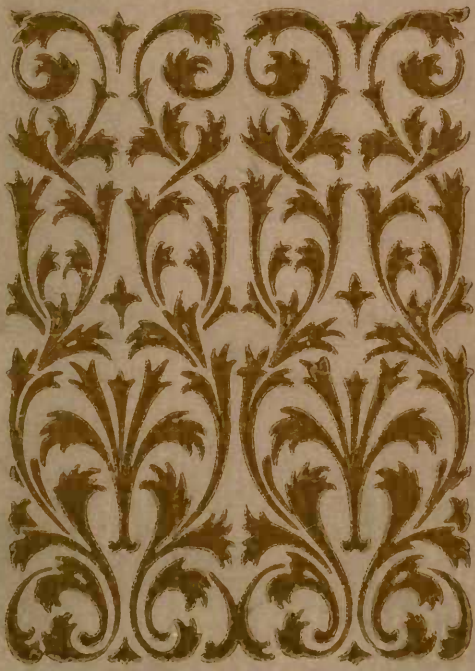
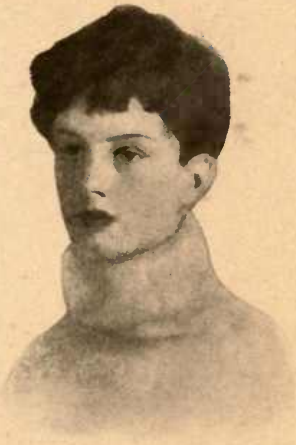
Just Over the Hill



Margaret Mattery



To the Wright Young
People. with love and
best wishes of
Dainie A. Ward.
March 30. 1918.

JUST OVER THE HILL

"Loss or Gain
Joy or Pain
Success or Defeat
Which shall I meet
Just over the Hill?"

"*Around the bend, just over the hill,* SUCCESS *is waiting for you*"

JUST OVER THE HILL

BY

MARGARET SLATTERY

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THE·PLIMPTON·PRESS
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TO
THE BOYS AND GIRLS OF THE CLASSES
OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED TEN AND NINETEEN
HUNDRED ELEVEN
SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL ARTS
STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
FITCHBURG, MASSACHUSETTS
THIS BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED
THE AUTHOR

CONTENTS

I

JUST OVER THE HILL

I

"Loss or Gain
Joy or Pain
Success or Defeat
Which shall I meet
Just over the hill?"

"JUST OVER THE HILL," the voice sang clearly the phrase repeated again and again in the chorus. The music was tender, strong, almost unfinished. It seemed as if it could ask the question, "Which shall I meet?" but could not answer it. The singer's voice was sweet and true, full of sympathy, as if it felt a keen desire to know with certainty all that waited "just over the hill."

"Sing the chorus again, Jean," said a quiet, manly voice when the last soft notes were hushed. "Yes, sing it again," commanded one voice after another. The singer obeyed. Sure of the response of the listeners, she sang

with even greater feeling than before, and when it was finished she met with that finest applause — silence.

That group in the music-room were seldom so quiet as tonight, but it was Sunday and this was their last "sing." Tomorrow would begin the week so full of pleasure, triumph, and then at last before they could realize it, of pain — the pain of good-bye which after four long, happy years together is hard.

But they were young, and silence cannot last long when one is young. A few moments later as they said good-bye to their hostess, a lively chatter filled the room and "tomorrow" could be heard in every sentence.

Jean was the last to go. She had loved this hospitable home of her uncle and aunt, which had been open to her and to all her friends during the past four years, and she did not like to think of the very next Sunday night when she would be away out across the

prairies and the piano would be silent.

Bruce, her best friend during the college course, had waited for her and together they walked down the quiet street. As they turned the corner both stopped suddenly. Under the shade of the great maples it had seemed quite dark, but as they turned into the open street, the long hill at the edge of the town, deep purple, with a crimson blaze of glory above it, burst upon them.

"I never saw it so beautiful!" exclaimed Jean. "Nor I," said her companion. "It makes me think of the song, Jean. My, but you sang it well! What do you suppose is waiting for me, Jean, 'just over the hill'? Is it success or defeat? These last days make a fellow think. I would like to know what lies ahead, *just over*," he added intensely.

For a moment Jean looked at him silently. He was so tall and strong! His record was so clean! He was neither conceited nor vain

in spite of the honors that had come to him. And underneath all his fun and love of a jolly time, one always felt the deep earnestness which now and then revealed itself, as tonight. It seemed to her as she looked at him that only one thing could be "just over the hill" for him, and that was Success. She spelled it with capital letters as she thought of it and finally said aloud, "Bruce, 'just over the hill' I see one thing for you — Success — through all the years."

"Oh, I don't know," he said, "I wish I did. I should like to see ahead, to be *certain*."

He almost forgot his companion as he plunged into the thought of the work he was to begin now in a few days and all that it promised away there in the future.

Jean's clear voice, so full of hope, joy and courage, the voice that had cheered all the disheartened and given courage to all the timid through the four years, and that seemed full of assurance now, interrupted his

thoughts. "Bruce," she said, "we cannot see through the hill, or over it, but we *have a right to expect success.*"

They were at the gate now, and as he raised his hat to say good-night, he repeated in a voice that had caught her confidence, "Yes, we *have* a right to expect Success. I shall expect it and work for it. Good-night, Jean."

II

SUCCESS

II

SUCCESS

THEY spoke the truth, those two earnest, enthusiastic young people, as they stood that night in the twilight, full of life and desire to accomplish great things.

They had a right to expect success. Each one of you looking eagerly, yes, and anxiously, into the future, wondering what for you lies "just over the hill," has a right to expect success. And you can have it — if you will pay for it. If you will not pay, then you must meet the alternative, failure — defeat. But you will pay. It was a wise man who had seen life and spoke the truth when he said, "Success is spelled with four letters, W-O-R-K." And failure is spelled with five, S-H-I-R-K. Anyone who is willing to do the first will win, in time

will win in spite of everything. Anyone who chooses to do the second has decided his fate.

In The Right Place

Sometimes one who is willing to work, who is afraid of no task, however difficult and little worth while it seems, makes the great mistake of choosing the wrong work. When one grows older, travels about the world, and learns to know people, he finds one of the saddest things in life to be the large number of people who have chosen the wrong work to do in the world. They are in the wrong place and they do not fit.

One day Frances stood in the midst of a beautiful Southern California garden. She was filled with delight by all the glory and beauty she saw about her. She gathered flowers of every sort, took her heavily laden basket into the living-room, and spent more than an hour in arranging the exquisite roses, huge red gera-

niums, fuchsias, Shasta daisies, and dainty green ferns in the vases and baskets scattered about the house. But when she had finished she was not satisfied. "They do not look exactly right," she said. "Something seems to be lacking. They are not as beautiful as they were yesterday, and yet the flowers are even lovelier. What is the trouble with my flowers, Corinna?" she asked, as her cousin entered the living-room. "I have tried over and over to arrange them satisfactorily but without success."

Corinna smiled. Experience the past six years had taught her some things. "May I rearrange some of them," she said, "and give you a few hints?" And taking the Shasta daisies from the tall, stiff yellow vase in which they were, she placed them loosely in a dark green jardiniére and put it on the library table.

"Oh! oh!" cried Frances, "how could it make such a difference! They are the same daisies

but they are so much more beautiful."

When Corinna had taken a single, great, beautiful rose from the tightly packed vase where Frances had placed it, and put it all alone in a tall, slender, crystal vase on the mahogany table in the hall, another cry of delighted surprise greeted her, for its beauty was increased tenfold.

When the hydrangeas with their green leaves and perfect blossoms had been put into the dark brown rattan basket, another complete transformation took place. So the two went through the house, studying the flowers and selecting the vase or basket which suited exactly the single flower or the great mass of bloom.

Frances spent the next half hour going from room to room, studying the arrangement and admiring the beauty.

"You can't put flowers just anywhere it happens and have them at their best, that is certain," she remarked to her aunt.

"No," replied her aunt, "flowers are like people. They must be fitted for the place they occupy or they can never be at their best. Even that one straight, awkward canna looks beautiful in the tall brown vase with its slender neck. But imagine it in the vase where the nasturtiums are!"

Frances laughed at the thought, and went out to the hammock, thinking over her aunt's words as she walked. And they were well worth thinking about.

Flowers and people, in fact all things in the world, must be fitted for the place they are to occupy or they can never be at their best, — can never be a success. Nothing short of being in life one's very best, all he is capable of being, is success.

There are so many people not fitted for the work they are trying to do. My friend who graduated from college some years ago is trying to be a lawyer. He has an office. He has but few cases and makes very little money. He

is unhappy. His face shows it, and he is beginning to complain about life, and says the world is not fair. One day he confessed to me that he hated law, that being in the crowded city was hard for him, that he loved fields and great mountains and especially trees. "So many times as I ride over the miles of pavements," he said, "it seems as if I must fly from it all and get into the silence of grandfather's great woods." He was unfitted. He and the law office were not suited to each other. He was like the canna in the nasturtium vase. What a success he might have made had he studied forestry! He might have become an expert. Or if he had studied agriculture, he might have found joy and satisfaction and success as a nurseryman. Now he is just a misfit — a man in the wrong place.

Helen will graduate next June. She is to become a music teacher. All these years her aunt has paid

for her music lessons and everyone has expected her to be a music teacher. But her aunt has not asked the question, "Is this what Helen is best fitted to do?" The fact is that Helen will never make a real music teacher. She plays fairly well because she has been faithful in practise. But she is not a musician, and there is no real life and power in her playing. She inspires no one. You listen just because you should. She will do fair work but she will not be at her best. Helen should be a cook. She makes easily the daintiest of dishes. She loves the kitchen, and last summer while her mother was away for two months, her kitchen was a model one in every respect. The family said they had never enjoyed such good, nourishing, tempting food, even though her mother was a splendid cook. If Helen means to teach, a course in domestic science would fit her to occupy the place where those who have thought most about it feel she

could be at her best. It is hard to see her make a mistake and get into the wrong place.

"Just over the hill" we have a right to expect success. But I fear it will be long in coming to many unless they stop long enough this side the hill to think what they are best fitted to do in the great world of the future which is waiting. For what one is this side the hill makes a difference in his success just over the other side.

One often wishes as he goes about in the world and sees young people starting out in lines of work for which they are unfitted, that he could, like Corinna, rearrange them and put each one into the place where he could be at his very best — a success.

Choose Wisely

Be very sure, you young people who can choose your life work, that you do not decide upon a certain thing because it satisfies your pride, because your friends

have been a success in it, because it looks easy, because it promises money, or for any reason except that it is the thing *you* are fitted to do and can do best.

All your work in school, your reading, your friends, your parents and teachers, and your own honest opinion should help you in deciding what is for you *the right place*. Sometimes circumstances force one to be for the time being in a place where he cannot be at his best. Circumstances rarely compel him to remain there. He will never get out of the wrong place by complaining because he is in it, or by wishing he were out of it. If he is courageous and faithful, and if while doing his work the best he can he *prepares* for something better, the door will open and it will come.

Alma graduated from high school in a small country town last June. She is now working in a factory. The factory is not the place where she can be at

her best. She does not intend to remain there. She is a natural teacher. She is a good student. She has passed with credit the entrance examinations at a large Normal school. She studies in the evening, teaches a class of over fifty little children each Sunday, and is working patiently and courageously, saving every cent she can for her course in that Normal school. The factory is just the beginning of the path that will lead her to the right place and bring her to success.

In The Right Way

But it is not enough that one should find the right place in which to do his life work and win success. He must determine that he will do his work, whatever it may be, in the right way — that is, *without sham.* The whole world wants today, more than ever before in its history, *honest* workmen. It needs more than ever before, honest workmen in the street, in tunnels under the

street, in the trains that rush across the country, and in steamships that hurry over the seas, in offices and shops, in schoolrooms and churches, among the rich and the poor, the ignorant and wise, the old world needs those who can do their work, *all of it*, in the open, in the bright light of day, without fear, because they have nothing to hide.

Evil hides — nothing else does. Sham retreats — hates the glare of day; sincerity does not need to do so. It takes in the end more time and labor to cover up sham than to do honest work.

