

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

NO CHANCE

With doubt and dismay you are smitten, You think there's no chance for you, son? Why the best books haven't been written, The best race hasn't been run; The best score hasn't been made yet, The best song hasn't been sung, The best tune hasn't been played yet, Cheer up, for the world is young.

THE POWER OF DEPRESSION

A man devoted to a high Cause often is the victim of deep and dismal depression. Viewing the Cause itself as the inspiration to generous and unselfish deeds, he wonders at the manifold aspects that seem to befog and blind those who are his companions in arms.

All this is the compensation for suffering; it is the elixir that imparts new strength for the combat. Fortified by examples of high daring, urged on by the promise of immeasurable reward, a man heeds not the wounds suffered in the fight but stands fearless on the broad field of carnage.

Inevitably, however, the hour of depression will strike. It will not be caused by the power of the enemy; No, it falls like a damp, dank mist upon the spirit and seems to be imbued with vampire-like, numbing force that absorbs the energy vital to the soul.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

FIGHT IT THROUGH

In your work and in your play, Fight it through! Hang right on like yellow clay, Fight it through! When a job you once begin, Through the thick and through the thin, Set your mind and heart to win! Fight it through!

What if others may have failed, Fight it through! Though by powerful odds assailed, Fight it through! Refuse to be an 'also-ran,' Square your shoulders like a man, Grit your teeth and say "I can!" Fight it through!

Well, suppose things do look bad, Fight it through! Show a little pep, get mad! Fight it through! Face you know yours in the right, It's your duty, boy, to fight, So go in with all your might! Fight it through!

"TACKS"

Down from the icy barrens of Canada the howling blizzard had torn his way into the steel-walled canons of the great city, where the air was being woven rapidly into a swirling, smothering white blanket.

Peg Marphy with nine unsold papers, his block deserted, and "Bully" Mezzetti walking "retourne" in the warmth of the Italian cafe, shivered in body and soul, huddled in the deep recess of a north doorway.

Peg was very cold and very hungry, and therefore his stub was hurting him cruelly where the straps held the wooden stick on his left side. Also he had been very lonely all the time since his mother had gone on her last journey, for which the county had paid.

Something soft snuggled against his good leg, there came a long wailing ending in a yelp of pain, and the boy looked down to see a small paw laid up, while "Help" cried from the soft eyes of a dog whose every frisk hair spelled "Rough on Rate."

As Peg gently lifted the terrier to examine the injury, an electric compass came to a stop at the curb, and a man stepped from it into the lights of the movie theater. A touch of the mystic was in the dark face above the high fur collar, as he turned and said, smilingly, "So that's why my ear has stalled right here. A boy and a dog both in trouble on such a night as this? Get in the machine and let's see about it."

Switching on the reading light he gently stroked the wiry haired spine, and softly held the paw until the trembling ceased, and then with a swift certainty of touch withdrew from it a large tack bedded to its head in the fleshy pad. Into the boy's mind flashed a picture from the days following the one when he had slipped in the icy slush and gone out into a great darkness as a loaded giant truck pinned him down.

After years of seemingly being whirled on a great wheel, the dark

ness had lightened and he had opened his eyes to see a beautiful angel smiling down at him, and to hear her say, "He's coming out quite all right, Doctor," and to feel funny top-sided sensation when his left leg used to be Convalescing in a wheel chair, while discipline winked or deliberately closed an eye to a favorite son, he had explored the great building and so one day he saw the Picture which remained: the Great Vision.

"Gee," thought Peg, as the little terrier gratefully licked the man's hand, "his eyes look just like Jesuit with the lamb, in the optical window." "Now drop your papers and beat it for home with your dog," the man was saying, "and if every thing is not all right with either of you at any time, look me up. Boys and dogs happen to be long suits with me," and a card and a dollar bill were pressed into the lad's hand.

With the correct change from the restaurant Peg fought his way to Moretti. Big "Bully" swore at the delay, and more at having to settle for the weak, and there, his eyes alight with pure malice, cried, "Where you gets da pup? I shaka hees han," and his own closed with an iron grip on the inflated foot.

Promptly the dog's sharp teeth met in the back of that hand and the enraged Corsican called after the fleeing pair "For that I kella him; but he no die so quick lika he bite. Oh, no."

That night, as Peg showed "Tacks" to the kindly janitor in the furnace room, and curled down on a clean pile of excelsior with the cold nose buried in the hollow of his throat, a great content came to him. Again he belonged to some one his very own.

Spring came; Moretti seemed so friendly that the two Celtic hearts forgave and Tacks almost forgot. Unusually intelligent, he had joyously learned many tricks from his adoring master. Mezzetti lifted, he howled an "Extra" with the best, and people laughed and brought.

