

SUCCESS.

For the Ladies' Journal.

BY LUCINDA J. BROWN.



SUCCESS! How the pulse thrills! How the heart vibrates at the exulting word! Every young man hopes at some time to achieve success. Man aims at it from the time he steps out of his cradle, till he steps into his grave. This "sublime discontent," as Richter calls it, is the sign of man's elevation above all merely animal life, and a prophecy of his immortality.

Life is to a large extent made up of fragments. Success is due more to the use of the hundred small things, any one of which in itself seems of little importance, but which taken together amount to a great deal, than to one great and startling effort. It is the honest, plodding workman who wins the goal. Our success in life generally bears a direct proportion to the exertion we make. Success is the exciting motive to all effort, and its crowning glory. It is equally attainable in every career, to him who uses the right means. Now in the reaching of these great ends in life, energy and concentration of every faculty upon the chosen profession or trade, is of far more real value even than talent.

It is no uncommon thing to see men of talent passed in the race of life, by men apparently their inferiors, for no other reason than that the one concentrated his thoughts and time upon the one object in life, while the other squandered it upon several.

Statistics go far to show that there is only five per cent. of successful men in the different pursuits of life. Why? Because so many waste both time and money in running from one pursuit to another, never sticking to anything long enough to become master of it. 'Tis only the men of one purpose who accomplish much in this world; thousands have failed for no other reason than that they had "too many irons in the fire." Their attention was so divided they could do nothing well. Such is manifestly not the road to success. The foundation of a successful life must be laid early. Among the dangers which most surely militate against success in life, and which should be strictly guarded against is procrastination, indolence and a lack of concentration. As the goldsmith gathers up every grain of the golden ore in which he works, that nothing be lost, so should we all gather up the fragments of time and opportunity. Seize every moment as it flies, grasp every opportunity as it meets us, for these once past are like the water which flows back from the oars, gone forever; and by losing them, we have lost an onward step to the goal.

We are aware that there are those who deny that success in life is pre-eminently desirable. We are not going to moralize on the vanity of human pursuits. We are well aware that worldly success does not always impart the happiness it seemed to promise. Many of the apparently great prizes in life turn out blanks, and the fruit that has the richest rind has often ashes at the core. But this is certain at all events, if happiness is not a concomitant of success, it certainly is not of failure. There are few more pitiful sights in life than a confessedly and uniformly unsuccessful man. Failure hangs out her banner on his face, and is stamped upon his whole personnel. This world will forgive almost anything in a man but repeated failures. A few failures unredeemed will make success well nigh impossible. The path of success was never a smooth, flowery one, bordered by heartsease. It is steeper and thornier now than ever. Nettles and briars of disappointment and failure grow thick along either side; and rocks and boulders of opposition and adversity strew the way. We must have courage in ourselves. Grasp the nettles firmly and they lose their sting; trample them down and you will be stronger for it.

Do you shrink back at the roughness of the road? Make those boulders and rocks stepping stones to success—the goal lies beyond. Do not grow discouraged though your progress may be slow. You may slip back now and then, but that is no reason for growing faint-hearted. Pluck and plod are sure to win recognition, and in a true measure success.

For The Ladies' Journal.

AN ETCETERA COLUMN.

BY LIZ.

Of all the senses which could be dispensed with the easiest, I believe it would be smelling.

One loves to see! Just close your eyes and think, "If I could not see!" You will find a nerve rebellion that upsets your control.

A strong will can silence a tongue. We know of a person who said they would not speak for a year, and they kept not a "golden" silence but a stubborn one. I have read of a man who made a pretense of being deaf and dumb for years until he acquired the look of watchfulness that attends the real deaf and dumb.

The I will power was as strong as the I wont. But there is no human agency that can close the eyes and say, "Stay closed!" I do not believe the hypnotist could charge those same nerve eyelids to stay closed. There, I have said I don't believe it and in my mind I am wondering. Can they? Could they make one walk around with closed eyelids for a week? Eyes are blessing, and so are ears, but one can think and read if they can't hear.

But what can define that inner structure that meanders around where Aaron wore his breast plate? I mean feelings. They are the most unexplainable things at times; there are symptoms without sufficient cause; effects where I can find no cause. Have you not heard people say, "Dear me! I feel as if something were going to happen." Well, nothing happened and the feeling evaporated—passed where?

Was it only the shadow of trouble that was felt, and did the reality break on some one else?

