

Stones
in a
Life

William M. Goldsmith

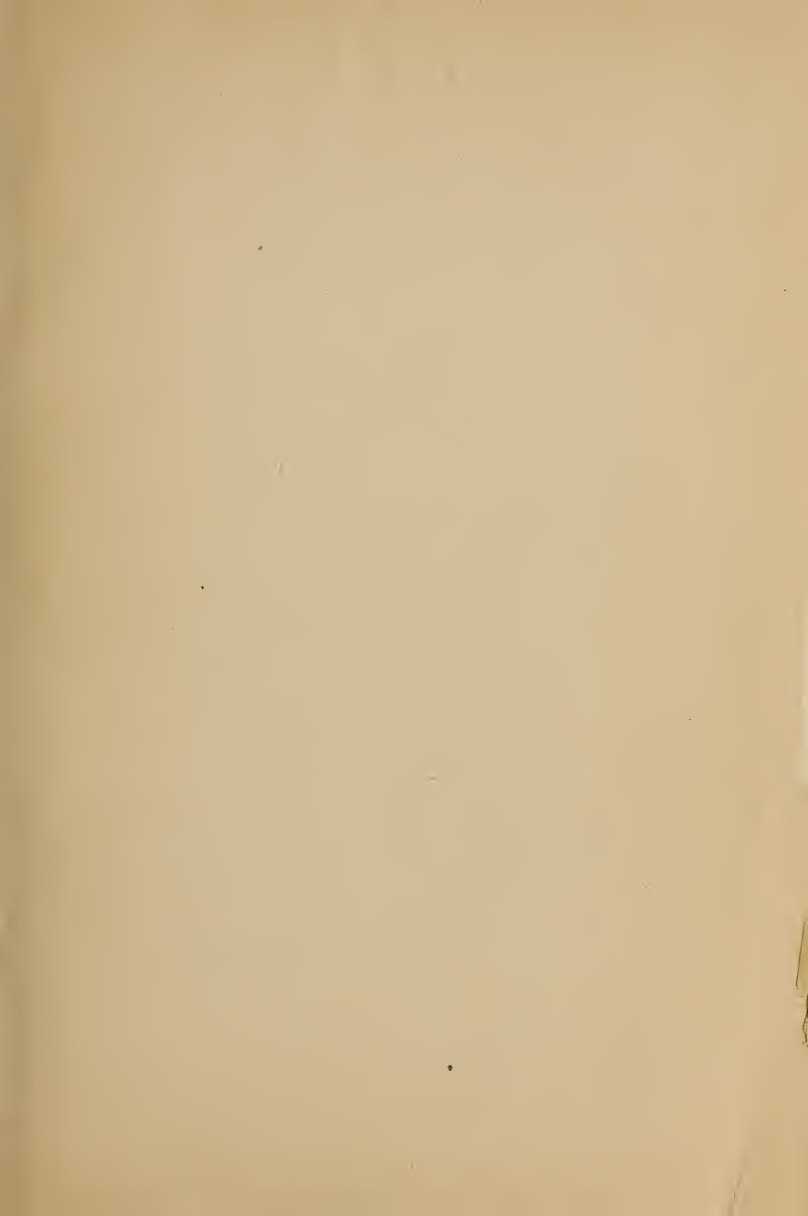


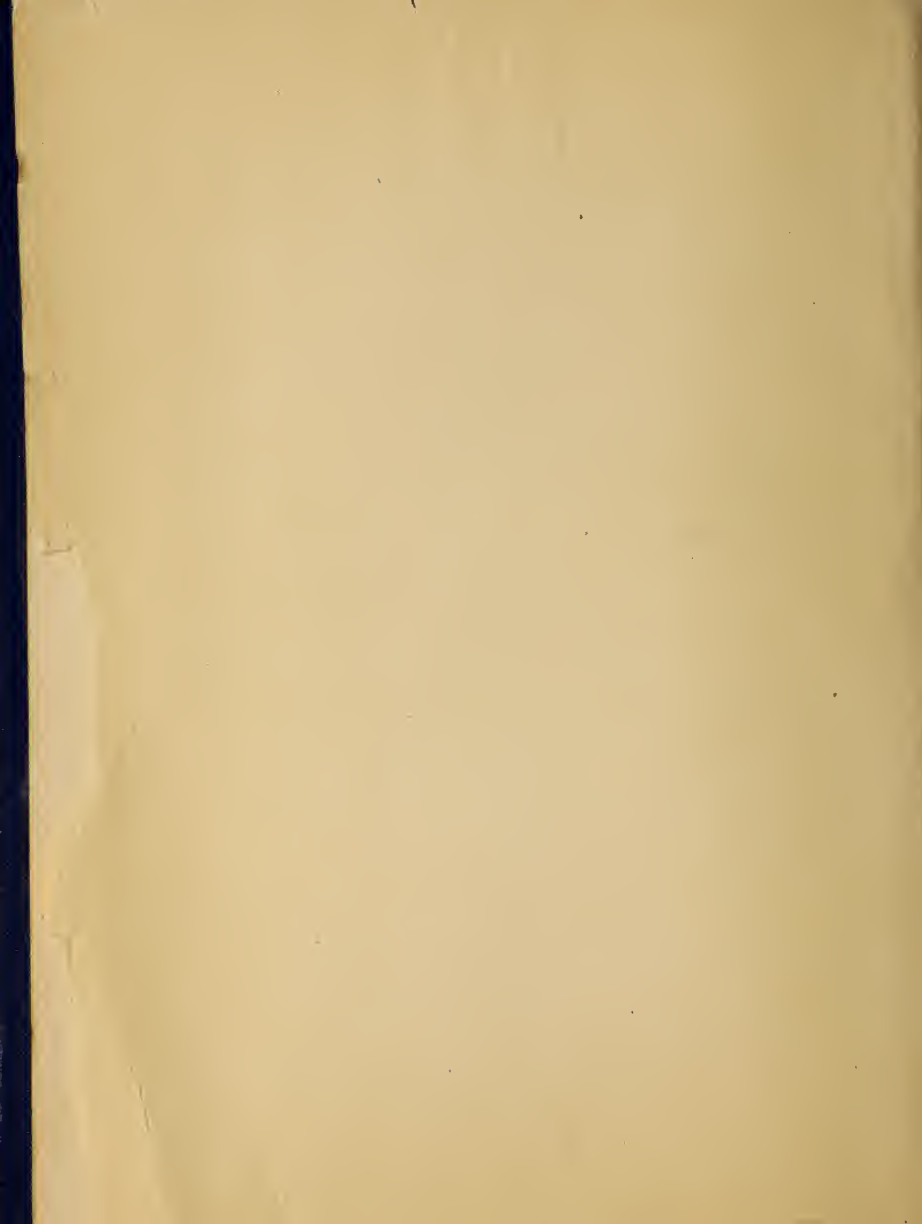
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WILLIAM M. GOLDSMITH

STONES IN A LIFE

BY
WILLIAM M. GOLDSMITH
" "
STUDENT IN STATE NORMAL
SCHOOL

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

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PREFACE

It is a well known fact that younger folk, especially the young men, are not giving the ordinary problems of life due consideration. I am led by my own experiences, as well as by close observation of my young associates, to believe that, if the more common mistakes of life were brought into closer communication with practical life, they would be more readily observed. With this idea in view, I have used the incidents of the two years of my school life prior to the preparation of this work, with which to present my experiences with a view of the more common stones that beset the pathway of young men.

The stories, incidents and conversations recorded in the following pages are from real life and tell of my experiences during two years of striving to climb a few steps higher up the stairway of knowledge and success. The object of this little volume, "Stones In a Life," is not only to incite the younger readers to proper living, but also to encourage the more advanced in life to extend a helping hand to the young men and women in need of assistance.

I do not claim any special literary merit for this work, for such could not be expected of a writer of my age and experience in English work. What I hope is that the volume may be the means by which some other girl or boy will be helped to a higher and nobler life; will be brought to a realization of their errors, and strive to make of themselves manly men and womanly women.

For assistance in bringing this work into being I am under obligations to President W. P. Dearing of Oakland City College for his valued article on "Education;" A. Flanigan & Co. for the use of the chapter on "Conduct Toward Women;" the Rev. I. A. Humberd for his assistance in the solution of the tobacco problem, my father and others.

W. M. G.

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CHAPTER I.

A BUSINESS MISTAKE

My father, a minister and a successful farmer, lived on a farm one and a half miles north of St. Francis, on the river which bears this name. He was pastor of two churches, one in St. Francis and the other in a neighboring village. For five or six years he had spent his spare time in beautifying the farm, until he had made it the most beautiful country home in that part of the State.

It was at this home that two lads first began to receive a little knowledge from the farm and the first reader. One of the twain was myself. Our work was not necessary towards supporting the family, but my father never was a believer in idleness, and so we had to do our share of the manual labor. Life on the farm was not the most agreeable thing at times, for we had a mile and a half walk to and from school, and that being in a low lying country the roads became so muddy during the rainy seasons that they were almost impassable, so that it became necessary at times for us to go on horseback. Very often the farm work would be so far behind that all the horses were

needed, and at such times we were compelled to remain at home.

Our parents saw that it would be next to impossible to give us an education in the face of these disadvantages, so it was that they decided to move into the village, where we would be close to the school. Father bought a small home in the town, where he planned to live during the winter months when school was in session and return to the farm in spring, and so it came about that we moved to town.

Here it was that father began investing. He carried these investments to such a length that a financial crash resulted. He had added several acres to his already large farm, which he endeavored to oversee himself. Then, in company with another, he bought a drug store in the town. Later they increased their capital stock and established two drug stores in other towns, placing them under the management of non-interested persons. Father's partner died shortly afterwards and all three of the stores came under his control.

In the meantime, in company with another, he established a saw mill and implement store, and so it came about that my parent found himself a minister of two churches, proprietor of three drug stores and a farm, a half interest in a saw mill and implement store, not to mention smaller interests such as a wheat thresher and a cattle ranch, which fell to his control. This was more than any one

man could attend to properly, and he began to realize the truth of the old adage, "If you place too many irons in the fire, one or more will surely burn." He had too many irons in the fire, and saw that something would have to be done at once or all would be lost.

He closed out two of his drug stores at less than invoice price and placed his partner in control of the saw mill and implement store. Then, feeling that all was safe, he decided to give more of his time to his church work and his farm, but it was too late. The tide of prosperity was turning back. For the first time the farm did not bring forth an abundance of fruit, wheat and corn. The granary was empty, and the fruit house depleted. Many of the cattle died for lack of attention and others disappeared from the ranch.

While financial affairs were taking up the greater part of father's time, the churches were being neglected, they began to decline and the minister's salary was unpaid.

Father thought the financial condition of the saw mill and implement store was good, and that the profit from them would bring things around all right, but he found that he was deceiving himself. They, too, were losing money every day they were in operation.

The crisis had come at last. One morning father went down to the mill and found bills posted on every article and stack of lumber. Examining them more closely and on making inquiries he found that his debtors, becoming

excited, and fearing that they would lose what the company owed them, had served an attachment suit on all the property, and then to cap it all he found that his partner had departed with his family to parts unknown. Even the books of the company, containing thousands of dollars worth of open accounts, were not to be found. All was gone. When the debts and assets were listed, it was found that the former were much greater than the latter.

For a time father felt hopeless; he felt that his courage was ebbing away, but he asserted himself and began to plan a new start in life. A few days after the crash he and mother were discussing the outlook. Father said everything had been swept away by the hand of the law with the exception of the old homestead, which the creditors were now preparing to serve attachment papers upon.

“We can save it only by moving back and calling it our permanent home,” said father. “No,” replied mother, “it would not be our home in truth for it rightly belongs to our debtors. Although it shows years of hard labor by our own hands and is the prize of our life, we cannot keep it. It must go towards satisfying the large debt. We will begin at the bottom as we did once before, but with much more experience. We have learned a lesson from this downfall that will last us a life time. Heretofore we have been living more for the wealth of this earth and the almighty dollar than for the betterment of

others. We have made a mistake, let us realize it. From this time forth let us live not for the dollars, but,

“ ‘Let us live for those who love us,
Whose hearts are kind and true;
For the heavens that smile above us,
And await our spirits, too.’ ”

“Yes, wife,” said father, “these are true thoughts and worthy of deep consideration. We must live for others, but more especially for our children. We must give these two boys a better opportunity to make useful men of themselves, but the most difficult problem of all is that we cannot remain at this place, for we could not invest in anything here. The law would take away everything we could accumulate, so that a fresh start at this place would be impossible.

“We must select a good place having a high school, move there, educate our boys and live for those around us. My only ambition for money from this time until death, will be to get enough to pay our debts and furnish us a living.

“I will give all my time to study and try to make my church work a greater success than ever before, for I can now clearly see the cause of our failure. My failure was brought about by my having too many things to look after, and not doing any of them justice. It has taught me a wonderful lesson.

“It has shown me that no matter what kind of an occupation a man has, he must give his full attention to it if he wishes to make a success. He must not place his business in other men’s hands, especially if they have not had as much experience as the owner himself, for more men lose their estates in this way than in any other. If a man wants a thing done well, he must do it himself. If I had only realized this fact two years ago when we moved to town and carried out my plans, putting my whole time to my work and attending to the farm, we would now all be happy and well fixed financially, while as it now is we are almost paupers, not knowing where our next home will be.”

Father and mother then decided that our future home would be at Campbell, a small town, not many miles away, but in another State. Here was located one of the churches in father’s charge. After the farm, and, in fact, everything except the household goods and a team of horses, had been sold and paid on the debts, we moved to our new field of battle, where I was placed in a good school.

The next five years of my life, which were spent in the Campbell public schools, were the most happy in my career. During the winter months I attended school, and during the summer and on Saturdays I found employment at the mills and the stores.

CHAPTER II.

CHOOSING AN OCCUPATION

Five times Mother Earth had frozen since we came to our new home, and I was still in school. One cold winter night I was confronted by my first problem in real life. I was in my room busy with my books, when my brother came in and said father wished to see me. When I entered the room I found my father and mother had been discussing my future.

“Son, you have been in school here for the past four or five years, almost paying your expenses by working, and I have never heard you speak of what occupation you would choose to follow,” said my father. “Have you ever considered this question?”

His words aroused me and I found myself in a quandary as to what to reply. I had been thinking about my work for the next year, but had given no consideration to my life's work.

“Father,” I replied, “I have been thinking a little about my work for the coming year, but have given but

little consideration to my life's occupation. I hardly thought I was old enough to bother my mind yet about that, for I am not yet eighteen. I do not feel that it is right for me to go to school for it is a burden to you and mother, who have been so kind to me.

"I remember that you and mother moved from the farm to town for the purpose of giving us boys a better opportunity. I recall your conversation with mother after your failure when you told her we were ruined financially, but despite this there was one thing that you would not neglect and that was aiding us boys to become useful men. Although I was but a small lad, I was impressed with your words. You and mother did as you said you would, placed me in school and paid all of my expenses with exception of the small amount I earned during vacations.

"If you should figure up my account it would be so large that I could never repay it, if I should withdraw from school now. So feeling that this expense is not only a burden to you and mother but an injustice to the smaller children, I think I shall stop school after this year and secure a position as laborer at one of the mills and try to repay you to some extent, as I can earn \$1.25 per day."

"Such a step would not pay you, my son," replied my father, "for the simple reason that you lack only one year of finishing at the high school. If you drop out and work for a year, it is not likely that you would ever enter again,

and so your education would be stopped forever. If you were to drop out of school and go to work, it would not be necessary for you to let the choosing of an occupation worry your mind, for you would become and remain a laborer. If you should do this and not become a useful man, wherein would I be repaid for my efforts in your behalf? You probably would more than repay me with money, but that is not what I wish."

"Father," said I, "you should not look at the matter in that way. There is no danger of my dropping my ambition to attain a higher education, for I am determined to do so and wish to make a useful man of myself. I will work a year and by that time your financial condition will be better, then I can finish my high school work, and if possible take a year at college."

Father appeared to be satisfied with this, and there the matter ended. The school days passed very quickly and though I often thought with regret of giving up my school work, the days were a source of pleasure to me, and I often wondered if there was any danger of my not returning to school, as father said might happen, if I were to withdraw for a year.

Some times I thought I could not stick to my resolution and that things would turn out as he had stated.

The last week of school had arrived and I had neglected to speak to the superintendent of my plans. This was worrying me, for I knew it would be a surprise to him,

for he had taken a liking and had placed much confidence in me. Very often he had placed me in the grades as a substitute during the absence of some of the assistants. The morning of the last day I decided to have the matter out with him. As I walked towards the school building for the last time, I thought the whole world, except myself, appeared to be at the highest stage of joyfulness.

I could fancy the old school bell tolling out "Mid pleasures and palaces, there's no place like home." I felt that the old school had been a sweet home for me for a long time. At last I reached the superintendent's office and found him buried in thought. I made an appointment with him to talk my case over after school closed for the day. Though the day seemed to be the happiest of all the term for the other pupils, it was the saddest for me. My classmates were making plans for their senior year, while the juniors were preparing to take our places. I took no part in the great preparations, and more than once I was asked if I were in trouble or if I was not well.

The gong at last sounded the closing of the school and I went into the superintendent's office. Before I could speak, he said:

"Willie, I have been noticing you all day and it appears to me that you are in trouble. If so, tell me the whole matter and if it be in my power to aid you, I will do so."

"Professor," said I, "I have been in school ever since

I have been old enough to attend, and father has paid all the expenses except a little I could earn during vacation. This I do not feel to be exactly fair, and so I have decided to drop out of school for a year, at the end of which I intend to return, finish up with high school and take a year at college, at the conclusion of which I can begin my life work."

"My dear boy, you must not talk that way," replied the superintendent, "I know your father's financial state, but if you work during the summer he will be able to, and I believe, perfectly willing that you go on with your school work. If the matter of your working is already settled, there is no use of my arguing the point, but I wish it were possible for you to be with us next year.

