

**ABOUT SUCCESS AND FAILURE**

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has robbed them of their own. They did not rely upon that inborn ability which is given to the weakest as well as the strongest, and neglected the little opportunities which were all around them and would have brought them to their goal.

No matter what the accidents of birth, or fortune, or what our neighbors have that we may lack, there is nothing beyond our attainment. There is absolutely no question but each one of us can be what we want—what we really will—to be. The world looks up to a determined man, or boy. You get what you pay for, in character, in work and in energy. There are few really good things which you cannot get if you are willing to pay the price by sticking to your job and working hard enough; to prepare thoroughly enough in order to be able to accomplish your desire.

Nothing comes through luck. Success or failure do not come through accident. You choose of them for yourselves. Success of the right kind is always in the student who wins success. Not in conditions. He makes the conditions.

Practically all of the men holding important positions in the business world today started near the ground, and, in the course of years, through hard work and the display of ability, round by round, climbed to their present places of power and responsibility. Students and readers, you will never reach above your habitual thoughts, nor will you go very far toward success by a constant desire to change your occupation; you will have to stick to some one thing and master it.

**SIGNALLED YEGG PALS WITH FLASHLIGHT**

A New Yorker awoke partially one night, turned over in bed and was just settling himself for sleep again when he caught a momentary flash of light on the wall of his room. Thoroughly aroused now, he saw another flash, then another and another, in rapid succession. Leaping out of bed, he looked out of the window and saw a young woman standing in the shadow of the neighboring house.

The flashes which proceeded from an electric flashlight in her hand continued and the startled onlooker who understood telegraphy quickly discovered that they were being used to spell out words in the Morse code. He got two or three words which were unintelligible, doubtless because they were the last of a sentence. Then, as the sound of footsteps told of the approach of someone farther down the street, the flashes began; giving this warning, "Lie low. Be careful."

When the belated pedestrian had passed and the

sound of his footsteps indicated that he was a safe distance away, the woman flashed forth this signal: "All right. Go ahead."

By this time the observer at the window, putting two and two together, had concluded that a burglar was at work somewhere in the vicinity, perhaps trying to break into his own house. He hurried to the telephone and called up the police station but apparently his movements were detected by the girl sentry or something else had warned her of danger for she signaled: "All off; Run," and at once disappeared down the street.

**CAT AND LION FRIENDS**

A Los Angeles woman came into possession of the lion "Tawny Persing," by name, when it was a cub. At the same time she got a fluffy bit of a kitten and brought the two up together. Cat and lion are now loyal friends and allies but there is no telling when there will be a breach in these relations, as lions and cats are naturally a little irascible and unstable of temper.

It is wonderful what propinquity and training in domesticity will do to overcome inborn fear and antipathy and establish real friendships between animals that are natural enemies to each other. A rabbit fancier that we know has an intelligent dog that has grown up and lived its three years with his rabbits. He thinks nothing of permitting the dog to go into the pens with the rabbits for it never molests them, despite the fact that rabbits are among the natural prey of the canine family. The rabbits evidently understand and have lost their instinctive dog fear in the case of this particular animal for they never show any sign of uneasiness when it is near.

**SOME HUMOR**

The portly gentleman strolled up to one of the seats in the park, and, having seated himself comfortably, was soon absorbed in his newspaper. After a while he began to be annoyed by a small boy who persisted in steadily staring at him, and at last he could bear it no longer. "What are you looking at, little boy?" he inquired. "Is there anything funny about me?" "Not Yet," replied the youngster, "but there's going to be when you get up. Them seats have just been painted."

Gen. Gordon of the Confederate army was one day sitting by the roadside, according to a story he was wont to tell, when a delapidated "Reb" soldier came tramping along in the boiling heat of the sun. The man's clothing was ragged and tattered, one shoe was gone, one arm was in a sling and his head was tied up in a bandage. "I love my country," he muttered to himself. "I'd fight for my country. I'd starve and go thirsty for my country. I'd die for my country. But if ever this war is over I'll never love another country."