

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE "SECRET" OF SUCCESS

Success, success, success, what is it and what is the way to it? These are questions that come to every young man after leaving boyhood behind him and venturing out into the great university of life.

"There's nothing in it except what I have had drummed into me ever since I was a child," complained a young man who had just been taking a course of instruction, which cost him a good many dollars, in the principles of business success.

"There," sighed a business man not long ago, "that makes four young fellows that I have had to let go in the last six months, just because they would not learn to do their work in accordance with the plain directions which I gave them. I can't quite make out whether it was on account of sheer carelessness or persistent determination to do as they pleased—different in different boys, perhaps; but the fact is, it is hard to get employees who can be depended upon to do work according to directions.

Ever so many business men have just that sort of trouble with those who are anxious to make a success of business life, that is, success from their point of view, which means big results without laying the solid foundations on which success is built.

The strange misapprehension of what real training means was well illustrated by another incident. A clerk in a general store was taking a course of business training. "One of his faults," said his employer, "was carelessness in regard to his personal appearance, linen apt to be soiled, shoes not blacked often enough, and a general shabby appearance. Now one of the books in the course he was taking was on just that point, the necessity of care in personal appearance as an element of success. It was a good book; I read it myself. Well, the boy studied it, and passed a good examination on it, but it did not make one particle of difference with him; he neglected himself just as much as ever; he seemed to think that studying the book and passing an examination on it would make him successful, without putting any of the principles into daily practice."

So it is plain to be seen that the key to success is in oneself. The principles are simple, free to all, not hard to be understood. The hard thing to do is to gear them into daily life and business. There is a long line of business leaders of every conceivable variety waiting for the boys and girls who will live up to the limit of their knowledge of business principles, and be willing to learn more.—J. Mervin Hull.

A GOOD MIXER

The way to learn to be a good mixer is to practice it. Join a club or a church, or both, and be in on everything. In order to be a good mixer you must be:

- 1. A good listener and sympathizer with other people's point of view.

2. A radiator of good will and a moderate amount of interesting conversation.

3. With plenty of give and take. The reason we mix with others is because we need to get their point of view. We can do this only by being silent about our own point of view and drawing out the other person.

But if we did nothing but receive ideas from others there would be no reciprocity and no real mixing. The mixing would be all on one side. So we have to let the other fellow draw all sorts of good things out of us, good ideas, good will, the right sort of sympathy and suggestion.

To be a good mixer remember always that when a man would have you go with him a mile you are to go two miles, with all good will. Go his way. Except, of course, in the very rare instances when his way is distinctly wrong.

If you are generous in helping the other fellow to work out his desires, you may depend that when you have a bright idea about a particular mile which you would like to go and have others go, the other fellow will be very pleased to go two miles with you in all good will and helpfulness.

PEOPLE WE COULD HELP

The crumbs from the rich man's table for which the beggar longs are not always those from the bread loaf, and the beggar is not always loathing to see nor persistently waiting at the gate. We sit in our cozy homes with all the evening cheer about us, and forget the lonely acquaintance who goes nightly to a solitary room. We take long rides in our carriage with its empty seat, and do not remember the invalid neighbor to whom such an outing would be a delight. We are surrounded by love and sympathy, by tender interest in all our goings and doings, and we do not think of those to whom a crumb of friendship and genuine sympathy would be more than gold.

OPTIMISM AND PESSIMISM

A witty paragraph writer says that the difference between optimism and pessimism is that the optimists always sees the doughnut, while the pessimist sees nothing but the hole. They are both there, and one can enjoy the spicy sweetness of the cake or mourn over the fact that it is only a little ring around a hollow center, according to his mood. Whether we shall count comforts or discomforts, fix our gaze on the dark or the bright side of things, is a habit of the mind, but it is a habit that has much to do with our own success and our value to others.

CHRISTIAN SWEETNESS

"Have smiling faces," is a Christian rule for every home. Some young people take off their street smile when they enter the house, and never put it on till they leave home behind again. They scowl at breakfast, they grumble at dinner time, they are cross whenever they feel like it—and yet they call themselves followers of Christ. Can a Christian be a Christian without joy, kindness, cheer, love—the things that make and keep home and heart happy? That is a question which everyone must meet and answer.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE HOLY FATHER AND THE MONK

Pope Pius X. narrates a curious anecdote which followed his appointment as Bishop of Mantua. He felt so inadequate to the responsible post that he went, for inspiration and strength, as a pilgrim to the tomb of St. Anthony, at Padua, and called at the sepulchre of the saint. The sacristan monk demanded his "celebrant" (the permission to say Mass,) but Mgr. Sarto, who had often preached at Padua, had not thought it necessary to bring the document with him, and confessed as much to the monk, without, however, revealing his identity.

The latter began to question him. "From where do you come?" "From Treviso."

"What do you do there?"

