

# OUR SONS

*by*

WILLIAM LUND CLARK

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**WILLIAM LUND CLARK**

FOUNDER OF

**WORLD'S PERSONAL WORKERS' MOVEMENT**

INTRODUCTION BY

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## FORWORD.

In these pages, I have said some of the things that ought to have been said, long, long ago. I have said the things that will eventually be told to all of you, and the things that I hope you will continue to tell to others.

I wish here to thank the homes, churches, schools, colleges and universities throughout the whole of the North American Continent, who have opened their doors to me for the instruction that I have now compiled in book form, in order to meet the need that is constantly coming to me, from the East and West, from the North and South, and from young men of all classes, white and black, red and yellow.

I thank you young men, fathers and mothers, teachers and preachers, doctors and professors, throughout this splendid land, who have so nobly endorsed and supported me in my work, and forgive all who have opposed me in a sadly neglected and much needed, better understanding of young men.

I realize that I cannot do the best for young men until after I have done the best for myself; that I cannot do the best for myself until after others have done their best for me. Therefore, if there is in this volume, that now leaves my pen, anything that is not of the best, it is because others have not done their best.

I let it go, however, knowing by long experience and close association with the forces of the youth of today, young men, that knowledge will be received from its pages. Knowledge that will help many of you over rough paths that great numbers have had to cross alone, and through deep waters, which a great many have not survived.

And in the making of these rough paths smooth, and these deep waters understood, I give myself until my eyes grow dim, and my strength grows feeble, making smooth the paths where many have stumbled, and quieting the waters where many have been ship-wrecked.

WILLIAM LUND CLARK.

Leamington, Ontario, Canada.

January 2, 1914.

## INTRODUCTION.

Boys have been very generally misunderstood. It used to be supposed that a boy is just like an older person,—a man, only smaller in size. Of course, the boy was supposed to grow in size, proportionately, until he became large enough to wear a man's clothes, and strong enough to do a man's job.

It was taken for granted that the only difference between a boy's body, was that there is more of a man's body,—more of the same kind. In short, it was assumed that the difference between a boy and a man was a quantitative one only.

In a similar way, it was assumed that a boy's mind differs from the mind of a man quantitatively only: That the boy has *reason*, only that it is not as keen and clear as a man's; that he has *Judgment*, only it is not as sound as a man's; that he has *Will Power*, only it is weaker than a man's. Furthermore, that all his emotions are like a man's, only weaker. In short, that as a boy develops into a man, all his mental powers enlarge proportionately, until they are as strong as those of a man.

But as we study the boy and his development, we find that the proportions of his body change in a marked degree. We find also that the relative strength of his different emotions and mental faculties change in a marked degree.

A careful study of the steps of development of a boy's body reveals the fact that in his physical development, from conception to maturity the boy repeats the physical development of the race. In a similar way it has been found that in his mental development, he also repeats the history of the race.

Now, our *Race*, that is, the several sub-divisions of it, and each sub-division of the race in its turn, has certain clearly marked stages.

- I. Savagery.
- II. Barbarism.
- III. Chivalry.
- IV. Modernism.

In his development from infancy to maturity, the mind of the boy presents many peculiarities, strikingly characteristic of the mind of primitive people. The boy of eight to eleven is a child of nature; he loves the woods and the water; he loves to dig caves and to sail rafts; he has his trinkets and treasures,—fetishes to his child mind. He is emotional and if offended may expe-

rience in quick succession, *Resentment, Anger, Hate and Revenge*. Or, if treated on the square and with consideration the opposites of the above mentioned emotions, viz: *Pleasurable Surprise, Joy, Love and Loyalty*.

From his tenth to his fifteenth year,—during his pre-adolescent period,—the lad is living over again, in his own impulses and instincts, the barbaric period of race history. He is a blundering, blustering, rough and ready, crude and rude, chap, who still loves the woods and water. He may get on the nerves of nice people, who do not understand him, but those who do understand him, know that he will outgrow his peculiarities, and get over them, as he gets over measles, but he is a hero worshipper, and is easily led in brave exploits by any man who possesses elements of the heroic in his personality.

From his fifteenth year to his early twenties,—his adolescent period,—the youth is in his age of *Chivalry*, that age “when knighthood was in flower.” His attitude towards womankind undergoes a marked change. Instead of lording it over his sister and his girl friends, he is ready to make the overtures of a gentleman, for the high privilege of being their *Knight Errant*. He feels within his breast the instinct of Chivalry, and is ready

to do and dare in the defense of Womanhood and to insure a square deal all around.

The pre-adolescent boy is egotistic, self-centered and self-conscious,—the adolescent youth is altruistic and ready to fight the battles of the weak.

I have read the manuscript of "*Our Sons*," and am charmed with Mr. Clark's keen discernment of boy nature, and his inimitable way of getting into the confidence of the boy.

The author has shown that he understands boy nature perfectly. Whoever understands the boy, believes in him, and loves him. Mr. Clark understands the boy, and loves him in the abstract, and many thousands of them in the concrete.

There is probably not a man on the continent who has a larger circle of boy friends, than Mr. Clark, the author of "*OUR SONS*."

Parents, teachers, boy workers, and employers of youth, should read this book carefully, and catch its spirit, as well as profit by the wealth of information which it contains.

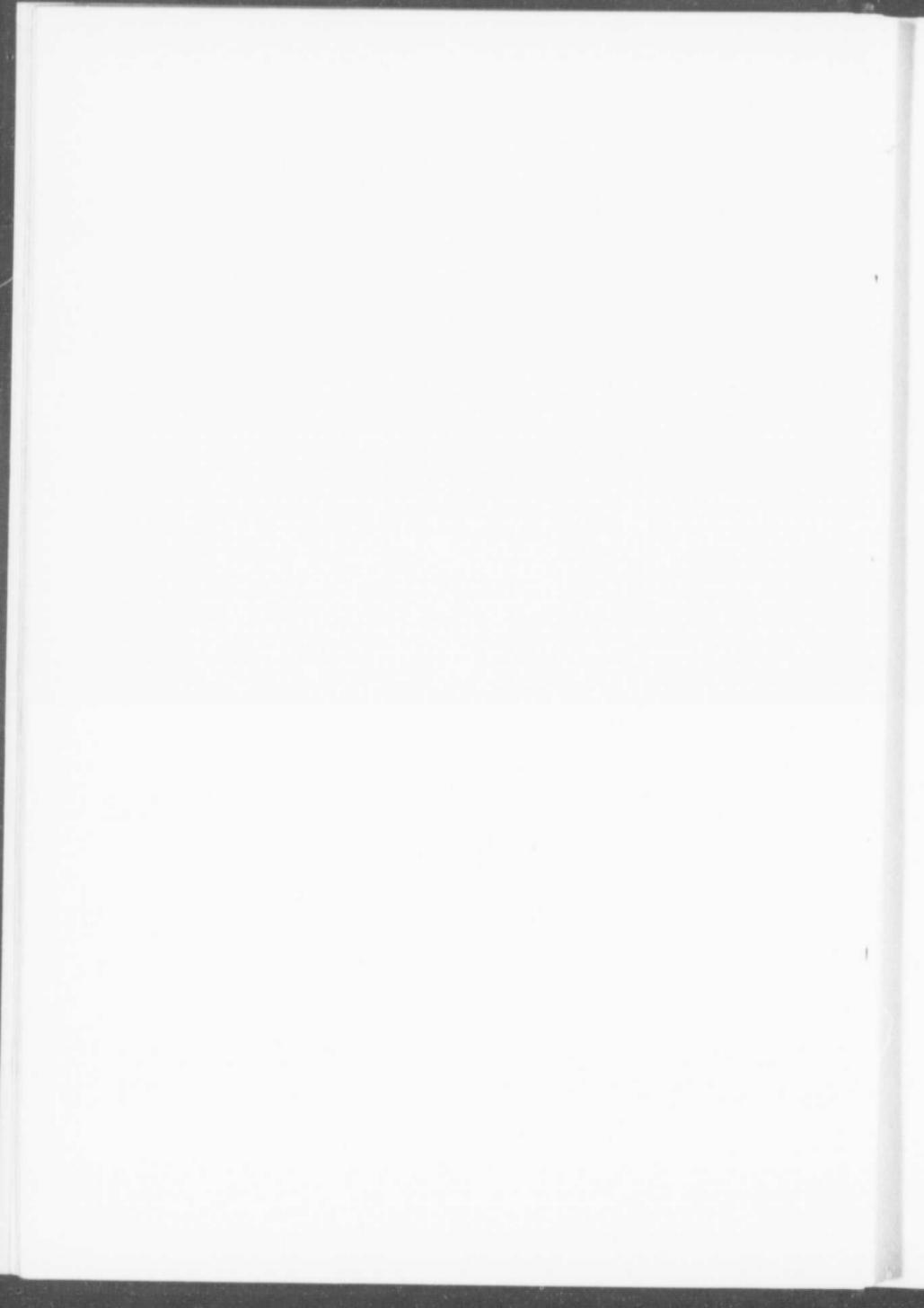
I prophesy for this book a wide sphere of usefulness.

WINFIELD SCOTT HALL.

Chicago, Ill., January 6, 1914.

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## CHAPTER I.

### OUR SONS.

“For a boy’s thoughts are the winds’ thoughts, and the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.”

We grown-up folk have had in our minds—aye, for ages—a fixed ideal for a boy, and a pattern or mold over which every boy ought to be made. We conclude as we see boys, that if our pattern, our mold could be used, we would have perfect boys. We have in our outline a fixed ideal for years and years of a boy’s life. What fools we are.

We have favored our pet ideals, and concluded years and years ago that we have the model, and if it would or could be used, boys would be perfect, and would remain fixed or remodelled and the great problem solved.

We say a carpenter has an outfit, and that outfit may be cheap, crude and limited, and of rough design, or it may be expensive, extensive and containing all the present day inventions, yet they are carpenter’s tools, and represent the sum total of his outfit.

Then, too, a boy is an outfit, or a unit—a sum total. He may be cheap, crude and limited and of rough design, or, too, he may be extensive, expensive, and contain all that the present day has produced, in the way of a boy's outfit, by way of heredity, and what ever else he may or may not have.

Yet, whatever he may contain, or whatever he may not contain, he is his own complete outfit or unit, however incomplete or complete he may be.

*He is as he is.*

He is where he is.

*He is what he is.*

*He is while he is*—all of which is the sum total of his outfit or unit.

He is, as he is never again.

He is, where he is no more.

He is, what he is, but once.

He is, while he is, because he is.

He is a constant and a continuous change, and will never be a second time, because he can neither retain nor return to his boyhood.

He is not only unknown, but a stranger, not only to himself, but to men and women, father and mother. The ideal for a boy that we have cherished in our own minds for ages, and the old mold that we have endeavored to retain for boy

making, ought this day to be cast down, destroyed and forgotten. Each boy is different from all other boys and each boy is constantly changing within himself. Each day, each week, each month, each year, and yet we grown-ups retain one mold, for all boys and for all ages.

Each boy is constantly a new being, unlike any other. He lives in a new world and struggles with a new equipment. He lives with a new people, in a new world, because the former is gone. He is a new equipment, because all has been changed. To a boy, all is newness, and he is a stranger to all of us, because of that newness.

Boys live largely in the present, young men in the future and old men in the past. To a boy there has not been much past, and may not be much future; at any rate not sufficient guarantee to warrant his swapping jobs. But as a young man he presses forward as naturally as he will look backward when an old man.

The other day I was asked, "What is your favorite pastime?"

First, I like fairly well to play with boys, because it gives me an opportunity of studying their ways.

Secondly, I like to reason things out with young men. I don't much care when, where, or

how, except that I like to talk things over as they do.

Then, too, I like to sit down and listen to men and watch them. These are my favorite amusements.

I would like to shake hands with all of you boys, and I will call you all boys, because he only is strong who retains his boy nature, weaving into it the elements that make a man.

Years of a hurried life have taught me some of the "Ups and Downs," and I know something of youthful joys and troubles. My object in writing these pages is not so much to say things, as to cause them to be said, so can we forget the distance that is between us, and just let's talk things over.

Every time that a boy gets a new pair of boots he wants to get right out and show them to the other fellows. Every time a young man gets a new girl he wants to parade her, and let his boy friends see her, too. It is the same boy life in the young man, and it is a good thing that it has been retained.

We can see this same thing in some old men, if we but watch and listen keenly enough. Whatever quality of the boy nature, the boy spirit, you may have today, hold it fast, weaving into it the elements that build a true manhood.

How true to life is that picture, and how natural it is for a boy to drink from a barrel, through a straw—and the straw must be a perfect one. Did you ever try it? If not, take my word for it (for I have done it), it is heaps of fun. The trick is an old and a good one, and belongs to boy life.

The picture represents our subject, "Boys," "Young Men" and "Men." The young man does not appear at first sight, but he is there. We may have to look, think and listen, before we can find him, but he is somewhere between the bright youth, so full of hope, happiness and promise, and the old man who stands with a hard face and uplifted rod, to strike the youth before him.

As I study it I see that the old man has consumed the young man, and also the boy, to build the product that he now represents. Without a boy we cannot have a young man, and without a young man we cannot have a man. Young men stand today between them—the Youth and the Man. You have consumed the boy that you yourself one day represented.

I want to reason it out with you; what kind of a bargain have you made, in trading off that boy for your present self?

Trading on the present basis, what kind of a bargain are you making in the transfer that is

now going on in your own life? In the young man that you are now dealing off, for the old man that you are yet to be? Are you making a good bargain? As I watch and listen, I find men who regret the bargain they have made, in the transfer of youth for manhood or old age.

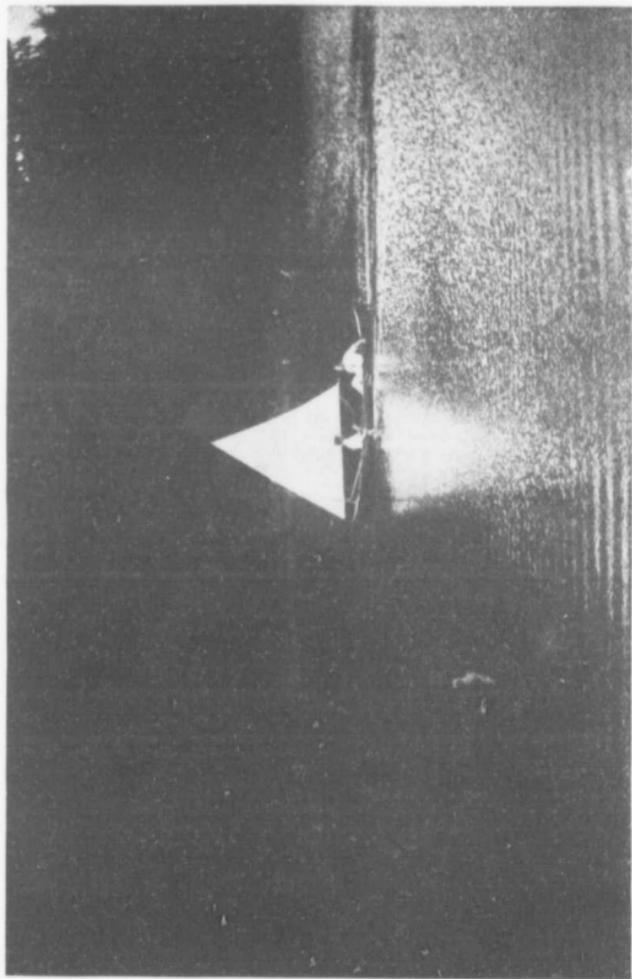
Youth is one of the qualities that we are not able to retain, and, too, it is a thing that we cannot buy or lease.

Youth is not for sale—it is not offered anywhere in the markets of the world. It is beyond a gold value. Is it any wonder, therefore, that when some men look at their own picture they are ashamed of themselves, when they realize how cheap a bargain they made in trading off a beautiful boy and promising young man for the present self of theirs?

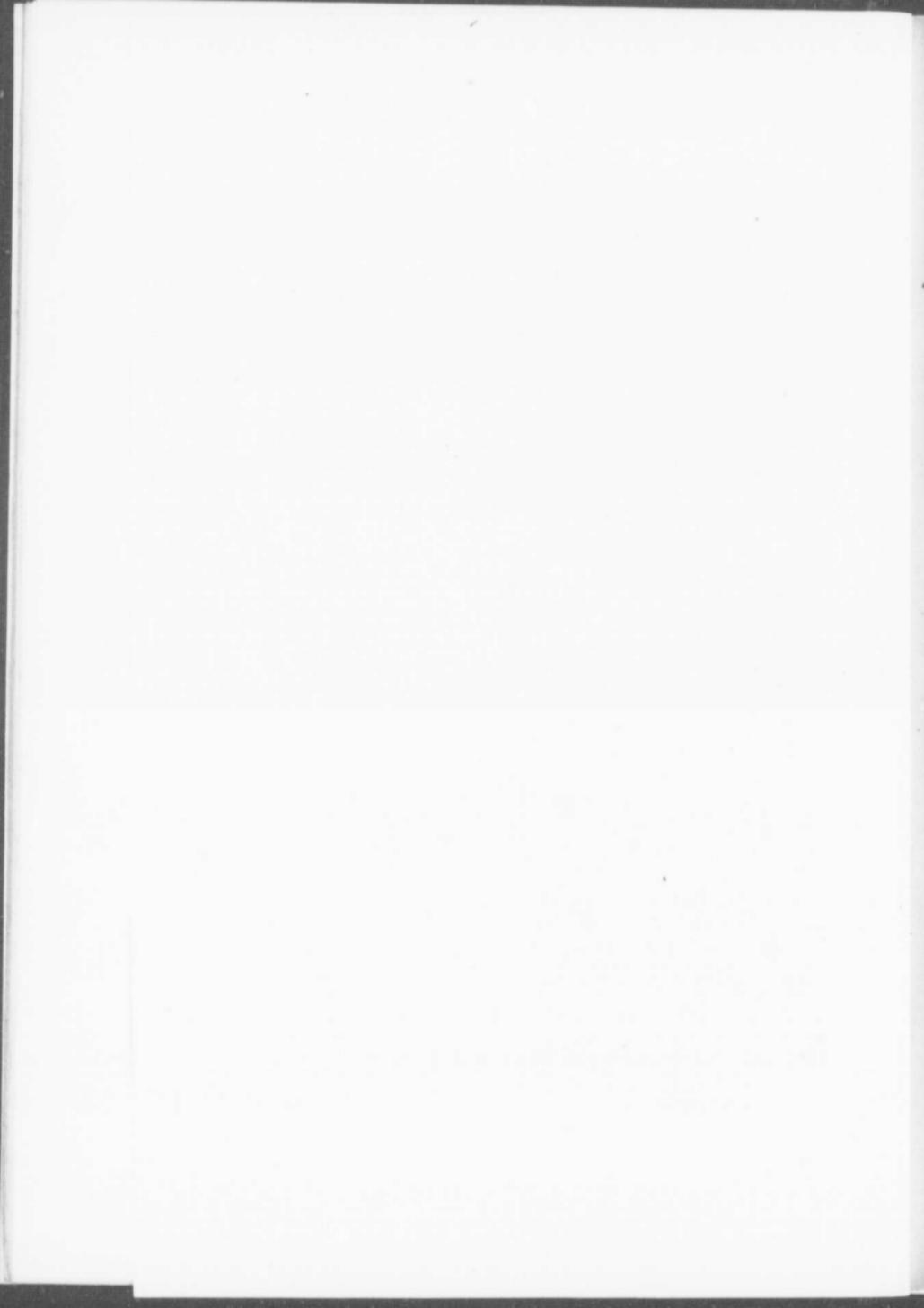
My object at this time is to bring to your notice the pureness, the trueness, the richness, of boyhood, and to show the real goodness and power, the value and the boundary lines of young manhood.

Now, before we can do this, we must understand the boy; we must know the boy before we can know young men, and know young men before we can know and understand men.

This is why we know so little about ourselves, and this condition is not our fault. When we

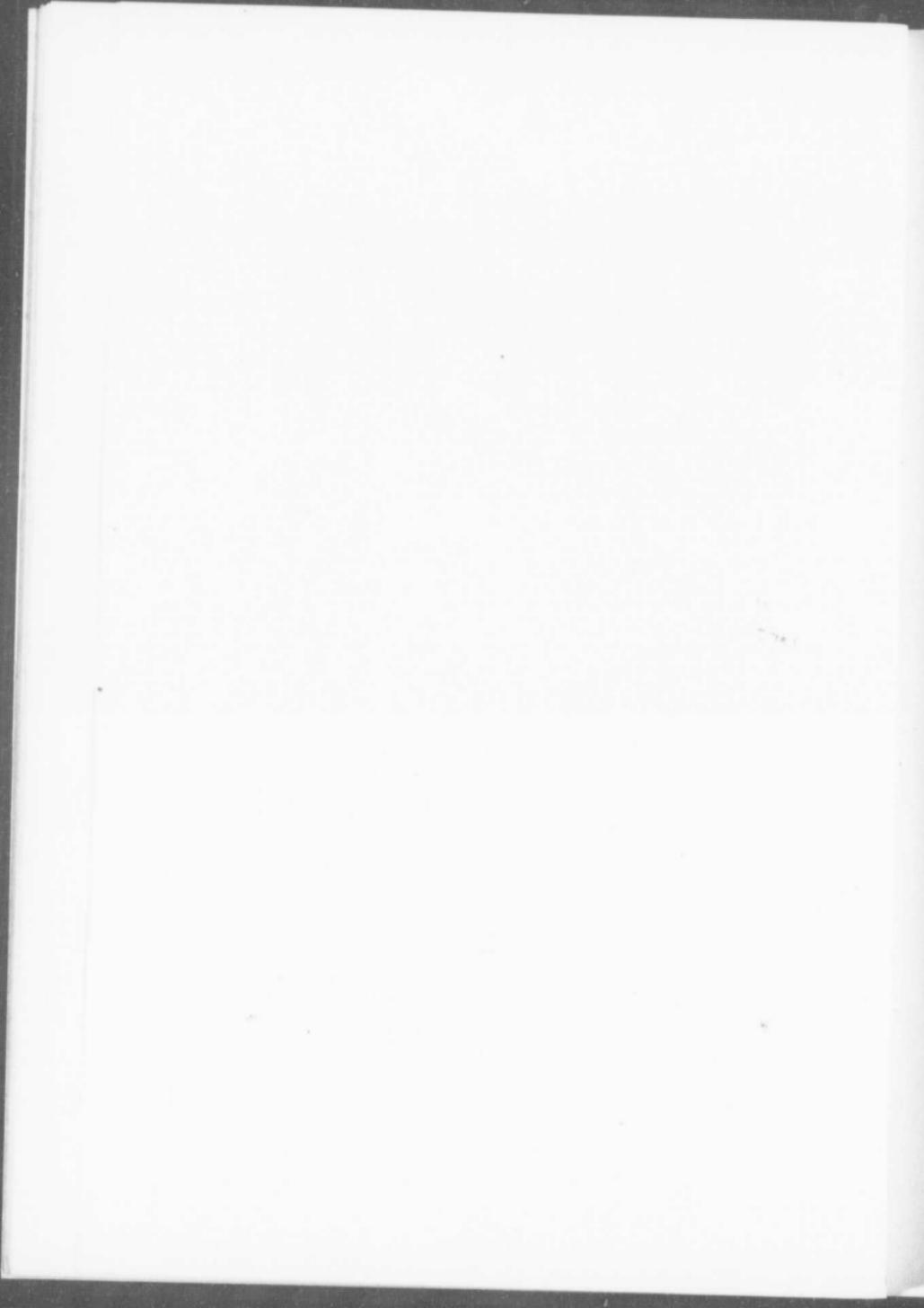


Quiet Waters





**Let Me Have Your Straw, Mine's Split**



were boys we did not have an opportunity of getting acquainted with ourselves, and we have not had any too good a chance since. Now that we have such an opportunity, we had better make use of it, or we too will die, as many have already done, strangers to themselves.

When we know all about boys, and when we understand young men we will know more about self—which is the greatest problem, the greatest study, that we will ever have to deal with—and when we know self as self can be known we can rest content to allow the winds and the waves and the years to roll on, knowing that we are but doing His will.

I want to tell you that as I have played with boys, and reasoned with young men, and hearkened to men, I am of the opinion that our youths are only about one-tenth as bad as they themselves think they are—and about one-hundredth part as bad as men and women think they are (and I know what men and women think), and only about one-hundredth part as bad as most men—and I know men; know that deep down in the hearts of men there is goodness.

As yet, boys and young men have been but little understood. Few books have been written, and some of the few have been written by men who have, perhaps from necessity, lived behind

roll top desks, instead of behind or ahead, or better still, with boys.

Little time or thought has been given to boys. They are told what not to do, rather than what to do; told to get out—rather than to come in; regarded as enemies rather than friends; whipped and beaten—rather than reasoned with. We are taken as we might have been, rather than as we are, and have been driven rather than led. These are man's methods, and many times they win Failure.

Our boys are told why young men fail, but not why they succeed; they are told how many there are in prison—but not how many are out. Told of the ones who fail—instead of the ones who succeed.

My own experience with boys and young men has been of the most pleasant nature, and not in years have I had an unkind word from either. Whenever I have discovered something that is out of order in their lives I have found out that if I could win their confidence through associations and reason things out together for a time, they are glad to correct that weakness, and that is why I like, best of all, a congregation of one boy or young man at a time. It is really a privilege to sit and talk to a boy or a young man alone—just

himself, yourself and God, and this is the reason for this book.

Our young men, east and west, north and south, white, black, red and yellow, hunger for the truth. Young men want to make life a success; want to go out into this world and win success. They want to succeed, and few have been told how it can be done—how it is being done—and they want to know.

They want some day to have homes of their own; they expect some day to have boys and girls of their own. They want to have good, true, pure, bright and happy children, and they want to know how to live, in order to bring about such a happy condition, they would live that way, if they were but told how.

We are out for a good play; we are going to play and reason things out together, just as one boy and I did in the years that are gone. Today, however, I am better prepared for the task, because I have been looking over life's problems for many years, and I want to ask each one to decide what the years should do for him.

Did you ever talk to a boy, and learn just "what's doing"? I have, and have discovered that there is a great deal doing. Boys are busy people, and it is a good thing; we should be slow

to stop them from doing anything until we can supply them with better employment than they already have, for whatever it is, they *might* be doing a great deal worse.

Here, for instance, is a lad who has positively destroyed his Christmas pie, in order to make a jack lantern, but for my part, I am convinced that a jack lantern will do a boy more good than any Christmas pie that has yet been baked. If a boy could have but one, I would give him the jack lantern.

Looking more keenly at this, what do we see? For one thing, a wrecked pumpkin—and yet I think it has served the purpose for which it was intended, especially if a friend could come along and talk to that boy about how and why a pumpkin grows.

Then, too, we see the foundation for a future man. Has anyone yet told that youth that he is the foundation upon which he must build his future? Told him the things that will make for a safe and sure foundation? Told him—yes, explained to him, that the thoughts, the words and the deeds, that he is now weaving into his life will continue and grow and multiply, not only in his own life and his chum's life, but in the lives of the children who will one day call him father. Fortunate is he who has been taught that his

words, thoughts and deeds form the foundation upon which he must build.

Has he been told the things that boys entering into young manhood ought to be told? Has he been told the real value of success? What it is? Where it comes from? Whither it leads?

Has he been told the real power and value of a true, pure young man? Has he been told that all boys are this kind of boys, and that every boy can grow to be this kind of a young man?

If he has not been told, he should be, and so in our next chapter I am going to tell you the truth regarding a boy's own success, or development.

Our boys ought to be told that they have within themselves the power of development. They should be told that they have in their own bodies two glands, secreting a substance that is alone responsible for a boy's development. Because of that secretion, they cease to be boys and grow to be young men, and because of this substance cease to be young men and become men, and because of the same secretion, they retain their manhood.

Our boys should be told that because of interference with this secretion, in the lives of many today, development, success and even life itself is often lost. When they are all taught these truths we will have a stronger, truer, purer

class of young men, for without a true boy you cannot have a true young man. Without a true young man you cannot have much of a man, and I am sorry to say it, but we have some of the latter who are not much.

Formerly, there was not much said about boys, boy life, or things pertaining to boys. In more recent years more is being written, and some of it hits the mark, and some of it does not. After all, most of us know little about boys or boy life, and to be true to you, I should tell you a few things that I know about them.

We see here two boys. Do we understand the process by which a boy becomes a young man, and a young man a man? If we do not, we don't understand the foundation upon which the present generation is building, or that upon which the future generations must be built.

Is there anything about these two boys that a parent should not know and understand? Anything that a young man should not understand? And yet I am often told by parents, teachers and others, that there are things that they ought to say and explain that they cannot and do not say.

Our boys ought to be told, and that right early, that they are the commencement of new and perfect men, men who are active and successful, attaching everything that is worth while to

a boy's life. They ought to be assured that they have within themselves the power to become any kind of man that they decide to be.

We should be reminded that the boy is created in the image of an eternal God, and that when he has finished here his life's work, he should rest with his Heavenly Father yonder, in a better world.

## CHAPTER II.

### POWER.

I am told that our young men control power enough to build a railroad across the American continent in eight hours, going into our mines and digging out the ore for the steel and iron, and into the forests and hewing out the timber. They could build and equip a railroad far better than anything ever yet seen, in eight hours.

This is but one of the powers of young men. They have more power than they have ever dreamed of; more power than they have ever thought of—yes, far more faith in man, in the age in which they live, and the Christ whom they serve.

“Since I was talking to you across the pond this morning,” said a boy, “I have been thinking about the power of a young man, and I fail to see where we have a great deal of it.”

“Very true,” I answered, “but possibly you did not take time to adjust to your mind’s eye the right lens, whereby you could secure the right vision.

“Did you ever think that every young man has a body, a mind and a spirit, a life and a soul,

a part that can never die? We are told there is nothing in this world worthy of exchange for a soul, and yet I find young men who regard body, mind and spirit as of little value."

In times past, when reasoning with young men, some of them have told me that they were able to do certain things, and say that it would not hurt them a particle.

On other occasions young men have said that they could not do these things without serious injury; such things as using tobacco, profanity, lying, stealing, dressing at the expense of others, and many other things commonly practiced by some young fellows.

Some young men have ability, or the power, of taking a bar of iron, worth about five dollars, and making it into horseshoes that would be worth ten dollars. It takes a lot of power, and trained power, to do this, and when it is done there is a profit of five dollars, or one hundred per cent.

I have been told other young men, could take that same bar of iron, valued at five dollars, and make it into knife blades, selling this product for two hundred and fifty dollars, while still another could make the same bar into needles, worth three thousand dollars.

Another might take that same iron bar, valued at five dollars, and manufacture from it watch springs, that when finished would be worth two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Just the same iron bar, of the same value, but in the hands of different workmen, and the thought that I want to leave with you is this: all the products, or manufactures, are from the same raw material, and the value of the finished product is according to the power of the young man.

Today, all over the land, our boys—our bars of iron—are being molded into values that would correspond with the horseshoe, the knife blade, the needle or the watch spring, and our young men themselves are producing a product, Self, that will command in the market of the world a value according to the power they possess and use.

We know that the horseshoe is injured little, if any, by plodding and slushing along in the bog holes of this old world. It is especially adapted for the slush and filth of the street.

