

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

COMPETITION IS BENEFICIAL

Competition is a good thing for most men. It spurs them on to their best effort. But for a few—the very few—the knowledge that someone else is trying for the same thing seems to make cowards of them.

The man who is made of the right kind of stuff will keep on climbing—every day a little more gained. A good salesman does not get discouraged by the knocks and pushing of competitors, all striving for the same thing he is after, and only too ready to help him fall, if he shows the slightest signs of fail.

Not every man can be at the head of his class, but on the other hand he can keep from being at the tail. Competition is a good thing. It makes a man energetic, careful and more attentive to details. It is a great mistake to suppose there is only so much business to be had. No one man can get all the business. Personality attracts some—repels others, and there is always plenty of business for the right man.—Catholic Columbian.

HOW TO WIN

A young man from the country on going to a great city asked a noted editor how he could win fame and fortune and received the following excellent reply:

First, get rid of all "excelsior" nonsense, stay below and let the glaciers and mountain peaks take care of themselves.

Second, do your work well, no matter what it is. Study your business. Make yourself master of it by putting your head and heart into it. If it is bookkeeping, then keep books. If you are a mechanic, artisan, or farmer, be proud of your self, and the rest of the world will soon be proud of you. Nothing is needed so much in this generation as a man with skilled fingers. You may have a long pull, but the clock will strike an unexpected hour and the opportunity—which comes to everybody in time, but which most people miss—will present itself.

Third, save money. The world may laugh at you because you can't have a four-in-hand neck-tie. All right, let it laugh. You are your own world and the people who sneer are simply outside barbarians. When they see that \$5 bill growing bigger than you and sending you to congress, keep within your income and you will save yourself from skulking around the corner like a kicked dog when the dun is on your track. The handiest thing on the planet is the penny laid up for a rainy day.

Now, young sir, get rid of the nonsense that you are a genius, settle down to the conclusion that you are just an average boy and then start in. Keep yourself alert, look after your digestive apparatus, don't smoke cigarettes, get to bed early, be square-toed in all your dealings, and we will wager a cookie that at sixty you will have to look backward for those who began the race you did.—Sacred Heart Review.

AMBITION

Ambition is the spark plug that ignites the oil of effort. No man ever succeeded without ambition and some have failed because of it.

Be ambitious, but don't be too lazy in that ambition. Focus ambition and it will turn defeat into victory. The man who vaguely imagines that he wants to succeed to own a business, to be rich, to get on—will never find the fabled Castle of Achievement.

Men who travel, if they wish to reach a destination, know in advance where they are going. We live in a practical world; we aim to eliminate waste and lost motion; we want results—quick! Therefore, know where we are going.

Brutus was ambitious, but his ambition was not tempered by a desire to serve and benefit. Brutus was the original Wallingford. He wanted to get rich quick, to become Caesar overnight. Brutus' ambition led downward.

If a man would grow big in life, let him never lose his ambition. When one goal is reached, let him marshal all his armies and resources to win again on the morrow. Be up and doing! Never let the sun go down at night with your ambition dead and your ardor cooled.

Men who are ambitious never grow old, for they have found Ponce de Leon's magic fountains. Ambition leads men on and on, through every adversity. When success has crowned our efforts, we find that ambition has taken wings again and on the morrow we break camp to follow.

Ambition has built cities, tilled the fields, populated the waste places, drained swamps and dug graves.

Ambition is the child of Eternity. Eternity is the distance between Sunrise and Sunset. We are in the Now; we are fighting for our ambition—and we are winning! There is no other way to win.

Ambition is power.—St. Paul Bulletin.

A noble deed is a step toward God.—J. G. Holland.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A BOY FOREVER

Now that the little boy we loved is dead, The happy and the holy life he led— With thoughts of this our hearts are comforted.

Now that his soul has passed beyond our ken, Now that we know that in this world of men Never we'll see his fair young face again.

The thought of how he lived in heaven's smile, Frank, loyal, generous and free from guile— 'Tis this sustains our stricken hearts the while.

Hard though the blow, and bitter though the test, Surely God's wisdom knew what thing was best When from our side He took him to His breast.

