

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GRIT DID IT
A well-known New York lawyer, when a poor boy from the country, looking a job, saw a sign hanging outside a store, "Boy Wanted."

Have you ever seen a man who had no give-up in him, who could never let go his grip whatever happened, who, every time he failed, would come up smiling and with greater determination than ever to push ahead?

Fearlessness, boldness, has ever been characteristic of great achievers. Men who have no "dare" in their natures, who are afraid to take chances, and shrink from hardships, who can not forego their ease, postpone their desires, must be content with small achievement.

Boldness and grit characterized the late E. H. Harriman, the greatest railroad builder in history, the man who actually controlled 65,000 miles of road.

Whatever criticisms may be made of the man's methods, there can be no doubt as to his great ability, his qualities of leadership. If Harriman had hesitated, had lacked the courage and grit to act at any great crisis in his career; if he had wavered, doubted his ability, he would never have become the colossal power that he was in the railroad world.

Poor boys who complain that they have "no chance," that they have no one to help them, no influential friends to push them along, ought to read the story of Mr. Harriman's remarkable career. Supposing young Harriman had said to himself, as thousands of American boys are saying to-day, "What chance have I, a poor country boy, with no rich relatives to push me along, no way to get an education, to do anything great? My father is only a poor country clergyman with \$200 a year salary. What opportunity is there for me to rise in the world?"

But young Harriman was made of the stuff that wins. At fourteen,

with very little education, he went to work with nothing to back him but a vigorous resolve to improve his condition, a desperate determination to get on, to be somebody in the world. This constituted his only capital. He began as an office-boy, and through sheer grit and bulldog tenacity of purpose, climbed, step by step, until he became a power to be reckoned within the railroad world.

Grit is the master key which unlocks all difficulties. What has not been accomplished? It has paid the mortgage on the farm in innumerable cases; it has enabled delicate women to save the home for the family; it has stood in the gap and saved thousands of men from destruction in disasters and great emergencies, in hard times and business panics; it has enabled poor boys to pay their way through college and to make places for themselves in the world; it has given cripples strength to support aged and invalid parents. It is more than a match for any handicap; it has tunneled mountains, bridged rivers, joined continents with cables and spanned them with railroads; it has discovered continents and won the greatest battles in history.

No substitute has ever been discovered for tenacity of purpose. Nothing can take the place of clear grit. An education can not, a rich father, influential "pulls," can not, nor can any advantage of birth or fortune.

After a friend of a New York merchant had named a number of good qualities in recommending a boy for a position, the merchant said, "Does he keep at it? That is the principal thing. Does he have staying qualities?"

"Yes, that is your life-interrogation. Do you keep at it?" "Have you staying qualities?" "Can you stick by your proposition?" "Can you persevere after failure?" "Have you grit—enough to hold on, to stick and hang, in spite of the most disheartening obstacles?"

On every hand we see people who have turned back for want of grit, people who had pluck enough to be gin things with enthusiasm, but did not have grit enough to carry them to a finish.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE YOUNG GIRL TRAVELLING

Dear Eileen, there is just one absolutely safe rule for a young woman travelling alone and that is to make no acquaintances on the train whatever. No doubt even the quietest and most modest of country girls has a spice of love for adventure and romance in her make-up. That's half the reason she persuades herself and her family that she must go to the city to earn her living. Adventure and romance are the spice of life, to be sure. And when you are twenty a rose light covers them both. The discovery that adventures are mostly unpleasant and dangerous, comes only with experience. As for the romance she's quite likely to go home again to find it.

The adventure of the chance acquaintance is fraught with every serious danger, and railroad companies really ought to be required to put out red lanterns and flags about it. Probably there are few trains which do not record a wreck or two on the chance acquaintance crossing. Yes, truly, it's just as dangerous as that, dear Eileen.

At this season there are thousands and thousands of sweet, pretty, inex-

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perienced young girls travelling on trains coming from country and village homes to look for work in the city. And there are packs of human wolves infesting trains and stations ready to spring on little Red Riding Hoods, if they get the least chance. And the way to do it is first to scrape acquaintance. They seem like nice, kind, polite people who wish to help along an unfortunated girl. They gain her confidence and invite her to call on them; or they send her to a boarding house which is not at all the place for a good girl.

