

or foreboding, every bit of fear,—fear of failure, of losses, of sickness, of disease, of death, of unjust criticism or ridicule, or of the unfavorable opinions of others,—all these things are vitality-sappers, worse than useless, for they unfit us for constructive, creative work by squandering that which makes such work possible.

One is wasting life force every time he talks of failure, of hard luck, of troubles and trials, of past errors and mistakes. If one would succeed, let him turn his back on the past, burning all the bridges behind him; turn his back to shadows and face the light. Every act of dishonesty, whether others know it or not, is a terrible life-waster, a success-sapper.

The lack of self-control, a quick temper, and a hot tongue, are fearful wasters of vitality and character, which bankrupt many a precious life. The fatal word that breaks a beautiful friendship, the trigger pulled in an instant and taking a life, the word hissed hot from the mouth in a second that blasts a life's happiness,—these are fearful squanderers of vitality, of life, of opportunity.

Everything which frets, chafes, rasps or brings in-harmony into life is a vitality-waster. Whatever brings discord into the nervous system destroys power. Friction is a deadly foe to happiness and success. It grinds away the delicate bearings of life's machinery without doing any good work or increasing any value. To free life from friction, to lubricate all the faculties, and to stop all the leaks of energy, is the firm duty to oneself and to others. If all the enemies of one's ambition are permitted to make away with one's success capital, there can be no hope of getting on and up in the world.

THE POWER OF PERSONALITY

There is an indiscribable something in certain personalities which is greater than mere physical beauty and more powerful than learning. The charm of personality is a divine gift that often sways the strongest characters, and sometimes even controls the destinies of nations.

We are unconsciously influenced by people who possess this magnetic power. The moment we come into their presence we have a sense of enlargement, of expansion in every direction. They seem to unlock within us possibilities of which we previously had no conception. Our horizon broadens; we feel a new power stirring through all our being; we experience a sense of relief, as if a great weight which long had pressed upon us had been removed.

We can converse with such people in a way that astonishes us, although, meeting them, perhaps, for the first time. We express ourselves more clearly and eloquently than we believed we could. They draw out the best that is in us; they introduce us, as it were, to our larger, better selves. With their presence, impulses and longings come thronging to our minds which never stirred us before. All at once life takes on a higher and nobler meaning, and we are fired with a desire to do more than we have ever before done, and to be more than we have been in the past.

A few minutes before, perhaps, we were sad and discouraged, when, suddenly, the flashlight of a potent personality of this kind has opened a rift in our lives and revealed to us hidden capabilities. Sadness gives place to joy, despair to hope, and disheartenment to encouragement. We have been toned to finer issues; we have caught a glimpse of higher ideas; and, for the moment, at least, have been transformed. The old commonplace life, with its absence of purpose and endeavor, has dropped out of sight, and we resolve, with better heart and newer hope, to struggle to make permanently ours the forces and potentialities that have been revealed to us.

Even a momentary contact with a character of this

kind kind seems to double our mental and soul powers, as two great dynamos double the current which passes over the wire, and we are loath to leave the magical presence lest we lose our new-born power.

On the other hand, we frequently meet people who make us shrivel and shrink into ourselves. The moment they come near us we experience a cold chill, as if a blast of winter had struck us in midsummer. A blighting, narrowing sensation, which seems to make us suddenly smaller, passes over us. We feel a decided loss of power, of possibility. We could no more smile in their presence than we could laugh while at a funeral. Their gloomy, misanthropic atmosphere chills all our natural impulses. In their presence there is no possibility of expansion for us. As a dark cloud suddenly obscures the brightness of a smiling summer sky, their shadows are cast upon us and fill us with vague, undefinable uneasiness.

We instinctively feel that such people have no sympathy with our aspirations, and our natural prompting is to guard closely any expression of our hopes and ambitions. When they are near us our laudable purposes and desires shrink into insignificance and mere foolishness; the charm of sentiment vanishes and life seems to lose color and zest. The effect of their presence is paralyzing, and we hasten from it as soon as possible.

If we study these two types of personality, we shall find that the chief difference between them is that the first loves his kind, and the latter does not. Of course, that rare charm of manner which captivates all those who come within the sphere of its influence, and that strong personal magnetism which inclines all hearts toward its fortunate possessor, are largely natural gifts. But we shall find that the man who practices unselfishness, who is generously interested in the welfare of others, who feels it a privilege to have the power to do a fellow creature a kindness,—even though polished manners and a gracious presence may be conspicuous by their absence,—will be an elevating influence wherever he goes. He will bring encouragement to and uplift every life that touches his. He will be trusted and loved by all who come in contact with him. This type of personality we may all cultivate if we will.

TRYING TO WORK WITHOUT SYSTEM

You may ask me to tell you frankly and candidly why you have not succeeded better, and I shall do so. It seems to me that one of your greatest hindrances is a lack of method and order. You are not systematic in your endeavors. You are spasmodic, irregular, rhapsodical, and uncertain. Your tendency is to give too much time to reflection and not enough to action. From my observation, I should say that you mull too much over your work; you sit and ponder and think, not carefully, but in a helter-skelter sort of way.

You are not systematic in your work. Your desk is laden with papers, letters and manuscripts that should be filed and arranged in an orderly manner, and not carelessly put into pigeonholes and drawers, where you are obliged to rummage in a great mass of papers when you want to find anything.

Lack of system will cause you to do things over many times, which might easily have been done correctly and finally at first. As you do not preserve the result of your labors by systematic arrangement, you have your work to do over again, when you want some particular thing, because it takes less time than it would to find it among your confused mass of material.

You think you accomplish a great deal more than you do because you so waste the effects of your labor that your effort does not count in final results. It seems to me that you also lack dispatch. Procrastination is one of your greatest enemies. You keep putting off things from day to day on flimsy excuses. You resolve often

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