The knife blade takes an easier course than its cousin, the horseshoe; and the needle can do a few things that could not be done with a watch spring, but who would think of allowing a watch spring to be pounded along in the dust of the road, or carried in the pocket with a knife

blade, or even dropped in a box with needles, if the value of the spring was to be retained?

Reasoning this question out, with all classes of young men, I keep in mind this story of the bar of iron, and can thus understand how some can say that certain things hurt one and do not hurt another.

Let us realize that we are building this young manhood that we possess and control, or that controls us, for it works either way, for success or failure.

We are building this young manhood into some kind of a product, that in later years we will have to offer in the markets of the world, at the market price of the product that we have for sale.

Everywhere we look today we see power, and yet how little we really know about it.

Few of us realize the power of small things—for example the power of a single copper. Yet if one would save a single cent a day for fifty years he would have, at the age of fifty years, about one thousand dollars.

And yet, how few men will save the copper. Often I have looked up the financial standing of men, at the age of fifty, who were too busy to talk about success, and found that their total worth would not look well, published on a daily savings basis. I am informed that the average

man today, at the age of fifty, is not worth one thousand dollars, which means that he has not saved a cent per day.

I do not hesitate to say that vast armies of the young men of today, at the age of fifty years, will not be able to produce one thousand dollars. It is, therefore, putting it mildly when I say that many a young man of today, when he reaches the age of fifty years, will not have saved a cent a day.

Do not be too enthused when your friend tells you that he has done as well as the average, because the average man has not done very much, or done it very well. Did you ever think that we live in an age when the banks pay us three per cent on our savings, while some dealers charge us from six to one hundred per cent on our debts?

I once visited a town that a few hours before had been wrecked by a single error. The result of the error was the igniting of a car of dynamite, and in a moment the town lay in ruins, with countless dead, the result of power wrongly applied.

The following day, in a magnificent steamer, I sailed down a beautiful and peaceful river, that until recently had not been navigable on account of shallow water. Dynamite had been used, the rocks had been blown from the bottom of the river, and the old dangers and impassable rocks

removed, as the result of the same power, rightly applied.

Young men have greater powers than these. I was talking not long ago to a young man, and he told me that because he did not realize his own earlier powers his son was dead. Another said that his daughter was an invalid, and blind.

In the charitable institutions of our land there are vast armies of little children, fatherless and motherless; in others, cripples, blind, and, worst of all, feeble-minded little ones, many of whom are there because the powers of young men have not been rightly directed.

You young men today hold much in your own grasp. Your decisions alone will determine your future success or failure. You have the power to decide who will be your life's companion—the power to decide whom you will one day call wife, and your children mother. You control absolutely the future success of that child who is yet to be, and who will one day call you father.

You have power to mold your life into a horse-shoe, a needle, a knife blade or a watch spring, and here I pause. I will watch you in the years that are yet to come, as I have watched others, in the years that are gone, and will see what power you develop.

You have power to retain your honor and truth, your purity and good name. You have power to weave into your own life, and into the life of the community in which you live, the good things of this world, making of yourself a man such as the world has seldom seen.

You have also the power to destroy all these things; the power to weave into your own life, and the community in which you live, the wrong things of the world, the things that will destroy, blight and blast, and wither your own life and the life of the community in which you live.

One of my employees once handed me a photograph of himself, saying: "How is that for your assistant?"

I looked at the picture and then at him, and said:

"The artist has done a better job than you have, for the material that he had to work with. Where is the one that was spoiled?"

"I didn't spoil one," he replied. "That is the first shot out of the box."

I was looking back into his past and I could see that the youth *had* spoiled one, and a much better one than what was before me. I asked him if he thought I was fool enough not to be able to see that if he had directed his full powers towards the developing of that mind, spirit and body he

would have produced a much better picture than the one before me.

He looked puzzled and said, "You always look at things in such a different way to most folks. Now, I thought that was a very good photo."

I agreed with this, but assured him that he was not a good image of what he could have been and should have been.

We talked it all over, and I want to ask you, my reader, if your image, as you look in the mirror, is a true picture of the best that could have been done, with all the powers you possess?

There is a tendency today to wear spectacles, whereby we can see the specks and flaws in others, when it might help us if we would purchase a true mirror and look at ourselves, and decide while looking what we see. Decide if we can see the things today that we might have seen, in the start of young manhood.

My stenographer was just leaving when I said:

"Sit down, my boy; I want a little recreation and a chat with you. I want you to think of your life, as far as you have gone, and then look forward to the day when those bright eyes will be growing dim, those warm hands growing cold.

“I want you to draw this picture of yourself, and sometime come and tell me what you will be, and what you might have been.”

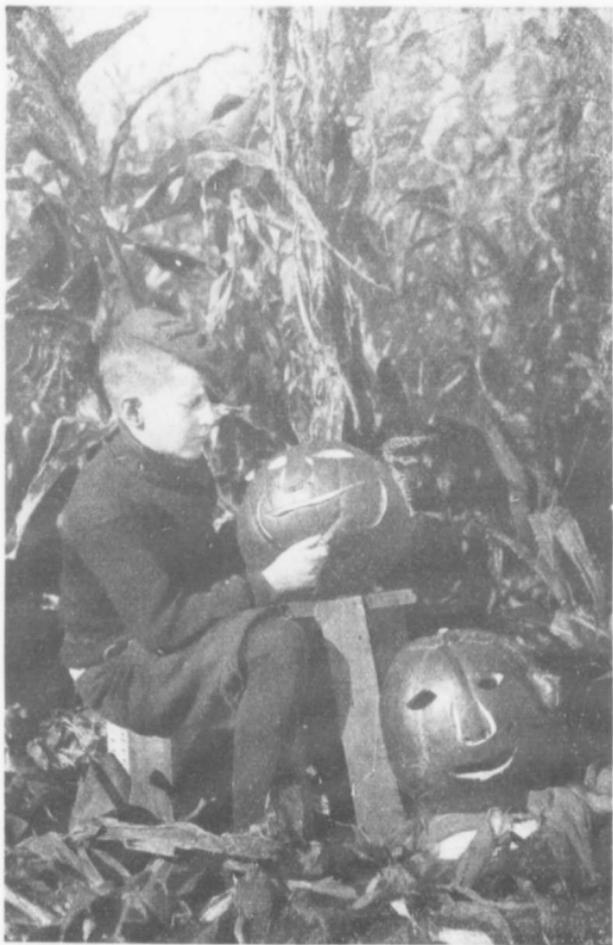
I wish men would sit down alone—just themselves and God and draw the two pictures, one of today, and one of the end of life.

If they would do this they would need more than “one shot out of the box.” They will need many, and those pictures thus drawn will help to win in that day when they will be able to say: “The best is yet to come—the end of life, for which the first was made.”

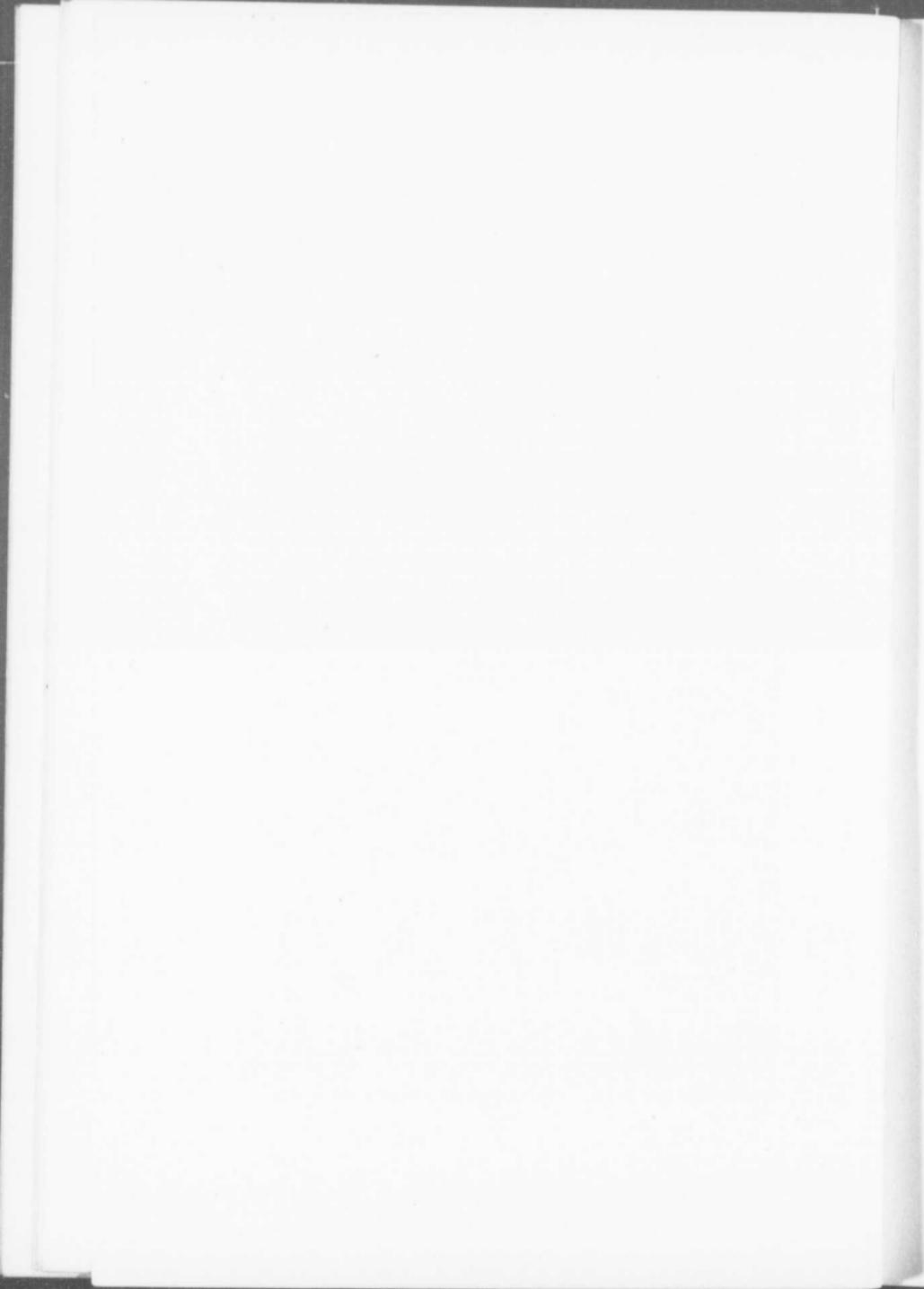
The years roll on into an eternity that is behind us—for there is an eternity back of us, just as long as that ahead of us. There is no difference; we are simply filling in a little space, and that space will soon be closed. Others will take our places, and the world will roll on and on.

Ages ago Paul said: “I write unto you, young men, because you are strong,” and you are strong because the word of God abideth in you.”

The faith of the young men of today is nowhere better shown than in the thousand young fellows who leave home every morning of every day of every year. They have faith in the age in which they live, as they grasp the hand of Mother, although realizing, as many of them do, that it is the farewell parting—realizing, as many of



Destroying His Christmas Pumpkin Pie



them must do, that the silver cord is loosening, and that the next meeting will be beyond the grave.

They have faith enough in man to turn their faces to new and foreign fields, that they may make better advancement, and render to the world a better service than would otherwise be possible.

They have power enough to go out into the world, and live and die, and leave behind them clean records that neither time nor eternity will ever destroy.

Think today of your own faith, of your own power, of your own hope.

Christ said "All power is Mine. Without Me, ye can do nothing."

What did He mean? Was it an honest statement? Because in the face of it, bad men took from Him His freedom and His life. They cast Him into prison; they sold Him for thirty pieces of silver; bound Him hand and foot; stoned Him; nailed Him to the cross and killed Him. He was placed in the grave, and it was sealed and guarded, that He might not be disturbed. Wherein did His power lie?

In this; in that He suffered all this for young men, and then, stoned, beaten and dead, He had the power to take up His life, even from the dead, and say:

“Be not afraid, It is I.”

His is a power that after an absence of nearly two thousand years, can draw young men to Him, until we have today millions of young men who are giving their best, in thought, word and deed, and who would surrender even life itself for the Christ.

## CHAPTER III.

### GROWING FORCES.

After a lecture to boys, a gentleman once came to me and said, "I have been one of your listeners, and I am awfully sorry that my son was not present to hear you. Can it be arranged for you to talk with him for fifteen minutes?"

I was much crowded for time, and could do nothing in this regard, as I was leaving his city for New Orleans at seven-thirty the following morning, to fill an engagement.

To my surprise, when I had explained the matter, the gentleman said, "Very well, sir, my boy is going to see you, and he will be at your room before seven o'clock tomorrow morning, and he will have seven miles to travel before he reaches here."

Next morning, the boy was there, on time and ahead of time, and a bright lad he was, seventeen years of age.

I asked him if his father had told him what he was to come for.

"Not exactly," he answered, "but he said that he had spoken to you about me, and that you understood. My mother sent you this," handing me some money.

“You take that back to your mother,” I said. “Tell her I would rather see a boy than money any time.”

“Well, Charlie,” I continued, “your father heard me talk to the boys yesterday. I was talking to them in a frank way about some of the growing forces in boys, of which the world knows little, but wants to know more. He was anxious that you and I should have a talk, and so I will repeat to you some of the things.” I told him.

\*To begin at the beginning, physicians tell us about nine months before a boy is born there leave his father's body living cells or seed called “Spermatozoa,” things so small that no human eye will ever see them, except by the aid of a powerful microscope. So small is this seed, that a million could float about in perfect freedom on a surface the size of a lead pencil head, and yet, in the development of that tiny speck, called Spermatozoa, the life-producing cell, exists all that part of a human being that is called heredity, and is derived from a father.

\*“This cell develops with another called the ovum or egg in the body of the mother, for all life has a father and a mother. After a growth of nine months, a child is born, without doubt the most helpless of all living creatures.”

After nine months' development, the little helpless, crying infant comes to us, and calls for our care and protection. The little creatures are dearly loved—and why not? Are they not a part of ourselves, of our own lives? Will not our future be taxed, and taxed seriously, for their food, clothing and shelter, education and development? Think of the long and anxious hours in the lives of fathers and mothers, who bring children into this world.

Children inherit the tendencies of their parents as well as their name. The descendant of Irish parents will be Irish, and if a young man wants to have a clean, true, pure boy or girl one day to call him "Father," he must not only marry a good, true girl, but he must himself be true, pure and clean.

No doubt you have been taught a great deal about the breeding of animals, and the selection of seeds and plants. It can be applied to boys. Many boys today are doing wrong things, developing habits which are today affecting these same growing forces, now forming in their own bodies, and which will help to blight and blast the existence of their own children. Many a boy, from ten to twenty years ago, has done things which are today causing his children to do what they ought not to do.

Because these things are taking place today, many parents are sad hearted, as they see their sons and daughters growing to be bad men and bad women. Boys, above all people, ought to write down in their memories the great truth that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

"Every boy, at the age of about fourteen or fifteen, begins to develop a new life, or a new growth. He begins to see and to live in a new world, or rather, to arrive at a new development that causes him to see and to do things in a different manner."

"This new age is called the "Puberty" period, or the commencement of young manhood. At the age of about seventeen, this great change has been going on in a boy's life for a period of two or three years."

"Every boy has within his body two glands, which began to prepare a certain secretion, and because of that secretion, and the right use of it, our boys cease to be boys and grow to be young men."

"Because of this same secretion, from the same glands, he is steadily transforming that same self of his into the young man that he is so soon to be. Upon this same secretion, will depend largely one's future happiness, future earning power,

success, joy, health, comfort, and ability to do things.”

Because of this secretion, and none other—for it has no substitute—our boys and young men are able today to go out and win success in the schools and colleges, the office and the athletic field, the store or the farm. Wherever successful men are found, that success is founded upon this secretion, that comes from these two glands in their own bodies, and which are known to the medical profession as the human testicles.

It might also be well to know that these organs arrive at their full development at the age of about seventeen. The left organ, at that time, usually is a little lower and larger than the right, and firmer, which constitutes a natural condition.

The only care that these two glands need is to be left absolutely alone, and to be bathed with the rest of the body. It should be remembered that the size of these glands vary in different individuals, which is of far less concern than the kind of life the possessor lives.

\*“Each organ is made up in a most wonderful manner, containing three or four hundred small lobes. Attached to each little lobe is about two feet of tubing. Each organ contains possibly from twelve to fifteen hundred small lobes, and from twenty-four hundred to three thousand feet

of tubing, crushed down in the manner in which the organ is formed."

\*"These organs form a double purpose in life, i. e., to produce Spermatozoa, and to secrete a life-producing or developing fluid, that builds the small boy into an older boy, and older boy into the young man. It builds young men into men, and because of the same secretion our men retain their manhood."

\*"Remember then the testicles prepare two entirely distinct substances: 1st semen which contains spermatozoa. 2nd, and the Internal Secretion which is absorbed into the blood and causes the development of manhood."

\*"I might also add for your benefit, I am told that, in some heathen countries, slave boys are deprived of these organs, just as some of our animals are in this country. This operation, if occurring in the life of a boy before twelve years of age, prevents him from ever developing into a perfect man, and he will develop into a eunuch, which possesses only a pitiable semblance of manhood."

\*"Should these organs be removed from a male chicken, it will simply grow to be a big fat lazy lubber, void of any bright plumage, spurs or comb, and it would never crow."

\*“I would also call your attention to the splendid type of a stallion, which is also due to this secretion; observe the keen contrast between that well-developed animal and his mutilated brother, the gelding, which makes a good work horse, but has forever lost the power of its best development, simply because it has lost the developing force of its own life.”

Now, you will understand why great generals demanded a stallion to ride in war. That kind of an animal knows no fear and no retreat, because he possesses the intelligence and courage that his mutilated brother does not, and could not have. This is simply because of the removal of those organs or glands, and the loss of the developing fluid.

The boy listened keenly to this explanation, his bright eyes, which had not been dimmed by wrong habits, shining as he looked at me.

“You know, Mr. Clark,” he said, “I have tried to corner Dad on these questions for years, but I can’t do it.”

This boy now realized for the first time that he was naturally developing, and that the sex life which had recently taken up its abode in his life, and which we had been discussing, was a natural growth, as the result of a pure life. His future success and development would be in accordance

with the life that he had lived, and would continue to live.

This young man and I had started to live on an equal level. I wish you could have seen his splendid face, as he asked me how this valuable secretion could be lost, and consequently happiness and health, power and success in college or athletic field, in the store, office or farm.

I told him of the many ways that boys are being wrecked today, because of the lack of knowledge and truth in regard to this wonderful secretion. These I will also explain here, in the following chapters.

I explained to this new friend of mine some of the dangers of bad men and bad women, and we parted, but to meet subsequently. Some months later, I again had an engagement in the same southern city, speaking in one of the universities. I was hurrying to my hotel, ambling across a crowded street, when I heard a right welcome voice shouting out, "Hello, hello, ain't that you, Mr. Clark?"

I turned and saw my young friend, and as we greeted one another he said, "Gee, it looks good to see you here once more; when did you strike town? Can't you come out and have dinner with me? My folks will be delighted to see you, sir."

I am glad, indeed, to say that the parents of this young fellow have since decided to banish all false ideas of prudery, and will now talk to their son as a son should be, and as he wants to be talked to.

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\*[Dr. Winfield Scott Hall.]

## CHAPTER IV.

### DEVELOPMENT

Once, when I was traveling in California, I received a letter from a student, then attending an eastern university, asking me about a certain condition, in regard to the natural development of a true young man.

He said that some of the boys had told him about me, and told him that I was a boy's friend. This letter is before me now, and is only one of many similar letters received, in regard to the same subject.

I answered it by asking him many other questions, to which he replied promptly. I knew that his trouble was only an imaginary one, and that his anxiety was altogether due to the lack of the truth in regard to his own natural and unfolding nature.

It is not always an easy matter to convince a young man by letter that his anxieties are unfounded and unnecessary, and experience teaches me that it is best done by two or three letters. I thought little of this letter, as it was one of many that came to me.

During the next few months, I met and worked with a very fine man, a gentleman who was plain,

sane and practical. We spoke from the same platform at different times, and in different cities.

Time rolled on, and as I happened to be going to the university centre, I phoned my above mentioned student correspondent that he could meet me, if he so desired. Time may rob me of many things, but it will not soon rob me of the memory of the happy face of this young man, as he entered my room at the hotel, and we sat down to "talk things over."

"When I first wrote you," he said, "I was all but worried to a frazzle. Your letters have helped me wonderfully, but I want to know what I have done—or what I have left undone—that this condition should come into my life, and cause me such anxious worry? And why should I be losing my manhood in this manner?"

I assured him that he was only a natural, developing young man, and the only thing in his life that should not be there, and must certainly be put out, was his worry.

As I looked into his bright, beautiful eyes, my friend began to smile, and said, "Why should my father not have told me about this? However, he did not do so, and in consequence it has cost him about a thousand dollars, for I have positively lost one year of my university course, because, as you say, of worry."

The thought just then occurred to me that the young man had the same name as the gentleman to whom I referred, and I said: "I met a gentleman this last summer who had the same name as you have."

He moved away from me, and looked rather frightened. "That would be my father," he said. "Say, Mr. Clark, do you ever tell a boy's dad anything that he would tell, or write you?"

I assured him that I never had, and never would tell a "fellow's dad" anything that is told to me. As a last chance, he added, "Say, sir, do you ever write or tell anything to *any* of a person's relations, that he has written you?"

"Never a word," I assured him again, "you are safe in my hands. You may rest assured that there is nothing to add or subtract from your life, and you are only a natural young man, developing into perfect manhood, and the lid on my secret box is always kept locked."

In Ontario, I was once asked to address a group of "Boy Scouts," ranging from fourteen to eighteen years of age. Among other things that I explained to the boys, this condition happened to be one, and at the close of that address, a group of the boys talked to me, and one of them told me this story:

“You have relieved my mind of an awful burden. This last June, when en route to England, in mid-ocean, that experience took place in my life for the first time, and I was worried about it, so worried that I was positively tempted to jump overboard. I knew that my life had been true, but I was satisfied in my own mind that I had caught the worst that could be caught, and was afraid that my companions would contract the disease from me, or if they and I escaped, my brother would suffer when I returned home, if to my home I should ever return.”

This was a lad of sixteen, the son of a man who was superintendent in a Sunday school.

He thanked me again for the address, and we parted. In the evening he came again to see me, and with tears streaming down his face, he said:

“I went home and told my father about it. Told him what you said—told him what I had told you, and, sir, my father got angry. He said that you did not know what you were talking about, and that condition had happened, or had been brought about in my life because my life is not true, and that he would beat me to a final finish if I did not stop my crookedness.

“Mr. Clark,” he added, “why will a boy’s father not believe him as you do? Or why won’t he tell him the things that you do? I have the evi-

dence that you are all right, and that my father is all wrong, because this condition is in my life, and my life has always been true."

Let me quote again from my physician:

"This condition is known as nature's overflow, or, as termed by experts in this field of work, natural nocturnal emissions — nocturnal meaning "pertaining to the night," and emissions meaning the act of throwing off, or sending out. Thus we have the term "nocturnal emissions," which means the throwing off from the body of a certain secretion, which experience takes place during the night, and that, too, usually towards morning."

\*"This new development is wholly due to the natural unfolding sex life of a pure, true, right-living young man, and every normal young man has within himself a developing sex life. It is right that it should be there, and my regret is that we do not better understand its development, its uses and abuses."

\*When this condition takes place for the first time in a boy's life, he should have no regret because of this new development. He should have been informed already by his parents, or by a friend, or through the agency of a good book, that at the age of about fourteen or fifteen (in this climate) he will in all probability waken some night, towards morning, and find that the linen



**We See Here Two Boys**



has been soiled by the passing from his body of a certain secretion."

\*"He should also know that this secretion contains within itself no loss to his splendid development—any more than the loss of a few tears from his eyes—and that the vitality that is consumed in the loss of that fluid will be replaced by the eating of a single egg for breakfast, next morning."

\*"In the north this condition takes place a little later in the life of a young man, and in the south a little earlier, due wholly to climate conditions."

\*"At this age, of fourteen or fifteen, a certain gland in his body, called "Seminal Vesicle," begins to secrete an albuminous substance which is retained within the gland. The seminal vesicles prepare the albumin constantly; therefore must sometimes fill up as full as it is possible and so they can hold no more. The seminal vesicles are located low down in the body, above the testicles and between the bowel and the bladder."

\*"This slow but constant secretion is accumulating for days or weeks, as the case may be, and the receptacle finally reaches its full capacity, as a jar or pail would become filled by the constant dropping of water, and finally run over. You can also see the reasonableness of this condition

taking place towards morning; the waste material from the things that you have been eating and drinking during the day have, at this time of the night, largely passed into the lower part of the bowels and bladder, and as the larger organs become filled, they press against the seminal vesicles and the fluid that has been accumulating passes off in the most natural and wholesome manner."

Young men tell me that this condition is frequently preceded by dreams. True, and this is the reason: as the larger organs, to which I have referred, become filled, towards morning, they press on this sac or gland, ampula, which irritates the sex system, or sex nerves. They telegraph the brain for relief, and although asleep, the sex nature is aroused, and dreams frequently precede the experience that I have described. This is not necessarily because young men are not clean in life, but because they have a sex nature building in their lives, and the wrong and disturbing dreams are due to vile stories and pictures they have had to listen to and look at.

On the other hand, had we always had the truth in regard to sex questions presented to us in a perfect and pure manner, then these dreams would be of a beautiful and true nature. When we teach boys and young men the truth, the beauty, the purity and honor in regard to their own unfolding

natures, we will change the nature of such dreams, from dark stories to beautiful ones.

In regard to the frequency of such experiences, an ideal condition would possibly be an experience of this kind, once a month. Many, however, experience such a condition only about once in three months, while others two or three times in a single month. Other peculiar natures may have such an experience twice or three times in a single week, and then they may or may not cease for a period.

Experience along this line of work teaches me that your food, clothing and employment will largely regulate the frequency with which this condition occurs. Worry, in uninformed young men, is causing untold trouble, and with this I will deal in detail, in another chapter, under unnatural nocturnal emissions. (Undercurrents.)

The gain from an experience of this kind is a feeling of refreshment that it should leave. It should not leave a feeling of depression, and in many who claim that this is the case, it is the effect of the amount of worry that is caused by uninstructed minds, concerning conditions of this nature.

I was recently lecturing in a rural district, and at the close of that afternoon, a young man, who

had been listening to my explanation, came to me and said:

“Your message is too late for me; I am one of the chaps to whom you referred, and here is a receipt for ninety dollars from So-and-So, for money paid for medicine that I have been taking to stop that condition that you have explained, which you say is a natural development, and will and should continue.”

This young man, nineteen years of age, was working hard for his money, saving and making payments on a newly purchased and mortgaged farm. He had paid these quacks ninety dollars for treatment for a natural condition—natural, because his life was pure and true—and he had ten dollars left for the mortgage, on which one hundred dollars was then due.

Some years ago, I received a letter from a young fellow, who claimed that his case was hopeless. I visited him and listened to his tale of woe.

For three years this boy had been worried about his condition; we talked it over, and he assured me that his condition was fatal—his only goal the insane asylum. He had been raised in a splendid home, but had never had a word said to him about his own development, and when he once mentioned the subject to his parents, they

had threatened to turn him out of his home, if he in future dared to speak of the condition.

After carefully listening to his story, which would be a credit to any youth, I said:

"I can give you a prescription that will cure you. You stop your worrying; go down to the lake and join the other boys, and take a plunge every other day in that same lake and forget yourself."

He said that he couldn't do it—that he would die should he dare to undress before anyone.

"Then die," I said, "I know of no other cure; you must be convinced that you are only a normal young man."

With tears in his eyes, he said: "Mr. Clark, I will do it if it kills me, for I would rather die than live as I have lived."

Three weeks later he wrote me, saying that life was now worth living. He was enjoying every minute of the time spent in the lake with the other young men. The prescription that I had given him was being carried out, and he was, as I had said, only a natural, true, developing young man.

Five years later he wrote me from Winnipeg, Manitoba, saying that he had not forgotten me, and had decided to spend and be spent in the Master's service, in which work he is now engaged.

If I may, I will add one more word to this long talk.

Speaking along general lines, in an afternoon talk, to a mass meeting of men and young men, I was saying a few words about natural development and natural nocturnal emissions, when a very sane and Christian-like gentleman interrupted me, saying:

“Mr. Speaker, if you don’t mind, will you please explain that condition a little more fully to the boys.”

At the close of the meeting, before I had time to leave the platform, the same gentleman came to me and said:

“You will pardon me, sir, for interrupting you, but I am an undertaker, and just recently I was called to a home to bury a young man, and I was called to bury him because he had died from the effects of worrying over natural nocturnal emissions.

“Yes, sir,” he continued, “he lived with the strictest kind of parents. This condition had taken place in his life, and he had read such advertisements about wrecked and lost manhood, prisons and asylums, that he worried about it until his reason gave way.

“The poor boy went to the barn, got a team of horses; put a chain around his feet and an-

other around his neck. He threw the one over a stump and started up the horses, and I am the man who picked the remains of that dear boy up in two parts and buried him, and I am glad, sir, that you have today made this condition clear to the young men of this district and he added that he received his sex instruction from the damnable printed pages of advertising quacks.

\*“This secretion that we have been speaking about, comes from a gland or organ in the sex mechanism called seminal vesicles, and it has no special or important part to play in the development of a young man.

“Its purpose in the sex life of a young man is to furnish nourishment for the spermatozoa of the semen. It is not in any sense a vital fluid. Its loss is not attended by a noticeable sense of depletion unless it is accompanied by WORRY.

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\*[Dr. Winfield Scott Hall.]

## CHAPTER V.

### FAILURE.

I am not going to say much about liquor here. I have nothing to say in its favor, and would not believe the man who has. There is nothing to be said in favor of it—and nothing short of the last day will reveal a true picture of the traffic.

I recently spent a Sunday at Niagara Falls, with one of my young friends. As we sat there, surrounded by the grandeur of that magnificent scene, my companion said to me:

“Look, what is wrong with that young man, Mr. Clark?”

I looked over towards the group. The young fellow in question was being carried by five companions. All were richly clad, and fine looking, and the young man was trying in the most desperate manner to do violence to his friends who carried him.

“Nothing ails him,” I answered my friend. “He is just drunk.” I feel sorry for the young man, who at Niagara Falls, surrounded by all that beauty, power and mystery, cannot see anything greater than whisky. I am sorry to blot my pages

with the word, and sorry, too, that so many a bright future is ruined by it.

I pity the youth when at Niagara Falls, who can see nothing better than a drink of whisky. Surrounded as we are, at that place, by all that wonderful power and beauty, to prefer a brain made stupid by alcohol, or some of its rotten imitations, to a keen observing eye, is hardly commendable. To prefer an hour of death-like stupor to an hour of quiet thought, is unbelievable.

Not more than twelve years ago, a young man, one from the ranks of young men, stood absolutely free from the appetite for drink that has dragged millions to an early grave of sorrow. He on a beautiful June morning, drove past with a fine outfit, and a fine, yes, a beautiful girl by his side. It was in the days before automobiles arrived, and fancy rubber-tired carriages filled our streets.