"Nothing." "How nothing? Are you not a curate, a vicar, a chaplain?" "No."

"Still you seem intelligent, and Treviso needs good priests!" "Well, for the moment, this is the truth."

By this time the monk had evidently begun to like the unknown priest, and said in a paternal tone: "Would you like me to recommend you to the Bishop of Treviso? I know him well, and lately he has had his Vicar General, Father Sarto, appointed Bishop of Mantua."

"Many thanks. It is very good of you," answered the other without departing from his calm. After this conversation the good monk took his protégé's word and allowed him to celebrate Mass, which he served himself, and afterwards begged his guest to write his name in the book kept for that purpose. When he saw "Giuseppe Sarto, Bishop of Mantua," he fell on his knees, crying, "Good Saint Anthony, what have you made me do!" and humbly kissed the Bishop's hand.

The Pope is still amused when recalling this incident, and remembers also that, in his turn, four years later, having come to Rome for the sacerdotal jubilee of Leo XIII, he seated Mass for a simple priest, Father Radini Tedeschi, who is now Bishop of Bergamo. The young priest was kneeling at a chapel waiting for some one to serve Mass for him, when Bishop Sarto approached and offered to do so.

"No! no, Monsignor, I will never allow a Bishop to serve Mass for a simple priest," he exclaimed, horrified; but the Bishop insisted, saying: "I want to serve the Mass and you must obey."

Then the bishop lighted the candles, prepared the sacred vessels, helped to vest the priest, and knelt beside him with a humility so simple and a simplicity so humble as to confuse the celebrant. After Mass, Father Radini Tedeschi thanked the Bishop for his kindness and said: "If you are ever Pope I shall be able to say truthfully that the Pope has served my Mass," although he was then far from thinking that his words contained a prophecy.

Indeed, only fourteen years later Bishop Sarto became Pius X. and, strange circumstances, Father Radini Tedeschi assisted as an acolyte at the coronation. Being received afterwards by the new Pope, he said to him: "Holy Father, at last I have had the happiness of returning a service received from you over a dozen years ago."

"What service?"

"That of serving Mass for Your Holiness, who served it for me when you were Bishop of Mantua."

"I remember very well," said the Pontiff, smiling.

"Only there is a difference," continued Father Radini Tedeschi, "while for the Bishop of Mantua to serve Mass for me was an act of great humility, my serving Mass for Your Holiness was a special privilege, and a great honor."—Sunday companion.

WHAT TOBACCO DOES TO THE BOY

It is generally admitted that in the immature the moderate use of tobacco, says a writer in the Century, stunts the normal growth of the body and mind and causes various nervous disturbances, especially of the heart—disturbances which it causes in later life only when smoking has become excessive. That is to say, though a boy's stomach grows tolerant of nicotine to the extent of taking it without protest, the rest of the body keeps on protesting.

THE HONEST ERRAND BOY

That boy thinks that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches," for he has found a gold piece that the gentleman dropped and he runs eagerly to give it back. At first the man says it is not his, but the boy says: "Yes, indeed it is. I saw it drop from your hand when you paid a cabman."

"Why, that was many streets back!" said the gentleman.

"Yes, he knows; he ran all the way, as hard as he could; he had a job to catch him."

"Are you a very rich boy, that you can afford to give up a gold piece when you find one?" said the gentleman.

"Rich, sir? I have \$1 a week as errand boy. But the money was yours, sir, not mine. I like to earn money, not steal it."

The gentleman smiled, but only said, putting the gold piece in his pocket: "Well, thank you, my lad; good day. Say where do you live?" The boy told him and then they went their different ways.

A month or two afterwards, when the boy had forgotten the circumstance he found a gentleman seated in the room with his mother when he came home from work. He recognized him at once. The gentleman

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HE DID NOT THINK

The boy who excuses wrongdoing by saying that he did not think it was any harm is as much to blame as the boy who wounds another with the gun he did not think was loaded. He has no right to take chances with guns or with evil.

THE SACRED HEART

Through Mary to Jesus! We pass from the sweet month of May to the glorious one of June, the loveliness of the first paling before the rich beauty of the other, as the lily before the rose. And so it is with the month of the Sacred Heart. It is the expression of the warmth and fullness of the greatest Heart which belongs to the love of man.

"I reign despite my enemies," He triumphantly declared to Blessed Marguerite-Marie as she gazed with indescribable ecstasy upon the Vision Beautiful. Among all the devotions of the Church it is paramount homage to the Sacred Heart. There is a grand surrender of power, wealth, genius and affection made when souls kneel in adoration before the Sacred Heart. It possesses all four to an immeasurable degree and there is no debasement in showing honor to the superior.

In the Sacred Heart there is only love. The majesty of His justice belongs to other phases of the God-man, and in the New Jerusalem, as the shrine of Paray-le-Monial is known. He spoke no condemning words, only sweet promises of reward for loving Him. We can picture the young French novice, innocent as her pretty name-flower, leaning upon the Sacred Heart, like another St. John, listening to its throbs of love for the children of men.