"As to your choosing a life's occupation, I do not see why you intend doing this after you have finished a year or two in college. Herein make up your mind now. You believe that a young man should not consider this until he is in his twenties, but this is a mistake. In order to make a success in any line of work or in school, a definite end should be in view.

"If you sit down to read a book or study a lesson and do not have something planned out that you hope to accomplish, your reading or your studying will be of no avail. I have noticed your work for the past two years, and I have noticed something lacking when I began to look for the end you were striving for. You think it soon

enough to choose your life's work four or five years hence. I believe it would have been to your advantage had you done this two years ago.

“This same problem has been the cause of hundreds of men not making the success in life that they should. They go through school and college without knowing what special line they wish to follow, and, therefore, possibly neglect in school the thing most needed in life. There are many men who drop one line of work to take up another, fail in it and try still another. This is caused by their not being definitely determined in early life as to what they wish to follow.

“I once knew a man who had the same opinion about this matter that you have. He kept saying within a year or two he would decide what he would do. When he finished college at the age of twenty-two he came home and got a good position in an office, but with the understanding that he was not going to be an office man. He worked at that for some time and then decided to try real estate until he could find something better. He changed his pursuits every two or three years until he was past thirty. By that time the best position he could hold was sub-clerk in a grocery store. Thus you see the fallacy of a college education for this man, who did not have an object in view

“On the other hand I recall a large, awkward country boy, who was in my school from the sixth grade to the

high school. He had not been in the school for more than a week before he became known to the other boys as Doctor Ben, for he let it be known that he was going to be a physician. I hardly thought that he would stick to his resolution, being then but in the sixth grade. However, I noticed that he led his class in physiology, while he was a little dull in other studies, and this attracted my attention.

“I began to watch Dr. Ben, especially after he entered high school. The awkward fellow soon developed into a neat looking young man and during his attendance in my school he led every science class, and kept me busy looking up questions that were more in keeping with a medical college than a high school. He was a real doctor even before he left us.

“Some years later I received a letter from Dr. Ben, who is now practicing in a large city. He stated that he had finished his medical education in about half the time it was supposed to take, explaining this by saying that it was due to the fact that he had gathered so much material along his line while in the public schools.

“Can you not see from these illustrations that it would be the best thing for you to decide now what you wish to make of yourself?”

I acknowledged that the professor was correct, but stated that I was unable to make a choice inasmuch as I had not the least idea what career I wished to follow.

“This is a question every man should decide for himself,” replied the Professor, “and should take time to consider it, but it is also true that some men know more about what the other is fit for than he knows himself. I have been with you so much that I believe I can tell you what you are cut out for. I have watched you while you were substituting in the grades, and found that you not only made a success at teaching, but it appeared to be a pleasure to you. I believe you would make a successful teacher. Did you ever think of that?”

I acknowledged that I enjoyed substituting work in the grades and that I had considered being a teacher, but had decided to drop the matter, fearing that I was incompetent to take charge of a school. I further stated that there would be great difficulty in my securing a position, and if I did get a place I would not know much about conducting the work, as I had not studied the methods of the teachers, and that if I had considered being a teacher I might have gathered much useful information by observation while in the high school.

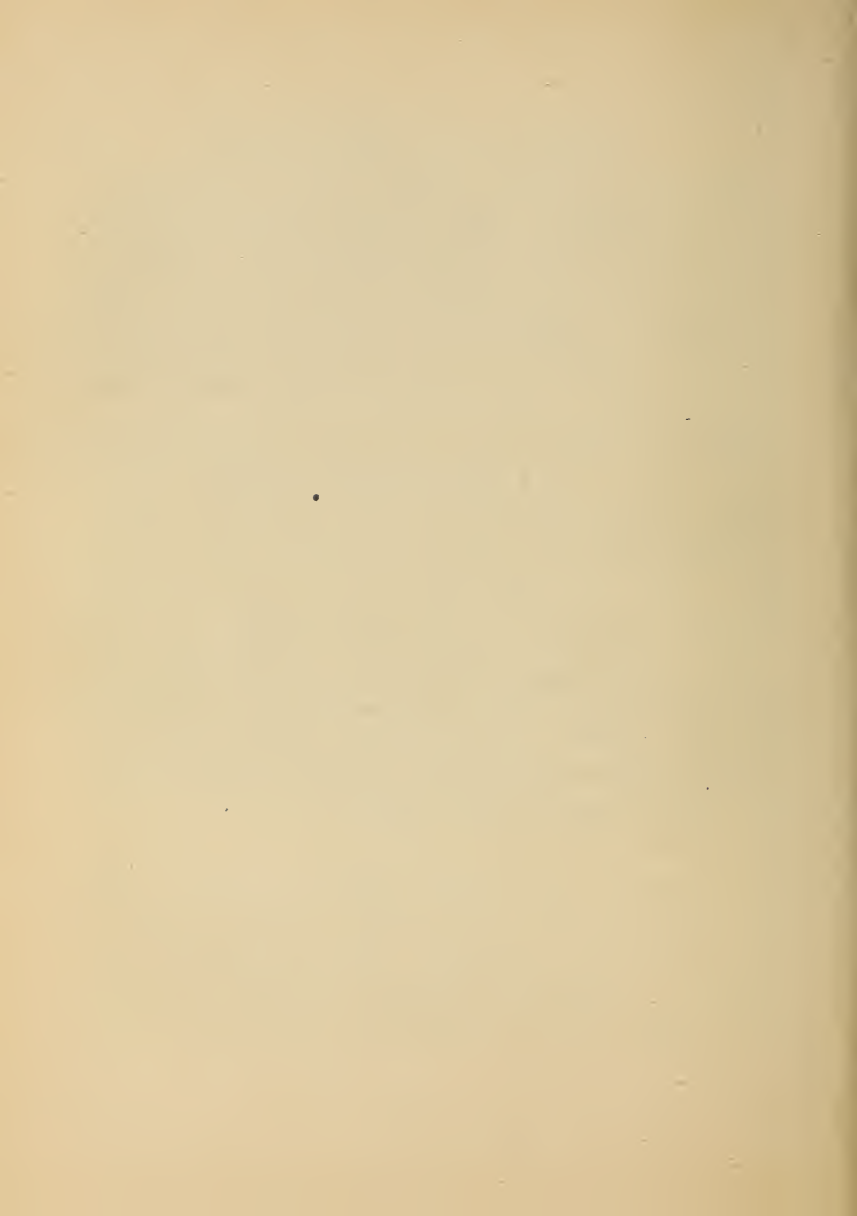
The Professor brightened when I began to speak this way.

“I will admit,” said he, “that it is not a good plan for a teacher or anyone else to begin a work until they are amply qualified to do so. This is the ruin of many businesses, but I imagine I have more confidence in you than you have in yourself and I believe you are competent to

teach. All you lack is methods. Had you known two years ago that you wished to be a teacher and had observed the methods used, you would now be prepared to take a school, but my advice to you now is to go right ahead, put in an application for a position in the grades of this school, and I will do all in my power to influence the Board to give you a place. Election day is but a month away.”

The plan suited me well enough, but I was doubtful as to the outcome, for I hardly believed it possible for the Board to employ me, young as I was, when they could get experienced teachers; still, I was resolved to try. The next four weeks were long ones for me. I was constantly thinking about my work and wondering whether or not I would be successful in getting the coveted position.

The morning after the election of teachers I received a note from the Secretary of the Board informing me that I had been elected a teacher of the seventh and eighth grades for the ensuing year. Thus the following September I was to begin my life's work.



CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST SCHOOL

I spent all my leisure time during the summer months planning for my school work. All day I thought of the future and at night I dreamed of my charge to come. I wanted to make a good start, for I knew that my life's success would depend on the first effort. I rather feared beginning work, for I knew that many of the boys who would be under my tutelage were former associates and many of them as old as I. The great problem that confronted me was how I was to wield the proper influence over a class of boys as old as myself and with whom I had been associated as an equal for some time. I felt, however, that I had laid aside my boyish ways and was being transformed into a man.

The summer months rapidly passed, and the second Monday in September, the day I was to begin my career as a teacher, came around. I went to the school house at an early hour and made the necessary arrangements in the class room before the pupils began to assemble. As

the smaller boys came in I began to feel that the job would not be so hard after all, but when I saw the bigger ones coming I began to anticipate trouble. It appeared from the attitude of the class, that the larger youths were going to make trouble for the "kid" teacher within a short time. I got an inkling of this by the greetings given me by some of my boy friends.

The first of these greetings came from Harry, who greeted me with a hearty "Good morning Bill." I acknowledged the salutation pleasantly. Then came a number of other youngsters, and last of all John and Will, dragging their feet as though weighted with iron. Both of these greeted me with "Hi Red." This was the title I had received when I first entered school at that place, on account of my complexion and hair. The salutations from the girls were more pleasing, however, most of whom addressed me with a giggle as "Billy," others went so far as to term me "Goldy." It was hard for dignity, but I tried to be as courteous as possible.

At length the Superintendent gave the signal for class work to begin, and I saw to it that my door was closed so that the high school pupils passing my way could not witness the commotion going on in my class room. I found myself facing a rather difficult problem, and was at a loss what to do when the Superintendent entered the room, and instantly the turmoil was silenced. He gave the pupils a good talk on good conduct and respect due the

teacher, telling them that I should be addressed as Mr. Goldsmith, not as "Billy," "Goldy," or "Red." When he had retired the disturbance was renewed.

Frank nudged Henry and Henry nudged John, and so went the girls tittering and the smaller boys throwing paper balls. I saw that the crucial moment had arrived and so walked around to the front and stood calmly by my desk.

"Betcher we're going to catch it now," whispered John in audible voice, "for making so much fuss, but if you fellows will stand with me, we will show them how to make a kid the boss of us." A few of the pupils, however, had begun to show signs of paying attention, and so I waited patiently.

"I wonder if Bill will be a goody, goody, or a saucy kind of a teacher?" Henry said to John. "If he is the goody, goody kind he will begin by saying: 'Boys and girls you are all too large to give me trouble, you are not children, but young ladies and gentlemen, therefore you will not deceive me, but will act like young ladies and gentlemen.' If he is the saucy kind he will say: 'Boys and girls, I want you to understand that I am the boss of this room and I will have order if I have to die for it. If I cannot handle you I will send you to the Professor.'"

About this time John burst into laughter and then silence fell upon the room. I took this opportunity to begin and announced that we would begin the class by

singing, and called upon some of the larger girls to lead the first song, and the next moment the thrilling notes of "America" were filling the room. It seemed as if all the pupils had gotten the spirit of the thing, and after two other songs had been sung I called upon them to join me in repeating the Lord's prayer. The dropping of a pin could have been heard during this part of the service. At the conclusion of the prayer, however, the disturbance was renewed.

When I had succeeded in quieting them I began with the class work.

"Boys and girls," said I, "how many of you are familiar with the history of the colonies, their troubles, wars, final success and freedom?"

"Don't sound like he is going to be either goody, goody, or saucy, does it John?" whispered Henry. I paid no attention to this, however, but continued with the lesson. Several hands were raised in answer to my question and I called on Henry for an answer.

"I guess it was because they stuck together, did some hard fighting, wasn't it?" he answered in a gruff tone of voice.

"Yes," I replied, "there was one man as you all know who led the way and bade all his men follow. This man was Washington. His men stuck to him, as you say, until the end and liberty resulted. They were all successful and they all had liberty. Why can we not let this school

here be like Washington's campaign? You pupils be the soldiers and I will be Washington. I will take the lead and you stay with me until the end of the school year when it can be said that we have been a success. All of you who will agree to stay with me and try to make this school a success, write their names on a piece of paper."

There was a scramble for pencils all over the room. I called upon Will, the bad boy of the school, to collect the papers, for I had noticed he had made it a point to place his name well in my view. I then proceeded to classify the scholars and to take up the regular work, and the day passed rapidly and successfully.

When school had closed in the evening and the boys were on their way home Harry said to John:

"I believe if we boys stick to Bill and do the right thing, it will be the best thing for us and we will have success."

Will agreed to study and behave himself if John and Sam would agree to the same plan, and so the others came around to the same way of thinking. The boys and girls kept their promises, and though I had some small troubles there was nothing very serious.

I had a little experience during the second month of school that may be worth chronicling. Harry had been a very good boy until this time, then he seemed to forget and was back at his old mischief. I had spoken to him repeatedly about pulling the hair of the girl in front of him

and I had hardly finished warning him against this practice when he gave her hair an extra yank, causing her to cry aloud with pain. This was once I lost my self control. I turned and gave him a sharp thump across the head with a ruler. He jumped to his feet as though to fight, but changed his mind on second thought.

As he sat down, however, he said, "You will be sorry you did that," and I was. Not understanding what he meant and supposing the trouble to be ended I resumed my work. I had hardly begun when I heard something whiz through the air, and I dodged in time to escape a book on history, which struck the blackboard with such force that it broke open and fell to the floor. Instantly silence fell.

All the students expected to see Harry receive a severe chastisement. Harry himself was calmly awaiting his punishment. I continued the work of the class, although I kept an eye on Harry for fear of something worse than a book of history.

When school closed Harry remained in his seat, and when I came to him there were large tears in his eyes.

"Mr. Goldsmith," said he in a broken voice, "I am a traitor. I was the first to write my name on the paper and now I am the first to go back on my word, but I would not have acted as I did if you had not hit me with the ruler, but I guess you had a right to do that. I am sorry

I acted as I did, but I want you to punish me for it so I can make a new start."

I said "no," that I knew I was wrong as well as himself and promised that if he would help me keep order there would be nothing further said about it. To this Harry agreed, and he ably assisted in preserving order.

The next day I went to the Superintendent and told him about the trouble. He told me I had acted entirely too hasty and that I should learn to practice self control. He warned me about being hasty and reminded me to think ten times before I acted once. He said that the practice of teachers punishing children while in an angry state of mind was not for the best. He told me of his own rule by which he never punished a child for misconduct for at least a day after the offense had been committed. This rule, he said, was not only adapted to the school room, but also to the home, for invariably mother and father act hastily, only punishing their children when in anger.

"When parents punish their children," said the Superintendent, "they do so thoughtlessly, oft times slapping them in the face, hitting them with sticks and kicking them. Authorities say that many cases of deafness have resulted from injury to the inner ear as a result of blows. Parents and teachers should talk to the child about its misconduct, making it feel sorry for what it had done and showing it the right way. If it is necessary to punish a child after talking to it, let it know exactly why you are

going to do so and then punish it. If corporal punishment be necessary, select some part of the body on which punishment will not be lasting, but never strike a child on the head." I thanked the Superintendent for his advice and ever bore it in mind.

The months passed rapidly and the closing days of school arrived, and I had not decided what I would do the following year. I debated with myself as to whether to go back to school myself or continue teaching. I wished to return to school, but my financial condition made it necessary for me to continue teaching. However, I was determined to get a higher education and made up my mind to go back to school.

With the aid of my father and two other friends I borrowed enough money, as I thought, to carry me through the first year at the Normal. There were four weeks between the time the school in which I was teaching closed, and the opening of the Normal, and this period I spent on the farm assisting my parent. At last the day came for my trip to the Normal and with a kiss from mother and plenty of goodbyes from the rest of the family, I hastened to the station.

CHAPTER IV.

THE SNIPE HUNT

The first few weeks at the Normal passed without anything of especial interest happening. I had procured room and board at Albert Hall, the boys' dormitory, where sixty or seventy other lads were located. Most of them were full of tricks, which they were continually playing upon each other, but I did not care to take part in any of them, although I enjoyed watching the other fellows get caught. The boys were not long in noticing that I was getting all the fun out of the jokes without running any risk of getting caught myself, so they looked for an opportunity to catch me.

I was well versed in all the ordinary methods of hazing, so that I was a rather difficult subject to catch, but the snipe hunt proved my undoing. The trick was worked so successfully, and I never thought for a moment but that all was well.

One of the boys with whom I had been very friendly came to my room one evening and began to talk enthusi-

astically of the snipe hunt scheduled for that night. I told him I was not at all interested in common snipe tricks. He assured me, however, that the trick was not intended for me, but for one of the other fellows.

“It is not intended that you be the trapper,” said my friend, “for I know that you are on to all these tricks, and more than that I am too good a friend of yours to attempt a prank on you. All I want is your assistance in playing a trick on Joe Millard, who thinks because he has taught school for two years that he is too wise to be with our crowd. We want to haze him, and if you will lead the gang we can easily play the trick. It would be one of the best jokes in the school if we could get Joe two miles away in the hills and let him hold the sack for snipes tonight.”

Although I was not given to playing jokes, this one appealed to me very much, for I had often heard Joe boast of his knowledge of woodcraft and of how he had played jokes on other fellows, so I agreed to lend my assistance toward turning the tables on Joe.

It was decided that I notify Joe to accompany the snipe hunters, which I did. He hesitated for a time, but afterwards consented. He said he had never been snipe hunting, but was willing to try his hand if I were going. I went up to my friend Bob's room to tell him of the hunt, but he begged to be excused, saying there was some trick in it and I had better stay away from the crowd or they

would be turning the joke on me instead of Joe. I assured him that such a thing was impossible, for I was to be the leader of the crowd myself. Bob said he would stay at the school, however, and in the morning we would see who was right.

It was 8:30 o'clock when the snipe hunters assembled in the parlor with sacks, clubs, strings, ropes, candles and such other paraphernalia as was required for the hunt. Joe wanted to know if we were not going to take any dogs, but I assured him dogs were unnecessary, and that all we had to do on a dark night was to station one or sometimes two men at the head of a small valley with a sack and candle, while the rest of the crowd came down the valley driving the snipes towards the trappers. I explained to Joe how the snipes, being attracted by the candle, would rush into the sacks. Joe said he wanted to hold one of the sacks providing some one would help to keep him company.

