

Immovably bound to the past, they can step only just so far this way, only so far that way. There is no further growth, no more progress for them. They have reached their goal.

Employees often think they are kept back designedly, and that others less deserving are pushed ahead of them, when the real trouble is with themselves. They have ceased to grow. They continue to move in a circle. They have not kept pace with the trend of the times.

"Forward!" is the bugle call of the twentieth century. The young man or woman, or the old man or woman, who has ceased to grow, is to be pitied. Life holds nothing more for either.

INCAPACITATING ONE'S SELF FOR SUCCESS

Before two prize fighters face each other in the ring, they spend months in training for the purpose of storing up the greatest possible amount of physical reserve. Their trainers will not allow them to under-exercise or to over-exercise. They must eat just the kind of food that will build up muscular tissue without increasing their weight. They are not allowed to take stimulants, and must rest a great deal, retire early, and sleep much. In other words, the object of their whole training is to store up the largest possible amount of force for the great struggle.

They will not think of entering the ring for the fray from an exhausted condition, when they had been without food or sleep for a long time, or when they had been over-feeding.

But a success-candidate seems to think that, somehow, he will get to the success-goal, no matter what his physical, mental, or moral condition may be. He starts off in the morning, worn and haggard, perhaps after a night's debauch or the loss of sleep; he enters the arena with jaded energies and flabby, exhausted muscles, and then wonders that he is knocked out of the ring.

Half the secret of a successful career is in keeping oneself in constant trim by systematic and careful training.

We know some business men who are not naturally very strong or able, and yet, by systematic self-training, regular diet, and plenty of sleep, they manage to accomplish infinitely more than many men who are much more brainy and much stronger.

They always manage to come to their business fresh, vigorous and strong for the day's routine. They will not allow anything to break into their hours for sleep, or interfere with the regularity of their meals or daily exercise. I know of a wealthy man who had a dinner party in his mansion which was attended by millionaires and "swell society" people. When the clock struck ten, he arose from the table, bade his friends good night, and, according to his custom, went to his room, and slept until six the next morning. Nothing could induce him to interfere with his programme or schedule. His life-engine must run on schedule time in order to avoid collision with nature's locomotive. He must not overfeed his engine, he must not let it run out of steam; he must regulate it and keep its horse power down to an average speed all along his journey.

Regularity in living accounts for one's power of achievement. You must try to come to each day's work as the prize fighter enters the ring, in superb condition.

Nature makes no exception in your case. She does not take into consideration your loss of sleep, lack of exercise, or wretched diet; she demands that you shall ever be at the top of your condition. No excuses or apologies go with her. If you have violated her law, you must pay the penalty.

Many a man would not think of starting out on a day's journey unless his carriage wheels were well oiled; he would not think of starting his complicated machinery in the factory, in the morning, until the bearings were in

good condition, and all possible friction guarded against; but he thinks nothing of starting up the greatest piece of machinery the Creator has made, with ten thousand complications and conditions, without proper lubrication, without a sufficient supply of fuel, of rest, or of motive power. In the first place, delicate machinery, when improperly lubricated, will soon wear out. The man knows that his intricate mechanism will not only do poor work when out of order, but that it will soon be completely ruined beyond repair. But still he thinks he can start the cells of his brain into action without proper recuperation by sleep, recreation or rest, and crowds through the day with heated bearings, with friction in the journals, and still hopes to do perfect work.

He expects to start his complicated, delicate digestive apparatus in the morning in perfect condition, when it was insulted, the night before, by a conglomerate banquet composed of all sorts of indigestible, incompatible dishes; and, if he fails to take care of this hideous mass without a groan or a quibble, he resorts to his physician and expects that, without removing the cause, a drug will set him right. He might as well administer castor oil to a thief, expecting it to cure him of dishonesty.

HINDERED BY UNGRACEFUL MANNERS

How many are tongue-tied, in the drawing room, because they do not know what to do with their hands! Many a man could make a good speech if he could only leave his hands and arms at home, but he has never learned to take care of them gracefully, and he is so conscious of his ungainliness that he cannot think on his feet.

Awkwardness, the lack of a finer manner and training, has kept many a young man and young woman from the achievements of which they were really capable. Tens of thousands can testify to this handicap.

Grace of manner, and ease and dignity of pose, are largely mental, and depend a great deal upon one's confidence. Shy or sensitive people cannot easily overcome awkwardness, because of their self-consciousness and sensitiveness of what others think. They imagine that everyone is watching them, wondering why they never get rid of their clumsiness, or guessing where they were reared.

The first remedy is to get rid of self-consciousness, and to believe we are what we would like to be, when our awkwardness and ungainly bearing will gradually disappear. Archbishop Whately, who suffered untold agony from his natural shyness and sensitiveness and regard for what people might think of him, could not find a remedy until he made up his mind to utterly disregard people's opinions, to ignore entirely what they thought of him, and not to think that everybody was watching him; he then quickly overcame his handicap.

Charles Dickens's books were censured so severely by literary critics that, toward the end of his career, he absolutely refused to read any clippings, notices or reviews about them. Carlyle was also very sensitive to criticism, and never wanted to know what anybody said about him. While on a trip through Ireland, accompanied by a friend, he happened to secure passage on a coach in which were also a bride and bridegroom. He remarked to his friend that the young lady was very beautiful, and, after a while, engaged her in conversation. He started to talk about the fine country they were traversing, and this soon led into kindred subjects, and he found the bride so interestingly conversant that he became absorbed in his talk and didn't give anybody else a chance to speak. Finally the irate bridegroom lost his patience, looked at Carlyle reproachfully, and said to his friend: "Why don't that twangey Scotchman give somebody else a chance to talk?" The man burst out laughing. Just at this point the coach stopped, and Carlyle and his friend alighted. Carlyle did not want to disclose his anxiety, but his friend tormented him so by his laughing that he lost his patience and became angry. His friend explained