

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE STORY OF BOYHOOD DAYS.

Edward T. Jeffrey, President Denver and Rio Grande Railroad Company, in "Success"

The first six years of my boyhood were passed in the cities of Liverpool, Portsmouth, and Woolwich, in England. My father was a chief engineer in the British Navy, and my mother lived in the places where she could see him most frequently. I remember very little about my early boyhood. My father died when I was six years old, and the following year, 1850, mother decided to bring the family to America, thinking it would be well for us to grow up in "the land of opportunity."

We settled in Wheeling, West Virginia, and there we remained until I was thirteen years old. There is little to relate about my life in Wheeling. My father had left us very poor. Nearly every cent that my mother had saved was spent to bring us to the United States. Shortly after we had settled here, life seemed to me to bring us no good news. The hardships surrounded us. I was buffeted and cuffed here and yon. No one seemed to care whether I lived or died. I was a poor, forsaken wretch. Sometimes I had to go hungry, and often I cried from sheer misery. I remember that, on one occasion, while I was chopping some wood, a man sauntered along, and stood looking at me for some time. I said nothing to him, but kept on working. After some moments, he said to me, "Sonny, you're not particularly sociable. Why don't you say something to a fellow?" "If I should talk to you," I answered, "I would not be able to strike straight with my axe."

That was a pretty curt remark, I afterwards thought, for the man went away rather crestfallen. But the more I thought of what I had said, the more I believed that I had made the correct answer. I was sent to school, finally, and what "book-learning" I have was gained in Wheeling. No boy ever enjoyed going to school more than I did. A new world seemed to be opening to me. I became fond of study, and took considerable interest in my school work. Before I was ten years old, I never missed an examination after year without being absent a single day. But I played just as hard as I studied, and began to experience "the strenuous life" while still young in years. When I went home from school in the evening, there were always chores to do about the house. I helped my mother with the sweeping and heavier household work, and whenever she could spare me, I found many a way to earn an honest penny, by running errands or executing some little job for a neighbor.

I was interested in mechanics from my earliest recollection. I suppose the fact that my father was an engineer had something to do with this, and I could draw plans for engines almost before I could write. Before I was seven years old, I was using a set of mechanical drawing instruments with considerable success, and I can't remember the time when I wasn't busy with some design. It was always my ambition to work in a machine shop, and it never occurred to me that I might do better in some other line of work.

My first wages were only forty-five cents a day. When I was thirteen years old, my mother decided to move to Chicago, and immediately, on our arrival in that city, I began to look for work. I entered an application with the Illinois Central Railroad Company for a position. I told that company that I was willing to do anything. My expectations were very modest. Personally, I would have preferred remaining in school a few years longer, but my mother needed the money and I had to earn it. I thought that if I could take home a dollar or two every week, it would be a great achievement. My ambition at that early day did not extend beyond reaping the reward of faithful and honest work in the humble duties of my calling. It never occurred to me that I might one day be the general superintendent and manager of the great corporation into whose employ I was just entering.

My first position was in the office of Samuel J. Hayes, superintendent of machinery, where I was employed for about two months as a general errand boy. This work was little more arduous than I was used to doing at home, but I was delighted with the idea that I was actually engaged in business. My wages at the start were 45 cents a day. Several men told me that I was a fool to work for such wages, and I thought so, too, several times, but I decided to make as much of my chance as possible. STUDYING AT HOME WILL OFTEN BRING GREAT RESULTS.

At the end of two months, I was put to work in the tin and copper shop, where I did all sorts of work, assisting the regular employees by cleaning up, and by making myself generally useful. It was while serving in this shop that I made up my mind to become a machinist. I entered an application with the railroad company for a place in the machine shops so that I could learn the trade. This was given in a few months, and the practical training that I received in the shops has been of the greatest value to me ever since. I acquired some knowledge of carpentry and the designing of locomotives, and kept my eyes and ears open to learn all I could in every department of the work.

