

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HE WAS READY

The limited express rolled into the lonely country station and stopped to take on water. The stranger, waiting for the accommodation train, watched the keen-eyed engineer as he leaned out of the cab window and talked with the station agent. It seemed as though the East had stopped for a moment to talk with the West. The engineer seemed to be in close touch with the busy world, while the station agent was a lonely exile.

With his hands on the throttle, the engineer presently glanced back at the fireman, who pushed the big waterspout back from the tender, and the train started. "There goes the best engineer on the road," remarked the agent, turning to the stranger as the last car passed. "He is always to be depended upon, always punctual. Did you notice his hand on the throttle while he was talking with me?" queried the agent. "He was ready to start on the instant. That's Johnson all over. I knew him thirty years ago when he was a boy."

"Johnson was quite a runner in those days. There wasn't but one boy in the school who could outstrip him. One Fourth of July the two competed in a hundred-yard dash. At the crack of the starter's pistol Johnson was off, a fraction of a second ahead of the other. It wasn't much of a start, but it was enough to enable him to cross the tape six inches or so ahead of the other."

"Five years later Johnson entered the employ of this road. He was a wiper, and looked after the engines at one of the roadhouses. It is usually a long road from wiper to engineer. Johnson made a record run for it. While he was a wiper he was busy studying engines, and within two years, what he didn't know about engines was hardly worth knowing. For three years he was fireman on the train which just pulled out. While he was fireman, he kept his eyes open and learned."

"One day his engine was killed and Johnson, taking on a spare fireman, brought the train through from New York. The management was so well pleased with the way he did it that he was at once appointed engineer of the limited. Some of the old engineers grumbled; they said it was an outrage to boost a mere boy of twenty-four over their heads. When I heard about it I couldn't help thinking of that foot-race and the boy he raced with. I saw through it all in a second. Johnson hadn't been boosted; he had just boosted himself—he was ready."

"What became of the boy who raced with him that Fourth of July?" "That—that boy?" stammered the agent, passing his hand across his forehead. "He—he's a freight at a country station."—Frederick E. Burnham.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is a great business asset. Singlehanded, the enthusiast convinces and dominates where a dozen workers, without that essential, would have any success. Enthusiasm overcomes opposition; spurs inaction; carries conviction; storms the citadel of its object; and like a magnet, draws things to itself. It is a force for victory. Put enthusiasm into your work. Do it cheerfully, to the best of your ability, with your heart in it, certain of success. Make the most of your opportunity. Make the best of yourself. Enthusiasm will put new energy into the business. It will win friends, bring power, give influence, and result in profits. It is like sunshine to crops or steam to machinery. Enthusiasm keeps the human dynamo in motion. In the dictionary you will find that word under the letter "E," alongside such excellent associates as "Earnestness," and "Energy," "Eagerness," "Endeavor," "Effort," "Enterprise," "Enlightenment," "Example," "Expeditiousness," "Experience," "Efficiency," and "Effectiveness."

Enthusiasm is a spiritual force that makes success easy.

HURRY

The first great lesson in the Bible story of creation is the need of rest. The Creator set aside one day in seven for rest. Nature herself takes long periods of rest. Man alone spoils his life by hurry. Some Americans have the hurry habit so ingrained in their nature that nearly everything they do is spoiled. They cannot even take their pleasures leisurely. It is always a rush to do something or to get somewhere.

A noted admiral in the Japanese navy was being entertained by a New Yorker a few years ago. One day the admiral was about to board a local train on the subway when his friend said: "Don't take that train, admiral, it is a local. We can save four minutes by taking an express."

"But," said the admiral, "what will you do with the four minutes which you shall save?" "Time is the most precious thing in life, and there is no excuse for wasting it, but the mad American rush to save a minute destroys more nervous energy than can be regained in many minutes. It keeps body and mind in a state of nervous tension that is destructive to health and work. Some of us do not seem to know how to relax."

I often watch people going into the city on morning trains and cars whose facial expression shows that their muscles and brain are on a

strain. Long before they get to their destination, they begin to move uneasily in their seat, all ready to jump, lest they lose a second, or they will get up and stand in the aisle several minutes before the train stops.

