CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE LOYALTY WHICH KEEPS A MAN AT WORK

At a certain large factory in the Middle West the workmen were threatening to strike. The manager of the company called them together in a great mass meeting. "Two months ago," he said, "I was offered $3,000,000 for this plant. The offer came from the trust. It was a tempting one. If it had been accepted I should have had an income of $50,000 a year for life. I greatly desire to travel and see all the corners of the world. I should like to live for a time in Paris and in London, I have built up this business from nothing, and it seemed to me I had fairly earned the right to retire and enjoy the fruits of my work. But I learned that if the trust came into possession of this plant it was their intention to close it down permanently; to concentrate all their manufacturing in other plants, already established. That decided me to decline the offer. Many of you men own your homes in this city; your life-long friends and associates live here; your children are in the schools. To force you to pull up stakes and move away—as you would have had to do—would have meant a great loss in many ways. It seemed to me that I owed you a duty. I refused the offer. Now I ask you to play fair with me. I was loyal to you. Be loyal to me."

Whether specious or not the appeal was effective, and it well illustrates another one of the moral ideas which have kept many men in business against their own personal preferences.

Still, when all is said, the fact remains that within the last few years more and more men are retiring from business while still in the prime of life. In the last analysis, it is a confession of weakness, of ultimate failure, for any man to say he can't quit. The two greatest business men this country has yet produced are John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie. Each of them has been off the playing field for years. Each of them gave the final proof of his supremacy by selecting entirely competent and capable successors. It is the last test of greatness to look one's self in the face and admit that the indispensable man does not exist.

That is a wise old story which relates how the junior partner came to the head of the firm in great distress. "Young Jones is going to leave us," he said. "Perhaps if we'd raise him a couple of thousand he'd stay. I don't see how we can get along without him."

"You say we can't get along without him?" questioned the senior.

"I don't see how we could."

"Well, then, give him two weeks' notice this afternoon. That'll give us a fortnight to look around and fill his place. Just think what shape we'd be in if he should up and die on us overnight."

Let any man realize how easily his place may be filled and it becomes comparatively easy for him to retire—provided that is what he really wants to do. Nor is it necessary, before embarking on his own private and individual search for happiness, that he shall have accumulated a sufficient competency.

Ten years ago a young man went to work in a large department store as a clerk at the ribbon counter. He was diligent, keen, clever. Presently his work was noticed by the head of the firm, who was famous for the way in which he detected and rewarded modest merit. The young man's salary was twice raised. He was promoted. A little later he was raised to the position of usher. He was looked upon as one of the coming men in the big business. Then, suddenly, five years ago, it was announced that he had voluntarily resigned. He had bought a little fruit farm in Michigan, to which he and his family had retired. His fellow climbers on the ladder were inclined to think him a fool. Late in the fall he came back from the farm and took his old place of usher. In the early spring, when the holiday rush was well over, he disappeared again. Ever since he has followed the same routine—eight months on the farm, four in the city, at the old job. Voluntarily he has given up the very flattering possibility that sooner or later he might have become one of the many junior partners in the great business.—Success.

WHAT THE FARMER SHOULD KNOW

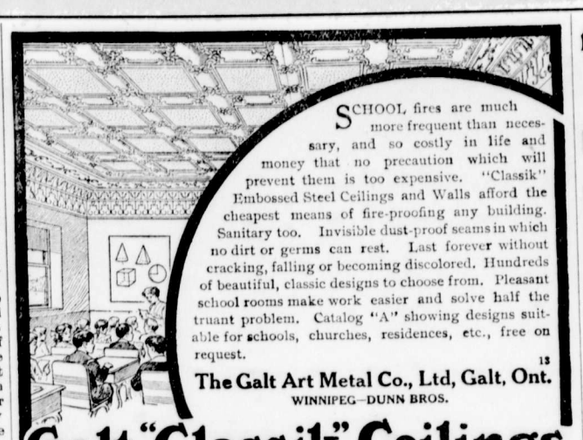
The profession of agriculture demands knowledge of nature's laws, problems, processes, and possibilities more than almost any other. The farmer deals with more concrete things than does almost any other worker, and he should understand the laws of chemic forces. He should understand the chemistry of the soil in order that he may mix brains with it, analyze it, be able to bring out the latent possibilities of barren, sterile land.

