

JANUARY 20, 1917

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GO TO IT

Don't waste time in business. Be brief. Talk to the point. Consider thoroughly, decide promptly, act vigorously.

Many a youth has failed to get a situation because he talked too much when making his application. Most business men have no time to waste and they appreciate brevity. Brevity of expression always makes a favorable impression upon a good business man.

When you have occasion to call on a man during business hours, stick closely to the matter under discussion and use a few words as possible and get away as quickly as you can. Every moment of his working hours is valuable, and he has no time for useless conversation.

If there is anything that exasperates a business man it is to try to do business with men who never get anywhere, who never come to the point, who "beat about the bush" with long introductions and meaningless verbiage. Like a dog which turns around a half dozen times and then lies down where he was in the first place, they tire one out with useless introductions, explanations, and apologies, and talk about all sorts of things but the business of the moment.

There are some men you never can bring to the point. They will wander all around it, over it and under it, always evading and avoiding, but never quite touching the marrow. Their minds work by indirection; their mental processes are not exact. They are like children in the play called "Poison"—they try to avoid touching the designated object. It seems unaccountable that people will take so much trouble apparently to avoid coming to the point.

When young men ask my opinion about their ability to succeed in business, I try to find out whether they have this power of directness, of coming to the point clearly, squarely and forcibly, without indirection, without parleying, without needless words. If they lack this quality, apparently there is little chance of their succeeding in a large way for this is characteristic of men of affairs who achieve great things. The indirect man is always working to advantage. He labors hard, but never gets anywhere.

The quality of directness is characteristic of all men of great executive ability because they value time too much to squander it in useless and meaningless conversation; it is an indispensable quality of the leader or manager of all large enterprises.

Many a man has gone down to failure because he lacked ability to arrive quickly and effectively at a conclusion. While he was deliberating and balancing and "beating about the bush," the opportunity to save himself passed and the crisis ruined him.

It does not matter how much ability, education, influence, or cleverness you may have, if you lack the art of coming to the point quickly and decisively, of focusing yourself immediately, you can never be very successful.

THE BISHOP'S CONSCIENCE

Bishop LeFevre, of Detroit, the predecessor of Bishop Borgess, was a good, holy man and deeply beloved by his people. He had a most amiable disposition, and carried sunshine and gladness wherever he went. The Bishop was a fine conversationalist and told many good stories full of wit and humor.

When a young man he was very thin and delicate looking, but after he turned forty he fell into flesh very much, which he found uncomfortable, for he was always a man of austere and abstemious habits. In his early days in Detroit he formed the acquaintance of a tall, raw-boned Yankee, who was in the lumber business, Sam Jenkins by name. Sam failed, and shifted elsewhere, returning to Detroit after the absence of twelve years. The Bishop met him on the street one day and stopped, extending his hand cordially to this old friend with the salutation:

"Why Sam, my old friend, how do you do?"

Sam smiled a little and muttered:

"Stranger, you seem to have the advantage of me."

"Good gracious, Sam, don't you know your old acquaintance, Bishop LeFevre?"

"You Bishop LeFevre?" asked Sam in astonishment. "Why Bishop, how in the name of sense did you get so fat? I would surely never know you."

"All the effect of a good conscience," said the Bishop, laughing heartily.

"Wal you must excuse me, Bishop," retorted Sam, "but you must have had a confounded bad conscience when I knowed you fust."—Catholic Citizen.

It may be that as you begin your work, you recall an act of injustice done to you, and your sufferings from it, and the desire for revenge which is awakened. Forget it! Recall the many, many acts of kindness which have been showered upon you by friend and stranger. If you examine your day carefully, you will see that scarcely an hour of it goes by without giving to you some kindness, some consideration, some respect. Can you, who have received so much from others, not give to one person your forgiveness for the wrong he has done you?—Anna C. Minoque.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE DRIFTING YEARS

The drifting years fall soft as snow; So still they fall—so calm—so slow; Like the dropped petals of a flower, In some remote and secret bower; Or like some fountain dripping sweet, Measure serene and rhythmic beat, The springtime comes, the springtime goes.

