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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN SYSTEM MAKES LIFE COUNT

My hand of iron was not at the extremity of my arm; it was immediately attached to my body, said Napoleon. He meant that he did not win by brute force, but by gray matter, by carefully planning and effective system. Once during the battle of Waterloo, when one of his officers had gone astray with a small body of men, Napoleon, without a moment's hesitation, told him just where he could join the rest of the command. Although he had all the details of three armies in his mind, his system enabled the great general to give information to an inferior officer who had only to think of a small command.

Working or thinking without system enfeebles the mind, and leaves the mental faculties in a clogged condition, so that they do not work sharply. The mind must be kept clear and clean for the present problem, so that it may seize and grasp with all its might the thing it is attempting to accomplish. There is only one best way to learn how to act: that way is the way of system. Systematize your thoughts, your energies, your abilities. Learn early in life to do this, and it will prove the master habit that wins success. Systemless men are always surprised that the heads of great enterprises can find so much time for social life, for hobbies, for travel. They cannot understand it at all. They do not realize that a man of great organizing ability, with a splendid system, can do more effective business in a single hour at his office than a systemless man can accomplish in twelve. It is not the number of hours, but the effectiveness of the system that tells.

One of the advantages of a college course is that it trains the mind to work by system. Whether he likes it or not, the student is forced to concentrate his mind when the time comes, no matter what his mood, or how he feels. Four years of training in this should put the mind into working order. It should tune the intellect so that all the things that it has to do are done in a systematic way. A good college education should train the mind to think concisely, deeply, effectively at will. To teach children habits of neatness, system, and order, is to insure some degree, at least of success. Yet the most common fault of our modern education is that it allows too much time to be spent in a haphazard way. It is not the number of hours, but the effectiveness of the system that tells.

There are many people who do not know how to keep a clear space about them. They are cluttered with things that they will have freedom to work. They lack the ability to drop a thing after they have finished it, to throw it off their mind, and to concentrate all their energy on the next task that presents itself.

"My mind," said Napoleon, "is like a chest of drawers. When I am done with one subject, I shut it up; when I have no confusion of ideas."

Systemless people age rapidly because their minds work in confusion. They do not think clearly, and hence with greater effort, at a greater expenditure of brain force. They cannot conserve their energy because they do not know how to take advantage of system.

The man of system does not worry, for he knows that provision has been made for everything, even emergencies. "If we mix and muddle our hours as some men mix and muddle their papers, no good result can be anticipated," says someone.

It is astonishing how much time one can save by having a program and carrying it out, doing everything at a definite time as far as possible. Some people who think they have a very hard lot, and who claim they never have a spare moment, will find that they have an hour or more to spare if they will only organize their time.

"Finish every task you begin before you begin another," says a writer. "Hang away in their proper places, before you sleep, garments you have worn in the evening. Straighten up tables and book stands before you retire at night; and after you retire, before you fall asleep, say to yourself, 'I am Order, System and Neatness.'"

"Ask that power be given you during sleep to grow in those virtues, and never rest until you obtain them. If strong men with highly disciplined minds say they cannot do good work amidst disorder, what can the man of ordinary mental drill, who has never been taught the art of concentration, produce but botched work? If confusion reigned in his environment, will it not be incorporated in his work?"

Our mental processes are more likely to be clean-cut and normal when system, order, and appropriateness govern our surroundings in home, office, or work-room. The great danger with the man of system is that he is likely to go to the extreme and have too much of it. I am a great believer in attention to details but there is such a thing as frittering away one's time on trifles, using up all of one's energy upon details, so that one has neither time nor energy left for the great things of life.

A great many people magnify little things by force of habit, and are kept down by them. They can somehow manage the larger ones, but the little ones are tyrannical. In fact, some men are so constituted that the little things neglected trouble them more than the slightest of the greater ones.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS THE PEANUT ROASTER

"Fresh-a roast peanuts! peanuts! p-a-nuts! Fresh p-a-n-u-t-s! The varied cry rang shrilly along the street as the vendor deftly swept his new roast into bags and dropped them into outstretched hands, the coins tinkling merrily in his pockets. Bud impulsively thrust his own hand out for a bag, but as quickly drew it back. He first thought had been that he could afford one, his second that he could not. But he moved closer to the curb, near that he could touch the peanut roaster, and stood there and watched.

Presently the last of the outstretched hands were filled, and the vendor turned to him. "Want-a some peanuts?" he asked. "No," answered Bud promptly. "Not any money to spare now."

"Then what for you watch-a me so? Think to steal?" Bud's face flushed, and his small fists clenched. "I've been watchin' you a lot lately," he snorted. "Did you ever catch me tryin' to steal?" "No," grudgingly. "But what for you watch? Think a learn an buy?" "That's just it," quickly. "I heard you tell a man you wanted to sell-a, and that you could make two dollar a day clean. I can't make a over half that with my papers."

The peanut vender looked at him keenly. "You got-a the money?" he demanded. Bud drew back, thrusting his hands defensively into his pockets. "Mebbe I have, an' mebbe I haven't," he temporized. "What's the best price?" "Twelve dollar, to you—if you got-a the money. It be worth more as fifteen, easy, but—"

He stopped short, for Bud had started off whistling, his hands still in his pockets. On the next corner was another news-boy, slighter in build and evidently with but little of Bud's self-confidence and aggressiveness, for he was standing on the sheltered side of the corner and holding out his papers passively. Bud went straight to him.

"Not sold a out yet, Paolo?" he queried jovially. "The afternooners will come out in an hour or so, and some steppin' off time, an' a bit to eat. Here, give-a me hold."

