

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Keep Fresh. Not long since I had a letter from a rising young lawyer who is suffering from a complete nervous breakdown.

For years this young man allowed himself practically no change or recreation—very rarely took even a short vacation—and now, when he should be in a position to do the greatest thing possible to him, when he should be most productive and vigorous, when his creative ability should be at its maximum, he is compelled, because of his mental breakdown, to relinquish his profession, perhaps forever.

No matter how healthy or capable a person may be, the brain-cells and faculties which are constantly used, like the bow which is always tightly strung, lose their elasticity, their grip and firmness, and become jaded, dull and flabby.

The brain that is continually exercised in one's occupation or profession, with little or no change, is not capable of the vigorous, spontaneous action of the brain that gets frequent recreation and change.

Ambitious workers in vigorous health are apt to apply themselves too closely to their work, and not to take sufficient rest and recreation. But the greatest achievers are not those who are forever grinding away at their work; who, whenever you meet them, never fail to impress it upon you that their time is precious—they must be going, must be on the move.

I know a business man in New York, the head of a large concern, who rarely spends more than two or three hours a day in his office, and is often away months at a time, recreating and traveling, refreshing his mind. This man knows the value of play. He resolved early in life always to keep himself fresh and vigorous, in a condition to approach his task with the maximum of power, instead of weakening his faculties and demoralizing his whole system, as many men do, by perpetually grinding away at his work.

The result is that he is making a great success of life. It means something for this dynamic young man to be in his office; things move. He puts them through with tremendous force and rapidity, because he has a surplus of physical stamina. His business system works with mathematical exactness, and he accomplishes more in a few hours than most men who spend eight or nine hours daily in their offices, and take their work home at night, do in a whole day.

There is nothing truer than the saying that "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The fact that we have such a strong instinct for fun indicates that it was intended we should have a good deal of it in our lives. But a great number of employees are obliged to work many hours a day, simply because their employers have not yet learned the magic of a fresh brain and vigorous physique.

It was never intended that man should be a slave to his work, that he should exhaust all his energy in getting a living, and have practically none left for making a life. The time will come when it will be generally acknowledged that it is possible to do more work, and of a better quality, in a much shorter day than our present average working day.

The great majority of people do their work mechanically, and regard it as unavoidable drudgery, whereas all work should be a delight, as it would be if all workers were in the right place and worked only when they were fresh and vigorous. Then to exercise of brain and muscle would give a sense of well-being, and work would be a tonic, not a grind; life a delight, not a struggle.

Many a man who has made a slave of himself is suffering the tortures of a disappointed, thwarted ambition, simply because he never learned the importance, the imperative necessity, of always maintaining a high mental and physical standard, of always keeping himself fresh, so that he could bring the highest possible percentage of efficiency to his task. The art of arts is that of self-renewal, self-renewal, self-rejuvenation.

Worry. We often hear of men who are said to have died of overwork, but it is safe to assume that in nine out of ten of such cases there had been no overwork at all. That too much work has killed some people is not to be doubted, but this does not alter the fact that work pure and simple is one of the rarest of all

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rare causes of death. The mischief is done by the worry which often goes with the work, and which is mistaken for it.

We do not yet understand the process by which worry undermines the general health, induces disease of the heart, of the arteries and of the kidneys or kills a man before his time; but that it does do such things is a fact only too well established.

It is true that worry often leads a person to practices which are themselves injurious, such as overindulgence in alcohol or tobacco; or perhaps the use of opium or cocaine or chloral; and disease and death are often attributable to the action of those poisons rather than to the effects of work or worry. But those will not explain the disaster in all cases.

It may be objected despairingly that, if worry is slow suicide, then almost none of us can escape. Very few men can be found who have no unfulfilled desires which they are striving to gratify, or who are so absolutely secure of the future that they may give little or no heed to the Biblical command to take no thought for the morrow.

But this forethought is not worry; at least it need not be worry; it is merely incertitude, prudent care for the future, or even slight anxiety. Harassing anxiety, impatient expectation, disproportionate fear of the unknown—this is worry, and this is what causes the heart to struggle, the kidneys to contract, the arteries to weaken and the mind to fail.

