10, 1904.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1904.

Dear Boys and Girls :

fifty cents he expected.

Good-bye, dear

Dear Aunt Becky :

always welcome in the corner.

I thought I would try and write

you a little letter. I am a little girl of nine. I do not go to school

but I study my catechism at home

I have two sisters and a brother

older and one brother younger than

you also. Good-bye.

* * *

I was pleased at seeing my little

earning my catechism at home in

hopes to make my first Communion

in the spring. We live about four

miles from the Church. In winter

some times it is very cold to drive

so far. This is all for this week.

* * *

loves to swim in the river. We

throw out sticks and he goes after

them and when he comes in we all

run away, because he likes to jump

up on us and it is not very nice

* * *

I live in the country and cannot go

to school regularly. I feed the

chickens, turkeys and ducks, and ga-

ther the eggs. We had visitors near-

ly all summer. My aunties and

cousins were with us and we had

great times boating and picnicking

in the woods. They are building a

school-house about a mile from here,

so then papa will drive me to school

my neck. I have six dolls and I

make all their clothes. My big sis-

when he is soaking wet.

Dear Aunt Becky :

ROSE.

ISABEL.

MIRIAM.

My sister Rose is writing to

for the

when I

Granby.

Granby.

Dear Aunt Becky .

copy right ?

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY AUNT BECKY,

I am sure the letters last, week were enjoyed by all readers of the

I am sure the letters man been new onjoyed by all readers of the children's page. B. D., from Sudbury, writes a very nice letter for a

children's page. It was neatly written, and we hope to hear from her soon again. Henry S. and Billy Thomas (chums as they call them-

her soon again. Then is a strong strong course as they call them-selves) must have rollicking times. Henry wants to know if poor vene-rable Aunt Becky ever made "gobolinks." Well, no, Henry, I have never

rable Aunt Beeny, in nave never done so, but I do believe I will renew my youth and join my little

done so, but I do benere i thin the and south and join my little micces and nephews in a "gobolink" contest. I think Minnie T. should

ak her brother, who seems to be an adept at puzzles, to contribute some ask her brother. We would all like to know if Johnnie B. got the

fity cents he expected. I hope Billy T.'s sore finger is better. I think he should explain how he managed to break a finger "playing football." Did I read his how right? No one thought of writing about hallowe'en fun. Sure-

by the good old customs have not been forgotten. Long, long ago

little friends. Write as often as you like, you are

Your friend,

light. I thought it was so funny how

the ferry would glide so quietly into

the slip. We did not get bumped

as we had been before when we were

on large boats. I was all through

Central Park. My uncle lived in In-

dia for many years and was able to

tell me about the habits of so many

of the animals I saw. If you think this letter good enough please put

Your friend.

* * *

A gentleman saw two children be-

fore him in the cars, a boy and a

girl. They were dressed poorly but

neatly, and were travelling alone.

to sleep? No, she was praying.

girl ?" he asked, when she got up.

"And what are you saying it for

"I'm so hungry," was the reply.

"I was saying, 'Our Father

art in Heaven.' " she said.

thing for the children to eat.

face. "Did God send you, sir ?"

him, and God well knows ever

many ways to answer our prayers.

* * *

HOW TO TREAT A LIE.

start is like trying to round up

"It's pretty hard to know how to

now ?" he asked again.

all gone."

GOD SENT HIM.

ERNEST.

it in your next issue.