The splendid outfit, the splendid young man, the lovely girl, seemed to be all that anyone could ask for—the beginning of a bright and happy romance, but alas, as the days roll into weeks and the weeks into months, time works wonders in the destiny of young men and young women.

There was a friendship, there was a courtship and there was a marriage. All might have been well, but there was in that home a wrong-minded mother, a woman who taught that young fellow,

for sociability's sake, to smoke and to indulge in a social glass—to enjoy, just for health's sake, a drink or two.

The result was danger and shipwreck, a drunkard, a dead husband, and a widow and four fatherless little ones.

A few years later, that young widow, robed in a cheap black gown, stood at a railway station. She had a tiny child in her arms, while three others clung to her side. As the train was ready to start, four gentlemen came to the mother, and each stooping down, took from her a little child. They boarded the train, and the poor young widow, with a heart sadder than death, stood alone, speechless, motionless, tearless — because of that shipwreck. That woman's sorrow, as she thought of it, was too deep for tears.

She returned to the mother who was the cause of her four little grandchildren, being sent out that day to live in a cold world, fatherless and motherless. She realized the cost of her foolish methods, which had produced fatherless children and a homeless daughter.

And yet I find women today some of whom teach men to drink. May I warn young men to beware of danger? May I ask them today to warn their sisters of the dangers of young men who drink?

Strong drink is a danger. Thousands of the wives of our young husbands, before ten years will have passed, will be washing clothes for a living. They will be working six days in the week, caring for fatherless children — fatherless because vast armies of young men of today will die drunkards.

Strong drink burns out homes, lives and families. It curses and damns little children. It blights, blasts and withers boys and young men.

And yet men will handle liquor, bottle it and label it, ship it and drink it, forgetting that "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

Following my custom, at certain evening meetings for young men, I gave them an opportunity to sign the World Wide Personal Workers' Movement Cards.

While this was being done, on one occasion, a young man to whom I had spoken the night before came to me. I had given him a card, with the request that he think it over, and he returned the card to me, and at the close of the meeting he told me his story.

It was too sad to print—too sad for human eye to read. It seems to me, as I journey through life, that there are some things that the heart must bear alone, and I will not tell all his story. His pledge card is now before me. His had been a

long, lone journey, for at the age of six his father and mother had killed each another in a drunken row.

“I never prayed until last night,” he said as we parted, “but I will never spend another night without prayer.”

Booze is funny stuff. Put a dead boy into it, and it will keep him, but put it into a live boy, and it will kill him. It would seem that the liquor that gets into a man wants to get the liquor that is outside inside, for surely no sane man, with liquor outside of him, would want to get it inside.

There is nothing new about liquor. Its business is to blight, to blast and wither all who come into its fiendish clutch, and it will continue to do in the future as it has done in the past.

Would any young man want to deal in a traffic that damns innocent souls, wrecks homes, and ruins future fathers and mothers, sons and daughters?

We sometimes forget that we are the product of generations that are gone—the product of sleepless nights, and sad and anxious days. We forget that we are the hope of the coming nation, the mainstay of civilization, the support of future homes.

They who traffic in it forget that we are not our own—forget that our freedom has been won

by noble men who have even dared to die for home, land and country, and by whose loss bright children have gone fatherless and unprotected and to ruin.

We do not often read it, but is it not true that the young man of today suffers more from an increased sex life, because of liquor? Is it not true today that liquor and failure travel in the same direction, in the same lines, in the same sorrows?

I am told that it could be justly written across every glass of liquor today, taken by a young man, "This Way to Destruction." Does it point in any other direction than that of a lost eternity?

Is there an evil today that has caused more sorrow, and less joy, than drink? Is there a sin anywhere that so inflames and enrages the mind of man?

I have nothing to say in its favor. I have seen nothing good in connection with it, except the beautiful young men and women whom I have seen it devour, and their children, whom I have seen destroyed.

Memory takes me back to a home I once visited, where the son, a half witted young man, waved in the air a bit of string tied to a stick, calling it a steamboat, all because, as I am informed, at the

time of conception, both father and mother were the worse for liquor.

Such a terrible price to pay for liquor—and yet some young men, and I regret to say, some young women, will pay the price.

## CHAPTER VI.

### PERSONAL WORK.

Personal work is a comparatively new work. It is a coming work, and has been a much neglected one. Personal work has been reported hard, difficult and uncertain, but it is not so. No, it is not difficult nor unattractive. Experience has taught me that it is the best work, the pleasantest, the most profitable and most helpful in the world. After having read nearly all the books that have been written on the question, I am inclined to say that many of my decisions are not in accord with what I have read. I do not propose going into detail here, in regard to how one should do, or should not do, this work; it is sufficient to know that it is a grand, good work to do, and to know that you have helped some one to bear life's burdens more easily because you have lived.

Then, think of the great profit to the one who is helped. I am satisfied that our boys and girls, young men and young women, will never forget a kind word, or a kind talk, from a stranger or a friend. No man who stands a success today will ever forget the man or the woman who lifted him from the common level to a higher plane.

It is equally true that no one will ever forget that man or woman who caused them to leave the splendid path of duty, and to weave into their lives that which has meant failure.

I will give you here only a few experiences, and will follow these with a few extracts from letters received since from the same boys.

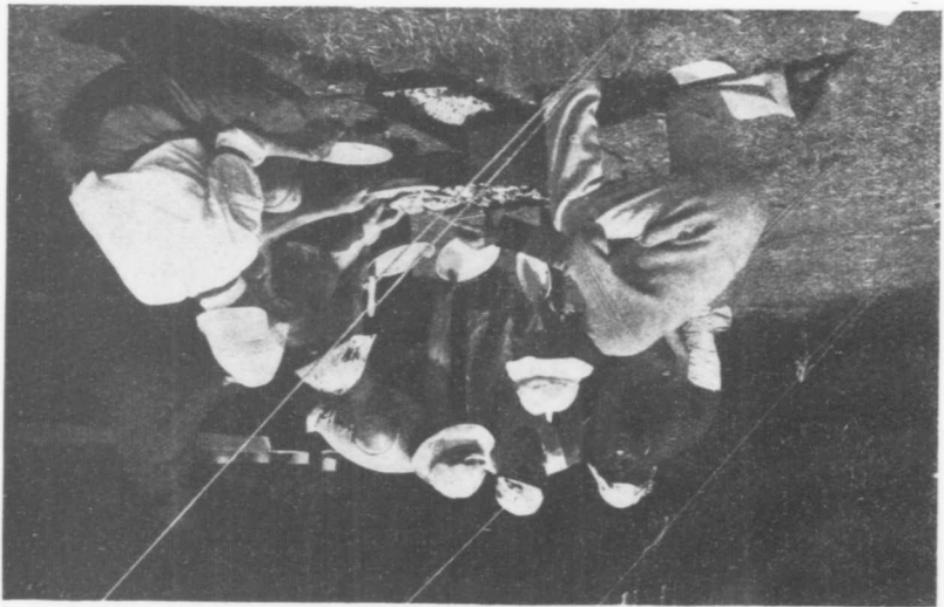
I might say that the greatest joy that this old world has for me is not money or position. Nothing can be compared to the fact that scattered throughout the land are young friends, to whom it has been my privilege to talk, and who are, because of that talk, building their bodies, minds and spirits into the perfect men that the world needs.

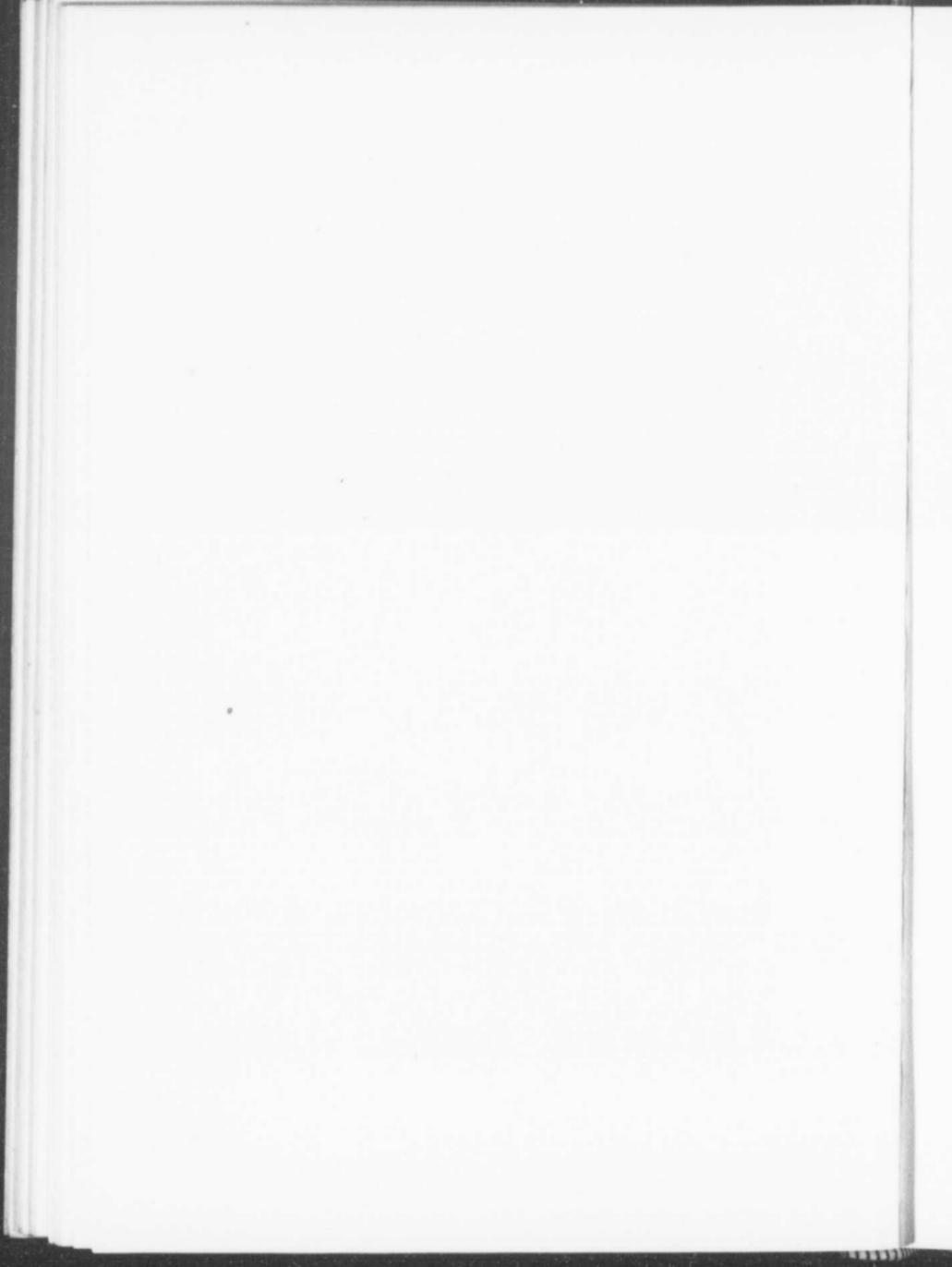
I was asked to speak in one of the colleges in the state of Texas, and at the close of the lecture I was detained by the professors and students, for some twenty minutes, talking over the past, present and future. As I finally left the college, one of the young men started down the street with me, and taking me by the arm, said:

“Mr. Clark, I want to thank you for that talk. It lifted me, and I want to tell you more. I want to say that I am ready to surrender all to Christ.”

“It is not what you are ready to do,” I answered him, as we walked down the street, “it is what you will do. Will you, do you, accept Him?”

In Times Past





"I do," answered the boy.

As I had to go directly to a church, in which I was due to speak in a few minutes, I arranged for the young man to meet me that evening. He was there on time, and we talked it all over.

"I have wanted to get right with God for many a day," he said, with tears in his eyes. "Being away from home and friends, I want Jesus Christ, and I want to serve Him."

This boy had never had a prayer life. He had never been talked to about God. We knelt in prayer, and I want to say here that all the pay that anyone needs for personal work, is just to hear, for the first time, the prayers of a young men's heart.

We parted, and the hardest thing I have to do is to part with my friends. At the end of that month, he wrote me:

"I will ever remember you, Mr. Clark. You are doing a great work for the boys. Please do not stop, for the sake of the poor fellows who do not see, or even realize their dangers," and again later:

"I hope you will have success in your work. I think of you in my prayers, and of the good you have done for me, in leading me to Christ. May God be with us both, in all our undertakings."

On a Sunday morning, in November, I was speaking in a church in a town in Ontario. At the close of the meeting, a young man whom I had known for some time came to me.

"I would like to bring my chum to see you this afternoon," he said.

I was glad to grant his request, and said that I would look for them at two o'clock, as I was to speak at three.

"I know it," said the boy. "My chum has walked in seven miles to hear you, and I know you will be glad to see him."

The boys arrived at two o'clock, and I am free to confess that I have yet to meet a finer specimen of a young man. He was nineteen years of age, bright, clean and handsome, and exceptionally well dressed.

I was tired, yes, worn out, and felt the pressure of the day, for I had three lectures before me, and felt the need of rest, and as we sat down, my new friend by my side, Frank said:

"You are not as jolly as your picture looks, Mr. Clark."

Realizing the opportunity, I answered:

"You know, Frank, I was thinking ahead of the game."

"How was that?" he questioned.

"It was like this," I answered. "I was just thinking that in about thirty years from now I will be an old man. When I come here to speak to the young men, you and that best girl of yours will be over yonder in a fine home, and your boys will be bringing me in to speak to the fellows."

"You will tell them 'that old fellow is all right, boys—I heard him speak to the boys when I was a young fellow.'"

"Gee," said Frank, "will you allow me to change my mind?"

"If you want to," I answered. "But tell me first if you are a Christian boy?"

"No, not yet," he said in a slow, kind of way, "but there is plenty of time. Father and mother looked after that, and I am one of the boys."

I talked to him about his future, in a business-like way, and he said:

"I know that I ought to be a Christian, and I will accept Him right now."

Frank said:

"I will do my best to make good. Nobody ever spoke to me before about Jesus Christ."

A year later, I was again visiting that same town, and I wrote my friend, asking him to spend the time with me.

He came in about three o'clock, finer boy than he was the year before, and needless to say, we

were glad to see each other. He told me he could not stay, as his sister was sick, "But," he added, "I could not let this opportunity pass, so I drove in to see you."

We sat down and had another heart-to-heart talk—a thing that some men and boys never have.

"You know," he said, "I am not the boy I ought to be."

"You look mighty good to me," I said, looking him in the face. "I have no fault to find."

"My father tells me I am not a good boy," he answered, "and he ought to know, but one thing I always do, and that is, I always remember you in my prayers."

"No, Mr. Clark, I never forget you. Every evening I ask God to keep and protect you. You know I am yours, and I like you because no matter what comes or goes, you never find any fault with me."

"Tell me all about Dad, Frank," I said. "Is he getting near-sighted? Has he got rheumatism in his joints that makes him a bit cranky? Does he have to wear spectacles to see straight?"

"Pa is getting old," said the boy, laughing, "and he always says I am having too good a time."

"What are you doing that is so bad?"

"Just driving around. You know I told you about that horse of mine."

"Yes, I remember. Does that same girl go with you yet?"

"You are the limit. Sure she does, and we have a good time."

"Will your rig hold three?"

"Not when she and I go driving."

"Listen, Frank," I said, "if Jesus would come down here, He would take you in His strong arms, and hug you to Himself, and would, if He had time, go driving with you Himself."

"He cannot be here, Frank, but you two can take Him with you on every trip you go driving around, and the day will never be too bright, or the night too dark, for Him to go with you."

"Remember He is nearer to you than any earthly friend. He loves that girl of yours better than you do, or can do, and He loves you better than that girl does or can, for His is a perfect love.

"I want you two, when you part sometimes, to do so with a short prayer; just a word or two in His name will do."

He assured me that they would, saying after a short silence:

"You have a nice kind of religion, Mr. Clark, and I am awfully glad I know you. My girl is a

real Christian. No one knows it, but I will tell you, because I know you won't give me away. We are engaged to be married. She is good looking, too, and the best of all is that she is true. She is a minister's daughter, and she can take her father's place in any services."

"Our hour is gone, Frank," I said. "See here, my boy, my work is not so much in doing things as in causing them to be done, and I am leaving it with you. I want you and that girl to join hands, and turn your whole community, men, women and children, over to the Christ Whom you serve."

"We can do it. We will begin right now, and my girl will help me."

How much "too much fun" was this boy having? He is a real worker and alive, not wasting his time, but doing things. His parents well-to-do, and he the only son; why should not he have a good time?

Seven years have passed. Frank is now married, and today, as I am about ready to lay down my pen at the close of this chapter, I received his photo. I am passing this on to you, as one of the twenty young men shown in the group in the last chapter, and there also you will find his words which I call "resources."

This is the message I received from my boy

Frank. Read it, and then decide as to the value of personal work, and the value of a friend, which no man can value until he can measure the distance between success and failure, which is the distance between Heaven and Hell. I want to prove to you that in the East and the West, the North and the South, our young men hunger for Jesus Christ. I want to make it clear to you also that the religion of Jesus Christ means more to a young man than a mere fire escape. To some men and women that is all that it means, and some use it as a life insurance policy—a good thing when one is dead.

On an October day, in that wonderful western country, our train stopped at a station in Alberta. Stepping to the platform, I saw a bright looking young man standing alone, and went over and spoke to him about the country in general, inquiring as to the advantages of the place, etc.

My time was limited, and after a few minutes, I said:

“Well, my time is wonderfully short, as you can see; I will have to talk right from the heart. Are you not ashamed of yourself, to be such a nice boy as you are, and not a Christian?”

“Yes, sir, I am ashamed of myself, and every fellow who is not a Christian ought to be ashamed of himself—and I guess they are.”

"Are your parents Christians?"

"Yes, sir. They are members of the church, but so far they are innocent in regard to speaking to me about God."

"Do you know the way, my boy, whereby we may become all that He would have us to be?"

"O, yes, I know the way. My fault has been that I would not travel that way."

"Tell me," I said, "have you a girl?"

"No, sir. I am married."

"And is your wife a Christian? I mean the real kind of Christian?"

"Yes, she is the real kind. How she has talked to me about Jesus Christ."

"Does she pray?"

"Yes. My wife prays every morning and evening."

"Do you believe in prayer, my friend, or is your wife a fool?"

"No, sir. I believe in prayer, and my wife is no fool."

"What do you do while your wife prays?"

"Walk around and look on."

I took him by the hand, fine young fellow that he was, and said to him:

"Will you not accept Christ now? Go home and tell that wife of yours; whom you love. Kiss

her, and promise her, in the name of Jesus Christ, that you will from this very minute serve Him.

"I will do it," he answered. "I accept him now, and we will serve Him together, the rest of the journey."

My train was beginning to move westward, and I left my friend, who had caused the angels in Heaven to rejoice. What this young man and others will do, when we get in touch with the power to which Christ referred when He said, "All power is Mine."

The longer I work with boys, the more I am convinced that they long for Jesus Christ, and that the religion of that same Jesus Christ means much to them. Yet, so many of our young men do not realize the importance of a life surrendered to Him.

It seems to me that Christ must have known what He was doing when He gave His life for us. That He knew what He was saying when He said "All power is Mine." Surely young men are beyond a gold value, and it takes greater power than man in his own strength possesses, to lift a young man from his youth into the path of life for Eternity.

... I was doing some personal work at an encampment of six or eight thousand young men. . . .

I noticed in the meeting a very bright-eyed young fellow, well dressed, and something said to me: "See him; catch him; he will be worth while." However, in my eagerness or carelessness, he disappeared, and I went to my tent, realizing that an opportunity had been lost.

The following morning, standing at the tent door, I noticed the same young man crossing the grounds. I at once started across intending to meet him, which I succeeded in doing.

I lost no time in speaking to him, telling him that I had noticed him at the meeting the evening before, and wanted to speak to him then, but missed the opportunity.

"Where are you bound for?" I continued.

"I am out for a time," he answered. "That is all."

"I am after the same game; let's line up and get acquainted."

Needless to say, we did become acquainted, and because of that acquaintance, my young friend, who was that morning talked to, as he strolled across the camp grounds of old Niagara-on-the-Lake, is today happy, prosperous and successful in a foreign mission field.

His face stands out in the group of young men in the closing chapter of this volume, and his life and influence are being spent for the Master.

Nature has no bargain days, no short cuts to success or side tracks to failure. Everything is open and played with a free hand.

I know not how much sin has blasted and blighted our young men, but the loss has been very great. Youth has been sold too cheap. We cannot reckon the loss; it is beyond man—and yet we are short of help to reach the millions who beckon us today.

I was traveling one October night in the northern part of Ontario. It was evening, the train was late, and I was cold. As we left Ottawa, in an old passenger coach, which had long since seen its best days, another passenger came in, a young boy.

Sitting down beside me, I began a conversation. We happened to be going to the same town, and he inquired eagerly if I was acquainted there, as he did not want to go to a hotel. I told him that it would be after midnight when we would reach our destination, and that he had better come to the hotel with me, which he was glad to do.

He was a fine young fellow, and I asked him if he was a Christian, to which he replied "No."

"Are your parents Christians?"

"Yes, sir, they are."

"Did they ever speak to you about Jesus Christ?"

"No, not yet."

"Have you any brothers?"

"No, but I have six sisters."

"Did your sisters ever talk to you about the great Friend of boys?"

"No, sir, not yet. I did not know He was a boy's friend."

"He is, my boy, and He is just the kind of Friend for a fellow to chum with. Jesus loves, keeps and comforts His boys in a perfect way. I want you to think this over, until we reach the hotel, and then tell me what you will do."

He was a fine looking fellow. Rosy cheeks, keen black eyes, and a head of curly hair. We soon got well acquainted, and when we reached our room in the hotel, he had decided to accept the Lover of boys.

That was a great night. The following morning my friend said to me:

"I am going to write home and tell my folks what a friend I have met in you, and in Him."

A few months later, in the winter, this boy wrote me, asking me to write to a chum of his.

"If you were here," he wrote, "you could win him. I hate to see him go to the bad, he is so worth while."

I wrote to his friend, and sent him a book to read, and I afterwards received a letter from him.

"I got your book," he wrote me. "It is a good one, and when I read it, I put all those things out of my life. I had everything but religion, and your friend (who is a good boy) and I went down to the church to get religion.

"When we went into the church, the preacher said: 'Well, boys, did you come in to get warm?' Who ever heard of two boys going to church to get warm? I said, 'No, sir, I came in to get religion.'

"I suppose it sort of scared the preacher, but I got religion, and now, Mr. Clark, I am happy."

Six weeks later I heard from him again:

"There are some things I cannot understand, Mr. Clark. There is the minister's son, and he won't speak to me, and I joined their church, too. Of course I am poor. My mother washed for a living, and we live in a poor sort of house. I send you herewith a sketch of it."

A year afterwards, I was speaking in one of the churches in that town. At the close of the meeting, a woman dressed in black came to me.

"I want to shake hands with you," she said. "I am Robert's mother, and his life is so changed. I am so glad to see you."

I noticed some of the richly dressed ladies eyeing that poor woman while she talked to me.

At the time of writing, both boys are true Christians, and doing the will of Him who called them unto Himself, one in Toronto and one in Chicago. "Cast thy bread upon the waters, and after many days it shall return unto thee."

## CHAPTER VII.

### RESULTS.

At the close of summer come thoughts of fall, and I suppose at the close of youth will come thoughts of manhood. As a rule, boys weave into young manhood their thoughts as boys, and into manhood their thoughts of young manhood.

When on the Pacific Coast, some years ago, I invited a newsboy to be my guest for supper, at a fashionable hotel, in the company of a somewhat noted party.

He looked to me to be about the liveliest fellow at my afternoon meeting for boys.

"You know, boss," he told me, "I had to hustle some to get down to hear you talk, but the stuff that you gave us is the kind that won't rub off."

I was rather interested in the "rub off" story of the boy's and asked him to come up and take supper with me.

"Gee," he said, "I don't know nuthin' about hotels; you will have to show me."

When we all sat down, I noticed some of our party sizing up the situation. We had taken a

small table by ourselves, and as the waitress approached, she looked at the boy, and I informed her that he was my friend, and was there to stay.

He put his hand to his forehead and closed his eyes, and remained silent for a moment. When I asked him what he was doing, he replied simply:

“Saying grace.”

“Who taught you that, my boy?”

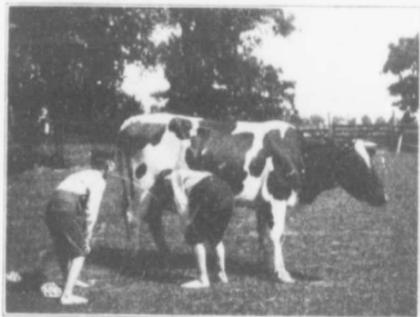
“My mother, sir. You know, my mother is poor, and my father is dead, but she tells me that we can both be good, if we are poor.”

Some seven or eight years ago, I persuaded a boy to stop smoking cigarettes, and that decision led to our taking up and discussing other habits that boys sometimes drift into.

This boy, in particular, was far away from home and alone, and had contracted many habits, any one of which has killed many a promising boy.

One by one, his evil habits were stopped, and Christ was taken into his life and heart. In those days, he was doing a cheap grade of work, and without much education. I persuaded him to give up the work, go back to school and fit himself for a useful life.

Years rolled on, and after careful consideration, and reasoning together, he came to see that the ministry was his true field of labor, and then came opposition from his parents. They claimed



**A Continuous Change**



that he was not smart enough, good enough or wise enough to become a minister, and also claimed that he did not have a "call."

Now, a "call to the ministry" in earlier days bothered me, but it does not any more, for I am satisfied that the call to the ministry is the need—and surely there is the need, which is call enough for me.

My young friend concluded to take up the work, and at it he went, and today's mail brought me a letter, from which I am glad to quote. It will show you young men that they can do things even greater than they themselves have ever dreamed of.

"Away from home," reads this letter, "for the first time. I had been leading a life that would in a short time have finished me. I had nearly reached the end of my rope when I met Mr. Clark. He looked after me and helped me, and set me on my feet. He is the best friend I ever had, and has done more for me than any other person on earth. Anything that I am—or ever may be—I owe, through God, to him."

Aim high, boys, and win or die. You will not die, for young men die slowly.

"I am slow in answering your last letter," he wrote me lately, "but it is not because I do not often think of you. I am remembering you daily

in my prayers, and in case you did not see the reports of our finals at the University exams, I am glad to tell you that I passed head.

“I got the general proficiency scholarship, which is worth fifty dollars, and pays my fees for next year. I got both prizes, worth thirty dollars, in Greek and Latin, but I cannot hold more than one, so they went to the next highest.

“‘Your boy’ will bring you credit yet.”

Many years in military camp work have given me opportunities of knowing and seeing things that many do not know and have not seen. I will relate but one.

One Sunday, about 2 P. M., I noticed a particularly bright tent, pitched just a few steps from my own. It occurred to me that I might find a boy in there, so I went over.

I found a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked, red-headed young fellow, who sprang up like a rabbit, and said—

“Come in, boss, you can’t have a chair because I haven’t such a thing, but come in anyway.”

I went into his tent, and he continued:

“I suppose you fellows don’t mind if a fellow is right near you? I know the sort of tricks we are up against on this old camp ground, and I thought I would pitch my tent towards yours.”

In talking with this boy he informed me that he was a straight boy, and had lived a straight life in every particular.

“I smoke,” he said, “but now that is all of it. I belong to the church—but then I don’t bother my head much about that—but I am not a bad sort of fellow.”

He told me that he had six or seven hundred boys under him, and they liked him pretty well.

“They try to tease me,” he said, “and call me ‘Red,’ but it don’t make much difference. My name is Fred and they have only to drop off one letter to make it Red anyway.

“The fellow before me was always having rows with the boys, but one thing I am strong on—whenever they want a favor from me they have to go and wash their hands and faces before they ask it, or if they ask a favor, I will not grant it until they have washed their hands and faces. I am not asked as many favors, and then every fellow that asks one has a clean face and clean hands.”

This may not be of much interest to you, but the point that I want to make most prominent is the development in this young lad’s Christian life.

He said that he must go and get his other tent, and as I had not completed my work with him,

I offered my assistance in bringing the tent from headquarters. This he readily accepted, and when we returned he was in great glee at having his tent in readiness for Monday morning.

"Say, Fred," I said, "I will not call you 'Red' today, but tomorrow I may, for I am strong on short names. If you will just put this tent away until tomorrow I will send the boy that I have with me to help you put it up then."

"I forgot that it was Sunday," he said, his rosy cheeks blushing; "and really it does not matter; we will put it up tomorrow."

Acting on this suggestion, everything was stored away until Monday, when I sent the boy to help him, as agreed. He told this same boy that the fellow with the gray head had given him a great talk.

"I didn't promise him not to," he said, "but here goes—and this is the last of it." And with that, as my lad told me, he pitched his cigarettes into the ditch.

This boy held a responsible position, an exceedingly hard and difficult job, and yet he contained more of the real boy element than I ever met in a single specimen of humanity.

"Say, say," he sang out. "I am, I am out of meal—didn't bring any with me; wonder if you will give me grub for ten days."

I told him I was not running a boarding house, but as a friend of mine, I thought it could be arranged.

So it was, and this little fellow, who, as he said, did not give much attention to the church business, was the one who attended every meeting and every Bible class of that camp.

He was nineteen years of age, and he told me he had two of the finest sisters in the world, and that his mother was the finest woman in the world—the best woman living.

But let me tell you—and I have been rather slow in coming to this point—one day there came into the tent a most forlorn looking tramp, who said:

“I am a Christian. I want to tell you, Mister, when a fellow like that little red-headed chap out there gives me his own bed, and asks me to kneel down while he prays—it is too much for me.”

If there is anything wrong with any of us to-day it is just because we are a little too far from the hearts of men—too far from the standard that Christ has given us—which is no doubt due to the fact that we have not got the love of Christ in our hearts. May we not be too ready to criticize from an outward appearance?

A year later I met the forlorn looking fellow,

looking up a bit—as the boys say—and doing things in a better manner.

Still three years later, as I hurried down the busy streets of one of our large cities, to keep an appointment to speak at three o'clock in one of the churches, I met "Red."

He was coming out of the door of the church and greeted me in his usual way.

"I saw that 'ad.' of yours on the church corner," he said, "and I knew you would be inside, or would be here in a minute, so I took a look. Not finding you inside I then took a look out and here is what is left of you."

"Well, you look good to me; I have only a minute to say good-day and good-bye, for my appointment won't wait for me. Say," he continued, "I bought a house and lot not long ago. Got the same girl yet—and since I saw you last I have given myself away. We will go down there one of these times—come and see us."

"Don't you think things are doing with me? I am sure on the job all the time, trying to do the right things, in the right way—His way. Good-bye."

Many of you will recognize the accompanying prayer list. No wonder we sometimes forget to pray.

In my varied experiences I have very seldom found a young man who had no prayer life; some pray but seldom, but never have I found one who did pray, who would cease from prayer entirely.

Would it not be a good plan to fill this in, and the list of ten names?

Many of you will also remember the pledge card here reproduced; if you have never signed one, sign this. Be one of us—join our forces, and win your portion of the number who will one day stand, an unbroken army, one million strong.

