

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE SHINE AT MOTHER'S KNEE

Just let me turn aside awhile And leave the ragged way; Just let me rest a moment now, And find my yesterday.

In halting, whispered plea, To Him Who glorified with peace The shrine at Mother's knee.

FRIENDSHIP

You will like the following definition of friendship: "Friendship is to be valued for what there is in it, not for what can be gotten out of it."

RESULTS, NOT EXCUSES

It is a New Year, a time for examining closely the fabric of our lives to determine how we may do better, how we may accomplish those things which we would like to have to our credit.

Do not attempt to cover over your failure with a mass of words, rather the unadorned fact of the failure as it would be, and resolve that it shall not be.

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HOW IT IS DONE

Young men are generally very impatient when preached to; many are easily irritated when the wrong way is indicated and the right way pointed out.

Their father, hearing of these salaries, decided to visit his sons' employer and find out why they were paid on what seemed to be such an unfair basis.

"I will let them explain for themselves," said the boss, as he pressed a button under his desk.

Three minutes later Jim was back in the office. "She carries a cargo of 2,000 seal skins," reported Jim.

"Thank you, Jim," said the boss. "That will be all." He pressed the button again and Frank, the \$200 man, reported.

"The Oceanic carries 2,000 seal skins," he began. They are offered at \$5 each, so I took a two-day option on them, and I have wired a prospect, offering them to him at \$7.

Then when he had gone the employer turned to the father. "You probably noticed," he said "that—"

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JESUS Jesus, to Thee from ways of sin and sadness, Trusting we turn for rest amid the strife;

Thou art the Way, dear Lord, to Thee for guidance From ways of sorrow and of death we flee;

Thou art the Truth, dear Lord, Thy teaching only True light and wisdom can to us impart;

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Another book by Thomas a Kempis is "The Little Garden of Roses." Do you know this book? Some of the dear sentences are:

SHERIDAN'S PARENTS

One of the sweetest and most pathetic war stories is about the Sheridans, father and mother of Gen. Phil Sheridan.

The old people were living at Somerset, Ohio, when word came that General Sheridan had suffered a great defeat in the Shenandoah Valley.

"I hope you are right, father, but I'm afraid yesterday's news was correct. Phil has had so much good luck I'm afraid he's had bad luck in this battle."

Old Mr. Sheridan was sitting on the steps in front of the store when a man rode up and called out, "Good news from Sheridan!"

account of Sheridan's return to the army; of his turning tide; of the President's message of thanks; of Sheridan's heroic conduct and the complete rout of the enemy.

The paper said it was one of the greatest victories of the war. "That was enough for Mr. Sheridan. He started on a trot to tell Mrs. Sheridan the news about her son's greatest battle."

"Glory to God, mother, glory to God! Phil licked 'em! The President had sent him the country's thanks, and the paper says it was one of the greatest fights of the war."

"What's the matter mother?" "Father, did the paper say anything about John?"

"No, but you know Phil would have sent a despatch if anything had happened to John."

JOHN RUSKIN: A STUDY

Canon Barry in the Liverpool Catholic Times "For truly a well-illuminated Missal is a fairly cathedral full of painted windows, bound together to carry in one's pocket, with the music and the blessing of all its prayers besides."

Who put on record this fiercely enthusiastic witness to the Roman Liturgy, this too little courteous rejection of the Reformers' prayers and hymns? My title has already told you, good reader. It was John Ruskin, the child of Puritan parents, by lineage a Presbyterian Scot or English Evangelical, brought up on King James's Bible—and down to the day of "unconversion," as he called it, from Protestant prejudice here, described, a bigot who preached against Pagan Rome with seemingly unquenchable fervor while discoursing on art.

Ruskin belonged to that unfortunate class of children who are born in the purple. The only offspring of a wealthy father and a sternly-devout mother, he was indulged yet undisciplined, kept from school and comrades, made gentle but stubborn, through all his days.

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A "SCIENTIST'S DISCOVERY"

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At Oxford, in a famous tirade (November, 1884), while showing up the Protestant lack of beauty, he said: "The Reformers and Revolutionists think they have at present got it all their own way. But we Catholics—I call myself one for simplicity's sake being on their side—believe that a day will yet come when we shall again see visions of things that are not as though they were."

