

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

The Man Who Prays

The man who prays is a man who is clean.
A man with a manly heart, withal,
To know that a cry from a life obscure
Will find an answer to greet its call
The man who prays is a man who tries
To live his life as he lifts his prayer;
To learn the lesson that round him lies
To take some interest in right, and
care.

The man who prays is a man who feels
That unless he lives in the proper way
There is no use, as he bows and kneels,
To lift his hands unto God and pray,
For what is prayer from a life that's
stained
With daily evil and unclean;
Or how can it merit the blessing rained
From out the bountiful hand of the
Lord?

The man who prays is a man who
strives
With earnest purpose from day to day
To live his life so there still survives
Some meaning and reason for him to
pray.
The man who prays is a man who sees
That he whose life is a daily sin
Can only ask pity, upon his knees,
Can only be sad for the night have
been.

THE TIME FOR RECREATION

In this insistent age, when life every-
where is at high pressure, there is great
need of emphasizing the importance—yes,
the absolute necessity—of recreation.
What is work worth, especially brain
work, when it is performed with jaded
faculties, the energy of the brain cells
being exhausted?
One ambition of becoming a writer
for example, thinks he is saving time by
forcing his brain beyond natural limits.
He believes that what he does over
hours is clear gain, and that writing a
chapter or an article after his day's
work in an office, a factory or a store, is
to his advantage. But sooner or later
he will realize his mistake. Nature
will not be cheated.

A man may profitably occupy his
evenings in study or in some other oc-
cupation than that by which he earns
his daily bread, but he cannot do a full
day's work of any kind and then wisely
attempt to do creative work in the
evening. A fresh brain is absolutely
essential to the production of original
thought. Even a recognized author
who forces too much work upon his
brain will soon find that his writings
are not as in much demand as they
have been, and that his reputation is
waning.

The literary product of an exhausted
brain lacks spontaneity, vigor and buoy-
ancy and the reader detects quickly the
physical and mental condition of the
writer. Heavy, labored, tired writing
makes heavy, labored, tired reading.
Books that are products of overworked
minds will not live. There is no im-
mortality in such composition.

Man does not live by bread alone, nor
by work alone: he needs a deal of play.
A man who never plays, no matter what
his occupation or profession, never does
really good work. All of the faculties,
functions, nerves and brain cells must
be relaxed from time to time, or the
work and the worker will inevitably
suffer. Everybody needs a measure of
healthful, joyful recreation. It not only
improves the physical condition, but it
also rejuvenates the mind and holds
age at bay, keeping the heart young and
the eyes bright, even when the years of
a life have run into the scores.

It is an acknowledged fact that Amer-
icans are great wasters of mental and
physical force. A prominent foreigner
declares that we squander as much
energy as most other nations utilize.
Speaking of this, Doctor John Mitchell
said: "If one observes a crowd it is
curious and disagreeable to see how
few there are who are not constantly
making grimaces and working their
faces and jaws in some manner. I have
heard it said that it is badness that
causes this, but it has not been my ob-
servation that badness is a widely
distributed American trait. No, it is a
misdirected nervous energy, which ought
to be aiding the movements of the legs
or getting stored up somewhere in the
central reservoirs for future use."

No one who expects to make life
worth living can afford to get into a neu-
rotic, exhausted condition. The whole
body should be kept youthful, vigorous,
and alert, by a sufficiency of rest, and a
reasonable amount of play—real, romping,
heartful recreation, such as shakes
the whole system, sends the blood tling-
ling through the veins, and makes the
heart beat faster with joy.

Outdoor play is, of course, the most
healthful. The healing, restorative
powers of nature are marvelous. One
may remember that, when he left his
office in the city, almost a physical
wreck, and went into the open country,
the very air seemed to act like magic.
The romps among the hills and moun-
tains were a perpetual tonic. Na-
ture smoothed away all troubles; all
worrying, fretting, and anxiety disap-
peared, you scarcely knew how or
when, but you returned to the city a
new man.

There is wisdom and strength in gen-
uine pastime. One often accomplishes
more by spending a pleasant evening in
some innocent games or other amuse-
ment than he would by poring over
books with tired brain and exhausted
body. He may have had qualms of con-
science about it, and thought that even-
ings given to social enjoyment were
practically lost out of his life. Far
from it! To better purpose than he
dreamed of, when the time employed.
Body and mind were strengthening, and
unconsciously, without effort, being
fitted for better work in the future.

Man is a many-sided animal, and re-
quires a great variety of mental as well
as physical food to sustain and develop
all his faculties, and it is just as essen-
tial to his well-being to nourish the
social side of his nature as to feed the
mental and the physical.—Success.

CHARACTER

A man may be famous as a musician, a
linguist, a scientist, famous and
eminent in any one or all the arts
and sciences and yet may not have de-
veloped that which is best in him and
will support him through life as a gen-
uine, moral, Christian character.