On July 5, 1858, Mr. Hayes gave me a position in the department of mechanical drawing, and from that time I made rapid progress. Mr. Hayes had a warm heart and was most friendly toward any boy starting in the world for himself, and, under his good counsel, I developed an ambition to fit myself for the complete mastership of both the science and art of mechanical drawing and engineering. I began a course of systematic study, which I continued for ten years. Mr. Hayes soon saw that I was in earnest, and he accorded me the privilege of studying during office hours whenever my duties per-

mitted. I also studied at home in the evenings, and was able to make short work of some books I had. Being regularly employed in the drawing department, I was able to demonstrate the principles of my calling in a practical way. I perceived that it is useless to acquire book-knowledge without knowing how to put it into operation, and I applied in my own self-training the principle now advocated by the most advanced educators,—that of combining the labor of the hand with that of the brain in order to meet the practical demands of an industrial calling.

It is probable that I may encourage many young men to study at home when I say that, at eighteen years, I was on the pay roll of the Illinois Central Railroad Company as a regular mechanical draughtsman. This position would not have been possible for me at that age if I had not used every spare moment to improve my knowledge of my profession. When I was twenty years old I was placed in full charge of the department of mechanical drawing.

The question is often asked whether I consider a college or technical course essential to success in a mechanical career, and I invariably reply in the negative. Practical experience is the essential, most of all; and if a young man can have a college education in addition, it is a very good thing, but it is quite possible for any boy to advance himself through his own efforts at self-culture. I continued my work and studies with such profit, while I was with the company, that at the age of twenty-five I found myself in possession of the entire range of sciences adapted to the highest efficiency in my occupation, and by general reading I had also gained some breadth of general culture.

When I was placed over the department of mechanical drawing I was also made private secretary to the superintendent of machinery. At the age of twenty-eight I was appointed assistant superintendent of machinery by John Newell, then president of the company. Mr. Newell was a typical example of a self-made railroad man, and was never slow in opening the way for promotion to deserving and energetic employees. It has always been my experience that railroad officials are willing to advance their men just as soon as they deserve it, and are quick to recognize a young man who is really anxious to improve his position.

LITERARY CLUB WAS AN EARLY MEANS OF CULTURE.

When I was a very young man in Chicago, I was interested in every organization which would assist me in my studies. For several years, I was president of the Young Men's Literary Society, an institution which did much to foster a literary spirit among a large number of citizens, and while I was a member I used to write verses and essays.

So great was my gain in knowledge and experience from my connection with the Young Men's Literary Society that I am sorry such organizations are not so popular now as they used to be. I remained with the Illinois Central Railroad Company for a great many years, and, having started as a chore boy and a mechanic's apprentice, I was able to bring to my duties a practical knowledge of the details of railroad management. The three principal ideas which governed my actions, during my official railroad career were to establish mutual confidence and kindly relations between the corporation and its employees, to gain the respect of the general public and bring about a clearer and more intelligent comprehension of the relations between the people and the carriers, and to so conduct corporate affairs as to secure and retain the confidence of the financial world.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

That thou mayest therefore escape the everlasting punishment to come, labour to endure present evils with patience for God's sake.

Dost thou think the men of this world suffer little or nothing? Thou wilt not find it so, though thou shouldst seek out the most delicate.

But, thou sayest, they have many delights and follow their own will and therefore make small account of their tribulations.

Behold they shall vanish away like smoke who abound in this world, and there shall be no remembrance of their past joys.

Nay even whilst they are living, they enjoy them not without a mixture of bitterness, irresolution and fear.

For the very same thing, in which they conceive a delight, does often bring upon them a punishment of sorrow.

Of two evils we ought always to choose the least.

Still Another Sect.

Time's latest offspring is a brace of new sects. These additions to the fantastic crowd came into being a few days ago at either side of the Atlantic. One was here in this city; it has been called the Church of the Soul, and a woman is its high priestess. She promises to work miracles; she is fantastically tall, and she is glitteringly dressed. She is a lady by profession and she claims to talk with the dead. If these features of novelty fail to draw those who have money than brains, more curiosity than piety, nothing can do it as for the poor, their presence is not desirable in such grand society. The other event is of a different order of sensationalism; it is in fact so shocking as to stir even a London crowd to attempt to lynch the chief figure in it. Pigot is his name, and he preys in it. Pigot is his name, and he preys in it. Pigot is his name, and he preys in it.