A story which I used to love to read, tells of a young man who made choice articles of furniture. There was never a flaw in the wood which he procured with infinite pains that his work might be perfect. At first other men made more money than he. They copied his designs, but the wood out of which they made their furniture was in small pieces. They were unwilling to pay for

the solid material. Instead, they carefully filled in the tiny cracks with wax, stained and polished their work, and called it done. The faithful workman looked at their products in scorn, went home and wrote on each bit of his handiwork from that day on, "Sine cera" — without wax. Time and hard usage revealed the sham of the work of his fellows, but his became standard and his name stood for genuine work. The articles he sold brought large sums and he met success. The world needs today those who write on all they do, "Sine cera" — without wax.

Young people, who are to win the success it is their right to expect, must strike out of their vocabulary certain phrases and sentences. One of the very first through which they must draw a line is,

"*It Will Never Show*"

It will. What *is*, shows. All it needs is time and the right

circumstances. These always come.

A young man who had intended to make a success of the picture-framing department of a large store was one day given an order for the framing of a very valuable picture. The owner asked that it be framed in real mahogany and that it be finished on a certain day. To his dismay the young man found he had in stock enough for three sides of the frame but lacked one short side. He could not get the picture done at the time he had given his word that it would be, unless he made a special trip to the larger city to get the wood. That would take practically a day, and there was much work to be done. The extra trip would take from the profit. He thought it over, and decided to use mahogany stain for the one short side. He tried it, and it seemed a success. "It will never show," he said to himself with a smile.

On the day the picture was

promised, the man came, seemed very well satisfied, paid a generous price, said his name was Clifford, that he would come again, and thanked the young man for his courtesy. A week later an order for two more valuable pictures came, and during the week one from a neighbor who had been pleased with the framing. The stained mahogany seemed a success.

Two years passed. One afternoon Mr. Clifford took a friend to see his pictures. During the conversation he called the attention of his friend to the mahogany frame. "The real thing," he said. The friend examined it critically. Then he smiled. "Three sides are the real thing, but the other one never saw a mahogany tree," he said.

Now it happened that the friend was an expert judge of cabinet woods and easily detected the difference.

The owner of the picture was angry and indignant. He took

the frame from the picture and returned it to the young picture framer and canceled his Christmas orders. No explanation could help. The customer's only reply was, "I wish to have no dealings with dishonest labor."

The young man had rested comfortably in the assurance of the old, deceptive phrase, "It will never show." Before the two years had passed, the matter ceased to trouble his conscience. Then suddenly — unexpectedly — just as always happens, it showed — the sham stood revealed. Sometimes it is only two years, sometimes ten, even twenty — then *it shows*.

If you hope to meet success, shun that phrase. Never let it tempt or deceive you. Give to the world work which, when it *shows*, be it ten, twenty, fifty years, will be just what you said it was.

But it is more than success which one loses if he gives to the world sham and insincerity. He

dwarfs his own character, loses his own self-respect — and that is the greatest loss that can come to anyone.

"*That Will Have To Do*"

The companion phrase which is forever cheating us out of the power to do our best must also be stricken out of the vocabulary of the young people who mean to win success. Call your work done when it is *well* done; done to the best of your ability, and not until then. That it "will do" is an admission that it is not the best, not even up to your own expectations.

"I would really like to take the time to copy those last two pages," said Eloise to me late one afternoon, as she gave the typewritten manuscript to the clerk. "I kept striking the wrong key, but I guess 'it will do.'"

At the clerk's desk was a member of the busiest law firm in the city. He had been much interested in the young typewriter

who seemed such a cheerful and willing worker. He needed another typewriter himself. The firm paid good wages. As the clerk laid the manuscript on the desk, he took it up, saying, "May I look?" He glanced over the pages where there were several erasures, and where man was spelled "nam" and "cannot" spelled "cannoo," sighed and laid the paper down. The young girl who was ambitious, who had large hopes for success, but had learned to say, "That will do," never knew how near she came to the position which she thought "luck" brought to a friend in another office a week later.

"I've Done My Share"

This is the third phrase in the group which stands in the way of success for so many. It is usually said in an injured tone, and more often than not the speaker adds, "and I'm not going to do any more."

The workman anywhere in life who utters that phrase reveals two

things. He thinks of himself first, then of the work that must be done. He is much more interested in self than work.

Experience has proven that the man who gives his own convenience, comfort and ease first place, and his work second, will never become an expert. "Soften the curves and smooth out the lines of the arm, and the day's work will be well done," said the great sculptor, to his pupil. "But, master," said the pupil, "it is now five by the clock, and in a half hour I dine." "Go," said the master, "you will never be a sculptor, though you may work in stone."

I am afraid it is true. The pupil who was not enough interested in the statue he was making to work one half hour longer lest he should lose his dinner, will never be among the great. For the world's greatest men have been those who did more than their share. They did their *utmost*, all they were capable of

doing, regardless of the work of anyone else in the world. They compared the work done with the work possible to do. "You do more of the extra work now than anyone in the office," said one young architect to another. "In fact, you do more than your share." "I am not comparing myself with anyone else in the office," replied his friend, "I am comparing myself with myself." No one need be surprised that such a young man rose steadily to a place of honor in his profession.

No one can be a success who continually compares himself with his neighbors. They may be poor workmen. One must compare himself today with himself of yesterday, compare what he has done with what he may do if he will. In such comparisons success lies.

Do not be afraid to do your full share and then add to it. There are shirks everywhere in life, and because that is true, some must do more than their

share. The shirk may have an easier time for a while, but there is only one end to the road he travels. That end is failure. Men do not count on him, no one honors him, he is forgotten. But the world has always loved and honored the volunteer, the man who does more than is required of him, who goes out of his way to help a fellow-man, who lifts more than his share of the world's load of responsibility and toil. Men honor him, and they do not forget.

An Assurance

If the young people of today enter upon the life that lies "just over the hill" in the great world where they have a right to expect success, with the determination that they will search honestly for the right place for which they are fitted, and in which they may do their best work; if they determine to do that work when they have found it, in the right way, honestly and without sham; if they determine to do their ut-

most, even more than man requires of them, then they may know that the history of the past and the present has proved that to such men and women success is assured.

III

WITH OTHERS

III

WITH OTHERS

NO matter how suitable the place, or how well fitted to his powers and abilities one may find in the great world "just over the hill," he will soon discover that he cannot work *alone*, and that if he is to be a success he must learn to work harmoniously *with others*. Many young men and women have missed larger opportunities and successive promotions because they cannot work with others.

No One Can Work Alone

Just the other day a friend was speaking of a young draftsman in his office. "That young fellow might easily be in charge of the entire force," he said. "He is the keenest, most capable of all the men. He is far ahead of the work he is doing. But I can't put him

in charge. Things would be in chaos in a week. He works very well alone but he can't get along with others. The giving of the least authority is disastrous. He simply cannot get along with other people. He is critical and intolerant, always imagining some injury or slight. It is too bad, too bad!"

No one could help feeling sorry for the young man who was so foolishly missing a great opportunity.

Together

One day I was talking with a Southern boy about the beauty of the scenery on a cold, crisp, December morning in New England. He had never seen New England in winter and was asking questions, doing his best to imagine how it all might look when an older brother joined in the conversation.

"I saw it all just once," he said. "I was only ten years old but I shall never forget it, nor that week of good times, coasting. Our

family spent the holidays with some cousins. We got on the double runner, five of us, and it seemed to me we flew down that hill. One day we had what they called a 'dump.' At the foot of the hill was a rather sharp curve, and as we neared it, my cousin would call out 'Lean, fellows, lean!' Everyone leaned away over as far as he could toward the inside of the curve and around we went in safety.

"But this day one of the other boys wanted to steer. He had asked each day but all the boys said 'no,' because Fred was the best steerer on the hill. This fellow was cross about it. When we got to the curve he threw the whole weight of his body over in the wrong direction and in less than half a second we were a sure enough wreck! We were hurt too. Everyone of us had some injury, for the snow and ice lay in great rough heaps. One boy had a bad cut and had to see the doctor. I'll never forget how the

others on the hill laughed at us and called out, 'a dump! a dump!' My cousin was furious, but the boys seemed rather satisfied with what he had done. He was a cranky, unhappy fellow. No one liked him."

Of course no one liked him. When he gets out into the world to find his place with the rest of the workers, the same thing will be true. He will want to "steer." If he can't, then he will lean the wrong way and a wreck will follow — a wreck accompanied by hard words, hurt feelings, some meanness, and *loss*. Always loss, for the one who continually leans the wrong way never gains anything.

The Opposite Side

I remember now a boy who, years ago in class and on the schoolgrounds, had the same unfortunate habit of leaning the wrong way, always taking the opposite side. He was continually breaking up games, disbanding

football teams or baseball nines. When at one time he was ill for six weeks everything went smoothly. He always wanted to be "it," and if he couldn't, then he leaned the wrong way and wrecked the whole thing.

After leaving school he went into a great saw shop to work. There was a chance for promotion and every opportunity for a young man to make a success there. But he had been there hardly a week before trouble began. It increased. He accused the foreman of favoritism, he quarreled with his neighbors. In less than a year he had to go. When inquiry was made the superintendent said, "He is a bright young man, capable of good work, but he is always on the off side, even in the simplest conversation. I was sorry to let him go for many reasons, but you see we must have men who can work together. We can't get good work from men who are continually quarreling, always looking for trouble."

In the years since, that young man has sometimes changed his work as often as three times in one year. Although he had every opportunity for success, he lost his chance because he could not work with others.

My friend Mildred is a girl who has hoped and expected success in the world that lies "just over the hill." Her world is a social one. She will probably never work for money. But Mildred is a failure. She is, in the world today, just what she was in school as a girl of fifteen.

When her set decides to hold a fair and give the proceeds for charity, Mildred will have nothing to do with it unless she is the one who proposes it or has charge of it. She has often talked so strenuously against a plan proposed by another that the girls, discouraged by her criticism, have dropped it, rather than continue the discussion. Then, months afterwards, Mildred has made the very same proposal herself and expected and de-

manded enthusiastic support. A sail, a camping party, a tennis tournament, each is sure to receive the same treatment. "You can count on Mildred to be on the *opposite* side," is a common saying among the girls.

But of late they have begun to say, when any new plan for fun or for work is suggested, "Let us say nothing to Mildred about it." Little by little she is being left out, and some day she will awaken to the realization of the fact that it no longer makes any difference whether she approves or not.

It is too bad, for Mildred has many charms and might be a real leader and most helpful guide, could she but recover from her habit of being always on the opposite side.

Those Who Can

Those who can work with their fellows have been in the past the ones who have met the highest success. Wherever Lincoln worked he was soon surrounded by a

group of loyal lovers among his fellowmen. He worked with them, asked their advice, respected their judgment, made the least of them feel, because he felt it so deeply himself, that whatever he had to give or say was important and worth consideration.

The same was true of Lee. The most inconspicuous private of his army felt, because the great Southern general himself felt it, that he was working with Lee and that his work was important. This was the secret of Lee's great leadership and his many victories in the face of tremendous odds.

Those who can work *with others* in such a way as to inspire them to do their best are sure of that loyal support of their fellowmen without which success is impossible.

Edmund, who has made great strides in his chosen profession in the six years since his graduation from the Institute of Technology, is one of those who can work with others. He made a success of his

very first work with a gang building a great bridge. The men liked him. They confided in him their hopes and ambitions. The men above him liked him. They accepted hints as to newer ways of doing things as he respectfully suggested them here and there. He was asked to fill the first vacancy among the construction superintendents. All his co-workmen enjoyed being with him, trusted him. Step by step he has climbed, working harmoniously with others wherever his work called him until now success can be written in capitals over his name.

A grammar school in one of the large cities had been having trouble for a number of years. The teachers could not work with the principal, there was dissatisfaction among the parents; and uncomfortable clashes that hindered the best work of the school occurred almost daily. At last the principal resigned. Her place was taken by a young woman who,

after graduation from a Normal School, had gone to a little country town divided into factions and cliques, to teach.

