

NOVEMBER 2, 1912

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

IT DEPENDS ON THE BOY

Some young men who complain that they have no chance to make their way up in the world to success, should read this true story:

Six years ago Talmage Latham arrived in Chicago looking for a chance to make his way in the world. He was in his nineteenth year and had a high school education. He had no money to speak of and no friends, hardly an acquaintance; but he had a willingness to do any honest work and a resolution to succeed.

A few days ago Talmage Latham left Chicago with the degrees of bachelor of arts and master of arts from Northwestern University, a certificate that he had passed the Illinois State Bar examination and a notice that he was eligible to appointment in the consular service of the United States if he could meet the required tests to a speaking knowledge of foreign languages. He was on his way to Washington to meet these tests and to take up his appointment if he saw fit. He had found his chance.

How had he found it? Well, it happened that the first work that offered six years ago was a job as a waiter in the restaurant of a Dearborn street hotel. He took it, saved his earnings and in the autumn matriculated at Northwestern. About the same time he found a post as a waiter in a popular State street restaurant that gave him better hours for his college work. He remained in that post for over five years until he left for Washington. In it he earned his way through college and to his academic degrees. In it he found time to prepare for the bar examination and for the civil service examination that put him on the eligible list of the consular service.

He was a good waiter as well as a resolute student. He was the kind of waiter whose table the regular customers of a restaurant seek and about whom they tell their friends. The excellence of his work and the quality of his manners excited a friendly interest in him and inquiries as to his prospects and intentions. And so it became known that he had other purposes, and just making a living and having a "good time" in his leisure hours.

And there is a lot of human kindness in this old world—a great deal more than our ardent and vocal "social reformers" give it credit for. Men who were succeeding often went out of their way to help the young man who was deserving success. The customers who sought his table multiplied, and with them his income. Men felt pleased with themselves, when they rewarded his service generously. There are few men who do not like to help others just as a part of the day's work. It gives a zest to life. And the "student waiter" was helped by many of the best men in the city, who were efficient to smooth his path.

In connection with the manner in which Talmage Latham has made his way in the world so far we note some recent snobbish discussion whether college students thus helping themselves ought to accept the common perquisites of such employments. They are professedly "scholars" and presumptively "gentlemen." Therefore it is argued that they ought not to accept rewards which "gentlemen" would not accept, since their acceptance is regarded as recognition of a "menial" condition. Which argument is the balderdash of a bogus "gentility" which is overcrispulous because conscious of its own lack of good breeding and hence deficient in self-respect.

For more than a thousand years the Western world, and still longer the Eastern, has regarded the student—the purveyor of knowledge rather than wealth—as worthy of a special consideration and of general help. Europe of the Middle Ages made the student a licensed beggar, exempt from the Penal laws against "sturdy vagrants" and "masterless men." And the kindly instincts did not desert him. The student-servant who is such for a "lark" or to get money for his pleasure lacks the instincts of a gentleman; but the student-servant for his studies is but taking the toll that the kindly instincts of mankind gladly give, and demands not himself.

We hear a great deal of mournful talk nowadays about youth and poverty not having the "chance" they once had in this country. We are told that "society"

has somehow gone wrong and that the "poor boy" has no chance. Such cases as that of Talmage Latham prove the truth that the "chance" depends on the boy. The "chance" is here if the boy will take it.

WONDERFUL IRISH HENS

It's hard to beat the Irish. A prominent Irish-American tells this story showing the ability of the Patlanders to return tit for tat, so to speak.

An American spending his holidays in County Roscommon fell into conversation with a native who was feeding his hens.

"I guess, Pat, you haven't as good hens here as in the States."

"Perhaps not," said Pat. "I'll tell you," said the Yankee, "about a hen my mother had. She went out one day and laid twelve eggs. She returned and laid twelve eggs. She went out the next day and laid a feed of corn and laid twelve more eggs. She went out the third day and returned and laid twelve more eggs. She went out on the fourth day and hatched seventy-two chicks out of thirty-two eggs. Now that is the kind of hen we have in the States."