You will also see a copy of the "World Wide Personal Workers' Movement." Study the need—understand the purpose; know the plan, weave into your life "Our Motto" and our daily prayer list. If you have never received one, use this one and win some souls for Christ.

**RETURN CARD**  
**WORLD WIDE PERSONAL WORK MOVEMENT**  
**1,000,000 Young Men For Christ**  
**1905—1924**

Believing in the promises of God, I do hereby agree that from this day I will do my best to win young men to Jesus Christ, and to this end I will do personal work as opportunity presents itself, and by the help of Almighty God, I will strive my utmost to do the right, to keep my life pure, true, and kind, and to grow to be such as Jesus Christ would recommend.

Should I at any time wish to cancel this promise, I will ask for the return of this card, which is to be kept by the founder of this movement, W. L. Clark.

Signed \_\_\_\_\_ City \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_ Prov. or State \_\_\_\_\_

Dated this \_\_\_\_\_ day of \_\_\_\_\_ 19 \_\_\_\_\_

This card to be sent to W. L. Clark, Box 165, Leamington, Ontario, Canada.

## MEMORANDUM

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- 1 Are you a member of any Church?..... If so, What Church?.....
- 2 How long have you been a Christian? .....
- 3 If not a Christian, will you accept Jesus Christ to-day? .....
- 4 Has your prayer life been all that it ought to be?.....
- 5 Are you a student of God's word?.....
- 6 If not, will you correct it from to-day? .....
- 7 Have you ever won a soul for Christ?.....
- 8 How old are you?.....
- 9 Will you make it a rule of your life to pray for the members of this Movement? .....
- 10 Will you, from to-day, trust absolutely in the promises of God?.....

This card to be sent to W. L. Clark, Box 165, Leamington, Ontario, Canada

FORM 2

RESULTS

87

The King's Greatest Business

The World's Greatest Need

The King's Personal Workers

World Wide  
Personal Workers'  
Movement

1,000,000 Young Men for Christ  
1905-1924

Founded 1905

By W. L. CLARK

## THE PLAN

Won by One, Each Year, Each One Wins One for Twenty Years.

1905—The First year	1 wins	1 making.....	2
1906—The Second year	2 wins	2 making.....	4
1907—The Third year	4 wins	4 making.....	8
1908—The Fourth year	8 wins	8 making.....	16
1909—The Fifth year	16 wins	16 making.....	32
1910—The Sixth year	32 wins	32 making.....	64
1911—The Seventh year	64 wins	64 making.....	128
1912—The Eighth year	128 wins	128 making.....	256
1913—The Ninth year	256 wins	256 making.....	512
1914—The Tenth year	512 wins	512 making.....	1024
1915—The Eleventh year	1024 wins	1024 making.....	2048
1916—The Twelfth year	2048 wins	2048 making.....	4096
1917—The Thirteenth year	4096 wins	4096 making.....	8192
1918—The Fourteenth year	8192 wins	8192 making.....	16384
1919—The Fifteenth year	16384 wins	16384 making.....	32768
1920—The Sixteenth year	32768 wins	32768 making.....	65536
1921—The Seventeenth year	65536 wins	65536 making.....	131072
1922—The Eighteenth year	131072 wins	131072 making.....	262144
1923—The Nineteenth year	262144 wins	262144 making.....	524288
1924—The Twentieth year	524288 wins	524288 making.....	1048576

### SUMMARY

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The "need" is surely before us; our "purpose" a true one; our "plan" feasible and right; our "motto" one He would recommend. The possibilities of the movement are very great; but the work is not ours. It is His through you and me. What will it mean to any one of us, if through all eternity we can not find one whom we have won each year to Jesus Christ?

### OUR MOTTO

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Let us remember that "To be anxious for souls and not impatient; to be patient and yet not indifferent; to bear the infirmities of the weak without fostering them; to testify against sin and unfaithfulness and the low standard of spiritual life, and yet to keep the stream of life free and full and open; to have the mind of a faithful shepherd, a hopeful physician a tender nurse, a skilful teacher, requires the continual renewal of the Lord's grace."

## World Wide Personal

### The Need

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To-day the great need of young men is the need of a friend, and because of the lack of a friend, our young men fail and drift into sin, disease and death; and their souls sink into a lost eternity.

True indeed it is that because of a friend our young men grow to be Christian young men, live in happy homes, grow old and say, "The best is yet to be,--the end of life. They leave behind them boys and girls to influence others, and to strengthen the Cause for which Christ died.

We can each be this kind of a friend to our friends,--winners of young men. If we are not this kind of a friend we have failed to do our part in life. Some one, some day, can say, "You were the man with the prescription,-- Jesus Christ; but you did not give it to me, but allowed my soul to drift."

## Worker's Movement

### The Purpose

To strengthen and protect the young men of our day, and to win one million of them to Jesus Christ by 1924.

Let us remember that we cannot give out that which we have not got.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God."—James 1-5.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—John 12-32.

"Follow Me, and I will make you fishers of men."—Matthews 4-19.

"If ye shall ask anything in My name, I will do it."—John 14-14

"All power is given unto Me, in Heaven and in Earth."—Matthew 28-18.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Proverbs 11-30.

I.....

of.....

have and do hereby promise to seek daily to know God and to do his will and by his help endeavor to draw together, to build up and make strong in Jesus Christ the forces of young men, leaving the result in the hands of an All-wise God, in whose presence we will soon stand.

Dated .....

Signed by the Founder,

.....  
Leamington, Ontario, Canada.

"The glory of young men is their strength."

—Solomon

"That I might by all means save some."—Paul

"The wisest are most annoyed at the loss of time."

—Dante

"If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it."

—Jesus

"Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto  
you."

—Jesus

"Without me ye can do nothing."—Jesus

"Fear not I will help thee."—Jesus

# World Wide Personal Work Movement

FOUNDED 1905

—BY—

W. L. CLARK, Leamington, Ontario, Canada

## MY DAILY PRAYER LIST

Date Listed	Date Accepted Christ	Date Reported to W. L. Clark
1		
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FORM 3



**Brothers and Sisters**



## CHAPTER VIII.

### OPPOSING FORCES.

I had just delivered a lecture to young men, in a Western city, on the subject of "Opposing Forces," speaking on that occasion under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association, on the question of development.

I had spoken in a very plain manner, as is my usual custom, and when I had finished the address a splendid type of young gentleman came to me and said:

"Sir, your story is a good one. It is well told and well delivered, but is it all true, and will it work out in that manner?"

"I ought to know," I answered. "I ought to know what I am talking about; and believe me or not, but I spoke the truth, and truth is truth."

My friend said that he would like to talk to me, so we arranged for an hour that evening. He was on time, and we were soon engaged.

"My name is Frank," he began, "and I have come to tell you the whole story. You told us that if a young man wasted his manhood in secret vice he would have to pay the price for the loss of that waste.

"The truth of the matter is that I am that kind of a fellow; I was taught that act by an older companion, and have never before been told the things you said today. I want to know straight, if you please, Sir, if it will work my ruin and defeat—rob me of success—as you put it, for I am free to confess that up to date I can find no wrong effect. You can see for yourself that I am a good actor and a good looker, and I see personally no harm from it."

"I agree with you," I said. "You *are* a good looker, a fine specimen, but, Frank, had that blighting, blasting, withering and cursing habit not been in your life you would today not know yourself, when compared with the young man who sits before me.

"May I put it stronger," I said, "for your own sake? Some young men will never realize the dire result of a life of that kind until they look into the faces of their own children and see their sunken eyes, puny forms and weak constitution.

"They will not realize it until they themselves pace the floor of their homes, because of their child's fretfulness, and know that the child's condition is caused by its father's folly."

"My God, Mr. Clark," said Frank, "why did you not put it up to us that way this afternoon?"

“I thought, Frank, I had made it strong enough. Now, I will make it stronger. Forget yourself and your future success, but look to the generations that are yet to be. Think of that innocent, helpless, could be, and would be beautiful boy of yours, having to live on and exist on the dregs of a blasted life, because you, as a young man, would not allow your own powers to develop.”

“You take that habit out of my system,” he said. “I see it all very clearly, and what you say is true. I want to win. I want to make good. I am the only child of parents who never knew the need of gold; why did they not tell me?” The handsome boy looked sad as he said, “Tell me all the truth about this thing.”

We had a heart to heart talk, which resulted in an examination, only to reveal what vast numbers of others have done.

I told my friend, and explained to him why our boys grow to be young men, our young men to men, our men to old men. I explained to him why some boys die at seventeen instead of seventy, and live and die in huts and alleys, instead of in good homes on beautiful avenues.

The secretion that he had caused to be wasted by secret vice had floated down the sewers instead of developing him into the splendid young man

he might have been. He turned to me with tears in his eyes and said:

“Tell me the cure—I will pay any price.”

“The only cure is to stop it—and if you do not stop it it may one day stop you.”

“Will I ever overcome this thing?” he asked.

“Stop it,” I answered, “and leave the rest to nature and to God.”

We parted, and about a year afterwards he wrote me, saying: “I wish you could see me now; I am just as happy as I can be. Those organs are nearly restored to their proper condition, and life now looks worth while. I want to add that yours is a good prescription. No dope, no medicine, no quacks; your words, “Stop it,” are pure gold.

“Yours is a good mission. Come and see me some time. Time may rob me of many things, but not of the love that I have for you, for today I am right with ‘God, the world, and myself.’ ”

The cause of this young fellow’s condition was an error, largely due to the utter silence with which these questions have been treated. This error, or habit, is known today in the medical profession as secret vice, or self-abuse.

Quoting again from my physician friend:

\*“Secret vice, or self-abuse, as the act is frequently called, is a habit, not a disease, and is

more frequent in the lives of boys, young men, and even men, than the average person even surmises."

\*"It is a habit similar to the alcoholic or drug habit, and many times harder to break. I presume that the effect of it, or the result of it, causes even more disaster, disappointment and wreckage than either of the others ever has or ever will cause."

It is said that because of this habit today the developing vitality of tens of thousands of our bright boys is not only wasted, thousands of them are in the asylums, and of those who would have been bright, true, successful young men, are leading shiftless, aimless defeated lives. It has caused many of our bright boys to die in their teens instead of their seventies, to go through life weighing one hundred and seventeen pounds instead of one hundred and seventy, and to live, as I have said, in little huts along the crowded alleys instead of in happy Christian homes on beautiful avenues.

The average young man of today has no way of finding out the truth in regard to these matters. Should he attempt to ask the average parent he would be scolded and ordered to change the subject and maybe he would be branded as a wrong-thinking young man. Our boys are today

in danger because of the lack of the truth. Christ said, "My people perish because of the lack of knowledge."

Our young men live in a world by themselves, and it would do some old chaps good to go across and see how the boys are getting along.

Silence on these subjects has failed disastrously, and I pity the man today who opposes the truth, in the right way, in regard to sex development. It appears to me that such would be ignorant or crooked. Opposing forces in these problems come usually from small people, with small visions of life, or as has been said, from presumably crooked people, who always oppose, or from the ignorant, who do not know.

I want to add here that there *is* a source of information that our boys rely on. It is known as "Quack Doctors' Ads." These damnable things are being carried with a two-cent stamp right into our boys' own homes; they are delivered by our own hands—the blackest and vilest printed volumes of lies that the devil ever published in one circular or booklet.

I know whereof I speak. Young men write me constantly concerning what they have been told by some one of these deceiving devils. I asked one young fellow to send me all the correspondence in this line, and he wrote that he would send

it by express, because he had enough of it to fill a whole mail-bag. This is the kind of sex instruction we allow our boys and young men to have; while we stand by and say that we cannot talk about such things. Is it any wonder that the result of all this ignorance caused the late General Booth to exclaim, "For God's sake do SOMETHING."

Our boys ought to be told that if they have been unfortunate enough to be led into this kind of a habit, the only cure known to the medical profession today is to stop it, and grow cured—or as nearly cured as it is possible to become.

If a limb is blown off a tree the tree does not die. The other branches form the tree, and it makes the best of the situation, notwithstanding the fact that the scar of the lost branch remains. If, however, the limbs are being constantly torn from the tree, it must die, and so with a young man. The young man who ceases this habit in a day, a month, or a year, is in a day, in a month, or a year, as the case may be, cured.

I have had cases in my experience where young men have lost all control of themselves, and claimed they could not resist practicing this habit, even in the presence of their friends. Yet they have succeeded in stopping it.

I know that young men who are free from these things do not want to contract them. I also know that those who have been led astray, from whatever cause, are anxious and willing to leave the old ways, and live the better life. I believe, too, that everyone who practices this thing can and will overcome it if they but understand themselves, so I am going to give here a short review of a talk I had with a friend. The story of this I told at the beginning of this chapter, realizing that we must take young men as they are, not as they might have been.

Every boy ought to know that if he indulges in a habit of this kind he is digging at the very foundation on which he is building his life's success.

Quoting the physician again:

\*"Every young man ought to know that by an experience of this kind he throws from his body between 500,000,000 and 800,000,000 spermatozoa, the life-producing cell, every one of which is capable of living in a condition of great motor activity for about eight days. If we multiply this vast number by eight we can readily understand that a young man loses vitality enough at this experience to produce one spermatozoa with force, power and vitality enough to live for twenty thousand years."

\*“If they were informed of this extravagant loss of valuable material that might have been used solely for the building of brain, muscle and every power in the lives of boys and young men, would they be tempted to permit such a loss?”

A great number of young men have written me from various cities, as to where they can get this needed information. Thousands of letters come to me regarding these facts, and never have I known a young man who stepped aside who knew the truth.

This I believe to be the usual verdict of the average worker in this field of service. Is it not therefore too bad that we are not more willing to meet our ever-developing youth half way, or if need be to go all the way, and to teach the truth before an evil one has poisoned the young mind or soiled the young life?

The boy or young man who is thinking wrong thoughts, saying wrong words, practicing wrong acts, builds within himself a wrong sex life. He who has been doing these things has been building a wrong sex life that should be undone, and the way to do it is to begin NOW to think, say and do right things in a right way.

This will be easiest accomplished by a free understanding of sex life, remembering that every day stopped is one day cured. Medicines are not

needed. I am told by the best medical authority that there is no medicine known to the profession that will effect a cure—it begins in the brain and must stop there.

Free wholesome food, outdoor exercise, long walks, preferably not alone, but with a good, wholesome companion—and the world is full of good companions—will greatly help.

Discontinue the use of tobacco, liquor and the dance; avoid wrong stories and cheap, trashy literature; destroy every wrong picture in or about your room. Sleep with your window open; sleep on your right side, and not on your back. Allow but little covering to be used on your bed, and keep cool, rather than warm.

Take frequent baths and keep the bowels open and avoid constipation, which can be done by drinking a pint of good pure water the first thing in the morning. Rise early; keep busy. Have one plan in life—and until you can get a better one, let it be your aim to build that body of yours into that splendid form of a man that you will one day call yourself, and that a little bright-eyed lad of your own will one day call "Father."

Avoid all that has been wrong. Drink water or milk, and avoid tea or coffee. I may also add here, that when a young man has been guilty of this habit, secret vice, and has stopped it, he may

have frequent emissions, simply because the glands that have been taxed to supply the secretions consumed in the fluids that have been thrown from the body at those times have been accustomed to act so freely that the condition cannot cease in a day or two. It may possibly not cease in a month, or several months, and consequently emissions may happen frequently.

Do not worry. It is a natural thing to follow this kind of a corrected life, and remember that while Nature is strict, she is also a kind old Mother, and will always make the best of all breaks. Time may be required to mend the break, but the break will be repaired if the time is but given, and young men have all the time there is.

Another case recently came to my notice. A friend asked me to take a drive, and as we drove along the country roads he turned in at a certain home. As we started down the lane I asked him why we were stopping there, and he replied that he wanted a drink of water. Arriving at the house, we were confronted with a sad sight in the form of two young men; we were supplied with a pitcher of water, and were invited to have some cherries, which were then ripe. After talking to the young men, and inquiring for their father and brothers, we drove away, and this is the rest of that sad story:

“Add this story to your list,” my friend said, “for those two young fellows to whom we have been talking have both been in an asylum, and when you talked to them today, you should remember that their two younger brothers and their father also are far from what they could have been, because of the same trouble—like father, like son.”

Knowing young men as I do, I am certain that if they realized the full result of a habit of this kind they would not allow it to drift into their own lives, to become part and parcel of their own future sons.

Most of our boys are trying hard and doing their best to do the best and are never told of many of the dangers they have to face today. Not long ago a young man of eighteen years said to me:

“I was taught that habit three years ago, when in the second year of my collegiate course by a man in my home town. He took six of us to his house and taught us that evil, and he has been taking different boys each year from that school to his own house and teaching them that thing in different ways.

“I left my home town to get away from that man.”

I said, “Have you a brother yet at home, and does that man yet live in that town?” And I was

informed that he had a brother who lived in that town, and that that man lived there yet.

Then I said, "You go home and tell that boy the things that I have told you."

He did so, and I have the letter here before me, in which he states that that same man had taught his brother that same shameful habit.

You say, "Why do men do these things?"

I say, "Why do drunkards teach innocent boys to drink?" The same reason—because of sin—because of a devil going about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.

Quite recently, after one of my talks, a young man of very fine character came to me and said, "Mr. Clark, make that very plain, for that habit was taught me by my teacher, when in my own home."

A friend once asked me to call and see his chum, who was "down and out." I did so, and found a sad wreck of a young man. His was a sad story. He could scarcely walk, and his one request was that I should go and tell his college friends, saying: "Tell them, if that cursed thing is in their lives, to put it out. It was in mine; I did not know the results and did not put it out—and now it has put me out."

These are sad stories, but true, and I could tell many others, and many times sadder than these.

This is a habit that is being taught the youth of today, who have not been warned against bad men and bad women. The habit drifts into a boy's life; it fixes itself there, as does the appetite for liquor in the life of a drunkard.

Secret vice is indeed prevalent today in the lives of boys, young men and some men, and the curse is largely due to the lack of a few kind words to our boys, from parents, teachers or friends.

Is it not a reasonable conclusion that our boys and young men want to grow to be all that they can be? But until we teach the growing youth the truth about life and the changes and warn them of the dangers of bad men and bad women, who are today at large in this old world of ours, we may—yes, we must, expect to have the sad conditions that now exist.

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\*[Dr. Winfield Scott Hall.]

## CHAPTER IX.

### CONDITIONS AND CAUSES.

Experience teaches me to keep within bounds. I believe that each one of us ought to have our boundary lines, and see that they are the growth, the product, the result of our calmest and most thoughtful hours.

Our decisions, made in those most precious moments, ought to be called our landmarks in the keen struggle for life, and should we not be good enough, true enough, pure enough, to live within their limits?

I want to say that this is a beautiful world, but our vision does not always reveal it as such. We do not view it in its true light. If we are not broad enough to see it in this way—and this way only—then the fault is ours, and ours alone.

If there is anything in our lives that will keep us from seeing truth, peace and harmony in everything that God has made, then there is something in our own lives that should not be there. It is that thing, call it what we may, that we ought to discover.

Looking things fairly in the face, is there anything about young men that we should not know and understand?

Is there anything about a young man that he himself should not know and understand?

So far in life I have not discovered anything about young men that I would not be glad to tell, or explain to them. If our good parents, teachers and preachers cannot talk to their sons, their students and their friends in a natural way about natural developments and natural conditions, and thus safeguard our splendid army of youth against bad men and bad women, who should? Should we not seek the truth from Christ and His followers, rather than receive falsehood from the devil and his agents?

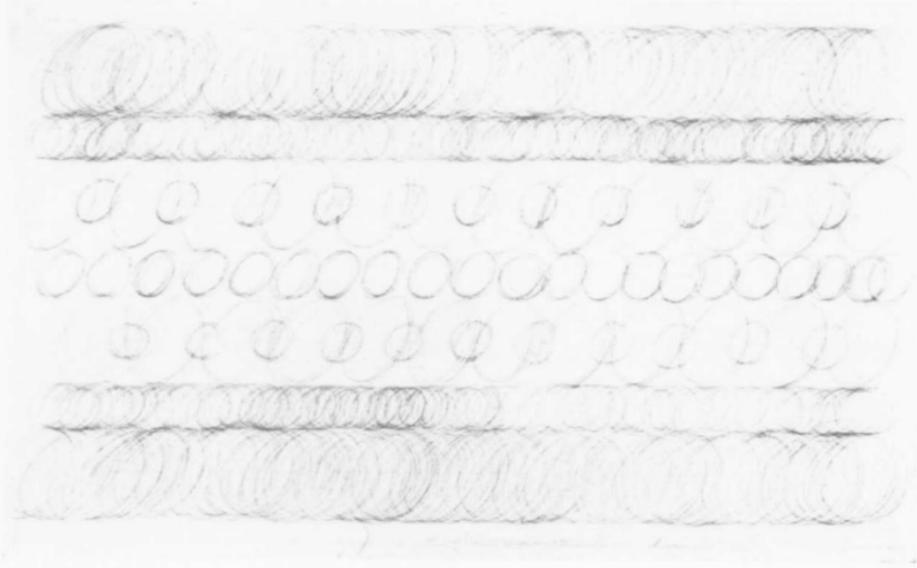
Today the man who has done things should not be interfered with by those who have failed to do the same thing.

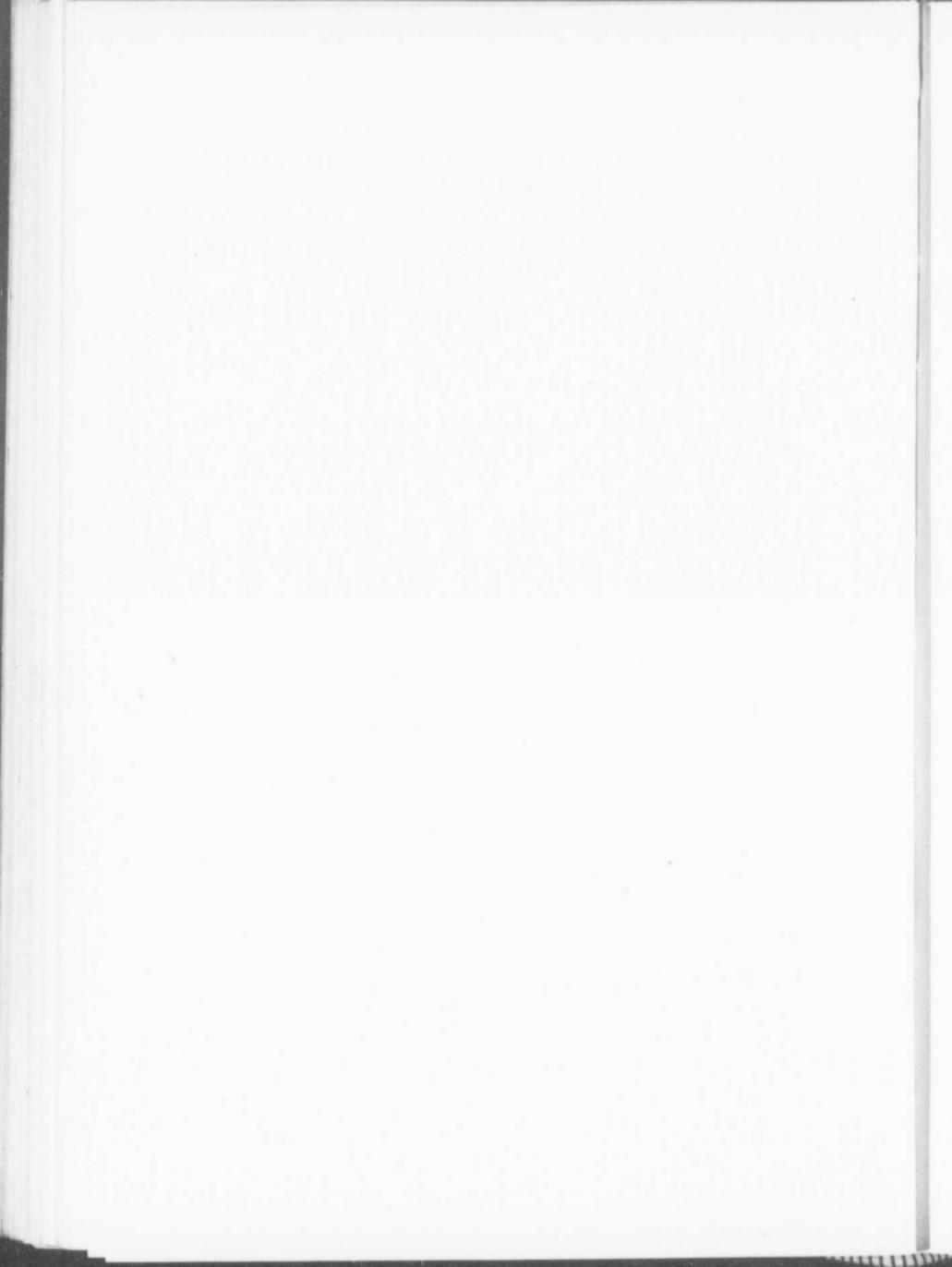
Just recently I was telling a class of young men some of the dangers of certain men, who pose as quack specialists, when a gentleman in the audience took the opportunity of telling me that such dangers did not exist in their district.

At the close of that meeting, however, I was told that he was wrong, and that the young men of that district could produce the evidence, which I now have.

I was informed that a man stood at the entrance to the college campus and handed each young fellow a printed and bound volume by a

How I Can Write After I Cut it Out for Two Weeks





quack doctor, the contents of which are in direct contradiction to the truth, and treat with the question of sex in a most misleading manner.

I had had a busy day, speaking some six times in that city, and at the close of my evening address eight young men came to my hotel room, with the request that I would explain the subject to them more thoroughly.

Although feeling very tired, I was glad to comply with their request, and I will not soon forget the faces of those splendid young teachers as they sat in my room, each in turn asking an explanation of the particular question that seemed to be uppermost in his mind. These young men, in spite of all the temptations and evil of this world, had held to their course and were determined to live according to their early decisions, which had been for the right.

"I would like to know this," said one of my young friends. "Sometimes, when I am in the society of certain girls, although not a word has been said that should not have been said, I am troubled with erections. I have a sister of my own, and I am free to say that I have always used every girl as I would want other fellows to treat my sister.

"Then, for my mother's sake, I never have, and never will, do a wrong thing, but in the pres-

ence of certain girls, who, perhaps, when sitting down, pull their skirts to an unnecessary height—and one does not need to read far to know what they are thinking about—this condition takes place.

“I have also spent days and weeks and months in association with other girls and never have I had such experiences. Is this because of badness in me? Because I am not as true as I ought to be? Or why does that condition take place?”

“This is an honest question,” I answered him. “It takes place, not because your own life is not true, but, because that girl is not as true as she ought to be—and not as true as she will some time wish she had been.

“Had she been told the truth in regard to these questions of sex by her mother or a friend, in the right way, and at the right time. I doubt if she would have been so foolish as to take chances on an old method that has wrecked thousands and tens of thousands of uninstructed and uninformed young men and young women.

“You young men meet and associate with that kind of girls, and my advice to every young man who comes in contact with a character of this kind is to drop her acquaintance as you would drop the hand of a leper. The young girl who will dare to do such things will in all probability learn, as

the days go by, that the Bible is true in teaching, 'Sow a thought—reap a deed.'

"Now the cause of this condition is the flow of blood to that organ, conveyed to that part of the body through three large arteries. As long as it is retained there the erected position is maintained, and as it returns to its place the blood returns to the small veins in the rest of the body.

"Sometimes this condition is caused because of sex thought, and the purpose of the condition is to transmit semen, for the purpose of reproduction. This condition is more frequent in some lives than in others, not only in boys and young men, but men, and is no discredit to the possessor. If the boy or young man who is troubled frequently in this manner would stand erect, taking a long, deep, slow breath, at the same time stretching every muscle and cord in his entire body, expanding his chest and putting back his shoulders to such a degree that the cords and muscles begin to pull, repeating the operation two or three times, he would soon discover that the condition in question has ceased to be.

Again let me quote from my physician friend:

\*"Young men in their later teens frequently waken towards morning and find this condition, and if at this time one will just step into the toilet

room and empty the bladder, he will find that the condition has ceased.

\*“The positive harm of this condition is where it is maintained for a considerable length of time, thus causing the manufacture and release of spermatozoa, the life-producing cells, from the testicles.

\*“After this condition has taken place, we frequently find that it has caused to ooze from our bodies a few drops of secretion, a substance resembling the uncooked white of an egg. This is known as a secretion from Cowper’s glands, and is of no more concern than the secretion from the seminal vesicles, explained in natural nocturnal emissions, and which is usually referred to by fakers as ‘lost manhood’ or an indication or forerunner of lost manhood, which statement is a lie.

\*“The object of this secretion, produced by a condition of this nature, is two-fold. I want to make this matter plain here, that I may safeguard you against quacks, and against what they have printed in the circulars handed out at your college doors, a copy of which was given me.

\*“First, the semen which contains the spermatozoa passes through this organ, for the purpose of reproduction, and it passes through the channel, or duct, properly termed the urethra. This,

from the passage of urine, has been left in an unfit state for the conveying of living spermatozoa to its intended destination, and the secretion mentioned is to cleanse or fit it for the important and delicate transmission of the seed, spermatozoa, that would, under favorable conditions, bring forth a new child and a new soul.

\*“This secretion will usually follow an erection, especially if maintained for any length of time, and precede a discharge of semen. It contains only secretions from Cowper’s glands, which, under sex excitement, secretes six or eight drops, and it does not contain any spermatozoa, or secretion from the testes. I might also add that the semen from the testes does not leave those organs or glands without an erection, which is maintained, as I have said, for a considerable length of time, or for several minutes.”

My friend thanked me for the frank explanation, and one of his companions inquired about circumcision.

The Jews formerly considered circumcision a religious rite, and I suppose that it is so—at any rate, it is a sane, wholesome and helpful operation, and one that every lad should have explained.

Many parents have this matter attended to in early childhood, and it is a very simple and certainly a very beneficial thing to have done. It is

a simple removing of the foreskin, called prepuce, and its advantage lies in the removal of any danger of accumulations of secretions under the foreskin.

This is specially beneficial in individual cases, where the opening of the foreskin adheres to the head of the organ, making it all but impossible to keep that portion of the body clean, because of the adhesion, and in many other cases, where the foreskin is too small to be drawn back over the head of the organ.

Our young friends ought to be told that the only care that this organ needs is to see that the secretions that accumulate, if not circumcised, should be kept removed, simply by drawing back the foreskin, and bathing it along with the rest of the body, when taking a bath. If circumcised it would be impossible for such secretions to accumulate, because of the direct contact of the organ with the clothing.

It may also be of interest to know that secretion referred to is absolutely necessary, as if it were not for this condition the foreskin would soon adhere to the organ and become fixed there from the union of the two skins and cause incorrectable difficulties. You will then see the cause of this secretion and appreciate its usefulness. Carrying out what I have said, "That a young

man is a natural growing developing normal being and should be understood and understand himself."

These organs vary in size, in different races, types and conditions of men, as do our ears, hands, feet and bodies. This variation need not cause any more concern, as I have said, than does the size of these organs.

