of a man who is especially expert in some line, you will find he is a very particular, pains-taking, careful thorough workman. Well, yes—called by some, a crank. Did you ever pause in your wild tirade on "cranks," to realize that the whole world's progress is the result of the work of "cranks" and "rebels? "Cranks" are thinkers, and "rebels" are progressives, always. Harding says, "agitators are traitors." Where was the odium of being an agitator in 1776? They were Thorough in their work, from the "Boston Tea Party," to the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The world does not need to fear the thinkers—it's the fawning sycophants, the worshippers of inherited wealth, that are piling up trouble for this country.

A thorough analysis of the economic conditions of this country will show the need of thinkers. Thinkers make intelligent agitators. Without them, the world would soon stagnate. Be thorough in your study of questions of unrest in our country. Don't be "rocked" by every paid-for propaganda that the daily papers send out Be thoroughly yourself, Realize you're the architect of your own destiny. There has not been a great character in the whole world, that patterned
his life after someone else. Great men and women are inspiring. Their lives are lights along the winding course we must go, but we, by our own thinking, must float, swim, or sink.

I am trying to be thorough in this article on Thoroughness. I know just what many readers will say, when reading this article: “Was he always so thorough?” I frankly say, No—with a big “N.” And I can see wrecked enterprises, where more Thoroughness would have crowned them with Success. I am in a better position to preach Thoroughness than one, without my experience.

No one would be competent to make a Road Map, who had not been over the Road. I am marking the places on the Road where I got off wrong. Read carefully the signs I set up, and you will go safely, surely on up the road to Success. I will greet you at the top.

Thoroughly for your own good, I say, be Thorough!

POWER.

It is Me, and everything that penetrates my Life. Power may be wasted, or allowed to run to waste, in mis-directed channels: or too closely confined, like a steadily generated steam pressure, it will finally explode with all its destructiveness.

Mental Power may be used to control our physical bodies, our health, our success, our happiness. All depends on how we use our Power. Physical Power is generated by Health, Vitality, Desire, Courage, Faith, Purpose, Love.

These are the great Psychic generators of Power. The purity and intensity of these Elements, will be the weakness or strength of the Power generated.

Functional Psychology, is not merely the study of the Mind; it is interested in every problem of our every day life; our affairs in the most secret dealings of our lives. It is the power by which we unwind the tangles of our minds. It is a practical science, covering all life’s problems, social, industrial, mental, spiritual—everything bearing on the unfoldment, and advancement of Man.

Dr. Orlando Edgar Miller says: “New powers will be given you, as rapidly as you show yourself capable of using them.” Necessity is the power that drives—Beauty, the power that draws.
Never forget that every time you win a victory, you have added more Power to your “motor.” Every losing game, passes the suggestion on to your sub-conscious mind: “It’s no use. Let it go,” and you finally give up. Grow up with your Power. Increase your undertakings, as you progress, as you gain Power. Swim the narrow channels first, then the wide ones will be easy. But always have it in mind, you are going to swim the wide one sometime. Keep that ever in mind; see yourself landing on the other side, and as sure as the sun rises and sets, you will, some time, wave the flag of Success on the other side.

You can, by the laws of Psychology, consciously, and constantly be generating a Power within yourself, that is irresistible—all things will give way before it.

Be a Power—know your Power—use your Power!

SINCERITY.

Show your Sincerity in everything you say or do. You will soon be “spotted” if you “bring your ‘bull’” in-doors. Tie him outside. Sincerity, like Enthusiasm, is a confidence-winner. If you are not sincere, you will soon “tip your hand off.” Subterfuge is generally, transparent. Sincerity is also the reaction of Faith. It inspires confidence. If you sell foods you would not eat yourself, you are not sincere in recommending them. Here’s a “tip” on insincerity: Talking in a halting manner; shifting about, when talking; eyes, that never meet yours; lack of faith in your own project; not living up to your own preaching. These are the most common ones. You do not need to be a professional to read these signs of insincerity.

“Sincerely Yours,” when signed to a letter, is only a stereotyped form of a polite closing of a letter; it is without further meaning, as a rule. However, I would not change the custom, as it has a cheerful, assuring sound that makes the heart glad to think that some one, is “Sincerely Yours.”

Let's all drop the polite platitudes, and be Sincere.
Sincerely Yours, for Success.

FRIENDSHIP.

Just as a miser is a person of diseased mind, so is a person who has no longing for the feelings of human emotions
with his fellow creatures. He is a creature by himself and those who know the joy of true Friendship, only regard him with contempt.

Poverty of the mind is the most pitiful of all poverty, and most pitiful of all, is that which will not afford the sharing of sorrows and joys with our fellow kind.

The happy communing of sensitive minds and exchange of ideas, increases our mental vision and tightens the bonds of sympathy.

Friendship is absolutely necessary for the best development of man. We can study sciences, take lectures, read books, but if we do not meet with others who are likewise interested we will make little progress. Discussion with an open mind enables us to call up and concentrate our mental energies, and increase our knowledge of the subjects under discussion.

But, argument is apt to be biased, and seldom leads to clarifying the subject or situation. Combativeness is sure to defend our own personal viewpoint. It's human nature.

I make a distinction between argument and discussion.

True friends may confer and discuss ambitions, desires, etc., and be of great help to each other, where it would be very unwise to discuss such plans with one not thoroughly tried and trusted. As a rule, keep your plans well under cover. The green-eyed monster is always near. Who has not, however, felt that they just must have a confidant in a trusted friend to go to, in trouble, to rejoice with in success. Even between such friends there must be a certain amount of discretion to avoid straining such relationship. But, as a rule, we intuitively know our friends. There is an intuition that runs from man down to the lower animals, but more noticeably developed in dogs. A dog knows his friends; also knows who are not his friends.

Friendship is an expression of emotions directed by social and psychic intelligence. The capacity of Friendship is almost entirely psychic. The more psychic a friendship is, the more steadfast it will be. The more physical it is the more selfish it will be.

There are many highly cultivated men, who would not make reliable friends. They are all absorbed in their own selfish desires and aims. I think it was Marc Antony who said, "He was my friend, faithful and just to me."
Friendship is based upon mental qualifications, and the continuity of these mental conditions is required to maintain these friendly relations. Memory, Sympathy, Sincerity, are all forces in maintaining friendly relations.

When the mind is not balanced, the lower passions are in the ascendancy. Irritability, grouchiness debars the person from the pleasure of Friendship. My theory is, that the higher the degree of intelligence, the more lasting and closer is the Friendship.

HOPE.

Who has not been carried over the rough places by the bright Star of Hope? Who has not taken fresh hope from a friendly word of encouragement when clouds were hanging low? One who has not flashed a ray of Hope to a weary one, a discouraged climber, has not tasted Life's sweetest joy.

Hope is the one thing left when all else fades away. Have you never been cheered when the Dr. said "there is Hope," as some one's life hung in the balance, in the border land between life and death? "Let's hope for the best," is a phrase that has come down from the ages. And free from the scars of Time, it is still a great psychological help in time of adversity and discouragement. It stimulates the auto-suggestion that, "All is well."

STAR OF HOPE.

Bright Star of Hope, how oft you've buncoed me.
Oft your twinkle has misled me, across both land and sea.

When I flirted with Dame Fortune,'twas you that urged me on.
And you laughed, to see me turned down, but whispered,
"There's another one, beyond."

Oh, you optimistic angel, you beguiling little elf,
You never cease to chuckle as I scramble after pelf.

If I follow ever fondly, the path you illuminate,
Though I fail in the objective, you never will forsake.

As my hair is growing whiter, and my step is not so quick,
You are urging at my elbow, "Try again to 'turn the trick.'"
Never was a friend so faithful; never was a friend so dear.
If you think you see me falter, you will whisper, "Never fear."

While your light has often fooled me, and you have played me many pranks,
I would never want to lose you, tho' I've been sparing in my thanks

I confess my seeming rudeness, ask your kind, forgiving grace,
For your light, is the one Great Pilot of the wandering human race.

Never give up Hope. It will light you through till you come out into the great boundless light of Persistence. Persist, in the Hope of a brighter day ahead. Pull for it. Plan for it. Dream of it. Success is waiting for you, up the Road. Push on!

COURAGE.

Courage naturally springs from Hope. Courage may be almost gone, when Hope says, "Try again to 'turn the trick.'" Yes, at times, the bravest look to Hope for new Courage.

We know how much soldiers like to be described as "brave," but that Courage goes, with the last ray of Hope. They stampede, and make a wild rush to the rear. The wonderful General Phil Sheridan met such a rout, or stampede, on his way from Winchester, and turned the whole army "right-about-face," with the immortal words, "We will lick those 'rebs' or sleep in Hell tonight." It was not a spark of Hope—It was a whole blaze of Hope shooting from one determined man. It generated such an avalanche of Courage that those men, once panic-stricken, were now wild to rush back. And back they went, and to the greatest victory Sheridan's Army ever won.

You may say, "Napoleon never lost Courage," I heard a lecturer say so. But he did, or he would never have led one hundred and twenty thousand men out of Russia, in the winter time. But he gathered new Courage, with the sight of France. Robert Lee was a brave man. Do you think he would have handed his sword to Grant, if he had not lost his courage?
Did Lord Cornwallis take any Courage back to England?
Did the Kaiser show any Courage on his wild stampede for Doorn?

You must have Courage to “take a chance.” Be Hopeful,
Courage follows.

You say a certain man is a coward—he showed the
“white feather—the “yellow streak.” Psycho-analyze him
and you will find the chief deficiency is Hope, then the func-
tion of Destructiveness. But the function of Destructiveness
may be so strong that a fellow does not know when he is
whipped, and keeps “slamming” away until he gets one in the
“right place,” and he goes to the “hay.” In that case, one is
helped or carried on by the functions of Combativeness and
Destructiveness, and procreative powers combined. These
make one reckless; he loses all sense of danger and rushes to
destruction more often than to victory. He has simply shut
the door between his reasoning faculties and animal func-
tions. Hope and Courage have nothing to do with such a
case. For the time, his reasoning powers are gone. He is a
maniac, as crazy as can be. Should he kill a person when in
that state of mind, his criminal lawyer will set up the de-
fense, or plea of “temporary insanity.” It should not hold,
or be accepted by any juror. His sanity was allowed to be-
come negative, by his own uncontrolled temper, and as quick
as he would take a good cold drink of water or hold his mouth
wide open, he would be normal again. Do you know you
cannot strike a hard blow with your mouth open, or fight
after drinking a quantity of water?

The best way to calm own, when “all het up,” is to open
your mouth as wide as you can, count twenty, and your
temper will come “tip-toeing” back again. Getting “mad,” is
pushing reason out the front door.

“Rightheous indignation” is not to be classed as anger.
There is an element of reason in it. Real Courage is to face
a mob, and declaring your principles, when you know there
is not a man in the “bunch” that is with you. In Denver,
many years ago, I saw a small man stand off a whole “mob”
with a single “six-shooter.” He was “game,” he had the
Courage. He was afterwards “lynched,” near Lake City,
Colorado, for “holding up” a stage. Now, Psychologists,
what was the nature of his Courage? He was not yet twenty-
five years of age.
It takes real Courage to lead a movement, in poverty, when one could have a “fat job” by going over to the other side. It takes Courage, in a sensitive person to stand the jeers, sneers, and ostracism, for his belief, opinions or determined line of action. Have the Courage of your convictions. Have the stamina to defend them.

The Psychology of Courage is as complicated as any human function, perhaps more so. It can not be done here. The martyr who went to the flames, was impelled by his extreme faith in his Deity or God. His functions of worship, sublimity, firmness, self-esteem, all fed and sustained his Courage.

Most martyrs will finally be analyzed as “religious fanatics.” Martyrdom is a proof of Faith, not of the Truth of the matter. It only emphasizes the faith and courage of the martyr. A more diplomatic method generated in the realm of Reason would have done their cause more good.

My idea is that living, and working intelligently for a cause, will give it more strength than to cease your activities for it by “sticking your head in a halter,” or going to the “pen.” That is the kind of courage I do not believe in.

It was not the martyrs who died for Christianity that preserved the faith. It was the healthy workers that were left, that kept the faith alive. That kept the light burning.

The Psychological effect of going to prison, or death, for one’s principles or faith, inspires admiration for the hero’s Courage, but it does not help put his creed “over the top.” Have Courage, but use it in the right direction.

TOLERANCE.

Tolerance is to be cultivated at all times. Intolerance is the direct descendant of prejudice, bigotry, and ignorance, and as it is the offspring of these products of narrow minds, why not “wise up” a little?

Ignorance may, or may not be bliss. It is not always a shame to be ignorant; but it is a shame to be ignorant of a matter or condition of affairs from pure prejudice, and remain so, when it costs only a little time, and a desire for the “truth of the thing,” and a love for knowing a thing just for the love of knowing.

Always give full consideration to the “other fellow’s” side of the question. He may have some “dope” on the
matter you have never heard of. He may even be as well informed on the matter as you are yourself. He may “take a crack” at some of your cherished idols; they likely, need it. He can see them from a different point of view. His may be right. Always be Tolerant. Give a good hearing to the other fellow’s argument before you start your rebuttal. Be a good listener; it’s a good way to “wise up.” Don’t “get all het up” the first time you hear a thing you never heard before. It only shows you are ignorant.

Tolerance is a wonderful peace-maker.
Tolerance gives poise, peace, plenty.
If “Consistency is a jewel,” Tolerance is a whole Crown of Jewels.
Be Tolerant.

GENTLENESS.

Gentleness and Kindness, twin sisters, are always close to Sympathy; in fact, it is very hard to tell them apart.

Gentleness will find friends anywhere. It will do more in training a wild horse or animal than any other method known—Of course a person or an animal can be beaten into submission, but they are not won. They are not subjected, and will, at the first chance “get back” at you. It is good business to be gentle or kind (I see no difference), at all times. I can not think of an instance where harsh measure was used, that gentleness would not have done better, brought better and more lasting results. My idea of a gentle man is different from the generally accepted conception of a “gentleman.”

I have seen some human brutes, “dolled up,” with monocle, gloves, weak grin, lofty air, and odor of coin, receiving the homage of admiring sycophants, who would not get very high “climbing the Psychological Chain of Life.”

A real gentleman is content to be known as a Man, a real Man, nothing less, nothing more.

You will not recognize him by his frills, or his accent. He is usually standing, where seats are scarce; lifting, where loads are heavy; smiling, where hearts are sad.

A gentleman is a gentle man, at home, as well as in a ballroom.

A Gentlewoman is a real woman at all times, and you can not brighten the halo around her by calling her lady.
SYMPATHY.

Sympathy is doorkeeper for love. It unlocks the door to the human heart. No one can close the door in the face of Sympathy.

"He worked on my Sympathy," I heard a person say. I believe Sympathy is more often imposed upon, than any other human impulse.

It is an impulse, pure and simple, and it is always close to benevolence. It is sometimes "hard hit."

It is not strictly a business function; but who would not feel the vibrations of Sympathy in every day life?

As the "world" is not very sympathetic, the individual must be.

When the neighbors had gathered around a fire-destroyed home, it was a poor old Dutchman, who said, "Here, I am sorry twenty dollars worth." That was real sympathy—the other was "foam."

Be Sympathetic.

HUMBLENESS.

Humbleness is a good quality. It is the means by which "young ambition, with upturned face, does mount to heights of Fame, which when once attained, he does despise the means by which he did ascend."

Humbleness is the place where you alight, when you fall from your high pedestal. It is the "land of beginning again."

It keeps your head steady when your conceit would urge you to make a splash in the "social pond."

It will outclass Vanity, its opposite, in real worth-while activities of life.

It is admirable in the victors. It is a jewel in the crown of Success.

It most becomes the winner of great honors, when he can carry them with Humbleness and modesty.

WIT.

Never lose your Wits.

Where are the Irish Wits of today? Once Irish wit was proverbial. Today they seem to have lost their wits. Bombs and guns have replaced wits and shillelaghs.

Wit has turned the tide of battle many times. It has tuned the Minstrel's song. It has brightened the Orator's
highest flight of eloquence. It has run riot at the banquet board; it has flowed with the sparkling wine. It has cheered the lonely hearts around the camp-fire of the battlefield. It has been the vital spark in song and story. Written, or spoken by ready lip, it darts with sudden light, uncalled, unheralded, but ever welcomed into open hearts.

Wit is the one thing to have ever at your side. Spray it around you like a sweet perfume—but remember, it is always best when fresh and spontaneous. Forced wit, that you have to “put over” with our own laugh, to make it go, never gets very “far from home,” and sometimes “leaves a bad taste in your mouth.” Try out your wit on some one it can’t hurt—see how it “takes.” If it does not get a “ripple,” change your “brand.” Do not try to force it over with your own applause. Don’t try forcing your Wit “over the top.” Forced Wit is generally defective or deformed, somewhere.

Real Wit is the spontaneous combustion of Mirthfulness. Irish Wit is always humorous, but not always witty—That is Irish, also.

“Irish bulls” are funny and humorous, but not always witty—and not expected to be—that is why they are so funny.

It was humorous, when “Pat” carried a big pack on his back in a horse-car, because, as he said, the “poor horse had enough to pull.”

It was witty, when a lady said to him, “Pat, what time is it?” He answered, “How did you know my name was ‘Pat’?” “I guessed it,” she replied. “Then, ‘begad,’ you can guess what time it is.”

Don’t lose your Wits.

FRANKNESS.

Be Frank, straight to the point. Don’t “hem and haw,” and “beat around the bush.” State your case as briefly as possible. Diplomacy is the opposite of Frankness; it often degenerates into absolute deception. Scientific deception is now considered Diplomacy. The Japanese now lead the world in Diplomacy. The European brand is coarse, beside the Oriental product.

Ben Franklin was a skilled “diplomat.” It was said of him, no man could get a direct answer out of him—“Yes” or “No.” He was not deceitful, however. He was resourceful.
We all believe Franklin was a very honest man. Who believes any modern diplomat is honest?

President Wilson was honest in his “Fourteen Points” plan of Peace, but as a diplomat, he was a “joke.” One night’s lodging in Buckingham Palace and a whirl through “Gay Paree,” and even Col. House could not hold his head up. He “wilted” before the hypnotic eyes of “Royalty.” He ceased to be the Wilson of the White House. He performed before the “crowned heads” of Europe, to their great delight. He never came out of that state of “diplomatic hypnosis.”