AUNT BECKY.

was a little girl, hallowe'en was a red letter day.

she had been i he saw her combel, where

e greater part she asked, "can ne of that man

ngin' this mornng time ?" thur Donahue," "He is a newut begged to be he procession to narm, poor man, arkably good for

" Catharine re-"But years ago in all Ireland. Id ye of, Sister

tharine ?" own name ? Yes, oy, I seen him. ow, and his face ke more changes ot to know Arny eyes on him.

e good Mother ister? If he as glad as me, atharine," ans-

e cheerily. "To-'ll arrange ityou say, he will self. What a pening that you er here, after all

ere leaving the ing when Sister ight Catharine letter in the paper this week. I will try and write every week. I am by the hand, garden.

said, "I have lied the old wolips. He is the man

ght he was sudnow dying. It st his mind wan-Good bye. your name. Laenses and has al-

Dear Aunt Becky : Sacraments. I am just eight years old and canspeak. Side by not write very good, but I would entered the inlike to see my letter in your paper, old man lay dyso won't you put it in. I have a Catharine was big dog. Rover is his name. He

Arthur ?" she ars from her shriveled hand. ed on his out-

" he said, quite are your brown Arthur," she

rough her tears. ou all the time?" mostly till I lace." ou went back on God forgive me,

ery bitter once-New York at told me, and you'd gone, Ar-

every day. Your friend, en months with-* * * Dear Aunt Becky .

Arthur. when you told I have three white mice. My auntie gave them to me for my birthday I was too hot-They have lots of fun scampering always-always over the house and cuddle around

born." ce in the chapel ell, well, 'Twas

rin's we're toge-

ter cuts them out and I sew them. I have two brothers and a sister , Cathie, but I had to sing out older than myself and a baby sister. I am ten years old and go to school e.** , Arthur. Praise His holy name.

regularly. Papa thinks I am doing very well for a little girl. Your little friend, KITTIE.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

No wonder folks found it hard to MY believe that he was just a tramp kitten, or that they paid no heed to the wistful look in his round eyes or to the piteous little cries that came from his funny red mouth. Sad indeed would have been his fate only for the mother-heart in the loft tenant. She had three babies of her own, great rollicking fellows with big heads and ugly yellow jackets, but she loved them dearly, and every day went forth to forage for them. Just as the waif cuddled down under the maple the devoted mother came by softly, a fat juicy mouse held carefully between her sharp teeth. No doubt she was thinking

what a jolly scramble her darlings would have for this delicious morsel. Perhaps that was why she scurried along more quickly as she heard a pleading "Meow, me-ow" from the orphan under the tree, and four little white socks twinkled through the grass and came out on the path in front of her.

Would she give it to him? She stopped for a moment, shook er mouse temptingly, bent her head days. We had friends in Brooklyn till it almost touched the path, and who gave us such a good time. I then, with a gentle little purr, dropwent over to New York a few times ped her babies' dinner to the mothout think I enjoyed it more at night. erless bairn .- Cecelia Martin, in Do-It was lovely to cross in the ferry nahoe's. and see New York just one blaze of

LITTLE LAUGHS.

The following story is told of and the sun was shining with a how the office boy got the better of former Secretary Root : Said Mr. Root, "Who carried off my paperbasket ?" "It was Mr. Reilly," said the boy.

"Who is Mr. Reilly ?" asked Mr. Root. "The janitor, sir." An hour later Mr. Root asked,

"Jimmie, who opened the window ?" "Mr. Lantz, sir." "And who is Mr. Lantz ?" "The window-cleaner, sir." Mr. Root wheeled about and look-

Toward noon the little girl got up he said, "we call men by their first names here. We don't 'mister' them from her seat; presently he found her kneeling on the floor, with her in this office. Do you understand?' head bowed in the cushion. Was she "Yes. sir." In ten minutes the door opened, sick ? Did she find this an easy way and a small, shrill voice said, "There "What are you doing, my little is a man here as wants to see you,

ed at the boy. "See here, James,"

* * *

Elihu."

who

SO

A piano-tuner employed by a city firm was sent to a certain suburb to tune a piano. He found the instrument in good condition and not in

"We've been travelling two days,' the least need of attention. said the boy, "and our luncheon is A few days later the firm received a letter from the owner of the piano. The gentleman wished he had some a lady of musical intention, stating thing in his pocket but it was empthat the piano had not been proty. At the next stopping place he perly tuned. It was no better than went out himself and bought somebefore.

