

## What You Can Be

If I should say to you that you had already done the biggest thing possible to you, that from now on you would begin to decline, that your achievements never again would reach the high-water mark you have already registered, you would feel insulted.

And you would be right, my friend. No one knows better than you do that you haven't yet put forth your biggest effort. There is something in you which tells you that you have not yet measured up to the level of your highest gift; that you have not yet brought out the giant in you.

But what are you waiting for? Why don't you begin to do the big thing you dream of doing some day? Aren't you about tired of letting that little fellow in you, that mediocre man, get your living for you? Aren't you ashamed of the reputation he is making for you, doing such little things when you know perfectly well that there is an infinitely bigger man in you who has power to do infinitely bigger things? Aren't you about tired of going through life tagged by this little fellow who is doing substitute work for the giant that is in you?

That vision which grips your heart, my friend, that longing of your soul to do some thing worth while, that dream of high achievement which haunts your imagination, is not a mere fantasy, a whimsical unreality, it is a prophecy of the big things you can do if you get your higher self to work for you. The thing you see in your dreams is a divine exhibition of the thing that you were intended to do in life, that you are fitted to do.

If you could only be introduced to the man you were intended to be, my friend, the larger, grander man you feel beating beneath the little fellow you have so far developed, you would be amazed at the revelation. I doubt if you would recognize him as your possible self; he would be so much bigger and stronger, so much abler than the weak, insignificant fellow back of your job, that you would say to yourself, "Why, that can't be me, it must be somebody else!"

Now, if you want to realize that vision which haunts you, you must change your mental picture of yourself. You must enlarge and improve your model of yourself. Don't hold the dwarf ideal of yourself any longer in your mind. Every time you visualize yourself, picture the man you would like to be, the man you long to be. Don't picture your defects, your deficiencies, or weaknesses, visualize the man you are capable of becoming, the strong, self-confident, able man that matches your vision of your ambition. Say to yourself, "I will bring out that possible me this year; I will put the giant in me to work and I will realize my vision. I will be what I can be."

## THE FALL OF THE ARMATURE

No one employed about the Sullet Electric Works knew precisely why Jim Madden held a grudge against Rob Martin. It might have been because Rob was a "Tech" student employed in the works during his holidays only, or because he "kept himself to himself," as Madden remarked, or because Rob always washed himself before going home from work, or simply because Jim was Jim, a strong youth noted for "pure cussedness," while Rob was Rob, a youth who did not look so strong and did look very amiable.

With great impartiality the workmen watched Jim "picking on Rob," for they disliked Jim and they were suspicious of Rob, the "rich man's son." What was he working for? It did not seem natural. Wanted to learn the business thoroughly, did he? And when he had learned it, would he not be just one more of those pernickious expert bosses who make things uncomfortable for workmen by knowing too much? They liked Rob personally, but they viewed him as one of a different species; and if he could not defend himself against Jim Madden, what business was it of theirs?

If Rob did not defend himself, he at least did not seem to suffer from Jim's gibes. He was placid when Jim addressed him as "Tech-noodle," placid when Jim sneered at "dudes that wear yaller shoes," and provokingly placid when Jim, proceeding from pleasant to attempted assault, somehow failed to dig his elbow into Rob's ribs. They were working at the same bench when this occurred.

Jim glared at Rob and soon tried again to give him an elbow punch. This time a strange thing happened; for Rob moved his elbow as Jim "crowded," and the youth whose ribs suffered was Jim. He gasped and stared, the workmen on the other side of the bench grinned and laughed, and all the time Rob was apparently as placid as before.

For this Jim must be revenged. That afternoon, as a dozen employees, including the two boys, were going home across the vacant lots that lay between the works and the town, Jim amused himself by tossing burdock burs against Rob's rough clothing.

Each big burr stuck beautifully, but only for a moment, for Rob patiently picked them off as fast as Jim threw

them on. When at last the elder boy wearied of the sport, Rob had nearly a double handful massed together.

Jim shouldered alongside of Rob then, lifted his cap in derisive imitation of Rob's way of bowing to a lady, and inquired, "Well, what's his mammy's boy going to do with the burs?" "This!" said Rob, and with both hands he clapped the whole mass on Jim's hair.

How the men laughed! "He's too smart for you Jim!" "He can lick you, too, Jim!" "Best keep yourself to yourself, Jim!" were some of their comments, for the men would have liked to start a fuss, and for this, too, Jim was determined to be revenged!

It lacked quarter of an hour to closing time the next afternoon when Rob's foreman came to the bench and said, "Martin, I want you and a couple more to help me bring out the rest of those armatures in the 'dry,'" as they called the hot room in which armatures are kept until the insulation is dried.

