

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## LOOK FORWARD

They do me wrong who say I come no more  
When once I knock and fail to find you in;  
For every day I stand outside your door,  
And bid you wake and rise to fight and win.

Wall not for precious chances passed away,  
Weep not for golden ages on the wane;  
Each night I burn the records of the day,  
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendours that have sped,  
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb;  
My judgments seal the dead past with its dead,  
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,  
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can."  
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep,  
But might rise and be again a man.

Do not behold thy lost youth all aghast?  
Do not reel from righteous retribution's blow?  
Then turn from blotted archives of the past  
And find the future's pages white as snow.

Art thou a mourner? Then rouse thee from thy spell;  
Art thou a sinner? Sins may be forgiven;  
Each morning gives thee wings to flee from hell;  
Each night a star to guide thy feet to Heaven.

—ROBERT B. MALONE

## HOW FESTUS WADE "ARRIVED"

Festus J. Wade, the St. Louis Catholic millionaire financier, drove a street car back in 1876.

In his breast in those days, there beat a secret, but high ambition. He wanted to become a banker. And he did—greatest in the Middle West. Now in his fifty-ninth year, he is President of the Mercantile Trust Company and the Mercantile National Bank. He is one of St. Louis' first citizens. He leads in every public movement. When President Wilson wishes to put his finger on the pulse of the Middle West he tells his secretary:

"Send Mr. Wade in St. Louis a wire to come on at once."  
And a week or so later, Mr. Wade is back in St. Louis launching a campaign to sell another \$24,000,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, or another \$10,000,000 worth of Thrift Stamps.

To prove that the paths he trod to reach his present eminence were none too easy, here is a list of them: At eleven years of age a newsboy in St. Louis; and after that successively a cash boy, clerk in an oil store, assistant in a photograph gallery, water boy for a construction gang, apprentice to a carpenter, a tinsmith, workman in a safe factory, driver of an ice wagon, a street car motorman, and later a real estate agent. He organized the Mercantile Trust Company as an outgrowth of the real estate business.

Where was he born? In Limerick, Ireland.

## WHAT IS THRIFT?

Before you can practice a virtue you must know what it is. When we speak of thrift we are apt to picture them living on cheap food, in cheap quarters, wearing shabby clothes, having little or no pleasures, and saving every cent possible. But that is not thrift—far from it. Thrift is a greater virtue than the mere saving of money. Don't forget that.

The prudent man looks ahead and gets ready. The frugal man lives carefully and saves persistently. The economical man spends judiciously, buys wisely and wastes nothing. The industrious man works hard and saves hard; the miser hoards; but the man of thrift earns largely, spends wisely, plans carefully, manages economically and saves.

This virtue of thrift is the most important habit you can cultivate, the most profitable and the most satisfactory. You can see what it does—it works here, not hereafter. Waste is the most costly evil you can tolerate in your material life. Thrift will get you farther up life's ladder than any other quality, and waste will carry you down faster.

Thrift of time will do more to give you an education than all the colleges; and thrift of food will make you better fed than the rich man. Thrift of money will make you independent of the loan shark, the pawnbroker and the landlord.

## REMEMBERING

You often hear the expression: "That fellow has hosts of friends; people will do anything for him; how does he manage it?" The answer is easy. "He remembers."

Had Barton written an Anatomy of Insult instead of his fearful tome on Melancholy, doubtless he would have pointed out that the worst insult one man can give another is to forget him. It is mental assassination.

For the same reason the very flower of compliment is to remember one who thinks he has been forgotten long ago. It is as if you carried all these years some little keepsake he gave you as a boy.

Years ago I knew slightly an eminent man. He had been Governor of the State. He had a large law business. He was deep in politics. He was one of the busiest men in the city.

An old friend of mine celebrated his silver jubilee. There were many gifts, of course, but I recall one particularly from the ex-Governor. It was twenty-five beautiful roses.

I used to wonder how that man had gained his high position. The roses told the story. In all his varied occupations, sufficient to tire out a score of men, he took care not to let that occasion pass without sending his offering. He was one of those who remember.

It is a strange thing that most of the men who have earned enduring fame, whose figures loom up in history like colossi, all had a marvellous memory for names and faces.

Cesar never forgot anyone. Napoleon knew his soldiers by name. O'Connell was as much at home in the western counties of Ireland as in the House of Commons. Once he met a man he knew him always.

Conquer your records and you will find that the men who have been loved by thousands, the men for whom soldiers have gladly died in battle, the men who have built up waste places, like Mr. Hill, were all men who had in their hearts a niche for the lowliest of their friends.

It is not a trick, a knack of recalling past associations. It is something deeper than that. Its root is sympathy.