May I not advise you? Be frank, be “square,” be a “straight shooter.” Don’t try to “raise the limit.” Play in your own “back yard” until you are able to “meet all comers” on the great “Commons” of Life. Yes, be Frank—but don’t be an ass about it. Don’t “tip your hand off” before it is your turn to “chip.” Play your cards in the open, but don’t “show your hand.”

Frankness is sometimes restrained by modesty. Many perfectly frank people hesitate to express an opinion, from purely honest reasons. There is a certain responsibility goes with the expression of an opinion. Whether the question is trifling, or important, it reflects or mirrors the person’s personality and knowledge of the subject.

We often hear a very emphatic opinion of a person or subject, that reveals the fact that the person expressing the opinion was sadly lacking in any knowledge of the person or subject discussed. Others wait to see which way the “frog jumps,” before expressing themselves—try to be on the popular side—“ride two horses.” Politicians practice that kind of “frankness.”

Fools rush in where savants fear to tread.

Have you never heard it said by some smooth promoter, “If I was you, I would grab all of that stock I could get. Of course it is nothing to me, I have no interest in it, one way or the other—Just advising you, as a friend,” or some such “bull” as that—Very frankly giving his advice to a stranger, just for friendship, and a personal interest in you.

A “crook” said to me, “I have a friend in the business who lets me in on all their plans.” Don’t “fall” for such “con” talk.
They are very frank, I admit, but strain all they say through your common sense. The Truth will be Frank with you if you will cultivate its acquaintance. A minister said to me a long time ago, “You are as good as in Hell, right now.” I thanked him for his “tip.” As far as I can discern, the “odor of brimstone” is no stronger now than it was at that time. I was not “singed” by his “frankness.”

Cultivate Frankness; it will help you many times. It is one of the strong Links in the Psychological Chain of Life.

**CHEERFULNESS.**

“Do It Cheerfully.”

Have that sign up in big letters in every department of your business, from the office to the shipping room. Have it in the “exchange and readjustment” departments where “claims” are settled. Do it cheerfully, if you are going to do it at all.

Why, certainly, of course, when you have sold a certain article that has been on the shelf a long time, you do not like to see it come back. But you can not afford to refuse to make an exchange or refund money when a defect is evident. It will be good business to do it cheerfully. Yes, it is the best kind of business diplomacy to be Cheerful, and at no other time does it shine as bright as in making an exchange or adjustment.

If possible tell a little story when doing it, especially if the customer is a little “sore.”

“Sunny Jim” should have charge of every department. Put that “guy” with the corners of his mouth drawn towards his jaw at some job where he has to look up where there is sunshine and optimism. Cure him if you can; if you can not, cut him out; his gloom will infect others.

Enthusiasm, and all the Links you have been climbing, are just as sure to bring Cheerfulness as the sun is to dissipate the morning fogs. I know you have not allowed a single negative Link to connect up with your Psychic Chain of Life; but if you have, sort it out; with it in your Chain, you can not produce more than a “sickly grin,” where there should be a radiant smile.

That was the real spirit of Cheerfulness expressing itself, when the Irish soldier “came to,” after a hip joint amputa-
tion of his leg; He felt around, where his leg ought to be, and said, "Well, begad, I got the best of that damned corn, at last."

The true spirit of Cheerfulness sees beyond momentary disappointments, and sees the silver lining to every cloud.

Always remember that there is not more Night than Day, and if some of the days are cloudy, most of the nights are lit with stars. Cheerful is the mind that leaves all other minds alone. Some of the triumphs of life are revealed by their scars.

TRUTHFULNESS.

I have heard it said, it was better to tell a cheerful lie, that would comfort, than to tell the Truth, where it would bring sorrow.

Ignorance may be bliss, and keeping a person ignorant of a sad happening, under some circumstances, may be a good policy for temporary expediency. But the Truth will come out; you can not keep it chained in a dark corner. It simply will not live in the dark, and if not loosened and gently led into the light it will break loose when you least expect it and make things very embarrassing for you right when you have "company" in the house.

Better let Truth run around loose; as a general thing it will not need a muzzle. If we could know the Truth about all the transactions, big and "poodle" size, of the lofty officeholders, there would not be so many "introductions" of the Hon. So-and So. Many of the "handles' of men's names are "soldered" on for effect, to be read, and for the euphony that titles are supposed to bring, for psychological effect, and to tickle their approbativeness.

How "chesty" some "small calibres" get when introduced with a good, high-sounding title. A "goatee" and a military title, were once "the thing," in the South and West. These "four-flushers" are becoming extinct; they are relics of another period. Today no one cares for, or are in the least impressed with a "military title." It is no distinction of a character... They no longer pass in grand review before admiring throngs. They are admired before full-length mirrors—not elsewhere. They have lost their old-time glory.

Would Tom Edison, Steinmetz, Bell, Marconi, or Ford? Thomas Paine, Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Wash-
ingston?—or greatest of all—Burbank? or the honored
dead who sleep in Arlington, who gave their lives, their
last measure of devotion, that their country might live,
be any greater if designated with titles?
Any title man could confer, would only be a hollow
mockery.

When the American people once realize that character
and achievement are the only Shrines at which to worship,
we will have a race of men and women, whose “shoe latches”
the “titled drones of Europe” are not worthy to unloose.

Why were all these men I have mentioned so great that a
title could not add to the halo around their names? Just
simply because they were always looking for the Truth of
the thing.

Science and Truth go hand in hand—Titles and Hypocrisy
—There you have “two pair” to “draw to”—Take your
choice.

Titles are most becoming to the titled, degenerate para-
sites of Europe, known as “the nobility.” There, they shine
in all their effulgence. There they beckon the fawning syc-
ophant to do his cringing homage, to a false conception of
superiority, that in truth does not exist. In our country we
are taught, all men are born equal before the law, and that
character is earned, and not titles conferred, is the Nobility
to which we pay homage. There are are still a few title-in-
fected Americans, “drooling at the mouth,” to meet some
dissolute survival of European “brigandage.”

The “American Ad Man’s Association” is trying to put
Truth into American business. Let them go into the factories,
food-mills, and canneries. Their field is unlimited. Crooked
salesmanship and advertising is not to be compared with
crooked food products, cloth, and short-weights. They are
everywhere. It is loss of time to talk of honest advertising
when the shelves are loaded with fake goods, from drugs to
doughnuts, silks to gasoline.

The Japs came to America to take a “post-graduate
course” in crookedness. While very apt scholars, they have
yet a long way to go to beat the modern American in his
short-cut to wealth.

The world is now taking a fresh start in business life.
Let the American business man learn and remember that
Honesty Is the Best Policy.

63
PERSISTENCE.

As I write these lines, I am tired. I have been anxious to get the work done. I have written from nine in the morning until three, the next morning, some days. I would like to "lay off," but I must Persist; I must finish these articles today, as they are intended for practical business people, and young men and women who are willing to make the climb up the Psychological Chain of Life, to Success. I mention this phase of my experience, to show you I am practicing my own doctrine, climbing the Chain I have made for myself to climb. I see Success shining above me. I am surely, if slowly getting to the top of the Chain. Soon, my stunt will be finished. It has been a pleasant one. I started to climb this Psychological Chain of Life, a novice, a stranger to many of its Links. Many I had met in life, carried a while, and lost them, or threw them away. Some were oftentimes forgotten. In this Chain I welded them together. Any one can carry the Chain now without losing any of its Links.

Persistence has different meanings to different people. Different degrees of Persistence are needed by different people, in doing the same thing. The strong man can carry one hundred pounds easily. A weaker man will have to be very Persistent to carry the same weight the same distance. He is entitled to more credit for doing the same thing. To him it was a "big job." The thing you do is great or small to you, just in proportion as your capacity to do it is great or small.

Set your mark high, hit it if you can. Vision and dream of the thing you would do, but persistently pull for the "idol" of your dreams. Do not wear yourself out; you will speed the hour of Victory by plenty of relaxation. Don't burn yourself out. Keep up your supply of energy. When you rest, shut out of your mind all thoughts of your work. Rest just as hard as you work, then you will take up your work with fresh Persistence. Do not carry your troubles to bed with you. Absolutely shut them out of your mind when you go off the job. When you make a fresh attack you will find them gone or easy to handle. Persistence has turned the tide of battle, when even the Star of Hope was dim. I can recall many instances in the mining world where a poor
miner, without credit at the local store, Persisted, and struck it rich. Bassett, of Rosita, Colorado, and Dave Swickhimer, of Rico, Colorado, are very notable instances of Persistence. They each “struck it rich” by Persisting when others would give no aid. The writer of this article was in the famous camp of Rico, before Swickhimer struck it. I could have been “in on it.” I did not Persist. I plead guilty to the charge I have not lived up to the teachings of the Psychological Chain of Life, and it is the best possible proof that the Chain is right and that I have been going wrong a good part of my life.

ABUNDANCE.

As I start to reel off this article on Abundance, I have before me a pile of California Figs, more than I can possibly eat—Figs in abundance. So I have an abundance of all I need at the present time. I will eat the figs as I type this off. I also save an abundance of time, but I can not lose any of it tonight by stopping to eat.

This typing is no longer work for me. It is real amusement. I knew nothing about typing when I started this little book. I have used up a lot of paper learning—I expected to, I laid in an abundance of paper. I have persisted. It is an object lesson, for you readers. Go to it; do anything you like; set your mind on the thing you desire, and stay with it: Abundance will be yours.

I have begun to realize some things I used to doubt, that is, “Ask and it will be given you.” The great trouble has been we did not know who, to ask; how to ask; what to ask for; where to ask, or when to ask. We wanted a thing, we desired it, we longed for it, and then went and slipped the thought down to our subconscious mind—“Oh, what is the use? I can never expect to have anything like that.” And then you heard some reformer talking about unrest, and patriotism; and he tells the people to be contented, that “God would have given it to them if they should have had it—God knows best,” and a lot of “rot” he don’t believe himself. You go on your way, your ambition stifled, your desires strangled, your manhood and womanhood wilted. The things you should by your own fight have, are lost to you. And you
see them grabbed by one who says, "Grab, while the grabbing is good."

Psychology teaches, we can have no desire we have not the power to acquire or achieve.

Many things you think you would like, when once secured do not seem to be so great or so desirable, after all. The desirability of a thing, when viewed at a distance, may be greatly lessened when in your possession.

I have heard rich men say their money was a burden, and a worry to them, a great care. And still they carried the burden, put up with the worry; turned gray with care, watching the stuff, lest some poor devil should get a pinch of it.

Abundance, thou art a jewel—but thou hast wrecked lives, started riots, made brother hate brother; made envy clutch with miser's grasping hands thy worshipped pile. You have made the "green-eyed monster" strike with hidden weapon. You have tempted all mankind from paths of virtue. For you, priests have prayed. For you the rogue has gone to prison. Thou art the inspiration that leads men into the wilds of the frozen north, where thou hast hidden thy gold. Thou hast lured men into the jungles of the tropics.

Thou hast enthroned monarchs in thy Temple of Plenty, while the slave cried for Mercy and Food. And yet, "with all thy faults, we love thee still."

Thou art the goal to which all Life does strive

Shed thy light, Oh, Abundance, along the way Men must travel to find thy abiding place.

Teach men to know thou art not Success—only a comfortable resting place.

Tell them to go higher up, till they meet Happiness on the road.

Happiness holds the keys to the Temple of Success.

Bid them go on.

PROSPERITY.

"Signs of Prosperity," that is what comes over the wires from Washington. Issued by the propaganda bureaus. Prosperity—for whom? On the same page are accounts of
strikes, bombing, hold-ups, crime waves of all the fifty-seven varieties. Does that show prosperity?

No prosperous man goes into crime for a living, or even to take a “flyer,” for temporary relief, unless that man is a “defective,” possesses inherited moral weakness, the offspring of mental defectives, of one parent or perhaps, both. That person will commit crime when prosperity is everywhere.

Prosperity gives employment. Employment brings the means to secure the desired things of life. There will be prosperity just in proportion as the people are successful. The people, the whole body politic must be successful to realize universal prosperity.

The success and prosperity of the Few, by a system of class protection, makes the Many dependents on those Few.

In the climb to Prosperity, on the Psychological Chain of Life, we do not consider economic advantages or disadvantages, but to find out the reasons why a rich, productive country is not at all times prosperous, is the Psychology of Business.

Prosperity shows its hand wherever you find people owning their Homes, Orchards and Farms. The signs of Prosperity are not apparent in a land of landlords and tenants. Farming on rentals or shares is a banker’s game, on the one hand, and a peon’s, on the other.

A big farm owner in Texas said to me, “Why, land is the best investment I ever made.” He owned nearly half of one county, at one time. He said, “What will I do with all my money, if I had to sell my land?” He bought it for one dollar and twenty-five cents per acre. It was selling for twenty-five dollars per acre at that time.

I simply told him I was not concerned with the question of what became of his money; I was concerned with the welfare of humanity. Any system that permitted land hogs and railroads to acquire whole counties of rich, productive land, should never have been permitted in the first place. The system was wrong and is wrong today, and no actual or real prosperity can exist under it.

America, the United States, must be a country of small proprietors—not a country of landlords and tenants.

To see real Prosperity, the passing of immense and constantly swelling landed estates by inheritance, is the great
wrong and defect in our economic system. Cut them up and sell them to the people, is the Remedy.

The Republicans shout, “Protection and Prosperity.”

The Democrats, “Tariff Reform and Prosperity.”

The Socialists, “Co-operative Production and Distribution.” The Socialists have never had a chance to prove their system; their few small experiments were in competition with the “profiteer” system: the two do not function together.

The two big political parties have each had an opportunity to try out theories, and both have had the same industrial disorders on their hands, while the great Steel Industries, protected with a wall of tariff protection, that with their system of exploiting the workmen and artisans who produced the products of the big mills, rolled up millions and billions for the big Stockholders.

The bloodiest Labor War ever known in the United States was waged. Men, Women and Children were shot down by the armed “thugs” of these Steel Corporations.

Carnegie Libraries are founded with that money.

The workmen practically lost out, in every strike. The Steel Company’s hours are still, six to six-twelve hours per day. The “steel mongers” say the men would become “loafers,” on eight hours per day—besides, the business can’t stand a raise “at this time.”

Every big stockholder in these Steel Mills, left many millions to be inherited by some “drone,” when he turned the clock, at St. Peter’s Main Entrance.

The Few—rich beyond computation. The Many, producers of the wealth—impoverished, tenants of Company “shacks.” Where was the Prosperity?

Exporting oil by the tanker-load, swells the fortunes of the big oil companies, and every barrel of oil that leaves our shores impoverishes the country, just that much. American Industry is crying for crude oil and gasoline, and we are told the supply is low and running lower—and still the tankers are loading for foreign shores, and American troops are sent to China to protect the oil Companies, while selling it.

Who prospers by such a system of plunder? If the American people would be prosperous, as a whole, united mass, a great unit of Prosperity, they must “listen in” on Washington. The American business man, and mechanic, and ordinary citizen, knows less about the causes that make for Pros-
perity than he did twenty years ago. A reckless craze for a flivver, even mortgaging the baby's home, to get one, has smothered constructive and original thought. Craze for speed, has and is rushing the American people off their feet.

Speed and Prosperity are not natural running mates. Speed is dashing, captivating, entrancing, intermittent, uncertain. Prosperity, is plodding, constant, sure, when hand in hand with Labor, where Labor is not robbed.

National Prosperity, by a system of economics that gives every laborer his just share of the products of his labor, is the Prosperity Lincoln dreamed of when he said:

"It has so happened in all ages of the world that some have labored, and that some have, without labor enjoyed large portions of its fruits. This is wrong, and should not continue. To secure to each laborer the whole product of his labor, or as nearly so as possible, should be the object of any good government."

I heard a very refined looking woman say: "Education must be paid for." Well, if one person has to be paid a higher wage, than another, doing the same work alongside of him, because he has read a lot of books, I can see where a lot of college graduates will continue to look for jobs. If their college education did not make them greater producers, greater creators than the man with the common school education, I do not see where he can expect to draw more salary, if he is only a salary man. A real creator gets out of the salary class. However, his Prosperity may not be any greater. But he has become the man who handles the tool, instead of being the tool.

A climb up the Psychological Chain will lead you to Prosperity. But to the top, you must go. There is no half way place, to pick the fruit. Forget all unpleasant experiences. Forget that loss. Forget that cold reception. You are too big now to notice what that fellow trying to climb the negative Ladder, says about you. You are now strong; you can now throw out the "tow-line" to some brother stuck on the road. Your life's work has just begun. Your experience in climbing the thirty-three Links has made you ready for greater work. Your greatest Joy and Happiness and Success will now be found in bringing Prosperity to all around you.
SUCCESS.

And now, we are at the great interrogation mark—What is Success? To know what Success is, you must take a good, long look at this thing we call Life. Success has just as many angles as Life has forms. Every man who has had a purpose in life and has attained that purpose, will tell you what Success is. He sees it from his point of view. A man with Acquisitiveness large, thinks he is a success when he “corralled” more money and property than he can use, regardless of the success of other men he has destroyed in attaining his own purpose. His conscience may not be easy, but he has succeeded—from his point of view.

The Engineer is called to plan a Great Bridge, to span a wide river, with cables of steel and pillars of concrete. He tests the tensile strenght, and crushing resistance of all material. He estimates with mathematical precision, the exact weight of every part, and the total weight of the structure. He knows how much material will be required to erect the bridge. He knows to a dollar what it will cost. His plans, estimates and materials are approved. He has succeeded. As an engineer, he is a Success. Yet the bridge is not spanning the river. The bridge is not yet a Success. But the contractor comes along, takes the plans and builds the bridge. He is a successful contractor and builder. Or, the engineer may do that also; then he is a double success—one as an engineer and designer, and one as a contractor and builder.

Had the State or County failed to furnish the funds, to build the bridge, the engineer would have been a Success, just the same, although his bridge would only have been in the “blue prints.”

The bridge itself, will be a Success when it stands the tests of traffic.

You desire to travel. You want to go to the Yellowstone Park. It is your purpose to go this year. You start out with your trusty Ford. You intelligently study the Road Maps, and Guides along the way. You detour around the bad places; you make the good camp grounds. You finally drive into the Great Wonderland. You have Succeeded. You have realized your dreams, your desires, your ambition. It matters not whether you return again, or not. Success may be
said to be the realization of your plans, purpose, desires—the fruition of your dreams.

