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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 heart, 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 enfeebls the mind, and leaves the man at a disadvantage to accomplish anything that is not a matter of routine. 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 the man of the future will be a 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 systematize 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 teach the student to do all the things that he has to do in a systematic way, and to do them in the most efficient manner.

To teach children habits of neatness, system, and order, is to insure some degree of success. Yet they cannot be taught to do this unless they are allowed to do it in a systematic way. If a child is allowed to do things in a haphazard way, he will never learn to do them in a systematic way.

There are many people who do not know how to keep a clean system. They are not taught to put things where they belong, and consequently they grow up with a habit of disorder. This habit of disorder is a great handicap in life. It is a great time-waster and a great demoralizer of character. A bad habit not only tends to repeat itself, but it also tends to make the person who has it a failure in life.

If you were not taught the beautiful lesson of orderliness in your youth, teach it to yourself now. Resolve to put things where they belong at the right time. Do this every day, and you will have less time to-morrow than to-day.

Don't leave a lot of tail-ends hanging about your office or place of business, for these are signs of weakness. People measure you very largely by your surroundings. If they see your desk or office in a state of confusion, they will think you are a poor business man. You make a bad impression and this impression is your reputation, for men communicate their impressions to others.

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"Ask that power be given you during sleep to grow in the 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 reigns 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 make 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 alighting of the greater ones.

The object of all system is to simplify and facilitate. To insure accuracy and despatch, to avoid constant repetition and to keep track of details in the easiest way consistent with efficiency. Any system which does not do these things is only a hindrance. Specialists who make a profession of systematizing office and business methods say that a great many concerns do business at a fearful disadvantage and a great loss by roundabout methods, by useless, foolish devices; that their business is so covered up with cumbersome paraphernalia that it is almost impossible for any but an expert to keep track of things. Such methods hide desired knowledge instead of making it plain. To establish a good system is to avoid complexity, obscurity, so that the condition of the business can be seen at a glance.

Involved, complicated, intricate methods, endless detail, hamper a business. A successful man sets rules and regulations, a failure to see the value of new ideas, hopelessly throws a concern into the rear when competition comes in. There is as much difference between the equipment of a business office of twenty years ago and one of today as there is between the old stage-coach and a railway limited express. Business methods have been simplified in the interest of directness and clearness. Cumbersome forms have disappeared. There are no longer those immense, ponderous volumes which were as much a book-keeper's headache as they were a business man's. Old methods of filing and copying letters and keeping track of business have gone out of vogue. The modern office is a place of order and system. The perpetual inventory methods of duplicating purchases and orders and the system of handling correspondence with efficiency and accuracy now in use would amaze an old-time business man. One person today can keep track of more transactions and answer more letters in a day than a dozen men could twenty-five years ago. There are to-day letter files and follow-up cabinets, that, almost speechless, have been introduced to reduce the number of salesmen, cash boys, book-keepers and cashiers, saving money, time, and space. The saving of room in a city store or office is no small item where rents are from \$1.00 to \$3.50 per square foot a year. Those who cling to old methods must fall before well-equipped competitors.

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GILLET'S PERFUMED LYE



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SOFTENING WATER,
REMOVING PAINT,
DISINFECTING SINKS,
CLOSETS, DRAINS, ETC.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
REFUSE SUBSTITUTES

beans, a bowl of hot soup, or two links of sausage. As they entered, Budi swept his eyes round with the air of a connoisseur, then went down among the tables to what he considered the choicest one left. It was near the stove.

"Two full dinners a piece," he ordered loftily. "Hot soup-a-la-mode coffee first to warm us up, and then beans and coffee for extra filling." An' mind-a the two whole slices of bread."

"My! but you do spend-a the money!" admired Paolo gratefully, but without envy in his voice. And then he settled down happily in his chair, his back close to the stove, and his hands patting each other surreptitiously under the table.

"Oh, I don't know," deprecated Budi complacently. "You see, I take ninety-eight cents to-day, and I don't get any grandmudders nor nothing. I've been saving a long time, and I'm planning a new business that will-a turn in two dollars in one day, an' be easier."

