



DOING BETTER THAN THE OTHER FELLOW.

Many years ago a raw country youth went to Philadelphia and got a job in a store.

The rawness of a country lad in these days of automobiles and chaletauques and long distance phones is cosmopolitan elegance compared with the rawness of a green country lad in those days; and that lad was as green as they made them—in appearance.

But anyway, he got his job and buckled down to work. And how he did work! The other clerks made fun of him because he worked so hard. Then they got "sore" about it, because his example was injurious to them, they thought. It was hard for them to get by with their old system of doing as little as they had to when this country jake was working like a beaver all the time. So they first made jokes about him, and then got mean about it.

But that didn't bother Mr. Country Jake. He just kept right on working. He did what they gave him to do the very best he knew how. He studied out the relationship of what he had to do to the general work of the store and pretty soon he was doing not only his own work but a part of the work that others were neglecting. Then, too, he did things that never had been done before, because nobody thought of them. He thought of them because he had his mind on his job.

Half the things he did he didn't really have to do, of course. He kept his own work up so thoroughly that he was always ready to jump in and help somebody else.

It didn't take the owners of the store long to notice this fellow, and pretty soon the lad was foreman of the store, and those who had laughed at him and then got mad at him were working under him.

"It was good for me to be sneered and scoffed at," said this lad in latter life. "It helped me to arrive at the destination I had started for."

For Mr. Country Jake had a destination. That's why he worked so. He was aiming somewhere, and his activity was his way of getting there.

Well, of course, he got where he headed for. Most everybody does who adopts a practical destination and then hustles to get to it.

Pretty soon he owned a store. Pretty soon his store was the biggest in Philadelphia. Pretty soon he had another big store, this time in New York. And now he is John Wanamaker, the country's greatest merchant; rich in wealth and fair fame. And this, he said the other day, was his motto, and the recipe that created his remarkably successful career: "I always tried to do better than the other fellow."

It's an old-fashioned story, of a sort that isn't cited and admired so much as it used to be. The reason for that is that it or variations of it have been told so many times of men who, seeking only wealth and ceasing to care how they got it, have crowned it with infamy.

But there's value—very real and very sound value—in that story. John Wanamaker sought more than wealth. He sought pre-eminence in his line. He aimed to be a better clerk, a better foreman and a better merchant "than the other fellow." And, sticking to it and being thrifty by the way, he got there.

He had an aim, he stuck to it, he wasn't afraid of work, and he "always tried to do better than the other fellow."

So he's very easily accounted for, and the many who fail to arrive are as easily accounted for by the fact that they had no aim, or had no stick-to-it-iveness, or didn't mind it in the least if they let somebody else do better than they did.

THE LAUGH CURE.

Laughter insures a mental exhilaration, says Success.

The habit of frequent and hearty laughter will not only save you many a doctor's bill, but will also save you years of your life.

There is good philosophy as well as good health in the maxim, "Laugh and grow fat."

Laughter is a foe to pain and disease and a sure cure for the "blues," melancholy and worry.

Laughter is contagious. "Be cheerful and you make everybody around you happy, harmonious and healthful. Laughter and good cheer make love of life; and love of life is half of health."

Use laughter as a table sauce; it sets the organs to dancing, and thus stimulates the digestive processes.

Laughter keeps the heart and face young, and enhances physical beauty. Laughter is nature's device for exercising the internal organs and giving us pleasure at the same time.

It sends the blood bounding through the body, increases the respiration and gives warmth and glow to the whole system.

A noted lecturer on rules for health is quoted as saying that yawning and stretching aid circulation, bring certain muscles into play that bring back the blood into active circulation. This same authority also says that change of interest or work often brings relief from fatigue and cites examples were girls coming home from a tiresome day in the shop or office, complaining of fatigue, often accept an invitation to a dance and do not complain the least bit of feeling tired after dancing several hours, proving that no matter how tired one may be, a change of scene or thought gives relief, by bringing different muscles into play through the new interest.

THE EDITOR AND YOU.

Did you ever stop to consider the difference between the treatment accorded you by the editor and that you accord him?

If he should knock your business through the columns of his paper, or say uncomplimentary things about you, in his paper, you would nurse a grudge against him to your grave, and as time rolled by it would grow in size until you find it as hard to hold as a baby elephant soaked in grease.

