

The Young Man and His Problem

By JAMES L. GORDON

WALK AND GROW STRONG.

Walk and grow strong. Walk and expand your lungs. Walk and swing your arms. Walk and straighten your shoulders. Walk and breathe deeply. Walk and think. Walk and cogitate. Walk and meditate. Walking is the best exercise in the world. Concerning Ralph Waldo Emerson it was said: "Walking was his exercise and he was an admirable walker, light, erect and strong of limb. He almost always refused offers to ride in a carriage, and seldom on journeys availed himself of omnibuses or cabs. He would walk across the city to his train, carrying usually his rather heavy leathern travelling bag in his hand at such a speed that a companion must run to keep up with him, and this without apparent effort or any noticeable effect of overheating or shortness of breath. 'When you have worn out your shoes,' he said, 'the strength of the sole-leather has gone into the fibre of your body.'"

SACREDNESS OF MONEY.

Money is powerful because it represents so much. What a tremendous investment has been made in order to produce a dollar—time, thought, effort, toil, conflict and high-nerved endeavor. Therefore take care of money; it is the most costly thing in the world. A recent exchange remark: "One of Gen. Robert E. Lee's distinguishing traits of character was his extraordinary carefulness in money matters. While generous to a fault, in business transactions he was scrupulously exact. While President of Washington and Lee University he was often heard to say to the young men who came there from all parts of the South: 'Do not waste your money; it cost somebody hard labor, and is sacred.' His advice is worthy of being written in letters of gold upon the walls of every school-room and college in the land."

SIMPLICITY OF GREATNESS.

Great men are usually plain men—informal, unconventional, simple in manners, plain in speech, unpretentious in conduct, and direct in conversation. Fuss and feathers belong to the ignorant and superficial. "Style" and "agony" are characteristic of those who would have the world class them above their real value and genuine worth. In a recent biography of Robert E. Lee I find the following: "At McLean's house, at Appomattox Court-house, Lee and Grant met to arrange the terms of capitulation. There were no surrounding circumstances to lend dramatic interest to the scene: just a plain room and two men, one in gray, the other in blue. The business they had to transact was quickly adjusted, for Grant, who realized that this was the end, treated his defeated opponent with perfect consideration and was prepared to accept the parole of officers and men."

THE CRITIC.

Don't worry about the man who sees fit to criticise your work. Don't answer—it will please him. Don't reply—it will advertise him. Don't challenge—it will inspire him. Don't abuse—it will but bring him into public notice and attention. If his criticism is a true and proper one, profit by it. If otherwise, ignore it. A writer in the "Saturday Evening Post" quotes Longfellow as saying: 'The poet aims to give pleasure,' Longfellow more than once said to me, 'but the purpose of the critic is, usually, to give pain.' Speaking of the numerous papers that were sent to him, containing notices of his poems, he told me that it was his custom never to read an article written in an unpleasant spirit. 'If, after reading a few lines, I find that the intention is to wound,' he said, 'I drop the paper into the fire, and that is the end of it.' A kindred feeling was expressed by Sir Walter Scott, who, referring to Jeffrey, the eminent Edinburgh reviewer, wrote: 'I have neither time nor inclination to be perpetually making butterflies that he may have the pleasure of pulling their wings and legs off; and again, remarking on the same subject, Scott said: 'I would rather please one man of genius than all the great critics in the kingdom.'"

ODDS AND ENDS.

Everything has a value—a sheet of paper, a piece of string, a stub pencil, a stray pin, a lonely tack, an undriven nail, a remnant of carpet, a belated book, a half-spotted blotting pad. There is no telling just when you

will need any one of these. Classify your odds and ends. Have them within reach. That which was worth making is worth preserving. Here is a gem from Edison's biography: "Six or seven years ago a new boy was employed in the Orange laboratory, and forced Edison to give an account of himself. It happened in this way. The boy was first of all told all about the man for whom he was to work. Then he was informed of the traditions of the establishment. He was told that the main building contained a piece of every known substance on earth, and that if he could name any substance not in the building he would be awarded a prize of \$2.50."

JUST FOR THE FUN OF IT.

There is a monthly periodical published in the O.J. Country entitled "Great Thoughts." It is full of good things for young men. I extract the following incident from its pages—an illustration recorded by James Coates, Ph. D.:

THE FUN OF DOING WELL.

"It is related of the late Lord Napier that once he played a trick on some young officers to find out the right man for a certain post. The story is that he had three ambitious officers to choose from, all of whom would like to be colonels at once. Lord Napier sent for these young men, and in due order detailed them to some ordinary routine work to be done. They went to their work without suspecting that the general wished to test them and was having them watched for that purpose. The first two, whom I will call A and B, considered the duties very much beneath them, and discharged them in a very careless and perfunctory manner, while complaining of the affront which they had received in being asked to discharge those duties. The third young officer was prompt, energetic and thorough, and acquitted himself with credit."

"How is it," demanded Lord Napier, "that you thought such matters worthy of so much care?" The young fellow flushed. He thought the general believed that he was an officer who had wasted too much energy on matters of no great moment."

"Beg pardon, general," he answered, "but it was just the fun of seeing how well I could do them."

"The grim old general's face relaxed into a pleasant smile, and he said: 'You are promoted to a captaincy. Go and see how much fun you can get in doing your best in that position.'"

CARNEGIE AND WHISKEY.