Of course, Eileen, as you say, it's "horrid" to be suspicious of everybody and to read a bad intent into every kind of courteous act. That isn't at all what your older friends want you to do. There are many more kind and good people in the world than people of the bad sort. Indeed, civilized life would go to smash in short order if that were not true. But this is also true; it often happens that the good and kind are restrained from being as kind as they should like because they fear they may be misunderstood. A gentleman across the aisle from you might notice that you were tired of looking out of the window and he might wish very much to loan you one of his magazines or to talk with you about some object of interest the train had just passed. But the chances are he would do neither. He would restrain his courteous instinct because he would reflect that you would probably distrust his intentions and the other passengers would probably do the same. People of the sort you would like to know are not inclined to make friends on railway trains. And people of the sort you must learn to avoid in a big city are apt to be the ones to make what seem to the un-knowing to be friendly advances. You should meet with courtesy but regard with suspicion all overtures from fellow-travelers—not only from men but from women as well because more women than men are engaged in trapping the "green" girl. The reason is quite obvious. Many girls who would not think of "taking up with strange men, do not know better than to accept the invitations of strange women. Usually these stalkers of young girls are middle aged and gotten up to look either motherly or elegant. Some girls are quite overcome by the attentions of an obviously rich elderly woman while motherliness catches others.

The methods are apt to be something like this. You are car-sick or your head aches and the kind lady offers you smelling salts. Or the train is late. You have not brought any lunch and she offers some of hers. Perhaps she hears you asking the conductor some question which shows you are ignorant of the city. After he is gone she says sweetly: "Let me help you." Moved by her kindness you are soon telling her all about yourself and your plans, your hopes and your fears. And then she says she is more than glad she met you. She knows just the thing for you. She is all alone, with a big house and no one to live in it, or she has a friend who is going to Europe and wants a companion. You are just the one, she is sure. It's a beautiful picture she paints of your future. And she tells you just how to find her in the city. Very likely she takes care not to be seen in the station with you. The station detectives probably know her and might warn you. In some fashion like this she will get on the train tries to trap Red Riding Hood. If some nice motherly old lady scrapes acquaintance and offers to help you, tell her at the first opportunity that the agent of the Travelers' Aid will be looking out for you, and that you can't decide anything until you have talked with her. She probably won't be so effusive after that, and it's true the Travelers' Aid agent will be in the women's waiting room and she will be looking out for you and all the other girls. You can consult her and she will tell you of safe and unsafe places.—Aunt Bride in the Sacred Heart Review.

THE LOYAL ORANGEMEN
A new complaint against the Nationalists comes from Derry. It is alleged that the Nationalists have taken to singing "God save the King" at their meetings. "Why do they do it?" was asked a constabulary man. "Oh, to enrage the Orangemen," he cried. This is certainly a great joke on the Orangemen. It is stealing their thunder. It is depriving them of a song that they have used as a party cry for years. They have posed before the British people as the defenders of

the King against a pack of rebels, and now those rebels seize their chief weapon and turn it against them. We do not wonder they are provoked. How much more so if Irish Nationalists would follow the advice of the Leader and "collar the Union Jack" that is, carry the British flag (which the Orangemen have always monopolized) in Nationalist processions. Although the suggestion is logical, we do not expect to see it followed just yet; but there is no doubt it would take the wind out of the Orange sails.—Sacred Heart Review.

A BELFAST CATECHISM

In Belfast they have a "catechism" for young persons applying for a start in apprenticeship at any of the great linen manufacturing establishments in that city. Most of those establishments are in the hands of Protestants, and Protestants of the Orange persuasion. A staff writer in the Dublin Leader, over the signature "Irish Ireland," tells that "they (the Protestants) are nearly exclusive in their monopoly of the linen trade, that they 'take precious good care that the slave Catholics shall be kept in lowly positions,' and that 'no man or woman need hope for advancement unless they openly wear the Unionist button, and in the armies of linen employees engaged in Belfast the rank and file are graciously allowed to Catholics, whilst the favored, big-salaried posts are for the downtrodden Unionists.'"

About the "catechism" performance "Irish Ireland" tells that, "The Belfast non-Catholic employers' catechism to a prospective apprentice from the Labor Exchange is notorious: 'What school were you in? What church do you attend? Who is your clergyman?' I'll send you a post card." If the answers to these questions show the applicant to be a Catholic, that is the end of the business. There will be no post card, the promise of which is merely a put off. There will be no post card, no admission for the "prospective apprentice," being of the wrong religious color for Belfast, the boasted stronghold of "civil and religious liberty" in Ireland.

"And then," as "Irish Ireland" remarks, "their travellers (drummers) are 'swanking' it in rich Catholic lands for orders. South America and the (European) Continent send the majority of good orders to Belfast who, in return, will not give a decent chance to the Papist." In Ireland, too, good orders are sent by the Catholics in the South and West to "bigoted Belfast." If those orders were stopped, as they might be, Belfast would soon have less "Protestant prosperity" to boast of. In this connection Captain Craig, one of the Ulster Orange members, asked a question some time ago in the House of Commons, "whether the government were aware that, in participation of the Government of Ireland Bill (the Home Rule Bill) passing, an extensive boycotting of Ulster had been started in the South and West of Ireland, circulars being distributed naming certain firms in Ulster; and what action the Government proposed to take."

