CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Some young men complain that they have no chance. All the good places are taken. All the fine situations are filled. All the business opportunities are in the possession of other men. There is no way for them to get to the front. So, why blame them for their want of success.

But in every age there have been young men, who seemed to have no chance, but who found a way or made it to the highest achievement and the widest renown. They broke through their environment. They toiled, suffered, studied, practiced, hoped, determined to get on in the world, and eventually Fortune smiled at them and a chance opened before them to lead them to victory.

Here are a few instances of young men who had to contend with poverty, lack of education, and other obstacles to progress :

BOYS WITH NO CHANCE

Over a stable in London, lived a poor boy named Michael Faraday, who carried newspapers about the streets to loan to customers for a penny apiece. He was apprenticed for seven years to a bookseller. When binding the Encyclopaedia Britannica, his eyes caught the article on electricity, and he could not rest until he had read it. He procured a glass vial, and an old pan, and a few simple articles, and began to experiment. A customer became interested in the boy, and took him to hear Sir Humphry Davy lecture on chemistry. He summoned courage to write the great scientist and sent the notes he had taken on his lecture. One night, not long after, just as Michael was about to retire, Sir Humphry Davy's carriage stopped at his humble lodging, and a servant handed him a written invitation to call upon the great lecturer the next morning. Michael could scarcely trust his eyes as he read the note from the great Davy. In the morning he called as requested, and was engaged to clean instruments and take them to and from the lecture room. He watched eagerly every movement of Davy, as he developed his safety-lamp and experimented with dangerous explosives, with a glass mask over his face. Michael studied and experimented, too, and it was not long before this poor boy with no chance was invited to lecture before the great philosophical society.

He was appointed professor at the Royal Academy at Woolwich, and became the wonder of the age in science. Tyndall said of him, "He is the greatest experimental philosopher the world has ever seen." When Sir Humphry Davy was asked what was his greatest discovery, he replied, "Michael Faraday."

"What has been done can be done again," said the boy with no chance who became Lord Beaconfield, England's great Prime Minister. "I am not a slave, I am not a captive, and by energy I can overcome greater obstacles." Jewish blood flowed in his veins and everything seemed against him, but he remembered the example of Joseph, who became Prime Minister of Egypt four thousand years before, and that of Daniel, who was Prime Minister to the greatest despot of the world five centuries before the birth of Christ. He pushed his way up through the lower classes, up through the middle classes, up through the upper classes, until he stood a master, self-poised upon the topmost round of political and social power. Rebuffed, scorned, ridiculed, hissed down in the House of Commons, he simply said, "The time will come when you will hear me." The time did come, and the boy with no chance but a determined will, swayed the sceptre of England for a quarter of a century.

Henry Clay, the "mill-boy of the slashes," was one of seven children of a widow too poor to send him to any but a common country school, where he was drilled only in the "three R's." But he used every spare moment to study without a teacher, and in after years he was a king among self made men. The boy who had learned to speak in a barn, with only a cow and a horse for an audience, became one of the greatest of American orators and statesmen.

Imagine the surprise of the Royal Society of England when the poor, unknown Herschel sent in the report of his discovery of the star Georgium Sidus, its orbit and rate of motion ; and for the rings and satellites of Saturn. The boy with no chance, who had played the oboe for his meals, had with his own hands made the telescope through which he discovered facts unknown to the best equipped astronomers of his day. He had ground two hundred specula before he could get one perfect.

George Stephenson was one of eight children whose parents were so poor that all lived in a single room. George had to watch cows for a neighbor, but he managed to get time to make engines of clay, with hemlock sticks for pipes. At seventeen he had charge of an engine, with his father for fireman. He could neither read nor write, but the engine was his teacher, and he a faithful student. While the other hands were playing games or loafing in liquor shops during the holidays, George was taking his engine to pieces, cleaning it, studying it, and making experiments in engines. When he had become famous as a great inventor of improvements in engines, those who had loafed and played called him lucky.

These instances could be multiplied indefinitely. They go to show that success is due, not so much to position, or place, or time, but to the man!