And in departing, leaves the rose, Gay summer's pageant passes by, Shimmering beneath a brazen sky. Brown autumn binds her tardy sheaves

To mournful march of autumn leaves. The winter sunset—oh, how red—And rime lies on the violet bed—The pallid hours go and come, Implacable, disdainful—dumb, Youth has departed—thus I know How swift the tranquil years—how slow.

To watch—to wait—to watch again Endless monotony—dismal pain To check, in shame, Hope's feeble tears,

To count the changeless, passing years, The old heart, always lifted up, Like some forgotten dusty cup.—I have grown weary—hope is vain—

—Mine the shut casement—and the rain.

—REDA CAIN

THE STORY OF TWO CLERKS

Mr. Gray spoke with a touch of deprecation in his voice.

"I'm sorry to have to ask it of you, Manning," he said, "but you know how we're behind with the work on account of Sayre's illness. I'll have to ask you and Garry to come down to night and help me with the inventory. It's Sayre's work, of course, but he'll be laid up all the rest of the week, probably."

Manning listened respectfully, but his reply was prompt.

"I'm very sorry, Mr. Gray," he said, "but I have an engagement for to-night. You know we—it was understood when you engaged us that there wasn't to be any evening work, so of course I never plan for it—and

"Yes, I know that," Mr. Gray said, "but the circumstances are exceptional. I shouldn't think of asking it of you, but this time I can't help myself."

"I'm awfully sorry, Mr. Gray," Manning repeated. "What his engagement" was he did not say, and Mr. Gray did not ask. He went into the small room adjoining the larger office, and made the same request to the young assistant there.

"Why, yes, indeed. I can come down, Mr. Gray," Garry said promptly. "Of course you'll need someone, and I can just as well come down as not."

"It's a real favor to me," Mr. Gray said, in a relieved tone.

"Glad to have the change," Garry said with a little laugh. "You've often enough given me extra favors. How about the half-holiday last Saturday, when our team played against Springfield? Turn about's fair-play, you know."

As a matter of fact, Manning had received the same favor of a half-holiday. Mr. Gray called this to mind, as he passed from his office, thinking of how different were the ways of his two clerks; Garry remembered favors received and mentioned them in his pleasant way to his employer. Manning ignored favors, at least never referred to them.

"Well, Gray roped you into the night work, I see," Manning said, as he and Garry were at lunch an hour later. "I let him know I couldn't come down to the office to-night—I had an engagement, I told him. So I had, too—an engagement with myself to stay home and rest. I didn't tell him what the engagement was, and he didn't ask!" Manning laughed, as if he felt he had been exceedingly shrewd.

Garry proved unresponsive; Manning felt, resentfully, that his fellow-worker was not quite in sympathy with him.

"Better look out for your rights," he said sententiously, "for you'll find other folks won't do it for you. That's the principle I go on. I don't ask favors and I don't give them—if I can help myself."

"But that isn't Mr. Gray's principle," Garry retorted. "If you stop to think of it, he's been very good to us—giving us plenty of favors that we haven't even had to ask for."

"Oh, well, maybe he has," Manning conceded, "but I didn't feel like wasting my evening on that inventory. It isn't our work and we weren't hired to do it. Besides if you are so ready to give up an evening he'll feel free to ask you again."

"Well, he ought to feel free to," Garry said. "And besides, why isn't it your business, when you come to think of it? We sort of belong to the firm—if our names aren't on the door?" he finished laughingly.

But with a little exclamation of disapprobation at Garry and his "notions," Manning sauntered over to the cashier's desk and paid his check.

A year later, Mr. Gray established a branch office in another town which made it unnecessary for him to retain all of the force he had employed in his own home office.

"Just my luck," growled Manning to a friend, after he had been told by his employer that at the end of thirty days his services would be dispensed with. He was nettled that more regret had not been expressed by Mr. Gray at the impending parting!