To this question, Chief Secretary Birrell answered that "he understood

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some shopkeepers in the South of Ireland has refused to deal with firms who, they thought, had countenanced the expulsion of Catholic workmen from their employment in Belfast. The matter did not appear to call for any action on his part." Of course, the Chief Secretary was quite right. It was no part of his duty or business to "take action" in the matter. The shopkeepers of the South of Ireland may deal with whom they please, and if they refused or stopped dealing with such intolerant bigots as the "catechism" employers of Belfast, they would be highly justified in such action, which most people would regard as punishment well deserved.

THE CRY FOR CATHOLICITY

"In the great days of Catholicism one of the minor, but by no means negligible advantages enjoyed by the ignorant many was constant access to a higher and broader point of view," writes Dr. Charles J. Whitty, a non-Catholic, in the London "Academy." Continuing this line of thought, he says: "The point I wish to make and to emphasize is that over and above its purely religious function as a consoler and inspirer of the souls of individual men and women, Catholicism exercised an enormous influence upon life as a means of bringing to bear upon everyday problems the point of view of a profound and wonderfully consistent philosophy. In the Middle Ages poets, artists, scholars and thinkers were attracted to the Church by an inevitable affinity. The Church assimilated the work of such men, wrought it up into a coherent and more or less harmonious whole, and thus became the organ and the mouthpiece of every form of culture."

"In place of the Church we have the churches, with their innumerable conflicting aims and sympathies, their mutual bickerings and recriminations, their half-empty pews and half-hearted ministers. Catholicity! Catholicity! that is what we need, but where shall we find it?"

HOW YOU CAN HELP THE CHURCH

Every Catholic man may be a Catholic missionary if he wants to be. Let him lead a good life, be clean-spoken, and straight forward in his dealings with his neighbors, and attentive to his religious duties, and he will be a living witness to the great moral force of the Catholic Church. His Protestant neighbors read him more attentively than they would read a Catholic book; and they are more influenced by his sayings and doings, particularly his doings, than they would be by carefully framed syllogisms proving the truth of the Church. Not that we would belittle the written and printed word. That too is efficacious. That too is necessary in an age when every one reads and when the press has become to a large extent such a power for evil. But the Catholic man who shows the result of the Church's teaching by a clean, consistent Christian life—he is the most convincing proof to the non-Catholic observer that we have the faith first delivered to the saints.—Sacred Heart Review.

THE CHURCH OF IRELAND

The "Church of Ireland" is the designation which the Protestant Episcopal sect in that country claims and holds as its own, and it seems that in the possession and use of the title they are supported by warrant of law. A correspondent, writing to the Dublin Leader, which had made some remarks in reference to the subject, thus states facts of the case: "It is not, perhaps, within your knowledge that after the Disestablishment of the 'Church of Ireland' the Registrar-General styled this Church the Protestant Episcopal Church of Ireland in the forms sent out to its clergy to be filled, in pursuance of the provisions of the Act of Parliament. The clergy refused to comply until their Church was properly described in the said forms, and the Registrar General submitted the case for the 'opinion' of the Law Officers of the Crown, who advised that the legal title of the Church, notwithstanding Disestablishment, is still the 'Church of Ireland.' Accordingly this public officer made the required change, and it so remains to the present day."

The utter absurdity of such title for a body numbering less than one-eighth of the population of Ireland hardly needs comment. Ireland and Irish are everywhere suggestive of the Catholic Church. Ask "the man in the street" anywhere the civilized world around what is the Church of Ireland, and the word Catholic will come at once to his mind and lips.—Freeman's Journal.

ANOTHER OPENING FOR THE "JINER"

"Camels of the World" is the newest animal admitted into the great zoo of our American lodge system," says the Catholic Tribune. "In Minneapolis there are already one thousand individuals, who have letters and seals, to prove that they are camels. The lodge zoo is prospering and the managers can soon put the Ringling Circus out of business."

He for himself weaves woe who weaves for others woe.—Hesiod.

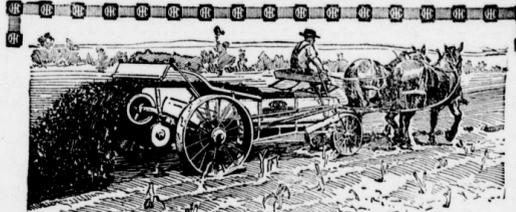
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Best-Hated of Farm Tasks

ON the spreaderless farm the thought of the great heaps of manure piling up constantly in barn yards, stables, and stalls, is a gloomy one. Those piles mean much disagreeable and hard work. Three times every pile must be handled. It must all be loaded onto high wagons. It must be raked off in piles in the fields. Then every forkful must be shaken apart and spread. Compare that old-fashioned method with the spreader way. You pitch the manure into the spreader box, only waist high, drive out—and the machine does all the rest. And, far more important, if you buy an IHC spreader, one ton of manure will go as far as two tons spread by hand, with the same good effect on the soil, and it will all be spread evenly.

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