In a few weeks the trouble for which the town had been noted, ceased. There seemed to be no serious difficulty in discipline, the schoolhouse became in two years the center of the social life of the town and worked almost a miracle in uniting people who had been suspicious of each other. The young teacher was next elected to a large city school. She worked in perfect harmony with superintendent, principal and fellow teachers, as well as with parents and children. And when someone was needed to straighten out the troubles in the big grammar school, it is no wonder that she was the first choice. The salary is good, the position an honor, she has met success. Every member of her class says that she is "the luckiest girl that ever was." But it is not luck: It is the ability to adjust oneself to others.

That ability is born in the knowledge that *one* does not know everything; that everyone is worth while, that consideration is due someone besides self; that all whom one meets in life may teach him something if he will but learn; that one is bound, if he hopes ever to meet with success, to grant to his fellowmen that which he demands for himself.

It May Be Learned

The ability to work *with others* may be cultivated — the art may be acquired and to possess it always pays.

There are of course times in life when one is compelled to be on the opposite side because of principle, but that is another matter, and should that occasion arise only the coward would hesitate to stand by his convictions even if he must stand alone.

But most of the work of life requires that we do it together. If you hope for real success determine now to learn how to work

with those about you, that with them things may be done which you could never accomplish alone.

"If men hope to do any great good in the world they must act *with others*," is true.

IV

EACH FOR ALL

IV

EACH FOR ALL

"I HAVE no one to thank for what I've accomplished in life. No one helped me make my money. I made every cent of it myself," the head of the traction company said, as he sat on the broad verandah of his new country home, with a friend.

"I —" his boastful words were suddenly interrupted by his little grandson who had been listening to the conversation.

"Grandpa," he said, "I helped you, didn't I, and Mother and Nurse? We ride on the trolley car every time when we are at home, don't we, lots of times, grandpa, and we give the man our money and he gives it to you, doesn't he, grandpa?"

Both gentlemen laughed, and grandpa answered, "Yes, my boy, of course I couldn't get along

without your rides," and he smiled indulgently at the satisfaction upon the face of the boy. But some of the boastfulness left his voice and soon he changed the subject.

But he thought of it again and again while walking over his estate in the twilight, and the more he thought of it, the less certain he felt that he had made every cent of it himself. He began to doubt the statement which had been his boast for years that he was "a self-made man."

He did well to doubt it for it could not be true. No man ever made himself without the aid of countless numbers of his fellowmen. Many men have shown remarkable strength of character, skill and power in overcoming obstacles that stood in the way, but no man ever climbed to the heights of success without owing thanks to someone.

A Self-Made Man

The head of the traction company forgot the faithful lumber-

men far away in lonely forests; he forgot the men bending their backs over long rods of steel in the scorching heat of summer days; forgot the men in the factories that made his cars, the men on the freight trains that through the cold and the dark brought them fine, new, shining, to the city streets. He forgot those who made the electricity, the hundreds who ran his cars, the thousands that daily dropped hard-earned nickles into the box as they entered. He had completely forgotten those who gave him food, who built his houses and cared for them. Had he stopped to remember the long line of men and women upon whom he was absolutely dependent for what even one day brought him, I am sure the tone of boastful pride would have been modified.

Not Self-Made

No, one cannot be self-made. The time in which he lives, the people and the conditions by which

he is surrounded, the service rendered him by almost the entire world, help to make him what he is. He does not make himself.

Sometimes it comes over one when, alone at lunch, he takes a piece of bread. It staggers him to think of the great army of men and women and even children who were required to make that bread and bring it to his table. In some spare moment, make a list of the people who made your knife, fork and spoon, your linen table-cloth, your glass, your table, the chair in which you sit, and then say to yourself, "I could not accomplish much alone; I am dependent upon my fellows — upon a host of my fellow men of many lands and colors and tongues."

No Excuse For Pride

Augustus Black says that he is a self-made man. He has three homes, one in the country, one on the rocky coast of New England and one in the city. He has

everything that money can buy. He has beautiful pictures, he has learned to love music and has a wonderful electric organ in his music-room. He has done his best to improve his English, he has fine books in his library. He is proud, snobbish, boastful, loves nothing better than to join a group of young men and throwing back his shoulders, say, "Yes, I am a self-made man. All you see here I have no one but myself to thank for. I was born"— Then begins the tale his friends all know by heart — the story of the little tumbledown shack by the railroad, the large family of children, the twelve-year-old boy obliged to leave school and go to work in a little bobbin mill — then the discovery by men interested in agriculture, that the soil all about for miles was fitted for raising berries and small fruits. The bobbin shop began to make boxes and crates. The twelve-year-old boy grew to be sixteen and twenty. He worked hard and saved money.

One day Timothy Murphy who worked with him suggested an improvement on the box. Augustus saw in a moment what it would mean and how it would add to the sale of the boxes. He modified the improvement in his mind and knew it would be a success. He told Murphy to keep the secret and he would make it worth his while. He took the money he had saved, borrowed a little more, bought an old shop, and he and Murphy started in the business of making the improved boxes. Timothy Murphy had saved no money. He was just a workman. When they built a larger shop he became foreman. Then Augustus Black paid him what seemed to him a large sum for his "idea," as he called it. That day Timothy Murphy and his young wife made the first payment on the house they hoped some day to own, and were satisfied.

The demand for boxes grew. Factories were built in other

towns throughout the country. Augustus Black was making money as fast as boxes. He knew the time when competition would come was near, so he saved carefully, invested wisely, and every investment brought returns. He paid fair wages. The men, and women and boys and girls who toiled early and late helping him make his money, spoke many tongues, lived in crowded rooms, seemed content.

The day came when Augustus Black was a rich man. He had developed a keen business sense, was shrewd and hard-working, gave honest goods to the market. He was proud of his success, helped his mother and gave the younger children places where they could earn good wages in his various shops and factories. But he did it all in a very patronizing way, let everybody know what he was doing, and felt no gratitude toward anyone. The plain old man, a farmer in the valley, who had loaned him money to add to

his own, he paid with interest and then forgot.

One day when the old man visited him in his great city office, he saw him for five minutes and then begged to be excused. The old man never got over it. "I loaned him that money," he said, "half of my savings, without any guarantee that I'd ever get it back, because I wanted to start him off and give him a fair chance. Didn't think he'd forget. Expected to ride around in his automobile and see the sights, but I guess it was too much to expect."

Timothy Murphy is the superintendent of the largest factory. He has a good salary, his home is happy and comfortable. Last month when he went to the city on business he and Augustus Black began talking about the past. Murphy loved to talk about it.

"It was a great day for me when I hit on that new basket, wasn't it, 'Gustus?" he said, "I wonder where we'd been now if that

hadn't happened to pop into my head!" Augustus did not look pleased. "Yes," he said, in his cold voice, "that was a great day. It was fortunate I had that money saved up or the idea wouldn't have done anybody much good, would it? Let's get to business."

Just Money

When the self-made man relates his story, the mother who helped him save, gave him good advice, encouraged him at every turn, the warm-hearted old farmer who wanted to give the boy a chance, Timothy Murphy giving generously the best of his brains and strength through all the years, the hundreds of laborers and their laboring children — these play almost no part in the story he loves to relate. It is not too much to expect that he remember these things, but he does not do it. He forgets them in thought of himself. His attitude toward those who have helped him, his criticisms and utter lack of consideration, his

failure to increase their welfare as his own wealth and power have grown, his snobbish air of absolute superiority, — all these are beginning to make people distrust him. Words of discontent are frequent from those dependent upon him whose lot he has gradually been making harder, hints of harsh criticism from men whose opinion he values and whose approval he craves, have already begun to reach him; some day this self-made man will wake up to face an awful fact, — that he has lost himself, lost his best self, what he might have been, and that he has *made* nothing but *money* — just plain money and nothing else — nothing else in all the world. And his name will be added to the list of those who have made out of life nothing — but money. Augustus Black, self-made as he thinks himself, needs our pity.

Each His Own Part

No one can be self-made. All sorts and conditions of men and

women toil upon the rounds of the ladder by which men climb to success.

The greatest artist in the world was helped to success by the man who made his brushes, his canvas, and those who with infinite pains made his pure colors. The greatest singer owes much to those who cared for her, who with patience taught her the first runs and trills, the puzzling words of foreign tongues, to the men and women whose interest make her work possible. The writers of the greatest stories and poems in the world owe much to those patient teachers who in the early years carefully taught them to read and opened their hearts and minds to appreciate what the writers of the past had said.

All men are dependent, and that is fine! For it makes each man necessary to the rest. It dignifies him. He is of importance. Whether he be weak or strong, in a large place or small, he is *needed.*

If one is to live at his best and

meet with success in the world that lies "just over the hill," he must realize that he works *with* others and is *dependent upon* others. Then there will be in his soul no false and belittling pride, but self-respect, real and genuine; no snobbishness, but respect for others, real and genuine. The first will help him be and do his best; the second will help others do and be their best.

The realization of his dependence will make the one who means to win success generous, thoughtful, kind-hearted, just, able to win the love of his fellow men without which there cannot be Success.

ASSETS

Assets represent something on the credit side. If the assets exceed the liabilities one is safe. Assets are a great advantage. One likes to carry as heavy assets as possible. He likes to see them grow. In the world that lies "just over the hill," where one has a right to expect success, assets are necessary. They mean so much on the side of success. Three most necessary and most valuable assets are Cheerfulness, Courtesy and Concentration.

V

CHEERFULNESS

V

CHEERFULNESS

ONE day when the air was keen and cold, the sky dull gray, and the snow squeaked under the wheels of the heavy wagons loaded with the thousand things a great city needs to keep it alive, I was walking hurriedly along toward the station when Olive joined me.

I was glad the moment I heard her cheery voice call, "You can walk pretty fast, but you can't get away from me." Olive is only eighteen but in some way she has learned a great secret that has already begun to open her way to success.

Olive works in a telegraph office where a hundred annoying things happen every week, but if they annoy her no one knows it. Her cheerful patience makes more than one hurried, troubled

patron ashamed of his fretfulness. The messenger boys tell her their grievances, and she laughs at them or sympathizes as the case may be. They are her loyal, devoted friends. "Olive makes me feel as if I could attempt anything, no matter how hard," said one of the young men after a few moments' talk with her at a social.

"Olive is better than any sermon I have ever heard," said Arthur one night. "She makes you feel that of course you will do the right thing, that you couldn't do anything else."

"Cut that out, young fellow," said an eleven-year-old messenger to a new boy who was swearing. "Olive doesn't like it. See?"

If you were listening, these and countless similar words regarding Olive would come to you every day.

Olive is not a "goody-goody," she does not think she is "too good," she never acts as if she were better than other people. She is just her sweet, strong,

cheerful self. That people appreciate her sunshine was shown at Christmas time, when business firms sent her gifts, patrons sent candy and flowers, the messenger boys gave her an umbrella, and many beautiful cards expressing a word of gratitude came to her.

Olive is not cheerful because her life is full of sunshine and happiness, for it is far from that. She has hard things to meet every day of her life. A mother who is not well, a little deaf and dumb brother who needs constant care, a father who is an unskilled workman, often out of employment: these things mean that the necessity for economy and self-denial is ever present.

"The skies are full of clouds," she said one day when I asked her about the family, "and not a speck of 'silver lining,' in spite of the quotation I used to say at school. It looks as if I should have to get busy and line my clouds myself!" Then she laughed, turned away her eyes

that were filled with tears, and after a minute or two, told me a funny story of a woman who wanted to send a sample of lace by telegraph, so that she might get more and finish her dress on time.

Olive is cheerful because she has learned to be. It is not a forced cheerfulness which she does not feel, but is born in a strong desire not to add to any one's load of care. So she hides the burden, meets each day with a smile, and every one who crosses her path with a word of cheer.

Larger responsibilities, greater trust, more salary and an open door to the first vacancy in the central office, are only a small part of her reward.

Cheerfulness Pays

"Yes," said the manager of a large book concern, "that clerk is invaluable to us. He will be in charge here soon. He has had four promotions in the two years he has been with us. The more

rushed we are, and the more trying things occur, the more cheerful he is. The way in which he shows you a book makes you feel as if it were worth while, and as if you could trust him to help you in selecting one. And you can. His success is sure."

"Dr. B — is so cheerful," said a woman suffering from a most painful accident. "Sometimes I feel as if his presence were the best medicine he gives." Fifty other patients said the same in a day, as this busy, hurried, skilful man opened the door of the sick-room and let a flood of sunshine in.

