

How the Sailor-Girl Author Is Making Up for Lost Time

---And How Camouflaged "Dry Agents" Stepped in on Her Party Aboard a Liner



IN THE RIGGIN'
Joan Lowell's Perfectly at Home Anywhere on a Ship. Here She's Shown Proving to a Committee of Sea-Captains That She Can "Hand-Reef" a Sail With the Best of 'Em.

THE great bulk of the Ile de France, crack passenger greyhound of the French Line, loomed against the low East River docks of New York. Far up over the water salons were ablaze with lights; top-hatted gentlemen and ladies in shining gowns stepped from limousine after limousine and mounted the gang-plank to the festive decks.

And the guest of honor was just "eating it up." Laughing and radiant, she flitted from group to group of notables gathered there to acclaim her. Looking down from the head of the banquet table set for 200 in the main dining saloon, she watched the faces of smart columnists, brilliant critics, authors of best-sellers like herself.

Once she actually pinched herself, laughing, "just to make sure." Joan

Lowell proclaimed that she was starved for gaiety. For seventeen years, her book claims, she had sunned herself on the decks of a windjammer in tropic seas—and now she wanted to bask in the bright light of fame. She wanted to make up for lost time.

But parties on ocean liners, even in port, are to be associated with thin-stemmed goblets and sparkling beverages. After all, once aboard, it wouldn't be difficult to imagine one was outside the twelve-mile limit.

Down on the river a motor-boat chugged. Two revenue officers peered up to where portholes blazed with lights. They put in under the afterdeck and clambered aboard. A few minutes



"A WHEEL'S KICK"—
One of the Accomplishments of Joan Lowell is Expert Steering to a Course. She Used to Take the Wheel of Her Father's Trading Schooner, Minnie A. Caine.

Success Needs Genuine Love for Work—Woolley

MR. WOOLLEY is Chairman of the Board of the American Radiator and Standard Sanitary Corporation. With the recent merger, this corporation has assumed a formidable position in the plumbing and heating field and this making of the vast resources of the two organizations will make itself felt in many thousands of American homes.

Mr. Woolley was an organizer of the American Radiator Company in 1892, was its president from 1902 to 1924 and since that time has been chairman of the board, to which post he was unanimously elected with the recent merger.

By CLARENCE M. WOOLLEY.
UNLESS one has an irresistible calling for a profession or for the fine arts, business affords boundless opportunity for the serious-minded and ambitious. It offers ample scope for college men to embrace it as the medium for a career which may be limitless.

Industry should not be selected as a career simply to acquire the contents of a pay envelope. If one's attitude towards the work is one of material receptivity and not that of reverent appreciation of opportunity to become producer and contributor, you may set it down as a guiding principle, sanctioned by the experience of all successful men, that the pay envelope will become an agent of degradation, and the work itself denied its power



CLARENCE M. WOOLLEY.

a great adventure. If you accept a position in an industrial organization, plan to come in contact with, and if possible obtain opportunity to work in, all departments, preferably starting at the source, which is the factory. Obtain a general knowledge of production with its myriad of fascinating problems, its scientific import, its mathematical, psychological, and economic solutions.

After one or two years in the factory as timekeeper, cost clerk, or in any position that gives a chance for observation and study of the various departments—seek an assignment in the sales department and be thrilled again with the opportunity it affords for adding to your general knowledge.

If you do not understand accounting, take a night course in a business school. A knowledge of that science will serve an excellent purpose and prove useful in any department of the business, since it inculcates a proper appreciation of thrift and a necessary comprehension of the results of "waste."

Provided you have been diligent, thoughtful, and studious during the time spent in those departments, you will know which offers the greatest interest. You will then be the better prepared to become a specialist as the result of selection and not of accidental circumstance.

You will succeed best where interest ascends unto a genuine love for the work. It is that sort of attitude toward one's job, coupled with intensive and serious devotion, which brings about a fine development of that mysterious quality known as "intuition." Just as the virtuoso in music or in painting demonstrates supreme accomplishment with perfect freedom and relaxation, so it appears that the great men of the business world, through and by intensive devotion to their work, largely for the work's sake, come to discern primary truth in flash-like decisions when the occasion can not wait upon delay. And so it seems that industry or business, in the development of character and the spiritual realities go hand in hand, brings forth the exceptional type of manhood.

If you possess executive tendencies, some visioned official may tap you for the executive offices. But above all things, do not aspire to or apply for an executive position until you know well the business, its problems, its higher significance, and its needs. Many a young man has destroyed a fine prospect for permanent success by a premature desire to become an executive.

The hardest part of the program in planning for success is to take time for earnest, analytical thought. Serious thinking is about the hardest job a man attempts. Mr. Edison once said, "a man will go to any lengths to escape the labor of thinking." Many men fail to take enough time for thorough deliberation. Appropriate a specific hour each night for analysis and contemplation; meditate upon the day's experience, organize your mind, plan your work, and work, and not yourself. A distinguished man of letters once wrote, "When a man falls in love with himself, it is the beginning of a lifelong romance." Avoid the pitfalls of vanity and egotism, but preserve your self-respect.



GOING UP!
From Earliest Childhood the Author of "The Cradle of the Deep" Has Been Shinning Up Masts Like a Monkey or an Old Salt. This Picture Was Taken Aboard an Old Four-master in New Orleans Harbor.

after the door of a suite on the upper deck opened and purposeful looking men in dungarees stepped in; they wanted to know the why of the brown bottle around which a little party was assembled. The little party was in the



SAILOR—ACTRESS—WRITER
This Characteristic Photo Shows Joan Lowell in Her Sea-going Togs. Note Her Face, at Once Purposeful and Charming. She's Traded Her Dungarees for Evening Gowns.

midst of a toast to the sailor-girl author when the coast guardsmen brusquely confiscated the toasting fluid.

