

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GREAT MEN SAYING THEIR BEADS

It is sometimes said, my dear friends, that the beads is a devotion only fit for women. You are about to see how true that is. The illustrious Bossuet, one of the greatest geniuses of the time of Louis XIV., not only recited the Rosary assiduously, but also had himself enrolled in the Confraternity of the Holy Rosary, at the Dominican Convent, in the Rue St. Jacques, in Paris, on the 10th of August, 1680. In his train we may range all the institutions or reformers of modern congregations; St. Francis de Sales, St. Vincent de Paul, the Blessed Jean Baptist de La Salle, the learned Cardinal de Berulle, the pious Olier, founder and first Superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice, with a crowd of others. Better than that, the kings and great ones of the world have imitated these celebrated men. I can quote for you Edward III., King of England, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, Sigismund and Casimir, Kings of Poland, St. Louis, Francis the First, Louis XIV., Louis XVI., and several other Kings of France, who made public professions of that devotion. Father de la Rue, a learned religious of the Company of Jesus, relates that one day being admitted to an audience by Louis XIV., he found him saying his beads. The religious could not help showing his surprise. "You appear surprised," said the King, "to see me saying the Rosary; I glory in saying it; it is a pious custom which I have from the Queen, my mother, and should be sorry to miss a single day without discharging that duty." How beautiful is this! how admirable, dear friends! Let us not be ashamed, then, of a devotion which has been that of so many great men.—Selected.

DON'T MAKE EXCUSES

It is the results that count. They are what employers hire men for. They must be gotten and be satisfactory, or the business is a failure. An employee who gets results of the right sort, is a success. A young man who makes excuses to explain why he didn't get results, is a failure. He's a chump. The door and the scrap heap for him:

"I do not want explanations why you did not do it. I want the job done."

This sentimental rebuke of a merchant to the new boy contained the very kernel of the boy's later success in life. This is the real substance of the much talked of efficiency. Read it over, young man. Bolt it down into your mind so that it will never come loose. The employer wants results. Get the job done, at all costs of effort, over hours that may be demanded by obstacles that you might make into excuses, or your own blunders. Get the result it is the result that gives you value.

The more obstacles the greater the credit you really deserve. But do not think of that. Maybe some time the employer will find out what unexpected obstacles you climbed over. But more likely he will never find out. Certainly you will not tell him; you present the accomplished result. The trials you went through are your own private property—that is, experience, experience no man can ever take away from you. But the finished job you hand over to your employer. It is his property, and for that he pays you.

After a few months in which a young man always does the thing he becomes what we mean by reliable. The employer notices that every assignment to you gets done. Little by little the estimate of you gets fastened in his mind. If he wants sure thing he sends for you. He cannot remember a lot of excuses offered by you. A single sentence of excuses, or explanations why not, hurts like the eating rust on iron. Excuses are vexatious and irritating.

An employer must expend thought in weighing the excuses, and that adds to the day's work. The failure to present the job done is bad enough. But if you add to this disappointment an excuse that must be tested you strain relations. It is true, of course that not every errand is possible. True that difficulties may arise which no man could foresee; true that the train might be delayed. But yet forever the prize is, Do the job.

Leave the stalled train and walk. Get there anyhow. That is the victory. That shows you capable, resourceful, self-reliant of iron will. The more you see others turning back because the bridge is down the higher your resolve rises, you get the only boat and cross the stream, you employ the only farmers rig and trot away. What others may do, what might or might not be expected of you is not in your plan. Such things make excellent excuses. But you are not after excuses, you are after the completed job and you do it, hurrah!

Every time a man can wave his hand goodbye to an excuse he grows more of a man. Excuses are about the meanest things we ever have to handle. We are all obliged to handle them somewhat. But it is better to have the small kind. An excuse to an employer is dynamite.

There is nothing that is more keenly enjoyable than the sight of a retreating excuse as it turns its back and ambles off. You wanted to do it, some other day, perhaps. The completed job somehow becomes strongly your own possession. You exult in it, and the more invention you have to put into it, to get it past snags, the more intimately it seems

to become a part of your personality.

UNDERSTAND THE ORDERS

One-half the battle with a commission is to clearly understand the order. When the order is being given is the time, if any, to mention the difficulties. Repeat the order in the employer's ear, as you understand it. If he has flung an impossibility at you in his haste, probably he will see it if you say: "Let me understand you fully; your order I intend to execute. It will take me to the moon. Of course, you see that. But I shall do my best to reach the moon." This employer can himself promote efficiency by rationally considering what he has asked of a young man to do. No reasonable man can be impatient over a demand for intelligence.

