

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Taking the Measure of his Employees.

Marshal Field was always studying his employees and trying to read their futures. Nothing escaped his keen eye. Even when those about him did not know that he was thinking of them, he was taking their measure at every opportunity.

Mr. Field would sometimes pick out a man for a position when his advisers would tell him that they thought he had made a mistake; but he was nearly always right, because he had greater power of discernment than the others.

A man who had been his general manager for many years, once resigned very suddenly to go into business for himself. Without the slightest solicitation or concern, Mr. Field called on the man who had been watching for a long time without letting the man know it.

Why Some Men of Great Ability Fail. The trouble is that many men, because of their inability to read human nature duplicate their own weaknesses in their employees, thus multiplying their chances of failure.

Men have often been elected to high office or to fill very important positions at the head of great concerns because of their recognized ability, who have disappointed the expectations of those who placed their hopes in them, simply because they could not read people.

Grant was cut out for a general, a military leader; but when he got into the White House he felt out of place, he was shorn of his great power.

Three Things. Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, and affection. Three things to admire—Intellect, dignity, and gracefulness.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude. Three things to delight in—Beauty, frankness, and freedom.

Three things to like—Cordiality, good-humor, and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid—Idleness, loquacity, and flippant jesting.

Three things to cultivate—Good books, good friends, and good humor. Three things to govern—Temper, tongue, and conduct.

Two things to think of—Death and eternity. The Worst Fight. If it is praiseworthy to fight for our altars, home and country, how much more sublime is it to fight against our evil inclinations, desires and temptations.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus is the worship rendered to the love of Jesus for men; and it is also a devotion eminently fitted for enkindling and maintaining our love for our Blessed Master and Redeemer Jesus Christ, and for the souls He came to save.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A SALUTE. It was only a small thing apparently, but the sum of small things makes a world. Experience shows us this; and many a trifling incident acts and reacts till ultimately its influence affects the largest and highest interests.

A knot of young men stood at a street corner for a final word before setting out homeward after their day's labor. Their discussions were neither deep nor very serious, and they soon parted. Three of them with whom we are most concerned, passed up the street, and their chatter ebbed and flowed on sport and amusement.

There was a tall in the chatter when Harry raised his hat. Mechanically his companions raised theirs. "Hello, Watson," said one of them—Phil Norris—"who is your lady friend? I thought you were a stranger to all here, and did not rejoice in any lady's acquaintance."

"Which lady?" asked Harry, surprised. "That's what I want to know," rejoined Norris—"the lady you saluted."

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"I did not salute any lady," said Harry, still surprised. "But you raised your hat to some one," chimed in Jack Richardson. "For I know I followed suit."

Harry was silent. The others looked curiously at their companions, and Norris laughingly rallied him. "We seem to have stumbled on a budding romance or something of the kind, and your diffidence and hedging are now exciting our curiosity. Out with it, man; and if you need advice—out of our mouths shall flow the words of wisdom."

Harry smiled. "You would not understand." "Too deep for us, eh? Well, let us have the opportunity of trying. "But," he hesitated, "of course if you have any reason, don't let our chief worry you."

"Lest you imagine all kinds of mysteries," said Harry, "it was simply because we passed the Church. Naturally, I raised my hat. That was all!" Norris looked hard at him. "Didn't know you were a Catholic, Watson; and, besides, you have only been here three days, and how—?" "He stopped."

"Oh, there is nothing strange in it," said Harry. "You can generally tell a Catholic Church, and besides, I enquired when I came here." "But anyway, even if you did pass your Church, why did you lift your hat?" queried Richardson, inquisitively. "I know I pass the Church of England every day as I go to the office and never dream of lifting my hat. And I've never seen anyone else do it."

"Watson," said Norris, with mock solemnity, "you have been found guilty of deliberately insulting our curiosity; and the sentence of the court is that you explain forthwith—and without the option."

"Hardly think you will understand," repeated Harry, slightly embarrassed; "but as you wish it, I will give you the reason. It is very simple, at least to a Catholic." "In our Churches we reserve the Blessed Sacrament of Holy Eucharist; that is to say, the Body and Blood, Soul and Divinity of Jesus Christ is ever present under the form of bread and wine on our altars; and as it is only fitting, when a Catholic passes the Church he raises his hat in reverence of the God made man present through love on the altar." He stopped and exclaimed: "But I seem to be preaching as though I were all I should be."

Norris seemed thoughtful, and Harry spoke a few more words to the effect of Richardson's. Then there was a lull and conversation flagged, all being more or less occupied with their own thoughts. Soon they separated, going their various ways. A few days after Harry Watson, in response to a telegram returned to his own office, and soon almost forgot his brief stay in the Northern town.

Time speeds on when there is work to do, and it is done honestly and conscientiously; and the three years that elapsed since Harry Watson paid his brief relieving visit North left him more mature indeed, but little changed. He had lately married and rented a pretty residence in the suburbs with easy access to the city by the cable tram. Just now he was very busy at the annual balancing, and could snatch but a brief half-hour for lunch in town. As he was rather late, the crush was over, and there was but one other at the little table where he sat. He glanced carelessly at him, but the face was unfamiliar, so he busied himself with the luncheon. His table companion—no other than Phil Norris—eyed him intently for a little time and at last broke the silence.

"I beg your pardon, but is your name Watson," he asked. "Yes," said Harry, with a look of polite surprise. "Norris went on, "my name is Norris; I think I met you some years ago when you would North relieving, but you would hardly remember me. I was in the bank at—"

Watson remembered, and after a pleasant remembrance chat, invited him over for supper. "If you are not otherwise engaged and could manage, I would be very pleased to have you come out this evening to supper."

"I should be very glad indeed," said Harry. "Well then that's settled," said Harry. "Meet me at the King street tram at ten past five, and I'll pilot you

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WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

HE PUT HIM OFF.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about 6 o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention to the train no matter how hard I fight. Understand?"

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nabian. "It shall be did, sah!" The next morning the coin giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling, "Rochester!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where's the porter?" Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the negro and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?" "What!" gasped the porter, jumping at his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you do gemman dat give me a five dollar gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!" "Well, den, befohn de Lawd, who was the gemman I put off at Syracuse?" "God does not ask too much of us. We may be all willing to die for Him, but He makes no such demand. He only requires that we succeed in living for Him. Whatever our path in life may be, along the easy roads of the valley, or scaling the tortuous and difficult ascents of the world's mountains, we must adhere steadfastly to the work before us, so as to arrive in due time at a glorious immortality."

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