The intensity of your Desires, will regulate the speed by which you attain your desires, or Successes. The quality, the nobility, and purity of your Desires will be reflected in your Success.

Of course, I am thinking of one who has made his own Success. Not one who was born with certain appendages of inherited wealth, and titles, which often throw such a glare and dazzle of camouflage on the person inheriting them that no one knows or cares whether such a person is a success or not. That is the only species of man, where Success is not an evidence of Intellect, Purpose, and Desire.

An over-covetous banker, wrecks his bank, and succeeds in annexing its funds to his private account. It lands him in the “pen.” He draws a ten-year term (probably serves one or two of it. He is eminently “successful”). But the nobility of his enterprise is reflected in its success. He risked prison; he took a “flier”—his success, no one envies.

The Success you will meet at the top of the Psychological Chain of Life, will cause you no pangs of remorse; no sense of shame, no regrets, no echoing cries of widows robbed; no heart distressed will haunt your mind; no usurer’s interest will “pad your roll.” No “pound of flesh” have you required.

As you close this book after the first reading, you will be impressed with many diverse thoughts. There has been so many (thirty-three) elements of Success discussed, that I do not expect anyone to grasp their full bearing and influence on their daily lives at first reading.

It is a hard combination of elements to master, but the elements of Success are there and when you have once comprehended their bearing on the every day affairs of your life, your Success is assured. There is no easy road to Success. There is no big jump into a successful life. You just crowd into it step by step. Freaks of fortune have come to men in mining, speculations and bold ventures, or plungers, but for every one who has acquired a fortune in such a manner, there are thousands or more human wrecks and broken hearts, who failed in tempting the fickle god of fortune. It is a saying so common as to be an adage, that “easy comes, easy goes,” “The fool and his money are soon parted.” “Never play another fellow’s game,” are old but not threadworn.
They will be true as long as man struggles for existence. The new thought philosophy, the Psychological Chain of Life, arrangements of the Elements of Success, will help you through discouraging periods of your struggle. Look to Patience when you are “chafing at the bit,” to go. There are times when you must slow down. Remember Life’s race is a great parade of Traffic vehicles. You will get into a jam sometimes. You can only move up as others ahead of you are released in the mixup. Then you need all your wits. I saw a young woman faint away at her steering wheel at the critical moment when she needed all her wits—went to pieces, mentally and delayed traffic, held up the long line of cars and trucks anxious to get through. Then you must use your Patience, nothing else will do you any good. I will not rehearse all the several Elements of Success, but emphasize the importance of learning the subtle power of each and all combined, and when observed, these elements will surely lead you through to a successful life.

You cannot succeed without using them. If you have tried it, that is why you are where you are today. I am no exception to the rule.

Every Element in the Psychological Chain is a sign-board on the road to Success. Can you follow them? Declare your power to follow their directions. Though it is mostly up-grade, you are getting a better view of life as you ascend, and you will find more nice resting places, and pleasant camp grounds along the route than any other, until you come out at last, at your destination, Success, and “the world is yours.” because you have conquered it without running over the prostrate form of some competitor you have “run down.” Our Big (I will not say Great), American “Moguls of Industry” can not share with you the peace of your Success. You know a happiness that no exploiter of men, women and children can ever feel.

What standard of humane consideration can a man possessing many millions of dollars, made in strangling fellow competitors, have? Teaching Thrift, Acquisitiveness, and Greed to his children, who, without earning it, without effort, are by custom and law, the heirs to his vast fortune. If he taught them to spend, spend, distribute it for the world’s good, they could not spend it as fast as it comes in.

The teaching of Thrift, and saving up to the normal
amount one could use constructively for a lifetime of a hundred years is most commendable. More than that is a crime against humanity.

America needs not "classes," either of Labor or Capitalists. But it needs both Capital and Labor, in equilibrium, in the balance. Greed has ever been the power behind the hypocrite's claim to superiority, and a divine right to rule his fellow man. So far, in the United States, we have only a few so brazen as to make such a claim. That was in the last big Coal strike, several years ago, when the coal magnates starved their diggers into submission. That is the policy with them today, and one of them is in the President's cabinet.

It was after Cain had killed Abel, that he said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Do you believe, you in your prosperity, should have no concern for those less equipped to secure the same success? If the principle and liability to care for the unfortunate was not recognized, there would not be over 18,000 county wards in California, and over 28,000 state wards. (See report of State Board of Charities.) I have not the statistics of all Eastern States, but they are much higher in many of them. Is it worth while to know what causes this condition in society in a country as rich in natural resources as the United States? If you do not want a country of a few ruling Landlords, and a citizenry of Tenants and Paupers, repetition of Russian history, slow down in your habits of spending your earnings as fast as you get them. The millionaires are specializing in Thrift, paying you four per cent., and loaning it out for eight. Suppose you try that, for an experiment?

The Psychological time to study Thrift is just when you receive your "pay envelope." I once knew a fellow that couldn't write his name in English, who used to put his pay envelope away unopened, and borrow and run his credit at the store as long as he could. He hadn't many social friends at the time, but that was forgotten when he was finally rated as a millionaire. After he was rich, an old acquaintance hit him for a quarter, and he turned him down. The fellow said to him, "I knew you when you was peddling wienies on the street, nights." "Yah, dot ish so, und I vould be peddling dem yet if I had no more sense dan you have."

I would not live the life he did. It was simply a greed
and grab policy without any regard for the rights of others. He left fine pickings for the lawyers. Well, we have all got to live, but we don't have to be hogs to do it.

Study Thrift, Economy, and Efficiency; be master of your trade, or occupation, and above all else love it, or get out of it and let some one have it who will.

Know when to quit. "On the square," now don't you think a million is enough for any one. Can't you see that the concentration of many millions, the wealth of the country in the hands of a few makes it just that much harder for you to get yours? For this reason, when any body, corporation or company controls the avenues of Production, the rest of the creating and producing portion of the country are mere "slaves in the market place," waiting to sell and be sold for the price the "masters" offer. Think it over.

Think not a man is a Success because he has sucked at the breast of Mother Earth until he is drunk with power and blind to the rights of his fellow men.

Such is the condition of the big Coal operators, Steel magnates, and Oil producers of America. And they have an army of fawning sycophants worshipping at their feet, hoping to catch a few crumbs that fall from their tables.

You are a Success when you have struck out for yourself, and hand in hand with one you love and trust made a home for yourself and family. You are a Success when you have unwaveringly and persistently pursued the object of your intelligent desire. Success then meets you half way. It comes to you, drawn by your persistent thoughts of Success.

When you have created a thing that brings you a dollar, or a million of them, by the Psychological force of its usefulness or benefit to humanity, you have achieved a success that justly entitles you to all prosperity such a creation brings. No one envies Henry Ford his Success. But even he is becoming top-heavy with the power it has brought him.

No man is a Success, who by trick, device and misrepresentation extracts from your hand the wealth you, by your own creative powers produced. He is merely a groveling parasite, sucking at the breast of Industry. Declaring big dividends at the expense of Labor, and not making living conditions such that a laborer can ever hope to be a Success, under them, can not make a man, corporation, or nation successful. It is only a temporary stage of opulence, and will
always react on a nation fostering them, as sure as the pendulum of a clock swings back and forth only to come to a complete stop when the power that swings it is exhausted.

Personal prosperity, that pervades the whole Nation is bound to generate a strong and just government.

Personal prosperity that is confined to the big holders of stock in great corporations, controlling and exploiting the products of the earth and Labor of Man, will build up a Despotic Government to protect them in their further exploitation.

Americans, and all who expect to become citizens of this country, study this question of Success, from all its different angles. Especially study these Corporation paid Orators, going around the labor camps, shouting “better Americans.”

I belong to the sixteenth generation of my family born on American soil. I think I know Americans and American history. There has never been a war or scrap for American Independence, from the “Boston Tea Party,” to the “Taming of the Kaiser,” that we were not all in it. I am a son of a Veteran, who, in the defense of our country laid down his life in Andersonville. My greatest ambition is to see the greatest government on the earth, for the protection of the weak against the strong, evolve from these United States.

But I know and every thinking man knows, that we have a lot of “Yellow Striped Skunks,” shouting patriotism, playing into the hands of munition manufacturers, and other war profiteers, who make a wild stampede for the “swivel-chairs” in Washington, at the first call to arms. If you are a real American, do not contribute to their Success.

Very recently there has been a discussion, as to who are the “world’s six greatest men,” and then, “who is the greatest of the six?” Wells, the English historian, picks an ancient monarch, who lived about 264 B. C. He went into war, defeated all opposition, extended his kingdom from Afghanistan to Madras, adopted the Buddhist religion, gave up war, and lived in peace the rest of his life. His Success was recorded by Buddhist priests in his hire, and under his protection. No living person would be guided by the teachings, preachings, or records of priests or historians, when living on the bounty of the person they were writing of. The same principle holds good today. Preachers and teachers can not
be expected to be impartial when their living depends on the approbation of their rich constituents.

Arthur Brisbane, the best all-around informed man living, after a careful sorting of men, picks Newton as the one man who will live in the world’s history, when all the world’s great generals, even literateurs, painters, and money-worshippers will have faded into oblivion.

For this article of Success, I have selected an ancient Monarch who lived about six thousand years ago, Ptah Hotep, as my ideal of the most successful ruler in history. He left this record on stone and tablets:

"Hail to Thee, Great Lord, God of Truth and Justice! I have not committed iniquity against man. I have not oppressed the poor. I have not laid labor upon any free man, beyond what he has wrought for himself. I have not caused the slave to be mistreated of his master. I have not starved any man. I have not made any to weep. I have not pulled down the scales of the balance. I have not falsified the beams of the balance. I have not taken away the milk of the sucklings. There is no crime against me in this Land of the Double Truth."

Speaking of his successor, he says:

"Grant that he may come to You, he that hath clean hands, and clean mouth—he that hath not lied, or borne false witness, but who feedeth on Truth—He that hath given bread to the hungry, and drink to him that was athirst, and has clothed the naked with garments."

—Maspero’s “Dawn of Civilization.”

David and Solomon, who lived two thousand years later, could show no such record.

This monarch was a success. His record stands out as the greatest success of ancient or modern times of a ruling head of a government. Modern history can show no equal to it. I cite it to show the greatest, most humane illustration of Success I can find in the history of man. Success has not changed in that time—only the conception of Success, as influenced by man’s unfoldment, and evolution through inventions and modes of life. The successes of today in invention, science and the present trend of ambition will be nothing to the race that will live ten thousand years from now. We
will be considered as more primitive to the race living then, than the Cave dwellers are to us.

Psychology will educate children before they are born. Jules Verne in his wildest dreams can not see the mental plane of man five thousand years hence. We are sure of one thing, it will be a more humane race than lives today. There will come a settling out of the elements of greed, hate, and discord. There will be a crystalization of society or civilization. The human race is far from its apex of development.

With the substitution of wage earners and machinery for owned slaves, there has been great industrial progress. Surgery has progressed. Methods of treating the sick are changing faster than any other art or science, and would progress faster if the Medical Trust had not set up legal barriers in the way of progress. They are gradually falling, and in a few years we will see freedom in healing the sick as well as other human essentials.

For a Psychological Study, I will mention some of the books, men and women that have influenced my life and line of activities through life. The first book, beside the Bible, was the "Swiss Family Robinson," then "Robinson Crusoe," followed by Ned Buntlin's "Buffalo Bill." Is it any wonder I left home and school at sixteen years of age? I was and am the boy you read of in the article on Youth Breaking Bronchos and killing the grizzly in the night time; that was in Colorado, in the seventies, before I was twenty years old. I mention this only to show the effect on a boy's mind, of the literature he reads.

I was drawn to the wilds of the great West, from a good home, mother and friends, by those books of adventure. It did not hurt me; I probably have done more good than if I had stayed on the old Farm. The life of P. T. Barnum fell into my hands about that time and the seed it sowed sprouted about twenty years later.

While living in the Rocky Mountains, in 1878, I secured Dana's "Manual of Geology," to study the formation of the rocks and Earth. It has been my hobby ever since. Humboldt, Darwin, John Burroughs, all interested me. Later, Luther Burbank. It was my great pleasure to send him strange bulbs from the mountains of Colorado, and the deserts of Arizona. The pleasure was mutual. He was glad to get them. As my father was killed in the Civil War, I
naturally took a great interest in Lincoln, and all those apostles of Liberty—Beecher, Wendell Phillips; later, Robert Ingersoll, Eugene Debs,—all men who placed character above dollars.

Among women, I hold Helen Keller up as the world's greatest inspiration among women. Clara Barton, the founder of the Red Cross, will ever hold the highest place in the world's humane works. Harriet Beecher Stowe struck the spark that caused the flame of Liberty to burn until four millions of slaves were set free. Frances Willard kept the question of prohibition alive until the Eighteenth Amendment swept the saloons off the American map. Today, inspiring women are everywhere. Elizabeth Towne, with her Magazine, is doing a world of good. Personally, I know of a number of "down and outs" she has put on their feet.

I read "Nautilus," "Success," "System," "Golden Rule," "Rip Saw," and "Character Builder" Magazines, and all New Thought literature I can get away with. If you want to keep up with the times, and can not read all you would like to, read Brisbane. All the modern magazines are helpful, but one can not read them all. For a busy person, I say, read Brisbane. His "stuff" gives you a short-cut to the daily happenings, mixed with a good sound philosophy of life.

The secret of Education is to drive so many Ideas into your head they will force some new ones out...

It depends on the contents, and fulness of your head, how much will be forced out. Don't be discouraged if your first crop is short; just sow and plant again; irrigate and cultivate; at last you will be rewarded with a crop that will bring more in the market than the early crop raised by the fellow who loafed the rest of the year. I don't see any over-production in the brain market. If you can market a brain crop it is pretty sure to bring a fair price.

I am not directing any one in a special line of activities or endeavor. I only say this: Don't squander any time learning to like a job. If you can not enthuse over what you are doing, and love it, drop it; it is not your line. If you can not decide on what you are best fitted for, go to some good Vocation Counselor for advice. Many men make a scientific study of solving just that very thing. If you do not know of one, write the publisher of this book; we will connect you up.
with the best in that line of business, without charge to all purchasers of this book.

In writing this Road Map to Success, I have condensed the experience of a life of many Successes and the usual number of Failures. I could never have written it without the failures I have met. They have been the stepping-stones to Knowledge. I have paid the price of Ignorance. The Knowledge I have of Life I am offering to you, readers of this Book, for a very trifle. I believe it is the best thing of its kind ever offered as a Guide to Success. I feel I am succeeding in my desire to be of some help to my Race. The pecuniary benefits that will follow, are secondary. Money is not my god. But I do believe the "servant is worthy of his hire," and that I will be rewarded to the extent I am worthy of it. Any one reading this book can see my Creed. It crops out on every page. I believe in every sentence, phrase and expression I have written. I have demonstrated the truth of the teachings of Psychology. I live them, I am meeting successes and generating powers I never expected to realize. Unexpected good fortune smiles, where shadows fell before. The future never was so bright before. The same experience may be yours, my discouraged Friend, if you will study the Psychological Chain of Life. If you are down and out, it will put you on your feet. If you are only half of a Success it will show what is wrong. It is not to merely read, it is to study. Study until you feel its Stimulating Power. Refer to some particular article when things go wrong. Every Link is a Link of Strength.

I will give you some of the criticisms that have been found with it. A minister said: It is very good, but it has no Religious Link.

My Prohibition friend said: It should have a Dry Link.

A banker said: It should have a Gold Standard.

To the Minister, I said: There is Love and the Golden Rule. I know of no higher worship or form of devotion.

To the Prohibitionist, I said: Wisdom and a desire for Success will make one temperate. Prohibition is an extreme measure.

To the Banker, I said: Money is not an element of Success—only a medium in our system of economics of obtaining certain ends. He who makes the acquisition of money his chief desire, will never shake the glad hand of Happiness.
My idea of Success is to accomplish some laudable purpose without crowding some other fellow off the grade, doing it. I have met with a pleasing success, writing these articles. If I stir up a desire in some good-hearted, easy-going, half-alive human dynamo, to turn on the "juice" and speed up to where they should be, I will reap my reward. If reading and studying the American Road Map to Success benefits you, tell of it; talk of it; recommend it to your Friend. Then we will all be Benefited, Happy, and Successful.

MENTAL HEALING.

A close investigation of the different methods of Psychic Healing, usually called "mental cures," or Christian Science, etc., has revealed such wonderful results of drugless healing, that to one not knowing the principle involved, they would seem little less than miraculous.

When we realize we are only a tiny spark of the cosmos—just a physical demonstration of the infinite intelligence; that the flesh, bone, hair, nails, are living, intelligent, tasting, conscious cells, called amoeba, are, like all matter the precipitate of mind, soul, or psyche.

When we become aware of this law or condition, we have reached a stage of psychological development and conception that makes us rulers of our own house. We know that the state of being, called "disease," is the discordant and inharmonious attitude of these discordant and dying cells. To cure, is to restore harmony of these discordant cells and groups of cells, and health follows as surely as water through an open channel.

When a long, or continued, or a violent condition of this character exists, the Mind becomes weak and unable to exercise its proper function. Then it becomes necessary to call to our assistance a mind in perfect balance and equilibrium to strengthen our weakened condition. That is the secret of Mental Healing.

But it has many phases and methods of operation; many ways of bringing the harmonious and stronger mind to in-
fluence the weaker and inharmonious one, all peculiar to the practitioner, or person exercising them, and have a wide range of Treatment and Efficiency.

Christian Science, Faith Cures, and Suggestion, are different methods of mental influence, or means of arriving at the same result. All are efficient in their operation when no destruction of cells exist, or where there are no conditions that do not require physical assistance guided by mental control. In such cases both must cooperate, as in the removal of some foreign substance from the body, or the amputation of a mangled or crushed part of it.

Then healing follows, the cells themselves, showing intelligence of their own; reaching out and joining each other, thus closing the wounds. The wounds of a victorious soldier heal much quicker than the same ones of a defeated soldier, simply because the mind of the victor is tranquil, cheerful, exultant: the defeated one, despondent, morose, discouraged. The first step in all healing is to restore harmony and tranquility and the healing is easy. Remove all dying, putrid cells as fast as they make their appearance in wounds. Alimentation and Elimination are the necessary physical things to maintain, for a healthy, hearty life. That applies to the removal of waste material from the bowels, as well as keeping wounds clean.

