

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE BUSY MAN

If you want to get a favor done by some obliging friend, And want a promise, safe and sure On which you may depend, Don't go to him who always has Much leisure time to plan, But if you want your favor done, Just ask the busy man.

The man with leisure never has A moment he can spare, He's always "putting off" until His friends are in despair. But he whose every waking hour Is crowded full of work, Forgets the art of wasting time— He cannot stop to shirk.

So when you want a favor done And want it right away, Go to the man who constantly Works twenty-four hours a day. He'll find a moment, sure, some- where, That has no other use, And fix you while the idle man Is framing an excuse.

—N. Y. Ledger

ALWAYS BE PUNCTUAL

Young men, be punctual; be always on time and never keep others waiting. Time and season wait for no man. The regularity which we cannot fail to observe in all nature around us, should be a lesson to us, that being on time always and everywhere is very necessary to our present and future success.

To be on time means that you make an effort to do things according to order and method; for the young man who observes no order in his life shows that he is careless and lives not according to reason and common sense. Throughout the entire universe order is to be observed. To be punctual means many little acts of self-denial, resisting temptations to delay and loiter, putting away the present feeling or inclination to scorn future good.—The Tablet.

ONE OF THESE MAY FIT YOU

Don't think your neighbor is getting hit by the sermon. Be to your own imagined virtues very blind, to your neighbor's faults very, very kind. Don't clear your throat for the speaker.

Don't nap. Don't brace your back in your pew for a test of endurance, determined not to understand a word said, or if you do understand, not to remember it, not to practice it. Don't imagine the sermon is over when the speaker is through speaking. A sermon should last as long as the hearer's life.—The Advance.

STAND FOR SOMETHING!

"A man may smile and bid you hail, Yet wish you with the devil, But when a good dog wags his tail You know he's on the level."

When folks think of you, what do they see in their mental picture? Do you embody a principle, or have you never been guilty of being four-square on any proposition in all your life? Do you have an inner guide "true as a dial in its response to the truth about you," or did you apologise to it so often that finally it ceased to command any respect whatsoever? Is your character so true that others know without asking what will be your position on any question where right and wrong are involved?

A compass that goes wrong can wreck a ship. A conscience that goes wrong can ruin a life. There is only one way to have a strong dependable conscience, respected by you and those who know you; at every opportunity to make a moral decision, do it honestly and as carefully as the circumstances will permit. The man who is unwilling to make a moral judgment soon arrives at the place where he is unable to do so.

A colorless character is never respected and never remembered. It is unattached and without prospect of arriving anywhere, for it has no guide. There is another man. His conscience is not elastic. He stands four-square to every wind that blows. Cheap popularity has no attraction for him. In other words, he is "on the level."—T. J. McG.

BUILDERS OF MEN

In an editorial in the Red Book Magazine that strikes the mark splendidly, Mr. Bruce Barton of the great advertising agency of Barton, Durstine and Osborne pays high honor to the employer who, while looking after his own interests, has an eye to the success of those who labor for him. He says:

A man who has accumulated more than a million dollars in various enterprises was in my office not long ago.

"I understand that Jones is going to leave you to go into business for himself," I said, referring to one of his younger associates. "I hope the venture will be successful."

"It will be," my friend replied positively. "I wouldn't have let him undertake it unless I was sure he could make it go. It's a point of pride with me to have my boys successful."

"The biggest satisfaction I get out of business is in picking likely youngsters and helping them up the hill," he continued. "Look at the men who started with me. There's Mason, vice-president of the best concern of its kind in the country;

and Emerson, who has made a fortune in Chicago; and Needham, with a snug little business that gives him fifteen thousand dollars a year; and a dozen others. I held on to them in the face of all sorts of offers until just the right thing came along. Then I said: "Go to it, and I'll help you all I can."

"I am prouder of them than I am of my factories," he concluded. "Their success is the best thing in my business life."

As he spoke, I thought of another millionaire who died not long ago. Of him it was said that he hired brilliant young men, paid them well, sapped their ideas and energies, and tossed them out like squeezed oranges. He left great wealth when he died, but that is all he did leave. There is no single man anywhere who can say: "I owe my good fortune to the interest which that man took in me. His training and encouragement made me what I am."

I sometimes think that successful businesses should add a line to their letterheads after this fashion: "John Jones and Company, Builders of Automobiles—and of Men."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE "GRAND AMEN"

Seated one day at the organ, I was weary and ill at ease, And my fingers wavered idly, over the noisy keys. I know not what I was playing, or what I was dreaming then, But I struck one chord of music, like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight, like the close of an Angel's psalm, And it lay on my fever'd spirit, with a touch of infinite calm. It quieted pain and sorrow, like love overcoming strife, It seemed'd the harmonious echo, from our discordant life.