The hunting grounds were about three miles north of the Normal, but we went in a roundabout way in order to lose Joe. About the time we reached the sniping field, the tower clock struck ten and I knew that Joe was lost for he spoke of the clock as that at the depot, which was in an almost opposite direction from the Normal. I thought if he were left alone he would not reach the Normal until daylight.

Being all ready for the hunt I sent some of the boys

down the valley to drive in the snipes while Joe held the sack. I told him to light his candle and hold it opposite the mouth of the sack, but he protested about being left alone. For fear of his getting on to the trick and being persuaded by the other boys I agreed to hold another sack near by. It was agreed without Joe knowing it, that the gang station me on the one side of the valley across from Joe and that after I had been stationed they were to give Joe his place and then return for me, when we would start for the Normal, leaving Joe in the woods alone. Joe was very enthusiastic about catching snipes, and the plan seemed to be working smoothly.

After I had been stationed at my post, the crowd disappeared in the darkness to place Joe on the other side of the ridge. I could hardly keep from laughing, as I heard them telling him how to hold his sack. I heard one of the boys say, "Now, Joe, don't you say a word or make a move, for if you do, it will scare the snipes away and Goldsmith will catch more than you. If he speaks to you do not answer him, hold your sack well open and keep your candle near the left side." Then their voices died out.

I waited for some time expecting to hear the signal to rejoin them, but no signal was heard that night. I continued to wait, and as time passed I began to grow suspicious. Could it be possible that the joke was on me, that I was abandoned three miles in the woods, after

having thought I was playing a joke on another fellow? Had they really stationed Joe with a sack, or had they talked that way in order to deceive me? I recalled that they had spoken unduly loud, but considered they might have done this to be sure that I heard them, and make me believe they were putting the joke on Joe.

After I had waited some time and heard nothing but my own breathing, I realized that I was the one that was being joked, and I knew when I came to this conclusion, that the crowd was half way back to the school while I was alone in the woods with a candle and a sack. I did not know what to do for a time, but decided the best thing was for me to return to the school as rapidly as possible.

It was after midnight when I reached the dormitory thoroughly tired out. I went to bed as soon as I arrived, and was so tired that I was unable to sleep. After four or five hours of restless tossing I arose to dress and found that my trousers bore marks of the snipe hunt. They were torn as though they had been dragged through a barbed wire fence. I met all of the boys at the breakfast table, and to my surprise not a word was said of the hunt. This was Sunday morning, and on account of the holes in my clothing I was unable to go to Sunday School and so remained in my room all day. About ten o'clock the morning paper was tossed into my room over the transom by an unknown hand, and I opened it to see what was in it. I glanced down the front page and in bold letters was

that which made me throw it down in anger. Curiosity got the upper hand, however, and I read in large type :

**“SNIPE HUNTING A NEW FEATURE—STUDENTS
ADD NEW DEPARTMENT TO NORMAL SCIEN-
TIFIC COURSE.”**

The story of the hunt follows :

“According to authentic reports a new department has been created at the Normal, and for one night, at least, it proved very popular. This new department was not originated by the faculty, but solely by the students who are attending the summer session. Years ago expert hunters discovered snipes could best be caught by driving them into a sack, if the proper person could be found to hold the sack, and while hunting forms no part of the present course of studies, about twenty boys indulged in the hunt last night. William Goldsmith, who has had considerable experience at teaching, had never indulged in a snipe hunt so he was induced to hold the sack. Snipes can only be trapped at night and the darker it is the better. Last night was just right. With the aid of lanterns the party of hunters walked several miles into the woods and found a quiet place where the trapper was stationed with his sack. He was given a little candle to hold so that the birds could see how to enter the sack, and the balance of the boys started out to drive the snipes. After waiting

several hours, the holder became worried for fear the drivers had become lost and started home to give the alarm. After several hours of hard walking and running the trapper finally reached the dormitory about daylight and there found the drivers sound asleep. The scientific part of the snipe bagging then dawned upon him and now a new victim is being sought."

This was a rub for me for some of it was not true. The article stated that I did not get back until daylight. This was not so, but I intended to pass it off as a joke. When my friend Bob returned from church and saw the article he told me that I had cause for anger. He assured me that it was more than a joke and that I should consider the boys who made up the gang as my worst enemies, and that I should go to the newspaper office in the morning and demand that the editor give me the name of the writer of the article, and that if he did not do so I should hold the paper responsible and treat him as I would a schoolboy.

When Bob got through talking I began to feel that I had cause for being angry and the more I thought of it the greater my anger. I was soon in a fine rage and made Bob promise me that he would go with me to the newspaper office in the morning. My anger remained over night, and in the morning we went to the newspaper office and asked for the editor.

When he appeared I demanded where he got the au-

thority to print such an article about me. He assured me there was nothing in the article to injure me and that the whole matter was nothing but an innocent joke. I had had little experience with such jokes, and was far from being soothed by his explanation, and demanded that he tell me the name of the writer. After making a long search through the office, he told me the original article had been misplaced and that he could not remember the name of the writer, but would know him if he saw him again. We had somewhat of a wordy battle, then feeling relieved my friend Bob and I returned to the Normal.

The next morning I found every student in the school had provided himself with a copy of the paper, which they referred to constantly in my presence, and even went so far as to paste the article on the bulletin board. I found myself very prominent for several days, being pointed out to strangers as the great Normal snipe hunter.

CHAPTER V.

SELF-CONTROL

“Master your passions or they will master you.”

For the first week or two after the snipe hunt my life was made a burden by the jibes of the students, all of whom had been told of my ability as a sack holder. I was even informed by some of the jokesters that the hash which was served was made from snipes.

It had always been my custom to go directly from my room to the recitation hall and from there to my study, and this programme I continued in an effort to avoid meeting the other boys. One evening about two weeks after the hunt, I was sitting in my room when Robert came in, slapping me on the back in a friendly manner and exclaiming: “How are you Goldy, old snipe hunter, how are you tonight, what is the English lesson?”

I ignored Robert's derisive remark and asked him if he would not sit and have a chat with me. When he had comfortably seated himself in an easy chair and placed his feet on the writing desk, I began:

“Robert,” said I, “I have been thinking about the way in which I acted towards the boys who have been teasing me since the hunt, and also about the manner in which I spoke to the editor of the paper, and have come to the conclusion that I am very much in the wrong.”

“Oh, wrong, the mischief,” replied Robert, “why, if I had been in your place that editor would be carrying a black eye yet. As for the boys who have been teasing you, I would hold each one of them accountable in a way they would remember. In a case of this kind I would let my passions get the better of me and it would be hard work to keep from knocking a few of the boys down.”

“I know very well how you feel about it,” said I, “for it was you who was the cause of my getting angry. If I had not listened to you and permitted my rage to master me, things would be all right by this time. I tell you Robert, what we need and what you particularly need, is more self control. I know we should possess more self control, but one’s temper very often gets the better of us and so we forget ourselves. Bad temper, to a certain extent, is a part of man’s nature. If nothing is done to subdue it, a habit forms and it so grows until it has become a very great part of us.

“Some of these qualities may have been inherited, this being shown in the likeness of a boy to his father. If the father is quick tempered it is generally found that the boy is the same. Lack of self control on the part of a child

is greatly due to the teachings of its parents. Many parents encourage displays of high tempers in their offsprings, strange as it may seem. You have seen children, as have I, when quite young taught to fight or to use profane language by their parents, and the parents are very often known as Christians, at least, they are church members.

“One day I was visiting a neighbor’s home, where one of the children, a boy of three years, was at play. His older brother, seemingly put out at the child’s amusing himself, began to tantalize by taking toys away from him. The little fellow began to cry and the mother said, ‘Harold, slap brother if he doesn’t let you alone.’ The words were scarcely uttered before the little chubby fist was pounding the big brother on the head. At this point the entire family took notice, and all seemed eager to have Harold give his brother a good whipping. While the turmoil was on, I could not but think, ‘poor little fellow, it will not be many years before it will take two or three punishments each day to keep you from fighting,’ and as later developments proved, my conjectures were right.

“About two years later the mother of Harold was visiting at my home and was telling my mother of the trouble she was having with her boys. She said Harold was continually fighting with the neighbors’ children, and this, despite the fact that her husband had whipped him as often as four times a day.

“But it is more serious to encourage children to use profane language. Parents often encourage children in this by failing to reprimand them. Very often the larger brothers or boarders at the home are responsible for the bad language, they taking a fiendish delight in hearing the child use such expressions as ‘Dod ’am ’ou, or ‘do ’oo ’ell.’ When such habits have taken hold of the child, it is found that the work of redeeming them is very hard. The majority of good parents do all they can to help their children while the children are still with them, but the work is never completed when they leave. We must try to do something ourselves and it must be done early in life.

“We, who would have full control of ourselves, must begin this task early in life, nor can we master our passions in a day. Instead it requires many days, weeks and months, and for some even years. This work of building up our characters and making us master of our passions, is like the construction of a great building. The proper foundation must first be laid, and on this the main structure is built up day by day, until completed it stands a thing of beauty with all the marks of substantiality. So it is with the mastering of ourselves. We must work out every fault and carefully plan a way to correct them. We must choose proper company and everything that will aid the great work of self mastering. We often hear the expression, ‘to master myself is the greatest problem in my

life.' Yes, this is a hard problem, but are we not looking for hard problems? To what extent would my mind be developed if I should only solve problems in simple addition and not take up the harder and deeper mathematical problems? None. The same applies to the problem of life. If we solve only the smooth and easy ones, our standard of living is raised but little, but if we set upon the greater problems, that use up energy and power in their solution, we gain much, we raise our standards.

“Let us take for example the case of the habitual drunkard. Let him resolve that, live or die, he will not allow another drop of liquor touch his lips. Then let him stick to this resolution despite the great sufferings which he may undergo, and he will make of himself a manly man. His fellow men will recognize him as a man of determination, and will aid him in his efforts to raise himself instead of passing him with a sneer, as before. Then there is the case of two men engaged in a fight. One falls and begs for mercy. If the successful man be a real man and one who is perfect master of himself, he will not take advantage of his fallen brother, but will rather raise him up. If he be a man who is not master of himself, he will close upon his fallen antagonist and beat him unmercifully, but of the two it is the man who is sufficient master of himself to aid his enemy who is the real hero, and not the one who takes advantage of his antagonist. The latter is a brute.

“Self control is everything, and that which applies to

men also applies to women. Men ever admire the pure woman and look down upon the sinful one. Why should there be two characters of women, sinful and pure? Because one has learned to master herself and the other has not. Both have temptations. One was the master of her thoughts and passions and remained pure, while the other one fell. The latter becomes an object to be despised, while the former is loved, respected and honored. Does it not pay to control yourself? Remember the words of the great writer, 'I had rather be dead and forgotten, than to live in shame and dishonor.' "

At this point Robert interrupted me by striking the table with his fist and exclaiming:

"That is the truth, Goldy; that last suits me exactly; you have given me some good advice and I expect to profit by it. I was in the wrong to encourage you to speak to the editor the way you did, and I must ask you to pardon me. Let us make an agreement to better master ourselves in the future. If a joke is played in fun, let us disregard it. You should never get angry at a joke, for you know you are a great fellow to indulge in jokes yourself, if they are on the other boy."

The resolution being made and sealed with a handshake, Robert departed to his own room, and I was left light hearted, for I felt that the solution of one great problem had begun.

The next morning I went to the editor of the paper and asked him to forgive me for my rude words. Following this I made it a rule to laugh when the boys joked with me about the snipe hunt, and strange to say, they soon ceased to plague me, and things continued along in their proper way.



CHAPTER VI.

THE TOBACCO HABIT*

"Say, Goldy, give me a chew of 'backer' please."

"Thank you, John, I don't chew."

"I know you chew Bob, pass 'her' around."

"Yes, sir; with pleasure. I have a new brand here that I would like to have you try. You will find it a little bulky and hard to get your teeth into, but I think when you once get into her you will think her fine, for she is sweet flavored and juicy. I tell you boys, she is so fine, it makes a fellow want to slap his grandma to chew her. All of you fellows, except Goldy, take one on me."

Chew, chew, chew, squirt, squirt, squirt, from half a dozen filthy mouths. Such were the conversations and actions which took place in my room one evening, when

*Rev. I. A. Humberd, General Secretary of the Cairo, Ill., Y. M. C. A., assisted in the preparation of this chapter. His exact words are used in a number of places, while his thought is used throughout the chapter.

some of the boys had finished their work and gathered for an evening of fun.

All these squirts were aimed at something, but it was seldom that they landed where the human squirt-guns intended that they should. Those aimed at the radiator usually hit the mark, and sent up a sweet smelling odor from the hot iron. The shots at the slop jar and slightly opened window, however, went astray, smearing the floor, window sill, wash stand and any other furniture roundabout. After all the boys had retired to their rooms excepting Robert, I asked him what he thought of that gang.

“What gang?” returned he in an insulting tone.

“I mean that gang of tobacco worms we have had here tonight, and you included.”

“Oh, I guess the tobacco habit is not bad,” said Robert, “if a fellow is not so careless with it. I see nothing very wrong in it at all. What do you think about the habit?”

“I’ll tell you what I think about it,” I replied, “I think that you are not only blind on this subject but a little ignorant. Let me point out to you some of the filth, expense and harm in the weed. Did you ever calculate what an enormous job a tobacco user has on his hands in a life time, getting through with the tobacco habit? A pound plug will last a good average chewer about ten days, which means $36\frac{1}{2}$ pounds in a year, or 1,460 pounds in a life time of forty years, (and there are

many men who use it that long), an extra large dray load of 121 caddies. A pretty good sized job for a young man to attempt, but all boys are looking for great giants to conquer, and as there are several in life larger than this one, he grits his teeth and goes after it. These 121 caddies stacked up would make a monument about sixty feet high, a loftier shaft than the ordinary chewer can expect to have erected at his head in the sweet bye and bye.

“But let us place this lofty monument at his feet and build another for his head. A healthy man secretes about one pint of saliva in one day, and a constant chewer secretes much more. But consider him normal and say that he spits a pint a day. I am quite sure that you do not think me exaggerating on this point, for you have seen men who would spit nearly that much at one time, and the large brown stains on the sidewalks, in the train coaches and in many homes, make one think of gallons instead of pints. I have often wondered if one of the best brands isn't called ‘Star’ because it makes such beautiful stars upon sidewalks, kitchen floors and shirt bosoms. A pint of amber a day makes 45 barrels of 40 gallons each in a life time, or 1,800 gallons for one little body. These barrels placed upon one another, make the second monument for the head, 133 feet high, probably nearer heaven than the loftiest church steeple under which he has ever worshiped.

“Then, when we count up the cost, we are astonished

to see it run so high. Though a man seldom thinks of that, for he spends a dime or twenty-five cents now and then and scarcely misses it, as he thinks, but if he should keep a savings bank and deposit these dimes and quarters and later let them out at compound interest, he would soon see that he is spending fortunes ruining his pure body. The 1,460 pounds will cost about \$730, if a man chews anything like a standard brand, and that sum at interest for forty years at say only 5 per cent will amount to the snug little fortune of something over \$2,000.

“You may consider this a little too high. Well, take off one-fourth of it and then you have enough left to purchase a neat little farm or a little home in most any city. But many would rather pay rent than give up their ‘old friend.’ Then on his death bed he has the joy of saying: ‘tobacco god, I have served thee well. I have conquered the great giant. Now take my old filthy body to the grave at the head of the worthy procession.’ So when a boy having sent the \$730 to the tobacco man and received the 121 caddies, and the forty years’ grind having been completed, we see the great procession go toward the burial place. The poor, old, worn out, tobacco gin of a body in the lead—two dray loads of quids, the original 1,460 pounds, one load of the empty boxes and five drays loaded with nine barrels each of amber bringing up the rear, is a picture that any man should be proud of.

“And the cigar job is as easily figured. Just one after each meal and one to clear the head before retiring, makes one foot of the beautiful roll consumed each day, or 58,400 in forty years—1,168 boxes of fifty each; a total length of something near three miles of whole leaf and Cuban fill that has to be tugged and puffed to prove that America’s sons are brave and dare to show it to the world. And the cost is only 20 cents a day, or only \$2,920 in forty years. This, with interest at 5 per cent, amounts to \$8,760, a little more expensive than the chewing habit, but much cleaner. But if there is a gain in either why not indulge in both, so that the gain will be still greater? Let me read to you what Prof. Humberd says in regard to the effect of tobacco upon the body:

“Several years ago when principal of a high school, I made the statement to the class in Science that nicotine was a deadly poison. One of the larger boys in the class opened his eyes incredulously, and I said, ‘Jack, you don’t believe that, do you?’ He replied, ‘It sounds rather fishy, seeing so many use it.’ Well bring me a cat in the morning and I will show you.

“Next morning he came with the lustiest old tom cat he could find. I secured a cut of tobacco about the size of the end of your thumb, took it to the laboratory and extracted the nicotine from it. In the afternoon the cat was laid out. A small sponge was saturated with the nicotine and held to its nostrils. In less than two minutes

it was dead. I then took it to the operating table and the class gathered about me. I first opened the body and showed the effects of the poison upon the heart, lungs and large blood vessels. I then removed the skull and showed the effects upon the brain, and Jack was fully convinced as were the others of the class. The experiment taught four lessons.

“First, that tobacco poison will make one sick. That cat looked sick; it acted sick, in fact, it acted a good deal as a young boy acts when his first cud or his first cigar is tallying its first score on him. Second, that this sickness may be so genuine that it will produce unconsciousness and even death. Third, that tobacco must have a harmful influence over mature men. For what will force a large, healthy Sir Thomas to give up his nine lives in less than two minutes must necessarily leave some evil tendencies on a frail human being with but one life to affect. Fourth, it affects the mind. The blood tracks on the surface of the brain were marked with a slight tinge of dark brown, showing that this important organ had been affected. The brain is the sole instrument of the mind, and anything that injures the brain must show a harmful tendency in the quality and quantity of thought power. A carpenter cannot do his best work with dulled tools. An engineer cannot make his schedule time with an engine covered with rust. A man cannot set type with gloves on. Neither can a man do his best possible think-

ing if he has taken into his system that which stunts or dulls the brain. It affects the power of mental concentration among young men, whether in the common schools, high schools or colleges, or in actual business life. Enter an under grade in a school, say fifth or sixth, and if you see an overgrown boy in the class with smaller boys, you may put it down that he uses tobacco in some form or other.