He should understand the laws of heredity in stock-breeding, the marvellous possibilities of fruit evolution, and of trees and of plants. He should be ready to supplement the varying seasons, and to defeat their tricky warfare.

What other man can get greater enjoyment or profit from scientific knowledge than the farmer? Should a man spend his life in the country, in the very Eden of nature's mysteries, and yet know nothing of their secrets? Is it worth nothing to be able to read "books in the running brooks, and sermons in stones?" Is it nothing to be able to read the story of creation written in the rocks, to be able to trace the handwriting of the Creator in the stone strata which crop out of the soil?

Is it worth nothing to a farmer to know something of the mysteries which unfold the petals of the flowers and develop the fruit from the seed? Is he to remain forever ignorant of the marvels of the sunset and the rainbow? Shall he not know something of the laws of the clouds, and the marvelous colorings of the heaven, and something of the wonderful mysteries of the constellations spread over his head? Enwrapped in Nature's mysteries, must he remain incapable of understanding any of them, entirely ignorant of their meaning?

The fact is, we have been too ignorant to know or to appreciate the dignity and the marvellous possibilities of the profession of agriculture.



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EVERY-DAY PHILOSOPHY

Here are some epigrammatic sentences from an article in the World's World by James J. Hill. They are profitable reading:

A man must make up his mind, if he is going to succeed, that when he takes the other man's dollar he must give back to him an honest return.

There is a difference between railroading and politics. In railroading the competent man wins.

Any one who has no faith in this country, and who disputes its right to grow greater and stronger, isn't going to make much progress himself.

Success never comes to the man who spends most of his time watching the clock.

The man who climbs up is the one who is not content with doing only just what is absolutely necessary, but who does more.

My rule for success is untiring application, loyalty to one's employer, which is loyalty to one's self, doing the best you can in every task that faces you; practicability, initiative and industry.

Luck and laziness do not go together. The man who climbs up must prove himself and grasp his opportunities. Opportunity will not look him up.

I have always lived the life of a man endeavoring to be usefully busy, and I now intend to drop business cares entirely in the evening and to unite work, rest and recreation in reasonable proportions.

The best advice to give to a young man is very old and very simple. Get knowledge and understanding. Determine to make the most of yourself by doing to the best of your power such useful work as comes your way. There are no new recipes for success in life.

WHAT KEEPS YOU BACK

One thing which keeps you back, Mr. Disappointed Employee, is your lack of faith in the concern you work for and in what it produces. If you had such a vigorous faith in your house and were so enthusiastic for its possibilities that you longed to get to work in the morning and were loath to leave at night; if your whole heart were in your work so that your employer could not help singling you out for promotion; if your work were of such excellent quality that your superiors could not fail to see that you were a marked man, that there was something unusual in you, you would have no reason for complaining that you are not appreciated or advanced.

Nothing else will attract an employer's notice more quickly than superiority in the way of doing things. Better methods, quicker, more efficient ways of reaching results, more than ordinary alertness, evidences of progressive methods, indications of superiority, are what your employer is always looking for. There is nothing else that pleases an up-to-date business man more than evidence of marked ability, sign of superiority, in employees. But indifference, lack of interest, carelessness, an inclination to get as much money as possible for the least possible work, a tendency to blunder, or to criticize the members or methods of the firm, lack of helpfulness and accommodation toward customers—all these things create a strong prejudice against an employee. If there is anything that delights an employer's heart, it is to feel that he has people about him who are just as enthusiastic about the business and just as anxious to see it succeed as if they owned it.

HE IS THE RICHEST MAN

In whose possessions others feel richest.

Who can enjoy a landscape without owning the land.

Who absorbs the best in the world in which he lives, and who gives the best of himself to others.

Who has a strong, robust constitution.

Who has a hearty appreciation of the beautiful in nature.

Who enjoys access to the masterpieces of art, science, and literature.

Who has a mind liberally stored and contented.

Who can face poverty and misfortune with cheerfulness and courage.

Who values a good name above gold.

For whom plain living, rich thought, and grand effort constitute real riches.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

MIKE'S GOOD FORTUNE

All the little readers of the Golden Sheaf will like to hear this "sure enough" story, I know. It will convince them that the wise folk who long ago said that kindness would be rewarded, spoke truly. Of course we do not always find the reward for our kindness handed back to us in money as "Mike" did, but it comes in other ways which probably are better for us.