"It looks as if it didn't pay to be faithful and stick to your job—and that's what I've done the eighteen months I've been with old Gray. He

can't say that I've shirked my work in all that time."

No, perhaps Mr. Gray could not, but there was something he did say to Garry that same afternoon when he called him into his private office. Garry's cheek was slightly pale when he answered the summons. He did not blame Mr. Gray, of course, but he did hate to lose this place, and how hard the money loss was going to be on the folks at home, too, till he could find another position.

"Well, Garry," Mr. Gray said, as he waved the young man to a chair. "You know, of course, that I'm reducing the force, and why I do it?"

"Yes, sir," said Garry. "I understand—you have to do it."

"But I find I can't spare you!" Mr. Gray's hand suddenly descended on Garry's shoulder. "I've kept pretty close watch on you, and I've been impressed by one thing every time. You're always ready to do a little more than you're paid for. You either take a genuine interest in the success of our firm or else you're a mighty good actor. Yes, I know it's genuine, I know it. You've given too many a proof of that to let me doubt it for a moment. Now, Garry, what I'm planning to do with you is this—put you up a notch higher, and add an extra ten to your pay envelope every month, if you don't object, eh? You have the spirit that spells success every time, Garry, and I'm as glad of it as if you were my own son!"

"Thank you, Mr. Gray!" It was all that Garry was equal to saying just then, but Mr. Gray looked more than satisfied.—Catholic Citizen.

THE INEXORABLE MORAL LAW OF LIFE

The Ven. H. Gresford Jones, M. A. (Anglican) Archdeacon of Sheffield preaching in Great St. Mary's Church Cambridge, on "The Recovery of the Weightier Things," said (as reported by the Cambridge Review):

"The tremendous catastrophe through which we are passing is reawakening the world to the inexorable moral law of life. Here before our eyes, naked, colossal, appalling, is Judgment. It is as though some unseen Spirit had drawn aside the veil that screens the unseen and said, 'See it now ere it be too late.' See what it is to which man comes when he has left out God. See Nemesis at work. See the harvest of wrong doing. And it is as though Humanity reawakened to forgotten moral values were whispering on all sides, 'We see.'"

JUDGMENT LEFT OUT

"For a whole generation thinkers of diverse schools have combined to persuade men that humanity through successive stages is moving onward to one common end. Creeds that have seemed to lack enthusiasm in much else, have declared confidently that there is no hell. You may glut your passions, but ultimately you will experience no pain. You may sow dragon's teeth, but you need fear no ultimate harvest. And all the while that these prophets have prophesied smooth things the Church has been silent. Judgment has been left out."

"But humanity can no more keep moral on any wide scale, without this sense of judgment, than an army can keep straight without discipline, or than the body can keep fit without rules of health."

"Mother," said her daughter to her (and it was the sorrowing mother who herself told me), "the voice said there is no hell. I have nothing left to keep me from falling. And she fell. Exceptions are innumerable, but that girl, believe me, stands for great masses of mankind. She stands for the necessity of some adequate moral restraint."

"Nowhere in all literature is this deep-seated moral requirement in our nature brought out with more tenderness and eloquence than where George Eliot, in her subtle analysis of the betrayal of Baldassarre by Tito, dwells on Tito's lack of this restraint. 'Such terror of the unseen,' she says, 'is so far above mere sensual cowardice; that it will annihilate that cowardice; it is the initial recognition of a moral law—restraining desire.'"

"It is good," sing the old Eumenides in *Eschylus*, "that Fear should sit as the Guardian of the Soul, forcing it into wisdom, good that men should carry a threatening shadow in their hearts under the full sunshine; else how shall they learn to revere the right?"

"Ever against Judgment, Mercy, 'Mercy,' as St. James has it, 'exults over judgment.' The same catastrophe which discloses the one reveals much more the other. The man, that least likely man—who through the visions of judgment cries, 'What must I do to be saved?' is the first to lay hold of the divine mercy, and to believe in the Lord with all his house. And men—the least likely if you will—have, through the workings of this terrible war, proved for themselves this same exultation."