Knowledge and science without charac-
ter is a curse. Our Saviour calls such
whitened sepulchres; they are like a
corpse decked out with precious gar-
ments and jewels—like an adobe built
beautifully whitewashed—in one word
such so-called education is a sham. It
is not a development of what is noblest
in man; it is a decking out, a bedizen-
ing of a pitiable monstrosity. Let us
look at this thing so precious, without
which all refinement, culture, knowl-
edge, art and science is a mere sham.
What is this thing so precious that
alone can give value to man's acquire-
ments?

The first meaning of the word "charac-
ter" is an engraved mark. In silver-
ware you look for the mark: sterling.
When you find that mark you know that
the article is solid silver—that it is not
silverplated. This word "sterling" is
the mark or character that indicates
the value of the article. Every person
bears a mark that indicates his
worth. This mark we all reveal by our
conversation and conduct. Broadly
speaking character means marked in-
dividuality. In this sense we speak of
a weak or firm character—of a disolute
or dishonest character; of a noble and
sterling character. A moral Christian
character means life dominated by
moral, Christian principles as opposed
to life dominated by mere impulses from
within, or circumstances from without.
Christian principles are truths of religion,
deeply rooted in the mind and
elevated into standards of judgment,
feeling, and action, consistently applied
to life.

Take for example the words of St. Paul:
"All the law is fulfilled in one word—
Thou shalt love thy neighbor as
thyself." Illumine this doctrine by
the words of Our Saviour, "By this
shall all men know that you are My
disciples if you love one another; this
is My commandment that you love one
another as I have loved you: whatever
you do to the least of men, you do to
Me." Ponder these divine words
prayerfully, apply them to life and con-
duct consistently; and see what a mar-
velous transformation under the influ-
ence of divine grace, they will work in
your lives. They will check pride and
arrogance and injustice; they will foster
kindness and consideration for the
feelings of others.

Not only have we transformed human
society—they are at the root of all that
is noble and Christ like in man.
An ideal Christian character is the
embodiment of all Christian and moral
principles. Jesus Christ is the one
great divine ideal life. He is the Saint
of Saints. In Him we see the glory of
the Only-begotten Son of the Father, full
of grace and truth. The saints are bright
copies of this perfect ideal, and Mary,
the Queen of Saints, is the ideal of
Christian womanhood.

If to a noble, sterling, Christian charac-
ter is wedded the magic power of
knowledge, culture, and art, then we
have an enlightened, cultured Chris-
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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A QUESTION OF HONESTY

There was a ball game between the
two rival teams for the honor of the
city of Iowa, scheduled to take place
on the afternoon of the Wednesday of
the second last week of school. The
event was one of great local importance
and the boys of St. Paul's High school
of Ashington had ranged themselves on
the side for their State, and looked
forward to the day with great interest.
The boys eagerly watched the weather that
day, and when they could make a
noise they wanted without reproach of
any kind. But alas for best laid plans!
Wednesday was a day on which the
heavens opened their floodgates and let
loose a waste of waters, in consequence
of which the ball game had to be post-
poned to the following Wednesday. The
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any kind. But alas for best laid plans!

After greeting the teacher and pupils
Brother Thomas said: "I am sure that
I bring disappointment with me. I
know that you are anxious to see the
ball game, but as this is the last
week of school and one of the last days,
and there are still so many important ex-
aminations to be held, I find it neces-
sary to have the examination in Algebra
tomorrow afternoon. As High school
boys you cannot afford to miss this
examination and though you may find it
hard to forego the pleasure of seeing
the ball game, I am sure you will not
hesitate to make the sacrifice."
Seeing the keen disappointment of
their faces and knowing the struggle
that was going on in their souls, Brother
Thomas, who was still in heart a boy,
said by way of encouragement: "Every
one can do what is easy—it requires
character to accomplish difficult
things."

This statement of Brother Thomas
had done duty under many circum-
stances and at unlooked for times, but
never before had it been used against
the attraction of a ball game. It ap-
pealed to the boys' sense of humor and
they greeted it with a laugh that
cleared the atmosphere for every one
except John Taylor, who still wore a
scowl on his face. Brother Thomas
failed to see it, however, and it was not
till John was on the street that he ex-
plained the scowl to his companions.

"If my father says I can go to the
game I'm going, and I don't care what
old Thomas says! I don't care whether
I pass the examination or not."

John was not on the list of incor-
rigibles nor was he an obstinate boy
usually, but he was passionately fond
of a ball game and he lacked a keen sense
of honor. In most of the examinations
of this, his second last year, he had
barely made a passing mark and he was
not above copying from a companion's
paper or taking information in any way

he could obtain it. In fact, in the last
history examination he had made copious
use of a dictionary to the time and used
them to good advantage, but in handing
in the paper, he had, without knowing
it, also passed in the notes. Brother
Thomas said nothing, but he determined
to watch the guilty one for the future.

