

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE ONE WHO IS DOING HIS BEST

It somehow seems little enough when you say That a fellow "is doing his best." It means that he toils and he hopes day by day That heaven will attend to the rest. He is jostled aside by the hurrying crowd. Unthought by the lonely; forgot by the proud. He earns what he gets, and no more is allowed To the fellow who's "doing his best."

But whenever a crisis arises, we look To the man who is doing his best. The prince with his splendor, the sage with his book, Full of fall to answer the test. And when there's a home or a country to serve We turn to the man with the heart and the nerve, The man whom adversity's touch could not swerve, The man who kept doing his best.

—Washington Star

A GRAVEYARD OF YOUR OWN

Every man should have a graveyard of his own. In it he should bury all of his mean thoughts, his hatreds, his animosities and evil aspirations; and bury them deep, so that there can be no resurrection. If you hear a bit of malicious gossip—bury it deep. If you have been nursing a feeling of hatred toward somebody for years—bury it. And when you have finally filled your graveyard with the worst that was in you—you will find the world and all that goes to make it a much better place than ever before.

FRIENDSHIP

We would not expect a plant in our dooryard to flourish if it were left without water, and to battle with the weeds unaided. And why should we expect a neglected friendship to keep on blossoming? If you are too busy to go to see your friend, or to write to him when you are far away, if you are too absorbed in your own affairs, if your face is overcast, too selfish to help him when the opportunity comes, why should you expect that your intimacy will remain vital and beautiful? Keep your friendship well-cultivated if you wish your life to be refreshed by its fragrant blossoms.—The Guardian.

BURNING MONEY

"Life is gay and blithe and sunny since the peace dove bit the breeze; every one is burning money, just as though it grew on trees. I insist on thrift and saving, but there's none to heed my words; Johnnies say that I am raving, and throw money to the birds. Men are drawing princely wages and their breasts are filled with mirth, and they jeer foreboding sages who predict a day of death; but that day will come as surely as tomorrow's sun will rise; things will then be going poorly with the giddy spendthrifts. Things won't bloom along forever as they're blooming now, my friends; and the man who's truly clever saves as ably as he spends. It is patent to the knowing in expensive times like these that the kopecks won't be growing always on the shrubs and trees. There will come a day of trouble, when this boom is left behind, and the kopeck and the ruple will be mighty hard to find; happy then the lads whose wages have been safely placed in brine, who obey the seers and sages when the saving graft was fine. And how sick will be the mortals who like spendthrifts now behave, who reply with jests and chortles when we call on them to save."—Walt Mason.

EFFICIENCY

A man's weakness, his defects, his deficiencies are bound to appear in his work. If, for instance, one is a manager or a superintendent of a business department and his standards are down, his ideals low; if he is slovenly in person, slipshod in his business habits, if he lacks system and order, these things will be reflected in his place of business, and those under him will in the main follow his example.

I have in mind a hotel manager who has the reputation of being a jolly good fellow. Everybody likes him. He would do anything to accommodate a guest, but he is easy going; he is inclined to be sloppy and slovenly in his personal appearance and in his methods; he lacks high ideals, force, vim and efficiency, and all through his establishment things are run at loose ends. The employers are careless and indifferent. The chamber girls follow the manager's easy going standards; they are not particular about sweeping under the beds or dusting the rooms. The blankets are just as likely to be put on the beds with the folded ends at the top, so that a person who does not want a double blanket cannot turn one part down. One will often see the price label clinging to a new counterpane on the bed. The chances are that the key to the door is lost or that the lock will not work. The bellboys, the clerks, the waiters, all the employees are alike. The result is, although this man has an enormous acquaintance, he does comparatively little business. A great many people who would be glad to patronize him because he is such a likable fellow go to other hotels in the same town which are run on high-class business lines.

Few people are yet alive to the growing demands of modern business, the actual necessity of multiplying their ability, increasing their

life output by early forming the efficiency habit, the habit of doing everything, even the smallest thing, in the best possible manner, stamping with their individuality, putting their trade-mark of efficiency on it.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THINKING

If you think you are beaten, you are; If you think you dare not, you don't; If you'd like to win, but you think you can't, It's almost a cinch you won't. If you think you'll lose, you're lost, For out of the world we find Success begins with a fellow's will, It's all in the state of mind. If you think you're outclassed, you are; You've got to think to rise, You've got to be sure of yourself before You can ever win a prize. Life's battles don't always go To the stronger or faster man; But soon or late the man who wins, Is the one who thinks he can.

