

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Stinginess and Parsimony are not Real Economy.

True economy is not stinginess or meanness. It often means very large outlay, for it always has the larger end in view. True economy means the wisest expenditure of what we have, everything considered, looking at it from the broadest standpoint. It is not a good thing to save a nickel at the expenditure of 25 cents' worth of time.

Comparatively few people have a healthy view of what real saving, or economy, means. I have seen a lady spoil a pair of fine gloves trying to rescue a nickel from a mud puddle. Several people have been run over by street cars or teams in New York while trying to rescue a dropped package, a hat, an umbrella, or a cane.

I know a young man who has lost many opportunities for advancement, and a large amount of business, by false economy in dress, and smallness regarding expenditures. He believes that a suit of clothes and a necktie should be worn until they are threadbare. He would never think of inviting a customer or a prospective customer to luncheon, or of offering to pay his car fare, (if he happened to be traveling with him). He has such a reputation for being stingy, even to meanness, that people do not like to do business with him. False economy has cost this man very dear.

I used to travel with a business man who was much better off financially than I was, yet he would never take a sleeper at night, and never go into a dining car for his meals, but he would take his luncheon with him or live on sandwiches or what he could pick up at lunch counters on the route. The result was that, when he arrived in far western cities, he would be so used up and tired out, and his stomach so out of order from irregular eating, that it would take him several days to get straightened out, and he lost a great deal of valuable time.

No man can afford to transact important business when he is not in prime condition, and it pays him to be healthy and in comfort, as well as financially, to be very good to oneself especially when health and a clear brain are our best capital.—O. S. M. in Success.

Why he wasn't Accepted.

In reading the lives of men, who played a great part in life, we are often struck by the fact that those heroic men were in many cases addicted to certain vices. But it would be well for young men to remember that the great ones of the earth succeeded, not because of any bad habits they may have had, but in spite of them. To get the greatest possible benefit from reading biography we should make an effort to emulate great men in their greatness and goodness, and not in their littleness or badness. There is something unworthy to be found in the lives of all men, human nature being far from perfect, but such unworthiness is not to be copied. The young man spoken of in the following little story seems to have read biography the wrong way.

He lingered near the managing editor's desk, waiting for an appointment on the regular staff.

"But you drink," said the manager, wishing to let the young fellow down easy.

"Yes," replied the young man, "so did Alexander the Great."

"And you are a liar," glancing at the youth's damns of dress.

"So was Diarrell."

"And you are a liar."

"So was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"And you are head and ears in debt."

"Like Alexander Dumas."

"And you swear occasionally."

"So did George Washington."

"You are liable to get drunk."

"Like Daniel Webster."

"And you write a fearful scrawl."

"Like Horace Greeley."

"Well," said the manager plunging at a heap of manuscript, "anyhow we don't need you; if you won't do. Good morning."

The young man turned away sorrowfully. "It's no sort of use," he said, "a fellow combines in his own brain and person the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Greeley and can't even get a place on a newspaper. The world is growing too fast for genius."

Obstacles.

No man can rise to anything very great who allows himself to be tripped or thwarted by impediments. His achievement will be in proportion to his ability to rise triumphantly over the stumbling blocks which trip others.

When I hear a young man whining that he has no chance, complaining that fate has doomed him to mediocrity, that he can never get a start for himself, but must always work for somebody else; when I see him finding uncountable obstacles everywhere; when he tells me that he could do this or that if he could only get a start, if somebody would help him. I know there is very poor success material in him—that he is not made of the stuff that rises. He acknowledges that he is not equal to the emergencies which confront him. He confesses his weakness, his inability to cope with obstacles, his inability to surmount them. When a man tells us that luck is against him, that he can not see any way of doing what he would like to do, he admits that he is not master of the situation, that he must give way to opposition because he is not big enough or strong enough to surmount it. He probably hasn't time enough in his backbone to hold a straw erect.

There is a weakness in the man who always sees a hot in the way of what he wants to do, whose determination is not strong enough to overcome the obstacle. He has not the inclination to buckle down to solid, hard work. He wants success, but he does not want it badly enough to pay the price. The desire to drift along, to take things easy, to have a good time, overbalances ambition.

Obstacles will look large or small to you according to whether you are large or small.

People who have a tendency to magnify difficulties lack the stamina and grit necessary to win.

Endeavor to Make Friends.

Tactful people are good judges of

human nature. They can read character quickly, almost instinctively; they know what will offend and what will please. No man in public life could rise far without this faculty. Its successful exercise may take the place of knowledge or ability in other directions. Sir Thomas Browne said, "Men have ruled well who could not, perhaps, define a commonwealth, and they who understand not, the globe command a large part of it." William McKinley owed much to his never-failing courtesy and ready tact, which won him thousands of friends.