"All right, I'll be there in half a minute," said Rob briskly, and the foreman turned away to another part of the floor.

Though Rob at once secured a truck and began to move the lighter armatures, the whistle blew before the work was finished.

"Let the rest go till to-morrow, Martin," said the foreman, coming up to the "dry" for a moment, and then, hurrying off, amid the tramping of many heavy feet.

Rob had just laid hold of an armature, and as he was not one to stop in a half-finished job he kept hold. Then the door closed suddenly, and Rob could scarcely hear the sound of retreating footsteps.

"Hello, there, I'm locked in!" he shouted.

There was no opening for ventilation in the room, and thick tinted walls wholly inclosed him. His utmost strength could not force it. Here was a trap, indeed!

The temperature in the dry room was one hundred and forty degrees, and steadily increasing! It was a huge oven. He must soon die if no escape could be effected. But Rob did not surrender.

Tearing off coat and waistcoat, he plunged against the door—in vain. Then he dropped, trembling and exhausted, on the floor, where he lay for a time, gasping for breath. The air at the floor was less heated.

The rest relieved him somewhat. Staggering to his feet, he groped again for some means of escape.

The temperature of the room was rising. He might perhaps live for hours, but he was sure he must soon lose consciousness, and if not released

## Then You've Never Had a Chance!

If your skies have been overcast with clouds and you've never seen the blue;

If your days were filled with pain and woe, and the blame is not on you;

If your heart has aimed at happiness but has hit remorse in lieu—Then you've never had a chance!

If you've always done the best you could and they "fired" you for it, too;

If you've sought for Opportunity but it never came in view; If disaster's hand has wrecked your life, though misfortune's not your due—Then you've never had a chance!

If the world has knocked you all about and has always done it, too;

If a thousand men have done you wrong, not a single friend been true;

If you've never got a kindly smile for a million smiles from you—Then you've never had a chance!

## Birthright

In the dim gray hour of pregnant morn;  
In a cot and a palace, babes were born,  
And I saw the Fates as they came to bring  
To each his birthright offering.

For one were wealth and lineage spread,  
And aloof silks hung around his bed.  
"How blest!" I heard his nurses croon;  
They said, "He is born with a golden spoon."

The other came to a cabin bare,  
Dearth and poverty harbored there,  
And only a toiler's hollowed maul,  
With ax and wedge, lay against the wall.

But had I choice of a weapon strong  
To hew life's way through the battle throng—  
God wot, I'd rather the pauper's boon  
Of maul and ax, than a golden spoon.

long before morning—and of course no one knew he was imprisoned—he must then be found dead.

The thought nerved the boy to a steady purpose. He sat down and searched for a match, hurriedly running through his pockets.

Two match stumps! He struck the first; it proved useless. The other flashed up brilliantly for an instant—only an instant—but long enough to show a possible means of escape. Blindly he groped his way to one of the heavy armatures and with desperate effort raised the clumsy thing from its rest.

The weight of it, the burden upon his lungs, the pressure against his temples, made him reel like a drunken man as he sought for the door, but he kept fast hold of his novel weapon. Once, twice, he struck with it. Then he stepped back a little and braced himself for a last effort, and hurled it with all his might.

Crash! The heavy armature had done its work. Rob stumbled headlong through the gate of his prison. While he lay panting for breath on the threshold, the armature hurtled down a stairway. Hideous shrieks of wear and pain seemed to mark its progress.

But that, of course, was only his fancy! His brain had given way for a moment under the terrible strain. No one could have been in that part of the building—not even the night watchman. None the less did those cries of agony seem to sound in his ears. He must know whether they were real or imagined! Slowly, and in dread of he knew not what, he followed the path of the armature down the stairway. At the bottom he stumbled on an unconscious man! Rob raised a shout. The night watchman came in. In the light of his lantern they looked down on the pallid face of Jim Madden.

Madden had lingered behind in the works and had closed the door. He meant to leave Rob in the dry room for an hour or so, "to take the starch out of him." Then, Madden planned, he would sneak back into the building, open the door without being discovered and make for home. He had been creeping up the stairs, on the way to release his prisoner, when the armature struck him down.

His head was cut and his right leg was broken, but he did not die. When Rob visited him at the hospital, and was kind to him, Madden almost wished he had.

"It's all right, Jim," said Rob. "You didn't aim to kill me, and I came so near killing you that I ought to be willing to call it square!" That, Madden said afterwards, broke the bad heart of him. He surely did change, permanently, for the better.

But that happened several years ago. To-day Mr. Robert Martin is manager of the Sullet Electric Works. The foreman on one floor is that wholly respectable citizen, Mr. James Madden, who limps with his right leg.

## The Time Will Come—

When everybody will know that selfishness always defeats itself.

