

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"I CAN NOT TAKE THEE YET"

I can not take thee yet, My child; the journey is still a little longer; nerve thy heart To meet with fortitude the weary hours That oft confront thee in the great world's mart, Rest on My love, what'er thy trials be— The most afflicted heart is most beloved by me. I know each pang with which thy soul is wrestling, And fain would take thee, had I not in store A crown of light for all thy brave endeavors— Each cloud surmounted makes its beauty more. Amidst the harsh world's tumult and the fret, Abide awhile, My child, I can not take thee yet. Not yet, poor soul! A few more darksome hours, And sore temptations met and overcome, A few more crosses bravely, meekly carried Ere I can proudly call the tried one home. Nerve, then, thy heart; the toll will soon be done, The crown of self denial nobly earned and won. For soon will come a day when all thy conflicts, As waves receding on a stormy sea, Will vanish from thee, and some fair, glad hour Will bring the tried and chosen unto Me: Then thou'lt be freed from ev'ry pain and smart, And rest thy tired head upon My wounded Heart.

—St. Anthony Messenger

VALUE OF ENCOURAGEMENT

Encouragement is one of the greatest stimulants to greater effort. No one has yet accurately determined just what are the possibilities of accomplishment by the person who is constantly encouraged by his fellowmen.

You can take the heart out of the best man on earth through fault-finding and discouragement, a fact to which many an employe can testify.

On the other hand you can, by proper encouragement, stimulate almost any employe to greater effort.

Fortunate is the man who has learned the value of encouraging his fellow-workers and associates in business, for he has made the first step toward leadership. The great leaders of the world have always been men who made it their business to encourage others and thereby urge them onto greater endeavor.

The American Army in France was an encouraged army. The German army was a discouraged, brow-beaten army. Look what happened!

The thing that we call "morale" in the army can be developed properly only through encouragement. The same is true of the individual "morale."

Let the other fellow have the discouraged, brow-beaten force of workers; we prefer one which has been developed through encouragement, inspiration, kindness and fair dealing. Such a force will last longer and do more work. Also, we will be considerably happier working with such a force.—Catholic Columbian.

ADVICE TO MEN

Here are a number of rules for newly married men which are worthy of thoughtful consideration:

Don't settle down too obviously to married life. Be as eager to please your wife as you were before marriage. Aim to preserve the charm of the honeymoon.

Don't tell her she is illogical. She probably is, but she mustn't know it.

Remember that the new life is a complete revolution of thought and habit for your wife. Make allowances. The readjustment is not easy.

Treat her fairly, so that she will not deceive you.

Tell her occasionally that you love her. She knows it, but she likes to hear it. She can't always take it for granted.

Start in the way you want to continue. Particularly in affairs of the purse. Never humiliate her by making her ask for money. Have a definite understanding at first. Money brings discord in many households.

Be thoughtful in little things. A single rose may perfume a whole day.

Tell her your sorrows as well as your joys. Two can bear trouble better than one. She is your wife, not your sister and she loves you. You owe it to her. She may develop new power and grace with the knowledge.

Good bread and clean floors do not make houses homes. It is the character back of the cleanliness, or the flaky biscuit, or the cordial welcome, or whatever duties may become the portion of his wife, which makes a man's house his castle. It is not difficult for women of ordinary ability to become good housekeepers. The degree of her success lies largely in her willingness.—The Echo.

THRIFT

Ultimately, the wealth and the well-being of a nation depend upon the character of the people. Even the most plentiful resources can be exhausted. But character remains. Thrift can create plenty out of dearth. It can use what others

waste. Thrift is the virtue much in demand today. Combined with work it will save the world which sees itself near the brink of bankruptcy.

Let no one sneer at thrift. It is neither easy of acquisition nor easy of practice. For it requires vision and discernment. It is not mere saving, least of all miserliness or sordid parsimoniousness.

Thrift is good in life and good in spending in such manner that a higher total of life's enjoyment is the happy result.