I can remember the new world that dawned upon a certain school-room I knew years ago, whose pupils had the misfortune to be in charge of one who saw only the dark side of things and felt only the worry, when twice a week at three o'clock the door opened, a bright smiling face glanced over the room, and a most cheerful voice said, "Now, we'll sing!"

How those children sang! And

they left the room those nights as if they hated to go — as if they would have gladly postponed the ringing of the bell.

The work was departmental in that building, and she had the music. She put music into their lives, their very souls, their entire world. After a while a great city took her, and hundreds of children there watch the door with that same look of anticipation and joy on days when the program says "Music."

It is a great thing to be able to pour sunshine into life that way — and any one can, if he will.

A Right to Cheerful Service

The world has a right to expect cheerful service from us, and if we do not give it, then it has the right to refuse to pay.

Because the young man who sells shoes to me has been up late the night before at a most enjoyable party, and now has a headache, is no reason why he should greet me with a frown, answer

my questions in low monosyllables, look half-heartedly and without interest for what I want, and make me feel as though he were conferring upon me the greatest favor by being willing to spend enough of his time and thought to sell me the shoes. He seems to forget that it is his business to sell shoes, and that I have as much right to expect cheerful attention from him as he has to expect it from the druggist's clerk to whom he goes for something to relieve his headache.

But this sort of cheerful response to all the needs and demands of every day regardless of one's own feelings is hard to gain. One must work for it. But it is an asset of such value, it means so much on the credit side of life, that it is worth striving for.

Should Begin at Home

The battle should begin at home and often at the breakfast table. A keen but rather cynical man whom I know says he can count

on the fingers of one hand the number of families in his city who meet at the breakfast table in cheerful, happy mood. He says he has made observations in many homes all over the country and has come to the conclusion that most people start the day at the breakfast table, in gloomy silence or fault-finding mood.

If what he says should chance to be true, then it may explain why so many with fretful faces board the street cars and the trains, why so many curt answers are given in the early morning, why so many even among high-school boys and girls take up the work of the day as if it were an intolerable burden and life were a bore rather than with joy that they are alive and able to do things.

If one starts the struggle for cheerfulness in the home, it is easier everywhere else. For strange as it may seem, so many are not at their best at home and there is no place where it is so

hard to overcome the petty fault as in the midst of our own people who know us best. So one who means to win in the struggle for cheerfulness might better begin in the thick of the fight. If he conquers there, his ultimate victory is sure.

Life is not all hardships, and good things have a strange way of coming to those who expect them. There is no excuse for the frown, the service rendered unwillingly, the countenance over which the cloud of gloom has settled.

Troubles May Be Hidden

One day I read to an interesting young woman who had formed the habit of relating all her woes to anyone who would listen, the following poem:

"To everyone on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown,
No lot is wholly free
He giveth one to thee.

"Some carry it aloft
Open and visible to any eyes
And all may see its form and weight and size,
Some hide it in the breast
And keep it there unguessed
Knowing the burden is God's gift
And it can make the bearer calm and strong."

She listened quietly, was silent for a moment or two, then said, "Should one never tell his troubles to anyone then? What is sympathy for?"

One of the strongest, bravest, most respected and honored men I know, whose life has been filled with hard things, says, "There are two occasions when one may tell his troubles: first, when he needs advice from one wiser than he and must state the facts plainly before judgment can be given; second, when the calm quiet relating of some of the things he has been called upon to face will make the petty grumbler ashamed and send him away believing that life has been good to him after all."

I am inclined to think the man is right. Each one in the world has his own troubles. There is no exception — not one. Those who have never learned to be cheerful despite circumstances, hug the belief that, were conditions different, could they exchange places with another, all would be well. But that is not wholly true.

Each His Own Cross

You will remember the story of the woman and the crosses. This woman thought she had the very hardest cross in all the world; that no one suffered as she did, no one was as lonely as she. Her eyes were often filled with tears, her whole attitude cast a gloom over all who came near, and people began to avoid her. One night as she lay thinking about it with great bitterness in her heart, comparing her heavily burdened life with the lives of other women she knew, she heard a voice saying, "You may exchange your cross. See!" And she

seemed to see a great room all of marble, pure and white, and around on the walls hung crosses of every size and made of every sort of material.

"There," said the voice, "exchange your cross. Each of these belongs to someone in the world. Many like you desire an easy one. All must have something in life that is hard; no one escapes. But if your cross seems indeed unbearable, choose another."

Gladly she went about the room trying the crosses. They were so deceptive. The tiniest one, which she thought would be so easy, seemed like iron as she tried to carry it. And one of gold, that looked very beautiful, and bore many jewels, hurt so deeply that she laid it quickly aside.

All night she tested the crosses, and when the grey morning light came into the marble room, she went to the man at the door and said, "Oh, sir, I pray you, sir, give me back my own cross." The man, whose voice had spoken

to her in the night, drew his robe about him, smiled, and answered, "That is what all say who enter here. Take it, and bear it courageously."

It is a story, a dream, but it is true. If one realizes the great fact that all suffer, all have difficulties and trials, all have longings unsatisfied, and that there is no reason why he should escape, it will help hush the word of complaint upon his lips and change the frown to a smile.

Two Kinds of People

There are two kinds of people in the world, those who see clouds, and those who see through the clouds. Each one of us has to decide for himself to which class he will belong. Usually one *has* decided before he is twenty whether he will look at the clouds, or through them. If he does the first, he will be gloomy and morose, or sharp and critical. As he grows older, deep lines will mark his face, and smiles visit it only on

rare occasions. He will join the class of worriers. Worry is the most awful disease in the world today. It is contagious and infectious. It is the great destroyer of joy — and joy is life at its best. The spirit of cheerfulness, secured and cultivated at any cost, is the best antitoxin for worry on the market today.

Those who look through the clouds, be they soft and filmy, or heavy and dark, see the sun. It is there. It is always there, always shining. They know that clouds always move on and they wait, hoping that today they may pass; if not today, then surely tomorrow. And tomorrow they have the same hope, and at last the day comes when the sun in all its glory shines upon them.

These are the people it is good to meet in homes and schoolrooms, in offices and shops, behind counters and on street cars — everywhere in the world.

They are the ones who should be awarded a medal or a prize in gold

— all those who meet the world with a cheerful face and a voice that makes all hard things seem easier because of the note of faith and hope there is in it. They are the ones without whom happiness would be impossible. One can no more think of life without these smiling faces than of a world without air, with no stars and no sun.

Out in the world, "just over the hill," are clouds, hard things as well as easy. No one wishes to be deceived about that — and out there cheerfulness is a great asset. Secure it — at any price.

VI

COURTESY

VI

COURTESY

"WELL-BRED kindness and consideration," says the dictionary in cold, hard type. But in my mind I see, not the words in black and white, but people, alive, charming, beautiful, who are to me the definition of courtesy. They differ greatly. They are of all ages, colors and nationalities. But they have one characteristic in common: they are unselfish. It is impossible for a selfish person to be truly courteous. There is, of course, a certain kind of politeness which a selfish person may put on as he does a tall silk hat. But it is not courtesy. It is not there always a part of him.

Courtesy is Unselfishness

One who is in the habit of considering others will be natu-

rally courteous. One in the habit of considering first and always one person, *himself*, will not be likely to do always the courteous thing. He may do it when he is aware that others are looking, when he has an end to gain, but not spontaneously and not to all people alike.

I saw a young man of this type one Sunday afternoon. He sat in the most comfortable chair in the living-room while his aunt, nearly seventy years old and lame, sat on the edge of the couch. Her feet did not touch the floor and there was nothing against which she could lean. She looked exceedingly uncomfortable. When his mother entered the room he did not rise, and she found a chair for herself. Sometimes he did not even trouble to answer a question which in the course of the conversation she addressed to him.

The very next evening I happened to be calling upon a family where there is a very charming young daughter. She has many

friends and admirers. During the evening the young man whom I had found so discourteous the day before, called. His manners were perfect. He stood until all the ladies were seated. When the young girl's mother appeared he arose instantly and found her a chair. He was gracious, he talked with the young lady's deaf aunt and listened attentively with apparent interest to all that her mother said. I could hardly believe what I saw. It did not seem possible that the young man I saw the day before and this one could be the same.

The young lady is one of my girl friends and she admires him so much, I found myself wondering how she would feel could she have seen him on Sunday afternoon with his own mother and the lame old aunt, or that very evening with his sister whom he had left on the street a few moments before without even raising his hat. Or if she could catch a glimpse of him in the elevator when none

of the girls he cares about are present, or if she could hear him talking to the woman who sweeps the office.

I hope my sweet, sensitive girl friend will never learn to care for him. At first all would be well. He would think of her and the consideration due her, but after awhile — well, self would come back, take the first place, and she would be forgotten.

A Real Gentleman

How different he was from that young Irishman who stood on the corner of the crowded street waiting for a car one Saturday afternoon!

As he was about to cross the street, he saw, standing near, a frightened, shabbily dressed old lady with her arms full of parcels. Once or twice she tried to get courage to cross, but each time stepped hurriedly back to the curb. Then the young Irishman spoke.

"Here," he said, "gimme yer

bundles. There, that's it! Now across wid ye, I'm right beside ye!" And he took her in safety to the other side, placed the parcels again in her arms, raised his hat and said good-bye.

His chum following behind, laughed as he joined him and said, "Was that yer mither, Jim?"

"Sure, it was," he answered. "Ivery auld woman afraid ter cross the street is me mither."

He was courteous — a courteous gentleman. He was, in spite of many things that were lacking. He had room in his world for some one beside himself. His eyes were quick to see distress, keen to discern need. He was the stuff out of which the knights of King Arthur were made.

Whenever that spirit of kindly consideration is in the heart it will manifest itself in the courteous act. And people will recognize the courtesy both when the one who shows it is most carefully dressed, when he uses good English, and is charming in manner,

and when he is roughly clad, uses English which is far from perfect, and is awkward in manner.

The Discourtesy of Americans

We Americans have been called again and again the most discourteous of people, and the charge of lack of courtesy has been laid especially at the door of our young people. Although we dislike to do so, after observation of the young life in other lands we are compelled to grant that there is some ground for the criticism.

If courtesy is what the dictionary would have us believe, "Well-bred kindness and consideration," we shall have to confess that our young people as a whole are not well-bred and kind, and the majority show little consideration for others. It would be a pleasure to prove that these criticisms are untrue and unjust, but as yet we cannot.

Our lack of real training is somewhat to blame. We are allowed to believe in "company

manners," and "company manners" never developed courtesy. Those who are trained carefully in the home from the earliest years to obey the laws of the expression of courtesy which the best society the world over demands, have a great advantage. If added to the training in expression, they are helped to feel the kindly consideration for others, then as young men and women out in the world they will be always, under all circumstances, just what they are at home — courteous, with a perfectly natural manner of expressing their courtesy.

But those whose home training has permitted them to be careless, must learn for themselves the laws, and by diligent practise in the life of every day, make habit their ally until expression of the kind consideration they feel becomes easy and natural.

Mutual Courtesy

More and more the world is demanding not only cheerful at-

tention but courtesy — consideration in all lines of its complex life. The young man or woman able to answer that demand has so much on the credit side.

The public demands courtesy on the part of clerks in stores, offices, and in all places where business is transacted. People are asked to report to the proper authority any failure in courtesy or attention.

Business houses are also beginning to demand that employees be treated with courtesy by the public whom they serve. It was right that the agent in a railroad ticket-office be discharged for hurling a torrent of profane words at a delicate, refined woman who had been compelled by circumstances to travel alone for the first time in her life and had asked questions that to him seemed absurd. It was equally right that the telephone should be removed from the office of a young broker who addressed "Central" with utter lack of courtesy and refused

to apologize. Business demands courtesy.

I was much interested awhile ago in the simple, artistic cards placed here and there on the counters of a certain drug store that has grown remarkably in a few years and has become the most prosperous store in the county. "We are here to serve you," one says. "We appreciate the fact that children must sometimes do the errands. They receive our best attention." "We know that our business is with ladies and gentlemen. We treat them as such," reads a third. I have found that the proprietors and clerks live up to the cards. No one need be surprised at the growth of the business. Courtesy pays: experience has proved that.

