

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

EARNESTNESS.

"Earnestness is the best gift of mental power, and deficiency of heart is the cause of many men never becoming great."

This was an observation upon life by a man of well-rounded experience, the late Balzer Lyttos. Its truth is obvious from a variety of viewpoints. The confessed dilettante or amateur in art or letters, rarely, even by accident, does work of any note. Dilettantism in the other avenues of life is equally fruitless. The bachelors remaining such through selfishness, persons in any station who merely vegetate, do not either give or take of life in its larger values.

Times of war and revolution, which try men's souls, often bring us a more than usual number of great and strong characters, because these crucial periods breed earnestness. And some lives do not attain their true worth until touched by sorrow.

But reason, without the need of vicissitude or affliction, should teach us to put heart into our work and seriousness into the life ends we are serving.—Catholic Citizen.

What System Will do.

It will create the habit of doing things to a finish, instead of the slipshod, slovenly habit of half-doing things.

It will make you presentable at all times, because the systematic man is never slipshod or slovenly in his person or dress.

It will act as a great encourager, because there is no tonic like the consciousness of being master of what one undertakes.

It will have a broadening influence upon your mind, increasing the creative faculty, so that you can think better, plan better, and reason more clearly.

It will make leisure. A man of organizing ability has time to see his friends, to go to amusements, to travel, because his system is working for him.

It makes a splendid substitute for capital because it increases confidence. Everybody believes in the man who can make a programme and carry it out.

It will make you a more agreeable man, because mental confusion fogs the brain; increases nervousness and tends to make one melancholy and pessimistic.—Success.

Peace of Mind.

What value ought we place, at middle life, on that happy condition of soul, which is sometimes called "Peace of mind?"

A man of forty was once asked to cash his savings and go into a mining proposition, which promised to make him rich. It was not a vulgar mining proposition either—not of the kind on which green young men daily squander their savings. The man of forty, with some judgment and experience, realized that it was a proposition for the most part beyond the ordinary proposition, with seven chances out of ten of winning.

But he declined it, nevertheless. He said: "At this age I value my peace of mind more than the prospect of getting rich. I do not wish to sit even for a few months in a seat of anxiety and perturbation. Life has other objects besides acquiring fortune, and nothing must so monopolize my attention that I can not enjoy the varied good things of life. My foot must not be caught in a frog and my soul pinched in a vise of strenuous waiting and worry."

Men can do good, effective work and still retain their peace of mind. They can better their position, advance their fortunes and fulfil every duty without sacrificing mental and moral comfort. But to take long chances, to gamble with fortune, to become involved in intrigue, to seek success through quarrels and contentions, are avenues of energy, which for most people, who have passed their fortieth year, mean good bye to peace of mind. And no matter what the prize at stake, it is scarcely worth the sacrifice.—Catholic Citizen.

Success With a Flaw.

Many a one has failed because he was not a man before he was a merchant, or a lawyer, or a manufacturer, or a statesman—because character was not the dominating influence in his life. If you are not a man first—if there is not a man behind your book, behind your law brief, or your business transaction—if you are not larger than the money you make, the world will expose you, and your power, pretence and discount your success; history will cover up your memory no matter how much money you may leave.

That is the lesson of the startling U. S. disclosures of late. These men whose reputations have melted away so rapidly—men who have had such a drop in the public regard—were not real men to start with. There were flaws in their character foundations, and the superstructures of power, achievement and fame have fallen before the flood of public indignation. Those criminals in high places are beginning to realize that no smartness, brilliancy, genius, scheming, long-headed cunning, bluffing or pretence can take the place of manhood or be a substitute for personal integrity.

There are men in New York, to day, whose names have been power, whose would give every dollar they have for a clean record—if they could wipe off all their underhand, questionable methods from the slate and start anew; but there is no way to buy a good name. It is above riches, and beyond the price of rubies.

How many men there are, to-day, in high positions who are in perpetual terror lest something should happen to expose the real facts of their lives, something which would pierce their masks and reveal them in their true light. How must a man feel who is conscious that he is walking all the time on the thin crust of a volcano which is liable to open at any moment and swallow him?—Success.

Spasmodic Enthusiasm.

Young people are often subject to acute attacks of enthusiasm. They are completely swept off their feet by new ideas, and think that they will accomplish wonders with them. For a while they think and dream of nothing else. It may be the making of a car or some toy, the taking up of a special study, a plan to improve the home or

the farm, or to work out some pet theory, or determination to engage in some particular kind of work. But in most cases the enthusiasm cools, the zeal evaporates, the fire dies out, and nothing is left but embers and ashes.