After receiving a reprimand from his employer, the hapless tuner made When he handed it to the child, "I new it would come," she said, lookanother trip to the suburbs and ing up with a blush of joy upon her again tested every note, only to find, as before, no fault with the instru-Yes, God sent the gentleman. The upon the air, her fond brother sang ment. This time he told the lady child did not see how the cars were 80.

to furnish the "daily bread," going "Yes," she said, "it does seem so fast and no pantry. But the son all right, doesn't it, when you play of God taught her to pray, "Give us on it, but as soon as I begin to this day our daily bread," and the sing it gets all out of tune again." little girl believed it. She asked

* * * SYNONYMOUS.

"Mon Dieu, zees languazhe," said the earnest Parisian, who was visiting the Fair. "It makes me cent mille troubles. Mon ami Brown tells me Monsieur Smit' has one level

treat a lie when it's about yourself. You can't go out of your way to head. I inquire of ze dictionaire deny it, because that puts you on what it is that level means. Ze dicthe defensive; and sending the truth tionaire say level is flat. Next day after a lie that's got a good running I see Monsieur Smit' an' I compli-ment heem. 'Ah, Monsieur Smit', stampeded herd of steers when the vous avez ze grand flat head.' Monscare is on them. Lies are great sieur Smit' is not compliment. He travellers, and welcome visitors in a knock me down." rood many homes, and no questions

children crept from their hiding place behind the trees, their faces wreath ed in smiles; the mocking-bird and the thrush sought their homes in the A writer in a recent issue of the thicket, while the old dog still lay basking in the sun. Bardstown (Ky.) Record gives some highly fanciful details of the writing

Foster died in Allegheny and is buried in St. Francis cemetery there His grave is overgrown with briars. His songs have gone round the English-speaking world and there is a splendid bronze statue of him in Highland Park, Pittsburg, but no one has thought enough of him to care for his last resting place, more's the

farm about two miles out from

There is no Irish wrong that demands more prompt redress than that embodiment of slanderous national insult known as the "stage" Irishman, writes "Juverna" in the stone pike. The song was written London Universe. The hideous creawhile Foster and his sister were on ture was originally called into exa week's visit to the homestead, and istence by England, for the purpose this is how the Record says it was of defaming a people whom she envied and hated, and as the years draft of it was undoubtedly written sped the poisonous charm worked with results which Irishmen - true Irishmen-only two well know. Bitslaves were at work in the corn field, ter indeed is the thought which reminds us that amongst the greatest caricaturists of their own country grass-first giving it the color of a and race are to be found natives themselves, who, dulled by ignorance or something worse, batten upon a bench in front of the Rowan homeputrid superstition which they insist upon preserving for the reason that it brings a sordid living. In Ameria ca our people have taken up the mat ter very seriously, determining to scotch this stage reptile at all hazards, and ere long the conventional scarce in Old Columbia as is patriotic sentiment in a British regiment of the line. The Ancient Order of Hibernians, that powerful organization the intolerable grievance in an unmistakable way, having passed a resolution ordaining that no member of the order shall attend any theatre in which the ridiculous caricature embodied in the "stage" Irishman is allowed to figure in the programme. A most praiseworthy effort this to venient lunch-basket. stamp the creature out of existence. We trust that this spirited protest may find prompt imitation here at home, as many of our social "noodles" who aspire to social distinction as comic vocalists made "native" ideals-raised specially in the atmosphere of low-class English musihalls-their choice delineation when mocking bird descended to a lower "performing" in drawing room or on local amateur stage. There is no more loathsome character to be met in any social circle than this "fellah" who, being an Irishman born, considers it his bounden duty to formally apologize to mankind for the "unfortunate" by libelling his race and country on every available 'Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep opportunity. This Irish bantling is quite too common, and should be made a rara avis by systematized hunting whenever he appears in evidence. Prompt, resolute, and con-

stant action is what is wanted in dealing with him. Let him be socially squelched and his efforts mocked universally. Such course must A few more days till we totter on inevitably accomplish wonders. is needed.

