

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE TEN DEMANDMENTS

Some of our biggest business ideas come out of Chicago. A big business man there has drawn up a list of rules which he calls the Ten Demandments and posted them over his establishment. Here they are:

Rule I.—Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end and that's the wrong end.

Rule II.—Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

Rule III.—Give me more than I expect and I'll give you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Rule IV.—You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shops.

Rule V.—Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule VI.—Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Rule VII.—Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employer who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule VIII.—It's none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Rule IX.—Don't tell me what I'd like to hear but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

Rule X.—Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.—The Monitor.

WHY HE COULDN'T GAMBLE

"Would there be any harm in going with my friends and betting a dollar on the horse they pick out?" A weekly paper tells a story about a young woman who asked this question, and about the man who answered it. His answer is worth remembering:

"Well," Mac said slowly, "I can only speak for myself. I couldn't afford to bet even a dollar on the races, for two reasons, and the first one is that it would break my mother's heart."

The woman in the next room nodded, with eyes that were suddenly moist. Mac's mother had died six years before. But Beth's father still listened expectantly.

"The second reason is selfish, or at least, practical," Mac's voice went on. "Since I've been working up my own business I've had search lights turned on me when I didn't know it. The very men who have trusted me with their money began by sending agents round to the office to find out about me. They'd ask the fellows who knew me best, 'Does Bentley drink?' and the boys had to say, 'No.' 'Drinks a little, doesn't he—a glass now and then?' 'No, not a drop.' That's been worth thousands in cold cash to me, Beth, don't you see? And it might be, 'Does he gamble?' 'No, doesn't gamble.' 'Never?' 'Oh, well, maybe a dollar or so on the races.' 'See?' I might as well have risked a hundred, as far as the effects goes. I don't know how it is with Hamilton or his wife, or you, but for myself, I can't afford to do it."

The next minute came the sound of the door closing after Mac and of Beth's step as she went up-stairs. Then the man in the next room nodded with a satisfied smile. "Mac's all right," he murmured. "I'd trust him with anything—even my daughter."—Sacred Heart Review.

YOUNG MEN AND MONEY

If there is anything more pathetic than the man who never had a home or friends, or money, it is the man who had a home and did not appreciate it, friends and could not keep them, money and lost it.

The world is full of derelicts, and every town has its "has-beens" who once "were"—had and could not keep. It is a sad commentary on human life that men must work and sacrifice and save; practice thrift for years; accumulate a competence, and for one reason or another lose it all, and begin over again worse by far, except for the experience.

Men who were once citizens of affluence will be found in the bread line, sleeping in the parks at night, living on relatives, in the poorhouse, selling shoestrings on Broadway, when by better management they might have been in comfortable circumstances.

There are two principal reasons why men lose what they have acquired.

First, by being an "easy mark," lending to friends and relatives and unable to say "no" to a request for help or an alluring proposition. Second, the desire to make money fast—not by gambling, but by trying to get a large income from a small principal. The stories of men who have acquired considerable money, and in the desire to make it grow fast have lost it all would fill a book, and no caution is more opportune than this: Hold fast to what you have.

A few basic and common-sense rules will, if persistently followed, save those who heed them many a pang of regret.

First: Do not lend to your friends. Friendship loans are bad; it is a delicate matter to ask for your money.

Second: Never endorse a note for anybody. More losses and business disasters have come through lending one's name to promissory notes than perhaps any single cause. If you want to help a friend and have the money to spare better make a gift outright and forget it than try to deceive yourself that it is loan. If you can't keep your friends without lending them money better lose them; friends are easier made than money.

Third: Put your money in a good bank and leave it there. Experience has proven that the average man can do no better than bank his money, for in making private investments risk attends and loss often follows. There are thousands of good banks, and one is no doubt in your town, and bank books are mighty good investments.

Fourth: If you accumulate enough to warrant private investment be satisfied with 5% and never aim to get more than 6. Danger lies beyond 6%.

Fifth: Experience has again proven the country over that first mortgages on improved property at not more than 50% of a fair market value is the most satisfactory form of investment and yields the highest returns compatible with safety. Savings banks specialize in mortgage loans, and you can follow their lead with safety.

Sixth: Before making any investment ask your banker if it is legal for him and would he make it; and if not legal question it carefully, and if he turns it down refuse it.

Seventh: Never buy land you have not seen. Millions have been lost in buying lots on the instalment plan, particularly in large cities. The promoter will make the profit not you.

These rules are simple, safe, and easily followed. You won't go wrong if you heed them. They come out of bitter experience, and why should you pay the same price for knowledge other men have paid?—Catholic Bulletin.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A GENTLEMAN

I knew him for a gentleman By signs that never fail; His coat was rough and rather worn. His cheeks were thin and pale— A lad who had his way to make, With little time for play— I knew him for a gentleman By certain signs to-day. He met his mother on the street; Off came his little cap. My door was shut, he waited there Until I heard his rap. He took the bundle from my hand, And when I dropped my pen, He sprang to pick it up for me. This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along, His voice is gently pitched; He does not fling his books about As if he were bewitched. He stands aside to let you pass, He always shuts the door, He runs on errands willingly, To forgive and still and store. He thinks of you before himself, He serves you if he can, For in whatever company The manners makes the man. At ten or forty 'tis the same, The manner tells the tale, And I discern the gentleman By signs that never fail.