For who can tell how youthful feet may range? Who knows what follies may the heart estrange? But now he'll never grieve us, never change.

And ever as we come to where he lies, Faith, like an angel pointing to the skies, Will still reveal him to our loving eyes.

Forever young, and happy with a joy That nothing can diminish or destroy; Forever as we saw him last—a boy!

—DENNIS A. MCCARTHY.

SAINT SCHOLASTICA

Saint Scholastica was the sister of the great Saint Benedict. When quite young she took counsel with her spiritual director and at time of prayer and penance she consecrated her life to God.

After Saint Benedict established his monastery at Mount Cassino, Saint Scholastica established her retreat at Plombariola, not far distant from Mount Cassino.

During all the years the brother and sister lived only five miles apart. Sister Scholastica never entered the monastery established by her brother. Once a year they met. Then they spent their time in conferring about spiritual matters. Saint Scholastica, finding that her brother had no intention of remaining, began to ask God to make him remain. Soon such a storm arose that Saint Benedict and his companions were obliged to remain.

"God forgive you, sister. What have you done?" said Saint Benedict.

She answered: "I asked of you a favor, and you refused me; I asked of Almighty God, and He has granted it to me."

Saint Benedict was obliged to remain and all night they conversed on things relating to God and the sanctification of souls. The morning was clear and every bush and tree seemed to have had a thorough cleansing. The birds warbled their sweet notes and the rising sun seemed like a messenger from Heaven.

Three days after Saint Scholastica died. Historians are agreed that she left the earth about the year 543. What wonderful trust she had in God is shown by the favor she asked Him the last time she saw her brother on earth.—Sunday Companion.

THE STORY OF GERTRUDE'S BIRD

In the days of old it chanced that once when Our Lord and St. Peter were journeying through the land, they became weary and hungry, and stopped at the door of a woman who at the time was baking bread.

"Will you give us some of the bread you are baking?" they asked of Gertrude, the mistress of the house.

"Of course I will," she replied. "I'll bake you a bannock."

So Gertrude rolled out a very small piece of dough and put it on the griddle. A wonderful thing happened then. The tiny piece of dough swelled to such a size that it covered the entire griddle.

"Oh!" said Gertrude, "I cannot give away a fine large cake like that. I will make a small one!"

Again she took some dough from her pan, but oh! such a very, very little piece that it looked ridiculous on the great iron griddle.

Again did the dough swell until it covered the griddle and became a fine large well-browned bannock.

"This one is also too large," said stinging Gertrude: "I cannot afford to give it away!"

A third time she took a piece of dough from her pan, but it was so small it could scarcely be seen when placed on the griddle.

For the third time did the dough swell and swell until it equalized in size the other two bannocks she had baked.

"I cannot give away this one either," said Gertrude. "You had better go on further. I have nothing for you today!"

Then Our Lord was wroth with the inhospitable grudging Gertrude said to her: "As you will not give me a morsel of food from your bounteous store, this shall be your punishment for evermore: You shall become a bird, and only when it rains shall you get caught to drink, and only 'neath the bark of the tree shall you find your food!"

And it was even as the Lord decreed. Gertrude became a great

black woodpecker, the red hood she had been wearing on her head becoming a red crest, and away she flew up the chimney, and ever since has the black red-crested woodpecker been called in Norway "Gertrude's Bird." —Jane Campbell in Rosary Magazine.

THE NOBLEST WOMEN ON THIS EARTH

LATE COLONEL CODY'S TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC NUNS

Buffalo Bill (Colonel William Frederick Cody) the great scout and showman, had some thought of becoming a Catholic long before he was on his deathbed, according to facts that have come to light since the story of his baptism was printed, says the Denver Catholic Register. Several years ago, when Colonel Cody was paying a visit to Denver, Stanley McGinnis, who has a national reputation as a color photography expert and lecturer, went by appointment to take some pictures of Buffalo Bill. Five or six men were with him to see the scout, when a couple of Catholic Sisters who had some business with Colonel Cody made their appearance. With his characteristic gallantry, Buffalo Bill immediately waived aside all the men and had the Sisters admitted immediately to his presence. When they were going, Colonel Cody made this remark about them:

"Those dear Sisters belong to the noblest women on this earth. They're always doing good. They don't ask you 'What's your religion?' either. You know there's some Catholic blood in my family, and I'm not so far apart from them as you might think."