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Professor Garner did not agree to this. Anxious to back up his theory with facts, he left for Africa, in the summer of 1892, and claimed to have spent one hundred days in the thick of the jungle, where he watched the monkeys from an iron cage which he had built for that special purpose.

Professor Garner on his return had no exhibits to present to the skeptics beyond his diary. On his second trip, however, he claims to have taken with him a phonograph and a number of records to catch the chattering of these late settlers, whom Darwin and others have conspicuously associated with the evolution of mankind.

"I have known Garner, and I must say from the outset that he was a 'doctor' only because he had himself assumed the title; he might just as well have taken the title of colonel or admiral. I was Vicar-Apostolic of Gabon when he came, and I saw him on the scene of his experiment at Fernan-Vaz. In the United States he has published a work on the simian language. I read the book and found it filled with most fantastic theories. Desirous, no doubt, to back up these strange ideas by some experimental data, Garner announced that he was going to Gabon, which had been described by the American, Du Chaillu, as the home of the gorilla, the strongest and most 'human' of anthropoids. He would go in the thickest of the forest to live in a huge iron cage and there get acquainted with the monkeys whose language he would soon master.

Among certain classes of Americans initiative of this kind is accepted with enthusiasm and receives generous financial support. And so, one day, Garner was sent landing at Libreville. Then he went on to Fernan-Vaz with a huge iron cage, and settled down in the midst of the forest, not very far from the Catholic mission.

"Missions are, as a rule, good-hearted. Father Duleon received Dr. Garner with great kindness and helped him in his new venture, all the while very anxious to see what would happen. He was quite disappointed by what ensued, however.

"After a night spent in his cage, Garner came to the mission. He had not slept a wink, devoured as he had been by mosquitoes, and he was quite indignant at the monkeys for not showing themselves more accessible to his advances. He asked to become the guest of the fathers to continue his studies. He remained there three months, drank all the wine reserve of the mission, and on his departure remitted to Father Duleon in payment for his board a check on a bank which, said to relate, did not exist. And here was all that Dr. Garner had earned from the Fernan-Vaz monkeys to pay his debts with 'monnaie de singe' (monkey money).

"On his return to America he was, however, hailed with enthusiasm. He had been in Gabon; he was bringing back his written observations and he had also taken home with him a little chimpanzee with whom, he pretended, he held conversations. As a matter of fact, the gorilla in question had shown itself refractory to all educational attempt; he was for the savant another disillusion. As to the simian language, is there any need for me to say that it is exactly of the same nature as that of the other beasts of the jungle? Just as this, and even in a lesser degree than some of them, the different kinds of monkeys have different sorts of screechings to express joy, pain, terror, etc., and that is all.

"Garner, however, returned once more to Gabon; but this time he stayed in an English trading-post, where he continued his studies. One must be fair; there the American savant succeeded, if not in mastering the simian language, at least in proving that at times the monkey can raise himself above man. For in that trading-post Garner had a chimpanzee that he had trained to sit at table with him. They used to dine together. It is related, however, that often, too often, in the evening, the monkey was found on the table, whilst the poor doctor was under it. No, frankly, Garner's experiments do not seem to have contributed much to the progress of the great question of our origin.

"Garner died in January, 1920, at Chattanooga. Some of the leading papers announced the fact with these head lines: 'R. L. Garner, discoverer of 'monkey language,' dead.' As for us we know how far to believe this discovery.

"GABRIEL M. MENAGER, S. J." Ore Place, Hastings.

About the year 1900 "Professor" Garner lectured here in the Central High School. His iron cage was with him. From what we have learned about the lecture, it would seem that his youthful audience made a monkey of him.—Catholic Union and Times.

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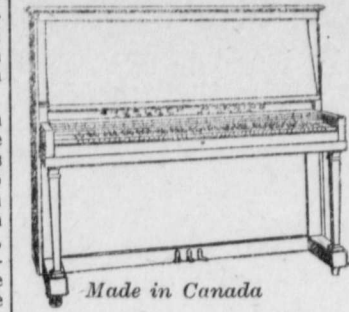
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