“Fully 75 per cent of the boys who grade themselves out of school before they complete their common school education, are victims of this habit. They soon become ashamed to be classed with smaller children, and so drop as the easiest way of solving the perplexing problem. They then form a private school of their own and take up the study of those things which make them ‘men.’ Profanity, card playing, gambling, chewing and smoking, drinking, vulgarity, doubting the Bible, criticising the church and reading woolly literature, and when they graduate here, they enter professions which promote their interests mostly at night, and in which success means the saddest kind of failure.

“The tobacco habit not only has a harmful effect on the head and brain, but on other parts of the body as well. I dare say that there is not a schoolboy or girl who has completed the sixth or seventh grade, who could not tell about tobacco affecting the tissues of all parts of the body with which it comes in contact. It lessens the natural

appetite for food, injures digestion, causes frequent and severe affections of the eyes, blunts the sense of taste, and especially affects the upper air passages of the respiratory organs. The effect of tobacco upon the heart should not be passed with mere mention. This is brought about by the actions of nicotine on the nervous system, and frequently results in 'tobacco heart.' There is a large percent of the tobacco users troubled with this, especially the younger users. The heart is irregular in its actions, beating with great force, and this is often accompanied with weakness, dizziness, shortness of breath, nausea and vomiting.

“A true story is told of a man in France, who, dying of a 'tobacco heart,' willed his body to a medical college for experimental study, for the benefit of his young sons growing up. The heart was removed and placed in a vessel and boiled. A green scum soon covered the surface, and the foul odor drove the experimenting physicians from the room, one of them dying shortly afterwards from inhaling the poisonous fumes.

“Of course, this is an extreme case, but we need not go away from home to find such cases, if they were only developed so that they would come nearer our observation. The laws of ordinary politeness are violated every day by those who use it in any form. The spitter spits, the smoker smokes. The spitter spits upon the sidewalk for his mother, his wife and his lady friends to wipe up with

their dress skirts. He spits upon your office floor for you to scrub up. He spits in the train coach until you become nauseated. He comes into your home, he is your friend, but he wants to spit. He opens the stove door and the shot is fired. Part reaches the flames, part seethes upon the stove front, part falls upon the carpet, part upon his clothing and the balance upon his chin, and the conversation proceeds as though nothing unusual had happened. If the stove is not near he looks about the room for some dark corner and adds to its darkness by making a deposit of the black fluid. Or if no suitable corner is seen he lets it fly in the middle of the floor, and accommodates the housewife or janitor by wiping it up with his foot.

“The smoker smokes in the presence of his father, mother, brother, sister, or sweetheart. He goes to the dentist to have a tooth mended and forces the dentist to inhale the awful fumes from his breath. He is sick and the doctor must administer unto him regardless of this offense. He calls upon his lady friend or goes walking with her, or probably takes her for an evening drive, still he must smoke. He will ask her if the smoke is offensive to her. She will say, ‘sure not, I rather enjoy cigar smoke.’ It is astonishing to see how the smoke of tobacco will nearly strangle the young lady, and yet she quietly submits to the impolite treatment. For myself, I admire the young lady, who, on being asked if it would be offensive to her to have a gentleman smoke in her

presence, curtly replies, 'no gentleman ever smokes in my presence.' If all true American girls were made of such material, thousands of boys would be clear of this filthy and offensive habit, would be better men; would be saved from a drunkard's grave and a devil's hell.

"That smoking leads to drinking is no longer a theory, for the wisest observers have testified that such is the case. The drying of the throat and mouth and the peculiar sensations at the stomach often tempt the smoker to drink. You seldom see a drunkard or even a dram drinker, who does not use tobacco in some form. The boy accepts a 'treat' to a cigar or a cigarette, and a few years later, the mental faculties being weakened and the moral tone being lowered, the acceptance of a 'treat' to strong drink becomes much easier."

At this point Robert interrupted me by saying:

"There goes mine," as he threw something through the window.

"Your what?" I asked.

"My new plug of that sweet tobacco I was telling the boys about tonight. I have quit the filthy habit. You have convinced me that a fellow should not use it, and it is a rule of my life that when I am convinced that I am wrong on any point to go over to the other side for the better. This being my policy, I am compelled to say that I will never allow another piece of the filthy stuff to enter my mouth. Take my hand on that, Goldy."

“Robert,” I replied, “I certainly indorse the stand you take in regard to this matter. If every man and boy were to make the resolution to do the thing that is to their benefit, if convinced that it is for their good, we would have better men and boys. This world would be a better world to live in. But as condition of affairs now exist, a man will sit for half a day and listen to an argument, believe every point and at the close will say, ‘Your points were all true, but you could not convince me if you were to preach a week.’”

“This same is true in regard to the tobacco habit. I have known men to listen to an instructive talk or read a convincing article in regard to the tobacco habit, and say at the close, ‘I see that it is not the best, but I have used it for fifteen years and I can’t see that it has affected me, so I will not give it up.’ I wonder if such men ever think of the example they are setting before their boys. They certainly never think that they are leading the boys indirectly to drunkard’s graves.”

“It is very late,” said Robert, “but there is another point on this subject I would like to hear you discuss. Where are you going to place the thousands of church members and the hundreds of preachers who use tobacco very extensively? In other words, CAN A MAN USE TOBACCO AND BE A CHRISTIAN?”

This was a difficult question for me to try to answer, nevertheless I made an attempt.

“Robert, let me use you and your parents as an illustration,” I said. “Let me picture your home, as I want it to bring out the thought. The father is dead. The mother is very old and lives in a filthy little house, a house that you could scarcely endure to enter at first on account of the filth and disagreeable odor. You know the poor old lady has only a short time to live, and in this filthy little home is the only place you can be with her. The question then arises, ‘would you go into such a place, live with her and care for her until her death?’”

“Yes, she is your mother and your love for her is so great you would never think of the kind of a home in which you were going to live. Your only thought would be, ‘what can I do to make the last days of the life of the one I so dearly love, pleasant?’”

“So it is with our Heavenly Father. His love for us is so great that he can endure a little more suffering, in addition to the suffering on the cross, by entering our filthy bodies for a short space of time to save our souls from everlasting ruin. The presence and power of the Holy Spirit will not be denied to any man who honestly desires them, no matter what his environments and conditions are. No doubt it is very grievous to His Divine presence to abandon the foul bodies of some men, but He will do so if honestly invited. We should remember that God has given us a pure body at birth, to keep and use a few

years in this world. And some day, we know not when, we will be called upon to give it back to Him, but do we want to offer Him a body that is tainted with the filth of this world?"



CHAPTER VII.

MY LEAVING THE NORMAL IN DISGRACE

The summer term of school passed rapidly, and the report showed my work to have been of a high character. Two months of the fall term had passed, before one of the most serious problems of my life confronted me. I was sitting in the Latin room one cheerless day, watching the cold misty rain and listening to the solemn tick of the school clock. About 2 o'clock a call came for me to go to the President's office. As I passed out of the room, Robert, who was sitting near the door, whispered, "going on the carpet are you, Goldy?" I answered I suspected so, I had heard it whispered that there was a charge against me, but knowing that I had committed no offense I felt that I would be able to prove my innocence. The President asked me into his private office, and I was indeed "on the carpet."

"Mr. Goldsmith," said the President, "it grieves me to say that a charge has been filed against you."

"Against me, I do not understand," I replied. "What

is it; pray tell me." I said this in a rather forward tone, but without appearing to notice my manner the President continued.

"By careful investigation it appears that your conduct, while with a certain young lady of the school, was not the best. As you know it lowers the moral standard of the school to let such reports pass through the student body unnoticed, therefore, it is my duty to investigate such cases and act according to the disclosures."

The charge and the way the President had spoken to me aroused my anger, and I said many things which should have been left unsaid. The President assured me that he would do all he could in my behalf, although he explained that my actions seemed against me. I heard no more of the matter for several days. I went to my room with a heart like lead, and after the last recitation of the day Robert came to hear why I had been called to the President's office. When I had told him of the charge and how I had spoken to the President, he reminded me of my agreement and the talk I had given him in regard to self control. I then began to realize that I had done wrong, and resolved to better contain myself in the future. Robert agreed to go with me the next time the case came up to remind me of my agreement.

The next few days seemed like months, and about two weeks had passed before I was again called to the office.

I received permission for Robert to accompany me, and this time I exercised self control. The President informed me that he had investigated the charges, and that the result was not in my favor. I asked him if I did not have an opportunity to prove my innocence, tell me whether or not he considered it a serious offense and that if the punishment would be public expulsion or suspension. He said he could not give me an answer to this, but he suspected the punishment would be suspension.

After Robert and I returned to my room, we discussed my quandary. He said if I failed to prove my innocence that I would be suspended or probably expelled.

"Yes," said I, "I have been thinking of that, and I have heard it told about men of advanced years that they were expelled from school in their younger days and that this was the cause of their slow progress in life. If I knew I would be expelled or even suspended from the school, I would leave the place never to return. More than that, the President will have the whole faculty, with twenty or thirty other ladies at the meeting, on Thursday when my case comes up, and I will be unable to face them unless I felt sure that I could prove my innocence. I would rather appear before the highest court in the country than before these people. I will not do so. I will leave the Normal before I do that, and I do not care what they prove for I am going to leave at once, never to return. I am only a wretched beast anyhow, not worthy to

be called a student of such a school as this, not worthy of the respect of my own mother. I would rather be dead than——”

At this point I threw myself upon the bed and wept like a child. Robert sat down beside me and endeavored to drive away my gloom with words of encouragement. He said he thought it best for me to go to another school. Then the question arose as to where I should go.

“I know where I can go,” I said at last, “I will go to the new Normal in the Southwestern part of the State. I have heard it said that if a man be starting out in a certain business, he should go to a new country, and this may be true with a young fellow starting out in life. He can do better in a new school. Whether this be so or not I will try it, and I will leave Tuesday for the new field.”

Arrangements having been made for my departure, I decided to notify the President that I would not be at the meeting of the faculty called to hear my case. The next day being Sunday I telephoned the President and we agreed to meet at the Normal office. I walked over to the school and was there met by the President and Vice President. The President insisted upon my remaining and facing the trial, but I was determined and soon convinced him that I would not remain. When he saw I was going to enter another Normal, he gave me some helpful advice. After an hour's talk, during which he advised me as to my future, he bade me goodbye.

The next day I spent in preparing for my journey and saying goodbye to my friends. Robert was affected at the parting, for we had been almost like brothers. He insisted upon going with me, but I got him to abandon the idea, he saying he would come the following year if I liked the place.

Having learned that the English teacher's brother was acting President of the new school, and thinking I might obtain some information from her, I called at her home that evening, and was given a hearty welcome. We had been good friends for some time, and as a friend she was only too willing to assist me and she understood my trouble. She told me she would send a note to **her** brother by me. She sat down at her desk and finally handed me an unsealed letter saying that I should read it, inasmuch as it was about me. The letter read as follows:

“Kind Charles: This is to introduce to you my boy, William Goldsmith, who is leaving our school for the purpose of enrolling in yours. We regret very much to have him leave us, and he has been in the classroom with me so long that I have become somewhat attached to him. If it is in your power to help him in any way, you may consider it a favor to me. Hoping he will make a success in your school, I am, your affectionate sister, Mattie.”

After I had read the letter I could hardly restrain my tears. Seeing I was speechless, she began:

“William, when I first met you I took you to be an intelligent youth, competent to make a great success in life. I have not changed my opinion, regardless of the reports about you. I expect some day, if I live, to hear of your making a grand success. I expect to hear people speak of you as a man not only upright and living for the good of himself, but for the good of others as well. I do not wish you to deceive me. Be a manly man wherever you may be. Laddie, I know you will allow me to ask one question before we part.

“I have often heard you speak of your mother. How dearly you must love her and how kind she must have been to you. I remember the day you came into my recitation room with a letter from her which closed with the words, ‘give your English teacher my love.’ I want to ask if you have neglected letting her know that you are to leave this school?”

“No, I have not told her of my trouble as yet,” I replied. “I cannot tell her for I know how it will trouble her.”

“Will,” she replied, “you must send her a telegram tonight, if you intend to leave in the morning, and remember my last words, be a manly man.”

I assured her that I would remember her good advice and told her she had acted as a mother to me while I had been in school. I told her it was a pity there were not more men and women who would act as fathers and

mothers to boys in trouble, and I assured her that she would always remain dear to me, and asked her to pray that I might be successful. I was overcome and started to leave without saying goodbye.

Her last words were, "be a manly man." I went directly to the telegraph office to send a message to my parents. It took me some time to frame a message, and I attempted several before completing a satisfactory one. I wrote:

"Dear Parents: In trouble—leave tomorrow for new Normal three hundred miles away. Will write when located. Will."

In the morning I caught the 5:30 train for the new school. Although it was a beautiful day it was not a pleasant one for me. I heard my fellow passengers discussing the scenery, but my thoughts were of my future life and my home, and the dear ones there, and I could not help thinking of how mother must have felt when she received my telegram. I regretted that I had not written her explaining the situation, for I feared she would worry until she heard from me. After many hours of traveling, I came to the new field of my endeavors.

As I left the train I was wondering where I would spend the night. I had hardly reached the platform when a voice behind me asked: "Is this Goldsmith?" I replied that such was my name, and my questioner explained that he was the acting President of the new Normal and that he

had received a telegram from his sister stating that I was coming. This proved to me that my friend at the old Normal was indeed a friend, for she had not only given me advice and a letter of introduction, but had gone to the trouble and expense of sending a telegram to her brother. What a happy world this would be if every man and woman took so much interest in helping others.

The acting President took me to his home where I remained that night. The next day I secured a permanent boarding place, enrolled at the new Normal, and began to try being a manly man. I was well pleased with the new school, never before having met such a friendly lot of men and women.

About a month after I had entered the Normal, the President took charge. I began to wonder if it were right for me to remain in school without the President knowing why I was there, but I feared to tell him of my trouble feeling that it might seem more serious than it really was. However, I decided to tell him the trouble, and when I had done so I told him if he thought I was unworthy to be a student of his school, I would willingly withdraw. To this he replied:

“You will stay with us. I admire your step. There are very few young men who would not try to keep such a matter a secret. As long as you remain here and act as young men should, there will be nothing said about the past. I will do all I can to help you to be a man and make

a success of your profession, but I have one request to make of you. I would like you to read the chapter on "Conduct Towards Women," in a "YOUNG MAN'S PROBLEM" by McLeod."

I secured the book and read the interesting article which I am using by permission, as my next chapter.



CHAPTER VIII.

CONDUCT TOWARD WOMEN

Paul had a room mate named Tom Manson with whom he talked over various subjects. Among other things, the question came up of proper conduct when in the company of women. Tom, a dark-haired, dark-complexioned young fellow, with full lips and laughing eyes, spoke his views first:

“I like a woman who has some feelings and is not all the time restraining herself and those about her. These over-good beings who are unwilling to let a man touch them, who shake hands with the tips of their fingers, and stand off from one with an air that seems to say, ‘Keep at your distance, sir. There is a chasm between you and me,’ are too cold blooded to suit my notion. Miss Mary Fielding, who visited this place last summer, is a type of womanhood that I do not admire. At a distance her golden-tinted hair, fair face and cherry lips charmed you. But coming closer to her there was a coldness in her glance that fairly chilled one to meet it. It was beauty with the charm of the diamond instead of that of a warm,

living creature. Give me the girl who is fond of a parlor dance and does not faint at the thought of a caress.

“What are women for, if not to be loved? And one without feeling, who is unresponsive, reminds me of an iceberg. Miss Fielding would not let you get three feet of her to say ‘goodbye,’ though there was no eye to see, only the beams of the silent stars to witness the parting. And as to dancing, she would not hear of such a thing as a round dance. She wanted you away off so that she could keep you at your distance with those cold blue eyes. Who could love such a woman? A cold sweetheart makes an indifferent wife. I would as leave court the goddess of flowers and be done with it as to love such a woman. I like the shock and the thrill a pair of sweet lips can give. Let me look into eyes that seem to say, ‘love me, love me.’ ”

To this Paul replied:

“It appears to me that you like to play too close to the danger line. It does not follow that a woman is cold-hearted because she does not allow the caresses of the young men who wait on her. You like to flirt, and the more girls you have interested in you the better you are pleased. I think more of one who keeps in her place and holds me to mine. In talking to me of you once, Miss Fielding gave your disposition so perfectly that I will tell you some of the things she said:

“ ‘Mr. Manson is very impulsive. He knows that he is

handsome and delights to have all the young women admiring him. He thinks I am too cold. But it would be better for him if he only associated with self-poised young ladies. He does not know where to check himself, and needs the restraint of a steady eye. Once aroused, passion may become an awful master. He is wise who refuses to trifle with it.'

“You see she read your nature all too well, and suited her conduct to you. A young man cannot afford to go with girls who are over-fond of a caress. Your sweet one who loves all usually ends her social career by marrying for money or position, and cares about as much for her husband as she does for a dozen others. The truth is, the affections as well as the thoughts can be scattered until they have very little intensity and fixedness. As an offset to your views, I shall give you an account of an experience I once had with one of your kind of girls.

