

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KEEPING HIM DOWN

Many men are "kept down" in the way in which the man in the following story, told by J. L. Harbom, was kept from amounting to anything. A gentleman was travelling in the South on horseback, when he stopped for a drink of water at a little log cabin in the backwoods. A long and very lank man, with a thin, straggling beard and weak blue eyes, was sprawling under a tree in the dooryard. A slender woman in a faded calico gown was darning in a rocking chair by the door. Two boys of about sixteen and eighteen years of age were lying face downward in a fence corner where there was a little grass. Five or six dogs were scattered about the yard, and only one of them had life enough to rise to its forefeet and give a spiritless bark to announce the stranger's approach. The man slowly raised himself upon his elbow, the boys turned on their sides, and the woman, with a little womanly pride still left, began to twist up her back hair. "Could I get a drink here?" asked the traveler. "Why, yess, certainly," drawled the man. "That's the well; help yourself. Maw, can't you get a glass to drink out of?" "That's a gourd hangin' on to the well-urb," replied the woman. "Do not let me trouble you in any way," the stranger made haste to say. "I can drink out of the well bucket." "Wal, that's the way we do," said the man. After satisfying his thirst the stranger said, "I wonder if I could have my horse put up and fed while I walk to the summit of that hill yonder, where I could perhaps get a good photograph of the valley below. I will pay you 50 cents for caring for my horse while I am gone." "You hear that, Jake?" said the man, rising to a sitting posture. "He says that he'll give 50 cents to have his horse fed. That's your chance to earn money here, to buy that spotted dawg of Hen Turner's." "There ain't no cawn husked to feed the critter with," replied the boy called Jake, as he turned over and buried his face in the grass. "Wal, Lute, you whirl in an' look after the critter. Fifty cents will buy a pile of shot for your new gun." "Let Lem do it," replied Lute, and he yawned a tremendous yawn. "Lem! O Lem!" called the man. The sandy head of a youth of about twenty years was thrust out of a window in the gable of the house, and a voice said, sleepily: "What you want?" "Here's a man wants his hoss watered and fed, and he'll give 50 cents for it." "Let Luke or Jake do it." "Wal, if you ain't too triflin' to live!" exclaimed the man, with some show of irritation. Then he asked: "Whar's Lyddy? I reckon she'll do it. She's got more get up than any of the rest of you. Whar's Lyddy, maw?" "I dunno. She said she was going off somewhere and take a nap 'cause she was off to that dance down in the holler all night. Like enough she's snoozin' some place over in the big woods." After screaming several times for "Lyddy," and failing to get any reply, the man turned appealingly to his wife and said: "Wal, why can't you do it, maw? Think of all the terbacker for your pipe that 50 cents will buy!" "Yes, an' have you an' the boys smoke the leaf of it up. No, I thank ye!" The man turned toward the stranger in disgust and in despair and said: "It ain't any use, mister. They won't one of 'em lift a hand. Air it any wonder I ain't ever got along in the world? You kin ride from Dan to Beersey and you won't find another such shiftless lot as I have to support. I reckon they'll feed your nag down the road at Hank Green's. His folks have got some energy. None of mine have. Nothin' like a shiftless family to keep a man down," and he dropped backward with his hat over his face and went to sleep.

THE DIRTY STORY

It advertises your own ignorance. It displays your lack of a sense of decency. It indicates the state of your inner character. It exhibits the nature of your inner soul. It shows your better self is being suppressed. It illustrates the sordidness of your soul. It typifies the meagerness of your resources of entertainment. It proclaims the coarseness of your ideas of humor. It tells of the inadequacy of your means of expression. It reveals the depth of defflement you have already reached. It proves to your friends how greatly they may be disappointed in you. It stifles the testimony of those who said you were a good fellow. It soils the imagination of your hearers. It hangs vulgar pictures on the inner chamber of the imagination of other men from which they cannot escape. It disgusts men of finer sensibilities who care for the clean and wholesome things of life. It nauseates good men who love fun but hate dirt.

It dishonors your parents, and your wife and your children, and your friends and your home and your business and your God. It proves nothing but your own unworthiness. It accomplishes nothing but your own undoing. It convinces others that you are a good man not to do business with. —S. W. McGill, in Association Men.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

"THE GUIDING STAR"

