

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

WORKING FOR A LIVING

The man or woman who works for a living has to put up with a great many inconveniences—or most of us do. We find the dismal grind wearing on nerves and patience at times. Then when we look about us and see others struggling on, bearing their burdens and not complaining any more than enough to keep their hand in, the old world changes from the gloomy spot which it has been pictured into a comfortable, agreeable and quite commodious place of abode. When necessity compels one to work for a living, no matter what character the work may be, if there is a daily profit the necessity is alleviated, the burden is lightened, for the day is coming to that person when necessity will not be so compelling. But if that happy day when compulsion will not be so wearing seems a long way off, there is still comfort to be gained by the world ever arrived at that unhappy goal through work. Mighty few men have ever accomplished anything useful in the world without work. Men do not arrive at responsible positions either in private or public life without the elevating influence of work. Of course, there is a popular notion that work is degrading; that the man or woman who works loses some of the attributes of manhood or womanhood and becomes unfit to associate with those who through circumstances beyond their control or which do not seek the light of day are permitted to live in idleness. But work nevertheless remains the prime cause of the world's progress in the arts and the sciences, in literature and mechanics, and the man or woman who performs the most menial of tasks is a fitter object of the world's respect than any whose proudest boast is that their bodies were never soiled nor their hands burdened by labor.—Intermountain Catholic.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS

Have you had disappointments, doubts, sorrows, troubles? So have we all. They are the weeds that grow in all highways. We may be unable to pull these rank growths out by the roots and cast them from us. We may not be able to forget the past entirely. But we are under no compulsion to make ourselves needless burdens. No one escapes trouble, so that, you have no monopoly in suffering. But, just as none goes unscathed, so it is true that no one is afflicted with all the troubles of the world. We have our compensations. Those who have known misfortune and disappointment often are given ample opportunities, and larger compensations. Don't whine! If the world buffets us, let us not be utterly cast down. We will wrest its good opinion, its golden fruits from it yet. We will at least not throw the orange away until we have squeezed all the juice out of it. Make the best of things. This homely phrase, after all, is the shibboleth of life. It is the faculty of seeing some good, of drawing some inspiration from the most hidden source that glorifies life. If you are unsatisfied with your achievements, you can still find your reward in your home, your friendships, in the enlargement of your charities, and in the misfortunes you have escaped.

BOOKS ARE LIKE FRIENDS

Too many of us treat books—especially the classics—as if they were something remote from the schemes of life, and to be approached with awe. If you will read the best literature you will discover, perhaps to your amazement, that it is very simple. The word "classic" has perhaps frightened you away from many libraries. Just as people vary, books vary; and while you may admire one type of person, you may not admire another. Because you do not care for a certain book you need not necessarily be ashamed of the fact. You may realize its intrinsic greatness but it may have no special message for you. That is the way a fine writer once felt about Milton, and he had the courage and common sense to say so. We should always beware, however, of judging too hastily. A person may mean very little to you on a first casual meeting; but don't give that person up immediately. Try again. A deeper acquaintance may lead to a life-long friendship. There is the friend who is good to have with you in times of trouble, and the friend, no less valuable, who is wonderful in times of joy. So there are books for rainy days and bright days, for dark moods and light moods. Choose your books according to your mood, and see how the doors of enchantment will open for you.

CHARACTER

Character is, after all, the chief accomplishment. Character, according to Emerson, is reserved force or latent power by whose impulses a man is guided, but whose counsels he cannot impart; a talent which acts by presents directly and without means; something in a man finer than what he does and says; some strong element that gives him superiority and ascendancy everywhere; a possession of attributes and qualities in a degree that creates a magnetism, and compels acknowledgment and homage always, and by everyone. Character is not a mere gift of nature or a result of prayer. It is not bought with gold and silver, or acquired by bonds and jewels. Social intercourse cannot weave it into us, and position cannot engrave it on us. No man can give it to us; we must hammer and forge it into ourselves. The precious ore lies within our own bosoms; the fires of our heart must heat it and our wills must pound it; every sacred deposit which experience may gain from the flow and ebb of time and tide, from personal and general happenings, must be added to it, and the whole composite, by your own exertions, be molded into beautiful and attractive shape.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHEN LITTLE PATRICK BECAME WORTHY OF HIS NAME