“While I was at Mason on some business last spring, my home was with an old friend. He and his wife held me in high esteem and gave me welcome to the best they had. At the time, one of his nieces, a young woman about grown, was visiting them. It fell to her lot to entertain me in the evening after supper. She was a maiden with soft brown eyes, a clear complexion between the color of a white and red rose, a very sweet voice and gentle, winning manners. She sang a number of touching songs and was warm-hearted and trustful. I had some legal matters to

attend to and was detained there for over a month. So we became quite well acquainted. On the evening under consideration she had sung at her best, a number of her sweetest love songs, and then first one and the other had been telling some touching romance. Only a short time before I had read 'Lucile' for the fifth time and wound up by relating to her that story. I had an extra good grasp of the plot that night and the narration deeply stirred her feelings. For the time 'Lucile's' distress of hope or passion seemed to be her own. The color would come to her cheeks or fade away as the heroine was about to gain or lose her lover forever. She was looking me straight in the eye and it touched me to note the changing expression in hers. When I ceased talking her gaze seemed to be riveted on me. Directly her lashes drooped and she threw herself into my arms. For an instant I clasped her to me, but the next moment my old motto to treat all women as I would have my own sister treated, came rushing into my mind. I was irresolute for a short time; then I gently lifted and placed her in an armchair and changed the subject. Suppose I had accustomed myself to think and act as you say you do, Tom."

"It was best for her and for me, too, that it was you."
"Yes," said Paul, "I also am glad that it was not you, and that in hours of sober thought I had resolved never to wrong a trusting woman. The next evening, when alone with her, she said to me: 'Mr Essen, you are one of the

noblest and best men living. Last night I allowed my feelings to overpower me. I now realize fully that it is wise to keep a strong restraint over one's self. I shall always be thankful that the hour of my weakness found me in the power of a pure-minded man. My gratitude will go out to you as long as I live,' and, Tom, I am sure that the lesson she learned then will be a blessing to her through all the years of her young womanhood. When I remember how grateful she was, it is a source of both pleasure and strength to me."

Tom replied: "I have been accustomed to think that a man has a right to every privilege he can take with a woman; that it is his part to make the advances and hers to check him where she wants him to stop. I have enjoyed caressing one way and another many of those who accepted my attentions. But your illustration puts the case in a new light to me. The fact that you were her uncle's friend and guest led her to trust you very much, as she would have confided in him. It also put you on your honor not to abuse her reliance on you. I see now that there are various reasons for which a young woman may lay aside her reserve and which virtually places her companion on his manhood to defend her character."

"More than that, Tom; she who favors you with her company, in that very act, grants you what she would deny a stranger. Why? Because she thinks you are worthy of her confidence. You would not introduce a man

of unscrupulous principles to one of your kinswomen. Nor do I think you would to any other lady. So, in truth, a man is honor bound to cherish the self-respect and good name of the one who accepts his company. And heaven gives a man no sweeter pleasure on earth than the society of a woman whom he believes to be as pure as the all-enveloping ether, and as true to the right as the earth is to her course about the sun. Belief in goodness both blesses and ennobles."

"I agree with you in that, Paul. And I give you my word that from this hour the good name of the young woman whose company I keep, shall be as sacred to me as that of my sisters."

"And you will find," said his friendly adviser, "that you will not only foster your own self-respect by such a course, but also realize the deepest peace of mind possible for you. When one is and does what he knows is right, he is at one with himself. The spirit of such a person is in harmony with his Creator. Money cannot measure the worth of the satisfaction that comes to him who has done no one a willful wrong."

CHAPTER IX.

FINANCIAL PROBLEM

My last problem was scarcely solved when another, equally as serious, confronted me. This time it was the financial question and it threatened my school life. One evening I sat down in my room to figure up my expenses for the six months previous. I found that my board, room rent and the extra expense of changing schools, amounted to the startling figures of \$160. I pondered long over these figures, wondering if I had not made some mistake. I found that six months out of twelve had passed, and the two hundred dollars which I had borrowed was almost exhausted. The \$160 I had spent left me but with \$40. I was in a quandary. If it had cost me \$160 for the first six months, the great question was how was I to get through the other six on one-fourth of that amount? With the money I had left I found I could not stay in school longer than a month and a half. I knew something would have to be done at once. If I were to go home, the greater part of my work would have been for nothing, for I felt I had not been in school long enough to acquire the knowledge

necessary to carry out my future plans. I knew I would have difficulty in securing work, except as a day laborer.

I meditated long on the question. In an effort to relieve my mind, I picked up the latest number of the school journal, and as I glanced over the headlines one entitled, "Advice to the Young Man," caught my eye. I felt that I was in need of advice, and so began to read the article. The part which made an impression on my mind was as follows:

* "Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing papers, ringing an auction bell, or writing funny things, you must work. If you look around you will see the men whom are the most able to live the rest of their days without work, are the men who worked the hardest. Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork. It is not in your power to do that on the sunny side of thirty. These hard workers die some times, but it is because they quit work at 6 p. m. and do not get home until 2 a. m. It is the interval that kills, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumbers, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

"There are young men who do not work, but the world is not proud of them. It does not know their names even, it simply speaks of them as old So and So's boys. No-

* From "Entertainment," by R. J. Burdette.

body likes them; the great busy world does not know that they are there. So find out what you want to be and do. Take off your coat and make a dust in the world. The busier you are the less harm you are apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and the happier your holiday and the better satisfied will the world be with you."

I read the article again, and when I came to the last paragraph I read it over several times. "There are young men who do not work. There are young men who do not work and the world is not proud of them." I wondered if I was included among these men. I had been in school six months I realized and had not earned a cent to help pay expenses. I had worked hard with my studies, but that was all. It appears to me that I should strive to do a little manual labor along with my other work, if only I could find something to do. I remembered my father's words of how I must not depend upon the other fellow if I intended to make a success. I must work at something, but I did not know what to do while at school. There was no gainsaying the fact that I was without money and that I had to do something, and as I pondered it occurred to me that some of the boys were working down town sweeping offices, dusting churches and running errands during their spare time, and I determined that on the morrow I, too, would seek work.

The next morning I set forth on my search for employ-

ment. I applied for a position as janitor at three or four of the large churches, regardless of the fact that this position was usually considered a negro's work, but found no vacancies existing. I visited the offices of doctors, lawyers and business men, but without result. I tried for Saturday positions at the various stores, and went from factory to factory, from mill to mill, but my efforts were fruitless. I was resolved not to be discouraged, however, and determined to continue my efforts. On my way back to the Normal it occurred to me that I might get a place on the janitor force at the school building. I decided to try. I went to the Manager of the building and told him of my desire for employment. He appeared surprised and asked me what sort of work I had in mind. I informed him that I was ready to go ahead with anything which he might be able to give me. He seemed impressed with my story and told me to come to his office that evening and he would put me to work at \$1.50 per week. I was glad to get even that.

The appointed time found me ready to be instructed in my duties. The building was divided into sections, and each of the eleven janitors had a certain one to give his attention. To my great embarrassment I was assigned to the Auditorium section. The Auditorium being one of the most public places in the school, I feared I would be seen in overalls and jumper and I felt that I would hardly be able to stand having the more lucky students see me

swinging a dust pan and an old broom. But I had to work and it was my only chance, so with a bold front I set forth. Many a time I had to step into adjoining rooms when I saw a crowd of boys and girls coming down the hall, especially if I saw a certain girl was a member of the group.

I remember one day in particular when I was greatly mortified by being a member of the janitor's force. I had applied to the Board of Directors of a certain village school, for the principalship. Two of the Directors called upon me in regard to this matter. They, through some misunderstanding, thinking me to be one of the teachers, called at the office and inquired of the President where they might find Professor Goldsmith. To be sure he knew nothing of the gentleman, and was about to tell them so when one of the other janitor boys who happened to be in the office, and thinking it a good joke on me interrupted. "I know where he is, he is on the fourth floor scrub—," he began.

"I beg your pardon," quickly interrupted the manager of the building, "he is in his study room now. You gentlemen remain here and I will tell him to come here and meet you." I being notified that I was wanted, threw my water pail and broom to one side and hurried down the rear stairway and around the back way to my room on the first floor. Here I quickly removed my old clothes and arrayed myself in my Sunday best before going to the office.

I did not get the position, but I was glad, at least, that I had not gone in to meet the Directors in my working clothes.

Another incident occurred during my days of janitorship which I shall never forget. I was busy sweeping in one of the recitation rooms one day when I heard my name mentioned in one of the adjoining rooms, and here let me confess, I listened. I detest a fellow who will listen to conversations not intended for him, but there are very few who will not do so when they expect to hear something about themselves. It was one of the students talking to a teacher, and I heard him say somewhat slurringly, "I see Mr. Goldsmith has become a janitor."

"Yes," responded the teacher, "he has been at work for about two weeks."

"I certainly would not like to do such work," continued the student, "and have the other boys and girls referring to me as a common worker."

"Referring to you as a common worker, what do you mean?" replied this teacher. "If you mean to say that he is to be considered an inferior because he works, you are sadly mistaken. The world, with very few exceptions, admires such boys. I like to see girls and boys and men and women who are not afraid of work. It makes no difference whether or not they are compelled to do so. The rich boy should know how to work as well as the poor boy. They are the kind of people who make real men and

women. I seldom pass where Goldsmith or any of the other boys are sweeping without feeling a sense of admiration towards them. Sometimes I feel like stopping and assuring them that they will, in my estimation, be well paid in the future for their hard work. Do you know that some of the greatest men in the world have worked their way through college. It is the self made men who rule the world.”

This little eavesdropping proved of considerable benefit to me. It was one time that I received aid by listening to other people's affairs. I resolved never again to consider work a disgrace as I had done before. I found there were a certain number of my classmates who regarded me as a slave, but those that did I considered unworthy of my friendship and I passed them by unnoticed, for I felt that I was as good as they. I, too, remembered that many of the great men of this and past ages had worked their way through college. I remembered hearing my high school superintendent tell how he and his brother had made their way through college. They had more to contend with than I, for they had an old father and mother to care for. Because of this they could not both be in school at one time, so one stayed at home one year to cultivate the grain and cotton, care for the old folks and pay the other's expenses. The following year the one that was in school the year before would tend to the farm while the

other attended school, and this they continued until their graduation.

I remember, too, reading the life works of A. D. Williams, D. D., ex-President of Oakland City College. He did not enter school until he was almost a man when he had to walk more than one hundred miles to the school and arrived with less than 50 cents in his pockets with which to carry him through college. It may seem improbable to say that such a small sum of money was sufficient to carry a boy through school, but Mr. Williams succeeded in doing so. He earned the greater part of his expense money sawing wood for one of the Professors, receiving as a remuneration the sum of six and a half cents an hour. I realized that the broom was more preferable to the saw. After considering the hard times these men and others, prominent in literature, politics and other walks of life, had, and comparing their opportunities to mine, I decided that I should be thankful for my chances, lowly though they might be. Having arrived at this stage I felt proud that I was working my way through school.

I found, however, that my being reconciled to working was not helping me very much financially, for I discovered that my salary at the rate of \$1.50 per week and the remainder of my \$40 would not be sufficient to see me through the rest of the term, so I decided to find some other way in which to increase my income. Fortune appeared to favor me, for the boy who acted as agent at the

Normal for one of the leading steam laundries, left school, and his office was turned over to me. This duty did not conflict with my other work. It was a little more disagreeable than the janitor work, for I was compelled to collect and deliver on foot the clothes. It wasn't uncommon to see me coming down the street with a bundle of soiled linen on my back, but I did not care for appearances as long as it was paying me from \$1.50 to \$2.00 per week. Between these two duties my income was more than \$3.00 per week, and after deducting my weekly expenses from this sum I oftimes had as much as 50 or 75 cents left. This appeared a huge sum to me, and instead of my little sum diminishing it began to increase. Discouragements were no longer in my way, and everything seemed to point to my future success.

CHAPTER X.

VALUE OF AN EDUCATION

Along with the financial question, another boyish question was lingering in my mind. I had begun to wonder if there was as much real value in education as is generally considered. Before coming to a final conclusion on this point, I wrote President Dearing of Oakland City College, a man who always seemed to take much interest in my welfare, inquiring of him the real worth of an education and asking advice and words of encouragement. I received in reply the following letter, which served as a means to spur me on to greater hope of success:

“Mr. William Goldsmith, Springfield, Mo.:

“My Dear Mr. Goldsmith—I am in receipt of your letter asking advice on the problem of your education. Allow me to thank you, my boy, for the confidence you express in me in this matter. I assure you I shall speak straight from my heart only those things I should recommend to my own son. I must ask that the value and

importance of your education be considered apart from the difficulties and hardships just now pressing upon you. I fear you are inclined to be discouraged because of these difficulties, and to let this discouragement depreciate your estimate of the value of the thing sought. Beware of this feeling for it is close kin to the old cry of 'sour grapes' when we think the clusters are above our reach. It will be of immediate practical value to you to read the biographies of eminent men, especially the first chapters in which their early struggles are related and the closing retrospective chapters, in which you will almost invariably find them attributing a large part of their success to the lessons learned in the school of adversity. Adversity does not mean failure, but when rightly met spells success. I have dwelt at length upon this point because it is vital to you and thousands of other young men in your condition.

"To wish you were the son of a rich man and dream of what you would do if you were, is the height of folly; for such extravagant dreaming only makes you feel the more uncomfortable in your present circumstances, and no amount of such longing can change the stern reality of your surroundings. Even if by some magic power you could transplant yourself into the lap of luxury and wealth, you would only lessen the chances of success, for hot house plants are very rare in the circle of eminence. If you do not have the force of will to push on and win out when the obstacles in your way are the absence of money

and the presence of work, you may rest assured you would not press forward when the obstacles were the absence of work and the presence of money.

“Coming now to the intrinsic value of education itself as a motive to securing it, I shall say at the outset that much depends upon our conception of what education is. If it is only an external commodity for sale in the school markets, a package of facts and information valuable in running certain businesses, then just as in the case of a typewriter or an adding machine, its value is purely commercial and is to be determined by the contribution it makes to the success of the business.

“I frankly admit that such a conception of education is wholly unsatisfactory to me. Education is internal and vital, not external and convenient. The education of the human being in its broadest sense is that process of growth, development and training by which the human body, mind and spirit are brought approximately to the possibilities of their destiny as determined not by the arbitrary plans of others, but by the innate principles of the person concerned.

“To illustrate: a rose bush and a blackberry briar may be planted side by side in the same soil, they may be tended by the same gardener and the same hoe, they may be kissed by the same warm sunshine and bathed by the same showers; but in the end the gardener will pluck from one a bouquet of gorgeous American Beauty roses and from

the other he will pick blackberries for a pie. Their destinies were written by nature in the briars and by the process of their education at the hands of the skillful gardener, they arrived at that destiny. Anything short of that result would have been a dwarfing of their possibilities. Similarly the destiny of man is written in his constitution, and is a prophecy of what nature intends him to be.

“This is plainly evident and generally admitted in the case of physical education or the development of the human body. A parent would be considered criminal and would be dealt with if he would dwarf his boy’s body by starvation or injurious labor. No boy would willingly consent to have his growth so stunted as to fall two feet below his possible height and thus be classed as a dwarf. Regardless of its relation to the business he may wish to pursue, he feels it is his divine, God-given right to stand six feet high and broad shouldered, if the stock of his ancestry has bequeathed to him that destiny.

“From this you can see in a nut shell my conception of intellectual education or schooling, its importance and its value. The day will come when it will be considered more criminal for parents to bring a child into the world and then dwarf his mind by lack of education, than it is today if they dwarf and stunt his body. In that day the boy will more bitterly resent the idea of having his mind dwarfed than of having his body dwarfed today. In that day it will be more disgraceful for a boy to be willing to stop

short of mental maturity on account of toil and difficulty, than it is today if he is willing to stop the growth of his body because it takes labor to get bread.

“From my standpoint, then, you see, education is simply the process of maturing the mind, which is an important part of the man, and to consent to go without it means to sign a contract to be less than a man. I trust your self-respect and appreciation of the possibilities God has put within you, will not permit you to make any such disgraceful contract.

“This is the vital meaning and value of education but because man and the world were made for each other and because he is the great reconstructive architect of the world, the greater the man the greater his power and influence in the world. Hence, we may logically expect education to have an apparent effect on a man’s success in the world of achievement. In this we are not disappointed. Statistics gathered carefully by a prominent educator give us the following startling figures:

“‘To complete the eight grades of the common school multiplies one’s chance of winning eminent success by four, to complete a four year high school course multiplies it again by twenty-three, to complete a four year college course multiplies it again by nine. Or the three courses taken together increase one’s chances 828 times.’ These figures are too eloquent to need comment as they show the value of the education secured by completing the custom-

ary courses, which long experience has shown, furnish the elements of a liberal education.

“I hope these thoughts may encourage you to press forward to the goal, for knowing you as I do, I cannot believe you can be satisfied with being anything less than a man or doing anything less than a man’s work, and for both of these your education is absolutely necessary, if that man is to be the potential man which nature has bequeathed to you.

“Confidently expecting to hear of your success, I beg to remain, sincerely yours. (Signed)

“William Prentice Dearing.”

CHAPTER XI.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN SCHOOL; DOES IT PAY TO BE A CHRISTIAN?

When I entered the new Normal I found the young men's weekly Bible class in progress and at once enrolled. The City Y. M. C. A. sent a man to meet with us each Thursday evening for the purpose of instructing us in the Bible. Week after week about twelve or thirteen of us boys met in the library to systematically study the Bible. Our system was to take a text from the Bible and prepare our lesson as we did in the regular school course. The program for these Bible evenings consisted of songs, prayers and the regular Bible lesson. Having had a few additional members to the class before the end of the first term, we decided to hold a series of prayer meetings after supper each evening, for a week. The attendance at the first two or three meetings was small, and the boys were backward in taking part, especially in the matter of speaking and praying. But we, who were more interested, resolved that the meetings should not die, and so the day

before the fourth gathering we not only announced the meeting in chapel and on the bulletin board but invited each boy personally in the school to attend.