Now, a chronic sense of hurry not only interferes with the due performance of work, but it reacts on the person who has it and injures the nervous system. The wisdom of ages has been concentrated in the proverb: "The more hurry the less speed."—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE STORY OF ROSE

Rose went into the church every day during Lent and made the Stations of the Cross. She always offered this pious practice for the relief of the suffering souls in Purgatory.

"I just wonder if I help any of the poor souls, and if they get to heaven quicker because I pray for them," Rose would often sigh to herself. "I wish I could see." One day when she went into the church, as usual, she noticed a well-dressed woman seated in one of the pews.

The stranger intently watched the little girl as she passed from station to station. As Rose crossed from one side of the church to the other she saw that the woman was still seated there.

"I wonder if she's a Catholic," was the child's thoughts. She had finished the beautiful devotion and was kneeling at the altar railing when she felt a slight touch on her shoulder. Rose glanced around to see the face of the stranger close to her own. There were tears in the large dark eyes.

"Please say a little prayer for me, dear," the woman whispered, and when Rose said that she would, the stranger, without genuflecting, passed down the aisle and out of the church.

"I wonder why she didn't kneel and say a prayer for herself," Rose wondered on her way home.

Every day after that, the woman was in the church whenever Rose entered, and she would sit and watch the little girl with evident interest.

"Once, when Rose, after finishing her devotions, passed down the aisle, the woman reached out her hand and drew her to her side.

"You didn't forget me to-day, dear, did you?" she questioned. Rose answered her reassuredly, for she was beginning to feel a deep interest in this strange person who was always dressed so richly, and seemed to have tears in her eyes.

"Perhaps she is a Catholic who has been so unhappy as to give up her religion," said Mrs. Lewis, when Rose told her mother about her new acquaintance.

"She's real rich, I think," added Rose, "for she wears gloves all the time and a silk dress, too." The little girl thought these sufficient evidences of wealth, for she knew that her mother never wore gloves. They were a luxury not to be dreamed of. And a silk dress—why, poor Mrs. Lewis could hardly recall the time that she last wore a silk dress.

Mrs. Lewis was dead, and Mrs. Lewis took in washing and ironing to support herself and three little ones, Rose Johnny and Bob.

"But I'd rather have Our Lord in the tabernacle and you, mother, than all the money and pretty dresses in the world," Rose added, as she embraced her mother effusively.

"I hope you will always feel that way, little girl," said Mrs. Lewis, and she smiled at her daughter's fervent protestations of loyalty.

Sometimes it was very trying to have to work so hard, for the poor woman was far from strong, and it took a great effort to keep the children always dressed properly. But she did the best she could, and bore her crosses with patience and resignation. And the story of the strange woman whom Rose had met, caused the good mother to reflect that money and worldly goods do not always bring happiness, and she felt grateful to God that she possessed the greatest gift of all, that of the true faith.

One day "Rose's lady," as the other children began to call her, followed the child out of the church and inquired her name and where she lived.

"If I send for you some time, will you come and see me?" the woman then asked. Rose said that she certainly would.

For about a week after that day the little girl missed her friend in the church. Then, one afternoon a young woman who said she was Mrs. Raymond's maid came to the Lewis home and asked if Rose could come to see Mrs. Raymond, who had been quite ill. Mrs. Lewis gave her daughter permission to go, and Rose was simply awestruck at sight of the beautiful home to which she was conducted.

Mrs. Raymond, propped up among her pillows, gave her visitor a cordial welcome, and her pale face brightened at sight of the little girl to whom she had become warmly attached.

Rose's rapturous remarks over the elegant pictures and other furnishings of the room, as well as the questions she asked, led Mrs. Raymond to conclude that the child's family had not much of this world's goods. "I suppose you would like to have a beautiful house like this," she asked, smiling at the bright-faced little girl who was still gazing about her in undisguised admiration.

Rose clasped her hands in her lap. "Well," she said, "it isn't the house that I'd want most. I'd rather have nice things for mother to wear—gloves and pretty dresses, like you have. But when I'm big I'll go to work, and then she'll have everything she needs. I just wish I could grow up quick in a night." And Rose laughed a merry little laugh.