The great Sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan, reports 90 per cent. of all Ministers are constipated, and constipation is the cause of nearly all diseases. Bankers are the next in the list of victims of this trouble. Can you not trace it to their serious, continued line of thought. Circus performers are the most healthy class of people known. Clowns, in particular. I think it is an evidence of the influence of mind on the health. Pete Conklin, now running a show at Coney Island, on the "front" every day, is eighty years of age, (not old) has been a Clown all his life, singing and talking Clown. Can you connect that up with longevity?

A Merry Heart doeth good like a Medicine!

As we advance in Psychology or the study of the Mind, we become aware that we are connected up with the outside intelligence of the Universe. That we receive from it conceptions of Truth, Ideas, and Inventions, that our minds, until we became connected up with it, were ignorant of. We know we solve problems, write fiction, and poems that were
unknown to us until we drew on an outside source of intelligence. When we feel ourselves slowing down, and unable to create the things we need, let us take a look overhead, the chances are our "trolley is off," connect up again with the unseen powers and we will feel ourselves moving along as usual. There is no limitation to its boundaries; as long as we can keep the "trolley on" we can draw power.

When at last these cells of our bodies have reached the limit of their activities, the cohesion and vibrations between them cease. The phenomenon we call death, ensues, and they return to dust, to use the usual term, while the soul, mind, or psyche passes out to the great infinity from which it came.

The human race will ever hold as many opinions and beliefs regarding God, soul, and the hereafter, as there are moulds of the human Mind—they are without number.

It is a cheering sign of advancement to see these faiths and beliefs growing broader and more tolerant. A respect, if not an approval of the other fellow's honest convictions, as the infinite wisdom of the great universal mind we call God, filters through and manifests itself in our own mentalities.

A few more Christian wars, however, will set the whole Oriental world against Christendom. Within the last five years the word "Christian" and "War," has become synonymous to all Oriental nations. And the different religions of those countries are fostering that belief, principally the Mohammedans. Preaching one thing and acting another will not win converts to any cause.

The healing of the nations must proceed along the same lines as the healing of a physical body. When you see Tranquility and functioning of industrial elements, you will know the war wounds are healed. As long as everything pertaining to life is reckoned in terms of Gold and Silver, instead of human welfare, there will be bleeding wounds in every nation.
The world will not hear the echoing words of the Nazarine, "Peace on Earth and Good Will to Men," as long as the manufacture of war munitions brings profit to the conspirators making them.

The greatest healing the world has ever known is the healing of the minds of men of Greed, Hate, Lust of Power.

As America has been the big Peacemaker, now let her be the great Healer of International Wounds. May that great achievement be America's greatest Success.

**FIRST IMPRESSIONS.**

One of the first essentials in a business man is to know the value of a first impression. To the business man it is next to a good credit, the most sought for element of his equipment.

As I have cited the Standard Oil Company as an object lesson in business, although I am not in sympathy with their "cut-throat" tactics, I repeat, the oil octopus can teach the whole business world how to do business. They know the psychology of business from A to Z, and practice and apply it from the spudding in of a "wild-cat well" to the office furniture of their places of business, the green lawn in front of their filling stations, the clean, white uniforms of their employees around them. There is nothing flashy or gaudy in the spotless neatness of a Standard Oil Station, just a suggestion of good service in every detail. You may hate the "oil octopus," but you have got to "hand it to him" for a knowledge of the psychology of business: and I want to say to his competitors in business: You are losing money every day you do not imitate him.

Thoroughness is stamped on every thing in sight around a Standard Oil Station, and suggests to the passing motorist that it is a dependable place to "fill up." It brings returns. It is worth while to keep up a good front. John D. was never vain; you never see his picture on his goods. He has been photographed for the papers, but—no one has ever been artist enough to "do" John D., in Oil.

You always expect to find the best dressed people around a hotel, simply because they are nearly all away from home, and "dolled up" for company. Those who live at hotels naturally contract that habit and frequently dress beyond their
means, and very much at variance with good taste. The
craze for fancy dress functions follows, because the ordinary
routine of living does not give them an opportunity of show-
ing their costly gowns and artificial manners.

Very few are misled by such a display of dry goods and
anatomy. It is well understood that such displays of deco-
rated live-stock are for show purposes only. No one goes
there to buy; however, many a “poor fish” is hooked at such
emporiums, landed by the flash of a dazzling First Impres-
sion.

It is the First Impressions that count most, in every
phase of life. You make a “hit,” or a chilling “frost,” at your
“first appearance.” All “show people” know the importance
of First Impression on their audience. Few are perfectly
at ease at the “try-out.”

The “front” one carries, may be all for effect, but it has
its effect, and we can not escape from its importance. Po-
lice uniforms as well as uniformed “bell hops,” porters, and
officers of the Army and Navy are uniformed for effect
only. The psychology of gold braid and brass buttons is as
effective as a hard-wood club in a policeman’s hand.

To the credit of the “powers that be,” dangling swords
and hard-wood clubs have been relegated to the discard in
all places where force is not needed.

We have instances in history where men of letters and
genius were slovenly, dirty, and unkempt, but they had by
their attainments made themselves so distinguished that
they were admitted to the courts of the so-called “nobility.”
Epictetus, the Grecian philosopher, was a slave. He was
only one of the very learned men of ancient Greece who
were held in bondage to teach the sons of the nobility. That
wouldn’t do today, though the pay of our educators is below
the pay of mechanics—and they have to keep up a front.
They are shaping the Destiny of our Nation. Politicians
are telling them how—or at least, try to.

Many very distinguished men have been poor dressers,
but they were so distinguished by their ability in some par-
ticular line that they eclipsed their shabby appearance with
their high mental attainments. Do you think you are in
that class? Columbus had to be dressed up before he was
allowed to see the Spanish Queen. General Grant, although
he had a West Point education, was a clerk in a small gro-
cery store when he answered the call to arms. Could he have gained his rank in the citizen's clothes he wore when he again joined the service?

Dress becoming to your occupation. Harmonize with your dress. If you do not fit your dress, it can not by any artistry be made to fit you. Shakespeare knew all about the psychology of dress. Go to him for the best that can be said on dress, as well as other pointers on human behaviour. There is today, no element of Success in life he did not know.

A close study of the Psychological Chain of Life will soon make you acquainted with the essentials of a winning First Impression. Study this combination.

Sincerity, Gentleness, Sympathy, Wit, Cheerfulness, Enthusiasm, Vitality—when you can combine these elements, as discussed in this American Road Map to Success, you will need fear no cold reception; you will impress your Pleasing Personality on all you come in contact with. You will not intrude on a busy business man—make your appointment, and convey the impression it is worth his while to see you. Remember, he must have something in common with you to be interested in you. Many kill their chances of an interview by a selfish insistence of its importance. You must convey the idea that it is also to the interest of the other party, as well. If you can not do that today, better wait until you can.

Whatever you do, do not go with a hard-luck story, if you are looking for a job. If the party you are asking for a job wants a man, he wants a successful man. Be that, think that, act the part. It will get you dollars, where a hard-luck story wouldn't get you "sinkers."

Look to the lives of some of our great Americans for Inspiration. Do you know, America has produced more truly great men than any other nation, in the same time. I mean real men, not wholesale butchers, and those who have inherited prominence along with their unearned wealth. I have mentioned a number in this book. I could fill a book of this size with the names of men greater in achievement, here in America, in the last fifty years, than in any country of the Old World, and I would not mention a man whose only ambition was to pile up dollars. I am ashamed to say, that in the face of real character and achievement, the American dollar mark is the badge of distinction, the passport to
the Halls of Justice, the one mighty key that unlocks the
gate to the dwelling place of the sycophant—the first to
make its impression in the meeting places of men. It is,
when held in abundance, and not in excess, the greatest
blessing of mankind. It is the coveted prize of youth and
old age. It is the one thing in all the world that makes all
mankind look in the same direction. No one is exempt
from its First Impression.

THE POWER OF SUGGESTION.

The power of Suggestion can not be overestimated. You
have often heard it said, "I do not want to suggest, but if I
were you, I would do that, so-and-so," according as the per-
son saw it from his point of view—stating that he did not
want to suggest. And that was all he did from his first ut-
tered word. It was all he had in his mind; consequently, he
could do nothing else.

Every salesman knows the power of suggestion, but not
many know how to make the suggestion unknown to the
person they wish to influence by the suggestion. Even good
suggestions are not always well received. A gentle reminder,
or *delicately suggested* suggestion to the person is the most
potent to bring about a condition or action by the other per-
son, and still have him think he originated it. That is the
*science of mental suggestion*. It is the finest of the mental
arts.

No effect can cease while its cause is still in operation.
Many try healing, or removing a condition of physical dis-
ability by working on that disability, alone. They fail in
every instance. Failure to effect a change is caused by
your own mental vision of the disordered condition, or im-
perfection you seek to overcome.

Steadily hold in your mind, the *image* or *picture* of the
*condition you would see realised*.

The most common cause of sickness, is the *suppressed* or
*repressed* discordant conditions of the mind.

Psychology teaches *eradication* of inharmonies, *not* the
suppression or repression of them.

No greater mistake can be made than to try to *simulate* a
feeling you do not have. You can not fool yourself; you
may others—for a while.
There are many mental formulas you can use to wonderful effect, but do not say I am well, I am rich, or I am happy, when you are in none of those conditions. Rather say, I can be happy, I can be well, I can be well off. But in all cases get the thing that keeps these conditions from you out of your mind. Get rid of it, absolutely. Day by day you will feel your self drawing nearer the object of your Desires.

The body unconsciously responds to the mental condition. Shakespeare, the world’s greatest psychologist, knew this law:

“I will a tale unfold whose lightest word will freeze your soul, and turn your blood to curd.”

Have you ever felt the chills play up and down your back as some “spellbinder” wove a thrilling picture from the shuttles in the loom of his own mentality? Have you had your blood boil and your face grow crimson at hearing of some exciting, atrocious act? Have you never seen a face grow pale, from fright? The blush, the ashy color, are all caused by the motion of the heart, at the suggestion of some external cause. The more sensitive the nature, the more is it subject to these physical disturbances.

They are the tokens of innocence, in most cases. A hardened character cannot blush. A harlot feels no shame. No sign of fear can blanch the face, where courage reigns supreme.

A statement slightly suggestive is frequently more effective than a bold declaration of an intention. Study the art of Suggestive Therapeutics; you will find use for it nearly every day. You can use it in your own troubles, and to make the world happier, healthier, better. Its practice will increase your bank account without impoverishing others.

Never forget the Power of Suggestion.
INHERITANCE.

It is the business of all who have the interests of humanity at heart to go right to the root of the causes that affect men's lives for success or failure.

There are a thousand causes that make men this or that—subtle influences we do not see on the surface. So few realize the far-reaching effects of many little occurrences, or a careless word—and greatest of all the many things that make men cruel and thoughtless, is Selfishness. Greed has been the monster in all ages of man that has made the few powerful and the many helpless and weak.

When any human being gets more of the natural wealth of the world than he can use or make use of, he makes it just that much harder for one less greedy to get what belongs to him. And just in proportion as the greedy one piles up that wealth, just in the same ratio he narrows the opportunities of the other man to get his share of the fruits of the earth. The old belief that a man had a right to all he could get, is wrong. It is a crime and a sin against the common ranks of humanity. No people or government can long exist on that assumption. All the mighty monarchs of ancient times, who surrounded themselves with the glory and wealth of slave-created riches, are buried in the debris of Vanity and Greed. "Solomon in all his glory," and the gold of his Temple have passed into the "melting pot" of Time. Why? The glory he sang of was the product of slaves' labor. All through the ages a few men have tried to ride to power on the shoulders of the oppressed, and in every instance, from the Assyrian dynasties to the fall of the French Empire, the cause and the result was the same—the impoverishing of the masses to enrich the few.

Who can think of a single justification for the assumed and inherited wealth and power of the Czar of all the Russias? He reaped just what a long line of ancestors had sowed for him to reap. You have seen the harvest in Russia, terrible in its cutting; but every thinking person in the civilized world knew it was coming. Oh, you poor wealth-blinded Americans, who never tire of yelling "Bolsheviks," just hold your breath long enough to think who made Bolshevikis? Who slanted back that brow? Who made Man a brother to the ox? A running mate to the tiger?
Did slaves ever free themselves? Not as a body. There have been instances where individual slaves, endowed with superior intellect, have risen to higher power than their owners, but the instances are few.

Amten, who lived 4000 years B.C., was a slave who raised himself to the nobility, but he did not raise his people along with himself.

Moses led his people out of bondage, and their liberty bred such greed and intolerance that they, as a nation, were destroyed.

I know a great body of the American people want to go "straight;" thousands believe in "fair play"—or at least they say they do and really think they do. But follow me along my line of thought; I may throw off a spark that will shed new light on your picture of "fair play." Let us go to an old-fashioned picnic, together with our lunches, and all the good fellows such a gathering brings. You come for a good time. There are competitive games and races. Everything must be "on the square." The races are called. The boys are going to run for a prize hung up at the end of the race-track. You have your boy in that race—you want to see him win. All are excited. The energy of youth is "raring to go." You want your boy to win—you never take your eyes off him—you get where you can nudge him to crowd out the other boy next to him. Ah, but that don't go here—there is one over all—he is the "starter." He says, "Boys, line up, toe the scratch, don't touch each other; heads up, One—Two—Three—Go!" They are off. One stumbles, and falls—one is too fat—one is short-winded. Your boy, that you had over-fed, is a loser, and a poor one at that. The winner is the boy that had to sell papers on the street and go after the cows at night and work around home after school.

In my vision, I see, not ten boys, but ten thousand boys, starting on Life's race-track, at the great picnic of every-day affairs. Do you still believe in "fair play?"

Their hearts are throbbing with all the emotions of life—as yet, they have not learned to cheat—they are "on the level." The great "starter" says he has made them all equal before the law of "fair play"—intends all to have an equal chance to win. Do you believe that?

Now I am going to show you that you do not, however you honestly think you do. God gave every healthy boy all
he should have in life's race. He is the great Starter, over us all, and he never intended one boy or one thousand boys should be started half way down the track. He don't believe in "handicaps." Do you still believe in fair play? You think so, but you have been playing favorites all your life. Now, let's get right down to "brass tacks." Let us examine this system of society we have built up and are a part of. We will see that we have not only been helping our favorites, but we have actually and wilfully been putting barriers in the way of others, that were just as bright, just as deserving, just as dear to their loved ones as the favorites you have been using to crowd them out. The time will come, and not so very far away, when there will be the few very rich, and the many very poor, right here in our boasted land of equal chances. Now, don't think I am prejudiced. Listen with tolerance and patience, in the same manner I have studied this question. Tolerance will make you very wise, and when you see the cause that keeps your "nose to the grindstone," you may take it off before you bleed to death. You don't have to hold it there till it is all ground off, just to show you are a "good sport."

I have lately listened to a good many sincere men and women discuss the industrial, social, and economic problems of our country, and none of them offered any remedy for the present growing discontent and unrest.

The whole difficulty lies in the unjust distribution of the earnings of man as he toils, and by his skill creates, and by his intelligence invents, and extracts from the earth its wealth. Seventy-five per cent. goes to increase the unearned fortunes of the few rich. By rich, I mean men whose fortunes are over a million dollars. We do not need to concern ourselves with anything under that amount, except to see that only fair play is maintained, and that all have an equal chance in the race.

The burden is getting heavier every year as the producing class gets weaker, and the absorbing class more ponderous. And right here, in the United States, so fast has that inequality grown, that eighty per cent. of the people can be classified as poor, though they keep up a camouflage of prosperity they do not have.

Thinking people have given Socialism a great deal of attention. The advocates of Socialism point to the Post Office,
the Public Highways, the Public Libraries, the Public Schools. What do you think of them? Are they good? Do you patronise them? They are socialistic; they are the only institutions in our country where we all have an equal start in using them. I am not a Socialist—I have been. I think—I move—I am constantly evolving out. I am looking for a brighter light to guide me through the corridors of Time—they are dim, at best.

The system of paying a bonus or the profit-sharing scheme of some big corporations is only a sop thrown to the wage earners, that boosts their masters into further power and wealth. Any such plan only supports these monarchs of greed, as they stand with their feet on the necks of their fallen competitors. I hope none of you will think I mean the Standard Oil Company, the champion "throat-cutters" of America.

I see poor men filling their oil tanks at a Standard Oil Station, when one of their own class is trying to make a living in the same business just across the street. That is one of the causes of the inequality of wealth in America. The working men do not stick together, or think any farther than their immediate needs. You may say, but the Standard Oil Co. pays their men wages. That is true, and they pay them a wage fixed at 45 Broadway, New York City. Fix this principle in your mind: When any individual is prevented from fixing the price of the product of his mind, hands or skill, or the goods he has for sale—now get this right—that individual is "a slave in the market place." He is no longer a free man. He stands helpless, waiting to sell himself, his body, his life, that his loved ones may live. Helpless, he accepts the price of the exploiter of his body and intellect.

Some day these great combinations of wealth will strangle themselves. They may possibly take down with them our beloved government. I say ours. Ah, that habit was fixed in my mind when my own father died for it. I was taught it was our government. What would the immortal Lincoln say, if he should sit in the White House just one day, at the present time, when little children are turned back by a policeman at the orders of the President, when trying to present a petition to him for redress of wrongs. General Gage, the British commander in Boston, received the Boston boys, and heard, and granted their petition. My friends, do
you see the many subtle things that are working in our country today.

Many have advocated government control of the big corporations. Well, government control of one, to be fair, must mean government control of all, and there you have frightened a lot of imbeciles into thinking of Bolshevikism again. Government regulation would not eradicate the evil. It would certainly lead to Socialism, but Socialism has a better looking face to me, than government by corporations. Now, I think it is about time to tell a story. About seventy-five years ago, two boys were started by the Great Starter, over life's race-track—one taking one direction, the other, another—each with equal visions of success ahead of him. One came West, to a fertile prairie, and settled there, and began to sow and reap. He acquired a happy home by his honest efforts. His two little girls would wave him good-bye in the morning and kiss a welcome home at night. One day his Uncle Sam beckoned him:

"I want you, my boy; I have gotten into a racket down in Dixie Land, over the slave question. I want you and a few others to go down there and straighten them up."