The thrifty man may, where the occasion warrants it, be quite liberal and open-handed in expenditure. To stint one-self is not thrift. But to retrench foolish expenses in order not to suffer want in the necessities of life is the wisdom of the thrifty.

The thrifty do not forego the good things nor starve their souls; on the contrary, they obtain a fuller measure of good in life and treat their souls so that which is truly worth while.

Unfortunately, most people have wrong notions about thrift. They think of it only as buying less, whereas they should think of it as buying more wisely and with an eye to their real needs. There is something large about thrift if properly understood, something that is not opposed to generosity and splendor and full enjoyment of life. It means to consume less than one produces for the purpose of producing more.

If a nation consumes all that it produces it can make no headway. Capital is made up of accumulated savings. Without capital there is industrial stagnation.

Today's need for thrift is very urgent. Upon it is based our national well-being. If the great bulk of the people does not acquire habits of thrift, our prosperity will vanish and disaster overtake us.

Individuals make and unmake a nation: Upon the habits of individuals depends the welfare of a country. A nation of foolish spenders will some day face impoverishment and dire need.—Catholic Standard and Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

VACATION TIME

It seems to me I'd like to go Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow, Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound, And I'd have stillness all around.

Not really stillness, but just the trees' Low whisperings, or the hum of bees, Or brooks' faint babbling over stones In strangely, softly tangled tones.

Or maybe a cricket or katydid, Or the songs of birds in the hedges

Or just some such sweet sounds as these To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'twere't for sight and sound and smell, I'd like a city pretty well. But when it comes to getting rest, I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must Just quit the city's din and dust, And get out where the sky is blue, And say, now, how does it seem to you?

HIDDEN HERO

"Can you tell me," I asked of a farmer's boy whom I passed in my morning walk during my summer outing in the country, "who lives in that singular looking house up there on the hill?"

"Major Stewart, ma'am."

I had read of the bravery of a Captain Donald Stewart who during the Spanish-American war, then just concluded, had fought till nearly all his men had been killed, then had fired a cannon himself. I happened to read an account of it published soon after the occurrence, and it attracted my attention. Not that I was interested in the war, which I knew nothing about, for a girl of twenty seldom takes any interest in fighting, but somehow an imaginary picture of this Captain Stewart had got into my head and remained there.

To me he must be a tall, elegant fellow with a piercing black eye and a mustache turned up fiercely at the ends; a man whose iron will showed itself in his stern rugged features and deep bass voice.

"What Major Stewart?" I asked of the boy.

"I don't know, ma'am."

My hero was only Captain Stewart. I determined to go up to the house, ask for information and possibly get a view of the soldier. When I came near the piazza I saw some one in a hammock reading and presently a young man, very pale and weakly, sat up and looked at me.

"I beg your pardon," I said. "Can you tell me the way to M.?"

"Right on up the road, and when you reach the fork a mile beyond keep to the right."

The voice was soft, and he spoke slowly, as if afraid of tiring himself by using it. "Excuse my not getting up. I'm on the sick list. Will you be seated?"

"I understand," I remarked, still standing, "that Major Stewart lives here. Is he the Donald Stewart who was the hero of the Spanish American war?"

A faint smile passed over the wan face. "Oh, no," he said, "not the same person at all."

I was disappointed. The young man dragged himself from the hammock and handed me a chair. He was a striking figure.

"Do you know the Major Stewart you speak of?" he asked.

"No. I read about his heroism and have a natural curiosity to see him; that's all."

"The government pays soldiers to fight, not to run away."

What business had this puny creature to criticize a brave man? "Suppose I do," I retorted. "A soldier may be a hero for all that."

"A moral hero. There is no true heroism in the butcherery of war. It's simply a return to the condition man occupied when he was a brute."

Well, I never! To think of this insignificant little fellow who looked fitted only to lead a choir in a country church or teach children how to read setting himself up to pass judgment on the heroism of a strong, brave man!