"The Catholic Messenger" of Davenport, Iowa, Colonel Cody's native State, says:

"Catholics of this community will have reason to rejoice that Buffalo Bill, generally beloved, even at the hour of death came back into his own, for Catholics of Scott county will recall that he was born of Catholic parentage and that his mother is buried in the little Cemetery of St. Ann at Long Grove, the God's acre under the shadow of St. Ann's Church, where are gathered many of the old Irish and French pioneers who made history here in the early day."

"Colonel Cody never visited Davenport that he did not make a pilgrimage to the grave of his mother. No matter how intense the heat during the professional season nor how many the social and business engagements to be met, Colonel Cody never failed to visit St. Ann's, and he has been known to withdraw from pleasant convivial gatherings where he was the centre of attraction that he might pay his tribute to the mother who bore him. Undoubtedly the prayers of that good mother gave him the grace of a deathbed baptism and repentance."

When Colonel Cody was a boy, it is doubtful if there was a priest within miles of his home. So it is not surprising that he was not reared in the Catholic faith. The Catholic Church lost thousands of members in the early days of the West in this way—and is losing them yet.

WHERE ATMOSPHERE IS TRULY CATHOLIC

REV. W. D. O'BRIEN SEES SCANT EVIDENCE OF IT IN PUBLIC LIFE IN UNITED STATES

In certain parts of Europe the traveler is impressed by the "Catholic atmosphere." As he speeds along a country road, instinctively he dons his hat at the wayside shrine of the crucifixion. It is not an uncommon thing to see a cross over the door of the house, or an image of the Blessed Virgin, or of a saint, at its eaves.

Motoring through the villages that cluster about the Bay of Naples, the writer was stopped by a little procession coming along the roadside, writes Rev. W. D. O'Brien in Extension Magazine. It was the village padre, carrying the Blessed Sacrament to some departing souls. Four of the old villagers proudly carried the canopy under which the priest walked, followed by the women and children chanting the "Pange lingua."

One even observes a touch of this "Catholic atmosphere" in some of our larger American cities in certain Italian quarters, when on feasts of the Blessed Virgin men and women proudly parade in her honor.

Perhaps you have met the priest who claims that he can tell a Catholic at sight, but in these days of ancient luxuries and modern vanities we hold that this is an impossibility. The custom of Catholic men raising their hats to the Blessed Sacrament as they pass a Catholic Church, is about the only evidence of "Catholic atmosphere" that we find in our public life in the United States. The laws and prejudices of a portion of the people of the United States of America have so regulated the manners and customs of Catholics that it is not considered good form for the latter to project their religious ideas on the former by any public display. As a result all customs and practices which create a distinctly Catholic atmosphere are confined mostly to the home.

A generation ago the visitor could tell a Catholic home immediately upon entrance. A crucifix, a statue of the Blessed Virgin, or a picture of a favorite saint, adorned the walls; but now these articles of devotion are relegated to the bed-chambers, if

APPLES, ORANGES, FIGS AND PRUNES

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indeed they are permitted even there. American paganism has penetrated into Catholic homes to such an extent that the crucifix has been superseded by the gold trophy, and the image of the Blessed Virgin by a kewpie!

THE OLD FASHIONED HOMESTEAD Catholic atmosphere is being displaced by the fetid odor of modern materialism, save for the distinguished Catholic who, by tagging a medal of St. Christopher, the patron of travelers, on his automobile, thinks thereby to save himself the expense of a smash-up.

Catholic atmosphere is perhaps more frequently found in country places and in small towns than in our larger cities. The bustling life of the city gives little thought to the decorating of a fire room flat. It is only in the old homestead that Catholic atmosphere may be found.

One must boast of "alien" ancestors in order to recall the beautiful May evenings when the family gathered before the crucifix, or the picture of the Blessed Virgin, in order to recite the rosary. It is a pious practice that is kept up in some Catholic homes even now, and which gives a Catholic atmosphere that is unmistakable.

Just as those who continue this practice in their home were impressed in their youth, so their children's minds will be influenced and years of indifference that might follow can not destroy the effects.—Catholic Transcript.

