

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The Selling End.

If a salesman succeeds in securing the enthusiastic co-operation of sixty per cent. of the total number of salesmen employed he is doing well. It is within the power of one man to influence everybody forcefully.

A salesman should try not to manage salesmen, but should devote his energy to managing sales. Salesmen won't be managed.

The best way to "manage" salesmen is to persuade them, that they are persuading the manager.

Most men can be persuaded to do something that we want them to do, or buy something that we want them to buy, if we are persistent enough and earnest enough and do not require of them that which will work them an injury.

If an employer places a manager in charge of salesmen, he should never be so short-sighted as to encourage appeals from the manager's decisions. The manager must be supported right or wrong—while he is manager.

A man cannot serve two masters, and especially if one is greater in power than the other.

A salesman's strongest recommendation is sales, not in greatness of volume but in greatness of profits.

A salesman may be as precise and exacting as an old maid, he may be as ugly in temper as a bear, he may exhibit a strong peculiarity in something—but whatever his idiosyncrasy, if it is a marked characteristic—he has within him the "makings of a good salesman."

Any individualizing characteristic in a man causes him to stand in relief, or away from the dead level of his surroundings. Such men have force, and for that reason, in salesmanship it will be likely to enhance probability of success.

A salesmanager should not be too much disturbed by a salesman who earnestly makes suggestions for improvement, even while doing so he criticizes the judgment of his manager. There's something in that salesman, which, if properly directed may be made to count for business.

If a house is absolutely dependent upon the personal hold which a salesman has upon its trade, it will suffer severely from the loss of that salesman from any cause.

If a house can secure a strong leverage by establishing a house-prestige or friendship, it will have a firmer position in the event of a change of salesmen.

The increased strength of the house-friendship should be welcomed and encouraged by every loyal salesman. It improves his chances of good business and good salary.

That there is "always room at the top" is patent to anyone who grasps this truth: viz., the majority of mankind are willing and anxious to be led, and very few have either the capacity or real desire to be leaders.

Men in business are no exception to the rule. The law of the "easiest way" is operative in all departments of trade, and a man who will assume the responsibility of leadership, will be welcomed by those who are waiting for relief from their difficulties.

An advertiser sounds the trumpet of leadership, and buyers who have hesitated in their undirected course, eagerly follow the proffered guidance.—Canadian Stenographer.

Lovers at Work.

Who is it that is liked everywhere, by employers and employees? It is the man who joys in his work. Such a man does not beat the air to conquer trifles, bicker and quarrel, or lay the blame for failures on his tools or the scheming of others. He keeps his ailments, if he has any, to himself. Generally he has none, because the very eagerness with which he attacks a given task is all the tonic he needs to keep him in prime condition. Such a man is the life of any group of fellow-workmen or an association of employees. It does him good to see him go about his daily labor, be that labor with muscle or brain. He does not hesitate, quibble and parley. He takes care of himself when away from his work and comes back to his task every day with the determination to make each day better than the one preceding it. He glories in his strength of will and muscle or brain. Such men are of the salt of the earth; the leaven which causes the ferment of activity to spread through the whole lump of clay from which humanity is molded. The virus of health and activity is in their veins and they spread sunshine and energy on all sides, like a beneficial contagion of endeavor.

They keep this old world running day by day, and go to their reward as hopefully as a child lies down to sleep after a day spent in healthful play.

The man who joys in his work is a good fellow at playing, also. He takes his pleasures as he takes his labor—joyfully, sanely and honestly. He is seldom in a hurry; always courteous, careful of the rights of others and determined to make others respect his rights. He does not envy himself with the pitch of dirty pleasure, but ever keeps in mind the benefits of moderation. His presence in any gathering is like an allurement to contentment.—Catholic Columbian.

A Bad Sign.

It is a very bad sign when a young man begins to shirk the duty of monthly confession and Communion, which, as a boy, he fulfilled as a matter of course. This generally happens when, having left school, he secures a position in some store, shop or factory and begins to rub elbows with the various kinds and conditions of men who go to make up the work-a-day world. Though he does not suspect it, he is influenced by the atmosphere of carelessness in matters of religion that is characteristic of places where men work. He is worse influenced still if his lot be cast among those who are hostile to Catholicism, or to all religion, and who revile or ridicule the things that have been taught to hold sacred. To a young Catholic thus placed there is nothing so strengthening to heart and soul as frequency in the reception of

the sacrament. Assailed as he is, day after day, by temptation in all forms, it is absolutely necessary for him to renew and repair the bulwark of his spiritual defenses. But it is at this most critical period, when his faith and morality are hanging in the balance, that the spirit of the world weans him from the observance of his religious duties, which are his only safeguard, and he begins to neglect or avoid the monthly confession and Communion that kept him loyal and undelivered as a boy.—Western Watchman.

When Saviors Become Vice.

A Paris bank clerk, who was carrying a bag of gold through the streets, dropped a ten franc piece, which rolled down the sidewalk. He set his bag down to look for the lost piece, and, while he was trying to extricate it from the gutter, some one stole his bag and ran away with it.