And so he kissed the tear-stained faces of wife and children and went away in a uniform with brass buttons, given a gun and told to go to it.

Well, after a terrible time, where many little boys and girls were made fatherless, the boys of Dixie Land were gotten back into the harness. Our Settler of the western prairie came back, after a three-year service for Uncle Sam, back to his little 160 acres, still unfenced.

But he was not the same big, strong two-legged man now, but a one-legged ex-soldier. A peg-leg or crutches are not intended for a farmer to follow a plow with, so Uncle Sam gave him a sop, in the way of a private's pension. Could that compensate for all he had done for Uncle Sam? There were men making those laws who never heard a gun on a firing line, who said it was enough.

If governments are going to still offer up human sacrifices, let them at least pay for the meat they use in that sacrifice.

Now, let us see if we can find that other boy. He did not go so far. Pennsylvania was big enough for him, and so he got himself a job in a store. He did not hear Uncle
Sam when he called. He did not hear the roll of musketry at Gettysburg. The news of Bull’s Run did not disturb him; he had already stepped into a pool of oil, and he never got the odor of the black stuff out of his nostrils. He did not dig or bore for oil. He kept his weather eye on those who did, and finally, with the help of others, infected with the same germ of avarice, he succeeded in controlling the product that was, by nature, intended for all men to share—and still you believe all men are equal in these United States, and have an equal chance on the race-track of Life? Let us see how it works out: To each of those two boys, in the natural course of events, were born children; to one, two little girls, away out on the western prairie; to the other, a boy, a "chip of the old block," only he had more time to go to Sunday school than to prairie flowers. We see these children brought out for Life’s race—two with every handicap that civilization can throw in the way of a child—no education, no one to tell them of the chuck-holes and hidden snags that are in the road they are about to travel. Would it not be a miracle if they got through as the Great Starter intended?

Civilization, with all its snares, is lying in wait for them. They are without clothes, their more fortunate sisters have; they are without the means to buy them; they have the same loves, emotions, impulses, desires and right to happiness, as more fortunate girls have. They have never heard the chime of a Sabbath bell, while that boy mentioned, is already conducting a Bible class.

A stranger comes along, with winning smile and oily tongue. He tells them of a happier life, of which they have only dreamed. They go—why should they stay? Another home is sad that night; another mother’s heart is broken.

And that boy: Now let us take a “once over” of him. He is lined up for his race on Life’s course; a thousand fawning sycophants are cheering; more instructors than he can hear are coaching him; waving flags decorate his entire race course. Walls of silver and gold are on either side to keep him from going wrong. His entire course is paved with inherited and unearned wealth; and as he runs, thousands are throwing beneath his feet—not flowers that wither and fade, but showers of silver and gold.

And as he runs, this wealth rolls up before him, ever in-
creasing, like a great snowball, rolled by schoolboys, until, at last, it towers above him. Then there comes to his assistance, hired co-rollers (with nothing of their own), for a small pittance, to help him roll up to greater proportions, this mass of wealth, until this great sphere of inherited and accumulated wealth is all we can see, towering over all competitors. Its one watchword is control. Whether the little handful of gold and silver he throws to the people, from time to time, to placate the people whose wealth he has absorbed, will save him from the pit he is headed for, or whether he will see the danger ahead for himself and his followers, is a matter of interest to us all who believe in fair play.

I hope I am making it plain, even to a millionaire, that children and mankind generally, are not born equal in their chance in life, where those born in poverty or humble circumstances are compelled to pay, from their very first step in life, fifty to seventy-five per cent. of their earnings to other children whose ancestors cornered more of the wealth of the earth than they could use themselves.

The menace of inherited wealth is the greatest menace threatening our country today. As Greenawalt says, "Why should one child inherit undeserved poverty, and another unearned and undeserved wealth?" Go, sit down in the quiet of your own home, however humble or sumptuous it may be, and ask yourself that question. If you are not a fawning parasite on society, you will say: "No! By the God that breathed the same breath into all of us, it is not fair play."

William Greenawalt says: "Inheritance is an offense against the disinherited; it is an offense against the inherited." It is an offence against American institutions; it is an offence against fair play—and you say you believe in fair play?

Is there one here who does not believe in the teachings of Abraham Lincoln? Even down in Dixie Land, they have come to see he was as near infallible as it is possible for a human to be, in judgment of right and wrong, because the ring of coin or the flash of political power never warped his sense of Justice or dimmed his Light of Reason.

Greenawalt says: "An heir gets without giving, he reaps without sowing."

I will quote the greatest American statesman. See if you
can identify him by his logic: “These are axioms so self-evident that no explanations can make them plainer, that our Creator made the earth for the use of the living and not for the dead; that those who exist not can have no right in it, no authority over it (or power); that one generation of men can not foreclose or burden itself to another, which comes to it in their own, and by the same divine beneficence. Habit alone confounds civil practice with natural rights.”—Thomas Jefferson.

Habit alone confounds civil practice, with natural rights.

Listen to the world’s greatest authority on law, Blackstone: “There is no foundation in nature or in natural law, why a set of words on parchment should convey the dominion of land; why a son should exclude from a piece of ground, because his father did before him.”

A court decision of Pennsylvania, says “There is no provision of our Constitution, or the Constitution of the United States, which secures to any one the right to take property by inheritance. Descent, is a creation of the statute, and not a natural right.”

In Andrew Carnegie’s “Gospel of Wealth,” he says, “The almighty dollar, bequeathed to children, is an almighty curse.”

Listen to William K. Vanderbilt, in 1905: “Inherited wealth is a big handicap in business. It is as certain death to ambition as cocaine is to morality.

Now Henry Ford says: It would be said, people bought these railroad stocks for financial ‘protection’ of their families. Protection against what? The necessity of earning a living? Their children would be better off if they had to finance themselves.” His son had to work in the machine shop, from the time he left school—not college.

I can do no better than quote William Greenawalt: “The abolition of inheritance would largely, if not entirely automatically solve the problem of the present industrial and national unrest.”

With the abolition of inherited wealth, every one would get all or nearly all that he earned. There would be no cause for labor strikes or labor agitation. There would be capital then, as now, but no capitalist class. The differences between capital and labor would die a natural death, the same as did the conflict between the plebeian and the patrician,
with the abolition of inherited nobility in France. The same as it did between the North and South, when slavery was abolished.

Can you imagine or realize that sixty years ago, in the United States, if you were a child of fortune, you could inherit a slave or many of them, to do your work for you? Think of it—inheritng human beings as property, as chattels, that you could mortgage and sell the same as a hog or horse.

Was that any worse than inherited wealth making a slave of your child, today? Any one who thinks it does not, is under the subtle influence of the anaesthetic of wealth, or he has not yet thought beyond the range of a toad in the garden.

The gradual abolition of the privileges of inheriting great wealth would solve most of the world’s problems and troubles without interfering with the ordinary functions of government or the present industrial activities of the country.

Some changes must come, and it’s up to you, well-to-do people, who are neither tainted by contact with abnormal wealth, nor made hungry and calloused by incessant unre- munerative toil, to tame the beast.

All minds that are constantly fed on extremes, naturally produce extremes in their thinking and actions; so you have the psychological result of a millionaire fighting to maintain himself and progeny in a life of silken, perfumed elegance and idleness; fighting to strengthen his position, and by so doing, he, and no one else, is to be blamed for breeding social disorder in America.

...Anarchy is the crop of inherited wealth. If the common people that Lincoln loved, would not be crushed between these two extremes, they must bring into subjection the arrogant product of abnormal wealth, and all problems will disappear.

The way is open and plain. Just a few honest representatives of the people, not the special interests, as today, can do it in one session of Congress. Ballots, not bullets, are the weapons of civilization, and will level this giant to the dust.

The government has already declared itself on the question, and the Supreme Court has upheld the Inheritance Tax. Make it seventy-five per cent. on all fortunes over a million dollars, for a starter. Any “human hog” ought to be satis-
fied with a million. It is not confiscation, it is just restitution.

In the days to come, when men have learned to vision scientifically, and with a deep desire, and fixed purpose, pull for the realization of their dreams, there will be no poor. There will be no multimillionaires. The tax that will be required of these great estates in an inheritance tax will be put into circulation through the orderly functions of government.

Let every American boy and girl once more have a chance to earn it. Once more, let there be fair play.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

Under a condition of Society such as we would have under an application of the Elements of Success, as arranged by the American Road Map to Success, we would have no great army of hungry men and women, girls and boys, seeking employment of a controlling class, who care little or nothing for the masses. But until men and women spend more time in earnest study of economics, of the first elements of Success: That is to create, to make, produce, bring out from your mind an idea that will be worth something to someone else as well as your self; create by your hands a useful and desirable article; or raise from the soil the things that have a market value; render to another some act of usefulness, or pleasure, or benefit for which he will pay—unless you do some or more of these things, you will be among the great army of unemployed. Of course, I do not include the vast number of superannuated, and physically and mentally unfit, and they are increasing faster than the ratio of population.

Let us date the present civilization from A. D. 1. 1922 years of Christian Civilization has not yet devised a system of social life that gives to its members any guarantees of steady employment. We are landed here without our consent, or knowledge; generally given a few years of book study, and turned loose and told to "go to it." At an age we think we know more than the whole School Board—and perhaps we do—but it's only a short time before we get a jar that makes us "sit up and listen." We soon learn there is something wrong. But we do not yet see just what it is.

Our system provides a home for every class and condi-
tion of society, except the healthy, useful, able-bodied members of it. They are supposed to be able to pull through without any help from the main body. Do they? That is just why these big Public Institutions are crowded with so many derelicts, insane, and a long list of others. A healthy, able-bodied man can find a place also, if he will just commit some infraction of the rules of society. That act is called crime. For that, the offender may be taken in charge by the State, housed, clothed and fed at the expense of the producers, who do not commit such acts called crime. Let us see how such a system would work out in a time of great distress and unemployment:

Suppose 10,000 or 100,000 unemployed men agree to commit some act that calls for imprisonment. To carry out the present system of social protection, they must be taken in charge, fed and clothed, after conviction of their offense. What would the State do with such a vast number of such charges? It could do nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing but—put them to work as prison slaves, or—create a system by which they could be made self-sustaining and useful members of society, where employment would be guaranteed at living wages at all times.

There are enough unemployed men in the United States at the present time, if they should so act, to wreck the present structure of society.

It is not likely such a thing will happen in the near future. There is only one thing that prevents it—The American unemployed never pull together. They just stand and "kick." When they learn to pull together, what power is going to stop them? The big "interests" know that, and encourage a gang of agitators, of all the fifty-seven varieties, to keep them stirred up.

It is not likely the attitude of the State will change in regard to this question of unemployment for some years. In the mean time, dependents on public bounty will increase. Crime has increased faster in the last two years, than ever in the history of our Government; mostly among boys under twenty years of age. Most of the "stick up" jobs are done by boys. What does it mean for the future of a nation? Think out your own answer. The opportunities for personal advancement and individual production, are not as many by a thousand to one, as when Uncle Sam was giving away his
farms and cattle ranches, before skilled labor was replaced by the devices of trained minds. Today we push the buttons, throw in the switch, step on the gas, and the rest is one joyous song of rhythmic vibrations, as the electric currents do the work of man and beast.

Do not say the chances and opportunities for willing hands are as many as ever—any dullard knows better.

You, that have, by hard knocks, in the last fifty years saved enough to live on, the next five or ten years you expect to stay here, can see what is before the young men and women of America at the present time.

You can, by smashing your political idols, help to solve the problems of the youth now coming into active life. They certainly have some hard nuts to crack. Any one is a broad statesman who considers the welfare of the many above the luxury of the few. Today the people do not believe their “Representatives” are concerned as much with the welfare of the masses as with promoting the interests of “big business.” That idea is growing, and is not a good omen for the Nation.

The purpose of the American Road Map to Success is to stimulate personal endeavor, to impress on the minds of young Americans, the necessity of a single desire and fixed purpose. Work them out as secretly as possible, until they are able to stand the onslaughts of rivals. Go to the conflict with the courage of the young shepherd boy, David, on the hills of Judea, when he secretly and determinedly, in his mind resolved to kill the undefeated giant Goliath, of the Philistines. His Desire and Purpose, and secret I will, landed him on the throne of Israel with an army of Philistines, for slaves.

Do not depend on a government supported by competitive commerce, to help the unemployed. It is the purpose of these interests to keep American labor bidding against itself.

However, it should be the purpose of all good governments to see there was no unemployed at any time. Do not wait for that day. Don’t “rock the boat” in rough waters—there are times when you have to sit quiet—but be ready, when the white-caps cease to roll, to pull for the land ahead.

When unemployed, if you must “loaf,” go where there is work going on—some are liable to fall out—you drop in. Of all the places in the world to “loaf,” I think around an employment agency, or pool-room, is the poorest, least likely
place to find work. A call of enquiry, a survey of the situa-
tion, and—"beat it," if there is nothing in sight.

The best remedy for unemployment is to be some kind of
a producer yourself, if it is only in a humble way. I saw a
poor man making rustic baskets and tables in the jungles,
where the tramps used to camp. It showed his desire to
create something. He got out and sold his jungle-made
goods, here and there. He pulled through the hard times,
and finally came out with a factory for making rustic ware.

It is easy to sympathize with a fellow "on his uppers"—
not so easy to tell him the best thing to do. He is what he is,
by his own line of thought, in most cases. To change his
condition, he must first change his mind about some things.
Unless he is the victim of disaster of some kind, he must
conclude his preconceived ideas of making a living were
faulty somewhere.

Workmen and artisans, when dependent on others, have
always had periods of idleness. Business men have failed
at the same time, and joined the ranks of the unemployed,
making the situation worse.

Our system of civilization is increasing unemployment
and crime, and decreasing the opportunities for personal ad-
vancement. No law is likely to be passed, or other system
created that will lessen these evils.

Study the Psychological Chain of Life, as given in this
Road Map to Success. Nothing before has ever been de-
vised that will lead you straight to the end of a Successful
Life. Give it a try-out. Fire up a desire to create—create
for a purpose. Be a producer. Remember the richest na-
tions of all the world have been, and still are the manufac-
turing ones. Never sell a raw product if you can make it
into something that will bring more. That applies to farm
products, furs, timbers or clay. Think what you can make
of all these natural raw materials.
THE VALUE OF A BUSINESS EDUCATION.
By K. V. HANDLEY.
Head of Business Training Department of the California
Commercial College, San Diego, California.

What is a business education? In its restricted
sense a business education means whatever accumulation
of knowledge, whether technical or not, an individual has
acquired of business, commerce, and industry, and it em-
braces the proper functioning of the mind relative to
these things. Stored up knowledge is not education, ex-
cept as the individual makes scientific use of it. The
mind must function. That is the psychology of the ques-
tion.

In the broader view, a business education embraces
a comprehensive grasp of the great pulsating, throbbing
world of business, its giant undertakings, its magnificent
enterprises, its mighty institutions. We must under-
stand how closely every fibre of our commercial life is in-
terwoven with every thread of our social well-being.
We must know this vital relationship, that we may be
able to better cope with the evils of big business that con-
front us on every hand. For big business, in its anxiety
to pay dividends, is capable of sucking the lifeblood of
the worker, or it is capable of placing him on a social
plane where he may live, prosper, and enjoy the higher
things of life. And if we know this and are interested
in the outcome, we, the people, the court of last resort,
can force big business into recognizing the importance
of playing the game square. Not only should we have a
technical knowledge of business, but we should under-
stand the psychological principles that form the founda-
tion of all business, that really makes business what it is.
For instance, what causes a business depression? Is it
not loss of confidence in our fellowman to a considerable
degree?

Is this not mental? Why do many people fail in busi-
ness? Is it not frequently the result of a loss of faith in
ourselves? What causes one man to defraud another in
business? It it not because of the way he thinks? Is he
not anxious to secure an advantage over his fellowman?
Is it not because of his baser mental attitude? All this

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illustrates my idea of the broader view in business education.

The subject of this article may be made to cover a broad field. Volumes could be written upon it. Much constructive thought could be given to it. No one person could tell it all. I have no monopoly on ideas, but I sincerely hope that my many years' experience in training young men and women for business pursuits, my extended experience in business, my observations of how business is conducted, and my reading along business lines, will enable me to write some things which may be of interest and of value.

The ancients were trained in business, and undoubtedly they were well prepared as the tablets recording their transactions indicate. Babylon, Assyria, and Egypt were highly developed commercially. Records that have been unearthed the past few years in Babylon disclose that these nations carried on business centuries before the birth of Christ. The firm of Egibi was a banking firm which was well organized, and their transactions seemed to be varied and well attended. Four thousand years ago they had a carefully planned office where numerous tablets with records of loans, deeds, mortgages, leases, etc., were placed away in sealed jars.

Brown, in his writing on this subject, gives this account of the firm of Egibi.

"The firm of Egibi carried on business from an unknown period to about the fourth century before Christ. The tablets recording their transactions vary in size from three-quarters to nine inches by twelve. They are usually covered with writing on both sides, and sometimes on the edges as well. Many contain no date, and these, on examination, prove to be either rough memoranda, lists of objects of produce, or letters. The more important transactions were re-copied on larger tablets with great care and elaboration of details. These larger tablets usually contain impressions from cylinder seals, and nailmarks, which were considered to be a man's natural seal."

Thus we see that the records indicate these peoples were trained in business. History records that they were prosperous. If a knowledge of business was necessary to their prosperity and happiness, how much greater knowledge of business should we possess in this
day of our complex commercial life? We must be efficient in business. Our very existence demands it.

Everyone should be informed regarding business matters. The better our business training the better able we will be to protect our personal interests, great or small. A prominent lawyer once said to me: “I am regarded as a good lawyer and I am successful before the bar, but I regret that I am not a successful business man. I know how to make money, but I do not know how to collect it, spend it, or invest it. I have not been trained along business lines.” Think what it would mean to this man if he could supplement his knowledge of law with his knowledge of business. How often have we heard the charge that ministers as a class are among the poorest business men!

According to the benefits to be derived from a knowledge of business, we may divide people into four classes: Those who serve others in business, the employes; those who conduct business enterprises, the employers; those who espouse the professions, theology, art, science, literature, philosophy, etc.; and the masses, those not included in the other groups.