It is four hundred years or more since Marguerite-Marie saw the Vision whose face she never described, only that the five wounds shone brilliant as the sun. And its promises, old but forever new, are the hope and consolation of the Catholic world. The Sacred Heart did not forget any station or condition of life. He promised help to the cloister and the home; He would aid families to dwell in peace and the struggling to gain their daily bread.

While He would increase the love of the faithful, He would also open His divine heart to the prodigal afar off. Life's crosses and the terror of death He would lessen by placing His wounded hand in that of the dying and leading him through the dark valley. Priests would be enabled to soften the hardest sinners and homes where His Sacred Heart was honored as publicly as are powerful sovereigns, would be blessed.

And last and greatest boon of all, the person who would speak a word for the Sacred Heart, tell strangers of its inexhaustible love and power, should have his name written upon a spot that the angels of heaven quiver with joy in beholding—the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart has always been a practice of the Church since the beloved disciple experienced its delights at the Cenacle, but it blossomed into full beauty in the sixteenth century when our blessed Lord deigned to visit Marguerite-Marie. Then followed the turbulent times of the reformation and years pass, several hundreds of years, before the devotion again broke forth in the wealth of its present deep devotion.

The hand of the Almighty is never shortened. The materialism of the latter part of the nineteenth century and beginning of the present one required the vivid, comprehensive

story of the Saviour's depths love, as revealed to the world through Marguerite-Marie, and devotion to the Sacred Heart, whose month is the one of roses, is widespread over the land. In every country and among every race is heard the prayer, "May the Sacred Heart of Jesus be loved more and more."—Catholic Union and Times.

BAPTISM RESTORES HEALTH

STORY OF A PAGAN WHO RENOUNCED IDOLATRY

This story of how a pagan in Jaffa, Ceylon, became convinced of the falsity of his gods comes from Brother E. Grossault, O. M. I. "I am in charge of the 'Patronage of Saint Joseph,' established some years ago by Bishop Joulain, to care for young Christian men and boys.

"One day a certain youth of this number heard that a pagan of his acquaintance was seriously ill at the hospital. He paid the invalid a visit, and after a few words of sympathy spoke to him of the great happiness of dying a Catholic, and asked him to receive baptism.

"Oh, I know that our gods are good for nothing," replied the sick man. "See, during this my long illness I have made them all sorts of vows; I have even rolled around the temple of Nallora as many as thirty times asking for a cure, but now I am worse than before. No, I will remain a pagan no longer. But I cannot become a Christian, for, as you see, I am about to die, and there is no time to receive instruction before baptism. I ask you one favor, however, and that is, at least, to have me buried as a Christian."

"His charitable friend assured him that much preparation was not necessary when in danger of death, provided he had the desire to be converted, and forthwith went to call a priest, who explained to the sick man the principal truths of our holy religion, and gave him baptism.

"God, no doubt, wished to recompense the faith of the new convert. For, shortly after receiving the sacrament, he began to feel better, and before long was completely restored to health. Full of joy, he then returned to his village, firmly resolved, as he said, to bring about the conversion of his pagan relatives."—Pilot.

NO WONDER

The New York Sun of Sunday prints on its editorial page a letter with the significant heading, "Should a Minister of the Gospel Believe It?" This query apparently had reference to the alleged facts in the statement by the correspondent that:

so called new thought, and to be today a lasting defence of the fundamental truths of the gospel of Christ.

The lasting and soon to be the last and only defence and bulwark of Christianity against all the sects swallowed up in "disbelieving Protestantism."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

Says the Catholic Citizen: "There are large classes of Protestants who, though of average intelligence on current topics, are dreadfully uninformed and provincial on all things relating to the Catholic Church, Catholicism, 'historic Christianity,' is a big subject. But it is the one subject they seem never to have thought of studying, as they would, for instance, a current topic like the Eastern question. Their inherited traditions, hazy and emotional and sometimes perverse, they deem sufficient. The Catholic makes a mistake in becoming impatient with this attitude of the Protestant. If you meet the man who knows not, teach him; but much more if you meet the man who thinks he knows and knows not, teach him, also. But do it with kindness, with patience, with good will, without ridicule, and especially without resentment.

I hate a thing done by halves: if it is right, do it boldly; if it is wrong, leave it alone.—Gilpin.

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Sherlock-Manning 20th Century Piano was one of the world's few great instruments—by all odds the world's best piano at the price. So they endorsed our claim in a practical manner by buying 1,200 Sherlock-Manning pianos. If you are thinking about buying a piano why not investigate our claims for yourself? Just write asking us to prove two points to you: First, that the Sherlock-Manning Piano Value. Second, that the Sherlock-Manning is one of the world's best pianos.

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