

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"How I Fooled My Boss." On a street car recently I overheard a sneering young man of about twenty-one, telling two companions how he managed to cheat his employer out of an hour and a half's time every day for over a year.

He was out a great deal with the boys and got on an average, only about five and a half hours' sleep a night. This not being sufficient, he managed to sleep an hour and a half each day during business hours.

He went on to describe a large door situated just back of the private office in the store, which, when open, cut off quite a little corner of space in such a way that he could seclude himself there without danger of being seen.

Several of the other clerks knew about this retreat, and they took turns during the day, so that some one of them was resting or sleeping there most of the day.

One of his companions asked the young man how he managed to avoid detection. He replied that the door opened into a passageway, and was never closed in the daytime; that the boss never had occasion to look behind it, and that he would not be likely to miss one clerk among so many; and that even if he did, there was always someone who would give the signal.

So together the young men managed to cheat their employer out of the equivalent of one man's entire time. I had been admiring this young man's striking appearance before he told his story. He had a splendid head, and a very strong face, and I had said to myself, "How I wish I could tell that young man what great possibilities are before him if he is only equal to his opportunity."

Yet, on the very threshold of his career he was systematically cheating his employer, and glorying in his cleverness in doing it. Think of a young man with such possibilities boasting of stealing an hour and a half's time a day without detection!

This young man would probably have been horrified at the mere suggestion of stealing the value of an hour and a half's work out of his employer's money drawer, but he was really doing the same thing. He thought he was getting the best of it, but was he?

Did he realize that every time he practiced this deception he was taking infinitely more out of himself than out of his employer, that he was putting an indelible stain upon his name, branding an indelible scar upon his character?

Did he realize that he was forming a habit which would blunt his ability to distinguish between right and wrong; that every deception he practised on his employer would make another and a larger one more possible and easier; that familiarity with wrong would dull his conscience until the hideousness of the sin no longer acted as a deterrent to other wrongs?

There are tens of thousands of men in the great failure army to-day, who thought they were getting the best of their employer in their younger days because they clipped their hours, shirked their work. They thought they were going to get on in the world just as you do; but, before they realized it, they had fastened upon themselves the habit of cheating, of deceiving, until they gradually become so dishonest that they not only were not promoted, but either lost their positions, as well as the value of what he gets. He may have gained a few dollars, but he has lost a great slice of his self-respect, he has lost that which all the money in the world can never restore. There is a smirch on his escutcheon, a stain on his character which all the seas can not wash out.

Just compare the little advantage which you think you get from stealing your employer's time with the infinite satisfaction which would come to you from the consciousness of being loyal to him, true to his interests, true to yourself!

Think how mean and contemptible and humiliated you would feel if your daily theft were discovered! Then your employer's confidence would be gone forever. You never could recover it. He might try to forget your sin, but he never would. The chances are you would be discharged, and this thing which may seem so small to you, may follow you through life and trip you up everywhere you go.

when he had been careless or indifferent or ignorant.

"Every time, he concluded, "that a customer comes in and asks for you personally, it counts for you and counts for the store. Your business is to make yourself wanted."

It is the secret of success in business; it is not also the secret of success in every place in life! In the home, in the church, in the school, everywhere the one whose work is thorough and cheerful and enthusiastic is the one who is making the most of his life. "Make yourself wanted" and you will soon know the joy of solid success.

Moderation in Exercise. Too much exercise is as bad as too little. Great athletes, great pugilists, great oarsmen are not always the healthiest men or the longest-lived.

Sooner or later they are apt to try the muscles and the nerves too far, and they go to pieces often at an age when much more delicate men are still fit for the work and the pleasures of life.

Moderation is the lesson taught by science and experience in regard to physical exercise, a lesson which is needed by the amateur athlete quite as much as the professional. The bicycle has unquestionably been a blessing to thousands of men who have used it with discretion.

It is to be hoped that it will not be converted into an instrumentality for evil by the making of extraordinary records, or by made to do permanent service as the feature of public exhibitions of endurance.

