



The Dreamers

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

THEY are the architects of greatness. Their vision lies within their souls. They never see the mirages of Fact, but peer beyond the veils and mists of doubt and pierce the walls of unborn Time. The World has accolated them with jeer and sneer and gibe, for worlds are made of little men who take but never give; who share but never spare; who cheer a grudge and grudge a cheer.

Wherefore, the paths of progress have been sobs of blood dropped from their broken hearts.

Makers of empire, they have fought for bigger things than crowns, and higher seats than thrones. Fanfare and pageant and the right to rule or will to love are not the fires which wrought their resolutions into steel. Grief only streaks their hairs with silver, but has never grayed their hopes.

They are the Argonauts, the seekers of the priceless fleece,—the Truth.

Through all the ages they have heard the voice of Destiny call to them from the unknown vast. They dare uncharted seas, for they are the makers of the charts. With only cloth of courage at their masts and with no compass save their dreams, they sail away undaunted for the far, blind shores.

Their brains have wrought all human miracles. In lace of stone their spires stab the Old World's skies and with their golden crosses kiss the sun.

The belted wheel, the trail of steel the churning screw, are shuttles in the loom on which they weave their magic tapestries.

A flash out in the night leaps leagues of snarling seas and cries to shore for help, which but for one man's dream would never come.

Their tunnels plow the river bed and chain island to the Motherland.

Their wings of canvas beat the air and add the highways of the eagle to the human paths.

A God-hewn voice swells from a disc of glue and wells out through a throat of brass, caught sweet and whole, to last beyond the maker of the song, because a dreamer dreamt.

What would you have of fancy or of fact if hands were all with which men had to build?

Your homes are set upon the land a dreamer found. The pictures on its walls are visions from a dreamer's soul. A dreamer's pain wails from your violin.

They are the chosen few—the Blazers of the Way—who never wear Doubt's bandage on their eyes—who starve and chill and hurt, but hold to courage and to hope, because they know that there is always proof of truth for them who try,—that only cowardice and lack of faith can keep the seeker from his chosen goal; but if his heart be strong and if he dream enough and dream it hard enough, he can attain, no matter where men failed before.

Walls crumble and empires fall. The tidal wave sweeps from the sea and tears a fortress from its rocks. The rotting nations drop from off Time's bough, and only things the dreamers make live on.

They are the Eternal Conquerors; their vassals are the years.

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The Man Who Wrote "The Dreamers"—

is himself one of the world's great dreamers. And he is one of the world's great Architects of Victory—victory in work, victory in business, victory in civics, victory in social ideals, victory for the individual man and woman in every sphere of life.

He dreams as a Builder dreams—a Man Builder.

This is why they have called HERBERT KAUFMAN "a pathfinder for an army of conquerors."

This is why they have called HERBERT KAUFMAN "the greatest thought-molder of our times."

This is what Mary Roberts Rinehart means when she calls HERBERT KAUFMAN a "dreamer of big dreams"—when she speaks of his "strange mixture of fire and practicality, of fancy and fact."

This is what Edgar Beecher Bronson means when he says that the only logical explanation of HERBERT KAUFMAN is that "he is the reincarnation, in a single human unit, of at

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