The gift of sympathy like any other gift may be developed. The trouble with the majority of folk is that they throttle it instead and concentrate their efforts blindly on their own selfish advancement.

Real advancement is not selfish; it brings not merely the principal agent but many others along with it. The self-seeker does gain something, but each gain costs in public sentiment and disapproval far more than it is worth.

Doubtless "he travels fastest who travels alone," but he finds only loneliness at the end of the road. They who really win, win not only for themselves but for others. They who attain success that is satisfactory are the prodigals of sympathy, the men and women who in the fierce race of life always have time to pause and assist the halt, the blind and the lame.

That is the secret of power. Nothing can take its place. Organization, money, eloquence; all have their part in aiding a man to gain eminence, but if one wishes to have large numbers of men to follow him, he must get down to the individual.

Every man is a distinct personality to God. There is in reality great men a reflection of this cosmic sympathy. Everything makes an impression on them. Ambitious reformers fail because they rate men in masses.

If you wish to succeed in any walk of life, be it as a grocery man or as a statesman, paste this sentence in your hat, and look at it every morning before you go out: "If you want to win, remember."—Boston Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS  
A LITTLE BOY'S LAMENT  
I'm going back to grandpa's;  
I won't come back no more;  
To hear remarks about my feet  
A muddin' up the floor,  
There's too much said about my clothes.

The scoldin's never done—  
I'm goin' back to grandpa's;  
Where a boy kin have some fun.  
I dug up half his garden,  
A-gettin' worms for bait;  
He said he used to like it  
When I laid a-bed so late;  
He said that pie was good for boys,  
And candy made 'em grow.  
I'm going down to grandpa's—  
I'll turn pirate, first you know.

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periences of the war have tended to confirm very strongly our general conviction that the interference by the Government with the occupation of liberty and the sumptuary liberty of the citizens will be discontinued as soon as possible. The actual or virtual compulsion of laborers to remain in certain occupations, and of consumers to use only certain qualities and quantities of food, clothing, and other necessities will not be permitted to last any longer than is absolutely necessary.

Mr. Sidney Webb, the distinguished English economist, believes that for several years after the war the nations will be short of food, clothing, houses and the raw materials of manufacture that they will be compelled to distribute the world's supply by international action. What some of the countries have been doing for Belgium will have to be done by a league of the powerful States for practically the whole of Europe.

Perhaps he is right. In that case the restrictions on the liberty of consumption will have to be continued as long as the dire need continues. But the experience and temper of the people who have consented to such a regime during the war give us ample assurance that the hateful regulations will not be tolerated a day longer than is absolutely necessary. The same is true of the restrictions that have been put upon the freedom of occupation. In response to the emotion of national patriotism men have permitted themselves to be virtually compelled into and left in the industries where they are needed most, but it is very doubtful whether they would submit to restraints of this sort merely to prevent the people of foreign countries from suffering starvation.

At any rate, they would not continue to do so after the necessities of life had again become available in something like normal quantities. They certainly will not consent to be treated for an indefinite period as mere instruments in a militaristic organization for more abundant production.

Turning now to the question of Government operation of industries and control of products.

Essentially the same causes that dictated Government activity during the war will be operative during the lean years immediately afterward. That is to say, the wastes of competition will still be too costly to be borne. It will be necessary for the Government to conduct certain industries as monopolistic units in order to avoid the losses that come from duplication of plants and functions, and from a great mass of operations that are totally unnecessary.

Prices will be so high that the Governments will be compelled to do all that is possible to keep them below extortionate levels. Only the Governments will possess the credit and the organization capable of rehabilitating the industries that have been destroyed or crippled during the war. Neither by competition nor by cooperation will private individuals or corporations be able to find places in the industrial system for the millions of men returning home.

For many years, all the productive energies of the nations will have to be concentrated upon the essential and fundamental goods of life neglecting the non-essentials and the luxuries. Only the Governments can organize and control industrial activities in such a way as to secure this result.

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION  
He made her fair, she was to be  
Above all mortal maidens blessed,  
The snowy shrine of purity,  
And hide all Heaven within her breast!

He made her stainless, to endure  
The calm eyes of her Baby Son.  
She must be as the lilies pure,  
Whom His dear vision fed upon.

—Sir Edgar Knight.

A man may hear a thousand lectures and read a thousand volumes, and be at the end of the process very much where he was, as regards knowledge. Something more than merely admitting it in a negative way into the mind is necessary, if it is to remain there. It must not be passively received, but actually and actively entered into, embraced, mastered. The mind must go half way to meet what comes to it from without.—Cardinal Newman.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth and to have it found out by accident.—Charles Lamb.



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