Enterprising Jimmy

The old merchant handed the charter-party copies back to young Jimmy Evans and remarked:

"These are very nice, my boy. I like to see them done so neatly and ruled so correctly. Little things like that add greatly to the reputation of our office. Keep on as you're doing and we'll see if we can't make a first-class ship broker out of you."

The lad's face flushed crimson with mingled pleasure and embarrassment, but, saying nothing, which was a very good answer under the circumstances, he hastened back to his tall desk.

"Gee-whillikens!" ejaculated Ralph O'Connor, after Mr. Grenhard has left the office. "I've been here over a year now, and the old man has never given me any such dose of taffy in the whole time."

"Good reason why," growled the elderly office manager, who could not help overhearing the conversation of the two lads. "You take a whole day to make a set of copies, what with tearing up expensive blanks and beginning again, and even then they're so smudgy and blurred that it's all one can do to read, let alone admire them. The trouble with you, Ralph Connor, is that you don't understand the meaning of what you're writing. You go at it just as if you were a parrot. Young Evans has pretty nearly bothered the life out of me by asking questions, but I will say that he seems to profit by what he is told."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged, Mr. Waldron, for all your kindness to me," said Jimmy. "I know that I owe a great—"

"Oh, it's all right," interrupted the manager. "Come over here and check off these commission accounts with me."

At the close of the lengthy task young Jimmy fidgeted about a moment or two and then said:

"Mr. Waldron, may I ask—"

Ralph Connor, over at the next desk, commenced to snicker and work one arm like a pump handle. The office manager turned on his high stool to glare at the humorist and then back to Jimmy, mutely saying, "Well?"

"Er—may I ask," repeated the boy, nervously, "may I ask why Mr. Grenhard is so excited about not getting this two thousand ton steamer charter?"

"Can't get the steamer," replied the office manager, without turning around.

"But there are lots of them in the charter," persisted the youth. "Why, I saw dozens when I came over in the ferryboat from Jersey this morning."

"Yes, I dare say, but they're all either liners or ready chartered," said Mr. Waldron, fussing with some documents as he spoke. "You see, this war in South Africa has made a great scarcity in tramp steamships at New York, as well as at other ports. The British Government is using up most many of its transport service. I'll venture to say there are a dozen ships waiting to snap up just such a ship as we want the moment she arrives. I don't suppose you really know what a tramp steamer is."

"No, sir," said Jimmy, "I do not. I've always lived inland until we came here, and am not posted on any kind of shipping very much, but now that I'm in the business, I'm going to learn all I can about them."

"That's right," returned the manager, admiringly. "Here's a little pointer for you now. A tramp steamship is one belonging to no regular line, but seeking cargoes from one port to another, wherever she can get them."

"And we have an order to charter a two thousand ton steamship and have not been able to find one as yet," inquired the lad.

"Just so," assented Mr. Waldron; "but what makes the thing worse is, this order comes from our biggest customer, and he declares that unless we can secure the charter for him by to-morrow morning he will take his business to another ship brokerage concern."

"Whew!" whistled Jimmy, dolefully.

"So I shouldn't wonder if we lost our biggest account," went on Mr. Waldron, sardonically.

"But such a tramp steamer may come into the harbor by to-morrow morning," spoke up Jimmy, eagerly.

"Yes, but if it should, how can we be sure of getting her? The Maritime Exchange serves us all alike in the matter of reporting arrivals. Other brokers have the same show as we do," observed the manager. And he concluded by nodding his head significantly over toward the piled up work on the junior clerk's desk.

And Jimmy Evans and the rest of the office staff of Grenhard & Company, ship brokers, of New York City, were soon immersed in the details of their regular labors.

Late that afternoon Jimmy left the office and hastened toward his suburban home. In going to the ferry he had to pass along a portion of West street, and became very much excited on noticing a certain craft in the North River. The vessel was heading inshore and evidently was about to come alongside of a dock. Any longshoreman and half the city landlubbers could have told at a glance that she was a private yacht, but Jimmy never asked. He was possessed with the insane idea that she was a tramp steamer just arriving. The question of her probable tonnage bothered him.

"I'm sure I can't guess whether she is of two or ten thousand tons," he muttered, desperately.

But putting this detail aside for a moment, the lad dodged his way across the street, in and out among the recklessly driven teams, entered the freight shed very much out of breath and waited for the craft to make her landing. This was accomplished in short order, and scarcely had the gang plank touched the wharf before Jimmy was running up it, very neatly bowling over a portly individual who was about to commence the descent.

