

Make Your Influence Felt in Life

Says Uldine Utley, Girl Evangelist



CLARA JACOBO
This Ambitious Daughter of a New England Italian Grocer Rose to the Heights of Grand Opera Through the Qualities Miss Utley Preaches About.

YOU have heard of the wonderful romance of Clara Jacobo. Perhaps you have heard the voice of this new singer thrilling opera audiences in New York.

Just a few years ago, in Lawrence, Mass., customers observed a lovely child standing on tiptoe to peep into the cases where goodies were kept in her father's little grocery store. Sometimes one heard the tones of a beautiful, childish voice lifted in song. "That voice," declared the Italian friends of Clara's father, "is meant

for the grand opera stage." And so they chipped in—as generous hearted Italians do—and sent little Clara to Italy to study.

Was this young girl's head turned in amusements that young girls love? Not a bit of it! Clara studied hard, worked hard, and showed her gratitude to the friends who had made this career possible to her. What an influence for good such a life is in an age when industry, patience and gratitude are not outstanding virtues in young girls!

THE trouble with most people is that they fancy themselves too young or too unimportant to possess any influence at all. If they stop to think for a moment they will realize that the pool of immediate environment may be very small but its surface is never without ripples from the things thrown into it. Others are affected, in small ways or great, by the touch of these circles and react in small ways or great to environments which extend much further than their own. God, our Father, gives every one of us the strength to create mighty circles of influence for good.—ULDINE UTLEY.

I think of the triumph of Clara Jacobo and remember how I used to throw a pebble in the pool near my home and run around to the other side to see how far its circle would extend.

You know how circles form about the spot in which you have dropped some object in water? These circles widen until they sometimes touch the shore of the pool into which a pebble has been thrown. My childish mind could not understand this phenomenon and I always tried to get around to the other side of the pool before the outer circle reached its shore.

I often wonder how many people are never able to get around the other side of the pool of their environment quickly enough to stop the harm that some wrong word or deed they have thrown into its depths will accomplish. For we all live, as it were, on the border of a pool of influence. Every word or act of ours is an object cast into the pool that will send its ever-widening circles of influence for good or evil.

Once we set those circles in motion nothing can stop them. They embrace

everything in the pool within their widening rings. And the rings of Clara Jacobo's fine ambition, faithfully brought to fruition have touched the confines of the world.

The outreaching rings of a conspicuous deed spread until you never do see—in this world—how far those circles of influence have extended. Many a person has sent the rings of his good or evil deeds circling around the world and wherever those waves touched the world responded to their influence.

When we realize how helpless we are to recall any word or act that we have thrown into the pool of our environment don't you think that it behooves us to be very careful about everything we say and do? No life is so isolated as to be without influence upon the lives of others. Every one of us has a pool at our door in which we may see the widening circles around the spot in which we have cast a worthy or unworthy missile.

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Do you know that bands of little children are working in every community to carry the message of the Gospel and the example of Christian living among the people of their communities? And towns where these children work report the beneficent influence of their lives upon their fellows.

On the other hand, there are in a number of schools and towns clubs of children who are working for the cause of atheism.

Which group will you emulate, the ones who refresh their whole environment with the widening rings of loving purpose and righteous living, or the



ULDINE UTLEY
Who Finds Lessons in the Daily Acts of Almost Everyone.

ones who seek to blight the flower of existence in its bud? You may not think it, but you are casting pebbles in the pool of environment with one or other of these groups.

You are exerting a good or a bad influence upon your associates. There is no middle course. Our influence, whether small or great, helps or hinders others in the race towards eternal life.

Go Ahead—Profit by Mistakes

FROM WRIGLEY'S CREED

Explain sincerely to people what you have that you want them to buy. Do it in as few words as possible. Then keep at it without stop. People forget. Don't let them.

If a man knows his business thoroughly no man need fear big business combinations, or competition with big corporations. Only, he must not copy the big corporation way of doing business.

UNLIKE many other big executives, William Wrigley, Jr., believes that the day of large opportunity for the small business man is not passing.

Believe in your product, and advertise it. Don't distrust yourself. Go ahead—and profit by your mistakes.

This the the creed of success, expressed over and over, of a man who revealed not long ago that he is able to afford a \$6,000,000 hobby. The hobby is the ownership of three baseball clubs—the Chicago Cubs, the Los Angeles Pacific Coast League Club and the Reading Internationals.

A New King



CUP WINNER
"King," a Big, Handsome Lion of the Luna Park Zoo, Los Angeles, Holding in His Mouth the Trophy Awarded Him at the Recent Leonine Exhibition Held in That City.