It was the hour for the writing lesson in Room No. 5. Thirty heads were bent low over the desks, and thirty unskilled little hands were guiding the pens, unsteadily, across the white pages. Little Elizabeth Moore, in the very last seat of the third row, was struggling with the capital "Q." The first one had been too slanting, the second resembled a leaf on a tree, rather than a letter of the alphabet, and the last was entirely too fat. "Now, 'Lady Dear' was starting down the aisle to inspect the work. She moved softly, stooping over each desk, with a word of criticism here, a suggestion there, but always, everywhere, a smile and a word of encouragement. The fourth "Q" was a beautiful success, almost as good as the model itself. "Lady Dear" would admire that. She would be there, too, soon. Even now she had stooped at the next desk. The hem of her brown skirt touched Elizabeth's foot. Her golden head was bent low over that of the occupant of the seat, and her hand rested on the back of the desk, directly in front of Elizabeth. How could one think of writing lessons, with their troublesome "Q's" when "Lady Dear" was so near, and one might look on so lovingly a vision? Elizabeth's gaze wandered from "Lady Dear" to a picture of Saint Cecilia, on the wall opposite. Had the man who painted that picture known "Lady Dear"? He must have been thinking of her as he worked, only, of course, the picture was not nearly so beautiful as "Lady Dear" herself. It was then, just as Elizabeth was enumerating the many points of superiority in "Lady Dear's" appearance over that of the picture, that the inevitable happened. Elizabeth never knew how it came about, but when she looked down there, in the very center of that last "Q," was a generous drop of ink, slowly making its way down the page. Elizabeth's cry of dismay brought "Lady Dear" to the rescue. By quick, skillful manipulations with the blotter, a practice acquired by experience in many like emergencies, the havoc was stopped, but the "Q" was ruined. As usual, "Lady Dear" understood. "What a naughty drop of ink, to spoil such a pretty letter. The rest of the work is very neat, Elizabeth. We'll master those 'Q's' yet," and with a smile, she had passed on. Of course, "Lady Dear" was not her real name. She was Miss Allen, to the other children, but in the heart of this, her most obedient pupil, she was loved and revered as "Lady Dear." Miss Allen herself did not know of this other name, for it had never passed Elizabeth's lips: somehow it seemed to her too sacred for utterance. Miss Allen was loved by all her pupils, but with Elizabeth this love amounted to adoration. Perhaps the chief reason for this was that the child had so little else to love. Left an orphan in early life, she had passed from one relative to another, and at present, her home was with an uncle's family—a family of cousins, large and noisy, who had never been kind in making Elizabeth feel that she was one of them. It had always been hard for Elizabeth to be good, as might have been expected, from her lack of home training. She had been wilful and disobedient, and in former years had given her teachers more trouble than any other pupil in the room. But those days were before she had known "Lady Dear," and now, though Elizabeth herself scarcely realized it, an entire transformation was taking place. It was the next day that the crisis came. For when the school bell rang and Room No. 5 assembled for the morning session, alas! there was no "Lady Dear" to welcome them; but in her place stood a tall, majestic-looking person, as different from "Lady Dear" as a tiger lily is from a lily of the valley. Oh! what could be the matter with "Lady Dear"? Perhaps she was ill, perhaps she had resigned, perhaps—oh, terrible thought—perhaps she would never come back. Elizabeth's loyal little heart was ached with a wild, anxious fear, which was only partially quieted by the tall personage explaining that she was Miss Brown: that Miss Allen had been suddenly called out of town: that she would take her place for the day; that she hoped they would get along nicely together, and the children would do just as they were accustomed to do when Miss Allen was there. Elizabeth thought sullenly, that she didn't care whether they got along together, all or not: nothing mattered now, since "Lady Dear" was not there. What was the use of study, if there was no "Lady Dear" to approve of your work, and what was the use of trying to be good if there were no "Lady Dear" to please? But how she did want "Lady Dear!" How long the day would seem without her! Elizabeth brushed away the hot tears, as she opened her reader at the morning's lesson. But somehow, she could not study. The letters all ran together to spell the one name, "Lady Dear"; and try as she might, she could not keep her thoughts on the lesson. When the reading class was called things went no better. She could not, or at least did not, listen to the others read, and when Miss Brown unexpectedly called her name she had no idea where to begin. She hesitated, stammered and finally commenced, two paragraphs ahead. "You've made a mistake, I think; the last paragraph on the last page, please," Miss Brown's tone was kind, if somewhat annoyed. Something like the old-time spirit arose in Elizabeth's heart: her lips moved, and framed the words, "I don't want to read that." Elizabeth, not to be seated. Miss Brown's voice was stern and commanding, "and you may remain at recess, Elizabeth. I wish to speak to you." But at recess Elizabeth's mood had not changed. Her mouth was set in a firm, determined line, and her eyes met Miss Brown's with no signs of yielding in their blue depths. "I didn't read it because I didn't feel like it," was the only explanation which Miss Brown received, and, indeed, Elizabeth told the truth. Miss Brown at last decided that the child was ill, so dismissed her without further punishment. That day was the longest which Elizabeth had ever known. At the end of the period which was supposed to be spent by the class in preparing their geography lesson, but during which Elizabeth had sat, with her book open and her eyes on the big maple tree by the window, Miss Brown surprised the class by announcing a written lesson. Elizabeth's heart gave a great leap. Why, oh why, hadn't she studied that lesson? She might have known that something like this would happen. But it was too late now. If words came to worse—well, she would see. The first question related to the lesson of the day previous, and this she knew fairly well, but after this she could go no farther. She knew absolutely nothing of the subject. Miss Brown was busy writing, and seldom looked up; Elizabeth's seat was in the back part of the room—and, her book was in the desk. Five months ago, and such a suggestion would have seemed a perfect natural one. Now, as though by magic, she slipped the book out and softly opened it. It was so easily done, so quickly over with, when Miss Brown came down the aisle to collect the papers, Elizabeth had a neatly written paper ready for her. It was then that her eyes happened to fall upon the picture of St. Cecilia. What, oh, what was "Lady Dear" doing now? Was she thinking of her, Elizabeth? Then, for the first time, the light broke, and an awful realization came over her. What if "Lady Dear" knew? Elizabeth hesitated. Should she keep the paper, now at the last moment? But already Miss Brown had taken it out of her hand and had turned away. Elizabeth grew sick at heart. How could she ever look "Lady Dear" in the face again, and in the absence of "Lady Dear," how could she look at the picture, which reminded one so strongly of her? And she, Elizabeth Moore, had thought she would grow up to be like "Lady Dear!" This looked like it! Had kind, beautiful "Lady Dear" ever done anything like this? Oh, if only she had studied that day, if only she hadn't been so rude! If she could be good when "Lady Dear" was there, could she do better than this, for her sake, even though "Lady Dear" herself were absent? And what would "Lady Dear" have her do now? Elizabeth knew what she would do. "Lady Dear" were there. She would lay her head on the sympathetic shoulder and sob out all the sad little story, and "Lady Dear's" arm would tighten round her, and that sweet, sorry look would come into "Lady Dear's" eyes. Well, for "Lady Dear's" sake, she would have to tell Miss Brown, and then, to-morrow she would tell "Lady Dear" too. And so it came about that, after school had been dismissed that afternoon, a trembling little figure stood before Miss Brown's desk. "Well," Miss Brown gave a smile of encouragement—and waited. Elizabeth twisted a corner of her apron. It was going to be harder than she had thought. "I didn't know my geography lesson—I hadn't studied it, and—I opened my book when I wrote it," the words came tumbling one after another. Miss Brown was surprised. This was not what he had expected. "Why, Elizabeth, what made you do that?" Elizabeth shook her head. "I don't know," she replied, meekly. "I suppose it was because I forgot that 'Lady Dear' said it was wrong." The name slipped out unconsciously. "And," the little head sank lower, "I'm sorry I was rude this morning. Please forgive me." Miss Brown looked grave. "Yes, I think I will this time for I don't believe you really meant it. But I'm sorry about the geography, Elizabeth. You know that was a very, very