"Well," said Pat, "I'll tell you about a half blind hen my mother had. She ate a feed of sawdust, thinking it was oatmeal. She went to her nest and laid a plank twelve feet long. She ate more sawdust the next day and again laid a plank twelve feet long. Again, on the third day, she ate more sawdust and laid another twelve-foot plank. She sat on the three planks and hatched three kitchen chairs, a sofa, one table and a mahogany chest of drawers. Now," said Pat, with a twinkle in his eye, "that is the kind of hens we have in Roscommon."—Catholic Columbian.

THE VALUE OF KINDNESS

Of what value is education? Are we to store our minds with knowledge as a book is full of information and lay it on the shelf? Should we educate ourselves to do the best we can for our neighbor as well as ourselves, or should we try to gain all for our own special benefit without stopping to consider the feelings or the effect it will have upon others?

Do we ever consider what effect a kind deed or word should have had if we only had used it? Politeness is often mistaken for kindness. Politeness is in many cases only an emotion, which comes from the depths of the heart.

We may polish marble highly, yet not rob it of its coldness; thus we say a man may be highly polished by education but still not rob him of his cold, unkind heart.

Kindness is the odor of charity, and like a vapor should rise and expand. It should spread farther than charity; it should take in the stranger as well as the neighbor, the enemy as well as the friend. Kindness, like other virtues, can be overdone, can be extravagant; it should be tempered with justice, with common sense, and may be likened to a vine, which, while growing, if not properly cared for and cultivated will become overgrown and stunted. So kindness, like the vine, if not properly administered, will, as it were, become gnarled and stunted in its growth. In a home where kindness is lacking, the members of the family are as strangers and the hearth is always cold; but how entirely different is the home where there is kindness, where the members of the family are kind and loving to each other. There the hearth is always warm.

One often gives a gift, an alms, perhaps with a curt remark, or more often with no remark at all, so that the gift seems almost to burn the recipient as if it were a hot coal. That is not kind. It is not kind to give a gift, be it ever so trifling, with a pleasant smile and a "God bless you," how much better one would feel, as would the recipient. That is true kindness, and there seems to be a twofold blessing, one to the recipient and one to the giver.

One may extend kindness not only to grown people, but also to children. In many cases kind deeds done to children are appreciated far more than those done to older people. Did you ever notice how a child's face beams with joy when you do something which is kind and pleasing to him, and ever after the child associates you with that which is kind and pleasant. One may go still farther. It is not people alone who appreciate kindness. If, for instance, one treats a dog kindly, one's greeting will ever be a joyous bark.

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MAGIC BAKING POWDER THE STANDARD AND FAVORITE BRAND. MADE IN CANADA CONTAINS NO ALUM

Thus we may say that kindness is the root of most virtues. The heart is as a soil wherein grow many beautiful flowers; there, also, the flower of kindness grows; and there is no room for the selfish flower of kindness, then it becomes sweetness. When we do things for our own benefit without any regard for the feelings of others, then we are truly selfish. Kindness does not exist where there is not a soul. It is a production of the human mind; he does not wish to exist alone. The solitude of the hermit is what makes him so prominent in the eyes of the world. The law of God is that man should love and respect his neighbor as himself. In general, we may say that no matter to whom, nor where, it always has a soothing, pleasant effect. No matter how deficient people may be in qualities of body or mind, they are sure to be acceptable in any circle of society in which they move, provided they have the ever-attractive quality of kindness.—Mary McMahon.

men know beyond peradventure that the one whom they can depend upon is the one who has been accustomed to depend upon himself. "I prefer," said a great manufacturer, "that all my employees should be married men; for I know that a married man will work harder to keep his position than he would if no one were dependent on him." I recently observed a rich boy and a poor one with the same amount of education and general training, and the poor one is likely to be the more dependable, because he knows that there will be no chance or lack about his future prosperity. He will get what he earns and nothing else. To recount the names of the thousands of our great or rich men, who have sprung up from the ranks of poverty, would be an impossible task. To record the names of the pinheads and inconsequential sports who have failed because they had too big a money start, would be equally impossible. But the testimony of every county in the land would endorse the statement that these poor boys of yesterday are the rich and great ones of to-day.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

BERTIE'S PATIENT

In his little brass bed, among the downiest pillows, lay Bertie Stuart. He was getting over the measles. He was as nurse said, "as cross as a little bear."