Many an ambassador, governor, congressman, mayor or manager of an important industry, owes his successful progress very largely to the use of this lubricant.

A man must possess the happy faculty of winning confidence and making friends if he would be successful. Good friends praise our ability and our work, "talk up" our wares, expatiate at length on our achievements; they protect our name when slandered, and rebuke our maligners. Without tact, the gaining of friends who will render services is impossible. The world is full of people who wonder why they are unpopular, ignored, and slighted.

People avoid them because they make themselves disagreeable by appearing at the wrong time, or by doing or saying the wrong things. Such people are meant by a writer who says:

But some people do things just as queer; I know it. I've seen it, my dear. They have a good thought.

But it just comes to naught.

From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Bert Conway's Success.

Albert Conway, come to my office after literature period to day. I wish to see you without fail," said Father Merritt, bidding good morning to his pupils, left the class room.

"Say, Bert, you will be troubled about that essay," remarked Jimmie Smith. "You can write in fine style and the subject is very easy. I know you could make a good composition of it if you try."

"Honestly, Jimmie, it is very hard for me to write an essay. I don't want to go into the contest, though I think it is about that Father John wishes to see me."

Bert had guessed the Prefect's desire to the letter. Father Merritt knew the boy's capabilities, and wished to develop the latent genius.

"Good morning, my boy," he said, as Master Conway entered; "I wish you to compete for the essay prize. Your mother's happiness depends on your success; do not permit her to forfeit this on your account. Come try; you may win."

These few words encouraged Bert. So he determined to make use of his imagination.

To write a good essay meant much mental labor for the fortnight which remained until the close of the competition. Friday afternoon came, and Bert decided to think of "American Heroes," the subject of the composition. Scarcely had he arranged himself in the study hall when Jimmy Smith's cheery voice called. "Say captain, all the boys are waiting in the ball grounds for you."

Bert was astonished. He had not thought that Friday was practice day and he knew what the consequences would be should he, as captain of the "Invincibles," absent himself. At length he replied, "Jimmie, tell the boys, I'll be with them in a few seconds."

Slowly he laid aside his pen and left the hall. Two things offered themselves: To resign the captainship in favor of Will Pierce or to give up the contest. By doing the latter his mother would forfeit her happiness. These two great questions were to be solved within a short time, and Bert did not feel capable of the solution.

As he entered the football grounds he was greeted by a chorus of welcomes, for the team respected the captain. Captain Conway made a feeble effort to seem cheerful, though his heart was heavy.

"Boys," he began, "I must resign place to Will Pierce. I know it means a great deal to you to win the game. I am certain, however, that Will is worthy of the position. He will carry the colors to victory."

Suddenly the team, angry and surprised, crowded about him.

"Albert Conway," said Fred Sherman, "you have been our captain and friend for two years, but to-day you have aroused our anger by an unbecoming act without an explanation. Therefore, you will be obliged to bear the disgrace if we have the misfortune to be defeated."

Bert left the ball grounds disgraced, but the words: "For my mother's happiness," lighted his burden.

Victory greeted the "Invincibles" on the day of the great game. Bert Conway was the happiest boy in St. Charles College when he heard of this new triumph, though his resignation had been the greatest sacrifice ever demanded of him. After the game, however, the victorious team subjected him to many taunts, and often was the lad made miserable.

Several weeks had passed since the great game, and all the essays had been collected. Bert had worked hard and like all the other contestants, was feverish with excitement when the desired day arrived.

At 3 o'clock the students in the junior classes were assembled to hear the lucky boy's name announced. Their hearts were beating as Father Merritt ascended the platform.

"The gold medal," he began, "for the best essay on 'American Heroes' is awarded to Master Albert Conway, whom I heartily congratulate."

Before the astonished lad could reach the platform the entire mass of boys exclaimed, "So do we congratulate you, Bert Conway!"

Thus did Bert's troubles in the college terminate, the hatchet was buried forever.

In a great city Albert Conway has become famous for his orations. The gold medal which he won at St. Charles

many years ago for the prize essay he has always worn. "The remembrance," as he says, "of Bert Conway's first success."—Mary G. Doyle, in the Sunday Companion.

Be Sympathetic.

We must all realize that this life is full of sorrow, and if you personally have had the good luck to escape your share of it you are very fortunate.

But do not on that account allow yourself to grow cold hearted and unsympathetic to others.

Those poor people! Their lot is often so hard, so lonely, so full of misery.

We are here to "heal the wounds and bind the broken heart," and the only way we can do this is by being kind, loving and sympathetic.

A few words of love will do more to help a sufferer than money sometimes, for heartickness is much harder to help than hunger and poverty. Show interest in others; try to help them; go out of your way to lighten the burden of the heavily laden.