The plan worked splendidly, forty being present when the meeting began. The first hymn, "Savior Wash Me in the Blood," was sung by every voice in the room. When the first prayer was called I saw heads bowed that I knew had not bowed since they left their mother's knee. The leader for the evening seemed to be inspired from above. Never before nor since have I heard as an appropriate talk from an inexperienced speaker. He compared in a beautiful way the sinners who were present to the prodigal son out in the world striving to come back to his father. His words appeared to melt the hearts of every one in the room. The speaker closed his discourse by inviting every boy who felt he was a prodigal and wanted to return to his father, to come forward while the other boys sang, "I Want to Be a Worker for the Lord." The invitation was accepted by four of the boys, while others I knew felt that they should go, but they listened to the Satan who was saying, "Don't go."

The next day the young men's prayer meeting was the topic of conversation. The start we had hoped for had come at last and the prospects were very bright. At the close of the week interest in the meetings was so high that we were compelled to continue our little revival. Each

evening a subject was assigned to one of the boys, who was to be the leader and who was to lead in the speaking.

The evening came for me to lead, and I was given the subject, "Why I Am a Christian." During my little talk I tried to tell the boys why I was a Christian from two standpoints. First, from a worldly standpoint, and secondly from a Bible standpoint. Not having had much experience in public speaking, I felt that my discourse would prove disinteresting, but I felt it my duty to make an effort, so with a few notes and the Bible in hand I began:

"Boys, before I begin the subject, I wish to say in way of apology that I have none further than to say that you all know me well, only a plain young fellow with but little experience along this line, therefore, I hope you will expect from me nothing more than a dull talk, but as I was appointed leader for tonight I shall do my best to enlighten you on this subject. I have taken the liberty to divide the subject into two parts. First, why I am a Christian from a worldly standpoint; secondly, why I am a Christian from the Bible standpoint.

"In the discussion of the first division of my subject I have no use whatever for the Bible, and so will lay it aside. I want to prove to you that if the soul were mortal we would still gain on this earth by being Christians. I want to prove to you that we receive ample pay for leading a Christian life, granting, for the sake of argument, that

the Bible's heaven and hell did not exist. Let us see what it means to be a Christian. Does it mean to cast yourself into exile, so to speak, like the monks of ancient times, who must not meet anyone with a smile or smile yourself? No. Does it mean for you to do as the ancients did, lance yourself with knives that you might shed blood and suffer for the remission of your sins? No, boys, it does not mean any of these things. Does it mean, then, that we should absent ourselves from the joyful gatherings at our homes, or not have a good time ourselves? No, not that. It means to do right. Can we not do right and still be a Christian? I have met some people who thought that in order to be true Christians they were compelled to go through this world with a long face, their appearance as gruff and sour as an old vinegar jug.

“To be sure all people have a right to their own opinion, but this is far from my opinion of the make-up of a Christian man. When I think of a Christian man I generally think of a man who is happy or enjoying himself, a man who attends to his own business and lets other people's affairs alone. A man who carries a smile for every one he meets, and is ever ready to give them words of encouragement if they are down-hearted. A man who will attend weekly pleasure meetings so long as they are of an innocent nature, and when they become so vile and corrupt that he would not care for his sister or mother to be present, he will refuse and state frankly the reasons for

his refusal. You may think you will be ridiculed for leaving your friends just at that moment when perhaps the greatest event is to come, but this is a great mistake. They may at the time deride you, but later they will respect and honor you. On the other hand the more cultured people will say, 'There is a manly man.'

"I remember once of hearing a story told of a certain college foot ball team, which went to a town in another state to play a game. This team was hopelessly defeated, and that its members might still come out winners, they decided to carry away enough booty from their opponents and from the hotel to repay them for their loss. As the result of this decision all of the boys except one were arrested for taking such articles from the hotel as silver spoons, napkins, cream pitchers and pepper boxes, articles which were of no value to them whatever, and which they really did not mean to steal, only wanted to have a little fun, they said. The one boy who did not take part in the thefts not only refused to participate himself, but insisted that the others should not do so. His comrades called him a coward then, but later they were sorry that they had not been cowards themselves. This young man was a manly man; he had the qualities of a Christian. It makes no difference whether or not he belonged to a church. He was not only honored and respected by the faculty of the school and the student body, but by all who heard or read of the affair.

“Suppose a letter should come, as is oftimes the case, to the President of the school, calling for a young man to fill a position of some kind, and there are only two young men in the school prepared to fill the required position, the one that proved himself honest on the foot ball team, the other, one of his comrades who participated in the thefts. Will the President hesitate or wait for a few days to consider which boy to send? No, he will, without consideration, send the boy who was considered a coward on the day of the foot ball game.

“The following little story, which came under my personal observation, will show you that Christian men are wanted all over the world. A young man sent his application to the Board of Directors of a certain village school, asking for the principalship. The young man being a stranger to the Board, was asked to meet with the members in person. The President was such a weak man it appeared that he could not express his thoughts without the use of some vile oath. Before the meeting the youngster had a short conversation with the President, during which time almost every sentence the President uttered was accompanied by an oath. After the meeting had been called and questions of all sorts asked the youth, the President frankly asked him if he took part in any kind of church work and if he were a Christian. The young man, recalling the language of the President, presumed that he was bitterly opposed to the church, feared that the

truth might prevent his getting the position. Nevertheless, he determined to tell the truth, and stated frankly that in addition to being a teacher, he was a Christian not only in name but that he worked at his trade. He said that he took part in Sunday School work, attended church regularly and did not object to the Bible being brought into the school room. The young man was asked to retire, and in five minutes was called in to sign a contract. The next day he asked the President why it was that he wished a Christian at the head of the school, when he himself did not take any part whatever in any church work.

“‘It is true I do not take part in any church work myself,’ said the President, ‘but I want my children to be Christians. I would never be in favor of placing a man at the head of our school who was not a Christian. More than that, I have a store across the street in which I try to keep Christian clerks. I have oftentimes refused to hire men who were not Christians and took in those who were, for they are trustworthy.’

“‘This shows that not only more positions are open to Christian men and women, but that even a man who is a sinner and is not connected with a church, wants Christ-like men to help him to do his work. By the laws of nature, every man must worship something, and the same laws say for men to worship a Supreme Ruler, but all men do not do the latter. Some worship gold, some honor, some horses, some tobacco, some strong drink and some

themselves. Man being the most highly developed being, must necessarily place himself on a lower station than the things he worships, if they be included in those I just mentioned.

“As a man always tries to live as near as possible to the things he worships, he is constantly degrading himself instead of advancing himself, but if a man worships a being that is superior to himself—and there is only one, God—he naturally elevates himself in order to be like his God. These points are self evident to every one when you compare the disposition of the average church man to that of the average sinner. The former is kind, friendly and pleasing to wife, brother and sister, and the latter as a general thing is the opposite.

“What attitude do our professional men take in regard to this question? Do we find successful merchants who are not Christians or do not take part in church work? Very few; the majority of successful merchants are either Christian men or are sincere admirers of godliness. Show me a successful teacher and I will show you a Christian man. Show me a successful lawyer, and nine times out of ten you will show me a man who is ever ready to promote Christianity. Show me a man who is true to his country, who would die for his country, who would boldly rush out in front of the enemy’s rifles, wrap the stars and stripes around the victim who was to be shot and step back and say, ‘shoot if you dare,’ and I at once point out

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to you a true Christian. Show me an orator of note and I will show you a Christian man. Point out to me a successful statesman and you will point out to me a Christian. Our Judges are Christians, our Governors are Christians and our Presidents are Christians.

“Will it pay us to be Christians, granting that we will receive no reward except on this earth. Boys, there are hundreds of other rewards which we receive on this earth for being Christians, but when I open the Bible and read of the great rewards which we are to receive after all of our life work is ended, I can then use the exact words of the Queen of Sheba in the days of old, ‘The half has never yet been told.’

“In viewing Christianity from the Bible standpoint, I will say the reason I am a Christian is because the Bible teaches me that all must die, for death is a reaper that leaves no sheaves ungathered. It comes to every heart as the most solemn event connected with man’s life. Many efforts have been made to divest man of his death, but all efforts have failed and death still reigns, and man is in bondage through fear of death. Almost every man has a natural fear of death, even devout Christians. We do not like to handle a viper, though all of its poison be extracted. Christ himself feared death, or rather dreaded to leave this earth. Three times before his death he prayed, ‘Oh, my Father if it be possible let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not as I will but as Thou wilt.’ The man who

does not fear death and never thinks of death is lost to all moral sensibility, and is dead even while yet he lives. The natural fear of death causes us to look upon it as a great monster or a very dark shadow, but when death is disrobed by the spirit of God and viewed in the light of revelation, it brings joy to the soul.

“Death is the separation of the soul and the body. The body becomes silent and can no longer perform its functions and is left a tenement of clay to crumble into ruins, while the soul returns home to God. ‘Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.’ This shows the end of the physical strength and the destiny of the soul. In the Bible the body is compared to a tent or house and the soul to the occupants, and when this body or house is destroyed the soul moves into an imperishable mansion of everlasting happiness or everlasting damnation. Which will be your home? We should strive to reach that mansion of everlasting happiness, for we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands eternal in the Heavens.”

“Sleep illustrates very appropriately the changing from a natural life to life eternal. Christ, in speaking of Lazarus being dead, said, ‘He sleepeth.’ When we are tired and wearied from our daily work, sleep is refreshing to us. So it is with our life. When we are tired of the walks

of this life we will lie down and sleep until our soul is carried to the everlasting rest. It is a glorious thought that the Christian will wake in the joys of eternal bliss. This same sleep, or the changing from the natural to the eternal life, is represented as going on a long journey.'

"Paul said, 'Having a desire to depart to be with Christ, which is far better . . . I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.' It is more of a pleasant thought than a sad one for a Christian to think of friends and loved ones who have already made this journey, who are now in our Father's house where there are many mansions. Christ did not intend that we should think of our past loved ones with a feeling of regret and sorrow. While speaking to His disciples before He made this great journey He said, 'Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me—.'

"A certain young lady while on her deathbed said, speaking in reference to death, 'Mother, do not weep for me, for I am only going to see papa and brother. I am sure they will be glad to see me. When I get there, we three will wait for you.'

"My friends, when I think of so many beautiful prom-

ises God has given us, and the hundreds of dying testimonials of true Christians, it appears that death is robbed of its terrors and we are inspired with a heart of hope, joy and peace. The Bible says, (Rom. 5:12) The origin of death is sin. This being true, the question arises, was this world destined to be man's permanent home? We have no records to which we can go in search of an answer to this, but I am of the opinion it was not, for man being made in the image of God was destined for a higher and nobler life. And with his ability to increase in knowledge, this world would not give scope for his expansion, but in Heaven our knowledge will expand and we will know more about God in that perfect day.

“What God did for Enoch and Elijah on earth, he will do for the Christian in the resurrection. So we see that death or a change to its equivalent is necessary for our full development. When the child of God passes through the valley of the shadow of death, the veil that intervenes between us and Heaven will be removed as it was in the day of transfiguration when Peter recognized Moses and Elias. But this glory is withheld from us while in this flesh, for ‘Flesh and blood cannot inherit the Kingdom of God.’ But bless God, when we are born of God and free from the great clutches of sin, we may rejoice in the hope of the glory of God and with old Simeon say, ‘Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen the salvation of the Lord.’ ”

CHAPTER XII.

CHRISTIAN WORK IN SCHOOL; BENEFITS OF Y. M. C. A. WORK

Our little revival was carried on for about two weeks, during which time a number of the boys were led to Christ. The majority of them were not only ready but anxious to do something to further the Christian work of the school. There being such a number interested and the weekly Bible class not being sufficient to satisfy all, it was decided to organize a school Young Men's Christian Association. About a half dozen of the boys set to work to bring about an organization, under the direction of the City Y. M. C. A., and about forty young men signed as charter members. I had the honor of being one of the first officers, having been elected President pro tem and later Secretary for a time.

We held our religious meetings once a week, and the President of the association endeavored to make them as interesting as possible, by getting members of the faculty and able speakers from the city to address the gatherings.

In a few weeks we decided to organize three Bible classes, in order to awaken greater interest in the work. The committee in charge of this work divided the section of the city in which the school was located, and where most of the students roomed, into three divisions, Northern, Central and Southern. All of the boys residing north of the school were expected to enroll in the northern section and attended the classes which were held in a rooming house in that division. In a like manner those south of the Normal were to be in the southern section, while the Central division included only the young men who resided in the rooming departments of the school building.

As it was impossible to get three teachers from the parent body, the City Y. M. C. A., the executive committee decided to choose teachers from among our own boys. I was chosen teacher for the Central division, or what was generally known as the Normal class. Most of the boys of this section enrolled with this class and did all they could to help with the work.

My roommate, however, a young man of high moral standing, peculiar as it may seem, not only refused to take part in the weekly Bible study, but completely ignored the Y. M. C. A. work, claiming he could not see what was to be gained by membership in the organization. One evening when I had returned from the class he remarked banteringly, "Well, Goldy, you have been out later than usual, did you do those fellows any good?"

"I do not know whether we directly accomplished any great good," I replied, "but I can assure you, Tom, if you had been there we would not have done you any harm."

"Goldy," he retorted, "if you will prove to me that there is enough to be gained in the Y. M. C. A. to make up for the time spent attending its services, working with committees and the thousand other things you fellows do, I will gladly join the work with you. I really cannot see what good can be derived from the work. I will admit I belong to the City Y. M. C. A., but my only object in joining was to get that free bath once a week."

"Tom," I replied, "if you will not be unreasonable and agree to help us out in this work, which is to elevate the moral standard of this school, I will try to point out to you a few of the benefits to be derived from membership in either the school or City Y. M. A. C. organizations.

"As one who has been a worker in the ranks of the Young Men's Christian Association, both in school and local work, I cannot speak too highly of the benefits that attach to membership in this great organization, the practical workings of which can be seen not only in every town however large or small that is fortunate enough to have a good Y. M. C. A., but in and around our own school. Although this organization is only two or three months old, and the true workings of the intended organization are conducted on a small scale, the effect is apparent to all who have given the matter any thought or no-

tice. Notice, for example, the workings of the committee known by us as the committee for new students. The President of the school notifies the chairman of this committee of the arrival of any new student, and he sends one or two of his men to meet this stranger at the station to direct him to the Normal, where he is assisted in the meeting of every student possible. If the new student has not yet engaged a room he is directed to the Y. M. C. A. rooming committee, who is not only prepared to direct him to a number of good rooms that are for rent, but has several rooms in its own charge.

“At the beginning of this term almost every room that was for rent in this addition of the city, was turned over to this committee, who were very successful in the locating of the two or three hundred new students that came in. I heard the President say that if this committee had not helped in the management of these rooms, he did not see how it would have been possible to have located all of the new students. Tom, place yourself in the position of some of these new students, two or three hundred miles away from home and not an acquaintance in the school. Would you have been glad to have been met at the station by half a dozen friendly young men, who were ready and anxious to place you in the ranks of the society of the best students in the school, or would it have pleased you better to have paid some one to direct you to the school, there secure a room the best way you could and spend the first two or

three months trying to form the acquaintance of a few of the students?

“But these and a hundred other material benefits and advantages, although I consider them the life of a school, sink into oblivion when we think of the moral benefits of this little organization in a school. If a young man, who has been accustomed to take part in church work or any organization of moral uplifting, should enter a school void of such organizations and be thrown into idleness so far as this point is concerned, he would naturally drift backwards and forget his duties towards God. And this sense of duty, which is the keynote to success, being gone, he might, as is often the case, fall into the worship of idleness and pleasure, and later turn to be a wholly bad man. The object then of the Y. M. C. A. along this line is two fold and can be brought out clearly in the two slang expressions “to line up”—if a man is not accustomed in this direction before he enters school, to try to place him in the work; second “to keep in line”—if a man is already in the work, this organization is to encourage him to continue while in the school.

“It is at the close of the school year of the young man that the local Y. M. C. A. organization steps in with its work of man building. When a young man has completed his schooling and starts to make his own way in the world, he finds himself a marked man to the extent that greater temptations are offered him. At every angle

of the pathway of business or professional life, he hears allurements and hears the Siren songs that would lure him on to fatal shoals that are lined with wrecked lives, were he not strengthened with the knowledge of good and evil and what proper living means. The Y. M. C. A. of this country not only furnishes this knowledge, but gives the young man a good moral training. This old world is sadly lacking in morals and any institution that makes it a practice to invest the young men of this nation with a solid foundation composed of good morals, is an institution to be commended to all men. Without morals the nation would totter, without morals decency would be dangerous, without morals the world would be a pit of seething, boiling evil, and men of conscience and possessed of uprightness would be engulfed and crime would reign paramount.

“The Young Men’s Christian Association is one of the safety valves that protect the nation and the world from such a terrible disaster. So I say, that an institution that works along such lines, is deserving of great praise and should have the support of every individual who is in sympathy with such work. I know from my acquaintance with the Y. M. C. A. and its sincere workers, that it is accomplishing great good. All young men who become members of such an institution are taking a step in the right direction—in the direction of decency, that goes towards the making of good citizens. There is naught in

the teachings of the Young Men's Christian Association that does not speak for good and upright living.

“The young man about to enter the world of business and who has had the benefits of Y. M. C. A. work, cannot but find himself more fully qualified for the battles which ensue. The experience to be gained in such an association as that of the one under discussion, is an asset to every young man, and it is the man of many assets who finds life's pathway less rough and the temptations that lie along the way more easy to overcome.

“And remember the intellectual side of the Y. M. C. A. is not an insignificant matter to be considered. The large libraries, reading rooms and prominent lectures add to the intellectual uplifting of those members who partake of them. And the Y. M. C. A.'s night school gives an opportunity to thousands of poor working men and boys, who otherwise would remain in total ignorance, to acquire a great amount of useful knowledge.

“Then there is the physical side of the institution, which must not be overlooked. It encourages all manly exercises that goes toward the development of the body by aiding nature in her work of making manly men. It is true that the world has produced men of frail bodies possessing wonderful brains, the fruit of which has been a great help to humanity, but our greatest men have been possessors of healthy bodies. A healthy body is conducive to good thinking.