When to get rich by making others poorer or injuring their getting-on chance will be considered a disgrace.

When the Golden Rule will be regarded as the soundest business philosophy.

When the same standard of morality will be demanded of men as of women.

When all true happiness will be found in doing the right.

When the business man will know that his best interests will be the best interests of the man at the other end of the bargain.

When all hatred, revenge, and jealousy will be regarded as boomerangs which inflict upon the thrower the injury intended for others.

When a man who seeks amusement by causing pain or taking the life of innocent dumb creatures will be considered a barbarian.

When every man will be his own physician, and will carry his own remedy with him—when mind, not medicine, will be the great panacea.

When men will realize that there can be no real pleasure in wrongdoing because the sting and pain that follow more than outweigh the apparent pleasure.

When it will be found that repression and punishment are not reformative, and our prisons will be transformed into great man-building and woman-building institutions.

When it will be found that physical and chemical forces were intended to release man from physical drudgery,

## THE MOST USEFUL THING YOU OWN

### MOST WONDERFUL IS IMAGINATION.

#### "Your Old Men Shall Dream Dreams and Your Young Men Shall See Visions."

It is his imagination that distinguishes man from the brute. It is the power of man to call up images, figures, acts, to foresee consequences, that makes him what he is.

Think for a moment about this word "imagination." It means the power of creating images in the mind; the power of reproducing old images, once stored in the mind; the marvelous power of combining images already stored there; the marvelous and god-like power of creating images there. When one imagines a thing that will come true, or may come true, he has seen a vision, as the old prophet Joel foretold that he would.

To dream dreams is a little different from seeing visions. One dreams idly, sometimes. The pictures come and go through the brain; whether it is sleeping or waking. But to see the vision one must be fully awake, he must have in his mind a set of images, a set of memories, if you will. They must be related to each other; they must affect each other; they must produce causes—these causes lead to results, thus there is action and reason and logic in the vision.

All great things come from first seeing visions, from dreaming dreams and believing in them so fervently that one makes them come true.

Men often laugh at others because they say that they are "visionary" or have "too much imagination." No one can be too visionary, so that he trains his vision aright. No one can have too much imagination, so that he trains or uses his imagination aright. And this also applies to farming—your farming—as well as to anything else.

Nearly all the evil in the world comes from lack of imagination, lack of foreseeing results of acts. Think of this a little. Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

not this a little? Would any man commit murder if he could, or would, sit down calmly and consider the act, that he was about to commit—if he would think only of the dreadful deed itself, the taking away of that marvelous other life, the horror of sending another soul suddenly into death, the terror of contemplating the dead that he had murdered, and then the sorrow that would follow as the dead man's friends mourned his loss, the children maybe left fatherless, the weeping wife, and afterward all the years of repentance, of hopeless shame, and the terror of being always looked upon as an outcast and a murderer? Is

## The Best Rules for Success

Keep in good physical condition. Much of one's success depends upon his energy and his energy is dependent to a great extent on his physical condition. If he is blessed with good physique, he has a great advantage, but he is not necessarily at a great disadvantage if he is not strong physically. Theodore Roosevelt, as a boy, was a weakling, but he became a man of powerful physique. So, if a young man has a strong physique, he must keep it strong. If he is not fortunate enough to have a strong body he must begin to build it up.

He must have care for his personal appearance. This may seem superficial, but it must be remembered that when a boy seeks employment, practically all that the prospective employer has to judge by is his personal appearance. You may have the finest of mental and moral qualities, but these qualities may be nullified, in the mind of another who does not know you, simply because you present a slovenly appearance. If you had started in business and your employer

realized your real worth, that is no reason why you should neglect your personal appearance. The first impression you make is a lasting one. Be thrifty. It is not a mere act of putting away money for future use which makes the habit of thrift so valuable; it is the other characteristics which this habit involves. A man who thinks far enough ahead to set aside a small part of his weekly pay as insurance against the uncertainty of the future, is at the same time cultivating in his own mind powers of self-control, foresight, orderly thinking and business acumen. These qualities furnish a direct road to business success.

These three rules alone will not lead to success in business, but they are strong helps, and, in these days of keen competition for every worthwhile position in the business world, no helpful hints should be regarded lightly. The man who does not care need not pay attention to them, but the man who does care ought to follow them.

there a man in the world who could commit murder if he would first imagine the consequences. Imagination is a Guide. And all through life the trained imagination is a guide and help. It is a mighty restraining force from doing wrong. Young man, before you do that wrong act, stop, look forward, think of the train of consequences, to yourself, to some one else, imagine it all! Picture it out in its true colors. See if you are willing to be responsible for so much sorrow, so much remorse, so much shame as one wrong act may bring into the world! I firmly believe that wrongdoing is more the result of undeveloped imagination than any other one thing.

