

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DENNIE MURPHY.

BY CHARLES NEWTON HOOD.

Dennie Murphy was a shining example of enthusiasm in work. He was a telegraph operator, and I have always taken some pride in the fact that I taught him the Morse alphabet. This was done long ago, before he was a telegraph operator, and he had to learn it the hard way.

By and by he got his first office; he was given charge, at night, of the wires in a village railroad station. In such a position most young operators rest, do what work they are positively obliged to do, sleep all they can without being caught and if they improve in their work at all, do so because of the practice which they cannot avoid.

Nothing pleased him better than to have me or some of the other "old-timers" consent to spend an evening with him at the station and "send" for him to "receive" on a "short-circuited" set of instruments. It made no difference to Dennie what was sent. Anything would do—matter from an old newspaper, the contents of a timetable or extemporaneous matter; he would "take" the stuff all night if he could be induced to stay so long.

It was pure enthusiasm in his work. It would have been just the same had he been a boot black or a book keeper or a railroad engineer—he would have tried to be the best man in his line.

Naturally, when there was a vacancy in the terminal office Dennie got the position, and when the Western Union needed an operator in one of its cities, Dennie, the man who was unhappy when he couldn't experiment as to how many words he could handle in eight hours, was just the sort of man they wanted. And so it came about that when Dennie drifted to New York he was soon assigned to work on the special wires in the offices of the big newspapers.

It was in the early days of the perfected Phillips code and of receiving telegrams on typewriters. Now the Phillips code, as most telegraphers and newspaper men know, is a system invented to enable the telegraphic circuit to match the speed of a typewriter. For instance, in "code" "it" stands for "that," "tr" for "there," "e" for "the," and when the operator jerks out the code word "s o c t a," the receiving operator at the other end of the wire hurries, and in the brief time it takes to transmit those letters pounds out in full on the typewriter, "Supreme Court of the United States."

Few operators try to master all the abbreviations in Mr. Phillips' clever work but Dennie went at it in his usual way and mastered the code book from cover to cover.

When it occurred to him to go to St. Xavier's College and support himself there by working half of each night on a "press wire," he found the code very handy in his college work. It took the place of shorthand, and his notes of the college lectures were practically verbatim reports.

It was at about this time the men in the telegraph room at the Chronicle office began to have trouble with a flippant operator who had been put on the other end of the Pittsburg wire. He was a skillful machine operator, and he was aware of the fact to an extent which made him a nuisance. He was disagreeable, supercilious, sarcastic, mercenary, exasperating, conceited, overbearing and all of the other things which a good many men are, and which are ten times as exasperating when the man is in communication with you—although five hundred miles away and out of reach of bodily harm. And because he was an excellent operator he seemed ten times as exasperating.

The response was not courteous and betokened exasperation. "When you are ready please say so and I will begin," telegraphed Dennie, slowly and evenly.

The haughty "G. A.," or "Go ahead," which came back sounded as if the characters had been bitten off. Then Dennie began, slowly and hesitatingly, spelling his letters carefully. In less than a minute Pittsburg fell into the trap and, opening the wire, snapped out, "Hustle it! Hustle it! Or get somebody who can!"

Then Dennie grinned and opened up. Faster and faster he sent, and the work was faultless. He sent code abbreviations which the Pittsburg man had never heard of, and tapped them off at the speed of a limited train. It was a battle royal between two experts. The Pittsburg man was plucky, and it was all of five minutes before the end came, and then he "broke."

And when he broke, twenty-two words behind, the office forces embraced one another in their delight and danced wildly about and flung their arms and sent up a shout of victory which brought in numberless angry copy-holders, proof readers, desk men and other slaves of the eye shade to expositulate.

For thirty minutes Dennie kept up the fusillade, and then he rose and remarked: "Gentlemen, he'll be quiet as a lamb after this. The office boy can send to him now. He's tamed." And so it proved.

Poor Dennie! He did not live to make the name for himself which he was certain to win. He was killed in the terrible railroad wreck at Yonkers, N. Y., some years ago—for this story is all true.