Take the employes. No one knows better than they that they should be thoroughly trained for business. And almost without exception they should attend schools that specialize in giving training of the right kind. This includes business, technical, and industrial schools.

Regarding the second class, it has been said that ninety-five per cent of those who go into business make a failure, that is, they do not come out at the end with results to their credit, commensurate with the time and energy devoted to their business. Does the employer, then need a business education? Does the man who is at the head of big business need to know it? Does the man who conducts a small business need it?

How about the third class, those representing the professions, theology, art, science, literature, philosophy, etc.? Does a teacher need it? the minister? the artist? the scientist? the writer? the philosopher? It is not necessary for me to point out in what way these need a business education in connection with their special line.

But how will a training in business benefit the fourth class, the masses? Two or three illustrations will be suf-
ficient: If the average housewife were thoroughly trained in business principles, would not the home be conducted on a more economical and efficient basis? If the father is a good business man, will not his investments and business engagements insure to the benefit of the family? If the son or daughter is taught habits of thrift and good business, will it not be a blessing to them in later years? They need special training, and many of them the kind that is being given successfully in the private business schools.

If all are to be benefited, how shall business be conducted in order that we may have business efficiency? The answer lies in this: We must have trained men and women. The untrained,—the unskilled, is the cause of so much of our social unrest. Train the worker,—train his mind, and we will soon be on the road to the goal that we are striving for, a more endurable and enduring atmosphere in which to live. Then we shall have developed higher ideals, a greater stability in the character of our national life, and a place of real brotherhood, where greed and avarice are supplanted by charity and love. Then we shall see the dawn of a new era, the sunrise of a more auspicious day, when we shall know each other better and the world will be a better place in which to live.

For twenty years Mr. Handley has been instructor in some of the most prominent commercial schools of the country.—Ed.
THE MARRIAGE RELATION.

As youth passes joyfully into maturity it begins to realize there is something lacking to complete its happiness. The sex forces call for a conjugal mate. It is a natural instinct and needs no cultivation; rather it needs a guiding power to restrain its indiscreet attachment for the first enchanting flash of blushing beauty, or rugged manhood it comes in contact with.

This period of life is the age of Deceit, the time when youth tries to be what it is not. It is the era of “vanity boxes,” and tales of wonderful prowess, bright prospects, dreams of conceit, and the trimming up of the family genealogical Tree—the reference to distinguished or rich relatives; all will be confidently related to an enraptured soul nestling close beside you in the trusty “Ford,” or more pretentious limousene. Henry Ford will never realize what he has done to save the wear and tear on the parlor lounge and carpet. Only on stormy nights is the Victrola made to furnish music for the parlor dance. Unless the young folks “swipe” Dad’s “gas,” he is a big winner on the new methods of courting. The expense of getting sons-in-law has greatly lessened in the last few years, much to the relief of the household maintenance fund. Reginald de Nincumpoop has found a quiet country lane and a closed car a great advancement over the experiences he has heard “Pa” tell of when he was a “young feller.”

Pa had to hang over the fences, or sharp picket gate to do his lieing to “Ma,” while her kid brother kept tab on the “tableaux,” with frequent blackmailing threats if the heartwrecker did not play fair. Yes, the “closed car” is one of the demarcation lines in the history of lovemaking. If someone would invent a solvent to remove face-paint from a coat and vest, so it could be carried in the car-pocket, all would be “Jake.” As it is, clothes cleaners tell me they expect to make their rent nowadays, on Monday’s business cleaning coats.

Well, the trying days of “blow-outs,” “punctures,” and getting off on the “wrong road,” at last, are over. He is satisfied the way she helps him “change the tires.” She will never tire of him. He has sprung his last bunch of almanac jokes, used up his entire vocabulary, telling her of his bright future; it’s down to a “show-down,” he can’t “stall” any longer. You know she wouldn’t go out with any other “guy,”
but you. She must love you; you know you are “batty” over her, but still you don’t see how such a wonderful “kid” could ever “fall” for your “bunk.”

You “bawl” it out at last, all mixed up—not a bit as you had rehearsed it a hundred times—but she gets it anyway; she is a good “receiver,” better than you think. She makes it easy for you—one long, dreamy look, a whispered something you did not just get and you know she is yours—pro tem, at least. But didn’t it “kinder jar you,” going home, when she told you, you had used a lot more “gas” than any one she had ever been engaged to before—a whole year on a job that other fellows had finished in a couple of rides. Well, you think you are the real one at last, drive her home. About an hour before daylight, one hand on the steering wheel, the other—you don’t know where, till you reach Dad’s bungalow, then you find it is dead asleep, from its cramped position.

The next week’s courting is mostly over the phone, and via those sweet-scented violet-colored diminutive envelopes that couldn’t possibly be of any good for anything else; but they keep the flame burning a bigger hole in your heart, day by day.

At last, this epoch of bliss is passed, and you find yourself keeping time to Mendelsohn’s “two-step.” The city editor, orange blossoms, floral bell, Pa and Ma, and the “four hundred,” are all in it. The Rev. Jasper Takemboth speaks the last word, and two “hearts now beat as one,” and will—till the “moon changes.” Why, what went wrong? Nothing went wrong, nothing was ever right, while their “two hearts beat as one”—for a short time.

The “two souls with a single thought,” were lacking, and no church ceremony, canonical or civil law, invocations of ministers and orange blossoms, can unite two people in harmonious union on a physical basis only; and that was the only attachment that drew these two young people together.

There must be a union of minds, first, last and all the time, to hold a man and woman together, over life’s matrimonial sea. They may live in the same house and pass for man and wife, but they are not married, in the full sense of the meaning of matrimony.

Matrimony is a union of minds, and there must be a common or like attraction in each mind, for the other. Minds
can be united that so harmonize, and grow closer as time rolls on, but a mere union of physical elements of men and women, will change as do the environments, conditions and the flesh, subject to all the various changes incidental to physical life.

attractions around them. Such a life is merely a carnival of Love, in its higher degree is spiritual; next it is mental; the next, and most common form, is purely a physical manifestation of the reproductive forces, which come and go, ebb and flow, as the tides of the sea. When these ebbs and flows are not in unison, in harmony between men and women, there can be no happiness between them where there is not a strong mental sympathy existing. They soon realize their love was only an infatuation, a beautiful illusion, at last, a bitter delusion.

If there is ever a solution for unhappy marriages it will come through the study of Constructive Psychology. Scientific sex education in the High Schools would do more to elevate marriage and insure the perfect mating of young people than any sermon or parental advice could possibly do.

Mistaking the manifestations of the mating instinct for love, which may or may not exist, would be reduced to a minimum, if a course of Sexual Psychology was taught in the High Schools of America.

It will eventually be realized. Women are no longer chattels. Once they were sold, traded, bartered, or taken captive, as the convenience of the occasion required. The rights of women are now recognized in America, as nowhere else in the world. But they were held in service to men long after he had freed the negro slaves. It is to the interest and happiness of women to demand the most liberal laws, and broadest public sentiment regarding all questions bearing on sex relations and home life. Quit preaching a code that has made thousands miserable for their whole lives, and educate, educate. God said, “Let there be light.” Let it be so.

With a history of the past, for a basis, and a dream of the highest type of humanity the world has ever seen, for a goal, to be reached, let the science of Sexual Psychology be free to the mature classes of America. Divorce courts, broken up families, lives ruined, insane asylums overcrowded, and all the ills incidental to sex life will cease. Prudery will cease to blight the lives of men and women.
Ignorance will no longer be the guide that leads young people into lives of misery.  
God's law of the union of men and women will be the Law of the Land.

THOUGHTS ON YOUTH.

I wish I was a little boy, back where I used to be,  
Dressed in a long white "nightie," kneeling at mother's knee.

I wish I was once more a "kid," with lots of uncles and aunts,  
I wish I was, just like I was, when they put me in pants.

I wish when I see little tots, I could be one once more,  
With puppies and pets for playmates, rolling on the floor.

I wish, when I see them growing, and getting the usual knocks,  
I could steer them 'round life's whirlpools and the many hidden rocks.

I wish 'twere true, as I have read it, "A little child shall lead them, all,"  
Then the world would hear new music, listening to their call.

I wish, sometimes when I am blundering along in my awkward way,  
A little child would lead me out to a brighter day.

I wish, when I am turning the "home stretch," when life's race is nearly run,  
My pals would all be children: to the last, we'd have some fun.

And I wish, when the race is finished, on the board that marks the end,  
A boyish hand would scribble: "Old Pal, You Were My Friend."

No epitaph could equal, no eulogy could dim  
The simple little mention, "The Kids Thought Well 'o Him."
THE UNVEILING OF MAN.

What is Life? Are there many kinds of life, or is life just one great unity? What can we say of life? I believe we can say more of life and know less about it, than any other subject that can be brought to our mental horizon. Most any one will try to tell you what life is. We are all acquainted with its visible forms, or should be. It seems it would not be difficult to find an exact definition. But today, no scientist will tie himself down to an absolute definition. No one knows, we only surmise, speculate and hope that some day, when man is so far advanced as to bear the truth, God, the Keeper of the Great Secret, will reveal it to us. And, may be now, He is interested in watching us, His children, look for it, as an untutored Indian looks for the power that runs the electric car. It is all so simple when once you know the subtle power... I believe we are on the right track, and some day, God will open his great chest of secrets and mysteries and let us look into it. And then, like the "wise guys," we are, all will chorus "I told you so."

We contemplate Life, in its many forms and will go back as far as history reaches. We are told, God breathed the breath of life into the nostrils of man and he became a living being, (or soul)?

There we have physical life. Then we come to mental life, and finally, spiritual life—the Great Trinity, which, when in harmony, makes the the greatest creation of all God's wisdom, on earth.

Did you ever stop to think how many lives there are? Well, for instance, there is "life on the ocean wave," "life in the far West," "a dog's life," (ask Charley Chaplin), "life as a suicide sees it, life as a young graduate sees it, a joyous life a sad life, a prison life."

All the result of a certain line of thought. All moulded into a form made by thought. It is absolutely necessary that you get this thought. It is your first step in the study of Psychology. I feel that I can not be too impressive on this point.

And the greatest of all lives is our daily life, our plain, every-day life. Live this life in all its fullness, a natural life guided by the light God gave, and you need not speculate on a thing God has never revealed to man—the life hereafter.
The Bible was not intended to be a guide to the hereafter; it is a guide to the here and now.

Do not make the mistake of judging a man's acts or deeds until you know the road he has traveled, for perhaps a thousand years. All the tigers, hyenas, reptiles, gorillas, bulls and bears, as well as the gentler animals, in him, and every now and then they break out, and then "hell is to pay."

Is it not apparent that our every day life is the one to concern us if we would make the world "better to live in," for us living today, and those we are to blame for bringing here? To my mind, it is the business of Psychology to concern itself with the conditions that make for human weal or woe.

In olden times monarchs directed the lives of their subjects, held them in the hollow of their hands, to be fed, or crushed, as it suited their whim. The slave owner claimed the life of his slave, as well as the body. I think it was Harriet Beecher Stowe, who first put into a slave's mouth, the words, "My soul belongs to God," as spoken by "Uncle Tom." Can you picture in your mind a more beautiful picture or scene than that lovely, pure white-skinned child, little "Eva," teaching that old black, ignorant slave man, his oneness with God? Telling him of a soul inherent in him, that could not be lost? Up to that time, I cannot find in America, where black folks were anything but "niggers."

George Washington stood in the anomalous position of being a slave owner and the Champion of American Liberty, at the same time.

Now, for a while we will drop any light consideration of life and go into the realms of science, particularly, biology.

Through our senses we perceive nature, the material world, with all its multitude of manifestations. We see, feel, smell, taste, hear it. Most of it is inert, apparently lifeless. And though we see it undergo change in part, it still remains lifeless matter. We also see material which in the ceaseless change, chemical change, manifests that thing we call Life, the vital spark, etc. These bodies take notice of their surroundings; they live on the substance or the material of their surroundings; absorb it into their own living forms. They pass this substance on to their descendants. These forms are for the most part, like themselves. These bodies, now living substances of the biosphere, must have
these four substances or elements, in life-giving quantities, i.e., hydrogen, oxygen, carbon, nitrogen. Water is the greatest of all in quantity, being as high as ninety per cent. or more in some bodies. There can be no life without them. There must also be these organic salts, chlorine (Cl.), soda (Na.), silicon, phosphorus (P.), lime (Ca.), potassium (K.), iron (Fe.), sulphur (S.), magnesia, manganese; the combination of these salts and elements into colloidal or jelly-like mass or compound, is the basis of all living matter, called protoplasm. Now, this protoplasm, this organic matter, is endowed with the thing we call life—a condition no scientist can fully explain. The living creature lives at the expense of material or matter different from its own life. That material is gathered and added to its life through organs with certain functions by its stomach, or organ which digests, "breaks down," and passes the substance now called food, on to other organs to distribute to all parts of the body.

These complex carbon compounds are known as proteins. So, you see the first great problem to sustain life, is to select suitable food. To sustain this thing called life, food must contain these elements and salts in a balanced proportion to keep up a continual equilibrium. As cells and these salts are being constantly destroyed, they must be removed and replaced by new cells and salts of the same kind.

It is plain to you now that if you would tarry long on this biosphere, earth, you should give this matter of "eats" your first attention.

A living creature is a more or less perfect compound of organic corpuscles, that is their parts are combined to make the living individual. A living organism differs from an inanimate one, in this respect: A living creature has five distinct activities, contractile, which is also expansive; irritability, nutrition, respiration, and excretion, as well as reproduction and growth. These manifestations are seen in the most minute forms of life, microscopic and unicellular. But it is the forms where many cells are united, that form the Individual, that most people can comprehend best.

These cells become diversely related to each other and to the outer world, to food, to labor, and different conditions and duties required of them. Consequently they separate themselves into parts and limbs, organs and glands, all doing different labor for the big compound of cells we call our
body. This division of labor of the organs of the body is called the differentiation of the structure.

Most animals live an active life, moved by two motives or forces, if you like to call them. These forces are love and hunger. Moved by them, the animal seeks food to instinctively renew the constantly dying cells, and seek mates to also instinctively reproduce its kind, and raise their young, or offspring. All these activities depend on the change within the body. Thus the movements of all but the most simple forms of life depend on the contractile and expansive properties of parts known as muscles, which in turn are controlled by nerves and nervous centers. These are impulse-conducting fibers. They are a great system of “telephones,” that reach all parts of the body, center in the solar plexus and terminate in the brain, the big “central station.” The brain is also the elongated terminal of the spinal chord. The energy supplied in these activities is the combustion of these complex carbon compounds supplied by the food and which forms a very large part of these organs.

All work means an expenditure of energy, followed by exhaustion; so that a fresh supply of energy is necessary. This, again calls for more food. So you see, there is nothing more important to a vigorous life than the right kind of food. Very many products of the cook-stove and kitchen are not foods, but only compounds to please the taste. Take a little time to study foods. I can not give it here. (See article on health.)

I think I have traced the growth of animal life to where we can now consider it to be man, and from now on, we will think of Life as God’s crowning work, exemplified in man. For the great white way in the heavens is not more wonderful or perfect in its assemblage of parts than the highest of all animal forms, called Man, crowned by Mind, Spirit, Soul.

We now come to the consideration of the problems of life, as presented to man in his daily life and struggle for existence and pursuit of happiness, and the influences that have raised him to his present condition, and those that have kept him down.

There are living today in some remote places of the earth, men just as primitive, just as low in intelligence, just as small in cubic centimeters of brain capacity, as we can find in the fossil remains of man that lived a million years ago.
I will show you man’s climb. But there always was a larger portion who did not advance, who did not even imitate those who did. I believe it was the mixing of the races in a social and industrial way, the observing of each other in their progress, comparing notes, that had most to do in stimulating them to progress.

Would you advance, —be a “good mixer.”

There never was a time in the history of the world when a majority led the way. In the progress of mankind, or evolution of man, the few, only a handful compared to the whole body, were the torch-bearers, the very small group of thinkers. They lived close to nature and human hearts.

A wise man has always been the exception in all the history of the world, or of man. He became the prophet among his people in ancient days. Today he is the researcher, the inventor, naturalist, all others are “camp followers” in civilization. Imitators, are what most of us are; if we would be honest with ourselves, we would admit it. Savagry has always been contemporary with civilization. The earliest remains of prehistoric man shows skulls of average intelligence, contemporary with a much lower type of the same race, in another part of the earth. It is just as probable that man preceded the ape, as that he descended from him—or ascended from him. I like to think of man as ascending, instead of descending.

We read the recorded thoughts of the researchers; we see the mechanical demonstration of the inventions, and learn to use them; but only a few, the very few do the inventing. Most of our great inventors today cooperate and collaborate with others in the same line of thought. In that we have compound concentration of thought, of minds on one object or problem, and the solution appears in tangible form.

No orator, poet or debater, but seeks external inspiration. What is Nature? What is meant by saying “living close to Nature?” In early ages everything, to the primitive mind, was miraculous. After a while, when the thing happened repeatedly, it became common, and was called natural. A thing to be expected, was no longer feared. Primitive man, and man in his more advanced stage of development, learned to live close to and study these phenomena.

Those who theorize, and soar too high, do not make as great discoveries as those who live close to Nature. Great
advances have been made by human minds when free from superstition—but the phenomenon of life is still unsolved.

How long do you suppose it was before primitive man came to know the rising and setting sun was natural? I can see primitive man watching the sun disappear in the western ocean, and wonder, wonder, wonder? It was motion that some rulers showing just regard for the rights of their subjects, giving them the most humane form of protection. But they were all autocracies, absolute monarchies. Within some of them were small communal organizations that paid tribute to the higher powers. Six thousand years ago, there was a high degree of civilization. Then it would sink out of sight. Lust of power, greed, superstition, and commercial rivalry, then, as now, were important factors in wrecking ancient governments. After Commerce was established, commercial rivalry was the most disturbing element, then, as now. It seems the first social order developed along the Nile, Euphrates, Tigris rivers. There dynasties rose and fell. Babylonian civilization built itself up on the ruins of its predecessors, many times. The Phoenecians led the world in all the arts, commerce and navigation. Cadmus, the Phoenician, first attracted his attention, his feeble mind. Wonder was the spark that kindled thought. Now I see him sitting in front of his cave, alone, on a mountain side, watching the full moon silently cross the heavens. It was incomprehensible to him; again he wonders, and gazes. There was the birth of human thought. If Galileo and Bruno had not lived close to nature, they would not have been thrown into prison and chains for declaring the earth is round and revolves over, and ever. What do you think of an age that killed or imprisoned men for thinking ahead of their time and age? Do you see much difference in human conduct and tolerance today, and any time in the history of man? In reviewing the history of man since he has been a conscious being, we find every kind of social order. We see governments rise and fall. We see flashes of intellect, seven thousand years ago, just as bright as any today. We find literature two thousand years before Solomon, very much like his. It must have come down to him through an unbroken line of transmission.

