

self ahead as fast as other young men of the same age, as a failure.

"The reasons for his lack of progress may be perfectly valid and altogether too delicate for the ordinary spectator to appreciate; and he may have in him the elements of ultimate success. It is notorious that some men mature much later than others; as it is also evident that those who mature early are likely to lose much of their mental virility before they are old. Only old men, therefore, can properly be said to have failed—perhaps it would be safer to say that only dead men can be put into this category.

"It is a matter of ordinary observation that early failures frequently develop into later successes; and that early successes frequently peter out into old-age failures. Some years ago Captain Mahan was given the honorary degree of doctor of laws at a prominent New England university. In his remarks before the alumni Captain Mahan preached a little sermon on this very subject, taking his own career as a text. He declared how he had lived in the world for forty years doing nothing to attract the favorable consideration of the public; and how, after that age had passed, he conceived the idea of writing his work on 'Sea Power,' and how he had toiled away for years before the finished product was ready for the world. Whatever triumph he had gained, he declared, had come to him late in life, long after that period when the public writers enter 'success' or 'failure' next to one's name. He added that he did not mention this fact for the purpose of glorifying himself, but merely to let the older men present on the occasion know that success was not necessarily achieved before forty, or, indeed, that it was not essential that a man be started upon the road before he had reached that period. I think that Captain Mahan would smile at a discussion carried on under the title 'Why Young Men Fail.'

"Nevertheless, it is probably true that there are a large number of young men in New York whose progress is satisfactory neither to themselves nor their friends. I know a large number of young fellows who would come in under this class—indeed, nearly all of my friends and acquaintances are of this kind. To be frank with you, I am not getting along as rapidly myself as I desire. I was graduated from college six years ago, and constantly run against my classmates in this big town. I must admit that few of them are 'doing well' or apparently see any very glorious prospect of improving their condition. Six years is, of course, a short time for a man to show what he can do; but they, according to the present standard, will not much longer be 'young men.' Middle age is staring them all in the face. Most of them, too, are thoroughly

disheartened; though they all assume a certain kind of frank humor in discussing their lack of success.

"I had not been long in New York when I noticed one day on Wall Street a string of men, young and old, comprising what at first I thought was a chain gang. When I got a little closer, I saw that they were carrying small wooden boxes which were evidently heavy and contained, I concluded, coin or bullion. I at once concluded that the 'chain gang' were bank employees carrying a precious burden to some safe-deposit vault. One of the men engaged in this somewhat menial work I thought I recognized, and, as I looked more intently, I saw that I was not mistaken. It was Smith, one of my classmates, who, in his under-graduate days, enjoyed a great college reputation. He was stroke in the crew, belonged to the best societies, and was an all-round 'big man,' much courted by those ambitious of college advancement. I was somewhat shocked at his present rather humiliating plight—the fruit of seven years' work. I happened to meet him in the street a few days afterwards, and asked him how he was getting on. 'Not very well,' he replied. 'When I came to New York, I expected to turn the city upside down; but it has turned me upside down, instead.'

"A few days later I ran across one of the 'high stand' men in my class. He had been at work in a law office for four years, but he was still supported by regular remittances from home. He frankly told me he would starve if his father did not look out for him. 'I got a letter from Bob a few days ago,' he said, mentioning the name of a classmate who was attempting to practice law in a New England city. 'He tells me that he is working like the devil, but can't do much, and asked me if I couldn't look out for an opening for him here. He said that by collecting bills and doing other odd jobs he was able to make seven or eight dollars a week. I wrote back at once that he had better stay where he was, and that he was to be congratulated on his success.'

"A few days ago I ran up against another young lawyer similarly situated. The one great difference, however, was that the latter had no rich father to look out for his wants and secure him a position by his influence, and was obliged to grub along as best he could.

"'How're things going?' I asked.

"'I'm making more money than I've made in years,' he replied with an attempt at cheerfulness.

"'Law business looking up?'

"'Law nothing! Census! I'm taking census now—a full-fledged enumerator. Get two and a half cents a name. Good money in it.'

"'But what's going to become of your practice?'

"'Oh, I'm able to take care of that

too,' he replied with a smile, and passed on.

"Although my classmates have been out only six years, several have changed businesses and professions—some more than once. The other day, in the financial district, I ran plumb up against one of the most popular and promising of my undergraduate friends. The last I had heard of him he was in a law office up New York State. 'Oh, I've dropped the law,' he said, 'and dropped it for good, I hope. I couldn't get along in it at all. I had an office for a year, and in that time I may have had a dozen people cross my threshold, but most of them were duns. Now I've got a job in a broker's office; I don't get much, but what I do get comes regularly once a week. Some time I may get on the curb myself; but that's a degree of success I don't expect right away.' And he started down Wall street.

"'What are you doing these days?' I asked of a classmate whom I met later, on the elevator in one of the big skyscrapers.

"'Looking for a job,' he replied, getting off at the fifteenth floor.

"A few are in much better circumstances; but these are usually the married ones—that is, those who have married fortunes. One of my classmates already cuts some figure as a philanthropist—but his philanthropy is at his wife's expense. The most amusing case of all is that of a college friend, who, in his years of adolescence, was something of an idealist—indeed, he enjoyed quite a college reputation as a literateur, scholar and poet. He is now the junior partner in a large and very successful shoe store up town—the senior partner being his proud father-in-law. Such successful men as these, however, are rare: and their success is seldom owing to their own exertions. But are the others, who form the great majority, to be put down as 'young men who have failed'? I am sure they are not fools; I am sure they are not lazy; I think most of them are ambitious to get along, and are willing to work hard for success. And I am not so sure that their chance will not come, and that they will not break through such barriers as nepotism, that unquestionably clogs a man's success, though they cannot stop it, and come out on top in the end."—New York Evening Post.

PRETTY. The organ of Bryanarchy at

Fremont, edited by a pleasant and most affable gentleman, is saying very pretty things about THE CONSERVATIVE and its editor. It also discourses with eulogistic fervor in praise of Grover Cleveland who endeared himself to General Bragg by "the enemies he had made." That the Fremont Bryanarchist may continue in the same vein forever is the aspiration of all who appreciate that valuable journal.