A HARD WORKER IN WASHINGTON

You probably never heard of a human lubricant, but, as compared with Rudolph Forster, assistant secretary to the President, graphite and the smoothest oil are crude in texture. He's not the titular head of the office, but anybody who knows his Washington will tell you that Mr. Forester is the steady, silent —always silent—well-balanced pendulum who keeps the machinery of the White House offices, the busiest and most interesting organization of the nation, everlasting by moving. It is doubtful if the entire government service possesses a more indefatigable worker than he.

There was hardly a zephyr of a breeze created when this suave gentleman appeared in President McKinley's workship years ago as a stenographer. He came in the back door, hung up his hat, and began to work. He has never stopped, though it is vaguely reported that on Christmas eve a year ago he nearly got home to spend a few hours with his family. This may be an exaggeration, but it is a fact that, as the gray streaks of dawn were breaking on one occasion, President Roosevelt suddenly laid a heavy hand upon Mr. Foster's shoulder. The colonel—pacing up and down the floor in his restless, gnashing way—had dictated to the faithful employ by his side all night long.

"Rudolph, we're going to quit!" Mr. Roosevelt's voice carried the high-tension whirr. "I've worked you so hard that if you were to kill me and leave enough strength in my body I would sign a complete pardon for you before I died."

President Taft is said to have humorously compared the always on-the-job Forster to his (the President's) right elbow. "And I could'nt crook a figure without my elbow responding," was his tribute to the assistant secretary. In short, Mr. Forster is a President's man and forever keeps to that high standard.

He is another example of how a stenographer who uses his brains may get to the top. When Rudolph Forster came to the executive offices he had made a name for himself by his accuracy and speed at taking shorthand dictation. George B. Cortelyou, whom we now refer to as one of our best known former cabinetarians—Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Postmaster General, or Secretary of the Treasury, whichever large title pleases you most —was in those days on the bridge at the White House offices, second in command to John Addison Porter, the then President's secretary. Forster was one of the seven clerks, and the business was being handled upstairs in the White House, over the east room. So tremendous has the volume of business increased since then, especially during and following the Spanish-American war, that the offices now occupy an entirely separate building and four times the former number of employers have to labor day and night, holidays not excepted, to keep the work to date. Other government branches close at 4.30 o'clock in the afternoon, but when the latest homegoers pass along Pennsylvania Avenue, the thoroughfare deserted save for a sleepy policeman or so, it is an odd night in the lights in the executive offices are not burning brightly.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JIMMY'S JOLT

Jimmy was perfectly honest, but he was careless.

"If that boy," said Atkinson, the senior partner, "would only steady down and attend to what he is doing and use a little common sense instead of being so infernally helter-skelter, he'd be all right! I'd have hopes of his growing up into a financial power in LaSalle street! He's the sort that you take into the firm out of self-defense, and he's bright as a dollar!"

"Bright as the dollar of mine he lost when I sent him for cigars, I suppose," added Brady, the junior partner. "Yes, Jimmy's all right in his way. I can't help liking the kid. It's a comfort to have an office boy around with human intelligence, after some we've had. He just needs a jolt that's all."

"Well, he'd better get it pretty quick!" growled Atkinson. "Those papers he lost on the way over to Smith's caused the dickens of a row. If you want to get rid of anything, just give it to Jimmy to take somewhere! If he sat up nights planning how to lose things with neatness and despatch he couldn't succeed better!"

It really looked serious for Jimmy. Brady, glimpsing at the boy's bright, cheerful face, felt a good deal of concern. Jimmy was the sort that appealed to you—you wanted to help him on.

Two days later Brady rang the bell for Jimmy. He handed the boy a bank book and a bank bill. "I want you to take this," he said distinctly, "at once to the bank. You'll have to hurry to get there before closing time. And be careful how you carry it because, if you'll look at the bill, you'll see its a big one—its a thousand-dollar note."

"Gee!" breathed Jimmy. He held the bill in the extreme tips of his fingers as he turned it over. "Never saw one before!"

Then he departed.

Atkinson, during this little episode, had sat staring at his partner unbelievingly. As the door closed after Jimmy he recovered his breath.

"Have you gone quite insane?" he inquired.