But there is a constructive side to the imagination, as well—a side that builds things after seeing visions of them, a side that you can use in making yourself a better, more successful farmer or business man. No great thing was ever built that was not first seen in the mind of the builder. The vision first, maybe a clear vision, maybe only a glimpse at first, but an enduring hint, and then a dwelling on that brief vision, a straining of the eyes to see it clearer, at last a clear vision, then the faith and courage to work it into real being.

It is told of Michael Angelo that one day while walking in his workroom he stopped and looked intently at a block of marble. For some time he stood there, strangely silent and wrought upon, then he rushed to his tools and seized hammer and chisel, came to the block of marble, and began chiseling away furiously.

"What is this that has come over you, Michael Angelo, are you gone mad?" his friends asked. "No; I am not mad," Angelo replied, "but in this stone I have seen the figure of an angel, more beautiful than any the world has ever seen. I am in haste to uncover it and let the world see it, even as I see it through the rough stone that now veils it."

Ah, we need more men who can see visions, more women who can see visions, more boys and girls who can see visions. For visions come true. There is hardly anything that one can imagine that cannot be made to come true. Let me picture to you what some of my visions are, of what may come from your home and neighborhood: Visions of Ideal Community.

Here are children, boys and girls, young men and young women. They have latent in them all the strength and power and sweetness and possibilities that God could give them. There is no thing that these boys and girls cannot do. There are young men and boys who can some day invent machines that will make life easier and happier for mankind. There may be even young men and boys among us who can make riches and surround themselves and their friends with the fruits of riches. I do not know.

And there are girls here, sweet and pure and good as God knows how to make them, capable of making all the world better by their having lived in it. Some of these girls may also be capable of achieving fame, I do not know, nor do I greatly care, for it is what the woman is, more than what she does, that counts for happiness and real womanly success.

And there are young men who can build characters—build them strong, build them sweet and kindly, build them clean, build them helpful, build them so beautiful that not all or any of the angels of Michael Angelo would compare with them. These things I have imagined, these things I have seen in visions. Now, if I can only

here are children, boys and girls, young men and young women. They have latent in them all the strength and power and sweetness and possibilities that God could give them. There is no thing that these boys and girls cannot do. There are young men and boys who can some day invent machines that will make life easier and happier for mankind. There may be even young men and boys among us who can make riches and surround themselves and their friends with the fruits of riches. I do not know.

And there are girls here, sweet and pure and good as God knows how to make them, capable of making all the world better by their having lived in it. Some of these girls may also be capable of achieving fame, I do not know, nor do I greatly care, for it is what the woman is, more than what she does, that counts for happiness and real womanly success.

And there are young men who can build characters—build them strong, build them sweet and kindly, build them clean, build them helpful, build them so beautiful that not all or any of the angels of Michael Angelo would compare with them. These things I have imagined, these things I have seen in visions. Now, if I can only

here are children, boys and girls, young men and young women. They have latent in them all the strength and power and sweetness and possibilities that God could give them. There is no thing that these boys and girls cannot do. There are young men and boys who can some day invent machines that will make life easier and happier for mankind. There may be even young men and boys among us who can make riches and surround themselves and their friends with the fruits of riches. I do not know.

And there are girls here, sweet and pure and good as God knows how to make them, capable of making all the world better by their having lived in it. Some of these girls may also be capable of achieving fame, I do not know, nor do I greatly care, for it is what the woman is, more than what she does, that counts for happiness and real womanly success.

And there are young men who can build characters—build them strong, build them sweet and kindly, build them clean, build them helpful, build them so beautiful that not all or any of the angels of Michael Angelo would compare with them. These things I have imagined, these things I have seen in visions. Now, if I can only

here are children, boys and girls, young men and young women. They have latent in them all the strength and power and sweetness and possibilities that God could give them. There is no thing that these boys and girls cannot do. There are young men and boys who can some day invent machines that will make life easier and happier for mankind. There may be even young men and boys among us who can make riches and surround themselves and their friends with the fruits of riches. I do not know.

## Ten Points for the Worker

- 1.—Honor the chief. There must be a head to everything.
- 2.—Have confidence in yourself and make yourself fit.
- 3.—Harmonize your work. Let sunshine radiate and penetrate.
- 4.—Handle the hardest job first each day. Easy ones are a pleasure.
- 5.—Do not be afraid of criticism—criticize yourself often.
- 6.—Be glad and rejoice in the other fellow's success—study his methods.
- 7.—Do not be misled by dislikes. Acid ruins the finest fabric.
- 8.—Be enthusiastic—it is contagious.
- 9.—Do not have the notion that success means money making.
- 10.—Be fair and do at least one decent act every day in the year.