

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

HOW TO WORK YOUR WAY.

We would advise our young men to read carefully the following article from the New York Herald, which contains a lesson, which, if taken to heart will be of much profit to young men who are possessed of a laudable ambition to make their mark in the community.

"Ninety-nine per cent of the men in charge of the highest branches of railroad operation to-day are men who came up from the ranks, advancing step by step along the straight, hard road and not by any short cuts.

"To-day the chances for advancement of the workmen in the ranks are immeasurably greater than when these men were climbing upward.

"To-day there are more division superintendents than there were conductors in those days; there are more general managers than there were superintendents, and more presidents than there were general managers. And, because of this practicality, the workingman is the man to whom these increased opportunities beckon."

These statements were made to the Herald by William C. Brown, senior Vice President of the New York Central Lines, who thirty-nine years ago began his railroad career as a section hand. By hard work, untiring industry and "making a business of every task that came to his hand" this man to-day occupies a position as one of the nation's foremost railway authorities.

To every workman, especially in the present conditions affecting the railroads, his career reflects the truth of the rule that the best interests of the individual workman lie in his cordial co-operation with the interests of his employers.

HIS RECENT ACTIVITY.

Of recent years Mr. Brown has been prominent in the public eye because of his extended statements dealing with the situation faced by the railroads, as presented vividly in the Herald's "arteriosclerosis" editorials, comparing the material results to that human disease which hampers the life giving blood by hardening the arteries. He has pointed out, through analytical figures, that a 10 per cent increase in freight rates would remedy the trouble, add but a mere fraction of 1 per cent to each yard or pound of commodities generally used by the consuming public, and avert the curtailing of the people's purchasing power by the alternative reduction of wage scales.

"That the workingman, especially the railway employee, is vitally interested in this present impossible condition, which forms the most pressing problem facing the country to-day, is apparent," said Mr. Brown. "Of the population of the United States to-day more than one-fourth is composed of men who are employed by the railroads. Put in another way approximately one-tenth of the adult male population are railway employees. These men are thinking, earnest men, as a rule, and they can be counted upon to take in any great public crisis. They judge problems for themselves and seldom is their judgment very far from the right.

"There is no doubt that the personal interests of the earnest individual workman lie in constant co-operation with the best interests of his employer. The man who is loyal to his work and to the man who provides him with that work is the man who succeeds. And to-day the opportunities for individual success—the advancement of the man in the ranks to the highest posts of responsibility and authority—are greater than ever before in the world's history.

"My initial statement proves how the chances of advancement have increased immeasurably. Now if you take a corresponding increase in all other grades of railroad service, aside from the positions mentioned, you will get some idea of the magnitude of this business field alone and of the constantly multiplying chances of upward progress that it offers. In the first place, wages are double to-day to each man what they were for the same hours of work thirty years ago. That very fact equips each workman, no matter how seemingly humble, his present task, with greater initial assets with which to make his way in the world contest.

DEMAND IS GREATER.

"Another factor that makes for rapid promotion is that the demand for men who accomplish things is greater than ever before. The business mechanism grows bigger and more complicated with each turn of the clock. That growth constantly creates more places that must be filled by men who have proved themselves. The tension is greater, too, and no longer do men stay in their jobs until they are simply 'played out.' They can't do that now. More energetic men are crowding them on every hand and the incompetent and the indolent soon are forced aside.

"It is the practical man who is wanted in these positions. The problems to be solved have become more formidable. They require the utmost of skill and knowledge for their solution. The day has passed when a railway director could walk into headquarters and ask that his nephew or son be placed in one of the chairs near the top. Therefore, I say, it is the practical, energetic man who has the greatest chance to climb to these positions.

"The man who has worked himself up from the depths, performing the minor work of the bottom with loyalty and efficiency, is the man of practicality. He has known possibly how to drive a locomotive, how to throw switches, how to distribute cars on a siding, how to handle a freight truck in a shipping station, how to direct flying trains from a dispatcher's office. That has given him a first hand insight into the multitude of small tasks that make up the great working industrial whole. He brings with him to a higher and responsible position a training that is of immeasurable assistance to him in solving the enlarging problems that confront him. And, let it be understood, in this country it is the workingman who starts at the bottom who climbs up to the big posts at the top of the industrial concern and the big railroad system. The

day of favoritism or of 'family influence' has gone. Advancement to the very top depends solely upon the man himself."

"You began as a workman on the section, did you not?" was asked. "Yes," came the laughing reply, "I was a hustler at a shovel, all right. That was thirty-nine years ago. Then I got an idea I wanted to learn telegraphy. It was that which controlled the shutting of trains over the roads. They used wood burning locomotives in those days, and it was the custom to unload this fuel haphazard along the tracks and later have it stacked up in piles. Well, I agreed to pile wood for nothing provided I was allowed to practice on the telegraph instruments at the station. That was out in Thomson, Ill., a little village on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul. Thomson hasn't progressed much beyond the village stage for I believe the last census credited it with a population of three hundred and seventy-four souls."