The training of the mind to an aversion for excuses is a slow process. Most children are quick with excuses. It is a characteristic of weakness. Therefore a lad does well to put on the harness early.

Every time he can avoid excusing himself by not needing to be grown. He may measure his growth by the security by rationally considering what he has asked of a young man to do. No reasonable man can be impatient over a demand for intelligence. The training of the mind to an aversion for excuses is a slow process. Most children are quick with excuses. It is a characteristic of weakness. Therefore a lad does well to put on the harness early.

KNOWLEDGE FOR SUCCESS

Your knowledge of (1) yourself, (2) your business, and (3) persons with whom you deal, plus your actions, equals your success.

Know yourself. Analyze each department of your being: mental, physical, moral. Classify and tabulate the qualities, good and bad, according to the degree of strength or weakness. Eliminate or reduce the negative and destructive qualities. Develop and strengthen the positive and constructive qualities. Become efficient. Acquire mastery.

Know your business. Know the function and work of each phase of your business: executive, financial, producing, selling. Read regularly your trade papers and periodicals. Know your markets. Know fundamental financial, industrial, and commercial conditions.

Know people. Understand your associates and co-workers. Know, in order the better to serve, your customers, clients, patients. Analyze character. Study human nature. Apply your knowledge, consistently and persistently, and secure health, happiness, wisdom, power, wealth.—Channing Rudd.

NO POSITIONS FOR THEM

It is said that two million good positions in the United States are now barred fast against drinkers. This is a very good thing for the positions, though it may anger the drinkers. But why should not the drinking man face the fact once for all, that he is making himself less valuable to the business world?—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

PEGGIE'S ROSES

The faint breeze was stirring the leaves in Peggie's garden as she straightened her hat and pushed back a curl that was blowing across her face.

"I think it is beautiful," she said, taking another peep at the lovely pink rose that lay on a bed of green leaves in a dainty white box. "Mama says she knows He will like it, and I am just as sure as can be that He will. It's the very first rose from my garden and I've wanted it to be the loveliest rose in the world." Peggie continued, talking to a little bird that perched first on one branch and then on another of a small tree near by. "O little bird!" she went on, "won't you sing your prettiest songs while I sit here on this bench and wait for Alice and Millie? They promised to be here at 2 o'clock. And then, little bird, we are going to the church—the big church on the corner. If you try you can see the shiny gilt cross from your nest. Jesus lives there, little bird, and I am going to take this rose to Him."

"Oh, here they come now," she cried jumping up. "Girls, girls, here I am. Can't you see me, Millie and Alice? In under the white lilac bush. Come, I have something to show you."

The two little girls flew down the walk and across the garden to Peggie. "See," she lifted the cover. "Isn't it lovely?"

"Why, Peggie, it is perfectly scrumptious," said Alice, who liked big words.

Peggie looked into Millie's brown eyes. "Don't you like it?" she asked.

"I think it is beautiful," answered Millie's quiet little voice. "Aren't you going to take it to the church, Peggie?"

"Of course," said Peggie. "Come, let's go now."

In ten minutes the three girls had given the rose to the Sister Superior, who placed it near the golden door. Then they knelt before the altar in the great, cool church and prayed, oh, so earnestly! "Dear Lord, please bless papa and mamma and grandpa and grandma and Uncle George and everybody in the world," concluded Peggie at last. "And please, dear Lord

won't you help me to find a poor little newboy who loves flowers. I want to give him some roses when they come because last summer I was selfish and said no when a little boy asked for some roses. And I'm sorry now and want to give him all he wants. Help me to find him, dear Lord. Amen."

Then Peggie looked once more at the lovely pink rose nestling near the tabernacle door and went out into the sunny street with Alice and Millie. When she ran up the steps and into the house Peggie heard mamma call. "Come here, darling, I've something to tell you—something you will like to hear."

"Is grandma coming?" guessed Peggie, dancing into the room.

"Yes, and grandpa and—Uncle George," said mamma, looking up from a letter she held in her hand.

Peggie jumped up and down she was so happy—she just couldn't help it.

Three days later Peggie and mamma were standing on the platform at the depot waiting for the train.

"I hear the whistle, mamma," cried Peggie. "Listen! there it is again."