No one who is not given to worry can conceive of the power which the habit gains over its victim. Such a one will freely admit the excellence of the advice not to worry, but he will add that it is impossible to follow it. This is true only in a measure, and in a few cases. Barring instances of exceptional trouble, of extraordinary "hard luck," almost every one can by resolute determination reduce his worry within living limits.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

How Dr. Sidis Taught His Son Arithmetic.

His first move was to buy the boy, not an arithmetical text-book, but a box of dominoes, with which he taught him various games that involved adding together and subtracting the bright white dots on the wooden tablets. Gradually, as the little fellow all unconsciously began to absorb the principles of addition and subtraction, he led him to apply these principles to other objects than the domino dots, and, indirectly to gain some insight into the mysteries of multiplication and division. He would give him, for example, ten or twelve lumps of sugar and bid him distribute them equally or in different proportions among the members of the family. Or, as they walked together in the street, he would commission him to make various small purchases necessitating a similar application of arithmetical principles. In this way he tactfully inspired his son not merely with a vivid appreciation of the practical importance of mathematics, but also with a desire to know more about it.

Passing then from the concrete to the abstract, he began to set him little problems in addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, to be worked out on paper without the aid of domino dots, lumps of sugar, or other external objects. Again, however, he at first appealed to the child's instinct for play. "Here," he would say, "let us see who can do this first, you or I. Come now, add six and four and divide by two. I wonder what the answer is?" Every day for weeks either Doctor or Mrs. Sidis thus played with their boy by "indirect suggestion," as psychologists would call it, stimulating his interest in mathematics. Finally, so effectually was his curiosity aroused, a day came when, of his own accord, he began a systematic study of the subject that had formerly been so repugnant to him.

After this it was no longer a question of urging him on, but of holding him back. His acutely analytical mind enabled him to overcome, almost without effort, the obstacles so terrifying to the untrained intellect of the average child. He advanced by leaps and bounds from rudimentary to higher mathematics. His seventh year, which he spent at home, was a year of unremitting application to mathematical problems, so intricate and abstruse that neither his father nor his mother could render him any help in solving them.

At eight he entered the Brookline High School. Within six weeks he had completed his mathematical course, and was assisting the mathematical master in correcting examination papers of boys twice his age. But the study of mathematics by no means absorbed his whole attention. He became interested in and wrote a little text-book on astronomy. He wrote another little book on English grammar, and one on Latin grammar. He took up the study of German, and also of geography. His mind was incessantly occupied. He was always on the lookout for new worlds to conquer.—Success.

Kindness Counts. She was small and insignificant, this shabby, little, old lady customer who was being snubbed by a haughty salesgirl. She wanted a hat. She had a vague idea that a toque, a grey one, something with

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faint pink roses crushed in against something grey and soft would be becoming. The I'm-a-perfect-lady and I-don't-have-to-work-unless-I-want-to-variety of sales-lady behind the counter fluffed up her pomp with an air of lofty indifference to the preferences timidly advanced.

The two or three models which the haughty one designed to twirl round on the tips of her fingers for her customer's inspection, the small grey woman knew would look harsh on her. Black and white and bristly, and she wanted something grey and pink and soft. "Thank you I'll call again," she said as she turned away while the saleslady got a good grip on her gum and replaced the hats.

Just then another clerk, who had been watching the performance, approached the old woman. There was something simple and sweet and gracious in this second girl's manner and in her "Won't you let me help you select a hat? I've been watching you and I know exactly what you want."

The little old lady gave one look into the smiling, sympathetic countenance bending down to her, then she settled herself with a little sigh of relief for the trying on process. Dozens of quiet pretty toques were pulled out for her inspection. In the end the little woman in grey got just what she wanted, a grey toque with roses snuggled in amid folds of grey silk. And she went away happy with the precious hat tucked under her arm, and a kindly feeling in her heart for the girl who had waited on her.

Now that was all some years ago. Today that second girl is busy for a fashionable millinery shop. So you see alertness and tact in business even if it's only selling hats to little old women who don't know exactly what they want, counts, now doesn't it?

So many girls imagine that getting a position in the business world to-day is a matter of lucky chance, a trick of good looks or the effect of a mysterious "pull" with somebody in authority. As a matter of fact, pure, unadulterated capability is about the only thing that counts, and that, only a very small percentage of the girls who are yearly endeavoring to break into industry in the big cities have to offer.—Catholic Telegraph.