Bear Your Burden Like a Man. Every man must bear his own burden, and it is a fine thing to see anyone trying to do it manfully, carrying his cross bravely, silently, patiently, and in a way which makes you hope that he has taken for his pattern the greatest of all sufferers.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FRITZ AND THE PURSE OF GOLD. What was the matter with Fritz? Evidently something ailed him, but no one seemed to be able to state just what it was.

There was a dull, sluggish look in his eyes, his face looked pallid, and nearly all the time he complained of a headache. His shoulders were rounded, his muscles were not firm and active, as they should be; he slept poorly, and as for his appetite, why, it had to be coaxed and coddled like an old man's.

Above all things that disagreed with Fritz, work was the worst. And so mother watched closely to prevent his ever doing any work.

And never were there kinder neighbors. Each and every one took an interest in poor Fritz, sending in every kind of herb tea that they had ever heard of, every drop of which Fritz gratefully gulped down, but to no avail, for he grew no better.

"Poor fellow!" sighed the neighbors. "What on earth can be the trouble with him? Why cannot some one find out?"

"Dear me! What will ever become of my poor boy when I am gone!" thought his distressed mother, who felt her life of grinding toil and trouble was soon to end.

And, sure enough, she presently died, leaving Fritz nothing but her humble but snug little cottage and her garden and orchard. The latter were straggly and poorly kept, and now that the mother was gone, they seemed fated to die from neglect.

"Oh, dear! What is to become of poor me!" thought Fritz one evening, as he sat at his cottage door. Just then he heard a voice addressing him from the gate.

"Good evening, Master Fritz." It was the old village schoolmaster who had come to call on his old pupil.

"Fritz," said he, my friendship for your father and grandfather gives me an interest in you, and I am going to tell you a secret which I believe you have never heard. There is a purse of gold buried somewhere in this garden of yours.

"What! a purse of gold!" cried Fritz, excitedly. "Point out the spot, if you please, sir, and I shall dig it up."

"But I don't know the spot," said the old man. "It is somewhere here, however, and faithful digging will discover it sooner or later."

"Dear me!" sighed Fritz. "If only I were strong, so that I could dig as long as I am necessary!"

"Poor fellow, I forgot that," sympathized the schoolmaster. "But never mind, Fritz. You can comfort yourself with the reflection that whoever lives here after you have gone away will be lucky enough to find and enjoy the gold. Be sure to tell him—or maybe I had better do it—that there is a sort of charm about this purse of gold, for no slack worker will ever find it. The charm consists in taking beautiful care of the garden and orchard, and not even one tree is to be injured or allowed to die, or the purse of gold will remain undiscovered."

They chatted for a little while, and then the old man departed, leaving Fritz full of wonder and thought over the strange thing he had just been told and which he could not doubt, because, as every one knew, the schoolmaster always told the truth.

spade, mended it, and, picking out a remote corner of the garden, began to dig.

His dug deep and carefully, and crumbled up every spadeful of soil so that the purse of gold might not escape his eye. And, mindful of the charm which the old man had related, he got out his mother's seed bags and planted a variety of seeds in carefully laid out beds.

"Ugh! my back does ache and my legs are stiff and sore!" he groaned as he stopped work to prepare breakfast. "But even if I die from overwork, I shall keep on. No one else is going to get that purse of gold if I can prevent it."

How good his breakfast tasted. The black bread and the water! Why, it was the best loaf the baker had ever baked, thought he. Then he went out to dig and plant, and gradually, stiffness wore off, and he became so interested in planting that at times he actually forgot that his original and only interest had been in the purse of gold.

As the days went by his delight in watching the tender, green shoots grow into wonderful, productive, plants became unbounded. All he had done was to dig and plant, water and tend. Then sun, wind and rain had done their share in helping him. And now behold the wondrous result! The garden grew so fast, that almost before his back was turned on the latest dug and planted bed, the little leaves peeped up out of the ground, and seemed to say, "Good morning, good Fritz, we have come up from those little brown seeds you hid in the soil!"

