

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Edison the Wonder Boy.

"I'll tell you how I happened to get into telegraphing first," said Thomas Edison to a representative of Pearson's Magazine.

"When the battle of Pigeon Landing was fought, the first report which reached Detroit announced that there were sixty thousand killed and wounded.

"I was a train newsboy then, and I told the telegraph operator at the Detroit station that if he would wire the main facts of the battle along the line, so that announcements could be put up on the station bulletin boards, I would give Harper's Weekly for him for six months free of cost.

"Then it occurred to me that if I could get to Wilber F. Storey, the proprietor of the Detroit Free Press, I might be able to work out of my difficulty. I climbed up the stairs to his office and said:

"Mr. Storey I have only got money enough to buy four hundred papers, and I want six hundred more. I thought I might get treated for them. I'm a newsboy. I got my thousand papers, all right.

"That was a great day for me! At the first station the crowd was so big that I thought it was an excursion crowd. But no; when the people caught sight of me they began to yell for papers. I just doubled the price instead of five cents a copy.

"When I got to the last station I jumped the price up to twenty-five cents a copy, and sold all I had left. I made seventy-five or a hundred dollars in that one trip, and I tell you I felt mighty good.

"That called my attention to what a telegraph operator could do. I thought to myself that telegraphing was simply great, and I made up my mind to be an operator as soon as possible.

"The first serious thing I invented was a machine which would count the votes in Congress in a very few moments. It was a good machine, too, but when I took it to Washington they said to me:

"Young man, that's the last thing we want here! Filibustering and the delay in counting the vote are the only means we have of defeating bad legislation.

"My next practical invention was the quadruplex telegraph. I started in to work it on the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph line between Rochester and New York, but there was a chump at the other end of the wire, and the demonstration ended in a fiasco. It was years before the quadruplex was adopted.

"That landed me in New York without a cent in my pocket. I went to an operator and managed to borrow a dollar. I lived on that for a week, but I had to 'park it' a little. Oh, I didn't mind it, and I never did care much about eating, anyway.

"Then I hunted for something to do. I could have got a job as an operator at \$30 a month, but I wanted a chance to do something better. I happened one day into the office of a 'gold tucker' company which had about five hundred subscribers.

"I was standing beside the apparatus when it gave a terrific rip-roar and suddenly stopped. A few minutes afterwards a crowd of messenger boys blocked up the doorway and yelled for someone to fix the tickers in their office. The man in charge of the place was simply staggered, so I stepped up to him and said:

"I think I know what's the matter." "I simply had to remove a loose contact spring which had fallen between the wheels. The crowd took charge of the service at \$500 a month. I almost fainted when I heard how much salary I was to get.

"Then I joined hands with a man named Callahan, and we got up several improved types of stock tickers. These improvements were a success.

"When the day of settlement for my inventions approached, I began to wonder how much money I would get. I was pretty sure I knew nothing about business, but I hope that I might get \$5,000.

"I dreamed of what I could do with big money like that, of the tools and other things I could buy to work out inventions; but I knew Wall Street to be a pretty bad place, and had a general suspicion that a man was apt to get beat out of his money there. So I tried to keep my hopes down, but the thought of \$5,000 kept rising in my mind.

"Well, one day I was sent for by the president of the Gold and Stock Telegraph Company to talk about a settlement for my improvements. He was General Marshall L. Serris, colonel of the Seventh Regiment.

"I tell you, I was trembling all over with embarrassment, and when I got in his presence my vision of \$5,000 began to vanish. When he asked me how much I wanted, I was afraid to speak. I feared that if I mentioned \$5,000 I might get nothing.

"That was one of the most painful and exciting moments of my life. My heart beat so fast that I knew what to say. Finally I said:

"Suppose you make me an offer." "By that time I was paralyzed. I was more than scared—I was paralyzed.

"How would \$40,000 do?" asked General Lefferts.