Little Patrick Ryan's birthday fell on the 17th of March, the day devoted to the celebration of the great St. Patrick. And that was why little "Pat"—as he was commonly called—happened to be named in honor of the good Irish saint. "I wish I could do something great and be called Patrick instead of plain Pat," said little Pat to himself one day after he and his mother had been talking over the coming birthday and the plans for a party. "But I'm just a little Irish kid and don't know what I can do to make myself uncommon. At present I'm no more than Johnny Woods, Fred Smith, Fatty Thompson and Snubby Travis. And all those kinds are just common kids." Then Pat was called to run an errand for his grandmother, who lived in little Pat's home, and was Pat's best chum of all the family. Somehow, dear old grandmother knew just what children wanted, and she understood Pat's wants as well as she knew his needs. She never forgot that while Pat was to have plenty of good, wholesome bread and milk and vegetables and fruit for his meals, he loved a nice fat doughnut or a "turnover" pie occasionally, and with her own ready hands she

made the doughnuts and "turnover" pies for him. "Granny," said Pat to the old lady, after he had performed the errand for her, "do you know what I should love to do? I should love to do something—something—well, something that everybody can't do, you know. I want to be—deserving of the name of Patrick, but until I do something worth notice I must remain plain Pat Ryan. And I don't like the name of Pat. I want to have my full name, granny, dear."

"Bless my boy," smiled the old lady. "Well, you'll do something yet, sonny, that will make you a real hero, and then everyone must call you Patrick. But—come to the kitchen with me—I've got a fine 'turnover' pie in the oven baking for a certain young laddie that I know. And it's an apple pie, too, with a sprinkling of brown sugar on top." "Um, granny, that sounds good!" And Pat smacked his lips and ran off to the kitchen ahead of his grandmother. And for the time his eagerness to do something worthy of the name of Patrick was forgotten in his enjoyment of the spicy smell that came from the big cooking oven. "It's 'turnover,' all right, all right!" he cried, laughing with happy anticipation as grandma entered. The days passed and preparations were made for the 17th, St. Patrick's day and little Pat's birthday. About twenty young guests had been invited and a fine time was expected by Pat. Indeed, he knew everything would go off splendidly, for dear old grandmother had superintended everything pertaining to the party. And secretly she had baked a little—very little—"turnover" apple pie for each invited boy and girl. "I know what they will enjoy," she had said to herself. And she was right; for though apple pie as a rule is very indigestible when eaten at night (and Pat's party was to take place at 8 o'clock in the evening), dear old grandmother's pie was not the heavy kind. She knew how to bake "child's pie," a secret few people of to-day understand.

When the morning of the 17th arrived everything was bustle and hurry in the home of young Patrick. Of course, Pat had to attend school as usual, but the preparations for the evening went on during his absence. There were grandmother, mother, Aunt Kate and Bridget, the house servant, to get things in readiness for the great event. "I'll have John hitch up the horse to the buggy, and I'll go to the florist for green ferns and leaves, and to the store for green ribbon, for the decorations must be in keeping with the day," said grandmother, as full of enthusiasm as though she were a child again. But was not it her dear little Pat—who was already great in her eyes—whose birthday was to be celebrated that evening. And was it not the greatest joy for her to help with the arrangements and to make the party a glorious and happy success? It was a few minutes before 4 o'clock when grandmother, in cape and bonnet, climbed into the little black-covered buggy, to which was hitched old Custer, a fine, spirited horse, but one as gentle as a dog. Grandmother was used to driving Custer, and took up the lines and called out to him to trot along. Custer, feeling sprightly and in need of exercise, for the weather was cold for March and Custer had been standing in the warm barn for days together without once feeling the bit between his teeth, pricked up his ears and trotted off down the street at a lively gait. At the corner old Custer took the turn so suddenly that poor old grandmother, in trying to keep her balance on the seat, fell full lines. They were jerked over the dashboard by the quick swaying of the buggy, and then grandmother again became settled comfortably in her seat she found the guiding lines gone. In vain she called out to Custer to stop. On and on he went, his speed quickening, for he was in the spirit to travel and felt no restraining hand. Down the almost deserted street he went, now turning his gait into a swinging gallop. Poor old grandmother sat white and silent, realizing her great danger. As she was traversing the residence streets,