"Nope," responded Brady.

"He'll lose it, sure as shooting!" declared Atkinson.

"Probably," admitted Brady, still calmly.

"Now I know yon're insane!" concluded Atkinson. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders, he flung around to his desk.

Fifteen minutes later Jimmy walked in. He came in as though invisible cords were pulling his feet against his will and his usually cheerful face was chalky white. He opened his lips once or twice, but no sound came forth. Then he crumpled up into a chair.

"I told you!" said Atkinson, jumping to his feet and glowering at Brady.

"What's the trouble, Jimmy?" asked Brady, in his usual tone.

"I—I lost it!" Jimmy got out in a strangled voice. "Honest, Mr. Brady, I don't see how I could uv! It's gone! A thousand dollars!" He almost hissed the last three words to express their awfulness.

"Did you take it out of your pocket after you left this room?" Brady queried.

Jimmy nodded miserably. "I showed it to Sam in the office out there, 'cause I knew he'd never seen one neither! An' then I stopped once in an alley to look at it 'cause I knew I wouldn't have a chance at the bank! I was right at the bank, so I didn't put it back in my pocket, but I held it with the book tight in my hand! An' when I got to the bank window it was gone!"

Brady coughed and did not look at the wretched Jimmy. "I'll have the police look for it," he said. "Meanwhile, you go home, Jimmy, while I decide what to do with you! You've always been careless, and scolding doesn't seem to make any impression on you, but this is the limit!"

Jimmy crept out.

"He looked as though he was going to be hanged," commented Atkinson. "Pretty expensive experiment of yours, Brady!"

"That's all right," said Brady. Jimmy's got something to think about now!"

"I'd think I had, too, if I'd thrown away $1,000," said Atkinson.

It was nearly noon next day before Brady summoned Jimmy, who had been waiting in the outer office all morning to learn his fate.

"Have they found it?" he gasped out, as soon as he got inside.

"No," said Brady, shortly. Then he saw Jimmy's face. Brady has a tender heart.

"Look here, son," he said, "I guess you've had your jolt. I was dead sure you'd lose that money when I started you out, because you are never anything but careless. And I wanted you to see what trouble you'd eventually get into if you didn't cultivate a little responsibility. It was a counterfeit and a bad one at that, and not worth a copper cent. But, you see, it might have been real. Do you think—"

"Oh, Mr. Brady!" half sobbed Jimmy in an agony of relief, "I'll never be careless again, s'long's I live! Never! If I can stay!"

"Confound you!" Atkinson said to Brady, when Jimmy had shut the door carefully after him. "You had me almost as worried as you had Jimmy.—Catholic Telegraph.

DON'T GIGGLE, GIRLS

If half the girls knew how silly they looked and sounded when they constantly giggle they would stop it.

Learn to smile, not giggle.

Nothing is more infectious and charming than a good laugh, but very few people know how to laugh. It is rare in life as it is on the stage.

A giggle usually comes from nervousness. A girl will giggle when she cannot think of anything to say or when she is trying to be at ease in company.

She will giggle when a boy meets her and says "Good morning." She will giggle when he says "Good-by." She is only nervous, but she appears silly.

It is no wonder that young men speak with utter scorn of the giggling girl. They seem to think her the least attractive maiden on earth. It is no use trying to attempt to hold any kind of conversation with a girl who will punctuate her every remark with a giggle.

It is not always possible to know at first thought whether or not you are one of the girls who giggle. Stop and think about it. Watch yourself the next time you are with any one. See whether this senseless trick is a part of your social equipment. If it is, take any heroic means to strangle that giggle until it is dead.

Far better be silent, you may then get the credit for the wisdom that you have not got. Better than all, if you don't know how to give a cheery, musical, spontaneous laugh, then try your best to learn how to smile.

Do not let yourself give a weary smile, for that is the result of effort and self-consciousness, but anything is better than a silly giggle.

WHAT IS A LADY?