Nurse suggested reading "Swiss Family Robinson," but Bertie "didn't care to hear about that family a hundred thousand times," so it ended in her telling him of another little boy in the same city, who had to live all day long in a tiny, cheerless room. He had no pretty flowers to look at, no not even a mouse to amuse and care for him, and he was such a bright little chap.

That evening when mother came in to kiss Bertie good-night, his eyes were fixed on the roses on the table. "I want those roses taken to a sick boy to-morrow, mother," he said. "All right," said mother, and he will see that he gets some chicken broth, and a little jelly, also. And so, day after day, a basket of good things went to the other sick boy. Bertie's mind was kept so busy planning new pleasures for the "other one" that he quite forgot his own troubles.

One morning, some weeks after, the postman brought a letter addressed to "Miss Bertie Stuart," which read: "Dear Bertie: I sit up, Kin you? The flowers is prime and the jelly up yours' just elegant. Much obliged. Yours truly, Tommy Gray." "O, mother," cried Bertie, "I never in all my life was so happy!" "I think," said mother, that my little boy is just beginning to learn the secret of happiness."—Sunbeam.

A LOST FRIEND

"Have you seen my dog—a yellow one with a little ragged newswy with a 'P' in his shawl—vague asked the passerby. "Where did you lose your dog, little boy?" A sweet-faced old lady in a worn black gown paused to speak to him. The sympathy of her voice brought the tears to his anxious eyes, but he dashed them away quickly—half ashamed of his emotion. "He's gone away this mornin', an' I can't find him nowhere. He's the best friend I got." A sob shook his thin little frame. "He's a little yellow dog with a white ear. Ye ain't seen him, have ye?"

"No, dear, I haven't seen him," said the old lady, placing a motherly hand on his shoulder, "but I think we can find him." "The dog-ketcher's got him, I suppose—the boy's tone was hopeless—"an' if he has they ain't no use cause it takes \$3 to get him out."

"Where'd they take dogs when they catch them?" asked the old lady. "To the dog pound, an' they kill 'em." He sobbed aloud. "The old lady smiled. 'Don't worry,' she said kindly. 'Listen, I'll give you \$3. The place where they take the dogs isn't far away, is it?' She pressed the money into the grimy hand. The boy looked at her, wore unheeded of in his sphere of life. He tried to thank her, but she stopped him with a smile. "Run on," she said. "Don't stop to thank me."

If you had happened to walk through Central Park an hour later you would have seen a boy, with a face as radiant as the sun, carrying an ugly little yellow mongrel with a white ear, and looking into his face with all the love and affection of his nature. And the old lady with the worn black gown? Perhaps she wore her gown a year longer. Perhaps she did not regret her action. The newswy's thankful, radiant face repaid her fourfold.—Los Angeles Times.

WANTED—A POOR BOY

Benjamin Franklin once said, "To be thrown upon our own resources is to be cast into the very lap of fortune." There is a certain fee feeling of strength and high purpose that comes to the young man, who is battling alone against the world, that cannot possibly come to the person whose bills are paid by a rich father or uncle; and keen business

THE HOLY SOULS

(From "Seedlings" by the Right Rev. Charles H. Otton, D. D.) We need not enter into the doctrine of purgatory which has always been taught by Holy Church and which is proven by the Scriptures, old and new, and which is so reasonable in itself, despite what opposing sects may say; nor need we enter into any detailed account of what the Fathers have said with regard to it, but merely accede to the fact that it is Catholic teaching and give to it our ready belief, and let it inspire the thoughts in mind and heart which are proper to it. What are these thoughts? They are surely thoughts of sympathy for the suffering souls and determination to help them all we can.

We assist God when helping to free the souls in purgatory. God loves those souls with indelible love. He loved them in life because of their close, and in some cases, almost perfect union with Him, and He loved them in death still more because their salvation was secured. And love goes on with impatient and increasing force, the

longer they are separated from Him. If there be one thing more than another that we can do to please God it must be to shorten their sufferings and liberate the souls in purgatory, for of all His children outside His heavenly home these surely are the most beloved, and they are the nearest, when we consider the uncertainties of salvation for all in life nearest and dearest, because with Him, sooner or later, they will enjoy the delights of paradise. Let us, then, show our love of God by giving Him what we can of our merits to return and bring to Himself souls so precious and dear to Him.

