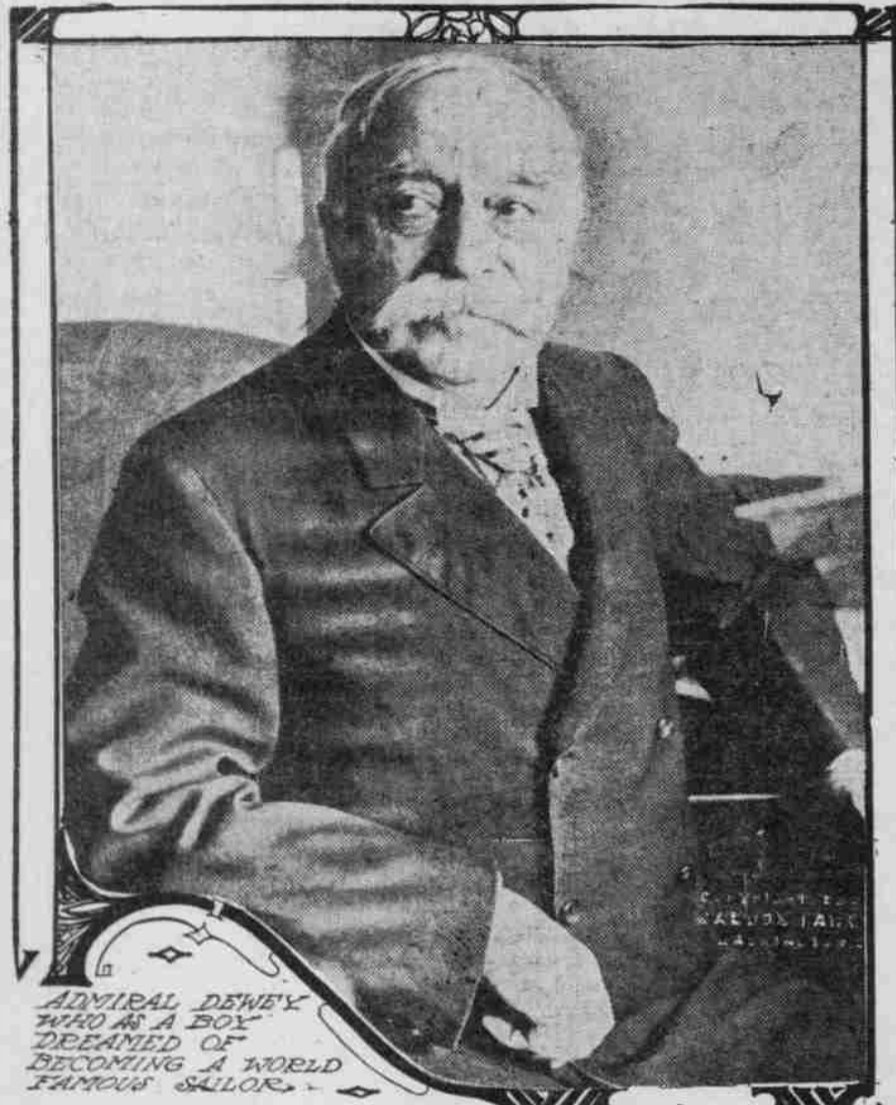


# THESE MADE THEIR DAY DREAMS COME TRUE.

Dewey's Dream Was to Become a World-Famous Sailor; Dr. Koch's to Become a World-Famous Doctor—The Childhood Dreams of the World's Great Singers That Led Them to Persevere Until Success Came to Them.

Major General J. Franklin Bell Is Chief of Staff of an Army Reorganized After the Plan He Mapped Out for it Thirty Odd Years Ago—How Colonel George Harvey Realized His Boyhood Dream.



ADMIRAL DEWEY WHO AS A BOY DREAMED OF BECOMING A WORLD FAMOUS SAILOR.

HAVE you a day dream that you are striving to make a reality—a castle in Spain that you are endeavoring to transplant from the realm of the clouds to that of the unmistakably earthly? There it may interest, and perhaps inspire, you to learn that not a few men and women in the public eye today secured eminence or pre-eminence by making at least one of their day dreams a reality—by transforming at least one dream in Spain into a striking accomplishment.

But while it has been given to a comparatively goodly number of well known men and women to realize a day dream alike, the number of celebrities who have realized more than one of their respective day dreams is very limited indeed. And a member of this exceedingly small group is that statesman whose name was constantly on the lips of the British Empire some years ago—Lord Rosebery, who has realized not one, or two, but the three day dreams of his young manhood. So far as is known, his is a unique record in day dream realization.

Even before he was out of his teens Lord Rosebery, now in his 83d year, dreamed of making a trio of conquests, any one of which would have been thought sufficient for a nobleman, and certainly for a peer of the realm, who was to own a horse that would win the Derby. His second ambition was to marry the richest heiress in Great Britain. The third was some day to become Prime Minister of Great Britain. These were the dreams of his childhood, his castles in Spain, and every one of them was realized, for he did win the Derby, he married Miss Hannah Rothschild, and he became Prime Minister.