How many thousands of struggling professional men who have difficulty in making ends meet would be glad to exchange places with workmen who can make \$50 a week? Another great advantage which the man with a useful trade at his fingers' ends has over the average business man who is not his own master is the feeling of comfortable security. His trade is always a valuable asset, and he is not likely to lose his position for a trifle or through the whim of an employer. Even should he lose his position, he usually has no

difficulty in finding something else just as good. Where there is another opening he does not have to enter into competition with all the fustian and jargon of the labor market. It is probable that an advertisement of a subordinate position, with few prospects of advancement, in a business house, would call forth at least ten times as many applications as the demand for a skilled mechanic.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Victory obtained over self, by the stern repression of pride and the senses, helps us also to overcome the world. For what power can it possess over hearts thus fortified against sin and shame and suffering? Admirable spectacle! Religion elevates man by the very means the world employs for his abasement. She by servitude renders him free, and by erudition she makes him a king.—Lactantius.

A Blind Modeler of Boats.

John B. Herreshoff, of Bristol, Rhode Island, a brother of "Nat" Herreshoff, the designer of the "Constitution" and many other famous racing yachts, is still an active man, although he has been blind since he was fifteen years old. His method is to have carefully written plans prepared first. He designs the model and superintends its construction. So keen has his touch, become that he can tell the slightest flaw in a hull, or even a piece of wood. He sometimes takes his turn at the wheel in sailing his vessels on their trial trips. After examining a vessel's hull, or a good model of it, he will give detailed instructions for building another one just like it, and will make a more accurate duplicate than can most boat builders who have perfect sight.—Success.

Boys, Don't Swear.

Let me advise you to avoid swearing, as there are reasons for doing so on which I recommend you to reflect. Swearing makes God your enemy. Swearing makes good men avoid you. Swearing brings down upon yourself the curse which you pronounce upon another.

Swearing shuts you out from the Holy Spirit of God from your heart. Swearing makes the devil your friend. Swearing gives the devil power over your soul.

Swearing makes bad men seek your company. Swearing hardens your heart. Swearing increases the number of your sins.

Swearing opens to you the door of the bottomless pit.

Let me ask you what good does swearing do you? None.

What harm does it do you? It destroys your soul. Bless and curse not, Jesus came to bless mankind. Do you wish to undo all that He did for you?

Paying Too Much for Success.

If a vigorous young business man, anxious to push his business and make money, were offered a million dollars to shorten his life ten years, would he accept the money on such terms? For what stocks and bonds would he exchange the peace and tranquility of his mind for the rest of his life? What price would tempt a man to trade his steady nerves for shaky ones scarcely enabling him to sign his name, or substitute for buoyant spirits and a vivacious manner jaded ennui and dull apathy? What would he ask for his bright, youthful intelligence, if it had to be immediately replaced by a wrinkled, care-worn visage, stamped with anxiety? How much would he take for his athletic figure, his quick, elastic step, if offered in exchange a bent form and a shuffling gait? How much real estate would he consider a fair compensation for the companionship of his wife, the joy and comfort of his home, and the sunny love of little children?

Suppose that a bright, hopeful college graduate were asked to sell, off hand, the result of his four years' work, to give up his grasp of human nature, and to close forever all the doors of intellectual progress that his studies have opened to him,—how much money, would close the bargain?

Ask some man what he would take in exchange for the friendships that have made his life rich with hallowed experiences and perpetual inspiration, and which promise him pleasure and profit in future years.

Ask some respected citizen, influential for good in his community, whose advice is sought, who is held up as an example to growing youth, to sell his good name, his influence, his community's respect,—what sum would he name?—Orison Swett Marden, in the October Success.

Opportunities in the Mechanical Trades.