I have been told by men, from various sections of this civilized and Christianized land, that if these organs are not used, by secret vice, or other wrong acts, they will not grow, and that their sex growth will not be attained. Others have said that if not used the sex growth would not be maintained.

Not long since I had a letter from a young fellow asking for my opinion in regard to this matter. He stated that he, as a young man, had lived a clean life, and these organs of his were undeveloped. He had been doctoring for a year, with an advertising quack, to develop the same, but so far could see no marked degree of improvement.

I was visiting this boy's college center and advised him of my coming; he met me as the train came in, and I wish I could show you a photograph of this perfect specimen of young man-

hood, as he looked into my face and inquired if I was Mr. Clark, the "boys' man?"

This boy was sadly worried about his condition, but one look at his face told the record of a clean life. He was the victim of a quack, a so-called doctor, and was doctoring for a perfectly natural condition—a young fellow three thousand miles from home, earning his own money and paying his own way through college. He had been obliged to cut his college course one year on account of the fees of that devil.

I could not convince this boy that his case was a normal one, until I had satisfied him by an examination of the organs. His claim being non-development, to convince him, I said:

"What size clothing do you wear? What size shoes? Did you ever go to a specialist to have him doctor you for those small ears? Those small feet and hands?"

He caught a vision of the situation, and said: "Mr. Clark, why is it that I have been duped in this manner?"

"Because of the fear of this subject—that is why, and God knows that is reason enough."

"I cannot answer that question, unless it is that good men, preachers and teachers, are living too far from our young men. I have never experienced any difficulty in teaching these truths,

nor have I received other than kindness from any young man whom I have endeavored to teach."

Our time was drawing to a close, and as I was leaving that town at twelve-thirty, I said that I must get a porter to convey my baggage to the station, and the boys to whom I had been talking said:

"We will transfer your baggage, and carry you, too, if you will let us do so."

"We must be off," I said. "This is our first meeting, and may be our last, but if there is anything you want to know in regard to the question of sex, write me. I promise that you are not likely to ask me anything that some other chap has not already asked.

"In the meantime, if we never meet here again, will you not see to it that we meet yonder? Just as we sit here, boys, let us bow our heads and ask the great kind Father in heaven to keep, guard and comfort us until we reach that better land."

You, my reader, can realize how those splendid young men felt in regard to the matter, and any one who has had the experience with young men that it has been my happy lot to have will be authority to say that the boys who have gone wrong today are the young fellows who have lived unclean or untrue lives and lived these lives because of the lack of the truth.

In the darkness of that night, at twelve-thirty o'clock, those boys went with me to the train, and stood by me until the train began to move away, when I heard them say:

“Success, long life and happiness to you.”

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\*[Dr. Winfield Scott Hall.]

## CHAPTER X.

### OUR SISTERS.

On a beautiful moonlight night, gliding over quiet waters, a newly-found young friend of mine said to me:

“Do you consider it a loss or a gain, Mr. Clark, for a young fellow to have, or not to have, a sister?”

I answered his question by asking another:

“Do you consider it a gain or a loss for a beautiful girl to have, or not to have, a brother?”

“But you do not answer my question.”

“That is true, I admit, but the same answer will settle either question, so we both face the same contract.”

“Then you answer it,” he replied.

“Since it is the plan of the Great Creator,” I said, “that boys and girls should be born and live in the same homes, we may take it for granted that under normal condition it is a loss, a handicap and a misfortune for a young man to live in this world without the refining influences of a sweet, pure sister, and equally sad and sorrowful for a girl to live and die without the strong

arm of a kind-hearted, honest and Christ-like brother."

"I have lived in my home as an only child," said my young friend, as he slackened our speed, "and my deepest regret has been that it should be my sad lot to know the utter loneliness of a life without a sister."

Yet we can see, all along the highways of life, examples of sadness and sorrow, where beautiful sisters have gone through life with sad hearts because of their brothers, and brothers who have borne heavy burdens because they had sisters. While the Creator's plan was a wise one, i. e., In having in the same homes both boys and girls, had it not been His plan He would have had boy homes and girl homes. In other words, had it not been God's plan for our boys and girls to live together as they do, He would have arranged for the Smiths to produce boys and the Browns to produce girls, or vice versa. Man's methods oftentimes make shipwreck of what might have been a splendid success, had God's plan been carried out.

Better that a boy should never have a sister than that he should value her anything less than the best gift that life can bestow, and better for a girl never to have a brother than to have one

that she values as anything less than the best the earth has ever produced.

I am sorry that all young brothers do not better understand their sisters, and they would then understand every other young man's sister in the same way. I am equally sorry that our splendid young women do not better know their brothers—they would then know better the brothers of other girls.

Until our young men and women arrive at the same ideals; until they feel that they should be as good, or better, than the best that any young man or woman has ever aimed at, they will fall short of what they could be, and ought to be.

They will not, or cannot reach their best, until our young men understand all about their sisters, and our young women understand all about their brothers.

Understand my meaning, for a young man to have a sister whom he would not honor and protect, and help upward and onward, would mean that he is unworthy of the name of brother, and false to the high position of trust that the great Creator has favored him with—that of a brother.

He who would do or say, or even dare to think, of another's sister, what he would not of his own, is a robber, a thief and a traitor, and will one day settle with the God of purity, truth and peace.

To advocate, and advance, as some do, a double standard of morality for young men and young women, reveals to the world a low nature, guilty of dark and filthy things.

Your loss or gain is according to your own standards, and the girl who, perhaps, might have been your sister is fortunate or unfortunate according to your own ideals and your knowledge of sisters.

The protection you would give to your sisters can alone be measured by the knowledge you have of other brothers' sisters, and the protection you give to them, which is based upon your ideals of sisters.

"All this I agree with," said my friend, "and now will you tell me the things that I ought to know about a young woman, any other boy's sister, or one who is, like myself, an only child?"

"I could not do this," I replied, "in a short period of time, such as we have at our disposal, but a few of the things should and can be discussed."

Young women are not so unlike young men; there is a common interest in success, in true, honest and well-fought lives, and a longing for friendship in a keener sense than a young man generally feels.

“The interest of home is a common interest. The interest of parenthood is a common interest, and her development is similar to that of a young man.

“Like a young man, she seeks for a kind friend, to whom she can go for information and explanation regarding her own unfolding and developing nature, and she finds it equally hard to find a friend in whom she can confide.

“It is as hard for a young woman to discover a true-hearted woman, whom she can trust, as for a young man to find a man; like yourself, she struggles alone, and because of that lonely struggle tens of thousands of their forces, like yours, are wounded, dying and dead. Like you, they are struck down in the presence of their friends, men and women who know—and who, knowing, say nothing.

“Does she know of the dangers of diseases from bad men and women that I have described to you? If not, she ought to.

“Does she know of the horrible life that tens of thousands of sisters are living today, because some of those brothers did not talk to their sisters as they could and should have done?

“You ought to remember, if you do not, that every little girl stands true, pure and good. Did you ever think of this? If not, you should do so.

“Did you ever watch little children at play, perfectly innocent, and realize that they would always remain so, but for the opposing forces that work to blight and ruin, not only the pure, true lives and bodies, but also their souls?

“Do not misunderstand me, I am not finding any fault. You yourself may not know, or may not have known these things, but you are young enough, bright enough, true enough and good enough to learn them, and to be in a position to render help to a struggling sister—and most sisters struggle, and struggle hard.

“Does she know the dangers of some of the so-called ‘candy’ given to young women today by a class of brothers who care not? Does she know the purpose for which it is given?

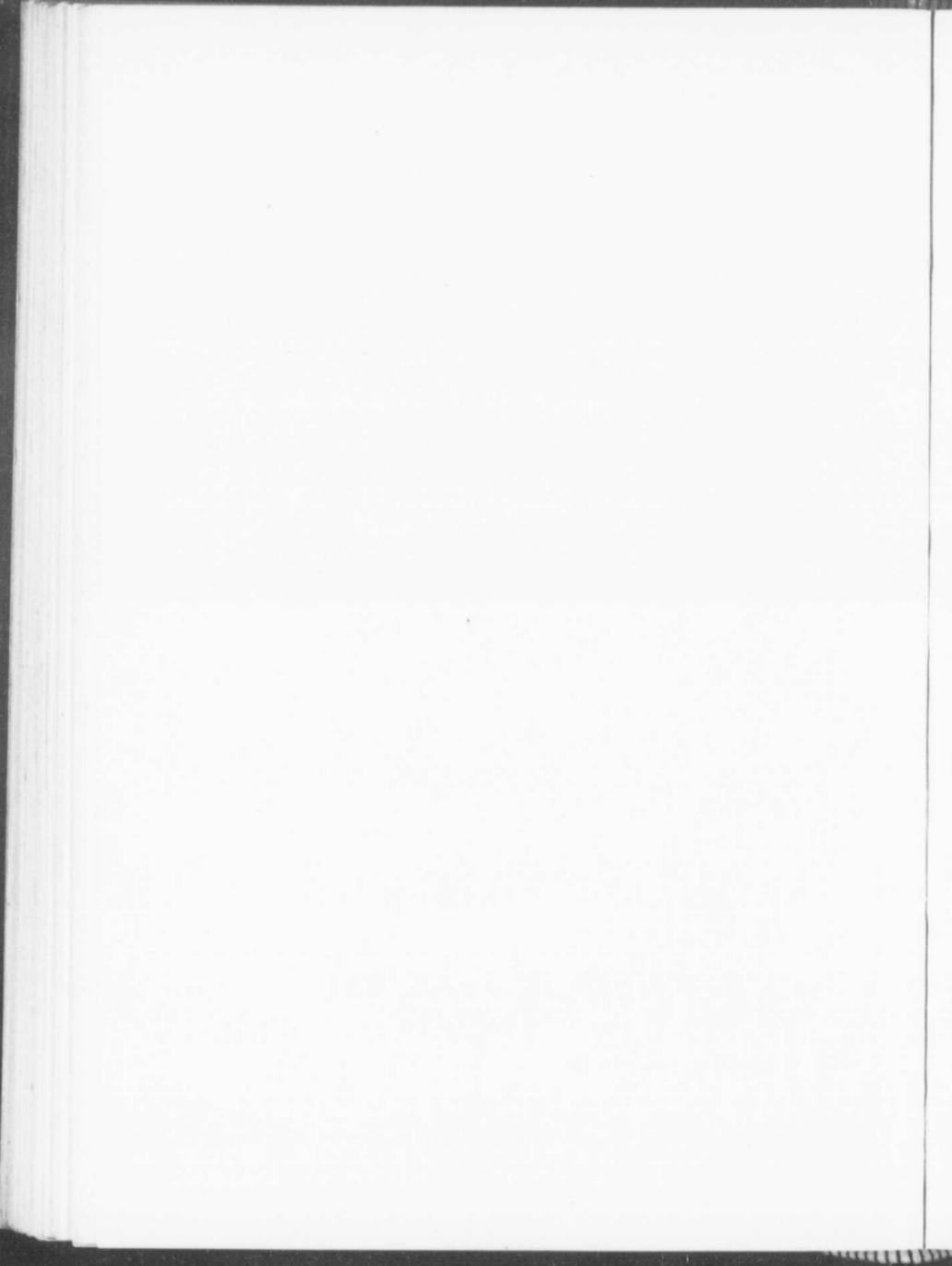
“Does she know the dangers of bad men and bad women, who travel the country—yes, search this land and every other, for the sole purpose of stealing pure girls to be sold in the horrible markets, a business recognized today in every country in the world as the White Slave Traffic?

“Does she know that this market is open to the white, the black, the red and the yellow, in the east and west, in the north and south?

“Visit some of the foreign countries and you will find there American and Canadian girls; listen to the awful wail of those once true and



**How I Wrote An Hour After I Had Smoked One Ten Cent Cigar**



pure girls, many of whom have been stolen from their native land.

“Some of the good people draw down their faces when I speak of the White Slave Traffic, and to such I have little to say. If honest, they are to be pitied; if they are dishonest, nothing but damnation can await them.

“When they have seen the things that I have seen; when they have heard the things that I have heard, and have visited the places where I have had to go; when they have had to say the things that I have had to say, they will understand the things that I try to make plain and understandable.

I am within bounds when I say that young men and women do not want their sons or daughters to be inmates of asylums for the incurable, instead of being in their own homes, bright and happy, strong and well developed boys and girls.

“Once, when traveling across the country, we heard that we had attached to our train a carload of little children, fatherless and motherless, homeless, friendless and nameless. They were not, like a carload of merchandise, shipped to the order of a bank. O, no, they were just shipped out to be given away on reaching a certain city.

“All they had was a tag on a string around their necks, bearing no name or address. No

name—no home—no father—no mother. No sister or brother—no friend but Jesus.

“I saw that cargo unloaded; saw the little children given away; saw them scattered and sent out into a cold world, where, ‘who cares?’ I know not—save Jesus Christ, who said ‘Suffer little children to come unto me.’” I realize that the forces of young men and women, if not rightly understood and directed, would produce heart-aches that neither time or eternity can cure.”

At the close of a recent lecture in a university a young man came up and said that he would like a talk with me, and this is the story that he told:

“I wish you would tell the boys for me, Mr. Clark,” he said; “let it be my message to them. I am the kind of young man that you were talking about. The woman who might have been the mother of a true, pure boy, died of a broken heart when I was only two days old.

“The man who was the cause of my existence, and who died last November, never spoke to me, or asked my pardon for the troubles I have had. He left me alone in a cold world, to live or die. I had to wheel bricks to get money to pay my way through high school, and when I finished that school life I went back and wheeled more bricks to earn money to pay my way through this institution, and that man, when he died, left his money to the poor—but not to his own poor.

## CHAPTER XI.

### LOST POWER.

What tobacco has done for others it should do for us; what it has failed to do for others it will probably fail to do for us. The brightest week that I ever had was in a city in Ontario, but at the close I felt "tired," and when I reached my next engagement, in a country village, I was used up.

When the preacher met me, on my arrival, and took me to my boarding-house my heart failed me. I was all in, and decided to go home. I went and told the preacher of my decision, and he said:

"You come and see my doctor. He is a good fellow, and I want you to stay and talk to my people tomorrow."

I saw that doctor. He gave me some medicine, and it was the best medicine I ever got. I took it, and soon felt fixed up, and afterwards unpacked in my two by six room in the boarding-house. I stood my trunk on end in the hall, my suit-case and hand-bag on top of one another, and piled my Sunday clothes on top of the bag.

When the preacher came to see me I did not have a chair, because there was no floor space for one, so he and I sat on the bed and talked things over. I like to talk things over with the preachers; they are good fellows, all right, but not on the whole always successful with boys.

This minister was anxious to have me meet his sons, and was sorry I did not have a better place to stay. He would have been glad to entertain me in his own home, but the congregation did not give him a very good place to live in either, and they did not take very readily to me, as a stranger. As I have since been told, they felt a little bit frightened, because strange things had been told of me. They have not all been said either, for some folk keep it up—that is, saying and thinking strange things of me.

I got acquainted with this preacher; I have met many men, rich and poor, good and otherwise, but I regard this man as one of the few who have helped me, when I needed help.

“I know of your work,” he said. “I know of your success, and I want you here, and I will turn the week over to you absolutely.”

“My eldest son is a good fellow,” he continued, “but I am losing out with him. He is one of those close fellows, who will not talk, or tell you

anything about himself, the world or anything or anybody.

“I want you to talk to him about tobacco. It is going to wreck his future, just as sure as he is my son, and I am going to demand that he come down here and talk to you.”

“You do not say or do anything of the kind,” I answered. “Do absolutely nothing. Just leave it to me.”

I inquired where he spent his evenings, and was told that he was always in the house, in the study, from six to eight.

“Then you let us alone,” I said, “and I will drop in and see him.”

“I will be on the lookout for you,” said the preacher; “I will answer the doorbell, and just turn you right in on him, and tell him to remain there until you have finished.”

“I do not want you to interfere with us at all,” I said; “simply keep out of sight. I will just come down to your house, walk into the study and have a talk with your boy.” And I did.

I will never forget his startled look when I walked in and sat down by his side.

“What are you working here for, Joe?” I said.

Joe looked at me. “So that I won’t be a fool in later years, I suppose,” he replied.

I showed Joe two photographs of one young fellow who ten years before had worked the same problems, and was now getting big money. I told him of another lad who did not work the same game and whose wages today are still small.

"Out of respect for him," I said, "I will not show you his photo, because he is not quite dead yet."

We talked for a time about life, about success and failure, about his future occupation, and future home and sons.

"I see young fellows who are not doing their best to win success," I said, turning around. "I have been in this business long enough to see boys grow from nineteen to forty without winning success, while others had made good long before reaching that age. It depends largely on what we do, and how we do it."

Joe realized that I was his friend, and said:

"You know, Mr. Clark, I have been smoking cigarettes for the last six months; I have been beating it hard and fast."

"That makes a boy work awfully hard to get his lessons," I answered, "because it deadens the activity of the brain. Yet many a boy," I continued, "has other and worse habits than that, Joe."

Joe and I had a talk that I have never forgotten. He told me of a secret sin that had been taught him, and that was sapping his very existence. It was working for him a future full of sadness, disappointment and failure.

I had to leave, and Joe said:

“Mr. Clark, I am going to cut out everything that is wrong in my life, and build my future on a solid and sound foundation.”

He did so. Not necessarily because of the things that I had said, or any power that I possessed, but simply because that young man had started to think, and he started to think because he had been met on equal footing.

I had not found fault with him, and he, in turn, did not find any fault with me. I told him the truth in a direct and sure way; he started to think—and because he thought he was helped, and helped because he was willing to own the truth. How true it is that “a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump.”

I have met many boys doing bad things, but from my viewpoint I have never met what I could call a bad boy.

Some eight months later this father wrote me in regard to the second boy, but a great distance lay between us, and then, going direct to see a boy is a bad method.

We are told that if we live right lives, and do right things, and wish to, we may become fishers of men, and fishers of men are like fishers of fish—varying their methods, their bait and their tackle, according to the fish and the location of the river in which they are fishing.

It is the same with young men, and so it is that I insist on saying and doing things in my own ways, for in my long experience I have learned methods that for certain results are absolutely dependable.

My mother used to make bread with a particular kind of yeast—a yeast that she made herself—and she found nothing to equal it for results. Since that time I have found other mothers making bread with other kinds of yeast, and they, too, say they cannot get the same results with any other. I have no point of argument here, except that I have never found any bread quite as good as what my mother used to make.

Looking over my itinerary, I found that in about six weeks I would be passing a point not far from this lad's home, on my way to spend a Sunday in a city not far distant. I accordingly wrote the good folk to have their "bad boy" spend the Sunday with me, telling them that if it could be arranged I would be glad to make my own arrangements accordingly, and on receiving

the approval of his parents I wrote the bad boy to "get ready for a big time."

A good many of our boys do not have very many real "big times," and I am sorry that they do not have more real friends. I mean real, broad-minded friends, who will take a little time to reason with young men.

We met on Friday evening, at the nearest junction, but I must confess that from the pressure of other enjoyments we did not have more than a few minutes that evening in which to get acquainted. We got located in our hotel quarters about eleven o'clock, and I soon discovered that it was Saturday morning.

We spent the morning in seeing the city, and I never met a more agreeable young fellow. He was fifteen years old and weighed one hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and was sound as a bell, and kind and agreeable.

Shortly after dinner we left for a neighboring city, where I had four appointments for Sunday, and that Saturday afternoon we had a long talk. He told me he had been having a "fuss" at home—had quit school and was "raising Ned" generally.

I listened to the whole story, and he told me all of it, and I listened too. I was interested in finding out what was wrapped up in that young

chap, branded by father and mother as "bad, hopelessly so."

We reasoned it all out, and tried to get a glimpse of the future man he was to be. I was taken by storm, however, when he said, as we sat in a beautiful home, on Sunday afternoon, entertained by two splendid young ladies:

"Will you not favor us with some music?"

"Yes," answered one of the girls, both of whom were musicians, "if you will sing for us."

"I will be delighted to accompany you," answered the boy, in the most agreeable manner.

I will not soon forget how he sang "Someone Prayed for Me." At the close of the day I said to him:

"That singing of yours touched my heart, and you know how true it is that 'Someone Prayed for You.' I want to tell you that that is good goods; someone *has* prayed for you, and that prayer has been answered. I have a true glimpse of your future, and it is going to be a glorious one."

"I, too, have been thinking," he answered. "I have decided to weave good things, and right things only, into my life. I will never be able to thank you for what you have done for me."

I had not done anything. Six or eight dollars would cover any extra expense to which I had been put, and I had been more than repaid for

that by his splendid friendship, which I had gained.

That boy returned to his home on Monday, and to his school Tuesday. The old job of tobacco had forever ceased, because he had been thinking.

If you can listen, and I can afford the space, I want to tell you this short story.

I once crossed the country, at considerable inconvenience and expense to myself, to speak to the students in a certain collegiate institute. When I reached the city I met the preacher—or one of them, and went to his house to wait until the hour appointed for the collegiate.

The gentleman said that he was going with me, and I was sorry then that I had called to see him, as, sizing him up, I could see that he would not be of any use to me at the college when talking to a group of young fellows.

Then, too, I was not looking for any company or partner. "If I were you," I said, "I would not bother going. I am only going to drop in and drop out again."

However, the preacher wouldn't be good. He insisted on going. "But, sir, I am going," he said. "I will bother. I have been counting on it."

"I have also decided that you had better not go," I replied.

The dear old man stood and argued with me.

“You know, brother, you disturb me,” he said, after a long pause. “I will certainly be there, for I want to get your methods.”

I have not had any of my methods copyrighted, so I said:

“Well, boss, I accept your statement and take it for granted that you stand disturbed. However, I would rather have you disturbed than have you disturb me, and you cannot go. You see boys are like fish, varying in different waters, and we boy students know that we must adjust our tackle to meet every need if the need is to be met.”

“Well, have your own way,” said the old gentleman, “but do your best for my son. He is there, and tobacco is killing him, but I can’t make him stop.” And the great tears gathered in his eyes as he talked of his past, his present and his future—the hope of his declining years, his son. I was sorry enough that I could not see fit to let my friend accompany me, but I could not and so did not.

I have attended in my lifetime two Sunday-school conventions, but will report only one of them, the last. I was in the company of one of my boys.

Acting upon my experience of the first convention, I got some candy, and had it on hand,

because I realized that a Sunday-school convention is sometimes a dry affair indeed.

Arrangements were being made. They were slow in starting—and I hate and detest a slow start. I can endure a slow finish—it is not so hard for anyone, as it is at least nearing the end.

I got out my candy, put one in my mouth, and gave my young friend some.

“What is this for?” he said.

“To eat,” I answered. “Down it.”

“You will get us arrested and locked up,” said the boy. But I promised to bail him out and pay costs, and we had a right sweet time by ourselves.

Finally we got started. The first was an opening address by a reverend gentleman, and I am sorry I did not secure his photo, as I could use it here to good advantage.

“This Sunday-school work is slow work,” he said. “We have to be content, and we have to sow, and sow, and sow, and away in the future we will hope to reap a few sheaves.”

“What would you do to me,” whispered the boy, “if I ever got going as slow as that?”

Finally he finished, and an old man who had been superintendent of the Sunday-school for thirty years or more spoke. He said that he had been in his place for thirty years, and he had re-

cently asked one of the brethren how long he should remain at his post, and was told "Until I get to be no good."

"I see my finish," whispered the boy.

The third speaker was another minister. He got after the boy and the great game of cigarette smoking. He hit at me, and I took it. Of course, the boys must take it as it comes, but at the close they asked if anyone else had anything to say.

This gave me a chance; I took the floor, rubbed my head and took a look at my boys. They looked at me in an anxious way, and I said, "Apparently I am the only old boy prepared to take the boys' part, and I object to the Sunday-school being a slow thing. It is fast enough for me, but I will not argue that point.

"I cannot agree that a Sunday-school superintendent would grow to be no good, unless he started that way, but I would let that pass.

"What I want to do," I said, "is to deny the whole charge in regard to the boy and cigarettes. I will say that in order to get at tobacco and cigarettes properly we have to go back to the old school days, in dad's time. To their college days, to university days and dig there awhile, and dig deep. I speak from experience, and I say that boys do not teach boys to smoke. While boys are apt scholars, and quick students, no boy living

would ever attempt such a sickening habit unless he had seen—I won't say men—but older fellows, using the destructive thing.

“I want to say that a boy can get a lesson on almost any street corner, any time of the day. Shame to say it, but I have watched these fellows, and they can do it to perfection. They can hit the spittoon, and hit it hard, twelve feet away.

“If some of you could see things right, as I have seen them, you would see some of the fellows sitting in the ‘Amen’ corner of the church with a cud of the damning stuff in their mouths. You had better let the boys alone and go away back and take a fresh start. Your story is good—but you are in the wrong grade.”

When we had finished I returned with two ministers to our quarters, and had a final talk about the weed. I am well aware of the fact that great armies of boys smoke because they have been taught to smoke, by men and women.

I am sorry to say it, but it is true that tobacco helps to make a boy crooked (stooped). If we get a crooked tree in the springtime which we wish to plant in our grounds, we plant it by a straight stick—not that the stick may become crooked, because a dead stick is rather like a man—not easily changed—but the tree is easily

changed, like a boy, so we tie the crooked tree to a straight stick.

If we were to tie all our crooked or bent boys to straight men we would soon have all straight boys, but it is true, too true, and sad, too, we would not have enough straight men to go around.

I am more and more convinced that whatever a boy is doing he might be doing worse, and if he cannot do better than smoke he might easily enough do worse.

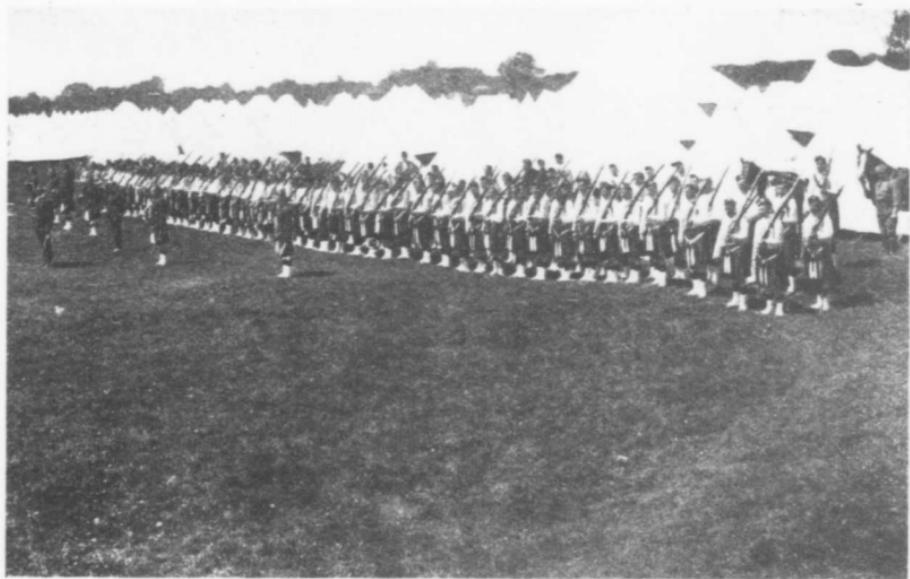
I had spoken to a class of four or five hundred high school students, and before they were dismissed the principal said to me:

"I am very glad that our boys heard that talk, and if you do not mind, I wish you would talk to one of the boys."

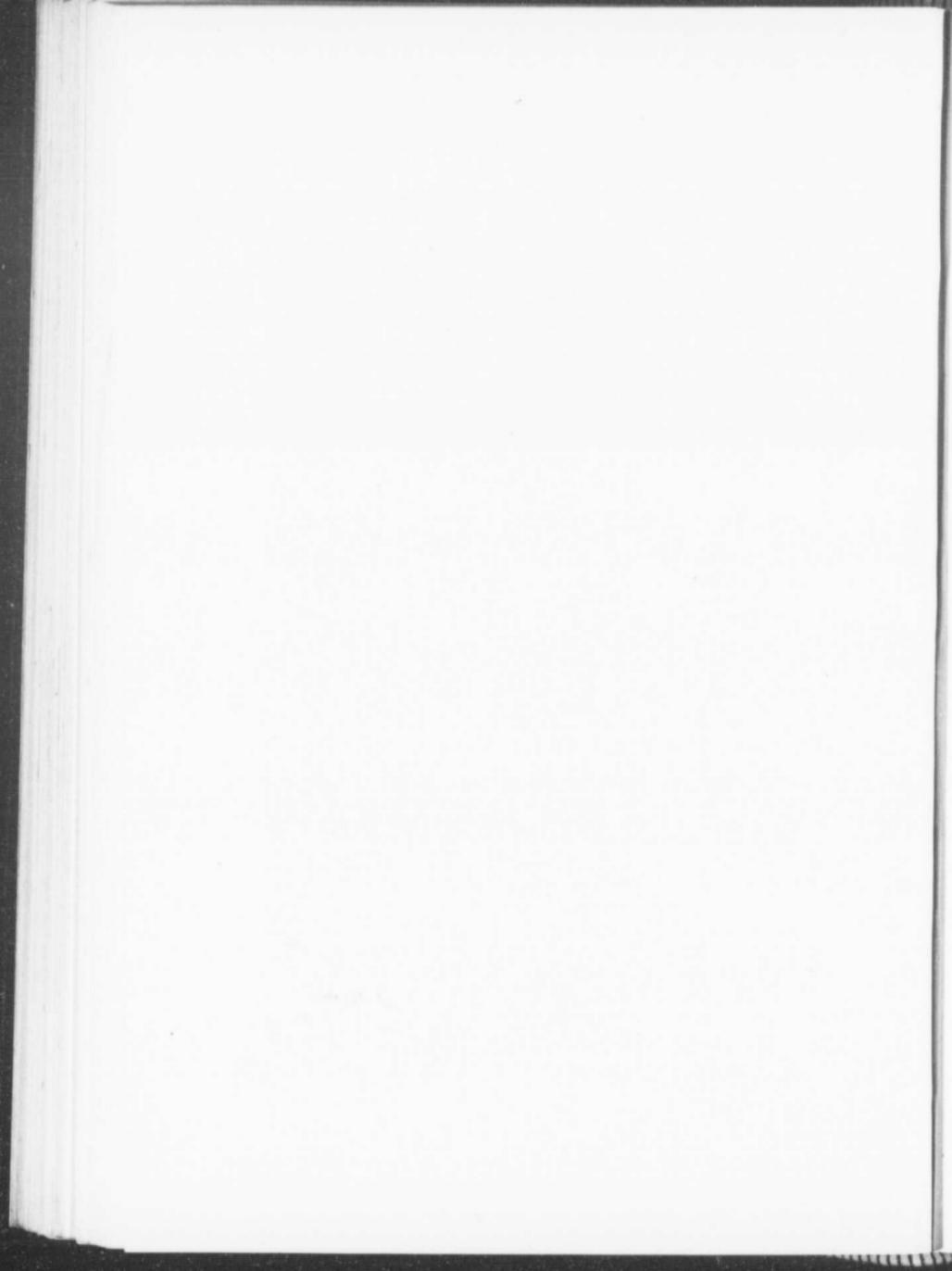
"I am at your service," I answered, "I would rather have a class of one than one hundred."