Rum is on the run. Doctors say it is no good. Lawyers affirm that it makes trouble. Generals assert that liquor opens the door for defeat. Preachers proclaim that it blasts character. Property owners are on record to the effect that it decreases values. Business men are agreed that it stands in the pathway of commercial success. Here is the way Andrew Carnegie, the American millionaire, deals with the subject. Mr. Carnegie, in his book, *The Empire of Business*, says: "The first most seductive peril and the destroyer of most young men is the drinking of liquor. I say to you that you are more likely to fail in your career by acquiring the habit of drinking liquor than from any or all temptations likely to assail you. You may yield to almost any other temptation and reform—may brace up and if not recover lost ground, at least remain in the race, and secure and maintain a respectable position. But from the insane thirst for liquor escape is almost impossible. I have known of few exceptions to the rule."

A FLUENT LIAR.

Have nothing to do with a liar. The man who handles truth recklessly is a dangerous man. Beware of him. No matter how pleasing or polite, cut him. He will deceive you, mislead you, misrepresent you and undermine your interests. Have no partnership with a man who fabricates. The following I cull from "Great Events": "'Sire,' said Napoleon III's Minister of War, 'all is in absolute readiness for the Prussian campaign, down to the last button on the last gaiter of the last soldier.' 'Now, this was one of the most momentary lies ever uttered. The man to whom it was addressed was himself a fluent liar, had built up his empire on a foundation of lies, and had a way of doubting other people's word and motives. Yet he believed the statement of his Minister of War, and this same credulity cost him his throne.'"

A CLOSED DOOR.

"He is somewhat distant" was the remark made concerning a young lawyer. "He is not a good mixer," was the criticism offered with reference to an aspiring politician. "He is lacking on his social side," was the comment of the old deacon concerning his young pastor. "He is cold and reserved when he ought to be cordial," was the suggestion of a customer with reference to a young storekeeper. The art of winning people is a great one. Read this: "Zola once complained of the gross injustice of his contemporaries toward him, of the personal bitterness with which they assailed him when they were supposed to be criticising his work. In his soreness and bewilderment he asked one of the greatest of French men of letters what the explanation could possibly be. And it is Zola himself who records the answer which the great man made: 'You have one immense defect which will close every door against you. You cannot chat for two minutes with an imbecile without making him feel that he is an imbecile.'"

BUILD SURELY.

A book has recently been published giving extracts from the addresses and lectures by Dr. William Osler, the famous doctor and physician. The volume is full of bright thoughts and shows deep culture and broad knowledge. The following paragraph is suggestive:

"From the vantage-ground of more than forty years of hard work, Sir Andrew Clark told me that he had striven ten years for bread, ten years for bread and butter, and twenty years for cake and ale; and this is really a very good partition of the life of the student of internal medicine, of some at least, since all do not reach the last stage. During this period (first ten years after graduation) let him (the young physician) not lose the substance of ultimate success in grasping at the shadow of present opportunity. Time is now his money, and he must not barter away too much of it in profitless work—profitless so far as his education is concerned, though it may mean ready cash."

BE STRONG

Be strong. Strong in body. Strong in mind. Strong in soul. Strength commands the attention of the world; men respect it, women admire it. Stand square-toed and flat-footed. Let your words be few and full of meaning. Make good your promises and fulfil your own prophecies. Be the incarnation of health, strength and robustness. Bishop Quayle furnishes an historical illustration along this line. "Men will forgive much if there be strength. The French tolerated a Louis XIV, and not a Louis XVI, because the one was strong, and the other weak. They tolerated the administration and gloried in the rule of a Napoleon, and dethroned a Charles X, because Napoleon, though a tyrant, was strong; and Charles was a tyrant and weak. The Stuarts were weak. There was no strength among them. Charles II, in spite of his monstrous vices, had more of the symptoms of strength than James I, Charles I, or James II. James I was a pedant, an overgrown schoolboy, 'the wisest fool in Christendom.' Charles I was the creature of favorites, was possessed of no gift of comprehending the people whom he ruled, was an egotist, and as false as ever a king could well be. James II was an intolerant bigot, blind as a mole, and so incapable of learning that even a scaffold dyed with his father's blood could teach him no wisdom. Such were the Stuarts. The Tudors had been tyrannical, but were not pusillanimous in their weakness. There was no more despotism in James I than Elizabeth, nor in Charles I than in Henry VIII; but there was strength in the Tudors, and only weakness in the Stuarts."

TIT FOR TAT

The balances of the world are even, and the weights of the world are right. An ounce of anger brings an equal proportion of contempt. Build a pair of scales for the world, and be sure of one thing—men will weigh you in your own scales. It's "tit for tat" the world over.

"A baker living in a village not far from Quebec bought the butter he used from a neighboring farmer."

"One day he became SUSPICIOUS that the butter was not of the right weight, and for several days he weighed the butter and found that the rolls were gradually diminishing in weight, and had the farmer arrested for FRAUDULENT dealing."

"At the trial the judge said to the farmer: 'I presume you have scales?' 'Yes, of course, your honor.' 'And weights, too, I presume?' 'No, sir.' 'Then how do you manage to WEIGH the butter which you sell?'"

"That's easily explained, your honor," said the farmer. "When the baker commenced buying his butter of me I thought I would get my bread of him, and it is the one-pound loaves I've been using as a WEIGHT for the butter I sell. If the weight of the butter is wrong he is to blame himself."