Once upon a time (for even "sure enough" stories can begin that way), there was a very rich woman who was ill, and who went to San Francisco for her health. She lived at a big hotel, and as sick people imagine they need a great deal of attention, and as the lady was quite able to pay for it, she kept the bell-boys busy answering her calls. Now there were other people in the hotel also, and as they needed service, too, the little boys were not leading an idle life, you may be sure. But the most tiresome of all the guests was the sick woman, and when Mike, a green Irish lad, received a position as bell-boy, the other boys gave him all the tiresome tasks they could. One of these was answering the calls of the old lady.

Mike was willing, and kind-hearted, as well. Very likely he did not see only an old woman who made him take many a step, but one who was ill and far away from her own home and people. After several months, the lady left the hotel and then the boys twitted Mike unmercifully because she did not give him a big tip, notwithstanding all his service. Indeed, she did not give him anything. But Mike did not mind, and the woman's seeming ingratitude, did not make him neglectful of any of the other guests. But in the course of a few weeks there came a letter to the hotel manager from the lady, which contained a check for $100 for Mike, and the writer further stated she had never been so well waited on in her life, as by the Irish lad. You may be certain that letter and money made Mike feel good, for we like to meet with appreciation, when we have tried hard to do faithful work and be kind to others.

Some more time passed, and a few weeks before Christmas the manager of the hotel received a letter from a law firm in the East. The lawyers wrote that the lady had died, and had left a legacy to Mike, and they enclosed a check for him for $2,500. Now it was Mike's time to laugh. There are many people who, had they received that amount of money, would quit working, or at least would begin to spend it. Mike, however, did nothing of the sort. He was prudent as well as kind and industrious. So with his money he bought a lot, and started a house on it. There was some left over, and with that he took his aged parents on a trip to Denver. He saw now that he could provide a nice home for them in their old age, and he wanted to add pleasure as well as comfort to their lives.

Now this is a good story and if it ended here, we should all be well satisfied. But it does not end here, and the rest is like a fairy tale, but the newspapers say it is true. In the course of a few weeks, a third letter came to the hotel manager, with another check for Mike. This time it was for $47,500, and the lawyers wrote that this had been held back, under the conditions of the old lady's will. If Mike made good use of the $2,500, he was to receive the remainder of the $50,000 she had bequeathed to him; otherwise, it would go to some other purpose; for the lady did not want to give her money, which was a reward, to a spendthrift.

Mike is now a rich boy. Probably he will become one of the great millionaires of the West. Let us hope that fortune will not spoil him, and that he will always carry a kind heart in his breast.

THE POWER OF GOOD EXAMPLE

A young lady, on her way to work, was overtaken by a gentleman employed at the same place, and they walked along together, chatting as they went. They had to pass a church on the way, and the young lady was in the habit of making a daily visit there. As they came near she began to be tempted to pass by without going in. What would her companion think? She hated to be called a fanatic, a devotee, or a little queer! Besides, it sometimes injured one, in a business way, to be too religious, particularly a Catholic. She would omit her accustomed visit, just this once. But grace prevailed, and saying, "I will leave you here; good morning," she went in as usual.

The next morning the gentleman was a little later in overtaking her and he said, in rather a shame faced way, "that he had followed her good example and had also gone into the church on his way down."

"Oh, then you are a Catholic! I am so glad," she said.

Some months later he said to her: "Miss Blade, I owe you a great deal, and I cannot feel satisfied until I have told you about it and thank you."

"You owe me a great deal? Why, how can that be?"

"Well," he answered, "you remember the morning we walked down together, and you left me and went into the church? I had become rather careless; in fact, I had almost given up the practice of my religion. But your little act, so simply performed, awoke in my heart a desire for better things, and the next morning I also went into the church. After that I made my daily visit, like yourself, and soon returned to my duties, and I need not tell you, the peace and joy of my heart. If everyone were as courageous as you, how soon the world would be better."

"Ah," she thought, "how little he knows what a coward I really am, and how dreadfully I was tempted that morning to pass by. How thankful I am that I did not. And hereafter I will try always to be courageous and open in the practice of my religion."

A BOY'S BRAVERY

The story of a little Boer boy who refused to betray his friends, even on the threat of death, is told by Major Seely, M. P. It happened during the Boer war.