“The development of the body is one of the main features of Y. M. C. A. work, and the founder of this great institution was farseeing when he introduced this department, for he realized that healthy bodies beget healthy minds, and healthy minds healthy thoughts and actions. In the early days of our country there was not such need for an organization that would build up healthy bodies as there is at the present day. In the days of our grandfathers and even our fathers, conditions were such that physical strength was an asset belonging to every man because of the lives they led. Out in the forests chopping trees and clearing land, the bodies of the pioneers were built on Samsonlike lines. Street cars were unknown and men walked. It was not necessary for them to engage in exercises in gymnasiums to strengthen their bodies.

“Conditions have changed, however, life is now lived at a strenuous gait. Men are too busy in the marts and skyscrapers trying to make fortunes, to think about their physical being. The street cars save time and so walking is not indulged in so much. Men who formerly lived in God’s out-of-door have crowded into the big cities in their search for wealth, and in the metropolises of the country they fill their lungs with smoke and dust, and sacrifice their physical being unthinkingly. But now that the Y. M. C. A. has extended its work into almost every town and city of the country, things have taken a turn for the bet-

ter. The toiler in the soot and smoke of the metropolis can now care for his physical makeup by becoming a member of a Y. M. C. A., where, in the gymnasium, he can take the necessary exercise to keep his body up to the standard demanded by nature.

“This work of the Y. M. C. A. in itself is sufficient to commend it to all manly men as an institution that makes manly men. There is nothing it does that is not for the betterment of its members. A man does not take any chances in joining such an organization as that of a city or school Y. M. C. A., for it is not a gamble. To use a slang expression of the race track it is a ‘sure thing.’ It develops men morally, mentally and physically, and what more can be asked than that a man be the possessor of these three qualities?”

“I am fully convinced,” Tom earnestly replied, “that a fellow gains by being either a member of a school or city Y. M. C. A. I did not intend to take so much of your time, nor expect you to make a real speech, but I believe I have been benefited by it. You have given me a number of points that I had never before thought of. As I have made it a practice to get into the right when some one proves to me that I am in the wrong, I am compelled to give you my name for membership in the school Y. M. C. A., and when I return to my home town I expect to join the local organization.”

CHAPTER XIII.

EMILY ; OR "PUPPY LOVE"

There comes a time in the lives of all boys and girls, too, when they have what they believe to be affections of the heart, but which older heads have termed "Puppy love." I had an experience with puppy love that I believe I should chronicle, inasmuch as I am making this a truthful account of my career.

One day a crowd of city girls paid a visit to the Normal, and I was informed the following day that one of the girls seemed to take special notice of me. She was a beautiful girl with auburn hair and had picked me out of a crowd of boys and asked one of my friends for my name, stating she would like to become acquainted with me. I tried to remember every pretty girl who had visited the school during the month but could not quite place the one whom I had been told wished to meet me. I found out where she lived, however, and made it convenient to pass her home one evening.

My blood began to circulate at a rapid rate when I caught a glimpse of her standing at the window. The picture made a wonderful impression on my boyish mind. At once I began to think of angels as I looked upon her beautiful face and auburn hair, shining brightly between the curtains on the window. I could hardly believe it possible that such a charming girl was anxious to meet me. That night, I must confess, I had dreams of a girl with auburn hair. Every day when I had an opportunity, I made it my business to walk by her home ever hoping to be greeted with a smile.

Time passed and we had not met but I was not to be discouraged. My opportunity came about a month later. A reception was announced, to be given by the young men of the school, in honor of the young ladies. About 150 of the boys voted a tax of 50 cents each upon themselves, to pay the expenses of entertaining the fair guests. Refreshments and music had been arranged for, and everyone was preparing for a good time. I was in trouble for the committee on invitations had decided not to invite any girls other than those attending the Normal.

I had done my part towards preparing for the reception, having served faithfully on several of the committees, and I was disappointed to think Emily could not attend. I was in a quandary for it was but two months until the close of the term, and I knew if I did not meet the girl of my heart it was unlikely I should ever have the oppor-

tunity to form her acquaintance later. I finally hit upon a plan that worked splendidly. I went to the invitation committee and confessed my trouble. After some discussion they agreed to invite Emily if I should pay 50 cents extra. This I was only too glad to do, for I was badly affected with "puppy love," and puppy love will out.

I made arrangements with one of my boy friends to see that the introduction was properly made, but this was not necessary, for she had chosen as her companion the night of the reception, one of my nearest girl friends. We were introduced without any trouble, and two glad hearts being brought together we seated ourselves in a quiet place to further the acquaintance. The thousands of words I had planned to say to her failed me, and she was compelled to lead the conversation for some time, but before the evening had passed my talkativeness returned.

The evening passed only too quickly but I soon found myself asking Emily if I might attend her home, and my heart throbbed when she assured me that my company would please her much. It was an enjoyable walk that stroll to her home, and we talked about the beautiful moon, the shining stars and the small clouds that drifted silently across the arc of night. The night recalled to her mind the romance in the latest novel which she had been reading, and when she asked me how I liked the latest novel I assured her that I thought it grand and at once changed

the subject, fearing she would question me as to the details, for I had never heard of the book.

At the door I requested to be allowed to call again and I held her hand until she gave an answer. Her assurance that my company was agreeable to her made me walk on air on my way back to the school. During the remaining weeks of the school term I divided my time between Emily and my books. Then came vacation and I began to prepare for home, parents and friends, whom I had not seen for a number of months. It was a pleasant vacation for me. I helped father on the farm and attended to his business while he was away engaged in revival work, and the change from indoor to outdoor work made me stronger and I felt like a different fellow.

I must confess, however, the greater part of my thoughts were given to Emily. Every few days there was an interchange of letters, couched in terms of fiery love. In my letters I told her of my days at home and my fishing excursions. As an idea of how "puppy love" took hold of me, I will quote part of a letter I wrote to Emily. The letter ran as follows:

"My Dear Emily: I have just returned from a fishing excursion on a beautiful little stream. We spent the morning in fishing, hunting and general merry making. After dinner was served, we lovers of nature went to the woods for a stroll. I was seated on a beautiful hillside

covered with grass, emerald green. At the foot of the hill was a large field of almost ripe clover, which filled the whole valley with its fragrance. At the right of me stood a little farm house surrounded with large rose bushes, which were covered with sweet smelling red and white flowers. Near the center of the valley I could see a little river winding its way snakelike oceanward, while here and there a streamlet joined it from some clear spring on the hillside. The sky was endless blue except for a small white cloud floating about. All was silence in the little valley except the murmurings of the brooklets and the interruption of the gaily singing mocking birds. I spent almost the entire evening gazing at this beautiful work of nature. It was certainly a great source of pleasure to me, but there was something still lacking. As I sat there my thoughts went back to the crowded city, to the pleasant days at the Normal, to my Emily. I thought if you were there seated by my side to talk to me as in past days, it would be all that I could wish for."

To this she responded:

"Dear Will: That was a beautiful scene you pictured in your last letter. I fancied I was in the little valley with you gathering roses and clover blossoms, but do you not think you would have enjoyed yourself much more had you been here to go with me to the theater. One of the finest comedies was played at the new theater. I thought

it was simply grand. I thought of you a number of times while it was in progress and wished you were with me. I have gone to four theaters this week. The matinee last Sunday was the best I ever saw.

“Say, Will, believe me, I went to church last Sunday evening. Don’t you think I am getting good, for it is the first time I have gone since you left. I will go more if you return to school this fall. Have you decided whether or not you are coming? It is only a month until school opens again, and I am looking forward to the happy September days, and I hope we will spend more happy days together. As ever, your Emily.”

September was almost at hand and I had made but few arrangements towards paying back the money I had borrowed the year before for my expenses while in school. I saw it was impossible for me to expect to go back that year and so accepted the position of principal of a village school, which was neither in the neighborhood of my home nor the Normal, but I was compelled to see Emily again before beginning my six months’ work, so on my way to my new field of work, I stopped off at the Normal to visit my friends and Emily.

I spent Sunday afternoon and evening with her, most of the time being spent in her rose garden. We discussed the beauties of nature and all the things that those affected with puppy love find uppermost in their hearts. At last

I plucked up enough courage to say what was in my heart. I told her we had spent many pleasant days together and asked her if she loved me, and whether she would love me while I was away from her. It was a while before she replied, but finally she leaned her head on my shoulder and said, "I love you, Will."

The next week I went to my new charge. All through the work in school I had visions of my Emily. I pictured in my mind a pretty little cottage surrounded with flowers and green meadows, with a little auburn haired girl tripping down the pathway to greet me as I returned from my daily work. While in the midst of these thoughts of the beautiful home and Emily, I never once considered where I was to get the money to provide all these comforts, nor did I stop to consider how I was to pay back the money I had borrowed to help pay my school expenses. I wondered if it was right to take a girl from a home of luxury and place her in a home of want and hunger, for I began to realize it would be impossible to live on love alone. Still I labored and thought of Emily. The long interesting letters which I received from her inspired me in my work, and encouraged me to strive the harder.

One day passed without the usual letter arriving and gloom took the place of gladness in my heart. Several days passed and still no letter. I began to think that Emily was ill, and that I had better give up my school work and go to visit her. At last the long looked for let-

ter came, and trembling with eagerness I tore it open and read the following:

“Kind Will: Probably you have wondered why this letter did not come at the usual time. I have been in trouble. I have spent many happy hours both with and in writing to you. Well do I remember the night we met at the reception, and more distinctly do I remember the beautiful Sunday afternoon when you asked me if I loved you. Believe me, Will, I did love you, I loved you next to Harry. Harry has been away almost two years and I was so lonesome without him. I thought if I could keep the company of some nice young man while he was away, I could have a better time and not be so lonesome. When I saw you I thought you were such an excellent young man and that I would enjoy myself in your company, and I did enjoy myself while we were together, didn't you? When I think of the past days I stop and wonder if I do not love you even better than Harry. I have shed tears since I began this letter to think I can never be with you again, but the parting time has come. Forgive me, Will, I did not mean to be rude or treat you badly, but only wanted to pass the time away. Harry will come next month to take me as his bride. You may come to the wedding if you wish. Your once affectionate Emily.”

Could I believe my eyes? Did I read it correctly, or was I in a dream? I read the letter over and over again. It was only too true. I thought my life was ruined. For

many days my grief was such that I thought everyone could see it. Puppy love does affect one most strangely. I was asked if I was in bad health for I seemed to be pining away, but I decided to take a brace and not make a failure of myself or of my school. I became more reasonable finally, and summed up my little love affair as follows:

More than a year ago I learned that a certain city girl, a coquette, admired me and wanted to form my acquaintance. Later I met her at the reception, after which she showed indications that she cared for me and would be true. I was at an age to love. I had to love, at least, I thought it was that. Emily was pretty so I loved her. If it had not been her it would have been some other girl. While on my vacation I corresponded with her, and on my way to take charge of my school called on her and was gladly welcomed. I asked her if she loved me and she said she did. I believed her. Since then I had spent many happy minutes reading her letters. All this time, and before, she cared more for the other fellow than she did for me. The parting hour, as she said, had come. I made up my mind that it was a good thing for me. I decided that I would not let such things worry me in the future and that I would double my efforts and try to make a man of myself.

I decided that when I had made a mark in the world and was in a position to provide a home, that it was time enough to choose a life companion. But my experience

with Emily was not without its benefits, for I had discovered a class of girls to be avoided in the future—the make-love-quick girls. In the future I planned to place myself in the company of girls of a different standard. I decided that an upright young man should always be in the company of a “Model Young Lady.”



CHAPTER XIV.

A MODEL YOUNG LADY

Among the many things in this world that add to its beauty, its loveliness and happiness of humanity, a model young lady fills one of the highest positions. She can do more towards the upbuilding and uplifting of her race than any other one thing of God's creations. In estimating all the qualities that belong to this particular human makeup, we must consider her physical features, mental ability and moral character.

As to her physical makeup, very little mention should be made, as there are other qualities so much more important. A certain young lady while discussing this subject, said she would consider that a model young lady ought to be about five feet seven inches in height, to weigh about 130 pounds, to have black hair, dark blue or black eyes and fairly light complexion. Such a young lady would, without a doubt, be a beautiful young girl, but it is quite likely such a one would not suit the fancy of all; some

might prefer auburn hair, additional weight and other changes in general. But for my personal opinion I would say that any young lady can be a "model young lady" if she so desires.

Under the physical makeup of a young lady neatness in dress should be mentioned. I should much rather see a young man slovenly in dress and neatness than a young lady. If the former is not neatly dressed he is more to be excused than the latter, for the very cheapest material can be made into a neatly fitting dress. Women who are not rich can always appear well dressed with a little care in the choice and arrangement of the materials, never using such materials as would attract unnecessary attention.

When a man returned from a public occasion in which a certain young lady of prominence was to appear, he was asked by his wife if the lady was beautifully dressed. When he assured his wife that she was, he was asked what kind of a dress she wore. "I don't remember," said he. "Well, then," said the wife, "how do you know she was well dressed?" "After I have seen a lady and cannot describe her dress, I assure myself that she was well dressed, for if she was not neatly dressed or was gowned in an unusual gay dress I certainly would take note of it."

Another of a model young lady's more important qualities is her well developed mental faculties. In a discussion of this question it is somewhat difficult to know just where to draw the line; to know just what is a model edu-

education. However I do not think it absolutely necessary to be a University graduate to be a model young lady. In fact, by the time she would finish such course she would not, ordinarily, be a very young lady. But if she should, she would more than likely be weak in some of the other branches of mental instruction which are necessary to her complete fitness for the great sphere for which she was created—mistress of the home in its fullest and truest sense. Yet if she has the proper training (which we are taking into consideration that she has) from childhood she may receive both and also develop any special talent she may be fortunate enough to possess, such as music, painting or elocution. These last things add to her mental beauty, but are not altogether essentials.

Last, but not least, is her knowledge of domestic science. So many of the so-called "high class" of today think it unnecessary that their daughters be taught to do the various household duties. They are educated in all other modern sciences and arts, but could not cook a decent meal if their life depended upon it. They look upon such work as mere drudgery and not as something worth accomplishing. In my estimation it is far more honorable to be a good cook and good housekeeper than to go in so-called "high society," have the name of the most graceful dancer in the ball room, or to be the champion at the fashionable card table.

But the highest of all possessions, and in a sense includes all the other qualifications, is moral character. This one word "character" counts for more in the makeup of a model young lady than all others combined, for even though her face be homely and her mental powers moderate, if she has a beautiful, noble, true Christian character, all other defects vanish from sight, for as the old adage has it, "handsome is as handsome does." One of the best features of character and one in which so many girls of today are somewhat lacking, is modesty. She should let her words, thoughts and deeds be pure and sweet. Too many who are thought to be models in many respects, are too bold in words and actions for their own well being. In fact, if she is a model young lady she should know, by her better judgment, what is prudent and what is not.

She should be truthful that her words may be relied upon at any time and under any circumstances. She should be able to "bridle her own tongue" against speaking evil of her neighbors, and ever strive that the words of her mouth and the meditations of her heart might at any and all times be acceptable in the sight of God. In her daily avocations of life she should be earnest and zealous in all she undertakes, no matter how small or how difficult. She should be firm and have the will power when a task is begun to labor to see it finished.

Another lovely trait that belongs to this model young lady is courtesy in all respects, but more particularly to

those who do her honor. I consider it an honor to honor a lady, but there are hundreds of so-called ladies who receive honor and are not worthy of it. I was riding in a street car in which all of the seats were taken when two well dressed women entered, whom I supposed to be ladies. My friend and I being seated near the door through which they entered, courteously gave them our seats. Without any signs or remarks whatever to show they appreciated the act of honor, they resumed their boisterous laughing and talking. I heard one of them remark to the other,, "those fellows certainly are 'easy marks.'" Such actions as this on the part of the ladies or women, I should say, for if the definition of "lady" is as I understand it, such are not ladies, towards the gentlemen, is the cause of the fairer sex not receiving more respect and honor.

The model girl should allow herself to appear before people in the same simple way at all times; not one time as though they were the only friend and probably the next time forget to recognize their acquaintance. She should always cultivate a spirit of friendliness and loveliness toward all. She must possess a loving or affectionate disposition, which will include her kind and cheering smiles, that may help to brighten the way of some poor soul and add a star to her own crown, for there is nothing that adds more to the comfort of others with such little exertion and effort on her part, than a pleasant smile or a kind word.

Another noble element in her character is that of in-

dustry. She may possess a number of the other qualities that go to make up her life, but if she lacks the spirit of industry a great link is missing in her chain of virtues. She may be quite perfect in other respects but if in all her movements she is sloven and carries the appearance that life is a burden, because she has something to do, her beauty in other respects is, to a great extent, marred.

To develop and cultivate a model character, which, as I have said is the potent factor of a young lady, she must have high ideals in her own life and those of her associates and friends. So many girls do not seem to have any end in view, no point towards which they are striving. Nor do their thoughts seem to go beyond the present moment. In selecting their associates they are in no wise particular, especially young men. In many cases the more of a "sport" the more in the "swim" they think they are. They do not stop to consider his morality. If he is good looking and goes "swell" dressed he is the one all are after, no matter how vile his character or how degrading his habits.

I am thinking of one case in particular where a young man had an engagement with one of my girl friends, a very pure and innocent girl of about 17, for Sunday afternoon. He being so full of strong drink that afternoon, the date of his calling had to be postponed until that evening. That evening it was all passed with a jolly laugh that Arthur was too drunk to come. In a number of cases

I have known young women to permit the young man with whom they were keeping company to smoke, chew or use profane language in their presence. If the girls and young ladies of this nation should say, and mean what they say, "no young man will be allowed in my personal company who is not honorable, upright and free from all filthy habits," there would be a marked change in the characters of our young men within a very short time. The girl who answers these requirements and makes this resolution is, in my estimation, a "Model Young Lady."