It link'd all perplexed meanings into one perfect peace, And trembled away into silence, as if it were loth to cease, I have sought, but I seek it vainly, that one lost chord divine, Which came from the soul of the organ, and enter'd into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel will speak in that chord again; It may be that only in Heav'n I shall hear that grand Amen. —ADELAIDE ANN PROCTER

A CHEERFUL HOME

"Oh, dear, I do have such good times over at Madeline's that I always just hate to come home," and the girl who had just entered like a young whirlwind tossed her hat on a chair, then dropped down with a sigh into a big sofa near the window. "Oh, I know it sounds horrid," with a whimsical smile, "but it is true, just the same."

Aunt Marian glanced up inquiringly. "So you do not believe there is no place like home? What is there about that particular home that so charms you, my dear?"

Aunt Marian had just arrived on her first visit and knowing nothing of the girl's friends or the places she visited, she was naturally interested. Helen sighed as she answered. "Oh, I don't know—it's just different, somehow, that's all. But I do love to go there."

"Is it the house itself? Is it large and pretentious, the kind you have been wishing you could live in?" "Large? Oh, dear, no," and the girl sat up straight. "Why, it is small—smaller than ours," with an expressive gesture. "Perhaps it is beautifully furnished then. That would be an attraction to you, I know," again smiled Aunt Marian as she recalled the girl's oft expressed wish that they could have new furniture and new rugs as had some of their neighbors.

"No, that most certainly is not the reason, Auntie, for their rugs are worn and faded, even worse than ours, and the furniture is dreadfully old-fashioned. Still, somehow, you never think about that, everything seems to fit so beautifully together. And it's always so cheerful and peaceful there—no fussing and nagging and quarrelling, you know. Why, turning to face Aunt Marian, who was listening interestedly. "I do believe that is just the reason. Of course it is," decidedly. "Here, somehow it seems as if it is quarrel and fuss most of the time. Oh, of course, don't mean father and mother," as her aunt looked up quickly. "But—well, it does seem as if Ken and I are always fussing about something or other. But Clare Robbins is different from Ken—he isn't a bit quarrelsome, and he isn't always teasing one, or wanting something done for him, like Ken."

Looking up as she finished, she caught the expression on her listener's face. "Now, Auntie, dear, I know just to a word what you are thinking of. So you might as well out with it."

Aunt Marian laughed. "I was just thinking what a pity it is to have a whole house upset by one quarrelsome member. It is not often the case that one person alone can do so much mischief."

Helen turned quickly to face her aunt. She did not exactly understand that lady at all times, and now she rather thought there must be something back of her seemingly innocent words.

"Just what do you mean by that, Aunt Marian?" she demanded, her cheeks taking on an added flush as she spoke.

"Why, dearie, I was just thinking that I had heard somewhere that it takes two to make a quarrel. I wonder if this can be an exception to the rule? I had never thought Ken such a quarrelsome boy. He must have changed greatly."

Helen colored as she understood. "Well, of course, Auntie, I did not mean to say that Ken is—well, really such a disagreeable, quarrelsome boy as all that. But he is such a tease that he irritates me beyond belief. I am so—so nervous, you know," she added in apology.

"Which, sometimes, dear, is an excuse for an irritable temper," Aunt Marian was very sober now. If the girl's face was flushed before, it was scarlet now. She was hurt, angry, yet conscious that she had heard the truth. How blunt Aunt Marian was!

That lady noted how her words had hurt, and she spoke gently and with her usual smile.

"Forgive me, dear, but I just had to say it. You know so many of us are apt to blame our quick temper, our irritability, on 'nerves,' and 'sensitiveness,' making no effort to overcome our weakness. It is human nature, I suppose," with a soft sigh. "I know I have found it one of my hardest trials."

The girl jumped up and flung her arms about her aunt's shoulder. "You? Why, auntie dear, I know you were never as horrid as I. I am so—so 'touchy,' with a mischievous smile, and it just delights Ken to see me 'fly to pieces,' as he expresses it. He has told me so many a time. But I rather guess the whole blame does not lie at his door, for Ken is a dear boy, auntie, and will do anything for me as I will for him. I guess we have just fallen into the habit of 'scrapping' without meaning much of it."

She sighed as she made her confession, while Auntie slipped her arm about the young shoulder so near her. "Funny I never thought of it before that it takes two to make a quarrel, isn't it? But all the same, I do wish Ken would stop his teasing. He carries it beyond all bounds."

Aunt Marian dropped a soft kiss on the brown hair, as she answered, "I think perhaps I may find a chance for a little private conversation with Master Ken, soon, and demand a truce, if not an entire cessation of hostilities," laughing.

"Well, I am willing, I am sure, for I do wish we could have a home as peaceful and cheerful as Madeline's. Poor dad and mother! I know we must have made them very uncomfortable by our fussing and—yes, fighting." Flushing at the memory of so many quarrels, "But from now on there will be a change. It takes two to make a quarrel, so just wait until Ken tries it again," her red lips set in a firm line.—Pittsburgh Observer.

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