Mrs. Raymond became sad and thoughtful. "Little girl," she said slowly, "I would willingly give every thing—my fine house and clothes and wealth—if I could just have your trusting faith and goodness."

"The child looked up at her with smiling eyes. "O, how I do wish you were a Catholic. It's much better than money and clothes, or—anything. And indeed, I wouldn't exchange my religion for anything else in the world."

Mrs. Raymond's eyes were full of tears. "Child," she said earnestly, "may you always feel as you do now, and may you never, never abandon your religion for worldly gain. But I'm sure you never will. Now, dear I feel as though I could sleep. I'm very sick, Rose, and you must not forget to pray for me. Come in again to-morrow after school, won't you?"

Rose promised that she would come on the following day and then went home. The woman felt ashamed to tell the child that she was a Catholic who had renounced her faith for wealth and pleasure. But now she was afflicted with a fatal malady, and not having the strength and consolation that religion alone could afford her she was very sad and unhappy indeed.

She had stepped into the church one day when she was out for a walk. It was not to pray, for a prayer had not passed her lips in many a year. But she was weary and wanted to rest awhile. Then, as she sat in the cool, pretty church, Rose came in, and the woman was struck with her air of faith and devotion. Ever after Mrs. Raymond came each afternoon to watch the little girl, and to think over the happy days of her own childhood. Somehow it seemed peaceful and comforting—the sight of this innocent soul intent upon her prayers. Finally the lady became too ill to go out and it was then that she sent for Rose.

The child's quick eye saw that her new friend was becoming paler and weaker each day. What if she should die! Rose longed to be able to assist this poor soul that was drifting rapidly toward eternity, bereft of all help and consolation.

During her visit one day, the child approached the bed to adjust the sick woman's pillows, when to her surprise, she noticed a small gold medal of the Immaculate Conception suspended from a fine chain from her neck.

Rose gave a low exclamation of surprise. "Why, Mrs. Raymond! Oh, I am so glad. Why you are a Catholic, after all, aren't you? You are wearing the Blessed Virgin's medal." Mrs. Raymond burst into tears. "It won't do me any good," she sobbed. "I've neglected God too long now. But I can't die this way, no, I can't."

Rose was deeply affected. "O, dear Mrs. Raymond, the Blessed Mother will help you if you ask her. Won't you say a 'Hail Mary' with me?"

The little girl knelt at the bedside and between sobs the woman responded to the prayers that Rose repeated.

Then, to the child's great joy, Mrs. Raymond said as Rose stood up, "Little one, could you call a priest for me?"

Rose threw her arms impulsively about the dying woman's neck. "Mrs. Raymond," she exclaimed, "see how the Blessed Mother is helping you! I'll run and tell the priest to come right away." And she did as she promised, and then conducted the good priest to the home of her sick friend. Then she hurried to her own home in great spirits to relate everything to her mother.

The next day when Rose went to visit Mrs. Raymond, Mrs. Lewis accompanied her to see if she could be of any service to the invalid.

"I've brought mother to see you," was the little girl's announcement as they entered the room.

The two women gazed at each other for a few minutes. "Clara!" "Grace!" they exclaimed simultaneously, and Mrs. Lewis rushed forward and embraced Mrs. Raymond, whose face glowed through her tears.

Then Rose learned that her mother and Mrs. Raymond had been schoolmates when they were girls, and were as fond of each other as though they were sisters, sharing every little secret and joy. In fact they were almost inseparable, always together, even at Mass and the Sacraments.

When grown to young womanhood, Clara had married a wealthy non-Catholic, to the deep regret of her family and friends and her childhood friend, Grace, felt broken-hearted indeed over what she knew was a serious mistake in the life of her dearly loved Clara.

As time passed, the girls lost trace of each other, until now they met again just as Clara was about to pass from life; but happy, indeed, were these two former schoolmates to meet one more after so many years.

Mrs. Raymond told her friend of how she had for years abandoned her Faith, but now, through the pity of Mrs. Lewis' little Rose she had become reconciled to God and was once more at peace. And how happy Rose felt to think that she had been able to help the poor woman in her little way still, she

knew that God and the Blessed Mother had really done it all.