We see tyrants ruling by force of arms and numbers, and vented the Alphabet. Subsequently they fell under the at-
tacks of the more powerful races of the North. Their wealth was their ruin. They were great in everything but the Science of Government.

Chaldean literature is the oldest extant, and contains many rare and beautiful poems. The Song to "Aten," the Sun-God, is a wonderful composition, full of love and harmony. Six thousand years ago, a monarch recorded on stone, the Record, found in the article on Success.

While there lived in those days, tyrants as inhuman as any of later civilization, there also lived very noble and humane ones, as the Chaldean record shows. Some out-classed in wisdom and Science of Government, any nation of modern times. They had their "dirty politicians," then, as now, but they also had their honest men and real statesmen. Look up "Syrus," and "Derius," of the ancient Persian Empire, for examples of statescraft. All ancient governments worked slaves. We can find no record of any government that did not. All prisoners of war were the property of the victors, as a matter of custom and considered right. In some countries women were not much better than slaves, but in others they were exalted and held in great honor to themselves and their country.

I do not wish to convey the idea that man was created in all the mental strength we find him endowed with at the dawn of history, when he had figured out symbols to express his thoughts, spoken signals, or audible sounds. Then he used crude pictures of animals, tools, birds, things of every day life; also the sun, and stars were used to record his thoughts, in a manner very much like a rebus of today. These were the silent records of his thoughts on clay and stone, on rock monuments and papyrus rolls. So we see the life of man has ever been a constant struggle to rise, to come to the surface, as he frequently did, only to sink again, carried down by the powerful adverse influences he was not able to withstand. Again and again he sank and came to the surface, until at last his mind became strong enough to float him in the thing we call Civilization.

I do not mean that whole races, or even tribes, rose as a whole united body; but from time to time, there appeared one who, by his superior intellect, was so much more endowed to think ahead of his associates, that he became the type or pattern that his associates took on. His culture became the
culture of the race. The world has seen many “torch-bearers,” who led their people to heights they had never seen before. We can trace man back to the time, when, naked in the jungle, he picked up his first stone, and learned to throw it. The first object was his brother, and he has been doing it ever since. We see him when he first learned to swing a club—he tapped his brother on the “coco.” Finally, he learned to kill animals, and remove their skins, for protection against cold, as he wandered out of the jungle to a little cooler clime. He had not yet learned to eat the flesh of any animal. Man is not by nature carnivorous, but frugiverous, or fruit-eating. We can identify the fossil remains of man by his teeth. He killed only for skins, wool, and hair, for clothes. He got a taste of roasted flesh, by accident. He burned his fingers in pulling a burning pig from the fire. He stuck them in his mouth, as was natural to do when burned, discovered the taste of cooked meat. Then began the first “hog barbecue.” (Chinese legend.)

In his next progress, we see him making a raft of poles, bound together with thongs, and bark, on which to “pole” himself over shallow waters. Next, he makes a canoe out of a log by burning a hollow in it. He has learned to make fire by friction and hard flints. Now, he is shaping the stones he uses for weapons, by chipping them into desired forms, and sharp-pointed weapons, spear-points. Now, he is making a bow. He has learned to stand off and kill his victim at a distance. He is getting civilized.

The “women folks” have learned to spin fibers of bark, wool and hair into cloth, and wrap their bodies with it—the first dressmakers. The hunter brings wool and hair to the weaver; the weaver trades it to others for the things he needs. Now, the Big Chief takes all the best of everything for himself: ornaments, the best looking women, as many as he wants—nothing too good for the Big Chief. It still continues (See Jack London’s “Call of the Strong.”)

Now, they make another advance. So far they had stored their seeds in whole skins of animals. They were also used for water and goats’ milk. Now a smart fellow works out some soft clay, and forms it over the end of a round pole. He makes a dish to hold water, and food. Now, the whole “bunch” watch him, and soon they are all at it, and many nice patterns are made to hold the seeds, grain, locusts,
grasshoppers, all the different kinds of fruits and food they stored away. Grasshoppers, dried fruit, and seeds were the first ingredients of the first brand of “hash.” The evolution of “hash” has been slow. They learned to store this food in a cave, or great communal store-house and habitation. All the necessities of life were held for the common good. It was a great communal home, presided over by one who by his prowess had established himself as the head of the tribe.

Man began to fight his fellows as soon as he began to reproduce himself. We see the first conflict, over his love affairs; then, the product of his labor, a conflict that has never ceased. This conflict was waged between tribes, who, for protection sought the natural earth caves for habitations. Thus, we have the “Cave Man.” If any of the human race ever deserved to be called the “Children of God,” it was the early, primitive races who wandered naked over the earth, in their primal innocence and simplicity. I have drawn a truthful picture of man as God turned him out of his great workshop, and called him his image.

Now he is becoming more conscious of himself, and surroundings. As tribes grew in size, they scattered out, led by their ablest chiefs or leaders. They divided into “bands,” and “tribes.” Some colonized and settled in fertile valleys, learned to plant seeds and grow crops for food. Others continued to roam in droves and lead a nomadic life. These colonists soon learned to make “windbreaks,” for shelter, and then walls of stone, and sun-dried adobes, or bricks; but they were not “fired,” or burned hard, so today we find “mounds” that were once walls and houses of “adobes.” Over the walls, they learned to place roofs of poles, and bark, held by dirt and clay. A hole in the top, was the door—no side openings for light. A ladder led to the top, which was drawn up when all were in. Finally, the increase of population, forced them to build another story on to the first one, and others; and then they added on to the sides, and made great compounds, all walled in with a high wall all around. At Casa Grande, Mexico, are some covering several acres and five stories high, built by a people who had neither saw or ax. They stored all their necessities in this great communal home, for the common good. Their wealth tempted the powerful nomads roaming around, who attacked them. These gentle farmer people were not fighters. They
were robbed by these warlike tribes, who killed these defenceless ones, carried off their daughters, and drove away their flocks. Yes, it was the primitive way of getting things. It still exists, in a more refined way.

It was the dawn of Civilization. The weak learned another lesson in self-protection." It was then, the great walls were built, with moats, draw-bridges, and heavy gates, and so shut out the robber tribes. Now, they too, were forced to think. They could no longer take the property of the Communists, by force. They conceived the idea of barter. They wanted the grain and food the farmers had; they could no longer steal it or take it by force. They laid the things they had to trade at the Gate of the Communists—their skins, honey, shells, furs, whatever they had to trade, and by signs they made known their wants. They met outside the Gate, and made the exchanges. They were not allowed inside the walls—and so trade was established.

This period of man's development is called the "Age of Barter." The next step in the advance of civilization, was a "medium of exchange." It was made necessary by the expanding trade of tribes who had become so distinguished by color, language, habits, modes of living, as to now be called races. There was a differentiation of desires; they required many things now their forefathers knew nothing of. We believe pretty sea-shells were the first to be used as a species of money, called by our American Indians, "wampum." Such things have been found many miles, or great distances from the seas. I believe the Lydians were the first to use a token, or thing of value, as a "medium of exchange," a thing with a purchasing value. They used mostly copper at first, then an alloy, then silver and gold. The Chaldeans, also had money at a very early time, perhaps as early as the Lydians.

The first metallic money was in the shape of bars, of no particular value, or exact weight. Next, rings were made that fitted together, and removed as they were needed. They, likely, had a value according to their size.

Finally, as the evolution of Money proceeded, the value was stamped on it, the weight, and name. One bronze piece weighed twelve ounces. About 2000 B. C., the Lydian monarch caused a die to be made, and stamped all his coins—one, large, imperfectly round, like a ball.
As the use of money became more general, the more enlightened governments stamped dates on them, with the name of the ruling monarch. Some had a bird, or human figure on them; some a legend or record. Before the Christian era, all governments had silver, and gold coins, as well as bronze, yet not all were stamped with a value. Joseph was sold for "thirty pieces of silver" (no value given). Scripture does not say the pieces were "talents," which had a fixed value long before Christ. The Roman Emperor, Constantine, had a mint in Brittany, in the third century.

So we have traced the history of Money, the love of which was the "root of all evil," and I am willing to take King David's word for it. I accept him as authority, on wine, women and psalms.

In our day, little money is used in "big business," that is, actual handling of the coin. Checks of millions are written on one small piece of paper, and the amount checked on as needed.

We have seen what weapons in a crude form, canoes, rafts, caves, barter, money, communal forms of life, nomadic forms—Now we will look to other influences that have advanced or retarded man's progress along the corridor of Time, to the plane he now occupies.

We find the next great factor to be transportation in its various forms. As the early races lived near water, we naturally expect them to improve in water transportation, at least.

Ten thousand years ago man was a good weaver and boat-builder, also copper-worker. Smelting iron was a later art. As copper could be worked without smelting, the ancients learned to use it first. Now we see quite large boats on the rivers, pulled by slaves, chained to the seats. And now there comes one with "sail," and another one, with two sails; the evolution of navigation is rapid. Thoughts are contagious and the whole human race, along the water courses, were taking to boats, as they are today taking to automobiles.

At this period of civilization, the women wore beautiful colored dresses. The men also, dressed in colors, that is, the masters, or ruling classes. They dwelt in tabernacles. Cotton was now grown and woven into everything from cloths to tents and heavy sails. The women painted their faces and
used the “lip-stick” then as now, to lure the male, and make *jealous* the female. Human nature is the same today, as in the days Mother Eve walked, unashamed, in her rustic garden, with only a fig-leaf to adorn her shapely form.

The Phoenicians led the world in Navigation. And Commerce was now an art. They visited all the known world, at that time, trading the goods of Asia for the goods of the Mediterranean countries. Tyre and Sidon, “being between the Mountains of Lebanon and the Sea Mediterranean,” were the richest of all cities of the ancient world, and the wealth was more evenly distributed, as nearly all were producers. If wealth was a standard to judge Success, the Phoenicians have *never been equaled* in the history of the world, to the present time. They manufactured every article in the known world, at that time. The Jew, Solomon, gathered all the wealth of his nation, and some others around himself, with slave labor, slaves captured in war, but his people were not “in on the deal.” It was for the “glory of Solomon,” at the cost of thousands of human lives. While he wrote Psalms and praised the name of the Lord, hungry slaves were being lashed into laboring on his “Holy Temple.” Solomon has many imitators today.

The wealth of the Phoenicians was their downfall. It attracted the envy of the powerful Assyrians. They invaded Phoenicia and became the masters of Asia. War chariots and improved weapons were now used in conquering people. And Alexander the Great now came upon the scene and united the Asiatic countries.

It may be said Alexander did more to extend civilization than any of the previous rulers of the world. But their superstition led to the most revolting “religious” practices. *Human sacrificing* in its most awful form was a daily service of religion—sacrificing the first-born living child to the Sun-God, Baal. Can you comprehend what such a practice as a national religious service must have been? We are horrified today when we read of a crazy mother killing her child. Such are the mental conditions man has passed through.

The next great factor in the development of man, was Road Building. Again, trade was the inspiration. Highways were built connecting all the Asiatic countries, and around to Egypt, on the Nile, in Africa, over which great caravans of elephants, camels, horses, donkeys, and *men*,
bore burdens, for their masters. Oxen were also used from the earliest periods of man’s industrial career. Man has always been a “brother to the ox.” No wheeled vehicles were used to haul loads, as far as I know, but “war chariots” were everywhere; slave soldiers guarded the highways, in those ancient days. This was in the time of Cyrus. He was the world’s greatest road-builder.

The religion of the Persians was one of the highest the world has known. It was founded by Zoroaster. His bible, known as the Zend Avesta, was founded about one thousand years B.C. We are now in a period about five hundred B.C. Philip of Macedonia, and his son Alexander, finally conquered Persia, about three hundred and forty years B.C.

Alexander did more than any one man, to spread civilization, that is, the civilization of his time, than any had done before. While he destroyed Tyre, as a commercial center, he built the new city of Alexandria, at the mouth of the Nile, where he founded a great library, later destroyed by the Romans. Alexander defeated Darius with a million men. It was Philip, who invented the wonderful “field weapon that could throw a large stone six hundred feet”—that was the “Big Bertha” of twenty-three hundred years ago.

It may be said of the Phoenicians, they sailed to far-away Brittany, and worked the tin mines there before the Greeks knew of them. They gave the world the first Alphabet, by Cadmus. It is not easy to say what race or government excelled in the things that really advanced mankind to the most worth while things of life. Most of the great reformers, law givers, and founders of religions, never lived to see them come to fruition. Moses, “came up missing;” Christ was executed; Confucius was reduced to “living on brown rice,” and sleep with his arm for a pillow.” Surely, the way of a reformer has always been hard.

Religion was always practiced in some form. The belief in some kind of sacrifice existed from the dawn of history. At harvest times, grain and fruit were offered to an imaginary deity or God; at other times, animals. Again, God required a mother’s first-born babe. Prophets and priests have always claimed personal communication with their God, and I suppose they always will have as many gods, and ideas of worshipping him, as there are different moulds for thought to run in. Worship that is guided by
education, and the influence of sublimity and veneration, is ennobling. Without educated causality, worship will fall to the depths of superstition. Religion is the worship of a God or Deity. Theology is the study of or science of that worship.

The Persians were destroyed by the Greeks, who were in turn destroyed by the blond tribes of Northern Europe. The Greeks, probably reached a higher mental plane of science and literature, and the standards of judging men, than any previous race, but their superstitions were not above those of the most primitive people.

As Zoroaster was to the Persians, so Moses was to the Hebrews, and the Jews, after becoming amalgamated, as a race, became so greedy by nature, that they, as a nation, were destroyed by the Romans. The Jews were a priest-governed race, from the time Moses placed the Levites in charge of the tabernacle. It is a Jew's acquisitiveness that leads him to all parts of the earth. Thus we see that Religion has ever been a factor in the advance of man through his struggles to a higher development. Greed, commercial rivalry, and lust for power have outweighed all other considerations. Most of the great men of history worshipped at the feet of these Gods. Of all Jewish characters, Moses, David, Solomon, stand out above all others. Josephus does not attribute any divine power to Moses.

We are now at the dawn of the Christian era. The Roman Empire, under Augustus Caesar, had now become ruler of the known world. During his reign, Jesus was born, in Bethlehem, Judea, a Jewish province of the Roman empire. The Jews were allowed to retain much of their old system and code of laws, but paid Caesar tribute in heavy taxes. At thirty years of age, Jesus made his appearance as a teacher of new thought and ethics, a complete reversal of old Jewish law. It can be truthfully said of Jesus, that he was the greatest "radical" the world has ever seen. No one has ever since proclaimed such a code in opposition to the established religion and customs of a country, in opposition to the religion of his own race. Not alone their religion, but all established industrial order. He did not oppose the government of Caesar; he advocated "giving unto Caesar that which is Caesar's." It was the religion and customs of the Jews he went after, and for it he was executed. He healed and
taught healing; he brought to man the Gospel of Love; he
drove the money-changers from the Temple, and it was at
their behest that he lost his life. He taught in positives.
Moses taught in negatives, as "thou shalt not." Jesus taught,
"Thou Shall." Moses taught, "Fear God." Jesus: "Love
God."

Moses taught "Thou shalt not kill," and the first thing he
did on his return from an interview with the Lord, was to
order one of his own men killed, in company with a Mellonite
woman, and said the Lord told him to do it.

That much for Moses. The teachings of Jesus are slowly
working into the minds of men in all parts of the world, and
by no organization are they being taught, and put into every
day practice, more than in the chapters of Applied Psychol-
ogy.

Jesus, the world’s greatest Healer, is the great Ideal of
all Psychologists. Jesus lived his teachings, and died to
demonstrate the theory of continued life, after supposed
death, and made good.

The only time he ever showed anger was when he drove
the money-changers from the temple. He scourged them and
called them thieves. They had him crucified on Calvary,
and, although he had no written laws to leave the world, his
organization was so perfect, his disciples so united, his life
so exemplary, his knowledge of psychic law so perfect, his
Gospel has withstood all attacks to the present day. But it
has been little used.

For three hundred years, his followers maintained a polit-
cal and religious organization, in spite of the most severe
opposition and persecution. They refused to support the
Roman army, as soldiers. They would not garland their
homes, in honor of Roman victories. They grew so strong
in the Third Century, that the shrewd old Roman politician
Constantine, made peace with them, gave them full protection
by the State. They now grew rapidly, many nobles joining
them, they rapidly became a great power.

Rome became Christian, and the Christians became
imperial. The same cruelties they had suffered, they inflicted,
on others, who came under their displeasure. That is another
instance of power becoming intolerant. They became the
most cruel power the world has ever seen. The dark, bloody
history of the Roman Church is the most awful history of man, known as the Inquisition. Under the rule of the Roman Papal States, Europe advanced in power, and the great Teutonic Empires became established. We will pass over the long, dark pages of Christian church history, merely mentioning the dawn of the Reformation, under Martin Luther. Freedom of conscience was finally established, and many forms of Christian doctrine appeared in all parts of the world. We now come to the next great step in the advancement of man:

The discovery of the Western Continent, or world. *It is, without any chance of contradiction,* the greatest event in the history of man. Here, were found men who had lived from time unknown on this continent, contemporaneous with all the Asiatics, and Europeans, and were still in their most primitive stage of life. With the exception of some tribes in the extreme south, they still wore the skins of animals and some woven grass and bark fiber garments. *The Stone age had been discovered again.* They were harmless until the white man aroused their resentment by his trickery and deceit. The first thing Columbus did was to offer up a prayer, and load his ship's hold with helpless Indians for his slaves. To their *credit,* they refused to work, and mostly died in Spain. It is said a few were returned. But no record can be found to prove it.