Then, one afternoon, delayed for change in the crowded restaurant, Peg came out to find no trace of Tacks. In vain his piercing three-note whistle (the code call which always brought the dog panting to his side), whirled through the streets again and again.

Papers unsold, he hunted frantically for two hours, returning frequently to the boss to inquire, until Moretti, tiring of the game, said, "No license; my Tony takes him to big vivasse' Doctor at the big medical school. Gatta feasty cents; when dey cutta da live eye dey not geeva da sleep med'cin an' he no, die so queek lika he bite. No o."

"You devil," shrieked Peg, and then, as he thought of the tortures awaiting Tacks' shivering trusting eyes, he pleaded piteously. "Aw—Bully—it's pay day; I'll work a whole month for nothin' if you'll give me my money to buy him back in time. He's all I got now; aw—Bully—please—"

"Nottin' doin' till papers all sold," sneered Moretti. With despair in his heart the boy tore across the street to "oop" Corcoran with his tragedy. "Olm feared Tacks is a goner, me la-ad," the big policeman said. "Share they'd never even lessen to ye out at the grea' at college; 'tis a gowm man's job ye'd be effier tacklin'."

Slowly in that crowded thoroughfare the chapel window out-lined in radiant colors its picture of Divine Compassion; and then a dark face with the Jesus look of pity bent down over a little burd dog.

"Lend me a dime, Cork," said Peg, and I'll find the grown man. He told me to come if Tacks or me got in trouble; look; and he held up a soiled and crumpled card bearing the name "Dr. Raoul Farranza;" and oh see, Cork! he lives pretty near the college."

"Here's a quarther; go to it quick," said Corcoran. The electric was standing at the curb before the exclusive bachelor apartment building, and a tall dark man about to enter was hailed by a breathless boy, who incoherently gasped, "You told me to come if Tacks or me didn't get along all right, an' they have got Tacks in that awful place over yonder an' they're goin' to cut his eyes an' him a knowin' if it don't stop 'em an' he'll think I let 'em do it. Oh—" and the slow tears gathered at last and fell.

"Get in the car and tell me how this all happened," said Farranza. "I can go anywhere 'over yonder' and I know everybody inside; don't worry; I think we're in time to save him."

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Thinking well and talking well are nothing without doing well.—La Chaussee.

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Then again the worshipping Peg saw the lock which was in the eye of the Man in the Picture come into Farranza's, and he added, "And for work; the beautiful work of trying to make men and women realize how practical for every day use are the teachings of the Master Christ."—Ethelyn Chapman, in Our Dumb Animals.

TRUE CHARITY

A VIRTUE THAT CAN BE PRACTICED BY EVERYONE A thoughtful woman asked the other day, in the course of conversation, "Are we charitable enough? Not the charity that consists in almsgiving, do I mean, but the charity that thinketh no evil and speaketh none. Are we not too prone to judge our fellow-travellers on life's highway? And do we not credit too readily the whispered reports of evil concerning our neighbor?"

"Very often we misjudge people for little or no reason whatever. Perhaps if we always knew the circumstances and the difficulties which our neighbors encounter, we would be more charitable toward them. We would find a way of helping them along instead of condemning them unjustly."

"I am not trying to condone the faults of one or that one, nor asking you to accept as your associate, one whom you are convinced is not worthy of your regard. But, good friend, I would rather be imposed upon and trust an unworthy person than charge with evil, even in my heart, one who is, to all intents, trying to live right."

"If you have nothing else to contribute to the Deaf who sunshine of the world bestow a friendly word, a smile. You never know when a soul needs the word, or a sad spirit the smile. Assume joyous ways, even if you some-how miss the joy. It is your misfortune that you seldom know the good you do, and hardly ever know the evil. But like begets like, and consequences are certain, even if unknown. And when you encounter people particularly difficult to get on with, realize that perhaps they are smarting under one sort of chastening or another and turn the sunlight of a little kindness their way.—The Echo.

In all lands, good hearts are true brothers.—Florlan.

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The coming Referendum

Vote and Vote "Yes!" on April 18

THE Ontario Temperance Act as a war-time measure was an unequalled success. On October 25, 1919, the people of Ontario voted by an overwhelming majority in favor of the permanent continuance of the Ontario Temperance Act, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating beverages.

The "Bootlegger" Must Go On December 31, 1920, came the repeal of the Federal Order-in-Council—which was also a war-time measure—prohibiting importation, manufacture and export of intoxicating beverages.

Everything that applied in the last vote against the sale of intoxicating beverages within this province applies equally to the Use of them, and their importation for beverage purposes should also be prohibited. Hence arose necessity for further legislation and another Referendum.

Shall the Importation and the bringing of intoxicating Liquors into the Province be Prohibited? YES!

Ontario Referendum Committee

IN ATLANTIC CITY It's THE ALAMAC

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