He dismissed the class and requested Billy Jones to come forward; he was a young fellow of about nineteen years, nearly as tall as myself. The principal may have been a very well educated man, but he was not a student of boys, for he turned to me and said:

"Sir, I wish you would talk to this *thing*, for he is the worst that I have. The other day I looked out of my window and noticed this fellow standing on the steps of the school, smoking."



**Years in Camp Work and Never an Unkind Word**



To break the spell, I said to the boy:

"That is too bad; it will destroy your own usefulness."

The old professor had evidently forgotten the value of a single boy, for he answered:

"What do I care for him? He is not a consideration, but think of the influence of an act of that kind on the lives of my students. I wish you would talk to him, and if you grind him to atoms I will stand by your action.

"Remember," he said, turning to the boy, "you are under orders, and I tell you to stand here and listen."

Now, in my work with young men and boys, I have never needed a shotgun or a club, and did not have either with me on this occasion. When my friend the professor had left us to ourselves I told him two or three of the funniest stories that I had in stock, and we got acquainted.

The boy looked at me and said, in a chum-like way:

"Gee whiz! You don't knife a fellow very hard, do you?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't any knife."

I talked to him as I wish some fellow had talked to me when I was a boy, and finally said:

"Say, old man, what about it? Do you think it is going to help you to be the kind of fellow

that you will wish you had been when you get to be a man? Is it going to please you, when you have a boy of your own, if you see him hanging around some saloon or alley, asking some of the fellows who hang around that kind of a place for a cigar or a dirty old pipe full of tobacco?

"You know," I continued, "I don't take this thing to heart very hard, for I know a boy has to be only about half-witted to be able to fool both his parents, the professor and myself.

"You could put on a long face to me right now and say that you will cut it out, and then go around the corner and take another puff of the blighting, blasting, withering stuff and say, 'I fooled him, too.'

"I am too much onto my job for that kind of a game, and if any boy cannot see anything bigger in this world than to smoke, then I say 'SMOKE.' If he is going to smoke I would quit school and go right at it and get dead and buried and forgotten, but I want to tell you that you can't fool yourself—not once."

"I could cut it out," he said, smiling, "and I will. Now I will give you all the stuff I've got left, and this is 'quits.'

"I wish when you go downstairs," he continued, "that you would telephone my dad. Tell him that I have cut it out, and you might just

as well tell him the whole truth—that it is not through any influence of his.

“And say, when you go downstairs the governor will want to know if there is anything left of me, and you tell him for me that I have cut it out, and told you to tell him.

“And you might just as well be plain with him, too, and tell him it wasn’t through any kindness of his. Now, that old geezer, if he is a professor, didn’t need to speak that way about me, but I guess you understand some things about some professors as well as boys. I do not much mind what he said, seeing that you understand it all.”

I have in my possession a letter from the professor, who was a fine man, but failed to understand some boys, dating some months later, in which he said:

“You and Billy Jones make a great couple. Whenever you are in this district don’t fail to come and see the boys.”

In order that I could reason things out in a reasonable manner with young men, I accepted a position in a certain college, going in partnership with one of the students in a room, one of several in a flat, rented to college students. We each paid a dollar a week for the room—not that I

was paying a dollar a week for a place to live in, but rather living to pay a dollar and see things.

We had a delightful time; our room was open at all hours, and we had many chats together, and discussed many problems, seldom spoken of to students.

One night after I had been there some weeks, I was sitting in my office in the college when a young man came to see me. I was glad to see him, and he began by asking me a question.

"Do you remember, Mr. Clark," he began, "what you told me about tobacco the other night, down in our rooms? I stopped after that and concluded to tell you that your ideas are correct. I want to show you how I can write after having cut the stuff out for about two weeks. Do you object to a little free exhibition?"

I was ready for the entertainment, so he seated himself at my desk and began to write, and produced the original from which the accompanying plate was made. When finished, he signed his name and handed it to me, and said:

"Now, Mr. Clark, if you do not object—and you won't, will you?—I want to smoke a ten-cent cigar, here in your presence, and wait for an hour or so, and then show you how I can't write."

"Smoke if you want to," I said, assuring him that I had been smoked on the outside all my

life, and a little more would not matter. He smoked the thing he called a ten-center, and in about an hour's time he produced the original from which plate No. 2 is made. When he finished the top section he was about to quit, saying that that was enough, but I asked him to finish the page.

He took up his pen and resumed the work, but before I noticed what he was doing he wrote in five lines of capitals, writing the letters because they were more easily made. He then finally stopped, saying: "A fellow can't do both stunts at once. I want to thank you for having told us the truth regarding tobacco, in a manner which appealed to us. I, for one, am saved from the boneyard, and I promise you, as I leave here tonight, that this is the last cigar that I will ever smoke."

I met this young man a year and a half later, teaching in another college. Tobacco is an expense; it is an enemy to success. Business men tell me it soothes care; well, it does not—it deadens activity, and makes a youth think he is the whole thing, when he is not. I never found an old wreck of a man yet who did not use the blighting, blasting, withering stuff.

I am not writing an essay on tobacco, but feel that I would not be true to you, young men, un-

less I say this to you, and you would not have me be otherwise. May I tell you that if you would save one cent per day, until you are fifty years of age, you will have about one thousand dollars, or as I have above indicated,

2 cents a day for fifty years about. \$ 2,000

3 cents a day for fifty years about. 3,000

4 cents a day for fifty years about. 4,000

5 cents a day for fifty years about. 5,000

10 cents a day for fifty years about. 10,000

Now, looking at this thing, the average man, I am informed, throughout the world, at the age of fifty, is not worth one thousand dollars. This shows that the average man has not saved a cent a day, and it is fair to say that the average tobacco user spends five cents a day for tobacco, which means that at the age of fifty this habit has cost him \$5,000. Often, when I see old men, in homes of charity, smoking, I say to my friends that the pipe put them there.

I was visiting on one occasion one of the large agricultural colleges in North America, and, visiting some seventy rooms of the students, I noticed only one in which I could see any trace of the weed. I inquired into the matter, and my friend, a student, said:

“You have today been visiting my friends, and we are the older students, largely in the fifth

or sixth year. We do not use tobacco, but if you will remain tomorrow I will take you through a section of freshmen, and you will see there an army of cigarette smokers, and they rarely remain the full term. They seem to think when they have stayed that length of time they know enough and leave. Then, too, I could take you into the smokers and chewers, and they usually stay about two and a half years."

This statement surprised me, and I afterwards looked up a high school in a rural district that has put on a three months' agricultural course, and found that not one of the students used tobacco, notwithstanding that they lived in a district where the young men used it freely.

I give you this as it has been given me. It is for your consideration; I have never used tobacco, and never needed it in my business. The most of us need our best, and our best cannot be produced if our lives are being constantly blighted by the use of tobacco.

## CHAPTER XII.

### UNDERCURRENT.

Nature's undercurrent, or unnatural nocturnal emissions.

This condition so closely resembles what I have described as natural nocturnal emissions that it must be left to the decision of each individual as to which class any specific case belongs.

I will, however, in my descriptions, endeavor to draw the contrasts so clearly as to leave little room for doubt, as to a correct diagnosis of the conditions, and to get the benefit of this chapter I would advise my readers to study strictly the one that precedes it—"Development."

I will add that an unnatural emission is in many ways similar to the natural and normal one, in that it will take place in about the same manner, under about the same conditions, and producing what will appear to the naked eye as a similar secretion. The special difference is in the make-up of a different secretion, which produces an effect similar to that of secret vice.

Of my many experiences in dealing with this condition, I will relate but two.

In a town in Ontario a young man once came to me and asked for an interview, and in the absence of better accommodation, we went for a walk.

The young man told me his story, and I at once told him that his trouble was absolutely due to the conditions. The case was a very sad one; he was a well-meaning young fellow, but because of the lack of instruction his own development, success and future happiness was rapidly being wasted.

We went to his room for a talk, as the night was cold, and sat down to talk things over. A thorough examination of the case revealed the fact that his two testes were practically gone. I told him exactly where he stood and the first thing he asked me was the cure. We often look for a cure, whereas, if we had known the cause, we would not need a cure.

I told this boy that back in his early school days, when he started with a wrong thought, a wrong word and story, a wrong picture, that these had day by day produced wrong desires and purposes. These were sufficient to cause erections, and that maintained with wrong intents and purposes sufficient to cause to leave the testes, secretions and spermatozoa numbering perhaps millions.

Quoting again:

\*“These secretions and cells would accumulate in that sac called ampula and be retained there, and possibly the next day, or the one following, a similar experience would take place, with a further loss of secretion, and a similar deposit in the ampulla.”

\*“Now, as I have said elsewhere that spermatozoa contain vitality enough to live eight days, you can readily see that a young man can throw from his body, during the experience of an unnatural nocturnal emission, dead, half dead and living spermatozoa, because at the time of an emission the contents of the ampula, from whatever gland secreted, are thrown from the body.”

This young man had allowed his sex nature to develop in such a manner that it caused him to be wasting his best development.

Now, if a young man has been unfortunate enough to drift into this sad mental condition, I would advise him, as I have advised many others, to see to it that he change his thoughts, his words and his visions of life. I know that young men do not want this unfortunate condition to develop in their own lives.

I glanced about this boy's room, and there I saw many specimens of a low type of calendars and pictures. I told him to remove them, and to

hang in their stead the picture of his mother. He replied that he had none. "Then," I said, "the picture of your sister," and he told me that he had never had a sister. "Then," said I, "a picture of Christ—for you have a Christ."

Discontinue tea and coffee; if you dance, quit it; it is a bad thing for an abnormal sex life. See to your diet and the ventilation of your room, and take frequent baths.

"Cease all worry, and avoid the company of degrading influences, either in boys or girls, and the unnatural portion of these experiences will cease and the natural part will continue in a natural way.

"Remember that we should not want to stop natural emissions, but remember also that if not stopped, unnatural nocturnal emissions may stop us, or they will in one sense or another seriously interfere with our best development."

Six months later I was called back to address a mass meeting in the same city, and at the close of that meeting the same young fellow came to me, as I lingered to chat with a group of interested listeners. He asked for the key of my room.

I gave him the key, and, later, when I went to the room, I found my young friend waiting my arrival.

"The temptation was too great for me," he said, "I wanted to see you once more, so I asked for your key. You do not mind?"

I reassured him on this point, and he continued:

"Say, I am feeling like a new creature. I am going to ask you to tell me my exact condition today."

I found that in six months that young man's loss had been practically restored, and he is today a happy, honest, right-thinking young friend of mine.

Listen, boys. That youth, putting his arm around my shoulders, said:

"Mr. Clark, do not condemn me too much. You know I am one of those boys who never had any parents. Because of the wrong purposes and desires of some men and women I am here today, born under an awful cloud, living under an awful handicap, spending a life without father, mother, sister or brother. I am facing eternity and realize that there will be no one there to welcome me.

With a muffled sob, he said, "You are the only man who has ever been good enough to warn me of a wrong life."

The other story that I want to give you at this time comes from the experience of a young

man of nineteen years of age, and which development need not have existed.

Some five years ago that once splendid specimen of a boy, as a natural result of his advancing manhood, had started to develop, and at that time, he began, as some do, to weave into his life wrong thoughts, feeding his eyes by wrong pictures, and indulging his brain with wrong stories, such as we sometimes hear in this enlightened age, from foul and degraded men.

To these handicaps was added the additional results that come from the use of strong tea and coffee, and tobacco, and indulging in dances and associating with (putting it mildly) immorally clothed young women.

Days went on into weeks and months and years, producing a condition in that young man's brain which caused him to have unnatural nocturnal emissions. I have already explained that natural nocturnal emissions consume only the secretion from the seminal vesicles, and also stated that the fluid was of little, if any, concern.

I want to add here that wrong words, thoughts and acts produce unnatural nocturnal emissions that consume a fluid or product made up from the secretion of seminal vesicles, and also from the prostate gland, and the secretion from the

testes, that life-producing, developing and maintaining secretion, together with spermatozoa, the life-producing cells.

The secretion lost at an experience of this kind of unnatural nocturnal emission, is lost or wasted, and is similar to the fluid consumed at the time of secret vice, or immoral acts, with the opposite sex. This fluid will contain more or less of the life-developing and maintaining secretion, according to the degree to which the life or brain has been subjected. For such an unnatural and destructive condition in the life of a young man I would recommend an absolute change of thoughts, habits and amusements.

Sleep with windows wide open. Take outdoor exercise, sleep with little covering and avoid late or heavy suppers. Drink freely of water early in the day, and avoid any towards evening. Forget self and your irregularity, and rest assured that the kind hand of nature will once more restore you to right and sound conditions, and that soon.

The sex life of a young man is not the product of a day, but of many days, or perhaps years, and it cannot or will not be corrected in a day. It is a slow and gradual growth, and needs, yes, demands, our best in word, thought and deed.

We will surely find, if we will do our best, that the error will be adjusted, and normal conditions will once more be restored to us.

I have no unkind word for such young men. I firmly believe that wherever they are going, there they have been sent. Whatever they are doing, they have been taught to do.

I have great faith in you—every one of you—and to you who read these pages, may I say, “Fight the good fight; hold to your course, and you will make good.”

Remember that an unnatural nocturnal emission is an unnatural condition, and remember also that we have few such cases, as compared to natural nocturnal emissions. Natural emissions belong to natural and right developing and developed manhood, and any unnatural emissions, or any part of either, belonging to unnatural emissions, is caused by unnatural conditions.

If our lives are put where they can be and should be, and where we want them to be, these conditions will adjust themselves. My prescription for this condition is simply this: Stop worry, absolutely; forget the question of sex; think pure thoughts, speak true words, look at right pictures; destroy the evil, and build true lives, and leave your development to nature and to God.

## CHAPTER XIII.

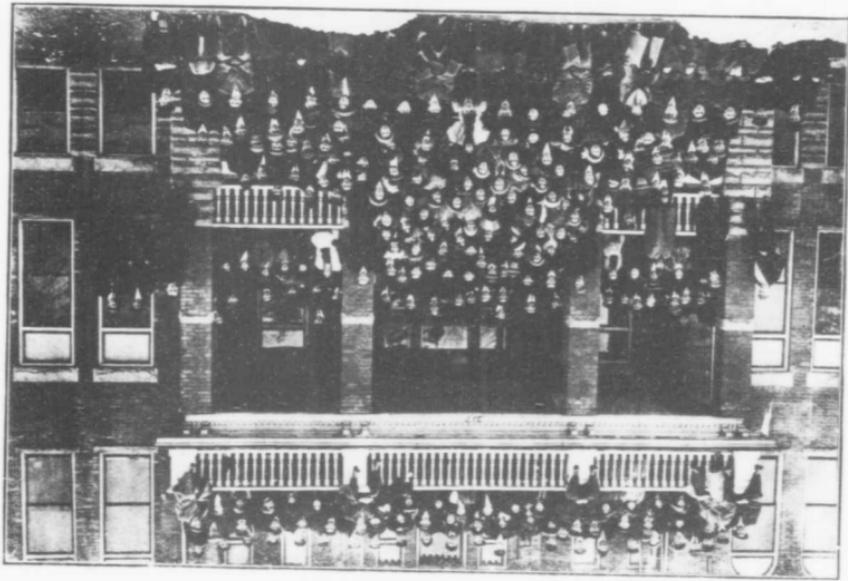
### PARTNERSHIP.

This is a young man's question and you young men will have it to deal with. I often see old men taking a hand in the same game, but my observations, however, would indicate that they had better leave this question in the hands of the younger generation.

Marriage is a great game now, more so than in former years, and it will be keener still in the days that are ahead of us than it was in the days that are behind. There is, therefore, today, a greater need of understanding its full meaning, because of its increased responsibility, and from it we cannot retreat.

They tell me that the object of a man is to produce another, and also that marriage is a divine institution. It is not much of a success, however, unless it produces more than two, because it consumes two. This no doubt contains some truth—how much I will not say here—but it certainly stands a young man in hand to look ahead and to decide definitely and carefully who shall be his life's companion.

Canada Business College, Chatham, Ontario, Canada





That is the question that I wish to deal with at present, and it is also the question with which you will have to deal throughout your married life. The better we understand one another at this time, and the subject with which we are dealing, the brighter and truer and happier will be our future lives.

Single life offers many advantages that double life does not, and cannot. Marriage is a life contract—and the most serious that man can enter into. They say that “love is blind,” but blindness is not love.

Most young men want homes of their own, and children who can call them father, and they are willing to sacrifice much, to work hard and long, in order to bring about such conditions. Young men are surrounded on every side by beautiful young women, absolutely pure and true, who are willing to sacrifice and to work hard and long in order to bring about this same condition, but I should add, too, that we have some who would not be willing to aid in the building of such a home.

Today young men have the advantage of the situation, because the custom of the present day is that the man shall choose who shall be his life companion. In consequence of this it is largely your contract which involves the responsibility

of your decision, as to who shall be one's wife, and what kind of children will one day call you father and grandfather.

Young men very seldom realize the responsibility; they are too frequently influenced by outside appearances, and outside parties—such as a woman who wants a certain youth for a son-in-law, and who perhaps plans for long years for this result. Such a woman would not for one moment think of giving you an honest deal, but would decide to win you at any or all costs.

It was God's plan, not man's plan, that a young man should take to himself a wife; that he should build for himself a home and bring up in that home happy, bright boys and girls.

It was God's plan—not man's—that our boys and girls should mingle together. They are born and raised in the same home, by the same parents; had God wanted it to be otherwise He would have had boys and girls living in separate homes, with different parents; in other words, homes and parents with only boys and homes and parents with girls alone, and we do well not to try to improve on His plans.

Thus far man has failed when he attempted to build fences high enough, tight enough, broad enough, to compel our boys and girls to live true lives. If this had been the only safeguard that

had been rendered for their success we should not have had any success today.

Wherever this is done it is offered as a substitute for a better method. No young man need expect his boys and girls to be pure unless his own life is true, and no home need expect its boys and girls to be true, unless the home life is pure.

The greatest issue in the world today is not money or land, but the youth—the boys and girls of today. The greatest need of that issue is Jesus Christ, and our young folk will remain true just as long as His orders and commands are carried out, in the home and life.

In reviewing the question of these life partnerships we should consider successful marriages as well as unsuccessful, and in the places that I have visited I have come in contact with both.

Young men, to whom I have the honor to write, are facing an age of wonderful change; they are living in a new world, with a new people; they are working in a new world, with a new equipment, because all is changed.

A new people—because the old are dead. A new equipment—because we have ceased to use and to do the things that our fathers did.

All over this land of ours I see men, women and children struggling hard for power enough

to maintain and support a home, and to feed the little ones in that home.

Young men forget the value of freedom when they marry delicate, sickly young women. I care not what has been the cause, but I would most earnestly plead with all young men to see to it that the young women who will one day be their wives are strong and healthy.

My mind goes back to a companion of my earlier days. Because he did not take heed, to-day he is alone, so far as that wife is concerned, for she is dead; dead because of inherited traits that so weakened her existence that she fell a victim to disease, and left behind her a husband with two sickly little children. At the very best these must be cared for awhile, and suffer and die, because that young man decided to marry a girl who, on account of ill-health, should never have married.

We should view life from a practical business standpoint. We should keep our transactions on a business basis, otherwise it will be the business of some man who does, to provide for us in our old age. The successful men in our land today are building homes, asylums and prisons for the unsuccessful.

A great deal is said and studied today in regard to breeding animals and growing plants

and seeds. It is all true and necessary—and what is true of a seed, a plant or an animal, is also true of the human family, of a young man or young woman.

Read some of the reports of our famous stock breeders, and mark it down for facts that the same laws, the same conditions, the same results, are today carried out in the human family. Little has been said about the facts concerning human beings, but more ought to be said, and is soon going to be said, because if not the whole human race is in danger.

A young fellow recently said to me: "Because I had not been taught these things—because I did not count the cost—I have today a son who is half negro." Another told me that because he had not been warned of results his daughter is part Indian.

Today, if you wish your son or daughter to be half a fool—then marry a fool. I cannot give a truer prescription, and even at that I am granting that the one in question has none of the qualities of a fool—that he is a perfect being. If you want bad-tempered children, then marry a bad-tempered woman. If you want your children to be good—marry a good woman.

We are beginning to learn a few things about life, but we will die with the subject unfinished,

and remarks will continue to be in order when we are dead.

If one wants to live and die a poor man; if he wants his children raised in rags and poverty, let him marry a spendthrift. If he does not want to be poor; if he does not want his children brought up in this way, see that the young woman he chooses for a life companion, and the mother of his children, is one who will "Look well to the ways of her household." For truly her price is above rubies.

If all could see the sad homes that I see, the sad hearts, the sad lives, the wrecked futures, they would speak more plainly than I do, when I say: "Young man, take heed who and what will call you husband and father."

At an afternoon meeting, a young man said to me:

"You did not say anything about marriage."

I agreed to this, but I want here to put it on record, that it is one of the most important, as well as one of the most neglected subjects in the world today.

This young man was a stranger to me, and I asked him to visit me at the home where I was being entertained—the home of a young man from the ranks, and the young woman he had chosen.

We had a short talk, and as it was nearing tea-time, he rose to go. As I was going with him to the door, the good young wife met me, saying:

“Tea will soon be ready, Mr. Clark, and I have made preparations for your friend. My husband and I will be delighted to have him, and he will surely remain.”

Tea was soon over—just a plain kind of luncheon, good wholesome food, and plenty of it. Then we had music, and my friend said to me, as we walked back to the church for the evening service:

“What is there about that place, Mr. Clark, that one cannot express in words?”

That quality, that feeling was there because it was home. There was wife, husband and God,—and it is an ideal combination that no man can produce, and no man can put asunder. That young fellow summed up the whole situation when he said:

“I see what true marriage is.”

It is not a thing that can be expressed in words. Home is the work of a lifetime; it should not be interfered with, except by death itself, and by death only, because death should be, and will be, if we have done our part, better than life.

May we always be true enough to build in our own lives, something that will help us to make

home what home alone can be; something that will keep our records free from everything that might mar or darken the best of an earthly life. Home built upon marriage; marriage founded upon love; Love founded upon a true, pure, sweet life.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### BROKEN ORDERS.

Away back, in the years that are gone, I once said to a farmer: "Here is a book that I wish you would take home and give to your boys to read. It contains good, sound sense."

"I don't think I want my sons to have any such a book," he said, as he looked first at the book, and then at me.

In my earlier days, I was not easily beaten out, however, and said: "See here, old man, do you think I am a fool? If you don't, you do as I tell you. I want you to give your boys this book from me, and tell them that I want them to read it."

To keep peace, my farmer friend said, "Well, I will take the book and get my wife to read it, and if I get time I will read it myself, and maybe give it to the boys."

Off he went, and some months later, I saw him again. "I gave the book to the boys," he said, "and they have since read it. It was a good book for boys."

Years rolled on, and today those boys are beautiful men, but I regret to say that some time

after this, their sister, the daughter of that good old farmer, was kept behind drawn curtains awaiting the coming of a fatherless child.

How much better for those brothers, and for that unfortunate sister, if someone had told her the truth, as the book had told the boys. Today, boys fail because of the lack of a friend, and girls fail because of the same sad lack.

That man was a bull-headed Englishman, and a bull-headed Englishman is a very bull-headed fellow.

Usually, we are inclined to think the other fellow has a snap. His job, his work, his association, his pay, his food and everything else, is easy—Well, is it?

Once, when I had spoken to a class of young men, one of them came to me and said:

“I am one of the boys who never had any parents, and I wish you would warn the boys for me, about wrong acts, wrong words, and wrong thoughts.

“Tell the boys, sir, that there isn’t any fun in being this kind of a fellow. I have not a friend in the whole world,—I have no relations to call cousins, uncles, nephews. I have no one to call Mother.

“No one to call Mother—no one to call Father, and my heart is sadder than death. O, sir, tell

them that these words come from the heart of one who knows. The woman who gave me birth died a day or two after I was born,—died of a broken heart.

“He who was the cause of her broken heart, and of my existence, died with regrets, but here am I—alone—the product of such regret. Yet I am here, and I wonder, sir, what that man will say when I ask him yonder,” pointing his finger towards the sky, “Why am I here?”

Does any young man want his son to be that kind of a boy?

Does any young man, in that last day, want to answer such a question as “Why am I here?”

Does any young man want *his* boy to go through life fatherless, motherless, homeless, friendless?

I say, NO; never.

I was once asked to teach a Bible class. It is sometimes my custom to teach the lesson, and also to take up other subjects. It often helps me out on lessons that I have not prepared, and perhaps hits the spot more successfully than they could, or would do.

In the afternoon I spoke to the men about life problems, and in the evening lectured in a crowded church.

As I left the church I was approached by a young man who asked me to go for a walk. We had only started when he said:

“Mr. Clark, I had no right to ask you to go for a walk on your own time, but I want to be honest with you, and I am in deep trouble. I sent my mother and sister home with the carriage, but I could not afford to lose this opportunity, when I saw you walking down the street. I got out of the rig and told the folks I would walk home.

“I am not a true fellow,” he continued, “I have not lived a true life. I am ashamed to tell you that a certain girl and myself have not been honest to ourselves, to the world and to God.

“What will I do? Your talk this afternoon was only too true, and I am here, one of the fallen.”

This boy, the son of a wealthy farmer, together with the daughter of a neighbor, had been drifting from the path of virtue, simply because there was no one kind enough to talk to them.

After a moment's thought I said to him, “You are the only son of a well-to-do man of this community, and you know better than I can tell you that you do not want to continue in this kind of thing. If you will only stop long enough to think about it—to get a true glimpse of the future, of

what it will mean to you and your future home, wife and children, to this earth, and to you and yours throughout eternity, you will drop this old life and get right with Him, Whom you are one day to meet."

"If this life is not corrected, how can you be ready for that meeting?"

In the quiet of an ideal moonlight night, as we sat on the steps of an old hall, this young fellow decided to change his course, and to live as young men really want to live.

I told him that my hope was Jesus Christ, and for about twenty minutes he could say nothing more, for he wept constantly.

After a while I said to him: "Drop that girl."

"Can I not go back," he replied, "talk it over and get her to accept this same Christ, Whom I have accepted? If she will, could I not be good to her—for I am partly to blame for this sad affair? If she will not accept Christ—if she is determined to continue—I will drop her for time and eternity."

Some time afterwards I received a letter from this boy; he had talked the matter over with the girl, and her decision was to follow the dark. Consequently, their acquaintance had forever been dropped. A year later he wrote me again, telling me of the joy that he had in his own life, in

doing His will, and in living the life that He would recommend.

Not long ago, when I was working in a college, the professor said to me:

“Do you see that young man? Something has gone wrong with him of late, and he seems to be in deep trouble. He cannot sit still, cannot look at you, and cannot bear to have anyone look at him. He seems to be greatly unnerved; something is wrong, and I am at a loss to know where to place his case.”

I could have told the professor, but I did not. The evening before I had been told that in the darkness of an unguarded and ungoverned hour he had fallen and dragged down with him a pure young woman.

Just previous to this time she had ended her own life—just in advance of the time when she would have given birth to a fatherless child—the result of that dark hour. This young man knew only too well that his own action had taken the life of that girl, and with it that of his own child.

I believe that a disaster of this kind is the greatest calamity that can befall a young man.

Quite recently, when traveling westward, there was attached to our train a carload of little nameless children. Each wore around its neck a tag, bearing a number. The children were to be given

away, and I made it my business to see them unloaded at their destination.

They knew nothing of their destination, and all the recipients knew of the children was the number on the tags, and I know that our young men will not gather any comfort, as the days go by, from knowing that somewhere in the cold world a boy or girl is living, lonely and sad, nameless and fatherless, because they themselves yielded to impulses they knew to be wrong.

Some four years ago a young man said to me, in a bold way, that he belonged to the crowd that paid their way, and visited established houses. He also told me that he had married at the age of nineteen and that his wife had afterwards died, leaving him with a little daughter who was cared for by his mother.

After listening to his story, I asked him at what age he intended to start his little daughter in her father's business. He was very much annoyed at this question, and I remarked: "I ask you for information, because I would like to know at what age a father in that business will start his own child in the same line."

He thought seriously for a moment or two.

"You have hit me a hard blow," he said, "one from which I will never recover. You know that

no man on earth would want his daughter to enter that damnable traffic."

We had a short talk, and I have before me a letter from that young man's mother, thanking me for the kind words I had spoken to her son, which had caused him to change his methods.

I also have a photo of that little girl, sent me by her grandmother, and a letter of appreciation and thankfulness from the young man himself.

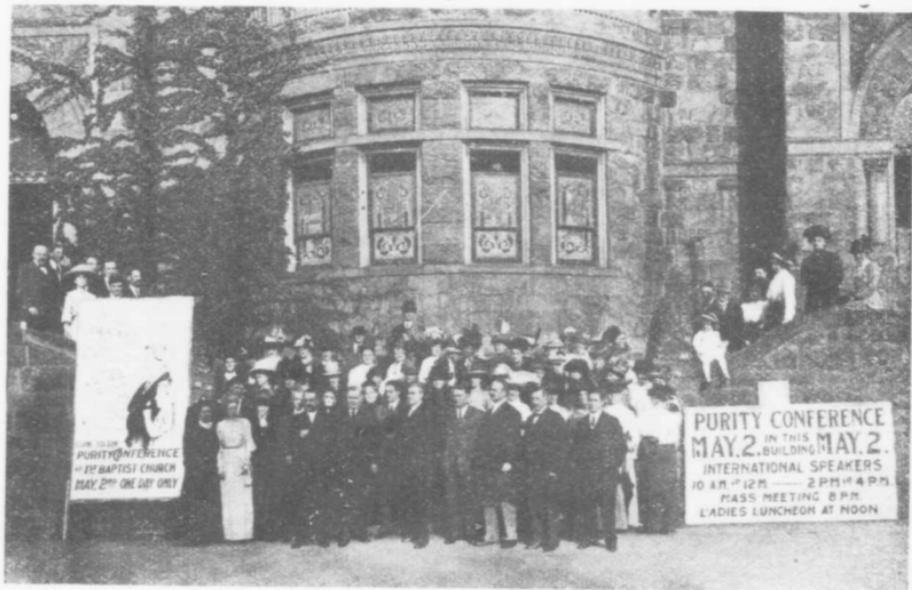
"You caused me to think," he said, "and because of that I have decided to change my awful career and live and be a man, with men."

We ought to think, all of us, and if we do not, others will, and they will be paid for their thinking.

Quite recently a man invited me to take a drive with him, and we were soon speeding across the country. He was a stranger to me, as I had just met him at church, after an address, and he had lost one arm.

Our conversation turned to personal experiences, and he told me the following story:

"I worked for fifty-eight years, and worked hard. I married at the age of twenty-four, and my wife has always stood by me, and we have both worked. We have two sons and one daughter, and I wanted you to meet them, so am taking you home to dinner.



While We Visited That Splendid City, in the Wonderful South-  
Land, Chattanooga, Tennessee

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“When I was fifty-four I met with misfortune. I lay in a hospital for eight months, and at the end of that time my physician announced that it was necessary to amputate my arm.

“It had taken fifty-four years of my life, with my two arms and with the assistance of my wife and family, to save about the equivalent of four thousand dollars. That day I looked over the declining years of my life and that of my wife. I thought of the increasing needs of my children, the hospital bill I would have to face and the weakened condition that I was then in.