GILLETTS PERFUMED LYE



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there were few persons about, and those few hardly grasped grandmother's dilemma before the buggy was out of sight around a corner. After a few minutes old Custer turned into one of the busiest streets of the town and there his excitement grew. Vehicles were passing him every which way and he became nervous and frightened and must have wondered why the driver had ceased to guide him. He probably did not understand that the flapping strings about his hind feet were the guiding lines, and that the dear old lady in the buggy could not turn him this way or that, according to their path of safety. So he went at a run, his head thrust out, his nostrils dilating, his eyes full of fright. He did not turn out of the way of other horses and vehicles, and often he and his precious freight came within an inch of disaster.

A crowd of pedestrians grew and followed the runaway horse, but it seemed no one could reach old Custer's head to stop him in his madness. Several men made the dash toward the horse, but the next instant Custer was far away from them, turning corners and dashing through the streets wildly. And all the time dear, white-faced grandmother sat perfectly still, not daring to move lest she be thrown to the earth, for the frail buggy was rocking like a boat on troubled water.

Within a few seconds after old Custer's advent into the busy part of the town the streets were thronged with an excited and anxious crowd of people, for the occupant of the buggy had been recognized and the cry went from throat to throat that "dear old Grandmother Brown was in danger of a sudden and terrible death." For the pursuing people expected to see the buggy thrown over against a lamp post or a telephone pole at any moment.

Just as the danger was growing—for old Custer had headed toward a railroad track on which were passing an engine and several freight cars—there dashed from the pursuing crowd of men and boys one little figure slight and swift. With almost superhuman effort one slim arm was swung out, the little figure leaped into the air and Custer's head was jerked quickly to one side, the old horse dropping to his haunches, while the buggy, rolling upon him, came to a sudden standstill.

Then the crowd gathered about, cheering the brave boy who had come just in time to prevent a most horrible accident—maybe a most terrible death, for both woman and horse, for the railroad tracks were only about one hundred yards distant, when old Custer was brought to such a sudden stop.

Then the brave boy who had saved the life of dear old Grandmother Brown came from the horse's head, and going to the buggy, looked into the face of the dear old lady, who was smiling as quietly as though nothing had happened. "Well, Granny, dear, you had a close call." It was Pat's voice that spoke, and dear little Pat's eyes that looked so lovingly at the old lady. And then it was that grandmother broke down and wept—wept from very happiness and pride, for she understood that it was her own dear little Pat who had saved her from fatal accident. Holding out her hand to him she whispered through her tears. "You are a hero, dear sonny, a real hero, and you deserve your birthday to fall on the glorious 17th of March. Come, fix the lines, and let us be going home together. Your father and mother will be proud of you this day. Is old Custer calm and reassured, poor old horse? He must have wondered why some hand did not guide him safely.

Quickly the crowd dispersed, knowing that all danger was passed and that grandmother and Pat wanted to be alone, for the emotion of each was battling for expression. Pat soothed old Custer, who now seemed to be very peaceable again, and, gathering up the dusty lines, he climbed into the buggy and told Custer to "get up." And as he and grandmother rode homeward, going first to the florist for green ferns and leaves, and to a shop for green ribbon, Pat said: "Grandmother, you are very calm to have passed through so dangerous an experience. Most any other old lady would be hysterical."