I know a rich man who has become such a slave to the habit of economizing, formed when he was trying to get a start in the world, that he has not been able to break away from it, and he will very often lose a dollar's worth of valuable time trying to save a dime.

He goes through his home and turns the gas down so low that it is almost impossible to get around without stumbling over chairs. Several members of his family have received injuries from running against half-open doors, or stumbling over furniture in the dark; and once, while I was present, a member of the family split a bottle of ink upon a costly carpet in passing from one room to another in the darkness.

This man, although now wealthy, tears off the unused half sheets of letters, cuts out the backs of envelopes for scribbling paper, and is constantly spending time trying to save little things which are utterly out of proportion to the value to him of the time thus consumed.

He carries the same spirit of niggardly economy in his business. He makes his employees save strings from bundles as a matter of principle, even if it takes twice as much time as the string is worth, and practices all sciences of trifling economies equally foolish.—O. S. M. in Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

For Boys to Remember.

That it takes more than muscle to make a man.

That bigness is not greatness.

That it requires pluck to be patient.

That selfishness is the most unmanly thing in the world.

That piety is not priggishness.

That to follow a crowd is a confession of weakness.

That street corners are a poor college.

That one real friend is worth a score of mere acquaintances.

That to be afraid to be one's noblest self is greatest cowardice.

That it is never too soon to begin the business of making a man of one's self.

That what is put into the brain today will be taken out of it ten years hence.

That the only manliness worth possession is shown in the life of the Son of Man.—The Parish Monthly.

Dick's Trial.

Dick was a good lad. He served God and loved his mother very much. Indeed, the gentleman who worked for him was very rich, but he did not take any notice of Sundays when there were ships to be unloaded, or work to be done in which delay would cost him money.

"I shall want you all to work to-morrow," he said one Saturday afternoon.

"Sir," said Dick, "I cannot work to-morrow."

"Why?"

"All right; if you can't do as you are told you will have to go."

"I know," said Dick, "and there is my mother to keep; but I cannot work on Sundays."

"Very well; go up to the office and the cashier will pay you off."

Dick could not get any work for three weeks, but one day a banker met his late employer and asked him to recommend a suitable young fellow for cashier in the new bank. He was at once told to try Dick.

"But," said the banker, "you have only just discharged him."

"I know that. He would not work on Sundays, but the lad who is ready at the call of his conscience to lose his place seems to me to be the kind of a youth that would make a very suitable cashier."

And Dick got the place—a much better place than the one he had lost. Our Young People.

Be Courteous, Boys.

"I treat him as well as he treats me," said Hal.

His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home.

"I often go in there, and he doesn't notice me," said Hal again.

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person, if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well that's different; you're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him has no character of his own, he will never be kind, or generous, or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman, he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature."

And very earnestly the father added:

"Remember this, my boy—you lower

your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because someone else is. Be true to your best self, and no boy can drag you down."—Catholic Chronicle.

A Small Hero.

Little evidences of courage are very precious to mothers. A year ago three women and a child walked on a lonely southern mountain. They were busy gathering flowers, when suddenly one startled pause gave a cry and fled with the others after her. The path was blocked by a fierce-looking razor-backed hog, black and gaunt and probably harmless. But a bear would not have been more terrible. The boy was not three years old, and his head was as yellow as a dandelion, but as his protectors fled he called reassuringly:

"Don't be afraid. I'll take care of you!" and catching up a twig of azalea he advanced, charged and routed the enemy. It was a little thing. But the mother woman sank on her knees, and, with her hero in her arms, crushed against her breast, thanked God that He had given her a brave son, and she went down the mountain as though it had been the way of glory.—Catholic Mirror.

Learn to Be Kindly.

There are many people who excuse themselves from the little familiarities and kindnesses of life on the ground that they are not natural to them. These people say that they are reserved by disposition, and cannot be free and easy in meeting people. But we can learn to be genial and gentle just as we can learn to row a boat or to throw stones or to write shorthand or to speak a new language. That homeliness and unaffected simplicity of address, which makes Rudin so approachable to child or man, was the work of a long life's discipline. The strongest of men, he had made himself the servant of all, and, judged by his own standard, his greatness had lain just here.—B. C. Orphans Friend.

A Little Hero.

A little Chinese boy only ten years of age went to the bishop and begged for confirmation, for which he had been considered too young. The bishop hesitated. The eagerness of the child touched him, but he was so young! The boy continued to supplicate for the sacrament.

"But after you are confirmed, if the mandarin puts you in prison and questions you about your faith," said the prelate, "what will you answer him?"

"Monseigneur, I will tell him that I am a Christian by the grace of God."

"And if he commands you to deny your faith, what will you do?"

"I shall answer: 'Never!'"

"And if he should say that you must not go to church, nor keep holy the Sundays and festivals of obligations?"

"I shall tell him that I must first of all obey the Commandments."

"And suppose that in the end he will call the executioner and will say to you: 'Unless you apostatize, these men shall cut off your head. What will you say then?'"

"I will say: 'Cut it off!'"

"The little hero was confirmed.—The Gaidon.

MR. BIRRELL ON CARDINAL NEWMAN.

