

"GUMPTION" AND A FILE.

If a boy has any "mechanical faculty," if it comes handy to him to use tools, let him be thankful. Such a gift of nature—"gumption" it is sometimes called—deserves to be cultivated. It will serve its possessor many a good turn, though it may never serve him quite so well, as it served a man who tells his story in the Cleveland Plain Dealer. He opened a door for himself in a really striking manner.

When I was fourteen years old, he says, it became necessary for me to go out into the world and earn my share of the family expenses. I looked about with small success for a week or two, and then I saw a card hanging in a store window, "Boy Wanted."

I pulled down my hair, brushed the front of my jacket, and walked in.

"Do you want a boy?" I asked of the clerk.

"Back office," he said.

I walked back to the little den with a partition around it, and pushing open the door, which I noticed was slightly ajar, cap in hand, I stepped in.

It was a chilly day in November, and before I spoke to the proprietor, who was bending over a desk, I turned to close the door. It squeaked horribly as I pushed it shut, and then I found that it wouldn't latch. It had shrunk so that the socket which should have caught the latch was a trifle too high. I was a boy of some mechanical genius, and I noticed what the trouble was immediately.

"Where did you learn to close doors?" said the man at the desk.

I turned around quickly.

"At home, sir."

"Well, what do you want?"

"I came to see about the boy wanted," I answered.

"O!" said the man, with a grunt. He seemed rather gruff, but somehow his crisp speech didn't discourage me. "Sit down," he added, "I'm busy."

I looked back at the door.

"If you don't mind," said I, "and if a little noise won't disturb you, I'll fix that door while I'm waiting."

"Eh," he said quickly. "All right. Go ahead."

I had been sharpening my skates that morning, and the short file I used was still in my pocket. In a few minutes I had filed down the brass socket so that the latch fitted nicely. I closed the door two or three times to see that it was all right. When I put my file back in my pocket and turned round, the man at the desk was staring at me.

"Any parents?" he asked.

"Mother," I answered.

"Have her come in here with you at two o'clock," he said, and turned back to his writing.

At twenty-five I was partner in the house; at thirty-five I had half-interest; and I have always attributed the foundation of my good fortune to the only recommendation I then had in my possession—the file.—*Youth's Companion.*

Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Published by Authority of

The General Assembly.

The Presbyterian Record, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 25c. each.

The Children's Record, 30c. yearly. Five or more to one address 15c. each.

The Teacher's Monthly, 50c. yearly. Five or more to one address 40c. each.

The Home Study Quarterly, for S. S. Scholars 20c. yearly. Five or more to one address 10c. each.

The Home Study Leaflet.—Corresponding to the *Home Study Quarterly*. 6c. yearly.

The Primary Quarterly, for the Little Folks, Illustrated, 20c. yearly. Five or more to one address 10c. each.

The Primary Leaflet.—Corresponding to the *Primary Quarterly*. 6c. yearly.

Terms, payment in advance.

Subscriptions at a proportionate rate may begin at any time, not to run beyond December.

All orders for the above publications, but not for any others, to be addressed to

Rev. E. Scott,
Presbyterian Offices,
MONTREAL.