"It was all I could do to keep my face straight and my knees from giving way. I was afraid he would hear my heart beat.

"With a great effort I said that I guessed that would be all right. He said that would have the contract ready in a few days and I could come back and sign it. In the meantime I scarcely slept. I couldn't believe it.

"When I went back the contract was read, and I signed it in a hurry. I don't know even now what was in it. A check for \$40,000 was handed me, and I went to the bank as fast as my feet would carry me.

"It was the first time I was ever inside of a bank. I got in line and when my turn came I handed in my check. Of course, I had not indorsed it.

"The teller looked at it, then pushed it back to me and roared out something which I could not understand, being partly deaf. My heart sunk and my legs trembled. I handed the check back to him, but again he pushed it back with the same unintelligible explosion of words.

"That settled it. I went out of the bank feeling miserable. I was the victim of another Wall Street 'skin game.' I never felt worse in my life.

"I went around to the brother of the treasurer who had drawn the check and said: 'I'm skinned, all right.'

"When I told him my story, he burst out laughing; and when we went into the treasurer's office to explain matters there was a loud roar of laughter at my expense. They sent somebody to the bank with me, and the bank officials thought it so great a joke that they played a trick on me by paying the whole \$40,000 in ten, twenty and fifty-dollar bills.

"It made an enormous pile of money. I stuffed the bills in my inside pockets and outside pockets, my trousers pockets, and everywhere I could put them. Then I started for my home in Newark. I wouldn't sit on a seat with anybody on the train nor let anybody approach me. When I got to my room I couldn't sleep for fear of being robbed.

"So the next day I took it back to General Lefferts and told him I didn't know where to keep it. He had it placed in a bank in my credit, and that was my first bank account. With that money I opened a new shop and worked out new apparatus.

"My automatic telegraph, which handled a thousand words a minute between New York and Washington, was brought out by Jay Gould and the Western Union Company. It is in litigation yet.

"Then the quadruplex was installed. I sold that to Jay Gould and Western Union Company for \$30,000. The next invention was the mimeograph, a copying machine.

"When Bell got out his telephone transmitter and receiver were one. Professor Orton, of the Western Union Company, asked me to do something to make the telephone a commercial success.

"I tackled it and got up the present transmitter. The Western Union Company eventually made millions of dollars out of it. I got \$100,000 for it.

"At last President Orton sent for me and said: 'Young man, how much do you want in full payment for all the inventions you have given the Western Union Company?'

"I had \$40,000 in my mind, but his tongue wouldn't move. I hadn't the nerve to name such a sum.

"Make me an offer, I ventured.

"How would \$100,000 seem to you?" he asked.

"I almost fell over. It made me dizzy, but I kept my face and answered with as much coolness as I could muster, that the offer appeared to be a fair one. Then another thought occurred to me, and I said that I would accept \$100,000 if the Company would pay me in seventeen yearly installments.

"I knew that if I got it all at once it would soon go in experiments. It took me seventeen years of the wisest things I ever did. By putting a check on my extravagance I always had funds."

"Mr. Edison's deafness is directly due to his early love of science. When he was a newsboy on the train he used to carry on experiments at leisure moments. One day a bottle of phosphorus became unhooked and set the car on fire. The indignant conductor boxed the ears of the youthful scientist and threw the boy and his paraphernalia off the train. It was this box on the ears which caused the deafness which has troubled him ever since.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Digging For Apples.

A man was laboriously digging in the earth. He had already made a hole in which half the length of his leg disappeared, and was making it still deeper. Children were playing near by. Born curious, they approached the man at work and asked, "What are you digging for?"

"Apples," answered he. Unanimously the youthful flock burst into homesick laughter. "He is digging for apples! What a joke! . . . Apples in the ground! He must be thinking of potatoes! . . . But apples—it is too funny! . . . ha, ha, ha!"

"Can't you see that he is laughing at us?" said one of the more shrewd among the company. "Let us go along and leave him to his apples."