"I was asked," said Major Seely, "to get some volunteers, and try to capture a commandant at a place some twenty miles away. I got the men ready, and we set out. It was rather a desperate enterprise, but we got there all right. I can see the little place yet, the valley and the farmhouse, and I can hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs. The Boer general had got away, but where had he gone? It was even a question of the general catching us, and not we catching the general. We rode down to the farmhouse, and there we saw a good-looking Boer boy and some yeomen. I asked the boy if the commandant had been there, and he said in Dutch, taken by surprise, 'Yes.' 'Where has he gone?' I asked, and the boy became suspicious. He answered, 'I don't know.'

"I decided then to do a thing for which I hope I may be forgiven, because my men's lives were in danger. I threatened the boy with death if he would not disclose the whereabouts of the general. He still refused, and I put him against a wall, and said I would have him shot. At the same time I whispered to my men, 'For heaven's sake, don't shoot.' The boy still refused, although I could see he believed I was going to have him shot. I ordered the men to 'Aim.' Every rifle was leveled at the boy.

"'Now, I said, 'before I give the word, which way has the general gone?' I remember the look in the boy's face—a look such as I have never seen but once. He was transfigured before me. Something greater almost than anything human shone from his eyes. He threw back his head, and said in Dutch, 'I will not say.' There was nothing for it but to shake hands with the boy and go away.'

A BOY WHO KNEW

An American boy nineteen years of age once found himself in London, where he was under the necessity of earning his bread. He was not like many young men in these days, who are "willing to do anything" because they know how to do nothing but he had learned how to do something, and knew just where to go to find something to do; so he went straight to a printing office and inquired if help were needed.

"Where are you from?" inquired the foreman.

"America," was the answer.

"Ah," said the foreman, "from America, seeking employment as printer. Well, do you really understand the art of printing? Can you set type?"

The young man stepped up to one of the cases and in a brief space set up this passage from the first chapter of John:

"Nathaniel said unto him, can there any good come out of Nazareth? Philip says unto him, Come and see."

It was done so quickly, so accurately, and administered a delicate reproof so appropriate and powerful, that it at once gave him influence and standing with all of the office. He worked diligently at his trade, refused to drink beer or any other strong drink, saved his money, returned to America, became a printer, publisher, author, Post-master-General, member of Congress, Ambassador to royal courts, and finally died in Philadelphia, at the age of eighty-four. There are more than one hundred and fifty counties, towns and villages in America named after this same printer boy, Benjamin Franklin.

Let us take note of this fact. Let us realize deeply that each life is a strand of rope which reaches from Time's morning to Eternity's, and that the strength of that rope is determined by the strength of its strands.

Let us remember that no life can be single; that even what we think is a factor in the progress or backsliding of others: that after all we are only keepers of a vital influence which is subject neither to Time nor Circumstance, but is God's power exerted through us.

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About a quarter of a century ago a well-known gentleman residing in the south of Ireland became possessed of a prescription for the cure of epilepsy which had already proved remarkably successful in a number of cases. Being deeply interested in his suffering fellow-creatures, he, whenever a case of epilepsy was reported in the neighborhood, at once had the sufferer supplied with medicine prepared according to the formula. Such wonderful results were achieved that the good news spread rapidly, and applications for the medicine began to pour in from different parts of Ireland.

Clergymen of every denomination, becoming familiar with the cures effected, were most assiduous in recommending recourse to the Remedy whenever they met with a sufferer. In fact, so numerous, in a comparatively short time, had applicants become that the issuing of the Remedy had perforce to be established on a regular business footing, and the medicine registered as TRENCH'S REMEDY. Its use continued to grow apace, and speedily found its way into every country in the world. It was not long before even more comprehensive arrangements were necessary for the conducting of the expanding business, and about 13 years ago a company was formed and registered under the title of Trench's Remedies, Limited, with headquarters in Dublin, Ireland.

During all this time the course of cases had been keenly watched, with the result that the all-important matters of diet, exercise, care of the system generally, what to avoid, etc., resolved themselves gradually into a simple home treatment, to be followed while taking Trench's Remedy, and Trench's Remedies, Limited, in their pamphlet on "Epilepsy and Its Treatment," give those interested the benefit of the many years' experience gained in dealing with the distressing malady.

In one year alone, it may be remarked, over one thousand entirely unsolicited testimonials were received.

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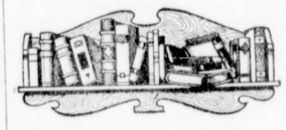

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