

The History of a Word

The trade-mark "KODAK" was first applied in 1888 to a camera for amateur use manufactured by the founders of the Eastman Kodak Company. It was simply invented.

It rapidly became known throughout the world, as the business of the Kodak Companies grew. It, of course, has been registered in all important countries and is ours in Canada both by such registration and by common law. Its first application was to the Kodak Camera. Since then we have applied it to other goods of our manufacture, as, for instance, Kodak Tripods, Kodak Portrait Attachments, Kodak Film, Kodak Film Tanks and Kodak Amateur Printers.

The name "Kodak" does not mean that these goods must be used in connection with a Kodak Camera, for as a matter of fact any of them may be used with other apparatus or goods. It simply means that they originated with, and are manufactured by, the Kodak Companies.

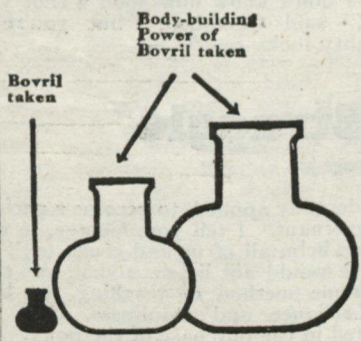
"Kodak" being our registered and common law trade-mark can not be rightly applied except to goods of our manufacture.

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for twenty-five years I have been a spineless nonentity, with no excuse for living—except my mother. 'You have meant so much to so many people—your friends, your work. But I will show you!'

His voice took on a new ring; his eye a new fire.

Elinor stared at him fascinated. She felt a little awed, as though a rebirth were taking place there, before her.

"I have never told you how I became what I am," he continued, with a fine passionate resentment. "My father died before I was born, and that is the biggest handicap an only child, a boy, can have. When a little chap and naturally malleable, I was not allowed to have any companions—my mother had theories, God forgive her!—and later when I might have rebelled or disobeyed, I was too shy and sensitive, finding on the rare occasions when brought into contact with children that I had nothing in common with them. Naturally, I grew to prefer solitude rather than be regarded as a freak. I can remember how the boys used to look at me over the fence and call me 'Georgie,' and 'girlie,' and 'sissy,' and how I stared back at them, sick with shame, but dumb. I didn't know how to fight, there had never been anyone with whom to practice.

"I wasn't allowed to have pen-knives, guns, swords, fire-crackers, tools, electric batteries when I wanted them, for fear of injuring myself, and since growing up, I have not had the nerve to go back and experiment with things that every boy should know early in his teens. The noise of a fire-cracker makes my heart stop beating. I have never been camping, never shot a gun. I don't know how to ride, swim, sail, or drive a fast motor. A terrible cowardice was bred in me. It is there to-day, in place of the manhood that was filched from me. But I can reclaim it, Elinor, if you will believe in me, if you will help me with your faith and be my inspiration! Before God, I can!"

He answered the question in her eyes without giving her time to speak.

"No, I have never tried. There wasn't sufficient incentive. It was easier just to go on. You don't realize, perhaps, what the effort will cost; ridicule on one hand, distress on the other. For strange as it may seem, my mother feels that she has done her maternal duty nobly when she looks at me. I am all that a man should be—and then some, she would tell you! She has shielded and protected me since the day of my birth—I have never been mashed or cut or burnt, never had illnesses, 'never suffered,' as she expresses it," he cried bitterly.

"Dear heart!" murmured Elinor, and laid her lips full upon his.

THE EFFORT Mrs. Paget had put forth to mould her son was as nothing compared with that Elinor made to remodel her husband, to vitalize qualities which had lain stifled, smothered under a parent's colossal selfishness.

Tactfully, cleverly, consistently, she "brought him out," teaching him confidence, independence, discriminating self-assertiveness. Responsibilities large and small she thrust upon him, forcing him to make decisions, to make mistakes, frequently, and she rarely argued and never disputed his judgments. He progressed rapidly and grew accustomed to an expression in men's faces which said:

"By Jove, this fellow has something in him, after all!"

One particular incident gave him recurrent satisfaction. It happened about a year after his marriage. He could have shouted with joy as he rushed home and bolted into Elinor's room.

"Would they arbitrate, dearest?" she asked, quick to respond to his moods.

"Of course," he said. "That was settled this morning. But what do you think? I met old Merrivale—mother's lawyer, just now. Never had any use for me, so imagine my surprise when he crossed the street, clapped me on the back, invited me to dine at his club and called me *Paget*! PAGET! There's only one thing that could make me happier—for mother to drop that damned 'Georgie'!"

The prospect of fatherhood completed the work that Elinor had begun. She had loved a child, married a boy, and suddenly become the wife of a man.

For long spaces her husband would sit silent, watching her with unutterable happiness and pride, with humility, reverence and awe, then, jumping to his feet he would pace about, muttering in a tone of suppressed excitement:

"The little tacker must have everything that I lacked. He must be everything that I am not! Oh, my darling—I can hardly wait . . . a son of my own . . . my own, and yours!"

(Continued on page 58)



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