"Well, young man," began the latter, a trifle brusquely, as he staggered back from the shock of the encounter, "what are you trying to do? Knock me—"

"Please, sir—er—captain—excuse my haste, but are you a tramp—er—that is, your vessel, I mean—is she a tramp steamship?" interrupted the excited youth.

"Hey?" snorted the other, wonderingly.

"Because, if she is, I can offer you a fine charter," went on the guileless Jimmy, "that is—er— if your boat does not run much over two thousand tons."

"Bless me! The boy must be crazy," exclaimed the portly individual.

"If I am right in my guess that this vessel is a two thousand ton tramp steamer, and I do hope I am, you really must give our firm the chance of chartering her," rattled on the enthusiastic youth.

"What is the name of your firm?" queried the other, commencing to be interested by the lad's combination of ignorance and earnestness.

"Grenhard & Company, one of the oldest and best in our line," declared Jimmy, proudly.

"And what share may you have in the firm?" questioned the elderly man.

"Me? Oh, I'm only a junior clerk, the lowest in the office. I suppose I ought to be really called the errand boy, but Mr. Waldron—"

"If the office boy of the concern runs around hunting up steamships for charter, I wonder what duties the head of the firm reserves for himself?" commented the portly gentleman, much amused.

"But you have not answered my question yet," put in Jimmy, fearing that he was not making a good impression. "I don't mind telling you that it is a very important matter for us. Unless we make this charter by to-morrow morning we shall lose our biggest customer."

"Dear me, dear me," cried the other, "that's too bad!—after all your exertions, too."

"Then you've not a two thousand ton tramp steamer?" queried the boy, with a falling inflection in his voice.

"No, only a two hundred thousand dollar steam yacht," replied the portly individual, gravely, "but I like your spirit, and I'll tell you what we might do. We might help you to find what you're looking for."

"Captain Patterson," called the other, beckoning a grizzled old sailor to his side, "this young man is in search of an incoming tramp steamer of about two thousand tons that may be open for charter. See if you can help him out. I won't need the yacht again until late to-morrow."

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the mariner, touching his cap with a forefinger and speaking as if such an order was nothing out of the common way.

"And, by the way, young man," said the portly individual, interrupting Jimmy's torrent of thanks and turning to descend the gang plank, "you would better send a telegram to your home people, so that they won't be worried should you be absent over night."

And away he went to a waiting cab, with an attendant valet and two sailors loaded down with small luggage. After having followed the suggestion of the thoughtful yacht owner Jimmy returned aboard, the gangplank was taken in, hawsers cast off and the little steamship departed upon her odd mission, steaming directly down the New York Bay and into the open sea.

On the following morning the senior partner of Grenhard & Company showed some excitement in his face as he entered the office.

"Where's Evans?" he demanded, looking over at the unoccupied desk.

"Not here yet, sir," chirped Ralph Connor.

"Sick, I guess," growled the office manager.

"Well, well, I hope not," returned the kindly old man. "Mr. Lawson has not been here yet, Waldron, has he?"

"No, but he telephoned that he would be in a few minutes. Here he is now."

"Good-morning, Mr. Grenhard," cried a thin, undersized personage, with bright red hair, entering at the moment. "I hope you've got that charter all fixed for me."

"My dear Mr. Lawson," commenced the old broker, in an evidently apologetic manner, "I trust you—"

"I am a man of my word," interrupted the newcomer, "If you haven't that steamer for me I'll transfer my custom elsewhere Grimshaw has cut in ahead of me twice now, and if you can't supply the vessel—"

While Mr. Lawson was delivering this tirade Jimmy Evans had come in, looking very white about the face but with excitement glistening in his eyes. Hastily scribbling a few words upon a scrap of paper, he stepped forward and presented it to his employer. He returned to his desk immediately after doing so.

Mr. Grenhard glanced carelessly at the little memorandum, started, read it again and then stared over at the now busily engaged junior in open-mouthed amazement.

"—I'll simply have to do as I said," continued the would-be charterer, "and make a new connection."

"I would remind you that I also am a man of my word," replied the head of the firm, throwing back his head, "and I never promise unless I can fulfill the obligation. I must confess that I really did not think that I could fill your last order, but by a lucky chance here's just what you wanted; the Cecilia, twenty-one hundred tons, is in my hands for charter at a lump sum within your limit. This vessel is just entering the harbor, light, and will be ready to load at once."

Indications point to the lowest of junior clerks of Grenhard & Company as one of the coming successful merchants of the great city.—Success.