For Girls. Hold fast to girlhood. It will leave you soon enough, and the days will come when you would give all you own for just one day of its care-free joyousness.

The young girl receives a tender homage that is never given to any one else. Her youth and innocence are worshipped and protected.

There is no one more charming than the modest, well-bred little girl who is free from affectations and content to be a little girl.

Wear your hair in a braid as long as you can, for once it goes up it will have to stay up.

The more simply you are dressed the more girlish and pretty you will look. Stay a little girl just as long as you can, and make up your mind to be just the nicest kind of a little girl.

Don't spend your time thinking about beaux and clothes; but romp and play and get all the fun and fresh air and exercise you can.

The sweeter and truer little girl you are, the better and more attractive woman you will grow up.

Obeys Promptly. One of the most beautiful traits in a child, or in any person, regardless of age, is promptness in obeying commands. Parents are specially pleased to see this in their children. The absence of it is

a grief to them. Charlie is asked to fill the coal bucket, or bring in a picher of fresh water, for his mother, who is busy in the kitchen, getting dinner. "I will pretty soon," Charlie answers, like a little gentleman; but when he goes out into the street, he sees some boys playing ball, and straightway he joins them, forgetting all about the coal which he promised to bring. If he is the right kind of a boy he will apologize to his mother for his failure to do what he was asked, but how much better it would have been to have done the work at once! A service promptly rendered is twice as valuable as that which the laggard performs. Moreover, it tends to form a habit that will be helpful to all through life.

TWO BISHOPS' "FORTUNES." DR. DOYLE OF LISMORE, N. S. W., LEFT A SHILLING AND SIXPENCE, AND DR. MURRAY OF MAITLAND, NOT A SIXPENCE.

During the past summer two Catholic Bishops of Australia, Right Rev. Dr. Doyle of Lismore, and Right Rev. Dr. Murray of Maitland, New South Wales, passed through the curtain that separates time from eternity. When Bishop Doyle, of Lismore, passed out, he stood possessed of three shillings; when the Bishop of Maitland (Dr. Murray), went over to the vast majority he had not even one sixpence to his name.

"The noble-hearted Prelates," says the New Zealand Tablet, "knew money only for the good that it would do in spreading Christ's kingdom on earth, and, instead of the miser's selfish and solitary joy of possession, they had the keener joy of dispersion and of seeing earth's dress work the work of heaven. They are of the truly great

"Who live again in minds made better by their presence, live in pulses stirred to generosity, in deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn for miserable aims that end with self."

His Eminence Cardinal Moran, preaching the eulogy of Bishop Murray at the funeral service in the Maitland cathedral, on July 12, said: "Some time ago they were all shocked to hear of the sudden death of one of their Bishops, Dr. Doyle, who had only one shilling and sixpence to leave. He would read for them a passage from Dr. Murray's will, which would give a fair idea of his great faith and piety. In that will he wrote as follows: 'Having no means at my disposal for the celebration of Masses for the repose of my soul, I trust myself unreservedly to the charity of my priests of the diocese to say more Masses for me, and remember me always in their Holy Sacrifice. I cherish the earnest hope that the faithful people of the whole diocese will not fail to offer their fervent prayers and their Holy Communion, and frequently recite the holy rosary for me in their homes as well as in the church. The Marists, the nuns and children attending their schools in all parts of the diocese were devoted to me during my life, and am sure they will ever remember in my behalf the words of St. Ambrose: 'We have loved him in life; let us not forget him in death.'"

A writer on the staff of the Dunedin (N. Z.) Evening Star pays the following grateful tribute to the memory of Bishop Murray: "Seldom do clergymen die so wealthy as the good Bishop Murray, of New South Wales. The cable said that he died unpossessed of a sixpence. Truly, did he die a wealthy man. The letters

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"R. C." which were attached to the Bishop's name in the columns of the press, tempt one to give them a new interpretation. It is a matter of common knowledge, of course, that they mean Roman Catholic, a title that has caused heads to be broken in less peaceful days. To please an odd fancy, if you will, why not accept the letters, as associated with the wealthy Bishop, now gone from the ways of men, as representing Real Charity, which is rare nowadays?"

Two men I honor, and no third. First' the tollworn craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand! . . . A second man I honor still more highly: him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the Bread of Life.—Carlyle.

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