

Religious Bulletin

January 14, 1928

\$5000 a Year -- For a Piece of Ham.

This is a story of the business value of backbone. It is a true story, with fictitious names. It packs a powerful punch for weak-kneed Catholics.

Seated about the breakfast table were the host, Rufus Profits, President of the great Twilight Corporation, and nine of his principal executives, two of whom were Catholics -- Jeremiah Steel, who was seated in the place of honor, and Vladimir Putty, across the way and down the table. Two more of the nine, Messrs. Punch and Zipper, figure in our story.

The butler approached Mr. Steel with a platter of ham and eggs. Mr. Steel turned to his host. "How is it, Mr. Profits," he asked, "that you always have to have me out here on a Friday?" The host was visibly embarrassed and full of apology. "Take that away," he said to the butler, "and bring Mr. Steel anything he wishes. What will you have, Mr. Steel?" "Never mind," he replied. "I'll take the eggs. That's more breakfast than I take at home."

The butler proceeded on his way with good luck until he reached Mr. Putty. The host was beforehand with his apologies on this occasion, but his guest, with a gesture of broadmindedness, helped himself to the ham. "There is no need for apology, Mr. Profits," he declared; "I never let my religion interfere with my appetite."

Bang! Down went Mr. Steel's knife and fork, and he stalked out of the room. His host followed shortly, and received his apology, but with a refusal to return to the table. "I have my religion so thoroughly ingrained in me," he said, "that I can't stand the action of a weakling. I hope you will pardon me for losing my head, and that you will forget it and go on without me."

Three months later Mr. Steel was summoned to the President's office. He found that Mr. Punch and Mr. Zipper had preceded him there. "Mr. Steel," said the President, "there is a vacancy and we want your opinion on filling it. Mr. Wire is leaving us. Who, in your judgment, is the man best fitted to head his department?"

"Mr. Putty is, without a doubt," was the reply. "It is in his line, he is well prepared to take over the department, and he can do the work."

"I am very glad to hear you say that," commented Mr. Profits. "Mr. Zipper and Mr. Punch were agreed that he is the best man for the job, which will carry with it an increase of \$5000 a year over his present salary. I suppose we should call him in, then, and inform him that he is appointed to the place."

"When you do, please accept my resignation at the same time," said Mr. Steel.

"Why should we do that?" inquired the President. "Were you thinking of the place for yourself? Didn't you say he is the man best fitted for the place?"

"He is the best man for the place, without a doubt," replied Mr. Steel. "I have no objection to your appointing him. But when you do, please accept my resignation."

The President exchanged glances with Mr. Zipper and Mr. Punch, and then turned to Mr. Steel. "Would you mind leaving the room for a moment?" he asked.

A few minutes later he was recalled to the conference. "Mr. Putty will not be appointed," said the President. "We must look for some one else."

PRAYERS: Jos. D. Murphy wires that his father is dying; Walter Murphy's mother is ill.