CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Haste to gain Wealth.

Are the experiences and methods of the man who began building his present fortune fifty years ago likely to be regarded by the city youth of to-day as of any practical benefit?

"In their details and as affecting young men at large—no," says the veteran Wm. J. Onahon, who has been an observer of men and things for two generations. "The sane, sober, careful methods of fifty years ago are as applicable today to the foundling of fortune as ever they were in history. But they read too tamely for the young men of this strenuous age. The spirit of speculation has gone too far. The excitements of gaming, from the penny-tossing by the newsboys to the 'margining in the bucket shops, has led the young men of today to look upon the methods used at that time in sending merchandise from New York to San Francisco.

"You can't reach the masses of the young men of Chicago, for instance, by saying to them that the only way to build a safe, desirable and lasting fortune is by slow accretion, and that this accretion should begin with the first salary that they draw. Tell a young man who may be taking up business life that even on a salary of $10 a week he should be laying some of it aside, and the chances are that he will laugh at you. Why? Simply because the temptation to spend never was so great as it is now. Yet this habit of saving is easier to acquire on $10 a week than it will be afterward at $25 a week, and you may be sure that it is the one dominant trait that must be at the foundation of fortune building.

"In the nervous energy of the present there is a general disposition abroad to shelve almost any philosophy of materialism fifty years old as being out of date. It has been so to say, 'Yes, you could do so and so once, but you can't do it now.'

"But a truth is a truth, and that permanent fortune must be the product of sound, conservative building is truer today, almost, than it ever was before. Most of the wealthy men of today began fortune-building from the ground up. They began when habits of thrift and frugality were far more general in both old and young than they are now, and, while they worked longer hours for less pay, they saved more money.

"I have looked to the civil war always as being the line of demarcation between the young man of yesterday and the young man of to-day. I don't know but what war is productive of the spirit of extravagance. It represents waste and ruin. It creates a feeling of unstableness. Certainly the great civil war in this country changed the traits and characteristics of the people. Excitement took the place of repose. Speculation supplanted steady trade and this has led to the spirit of gambling, which in one or another form has become dangerously wide spread.

"Too many young men today have become infected with this passion. There is a haste to grow rich. Conservative methods in business are too slow. The hope of gaining fortune without labor has become widely alluring.

"This is a fatal delusion. Even where wealth is thus ganied, it is more often a curse than a blessing. The fortune quickly gained and without labor generally is as speedily dissipated. Yet just to the extent that we see flattering opportunities held out to young men for the making of fortunes by some short cut, just to that extent one may guess that these propositions are accepted."

In Harmony With the Highest Thing in You.

There is something in man which cannot be bribed to give its consent to that which is wrong, no matter how much pleasure it promises at the moment.

Nothing else has been such a great disappointment to those who think that money will buy all the greatest pleasures, as their utter failure to find happiness in trying to harmonize this element with the animal side of themselves.

Men in all times have tried in vain every kind of device to get the heart's consent to vicious living.

Ne man can be really happy until he is in harmony with the highest, the best thing in him. Many people try to find happiness by harmonizing with the worst thing in them, catering to the animal side of their nature. But this is always fatal because there is the everlasting protest of the divine against the brute in man.

If a man could forget that he was made to walk upright and not on all fours; if he could expunge from his nature that image of divinity, the enjoyment of the beast within him would find no protest. But there is ever that superb something within the ideal which rebels against being dragged in the filth of beastly indulgences, something that struggles against debauchery, that makes him ashamed of allowing the brute to rule the god in him.

Men in all ages have tried to down this higher self, to keep it quiet, to drown this god in them with beastly orgies, and have succeeded temporarily; but the awful reaction, when they came to themselves, not only robbed them of that which they thought was enjoyment; but the debauch left a sting in their souls which they could never pluck out, and which was a perpetual reminder that they had fallen.

Everywhere we find men committing suicide after years of futile effort in trying to harmonize their lives with the lowest thing in them instead of the highest.

Crippling Power of the Limitation Thought.

An open mind is the key to all power. We cut off a great many of the good things that we ought to enjoy, because we set such narrow limits to everything by our strangling thought. We do not expect enough. We do not demand, we do not claim our great broad, magnificent birthright.

We seem to think that only little blessings, little advantages, little opportunities will come to us; and, while we carry this limiting thought, we strangle the very source of blessings. We do not open our minds and hearts wide enough. We do not claim enough. People do not get great things who do not expect them, claim them as their right.