"Laughing at you?" answered the man. "Indeed not, children. What I tell you is positive fact. There is neither joke in it, nor nonsense. I am digging this hole in order to have apples, and if you will wait a moment, you will understand."

"Let us wait, then, and we shall see whether they are crabs or leather-coats he will dig up."

After taking out a few more spadefuls of earth, the man thought the hole sufficiently deep, dumped into it a basket of rich soil, went off, and returned bringing a little sapling, which he carefully planted, beneath the attentive eyes of the children.

The operation completed, he said to them: "You see, I told you the truth. In two or three years from now this young apple tree will bear fruit. The following autumn it will bear fruit. You shall come and taste the apples with me."

Those who work for the future are often the butt of mockery. Their efforts seem absurd and sterile. The short-sighted call them fools. But they are not troubled by this. They know that if they would one day see golden, juicy fruit swinging above their heads, they must begin by digging a hole in the earth. — Our Young People.

The Girl Who Makes Friends wherever she goes is diligent. She comes

to a room like a sea breeze, fresh, laughing, nodding right and left with happy impartiality. She is ready for anything, and never throws cold water on your plans.

She generally sees the funny side of things, and she has such a wholehearted way of describing them that you feel as if you had seen them yourself. She does not retail gossip though and she does not know how to be spiteful, or sarcastic, or bitter, and she never exaggerates to produce an impression.

She knows how to be clever and funny without being unkind, or untruthful, or coarse. She likes everybody, not considering it her duty to suspect anyone of evil until they have been proved good.

She prefers to consider the world good and honest until it proves itself otherwise. She always gets along, for she has friends everywhere. Her heart is big enough to contain everybody, and she never forgets her friends or is forgotten by them. — Church Progress.

Never Too Slow.

It is wonderful how much one's feelings have to do with the way time seems to pass. If one is in a hurry to finish something by a certain hour, the minutes seem to fly too fast. If one is waiting impatiently for the hour to strike, the very seconds seem to creep. Is it not so?

"I am sure that clock is too slow!" cries Harry, waiting for the time to come when he may go out on a promised pleasure trip.

"No, my boy, the clock is not too slow. Your feelings are too fast, that is all," mamma says. "You are in a hurry, but that does not hurry the clock. It goes on just the same, and at the right time it will strike."

It is one of the hardest things in the world to be patient when one wants a thing very much. One may be wishing earnestly for something that is really a good thing, but he wants it now, and wonders why he must wait. There are young people who are in a hurry to be older, to be grown up, and to have the things which they think will belong to them then. They can hardly wait.

It is a great blessing that God does not allow all the good things to be snatched before the time. Everything that is good is coming as fast as He thinks best. As one has wisely said, "God's clock is never too slow." — Catholic News.

The Boys We All Like.

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hand rests lovingly on the aged head.

The boy who never cheats or is unfair in his play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken, his character.

The boy who never calls anybody bad names, no matter what anybody calls him. He cannot throw mud and keep his own hands clean.

The boy who is never cruel. He has no right to hurt even a fly needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness is the mark of a gentleman.

The boy who never lies. Even white lies leave black spots on the character.

The boy who never makes fun of a companion because of a misfortune he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to say no when asked to do a wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels. When your tongue gets unruly, look it in.

The boy who never forgets that God made him to be a joyous, loving, lovable, helpful being. — E. C. O'Phan Friend.

CONVERTS AND CONFESSION.

As some well-meaning non-Catholics feel a great deal of needless alarm and anxiety about confession. It may be well to remark:

1. That we are bound to confess only mortal sins, that is, grievous sins which "kill the soul," by depriving it of the grace of God, which after self-examination can be called to mind. Our venial sins, that is, lesser sins, which do not "kill the soul," are not bound to confess, although it is recommended to do so. Holy Communion, an act of contrition, or a fervent act of love of God, suffices through the merits of Christ, without sacramental confession, to cleanse the soul from the stain of venial sin.