The discovery of America was an Epoch in the world's history. All Europe turned to the New World, for exploitation. The English finally getting the firmest hold, with France and Spain next in order. However, with Mexico included, Spain was the greatest of all in territorial holdings. Mexico was even greater than any one other holding, and the natives found there were the most advanced in all forms of mental development. The Caribs, Toltecs, and Aztecs had a civilization superior to many of the races of Asia. Weaving, building, and civil government were fine arts. The Aztecs had a calendar, were Sun-worshippers and offered human sacrifice in their worship. In that respect they were on an equality with Abraham and the other Bible characters, before the advent of Jesus. The Spanish conquerors were very cruel and quickly exterminated the most enlightened races. Bearing the Cross, at the head of their armies, they subdued
with the Sword. Spanish acquisition was a repetition of Spanish Inquisition, wherever they advanced, and all the territory so acquired has been lost to them. It is the only civilized race on the earth that has not advanced in the last fifteen hundred years. Look for the reason, you students of Human Progress.

For the same reason, the dynasties of the ancient world fell, power-intoxicated. Greed, Superstition, all had an influence. England lost her colonies south of the St. Lawrence. Intolerance, greed, an conceited power she did not have, caused her offspring to revolt, and the Mother country has seen the spectacle of her rebellious child grow to be the strongest independent nation of the earth.

Now, it is getting 'top-heavy,' with wealth. Do you not know what that means to a nation? Can any form of government long exist where the few hold the wealth, and the many are poor.

Forty-eight dollars and seventy-eight cents is the amount of cash in this country, pro rata. Who has it? Multiply that amount by the population of the country and see if you can comprehend the wealth that has been produced in the last seventy years, for the most of it has been acquired in that time. Then look up the holders of this wealth and see what kind of a lesson you will get. If you have the brains God gave a goose, it ought to start you thinking. I am trying to make this little work a Road Map of Life, trying to show you the route man has come over and where he is likely to bring up if he follows the same old destructive lanes his progenitors got lost in. I believe in this age of gas and speed, the American people are doing less thinking for the welfare of the people and the science of government, than they did when they rode in ox-carts. Our Government was founded rights before the law.” They were dealing with conditions on the principle that “all men are born equal in their rights, before the law.” They were dealing with conditions of their time, not of the present. They were dealing with the here and now of their time, not ours. But they intended to cover all questions that might come up in the future, by that declaration, that “all men are born equal, before the law.” We can not blame one multi-millionaire, in the United States today, for the conditions we see. It is the system that allows wealth to concentrate into the hands of the few, instead of one that
keeps it in the balance.

My article, “The Human Orchard,” goes into this question more fully.

Our country is styled a “Christian country,” but not many of its founders were churchment. The greatest single mind in influencing the establishment of the Colonies, was Thomas Paine. He was not a signer of the Declaration of Independence, but the great free mental giant, that Jefferson, Franklin, Washington, and most of the Signers listened to and drew inspiration from his common sense ideas. No American needs to be told of his opinions of Liberty. He sowed the seed from which American Liberty grew. With the name of Thomas Paine left out, the history of America could not be written. Our country dealt fairly with all countries except Mexico, holding adjoining territory.

France, wisely sold out and withdrew from American conquest. The Mexican natives, under Juarez, drove the Spanish from Mexico. The very same stock, the descendants of the survivors of Spanish cruelty, finally found a leader, Benedito Juarez, a full-blooded Aztec, a descendant of the ancient civilized race of Mexico. Let those listen, who are crowding the People to the wall! There has been in all ages of man, a Moses, a Washington, a Juarez, a Lincoln, a Jefferson, a Patrick Henry, a Voltaire.

Brisbane says: “Ours is a “civilization of engineers,” and a “government of lawyers.” A “lawyers’ government,” from top to bottom. What the lawyers want, is what the people get.

I have, in the time and space at my command, tried to show in a plain, simple way, Life, from its protoplasmic cell, to our own life of today, with the many emotions, desires, ambitions, social, and industrial activities that elevate or warp men’s minds. There is still the greatest Life of all to discuss. Can you guess it? Your every day life here and now. We are no longer interested in the things of yesterday, they will soon be forgotten. The ones of tomorrow will never happen. No one ever caught with tomorrow. The greatest failures in life are putting off, for tomorrow, what we should do today, and when the great life-giving sun rolls around again, we find tomorrow just as far away as ever. So, I want to give this message, from the source of all Life: Live your whole life today, in the great here and now. Live it in all the energy of your being, with all your mental forces.
at the “steering wheel.” If it’s digging ditches, your mental forces control, just the same as if solving a problem in mathematics. And do you know the secret of working without getting tired? I will give it to you:

Just love your work. If you don’t, if you cannot, go at something you can love. I thought Ralph Waldo Trine’s story of the little Scotch girl, a good one. She was packing on her back, quite a big boy. A stranger said, “Why don’t you let that heavy boy walk?” She said, “He’s na heavy, ’es me brither.” There you have the whole secret of loving revealed.

I am not advocating long hours. I think eight hours is enough for any one to work. Five would be, if every one worked that is of a working age. I would not have a child work in a “factory,” or anywhere that a strict, hard task was required. I think boys and girls both should have a chance to produce, create, to make something for themselves, and have it for themselves when it is made. Stimulate the expression of the “kids.” Stir their fancy, excite their imagination, and let them “eat the fruits of their labor.” I think the mine owner, factory owner, merchant, or healthy parent that lives on or off the labor of a child, is the lowest of humans.

No labor should reach that intensity we call toil. Relaxation is the thing necessary to a well balanced life. The whole secret of living, physical and mental, is alimentation and elimination. Feed well, and rest both mind and body. Get rid of all waste matter in the mind as well as in the body. If we do not have a house-cleaning in the upper story as well as in the basement, it will also get clogged. The success in life should not be reckoned in dollars and cents. The great “torch-bearers of all time were men who never accumulated any great wealth. Most of them passed away with only their virtues, and wonderful achievements to make their names immortal. The works they did, will survive, the thoughts they impressed on the minds of men, will bear fruit when the memories of the money-mongers will be buried in the debris of Time.

Any man living today, whose only ambition in life is to “corral” the treasures of the earth, and exploit the labor of his fellow man, will be lost in the rubbish of Time, when the Proletariat son of man who had not where to lay his head,
will be the Guiding Star of all mankind, and the Constitution of all States will be founded on the Sermon on the Mount.

Success has many phases. It manifests itself in many ways: In useful inventions, great public benefits, scientific discoveries, broad humane efforts to uplift our less fortunate fellows. Doing business on the Golden Rule will bring more Success than some "dirty trick," called "business foresight." Learn to live as God intended you to live, in a consciousness of His ever-presence in you. Ever ready to receive light, ever progressing, ever looking to the heights above. Study yourself, study the laws of life and health and body-building. Know that your Body is the Temple of the living God.

Today, as in no other time in the history of the world, is God evolving Himself out of His image, Man. Old notions and long-worshipped "idols" are falling. The greatest advance the world has ever made in healing, and maintaining health, is fast spreading over the earth. The "Science of Health" is now the great study, instead of the science of disease. Only a few specialists on disease will be necessary.

The Psychology of Business is now taught by specialists. The Psychology of Health pays larger dividends than any other investment you can make today. In a few years all evidences of death will disappear. No thought of death will be suggested by a forest of tomb stones along the highway. Would you have long life? Think life. Do you want to die? Fix your mind on a ghostly-lookiing graveyard, and you will soon be there, part of it. Advocate crematories.

The "psychic coming of Christ" is here right now. Mental, or psychic healing is now an every day practice by many of his followers and ministers. They are going back to the original teachings of Jesus, as was practiced by the Christians up till they made a political combination with Constantine. Jesus said, "These and greater things shall ye do." No Christian today is worthy of the name who will not embrace the "healing command" as well as the ethical and spiritual.

All enlightened people today know they are just a tiny cell in the great "cosmos," that the living God is in them, and will manifest himself, if given a chance. All who have floated to the surface, out of the sea of darkness, and have seen the divine light of wisdom illuminate the lives of men, know that
God is Love—therefore he can not hate.
God is Joy—therefore He can not be sad.
God is Brave—therefore can not fear.
God is Health—therefore can not be diseased.
God is Abundance—therefore can not be poor.

These are the teachings of Jesus. Find fault with them, if you like; turn them down, if you will; continue to pay the price of your own ignorance in doctors’ bills, and a tortured mind. Accept them, and happiness and prosperity are yours.

We can stay here as long as we like, and make it Heaven or Hell for ourselves, just as we like. They are both conditions, not places, and when at last, we are ready to go on and explore other worlds; when we feel we are entering the “golden twilight of life, soothed and sustained by the consciousness that the world is better that we have lived—seated in the “old arm-chair,” alone, or surrounded by loved ones, we will welcome the call of the “Messenger from another realm” and our drowsy eyes will close to the sweet melody of an angel’s lullaby.
MYSTERY OF LIFE.

Give us, Enchanting Mystery of Life, will you?
A vision of the boundaries of thy realm, we’re passing thru?

For ages man has wandered through thy wondrous maze,
Seeking a meaning of thy silent, steady gaze.

Give us a token of our journey’s end;
Show us the place our trip began;

Show us the cause from which we came;
Tells us: were we always just the same?

Open thy chest of ancient lore,
Show us the forms that have gone before.

Tell us poor wanderers just straying around:
Was there no light? Was there no sound?

Was there a time when all was dark,
Before thy hand had struck a spark?

Tell us, Oh Mystery Sublime!
Are we from Space, where was no Time?

Are we a chrysalis from which comes forth a soul
That will for countless ages roll
Among colloids of other souls?

Give us a glimpse through thy exit wide,
Of the spirit land, where souls abide.

Give us a chance to know thy laws;
Give us a sense of the first great Cause.

Illumine us with a spark divine;
Just show us Life, since there has been Time.
THOUGHTS ON SEEING A SUICIDE BY DROWNING.

I heard them say it seemed a cowardly act,
To me it seemed a hero's part to cross the chasm,
And with outstretched arms,
Greet his loved ones on the other side.

For there were none here to greet with cheery smile
And handshake glad—why should he stay,
A tool, a jibe, a jest, a begging mendicant,
When he had faith in a life beyond earth's confines?

Who shall judge his act? Who knows the cause
That stilled his once ambitious mind
To mount to heights of Fame?

Who knows the subtle power that warps men's minds,
That turns them from their higher aims
To mean servility, ere they are aware?

He was one like us with passion stirred;
With hope, with love perhaps, for one
With tender eyes and winning smile:
Could she guess why he took this plunge?

Let no one speak a censoring word,
Who has not tasted Life's bitter draughts.
And ere he took the plunge,
We hear his lone soliloquy.
THE PHILOSOPHY OF A SUICIDE.

What is this thing we call Life?
To toil, to eat, to sleep, to laugh, to mourn;
To bear the pains of shattered nerves, of parts diseased;
To see the color of the rose replaced by snow, on sunken cheek;
To feel a loving hand grow cold within your own;
To close those glassy eyes;
To miss that voice in song, or Love's acclaim.

To see friends fail when shadows fall;
To bear the shame of life's misdeeds,
And hear no cheery word, when men you meet.
These are the parts that make the thing that we call Life.

Why linger here? Why bear the stings of man's deceit?
Why wear life's crown of thorns,
When with one's own hand, we can unlock the door
And pass from life's contumely, to silent rest
In the unfathomed mystery?

Why hesitate, and turn away
From the road that leads to the "bourne
From which no traveler returns"?
Who is greatest coward:
He who steps boldly into the great beyond,
Or, he who dares not look, into the great unknown through Gates Ajar?
IN MEMORY OF HAPPY DAYS WITH A FRIEND.

I miss those hours of repartee,
The baby’s good-night kiss.
My blue-eyed Friend is a memory now,
But the memory is one of bliss.

Down the stream of Time we glided,
Near each other day and night,
But my craft, tho’ old, was speedy,
And soon was out of sight.

Perhaps is wasn’t right to leave her,
Without offering to give a “tow,”
But when I offered assistance,
She signalled, plainly—“Go Slow.”

So I left her barque gently resting
On the tides, as they come and go,
And I passed out of the harbor
As the sun was sinking low.

Off, on another voyage, along a rocky shore,
Where dangers lend enchantment,
To the breakers’ distant roar.

My voyage is far from ended,
Many leagues, have I yet to sail,
Many storms, ’ere I enter the harbor,
To anchor in the mystic vale.

Smiles, are the stars that guide us
Across life’s rolling sea—
Smiles, and the hand-shake of comrades,
And shouts of childish glee.

They bring courage, and cheer to the bravest,
Memories that never grow old;
Treasured beyond the pleasures
That are bought with the ring of gold.
WHO'S WHO AND WHY?

To be counted anybody, in this age of "juice and gas,"
You require a million sterling, nothing less will let you pass.
A pedigree will attract attention, a "good front" is worth a lot,
But what the world is asking, is, what has the Geezer got.
You may be a gold braided general, full of military lore,
From the day of General Joshua, to big Bertha's deafening roar.
You could equal Hannibal, Caeser, or Alexander Great,
What they want to know today, is the size of your Estate.
You may calm down a howling mob as did Mark Anthony,
Or chisel out a Venus, with her lines of symmetry.
In olden times, these things would gain honor for yourself,
But now, your a back number, if you have garnered not the pelf.
If you are a base ball preacher, saving sinners by the score,
You will meet some recognition, for its sure you've touched the CORE.
If you are a great reformer, for your principles go to jail.
You will likely long remain there, if its known your Short on KALE.
When you travel about the country, at a hotel choose to stop,
Your finances will soon be noted by the Porter and Bell Hop.
They've become so scientific, in their profiteering sense,
That they dust you, or they shake you, just according to your rents.
You may stand among the learned, great inventions bring about,
It won't bring you recognition, in a stock pit, "where they shout."
You must annex the Mazuma, matters not how it's done,
They don't ask you any questions when you join the Plunder Bund.
MY RESPECTS TO A KNOCKER

Speak your mind if it's a fair one,
It not, best hold your Tongue.
Its better to be a booster,
Than Knocking every one.
Its mighty hard to fix a Dent
That an angry word can make
In a Human heart, they're delicate,
They soon get out of shape.
If you can't keep up on your own power,
If your gas is running low,
If you are not a real "self starter",
If you can't get out of low,
If you have had so many "Blowouts,"
That you know your rubber is weak,
If you have lost your Lubricator,
And your springs begin to squeak,
If your lights are dim and dusty,
And your seeing mostly Red,
It's time to take A lay Off?
There's a Rattle in your Head.
It won't make you any better to call the Kittle black.
It won't help you, just a little,
At some Rival to take a whack.
Calling names when at a distance,
Speaking Nice when close at hand,
Is a sign you lack in Honor,
Is a sign you lack in "Sand,"
If you want Success, and Friendship,
Cut the Knocking.
Vile names are out of place.
You know, you dare not use them
When your meeting Face to Face.
Get the Bile out of your system,
Try It Once, I'll Bet You Can?
You will feel a whole lot better,
When Once, You are a Real Man.
YOUR UNCLE SAM IN 1920.

How rich is Uncle Sam, papa,
I heard you talk about?
Is he your uncle or is he mine?
I'd like to find that out.

If he's so awful rich, papa,
Why don't you visit him?
You never visit anyone
Unless it's uncle Jim.

I'd like to go to see him once
He must have little boys,
And if he is so mighty rich,
He'd likely give me toys.

If he knew what a time we have
To get along out here,
He'd likely pay the mortgage off,
He's such a good old dear.

Come, hitch up, pa, and let us go,
It can't be very far,
When Christmas comes around again
He might send us a car.

I've heard so much about Uncle Sam,
I'd like to see him once,
And learn more of his great big farm,
And not grow up a dunce.

Come here, my boy, the father said,
And sit down in the shade,
I'll tell you of your Uncle Sam
And all the wealth he made.

He used to be the richest man
In all the world, it's said;
He had more boys than anyone,
So many, now are dead.
He had some cousins overseas
Who got into a jangle,
He thought he’d try to help them out
And straighten out the tangle.

He sent his best boys over there,
Because they knew how to scrap,
For gas bombs and aeroplanes
They didn’t care a rap.

He told them they were fighting
For honor, not for pelf;
It was a wild delusion,
He believed it then himself.

They borrowed all his money,
Got him to sign their notes.
They bought on credit all he raised,
His sugar, flour, and oats.
His horses, beef, and bacon went,
He hardly saved his goats.

Uncle Sam was once good natured,
But he’s getting kinder sore,
While he gave them nearly all he had,
They are asking still for more.

He used to wear good clothes,
When he had his hard earned riches,
But now his coat is shiny,
And there are patches on his breeches.

It’s not enough for him
To lose his boys and wealth o’er seas,
He’s got a bunch of self-styled patriots,
A tugging at his sleeves.

They are charging him ten prices
For everything he needs,
They’re gathering the golden grain
And leaving him the weeds.
That's why, my boy, your Uncle Sam,
Can hardly see the joke,
Everytime he takes a nap
Some one "swipes his poke."

He divided with strangers,
Till he was short of rations,
And then they tried to gold brick him
With the League of Nations.

But your Uncle Sam is getting wise
To investments European,
And if they hand him any more
'Twill be when he don't see them?

He took a trip to Wall Street,
Noted for it's bulls and bears,
As he’d been raised up country
He didn’t know the snares.

He was introduced to Morgan, Jr.
He’d met his his father years ago,
When Grover was in the White House
And R. R. stocks were low.

The bunch was glad to see him
And took him out to dine
And showed him around the city,
I say he had some time.

Then to show him their sincere friendship,
They allowed him to buy some stocks,
And they murmured, “oh, how easy,”
As he parted with his rocks.

That, my boy, was your uncle
Of whom you’ve heard and read;
While he’s full of good intentions
He has often been mislead.

'Though he got buncoed while in London,
And led astray in gay Paree,
Now he's home, we will forgive him
For his European spree.
Let's forgive him like the feller
Who was vamped away from home;
We're all subject to temptation
As through the world we roam.

We'll not mention things to uncle
That happened overseas
Just try to make things pleasant
Help him to feel at ease.

We know he has learned a lesson
And dearly paid the price,
For his hasty trip to Paris,
That town of vamps and vice.

As I said, let's all forget it
Uncle's getting old,
And we never more will mention,
How he parted with his gold.
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