It is not remarkable that a young nobleman, born with the traditional gold spoon in his mouth, should have cultivated gentlemanly sports, and so trained his judgment with regard to speedy horses that he was able to have a stable which contained the winner of the Derby. Nor was it an unreasonable ambition for a peer of the realm, who was a handsome young fellow, agreeable, tactful and something of an aristocratic democrat, to aspire to the hand of the richest heiress of Great Britain. But it did require some courage, even audacity, for the boy in expect some day to be named Prime Minister of Great Britain, for that office does not go by favors, and there is no divine right of birth which justifies laying claim to it.

There was even greater audacity, almost absurdity, in the dreams of a young machinist, leader of a political gang on the East Side of New York, a rough and tumble fighter—dreams in which he pictured himself the day when he should stand upon the English turf and see his horse win the greatest of the world's races. But Richard Croker did have a dream of that kind when he was still a young man, a shirt-sleeved mechanic, training himself for politics in the rough life of an East Side political gang in New York City. When, many years later, the cable brought the report that Croker's horse had won the Derby, one of his friends declared that it must have been with a strange sensation that the old Tammany boss realized the audacious dream of his young manhood, the winning of that great race.

**Dream of an Itinerant Boy.**  
Audacious, and seemingly hopeless, also, was the day dream that came to the poor, friendless boy who years later came to be universally recognized in legal circles as one of the ablest jurists of the country.  
Years ago there was an old cobbler, a quaint and funny character, whose tumble-down shop on the lower East Side of New York City was frequented by children who were fond of hearing him tell curious stories. Among these



RICHARD CROKER THE DAY HE WON THE DERBY WAS THE DAY ON THE LEFT AND HIS COCKEY-RELIEF ON HIS RIGHT.



NORDICA AND FREMSTAD AS THEY APPEAR IN REAL LIFE—THEIR LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

dream, in spite of family opposition, the boy at last influenced his father to secure for him an appointment to the Naval Academy. But it was not until many, many years later that George Dewey woke up to the fact that his day dream had at last become a startling reality.  
Colonel George Harvey, known on two continents as the editorial director of the various Harper publications, can also look back on a boyhood day dream that had led to full realization. He, too, spent his youth in Vermont, and there came to his home in the heart of the Green Mountains a magazine published once every three months in Boston. The boy watched the mails for the coming of the periodical. It was bound in paper covers, these being of a reddish brown hue, and it carried the name of the Green Mountains. It was bound in paper covers, these being of a reddish brown hue, and it carried the name of the Green Mountains. It was bound in paper covers, these being of a reddish brown hue, and it carried the name of the Green Mountains.

Robert Koch, whom Colonel Harvey would undoubtedly dearly delight to have as a contributor to his pet publication, has to his credit a day dream realized. Shy in most matters as a lad, he at once lost his reserve when any one in the little Harz Mountain village in which he lived asked him what he intended to do when he grew up. Promptly and frankly would come the answer: "I was just thinking that when I grow up I am going to be a great doctor. The thought was ever with him during his waking hours, he dreamed of it by night, and his quiet determination to become some day a famous man of medicine at last caused him to follow the path that led him to make the acquaintance of the tuberculous germ and world fame at one and the same time. But before he had realized his first day dream, another had come true for him, and this occurred when he called wife for the first time the little playmate to whom he was wont to confide his ambition of some day being a world leader in the medical profession.

**Dream of a Continent Explored.**  
One of America's engineers of today who has international fame within his profession is Colonel George Earl Church, of whom it was said at a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society of Great Britain, "There is not a mountain nor river nor estuary nor plain on the life—a dream that had full realization. Judge Daniels served as Justice of the Supreme Court of New York until he was compelled to retire by age limitation, and was then elected a member of Congress from one of the Buffalo districts. And when he died a few years ago it was said of him that one of the ablest jurists who had ever sat upon the bench of any court in the United States had passed away.

**Day Dreams of Dewey and Koch.**  
Because, as a Green Mountain lad, George Dewey spent his leisure time weaving day dreams of the time when he would be a world-famous sailor, he is today at the head of the American Navy—the world-famed hero of Manila Bay. And because he persisted in dreaming his



EMMA EAMES

was in childish fancy constantly singing before applauding multitudes. In her long preparatory work as a church singer, and as a student under some of the great masters of song, she never lost this childish fancy, at last to be realized by her brilliant successes upon the Metropolitan opera stage in New York City.

In her early childhood little Lillian Norton granddaughter of a famous down East circuit riding and camp meeting preacher, sang so sweetly as to attract the attention of those who came to her home. The child, even before she had received any musical training, dreamed of the day when she would sing in "Lullaby," "Martha" and in "Troyatore," although she was familiar with the arias in these operas in no other way than as she had heard them sung in concert with her native town. But Nordica never dreamed of the great triumph that awaited her as one of the finest of dramatic sopranos, singing, to the admiration of the world, the majestic strains of the Wagner operas.