A little while ago an English paper offered a prize for the best definition of a lady. This is the answer that took the prize :

"To be a lady means, rightly, to be a gentle woman who shows by her every word and action a sweet and gentle dignity, with a gracious charm of manner ; a woman whose heart is pure and true, who is tender toward all suffering, who sympathizes with those in trouble, and is ever ready to give that which costs her some effort and self-denial. A lady thinks no work derogatory, and no one is deemed too low to receive courtesy and kindness. She is pure and good in every detail of life, a true friend, and a "ministering angel in sorrow and in sickness."

Marriage by Mind

A few days ago, some of the daily papers told a blood-curdling story of the "mind marriage" of a St. Louis artist to a woman of that city. These affinities, it seems, have announced through the newspapers that they have been united without the forms of legal marriage.

The man declares he is a Knight Templar. He also is credited with the statement that his wife "is a Roman Catholic and she will confess as she always does and will not commit sin."

We fear that Knight Templar lover does not know what he is talking about. His wife, if conditions are as he declares they are, has already committed a sin, and we imagine when she gets into the confessional and tells her story, she will have rather a strenuous time trying to convince her confessor that she is deserving of absolution unless she agrees to behave herself and be married in the good old way.

There are fools and fools, but there is no fool like the girl who listens to the palaver of the brute who would set aside the laws of God and man when entering the married state.—Catholic Sun.

CATHOLICS WHO ARE AFRAID

In the latest number of the Missionary Rev. O. A. Boyer of the Ogdensburg diocese explains that "the grown-up Catholics were afraid to invite their non-Catholic friends to the mission."

That is a strange and unaccountable failing which seems to be peculiar to Catholics. It is almost impossible to prevail upon them to invite their friends when there is a mission going on they never ask them to accompany them to church. Now, if they were to take the opposite course, who can tell the amount of good that might be done? Who can estimate the number of people who may be led into the true fold by a word?

An organization of commercial travelers is known as the Gideons. These men appear to be deeply interested in their work. One of their latest proposals is to put a copy of the bible in each room in the hotels throughout the land. We are no more in sympathy with the indiscriminate use of the bible than we are with that of the code of procedure of the Supreme Court, but this action of the Gideons proves that they are alive and zealous for the cause in which they are working.

We must give our separated brethren credit for persistency. We cannot claim as much for ourselves. At a recent meeting of the Catholic Women's Saturday Afternoon Club a proposition was submitted to place in church vestibules, wherever permissible, Catholic literature. This is a step in the right direction. However, few non-Catholics attend Catholic services so under this method the enlightening printed matter would scarcely get into proper channels. Why not learn a lesson from the Gideons and place our literature racks in hotels and railway stations and every public place where permission can be obtained? Then our books and tracts would get into the hands of those who know nothing of our religion and would assuredly cause them to think and perhaps pray and be converted.—Buffalo Union and Times.

DEEDS DONE THE POOR

Charity, almsgiving, deeds done the poor and needy are the practical part of religion. Where they do not exist there is a positive proof that religion is either wanting to such an individual or else that its spirit is not understood. As St. James says, "What shall it profit, if a man say he hath faith, but hath not works? Shall faith be able to save him? And if a brother or sister be naked, and want daily food, and one of you say to them : Go in peace, be ye warmed and filled, yet give them not those things that are necessary for the body, what shall it profit? So faith also, if it hath not works is dead in itself." These admonitions in the New Law were anticipated in the Old Law, as we see in Ecclesiasticus, where it says : "Turn not away thy eyes from the poor. Despise not the hungry soul, and provoke not the poor in his want. Defer not to give to him that is in distress." And the warning is given to urge one to do his duty by the poor, lest dire consequence follow such neglect, for Ecclesiasticus continues and says, "Turn not away thy eyes from the poor for fear of anger ; and leave not to them that ask of thee to curse thee behind thy back. For the prayer of him that curseth thee in the bitterness of his soul shall be heard, for he that made him will hear him." And to conclude the same says : "Make thyself affable to the poor. Bow down thy ear cheerfully to the poor, and answer him peaceful words with mildness."