“I reviewed the past and arrived at the conclusion that all my life I had been neglectful of downright serious thought.

“I started to think. I went through the operation and returned to my home and to my work, much of which I could no longer do. Yet, I was thinking—and since that hour I have never ceased.

“Because of these thoughts, maimed as I am, I made, during the last year, twelve thousand dollars. As you talk to young men I would advise you to recommend to them the ‘think’ habit.”

I want to say that if our youth would stop to think they would not stoop to such conditions. They would not cause lives of regret, not only for this present generation, but for generations that are yet to come.

I ask you men, who are today pure and true, kind and good, to think. To think of today, and tomorrow. To think of this life, and the life that is yet to be.

Write down in dollars and cents what you would take to exchange places with some whom I have mentioned—in dollars and cents what you would take to exchange records with them—in dollars and cents what would you take to exchange lives?

What would you take in dollars and cents to exchange bodies? What would you take, in dollars and cents, to exchange souls?

I say, write it down here, \$....., and hold to the bargain you have made here—the price of yourself to your God. Let the figures be your honest price, and see to it that you keep your present place—record—lives—bodies and souls, until you have received that price in dollars and cents.

## CHAPTER XV.

### WRECKAGE.

How well I remember, in my younger days, asking an old school teacher what was the matter with a certain young girl, who had worn a cover over a portion of her face for a long time.

"Never mind," the teacher told me, "that is all right—just see that you don't get one like it," and he smiled.

My boy curiosity, and a boy without curiosity is no good, was awakened. The days passed by, and weeks went into months, and I, in my innocent way, determined to find out why that girl's face did not get better. I went to the teacher again.

"Say," I said, "what ails that girl's face? You know it ought to be better now."

I could see the governor, as we guys in those days called the teacher, getting mad, and he turned around and said:

"See here, boy, I want you to drop that subject. I told you before to mind your own business and let that alone," and the teacher was mad.

He had hushed me up, and for life, as far as he was concerned, but do not think that a boy is such a fool as to stay hushed up or beat by twice trying. I knew I could find out, so I gathered up my courage, as the boys say, and asked the bully of the crowd what was trump.

I found out. There was no charge. I was called "Easy, ma's kid, tenderfoot, etc.," but those bigger boys told me darker stories in my childhood than I have heard repeated in twenty years, and I have traveled many times, from coast to coast, and talked with every class of men on the American continent.

Today, looking back over those tender and innocent years, my heart aches when I think of the great army of boys who ought to know the truth concerning such questions.

I want to tell my boy readers that a life of sin is a breeder of disease. Taken from any standpoint, sin has but one business, and that is to kill. It deals with the heart strings of life, and its work is a deadly one.

Why could not that teacher have told me that away back in earlier years ancestors of that poor girl had sinned, and because of sin that sore was there and could not be healed?

Why could he not have said that the medical profession could tell us little, if anything, about

the trouble, but that the Bible tells us that the sins of the fathers would be visited on the children unto the third and fourth generations? That man is dead now, and when he died there was not much dead, because there was not much when alive. I am glad that today that class of professors are nearly all dead, and it will be a big day for boys when the last one is gone.

This is not a Bible story, but I want to add here that we have been taught an error in regard to the meaning of the expression, i. e., "the third and fourth generation." We are led to conclude that at the third or fourth generation, the curse is worked out, but I want to tell you that such is not the case. It is worked *in* by the third or fourth generation, and by that time the life is blasted, blighted, cursed and will die, and the soul go down to a lost eternity, with the question waiting, "Why?" The answer is, "Because some man or woman sinned."

Life is a long journey. That teacher's son still lives—rather, exists—and has failed, as one from whom the truth has been withheld, will fail. Today I could honor and respect the memory of that old teacher had he given me but a few words—and only a few would have done, and said: "Now you are wise, my boy, and your boy will

never have to suffer in that way, because you know the truth."

Some may condemn me; I am not a specialist, but a student of young men, and I presume it is in order to make mistakes. However, the theory I advance is the one I have followed, and I would give any boy a true understanding of the awfulness of the results that follow the young who lives untrue to his manhood.

Every young man who patronizes the wrong life is exposing his future happiness to disease that may cause him regrets deeper than words can express.

Because of the lack of proper instruction, a young man drifted, and in a few weeks found himself, as he said to me, ruined. "Do not touch me," he said, "I am rotten." Days rolled on, and he became "cured," but alas—there was no cure.

However, he got "fixed up," and later he married. All went well until one day his son, his second child, was taken ill. The same old doctor, who twelve years before had treated the father, was called to see the child. After a few minutes of examination the doctor, stepping into an adjoining room, said to the father:

"This is part of that old trouble—this is part of the price. You will remember that I told you

that I could not guarantee a cure—and this is part that was not cured.

“I can do nothing for you, or for him. That boy is deformed, diseased and blind, because of his father’s early follies, due to the lack of knowledge, the lack of the truth.”

And I want my readers to understand that this sad story covers only part of the price. That other child, the beautiful first-born daughter, is subject to the same blight; the father is subject to the same blight, for it can and may return again, and the true, pure wife, is in the same danger.

Some tell young men this disease is no worse than a bad cold, but allow me to say a few words more. It is a thing that may consume not only the fallen, but the innocent; not only the young, but the old.

It has no new developments. It starts as it is, the worst that can be—the worst that ever was, or ever will be.

The other day, when traveling with a student, we met an awful looking creature, a victim of foul play. Her face was literally gone, and my friend said:

“Mr. Clark, what ails that man?”

“That is part of the price,” I answered, “the price of the things I was telling you about the other night.”

“Isn't it an awful price?” said the boy, with a shudder, and yet it is only a part.

A bright young man recently said to me:

“Mr. Clark, why do you not tell us more about the dangers of disease? We ought to be told. My chum and I left good homes and came to college. We went out on a football ‘hyke’; we did not know anything of such things, and used a public towel, and as a result my chum is blind today, because of the diseases that follow wrong lives. The unseen germs that were concealed in that towel were left in his chum's eyes, and he is today blind for life.”

Young men ought to be told that these diseases can be contracted from towels, combs, brushes, etc. Certain localities have passed laws prohibiting the use of such things, in hotels, railroad stations, etc., simply because of the dangers of contagion.

In certain districts the linen used on all beds must be nine feet long, so that it can be folded back over the bedding, thus protecting us from the danger of picking up these same germs, left by any former visitor. Now, when certain countries compel these things to be done, what should

young men do? At least exercise as much precaution as can be used, in every place and in every manner, and under every condition.

Young men and women who are on kissing terms with others ought to be warned that these diseases are carried about in the mouths of tens of thousands of young men and young women, and subject to the whole round of individuals indulging in this kind of thing.

I have known young men to visit dance halls, where you could find the blackest type of character, and the next evening dance in the so-called best private parlor dances, where people ought to know and detect the dangers of this kind of thing.

A bank clerk once told me this story:

“We had a new bank teller sent to us once in a certain city. He was quite a bright-looking chap and in a few days he became acquainted with a family in the town and went down there to spend the evening.

“The next morning, the ‘boss’ of that home, a practising physician, came into our bank and said to the new member of the staff: ‘Are you the young man who was at my home last night?’

“‘I do not know, sir,’ replied the young man; ‘I was at the home of Dr. S. last evening for an hour or two.’

“ ‘Then,’ replied the doctor, ‘you are the devil I am looking for.’

“By this time the rest of the staff was beginning to take notice. Our bunch of boys was well acquainted at the doctor’s home. He had one son and two daughters, and say—his wife seemed like a mother to us all.

“We could not understand the doctor, but he soon enlightened us, for he said, without losing any time:

“ ‘You, knowing your condition, and the freedom with which that contagion is carried and contracted, dared to enter my home, and remain there and be entertained by my wife and daughters.

“ ‘I want to tell you—and that without any loss of time, for I detest breathing the atmosphere where you are—if you want to remain at peace with me you leave town, and I want this institution to give me the balance of my account in new bank notes, and I forbid you to touch the money.’

“The manager gave the doctor his money in new bills, and next day we had another clerk.

“In a week or two the doctor asked us all over to his house for tea. He afterwards invited us to go out with him for a drive, and he then told us some things about the dangers of the diseases that follow an immoral life.

“He showed us the danger of new acquaintances, and afterwards took us to a hospital ward, where we saw things that had once been human beings, but were now wrecks, because of developed germs—germs that could be contracted by true, pure, clean young men or young women.

“When we returned to the doctor’s house it was late, and as he bid us good night, he said:

“‘I have told you some plain things, boys; told you so that you can keep your own lives free from the infections of bad men and bad women. Told you, not only to protect your own lives, but the lives of generations that are yet to follow you.’

“That night, as we gathered in our room, we all agreed that we had never met a friend quite like the doctor.”

A college student, many years ago, who did not hesitate to visit the unclean district of his college town, once called to see a practising physician. He wanted a remedy for a trouble that follows many of the young fellows who leave the straight and narrow path.

After a long and unpleasant treatment, when he was finally leaving, the physician told him that he could not positively guarantee the conditions cured.

Years passed on, and that same man, then

nearing forty, took his own son to the same physician.

After an examination into the child's condition the old doctor seemed somewhat perplexed, but said to the boy's father:

"Come down to my office, if you can, Charlie. I will not give you the medicine until I get to the office."

Upon reaching the office he said:

"Well, Charlie, do you remember being here twenty years ago? Yes, you will remember it, and you remember the cause, and what I said to you, just twenty years ago tonight?"

"Yes," replied Charlie, "but what has that got to do with this case?"

"Everything. It started then, and that little lad of yours must die, and that little girl of yours will also die, and your good, true, pure wife, may also die, because of the evils that follow a wrong life."

And knowing young men so well, I know I am keeping well within bounds when I say that they do not want to mortgage their future as this man did.

Today, I regret to tell you that Charlie is alone; alone because his wife and children are dead, and he has, instead of his happy home,

three white marble stones, reading Son, Daughter and Wife. They are gone because Charlie, as a young man, failed to preserve a clean record, and he, who, in his early forties, looks back on a record of this kind, looks back over it with a heavy and sad heart.

We had completed the arrangements for a tour through a southern state. It had been arranged for addresses to be given in eighteen or twenty colleges, when the following request was received: "The principal of S—— College requests that we see that you do not pass them by. Their boys and girls want to hear you, and as they are defective, deaf, dumb and blind, it will be the only opportunity for them, as they cannot go into the city. Will you not stop?"

Would I? Would you? I think so, and no doubt you would say: "By all means, speak to them." So the acknowledgment of the letter read: "I will be with you."

Oh, what a meeting. I can tell you little about it. My reception by that noble president and his splendid staff of instructors was delightful. As we entered the lecture hall, the president said:

"You will take the back seat until the time for your address, which will give you a better opportunity of studying your subjects."

To the left sat the blind, to the right, the deaf and dumb. A blind boy sat at the organ and three blind companions formed the choir.

The instructor of the deaf and dumb led the ones on my right, by interpreting the song to seven girls who stood on the platform, who could see, but who could neither speak or hear, as she said: "Today we open our service with a song, 'Saviour lead me lest I stray.'"

The organ started, and the choir of blind boys sang. The instructor interpreted to the seven girls, and the seven to the audience, all of whom, deaf and dumb, followed. After this the Lord's Prayer was repeated in the same manner, followed by the three boys singing "Every Hour I Need Thee."

All returned to their seats, and the president took the platform, with the interpreter, who stood at the right and interpreted the words, while I was introduced to the students.

I took the platform with a feeling that I have not often experienced. I looked at those who could see me, but could not speak to me or hear me, then at those who could not see me but could hear.

I spoke in my usual manner, with the same rapidity of words, all of which was interpreted. In closing I wished my young friends good-bye, until that day when the darkness and silence is

passed and the brightness and songs of angels draw near.

May the effect of that brief hour always be mine. I asked myself then, and I ask you now, How dare men do the things that will cause children to be deaf and dumb and blind?

Yes, you would say: "Stop and speak to them." Today I say to you, that we have friends near by, friends who are worse than deaf and dumb and blind. Friends who have ears and hear not, who have eyes and see not, who have mouths and speak not.

I ask you, young men, today, if you will "Stop and speak to them about some of the dangers that sometimes cause these sad conditions."

## CHAPTER XVI.

### MISUNDERSTOOD.

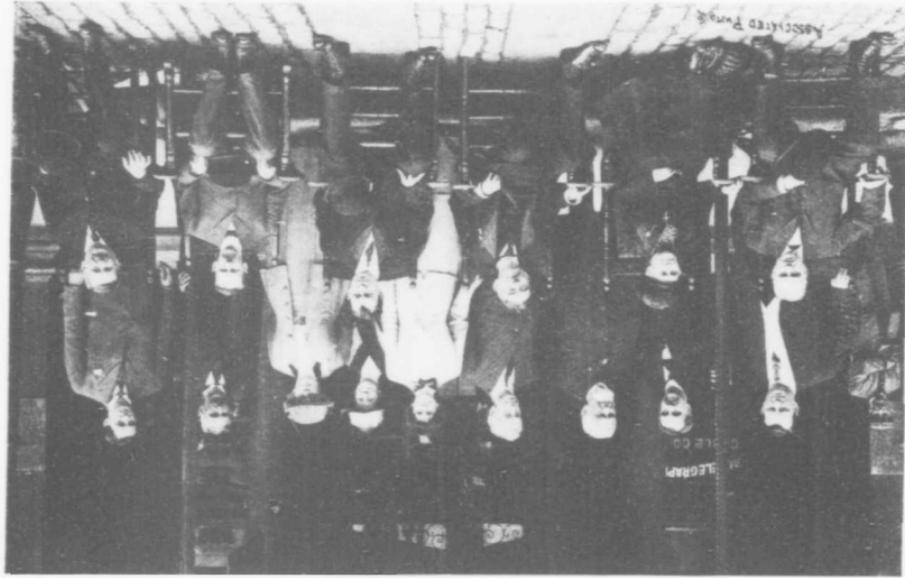
On a dreary afternoon our steamer was plowing its way southward from Victoria, British Columbia. Looking about me I noticed a bright looking boy, and approached him in a manner that would attract a boy, and soon we became interested in a general conversation, which took a turn toward a youth's development.

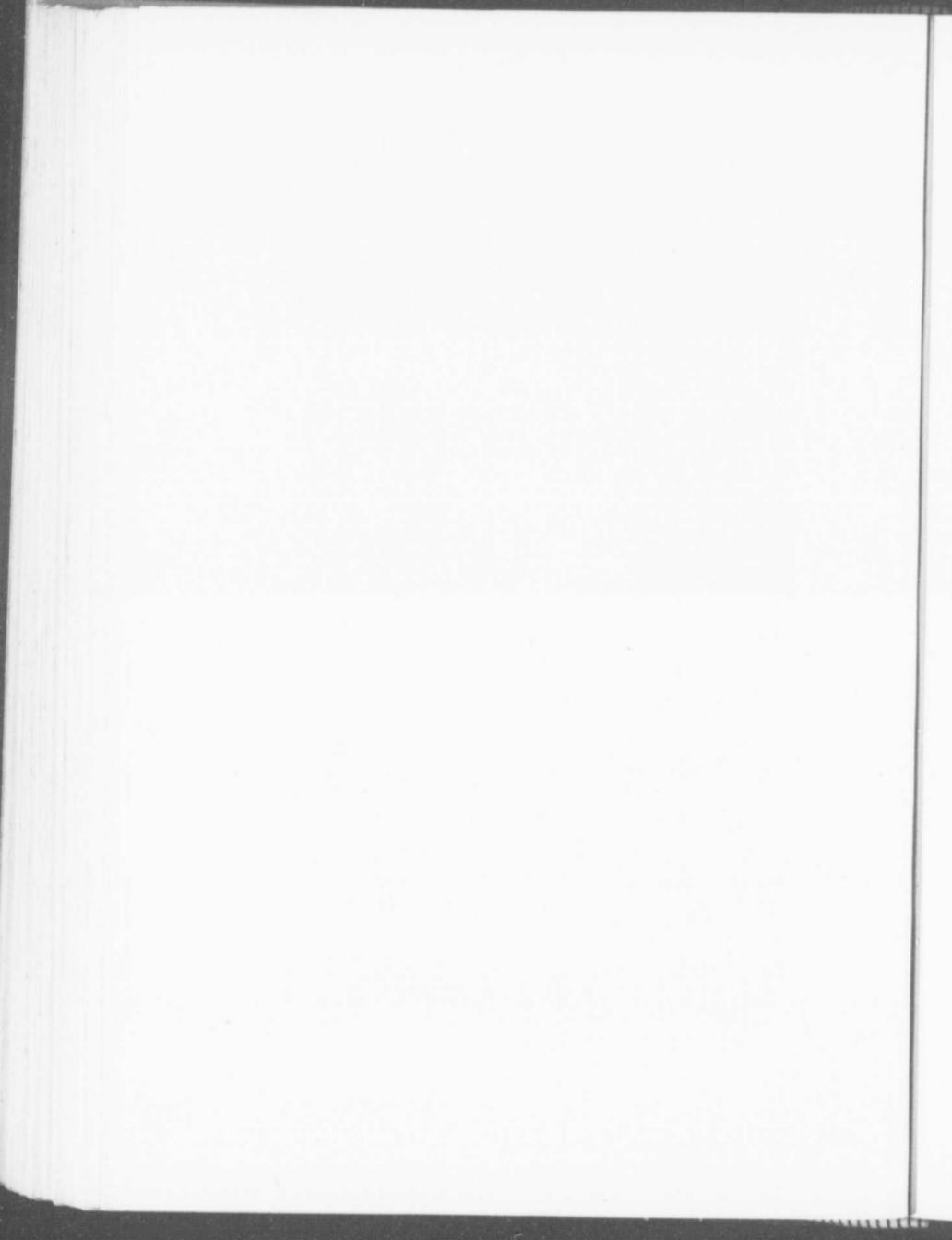
My newly found friend was a western chap, seventeen years of age. He had been brought up in a good home by his mother, who controlled funds sufficient to make that home comfortable in every detail.

This is the story, as he told me. We were probably talking together then (as I have talked with some of you who read this story) for the first and last time, this side of eternity—a fact that too many men do not realize, but will later on down the stream of life.

This boy was quite a fellow. I had been telling him how and why a boy grew to be a young man, a young man an old man, and why an old man dies, and his sons live in his stead. The boy was very much interested.

Part of Our Force, as We Enjoyed Our Stay in Kentucky





"You know, sir," he said, "I am awfully glad to know that, for I will tell you something. When I was a boy about nine years old we had a servant who taught me things that I should have let alone, and would have let alone had I known what I know now."

I asked him how he came to get next to the dangers of that sort of thing.

"Mother took me on a visit to a friend of hers," he answered. "My father died when I was just eight years old, so I was left short-handed. I had not a friend to talk to me about things, but this friend of ours had stacks of books, and I was looking around in her library and found a book containing things that a boy ought to know.

"I put it under my coat and took it with me when I went to my room to go to bed. It was rather late, too, but I did not go to bed that night. I sat up all night and read that book, and I got next, and put those things out of my life—and don't you think I didn't stay fixed.

"Say, I am awfully glad to have had this talk with you. It seems too bad that a fellow hasn't anyone to tell him how easy it is to lose his own best manhood, honor, life and everything else."

At this juncture of the game a richly dressed lady approached us.

"Hush," said my friend, in a muffled tone; and when the lady had passed us, he added, "That is mother."

The mother recognized the son, and I recognized the boy's mother by a pleasant smile, as she passed us.

"Don't you think," went on the boy, "that it would have been all right for a fellow's mother to have told him all about those things, especially when his father is dead, as mine is?"

I am writing these things to all young men, because I have faith in them, and because of the splendid treatment that they have shown me in the years that are gone.

Thousands have told me that my plain, sane, matter-of-fact talks have helped them, and I am going to put it on record here, and I say it because I mean it, that I, too, have been helped.

Tens of thousands of the splendid army of young men, who today give their best in thought, word and deed to make their lives, and the lives of others, better, have helped me. I have not at all times been able, for the pressure of time, to reach their hands, and their kindness and encouragement I could not always find the time or the opportunity to acknowledge.

I am telling these stories so that in that day, when he may, perhaps, have a son of his own, he

will talk to him and thus safeguard him from unnecessary care or anxiety.

We will not reach our best development as young men until we can speak of any part of our own bodies with the same freedom and ease as we would use in speaking of any other part of them.

We should have no apology to offer for having been made as we are. It should be our business to know ourselves, and thus be safeguarded against a class of quacks who pose as "specialists" in ailments of secret things.

Our further conversation covered another condition that some young men and older boys experience, and that he at that time had passed through.

I had previously consulted the best medical authorities that I could find in regard to a condition similar to this, and was told to avoid operations, and to wear a suspensory, that could be purchased for a dollar or so at any drug store. Today that boy is well and strong.

Quoting now from my physician:

\*"The condition that was troubling this young fellow, varicocele or varicose veins in the scrotum or sac, is one almost universally advertised by quack doctors as a trouble that follows secret vice. These quacks realize that a great number of young men have, at some time or other in their

lives, indulged in that habit, and their object is to excite a state of mind in which a young man will willingly yield to their special advertised treatment for such cases."

\*"As a matter of fact, it does not follow that varicocele will follow any special secret habit. It is not contagious or transferable, and should be regarded and considered as any other disarrangement in the human body."

\*"Great numbers of older boys and young men today have this condition, varicocele, to a greater or less extent; I presume that one-fourth of the young men have been troubled in this way to some extent."

\*"This condition, in the life of the average young fellow, adjusts itself from the fact that the boy, or young man, is a growing institution, and his splendid development outgrows the disarrangement. It is simply an enlargement of the epididymis, enlarging these veins until they form a considerable mass, which is known as varicocele."

\*"This may affect one in two different ways. The growth is in the sac, or scrotum, may if large produces somewhat of a dragging sensation, or in extreme cases, it may cause the testicles to shrink to a smaller size, but such a case would be indeed

extreme. Should this take place in both testes, it would cause sterility."

\*"Varicocele today is a very frequent thing in the lives of young men, and is caused, perhaps, more often by ill-fitting, wrongly adjusted clothing than by all other causes combined."

\*"This condition is simply an enlargement of the veins of the epididymis and spermatic cord, and feels to the hand like a bunch of cords or angle worms lying on either the right or left side of the testes, and proceeding alongside of either up along the spermatic cord, the sac or scrotum. The condition usually recedes when the patient is asleep, especially if lying on his back.

\*"In the majority of cases it causes little annoyance. The effect would tend to produce a heavy or dragging sensation and would be more noticeable to one in a standing position than if sitting at his work. If a support is worn it should be constant, and for a period of six, nine or twelve months. If this should not effect a cure, and the enlargement continues to increase a reliable physician should be consulted."

Boys and young men, for the most part, need have little if any anxiety about this, as the majority of such cases right themselves, and nearly all yield to a cure if the support is worn constant-

ly and faithfully. Such supports can be procured at any dispensary or up-to-date drug store.

Today, while traveling and waiting for my train at Guelph, Ontario, a splendid young man, whom I had met and advised in regard to this condition some two years ago, and which condition had at that time been caused by ill-fitting and wrongly adjustly clothing, told me that by following my suggestions he had corrected that condition and was well and happy. He informed me that since his former talk with me he had put others right in regard to this same condition in themselves. It has been wisely said that many people perish because of the lack of knowledge.

I spoke of this condition in the lives of young men not long ago, when speaking in a church on a Sunday afternoon.

When I had finished the minister's son, a beautiful specimen of a boy, came to my room and asked that I explain the condition to him more thoroughly. I was very glad to do so.

On a careful examination of this case I found that he had developed the condition on the left side, which was no doubt caused by his clothing being wrongly adjusted. He had always carried these organs on the right side of his clothing, instead of the left, and as a result this condition without doubt had been brought about.

Would it not have been better for that father to have been broad minded enough to have told his son the things that I told him, and thus avoided this circumstance.

Of course, the condition was there. I told the young man to purchase a dollar support, put it on and wear it, adjusting his clothing. I explained that our clothing is so manufactured that we should dress with that portion of our bodies to the left side, rather than to the right, and today that young fellow has outgrown the condition that might have developed into serious proportions.

Some years ago, when making some special investigations in Chicago, I had a young man from the western states write to me, stating that he had been advised to have an operation for this condition. I recommended him to purchase a little suspnsory, as before mentioned, which he did. Two years later I had the pleasure of seeing him, and was told that the condition had been relieved, and had adjusted itself.

I would like to add, however, that some cases need more than the support that an ordinary suspnsory can supply. In such a case, I would advise a young man to seek the advice of a good physician—and our country is favored, as never before in the history of the world, in having good physicians, men who have sacrificed years of their

lives in order to help humanity. Make a companion, boys, of your home doctor, and he will, if he be a man, be glad to explain and enlighten you in regard to these and other matters. Avoid quacks—in whatever field they are operating—as you would the devil, and learn to love and trust our doctors as you would no other class of men on this earth.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### RESOURCES.

The greatest resources that I have today are my young friends, scattered broadcast throughout the land.

I have kept the best for this parting, and give you here the pleasure that is always mine, of seeing some of your forces, who have stood so nobly by me for many years.

I add here their messages and greetings, feeling towards them an indebtedness that will never in life be repaid. The accompanying picture is a reproduction of the photographs of twenty young men, scattered throughout the world, and their kind and warm words, I am repeating for your encouragement. In whatever way I may have helped them they have helped me in many others, and I leave them and their words with you.

May I ask you, as I close, to weave into your lives those things that will stand when all else fails? If we part here for the last time, may our next meeting be beyond the boundaries of failure. May I urge you to see to it that you do not come empty-handed? Bring with you another, so that

when we meet yonder the joy of that meeting will be in the greeting of vast numbers, and our joy will be in the constant greeting of many loyal friends whom we have won for Him.

I have dreaded to write a closing chapter, knowing that, as in the days that are past, we many times meet and part, to meet no more. I realize more and more that some of us will here part to meet no more, and I cannot but ask myself the question:

“Will the thoughts that I have prepared for you help you to build that life of yours into the man you wish to be—the man that you will wish you had been, when we meet yonder?”

I hesitate when I ask myself if the words that I have spoken to you young men, in the days that are gone, are the words that I will wish I had spoken, in that day when I can speak to you no longer.

Are the pictures that I have drawn worthy of you? Who will repeat them? Will the book that I have written stand the test, down through the ages that are yet to be?

All in all, have I helped you onward and upward—helped you enough to offset destroying influences to such a degree that you will make the goal?

With this question I say, farewell!

## LETTERS.

## No. 1.

Mr. W. L. Clark, whom I have had the honor and privilege of knowing for many years, is one of the finest and most charitable natures I have ever met. From my earliest experiences with him as a Christian business man, and later as the counsellor and guide of young men in all parts of America, he has never failed to command my sincerest love and respect. Of all that I ever hope or expect to attain, next to my own parents, much of the credit is due to him.

It can be well said of him that he is very conscious of the virtues of young men everywhere, very tender with their convictions and very tactful with their prejudices; and as a great Canadian editor has truly said, "Where prejudice ends and conviction begins, is one of the supreme problems of human philosophy."

## No. 2.

For the space of eleven years I have enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Mr. Clark. In all this time our associations have been of the most agreeable and inspiring nature. From the days when as a green school boy I shovelled corn in his seed establishment during spare hours, and

gained an insight into the discipline of business life, until those recent years when Mr. Clark has devoted his life to the elevation of the manhood of the world, I have found him a good friend.

Not least among the business lessons which I learned from him was that of persistence and application. He believed in the saving power of hard work. And today the dominating characteristic of Mr. Clark in his work among men and boys is one of energy. He radiates the inspiration that conquers obstacles. It is well that it is so, for his task is tremendous.

A million men for Christ means the demolition of the mountains of prejudice and misinterpretation which surround things peculiarly sacred to boy life. It means the rousing to alarm of indifferent parents; and it means, above all, a wondrous downpour of the saving power of Jesus Christ.

In all these things, every righteous man will pray for strength to his arm.

### No. 3.

Mr. Clark has always been a true friend to me. His hand-shake and genial smile won me at the very start. It was a sure case of love at first sight.

His kindly straightforward advise aroused me to purer manhood, and our acquaintance had always been a source of great encouragement to me.

Having been called to serve my Lord and Master in the dark regions of Africa, where I now labor, I am sure that Mr. Clark's influence, through me, will be felt, even in this benighted land.

May God speed his message, is my prayer.

Yours in Africa.

No. 4.

To my dear friends, the young men of the world:

I appreciate this opportunity of commending to you Mr. W. L. Clark and his work. The work that he is doing among young men and boys is one that has been sadly neglected, yet it is a work worthy of the best attention, of the best and biggest men in the world. It must be a truly "big" work—or Mr. Clark would not be engaged in it.

Not that he despises any individual who does the best that he can. This he does not; but he is capable of, and realizes the need and importance of doing "big" things. He has spared neither time, means or effort in equipping himself for his present position.

This testimony is given after an acquaintance with Mr. Clark of more than six years' duration.

During this time I have had opportunities of estimating the value of his work, and during this time also, I have found in him one of the truest of friends and one of the most consecrated, useful and successful servants of Jesus Christ.

Wishing you victorious and happy lives.

No. 5.

Dear Mr. Clark:

It is now nearing six years since I first met you, and during that time your friendship has meant much to me. There have been times when I have been discouraged, and a letter from you has made life look brighter.

I am indeed glad to learn of the book that you are getting ready for the press, and I am sure that it will help the young men of today to live better lives. The book you are compiling will mean much to me, as I know you not only as a friend, but as an employer, a Christian worker, and always a man, and in all three you have proven to be true steel.

My prayers are with you in the work you are accomplishing, and I hope you will always find it in your power to do for other young men what you have done for me. You may feel at liberty to use

my name, and any circumstances regarding our friendship, in any way you wish.

Your sincere friend,

JACK.

No. 6.

I have known Mr. Clark for nine years, and from our intimate acquaintance I can say that I know of no man who is so desirous of promoting the best interests of every boy and young man with whom he comes in contact.

His sincerity, plainness and saneness in dealing with the vital questions of a young man's life have enabled him to be of great service in saving a great number from the blight and curse of sins, fallen into through ignorance.

As a direct outcome of acquaintance and friendship with Mr. Clark I have seen transformations in boys and young men that are simply marvelous.

From every village, town and city the young men are crying out for a pure knowledge of life, and in too many cases nothing but the filth of the street is secured.

Is it any wonder that so many of our young men go wrong? Is it any wonder that our country is filled with young men, who, as they look back

on their lives, curse, in bitterness of heart, the policy of silence on this matter?

Mr. Clark knows his subject, and he knows the young man. He is one of the finest Christian gentlemen, and a man whom anyone would be glad to call friend. Acquaintance with him inevitably leads to a purer life—higher ideals—and Christian manhood.

K.

No. 7.

A SHORT LETTER TO YOUNG MEN.

I feel that I must write a few lines, and let anyone who may read this realize and know how much Mr. Clark has influenced my life—not mentioning the thousands of others that he has come in contact with, and helped.

To me he is a messenger sent direct from God, for the divine purpose of moulding the lives of young men. He always says and does "the right thing at the right time," and gives one inspiration.

God has given him the power of reaching the hearts of young men, and turning them into the right channel. Youth is the time to commence laying the foundation of one's life.