Is it not a thousand pities that young men, in casting about for "openings" in business, are prone to overlook excellent opportunities and end by trying to squeeze in where there is least room for them to grow? asks the Philadelphia Telegraph. The unfortunate tendency among our youth is to absolutely disregard places where shirt cuffs and pressed trousers would be out of place, yet many brilliant successes and large fortunes have been founded on an honest trade well mastered. During the course of a strike in this city, in which one thousand five hundred employees were involved, it came out the other day that many of the skilled workmen earned as much as \$1.08 an hour. As they were on piecework, they could easily earn \$50 a week without over-exerting themselves. They were not seriously disturbed by the strike. They own their own homes and, as a rule, have a comfortable balance at their bankers. How many thousands of men who have for years dragged along in more genteel occupations would find cause for envy in such a condition of affairs?

How many thousands of struggling professional men who have difficulty in making ends meet would be glad to exchange places with workmen who can make \$50 a week? Another great advantage which the man with a useful trade at his fingers' ends has over the average business man who is not his own master is the feeling of comfortable security. His trade is always a valuable asset, and he is not likely to lose his position for a trifle or through the whim of an employer. Even should he lose his position, he usually has no

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The Discipline of Failure.

The really great men of the world are those who are not paralyzed by failures. Success is rare, except through repeated failures. Those who put all at risk on one venture, and, losing, weakly surrender, never accomplish anything worth living for. Failures should enter into the natural expectation of everybody as a necessary, if painful, part of the discipline of life.

Few begin with anything like a clear view of what they want to do, and the fortune they seek may come in a very different form from that which they have kept in view. It may be a very large success and yet scarcely recognized. What many regard as a victory may really be a defeat, and men often mourn as losses what ought to be considered as gains. The child that never falls never learns to walk. Falls are failures which lead to success.

Everything depends on how to take our failures. Robert Louis Stevenson, in one of the eleven rules laid down for the discipline of conscience, declared: "Our business in this world is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirit."

It seems, on first reading, an inversion. Surely, it is worth while to succeed! How can it be our business to fail? Is failure, then, better than success—a thing to be courted and worked for? Not at all. He means that failures are numerous and constant. They stand thick in every pathway. We must make up our mind to meet them, and not to let them dishearten us. Here is the point. We are vanquished if we take a failure as final. We must not let it discourage us. We shall fail and fail often; but it is our duty not to lose heart, not to give up trying. Everybody knows that the author of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" made himself famous by his works, and yet he says of his career: "I mean to lead a life that should keep mounting from the first; and though I have been repeatedly down again below sea-level, and am scarier higher than when I started, I am as keen as ever for that enterprise."

This is the invincible spirit that will not own itself beaten because it stumbles and falls, but persists in rising and pressing forward, however slow and difficult the progress. It bravely refuses to surrender, holding that its business is to meet these inevitable failures in good spirits. The novelist had his ideal. It was to write a great poem. He never achieved it, but was content, he wrote, to "cobble little prose articles." He never wrote the great poem, but he took his failures in "excellent good spirits," and achieved success in a different line.

Thoughts to Help Men on in Life.

Hon. Bourke Cochrane, the eminent New York lawyer, tells young men how to succeed: "There is but one straight road to success," he says, "and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful."

Capacity never lacks opportunity. It cannot remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to utilize it. A capable man on earth is more valuable than any precious deposit under the earth, and the object of a much more vigilant search. Whoever undertakes to build a house, to cultivate a farm, to work a mine, to obtain relief from pain, to maintain a legal controversy, or to perform any function of civilized life, is actively searching for other men qualified to aid him. To appreciate the thoroughness of the search, it is necessary only to realize the number of persons engaged in all these pursuits throughout the world. From such a search, no form of ability can remain concealed. If the possessor of capacity sought to hide himself, he would be discovered and induced to employ his ability for the benefit of those who need it.

To be successful, then, one has but to qualify himself thoroughly for some occupation. Every man has some natural aptitude. In these days, the training by which natural aptitude is developed into effective ability can be obtained by every youth. No man can hope to be the best in any field of labor, but everyone can hope to be among the best. Time occupied in worrying about opportunities, openings, and starts, is time wasted, because, to every capable man, a "start" and an "opportunity" are always furnished by the necessities of all other men.

Young men who have been out in the world for some years, know the value in business life of a good reputation. They know that if a salesman has the name of being honest, truthful, alert and industrious, he is pretty sure of advancement, and that if a firm is known to be true to its promises, prompt in making payments, and conducting its affairs on a safe basis, it can easily get forced upon it. So they desire to have a good reputation.