PRAISE FOR A POET.

The late Richard Henry Stoddard hoes and rakes; the little tots had placed themselves behind the large received many little books of poems sheltering trees, while the old black from would-be poets who hoped to women were peeping around the corbe given a word of praise.

PELICAN PINEY.

(By Anne Cobb, in S. S. Times.)

3

Ned was out in the pineapple-acres trying to find some ripe fruit for supper. It was a very interesting place to explore, especially for Northern boy on his first visit to Florida. The "pines," as Uncle Will called them, were all sorts and sizes,-little plants just set out, and full grown ones several feet high, with stiff, sharp-pointed leaves protecting the fruit tucked away in their midst. Most of them had only little crimson bunches yet, but off in one corner Ned found two ripe ones, and was just going to carry them off when he saw a huge feathered thing lying all huddled up in one of the alleys between the rows of pineapples.

"Uncle, oh, Uncle !" he called; 'please come here a minute ?'' Uncle came and looked.

"Why. it's a pelican," he said. And then, as he stooped and examined it, "Wounded, too, poor thing !" he said, pityingly. "P'raps we could cure it if we took

it home," suggested Ned. "I'm afraid not," said uncle, doubtfully. "Still, it wouldn't any harm to try. We'll let Moses bring it along in the cart; it's too

heavy to carry." When they got home they found Mr. Pelican wasn't hurt so badly after all, and Auntie May's nursing agreed with him so well that in a week he was walking around. Ned thought he was the queerest mixture of pretty and ugly he had ever seen. His feathers were beautiful, especially the rich reddish ones on the neck. But such clumsy, sprawling feet, with the toes joined together in a sort of web ! And, queerest of "stage" Irishman will be found as all, a tough, skinny pouch underneath his long, flat bill. Ned wondered what it was for, till "Piney", (as he called him, from the place where he was found) began to fish of Irishmen in exile, is dealing with for his dinner. He perched out on the end of the long dock, and watched till a fish came along. Then down he plunged, grabbed the fish. stored it away in his pouch, and so on till he had enough. Whenever he got hungry, all he had to do was to take a fish or two out of his con-

> Ned was afraid that Piney would go away when he got well. Perhaps he was a wee bit grateful, and perhaps he thought Uncle Will's dock had as nice fish near it as any other place on the lake; anyway he stayed, and soon got so tame that he would waddle round the grounds after Ned just like a dog.

The one member of the family who disapproved of Piney was old Cook Lily.

"Seems lak he jes' know when ah got mah po'ch swep' up," she said. 'Den he 'low he'll trail dose feet along an' spile it. Ole Mars' Debbil in dat bird; vou-all better watch out." So whenever she heard a certain shuffle on the porch, Lily would peek round the corner, and if no one was with Piney, he was likely to be "shooed" off the porch in a hurry.

One afternoon every one had gone sailing, and, queerly enough, Piney had not appeared. Lily was rocking away, singing "De year ob Jubilee" in the best of spirits, when she heard a step outside. Up she jumped, and round the porch she ran, slashing frantically with the broom, and crying, "G'way, now, yo" pernicketty old-"

And that's as far as Lily got, for her broom hit-not Piney, but the young minister from down the lake. Over the edge of the porch he went

of "My Old Kentucky Home." The author of the song was Stephen Collins Foster. He was born of Irish Catholic parents in Allegheny, Pa., and early in life developed marked talent for poetry and music. In that day, however, a living could not be made by following these arts, so Foster became a printer. As such pity. he speat several years in Kentucky

and the South, and came to love THE STAGE IRISHMAN, that land of song and many singers fre quent visitor at the home of Judge

Vigorous Protest from the Old Land Against the Creature.

OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

While at Bardstown he was a

John Rowan, who owned a large

Bardstown. The Rowan home is a

large, rambling, two-story structure,

with verandas around it, after the

Southern style, and a number of shade trees in front. Even to-day

the place is a beautiful one, set back

a couple of hundred yards from the

first produced, although the first

during the previous days of the visit.