Our Lord confirmed this teaching by His own divine lips, for He said what we do to the poor we do to Him, and at judgment day He will say : "I was hungry and you gave Me to eat ; I was thirsty and you gave Me drink ; I was naked and you clothed Me, I was a stranger and you took Me in." Then shall the just answer and say, "Lord, when did we do these things to Thee?" And the Lord will answer and say, "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to Me. And they who do not do these things," He added, "shall go into everlasting punishment, but the just into life everlasting." In the spirit of her divine founder the Church has ever been most zealous in caring for the poor. Her conduct in this regard far surpasses anything that is done by religious bodies outside the fold. It is one of the chief proofs of her divine origin. Christ said, "The poor you will always have with you." And where do we find the poor but in the homes and orphanages, in the asylums and hospitals established in such plentiful numbers by the Catholic Church? The poor, too, are visited in their homes and their needs supplied by secret and delicately conferred charity. The spirit of true charity is brotherly and neighborly aid done individually and unostentatiously. It is the reverse of the charity which the world does through its state institutions, where the sensitive feelings of the poor are often ontraged by the uncivil way they are treated by the officials appointed to serve them. The former is Christ's charity for the poor ; the latter is the cold charity of paganism. One cheers and lifts up, the other demeans and pauperizes. Worldly charity parades its works ; Christian charity tries to hide them. The divine Master said. "Let not your left hand know what your right hand doeth," but the world follows the Pharisee, and makes boast of its works. And so the Lord says of such charity, it is done not for Him but for the eyes of men—and those doing charity in that spirit are welcome to get all they can out of it. Theirs will not be a heavenly reward, but such as this world may give them, for He said, "They have received their reward."

We should never forget the terrible lesson taught us by our divine Lord of Dives and Lazarus. Dives was a rich man, clothed in purple and fine linen, who feasted sumptuously every day. Lazarus was a beggar, who called on Dives for a little food, but it was denied him ; he asked that even the crumbs that fell from the table be given him, for, he said, the whelps are given these —but even they were denied. In time death came for both, and it is recorded that Dives, the rich man, was buried in hell, whilst Lazarus, the beggar, was borne by angels into Abraham's bosom. Now Dives cried and said, "Father Abraham, have mercy on me, and send Lazarus that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, to cool my tongue, for I am tormented in this flame." And Abraham said to him, "Son, remember that thou didst receive good things in thy lifetime, and likewise Lazarus evil things ; but now he is comforted and thou art tormented. And besides all this, between us and you there is fixed a great chaos, so that they who would pass from hence to you cannot, nor from hence come hither." And Dives said, "Then, Father Abraham, I beseech you that thou wouldst send Lazarus to my father's house ; for I have five brethren, that he may testify unto them lest they also come into this place of torments." And Abraham said to him, "They have Moses and the prophets ; let them hear them." But he said, "No, Father Abraham ; but if one went to them from the dead, they will do penance." And he said to him, "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they believe if one rise from the dead." Every one can and should do deeds of charity towards his neighbor. There is none so poor but what he will find some one poorer than himself. If this be a duty even for the poor, how much a duty for the rich and well-to-do.—Bishop Colton in Buffalo Union and Times.

CONFESSION AND CHRISTIANITY

The interesting question whether there is true Christianity in the Methodist Church or not has been raised, and decided in the negative by means of a test whose singularity leaves considerable doubt as to the fitness of the judges to decide the point. Confession was the means selected to bring the question to an issue. The pastor of Midland Church, in Tacoma, Washington, confessed to two members of Puget Sound University that he had been guilty of backsliding with a young woman whom his wife had befriended. They both admitted guilt and gave the admission in confidence to these members of the Methodist body, who are respectively superintendent and president of the university, and to three others as well. They very soon found that their confidence was misplaced, for the story they had given was soon public property and while the young woman collapsed from the shock, the pastor found it necessary to hand in his resignation in response to a request from the president of the university.

What a delightful story of innocent fun! To deceive with a lie containing a horrible slander upon a young woman, concocted by the pastor, and then to quit the Church denouncing it as wanting in the Christian spirit for punishing the penitent sinner, surely shows how noble an idea of Christian life is inculcated in the Methodism about Puget Sound. The density of the Protestant mind regarding the nature of confession as practiced in the Catholic Church is hardly to be wondered at. The enormity of sin is a fact which the average Protestant mind seems unable to grasp, save in a morbid sense by the more Calvinistic Presbyterians. Luther's terrible teaching that to "sin and sin strongly" was a sort of recommendation rather than a drawback to the true believer in a Saviour whose mission was to atone for all sin, has left its mark deep on the Protestant mind. The revolt from this fearful ideal has found its strongest expression in the adoption of the confessional so largely in the extreme Ritualistic Churches.