Constantly deny the limitations which you have been setting for yourself. Push out your horizon of faith. Open wider the doors of your mind and heart. Keep all avenues clear, so that the blessings may flow into your life instead of being strangled.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Room at the Top.

J. C. Monaghan in the Parish Monthly.

The following inspiring lines from the Rev. M. M. Sheedy, suggest a line or two to the boys and girls who are beginning another school year. I have no desire to discourage them; on the contrary my purpose is to encourage. There is no top to the ladder of learning. The higher we ascend, as on a mountain side, the wider stretches the vast area covered by the educational world. But instead of being discouraged we should find satisfaction in the thought that each educational hour is an hour in which, rose-like, the soul and the mind expands. We will be better able to take in the meaning of God's wonderful world the more familiar we are with His great laws. The men who have looked through a microscope and a telescope have a mind infinitely more reverent than is the mind of a man who is ignorant of the worlds revealed by those instruments. The end and aim of education should not be fame or fortune, but the betterment of self, the betterment of others, the spread of sweetness and light, the living of a useful, beautiful and hence happy life. Here is Father Sheedy's poem:

There's ever a crowd in the valley,
For the lower a soul descends,
The more it finds of the smaller minds
That seek the selfish ends;
There's companionship in the valley,
With others your lot is thrown;
But the man who cries for the larger prize
Must travel the heights alone.
He must make for himself a pathway,
Where no other foot e'er trod,
Till he grows complete in contentment sweet,
As he learns to walk with God;
There is glory upon the mountain,
Though the summit is cold and bleak,
Yet the radiant burst of the dawn falls first,
Like a blowing rose on the peak.
Then dare the paths of the mountain
Oh spirit with God like fire,
Whose depths are stirred by an inward word,
To struggle and to aspire
Be not content with the sluggard
In the valley of life to stop,
But with purpose bold heed the adage old;
"There's always room at the top."

Again we say to the boy or girl, Go on! Work hard—not so hard, however, as to hinder the healthy development of the body. Have a lot of fun, for it usually means a massing up of health. It is work that wins. Each step will lead to happier and happier results. All the world's most successful men and women were workers. The Latin *Labor omnia vincit* is the English "Work wins." Watch the boys and girls who win their way in their classes, watch the boys and girls who are winning their way in the world—all are workers. Make yourself very early master or mistress of some useful kind of work. A boy I know, learned to upholster. He was out of work. "Get a few of the rich people," said he to a priest, "in your parish, to let me fix their furniture. If they will put it into their parlors I'll have work and I'll win." The priest did so. In a year the boy had "hands" and "helpers." Work wins.

Dogs Help Watchmen.

"Training dogs to assist the watchmen and police is a very simple matter," said an old private watchman of the city, who formerly walked a beat in the south end.

"Dogs like the work. They enjoy prowling around through alleys and back yards and nosing into corners and behind barrels and piles of boxes, and their wonderful sense of smell often enables them to locate an intruder so securely hidden that his presence would never be suspected by a watchman.

"When I was walking a beat a large Newfoundland dog began following me of his own accord. I didn't encourage him at first, but let him go along on my rounds as much for company as anything else. That dog watched me like a detective and seemed to understand everything I did; followed me into every yard and in less than a week knew every house that I was employed to watch.

"In ten days he was doing a large part of my work. Of course, he could not try the doors, but after the first round, when I tried all the doors and saw that everything was right, all I had to do was to send him in to search the yard, and he did it thoroughly. If anything was wrong he barked and I ran in to see what was the matter. Once a back door was open. The gentleman of the house had come in late, left the door unlatched and the wind blew it open. The dog knew it was wrong and barked for me to come.

"Another time I heard him barking in a back yard, and running in, found he had cornered a man hiding behind a pile of boards. The dog worked with me for nearly three years. Every evening, no matter what the weather, that dog was on hand at the patrol box when I reported. On cold nights we would go into the engine house to warm, and while the dog enjoyed the warming hour as much as I did, he was no skulker, but whenever I was ready to go he was ready, too.

"I lost him because his owner moved out of the city, but as soon as it became known among the dog population that he wasn't working his place was taken by a hound that I had often noticed following us in a furtive fashion, as though he would like to be of the party, but didn't want to intrude, and the new dog seemed from the first to understand everything that ought to be done, and did it as well as his predecessor."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Boy's Heart was Right.

"Here, boy, let me have a paper.'

