

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE POOR BOY WHO MADE GOOD

The recent death of Governor John A. Johnson, of Minnesota, recalls to the people a wonderful story of what clear grit can do for a poor boy. Born in poverty, he became a millionaire by ascending the ladder of success, without friend, or opportunity for education or advancement of any sort, with a drunken father in the almshouse, who had left to him a few shillings and a manly mother the task of supporting the family of seven, John A. Johnson has added one more name to the glorious roll of boys who, by steady and untiring conquest of adversity and risen to distinction.

When young Johnson was fourteen, he got a position in a store at \$2.50 a week. The weather was biting, the mercury being often far below zero in that Northern winter. Although the boy had only a thin summer alpaca coat, he absolutely refused to buy or accept of a new one. Every cent he earned over to his mother. His employer offered to sell him a coat on credit, but he could not be persuaded to run in debt; besides, he would not have great emphasis, that his underclothes were "awfully warm."

He got a chance later, to make a little extra money by working evenings, taking the roller for a handcarting street, pumping bellows in a blacksmith's shop, and carrying mail to houses outside the postal delivery route. In this way he earned enough to buy a cheap coat.

The boy's great ambition was to make something of himself, to stand for something, and he left no stone unturned to effect his object. He tried for months to get a place in the village drug-store, because he thought he could learn so much from the politicians who gathered there in the evening. Many times the proprietor told him he had no place for him, but when he found that the boy would not be turned down he gave him a position at a very small salary.

How can you keep down a boy with such grit after he has learned the alphabet? While thousands of boys in Minnesota were complaining that they had "no chance" to get an education or a start in the world, this poor boy managed to find a way to get both, even while struggling to carry the burden which his drunken father had dropped on the shoulders of his mother and himself. Where other boys saw only meagerness and humdrum lives, he saw the opportunity for great things. What did a boy with such grit care for obstacles? He felt he was ready for anything that should get in his way. A chance was all he wanted, and he did not wait for this to come to him—he made it. In spite of heavy handicaps, which would have crushed a less resolute soul, young Johnson climbed steadily upward until he was finally nominated for governor of his great state—Minnesota.

And here his energy and manhood were put to a terrible test. His enemies tried to kill him politically by posting placards in every conceivable place throughout the State, abusing his foreign antecedents, and urging people to vote against John A. Johnson, because "his father was a drunken loafer and his mother took in a character."

Transcending the same character were carried in parades in many parts of the State. A copy of the certificate of his father's death in the poorhouse was also circulated far and wide in an effort to discredit his candidacy, but in spite of all these contemptible subterfuges of his enemies to defeat him, he was elected governor by an overwhelming majority. More than that, he was twice re-elected to the office by popular vote, tens of thousands of men of the opposite political party voting for him.

In his days of poverty and stress in St. Peter, young Johnson never said to himself, "There are no opportunities in this little backwoods village. If I am ever to amount to anything, I must go to a great city where the opportunities are right." He resolved to make good at home as well as abroad.

"My ambition," says Governor Johnson, after his first election to the governorship, "was to make good in the town where I was born, make good for myself and the folks—and I did!"—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

JIMMY'S GOLD DOLLAR

Here's your evenin' paper, all 'bout the money pany.

It was a dark winter night; the keen frost of winter was blowing through the naked limbs of trees, and the snow-flakes, driven about by the capricious breeze, piled up in the Boston streets.

Under a lamp post, clad in not the cheapest or most fashionable clothing, stamping his feet to make them warm, and crying between his alternate attempts to warm his fingers with his breath:

"Here's your evenin' paper, all 'bout the money pany; 'as' one I got!"

The door of a large, brilliantly lighted dry-goods house, just opposite Jimmy stood, opened, and a voice called out:

"Here, boy!"

Jimmy hastened over with all alacrity, and, handing him the paper, took the penny in his red, cold hand, and hurried off to join his more fortunate companions, who had disposed of their papers and stood congregated under an arch way close by.

"All out Jimmy!" said one of the largest boys, as Jimmy came up, brushing the snow from his cap and clothes.

"Yes, I'm out—every one gone!" answered Jimmy, cheerfully.

Jimmy took out his well worn purse to count his money. He drew his last deposit from his pocket, and was about to put it into his purse when an exclamation of surprise escaped his lips.

"What is it, Jimmy?" the boys said, simultaneously, gathering about him, and looking at the gold dollar instead of a cent!

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remember that the work they take up at the beginning of their mortal life they do not lay down until its close.

HOW THEY LOST THEIR HEALTH

Try to save time at meals, taking only ten or fifteen minutes for luncheon, with their minds intent on business problems.

By not taking a little outdoor recreation every day. They did not know that the hours always on the stretch soon loses its spring, its elasticity.

They went into physical bankruptcy by using up more force each day than nature generated.

They did not think it necessary to take exercise.

By turning night into day; by too complex living.

They thought they could improve on God's plan and draw more out of their physical bank than they deposited; result, physical bankruptcy.

By hurrying, worrying, fretting, stewing, driving, straining to keep up appearances.

They spoiled their digestion by over-eating, eating too many things, bolting their food.

By always reading medical advertisements and medical books which described their symptoms.

They took life too seriously, did not have enough fun, enough play in their lives.

Through the "doctor habit" and the patent medicine habit.

They were always thinking about themselves, analyzing themselves, looking for trouble, for unfavorable symptoms, imagining all sorts of things about their physical condition.

