

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM

By James L. Gordon.

Success.

Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the New York Christian Advocate, affirms that the best lecture which he ever listened to on the subject of "Success" was delivered by an individual who was an absolute failure in everything he ever attempted—except that lecture on success. He failed in business. He failed in the ministry. He failed to keep out of debt. He failed to bring up his children in the right way. His lecture on Success, however, was a tremendous success. It drew crowded houses. Wherever he appeared they asked him to return and tell them once again "How to Succeed." It is possible, therefore, to grow eloquent on a subject without being a living illustration of the doctrine which you preach.

Brilliant Men.

Years ago I tried to secure a position for a young man of exceptional gifts but rather erratic in temperament and eccentric in disposition. I made my appeal to one of the largest and most successful publishing houses on the continent of North America. I imagined that in the various departments of such a huge concern there might be room and scope for the unusual gifts of my talented friend. I secured an introduction to the proper executive and pleaded that a position might be found for a young man above the average in mental strength if somewhat uneven in his disposition and peculiar in his personal habits. I remember well his answer: "I have no use for brilliant men." And he immediately preached a sermon to me on the disadvantages of the "brilliant" man. He preferred the slow, plodding, careful, determined sort. "Brilliant men need watching," he said. "The man of genius needs a keeper," he added. I guess he was right. I have met scores of men occupying positions of responsibility and envied by their friends and neighbors because of their rapid promotion, and almost invariably they were men of quiet mien and approachable manner. Ordinary men, most of them, with just a little more will power and determination expressed in the face than belongs to most of us. The slow, stupid, steady plodding character "gets there" nine times out of ten. He makes hay while the brilliant man shines. If you are brilliant, don't depend on your brilliancy. Business men are looking for young men who can be relied upon. Even in temperament, sweet in disposition, regular in their habits and absolutely sure in an emergency.

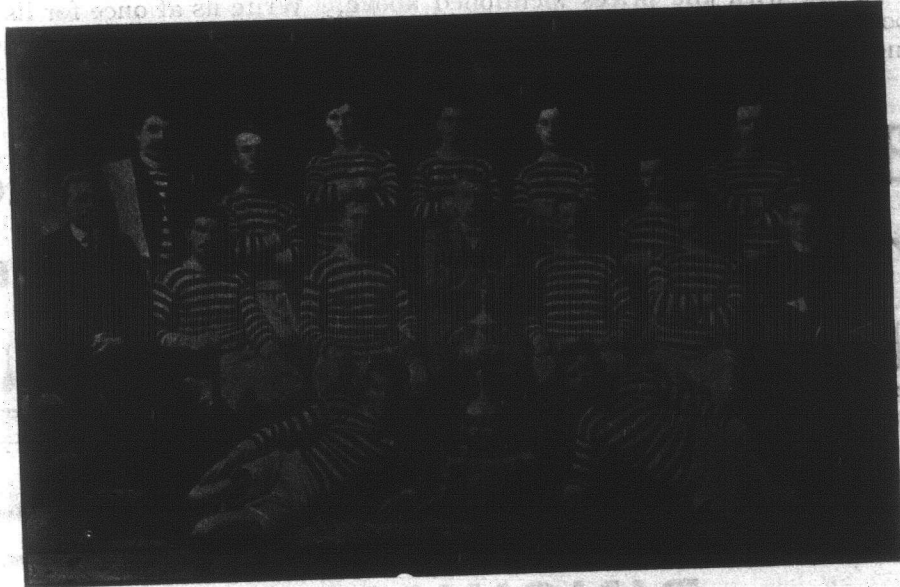
College Men.

I was seated in the office of a Boston millionaire one day. He was a self-made man and one who had arisen from obscurity and poverty by his own efforts. Through the window of his private office you could see the desks and documents of fifty clerks and bookkeepers busy at work on the accounts of the millionaire. The business establishment was situated within half a mile of Harvard College with its 3,000 students. And of these he may have been thinking when he turned in his revolving chair and pointing toward his busy clerks remarked: "Of what advantage is a college education? I have young fellows in that office who never saw the inside of college halls, who are more clever by one hundred per cent. than most of the college graduates who are employed in this establishment." The self-made millionaire imagined that the Harvard graduate, when he entered the commercial realm, would prove himself above the average. In this he was disappointed—the ambitious but untrained American youth had proven himself brighter and keener in the competition for commercial success. All of which leads us to remark that a college education is a splendid thing

to have but a poor thing to depend upon. Mental discipline will never take the place of business experience. The ambitious young man who is ignorant and knows it will out-distance the college-bred youth who possesses a diploma and depends upon it. Get a college training by all means, but remember that in courts of commerce "gumption" is fully as important as knowledge.

Get a Start.

Hundreds of books are being written and published just now bearing on the subject: "How to get on in the world." A very important subject and one in which most young men who are ambitious are exceedingly interested. Due emphasis is placed on the importance of tact, energy, enterprise and perseverance, and all these qualifications are essential, but it seems to us that the main thing in this day when competition is strong and all the callings and professions are crowded, the main thing is to get a good start. A good beginning is prophetic of a good ending. Old Commodore



J. Proctor, Trainer T. Muckle, A. Park, R. Logan, A. MacLennan, J. A. Ross, G. Wright
Thos. Hamilton, J. McEwan, W. W. Stewart, Hugh McLeod, R. Mills, A. Carr, R. D. Stark
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CALEDONIA FOOTBALL CLUB, CALGARY, CHAMPIONS, N.W.T., 1904.