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down t'other block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, 'cause it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up at the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see, it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove whats' lame, anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance, in the field.—Selected.

He Got the Job.

"I was much amused the other day," said a hardware dealer, "at a small boy who came around for a job. One of the clerks had dropped a lot of sharp-pointed tacks into a drawer of brass screws, and had given up the idea of taking them out. When the youngster turned up we thought we would try him by letting him sort the two articles. He went at it the same way the clerk had begun, picking out the tacks with his fingers, and getting the point of about every third tack in the ball of his thumb. He had enough in about a minute, and he straightened up. We all began to smile, expecting him to give up the job. Instead of that he went over to the show case and picked out a horseshoe magnet. Then he came back to the box. In thirty seconds he had the tacks out and the screws were still in the compartment. He knew that the magnet would attract iron and not the brass, and in a jiffy he had accomplished what we had been trying to do all the morning. We didn't really need a boy, but this little fellow's smartness appealed to us, and we engaged him at once."—Catholic Universe.

Altar Boys.

The position of an altar boy is one of honor and special privileges, which are not fully appreciated by some. The altar boy should understand that he is in the august presence of the Unseen God, and should at all times comport himself accordingly, and not giggle and laugh, turn around and run a race up and down the altar steps to see who can take hold of the dalmatic first or ring the bell. Think a little, boys—not alone God sees you, but the congregation, which is apt to speak of it.—The Young Catholic Messenger.

THE MASS MAKES THE DIFFERENCE.

MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH CABINET ON INCONSISTENCY OF CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

Nearly a dozen years ago Right Hon. Augustine Birrell. M, P., present Chief Secretary of Ireland, wrote in the Nineteenth Century the following article, which is doubly interesting in view of recent happenings:

The English Church, before the Reformation, celebrated the Mass after the same fashion, though not in identical language as it has to-day been celebrated in Notre Dame of Paris. Has the English Church, as a Church, after the Reformation, continued to celebrate the Mass after the same fashion, and with the same intention, as she did before. If yes, to the ordinary British layman the quarrel with the Pope, even the ban of the Pope and his foreign cardinals, will seem but one of those matters to which it is too easy to give the slip. Our quarrel with the Pope is of respectable antiquity—France, too, had hers. But if not, the same ordinary layman will be puzzled, and if he has a leaning to sacraments and the sacramental theory of religion and nature, will grow distraut and it may be, distracted. Nobody nowadays, save a handful of vulgar fanatics, speaks irreverently of the Mass. If the Incarnation be, indeed, the one divine event to which the whole creation moves, the miracle of the altar may well seem its restful shadow cast over a dry and thirsty land for the help of man, who is apt to be discouraged if perpetually told that everything really important and interesting happened once for all, long ago, in a chill historic past. However much there may be that is repulsive to many minds in ecclesiastical millinery and matters—and it is only the merriment of parsons that is often found mighty offensive—it is doubtful whether any poor sinful child of Adam (not being a paid agent of the Protestant Alliance) ever witnessed, however ignorantly, and it may be with only the languid curiosity of a traveler, the communion service, according to the Catholic ritual, without emotion.

It is the Mass that matters; it is the Mass that makes the difference, so hard to define, so subtle is it, yet so perceptible, between a Catholic country and a Protestant one, between Havre and Cromer. Here, I believe, is one of the battlefields of the future. How long can any church allow its fathers and its faithful laity to be at large on such a subject? Already the rift is so great as to present to the observer some of the ordinary indications of sectarianism. Some church folk of one way of thinking cannot bring themselves to attend the churches devoted to the other way. In the selection of summer quarters it has long become important to ascertain beforehand the doctrines espoused and, as a consequence of such doctrines, the ritual maintained by the local clergy. This is not a matter of mere preference, as a Catholic may prefer the Oratorians to the Jesuits—it is, if traced to its source, traceable to the altar. In some churches of the English obedience there purports to be the visible sacrifice; in other churches of the same ostensible communion no such profession of mystery or miracle is made. It is impossible to believe that a mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of saints can be allowed to remain for another hundred years an open question in a Church which still asserts herself to be the guardian of the faith. If the inquiry, what happened at the Reformation? were to establish the belief that the English Church did then, in mind and will, cut herself off from further participation in the Mass as a sacrifice, it will be difficult for most people to resist the conclusion that a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of church property from one body to another and that from thenceforth the new Church of England has been exposed to influences and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either Church authority or Church discipline.