Did not adopt diet to their vocation. The brain-worker, the sedentary man, ate heavy muscle-food, such as meats, and vice versa.

By hot temper, jealousy, by a selfish, critical, nagging, scolding disposition, which poisoned their blood and brain.

—Success.

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"Hurrah!" exclaimed one of the boys, "That's good luck, Jimmy. Let's have oysters on that!"

"No," interposed another boy, patting Jimmy affectionately on the shoulder, "we'll all go to the theatre."

The archway, while furnishing protection from the storm, also served as a short cut for pedestrians who lived in that section. On this particular night, travel was unusually lively, but the boys, as they stood under the dim gas light looking at the gold piece, paid no heed to passersby.

Jimmy was silent for a moment. He turned the glittering coin over and over in his hand, the boys still persuading him. The temptation was great.

"Now, come, Jimmy, we can have a grand time to-night. Nobody will ever question you about where you got the extra money," persisted one of the boys.

"See here, boys," presently spoke up Jimmy, "I'm not going to the theatre. I'm going to take this money back."

"Listen to the little idiot!" ridiculed one of the boys. "Why, Jimmy, you don't know where you got it."

"Oh, but I do," was Jimmy's positive answer. "I got it from the man in the store where I sold the last paper."

"An' you ain't goin' to treat on your luck?" asked Anderson.

"Not much; mammy told me never to keep a cent when I knowed who it belonged to, an' I ain't goin' to do it. It's not honest!"

And before any of his companions could reply, Jimmy disappeared in the dark, biting storm, and was soon at home, where he told his mother all about his adventure.

His mother commended him for the noble action, and instructed him how to conduct himself when he entered the store to return the money.

The next morning found him up early, and he impatiently waited for the door to which he supposed the proprietor would be in.

As he entered the store, he addressed one of the clerks in a pleasant manner.

"Why, my little man," said the clerk, pleasantly, "you cannot see Mr.—; he's busy in his office."

"But I have something for him, an' I ought to see him," persisted Jimmy, respectfully.

"Well, I'll report to him," said the clerk, entering the private apartment.

Presently he came to the door and beckoned to Jimmy, saying that he was permitted to enter.

Jimmy was somewhat confused as he stood in the presence of the old gentleman, who eyed him curiously over his spectacles.

"Well, what's your business?" came the gruff demand.

"Well, sir," said Jimmy, with diffidence, "last night I sold you a paper, and you gave me this dollar for a cent."

And he put the gold piece on the desk.

"Did I? Let me see," said the old gentleman, fumbling in his pockets. Then he drew forth a penny.

"Well, well, so I did. But who told you to bring it back?"

"Mammy, sir. She always told me never to keep a penny, nor any money I got, if I knowed who it belonged to."

"Good advice, an' a patriot, an' his love, is continually safeguarding us from danger and sin? Are we ungrateful to his holy presence or do we so far ignore his company as not to thank him with a word of petition or of thanksgiving to him morning, noon or night. Devotion to our guardian angel is beneficial at all times of the year.—St. John's Bulletin, Omaha.

CATHOLICS SHOULD KNOW

EXPLANATION OF VESTMENTS WORN BY PRIEST AT MASS

The Church has proscribed vestments for the priest to remind us that he ministers at the altar, not in his own person, but as the representative of Jesus Christ, and that he celebrates a most sacred and divine mystery.

The vestments worn by the priest at the Mass are the amice, alb, cinerice, maniple, stole, and surplice.

The amice, or shoulder cloth of linen, which is first laid upon the head of the priest, signifies "the helmet of salvation."

The alb, a long white garment, is a symbol of the Apostles' innocence and perfect purity of soul and body, which the priest should approach the altar.

The cinerice, worn on the left arm, is a symbol of penance and of the cares and burdens of the priestly calling.

The stole was formerly an entire garment, indeed a splendid garb of honor, and dignity; now, however, it is but a narrow strip placed over the shoulders and crossed upon the breast. It is worn against the assaults of the evil spirit.

The cope is the vestment worn over the shoulders in processions, at Solemn Vespers, at blessings, and at Benediction.

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Without doubt, many of the blessings that were ours in this life and which we attributed to chance or good luck, were really due to our guardian's prudent guidance and vigilant care.

Do we appreciate this inestimable boon of Providence as we ought? What return are we making to our kind protector who, with his light, his power and his love, is continually safeguarding us from danger and sin? Are we ungrateful to his holy presence or do we so far ignore his company as not to thank him with a word of petition or of thanksgiving to him morning, noon or night.

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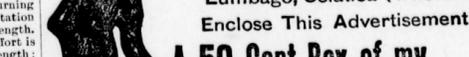
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SENSATIONAL EVANGELISM. The Presbyterian Board of Home Missions has begun to hold religious services in shops and factories. It proposes to make each Church responsible for one factory, thus to bring the Church to whom each Church is to be responsible for its factory, nor whether the workmen welcome the kind of Gospel brought to them. The well-known text: "I have not sent them, yet they run; I have not spoken, yet they prophesy" is applicable to the innovation. A meeting held some days ago at Ranby Brothers' factory may serve as a specimen of these services. It began with a cornet solo. "The Star-Spangled Banner" blending into "The Wearing of the Green." Hymns were sung from printed leaflets, and the minister spoke, taking for his text "The Passing of the Third-Floor Back." As Presbyterians would, for their own part, rather hear "Croppies Lie Down" than "The Wearing of the Green," one may assume that the playing of this tune shows that there are many Catholics among Messrs.

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