To such sensualists as Luther the idea of confession became abhorrent because of its restraining influence on the passions which he found contributory to this doctrine of the place of sin in the scheme of salvation. Wesley on the other hand, revived the belief that sin is abhorrent to the Creator, though atoned for by the sacrifice of Calvary. Still, neither Luther's teachings nor Wesley's have made easy the human conscience, and so the cravings of the sin-stained soul for relief from "the perilous stuff that weighs upon it" sometimes finds expression in a modified form of confessional, but as we have seen one that gives no assurance of secrecy to the confiding backslider when he or she seeks to ease the perturbed mind and stop the gnawing of "the worm that never dieth."

The absolute necessity of the confessional is beginning to be perceived by practical Protestants. We find that the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, pastor of the Central Congregational Church, Kansas City, believes that every pastor of a Protestant church should have a confessional, but he does not intend that this confession should be in the nature of that followed by the Catholic Church where absolution of sin is given by the father confessor. It should be a place where those heavily laden with cares and trials and tribulations could unload their burdens. This is a grand "nonsequitur" or anti-climax. If there be no assurance of pardon for sin, what is the use of any one putting himself in the power of another and exposing himself, as we have seen from the Puget Sound case, to betrayal, punishment, disgrace and ruin, morally and materially?

Here comes in the providential character of the Catholic system in confession. The man who is ordained to the priesthood, and so empowered to hear the confessions of sinners, and absolve them, is a celibate. He has no wife. He cannot be wheedled or intimidated by a woman to intrust her with what is given to him in confidence, under the seal of the confessional. The non-Catholic "priest" may be.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

What are words but words! They fly through the air but hurt not a stone If thou art guilty, think that thou wilt willingly amend thyself. If thy conscience accuse thee not, think that thou wilt willingly suffer this for God's sake

THE ONLY REMEDY

In England it seems they are at least waking up on the evil and menace of Mormonism. A staff contributor to the Catholic Times writes a good article on the subject in which he says :

"How is it, then, that such a vigorous agitation has sprung up against the Mormon propaganda? Meetings are held to denounce it. The recruiting elders are threatened with physical violence. Eloquent and fiery sermons are delivered against them from pulpits. Questions are asked in Parliament about their proceedings. How is it that England waited so long before it got an attack of anti-Mormonism? So far back as 1836 two Mormons, Orson Hyde and Helier C. Kimball, came to England as missionaries, and gathered a great number of Protestants into the Mormon fold. They went amongst the laboring population in the big manufacturing towns of the north and amongst the mining folk in South Wales, and the ranks of their female followers swelled rapidly. Ever since that time the Mormons of the United States have kept up a more or less active interest in Great Britian.

"Men whose memories go back thirty or forty years ago remember that then they had a regular office in Islington, Liverpool, at which they published a paper called the Millenniai Star which is now issued from Edge Lane. Year after year women were induced to adopt their tenets and practices, and they went off in parties to the United States. No notice was taken of the elders' action. As a rule, it was quiet, undemonstrative. Individuals here and there heard of it and we did not like the idea of British women, many of them good-looking and full of energy, casting their lot with men who would treat them not as wives but as paramours. They thought, however, or at least appeared to think, that nothing could be done to prevent the recruiting and the influx of recruits, and so the evil continued. Now England has at last become awake to the extent of the iniquity and there is an outcry. But what will become of it? I think every Christian must agree that the chief object to be aimed at is the prevention of recruiting for polygamises, and this should be suppressed by law. It is a scandal which should not be tolerated."

But can law stop it? If Englishmen want to go away with the Mormons how can any law prevent them? No. There is no law can do it except the law of God. The true remedy for the evil is to be found in the Catholic Church.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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