

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. THE WAY OF THE INVENTOR.

BY DR. NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS. Tools and machines are at once the glory and the marvel of our time. They have halved man's hours of work. They have doubled his comfort...

mica, every known kind of clay, yellow, blue, red, white; every kind of wood from the forests of India, and Africa, and South America. Every kind of fibre, manilla grass from the Philippines, the fibres found in the pulp of the corn stock of Illinois, and the pulp of the reeds and rushes of Ceylon and Egypt...

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE CURE AND THE GENERAL.

There lived in the little village of —, in France, some thirty years ago, a retired old general of the army. He had seen and done much service for his country, having served—and with distinction—in the campaigns of Africa, the Crimea and of Italy.

He has a mighty heavy hand and knows how to wield a horse-whip on those who trespass on his land. You get us his leave to brush and strew this plot of his with evergreens and we'll do it right away, and gladly enough, too; but not without his leave—may, not without his leave. We know the general, we do."

The Cure saw at once that the men were of the same determination as their spokesman; besides, he knew that the general had but little sympathy with ecclesiastical functions and ceremonies and only tolerated them because they were sanctioned by statute. Clearly it would be seeking a disturbance, and one of no mean order, to interfere with the irascible old warrior's private property.

You Can Buy. BEST of any Grocer. SURPRISE SOAP. THE ST. LOUIS SOAP CO. ST. STEPHEN S.

RAMSAY'S PAINTS. PAINT RIGHT! And do it cheaply too, because they're the purest and best in the way of paint making. Their outlast cheap paints and cost less to put on—consequently are money-savers and time-savers.

THINKS IT IS A FIRST-CLASS MACHINE. Enclosed find \$11.20 to pay for the 5 drawer drophead Windsor Machine you sent on trial and another of the same kind. Prepay the freight charges and include Home Grinder. The machine you sent me is very satisfactory and works well.

Once the farmer ploughed a furrow across the field, while his boys cut the eyes out of the potatoes, slowly dropping them in the soil, as he covered them with the hoe. There is a machine on which the farmer rides, that first ploughs the furrow, then, with delicate iron fingers, feels the potatoes over, cuts out the eye, drops the seed at intervals of six inches, covers the potato, sprinkles over it a pinch of fertilizer, covers it again, pats it down, and then journeys on to repeat the process.

Already there are two hundred and fifty thousand working kinds of tools used. And inventors are multiplying them so rapidly that the number will soon be a half-million. Indeed the time is coming when man is to be absolute master over all the forces of physical nature, and everything in land and sea and sky is to serve man, run his errands, bear his burdens, grow his food, increase his happiness.

When Mr. Edison has tried and tested every substance in his storehouse, to see whether or not it will serve a given purpose, he knows the possibilities of the materials in our universe, and has exhausted his knowledge. But there was a little event in his early career that explains his later most marvelous success. At the beginning of the U. S. Civil War was a newsboy, running on a railroad train out of Detroit. The boy often found himself with newspapers on his hands, and also occasionally he ran short of the demand. One day he went to the office of the Detroit Free Press. There he found another boy setting type, and Edison bribed this printer to let him see the galley proofs when anything great occurred.

One day this compositor showed him a proof slip of the battle of Shiloh. It was still two hours before his train started, so young Edison rushed to the telegraph office and proposed to the telegraph operator to telegraph down the line that sixty-thousand had been killed at the battle of Shiloh and that in return the boy Edison agreed to furnish the operator with current literature "free, gratis, for nothing" during the next six months.

The good, simple villagers had elected him their Mayor. They had not dared do otherwise. In their new Mayor they found their master, for he ruled the roost with a rod of iron. He revolved in opposition for the delight it afforded him in crushing it. His method of meeting it and crushing it was so prompt and powerful that it quickly disappeared, never to return again.

In the course of the first week or two of the assumption of his mayoral duties he had simply played skittles with the members of the Municipal Council. Those who had long enjoyed notoriety were scattered and laid low as ninpins, and the fiery old warrior was simply fretting his very soul away for want of a fight.

The servant disappeared. In a very few minutes the heavy, red door of the old general was to be heard along the marble passage of his hall; the door of the reception room was swung open and in stalked the gray and grizzled old veteran. He coldly saluted — in the military fashion—his visitor and said: "My servant has doubtless made a mistake in saying you wished to see me. It is madame you wish to see, I presume. You have come on some begging errand?"