GRATITUDE

The great surgeon left the hospital one bitterly cold day and drove away. A most difficult operation performed that morning had saved a life—a very valuable life—but not a word of gratitude has he received from anyone.

"That's all in the game, I suppose," he reflected as he turned his car into a busy street, who continue this practice in their home were impressed in their youth, so their children's minds will be influenced and years of indifference that might follow can not destroy the effects.—Catholic Transcript.

A frightened horse, dragging two wheels of a broken cart, ran past. A few moments later the surgeon's car sped in pursuit. On the seat beside the neatly-clad doctor now sat, peering anxiously ahead, a coarse, grimy teamster in leather coat and dingy cap. Since the auto could not increase its speed on the busy street, the race was run for thirty blocks with the heavy draft-horse stall in the lead, but finally a motorcycle policeman headed him off.

Probably no one saw the hand-grasp of two men as they parted—the kind, skillful surgeon who had willingly driven thirty blocks in pursuit of the horse, and the smiling grateful teamster. And both were great? To be sure, for the humble cart-driver, with no thought of his own comfort, stripped off the heavy leather coat and hung it over the steaming, grizzling animal, then tenderly patted its shaggy neck.

"It is, indeed, satisfying to receive gratitude," thought the doctor, remembering the hearty, sincere handshake. Still smiling thankfully after the departing auto, the coatless man shivered in the bitter cold, but seemed not to care, since he, in turn understood the meaning of the caress of a rough nose upon his shoulder.—Dawley Palmer in (Dumb Animals).

LIFT YOUR HATS

Don't be afraid or ashamed to lift your hat when passing a Catholic church. The Lord of Hosts will be the more mindful of you and the sincere onlooker will be edified. At bottom humanity has a good deal of use for the man who is consistent and who lives up to his convictions—religious or otherwise. Thousands of converts have been made by actions which in themselves seem of no consequence. The Sign of the Cross at meals—the raising of the hat in saluting the church—the reverent saluting of God's minister when going his daily round among the sick and sad—these simple acts have set many an honest man and woman asking themselves soul-searching questions. Times without number we have heard converts assert that their first steps on the road to the Church were taken as the result of witnessing these public evidences of Catholic faith.—Pittsburgh Observer.

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WHO WOULD EVER have expected to see you here? I thought you left Canada some years ago. My, Bill! I look just as natural as ever. Let me see now, it must be thirty years the time that your father and my father were attending a meeting in Toronto and were staying at the Walker House. Gee! Those were the happy days. I will never forget. My! How you laughed at me when I fell sliding on the clean floor of the Office of the Hotel. My D-d thought it was a shame to dirty that clean floor. Have you been in Toronto lately? Is that so? I was there myself last week. My Gosh! they have got the House fixed up beautifully, and the Meals are just as good as ever. In fact, I think they are a little better. It does seem an old timer of that Hotel a lot of go in there. Mr. Wright, the Proprietor, is on the job all the time, moving around to see that everybody is attended to. Nothing escapes his eye. No doubt there will be lots of other Hotels in Toronto, and many of them pretty good ones, Billy, but there is only one WALKER HOUSE for mine. Well, Good-Bye Old Chap! All right, that's a Go! Walker House next Tuesday. Mind your Step, you are getting old now, Bill. Good-Bye!

Know how to listen and you will profit even from those who talk badly.—Plutarch.

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SHE DARKENED HER GRAY HAIR

A Kansas City Lady Darkened Her Gray Hair and Stimulated Its Growth by a Simple Home Process

She Tells How She Did It

A well-known resident of Kansas City, Mo., who darkened her gray hair by a simple home process, made the following statement: "Any lady or faded hair, stimulate its growth and make it soft and glossy with this simple recipe, which they can mix at home. To half pint of water add 1 oz. of bay rum, 1 small box of Orlex Compound and 1 oz. of glycerine. These ingredients can be purchased at any drug store at very little cost. Apply to the hair every other day until the gray hair is darkened sufficiently. This mixture relieves itching and is excellent for dandruff. It does not stain the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off. It will make a gray haired person look 10 to 20 years younger."

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