—True Voice

THE FAILURE OF ELAINE

Elaine settled herself comfortably in her seat as the suburban train steamed out of the station, and opened the late magazine she had all but missed the train to buy. She had an uncomfortable feeling as the train gained speed. "I suppose I ought to have gone to see Mr. Fordham," she said to herself, glancing rather indifferently from one page to another, and finally laying the magazine down on her lap while she gazed out at the swiftly changing picture of scattered houses and vacant lots as seen from the car window. "Mother will be sure to ask me about it the first thing, and she will be disappointed that it isn't all settled. But I would have missed Grace if I had taken the time to go and see Mr. Fordham. Anyway, there's lots of time; the place isn't vacant until next month, and he knows I want it, so it's sure enough. It is fortunate for me that father and Mr. Fordham were such good friends."

As if in direct connection with Elaine's thought there came at this moment a voice from one of the occupants of the seat directly back of her. "It is one of the finest places for a girl to work in the city. If I had a daughter and she had to work I would rather have her in Richard Fordham's office than any place I know."

"Yes, I'm sure it is a desirable position," was the answer in a somewhat less positive voice, "but we haven't much hope that Alvia will get it. There are others with so much more influence to back them, you know. Alvia has never worked before, and she has no one to speak for her, especially—only neighbors and friends to certify that she's honest and reliable and persevering and all that."

The train drew into the station and as the two passed down the aisle, Elaine recognized one of them as the mother of a girl whom she knew well. So Alvia West was trying for this "desirable position," too! There was a queer little smile in Elaine's eyes. What a fine thing it was to have had a father such as hers had been—a man who was influential and had people like Mr. Fordham and his best friends!

"If it were not for dear father's merit and influence I don't suppose I would stand any better chance for her place, but refrained from questioning; as there were guests at dinner. Later, however, she asked: "Have you had a successful afternoon, dear? Was Mr. Fordham pleased that you have decided to take the position?"

Elaine flushed guiltily. "I didn't go in to see Mr. Fordham, mother. But it's all right, I'm sure of that! He understands, for Madge knows I am counting on the place. You see, I met Grace Deane almost the first thing and she had tickets for such a delightful entertainment."

Elaine paused in her explanation, because of the look in her mother's eyes. "I'm afraid you have made a mistake in not keeping the appointment and telling Mr. Fordham personally of your wish to take the position. His note says plainly that he expects to decide the matter definitely this afternoon."

"I know, but it will be all right, mother, dear; you'll see! I'll go in to see him early in the morning." In the morning Elaine presented herself with smiling assurance at the office of the one who had been her father's "personal friend." She was obliged to wait for some time before he was at liberty to see her. He came in finally with a cordial good-morning for her. "I didn't get in yesterday, Mr. Fordham," Elaine began, with the confidence of one who feels perfectly sure of her footing, but I know you understand about my wanting the position, so—" she stopped short as a significant expression crossed the kindly face before her.

"Did you want that position, Miss Elaine?" Mr. Fordham asked. "Why, of course! Didn't Madge tell you?" "Madge left home for a visit with her grandmother a few days ago before I had set any definite time for the arrangement of this business. If you had commissioned her to tell me she must have forgotten. But you received my note, did you not?" "Oh, yes, and I fully intended to be here at the appointed time, but I was detained—and I felt so sure you knew I wanted the place, and am qualified to fill it. You do not mean—you have not given it to some one else, have you, Mr. Fordham?" "I am very sorry to disappoint you, Elaine, but the position is filled. There were half a dozen ready to take it but in my mind it rested between you and Alvia West. I wrote you two to be here yesterday afternoon, because I wanted to ask a few final questions before deciding. I looked for you to come, because I had thought you especially fitted for the work, and I was under the impression, too, that you were favorably inclined toward it. But when you did not appear, there was nothing for me to do but give it to Miss West, who, by the way, passed the examinations exceptionally well. I am more than sorry, Elaine, but it is too late to make any change."

"I'm sorry, too, Mr. Fordham," said Elaine turning away. Outside the office, with the brisk wind fanning her not face, Elaine said to herself with emphasis, "Alvia West came in ahead of me with all my advantages! Well, that was because I have been taking for granted, and I relied on father's influence."

FUNDAMENTAL OR NOT?

The Biblical World, published by the University of Chicago, commenting in its September issue, on the vigorous policy of the Catholic hierarchy in America, as illustrated by the Washington meeting, says in the course of its comment the question, "Is there not a fundamental difference between American and Roman Catholicism?"