Now is such the case with the editor? He hears that you have ridiculed and run down his paper, that you have told people on the streets that it could not come to your home, and then you tell him that your daughter has graduated. He praises her to the sky, says she is the pride of the community, the smartest thing on earth and that her parents have just cause to be proud of her. You can mark your paper refused—stick it back in the office and boast of the fact to your friends, humiliating him if you can, but if your son gets into trouble, rather than hurt your feelings he suppresses things connected with the unfortunate case at the risk of being called a numbskull who can never get hold of the news.

He hears of your denunciations, feels the sting of it all and sometimes suffers financial loss as a consequence but never uses the columns of his paper to get even.

On the other hand if you have anything to boost, he will boost for you; if honor comes to take you, he takes local pride in heralding it abroad, and if death steals into your home he will go to the bottom of his heart for tender expressions of love for the departed one and condolence for the ones who are left to mourn.

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

THE CASTLE OF DREAMS.

"I wonder where all the dreams come from?" said Norine one night as she was being tucked snugly into her little white bed.

"Why don't you ask the Dream Fairy?" smiled Mamma, as she kissed her good-night.

After Mamma had left her Norine lay gazing out of her window, where the moonlight lay in patches upon the green lawn. She was quite sleepy, and she knew that all the birds were safe in their cozy nests, for Norine and the birds went to sleep together. Suddenly she saw that a beautiful lady was standing in the moonlight and smiling at her.

"I am the Dream Fairy, dear," she said ever so softly, and her voice sounded like the ripple of the little brook beyond the garden. "Come with me and I will show you the Castle of Dreams."

She lifted the child in her lovely white arms, wrapped her grey cloak around her and away they flew, high over woods and fields, over mountains and streams, till at last they came to a castle where masses of gray clouds hung low. There were great trees, whose tops swayed and rustled, and there was a gently-flowing river called the River of Sleep.

Every sound, was low and soft and soothing.

The Dream Fairy flew straight to the door and bade the child knock. As she did so a voice from within said: "Who is there?"

"Who is there?" And the Fairy answered for her, "A child."

"How came you hither?" asked the gentle voice.

"Over the River of Sleep."

"Who was your guide?"

"The Dream Fairy."

"What is your will?"

"To enter the Castle of Dreams."

"Enter."

Without a sound the doors swung open and they stepped into the shadowy hall. The fairy led Norine to a room on the right, where the bad dreams were shut up. Norine looked in and then slammed the door very quickly before any of them could escape.

The Dream Fairy laughed. "Those dwarfs are the Bad Dreams," she said, "and I am obliged to let them out, when children have been naughty or will eat things that do not agree with them. Each one carries a bagful of unpleasant thoughts."

"I do not like them," said the child.

They crossed the hall so that Norine might see the good dreams. There they were—the loveliest fairies with baskets of flowers, and each flower was a beautiful thought. The little girl was delighted.

"Oh!" she cried. "I choose that perfectly lovely dream over there. May she come tomorrow night?"

"If you are good," answered the Dream Fairy, smiling.

Norine would have liked to stay for a long time with the good dreams, but the Fairy told her that they must start for home. On the way they met a dream who had been to visit a sick child, and was just returning. Her face was very sad.

"How is little Alice?" asked the Dream Fairy.

"Little Alice is better. She is smiling now at the dream that I brought her, but she will always have to lie in her bed. She can never run about again like other children."

"Why," cried Norine, "I know Alice. She lives on our street. Don't you think," she went on, "that I could be a Day Dream? I could go to see Alice and take her pleasant thoughts, and I would keep saying to myself all the time, 'I am a Day Dream—a happy Day Dream for Alice.'"

"Of course you can," said the Dream Fairy, "you shall be a Day Dream and at night I will send my

A BEAUTIFUL FATHER.

"Tell your mother you have been very good boys today," said a school-teacher to two little new scholars.

"Oh," replied Tommy, "we haven't any mother."

"Who takes care of you?" she asked.

"Father does. We've got a beautiful father; you ought to see him!"

"Who takes care of you when he is at work?"

"He takes all the care before he goes off in the morning, and after he comes back at night. He's a house-painter, but there isn't any work this summer, so he's doing laboring. He leaves us a warm breakfast when he goes off, and we have bread and milk for dinner, and a good supper when he comes home. Then he tells us stories, and plays on the fife, and puts out beautiful things for us with his jack-knife."