I have known more than one youth to be so fired by listening to some great orator at the bar that he then and there made up his mind that he would be a lawyer. He would bend all his energy to the study of law for perhaps a few weeks. At the end of that time he would throw his law books down in disgust and decide that the writings of Coke and Blackstone are dry picking for a boy who delights in action. His enthusiasm for the law had received a deathblow. His mind was ready for some other diversion. He saw a successful physician hurrying about in his carriage, and thought that medicine is the ideal profession, so he decided at once to become a doctor. But a very short experience with the dry bones of anatomy was sufficient to dampen his ardor, and he quickly followed some other will-o'-the-wisp which danced before his fanciful imagination.

Young people who are completely unbalanced by new ideas, and who do not stop to consider whether they are feasible or practicable, rarely have the persistence to follow one to a conclusion. Victims of transitory enthusiasm they change about from pillar to post until youth and opportunity lie behind them. They work as clerks for a while, teach school a term or two, work in factories, half learn this trade or that waste a year perhaps, in the study of medicine, another in that of law, or a few months in attempting to master the foundation principles of architecture, or in studying some art or science that strikes their fancy for the moment, and almost before they realize it, they are no longer eligible for success. Their lives are made up of fragments which do not belong together, and which no ingenuity could make into a complete pattern.

If erratic people of this kind would stick to even the humblest thing they attempt, they would accomplish something; their lives would make some sort of finished pattern, however homely, instead of a mass of disconnected fragments.

If at the knowledge and unbalanced enthusiasm which so many young men and women waste in trying scores of things could be put into one worthy endeavor; if every day's work were made to help out that of the previous day; if every bit of experience were made to count upon the one great object of their lives, their power of achievement, their possibilities of increased usefulness and of weaving a beautiful life-pattern would be increased a thousandfold.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

STORIES OF THE ROSARY.

BY LOUISE EMILY DOBRIE.

The Presentation in the Temple.

COUNT LUIGI.

"Bat—Jo," said Maggie rather shocked.

"Lisbeth tossed her head.

"Oh well, of course he couldn't expect me to marry him if I had such chance as this," said Lisbeth, "not of course that I've told him about it. I only wrote and said as how I had changed my mind. I ain't going to tell any one about it, for we can't be married until Luigi's uncle dies."

"Ain't ye going to tell your mother?" "Lisbeth shook her head.

"Not yet. Won't she be surprised when I do, Maggie?"

"Give her a fit."

"She'll be very much taken aback," said Lisbeth, "and she will open her eyes when she hears I am going to be a countess."

"Lor!"

"Well?"

"You a countess! Well, I never."

"Why of course, if I marries a count it'll make me a countess," said Lisbeth.

"I keeps thinking of it at nights, and I can't sleep sometimes when I think of me who have been a working girl all my life being a real countess, and having a beautiful house and servants and carriages to ride in."

"Sems like a dream," said Maggie, who was now quite as much impressed as Lisbeth hoped she would be.

"So it do to me sometimes. Now, after that, Maggie, you won't say as if that they put into those stories isn't likely to be true, for you see such things do happen."

Maggie nodded.

"Would you like to see his photograph?" required Lisbeth presently, for Maggie was silently turning over the wonderful piece of news in her mind.

"Of course I should."

"Lisbeth turned up the skirt of her dress, and dived into the pocket of her under skirt, which served as a convenient receptacle for penny novelettes and various things, such as photographs and letters, and from a soiled envelope she drew a photograph which she handed to Maggie.

The individual represented in it was dressed in a smart costume of velvet and lace, rather suggestive of fancy dress, but which Lisbeth assured Maggie was the usual attire of gentlemen in Italy, and the latter, not knowing to the contrary, accepted it as fact, and thought it very beautiful and certainly more interesting than the garb of the English gentleman.

Maggie went off at last, and her step was heavy as she mounted the stairs to the three-parlour back. Although she had very little imagination, still her head was full of Lisbeth's story, and she felt for the first time in her life a bitter feeling of envy of Lisbeth and disgust at her own hard lot.

Ever since she had left school Maggie had been at the laundry not far off. She usually went on Mondays at 3 o'clock, and worked hard until Friday sometimes on Saturday as well, ringing the changes on packing, sorting, washing and ironing, scrubbing and mending at the dilling tabs. She earned two shillings and threepence a day now, but only because she was an all-round worker, and worth the money, for when she had left school she had begun at a much lower rate of payment. Now

when she worked beyond the time, which was from 8 a. m. until 9 p. m. she was paid twopence an hour extra, an hour being allowed for dinner and half an hour for tea.