2. That it is not required of us to mention each sin in the same sort or order, but that the sins of one kind may be mentioned together; for example the penitent confessing may say: I accuse myself of having been guilty of grievous disobedience to my father or mother, or of having given way to a great spiteful anger, about so many times, "stating according to the best of one's belief, after careful examination the number; and thus also of other mortal sins. A circumstance which may cause a venial sin to become mortal, or a sin of one kind to become a sin of another kind must also be declared.

3. That if we are unable to remember the exact number of our sins, it is enough to state the probable number to the best of our recollection and judgment, saying: I have committed that sin, about so many times a day, a week, or a month. In fact, we are bound to reveal our conscience to the priest as we know it ourselves, there and then stating the things as certain, those doubtful as doubtful, and the probable number as probable; for God does not require impossibilities, but only what we can offer, namely, sincerity and ordinary diligence.

Confession fairly explained, and rightly understood, is not so difficult as some imagine it to be. Confession is the healing medicine of the soul, and we must not wonder that, in the Providence of God, it is somewhat bitter; yet we ought to be ready to use it for our soul's health, as we take a medicine for the good of the body, however distasteful that medicine may be.

If prisoners condemned to death were offered release on condition that they make confession of their misdeeds, in secret to one of the judges,

who would be bound, in honor never to reveal a word of what was confessed, surely they would easily overcome their natural dislike to self-abnegation in order to purchase life and liberty. So a Christian ought not to consider it too hard a condition of forgiveness to have to confess to any priest he may choose, who has the authority, called "faculty," from his Bishop to hear confessions, and who is most solemnly bound, not only in honor, but in conscience, by the law of God, by the positive law of the Church, to the most sacred and inviolable secrecy with regard to what he hears in sacramental confession. The penitent sinner will not think it too hard to make confession of his sins if he only considers the punishment his sins have deserved, the sufferings which our Saviour underwent for his sins, the forgiveness he receives, his rescue from the slavery of Satan, and his restoration to the friendship of God, and what a great folly it is for the sake of sparing himself a little shame here in confessing his sins to expose himself to eternal shame hereafter.

Jesus Christ shed His precious blood to the last drop, in the midst of the most cruel tortments on the Cross, to provide for us sinners an overflowing fountain of salvation in the sacrament of penance—the sacrament of reconciliation. To refuse to make use of this life-giving sacrament, on the plea that to confess to a priest is disgraceful to nature, is unworthy of a Christian.

Confession is not after all so hard in practice as some not accustomed to it may imagine. With God's grace and the assistance of your confessor, added to your own good dispositions, confession becomes surprisingly easy and consoling.

How many converts there are who though in alarm before making their confession have afterwards exclaimed: "And is that all? Had I only known how easy it is, I would not have endured upon my conscience the burden of sin so long, put off my reception into the Catholic Church. Thank God now I feel an unshakeable peace."

Cardinal Newman feelingly observes on this point:

"How many are the souls in distress, anxiety, or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world! Tell them out they must; they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet be as if they be not told; they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them, yet not too strong to despise them; they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain release, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance, or of a grant of pardon and the forgiveness of sins! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as an idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, confession is such. And such it is ever found in fact—the very act of kneeling, the low and contrite voice, the Sign of the Cross hinged, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh, what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away. On what piercing, heart-subduing tranquility, provoking bursts of joy, is poured almost substantially and physically upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the penitent at length rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! This is confession as it is in fact."

On the occasion of the visit of the King of the Hellenes to Rome, the Pope, says the Lokal Anzeiger, made His Majesty a most original present. Hearing that the King was an enthusiastic collector of curious objects, his Holiness presented him with the return ticket from Venice to Rome, purchased to attend the conclave. This ticket he could not use owing to his being elected Pope. With the ticket the Pope gave the King a certificate in writing of its authenticity.

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If a man can not attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting them shorter. —Cooley.

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