"I have forgotten the danger of the incident, sonny, in remembering your brave deed. You risked your life for old granny. It was a noble thing to do, and you shall be called from henceforth by your full name, for you deserve it. You are not a saint, child, but no saint is greater than a great hero, and you are Hero Patrick, named for the great St. Patrick. And no one shall call you plain Pat any more."

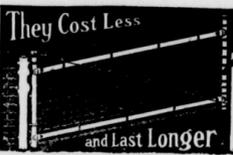
A BOOMERANG

The Protestant Woman, a virulently anti-Catholic English paper, announces an exhibition at Earsfield, South London, which is to include relics of the Spanish Inquisition. The only article, however, that is at all suggestive of an inquisition of any kind is the "Iron Maiden" of Nuremberg, which, as its name indicates, has nothing whatever to do with Catholic Spain but with Protestant Germany. There are probably hundreds of copies of the terrible Nuremberg statue in existence, but the original still stands in the old council house of that unpleasantly famous Protestant city. It is a long, hollow figure of a woman, which opens in front, revealing an interior bristling with spikes. In that hollow space the victim was placed. The front closed and the spikes crushed him to death.

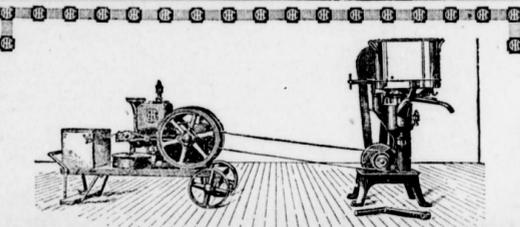
The Inquisition which used this atrocious machine was, as we have said, a Protestant tribunal, and the history of the "Iron Maiden" can be read in the city record. "It was in 1525," writes A. Hilliard Atheridge in the London Catholic Times, that the Civic Council of Nuremberg, by a formal resolution, adopted Lutheranism as the State religion of their city. Eight years later, in 1533, the City Council bought and set up the "Iron Maiden" in the arsenal of torture. It was probably intended chiefly for the terrorizing and painful execution of another sect of Protestants, the Anabaptists. Between 1533 and 1718, when its further employment was forbidden, it was used on many occasions for the execution of persons convicted of plots against the Lutheran government and religion or of murder. It has not the remotest connection with the Spanish Inquisition or any Catholic tribunal.

A flush of pride crossed Pat's face, and his heart beat high. Then, pressing one of the dear, wrinkled old hands of grandmother, he said: "Granny, I had no thought of becoming a hero—of being brave—when I ran out through that crowd to get hold of Custer's bridle. I only saw that you were in danger, and I said to myself, 'I must save granny at all costs.'"

Then nothing was said for several minutes, but granny's lips twitched and her eyes moistened. And after a little she said: "Your party is to be the grandest that any boy ever had in this town, for you are the dearest and bravest boy, and deserve that it should be so. To-night we celebrate the birthday of two Patricks—St. Patrick of old and Hero Patrick of to-day—the latter my own dear little sonny-boy."—Maud Walker.



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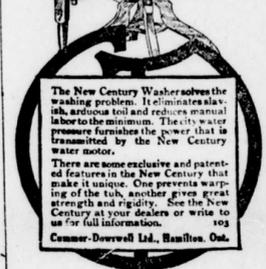
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THIS WASHER MUST PAY FOR ITSELF

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But I didn't know as a thing about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either. So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but you must pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right." Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse was "all right" and that I might have to waste the money for my money if I was parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse, although I wanted it very much. Now this set me thinking. You see I make Washing Machines—the "1000 Gravity" Washer. And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it. But I never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way. Now, I know what our "1000 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine. I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1000 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong man, and it doesn't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might. So, said I to myself, I will do my "1000 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time. Let me send you a "1000 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it? Doesn't it prove that the "1000 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is? And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that of the washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'til paid for. I'll take that cheerfully and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance. Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1000 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes. Address me personally—C. H. Morris, Manager, 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto.

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