In one phase of versatile and attractive personality, Augustine Birrell, at present chief secretary of Ireland, and the author of the Irish bill which was recently rejected by the representatives of the Irish people, appears as an essayist of considerable force of expression and keenness of insight. Cardinal Newman is the subject of one of Mr. Birrell's essays. In fact he mentions the great English Cardinal in several of his papers, and always in the phrase of a writer in the Irish Ecclesiastical Record, "with something more than reverence, with a sort of personal regard and affection that never falters or belies itself." In the essay which he has exclusively devoted to the Cardinal, Mr. Birrell says:

"There are some men whose names are inseparably associated with movements; there are others who are forever united in human memories with places; it is the happy fortune of the distinguished man whose name is at the top of this page to be able to make good both titles to an estate in their minds and hearts; for whilst his fierce intellectual energy made him the leader of a great movement, his rare and exclusive tenderness has made his name to a lovely place."

Whenever men's thoughts dwell upon the revival of Church authority in England and America during the century, they will recall the vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, who lived to become a Cardinal of Rome, and when the lover of all things that are quiet and gentle and true in life and literature, visits Oxford, he will find himself wondering whether snap-dragon still grows outside the windows of the rooms in Trinity where once lived the author of the Apologia.

Of Cardinal Newman's superb mastery of the art of expressing himself in written words, much has been written. Mr. Birrell says truly that it is a style which defies description. "As well might one seek," he says, "to anal, the fragrance of a flower, or to expound in words the jumping of one's heart when a beloved friend enters the room." He goes on:

"One can, of course, heap words on words. Dr. Newman's style is pellucid, it is animated, it is varied; at times icy cold, it often glows a fervent heat. It employs as its obedient and well-trained servant a vast vocabulary, and it does so always with the ease of the educated gentleman, who, by a sure instinct, ever avoids alike the ugly pedantry of the book-worm, the forbidding accents of the lawyer, and the stiff conceit of the man of scientific theory. Dr. Newman's sentences sometimes fall upon the ear like well considered and final judgments, each word being weighed and counted out with dignity and precision; but at other times the sentences are hastily abandoned, and substituted for them we encounter the impetuous torrent, the captivating rhetoric, the

brilliant imagery, the frequent examples, the repetition of the same idea in different words of the eager and accomplished advocate addressing men of like passions with himself."

It is to be regretted that more of our rising young men in all walks of life do not form their style of writing—and of living and thinking, too—upon Cardinal Newman's. The mere perusal of Newman's works, for the literary taste and flavor of them, well repays the reader. In reading a page of Newman, one unconsciously finds himself rising to higher levels, so subtle is the charm of his style. Mr. Birrell alludes to this quality of the Cardinal's books when he says:

"As there are some days, even in England, when merely to go out and breathe the common air is joy, and when, in consequence, that grim tyrant, our bosom's lord,

"sits lightly on his throne," so to take up almost any of Dr. Newman's books—and they are happily numerous, between twenty and thirty volumes—is to be led away from "evil tongues" and the "sneers of selfish men," from the mud and mire, the shoving and pushing that gather and grow around the pig-troughs of life, into a diviner ether, a purer air, and is to spend your time in the company of one who, though he may sometimes astonish, never fails to make you feel (to use Carlyle's words about a very different author) "that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom, not ill and dis-gracefully as in a breeding tavern supper-room with fools and noisy persons."

Another writer of the present day to appraise recently the English style of Cardinal Newman is Arthur Christopher Benson, who speaks in the "Upon Letters" of going through Newman's Apologia for the twentieth time, and of falling completely again under the spell of that "incomparable style." Mr. Benson says:

"There is no sense of elaborateness about the book; it was written swiftly and easily out of a full heart; then it is such a revelation of a human spirit, a spirit so innocent and devoted and tender, and moreover, charged with a sweet, naive egotism as of a child. It was written, as Newman himself said, in tears; but I do not think they were tears of bitterness, but a half-luxurious sorrow, the pathos of the past and its heaviness, viewed from a quiet haven."

"To revert to Newman's literary genius, he seems to me to be one of the few masters of English prose. I used to think, in old university days, that Newman's style was best tested by the fact that if one had a piece of his writing to turn into Latin prose, and more one studied it, turned it over and penetrated it, the more it was not so much the expression of a thought as the thought itself taking shape in a perfectly pure medium of language."

The Divine Friendship.

St. Augustine in his "Confessions" mentions an occurrence that had much to do with his conversion. Two young men were members of the court of the Roman emperor, seeking the imperial favor, the monarch's friendship being the highest ambition. Happening one day to enter a lonely cottage together, they saw a little book on the table. It happened to be the life of St. Anthony of the desert. They read the book through and were charmed with it. It showed them how that wonderful saint had sought the divine friendship and with how great success. "Whose friendship do we strive after?" they said to each other. "For the obtaining of whose favor do we dedicate our whole lives? That of an earthly monarch whose friendship is full of danger and rivalries and bloodshed, and at best must pass with himself into the grave." So they resolved to quit the court and retirement and prayer to cultivate an intimate and delightful union with the trust of friends, our Heavenly Father.

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