"So, in other words, you had to work to 'load'?" was suggested.

"That was about it," laughed Mr. Brown. "However, I picked up telegraphy. I finally got a regular job at a key. Then, believing that greater opportunities lay among the pioneer lines then straggling through the West I went to a road in Iowa. After that it was the same old story—hard work, just sticking to it and making a business of my business, filling every job as well as I knew how."

How about the stormy winter when you helped get an army of men into shelter and saved the Burlington road a big loss?"

"Oh, that's an old story now," returned Mr. Brown, who always is reluctant to talk about himself. "I'd finished my 'trick' as train despatcher at midnight. We had had a succession of heavy snowstorms, and 'Jerry' Hosford was having trouble in getting the cattle into shelter at the stockyards at East Burlington. I just turned in and helped him. That was all there was to it, really. We did succeed in saving all the cattle, though."

"Well, the late T. J. Potter, then connected with the Burlington and later vice-president of the Union Pacific, frequently said before his death that it was that act of yours in not hurrying home out of the storm, but rushing in and helping unload the stock at the yards instead of going to bed, that really started you upward," was remarked.

"Oh, I don't know about that," came the reply. "There was much hard work after that, but in each position in which I found myself I just tried to make a business of the task assigned to me. And I believe that 'just sticking to it' is a good rule for every earnest workman. I believe that it may not be the best for any worker to set for himself, as some suggest, a specific goal."

"Too many men who do that degenerate into 'office politicians' and waste time figuring up how they can step over somebody else when it would benefit them more if they devoted that time to performing to the best of their ability the business at hand."

"The man who is energetic, loyal, honest and untiring in his industry cannot be kept back—not in this day, when opportunities are greater than ever before and when industry, in all its activities, is calling for able men to fill positions of trust and responsibility."

By application of these rules Mr. Brown "climbed the ladder." From a way telegrapher he became a train despatcher, then a chief train despatcher, later a trainmaster, an assistant superintendent, a division superintendent, a general manager and lastly the step took him into a vice presidential office. "Just sticking to it" loyally won the contest.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BOYS WHO ARE MEN.

"Boys are good for nothing." I thought we had done away with this falsehood. Yet people will keep on repeating some falsehoods, until they set us wondering what foundation they can have for their sayings. As a matter of fact, in the present case, whether a boy is good for anything or not, depends upon himself. It is hard to see what some boys are good for, but it is their own fault.

Learn—learn before it is too late, the dignity of your being, the worth of your undying soul, your possibilities for all that is magnificent in the eyes of God and of men. If you are not conscious of ever having committed a mortal sin, know that your soul is like a fair lustrous pearl, and strive to realize the beauty—the entirely priceless beauty—of that robe of baptismal innocence, which still clothes your soul, so that when the cruelly cheating Tempter comes to offer you glittering counterfeit in exchange for it, you cast all allurements back with scorn into the face of the deceiver, saying, "What shall a man take in exchange for his soul?" You will not give a priceless gem in exchange for a clod of earth, or pure gold for dross, will you? No one in his senses would. Look back then! Let us keep our senses about us, when temptation comes our way. Unmask it! It is a deception.

A wretched miserable deception. And yet we cannot be strong enough to unmask it to ourselves unless we pray. I am anxious to suggest to boys, younger or older, how they may keep the sweet freshness of their innocence, or at least, come to lead spotless lives hereafter. Mind well. I do not want to preach to you, dear boys, I know how wearying continual preaching is. But please read on, loving your own souls at least as much as I love them, and trying to realize how our Lord Jesus loved them to the shedding of His Heart's Precious Blood.

We need, then, the exercise of the Fortitude, the strength I told you of before, but God must help us to this, and this help, He gives, is called grace. To get grace we must pray and pray hard. Now, therefore, for the means I was going to suggest to you.

It is none other than tender devotion to our Lady, in imitation of certain youthful saints, who have been her favored children. You know, it is man's

universal custom in seeking to obtain treasures of various kinds to go to those who possess them. This is more common sense, nay, an instinct. We go to the learned to obtain learning, to the skilful to gain skill, to the rich for material treasures. And this is the simple reason why, we fly suppliantly to our Lady, the Queen of Virgins, for the precious gift of purity of heart. Mary is held up by the Church as the purest of creatures, the one exception in the light upon the world, the whole, unbroken vase of stainless purity and unsullied grace before God. Our young saints realized to the full Mary's power to get them stainless purity of life. I wish to call your attention, dear boys, to two in particular, with whom, doubtless, you will feel especial sympathy. How dear to the angelic Aloysius was the name, the very thought, of this ever blessed Lady, Queen of Virgins! "Maenla nonnet in te,"—"There is no stain in thee," were words that often formed the subject of his rapt, loving contemplation.

