

want to get the blood out of them. if a writer cannot do this, his fate will be like that of

"Little Bo-Peepkin,
Who took her sheepskin
And went to the city to write,
She didn't know where
To find editors there
Though she hunted with all her might.

Don't put the boy into medicine on the grounds that it is a "nice" profession. The training, until one is hardened to it, is not only exacting, but disgusting—very far from "nice."

A doctor must dabble in blood, bear foul odors, take snubs from cranky patients, and be willing to study every spare moment he gets, unless he wishes to become a back number. But, if on the other hand, the boy can stand it, he is performing one of the noblest services on earth.

Is he "called" to be a preacher? Look in and through his call sharply. You know he may think it a nice, clean, easy job like the colored man of whom Booker Washington tells us. He was at work in a cotton-field one hot day in July when he suddenly stopped, and looking towards the sky, said: "O, Lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am so hot dat I b'lieve dis darky am called to preach."

A youth who enters the ministry with this idea is apt to find that he has run his head against a pulpit. The only reason a man should enter the sacred ministry is because he *cannot* keep out of it.

But whether the youth be knight of the pill, or knight of the quill, to succeed, he needs courage, a clean heart and a clear head, these and health, for in the struggle for bread, the weak are thrust to the wall without remorse.

It was a wise man who said, "There is no such thing as a success tabloid." Success is another name for hard work and hard head.

Max O'Rell tells of an Englishman who once wrote him after this style: "I have a son who is young, sober, clever, very steady, industrious, and courageous, and at whose disposal I could place a little capital. Do you think his prospects in the Antipodes would be good?"

"My dear sir," replied the witty Max, "a man who possesses the qualifications that you name need not go to the Antipodes. His prospects are good and perfectly safe anywhere."

A man who is carving out his path in life must expect competition and opposition, but the surest way to get rid of competition is to do his work better than the other fellow.

To do good work a man, must be lavish of his personality. He must put a great deal of himself into everything he does.

And there are three golden desiderata to be written on his heart: 1st, reliability; 2nd, reliability; 3rd, reliability. We have brilliant men, level-headed men, and pushful men, but comparatively few of the reliable kind.

Then, let the youth be as ambitious as he will, let him hitch his waggon to the stars; let him be the tadpole of an archangel, for in all this good round earth, there is nothing more engaging than the ambition of a hardy youth aflame with desire for the golden spurs.

FROM CUPID'S QUESTION-DRAWER

WHEN the subjects of matrimony and courtship were introduced into this department, it never entered my unimaginative head that I should be deluged by letters, masculine and feminine, written with J pens, or 242 Gillets', on pink paper, grey paper, and black-edged note, criss-crossed, blotted, tear-soaked, and even perfumed, but one can never postulate anything about human nature when love enters the calculations. Of a surety, the Postmaster-General has no idea of the secrets entrusted to him every day.

Although I really want to write about mothers-in-law, widows, jealousy, love-letters, and other interesting matters I shall pigeon-hole them somewhere in my head for a more convenient season, in order that I may lift a few of my correspondents from the black, sticky slough of despond.

Maggie M.: No, my dear young Miss, if I were you, I wouldn't dwell on the idea of elopement. Every boy has a vague longing for buccaneering, or for a suit of armor, a