

He failed to bring up his children in the right way. There was not anything which this famous lecturer had tried to do, which was worth doing, which he did not fail in his attempt to do, except his lecture on "Success." That lecture was a tremendous "success." Once it was delivered in city, church, or town hall the community always yearned for the hour when the famous orator would return, and, in eloquent periods, expatiate on the all important subject of "How to Succeed in Life."

They say that if a stranger visits Philadelphia, the resident of the city of brotherly love will inquire concerning him: "Who was his father? Who was his mother? What kind of a family does he belong to? What sort of blood flows in his veins? It's blood that counts in the Quaker City. If a man goes to the city of Boston, they inquire: "What size hat does he wear? What is the quality of the grey matter which floats in his skull? What are his mental attainments and intellectual achievements? What does he know?" It's knowledge that counts in the "hub" of the universe. If, on the other hand, a man should venture to visit New York, the commercial metropolis of the United States, they ask: "How much is he worth? What are his holdings in government bonds and real estate? How much does he possess in cold coin?" Cash! Eh! Cash! It's money that counts on the Island of Manhattan. If, however, a stranger should enter the city of Chicago, it's neither "blood," "knowledge" or "money." In Chicago they precipitate one searching interrogation: "Is he a success? Can he bring things to pass? Can he crystalize thought in action? Can he move things? Does he