Vanderbilt—the first of the Vanderbilts—affirmed that the most difficult achievement of his life was the accumulation of his first ten thousand dollars. After that amount had been secured, all things seemed possible to the prospective millionaire. The young man who wears out one suit of clothes before he buys another—as James Gordon Bennett says he did—and invests the savings of a year in a piece of real estate which is increasing in value even while he sleeps, is a capitalist from the moment he makes his investment. Get a start, even if it takes five years to build a bank account of \$100. Get a start! Get on your feet!

Brains.

When Disraeli was delivering a speech before a political gathering where his enemies seemed to be as numerous as his friends, one of his auditors exclaimed: "Where do you stand, anyhow?" to which the statesman replied: "I stand on my head." Few men can stand on that part of their anatomy and do it gracefully. But Lord Beaconsfield could stand on his head. He belonged to the aristocracy of brains. His remark reminds us of Edmund Burke when he said: "I do not fear the day of judgment half so much as I do the day of no judgment." Thinkers are the kings of the earth. Robert G. Ingersoll was right when he said: "The man who can't think is an idiot, the man who won't think is a fool, and the man who dare not think is a slave."

Where Do You Spend Your Evenings?

He was a young man about twenty-four years of age. He held a responsible position—next to the chief bookkeeper. His compensation was \$1,000 per annum. He audited the accounts of twenty cashiers daily, checked off the vouchers and deposited the funds with the proper banking concern. His progress and promotion had been steady and encouraging. He had every reason to believe that his future was as sure as the future of the business house with which he was identified. He thought that if he served his employers faithfully during the day it was no proper concern of theirs what disposition he made of his evenings or how he spent his Sundays. It never dawned upon him that there are certain methods employed by large commercial establishments by which the dissipations of favorite clerks and responsible executives may be discovered and reported to headquarters. His sudden removal from a position of responsibility at \$1,000 a year to a position less conspicuous at \$600 per annum, without a word of explanation, was the first intimation which the young man received that his employers regarded his social habits as altogether too expensive to continue him longer in a position which necessitated a daily handling of the funds of the concern. An evening's dissipation may ruin a reputation which it has taken years to

ren of furniture. Not a desk, chair or even window sill which he could sit down upon. Both stood during the conversation, which, of course, was brief, as Jay Gould intended it should be. Gould had evidently planned that room to save time. My friend stood, told his story, asked for a favor and retired. Time is money and no man knows it better than the man of means. The Montreal merchant who handed the hotel waiter a handsome fee, saying: "Be quick; every minute of my time is worth a dollar in gold," may have told the exact truth. "Ten minutes lost forever!" muttered John Wesley, when his coachman arrived one morning at ten minutes past four instead of being on hand promptly at 4 o'clock. Napoleon said in criticism of his enemies: "They do not know the value of time." John Ruskin had a motto on his desk expressed in two words: "To-Day." "Time is the stuff out of which life is made," said Benjamin Franklin. Men of genius know the value of time.

There is a vast difference between being steadfast and stuckfast.

Labor is luck if joined with pluck, and steady aim brings down the game.

The trinity of faith is faith in God, faith in man and faith in yourself.

The young man who is looking for a soft spot will find it located at the point where his brains ought to be.

You may yearn for success, but you cannot yawn yourself into success.

Aim—Steady!

Get ready;
Aim steady!
Send the shot.
To the vital spot.
If you fire in vain—
Fire again. Success is sure,
If only you endure.

The man who exchanges character for cash, purity for power, principle for party, manhood for money, his soul for silver and his God for gold is a failure first, and last and always.

Napoleon once said that the greatest effort of his life was to find men of deeds rather than men of words.

Doing and Enduring.

There are three questions for every man to answer. First: What can you do? That is a question of brain power and personal ability. Second: How much can you do? That is a question of health, strength and vitality. Third: How much can you endure? That is a question of will power and mental determination. The ability to hold on is just as important as the disposition to go on. When Energy resides with Stability, success and happiness is the result.

The Camp-Fire.

Darkness is on. The night is black.
Thro' the silent timber sounds the howling of the pack.
On the sky above a deep, dense cloud
Hovers o'er earth like a sombre shroud—
And the fire cracks loud.

Darkness is on. The stark, grim pines
Stand tall and black in irregular lines.
E'en tho' darkness be on, and the pines are drear
And the deer are few, yet freedom is here
With the camp-fire near.

Darkness is on. The fir trees sigh;
The horned owl moans, and the gray wolves cry—
And tho' even so, we haven't a care,
For the city is far. So sit and stare
At the camp-fire there. —Recreation.

In the Wells Cathedral, England, is the oldest self-striking clock in the world, having been built in 1220.

Banister sliding is easy work—but you had better make haste slowly on the first trip down lest you have an unpleasant hang-up on a splinter!

Der best succeeds in dis world is dem dot depend on home-made success.—Dinkel-spiel.

Time is Money.

A friend of mine called on Jay Gould. He had business of importance and he wished to confer privately with the famous millionaire. He was received in a small room absolutely bar-