

# The YOUNG AMERICAN

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## OUR PURPOSE.

It is always proper and well for a publication to inform its people, in the very outset, concerning its purpose.

Of course, all periodicals have a purpose. Some of these purposes are good, and a few noble; however, some are bad.

Now, we firmly believe that our purpose is among those which may be termed as noble. It is this sentiment that prompts us to venture to place a magazine before your eyes. We have something to stand for, something to hold before the people—we have something to say, and we want to say it.

Our purpose is: "TO ENTERTAIN, DIRECT, AND EXPRESS THE YOUNG AMERICAN."

When we say "the Young American," we do not mean the lad of fourteen, nor the woman of thirty-four, nor the man of forty-five. All of these individuals already have numerous periodicals dedicated to them, such as: "The Boy's Life" and "The American Boy" for the lad of fourteen, "The Ladies' Home Journal" and "The American Woman", for the woman of thirty-four, and untold numbers for the man of forty-five. But where are the publications dedicated to the young man and young lady of sixteen and nineteen summers?

So, realizing the need of this class of Americans, we dedicate our magazine primarily to the young man and young lady of sixteen and nineteen years.

This is not to say that older and younger people are barred from participation in the sounding of this organ, if they are young in mind and action. We, the young Americans, simply mean anyone who is not young in thoughts and aspirations has no place with us, not that we regard it as a sin to be otherwise, but that we cannot express anyone other than the "young American."

The fact that the publishers and editor are only youths themselves will

ascertain their earnestness in abiding by this noble purpose.

The best tonic in the world for a sin sick soul is good, wholesome entertainment; the best in heaven, a prayer to God.

## COMMON SENSE DISGRACED.

What is common sense?

It is nothing more nor less than a disgraced phrase; an apt combination of letters in every vagabond's vocabulary; a fill-in for an exhausted tongue.

It once had a meaning, but now it has none. It was once fresh and crisp, but now it is dulled by repetition. It was once a part of the educated and refined, it is now common property.

Some man has said that no word belongs to you, and you have no right to use it until you have learned its meaning and usage from an unabridged dictionary. If the people of to day would act according to this statement, "common sense" would no longer be common property.

I'm sick of the phrase. Why can't some man invent a new one?

## BAFFLING THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

I'm so much of a Christian Scientist that the High Cost of Living has no effect upon me. It is my habit, when I am hungry, to hang around some cafe about a half an hour, watching the people eat.

I find that it works well, because, since the mind is the controlling factor of the whole body, the condition of that organ affects the entire body.

Are you the smartest lad that dad ever had? Is that bad?

## BOYHOOD.

(By Nady Cates, Jr., Editor.)

"Son, you are having the best time now that you will ever have. You'll never be a boy but once."

These are the words that fall from the lips of the father to-day. Is he telling the truth to his son?

His son can't see that he is; neither can I. Little Johnnie thinks he is having an awfully hard time now, and if his future days are to be more monotonous, more trying and more unbearable than these, what a cruel old world this must be!

Father, you are leaving the wrong

impression with your son, when you say he is seeing his best days in boyhood. You are teaching him the rudiments of lying, and when he reaches manhood—oh, the glorious manhood—he'll remember that falsehood you told him.

Of course, every man agrees that he would like to live his boyhood days through again; but that does not disprove the fact that they are not our most pleasant days. I agree with Ralph Parlette when he says that he wouldn't for anything in the world spend his whole life as a boy.

The life of a boy is a very hard one, therefore it is an essential one, for that which is not difficult to obtain is of no account. We might compare his life to a bouncing rubber ball—not gently rolling—but bounding down the channel of life, receiving the bumps and knocks that are to sometime bounce him out of his boyhood rut and into the fullness of life.

Here he goes, recklessly hitting this rock and that rock and this bump and that bump, with no purpose in life, until he finally hits the rock which is to bounce him into a full realization of himself. Then he no longer lives a bouncing life. He has reached manhood. He has bounced himself out of the old rut of boyhood.

The boy is a sinner, and sometimes I believe that it is well that he is. He falls into the snares of the devil and jolts against the perilous rocks of profanity.

A most dangerous life it is. Many drown in the gushing waters. But it is not half so perilous as it would be if he were rolling gently along the bottom, for the chances are that the boy who goes through boyhood on a flowery bed of ease will never bounce out of the channel. He will never hit the rock of sin which is to throw him into a sinless manhood.

Yes, mother, tell your son that his boyhood days carry only a few of the pleasures of life. Describe to him the great and glorious manhood that is to come in the future, and let him bounce, unmolested, on down the channel of boyhood, for through bouncing is his salvation.

An old lady once said to me concerning a grandchild whom she was rearing: "You know I'm so afraid Tom will run with bad boys and get into sinful ways. I wish I could provide a clean, wholesome environment for him."

I replied what I believe from the  
Continued on page 6