

"nerve." All men have "nerve," but this man has it in perfect control. Nerve-control is the secret of happiness. Don't let your conscience play with you, or your digestive apparatus befuddle you, or your imagination beguile you, or your own peculiar temperament deceive you—be master of yourself.

Remember, your own troubles always seem the greatest. No tale of woe is quite as sad as yours. Destiny has reserved his choice bits of tribulations for you. The gods seem to have an evil eye on you. You were certainly born under an unlucky star. For no matter how much or how well you plan, "things go wrong," and there are days when "everything goes wrong." This is your experience—and your neighbors—and mine. So say we all. There is no trouble like ours! But trouble is not peculiar to any class, calling or profession. Where there's work, there's worry—or the tendency to worry. The captain of the aeroplane, floating through the viewless atmosphere of the skies, has discovered that there are "holes in the air." I imagined that he would be "above" such a thing as "trouble," but he is not. There are no exceptions, we all have our share of circumstantial misfits.

William E. Gladstone, at the heights of his fame, exclaims: "I am leading a dog's life." Dr. Charles F. Deems said that his conception of heaven was "a place where there are no more letters to write." Said Sir James Simpson, the famous English physician: "I am weary for a real jaunt, without a sick patient lying at the end of it." There is no work, place or position in life without its "worries," annoyances, perplexities, anxieties and surprises. Plato said: "If we could examine the heart of a king, we would find it full of scars and black wounds." Dr. Benjamin Rush, of Philadelphia, used to say to his medical students: "Young men, have two pockets, a small pocket and a large pocket; a small pocket for your fees and a large pocket for your annoyances." And this was half a century before every man could own a household medical encyclopaedia and be "his own physician."

Trouble is the universal complaint. Even children have their troubles. Your child is just as much worried about his little tin horn as you are about the grand, square or upright which adorns your drawing room, and one is about as useful or as useless as the other. I presume your boy can get as much music out of his battered trumpet as you can extract from your superb parlor instrument. His trouble is as real as yours. One would imagine that you might see a reflection of your own temperament in the disposition of your child and laughing at his troubles, smile at your own; but no, you are only a child of a larger growth—your troubles are real, your child's imaginary, and so the world moves on.

Consider how many people there are