naughty thing to do. But you did right in telling me; that is the best thing you could have done, Elizabeth. You did wrong on the spur of the moment, without thinking, but when you stopped to think you determined to right the wrong, even if it caused you to suffer pain and humiliation. That shows that your heart was right. Next time you will be strong enough to resist the temptation. I'm very glad indeed that you were strong enough to tell me, Elizabeth, but you know, of course, I can't give you a grade for to-day's lesson." Elizabeth turned away. There were tears in her eyes, but a great load had been lifted from her heart. She was not thinking of grades, then. Her eyes sought the picture. "I told her, 'Lady Dear,'" she whispered. "Oh, 'Lady Dear,'" she said. "It's so hard to be good, but I'm never going to forget again, never—as long as I live."—Georgia Gladys Williams, in Ladies' World.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER. TO GUARD AGAINST ALUM IN BAKING POWDER SEE THAT ALL INGREDIENTS ARE PLAINLY PRINTED ON THE LABEL, AND THAT ALUM OR SULPHATE OF ALUMINA OR SODIC ALUMINIC SULPHATE IS NOT ONE OF THEM. THE WORDS "NO ALUM" WITHOUT THE INGREDIENTS IS NOT SUFFICIENT. MAGIC BAKING POWDER COSTS NO MORE THAN THE ORDINARY KINDS. FOR ECONOMY BUY THE ONE POUND TIN. E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED. WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