The boy opposite did not speak, but his eloquent, interested face was sufficient to draw full confidence. Budi went on: "It's the peanut roaster down to L. corner. I'm planning to buy it for myself, an' I have all the money in-a my pocket. I been saving a long time, an' this is the first dinner I buy in a whole week. The peanut roaster like-a to make me rich."

"Old man Luigi's roaster," breathed Paolo with shining eyes. "He make-a lot-a money. How he come sell?" "Spring he here soon, an' he want-a buy hand-organ an' go off in country. He say he make-a four, five dollar in one day an' have good time. I hear him tell a man so, an' he offer him the roaster for ten dollars. He make me twelve. That why I ain't buy yet."

A waiter bustled up with the first dinner of soup and coffee, and the two boys set to work heartily, with an occasional word between mouthfuls. After the second course and a corresponding increase in the satisfaction of their faces, the two boys went outside, Budi glancing at the brass-framed clock-face as he did so.

"An' hour an' a half to the afternoon," he said. "What-a an' see to do, Paolo?" "Run down to grandmudders an' get a havin' the doctor come," promptly. "An' spend-a the twenty cent for thing to eat, too. I'll be back in time for the papers. An'," simply and heartily, "I say glad you goin' to be a rich man, Budi."

Budi watched him limp away with a thoughtful expression on his strong young face. "Don't seem-a fair, him like that an' with a grandmudder, an' me like me," he thought aloud, "An' Paolo he be a nice-a boy, too."

He stopped short, for Budi 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 Budi's self-confidence and aggressiveness, for he was standing on the sheltered side of the corner and holding out his papers passively. Budi went straight to him.

"Not sold a out yet, Paolo?" he queried jovially. "The afternooners will come in two hours an' we want 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, there he accepted 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 cents-a. Now we go an' get-a the dinner. How-a your feel?" "Hort 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 feel 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 be-lyin' 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'm got-a five cent for just a dinner."

Not until all his afternoon papers were sold did Budi 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!" Budi 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 Luigi. "You want-a him now?" "Maybe yes, maybe no," coolly. "How you goin' sell?" "Two."

Budi snarled. "You offer it to a man two weeks ago for ten," he interrupted scornfully. "I have been waitin' 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. "Better I give it you." "All right, just as you like. But if you change my mind," he queried. "Every bit, an' a little more, right here in my pocket," assured Budi, 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 Budi hurried to him. "Say Mr. Carthy," he exclaimed, "will you 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, but 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. "Boy think he's smart-a," he snarled. "S'pose mebbe me play-a some trick." "I wouldn't be the least bit surprised," smiled the officer. "Now, Budi?"

Budi drew a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket and gave them to the policeman. "Please write a few words sayin' that Luigi sold-a the roaster an' I've bought it," he requested. "Then watch him sign an' he 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 foiled of some scheme to the trade that had been in his mind. Budi 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.

At the end of an hour he saw a familiar little figure limping toward him from the corner. "Hello! Hello, there, Paolo!" he called. "Hurry up!"

The limping figure broke into a grotesque dog-trot. "Got it, have you?" he panted, as he came up. "I'm so glad. Isn't it a beauty?" "Sure is," heartily. "But hop down here an' gettin' your hand in quick, for I must rush after my papers in a few minutes. You've watched the roaster enough to run it all right-a, I guess; but I'll be round when I've sold out an' dell you a little more. Don't fill the bags to full!"

"But what—why—" began Paolo looking bewildered. "Me help-a, you mean?" "You own-a, I mean," grinning. "Hop down an' get into business! It's all yours, to make-a two dollar in one day for the sellin' an' grandmudder. Understand? No I'm off! Good-bye-a."

And before the lame boy could get out a word in the way of thanks, Budi sprang to the sidewalk and darted away toward the back entrance of the publishing house where new stock in trade for the city newsboys would soon be passed out.—G. H. F. in Sunday Companion.

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 that has always interested me profoundly. The only reason why government did not suffer dry rot in the Middle Ages under the aristocracy is 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."

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