He would have escaped alive, the newspapers said, but he remained in the side the wrecked and blazing car, amid the scalding steam, to assist other injured passengers through a window to safety. I have often wondered if, in those last terrible moments, he didn't enter cheerfully into a contest of speed with time to see how many lives he could save before he was himself over come. The act would have been like him.—Youth's Companion.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

If you want to succeed in the world you must make your own opportunities as you go on. The man who waits for some seventh wave to toss him on dry land, will find that the seventh wave is a long time coming. You can commit no greater folly than to sit by the roadside until some one comes along and invites you to ride with him to wealth or influence.—John B. Gough.

Self-Reliance a Poor Boy's Secret.

Any degree of success I may have attained I owe more to the fact that I was brought up in the country than to anything else, writes Elbert Hubbard in "Success." My parents were poor people, and the necessity of making the most of time and money was a part of our lives, as a matter of course. Then all the early lessons in doing things with my hands taught self-reliance. To weigh, measure, contrive and decide, are very essential parts of every child's education. Just now, science, with costly apparatus and carefully devised curriculum, is trying to teach children by the "Natural Method" to think things out with their heads and to do, with their hands. That is to say, advanced methods in teaching try to overcome the "advantages" which are the disadvantages of civilization.

To be born in the country of poor parents, who have only a few books and know them, is a rich birthright to any child. He may not succeed, but his chances of success are better than if his father had an income of \$25,000 a year and sent him to college and gave him every "advantage."

Moeling Your Row.

A homely phrase, suggestive of patient work under a broiling sun, a hand-to-hand conflict with the soil; the secondary meaning is that of persistent, energetic and steady performance of duty. It may not be pleasant; it is very probably there is something else going on which you would much more enjoy; perhaps you are tired, and this drudgery is obscure and you will get no thanks for it. Nevertheless you have to do it; it is your task; you must hoe your row. Having begun, you must persevere until you have reached the appointed conclusion of your particular stint. Nobody else can do your share for you; do it yourself.

monition on the dangers of immoral conduct among youth. They point out in grave and weighty words the increasing evils, both physical and intellectual, which result from yielding to the temptations which surround young men in the most critical period of their life, and too often lead to future ruin of both body and mind.

They declare that in their letter they are writing strictly as medical men, interested in the preservation of physical health, and presiding from all ethical arguments: "But let it be observed," they add, "that in scarcely any other matter is the deterioration of character, thought and feeling so easily involved in that of the bodily frame as in this." They urge upon young men to think not only of their personal future, but also of that of their Fatherland: "You are the noblest and the most precious first-fruits of the nation and State; on you rests the hope of the future. A copy of this appeal is being handed to each student who matriculates at a university. The professors who sign it are: Buchner (Munich), Esmacher (Gotttingen), Finkler (Bonn), Fischer (Kiel), Flügge (Breslau), Forster (Straßburg), Frankel (Halle), Gartner (Jena), Gaffky (Gießen), Gruber (Vienna), Heim (Erlangen), Lehman (Würzburg), Lode (Innsbruck), Löffler (Greifswald), Neisser (Breslau), L. Pfeiffer (Rostock), H. Pfeiffer (Königsberg), Pramsnitz (Graz), Schottelius (Freiburg, Baden), and Wyss (Zürich).

Look on the Bright Side.

Happy is the man who forms the habit of taking all the light and warmth and cheer he can get with a fine glow of appreciation, looking meanwhile somewhat aside at those opposite experiences he cannot escape. Let him squint a little, or look the other way. He will be a happier man, as well as more popular, than the grumbler who sedulously notes the mugginess of the weather, the feebleness of his pulse, or the fact that he is "tired"—which we all are—until we get rested.