Courtesy Due Women

Courtesy is due women from men. It is the right of every woman to expect kindness and consideration from those stronger than she is, more at home in the

rush of the world and more able to bear its harshness and its grind. And usually men are courteous to women who expect them to be. But when one sees some great, strong man elbow his way ruthlessly through a crowd of women and children, pushing them aside that he may board his car, although he can take another two minutes later, one knows that at home, away back in schooldays, somewhere, are some women who have failed to awaken his kindly feeling for the weaker ones, or to insist upon his consideration of the rights of others.

Courtesy is Due Women from Women

One need watch a crowd less than ten minutes to be convinced that women as well as men are discourteous. Young women and girls fail miserably in courtesy towards each other. When men see women so lacking in kindly thought and consideration for their sister women, it is not strange,

though it is unpardonable, that they should grow careless and indifferent.

The Effect of Courtesy

I shall not soon forget the courteous response of a young woman at a news-stand in a large station, to the angry demand of a pompous looking man that she exchange the paper she had sold him, saying it was the issue of the previous day. He shouted his demand and glared at her as if she had committed a capital offense. Her even, controlled voice said, "Oh, I am so sorry! How could I have been so careless!" and she gave him the right paper. He was ashamed in a moment. His manner was apologetic and he said courteously, "I suppose it got into the wrong pile. Thank you very much," raised his hat, and, still conscious of the rebuke of the quiet answer, went out to take his train. In the presence of true courtesy anger subsides.

Good Manners

Real courtesy is more than good manners, but it manifests itself sooner or later through them. Courtesy is born with good manners or acquires them. It learns to say what it feels, in the right way.

The value of the courteous "Thank you" in helping to smooth the rough edges in our lives of hurried contact with each other can hardly be estimated. The note written promptly in acknowledgment of some gift or courtesy, however small, makes the gift or the act more worth while. A written "Thank you" is the least one can give to another who has spent time and thought for him. The telephone is not a substitute.

"Thank you," written or spoken, the frank and prompt explanation of broken engagements for dinner, to assist at a tea, to rehearse, or to meet another at a definite time, the kindly inquiry

for those who are ill or old, all these are *little things.*

I suppose as long as the world lasts we shall all need to be told daily, and then we will not grasp the absolute truth of it, — that *little things* are the things that count.

Good manners are a protection, an aid, a valuable asset. The world has a right to demand that we shall not appear ill-bred and boorish if we know better, and if we do not know any better it has the right to say that we must learn before it will grant us certain things.

"It is not a sin," said one of the big boys at a club, "to eat with your knife or to drink out of a saucer!" "No," said the young business man who was giving points on, 'How to Succeed,' it isn't, the first time, but if you know better and still do it, you must take the consequences."

He was right. It is not a sin to smoke in the presence of ladies without their permission; it is not a sin to use a toothpick or nail-

file in public or to chew gum, or to wear a soiled collar or shoes unpolished, or to say "yep" or "nope," or talk in loud tones and laugh immoderately, or to stare rudely at others — these are not sins — *but*, if you do these things, you must be willing to accept the world's judgment of you. You cannot hope for the highest success if you continue to keep the habits and manners of the ignorant and ill-bred.

The Reward

The spirit of kindly thoughtfulness and consideration for others brings a rich reward in friendships, in the gratitude expressed by word or look, in the happiness that always results from large-hearted action. Nor is that all. Many doors to great usefulness have been opened wide by the key of courtesy, and we can hardly think of one who has gained deserved promotion or honor in his chosen work, of whom courtesy is not a prominent char-

acteristic. Men are grateful always for kindness kindly expressed.

From every point of view courtesy pays! — pays in enlarged opportunities and richer life. Cultivate the spirit which prompts it. Secure it, for it is indeed an asset of great value.

VII

CONCENTRATION

VII

CONCENTRATION

ONE day we dipped from Great Salt Lake a bottle of water. They told us that the water was filled with salt. We could taste it, we knew it was there, but it did not impress us greatly.

"Looks just like the water in the ocean," said one of the boys scornfully.

But that night we poured it into a glass and put the glass on the stove in the kitchen. It was noon the next day before we thought of it. The heat had caused rapid evaporation of the water, and there was our salt, crusty and yellow-white in streaks and lumps all over the glass and covering the bottom.

The boy expressed his surprise with the rest of us. "Who would have thought all that salt could

have been in the water!" he said. "I don't believe it was. Somebody has been fooling us." But no one had. The salt was there in the water, but it had made no impression upon us. Just as soon as the water was gone we saw the salt. Then it did impress us. The heat in the stove had the power of eliminating the water, and when the water was eliminated we had the salt in visible form. If we had known how, we might have gone on with the process of elimination until nothing remained but pure salt.

The process of elimination, of *taking out*, is most wonderful, and the useful, valuable products that come to us through elimination would fill many pages just to name. Coke and carbon, the diamond, gold and silver, as well as flour and salt, are among these products of the process of elimination.

Concentration is really the process of elimination. During that process everything else is taken

out and the one thing desired is left. And just as the heat of the stove was the power which eliminated the water and left the salt, so the will is the power that must make possible the elimination of all other things that the one thing desired may be left in the mind.

Concentration Difficult

Skilfulness in the process of elimination is one of the most difficult arts to learn. The little child has no power of concentration. His mind leaps from one thing to another with great rapidity. He does no one thing for a period of more than a few moments. As he grows older, the time for which he can and does hold his mind steady, increases, but he is not able to eliminate wholly distracting sights and sounds. He wants to solve the problem in arithmetic before him. He knows that it must be done before he can leave the schoolroom. But he cannot eliminate his neighbor across the aisle, who

is drawing pictures when the teacher is not looking, and holding them up to be admired. So he looks at the picture, thinks about it, goes to work on the problem, with part of the mind upon it, and the other part upon the picture and the artist. "Will he draw another picture? Will he be caught?" These thoughts force their way into the work in multiplication he is trying to do. He glances up again, the problem vanishes, the picture is too interesting. Yet he goes back to the problem. The bell rings, it is unfinished. The hour has been wasted and nothing has been accomplished. He could not eliminate — the will could not furnish enough power for concentration.

This is Dorothy's trouble. She studies more hours than almost any girl in her class. Her parents have many times interviewed her teachers, requesting that shorter lessons be assigned. But the real trouble is not long lessons. Doro-

thy could do three times as much as she does and not suffer if she knew how. But when she opens her French grammar and curls up on the couch to study, although her purpose is French grammar, and her desire is to learn the second rule on the page, yet, in twenty minutes she has taken a journey to her aunt's home, which will not come until Saturday, has decided what she will wear, has heard her mother's conversation at the telephone, listened for the postman's ring, wondered if there was anything for her, hoped the new magazine had come, looked at the clock and found that twenty minutes have gone and the rule is unlearned. So she plunges again into study, learns the rule in five minutes, turns the pages to translate and gets sidetracked, remembering a story of the adventures of a French count about which one of the girls had told her. She then goes to the kitchen for a glass of water, talks a moment with the maid, stops

in the hall to see if the magazine is there, and returns to the couch. Half an hour has gone and not a sentence is translated. She works hard for half an hour, writes her translations hurriedly, and says, "Goodness, I've been studying more than an hour and a half and only one lesson done, and my geometry is awful!" She seizes her geometry and *studies* that in the same way. On Saturday her mother, with tears in her eyes, tells her aunt that she is afraid Dorothy will never get through the high school, that she studies five hours a day and can't get her lessons.

Poor Dorothy! Two hours in the afternoon and one in the evening would prepare her lessons most satisfactorily if she could only eliminate all else and by the power of concentration do one thing only for the time being.

What Dorothy is doing in her sophomore year in the high school many pupils do through the entire course, and even on through col-

lege. When they are ready to go out into the life that lies "just over the hill," expecting success, they are powerless in the presence of conflicting interests, and to eliminate everything except the one thing that should be done at that moment seems quite impossible. Their employers suffer much because of their careless service and inability to do one thing well with the whole mind fixed upon it before taking up the next.

Value of Concentration

I suppose a horse that for some years of his life has been free to roam about the pasture and woodland at will, is very difficult to capture and put into harness. But it can be done. And young people who have been so unfortunate as to have a mind that for years has been allowed to roam at large, have a difficult task before them if they intend to harness and control it. But it can be done. And if one is

to be at his best and so gain success, it must be done.

Without concentration one cannot achieve anything great. Perhaps the man who has the greatest power of concentration in this country is Thomas Edison. His associates love to tell of the hours without food or drink that he spends bending over his task, dead to everything in all the world save the one thing before him. They tell of a tempting dish set beside him at the end of a long, hard day in his laboratory when he has tasted nothing and spoken to no one. But the dish was unnoticed, and he did not even hear the words of remonstrance over such arduous labor. Everything else was eliminated save this one thing toward the solution of which every energy was bent. That is the power of concentration developed to the full, and one likes to stop a moment and remember what that one concentrated mind has given to this world.

A short time ago I stood amazed

before the amount of correspondence which a certain large business house handles in one day. But when I visited the offices where the work is actually done and saw the young men and women at work, not one of whom during the ten minutes of my stay even glanced in my direction or paid the least attention to the other visitors, I understood.

"We have, in this department, only those who attend strictly to business," said my friend. "We pay them well, and the hours are short." They seemed happy and did not look overworked.

We do not half use our minds today or our bodies either, for that matter. It is not the energy we put upon work that kills—it is the energy we waste. If we could learn to eliminate all the waste, the things apart from the one thing we desire to do, think how quickly our work might be accomplished and of the time which would be left for relaxation and play.

Training the Mind

If one hopes to learn the art of concentration, that through it he may accomplish things, render to the world useful service and meet success, he must begin to train his mind now. No matter what the past has been, the mind will respond to determined treatment. Begin to work *hard*, as hard as you can, with all that you are. Banish every thought that has no relation to your work, and live — be — act — do — just the *one* thing. Accomplish all it is possible for you to accomplish. Then when the rest hour of noon comes, drop the work from your mind absolutely. And though you say, "My! but I'm tired!" it will be a *good* tired. You will not be worried and nagged by what you left undone. It is what we have failed to do that takes away the appetite, seldom the work that we have done.

I recall a girl obliged to leave school early and go to work in a

celluloid pin shop. Her work was to mount the pins on the cards. She received a certain amount for each card. She wasted no time, worked so hard that she had "no chance for unhappy thoughts." At the end of a week she had determined to stand first among all the girls who mounted pins. At the end of the month she did. Instead of the spirit of discontent that had existed among the girls who had wasted a great deal of time, a healthy rivalry began, that raised the work out of mere mechanical drudgery. At the end of three months my girl friend was promoted; at the end of a year came a second promotion. She says she will become the most valuable girl in that shop. We all believe that she will. She knows how to bend every energy to the task, she eliminates all that has no relation to it. The extra money which this power brings her she spends in adding necessities to the home and in good times, which she most cer-

tainly knows how to enjoy. The past summer she took her mother to the beach for a day. "Fun?" she said; "why, I would do extra work any day to see mother enjoy herself as she did. She loved it. She hadn't seen the ocean for thirty years. She went in bathing with us. Oh, it was great!"

This girl gives her whole self to whatever she does. And in whatever she does she is a success.

Perseverance

We said that the power which eliminated the water from the glass and left just the salt was the heat of the stove, and that the will does for us what the heat did with the salt. The will draws our faculties together, focuses them, eliminates all else save the one great thing of the moment. But it must be a will which not only can resolve, and do, but which can continue to do, can persevere. For it is only through perseverance that one may hope to win the art of concentration.

He must banish the unwelcome intruder upon his thoughts or his task; must call back truant thoughts, must compel himself to keep steadily at the thing until it is done. And he must stick to it, keep at it every day relentlessly until habit becomes his helper and it is all easier.

I met a young man some time since who was introduced to me as "the most reliable man we have. He will attend to everything for you." He smiled, waited a moment, and said, "Do you remember me?" Then I remembered. "William," I said, "it can't be!" But it was. "The most reliable man we have." I kept saying the words to myself. It did not seem possible. I had a picture of the twelve-year-old William I knew — the most unreliable boy you could imagine, heedless, careless, whose only plea was, "I won't do it again, I forgot;" or, "I forgot all about it, I'll bring it tomorrow."