But all young men do not appreciate a good character. That is the inner man. That is not so open to the world. That some of them think, can be kept concealed. But they are mistaken. What a man is will surely come to the surface, is bound to tell, is certain to become known.

It is better to be upright than only to seem so. So character is to be preferred to mere reputation.

DR. HAMILTON'S PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

The world is full of sickly, dissipated, tired, nervous people, all longing to be well again. The road to health is along the way of taking Ferraz's Pink Pills. Ferraz's Pink Pills is a great appetizer and enables one to eat a quantity of wholesome food without fear of indigestion or dyspepsia. This results in the average business man who is not his own master is the feeling of comfortable security. His trade is always a valuable asset, and he is not likely to lose his position for a trifle or through the whim of an employer. Even should he lose his position, he usually has no

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SURPRISE SOAP is Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE SURPRISE

"Just Sowing His Wild Oats." From a sermon by H. Top Ludden. And people sometimes say to me that not all Catholic marriages are happy. True. And I am not an apologist for them. Let me say to the young woman about to take a partner for life that she do so with great caution and after mature deliberation. Let her avoid, above all things, the young man who is "just sowing his wild oats." She can never be happy with him, for as the Gospel of the day tells us, what he sows so also will he reap. He will reap nothing but sin and unhappiness. Have nothing to do with him whatever. If our young girls would avoid these men there would be fewer unhappy marriages.

A POPULAR BELIEF That Rheumatism is Due to Cold, Wet Weather.

SUCH CONDITIONS AGGRAVATE THE TROUBLE, BUT IT IS NOW KNOWN TO BE A DISEASE OF THE BLOOD—OUTWARD APPLICATIONS CANNOT CURE IT.

The once popular belief that rheumatism was entirely the result of exposure to cold or dampness, is now known to be a mistake. The disease may be aggravated by exposure, but the root of the trouble lies in the blood, and must be treated through it. Liniments and outward applications never cure, while Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure because they make new, rich, red blood, in which disease finds lodgment impossible. Concerning the use of these pills Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For upwards of five years I was a victim to the tortures of rheumatism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hip were almost past endurance. At other times I could not dress myself without assistance. I tried several remedies, some of them very costly, without getting any more than temporary relief at the most. At this juncture a friend urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and spoke so highly of the pills that I decided to try them. Almost from the very first these pills helped me, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes, every twinge of rheumatism had disappeared and I was feeling better than I had for years. I would strongly advise similar sufferers to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial, as I am confident they will not only drive away all pains and aches, but leave you strong, active and happy."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the greatest tonic medicine in the world. These pills not only cure rheumatism, but all troubles whose origin comes from poor blood or weak nerves, such as anemia, consumption, neuralgia, kidney trouble, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the irregularities which make the lives of so many women a source of misery. Some dealers offer substitutes, and in order to protect yourself you must see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A LINTMENT FOR THE LOGGER—Loggers lead a life which exposes them to many perils. Wounds, cuts and bruises are common. They should be prepared with a liniment to drive and in liver work, where wet and cold combined are of many a loggers' troubles, colds and muscular pains cannot but occur. The Liniment is a liniment which is applied to the injury or administered to the ailing, works wonders.

SIGNALS OF DANGER—Have you lost your appetite? Have your constipations? Have you an unpleasant taste in the mouth? Does your head ache and have you dizziness? If so, you are suffering from a bilious condition. Do not take medicine. Do not use cathartics. Do not take medicine. Do not use cathartics. Do not take medicine. Do not use cathartics.

WHEN YOUR COSTLY WATCH is out of order you have it regulated; you don't at once throw it aside. Why, then, when your bowels are out of order, do you treat them as useless? That is precisely what it means to take violent cathartics. They do not regulate the bowels, but take their work away from them, debilitate them, and make you more constipated than ever. You had far better throw away your good watch than treat your bowels roughly. You can get another watch, but you cannot renew your intestines. The only cure for Constipation is a gentle laxative with tonic action.

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