He snatched the papers from the other boy and sped to the head of a well-crowded crossing, to intercept the pedestrians after their passage of the street. The momentary feeling of relief after such a passage he had found to be propitious for the selling of papers. In ten minutes he was back with the proceeds of the sales jingling in his pocket.

"Here you are, pard," he said, as he handed over the coins. "Thirty-five cent-a. Now we go an' get-a the dinner. How-a your feel?" "Hurt bad when I walk-a," replied Paolo, as he limped out beside his friend. "That why I stand so still an' sell paper. Rain an' wind day like this always make him feel-a bad. But I no want dinner. I got piece-a bread in pocket."

"Keep it there," laconically, "would make it feel-a bad to come out in sight of a nice warm dinner. Come on."

"My grandmudder," he objected, "She helyn' down in bed, an' have a bring doctor. I go sixty-five cent to-day, with what you sell; but twenty need for things to eat, twenty to buy more paper, an' that make-a twenty-five left. An' I save twenty-five from yesterday. There's a round the corner doctor who will come for half a dollar. So I no got-a five cent for just a dinner?"

"Who ask you for five cent?" gruffly. "I guess-a when I say dinner it is my put up. You come on."

A block down a side street, in a little slit of an alley, was a newsboy's restaurant. Here the tables were covered with cloths, and the cups and saucers and plates were of some heavy material that would not break if they happened to go tumbling to the floor. And for five cents the patron could have a generous cup of coffee with milk and sugar, a slice of bread without butter, and his choice of a heaping plate of baked

WOODROW WILSON ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Under the caption title: "Some Timber?" the San Francisco Monitor asks the question: Is Woodrow Wilson, governor of New Jersey, a future president of the United States? Many persons, says the Monitor replying to its own question, who welcomed him in California recently, think so. To our mind whatever the chances of the governor of New Jersey occupying the White House at any future time, his words as sensible as they are true, about the Church in the middle ages deserve the widest possible circulation.

"No society is renewed from the top," said Mr. Wilson; "every society is renewed from the bottom. I can give an illustration concerning that which has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocratic systems which governed them, was that the men who were the efficient instruments of government—most of the officials of government—the men who were efficient—were drawn from the Church, from that great Church body which was the only Church, the body which we now distinguish from other church bodies as the Roman Catholic Church.

"The Roman Catholic Church then, as now, was a great democracy. There was no peasant so humble that he might not become a priest and no priest so obscure that he might not become the Pope of Christendom.

"Every chancellor in Europe, every court in Europe was ruled by these learned, trained and accomplished men, the priesthood of that great and then dominant Church.

"So, what kept government alive in the Middle Ages was this constant rise of sap from the bottom, from the ranks, from the rank file of the great body of the people through the open channels of the Roman Catholic priesthood."

GILLETT'S CONFUMED LYE

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Not until all his afternoon papers were sold did Bud again approach the L corner and then he kept his eyes fixed ostentatiously upon the show windows instead of glancing toward the curb. He had gone a dozen yards beyond the peanut roaster before any notice seemed to be taken of his presence, then: "Hi, you boy there! Come-a back!" Bud turned and walked slowly to the roaster.

"What you want?" he asked. You can't sell-a me any peanuts to-day. "You speak to buy this roaster," snarled. "You want-a him now?" "Maybe yes, maybe no," coolly. "How you goit sell?" "Twel—"

Bud insisted. "You offer it to a man two weeks ago for ten," he interrupted scornfully. "An' have been main' it ever since. Think again, Luigi!"

"The man looked discomposed for a moment. "You hear that-a," he muttered. "Why, the—man was a friend, an' I offer it to him for—half price. Twelve is—"

"Too much for me," decidedly. "Sell to your friend, I guess you make-a good profit then." He turned away with seeming indifference, but was stopped by a quick: "What you give?" "Nine dollar, cash," shrieked Luigi. "An' in-e dollar!"

"Better I give it you." "All right, just as you like. But if you want to sell, think quick, before I change my mind." He jingled a handful of coins in his pocket, and the musical sound made Luigi's eyes shine greedily. "You got-a all the money?" he queried.

"Every bit, an' a little more, right here in my pocket," assured Bud, with a grin. "Yes or no?" "Yes," grumbled Luigi; "but only 'cause I be in hurry to buy organ when I get him cheap-a. Give me the money."

He held out his hand; but the boy drew back, looking up and down the street. A policeman was standing near the corner, and Bud hurried to him. "Say Mr. Carthy," he exclaimed, "will ye come down-a to the peanut roaster a few minutes an' see I get a square deal?"

"Sure," answered the policeman good naturedly; "and I'm glad to oblige ye, bud. You're one of the few boys who've never given me any trouble on the street."

Luigi's face had grown dark, and he glanced sideways toward the policeman as he approached. "Please write a few words sayin' that Luigi sold-a the roaster. An' I've bought it," he requested. "Then watch him sign an' pay the money."

The officer nodded and wrote a few lines on the paper, and handed it to Luigi. "Sign your name or make your mark," he ordered, "then give the paper to me. I'll pass it to the boy when he pays you the money. And understand, I'm a witness that the deal is a fair and square one."

In a few minutes the exchange had been made, and the officer walked away with a friendly "Good luck to you, boy," Luigi snuff in the opposite direction, scowling and evidently felled of some sequel to the trade that had been in his mind. Bud grasped the handle of his cart and pushed it back and forth for a few minutes in the pride of new possession, then set industriously to the roasting and bagging and selling of his stock in trade, keeping a close watch of the sidewalk meanwhile.

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