NEW CATHOLIC WORKS

The publisher's autumn announcements of historical works are of much interest to Irish and Catholic readers. Mr. Justin McCarthy has finished his history of "The Reign of Queen Anne," and proposes subsequently to bring his "History of Our Own Times" down to the death of Queen Victoria. Father Barry's history of "The Papal Monarchy from Gregory the Great to Boniface VIII.," is also announced, besides the first volume of "The Cambridge Modern History," planned by the late Lord Acton which is due on November 1st. Signora Giglioli's "Naples in 1799," including an account of the parts played by Nelson and Lady Hamilton, derived from Italian sources, will make up an autumn publishing season of unusual interest.

IT IS GOOD FOR MAN AND BEAST.—Not only is Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil of incomparable value in the household, but the farmer and stockman will find it very serviceable in the farm yard and on the cattle range, often saving the services of a veterinary surgeon. In injuries to stock and in cases of cough and pains it can be used with good effect.

WOMAN IN CHRISTIAN CIVILIZATION.

(By Archbishop Ryan.)

Before the advent of Christianity woman was, in most countries, little more than the white slave of man, who had dominion over her property, and in some places over her life. The degradation which polygamy stamped on her was everywhere felt. It was sometimes simultaneous polygamy, when a man kept several wives at once, and sometimes it was the no less criminal, but more comfortable and convenient, the successive polygamy of divorce.

Seneca laments the fact of almost daily divorce in Rome in her most cultured period. Juvenal, who lashed the vices and vicious of his day, tells of one woman who by divorce married eight husbands in five months! Even the "divine" Plato, the most "naturally Christian" of the pagan philosophers, advocated a community of wives, and on the ground that the children would then become more exclusively the property of the State.

Such was the world when in the stable of Bethlehem, the birthplace of civilization, stood a woman. Her arms formed the throne of the newborn King who proclaimed the ransom of redemption had come from her alone. Filled with the spirit of God, she, representing as it were the whole sex, cried out in her sublime "Magnificat." "He hath regarded the lowliness of His handmaid, from henceforth all nations shall call me blessed, for He that is mighty hath done great things for me, and holy is His name."

Woman was exalted in the person of the Mother of Christ. Therefore it was, as it were, the triumphant "Magnificat" canticle of liberated womanhood! The Christian Church abolished at once simultaneous and successive polygamy, and thus preserved the dignity and freedom of woman. Should she ever become degraded again, it will be by the modern paganism that ignores Christianity. Already perils surround her. For nineteen centuries Christianity, organized in the Catholic Church, has contended for the indissolubility of the marriage tie, which is woman's only hope of retaining the position which she now possesses. Unfortunately, this doctrine has been disregarded, and divorce, with the permission to marry again, is drifting us back to successive pagan polygamy. The twentieth century will feel and see and acknowledge the wisdom of the old Church, in repressing, rather than partially indulging human passion, by sweeping away the very possibility of marriage after divorce.

And not only over woman, noble and virtuous, but also over her fallen sisters, who are popularly supposed to be like fallen angels, destined never to rise again, has Christianity spread the aegis of her protection, and inspired hope of reformation. Under pagan civilization this unhappy class of women was simply ignored, and their case deemed hopeless.

Of all the beings on earth, who drink the bitter waters of human misery, the most truly wretched is that outcast woman who has lost virtue, and has come to know and to feel her supreme solitude and wretchedness whom the world in its cold-heartedness or pharisaical prudery deems it pollution even to mention, who, crushed by sin and sorrow and all social proscription, wanders in the world like a moral leper, parentless, friendless, homeless; whose heart is a wild waste, without tree, or fruit, or flower, or one gleam of joyous sunshine; whose hopes, like fallen leaves, are withered forever, and who wishes to sink like these leaves into the earth and be forgotten.

Only Christian charity could reach her, fallen as she is, she is a glorious subject of that charity. Fallen as she is, yet remember there was a time when that young heart beat high and joyous to a pure and holy love. There was a time when a mother's kiss was imprinted as a signet upon her yet unprofaned lips, when the eyes now closed in sorrow, and scorching under her warm tears, laughed out the ingenuousness of her simple heart.

The world that allured and fascinated and ruined her, now flings her from its bosom, like a scorpion, or smiles contemptuously at her misery, looks upon her as Satan looked upon Eve after he had wrought her fall.

Such was the fallen woman under Paganism and stern Judaism, when one of her class, with singular apparent audacity, which was really supernatural courage, entered the banquet hall of Simon, and, unterrified by the presence of indignant Scribes and self-righteous Pharisees, fell weeping and broken-hearted at the feet of the Founder of Christian civilization.

She washes these feet with tears, and wipes them with her dishevelled hair. She kisses these feet in reverential love, for they are beautiful. Yes, Mary, "beautiful are the feet of Him on the mountains," high above the low prejudices of men, of Him "who evangelizes good things, evangelizes peace" to thy broken spirit, which, like thy broken alabaster box, sends upward to Him the odor of sweetness.