CHAPTER XV.

MEN WANTED

Did you ever see the sign "Men Wanted" in some prominent place? You have, I am sure, but it is quite likely that you read it in a glance without considering its real meaning. It means that such and such company wants men. Suppose that some man who is without arms should respond to such sign by saying, "I notice this company wants men. I am without work and need a position very badly," what would the proprietor in charge say? He would say, "you cannot do our work. We want men who can do all kinds of work." In other words they want complete men. This man was lacking.

I see such a sign standing out in the future saying, "Men Wanted." This sign is so large that it covers both Heaven and earth. All men should see it. It means complete men; men who are not lacking in any way but especially in morals. This is not the same sign as the other. Men will be accepted in response to this one regardless

of their physical disabilities, but they must be clean men. A man, who, by some accident, has lost all of his four limbs is carried before the proprietor of the future who is calling for pure men and applies for work. Though he is as helpless as a babe, his morals are good, he is a pure man. He is invited to do all he can. At the same time, a strong, red faced, red nosed young man who is seemingly perfect in physique applies for a place. His body is perfect, but his mind, his morals, his thoughts and his manners are corrupt. He is rejected.

The progress of civilization has been so rapid in the past few years that we boys who are called the next generation will be compelled to possess more qualities of manhood than the men of the generation that is just passing. We will not only have more battles to fight, but more will be expected of us. We will have more things with which to contend. The highly educated man of a century ago would seem now, if living, to be on the borders of ignorance.

Did you ever hear your father or grandfather speak of old Mr. So and So, who now seems to be an almost entirely ignorant man, as once being the leader in educational affairs? And is this progress stopped? If the young man or boy of today does not acquire a full store of knowledge and training, what will be his condition as compared to the men of half a century hence, with whom he is to live? No comparison.

To be sure other things have progressed with minds of men, as this is the keynote to all progress. We receive news from the opposite side of the globe in less time than our ancestors of a century ago learned of events transpiring in their own neighborhood. We cross the ocean now in four days when once it took that many months. News is sent across the ocean now without a wire as easily as it once was with one. We now travel hundreds of miles in the air when once it was thought impossible to go that many feet. Islands and continents that were once unknown are now inhabited by a civilized and progressive race. Advancements that were 100 years ago unthought of have recently been made in Government, great societies organizations and combinations have been formed which have largely displaced neighborhood affairs. The great trusts of today are to be compared to the individual business man as a great mountain to a mole hill. In the shadow of the mountain the mole hill sinks into insignificance. Such problems, and others too numerous to mention, are before the people of today for solution, and they will still be unsolved when the next generation takes hold of the government.

So we boys and young men, who are now preparing to be men, can see what a burden we will have when the weight of government is tossed from the shoulders of our fathers to the weaker ones of our own. Nevertheless we

will be well paid for the carrying of the heavy burden, for life is worth much more now than it was in the past.

Thirty years ago a man signed a contract for the purchase of a farm. He is now ready to sell it. Is he willing to sell it, with all of the modern improvements, for the same price that he paid 30 years ago. He will not, regardless of the fact that he and family have lived in luxury for 30 years from its yieldings. He will not take one-fifth nor one-tenth nor one-twentieth of the purchase price. The farm has increased in value. In like manner the value of life has increased. For this reason we are compelled to pay more for life than our fathers did. We must spend all our early years in seeking the ways of this life if we hope to be prepared to take charge of our duties, as they are being heaped upon us.

If I were to try to purchase life at the same price my father did 40 years ago, i. e. spend three months in school in preparation for a whole life and expect to accomplish anything, total defeat would be the result. In order that we may reap full benefits of this valuable life we must be "Architects of our own tower." As you know there are two kinds of towers and man is the architect of both. One is made of perishable materials and succumbs to time, the other is composed of our acts, deeds and thoughts and is imperishable. If we visit any of the old towers that come under the former head, which were erected under the old

Feudal system, we will see what time has done with them, some being totally destroyed, others only partly.

The imperishable towers are much more numerous than the perishable. The perishable are found in very few countries or towns, while the imperishable are found in every man, woman and child. It is the imperishable that concerns the individual. Every day it is growing and it is with us whether it contains material so that when it is finished it will be a tower of beauty, strength and honor, or one that is so weak and tottering that it will be forever a discredit and dishonor to the builder. The first thing in building a tower is to lay the foundation. If we wish our tower to stand we must erect it upon something that is firm and substantial.

The present tower building is not conducted as it was in the dark and middle ages. In the dark ages when there was want of knowledge combined with the want of material and means, many towers fell by the yielding of foundations. Their foundations were not substantial; they were founded upon the sand instead of on the rock. But in the present century, when the mind of man is more active and they have more material with which to work, we see tower builders dig through the sand, regardless of depth, until firm ground is reached and there begin to lay the foundation stones. They build upon rock; their towers will last longer, but still they are perishable.

So it is with the building of the towers of men. They must have a substantial foundation, regardless of price. Their towers must be erected upon the foundations of knowledge, virtue and religion, and not upon folly, vanity, intemperance and infidelity. Poor foundations have been the ruin of many towers. When do we build these towers? From the cradle to the grave. What kind of material do we use in the erection of these towers? The "Stones of Life."

Do we find some of these stones defective, finally to crumble away and leave a defect in the great tower? Yes, we find numbers of defective stones in the towers of men. A man will oftentimes, purposely or unthoughtfully, place in a rotten stone which causes a defect in the tower. These rotten stones are so numerous that they present themselves to us every day to be placed in our tower. Some of these stones, of course, are not as harmful as others. Even the man who is slovenly in dress and manners is placing an imperfect stone in his tower, for a man's clothes are a part of the individual and enter into our idea of character, and "the manners of a gentleman are the index of his soul." A man need not necessarily be dressed in an expensive attire, but they should be neat and clean. A cheap suit can be made fit and kept clean as easily as an expensive one. When I hear a young man who is very slovenly in dress and manners, talking of applying for a certain position of note, I think "poor fellow if you had

some one to teach you how to dress and act, and to help you rid yourself of some of those slang expressions, you would be more likely to secure the desired position."

A man may know as many languages as Burrit, may have made scientific discoveries greater than Darwin, may be richer than Rockefeller, may be wiser than Solomon and as brave as Jackson, yet if he has the habit of hesitating over his words or twisting his limbs or twirling his thumbs, doing or saying awkward things or laughing boisterously, of what account is he to society?

The man who is using constant vulgar and profane language is, without a doubt, laying a very rotten stone in his tower. He is not only doing an injustice to his God and fellow man, but more particularly to himself. Every oath a man utters in my presence causes my respect for him to drop at least one degree, and if it continued my respect for him soon drops far below zero.

What causes a man to use such language? They do so through ignorance. A man who uses profane language is ignorant in one of two ways or both; he is ignorant of the harm it does himself and fellow man, or his general training has been so slight that he has not words enough in his vocabulary to express his thoughts and feelings. You may choose any habitual swearer, put one thousand additional words in his vocabulary, and nine times out of ten the vulgar habit will be gone. I have oftentimes heard men end a story with a series of fearful oaths in order to produce

the desired effect. If they had a few other words at their command this would be avoided.

There are hundreds of other defective stones which we must watch lest they force us to place them into our worthy towers. A few of the more common defective stones are the rotten stones of smoking, chewing, lack of respect toward women as well as the old, lack of self control and self respect, not knowing your duty, lying, cheating and stealing.

In addition to being architects of our own tower, there are many other factors that enter into the preparation to respond to the call "Men Wanted." Keeping up in the race is a very important factor in the making of man. In these late years when every man has swift feet and everything is done in a moment, if you have not swift feet you fall behind in the race. The world is moving as never before and the man who will not move with it will simply "get left." You must be trained if you hope to win, for we would not expect an untrained horse to win in a race. Nor is it always necessary for a man to go to a college or university to receive this training. "The world itself is a university." Travel and contact with man and the struggle to get along in life, contribute largely to the training of man.

A certain college, as an advertising scheme, sent out a bulletin which contained the picture of a happy family circled around the eldest son. The intelligent looking lad

was holding a college diploma on which were written the following words: "Preparatory life completed. Ready for the problems of real life." As I looked at this quite pleasant picture, I thought, "My friend, if that paper, though it be a diploma from the best college, is all you can present to prove to the world that you are ready for the problems of life, you will doubtless meet hundreds of unexpected difficulties." In other words, his success will at first be very slow.

Success is the overcoming of difficulties. "If there were no difficulties there would be no success." Difficulties are oftentimes the means of success.

In speaking of a young man who was needlessly spending all of his weekly earnings, my father said: "When he meets a real hard problem such as a severe attack of illness when he will be compelled to call upon his friends to help him, his life will be changed." And so it is with each individual man; when we meet some difficulty that seems almost impassable, we oftentimes become discouraged and think of giving up, while at the same time we are reaping a reward from the difficulty through the training.

Another all important factor in the making of man is a good name. "A good name is rather to be chosen than riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold." In other words, if a man possesses a good name he is a wealthy man. The merchant, the machinist and the miner may work and save until they become very rich, the doctor may

have the dollars rolling in from 5 a. m. to 10 p. m., the miser may have his thousands and the millionaire may steadily be increasing his millions, but if they do not possess a good name they are not rich. A good name will make any man rich, therefore, all men can be rich if they so desire. The farmer may be compelled to sell his horses and land to pay his debts, the laborer may go to his morning work without his breakfast and the beggar may die on account of hunger, but if they possess a good name they are rich.

I was interested in a little story told by a certain minister about a young man who was trying to get an education. The young man having attended college for two years and the last of his financial resources having been exhausted, returned home very much discouraged though still caring and being ambitious for higher life. After the kind old minister listened to his story with a fatherly ear, he surprised the young man by telling him he would let him have the \$300 which were needed to carry him through the remainder of the college course. When the young man asked the minister how he expected to be made safe for the payment of the sum, as the lad had no parents to help him make the note safe, the minister said: "Young man your good name is security enough for twice that amount."

A man can possess a good name in no other way than by his own efforts, and these efforts may be brought about, to a large extent, by self-reliance. The failure of hundreds

of young men is brought about on account of their not having enough self-reliance. After a boy begins to pass into his twenties, if he has been confronted by a few discouraging problems and feels that he is not competent to accomplish scarcely a thing in any line, it is at this point the more mature men should help them by encouragement. I have oftentimes heard young men say and have felt that way myself, "If I were young So and So, I could accomplish much more than what I am as it is, but I feel that I am incompetent to do anything for a year or two at least." A young man should begin trying to do something as soon as anything comes near to be done and not wait for a year or two to slide by, for even we young men have only a few years to be here and every one should be well used. The advice my father has oftentimes given me is, "My son, you must take long leaps in this life, only taking care not to pass the line." So if we hope to be qualified to respond to this great call, "Men Wanted!" we must begin early and take a rapid pace in life. We must be "men."

If the coming generation is to accomplish as much or more than the present one, the young men of today must leap like a frightened deer from their hiding places of boyish acts, grab a hoe, hammer, pen, Bible, or something of the kind and try to make a mark in the world. The ambitious young fellow who is willing to lay his hands on any kind of an instrument to make mark in the world, is a "man," and is being searched for from all quarters of

the earth. The farm is calling for them. The shops are calling for them. The law offices are wanting them. The school room is begging for "men." The pulpit is calling for them. The nation herself, in her daily prayer to the Supreme Ruler, is praying :

"God give us men! A time like this demands

Strong minds, great hearts, true faith and ready hands :

Men whom the lust of office does not kill,

Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy,

Men who possess opinions and a will ,

Men who have honor, men who will not lie,

Men who can stand before a demagogue,

And scorn his treacherous flatterings without winking.

Tall men sun-crowned, who live above the fog

In public duty and in private thinking—

For whilst the rabble with their thumb worn creeds,

Their large professions and their little deeds,

Mingle in selfish strife, Lo! freedom weeps,

Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps."

A SERMON

THE SCARLET CHORD

A Sermon by Rev. D. W. Goldsmith.

Text: "And she bound the scarlet line in the window."
Josh. 2:21.

The text refers to the works of Rahab, the harlot, whose past life was so filled with sin and folly that she could not have a place in the homes of Jericho. Nevertheless, on account of her faith she became famous in the scripture. We find her name frequently mentioned in the Old and New Testaments.

Such was the record to which Rahab had attained. Let us take Rahab as our pattern, not for what she had been, but for what she became by obeying God, in rescuing the spies, and in saving herself and her family.

The text carries us back, in spirit, to Jericho which was a noted city in the land of Canaan. The high walls, groves of palm trees and woods of balsam made the little city

famous like a blooming garden. But Jericho was a temple of idols and a scene of abomination. God's day of reckoning was at hand, for God's children were coming to destroy the heathen gods, and Jericho was doomed. God's children were ready to take possession of the land which God had promised Abraham and Isaac.

High on the walls of Jericho stood a house where sin and shame dwelt. In that house was Rahab, the harlot, whose name virtuous people of Jericho blushed to speak because she had been driven from home and had turned her life over to sin and shame. Was she happy? No. She was away from home in sin like the prodigal son who said: "How many servants has my father and bread to spare and I am starving." But Israel was coming like a whirl wind and the fear of God was going before them and causing Jericho to be troubled over what she had heard. And Rahab, the harlot, was also troubled for she had heard of God's law, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." She had learned that the God of justice was a God of mercy and that he was different from the god of her people. But Rahab said: "Oh! that I might call this God my God, and dwell beneath the shadow of his wings and find peace and grace forever."

While thinking of this new God, Rahab's heart beat with surprise when two strange men walked across her threshold. These were spies that Joshua had sent at the risk of their lives. They had entered the city, but in none of

the houses except Rahab's could they feel safe. As the coming and going of strangers was nothing unusual at her house, the spies could learn what was going on in the city, and from this place they could make their escape in case they were detected. Rahab knew the men and her heart beat with joy for them. The news soon spread in the city that the spies were there. The king having heard this, without delay, sent officers to Rahab's house to demand that the woman bring forth the men. But Rahab hid the men on the flat roof of the house in a pile of flax, met the pursuers with the evasive reply that the men had gone but could be overtaken between there and the Jordan. The officers had scarcely gone until Rahab mounted the roof and told the spies what had happened, laid her heart bare to them and begged to show mercy to her and to her family when the city was to be destroyed.

Upon getting such promise as she asked for, she urged them to flee in haste, telling them not to take the road to Jordan, but to go to the hills and hide for three days. After delivering this message to them, she seized the scarlet chord and let them down through a window outside of the city, with the understanding that this same scarlet chord would be bound in her window.

This chord might be considered a token of the blood of Jesus Christ. Had it not been for Rahab's mercy and the scarlet line those men would have perished, but the scarlet chord in the hands of Rahab was their salvation. My

friends, we are in a house of this world, seemingly, no means of our escape so far as this world is concerned, but in God there is one, and but one, means of rescue for the sinner.

This single means of rescue is through the love of Christ. Don't try to help self. Don't depend on the world, nor seek salvation in wisdom, pleasure, or honor; that means death, but grasp the scarlet line and cling to it firmly. It will save you; it is the line of rescue for sinners.

This scarlet line in Rahab's window not only saved the spies, but it saved Rahab and her family, for after the spies had gone she bound the line in her window and gathered all of her father's family in her house but told them nothing concerning the spies.

One week passed and Jericho underwent a change, for Israel had crossed the Jordan, in the same manner that it had crossed the Red Sea, and marched to Jericho. The people of Jericho were much alarmed, but Rahab was calm. In her heart she was confident that she would be delivered and that she would soon be with God's people. Her sinful life was closed with Jericho and a new life begun at this point, but this new life was not single handed for her father, mother, brothers and sisters were saved with her. She might not have thought of them in her days of shame, but now old affections were renewed; love for home had returned. Oh! how our love runs after home when we get saved.

Rahab ran to her parents, told them her experience and succeeded in getting them all in her house and beneath the scarlet chord. There was no place exposed to the enemy like Rahab's house. And when Israel came to the city all was filled with fear except Rahab and her house. They were not afraid because they sat under the scarlet line and knew that they were saved. Rahab's house could be seen afar out in Israel's camps and it designated a place where a child of God, a light in the world, was located. (Brother, Sister, let the world know where you are).

Israel marched around Jericho for seven days and on the seventh day, seven times and the battle cries were heard along with the blowing of rams' horns and shouting. The walls of the city fell with a crash. The proud city, once a dwelling place of kings, now lay a hopeless mass of ruin. But like a cliff stood a large building amid the ruins, and from the window of this house proudly fluttered a scarlet line which seemed to say, "You can't touch this house for it is Rahab's, and she is saved and all that is hers is safe in this house." The home was not saved because it was stronger, but because it was protected by the scarlet chord. Behind this line we find protection. Oh! friends, does the scarlet line shield your home? Does the upper door post of your house bear this inscription? What is the protection of your home? What guards your children? It is nothing we can boast of, not our wisdom, riches, might or strength, but the scarlet line, the grace of

Jesus Christ. Friends is your whole house dedicated to God? Are you as zealous for the salvation of your loved ones as Rahab was for her friends? She did not ask that only herself be saved, but all of her people as well; she cried to her friends to get under the scarlet line.

Brothers and sisters, do you pray, "Oh! God, give me my girls and boys?" What do we praise most in this world, our families, our souls, or this dear old book, the Bible? In how many homes is the Bible thrown back in some dark corner to be covered with dust, and in how many of these homes are the children with prayerless mothers and fathers? An aged man on his deathbed said, "How well do I remember my dear father and mother who lifted me up in prayer in my childhood days and led me to a legacy that makes me rich in the jaws of death."

My friends, are we such parents that when we are in our graves our children will say from their heart: "Thank God for such helpful fathers and mothers?"

Let us, as parents, bind scarlet lines in the paths of our children.

THE END.

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