One beautiful morning, while the

mighty sulendor on the waving

light red, then changing it to a gol-

den hue-there were seated upon a

stead two young people-a brothe

and a sister. High up in the top

of a tree was a mocking bird warbl-

ing its sweetest notes. Over in the

hidden recess of a small brush the

thrush's mellow song could be heard.

A number of small negro children

were playing not far away. When

Foster had finished the first verse of

the song, his sister took it from his

hand, and sang in a sweet, mellow

"The sun shines bright in the old

'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;

While the birds make music all the

The young folks roll on the little

All merry, all happy, all bright;

By-'n-by hard times comes a-knock

Then. my old Kentucky home, good

On her finishing the first verse the

branch. The feathery songster drew

his head to one side, and appeared

to be completely enraptured at the

wonderful voice of the young singer.

When the last sweet note died away

We'll sing one song for the old Ken-

For our old Kentucky home far

"A few more days for to tote the

No matter, 'twill never be light,

Then, my old Kentucky home,

The negroes had laid down their

The corn-top's ripe and the meadow'

Kentucky home

in the bloom

cabin floor.

in' at the door-

day.

night."

in a deep bass voice:

tucky home,

weary load.

the road-

good-night."

away.

no more to-day;

voice :

	KITTIE.	traveners, and welcome visitors in a	knock me down."	women were peeping around the cor-	be given a word of praise.	Over the edge of the porch he went
	* * *	good many homes, and no questions		ner of the house. 'The faithful old	Once while Stoddard was acting as	-just like Piney-and actually roll-
stay near me,	Dear Aunt Becky :	asked. Truth travels slow, has to	STODIES OF CLODING WIGE	house-dog never took his eyes off the	literary editor of a certain publica-	ed in the sand ! Poor Lily. All
		prove its identity, and then a lot of	STORIES OF CARDINAL WISE-	young singers; everything was still;	tion, there was sent to him a book	she could say at first was, "Mas"
ftly patted Ca-	ton you find room for a letter	people hesitate to turn out an agree-	MAN.	not even the stirring of the leaves	of poems published at the author's	Preachah, O Mas' Preachah !"
and the state the	the see 0. The sec 0.	able stranger to make room for it.		seemed to break the wonderful sil-	expense, the edition of which was li-	But the sand was soft, and "Mas'
likes," said the	was sea? I wanted to write and	"About the only way I know to	Gentleness, benevolence, hospitality	ence. Again the brother and sister	mited to one hundred copies.	
she wishes."	the bill	kill a lie is to live the truth. When	were among his (Cardinal Wiseman's)	took hold of the remaining notes,	One hardly can imagine the shock	Preachah'' wasn't hurt; so he sat
eave him; Sister	seeing other	your credit is attacked don't bother	notable characteristics None could		the author must have received when	on the edge of the piazza and listen-
ne, drawing ⁸	me man girls' letters made	to deny the rumors, but discount	tell a story better than he. One	"They hunt no more for the possum	he opened Stoddard's review of the	ed, with great bursts of laughter, to
· · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · · ·	to write too. I hope to	your bills. When you are attacked	day when the Cardinal had had some	and the coon	book and read the following : "The	Lily's explanations. As he went away, smoothing his crushed hat.
nt away. , Arthur ?'' ask-	see this next week.	unjustly, avoid the appearance of	choice plants on the table, someone	and the coon	best thing that we can say of this	away, smoothing his crushed hat,
	Your friend,	evil, but avoid also the appearance	ventured to ask their names. "I'm		volume of poems is that the edition	
a moment. and feebly ex-	MOLLY.	of being too good-that is, better	afraid I can't tell you," said the	shore,	is limited to one hundred copies."	Waddling up the trail with Ned !
Il with the touch	Isaac's Harbor, N.S.	than usual. Surprise and suspicion	Cardinal. "I am sometimes as much	the moon,		"So this is your pelican, is it,