Such a question could only be raised by one to whom Catholic thought and sentiment are at most a matter of observation from without and not a living consciousness. We who are inside know that the same faith, the same laws, the same polity obtain throughout the Catholic Church. And yet, if there were a fundamental difference between American and Roman Catholicism, it would have to be either in faith, or in laws, or in ecclesiastical polity. Two facts negative the Biblical world's question at once even to the man who is not conversant with Catholic matters. The first is that a large number of American bishops and priests got their ecclesiastical training in Rome. And no doubt Roman Catholicism is being taught at Rome. It is therefore Roman Catholicism that they represent here. Nor have we ever heard of a clash between them and the priests who got their ecclesiastical training in American seminaries. The second is that America is in close communion with the Holy See. Now in the Catholic Church communion with the Holy See means identity of religion with the Pope of Rome. There is no such thing as How, Low, Broad and so forth in the Catholic Church.

Accordingly there can be no fundamental difference between American and Roman Catholicism, just as there is no fundamental difference between the Catholicism of to-day and the Catholicism of the earliest ages of Christianity. John Henry Newman, leader of the tractarian movement in the Anglican church in the middle of the last century, was persuaded that the Catholicism of today had essentially deviated from apostolic Christianity. To gain more substantial ground for his persuasion he dug into the documents of antiquity. But the more he dug the more he was, at first, frightened by the features of modern Catholicism that he could not help uncovering in the perusal of those ancient documents. Not Rome, then, but he was mistaken—this was the result of his investigation. He felt sure that if Athanasius Ambrose, Leo were to rise from their graves they would feel at home not in Anglicanism or in Protestantism but in Roman Catholicism. All this theory of difference whether as to place or as to time needs only thorough investigation and it will appear that the Catholic Church is essentially the same always and everywhere—sempar et ubique!

Differences there are, to be sure, but not fundamental differences arising from the circumstances of place and time from the national characteristics of the peoples that make up the body of the Church. The Church, while endeavoring to mould the souls of men to the principles of Christianity, naturally takes some local coloring from the environment in which she carries on her mission. Thus the discoveries and inventions of science are utilized to push her work. It has been said that if St. Paul lived today, he would be a newspaper man. As a matter of fact he was such, in a different medium, in his own time. For where his spoken word could not reach, there he made his influence felt by his epistle. And letters took the place of newspapers in those ancient days. One or two of St. Paul's epistles were actually circular letters to be passed from church to church. But this accommodation to place and

time has been nothing else but an application of St. Paul's method. "I became all things to all men that I might save all."

WHAT TWO AFRICAN HUNTERS FOUND

Stories of adventure are generally interesting. Two men set out for Africa. The one went to hunt wild animals in the jungles. He travelled through perilous fastnesses and through skillful marksmanship returned home with one of the finest collections of specimens that exist in this country. The other went to convert the natives and secure their salvation. Ere many months they met. After narrating his experiences and his good luck in finding large game and bagging it, the sportsman remarked: "I did not meet a single Christian." "But," retorted the missionary, "I did not see a single wild animal." The point of the matter is this: It makes a difference what a man is looking for in this life. He achieves scarcely more than his objective. If that be money, he is likely to lose sight of other and greater things. If it be popular applause, he forgets something more enduring. The inhabitants of the world are much in the position of the two sojourners to Africa. One portion recognizes God and sees the necessity of observing His laws. The other is blinded by material interests and loses sight of the one thing worth while. "Take the 'Captain of Industry,' for example. The dollar usually means everything to him. He regards wealth as an end to be gained by any means fair or foul. His factories may be no more than sweat-shops, where lives are wrecked, where frail women drudge under disgraceful conditions, where strong men soon lose their vitality and children count for nothing. This man sees only personal gain. He sets his heart on one thing. He does not see the folly of jeopardizing his immortal soul. He does not reckon with the account he must make of his stewardship. He is hunting for wealth. And so one might go through the whole category, recounting instances after instance where man's vision is focused on one thing to the exclusion of others of the utmost importance. A right view of things is essential in this life. The Church insists on the eternal verities. It makes a difference what a man sets out to do in this world. He generally achieves no more than his objective.—The Pilot.

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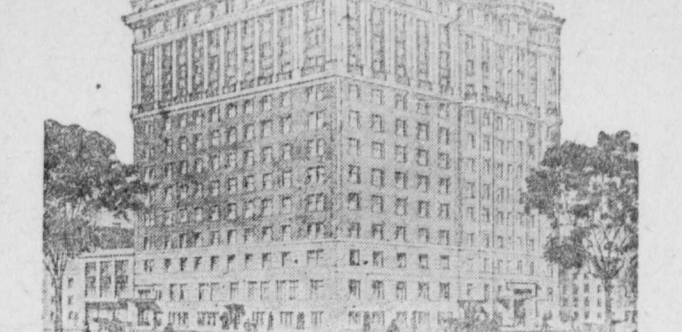
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