He will be a happier man, moreover, for two reasons and by virtue of two distinct forces which his act of attention enlists in his behalf. In the first place, by removing the constant irritation to his mere body, his viscera and nerves and muscles, which has resulted from his morbid attention, he leaves a clear stage for the benign action of the tendency to health. A man's body is not the normal object of his attention. Just as the normal focus of a sense-organ is an external object (of the eye, a sight; of the ear, a sound) so the normal focus of the mind as a whole is the Almighty God and His universe—the breathing, colored world outside itself, and particularly the absorbing world of other people. The very in-siduousness of sickness is that it tends to seduce the mind from this wholesome outlook, and concentrate it upon inner sensations. The process once begun, proceeds apace, and soon the healthy activity of the body is still further deranged by the meddling attention, precisely as clearness of execution on the piano, for example, is deranged by particularized notice of fingering or other mechanical processes which should be automatic. Conscious thought always bungles the delicate acts properly cared for by the subcon-scious mind. The remedy is, in both cases, to direct the attention elsewhere.

His Next Job.

It is a rule that a workman must follow his employer's orders, but no one has a right to make him do creditable work. Judge M—, a well known jurist living near Cincinnati, loved to tell the anecdote of a young man who understood the risk of doing a shabby job, even when directed to. He had occasion to send for a carpenter, and a sturdy young fellow appeared.

"I want this fence mended. There are some unpunctured nails—use them. You need not take time to make a neat job. I will pay you only \$1.50."

Later the judge found the man carefully planning each board. Supposing that he was trying to make a costly job, he ordered him to nail them on just as they were, and continued his walk. When he returned the boards were all planned and numbered ready for nailing.

"I told you this fence was to be covered with vine," he said angrily. "I do not care how it looks."

"I do," said the carpenter gruffly, carefully measuring his work. When it was done, there was no other part of the fence so thorough in finish.

THOUGHTS ON THE SACRED HEART.

"Jesus invites all hearts to Himself, and by a promise of great rewards He entices man to correspond with His desires."—Leo XIII.

Nothing so affects the Heart of Jesus as to see His sufferings lost on so many.—Cure D'Arcs.

It is said that the heart is the first to live and the last to die. Then hast indeed proved it to us, sweet Jesus! Thy Heart was the first to live for us, and the last to die, the first wounded during life, the last wounded after death. At the same time that death closed Thy eyes, death opened Thy Heart to show us the excess of Thy love.—P. Nouet.

O Eternal Father! I adore Thee through the Divine Heart in place of all that do not adore Thee, I love Thee in place of them that do not love Thee. I visit in spirit every part of the world to seek for all the sons of my race. I find them everywhere, I find them in all places, I find them in all hearts. I find them in all places, I find them in all hearts. I find them in all places, I find them in all hearts. I find them in all places, I find them in all hearts.

LA GRIPPES VICTIMS

Are Left Weak, Suffering and Depressed. A NOVA SCOTIAN WHO WAS ATTACKED ALMOST GAVE UP HOPE OF RECOVERY—HIS EXPERIENCE OF VALUE TO OTHERS.

From the Enterprise, Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. C. E. Johnson is about twenty-eight years old, a gold miner by occupation, is well known about the mining camps in these parts and is thoroughly posted in his business. Not long since Mr. Johnson chanced to be in Porter's drug store, in Bridgewater, when a case of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was being opened, and he remarked to the clerk: "I saw the time when a dozen boxes of those pills were of more value to me than the best gold mine in the country." A reporter of the Enterprise happened to hear Mr. Johnson's rather startling remark and asked him why he spoke so highly of the pills. Mr. Johnson's statement was as follows: "About four years ago I was attacked with la grippe which kept me from work about three weeks. I did not have it very hard apparently, but it left me weak all the same. Anyhow, after losing three weeks I concluded to go to work again. The mine I was working in was making a good deal of water and I got wet the first day. That night the old trouble came back, with the addition of a severe cold. I managed to get rid of the cold, but the whole force of the disease settled in my stomach, kidneys and joints, and boils broke out on my body and limbs. My back was so weak I could scarcely stand alone, while food in every form distressed me, and I became so nervous that any unusual noise would ever come to me. I tried several sorts of medicines, but none seemed to do any good. I next went to a doctor. His medicine helped me at first, but after a short time lost its effect. He then changed the medicine, but with no better result. About this time a clergyman who called at the house advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I got a box and used them, but they did not materially benefit me. I had now been some weeks idle and was feeling desperate. A friend strongly advised me to go to a hospital for treatment and I had just about decided to do so when an acquaintance learning I had taken but one box of the pills suggested that I should try three boxes more before giving them up. The matter of money decided me on trying the pills again. I got three boxes and when used I was quite a bit improved. Could eat light nutritious food, slept better, and felt noticeably stronger. But I was still an unwell man. As the pills were doing a good work, however, I sent for eight more boxes. I continued using them till all were gone, when I felt that I was re-

THE HOLY FATHER.