Louder and louder the whistle sounded and in a minute the train came rumbling into sight. Then a big bell clanged and the train stopped. Such a lot of noise and such a crowd of people! The big engine puffed out great breaths of steam, the bell rang louder than ever, and before Peggie could think what had happened she was caught up in two big arms.

"Oh!" she squealed delightedly, "oh, it's Uncle George!"

"It certainly is," said the kind voice that Peggie loved. "And here are Grandma and Grandpa."

Peggie kissed and hugged each over and over. And in a few minutes papa was driving them all home.

Such a happy week as they had! One morning when Peggie's roses were all in bloom Uncle George said:

"How would you like to come to the hospital with me this afternoon, little girl?"

Peggie's eyes shone. "The hospital on the hill, Uncle George! The place where little sick children go? Is that the one you mean?"

"That is just the one, Peggie. You would like to come, wouldn't you?"

"Oh! I do want to go! And I can take some flowers to the sick children, can't I, Uncle George?"

"I don't know why not, Peggie, there are plenty of roses here."

And so at 3 o'clock Peggie was standing before the door of St. Agnes' hospital, holding tight to Uncle George's hand. A lady with a big white apron and a little white cap opened the door and they went into a big room where there was a table, a desk with books on it and ever so many chairs. And there were beautiful pictures and two in particular which Peggie liked. In one Our Lord was bending over a poor sick boy, and in the other a Sister was reading to a wounded man. Soon a Sister came and they all went up a great wide stairway.

At an open door, Sister paused. "This," she said, "is the Christ Child's ward. The crippled children are here. Would you like to see them, dear?" she asked Peggie.

"Oh, yes, please," said Peggie. And I want to give them some flowers. Do you think they will like them, Sister?" and she looked down at her basket of red and white roses.

"I am sure they will, dear," smiled Sister. "Now here we are."

Through the open door Peggie could see a picture of the Child Jesus. His tiny hand raised to bless, and she saw too a picture of a Sister caring for a little child. Then they entered the ward, and Peggie's eyes grew large and moist as they travelled from one to another of the little white beds and smiled at the eager little face on each pillow. Then shyly but bravely she went from one to another and gave each child a rose.

Sister and Uncle George were standing by the last bed when Peggie reached it.

"This is Joey," Sister said, "I think he is going to fare best for being 'last.' And she looked at the roses that were left in the basket.

Joey's face was small and white, but his eyes were large and dark. And Joey's hair, which spread out on the pillow, was curly and the color of the sunshine. He put out a thin little hand to Uncle George who had said in a cheery voice, "The pain isn't very bad to-day, is it, little man?"

"No, sir," said Joey, and he smiled. He looked at Peggie, then at the roses.

"Oh!" he said, "oh! how lovely! Please, please may I touch one with my fingers?"

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"Yes, indeed," said Peggie, "you may have all that are left if you wish. Oh, I'm so glad you like them!"

"I love them better than anything in the world except Kathy and Tony," said Joey. "Kathy is my sister. She's a big girl. She tries to be just like mother—mother's gone to heaven I'm going there soon, and I'm glad. I'll see God then and mother. And Tony says there are lots of flowers in heaven—all kinds. Tony's my brother. He's twelve and he's a newboy. I'd be a newboy if I didn't get that fall. I can't walk now. But Kathy and Tony say I mustn't mind, they'll take care of me."

"Tony is the best boy in the world," the little voice continued. "He gets flowers for me when he can—asks people for them, you see. But he just laughs and says, 'Never mind, Joey, to-morrow I'll have better luck.'"

"Why, here comes Tony now! Tony, Tony, see my lovely roses! I've been praying to the Blessed Mother to send me some. And look, Tony! She sent all these."

Peggie looked around and her blue eyes danced. There by Joey's bed stood the little newboy she was praying to find.

"Oh, Uncle George," she said, "I'm so glad we came—and I'm so glad I brought the roses."

The next day Uncle George had to go to the city and when he came back he brought Peggie a picture she thought very sweet and lovely. It was a picture of the Christ Child in His loveliness in the center of a wreath of roses.—Mary Ekolan in the Magnificat.

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my shoe." The mother became greatly excited and hurried with the child to the medical bureau where she exhibited her to the doctors. The latter compared the official record of the case with the present state of the child, who was the least excited person in the room and who pronounced several words for the physicians. She showed none of the former twitching of St. Vitus dance and could hear normally in her left ear, but the right one is still somewhat defective.