But St. Stanislaus, the boy of seventeen, seemed, if possible, to surpass all in his deep unaffected love for and devotion to his Virgin Mother, and we know what was the rare purity of his youthful heart. So pure was he that on more than one occasion angels brought him holy Communion, when it was impossible for him to communicate, at the hands of a priest. And what a blessed privilege, that was—do not envy him, dear boys, when the infant Savior was given visibly into his loving arms by the Queen of Heaven! And it was not weakness, but his overpowering horror of the least shadow or breath that could tend to dim the luster of holy purity of thought, that caused this child of God to faint away, struck senseless at the least word, that seemed indelicate or unbecoming. Oh, would dear boys, that we had but a little of this heavenly fragrance of the sweet flower of Christ Stanislaus, only a little of this spirit, which he imbibed in its fullness by living ever in the presence and the smile of his heavenly Mother, the Virgin of virgins, and of her Divine Child!

"Oh—but he was a saint." Well—what of that? "I cannot possibly be like him." My dear young friend! You are like him already. Wasn't he a boy? He died at seventeen. So are you a boy. He loved our Lord—don't you? Not as much, perhaps, but it will grow in your soul. He was anxious to avoid all sin—aren't you? I know you are, for who would not be anxious to avoid offending our Lord who died to show He loved us? See then that you are already like Stanislaus: only I want you to become more so, especially by love for our Blessed Mother.

We look on death as sad. But St. Stanislaus' death was not so. He died of too great love of God and His Blessed Mother, if we dare say this could be too great. When his last hour came, the standers-by knew, this pure soul had taken its loving flight to God only when the picture of Mary, brought before his dimming eyes, failed at length to produce the wonted smile of tender love on his boyish countenance. Ah! He was already gazing on his Mother's face in Heaven; nay, that Mother was pressing to her bosom His pure soul, never sullied, whiter, than the most stainless snow.

Dear boys! Aloysius was but a young man when he died: he died a hero of God's Church. Stanislaus was the Boy-saint, and I wish to call the attention of all boys to him in particular for he shows us how boyhood may be angelic—yes, not weak or unmanly, but angelic. Would not this be the crown of perfection of true boyhood—to be all that one can be in dignity, truth, nobility, and to add to this the priceless possession of an angelic purity?

What treasures in the world can compare with the happiness of one whose character is such as this! There are a thousand and one things to weep over in this bright world. Have we never known boys who seemed to us worthy of love and friendship, until on a sudden, we learned to our dismay that they were, indeed, living boys, but with dead, withered souls? Oh, the pain, nay the horror of such a discovery! What appeared worthy and lovable without is found to be dead and decayed, within. God save us from this fate! I have always believed in the real boy—strong, athletic, fond of healthy outdoor games and innocent fun. I have no use for a boy with the spirit of a girl. Let a boy have, however, a proper love of books and study, at the same time, and let him learn from Stanislaus to be pure, angelic, in thought and deed, and—well, dear boys, I cannot picture a more worthy, lovable being outside of God's angels than such a true boy.

"Oh—he's a dream!" I say he is not either a dream or an imagination. No, indeed, for there are not a few such in our Catholic schools and colleges, and elsewhere. I knew the quarter-back of a certain college team, who was just about perfection in that difficult position (by the way, was there ever such a game as football?) and yet who, on all premium days returned blushing to his place be-medalled and be-ribboned to suffocation! He was, moreover, a weekly communicant, and respected by all, students and professors alike, for his manly piety. He is only an instance: there were numerous others the same stamp, in college, with him. These were boys who might well, indeed, be called men, for they were noble in the sight of heaven and earth. Not only in schools, either, but in our offices and shops and even factories, you will find boys who make you thank God for your heart for them, they are so sterling true, of such high manly worth. We all know some of them ourselves.

Will you now wonder if I say—perhaps I am repeating—that a true, manly Catholic boy is a veritable blessing in the world worth three his weight in earth's purest gold?—The Christian Family.

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Lord Dillon's Heir a Catholic.

The Hon. Harry Lee Dillon was on Sunday last received into the Catholic Church by Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J. Mr. Dillon is the eldest son and heir of Viscount Dillon, and is a J. P. for County Roscommon. It will be remembered that the Dillon estate, portion of which in Longford and Westmeath was in possession of the family since the time of King John, was recently purchased by the Congested Districts Board. Since then the family has severed its connection with Ireland. The thirteenth Viscount in 1796 conformed to the doctrines of the Church of England. Previous to that the family was Catholic.

CLEAN BODY, SOILED SOUL.

We glean from a non-Catholic magazine the following: How common a thing it is for cultivated people, on arising, to take a bath, array themselves with scrupulous regard for purity and neatness, sit down to a table which in its furnishings and food is the embodiment of cleanliness, and then deliberately take up a paper and read with apparent interest and avidity column after column of matter which gives the details of every horrible and repulsive happening of the so-called civilized world during the preceding day. They would become offended and repelled by the least suggestion of dirt on their persons or in their morning meal, and yet they allow the fetid tide of material sense to surge through the corridors of their thought without a qualm. The moment one looks these facts fairly in the face, he cannot but be deeply impressed with the utterly discreditable nature of such thought defilement and the seriousness



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