Before long the teacher did see the home of that father. The room was a poor one, graced with cheap pictures, autumn leaves, and other little trifles that cost nothing. The father, who was at the time preparing the evening meal for his motherless boys, was, at first glance, only a rough, begrimed laborer; but before the stranger had been in the place ten minutes the room became a palace, and the man a magician.

His children had no idea they were so poor, nor were they so, with such a hero as this to fight their battles for them.

BOYS, READ THIS.

Have you ever noticed that the fellows that run most of the big concerns of the country are the ones who always return courteous answers? If you address the president of a railroad he will listen attentively and make a decent reply. But you ask a civil question of the cub at a depot in a country town and you will get a smart and flippant reply. Go into a big city store and ask for the manager. He will talk pleasantly and give you the desired information. But happen to get in the way of the bright young fellow who is washing a window and he will hand you a package that will make your blood boil. But drop around twenty years later and the cub at the depot may have advanced to the local freight and the window washer will likely be driving one of the delivery wagons for the store. The presidents of railroads and the managers of big concerns are the fellows who in flowery days of their youth acquired the habit of returning soft and courteous answers. That is one of the reasons they became railroad presidents and managers of big concerns. The cub who knows more will always be a cub, and the smart-alecky window washer will be polishing glass in the autumn time of his days.

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(Continued from page 6.)

PROSCRIBED.

Catholic church that night. He resolved to dine early and go.

It was Washington—the goal of ambition of every politician in the land. Here were gathered the best minds of the nation; here was a society rivaling in brilliancy the gay capitals of the Old World; here was power, here was honor, here was glory.

John Wilman stood in Washington—stood in the House of Representatives of the United States. Here in the chamber where Old Man Eloquent and the Mill Boy of the Slashes had thrilled the gallery in days gone by, where Blaine and Sunset Cox and all the rest had gained their fame—here stood John Wilman and watched his public career go out with the tide.

The chamber was crowded, as is usual on the last day of a session. Fashionably gowned women, among whom John Wilman was a favorite, chatted in the galleries; and so did diplomats and distinguished personages without number. Life here had all that the world could give.

"John, boy, I'm sorry you're leaving us."

His old friend Withington sat down on the bench beside him and put an arm around his shoulder.

"When this fit of bigotry has passed you'll come back. Don't worry."

"No; I'll not come back," he replied. "I am leaving this House for another."

"Another House?" Withington was puzzled.

"Yes; another House. A House where they do not need a sergeant-at-arms; a House where there are no filibusters; no Democrats nor Republicans; no Big and Little Navy men."

"What kind of a House do you mean?"

The young congressman looked up at the skylight and smiled gently.

"A monastery."

—L. E. Thomas, in "The Rosary Magazine."

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Order to Present Claims Within Three Months.
STATE OF MINNESOTA, COUNTY OF Ramsey, ss. Probate Court.

In the Matter of the Estate of John J. Daly, Deceased.
Letters of Administration on the Estate of John J. Daly, Deceased, late of the City of St. Paul in the County of Ramsey and State of Minnesota, being granted to Hannah Daly Scanlan.

It appearing on proper proof by affidavit of Hannah Daly Scanlan made and filed herein, as provided by law, that there are no debts against the estate of said deceased;

It is Ordered, That three months be and the same is hereby allowed from and after the date of this Order, in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased, if any there be, are required to file the same in Probate Court of said County, for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is Further Ordered, That the first Monday in January, 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M., at a General Term of said Probate Court, to be held at the Court House in the City of St. Paul, in said County, be and the same hereby is appointed as the time and the place when and where the said Probate Court will examine and adjust said claims and demands.

And It is Further Ordered, That notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said Estate, by forthwith publishing this Order once in each week for three successive weeks in The Catholic Bulletin a legal newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated at St. Paul this 13th day of September, 1915.

By the Court: E. W. BAZILLE, Judge of Probate.

(Seal of Probate Court.)
G. F. Dames, Atty.

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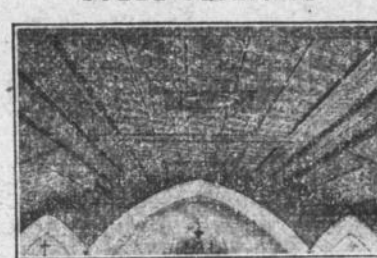
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