"I don't wonder you didn't know

me," he said, "but I won't forget a single item of the order and you may depend upon me for all the work. You needn't think of it again. I keep a notebook in my mind and in my pocket. I certainly was a failure in school and I didn't amount to anything till about six years ago. A fellow who has been a good friend to me told me I would be only a shiftless nobody if I kept on the way I was. He said to stop mooning and attend to what I was doing, and I'd get along. That same day another man told me all he thought of me because I forgot something. He said I would never amount to anything; and that night my mother said she had just about given me up. I'll never forget that night. I made up my mind I would show them what I could do and what I could amount to. I went to work. It was terrible at first. I wrote everything down and I worked like a Trojan. I just kept at it day and night. About three years ago they had

to own up I'd done something. I'm still working at it."

We went carefully over the changes that were to be made in the gas and electric light fixtures, and I saw that he understood perfectly, even anticipating what should be done, and I felt he could be trusted.

"You remember Alice D—," he said rather shyly as I left the store. "She lives in K— now. We are to be married in June. Our new home is all ready."

I could not get away from the thought of it, — William, this fine, courteous man to whom the firm trusted anything because he was so reliable. "William, of all people!" I said to myself: "Well, if William can do what he has done, *anyone* can."

Everyone Can

Yes, anyone and everyone can. He can begin to learn the process of elimination now, this moment. As he reads this page he can shut out from his mind all things else,

hear nothing, see nothing, focus all his thought upon a single resolve — to begin the battle for concentration of thought and energy and to persevere until he has won.

It Will Pay

And it will pay in a score of ways — in added power, in greater efficiency, in more enjoyable living.

Like cheerfulness and courtesy, concentration is a valuable asset. Gain it, and pay the price willingly, for it will help you be at your best, — therefore a success.

VIII

A GOOD TIME

VIII

A GOOD TIME

"WHAT is the use of living if you can't have a good time once in a while?"

The question was asked half defiantly, as if in challenge, by a young man whose father had been saying some rather plain things to him. The father was ready with his answer, dignified and quiet. It rather surprised his hot-tempered son:

"There would be no use in living," he said, "if you could not have a good time once in a while. The thing to determine is, what is a good time."

Everyone wants a good time, young people most of all, but few stop to ask the father's question: "What is a good time?"

In the world that lies "just over the hill" are many things

labelled "a good time." Their name is legion, and one of the most important things any young man or woman has to decide is what shall constitute his good times.

His physical well-being, his moral welfare, his success or defeat, his character, his very life may depend upon what he decides is a good time.

Perhaps you will remember the story of a great king who summoned all his judges together and told them that he meant to banish from his kingdom all the evils that made trouble for his subjects.

"I want to banish first," said the king, "the chief source of unhappiness in my kingdom. What in your opinion is his name and where may I find him?" And one of the judges who sat before the king answered straightway: "He is called Poverty. He walks about your streets and hides in your alleys. He causes misery everywhere."

"But is he the chief offender?" asked the king.

"Surely. See what he has done," replied the judge. And he drew so sad a picture of the poverty and suffering of the poor that the king would fain have wept. But in a moment one of the other judges spoke:

"Good King," he said, "Poverty is not the greatest offender. Out of poverty came the greatest artist in our realm. Our great poets, did they not suffer, being poor? Many of our best merchants, were they not once poor — some very poor, O King? The men who have given us the marvels of science, they were also poor! The teacher of Palestine, the Master of Men, the Prince of Peace, our Saviour, was he not poor?"

And the King answered, "It is even so. Poverty is not the worst offender. It is hard to be poor — yet in spite of poverty, men have become great. No, it is not the worst."

Then another judge arose and said: "O gracious King, the worst offender is Gold. Gold buys men's souls. For Gold men sell their honor, they cheat their fellows, they scorn no meanness, no dishonesty, no evil deed if they may but secure gold. Place gold before them, within their reach, and all else will they leave behind to secure it."

But quickly, before the King could answer, a young man arose, respectfully knelt before him and said, "May I speak, O King?" Being given permission, he said most earnestly: "It is not wholly true, O King. They who speak thus of Gold do him wrong. It is true great evils are done because of him. But, sir, great good as well. Is it not so? Every year Gold learns new deeds of goodness. The temple of justice, the new houses for the poor, the care of the children and the old, the deeds so many that we are wearied to repeat them, are not these also the work of Gold? He

is not the worst, O King, not the first to be banished from the realm. Without him the kingdom could not go on!"

"Who then shall be banished?" asked the King, and the judges were silent before him. For a long time they were silent.

Then slowly an old man arose. He was the oldest of the judges and they all did him reverence. His face was kindly, and justice seemed to shine from his eyes.

"Once, O King," he said, "I, too, would have said, banish Poverty first. When I had grown older, I should have said, banish Gold, all the surplus gold. Give all men enough, I would have said. But I have learned many things in all the years, and now I say —" the venerable judge hesitated for a moment, then said — "banish *first*, Pleasure." At this, the King looked in astonishment, and the judges looked aghast. But the old judge continued: "Banish Pleasure. Not Enjoyment, not happiness, not the

laughing faces and the dancing eyes, not that which brings the pure delights of good times and happy days, not that, but Pleasure, the Deceiver — the Pretender, who promises and does not pay, who lies plausibly with a smiling face — ah, what I have suffered, and alas, alas, the suffering I have seen at his hand!" And while they listened, he drew for them many word pictures.

As he spoke, they saw a young boy, a mere lad, fair, pure and good to look upon, and Pleasure placed between his lips a filthy weed and whispered, "They all do it, be a man — have a good time," and he obeyed. Then the old judge showed him again when a few years had passed and the weed had gotten the better of him. His eyes had lost their sparkle, his fresh beauty was gone, he walked slowly, as one half asleep.

Then the judge showed them a house, a small house and neat, and in it a young man and young

woman and two happy children. The supper over, he made them follow the man down the street where there was a tavern, newly come. Pleasure whispered to him, reminded him that he was tired, urged him to go in and see the fun, lied to him and said no harm could come. Then he showed the sequel to the picture. The years had passed. The neat house had gone, the children were ragged, they cried for food, and there was none. The young woman looked old, she sobbed bitterly and rocked to and fro in her chair. The man was not there. But the old judge showed the next picture and it was hard to look upon, for the man was in prison; he was guilty of a great crime — he had been drinking, there had been a quarrel — he had wounded a man — they were waiting to see if the man would die.

"Ah," said the judge, and his face was tense and hard, "it was Pleasure, the Pretender, who had brought him to this, who had lied

to him, told him there was no harm in a drink and a *good time*, now and then, and had made him believe that happiness was within that door to the pit — the tavern."

And other pictures did the venerable judge show to the King, of countless maidens fair and pure and sweet, who longed for happiness and joy, whom Pleasure met by the way and to whom he whispered, saying, "This is the way — follow me." And he looked so gay, he promised so much, that they followed him. "In spite of advice, and prayers, and tears, they followed him," said the old judge. "The days passed and disappointment met them. Some lost the light from their faces, some lost their pure thoughts, and some their self-respect, and some even wished that they might die, for joy was gone from their hearts — all was empty, and nothing had been as Pleasure had promised." And while the judges were silent and looked not at one another, he told of young men to whom Pleas-

ure had whispered, "This way, this is the way," and had led them along wild roads of passion, along the edge of narrow precipices, over which some, mad with excitement, fell and were lost; others wandered back, disappointed, wounded and stained by what they had met as they followed their guide; still others kept on the dark road, saying bitterly: "If I had never come! If only I had not listened! How can I get back? I can never get back."

Then when the old judge had finished his picture in words, he asked, "Is it enough, O King?" And the King answered and said, "It is enough!"

Then he arose in his might and cried out, and gave command that Pleasure, the Pretender, the Deceiver, be at once, forever and at all cost banished from the realm. And those whose business it was to carry out the commands of the King obeyed, and it was done.

Then did joy and happiness enter the realm, and children

played, and young men and maidens found enjoyment in simple ways, in fields, on hills and lakes, in pleasant homes, and were happy, both while enjoying the good time of the moment, and afterward — when they remembered.

It is a quaint story, and, more than that, it speaks the truth. More characters are blasted, ruined and lost in the effort to find pleasure than in any other way today. And the young men or women who mean to win success must guard themselves with greatest care in the choice of the ways in which they shall play. For there is still a Pleasure, the Deceiver, and no one has banished him from our midst.

Work not Enough

Those who have found the right place in the world, whose work is congenial, who are making progress and climbing steadily upward, find happiness and real enjoyment in their work. They do not spend the whole afternoon

longing for the hour of their release to come, nor do they awake in the morning with dread of the day.

But this happiness and enjoyment which one finds in his work is not enough. There must be times when he just plays, as free from care and work as a child. Anyone who does not desire such playtimes is not normal. Something is wrong with him.

But most young people do want a good time with all their hearts, and strive their utmost to find it. Many of them are wise enough to learn after a little experience that anything which robs them of physical strength, so that they are unable to do their work well, anything which interferes with clear thinking, without which no one can succeed, anything which requires the expenditure of more money than they can afford, anything which makes them say in the morning or when they stop to think about it, "I *wish* I hadn't done it," is not in reality *a good time.*

A good time must be enjoyed at the moment and enjoyed in the memory afterward. A good time, to be real, must be one of which, if it be discovered, one need not be ashamed.

Pleasure Mad

But many, many young people fail to learn the truth. In spite of the pleasure wrecks they see about them, in spite of warnings and danger signals, they fail to see the truth. They are pleasure mad. To them, Pleasure is the Pretender, the Deceiver, of the story. He completely fools them. Blinds them to the fact that none of those things which yearly cause the ruin of countless young men and women can possibly be *necessary* to any one's good time. He deceives them. He keeps them up so late at night that it is impossible for their dull and sleepy minds to compete next day with the keen and wide-awake minds of their less foolish neighbors.

He leads them to spend so much money in the good times of the moment that when the rainy day comes they have nothing and are helpless.

When they see other people about them enjoying the things that money brings, they are filled with envy, and determine to attempt to secure these things for themselves at any cost. Envy is a thief and a robber. In vain common sense whispers, "Wait — wait until you can really afford these things, then they will bring happiness and joy — good times in which there are no regrets." The young men and women who mean to win success must learn to wait for some of the things which bring good times.

Where Pleasure May Be Found

In the great out-of-doors one may find countless ways to have good times, clean, wholesome good times, that bring health to body and soul.

In music, lectures and interest-

ing, clean entertainments one may find enjoyment which brings no pain. With good books, pictures and magazines one may spend numberless hours in real enjoyment. If he does not know how to enjoy these things, he may learn, and it will pay tremendously, for while they can bring to him much happiness, they bring also knowledge which counts.

Perhaps sometime there will come again large numbers of young people who will find much of their enjoyment and happiness with parents, brothers, sisters and friends *at home*. When they do come, many of the cheap, foolish and wicked things now labelled pleasure will have to go out of business. I know such groups of young people whose good times at home are so full of enjoyment, that the streets and the cheap resorts have nothing to offer them. Occasionally they go on trips for a day to the mountain or the lake. They save their money and spend ten happy summer days camping at

the shore; many a pleasant winter evening they spend, making candy, playing games, and talking over the summer excursions. They are wide-awake, fun-loving, natural, wholesome young people who know how to make for themselves "a good time." And every one of them is meeting with success.

The world is hoping, and anxiously waiting for some one wise enough and clever enough to teach all young people how to make their own good times wisely.

Nothing but Play

Of all young people, the ones to be pitied most are those who look forward to a life "just over the hill," in which there is to be *no work;* those who may, if they wish, spend all their days in having a good time. I know such a young woman. She is twenty-four. She can have anything which she thinks will bring her enjoyment. She may go anywhere in the world where she thinks she can have a good time.

She has tried everything. She has always enjoyed excellent health, but just now she is not well. She is living in a beautiful bungalow by the sea. She rises when she wishes, and everything for which she expresses the slightest desire is given her. Yet, when she sat talking with me on the sandy beach, her luxurious machine waiting for her at the turn of the road, she said: "Oh, if I had something to do, something worth while and hard! I am not ill. I am tired, tired of living as if life were a holiday. I am unhappy because I have nothing to do."