A TRUE GENTLEMAN

"I beg your pardon," said Harry Elman to a man in passing. "I was rude; I hope I did not hurt you." And he stopped to pick up the can which had been thrown out of the man's hand by the shock of the bump.

"Not a bit," said the man, "boys will be boys." "I'm glad to hear it," and lifting his hat again, Harry turned to join his playmates.

What did you raise your hat to that old fellow for?" asked Karl. "Don't you know him? He's old Jones, the huckster."

"That makes no difference," answered Harry. "The question is not whether he is a gentleman, but whether I am one. No true gentleman will be less polite to a man because he wears a shabby coat and cries vegetables through the streets."

—The Catholic News.

THE GIRL THAT IS RESPECTED AND ADMIRED

Every girl is made happy by knowing that she is respected and admired, but she will be neither respected nor admired unless she sets up the right kind of a standard and lives up to it. The girl of gentle department can travel alone at any time, in any place and under any circumstances, free from unwelcome attentions. Good manners are not the possessions of the wealthy, as many young persons seem to think. Many a simple old soul who goes out to hard work daily, if she would keep body and soul together, is a model of refined speech and deportment. Quiet manners give any girl or woman a certain dignity and the girl or woman who deports herself in the right way—who first of all respects herself—is always the recipient of whole-souled consideration and courtesy.—The Monitor.

THE SWEETEST LITTLE BOY

"Guess who is the sweetest little boy in this town," asked Mr. Travers, as he came to the supper table, with a smiling greeting for his two happy-faced lads, John and Herbert.

"Oh, who, father?" "But you must guess," said father. "Well," said John, "it is the very rich little boy, who has the pretty pony, and who rides to school every day."

"No," said Mr. Travers, "this little boy is not rich, and has no pony and never rides to school."

"Well," said Herbert, "if it is not that rich kid in the brown house, I do not know who it can be, so I won't even guess."

"Then I will have to tell you," said Mr. Travers.

There was a flock of sheep crossing through the town to-day, and they were so tired, dusty and thirsty. The driver let them rest at the pumping station, and how those sheep did drink. But one poor old sheep was too tired to reach the water, and just laid down on the hot, dusty street. Then I saw the sweetest little boy in town, for, ragged, dirty and touselled, this little fellow rushed from a crowd of companions who were watching the sheep and, filling his tattered straw hat with water, made trip after trip to the tired old sheep, until the poor suffering animal was able to rise and go on with the rest.

Now, I wonder if there is a finer little boy in this town? If there is, I would certainly like to know him, and I hope that if the chance to do a kind act ever comes to my dear boys that they will be as thoughtful as this boy I saw to-day. He surely knows what a blessed thing it is to help, when help is needed.—Intermountain Catholic.

THE VIRTUE OF "PEP"

When one thinks of a saint, he often thinks of a pale, sanctimonious creature, utterly without nerve in face of the physical crises of life. Truth to tell, saints have more courage than ordinary people for only God matters to them; it is their biographers who make them seem pep-less.

Take St. Teresa as an example of courage: Once she, as Mother Superior of the Reformed Carmelites, was taking her nuns to Seville in Spain. On their way they found themselves in the midst of an ugly brawl between some soldiers and peasants. The nuns had never seen such a brutal scene before and they trembled with fear—all but Mother Teresa. That stalwart, beautiful woman advanced toward the fighters and said:

"My brethren, reflect that God is present here. He will judge between you."

Catholics all, the fighters retreated at the words of this holy woman, lowered their weapons, and went away.

She was, in fact, a woman strong above others. The year of her death she was already ill when she left for Burgos; the season was severe and the weather frightful. After running great risks from the state of the roads she arrived with her nuns at the banks of the Arlanzon. This river was so swollen that the bridge they must cross could no longer be seen. But Teresa believed that the Lord wished her to finish her mission so she refused to turn back. Smiling, she said to her nuns:

"Let me go first, and if I am drowned, I beg you to about face, and go to the inn."

She rode on in her wagon. As the stream threatened to engulf her, she complained to Jesus Christ:

"How much longer will Thou sow difficulties in the path of Thy servant?"

An inward voice answered her: "It is thus that I treat my friends."

"Ah, Lord," she replied. "That is surely the reason Thou hast so few."

She reached Burgos very ill. The next day it was impossible for her to rise, but for all that she contracted the business she believed she had been sent on. With her bed drawn up close to a little barred window, she received everyone with whom she had to deal, and with as much attention as if her health left nothing to be desired.