THE MOCKERY OF DRUNKENNESS.

HOW A NOTED SALOON KEEPER DELIVERED A TEMPERANCE LECTURE TO HIS PATRONS WHO HAD PAID HARD CASH FOR NOTHING.

Tombstone, Ariz., claims credit for the frankest saloonkeeper in the United States. He keeps the Temple Bay saloon, and advertises his business with most surprising frankness.

"Allow me to inform you that you are fools," he says, yet his place is usually filled. He maintains that he is an honest saloon keeper, and that it will hurt his business to tell the truth about it. He has had printed an advertising card which would make an excellent manuscript for a temperance lecture. Copies are being circulated through the Western States and are attracting much attention. The card reads as follows:

"Friends and Neighbors—I am grateful for past favors, and having supplied my store with a fine line of choice wines and liquors, allow me to inform you that I shall continue to make drunkards, paupers and beggars for the sober, industrious, respectable part of the community to support. My liquors will excite riot, robbery and bloodshed. They will diminish your comforts, increase your expenses and shorten life. I can confidently recommend them as sure of multiplying fatal accidents and incurable diseases.

"They will deprive some of life, others of reason, many of character, and all of peace. They will make fathers fiends, wives widows, children orphans, and all poor. I will train your sons in infidelity, dissipation, ignorance, lewdness and every other vice. I will corrupt the ministers of religion, obstruct the gospel, defile the Church, and cause as much temporal and eternal death as I can. I will thus accommodate the public; it may be at the loss of my never-dying soul. But I have a family to support—the business pays—and the public encourages it.

"I have paid my license and the traffic is lawful, and if I don't sell it, somebody else will. I know the Bible says: 'Thou shalt not kill.' No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven, and I do not expect the drunkard maker to fare any better, but I want an easy living, and I have resolved to gather the wages of iniquity and fatten on the ruin in my species.

"I shall, therefore, carry on my business with energy and do my best to diminish the wealth of the nation and endanger the safety of the State. As my business flourishes in ignorance, I will do my best to prevent moral purity and intellectual growth.

"Should you doubt my ability, I refer you to the pawnshops, the poor house, the police court, the hospital, the penitentiary, and the gallows, where you will find many of my best customers have gone. A sight of them will convince you that I do what I say. Allow me to inform you that you are fools, and that I am an honest saloonkeeper."

HOW CAN YOU?

How can you think of your religion when you do not read about it, do not study it, do not give it a thought? You never read a book treating of it.

Outside the Catholic Church they are reading books by the thousands, all attacking the Catholic Church and the Christian religion. But you never read a Catholic book. The world is full of newspapers, all filled with infidelity and teeming with blasphemy. You never read a Catholic newspaper. The world is constantly inveighing against God and His providence. The children of the world are all impeaching Christ and His Church. But you never read anything in favor of the Catholic Church. When I turn to speak with you, you want to leave the Church. You are not interested in the Gospel and teachings of Jesus Christ. You are supremely indifferent. You do not care. "Let the priests take care of God and His Church." The result is that the world has everything its own way. The world is making all the speeches; the world is writing all the books: the world is publishing all the papers, and the world, the flesh and the devil are reaping all the glory and winning all the victories. And the Catholics are silent; listen to nothing. They go on their way as if the kingdom of God were not being assaulted at all.—Father Phelan.

A Good Plan.

In some parishes the people are trained to go to Communion at least once a month by a system that gives the first Sunday to the married men, the second to the married women, and the third to the young men and boys and the fourth to the young women and girls. The method forms the congregation into the habit of a regular reception of the Sacraments. The weak are encouraged by the abundance of good example seen by them among all their neighbors. It is an excellent plan.—Catholic Columbia.

WHEN YOU ASK FOR
SURPRISE
A PURE HARD SOAP.
INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

Things Intended.

Do them as you go along—kind things, and gracious things. Good inspirations are spoiled by postponements. Life is short, and its cares and tasks crowd upon us. The leisure time never comes. Make your day independent of the morrow. To-day is the sample and type of your career. Do your work to-day, but get your leisure to-day also. Earn and spend. Take and give. Be known now as you wish to be remembered.—From The Catholic Citizen.

How many Catholics heed these words of Cardinal Gibbons?—Rigidly exclude from your household all books and pamphlets which are hostile to religion and goods morals. Never admit into your home any newspaper or periodical which ventilates obscene news and licentious scandals.

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