EVERYONE'S familiar with cat shows, dog shows, bird shows but who ever heard of a lion show? Well, for one thing, the city of Los Angeles, where recently there was a pageant of leonine pets that caused quite a gasp of excitement among those Californians who have an "animal complex," and get their biggest kick out of fondling furry descendants of jungle denizens.

Far and away the star of the occasion was "King," of the Luna Park Zoo, an enormous, tail-switching beast who was awarded the blue ribbon. He appeared to be almost as pleased at this honor as his trainer, and obediently held his prize cup in his mouth while he posed for the camera men. "King" won many juvenile admirers during the show.

Is Wrigley's Advice



WILLIAM WRIGLEY, JR.

Wrigley's chief amusement is watching baseball games. He is able to own three clubs, at a cost that puts to shame mere yachts and racing stables, because he was right in an idea he had more than twenty years ago. It cost him several hundred thousand dollars to prove to the world—and himself—that he was right, but he did it to the tune of millions in profit. The idea was lavish advertising.

He hit blaze Broadway, the Street of Cynical Laughter, three times. On the first attempt his thin roll of \$100,000 evaporated overnight in a flicker of bulbs and posters that proclaimed the virtues of his chewing gum. Trial number two flattened his pocketbook to the tune of another hundred "grand"—but on the third try he went in with more capital and finally had New York chewing away. It wasn't long before he convinced the entire civilized world.

How did he do it? How could another young man, just as energetic and just as sure of his idea, follow the gum

magnate's path to success.

Here are some things that William Wrigley, Jr., has said at different times about himself and the world in which he lives. Out of them may be erected the structure of his philosophy and viewpoint.

"There is no reason why a young man can't come up from the bottom now as always. I don't think he has to have a college education. I was a newsboy and a soap salesman—I once earned \$1.50 a week stirring vats of soap with a paddle. Business is as good a training field as college for the young man whose ambitions lie that way."

"I rarely am out of bed after 11 p. m., and I usually get up by five. I always felt that if I could get away an hour earlier than the other fellows and get to sleep I was putting something over."

"I believe in young men. My son, at thirty, runs the business. He does it on merit. If it weren't growing and expanding under his guidance he would not have the job."

"Advertising is the locomotive that pulls business to success."

"Efficiency is what counts, and work. If you go broke don't worry. When my first two attempts to sell gum to New York failed, I didn't lose a night's sleep. Everybody guesses wrong occasionally."

There is a story to the effect that Wrigley "pere" once gave his son an allowance of \$30 a month spending money—with which the boy opened a savings account. The father ordered him to spend it all, else it would be cut off.

He wanted his son to concentrate on becoming able to earn more, not save more.

"Keep fit. Exercise, get plenty of sleep."

He is an ardent devotee of boxing, golf and tennis, proficient in all three. And finally, the chewing gum king is thoroughly democratic. He rubs elbows fraternally with all of his employes and endeavors to inspire them with example rather than strict rules.

What Do You Know— About Rare Books?

1. What is probably the best known of rare books?
2. How many copies of this book are extant?
3. When was the first folio of Shakespeare printed?
4. What was the original price paid for it?
5. Name two record-breaking library sales in the United States.
6. What great Shelley volume was offered at the Kern sale?
7. Who are some noted American collectors?

ANSWERS

1. The Gutenberg Bible. The last recorded sale of a copy brought \$280,000. This sale gave the United States seven copies of this Latin Bible. Germany has 12.
2. Seventy-nine copies. The whereabouts of 41 copies are definitely known. The Gutenberg Bible was one

of the first books to be printed on the newly invented printing press.

3. The first folio of Shakespeare's plays was printed in 1623, bringing together for the first time 20 dramas which rank among the literary masterpieces of the world.

4. A guinea (\$5) was the supposed price. The Locke Lampson copy of the first folio brought a price of almost \$20,000 from a Philadelphia collector. It was then transferred to the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard.