Thomas Downey, thirteen years old, of Belfast, Ireland, who accompanied the 2,300 Irish pilgrims was in an advanced state of tubercular disease of the hip with a discharging sinus and could barely hobble with crutches. He surprised his attendants on Saturday evening by saying he felt much stronger and after again visiting the shrine suddenly declared that he did not need his crutches and proceeded to walk without them. He was taken to the medical bureau where the sudden improvement was recorded. He was then carried to the hotel where he is stopping where he delighted the onlookers by walking unaided through the gardens.

Michael Downey, also of Belfast, Ireland, who was dependent on crutches for walking, suddenly discarded them and is reported to be in a normal condition.

Agnus MacGuire another Irish pilgrim who suffered from a chronic tubercular knee, is also reported to have improved since her visits to the grotto and two little Irish boys who were paralyzed and who worshipped at the shrine, declare that they feel much better.

Grace Maloney of Killaloe, Ireland, who was suffering from a tubercular swelling of the knee which prevented her from walking, but who threw her crutches away on Sept. 12th, after visiting the shrine, continues to be sound and well. This girl, who is eighteen years old, has joined all the processions of pilgrims since she was cured and walks without the aid of crutches and without limping.

TUKK, JEW, OR ATHEIST

ANTI-CATHOLIC BIGOTRY INTENSE IN ENGLISH "UPPER-CLASS"

That anti-Catholic bigotry is still intense among the "upper class" element in Great Britain may be inferred from such cases as that of the lately deceased Lord Archibald Campbell, who left in his will a stipulation that none of his property should go to any of his family who should become Catholics. Commenting on this the Catholic Times remarks upon it as singular that the true religion is the only religion against which the prohibition is imposed in mostly all cases of the kind, the number of such being considerable in recent years.

"Not only," says The Times, "may the beneficiaries join any of the three hundred British Protestant sects without let or hindrance, but they are not forbidden to become members of non-Christian or anti-Christian bodies."

It is the spirit of intolerant Protestantism—any Church (but the Church they deserted—the Church of all Christendom, the Church of Europe and of England, for fifteen

centuries. Any Church but that ancient Church—the true religion. It is the spirit of the old motto—"Turk, Jew, or Atheist—but not a Papist."

BEWARE OF FALSE PROPHETS

"There is the false teacher," says the Southern Guardian "who says that the Decalogue has no place in practical politics; there is the false teacher who says the size of the family may be regulated to meet the increased cost of living; there is the false teacher who contends that the divorce court is the only solution for domestic unhappiness; there is the false teacher who says that a secular education is the one thing necessary; and there is the false teacher who says that Socialism is the only remedy for modern economic conditions which bear so heavily on the poor; but of all these and of others of the same description the Church says, 'Beware.' . . . The vagaries of human mind are so much in evidence that no one who is not endowed with something of Christ's spirit is able to cope with the aberrations of which the mind is capable and hence the secret of the Church's strength during the centuries of her existence, and the wisdom of the Church in her perennial proclamation of 'Beware of false Prophets.'"



A bite of this and a taste of that, all day long, dulls the appetite and weakens the digestion.

Restore your stomach to healthy vigor by taking a Na-Dru-Co Dyspepsia Tablet after each meal—and cut out the "piecing".

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Gurney-Oxford

Why is it The Best Range Procurable

It stands to reason that the foundry of national reputation for its equipment of the most notable hotel, restaurant, and institutional kitchens throughout the Dominion, also makes the best range on the market for the home kitchen.

This Gurney-Oxford range is the result of over seventy years' experience and experimental study of improvements to benefit the woman who toils in the kitchen.

Even Bakings

By means of a Divided Flue Strip, the heat is divided evenly over the top and down the back and sides of the oven. A pan of biscuits in the front and back of the oven will brown with perfect evenness without having to change their places many times during the baking. The two back lids of the range also receive an equal

cooking heat that will boil two kettles at the same time.

Perfect Control

The entire range is controlled practically by one handle, called the Economizer. It turns around on a series of six notches to determine the exact degree of heat required. Such control saves time, fuel and labor.

Saving of Fuel

Then again the Special Reversible Grate saves coal bills by burning the coal to a fine white ash. No unburnt coal can lodge in the rounded corners of the firebox.

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Its smooth, clean top is polished and requires no black lead.

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