She generally had her dinner at a cook shop near, and her tea in the washhouse. She had always been a steady worker, gradually learning her trade, and rising from the conveyer to the flory, and she could seldom remember ever being late and incurring the penny fine which being half an hour late meant. She had helped to keep her old grandmother, supported herself and was looking forward to a little home of her own in the "models" later on, and until that evening she had been very contented with her lot. Her little ambitions had in many cases been fulfilled for she was able to pay into a burial club for her grandmother, who had all the usual dread of being buried by the parish; she had saved a few pounds towards her marriage, and last but not least, she had been made a child of Mary two years ago, and had kept the slight rules most faithfully.

However, viewed now in contrast to Lisbeth's prospects, her life seemed indeed a very hard and uninteresting one. Although she had limited knowledge of what rich people did, and how they lived, still she knew enough to make her at that moment long for money and things to which she had hitherto not given a thought.

As Maggie sat there in her little room illuminated by a tiny kerosene lamp which showed the poverty of its contents, she lent her head on her hand, and some hot tears coursed down her cheeks.

What a poor little place it was! It might be clean, but the scanty furniture was of the cheapest and dullest, the walls and paint were dirty with age, there were two panes of glass out of the window, the apertures being filled up with paper and rags. A crucifix and some holy pictures hung in one corner, and near at hand a cheap photograph of herself and Bob Harris, taken last Bank Holiday at Hampstead Heath. She had never felt the demerit of discontent take possession of her until that evening, and its effect was to send her miserable to bed, and to keep her indoors the next morning dwelling on her wretchedness, instead of going to Mass. It was the first time in her life that she had missed Mass on a Sunday without grave cause, and her conscience was certainly not quiet on the subject.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE GREATEST OF THESE.

CHARITY A PARAMOUNT NECESSITY IN THE WORLD TO-FAY.

"Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels, and have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and give my body to be burned, and have not charity—"

And He who thus fitted the language of heaven to the words of earth, Who did prophecy and was versed in mysteries and knowledge, Who had faith sufficient to work miracles and gave His goods to the poor and His body to martyrdom—His love, strength, and comfort to the millions, not alone because of these things, but because of the greater fact of His charity, His love. For a man may make sacrifices in many causes, but it is only when he does so in the cause of love for his fellows that they avail to the heights of immortal beneficence.

Oh, how we need this divine attribute at every turn of life! It matters not the level upon which we live—whether our lot be cast with the poor or the rich; the strong or the weak. There never was a day, there never will be one, devoid of at least some chance to be charitable. And the use we make of these opportunities is the standard by which God and His children shall measure their love to us.

True charity knows no caste. It is blind to rank and race, and its only throne is the heart of man.

Our whole hope for the ultimate bringing together of all men into one vast brotherhood must lie in the exercise of charity. Our dreams of universal peace, that are yet disturbed by the din of war, depend for their materialization on the same issue. Our progress in morals and in the principles of justice and right is commensurate only with our application of charity to the higher elements of personality and citizenship. And paramount to all of these is its place in the little things of life, the individually insignificant thoughts, words and deeds that go to form the great facts of time and eternity. Here is its broadest field.

We must make it a part of our intercourse in the home, our dealings in the market and our relations with the world in every phase of commerce, society and art. Through these it will blossom in such a multitude of ways that we shall at length have transformed this drill-ground into a garden of flowers, wherein if we still have to toil and suffer, and we shall have the joyous satisfaction of knowing that we have done well our parts.



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Many women are today making an independent living and putting by money every month raising poultry with a Chatham Incubator.

Any woman with a little leisure time at her disposal can, without any previous experience or without a cent of cash, begin the poultry business and make money right from the start.

Perhaps you have a friend who is doing so. If not, we can give you the names of many who started with much less capital than you are surprised by the rapidity with which the profits came to them.

Of course, success depends on getting a right start. You must begin right. You can never make any considerable money as a poultry raiser with hens as hatchers. You must have a good Incubator and Brooder, and this means in the ordinary way an investment which, perhaps you are not prepared to make just now, and this is just where our special offer comes in.

If you are in earnest, we will set you up in the poultry business without a cent of cash down. If we were not sure that the Chatham Incubator and Brooder is the best and that with it and a reasonable amount of effort on your part you are sure to make money, we would not make the special offer below.

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Of course, if you have lots of room, so much the better, but many a man and woman are carrying on a successful and profitable poultry business in a small city or town lot. Anyone with a fair sized stable or shed and a small yard can do the poultry profitably.

But to make money quickly, you must get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. You must get a Chatham Incubator and Brooder. If you depend on the hen, your chicks will grow to broilers just when every other hen's chicks are being marketed, and when the price is not so high.

The hen is a careless mother, often leaving her chicks amongst wet grass, bushes, and in places where rats can condense her young.

The Chatham Brooder behaves itself, is a perfect mother and very rarely loses a chick, and is not infected with lice.

Altogether, there is absolutely no reasonable reason for continuing the use of a hen as a hatchery and every reason why you should have a Chatham Incubator and Brooder.

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