My advice would be to take the three following words, "honesty, purity and generosity," and follow them closely through life.



(Photographed in Los Angeles, California)

**The Well Remembered Pacific Coast Tour**



To me Mr. Clark's life is one of generosity; he has given up self for the noble purpose of helping others. May he be blessed in all his undertakings.

May I add that Mr. Clark has my prayers and best wishes throughout the remainder of his journey through life.

No. 8.

Mr. Clark is a very enthusiastic Christian worker, and a congenial companion with all young men who have the pleasure of knowing him. He is true to his undertaking, and is a gentleman of noble character.

I am sending my photograph, to be used in any way desired, and whenever I can be of any assistance in any way I shall be only too pleased to do whatever I can. My name and address may be used if desired, and all who know me know me to be honest in all my ways.

There has been many, many chances in my life to have gained worldly things, and to have lost my "jewel," HONESTY, but with God's help I have so far won.

May God bless Mr. Clark in his noble work, and may He grant him continued success among his young friends.

## No. 9.

Dear Mr. Clark:

This short letter is just to express in words the regard in which I have for a long time held you, and which, while I have felt, I may not so have expressed hitherto.

I feel that in you I have a most sympathetic friend and advisor, and your kindness to me and to those dear to me, makes me wish you God's blessing and every success in your good work on behalf of young men in Canada.

Your sincere friend,

## No. 10.

I first met Mr. Clark in Ohio. His sympathetic attitude towards a young man, his unique way of presenting the truth and his intelligent, pointed suggestions, have been exceedingly valuable to my life in the past years.

I became a Christian eight years ago, in my native country, and my earnest desire, since that time, has been that I might win men for Christ. During the last six years I have been helping my way through American schools. I graduated from the high school and have also completed the college course at the university, receiving the degree of B. S. in June.

At present I am taking up graduate work at the university, along the line of Christian evangelization, with social purity. I want to put great emphasis on sexual problems and scientific temperance, and after I have completed my graduate course I shall go back to my native country, if my God allows me, and go into the fields of His labor.

My prayer on behalf of my people is the same as that of Mr. Clark on behalf of his people. I am deeply interested in his great work. I trust our Christ will use him abundantly, as he has done in the past, to teach the youth of Canada and the United States the Christian pure living. May thousands—yea, tens of thousands of youths, boys and young men, be blessed and saved from the chains of sin and ignorance.

Ever yours in Him,

No. 11.

To Whom It May Concern:

Having heard Mr. Clark deliver a lecture on the importance of right living, and having been a friend of his for more than two years, I can honestly say that he is the best friend any young man can have.

He has told me many things that I never knew before, and has made a better man of me in every

way. I feel that I owe Mr. Clark a debt, and I shall recommend him wherever I go.

Very respectfully,

No. 12.

Dear Mr. Clark:

I esteem it one of my greatest privilege to be able to write to you as a friend. The many temptations which beset young men of our day have been known to me, and I dread to think of the consequences had I yielded to them, which might have been, had I never known your acquaintance.

From the day of our first meeting the memory of your kindness in correcting my ways, and setting me right with God, has been an inspiration to me, and from knowing you my future is brighter for me and more promising for the interests of Jesus Christ.

I shall ever remember you in my prayers, and for your great services to me I shall pray for God's blessing on you and your work.

Gratefully your friend,

No. 13.

I consider Mr. Clark a most valuable adviser to all young men. He works among, associatec

with and corresponds with many, and is fully adapted to this cause.

He has helped many, as he has helped me, by his kind words of sympathy and advice, and those who know him cannot help but love him.

In his work he deals with questions of vital importance to young men and boys. He gives them fuller knowledge of themselves, and helps them to live a life of usefulness. I would advise all young men to get acquainted with my friend, Mr. Clark, and become interested in his work.

He has been a true friend to me—he will be the same to you.

#### No. 14.

I first met Mr. Clark at the close of one of a series of meetings which he addressed during the week, the exact date of which I do not know.

His manner of speaking to young men and boys, and what he told them, impressed me with the idea that he knows just what young men ought to know. Personal talks with him since, and what I have learned of him through correspondence, up to the present time, have confirmed this impression.

After some hesitation, which was unwarranted, I responded to an invitation which he extended to

young men to meet with him for personal interviews, and after spending a pleasant and profitable hour I went away enlightened, encouraged and benefitted, more than I can ever express. With boys and young men he is right at home; he enjoys their company, and helps and sympathizes with them in their troubles, and knows how to direct and lead them along right paths.

In him are combined strength and gentleness, and his interest in young people is unbounded. The tact and skill with which he addresses young men on questions that are usually wrongly considered too delicate for modest men and mothers to speak about was illustrated in his address to the boys of our collegiate institute one afternoon.

I know the boys felt right at ease by the spirit that prevailed during the time Mr. Clark was speaking, and afterwards many comments made by the boys confirmed the belief that what he said was accepted as being true and helpful in every way.

And so, from his able public addresses, delightful private interviews, helpful letters and sympathetic interest in the welfare of the youth of the land, I am convinced that no one could be better fitted for writing this volume of information for any young man.

To Mr. Clark, the author, I shall always owe a deep debt of gratitude for what he has done for me.

## No. 15.

To my boy friends:

Away from home, in a strange city, for the first time, I had no one to say the things that I most needed. Everybody seemed to be out for a good time, and most of the boys that I met would say: "Come on; have a drink and go with us—we will show you a good time."

I wanted to do right, but I wanted to be one of the boys, although I saw that I was not with the right boys, but I do not think that I would have been able to resist the awful temptations that were grasping me, had I not met a friend—yes, a very dear friend to me, and to all boys who will take advice.

Mr. Clark opened the way, and made everything look bright, and I have been trying to live the life I think God would have me live, for the past four years. Mr. Clark has not forgotten me; he has been my big brother ever since, and he longs to be yours. Get in touch with him, boys; he will help you, and you will like him.

I can never forget what Mr. Clark has done for me; although it is some years since I met

him, it seems but yesterday. I can never repay him for the many blessings that I have received through trying to follow his advice. I love my boy friends more and more, and I hope that I may so prepare myself that I will be able some day to take up his good work, and go on with it. O, we boys need him, and his help, so much.

Anything that I am, or ever may be, I owe gratefully, through God, to my friend, Mr. Clark, and I pray always for him and his work.

Your friend and brother,

SASKATCHEWAN.

No. 16.

I am afraid that I cannot say enough for the work that Mr. Clark is doing for young men and boys.

As for myself, I do not know what I would have been had I never met him. My life is changed, and I have the desire to do right, instead of wrong.

If all boys and young men were to follow the advice that Mr. Clark gives them, and to read the books that he recommends, there would be fewer criminals and insane people in the next generation, and they would enjoy life better and

be strong and healthy, and reach that place that everyone is striving for and be His loyal subjects.

I cannot speak strongly enough of Mr. Clark, and the work he is doing. I hope that he will receive the Master's great reward when the time comes, and be one of His subjects, which I am sure he will, and he will have around him his great army of boys.

Your sincere friend,

No. 17.

I am sure that it is one of the greatest privileges of my life to speak a word in the interests of young men; it is so because this is a great work—a growing work—because the boys and young men of today will be the men of tomorrow.

Then, too, I have a heartfelt sympathy for my young brothers; if the youth of today were trained and taught in the right way, before a great while this whole world would be in one great movement, for winning humanity for Christ.

We have to admit, however, for we can see it plainly, that many parents do not do their whole duty by the sons; they are not told the truth in regard to boy problems, and here is where I find Mr. Clark one of the most successful workers in winning young men for Christ.

Through his unfailing kindness and genuine friendship he wins the interest and the hearts of the boys; he is a man of the highest type, a lover of boys, and one whom all the boys who know him seem to love. It is a great privilege and blessing for those of us fellows who have met him; his very presence and smiling countenance wakens a joy in our young hearts.

And why are we helped and encouraged by him? Just because we know and feel that he sympathizes with us, and knows boy life thoroughly. I call him my friend, because until last winter I had never met a person who seemed so much like a "boy's real friend." There never was a man here, minister or anyone else, who left such a deep impression on the boys.

Mr. Clark's addresses are plain, pointed and practical, thereby making his work successful. There are so many ways that our young hearts are led away—drink, evil associates, carelessness of our health and manhood. Mr. Clark has studied out these things, and knows the boy life; by his efforts he touches the right string, and we are led from a downward course to a life of success.

He is in the work to save young men out of sin, carelessness and ruin. He presents so plainly the Christ life, the life of true happiness, that young men all over his travels are accepting the

blessed Christ, and henceforth are making life, not only a business success, but, most important of all, a spiritual success. He is a friend of Jesus Christ, and in turn is our friend and sympathizer, and that is what helps our boys. He gave me a different aspect of life to any that I had ever had before; there were some things bothering me which I guess are prominent in every young man's life, but, thank God, he does help us boys.

I must say, in closing, that Mr. Clark's visit to our town, his addresses and heart to heart talks, have given all of us a different aspect and a brighter view of life than ever before, just because he knows boys.

I pray that the good work he has done may go on, only in a greater degree, and that we boys who have been so greatly helped by him and his talks may pass the good word along.

May he ever keep telling of the great work to be done among the boys, and may he be able to carry on his great commission in the future as in the past.

#### No. 18.

I have been in touch with Mr. Clark's work for years, and can well recommend his method of imparting the truth to young men.

His lectures are frank and will reach any young man's heart. Our heart to heart talks years ago have been of the greatest value to me.

Truly your friend,

No. 19.

Mr. Clark is my friend. This may not seem to be saying much, but when I remember that the Man of Nazareth lived out that name to the hungry world around Him, in a life of sacrifice and service; when I recall that, to those whom He had chosen to follow in His footsteps, and to carry His cross, He gave this name, then I cannot say more for Mr. Clark than that he is my friend.

No. 20.

#### THE VALUE OF A FRIEND.

“What is the secret of your life?” asked Mrs. Browning of Charles Kingsley. “Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too.” He replied: “I had a friend.” And this is true, not only of Charles Kingsley, but of the writer of this letter. I had a friend—I have him still. I speak of Mr. Clark.

My story is a very simple one, and yet its very simplicity reveals in the clearest possible way

“The value of a friend.” Shall I tell the story?  
Listen—

It was one of those cool, clear, moonlight evenings, when it seemed as though heaven’s artist had done his best to paint the starry sky with brilliancy and beauty, when I, but a young man of twenty-three, made my way to the house of a friend. We had known each other for some time, and as the days came and went, our friendship, quite naturally, had increased.

“What do you want?” said Jack as I entered the room. “Oh,” I replied, “nothing much, only I am getting about tired of this kind of life.”

“Well, what’s the matter now?” continued my friend, with an anxious expression on his face.

“Matter,” I exclaimed, “I guess there is not much fun in rising at four-thirty seven mornings a week to peddle milk around town for twenty dollars a month. What do you say?”

“No,” replied Jack, “not much fun; but what do you want to do?”

“Anything that I can,” I answered.

“Well,” said Jack, in his cool, clean-cut way, “I think your best plan would be to write to Mr. Clark.”

“Who in the world is Clark?” I asked.

“A friend of mine,” said Jack, “and here is his address.”

I wrote—to whom I did not know—save, as Jack had said, “a friend of mine,” and the answer came, short, but straight to the point.

“Why not try Chicago, and receive some instruction?”

I wrote him again, and he quickly replied, stating that he would be in town in a few days, and would call to see me.

He came, and such a visit; to put my hand in his thrilled me through and through. He told me of the surrendered life—the highest joy attainable. He put his arm around my neck and called me “brother.”

“Mr. Clark,” I said, “will you help me?” Did he need to answer? Did he? His face lit with the glories of heaven, his soul just yearning for me, he quietly said, “Leonard, I will,” and he did.

It was only a few months more until I found myself in Chicago, and, best of all, studying. Soon after arriving here I received a call from the Grand Avenue Congregational Church to become their assistant pastor. I accepted, and, needing more money than they could give me, I scrubbed floors for fifteen cents an hour, waited on tables at a private boarding house, and for a year and a half took the position of bus-man at the Fair on State Street.

During all this time Mr. Clark kept writing me, urging me on, and ever magnifying King Jesus. At last school days were over, the diploma mine, and out of school I came, as president of my class.

Next came the wedding—and thank God for the companionship of a pure sweet Christian girl, followed by our removal to the church where I now am, as pastor, the First Congregational Church.

The mystery ends, but another mystery begins. To close this letter without adding a direct testimony to the magnificent self-sacrificing work that Mr. Clark is doing, would be unfair to myself and to him.

Do you know him? If not, get acquainted at once, for I consider him one of the grandest examples of Christian manhood that the world has ever seen. To listen to his heart-searching heart-thrilling lectures makes you want to be the very best man that you possibly can; to sit with him in conversation makes you feel—and I say it reverently—that you are on the very threshold of heaven; but to kneel with him in prayer, and to feel that strong arm around you, mellows your heart, quiets your spirit and floods your soul with Jesus.

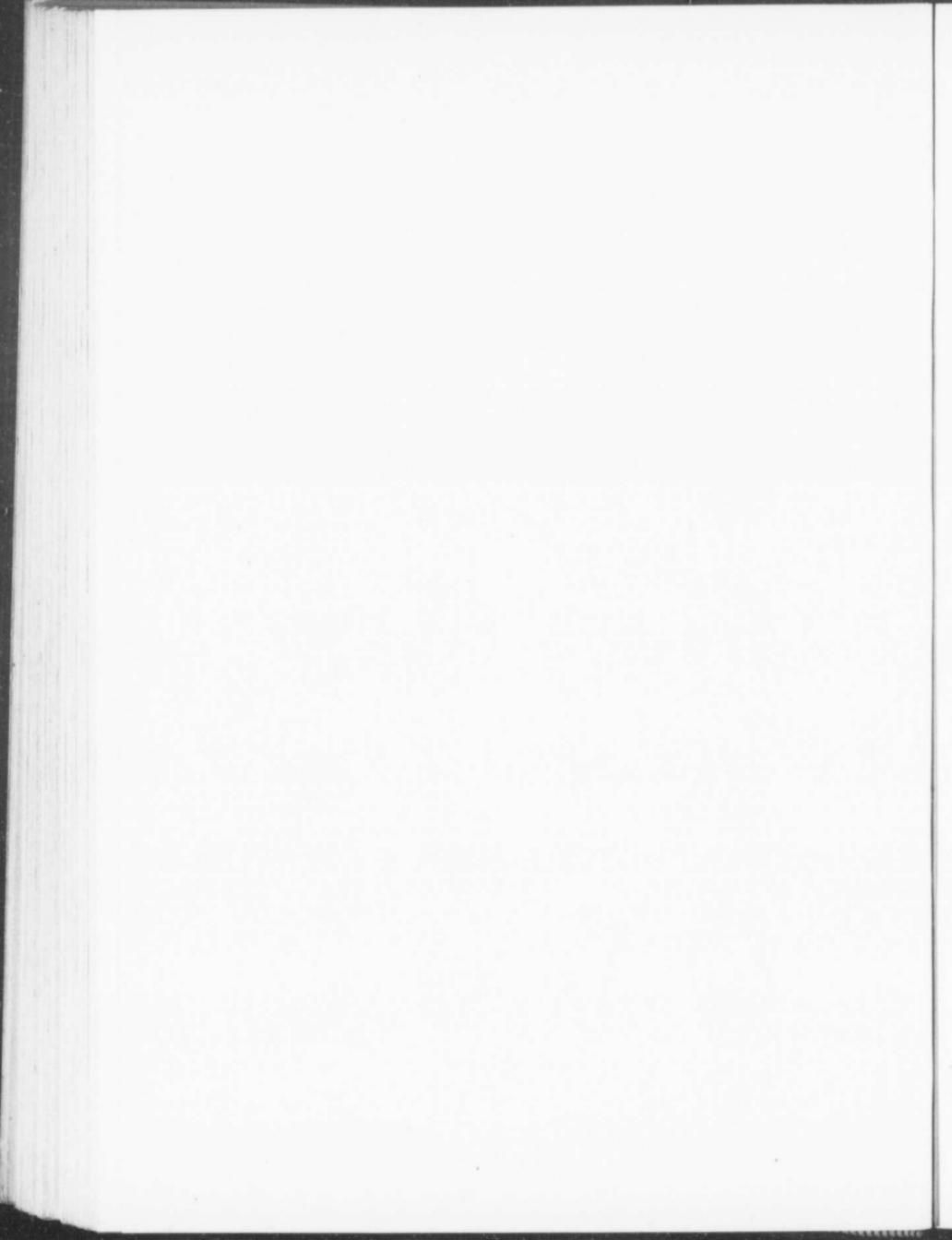
What a friend. If I had time and space I could and would tell you gladly, of other lives, other young men, who, like myself, coming under the magnetic power of this spirit-filled man, have been lifted from a life of commonplaceness into a life that is "worth while."

Yours in the Master's service,

LEONARD.



Resources



## APPENDIX.

When I visit your community, may it be my privilege to have you visit me. To show you the broadness of my work, I give you here a sketch of the itinerary for the past months of the present season, and am thankful to say that up to the present time I have not missed a single appointment.

### ITINERARY OF W. L. CLARK.

Date	City	State or Province
Jan. 1	Detroit .....	Michigan
" 2	Chicago .....	Illinois
" 3	La Crosse.....	Wisconsin
" 5	Minneapolis .....	Minnesota
" 6	Winnipeg .....	Manitoba
" 7	Thornhill .....	Manitoba
" 8	Darlingford .....	Manitoba
" 14	Carman .....	Manitoba
" 21	Griswold .....	Manitoba
" 28	Balcarres .....	Saskatchewan
Feb. 4	Wapella .....	Saskatchewan
" 11	Roleau .....	Saskatchewan
" 18	Yellowgrass .....	Saskatchewan
" 25	Weyburn .....	Saskatchewan

March 3	Estevan .....	Saskatchewan
" 10	Minneapolis .....	Minnesota
" 12	Chicago .....	Illinois
" 13	Fort Wayne.....	Indiana
" 15	Detroit .....	Michigan
" 24	Toronto .....	Ontario
" 31	Union .....	Ontario
April 7	Toronto .....	Ontario
" 8	Ottawa .....	Ontario
" 10	Truro.....	Nova Scotia
" 12	Sydney.....	New Brunswick
" 13	St. John.....	New Brunswick
" 15	Portland .....	Maine
" 16	New Bedford.....	Maine
" 17	Concord.....	New Hampshire
" 18	Boston .....	Massachusetts
" 19	Providence.....	Rhode Island
" 20	Hartford .....	Connecticut
" 21	New York.....	New York
" 22	Washington.....	D. C.
" 23	Seranton.....	New Jersey
" 24	Trenton.....	New Jersey
" 25	Philadelphia .....	Pennsylvania
" 26	Baltimore .....	Maryland
" 27	Richmond .....	Virginia
" 28	Asheville .....	North Carolina
" 29	Greenboro .....	North Carolina
" 30	Raleigh .....	North Carolina

May	1	Charlotte . . . . .	South Carolina
"	3	Charlestown . . . . .	South Carolina
"	4	Chattanooga . . . . .	Tennessee
"	6	Lexington . . . . .	Kentucky
"	8	Indianapolis . . . . .	Indiana
"	15	Chatham . . . . .	Ontario
"	..	Niagara Falls . . . . .	Ontario
"	26	Niagara-on-the-Lake . . . . .	Ontario
June	3	St. Thomas . . . . .	Ontario
"	9	Hamilton . . . . .	Ontario
"	16	Norwood . . . . .	Ontario
"	23	Toronto . . . . .	Ontario
"	30	Wingham . . . . .	Ontario
July	7	Toronto . . . . .	Ontario
"	14	Lunenburg . . . . .	Nova Scotia
"	21	Yarmouth . . . . .	Nova Scotia
"	28	Bridgetown . . . . .	Nova Scotia
Aug.	4	Halifax . . . . .	Nova Scotia
"	11	Berwick Camp . . . . .	Nova Scotia
"	18	Dutton . . . . .	Ontario
Sept.	1	Strathroy . . . . .	Ontario
"	8	Leamington . . . . .	Ontario
"	15	Toronto . . . . .	Ontario
"	22	Portage La Prairie . . . . .	Manitoba
"	29	Carberry . . . . .	Manitoba
Oct.	6	Pilot Mound . . . . .	Manitoba
"	13	Bossevain . . . . .	Manitoba
"	20	Milestone . . . . .	Manitoba

“	23	Lethbridge .....	Alberta
“	27	Wolseley .....	Saskatchewan
Nov.	3	Grenfell .....	Saskatchewan
“	10	Strasburg .....	Saskatchewan
“	17	Wilkie .....	Saskatchewan
“	24	Wainwright .....	Saskatchewan
Dec.	1	Calgary .....	Alberta
“	8	Claresholm .....	Alberta
“	15	Maple Creek .....	Alberta
“	22	Chicago .....	Illinois
“	29	Detroit .....	Michigan

I recall with pleasure the vast army of young men, numbering a hundred thousand strong, to whom I spoke last year. Many pleasant greetings were exchanged at these meetings, the outcome of a journey of about sixty thousand miles.

To young men I feel particularly indebted for the heart to heart talks that we have had (numbering last year about twelve hundred) and the special encouragement received from the thousand with whom I have corresponded.

I have reasoned things out with all your forces, white and black, red and yellow; in the northern ice-bound land, with the thermometer at sixty below zero, and in the south, under a blazing sun, such as is only seen in tropical countries. The east, where the high billows roll, red with the

rising sun, and the evening sunsets of the far Pacific Coast, will never be forgotten.

I have spoken in universities and colleges, in schools, churches and prisons; at home and in camps; in shady nooks, and on the bleak and open prairies; on mountain tops and down in the valleys. My aim has been to see good—and not bad—and to know what has produced that goodness.

The accompanying cut of the Canada Business College, of Chatham, Ontario, Canada, shows the first business college that opened its doors to me for addresses to its students.

To know young men; to help them to know themselves and to help one another has been my aim.

I will be glad to meet them—any of them—all of them. I know about their cares and sorrows. Think of me; write me as occasion demands, and when the opportunity offers, shake hands with me.

As my memory serves me, I have labored with, or spoken, in the following Young Men's Christian Associations, and some of them many times, and years, in succession:

Toronto, Ont	Vancouver, B. C.
Hamilton, Ont.	Niagara Falls, Ont.
Regina, Sask.	Chicago, Ill.
Victoria, B. C.	Fort Wayne, Ind.

Houston, Tex.	Peterborough, Ont.
Minneapolis, Minn.	Monmouth, Ill.
St. Paul, Minn.	Tacoma, Wash.
San Francisco, Cal.	Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.
Chattanooga, Tenn.	Portland, Ore.
Paris, Ont.	Schrieber, Ont.
Woodstock, Ont.	Chapleau, Ont.
Stratford, Ont.	Galt, Ont.
St. Thomas, Ont.	Woodstock, Ont.
Niagara-on-the-Lake	Paris, Ont.
Strathroy, Ont.	Nashville, Tenn.
Spartanburg, S. C.	Montgomery, Ala.
Columbia, S. C.	Birmingham, Ala.
Tuskegee, Ala.	Brantford, Ont.

I have met many of your army in cities, towns and rural communities who are doing, saying and thinking as young men should speak and think and act. I want to meet the forces of you young men in every land and upon every sea; I want to know you as no man has ever yet known young men, and I want you to know me as no man has yet been known by you.

I want to know you well enough to be able, when I look at you and speak to you, to see you as you have not yet been seen; to speak to you as you have not yet been spoken to, and to teach you as you have not yet been taught.

While I love old friends and old scenes, I find it easy to form new acquaintances, and to enjoy new experiences. Recently, while covering a distance of nearly seven thousand miles, I traveled in the company of a band of workers, and am giving here a photograph of part of that working force.

The press also gave the following interesting facts:

“To show something of the magnitude of the undertaking, the following facts are given: The actual duration of the tour was thirty-one days; seven thousand miles were traveled; twenty nights were spent on sleeping cars.”

Twenty-eight cities were visited; two hundred and twenty-four different meetings were addressed, reaching an aggregate of one hundred thousand people direct. Approximately twenty-five thousand students in schools and colleges were addressed, thus giving the cause more publicity than it has ever had during the same length of time.

Some of our party on this tour talked about the wrecked and degraded men and women, but my work is not with the sin-cursed portion of this world. It deals with the beautiful, ever-bubbling stream of young men and women, to which you

belong, which starts from the pure spring of youth.

And this current of youth, this life, this soul, will, if properly directed, continue when the hills and valleys, the sun and the moon, day and night, have gone, and forever ceased to be. Yea, this soul, if properly directed, will remain beyond the darkness of the darkest night that the world has yet produced.

The well-remembered Pacific Coast tour was the greatest thing of its kind that has ever been undertaken. We covered a distance of over ten thousand miles, traveling constantly for nearly six weeks.

The party of over twenty members was comprised of many of the world's best known, sanest and strongest workers in this field of labor; we visited nearly all the largest cities throughout Western Canada and the United States, even going down into Old Mexico, and thence traveling eastward throughout the beautiful southern land.

The accompanying photograph will show part of our working force as we left Los Angeles, California, for Houston, Texas, that wonderful and beautiful city.

These experiences have afforded me rare opportunities that some men will never experience.

The following story is one of the results of such a journey:

I once found a young man, pale-faced and hollow-eyed, showing the utter lack of sympathy in home, church and community, a sympathy they could supply and would like to supply, but often fail to do.

We had a talk together, and he caught a glimpse of what he could be, and what he was doomed to be, if conditions, methods and ideals were not changed.

We talked the matter over. He realized that his brain was dulled, his intellect deadened—his influence not only blighted—but lost. His brightness was gone, and his only hope of happiness lay, as he put it, in a "right-about face," and it was well put.

Some seven years later I met him again, a real specimen of young manhood, pure, clean and true, happy and prosperous, and, best of all, I found with him a band of young men, a power of youth around him, in his home town, numbering twenty-three.

These young men, whom he had won in his quiet way, were living in the light—not in the darkness; in peace—not sorrow; in freedom—not bondage; for life—not death; for heaven—not hell.

Are not some of our young men today living in hells right here on this earth, sowing and teaching darkness and not light; in sorrow, not peace; in bondage, not freedom; for death and hell instead of life and heaven.

Truly young men are strong, and you who read these pages could do as well as he of whom I have just told you. His young army gathers around him, and they gathered about me, when I visited his home town, and I must confess that I fail to find words or language to express the depth of feeling that such occasions produce.

I want to ask one favor from all of you who read these pages:

read, and to do as you have decided today to do,

In these pages I have tried to make clear some things that I am told ought to be taught by all doctors, teachers and preachers, by fathers and mothers, by the state, home and nation.

I want to state here, as I did in the beginning of these pages, that I thank our splendid doctors, teachers and preachers, fathers and mothers, homes, states and country for having taught me these things. I have told the truth to you in my way, and will retain the same way until I find one who has accomplished more than I have done, with the same truths, in his way.

I shall endorse these pages until I find a volume that contains more of the truth. I shall continue to talk and lecture along these lines until I find one who can and will say more and say it better and repeat it oftener than I have done or can do. Then I shall, if needs be, be willing to resign my book, my efforts, my labors into his care and keeping, leaving the results in the hands of an all wise God.

## THE PRESS.

“This man is doing what others have failed to do, because he is saying what others have not yet said.”

“There are many of many others, but only one Clark.”

“The man who has done the thing that he claims can be done.”

## THE PRESS

\* \* \* Mr. W. L. Clark is the subject of general congratulations, as the man who has done the thing that he claimed could be done.—THE GLOBE, Toronto, Canada.

\* \* \* Mr. Clark has a reputation of understanding young men in their every day problems. He puts great stress on taking them as they are, and not as they might have been—HUSTON CHRONICLE, Huston, Texas, U. S. A.

\* \* \* "The greatest need that a young man has," said the speaker, "is the need of a friend. \* \* \* A young man is an unfinished product." \* \* \*—WINNIPEG TELEGRAM, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada.

\* \* \* Mr. Clark has devoted years to the work for young men, and is known as one of the most successful workers and speakers, in boys' and men's meetings. \* \* \*—THE GREENVILLE DAILY NEWS, Greenville, South Carolina.

\* \* \* Mr. Clark spoke strongly of the companionship which should exist between child and parent. \* \* \* He said that too many children grow to be men and women, without the vital things of life. \* \* \*—THE KNOXVILLE SENTINEL, Knoxville, Tennessee.

\* \* \* The first speaker held his audience, but Mr. Clark did so to an even greater degree. He is a quiet speaker, yet powerful, and his mode of appeal is touching, but nevertheless mandatory. It is little wonder then, that Mr. Clark is spoken of as such a power in this work. \* \* \*

Mr. Clark's appeal was a convincing one, and his audience sat breathless through his every word.—SYDNEY DAILY POST, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

\* \* \* Mr. Clark asserted as his opinion that it was necessary to take up this class of instruction, even with the boys and girls who live under the most refined influences, because the child might not always remain within the home circle, and this knowledge was a part of the armor with which he must fight the evils of the world. \* \* \*—PORTLAND DAILY NEWS, Portland, Me.

\* \* \* "Our boys and girls of today are what they have been taught to be," said Mr. Clark. "I have not yet seen a bad boy or girl. The fault is that parents have not told them how to live." \* \* \*—THE LOUISVILLE TIMES, Louisville, Kentucky.

\* \* \* Mr. W. L. Clark is in Regina today. \* \* \* "If we win the boys of Canada," he said, "Canada is won. If we lose the boys of Canada, Canada is lost." \* \* \*—THE DAILY STANDARD, Regina, Saskatchewan.

"Age Herald," Jan. 17, 1914.  
Birmingham, Alabama.

"The Canadian has shown himself to be a live wire." \* \* \*

The Daily Times Journal, —Fort William, Ontario.  
March 24th, 1913.

"W. L. Clark, accompanied by his private secretary, arrived in town after thirty hours' delay, from Toronto, on Sunday morning.

"Although tired from a sixty hour journey, he addressed a large congregation at the morning service in Wesley Church, speaking upon 'Today's Man and Yesterday's Boy.' He addressed the Sunday school at 2:30, and then a mass men's meeting at 4 p. m., speaking to the men on 'Life's Problem.' In spite of the weather, the church was crowded in the evening, and Mr. Clark's address on 'Tomorrow's Men and Women,' was received by the congregation with a silence and attention that bespeaks in itself the great influence and importance of Mr. Clark's talks." \* \* \*

The Daily Times,  
Chattanooga, Tenn.

\* \* \* At each place where Mr. Clark was scheduled to speak he was met by large crowds and asked many personal questions.

The Sault Daily Star.

Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario.

“The several discourses given by Mr. W. L. Clark in this city have been thoroughly enjoyed, and the remarks of this eloquent speaker are admitted to be entertaining and instructive to the superlative degree.” \* \* \*

W. L. Clark has a way of his own in getting directly at the heart of a boy. They feel the uplift of his personality and want to be “a boy like him.” D. T. Lukes, editor American Motherhood.

“I have traveled over fourteen thousand miles with Mr. W. L. Clark, and have heard him speak many times. He has a real message, and an originality that is refreshing. As a boy worker, he stands near the top of the world’s workers of today.”

B. S. STEADWELL, Ed. Light.