

Success

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OPPORTUNITIES for young men to achieve success, are now easier than ever. Conditions may change; opportunities change in character; but human ability remains the same.

What is then the factor that makes man succeed? It is force and unwavering energy. Force is the power within man—call it soul, will, intellect or what you please—that enables him to conquer his environment, brush aside all difficulties obstructing his path and push him to make an effort.

Force helps a man to control himself, and that is the beginning of success. A man whose energies, health and money leak away like water from a sieve cannot succeed. He has not the force to stop the leak. Force within a man is the faculty, that enables him to fix his mind, to concentrate his power of understanding upon the problem that confronts him, and move on until he finds its solution.

Success is concentration, plus imagination. That mysterious and complex power that works within us is imagination. That is the biggest power of all, because it enables man to see in his brain, the thing that he cannot see with his eye.

An architect is great when in his brain, he can see the building of his own creation finished. Michelangelo was one of the greatest painters of his age, because the power of his imagination showed him in his mind, the wonderful Dome of St. Peter's, and the magnificent statue of the Virgin with her dead Son upon her lap.

What we need today is what was wanted in Michelangelo's days.

We need first power, and then how to use it adroitly, wisely and persistently in solving our problems and realizing our ideals. So whatever the position or the rank one wishes to attain, he needs force, concentration, self-denial and imagination.

The opportunities for young men are today better than in the past, because men have more and better tools with which to work. The man of the Stone Age had a right to be discouraged. It was then a very difficult task indeed, and perilous in the extreme to attack a tiger, or a big tusked mammoth with a sharp stone in hand. Let a clerk in one of our stores, who pities himself, and wonders how he can get anywhere, ask himself how he would like to be standing up to his waist in a pond of cold water, with a wounded lion on the edge, waiting for him to come out, and he having a sharp stone in his hand with which to defend himself; is it not reasonable to believe that the primitive man, would have gladly changed place with the disgruntled clerk standing behind the counter in his light suit of clothes, with his trousers turned up at the bottom, and his bedroom nicely warmed up at night?

The young man of today little knows how lucky he is, with a roof over his head, a soft mattress for him to rest on, and no need of asking himself whether he

will wake up in the night with a leg bitten off by a wild animal.

Just remember, young man, that everything we possess today, from the wheelbarrow to the steam shovel, was worked out by the fertility of the brain of that primitive man, who had no other weapon to defend himself, but a stone sharpened spear. Think what we have to work with today. The telephone, the telegraph, the mail, the public schools, that give us an education free; the libraries, that give us knowledge, if we have only the brains, the heart and the will to accept it and digest it. Under the circumstances, has a young man who does not attain success any excuse whatsoever for his failure?

There will always be failures among men, as there are with articles of an inferior quality, but such are attributable to our work, or to our lack of effort in trying to develop more perfect specimens. No young man, even of average moderate power, no one need be a failure unless he chooses so to be.

If you save a part of what you earn instead of gambling or risking it, in time, you cannot help becoming independent. If you are careful with your health, which is a real capital, be regular with your sleep, moderate in eating, temperate in habits; if you use your brain power to move forward in the world, instead of using such good qualities for wasting purposes, you will surely succeed. You may not accumulate millions, or become President of the United States, but you can, if you choose, attain success. For real success means a mind free from worry, and free from the slavery of being under another man's orders. Success is also the action of doing the very best you are capable of.

A great genius who stops working, or steeped in dissipation, does only one-half of what he is capable of doing is a failure, when compared with a man of modest ability who does his best persistently, works faithfully and deals justly with his fellow men. Some are driven to work by the earnest desire to have their children happier than they were. It is a praiseworthy act to permit men to hand down money to their children, although in a great many cases, is unwise so to do, as it may prove the ruination of their offspring, if they are prone to spend their father's inheritance in dissipation and vice.

That men should do right, is an integral part of the just man's character.

The ordinary decent man behaves himself, deals justly and honorably, not because he is afraid of Hell or to lose Heaven, or because he runs the risk of being hung, or fears to go to jail, but because he cannot live without his own respect, and because he is beginning to be under the influence of that inner ego which leads to that humanity, which in future will govern us absolutely.

The day is coming when all men will do good because they are impelled by an imperious duty to do good and for no

other reason. When that time arrives, then true civilization will be at its beginning.

Let me repeat then, that it is just as easy to succeed now as it ever was, and perhaps easier. Man has more weapons to succeed with or to gain power, if he wishes to wield power.

Finally, we must not endeavor to succeed for the hope of a reward or for fear of punishment, but we must do right in succeeding for right's sake, and because it is just as easy and pleasanter to do right than to do wrong. We must not live for ourselves as some beings do, or with the idea that by our forging our way to success we leave a footprint on the sands of time. Old Father Time will surely laugh in his sleeve if we mean to succeed in order to perpetuate our memory with the coming generations. Let us do good for humanity's sake, and let us face death with the Spartan courage of men who have fought the battles of life to succeed, not for the promotion of personal interests only, but for the good we could do for those less lucky than ourselves.

Overlooked Difference.—The returned missionary who is shocked to find there isn't much difference between the dress of American woman and that of the savage, must have overlooked the price tags.

Times Change, People Don't.—In some towns where it used to be part of the day's program to go down to the station and see the train go past, the natives now have the habit of waiting around for the bus to come in.

Was Not Asleep.—The late Lord Northcliffe was a great believer in work. He made work his mistress. She killed him in the end, but she granted him his heart's desire, too. Once, at a dinner, a lady said to Lord Northcliffe: "Thackeray awoke one morning and found himself famous." "When that morning dawned," Northcliffe answered, "Thackeray had been writing eight hours a day for fifteen years. The man who wakes up and finds himself famous, madam, hasn't been asleep."

A Narrow Escape.—A school teacher had a great deal of trouble in making a boy understand his lesson and when he finally succeeded he drew a long breath and said, "Well, if it wasn't for me you'd be the biggest donkey in the state."

Answered!—A man received the following note from his actor son, who had joined a touring company:

"I have made a great success. Will you lend me £5 to pay landlady? Your devoted son, Algy."

"P. S.—Since writing this letter, I am ashamed to ask you, so I ran after the postman and tried to get it back. I pray it does not reach you."

The son was surprised when he received this reply:

"Dear Algy, your prayer was answered. The letter did not reach me."—Tit-Bits.