When we ask for the virtues of the saints, let us not forget that one of them is fortitude, or in common speech, "pep."—New World.

THE ONLY MEDICINE THAT HELPED HER

"Fruit-a-tives Again Proves Its Extraordinary Powers"

ROCHON, QUE., March 2nd, 1915. "I have received the most wonderful benefit from taking 'Fruit-a-tives'."

I suffered for years from Rheumatism and change of life, and I took every remedy obtainable without results. I tried 'Fruit-a-tives' and it was the only medicine that really did me good. Now I am entirely well—the Rheumatism has disappeared, and the terrible pains in my body are all gone. I hope that others, who suffer from such distressing diseases, will try 'Fruit-a-tives'.

MADAME ISABE ROCHON. 50c. a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size, 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

people owe it to their own respectability, not to say education or decency, to let the stage know that it is a long cry from originality to vulgarity. A driving idiot can be profane, but true wit is the thought of genius.

In a Catholic, profanity is detestable. The tongue that touches the Holy Eucharist should never be as an adder's fang tipped with poison. The ear that is filled with the happy promise of Christ's words should not entertain a violation of Christ's name. The heart that is the very tabernacle of Christ's graces should not laugh when the devils are delighted.

The question here presents itself, what should we do when we hear the name of our Lord profaned? One of the readiest and most eloquent rebukes possible is for a man to quietly and reverently take off his hat in veneration and so he will punish the defamer and make ready atonement for the insult given our Divine Master.—Brooklyn Tablet.

"TIPPERARY"

There's a hospital in London—St. Dunstan, Regent's park—where soldiers blinded in battle are being cared for and taught trades suitable to their terrible affliction, so that after the war they may be self-supporting members of society. There are pitiable sights to be seen there. Richard Harding Davis visited the place, and in last Sunday's New York Times gives us an affecting picture of an Irish soldier—a blind Munster Fusilier—singing out the unconquerable lightness and eternal sunshine of his Irish heart. Mr. Davis writes:

A private of the Munsters was weaving a net, and, as though he were quite alone, singing in a fine baritone, "Tipperary." If you want to hear real close harmony, you must listen to southern darkies; and if you want to get the sweetness and melancholy out of an Irish chant, an Irishman must sing it. I thought I had heard "Tipperary" before several times, and that it was a march. But I found I had not heard it before, and that it was not a march, but a lament and a love song. The soldier did not know we were listening, and while his fingers wove the meshes of the net his voice rose in tones of the most moving sweetness. He did not know that he was facing a window, he did not know that he was staring straight out upon the city of London. But we knew and when in his rare baritone and rare brogue he whispere rather than sang the lines:

Good-bye Piccadilly— Farewell, Leicester Square. It's a long, long way to Tipperary —all of his unseen audience hastily fled.

"THEY PASS AWAY AND ARE RECKONED"

In one of John Ayscough's novels there is a description of an old English country house called "The Moat." In the midst of the garden surrounding it there stands an ancient sun dial upon which is carved this terse legend: "Peruent et imputantur"—"They pass away and are reckoned." Contemplating the aged, moss covered bit of stone the heroine of the tale is led to interior questioning: "Her own hours—would they, too, be imputed? What, in all her life, had she done with them? Had she not been a mere stroller, a half-bored pilgrim bound for no intended goal, tired with doing nothing, content if no day contained too many tedious hours?"

A Christian is a custodian of time. It is not permitted him to be a dawdler on life's highway; rose-crowned and waiting to welcome with lute and song such strange gods as may pass by. For him, rather, are the burden of the day and the heat; the spending and being spent; the giving of himself in service for God and for his brethren; conscious that he must work while it is day, for soon, all too soon, "the night cometh when no man can work."

It is easy enough to fall into slothful habits, not in the doing of the work that gains us a livelihood—we must persevere, of which we often forget we form that in any case—but in the expenditure of the time which we call shall be called to render an account.—New World.

PROFANITY

Profanity is not an accomplishment, although ignorance has so often grinned at it that some reckless thinkers believe that they do not measure to their full height until they have learned how to pollute their speech.

A gentleman is never profane; for he will not disregard the rights of others by abusing their ears and shocking their sensibilities.

It is said of General Grant that when he was in the field one of his staff officers approached him to quote a volley of half drunken and wholly profane language used by a soldier. The officer prefaced his purpose by remarking: "Are there any ladies around?" "No," said Grant, "but there are gentlemen." Needless to say the story was like MacBeth's amen—it stuck in the throat of the would-be entertainer.

Profanity has become a public nuisance. It crowds the streets. It never strikes itself with the thought that the bark of a mad dog is far more musical than the bray of an ass.

It never considers that it is a trespasser on the sidewalk.

When an officer (as sometimes happens) whose purpose it should be to see that peace is preserved so makes inroads through profanity on the good order of society, a fine should be a promise of a discharge from public service.

When the stage volunteers to insult its patrons by believing that they think profanity to be wit, the

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