Pretty soon the neighbors began to gather in groups and discuss the latest wonder—Fritz, once so weak and helpless, was carrying baskets full of garden stuff to market!

"Why, he's as rosy and healthy as any one now!" exclaimed one. "Evidently he has recovered from that mysterious disease that he had. I wonder what it was?"

The schoolmaster came and hung over the fence one day, and looked carefully at Fritz's garden and orchard.

"A fine crop of cabbages, Fritz," he remarked. "I found the purse, eh?"

"No," answered Fritz, who was busy with his hoe. "No, not yet, sir. Fact is, I've been too busy to look for it lately. I've worked the garden from one end to the other; so I suppose it is in the orchard. But I shall not have time to hunt for it there until next spring at the earliest."

"Oh, well, it will keep," said the old man. "How are you feeling these days, Fritz?"

"Feeling? Oh! fine, thank you. Really, I haven't had time to think of my health."

No one, indeed, by this time boasted of a better appetite or sounder sleep than Fritz enjoyed. Every day was busier and happier than the day before. Fullness and quality, and Fritz found himself possessed of more money than he needed to spend, so he put it in a bank and kept his bank book in a corner of the old family desk.

Time slipped by until it was the end of the second summer, and one day the old schoolmaster came for another beautiful appearance of the garden and orchard, the finely cultivated vines over the porch and the borders of bright flowers, and he thought:

"Ah! Fritz is doing so well that he is getting ready for a bride."

He entered the house without knocking, and found Fritz seated at his desk, counting some money he had just received from a sale of fruit.

"Ah, you have found it!" exclaimed the old man.

"Found what?"

"The purse of gold!"

"Found what?"

"The purse of gold!"

"Why, the purse of gold!"

"O—oh!" and then Fritz smiled. "Why, sure enough—the purse of gold. I had forgotten it. Oh, I long ago quit looking for it, sir. I have already earned more gold than the purse contains, I am sure. So I'll let the next fellow hunt for it, if he wants it, I'm too busy myself."

Looking at his bright eyes, glowing cheeks, straight, strong back and clean powerful legs, the old man laughed aloud, and Fritz, from pure sympathy joined in with his own loud laughter.

"What's it all about, sir?" he asked.

"Well," returned the old man. "I promised you one purse of gold, but I see I should have promised a hundred!"

For see what you have accomplished! Fritz stared, light dawned upon his mind, and he shook his finger at the old man, half accusingly.

"Then you were only jesting?"

The old man's face colored.

"No, Fritz, what I said was true. You have made it true. If you had not, some one coming after you would have."

Fritz understood, and took the schoolmaster's hand in his own warm one, with a look of great gratitude and affection. He, at least, now knew what the old, mysterious disease had been from which the schoolmaster had helped him to recover.—Our Young People.

HEARING MASS MEANS SOMETHING more than being bodily present at the Holy Sacrifice. Bodily presence alone does not meet the requirements of the precept.

To be good is simply conforming our lives to God's commandments. This is the important business of every individual. Yet there is still the duty remaining of doing good as well.

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EFFECTIVE WARFARE ON INDECENT POSTERS.

CATHOLIC SOCIETY OF JERSEY CITY PASTES PROTESTS ON BILL BOARDS.

The Holy Name Society of St. Bridget's Church, Jersey City, has hit upon an effective method of warring upon indecent posters. It has complained again and again to the police authorities about the objectionable theatrical lithographs posted on the bill-boards of the town, but billposters continued to decorate fences and bill-boards with offensive posters. Finally the officers of the society caused the following announcement, printed on strips of paper, to be pasted over many of the objectionable bills:

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"Holy Name Society, 'St. Bridget's Church.' The police saw the announcement and Chief Monahan got busy. He no longer tolerated the theatrical billposter that henceforth he will be obliged to submit all lithographs to him for his censorship before the bills can be posted in public places.

"My men will promptly suppress all indecent exhibitions and posters," said the chief.

The mayor of Jersey City is a member of St. Bridget's Church.

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