And she is not alone. Mere play — just continual good times — cannot satisfy, cannot bring happiness. We enjoy by contrasts. We enjoy a warm fire when we come in from a cold walk on a bitter winter day; a cool ocean breeze at the end of a day of scorching heat; food, when we have been long enough without it to feel hunger, and water when

we have known thirst. And happy are those young men and women who, "just over the hill," will find plenty of work and enough time left over to enjoy those things which brighten the eye, bring peals of merry laughter to pure lips, build up the body, stir the intellect, bless the life, and leave no stain upon mind, body, or soul.

That such good times are waiting "just over the hill" is a fact. Your task is to find them. Search diligently and consider with care, for the success you are to meet depends far more largely than you know upon the ways in which you decide to play.

IX

CHARACTER

IX

"Character is made by two small words — "Yes" and "No."

CHARACTER

WHEN all the advice has been given, and all the various things which men and women have learned mean success in the life that lies "just over the hill" have been considered, one great fact stands out clearly:—"What one *is*, *that* is the supreme thing." Sincerity, honesty, unselfishness, intelligence, the spirit of coöperation and justice, cheerfulness, courtesy, concentration and all the rest help make one what he is. What one *is* — that is Character. Strong, fine character stands the test of life with all its dangers and pitfalls — nothing else does.

Every one has the power of making his character what it

ought to be. The power lies in the little words "Yes" and "No." Saying "Yes" to all that life offers which is good and right, and saying "No" to all that can weaken or defile, will form character strong, pure and fine.

Every one has the power to say "Yes" or "No." Even when you were a small child and the jelly on the second shelf tempted you, the power to say to that call of the jelly, "Yes" or "No," was yours. Some of you said "No," and walked away, stronger for the test. Some of you said "Yes," dragged the chair over to the shelf, climbed up, took the jelly. You ate hurriedly lest you be discovered, for you knew that it was wrong. You replaced the jelly, put the chair away — but forgot the marks on your face and sticky fingers. You went away a weaker character. By and by you were accused of having eaten the jelly and you told a lie. But the fingers and face told the truth so plainly that you had to take your

punishment. Or perhaps you were not discovered and so did it again and yet again until at last you were found out.

Choice

What happened in those early days has been happening since all through your life. Some of you have said "No" and some "Yes" to the majority of things that tempted you.

One day when you were still very young you had the opportunity to do a kind, generous, deed. Something whispered to you to do it. Some of you said "Yes," some "No." And all through your lives up to this time you have been saying the same thing when the opportunity for good deeds has come to you.

Through all the years the "Yes" and the "No" of yesterday and today, added each to each, have made you what you are. You are today the result of all these choices you have made.

All through your life certain

things have influenced your choices. Some of you, because of definite inheritance, have had a tendency to choose this way or that. Some of you, because of surroundings, have been prejudiced in favor of this line of action or that.

Inheritance

"I know I'm 'blue' and I know I get jealous. But I can't help it. Father gets dreadfully blue, and grandmother was an unusually jealous woman," said a young girl in my presence. "And," she added, "getting 'blue' and being jealous are my great faults. But how can *I* help it? It was born in me!"

"Yes, I have a hot temper, I'll own that," said one of the young men. "It gets me into all sorts of trouble. But I don't see how I'm to blame for it. I came by it honestly enough. Mother has a dreadful temper. It's a characteristic of our family."

There is but one thing we can say to young people who take as

an excuse, "I can't help it," and "I'm not to blame for it," and lay all the responsibility upon inheritance.

Of course no one is responsible for the tendencies he inherits, whether they be toward melancholy, jealousy, or a hot temper. But he is responsible if he cultivates them. He is responsible if, because they are inherited, he continues to yield to them until they become fixed habits.

One inherits good as well as evil tendencies. So often we forget that. The young girl who complained so bitterly of the inherited jealousy said nothing of the inherited talent for music, which is helping her make a real success. Nor did the young man who insisted that he must not be held responsible for his inherited hot temper hesitate to take all the credit for the success which is coming to him because of his frankness, courage and honesty, also inherited.

I am responsible not for the

inherited tendency, but for the inherited tendency *cultivated.* Without cultivation, tendency weakens as the years pass.

Environment

Jessie told me one day, when some one had been criticizing some of her habits and manners, and her attitude towards those in authority, that she was not to blame.

"If they lived where I do, and had been brought up as I have been," she said, "I guess they wouldn't do any better." Then she began to cry and added, "I guess they would tell lies too."

One could not help feeling sorry for Jessie, she has so much that is hard to fight against, and such difficulties to overcome. Doubtless it is perfectly true, that if those who criticized her had been born with her environment, they might have had her faults. But that does not excuse Jessie. She is not without knowledge, she now knows the right, and she knows the inevitable result of lying. She

is not, even with her environment, wholly excused for continuing to yield to her faults.

Out of just such environments have come many fine, truthful women, and strong, clean men. Indeed, Robert, two years older than she and living in the same block — Robert, whose mother is untidy and untruthful, and whose father is intoxicated most of the time, who is surrounded by poverty and evil — has already won his way to a position of trust and is respected for what he is by all who know him. And he became strong and manly, honest and courteous, in spite of environment.

"*I Can't Help It*"

"I can't help it" is not true. It is never true. Nothing is so bad that it cannot be helped — if one will. If you have inherited a tendency to be unkind, ill-tempered, deceitful, it simply means that you have a little harder work to do in order to become what you want to be.

If you live in a place where you are surrounded by all sorts of evil, by lack of cleanliness, by ill-mannered people with no touch of refinement, it simply means that you will have a much harder struggle to be what you want to be. But — you *can* do it.

You need not have a thing in your life and character simply because your father or your grandfather did. You *can* help it. It does not matter what it is.

You need not be like the people about you. You need not copy their faults and weaknesses. In spite of your surroundings you can become what you want to be and nothing is so bad that it cannot be improved.

I remember in a certain neighborhood a small lot of land that had in some way been left between the building lots, upon which had been erected beautiful and attractive homes. The lawns were green and velvety, beautiful flowers grew upon them and the whole street would have been a pleasure to see

had it not been for this small lot of unimproved land. It was a blot. A bill-board ran across it. Everyone said that it was a disgrace. All complained — no one did anything.

Finally, the home bordering upon the lot was sold and the new owner moved in. He spent some time examining the vacant strip of land. Then he bought it. The trees were ragged and untrimmed; rocks were scattered all over it, and it was covered with a rank growth of burdock and thistles. His friends laughed at his purchase. But in two years that lot was the most beautiful spot of the neighborhood.

The rough, jagged rocks piled together, filled in with rich earth and planted with ferns and nasturtiums, were exceedingly pretty. The beds of pansies near the sidewalk, the tiny old-fashioned garden near the house, the trees, their dead branches gone and a hammock hung in the shade, spoke of beauty, comfort, and

rest. The green benches invited a pleasant chat with friends.

The owner loved to show to the friends who commented upon the beauty of the little park two pictures, one of the lot when it was a disgrace, the other of the park as they saw it.

The man had a right to be proud of his work. Had he not been willing to spend time, thought and money in the effort to improve it, that lot would still be a blot. Had he not been willing persistently to dig out weeds, trim branches, pile up rocks, plant seeds, and lay the sod, that lot would still have been waste land, unimproved, just as nature had left it.

What that man did with the lot one may do with his life. No matter what the weeds, rocks and unsightly things nature may have given him, let him remember that rocks may be made beautiful, weeds may be pulled out, the seeds of new habits may be sown. Improvement is always possible.

Character is dependent upon

neither one's ancestors nor the place where he was born. It is dependent upon neither inheritance nor environment. If it were dependent upon either, life would not be fair. So long as one knows right from wrong he can choose. And what he chooses makes his character. Inheritance and environment may *influence* character, but they cannot determine it.

Companions

Companions, however, whom one has deliberately chosen may make or mar character. Those of whom we approve, with whom we *choose* to live, in intimate, daily friendship, are one of the determining factors in our lives. If one chooses to remain in close companionship with the vulgar and mean he cannot keep himself pure in heart. He will listen to things that besmirch — at first will listen, resenting what he hears, then as the days pass, accepting it, and after a while repeating it. If the proposals of his companions for

good times and a "lark" at first meet with disapproval, then with a reluctant consent, and he continues to remain with them, the reluctance will slowly change to a willing consent. Finally he will propose "larks" of the same sort or worse, himself. This is the law. We become like the thing with which we choose habitually to associate.

If you find that you are critical, fault-finding, continually complaining of your work and your lot in life; if you use a great deal of slang, are accused of being rude in speech and in manner, note your companions; in nine cases out of ten you will find that these are their faults also.

If our companions are purer, finer, more noble than we, though at first we may follow them afar off, yet if we choose to continue the close association until the companionship ripens into friendship, we shall slowly grow like them. That also is the law.

As soon as we are old enough to

desire close companions, we may choose them, and upon our choice depends in large measure our future. Gladstone felt that so much depends upon the choice of companions that, looking into the faces of hundreds of young men who had asked him to give them some advice, he said, "Choose wisely your companions, for a young man's companions, more than his food, his clothes, his home, or his parents, make him what he is."

Sometimes young people tell me that they live in a neighborhood where there are no good companions and they are forced to associate with those of whom their parents do not approve and whom they do not like themselves.

It is not really true, however, that one must associate with these if they are unfit companions. He must speak with them, ride on the trolley with them, but there is no need that he should spend his leisure with them. One might better walk alone the path that

leads to good character, without which there can be no success worthy the name, than to travel with companions the way that leads to defeat. Loneliness is hard at first, but it is better than defeat.

"I would like to accomplish something worth while in the world," said a young man in his junior year in college. "Some things in the world seem dead wrong to me. I would like to help straighten them out. Mother is dead. She left me more money than I can ever need. My father gives me more than I can spend. I am mightily interested in the education of foreign children. I'd like to see them trained to be true Americans, able to earn a good living. Take those children in father's factory, for instance. There's a problem for you! But none of my friends is interested in these things. They say it's nonsense to care and that nothing can be done. They tell me that after I've been out in the world a while I'll get over it."

Poor fellow! If his friends and companions are so influencing him that he will "get over" the desire to do something worth while in the world, that he will "get over" his desire to help in the problem of training the child of the poor to earn a good livelihood, he should leave those companions and search out new ones before they have made him like themselves — mere weak, worthless seekers after reckless pleasures, some already victims of degrading habits, some mere lazy loafers in a great, busy and needy world. It were better that he lived and thought alone, missing the joy that companionship brings, rather than through the influence of such associates lose his fine, manly heart. He can choose his companions and he is responsible for his choice.

Out in the life that lies "just over the hill" spend much time and thought in choosing those who are to be your friends. Do not choose them for what they wear,

do not choose them because of the places in which they live, never choose them because they may be useful to you socially or in business. Choose them for what they are. Choose them because they are good, fine, honest, worth while, and constant association with them will make you a better young man or woman.

Ideals

No character can be made without ideals. One sees in an ideal the things he would like to be. An ideal calls out one's admiration. "One grows to be like what he most admires," wise men found out long ago to be true.

Young people find their ideals in many places. Sometimes in companions whom they imitate, as we have said. Sometimes in people about them, in the great men and women in history, and in books.

One day when Phillips Brooks, who knew more about the making of character than most of us,

was talking about young people and their ideals, he said, "Ideals are chisels which shape and form character."

A while ago some boys of fourteen were arrested for trying to wreck a limited train, carrying hundreds of passengers. Had they accomplished it there would have been a most horrible accident with great loss of life. It seemed incredible that such mere boys could plan the awful deed. When they were questioned it was found that they had met a man at the village store, who loved to tell wild tales of adventure in which he was the hero. It was said that he had once served some years in prison.

One tale which the boys loved was the story of the wrecking of a train. They questioned him closely and asked for the story again and again. He was rough, strong, daring, and became to them an ideal. They admired him and thought him brave. He moved on, three years passed,

and the boys tried to reproduce the deed their ideal had related and thought heroic.

Oftentimes young people choose an unworthy ideal. They admire him and imitate him and their own ruined characters pay the heavy price.