We owe it to the suffering souls themselves to help them. It is a charity we owe them because they suffer. It is a duty to relieve them because they are our brethren. They are our kinsmen, our parents, relatives and friends, and so justice as well as charity claims for them all the relief we can give. Possibly some of these suffer for faults we caused them to commit, and hence justice of more than an ordinary degree demands that we help release them from the debts of these souls when they were in life did much for us. They are our parents, perhaps, who fondly watched over us and provided for our wants; our brothers and sisters, who brightened and sweetened our lives; a helping hand and whose goodness and friendship we did not adequately requite. We are debtors to all these and can more than repay all by giving them in their need the offering of our prayers and good works. How often we place flowers upon the graves of our loved ones, there to fade and wither before another sun has set, and how senseless these for Catholics, unless accompanied by the prayers of those who give them. Let us twine the memories of the departed around our minds and hearts and keep them ever fresh and green by the dew of God's grace falling gently on them in response to our prayers in their behalf.

The only way to save time is to spend it well.

He Bought Her a 1900 Washer.

ONE OF OUR READERS TELLS HOW HER HUSBAND LEARNED What Washday Means to a Woman

DEAR EDITOR:—Most men have no realization of what "wash-day" means to a woman. My husband is one of the best men that ever lived, but he laughed when I asked him one day to get me a 1900 Gravity Washer. I told him it would wash clothes in six minutes. Why, wife, he said, he's a washing machine in a luxury.



John's "Busy Day"

I am not very strong, and the washing, with all my other work, finally got the better of me. I had quite a sick spell, and after things had gone at a lull, I remembered how he had better do the washing. We couldn't hire a girl for love or money, and the situation was desperate. So one morning I started it. My what a commotion there was in the kitchen! From my bedroom I occasionally caught glimpses of poor John struggling with that mountain of dirty clothes.

That's all he said, but he lost no time in sending for their Free Washer Book. The book came in due time and with it an offer to send the 1900 Gravity Washer on thirty days' free trial. My husband jumped at the chance to try the Washer without having to spend a cent. We'll have four weeks' use of the Washer anyway, even if we don't decide to keep it," he said. So he told the Company to send on the Washer.

It was sent promptly, all charges paid, and the 1900 Washer Company offered to let us pay for it in little easy payments. The next week I felt well enough to use it. It is the nicest Washer I ever saw, and it almost runs itself. Takes only six minutes to wash a tubful, and the garments come out spotless.

We were all delighted with the Washer, and wrote to the Company that we would keep it and accept their easy payment terms of 50 cents a week. We paid for it without ever missing the money, and I wouldn't part with the Washer for five times its cost. If it could get another just like it, I would give it to you. If women knew what a wonderful help the 1900 Gravity Washer is, not one would be without it. It saves work and worry and doctor's bills. Takes away all the dread of wash-day. I feel like a new woman since I have quit the use of the washboard. And if any woman's hands and objects to buying one of these labor-saving machines, take a hint from my experience. Let the man do just one big washing by hand-rubbing on the old-fashioned washboard, and he will be only too glad to get you a 1900 Gravity Washer. Anybody can get one on free trial, by first writing for the Washer Book.

Excuse me for writing such a long letter, but I hope, Mr. Editor, you will print it for the benefit of the women readers of your valuable paper. Sincerely yours, MRS. J. H. SMITH.

"Grandpa Says THESE Are Good for Little Boys!"



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CHANGE OF CLIMATE DID NOT HELP

But GIN PILLS Conquered His Rheumatism



THE fact that men of standing and responsibility do not hesitate to come out and state frankly how much good GIN PILLS have done them, speaks volumes for this good old remedy. Mr. W. G. Reid, of Hamilton, whose statement we publish below, with his permission, is one of the best known commercial men in Canada. His many friends throughout the country will be delighted to learn that he is quite himself again. He says: "I have been for the last two years a cripple with Muscular and Inflammatory Rheumatism. I have tried almost everything known to medical science to relieve me of the intense pain and inflammation. I sought change of climate in Kentucky and other Southern points without relief. Your manager in this city recommended GIN PILLS and I have since taken eight boxes and am now cured. I consider GIN PILLS the conqueror of Rheumatism and Kidney Disease!" (Signed) W. G. REID.

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