So Mrs. Lewis and her little daughter daily visited the rapidly failing woman and when death finally came a few months later, they knelt at her bedside with the priest of God, and had the happiness of knowing that the poor, tempest-tossed soul passed peacefully into eternity with the holy Name on her lips.

And just before breathing her last, her gaze wandered from the crucifix she was clasping and rested on the sweet, innocent face of Rose close at her side.

"God bless—you little one—don't forget me!" she whispered, with a happy smile.

To-day the Lewis family occupy the beautiful, palatial home once owned by the wealthy Mrs. Raymond who also left her entire fortune to the friend of her early days.

And Rose is very happy, for mother and Johnny and Bob don't have to wear shabby clothing any longer. Neither does she, but for her own interests she cares but little, for Rose is a most unselfish little girl whose one thought is for the happiness of those around her.

But the deepest joy that fills her heart is the knowledge that dear Mrs. Raymond died a peaceful, happy death. Rose may still be seen making the Stations as was her pious practice of old. And there is one dearly-loved soul in particular that always has a special remembrance in her prayers.—From The Tidings.

WORLD TODAY HAS FALSE GOSPEL

There is staring the Catholic in the face a multiplicity of modern problems. These do not originate with himself nor with his Church. They are the outcome of a quasi-materialistic age, of a century when a new gospel is supplanting that of Christ. The spirituality of the Galilean in some eyes does not fit this eminently progressive age; the morals he inculcated and imposed upon men to obey are no longer fitted "for the good of the people."

A new code must be evolved from the spirit of the times, suited to these days as they are, and destined to better them as they advance. The cry of society is the voice to be listened to now—not that of the Church re-echoing the words of Christ. The latter was good when times were in accordance with them, but discordancy is floating abroad today, and something must be done to restore harmony. As this discordancy results from the impossibility of reconciling the mighty and great society of to-day with the Society of Christ's Christians, a new method for Christians must be planned and adopted. Never must society be changed from a fine chain from her neck.

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these our times. Man must be served—laws, even those of God, must be bent for his temporal good. Where it would be better to obey for his spiritual good, but less beneficial for his temporal welfare, he will disobey to advance the latter.

Catholics are not taught such a doctrine, for it is a false one. They are given the right and the means to obtain their material welfare, but only to serve them for their spiritual good. Never should they neglect the morally necessary spiritual for the physical, and where a sacrifice is to be made, they must manfully make it for a high motive. Otherwise, they could never be followers of Christ; never would they take up their cross and follow Him. Had He given in to the demands of His enemies, He could not have done His Father's work. If Christians give in to the fads and fancies and distorted modernism of society today, they lose the benefits of Christ's Passion and do not save their souls.

Some of the anti-Christian theories and practices of the day that Catholics must often live amidst, but do not become adherents to, are Divorce, Sex Hygiene, Eugenics, Sociology, in its exaggerated form, and Birth Control. It seems that the times are sanctioning these unpractical and unwarranted theories to the extent, if possible, of having laws passed in the future to force them to some degree upon the people. They are much talked about—the yellow sheets especially are displaying doctrines about them, and the blatant blustering arch-reformer of the day is airing them, especially when addressing congresses of ignorant, gullible people. But their public advertising, their frequent practices, can never justify Catholics to take part in them. They are absolutely at variance with God's commandments and Christ's teachings, and Catholics need not be told that their duty ever, even unto death, is to God and to their Church.

We do not say that it is easy for Catholics to withstand these new theories and practices even today, and we realize that it will be more difficult in the future as they become more widely disseminated among the luxurious, materialistic element of the human race, but this affords them no excuse. Christ died on Calvary to strengthen, defend, and testify to the truths of which these modern-day reformations are the opposite. Surely His followers will not fail to make some sacrifice to become those in the world who uphold and practice what He taught and died for.—Denver Register.

What modern nations need at this time is not a new Gospel, but the practise of the old one.

MY GOD AND ALL I cannot soar and sing, my Lord and Love, No eagle's wing have I, No power to rise and greet my King above, No heart to fly, Creative Lord Incarnate, let me be changed! My heavy self on Thee; Nor let my utter weakness come between Thy strength and me. —ROBERT HUGH BENSON.

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Nature has given us two ears but only one mouth.—Disraeli.

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