Do not hesitate to whisper your kindly thoughts in their ears. Don't pass by on the "other side." If you are strong, then be merciful.

Remember that we all look at life from different standpoints, and what might appear like a grain of mustard seed in your path for you, is an almost insurmountable obstacle to your weaker sister.

World's more she shrinks the more necessity for you to step in and help her on her way with genuine sympathy and loving sisterly words and acts.—Church Progress

Young Edison's Plan.

When Thomas A. Edison was a boy, selling papers on a train between Huron and Cleveland, he became so interested in electricity that he has never been able to let it alone since. Unfortunately, his spare time off duty was not enough for his experiments, says the World's Work.

He urged his father to allow him to sit up nights and play with the telegraph, but Mr. Edison, senior, believed in early rising and early going to bed, and Thomas was sent to his room promptly at nine, while his father sat up two hours longer to read the papers the boy had brought home.

Those two hours tempted the boy, and at last he hit on a plan for securing sleep. His chum lived about two hundred yards away beyond an intervening orchard. The two boys rigged up a telegraph circuit between their rooms.

Young Edison made batteries of preserved jars. The day after it was in order he gave the extra papers to his chum, and when night came there were none for his father to read.

Mr. Edison seemed much disturbed by the loss of his daily reading matter, and by 9 o'clock, when it was time for Thomas to go to bed, he was very restless. Then the boy made a suggestion.

"All the papers are down at Dick's," he said. "But Dick and I have a telegraph line between our rooms. I think perhaps I can call him up and get the news."

Accordingly they adjourned to the boy's room, and soon had Dick on the wire. Then while beyond the orchard Dick read from the paper and sent messages by telegraph, young Edison took down bulletins and handed them to his father. Bedtime was forgotten, and it was after 11 o'clock before the father was ready to quit.

After that he seemed to have no more worry over the effect of late hours on his son, and young Edison had his time to himself for electrical experiments.—Catholic Standard and Times.

The spirit of the Catholic Church is possessed with the jealous care of God's truth, and defends it like a lion.

Will Become a Priest.

Louis Gallagher of Brooklyn, N. Y., will, it is reported, devote his life to the service of God in the priesthood, in gratitude for a cure, received during a pilgrimage to the grotto, in the church of Our Lady of Lourdes. Six years ago the young man was injured by a fall, which caused permanent lameness. Though the most eminent specialists were consulted, they could only promise relief. The limb ceased to grow, and on the advice of the physician he was wearing a heavy metal brace, when he began to make pilgrimages to the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes. In less than three months he was cured. He will become a member of the Society of the Fathers of Mary, who have charge of the church, which is called the "French Shrine in America."

School For Negroes.

Mother Katherine Drexel, the apostle and benefactor of the Indians, is about to take the black man under her wing also, by establishing a school for children of this race at Carlisle, Pa., where a community of nuns having that for their object will be installed in a building belonging to this noble woman and thoroughly equipped for the purpose. It was originally intended, it is said, for such use, but was loaned to St. Patrick's congregation, in Carlisle, for a parochial school. Now it reverts to its original destiny.

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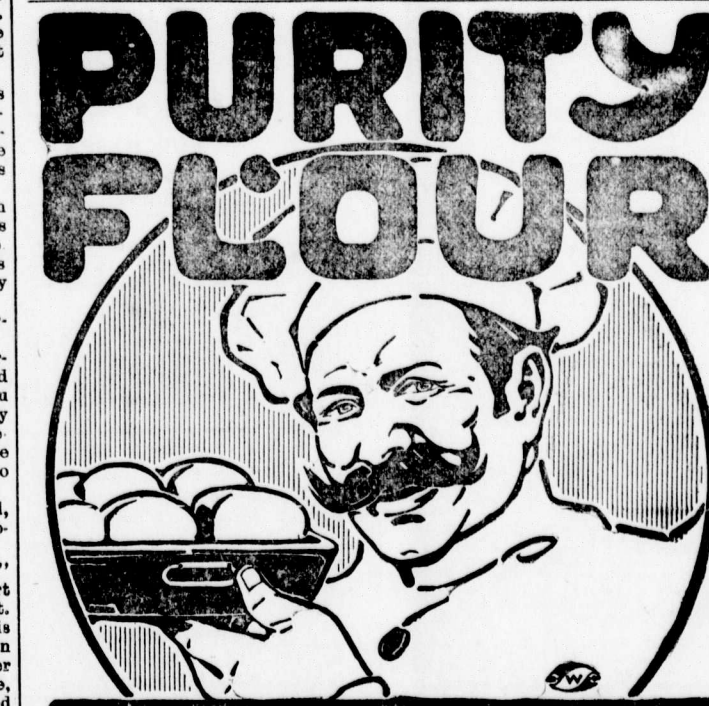
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