5. The Robert Hoe sale in 1912, which netted \$1,932,060. The Jerome Kern sale in January, 1929, brought \$1,729,462.

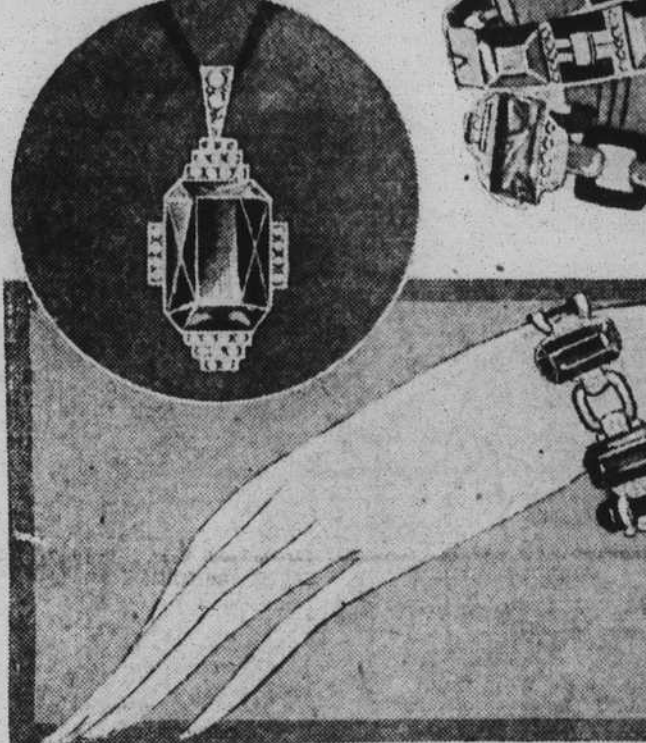
6. An uncut first edition of "Queen Mab," regarded as the most valuable Shelley volume ever offered at public auction. It brought \$68,000.

7. Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, A. D. Newton. The late Amy Lowell was America's most distinguished woman collector.

HOW TO DRESS WELL

by ANNE U. STILLMAN

Wife of the Millionaire Banker



Above a Topaz Pendant Set with Diamonds which Swings on a Black Cord. To the Right is a Bracelet of Blue Sapphires Set with Tiny Diamonds and Linked Together with Square Links of Onyx. Directly Beneath is Another Link Bracelet with Stones of Carved Jade Set with Diamonds. The Lower Etching Shows a Bracelet Combining Topazes with Diamonds and Links of Clear Crystal.

JEWELS add so much to one's costume—and all women like them. But they must not be overdone. That is a mistake so many women make.

One beautiful ring—that is enough! Something around the neck—that is enough! A wrist watch—a bracelet—and the story is told.

When buying jewelry you can start at a million dollars and drop to one. You can have any combination—any color. And you can look just as pretty in imitation pearls as in real ones. Don't forget that! You can wear glass beads. You can wear emeralds. You can have good taste—and you can have bad taste.

But, fortunately, the taste in jewelry is improving. Jewels have become a part of the costume—not a thing apart. Women don't look like jewelers' show-cases at the opera any more. Their friends would laugh at them if they did.

One thing is certain—jewels are really more splendid than ever. It is quality and size that count now—and not their number. Also how they are worn, for there is an art in wearing jewels. One should feel they are jewels—not something from the "five-and-ten" store.

The dress should be simple if there is

anything remarkable about the jewels. You should feel it is a jewel—not a bit of glass. For it is valuable. People have suffered and been guarded and watched. It is rare!

It is a jewel. Treat it as such and not as spoils of war. That is so cheap and unworthy. I love fine jewels. I have a few—only a few. But those are very fine. I look at them and admire them for themselves—not because they are mine.

I have a sapphire that makes me think of bachelor buttons—bachelor buttons that will never fade—that will live longer after I am dead. Also a diamond that makes me think of my dream in Canada—dashing, laughing, over the happy stones—clear and sparkling. And an emerald the color of moss. And a silver chain costing only \$25 that I also love dearly.

But that is an ornament and not a jewel. Many dresses need ornaments nowadays—and the shops are full of them—most attractive things. There is almost anything to go with any type of dress—to be worn for any occasion. A jewel—or an ornament—who cares which—so long as it is beautiful and tastefully chosen!



An Earring and Pendant Set Show a Sparkling Crystal Set with Diamonds and Completed by an Onyx Link.

By Clare Murray, New Girl Poet-Artist

THE MARIONETTE

There must be a place somewhere,
Even here in the vortex,
Where one can lie under the sky
And dream
And not count the hours.

When one has long been jiggling up
and down
Like a marionette on a string,
Keeping time to the tick of the clock,
Silence and solitude
Seem good.

In nature landmarks stand apart,
High peaks have plains between
And long perspectives
Lead to hills.



"When one has long been jiggling up and down Like a marionette on a string."

Life should have such landscapes,
Intervals of rest
Between great memorable moments.

Now the outline of life
Resembles the jagged skyline of the
city.

Crises come so close and frequent
There are no avenues of vision.
Up and down emotions are jerked
Up like an express elevator—
Down like a diving plane,
Giddily up and down.
No time to stop—
No time to see and wonder.

Where are silence and solitude?
Are they only the gifts of death?