Mocking Pharisees understand it not and are scandalized. "If this man were a prophet," they whispered to each other, "He would have known what manner of woman this is that touches Him, that she is a sinner." But see the Lord repels her not. She looks not into the heaven of His face, for well she knows that like the heaven beyond the stars, "nothing defiled should enter there." She speaks not, but only weeps. He who esteems most the heart eloquence of such penitent tears, hears and blesses and forgives her!

And how faithful this "sinner of the city" afterwards proved!

She was found on Calvary at her old place at His feet, His bleeding feet; she threw her arm around the bloody rood as He hung expiring upon it. She knew Him in the Garden of the Resurrection when He pronounced her name and awoke the memories of Simon's banquet hall.

And now in Heaven she still clings to her old place, at Jesus' feet, the part "that shall not be taken from her forever," and prays for her poor outcast sisters—the sinners of the cities of the world. She became a factor in the great work of Christian civilization. From the time of Magdalen, the fallen penitent woman became favorite objects of Christian charity.

Quite a number of these poor penitents desire to remain all their lives under the protection of the Sisters, and a religious order called that of the "Magdalens," with vows of poverty, chastity, obedience, has been instituted for them. Of the penitents who leave, the greater number persevere in virtue and are happily married.

Of those who relapse into sin, quite a number return again to the house, as the vivid impressions made on them during their former residence there almost invariably revive. Amongst the penitents, especially in Europe, are found highly educated women, and it has sometimes occurred that the pure virginal Sister of the Good Shepherd receives as a penitent, one whom she knew in the world as a dear friend. We can well imagine such a scene! The Sister attempting to throw her arms around her, and the penitent recoiling from her and exclaiming, "Oh, don't, it demons such as I have been."

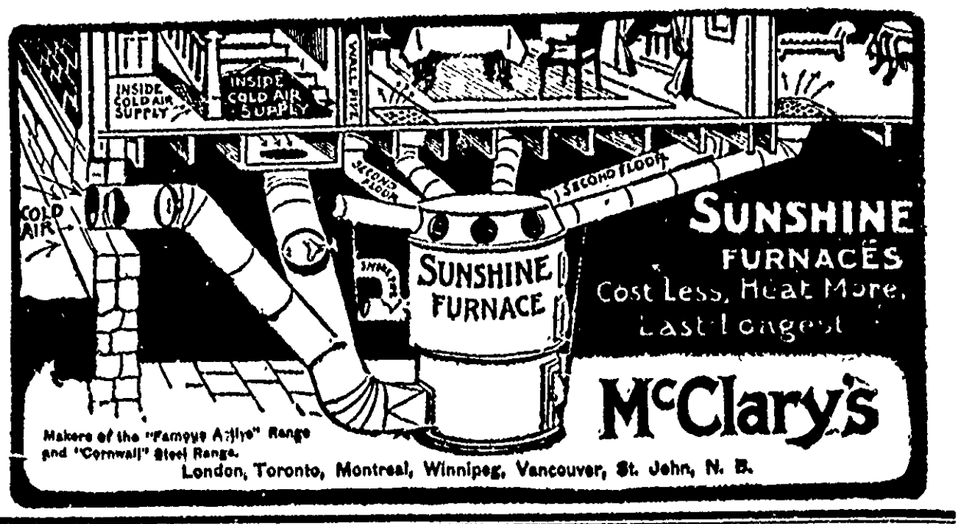
And then behold the Sisters leading her to the Convent Chapel and leaving her before the tabernacle—Magdalen at the feet of Jesus!

CARDINAL LOGUE ON IRISH LANGUAGE REVIVAL.

His Eminence Cardinal Logue, who takes the warmest interest in the Irish language movement, presided at the Omeath Feis, on Sunday, August 10, and gave practical advice to those who attended. If, he said, they wanted to keep up the spirit of nationality they must keep up their national language. It was the charter of nationality—it was the spirit that breathed life into the dead bones of the country.

When their friends across the water wished to crush out the national spirit they first wished to crush the national tongue and they went far towards doing so. He then instanced the case of Poland, Malta, Austria and other countries, and said that if the people of these lands were making such a struggle to preserve their national speech he did not see why Ireland should not make an effort to preserve the Irish language.

A meeting of members of the Confraternities and Sodalities attached to Dublin city and suburban churches was held on the same day to consider the arrangments necessary for sending delegates on the pilgrimage to Rome. Father Ryan stated that the pilgrim hymn, "God Bless Our Pope," had been translated into Gaelic, and soon the children in the schools would be heard singing the praises of the great Pope Leo in the native tongue.



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