Is there an invisible aerial cancer that sends down a spider thread with a poisonous touch, and then draws back its fibres to carry more venom, perhaps less, may be none at all to the others on which it descends.

The poison that is left in you and me works wonderful ferment. In the next individual it must have touched a callous vein, and didn't inoculate.

Then some must have an infusion of an antidote and never feel the poison. Is it the happier lot? I think so. But perhaps you are responsible for exposing a weak spot for that sharp eyed something to light on.

You made a fool of yourself—you blundered and said something. It hurt no one more than yourself, but the feelings fermented (with cause this time) and you say, "What a fool I was," with an emphasis on Fool spelt with a capital F. Another individual said its equal and didn't seem to feel he had said anything out of the way. He was not hurt. Oh no! but the listener was. The aggressor did not know it though. It is strangely strange is it not? And the truer the remark the more it wounds:

I think the poisoned venom
Of a cruel cutting speech;
Even when built of bricks of truth
Wounds longest in the breach.

How things change. Are there fashions even in conundrums? It used to be that the riddle would be constituted of numerous words, and the answer of the few. For instance:—

Big at the bottom, small at the top, something in it goes whippyty-whop. (Answer)—A churn. But just notice the style now:—

Why is the wind blind? (Answer)—Because the wind is a zephyr and a zephyr is wool, wool is yarn and a yarn is a tale, a tail is an attachment, an attachment is love, and love is blind.

Now isn't that an awful answer to a conundrum? A simple question to bring such an exposition of the English language. It was never built to guess. One could not fancy or imagine sitting at a winter fireside guessing or even trying to guess riddles like that. I suppose its the latest fashion.

I have at last read "Trilby." The book has had plenty of commendation and lots of hacks contrawise. One woman remarked to me that it was not suitable for any library, yet I can see our Mother Eve in Trilby guiltlessly guilty, innocently ignorant, and humanly human. Strong in the right when she realized it. The three Englishmen were fine in their comradeship. They were a unique trio. How very pleasant their intercourse was, that special part was to me one of the gem settings of the book.

Red Tape.

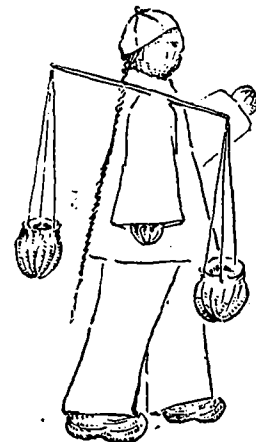
The utter foolishness of many of the regulation that have to be observed in order to receive a little information, or obtain one's rights, has been proven once more in my own case.

Like Mark Twain in his great "Beef Contract" with its multitudinous twists and turns, I have been wrapped in the swaddling clothes of form like a helpless infant and bound hand and foot, heart and brain by the reddest kind of red tape.

It was all about a simple matter too. An innocent looking registered letter addressed to myself as Editor of THE LADIES' JOURNAL came to the office one day in my absence. Now, none of my private correspondence comes to the office. I had previously plead with the powers that be, to give such letters to the business head of the concern in my absence. But here is where the funny business comes in. On a marked slip I was asked to call at the Post Office and bring the slip with me. I did so in no genial frame of mind, plead once more with the H.M.M. that all such business letters be given to their rightful owner and then handed him the slip. With a smile that would do credit to a melon-eating darkey, I was told that I would have to be identified before the letter could be given me. Now, I wasn't pining for the letter and had to go out of my way to call at the Post Office as was demanded of me from the slip. It reminded me of the old game of "Pains" that went something like this. "Bring me that letter." Letter is brought. "Now that you have taken so much pains to bring it, take it back again." Truly a red tape reform is needed.

J. WETHERALD.

The "heathen Chinese" pedler is capitally represented with peanuts, and is as ingenious as anything of its kind.



The body, arms and legs can be made like the old-time rag baby, of rolled cloth; and the head and hands, of peanuts, are slipped half into the gathered cloth and secured, but the feet should be sewn on through and through with a fine needle. Make the loose pantaloons and blouse of dark blue cotton. After the wizen face is outlined with paint, cap and queue should be glued to the head.

These men carry their wares in two baskets hung from a pole which rests on one shoulder, looking as they used to in our geographies.

Take a common wooden toothpick and from each end hang with thread the half section of the nutshell, fasten the pole to the shoulder and fill these baskets with tiny wares or leave them empty as you choose.