"Three Hundred Million Children Obey His Least Command."

"It is five years since I saw the Holy Father before," said the Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, in his cathedral church of St. Eugene, Derry, on the occasion of his recent return from Rome; "and ten years since I saw him first, and it is almost impossible to discern a change in him. In every sense of the word he is the most remarkable man of the age. He is now closing his nineteenth year, yet his faculties remain vigorous as when in his prime. From the early hour at which he rises he engaged the entire day with the duties of his high office—giving audience, receiving ambassadors on affairs of state, conducting negotiations with kings and emperors over ecclesiastical affairs, appointing Bishops throughout the world, creating Cardinals, receiving day after day bodies of pilgrims from every country, directing and superintending the work of the various congregations which have the charge of the Church government; throughout the whole earth, writing those wonderful encyclicals that electricity every gradual society. His life is one of incessant labor. Yet he neglects nothing, and when his weary day is done, no matter how late the hour, no matter how exhausted with toil, he gathers around him his household and servants in his private chapel, and joins with them in the devout recital of the Rosary and night prayers. What an example for us? If every father of a family was anxious to gather around him at night his children and domestics and join with them as Leo XIII. joins with his household in the devout recital of the Rosary and night prayers, what blessings would it not bring upon the land. Yet this venerable old man, for the twenty-two years of his Pontificate has been a prisoner in his palace, depending for his support on the charity of his children throughout the world. Most of us well remember that Victor Emmanuel entered Rome and seized on the states of the Church, how prophecy was re-echoed that the Papacy was ended, and that the reign of anti-Christ, as they termed the Pope, was no more. How false were their prophecies the event has proved. Christ said of old His kingdom was not of this world, and therefore which man could not destroy it. His kingdom still exists on earth in His Church, and the kings of earth cannot overturn it. They may rob and plunder it, as has been done a thousand times; they may imprison or murder its Supreme Head, as has been done again and again; yet they are as far as ever from accomplishing their wicked designs. Its Divine Founder has promised that the gates of hell shall not prevail against it, and therefore no matter how violent the persecution the children of the Church never doubt Christ's fidelity to

His promise. Notwithstanding that the Pope is a prisoner, that he is stripped of all his possessions, yet never was the Papacy stronger. His slightest word reaches to the ends of the earth, and three hundred million children obey his least command."

A HUMBLE SAINT.

Among the Indians on the west coast of Vancouver Island, and one hundred and fifty miles from the nearest white settlement, lives and has died for twenty six years, a Father Brabant, a Frenchman priest, a hero, and certainly of close kin to the saints, says the Sacred Heart Review. His white visitors are the sailors whom the tempests drive to his neighborhood; and with whom, if living, he shares his poor fare and humble shelter; if they are dead, he buries them with kindly prayers. In a small epidemic, it was he alone who nursed the sick and buried the dead, for his fear-rikened flock gave him no help, as the Indian stands in mortal fear of that dread disease. Once a chief shot the good Father in the hand, and he, thinking it an accident, stooped to wash the wound in the creek, when the Indian shot again with such effect that the priest still has some of the lead in his back. Yet he will not declare that his assailant was malicious. "It is only a wanton freak," he says of his poor spiritual child. "We can feel small wonder when we learn that such Christ-like meekness, and charity have brought about what is called 'a marvelous transformation' in the habits of his dusky flock. Such men are apostles, indeed, and deserve the world's title of hero as well.

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stored to health. All my stomach trouble had disappeared. I was fully as fleshy as before the first attack of la grippe, my nerves were strong as ever, and I knew that work would give strength to my muscles. So, after about six months, I went to work again and have not had a sick day since. One dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and gave me better health since than I had before, and that is why I said they were worth more to me than any gold mine, for all that a man has he will give for his life."

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