In another Maine town, not far from the home of the Nordicas, the parents of Emma Eames lived, although it so happened that by reason of her father's temporary professional engagements in China, she was born not in Maine, but in China. As a mere child she dreamed of triumph upon the operatic stage, and when she was in Boston receiving her first important instruction, her day dream of operatic success was so vivid that no discipline, no training, was too excessive for her to submit to. At one time she had a fancy that some day one of the world's great composers would hear her sing, and would say that she had among her pupils any one who could sing like a great artist of song, and at the same time in personal appearance ideally perfect. And then it was that Emma Eames suddenly remembered the odd fancy that had so often possessed her as a child, that some day she would be chosen name in recognition of the kindness of a leading part in a new opera of his. As Juliette she appeared for the first time in opera, and the morning after the performance she was famous not only in Paris, but also in the United States.

Mademoiselle La Jemouse, a Canadian girl, was engaged to sing in a church choir in Albany, N. Y. Sometimes, when singing in the choir, there came before her with such vividness that the picture seemed to be almost an apparition, a vista of herself appearing in grand opera. At that time no critic, no matter how harsh, in his statements would have predicted for the young church choir singer triumph in grand opera. But as Madame Albani—she having taken the name in recognition of the kindness of the City of Albany to her—she came to be ranked among the greatest of prima donnas, and is today living in London in retirement.

Who would have thought that the little girl Emma Wilson, whose home was amid the foothills of the Rocky Mountains at Austin, Nev., and who had never heard any of the world's great masters of song or music, was justified in her childish fancy for herself, which led her to tell her father and her mother that some day she would be known as the greatest of operatic singers? It came that she was living when the primitive surroundings of frontier life were afterward realized when, as Emma Nevada—named herself for her native state—she gained the plaudits of Paris and the United States for the beauty of her voice and the perfection of her art. As Mrs. Raymond Palmer, this world-famous song bird of the early '80s is now living in Paris.

You have probably heard that as youngsters the Wright brothers, who have solved the problem of air flight, and thereby made the acquaintance of kings as well as world fame, dreamed a double dream of flying one day, and to that end devoted many of their youthful hours to studying the methods of flight of birds. That is true; and it is likewise true that Major-General James Franklin Bell is chief of an army organized along the lines that he dreamed out for it back in the late '50s—in '78 to be exact.

**Air Flight and Army Reorganization.**  
At that time Bell was a second lieutenant of cavalry stationed out West. Intensely interested in the problems of army organization, he one day mapped out in his mind a complete reorganization of the army, giving it a general staff, war colleges and joint annual maneuvers. He did more; he drew up his scheme in the form of a report and forwarded it to the War Department in Washington. Over a score of years later, when Ellihu Root was Secretary of War, he planned a radical reorganization of the Army. He appeared before the committees of Congress in support of the bill he had prepared, setting forth the details of this reorganization. Every Army officer knew that Mr. Root, who had no expert knowledge of Army organization, must have received valuable assistance from some officer trained in our military history and service. But when the bill became a law, and the reorganization was perfected, it was recognized by friends of General Bell that the reorganization was practically similar to that which he had dreamed and afterwards forwarded to the War Department. And it is inferred that when studying the question of Army reorganization and looking over the records and reports in his department, Secretary Root may have come across this report. If not, the identity of the plan advocated by him and of that decreed by General Bell when he was a second lieutenant, is an extraordinary coincidence. (Copyright, 1909, by the Associated Literary Press.)

**Rural Mailcarrier.**  
There's lots of jobs a chap can have beneath old Uncle Sam. From serving in the Army down to being a mail carrier, and reports in Washington. And working down in Panama, they say, is lots of fun; But when it comes to gov'ment jobs a country chap can nail. I'd rather be the carrier who serves the rural mail.

It's 10 o'clock each morning, or somewhere thereabout, When Jason White, the carrier, comes joggling down his route; His yellow sulky creaking loud behind his speckled nag. And Jason busy sorting mail out of each leather bag. A letter here, a paper there—his mem'ry must not fail. I tell you what, it takes a head to serve the rural mail.

It's fun to watch the folks come out when Jason's whistle blows. And see him dealing out the mail as down the road he goes. The catalogues and sample seeds and Down East magazines, And postal cards from Eastport, Maine, clean to the Philippines. Love letters for the love-sick gals, with town beaux on the trail—By gosh! there's lots of happiness hid in the rural mail.

And once, when we were near the school, we heard young Jason shout. And then we saw him halt his nag and call the teacher out. And when she asked him what he had, in such a pretty way, He leaned way out and kissed her—gosh! her face was red all day. By hen of all his gov'ment jobs a country chap can nail. I'd rather be the carrier who serves the rural mail. —Judge.