"This triumph of mercy over judgment is logical; something, that is, to be anticipated by the mind. The famous argument of J. H. Newman was surely never more forcible than to-day. 'If there be a God, since there is a God, the human race is implicated in some terrible aboriginal calamity. It is out of joint with the purposes of its Creator.'"

"There is his first conclusion; here follows his immediate deduction. 'Now, supposing it were the blessed and loving will of the Creator to in-

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terfere in this anarchical condition of things. . . . surely it would be no surprise. . . . If the interposition were of necessity equally extraordinary; or what is called miraculous."

"In the first you have the assumption of Judgment; in the second the anticipation of Mercy."

"It has been the rediscovery of this weightiest of all the weightier things—this sublime, this all-but-incredible 'Mercy' of God—that has flashed the radiance of sunshine into that again and again had been the blackness of night. The grandeur of the Atonement—limited it may be, stilled it may be, in the close air of the study or the class-room—has found its true glory upon the battlefield. The chilling demand for 'moral' conceptions of the Atonement has there yielded to the truer note of Dr. Chalmers: 'If God does not justify the ungodly, where shall I appear?'"

"Would that I could convey to others that fresh access of conviction which has come to me as I have spoken to soldier after soldier of the Cross of Christ, and the well-nigh invariable answer has been, 'Of course there is nothing but that. Yes; *Nil in vultu crucis*. In that sharp field of hourly self-devotion, men have seen with fresh glory and fresh simplicity Him who saved others, Himself He could not save. In this fresh vision of the Divine mercy there lies hope unspeakable for our time."

"It has been one of the tragedies of my work (writes a chaplain on a hospital ship) to find that men on their death-bed have not known what to look forward to in the future or what to do to prepare for it. They don't know. It is a case of groping in the dark. Another tragedy is the widely prevailing idea that if you fall or fail, you are out off. There is no knowledge of a road back."

"Comes there ever, under circumstances more moving, that touching cry—not from unknown strangers, but from our own kith and kin—'come over and help us?'"

"Yes! a call truly from God—to make plain the way of salvation—not as a creed to defend but as a gospel to preach. And if a call to leadership in thought, so still more to leadership in life itself."

HONOR

It is the mother of the youngster who injects into his or her system the value of honor.

Sometimes father has time to stop reading his paper and think things over. It is at this particular time that he should think things over. The youth of either sex is susceptible. It can be easily influenced. At the adolescent age the mind is easily controlled.

The true basis of distinction among men is not in position or in possession. It is not in the conduct of our daily affairs.

It does not for a minute matter what a man's position in the world may be. We are living in a matter-of-fact age. It does not, in a common sense way, matter how much money a man may have. If there be defects in his behavior, if there be shortcomings in his business transactions, if some one can crook his finger, point at a man and shrug his shoulders, his social and commercial career is ruined.

Honor counts first.

The man without honor is without respect or consideration. It is not wealth which gives us place in a community; it is our conduct which commands respect.

We should know no man above us but for his virtues and no man below us but for his vices.

Entertaining this view, we should seek to imitate the good, though it be found under a coarse exterior, and to pity the evil, though it be clothed in the finest garb and dwell in luxury.

We should never become obsequious in the wrong place. We should call no man mean, low, or apply any vulgar epithet to him because he occupies an humble calling in life. The man who cleans a sewer is just as good as the man who turns the pages of a Bible and announces his text, if his heart is in the right place and he holds close to his honor.

In point of real worth and real manhood a man may be morally much superior to the president of the bank in his banking community.

The virtuous and right-minded sons of toil are, as time has recorded, of each other. They are the lords of good, lovers of nature, lovers of each other. They may not have been born to shine nor to have been the recipients of empty honors, but they may have been born to be the bulwark of the nation, and as such we should view all men.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

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