He soon scented one in the person of the Cure, or the parish priest. The Cure was a man of years, very earnest and unassuming, but ever mindful of his duties and responsibilities to God and His people. He was much beloved, for he was devoted to his flock and never spared himself in watching over their interests, spiritual and temporal. He had worthily won the affection, good will and esteem of all. Even the redoubtable old general admitted that there was some good in the old man, but qualified the concession by adding that he was a slave to a superstition and a servile system.

here!" And he seized with a grip of iron the broom from the frail old hands of the cure and began sweeping the roadway with a vigor and energy which were surprising in a man of his age and rotundity. But soon the unusual exercise began to tell on him; perspiration rolled down his cheeks, and he felt that he was beginning to have enough of it. Then raising his lusty voice, he summoned by name, one after the other, his man servants and set them to work, while he and the cure looked on. Soon there was not a speck of dirt or dust to be seen on the general's pathway; soon it was decked with palm branches and the freshest and most fragrant of flowers, while the altar of repose was all but hidden in a perfect forest of beautiful trees and plants.

Our Merciful Judge. Our Lord in the Tabernacle is the same God who will one day be our Judge. Let us go to Him with contrition and joy. His heart is full of mercy and compassion for the penitent sinner. Does He not Himself say, "I desire not the death of the sinner, but that he be converted and live?"

Wanted. The large increasing demand for First-Class Fruit Trees and Bushes, Ornamental and Shade Trees. Rose bushes, Climbing Vines, Hedges, etc., makes it necessary to secure MORE MEN to present and the work like to have any honest, intelligent man desiring steady, paying employment.

CONSTIPATION. Is probably the most common of all ailments. When neglected it becomes chronic, and frequently leads to hemorrhoids and other serious consequences. CONSTIPATION IS CURED BY IRON-OX TABLETS. Fifty Tablets for 25 Cents.

Viewed as a college boy's exaggeration the story is charming in its hyperbole, but viewed as a figure of speech, hitting off the tools that have freed the farmer's boy for study, for the office and the library, it is a sober truth. For the inventor of industrial slaves out of the land of physical bondage into the promised land of abundance, happiness and good fortune.

Great is the company of the inventors. And more and more gold and honors are to be their reward. To-day the gifted youth is an inventor, though he would have led an army or launched a crusade five hundred years ago. Of a hundred millionaires in New York City, eighty of them have achieved their wealth by means of some simple tool or labor-saving device that has halved the number of workmen saved the waste and doubled the output. It is perfectly evident that the fortunes that are to be made to-morrow are to be made by young men who learn how to use their brains, invent a new tool for production or who learn a new method of distribution.

Every manufacturer is looking for an ingenious workman and on every side are the suggestions of new tools and the materials from which to construct them. The man who first made paper out of wood pulp got his suggestion from a wasp's nest. The first strong iron hinge was copied from the trap-door of a spider. James Watt saw the men lifting coal out of the mine on their shoulders, and when he saw the steam lifting the lid of a kettle boiling on a stove, he asked himself why the steam could not be made to raise the coal out of the colliers' pit.

Every young man interested in getting on and in making the most of himself ought to read the history of invention. The best books for him to study are a little volume called "The Marvels of Modern Mechanism," and another, called "The Great Inventors," belonging to the Men of Achievement series. There is no romance like the story of these great heroes. There is no biography half so fascinating as the biographies of James Watt and the story of how he made a steam engine; of Fitch and Fulton with their perfection of the steamboat; of Eli Whitney's perfection of the cotton gin that grew out of it; of the tragedy of Charles Goodyear, and his redemption of the sailors and the miners from rain and snow and exposure. Thrilling also the career of Palissy, and of Arkwright, and Jaegerd.

Such was the position of affairs when the feast of Corpus Christi was to be kept on the morrow. A violent thunderstorm had swept down upon the little village, and its main street was deep in mud and dirt. As was then, and is now, customary in many a procession of the Blessed Sacrament, takes place on this great feast. It is also a part of the custom—at least in most country places—that each villager sweeps and cleans the roadway immediately facing his house and covers it with evergreens and even flowers. On this occasion the heavy downfall of rain had rendered double the length of his step, push back his horizon, quadruple the number of stars in the sky, for needing new laws, new knowledge, new arts, man's fundamental need is the need of tools, to set him free from the necessities of food and drink, that he may have time to read and paint, and write and carve, and sing, and serve, and love, and aspire.

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What a story is that of the playing fiddler of Sweden who discovered the mixing of iron so as to produce steel. Wondrous the story of the soldiers who have won our battles and freed us from our tyrannical, marvellous the story of the orators who inspire society with the love of liberty and progress! Glorious the company of the statesmen and martyrs who have guided society's upward march! But the history of heroism contains nothing more thrilling than the story of the inventors who have eaten crusts, worn rags, lived in huts, eaten endurance, and in shame, pursuing their great dreams, in their effort to perfect some tool that would redeem their fellow-men from poverty and ugliness,

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