"That's the argument of the stay at home," I replied strongly. "Men who go forth in defense of their country don't stop to moralize."

There was nothing pleasing in this dialogue, and, having failed in my quest, I arose and went on my way. On reaching the gate I met an elderly lady and a young girl coming in. They looked as if they belonged in the place, and I spoke to them, apologizing for being there.

"I came in to ask the way to M.," I said. "A young man on the porch kindly gave it to me."

The elderly lady looked frightened. "Did he talk much?" she asked.

"Not very much," I replied. "Why do you ask?"

He had a dangerous wound in his chest that doesn't seem to heal. The doctor has forbidden his talking."

"Would he talk much?"

"A wound he received in the Spanish war."

I stood gasping.

"Do you mean to tell me," I asked at last, "that the young man on the porch is Captain Donald Stewart, who distinguished himself in the Spanish-American war?"

"I do," said the elderly woman in a tone so proud that I knew she was his mother.

"Not, captain," said the girl—promoted for gallant and meritorious conduct and all that to be major."

I saw in her a likeness to the young man and judged she was his sister. I stood looking at the two women, thinking of my speeches to the young man on the porch.

"What's wrong?" queried the girl.

"Wrong? Wrong enough!" I blurted. "I have been quarreling with him because he decried military heroism. I never dreamed—"

Here I halted. I didn't wish to get any deeper into the mire.

"I don't know," said the young girl, irritated, "why everybody thinks that only the great big men can be heroes. Donald isn't so small. He's five feet five in his stockings."

The next day Miss Stewart brought me an apology from her brother for not making himself known, and I was invited to the house at his request. He enjoyed my discomfiture, but made up for his having caused it by making love to me.

The consequence is that I am now a hero's wife, and nothing makes me so angry as any comment on my husband's small stature.—Catholic Citizen.

MORE MONEY AND LESS WORK

In its convention at Montreal, the American Federation of Labor refused to condemn the eight-hour day. Yet its support will be given to any local organization which proposes to reduce the number of working-hours, even though the standard be lowered to six. This attitude is, to speak mildly, unfortunate. No one wishes to return to the old barbarous standard of the twelve and fourteen hour day, under which the main difference between the laborer and the slave was that the laborer was free to quit his job and starve.

But the cost of living can never be made cheaper by a program of lessened production, nor will the Federation promote the toiler's best interests by promoting the policy that labor is after all merely a commodity to be sold for the highest price that can be sweated from capital.

To deny that labor has many and deep grievances is as futile as it is unjust. The facts are too plain to be buried by silence or refuted by clamor. Wages have increased, but prices have gone far beyond that increase. A well known industrial investigator, Mr. W. Jett Lauck, testifying before the Railroad Labor Board at a recent hearing, showed clearly both that high wages are not the chief cause of the prevailing prices, and that the laborer is now worse off than he was before the war. Wages have increased but prices have gone beyond that increase, and in this distribution of the country's income, the toiler is forced to match his proportionately smaller share against capital's disproportionate increase. His salary may be larger rated by number of dollars, but the income is not in proportion to the capital's increased profits; further, the purchasing power of the dollar has depreciated, a burden which presses him down, while affecting capital inappreciably. Granting all this, labor cannot solve the problem of living by knocking off work two hours earlier every day. The first result of this practice would be to send production down and prices up. It is also barely possible that capital would be unable to see any reason why it should pay more for six than for eight hours of productive work.

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The joy of a worker in his work for the sake of good work probably died with the Middle Ages. The twentieth century stone-mason is likelier to chisel and chip with the thought of his wages in mind, than in the conviction that he is promoting the glory of God and the furtherance of art by helping to build a cathedral. But the campaign which encourages the laborer to believe that the solution of his grievous problem lies in demanding more money for less work is little short of criminal. Perhaps if Catholic employers live up to their duty of paying all operatives a just wage, and if Catholic publicists continue to urge the acceptance of the Church's labor program, capital and labor may some day lie down together like the lamb and the lion.—America.



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