

## 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 very successful man, and his life was a constant struggle against insurmountable obstacles, without friends, or opportunity for education or advancement of any sort, with a drunken father in the almshouse, who had left to him a very small inheritance, and a mother who was a constant source of trouble to him.

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 an overcoat, and turned 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 shut out with great emphasis, that his underclothes were "awfully warm."

He got a chance later, to make a little extra money by working evenings, taking the place of a handcarrying press, 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 once 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 made a good thing out of a bad one, and 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 mediocrity 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 grit 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, about 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 man."

Transparencies of 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." He resolved to make good at home right where he was born.

"My ambition," 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.

## SEEKING PERFECTION

BY A FAULT-FINDER

In seeking perfection in this life there is no such thing as arrival. As long as we are in this world, we are in a state of imperfection. In the development of the soul as of the faculties of the mind, the word "finished" has a mortuary sound like an epitaph.

We are always nearing the goal, but in this life we never reach it; always striving to attain perfection, but its fulness we do not possess. We like to think occasionally that we are as good as it is possible for us to become, to watch somebody else struggling along. But all this is a mistake. To become complacent about our spiritual condition is fatal. If we rest in fine contentment thinking we have nothing to do but wait for God's rewards, we will discover that we are hurrying down the hill again over the same old path.

Now this is not intended to discourage anyone; we should not regard our Christian life as a miserable, cheerless, and uninteresting warfare; rather should it be our glory and happiness to fight for truth and purity and every other virtue, even though in our dying day we find the same fires still burning within us, and the same temptation attacking us with unabated strength. To resist and make a continued effort is not a mark of weakness but of strength; it is dignity itself and no degradation. To a noble soul the life long effort to do what is right is in itself pleasure and reward. There seems to be little need for any additional reward.

The turbulent and distressing moral struggle is not first of all a penitential discipline; it is the natural course of a vigorous and enlightened soul. We must not fancy that we can take things easily in the religious life; if we do, we will find ourselves in a state of stagnation. Wherefore he that thinketh himself to stand, let him take heed lest he fall.

Many people, sincerely religious, come complaining bitterly that they have fallen into sin, now after many years, when, as they thought, they had become immune from sin. They should

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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

Trying 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 bow 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 adapt 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.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

## JIMMY'S GOLD DOLLAR

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

It was a dark winter night; the keen wind whistled through the bare trees, the naked limbs of trees, and the snowflakes, driven about by the capricious breeze, piled up in the Boston streets.

Under a lamp post, clad in not the thickest of 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 panic; 'as one I got!"

The door of a large, brilliantly lighted drygoods house, just opposite, was ajar, 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 coat.

"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!" answered Jimmy.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed one of the boys. "That's good luck, Jimmy. Let's have a look at that!"

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

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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, blinding snow, 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 the hour at which he supposed the proprietor would be in.

As he entered the store, he addressed one of the clerks in a pleasant manner. "I got it from the man in the store where I sold the last paper."

"Well, 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, excellent advice, my boy. And now you not only keep the dollar, but you come around here to-morrow, and I'll see if I cannot find you something better than selling papers."

Jimmy hurried home to tell his mother all about it, and the next day he was installed as errand boy, and so diligently and faithfully did he attend to his duty that he was elevated as he grew older, and soon became one of the foremost and trusted clerks in the great Boston drygoods establishment.

Jimmy kept his dollar and he was known among his former associates as "Honest Gold Dollar."

"ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER"

This is an old time-honored saying that appeals to all fair-minded and justice-loving men and women. If one does us a favor, ordinary courtesy requires that we at least acknowledge the debt, and return thanks for the favor.

Our guardian angel is constantly doing us some kindly office. In obedience to God, he starts out in life with us from the cradle and never leaves us until our mortal remains have been consigned to the grave. He accompanies us wherever we go; he is always at our side in our daily round of duties, to help us and to warn us of the snares laid for our virtue; he watches over us while we sleep and protects us against a sudden and unprovided death. No relative or friend is so ready and so anxious than he to serve us in our needs, no one more deeply interested in all that relates to our happiness of soul and body.

As he is a spirit, it is true, we cannot see him, nor will we ever be able to know his side of the tomb how much he has done and is doing for us day after day. Should we have the good fortune to get to heaven, we will there discover,

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## CATHOLICS SHOULD KNOW

EXPLANATION OF VESTMENTS WORN BY PRIEST AT MASS

The Church has prescribed 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, cincture, maniple, stole and chasuble. The amice, or shoulder cloth of linen, which is first laid upon the head of the priest, signifies "the helmet of salvation," and that the priest arms himself with the armor of the evangelist.

The alb, a long white garment, is a symbol of the Apostles' innocence and purity of soul and body, and, when used to warn us of the snares laid for our virtue; he watches over us while we sleep and protects us against a sudden and unprovided death. No relative or friend is so ready and so anxious than he to serve us in our needs, no one more deeply interested in all that relates to our happiness of soul and body.

The cincture is a symbol of priestly continence and chastity.

The maniple, 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 it is a narrow strip placed over the shoulders and crossed upon the breast. It is worn not only during the Mass but also at the performance of every priestly function.

The priest in his calling assumes the sweet yoke of the Lord. As a garb of splendor it symbolizes the robe of immortality.

The chasuble, or outer garment, is a symbol of charity and of the yoke of the Lord, which the priest joyfully bears.

The covering for the head worn by the priest is called a biretta.

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

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