I love to think of a girl to whom, when she was about sixteen, another woman then about thirty years old became an ideal. She so greatly admired this ideal that she tried for a while to copy even her voice and manner. This woman was rich, beautiful, generous, thoughtful for everyone, interested in all that helped make the world better.

As the years passed, the young girl grew to be more and more like her ideal. She learned the folly of copying voice and manner but continued to follow the example of her ideal in the doing of kindly, generous deeds, and the building up of institutions of benefit to men.

Today that young girl is a

woman whose name many of you would know could I write it. No one can estimate the good she does, or know the number she makes happy and helps to make good, in a single day. She is honored and loved and has become herself an ideal for many girls. One day she said to a friend, "All I have become and have been able to do I owe to that wonderful woman who in my girlhood became my ideal."

What that fine, strong ideal did for this girl at sixteen, your ideal, if he or she be worthy, can do for you.

Ideals in Books

Good books are the records of great ideals. Many of our greatest men and women were made by the books they read. Sometimes the characters, in the book that is truly good, may be imaginary and yet furnish great ideals that help make those who read of them more honest and kindly, more generous and true. But when the characters are real, and the deeds of splendid

heroism and acts of sweet sympathy are true, when one sees living men and women acting their parts with courage, then they become for him ideals that help make his own character stronger. When one puts down such a book saying, "I wish I could be like that man," or, "If only I might be like her," the book has done him good.

One chooses his books as he chooses his companions. But the choice is harder, for a book does not reveal its nature as quickly as does an associate. Oftentimes young people must depend upon others for advice concerning books. If those who stand for the finest things in one's community, and have themselves characters worthy of love and admiration, say of a book, "I wouldn't read it," then one would better let it alone. Association with a weak and silly book brings harm, and association with a bad book is deadly, for the bad book puts into the mind thoughts from which it is almost impossible to escape.

One may run away from an evil companion with comparative ease; to run from an evil thought is exceedingly hard.

The Greatest Book

For centuries now, that group of sixty-six books in one has been making character. The Bible excels all other books in making men what they ought to be, and helping them do what they ought to do. Its words, translated into poems and pictures, stories and songs, have made bad men good and good men better. Throughout the pages of its older books is felt the desire for the coming of The Great Ideal. In the later books He has come, and the record they give of His life and words has changed not only the history of the world but the lives and characters of countless men and women.

The Master Ideal

The Master Ideal is found in the greatest book. His power is

unlike that of any other ideal, it is greater than that of any other ideal, for He is the only ideal in whom men have agreed there, was no fault.

Like companions, and ideals, which one finds in people about him, and in books, one may accept Him as the great power and ideal of his life, or not — as he chooses. The responsibility of the *Choice* is upon each *individual.* But when young people have chosen as their Master Ideal that great teacher, marvelous physician, sympathetic friend and lover of His fellow-men, Jesus, the Christ, whose short life of thirty-three years in Palestine was so successful that in nineteen centuries and more, men have not forgotten Him but bow in increasing numbers in worship before Him, striving to follow Him — their own characters will have become stronger, purer, more genuine and fine.

One cannot live sincerely in the presence of that Master Ideal and be dishonest, selfish, vulgar, or

mean. One cannot sincerely read His words, so filled with thought and sympathy for others, and not be himself greater for what he has read.

In the world which lies "just over the hill" one needs, more than all else, character above reproach. Work for it, gain it, secure it, pay the price willingly, for without it success worthy the name is impossible.

And do not be afraid nor ashamed to ask the Creator, who made the worlds — and *you*, to help you in the task.

X

THE VICTORY

X

THE VICTORY

SOME day out in the life that lies "just over the hill," into which through the purple and gold of that summer evening Jean, sweet and lovable, and Bruce, manly and strong, looked so anxiously, you and they will win the victory.

Not at once will it be won, for no victory can be won in a moment. The victory of the moment, when it is explained, began weeks, months, even years before, in the faithful work of the every day.

Courage

Victory has been promised to all who overcome. To overcome requires courage. Courage is more than bravery. All fighters are brave with a physical bravery. They may be utterly lacking in

courage, unable to champion a cause, to stand for the right, to defend the weak and helpless.

Courage is patient. It can wait, it can endure. Courage will follow Duty anywhere. Through fire and water, through disease and death, to the last spot in the world, courage will go. And in time courage will overcome. It lies deep in the heart of every true victor.

Practise

Victory does not come for the wishing. Longing never brought victory. It does not drop down from the skies some "lucky" day. But victory may come through practise.

When you witnessed the great game, and joined until you were hoarse in the shouts of triumph that proclaimed the victory, you did not think of the days of practise.

It was not on that day of the game that the victory was won, it was in the days and weeks of

practise when skill and strength were secured.

When you joined, until you could not speak aloud, in the great cry that rang out from the boats on the stream and the crowds on the shore, proclaiming that the victory was won, you did not remember that it was not on that gala day, amid flowers and pennants, and shoutings of mad joy, that the victory was won. It was during the weeks of diet, discipline and practise that the race was won.

Practising is Hard Work

In the words of the sixteen-year-old boy, who laid his violin down on the piano, and stretched his arms and fingers as he walked two or three times around the room, "Practising is no joke."

But the boy took up his violin again, going patiently and carefully over the exercises page after page.

That night an interested audience which filled the hall listened

with appreciation to the famous musicians who had come from the great city to play for them. But they waited eagerly for the boy who had spent his sixteen years among them. He had been for some time the pupil of a great violinist, and that night was to make his first appearance as what his delighted sister called, "a real solo violinist."

They greeted him with great applause, then settled back to listen. At first it was with interest in the young player, but in a few moments they had forgotten the boy, their neighbors, — every thing but the exquisite tones of the violin. Soft and low, then clear and high like the voice of a happy child, then full of power and strength it rang out over the audience and died away again, full of pleading.

When at last the music ceased, there was a moment's perfect silence — then how the hall rang with applause! It was a great moment for the boy.

When the concert was over and friends were congratulating his parents, some one said enthusiastically, "Marvelous talent! Wonderful! Where did he get it?"

Before the mother could reply, the great violinist, present as a critic, to see what should be the next step in the training of the boy, said in his quaint English: "Yes, ze talent one fourth explains, but ze practise, faithful every day — ze study — dat explains ze music. Ze boy will one day play all over ze world. Ja! He can practise ze scales."

They all laughed at the violinist's enthusiasm over the scales. But he was right. Many have talent, but few can practise the scales. Karl can, and he bids fair to fulfil the musicians' prophecy and become one of the really fine violinists.

When the Girls' Club heard Esther Raymond recite, her clear, trained voice carrying to the very last seat in the auditorium; when they laughed and then cried, just

as Esther willed; when picture after picture of mischievous boys, or of sublime heroes stood plainly before them; when they heard the applause and the words of praise, they said, "Esther is a wonder!" and "She ought to be thankful for such a gift!"

And Esther was thankful. But she could not help wondering how many of the Girls' Club would have done exactly as well, even better, had they been willing to practise patiently all the vocal exercises, to sit quietly thinking out one picture after another until the poem or story became alive, then for hours more to work hard memorizing it.

"It *is* talent," she said to her friend the next day, "and I am so grateful for it. But, Frieda, it is *work* and hard work too." And she spoke the truth.

Marie sat at her desk in the drawing hall, surrounded by an admiring group, who applauded as they watched her skilful fingers rapidly sketch one design after

another for the menu cards to be used at the faculty banquet.

"How does she do it!" cried one. "She's a wizard," said another. "She certainly has wonderful talent," said one of the teachers. But the supervisor of drawing smiled.

"Yes," he said, "Marie has talent, but it is observation and practise that explain what you see her doing now."

"But it is very hard to make them believe it, Mr. Clark," said Marie. "They laugh when I tell them how many hours I toiled last summer vacation on lines and curves. They think that I do this by magic."

"It is the magic of hard work," replied the supervisor. "*Practising* is hard work."

Yes, practising *is* hard work. But one who means to be a victor fears nothing — not even hard work.

Remember it may be years before the shout of triumph shall proclaim the victory, but if you are spending the days in faithful

practise, in whatever your work may be, you are *winning* the victory *now*.

The Silent Victory

Sometimes the shout of triumph never reaches the victor's ears nor is the crowd aware that in its midst a victor stands.

He does not realize himself that on a certain evening in the early spring, on the street corner he won a great victory — the hardest to win, the victory over self. He was put to the test that night and he won.

No shouting greeted him, no pennants floated out in his honor. Nevertheless it was a great victory which made possible a still greater one. While he was yet a young man, in the midst of his commonplace work, success came to him.

It is this silent victory over self and circumstances that most deserves the victor's crown. How many such victories are won on the street, in the office, in the quiet and the darkness of one's room at

night! And the victors ask no crown or honor for the fight so nobly won.

But the crown comes. Invisible, it may be, for a long time; then in some dark moment it may shine forth.

I remember a young man to whom his senior partners, when they knew he had a passion to make money, and great ambition to succeed, one day outlined a plan for the sale of land. To carry out their plan they needed his help and they thought they knew him. It meant more money than he could earn in weeks if it were successful; then after a while more sales and more money.

The plan did not seem to him to be honest. But the men were respectable, of good standing, and they said it was legitimate business. He finally said he would think about it and let them know in the morning.

That night he thought. He fought his fight. He met the test. It might cost him his position, he

knew, and explanations would be difficult. But he won, and it was early morning when the victor fell asleep.

Next day when he walked down the street to the office, no one saw in him a hero who had conquered, a victor worthy a crown.

He told his partners he could not join in the scheme and gave the reason. They did not criticize, but said that on second thought perhaps he was right, and the plan would be dropped.

But it was not dropped. It was carried through and more and more money was made by the partners and others whom they had interested.

A year passed and another. The young man was never approached again with any plan save the most clean and honest. Sometimes he felt that all was not right but there was no tangible reason for his suspicion and he put the thought aside.

One morning the paper in glaring words told the story of the

sale of the land. The false investments and sales had been carried on according to the plan of which the young man had been given the barest outline four years before. Now all the facts were given, the shame revealed.

But the young man's name stood out clear and free from any blame. The partners, when faced with the facts, confirmed the statement that the young man had been approached, had refused to have anything to do with the scheme, and was led to believe that it had been dropped.

That day the victor was revealed. Men congratulated him. His family were proud of him. The most reliable business houses expressed confidence in him and offered any aid necessary in order that he might open offices for himself. His triumph had come.

He has told his friends that for days after the truth was known he scarcely ate, and for many nights was unable to sleep. He thought constantly and was unable to

banish the thought: "What if that night, alone in my room, I had yielded to the temptation? I wanted the money. I wavered! What if I had *failed!*" Then, as if it were a nightmare, he saw himself in disgrace, the shame of his failure upon him, men turning their faces from him — all his hopes and dreams of success gone. Just the thought was awful, and he could imagine what the reality must be.

Then he would shake himself free from the thought and tell himself with glad joy that he had won, that in the morning he would meet the smiling confidence of his fellow-men.

Out in the life that lies "just over the hill" are thousands who are winning the silent victories, who are crowned with the invisible crown which time will make visible.

When the Victory is Won

When the victory is won, there will be another to win. This is

life. Each victory will be easier than the last and it will be more joyful. As each victory over self and circumstances is gained, new rounds will be added to the ladder of success that you may climb higher and higher. Do not try to fly up the ladder of success. Ladders must be climbed. Disaster follows those who attempt to fly.

As you climb do not forget that just behind you is another — your brother man. Lend him a hand. For in lending a hand to the one a step behind all down the long line comes added strength to climb higher oneself. Do not forget the one who is a step behind.

You Must Not Fail

Don't fail. You must not fail. Have courage, let nothing weaken it. Practise, let nothing turn you aside. Success is promised to those who work; fear no work, however difficult.

Remember that as you cannot succeed alone, so you cannot fail

alone. Your failure hurts not only yourself, but another — there is always another. Remember fathers and mothers and true friends, who expect great things of you and to whom your failure would mean sorrow that would not be comforted.

But you will not fail. Go out into life with courage, hope, and, gladness; enjoy genuine good times and work hard; fear nothing; love your neighbor as yourself and your God most of all, and "just over the hill," with Jean and Bruce and all the rest, you will meet success.