

mind, "Could it be the wax cylinders which attracted him?" He waited until now, though, before writing the song. It came very near being written for El Capitan; but "The Typical Tune of Zanzibar" was sent instead. And after all he has done, and all he is doing, and after a confession that he owes himself three years' sleep, Sousa tells us he has an idea for a story that he will write presently for a magazine.

### THE CAUSE OF FAILURE.

**R**OBERT C. OGDEN, upon whose able shoulders rests the executive responsibility of John Wanamaker's great New York establishment, is of opinion, based on forty-odd years' experience in the employment of young men, that all the causes contributive to failure in a business career are embraced in a single comprehensive negative quality: lack of thoroughness—that paucity of intellect which begets the perfunctory performance of duty and deprives the hand of dominating skill. Perhaps no man in the dry goods trade is better qualified to speak convincingly on the subject of why men fail than Mr. Ogden, and this is what he says about that very important question:

"Failure to achieve success in business, the falling short of great desires and high aims on the part of young men, is traceable to one primal cause—the absence of thoroughness. In the race for supremacy in all commercial undertakings, nine out of every ten men either fail absolutely or become nonentities, not because they lack ambition, not because the proper opportunities for advancement have not come to them, not because they have not received the best educational advantages or are handicapped by poor health, but because they have never been at the pains to master completely the thing that has been given them to do. The world is overcrowded with men, young and old, who remain stationary, filling minor positions and drawing meagre salaries, simply because they have never thought it worth while to achieve mastery in the pursuits they have chosen to follow. Mostly, this is so because the average young man fears hard work, and would rather drift with the tide of circumstances than pull against it.

"Everywhere I see mentally near-sighted young men discontented because of their small incomes, and chafing under the burden of their humdrum duties, wondering all the while why others are advanced and they are left behind, but never for an instant opening their eyes to the real fact that they have taken hold of their business with but half a heart and no mind except for what is just beyond the hour's need.

"There is one man in my employ to-day who began his business career at the same time I launched out from school (and that, as one may read in my whitening hair, was many years ago) who has not stepped forward one inch on the road to success. This man has a fine brain, and keeps abreast of current events. He is sober, honest and courteous, but he has never earned a higher salary than fifteen dollars a week, and all because he is a Jack of all trades and master of none. He is shifted about from one department to another in a vain endeavor to find the one in which he will prove himself of

greatest value. He has lived the life of a mere automaton and does things mechanically. Other men of one-third his number of years can tell him more about his own business in half an hour than he would care to listen to. An old man, he is still dissatisfied with his lot, but will not remedy it by acquiring a thorough knowledge of some one branch of the dry goods trade. It is pitiful, but not inexplicable. To the young man who would rise in the world I have but one word of caution—be thorough, if you do not want to be numbered among the world's failures."

### EXTEND THE PRINCIPLE.

**W**RITING of the automobile wave which is spreading over the world, Hayden Carruth, in *The Saturday Evening Post*, voices some original thoughts. Instead of deploring the passing away of the horse, says he, let us pray further to be emancipated from the tyranny of the crude domestic animal. We have made great progress; the ox is gone; the cow, it is said, is becoming extinct—the creak of the substituted pump is heard in the workshop of every humorist in the land; the hen, judging from the condition of her best-known product as it manifests itself in our markets, has been banished to a clime many, many miles distant; there remains the dog alone to drag us down.

Let us have an automobillian dog—a dog made of iron and things, compact and nickel-plated to guard against rust, and operated by a small naphtha engine; with two barks, one the deep, musical bay of the poet to welcome his homecoming master, and another, harsh and raucous as the roar of a seven-headed dragon, for the tramp. The new dog shall also have a bite to go with his bark. Then, with a touch of wag for his tail, adjustable—horizontal for ordinary use, and perpendicular when his master lives in a small flat—he shall stand a worthy crown to this wonderful century of invention and progress.

It seems as if organized society could spare the horse. If all the tales told of the horse by the writers of children's stories would permit themselves to be believed, no doubt it would be hard to make out a case against him, ranging as they do from his opening the barn door with his teeth, to his breaking into a telegraph office and sending a despatch with his prehensile nose, but such is not the case.

It is to be hoped, by the way, that however sweeping the invasion of automobiles may become, a few horses may at least be retained for literary purposes; it will be exceedingly difficult to lend verisimilitude to the scene of an electric brougham standing over its disabled master, neighing loudly for assistance, or of a gasoline road-wagon snorting off to the nearest justice of the peace because its driver is in controversy with a footpad.

### OVERHEARD IN THE MUSIC-ROOM.

"SHE filled my soul with discord," sighed the guitar.

"She played me false," snarled the mandolin.

From which it will be seen that even the lower orders of things share the general opinion regarding a coquette.

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### PROOF POSITIVE.

"THAT young couple must be engaged."

"Do they bill and coo?"

"No, but he smokes a pipe now when they walk together in the evening."

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