land about	* * *	feed on the unusual, and when a man	puzzled by botanical nomenclature	On the bench by the old cabin door.		Ned ?" he asked, with a twinkle in
essed it to his	Dear Aunt Becky :	goes about his business along the	as the old lady who said she could-	The day goes by like a shadow o'er	THE LITTLE DISSIAN'S PAREN-	his eye. "Better teach him to wear
essed it to the	This is from far away Winnipeg. I	usual rut they soon fade away for	not be bothered to remember all the	the heart.	TACE	hats if you don't want his head cracked."
s! Oh, Cathie,"	Wonder how war away Winnipeg. I	lack of nourishment."-Letters of a	long Latin names; the only two she	With sorrow where all was delight;	· · ·	
s was the brave,	Wonder how you would like to live out this way. We have very cold	Self-Made Merchant to His Son.	had ever been able to retain were	The time has come when the darkies	A Russian immigrant of tender age	After her mistake Lily did a little
ala, the loving	winters but have lots of fun sliding	+ + +	Aurora Borealis and delirium tre-	have to part-	was being registered in a downtown	extra scrubbing, but put the entire
na, the lotte	down home-made toboggan slides and	A CAT'S CHARITY.	mens."	have to part-	Philadelphia school. The teacher	blame of the happening on Finey. "Huh-uh." she would say, shaking
e no more. Peo-	making snowhall	A CATS CHARITI.	He used to relate with amusement	Then, my old Kentucky home, good	questioned:	her head wisely. "What ah tell you
t, but Catharine	ball fights T and having snow-	He cuddled down under the big	and satisfaction how, on his last	night.	"What is your name?"	
ard them. Till	though sometime and longing for it. al-	maple, a forlorn, hungry little or-	visit to Ireland, he had been charac-	night. The head must bow and the back will	"Katinka," replied the child.	'hout dat biggetty bird ?''
eath faded away	indoors for down at have to stay	maple, a forlorn, hungry little or- phan. The summer boarders, weary- ing of his antics, had driven him from the piazza not knowing that	teristically welcomed by a ragged	have to bend	"And your father's name ?"	A DESCRIPTION OF THE OWNER OF THE
her hand on his,	mer I have no	ing of his antics, had driven him	native. As soon as he set foot on	Wherever the darky may go;	"I never hat" one," came the	Mrs. Newlywed-Have you any nice
them, token of a	time, as we have a special good	ing of his antics, had driven him from the piazza, not knowing that	Irish ground this warm-hearted fel-	A few more days and trouble all will	quick response.	slumps this morning?
, emblem of the	and it is your and it is your	from the piazza, not knowing that he was homeless and quite alone in the world Such a dainty little char	low pushed his way through the	end,	"Then tell me your mother's name."	Butcher-Slumps ? What are they ?
t was soon to	last year with	he was homeless and quite alone in the world. Such a dainty little chap as he was with his grey velvet suit	crowd, and, falling on his knees be-	In the fields where the sugar-canes	said the teacher kindly.	Mrs. Newlywed-Indeed, I don't
her quest forever	York. I node in my uncle to New	the world. Such a dainty little chap as he was with his grey velvet suit, white socks, and small white shirt	fore him, seized his hand, at the	grow."	"I never hat no mudder neither."	know; but my husband is always
ewarded, faithful	and thought it	as he was with his grey velvet suit, white socks, and small white shirt front 1 And such a parky way as	same time exclaiming: "Now thin,	the second second second	answered the little child seriously.	talking about a slump in the market,
Mannix, in Ben-	stayed down at a just lovely; -we	white socks, and small white shirt front! And such a perky way as he had of creating his pretty head 1	by holy St. Patrick ! Heaven bless	As the song finished tears flowed		and I thought I would like to try
, manning,	at Manhattan for a few	front ! And such a perky way as he had of cresting his pretty head !	your Imminsity !"	down the old people's cheeks; the		some
Charles and the second		and the second				