There was a commotion among the impeccably dressed guests. Joan whispered in her publisher's ear and he hastened to pay the \$7 fine the raiders demanded.

That was only one occasion. It would take more than a single sumptuous fete to make up seventeen years such as her disputed autobiography describes.

There was another party at the home of a national publisher, Jack Dempsey and his wife, Estelle Taylor, were there. Someone said:

"Tell us about that dance of the virgins you described in your book."

"I'll do better than that. I'll show you!"

Whereupon Joan began a weird, exciting dance. Undulating gracefully, she duplicated the movements of the South Sea Island maidens that she had watched and remembered. She proved that she was an excellent observer—and imitator.

The girl who became a celebrity overnight is enjoying her fame to the full—if her book be accepted as autobiography. In the afternoon she strolls along Fifth Avenue looking in the windows of fashionable shops. At night there are parties, laughter, colors, lights, youth.

The fact that controversy raged over "The Cradle of the Deep" only made it all the more thrilling. Did someone actually suggest that she hadn't written every word of her book herself? "All right!" she challenged. "Just examine me on my nautical

knowledge!" A public test was arranged and Joan was questioned by a brace of old sea-dogs. She came off with flying colors.

Meanwhile her days are pinwheels of excitement. She's making up for lost time with a vengeance. She's been a dishwasher, telephone girl, nursemaid and stenographer. She's acted in Charlie Chaplin's "Gold Rush" and in Jessie Bonstelle's Detroit stock company. Now she simply wants to ride along on the crest of the waves thrown up by her remarkable book.

The biggest wave of all is mounting as these words are written. For the suggestion that Joan had employed a "ghost writer" for her book has been supplemented by a fierce controversy over the facts in her narrative.

A New York newspaper started it all by printing evidence that the Minnie A. Caine, Joan's windjammer home, was safely in port on the West Coast instead of having been burned and sunk as her book relates. The same article declared that the girl's father had been skipper of that boat for one year, not seventeen. And finally, several persons who claim to have been former schoolmates and teachers of the girl who "never saw a white woman 'till she was seventeen," have joined the ranks of her critics.

Joan hotly retorts that of course she had taken some literary liberties with her tale, but that in its main essentials it is true. She says, moreover, that she likes nothing better than a good fight—and that is what she's having, between parties in her honor.

By Clare Murray, New Girl Poet-Artist

COMPOSER

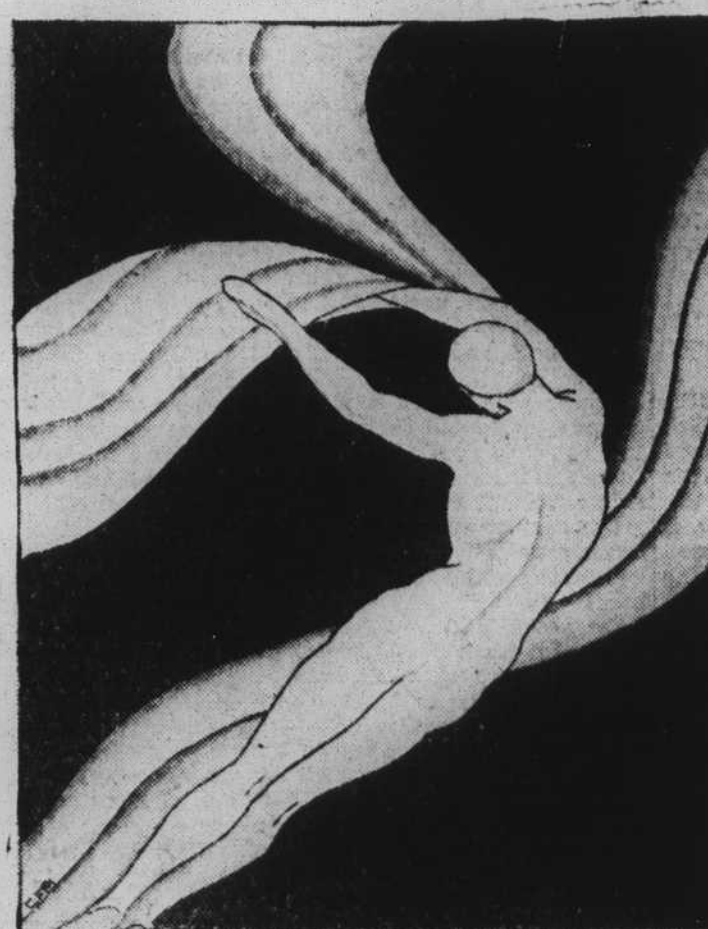
(Along the River Bank.)

Music is my pastime and profession.
My aim is to be famous
For my flaming melodies and lyric lines—
To see my name proclaimed
In scintillating, huge electric signs.

I capture rhythms from a surging mob
From rain on the pane,
From the whirring of a wheel
On shrieking rails of steel.
I borrow here a tear and there a sob
And I mingle them with laughter that I rob
From the carefree,
To thrill a million hearts with a throb.

But frequently my dreams grow nebulous
And dim . . .
I seem to swim
In the dark, with no direction.
Then a breeze from the river
Like the breath of the sea
Makes me pause for reflection
Like the memory of an ancient melody.
I glimpse an island in a mist
Gently kissed
By breakers rolling inward to the shore
And I hear in my ear, faint but clear,
A long reverberation and a roar.
And my feet feel the heat
Of the sun-baked sand
Though I stand
On a burning city street.

Then my dying dream revives,
Again I turn my head
To creating stirring songs
That will touch a million lives.



"I seem to swim in the dark with no direction."