When John reached home he paid
special attention to the little duties
assigned him by his father. He cut the
grass, trimmed the walks off nicely and
watered the lawn and sidewalk till it
was a refreshing sight to Mr. Taylor.
After his day's work downtown, the
rest of the evening and the next morn-
ing John made himself generally useful,
without caring to excite too much atten-
tion. As his father was leaving for
work next morning, he said: "Father,
may I go to the ball game this afternoon?
This is the last week of school and we
haven't much to do."

Mr. Taylor thought for a moment and
then said: "I suppose, as there is no
much doing at school so late in the
season you may go."

John knew that if he went to school
at all Brother Thomas would keep him
and so he interpreted permission to go
to the ball game to mean permission to
stay away from school all day.

The boys of the High school joined
the rest early in the game. Since
Brother Thomas had let them go so soon
as they had finished the Algebra ex-
amination without waiting for the
formal dismissal, they were in time to
do good service on the bleachers. When
John saw them he began to think that
he had paid rather high for his fun,
since his classmates would witness most
of the game without having run any
chances of losing promotion. When
Brother Thomas questioned him the fol-
lowing morning regarding his absence
of the previous day, he answered curtly,
"My father said I might go to the ball
game."

Brother Thomas made some remark to
the effect that the game had not lasted
all day, then proceeded to read the
names of those who had passed such
examinations as would justify their
going into the last year of the High
school. The list was published in the
evening paper, and our hero's name was
not on it. Brother Thomas dismissed
the class without saying anything fur-
ther to John. In the meantime he made
a call at Mr. Taylor's office and the
gentleman agreed to leave the matter
in the father's hands.

A cold reception awaited the disap-
pointed boy on his return home. His
father was seated on the porch reading
the evening paper as John turned in at
the gate. He waited until the boy came
in, and as John raised his hat in
salute, he said: "My son, I do not see
your name among those who successfully
completed this year's school work. I
would like to see your report."

John felt in his pocket and reluctantly
handed a much-folded piece of
paper to his father. Mr. Taylor studied
it for what seemed a long time, and
finally said: "How do you account for
this?" pointing to the deficient mark in
Algebra.

John hung his head for a while but at
length blurted out: "I was absent
when the tests took that examination,
and Brother Thomas asked me to de-
fend him. He never did like me any way,
and I won't go to school any more."

"How did you happen to be absent?"
asked his father, ignoring all of the
accompanying statements.

"You told me I might go to the ball
game," was the reply in a tone that ex-
pressed utmost surprise that he should
have forgotten it. "Yes, but did you
tell me that you had an examination that
day, and did you tell me that your
teacher had forbidden you to go?"

"No, sir," was the reply.

"But you received other reports dur-
ing the year, did you not?" inquired
Mr. Taylor.

"Yes, sir," answered John in a hesi-
tating manner.

"Well, I would like to see them," said
his father rather sternly.

"I don't know where they are now,"
the boy replied.

"Who signed them at the time you
received them, or who saw them, who
knows anything about them?" insisted
Mr. Taylor.

"I never brought them home. I signed
them myself and returned them," ad-
mitted the shame-faced boy.

Mr. Taylor spent some time studying
the face of his son before replying to
any of the admissions he had made.
That he had not been inattentive to
any of them, the boy had ample proof in
what followed.

"My boy," he at length broke the
silence. "I consider myself more at
fault than I do you, for I should have
looked for those quarterly reports and I
should have investigated your conduct
and your lessons. For the reason that I
am to blame inasmuch as I allowed my-
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other things that I failed in my duty to you,
I shall be lenient with you. This does
not mean that I condone or excuse your
want of honor in all these transactions,
it simply means that as you have not

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the thing he had forbidden.

WIT AND HUMOR

"No, Willie," said his mother, "no
more sweets to-night. Don't you
know you can't sleep on a full
stomach?"

"That's all right, mamma," said Willie;
"I can sleep on my back can't I?"

A lawyer entered an eating house
and was immediately approached by a
waiter, who observed cheerfully, "I
have frog's legs, devilled kidneys, pig's
feet, and calves brains."

"Well, said the lawyer sternly, "you
look it, but what's that to me? I came
to eat."

Jimmy had come to school with dirty
hands. His teacher was shocked.

"Jimmy," she said, reprovingly, "your
hands are very dirty. What would you
say if I came to school that way?"

"I wouldn't speak about it," said
Jimmy. "I'd be too polite."

Briggs hired a horse the other day
to take a little exercise. He got more
exercise than he wanted, and as he
limped to the side of the road to rest
himself a kind friend asked him:

"What did you come down so quick
for?"

"What did I come down so quick for?
Did you see anything up in the air to
hold on to?" he asked, grimly.

"This man," he shouted, "is the one
who can most fittingly govern this
haven for the oppressed with his count-