The modern intervention of the Church in the economic crisis, on anything like a world-compelling scale, may be said to date from May 15, 1891, with the appearance of the famous encyclical Rerum Novarum which, says the Jesuit, is perhaps best known as Leo XIII's "Letter on the Condition of Labor." This document dealt fearlessly and trenchantly with the popular aspects of the social question from the point of view of Catholic ethics and received, as it deserved to receive, almost universal applause. Politicians, preachers and writers of various sects were enthusiastic in its behalf and the Anglican Bishop of Manchester declared that either the Pope's words would have to be listened to, or else the world would have to expiate its neglect by terrible calamities. Anti Catholic politicians and writers declared that the effect of the Pope's letter really was to alter the mental outlook on the old social forms of Europe, as Barro and Leroy-Bennieu admitted. The famous Socialist paper of Germany, the Vorwaerts, of which we hear so much in these days of war, declared that Pope Leo had gone in advance of all princes and all statesmen in his attempt to settle the social question. As to the effects of the letter upon the Catholics, Father Day states that they were immediate in the activities and enthusiasm which they evoked. The Catholics were, however, lacking in practical agreement, says the Jesuit, although the disagreement in all cases was confined to matters of minor importance. Though the principles laid down were entirely correct, he says, it is difficult to apply them. In the Church there were two opposite tendencies in evidence in (1) the Catholic Conservative party and (2) the Catholic Progressive party. Both accepted the cardinal principles laid down by Leo. The Conservatives leaned, however, towards individual liberty while the Progressives took the side of authority and state intervention. In Belgium and Germany, in those days, great efforts were being made to settle economic questions, and the division of view threatened to be exceedingly hurtful to the Catholic cause. At this juncture appeared the Encyc. "Graves de communi" (Jan. 15, 1901), dealing with the question of Christian Democracy. According to the Pope, Christian Democracy is an organized social movement based on the principles and ideals of Catholic faith and action and conducted under the guidance of ecclesiastical authority to help the poor and the working classes. It is exclusively social and entirely Catholic, and whilst embracing the whole of Catholic theory and practice in the sphere of social justice, it has no extension into the field of purely party politics. The Pope then defined the difference between Social Democracy and Christian Democracy in these words: "Social Democracy, more or less extreme, is by many carried to such wicked extravagance as to reckon human satisfaction supreme and to acknowledge nothing higher, to pursue bodily and natural good only and to make the whole happiness of man consist in attaining and enjoying them. Such persons would place the supreme power of the State indiscriminately in the hands of the people, would abolish all private ownership and socialize the instruments of labor. Christian Democracy ought to have as its foundation the principles laid down by divine faith, having regard to the temporal advantage of the poorer and less educated, but with a view to the salvation of their souls. Nothing is more sacred to Christian Democracy than law and right—the right to have and the right to hold. Social Democracy and Christian Democracy can have nothing in common."—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

THE CHURCH'S DEMOCRACY

Despite the fact that in the great democracy of the United States the Catholic Church flourishes beyond all other communions, superficial thinkers are wont to charge the Church with being reactionary, feudalistic, conservative and "hierarchical" in the aristocratic sense. This calumny, says Father Day, S. J., in his work of Catholic Sociology entitled "Catholic Democracy" (Longmans) dates back to the days of the French Revolution. That event proved them, and has doubly proved since, says the Jesuit, that on the whole, the Catholics pointed the moral of their own essential democracy by accepting the French Revolution and its best principles for the liberal views it, in many ways, contained. It is not to be denied, however, that some Catholics favored the reactionary and retrograde cause which became possible after the downfall of Napoleon and the re-establishment of the Bourbons. The action of such Catholics resulted in great part in the propaganda of anti-Catholic calumny and denunciation which for the past three generations has tinged the history of politics. The Church, it was declared, was ever intriguing against the State; religion was essentially anti-republican; it wanted feudalism back; it opposed the rights of the people, and so forth. Father Day is willing to admit that there existed a small conservative Catholic minority who, by their action, were responsible for this condition of affairs, which, he says, was simply a gross caricature of the real Church that was founded upon the essentially democratic or humanitarian principles of Christ. The reaction against the democratic notions of the French Revolution gave birth in France to several parties which constituted themselves the advocates of the "rights of man" for Catholics as for all other men. The representatives of these parties are living to-day in the leaders of the Sillon which was condemned by the late Pius X. on the general ground that it placed liberty as the positive foundation of everything and shelved entirely the question of authority. Each political revolution, as in 1830 and 1848, which advocated the notion of liberty as a right, produced a corresponding reaction on the part of successive minorities in the Church and the result was a severe politico religious conflict which lasted through the reigns of Pius IX. and Leo XIII., a pivotal point in the whole polemic being the question of the temporal power—whence its origin and its justification.

THE OLD, OLD LIE The Protestant Bishop of Carlisle (England) recently asked to be referred to "an authentic declaration in the writings of the Jesuits which makes the announcement that 'we should not do evil that good may come.'" Replying to this request a correspondent in the Tablet quotes the following passage from "The Catholic's Manual," a prayer book published by the Jesuits: "We ought rather to suffer death than incur the guilt of one known and deliberate venial sin—it can never be authorized by any pretext of doing a greater good." This is nailed once again the old, old lie against the Jesuits. But it is

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SACRED NAME OF MOTHER

"Some of us," Father Matthew Russell, S. J., says somewhere, "would do well to make in our hearts a very fervent act of thanksgiving to God for having given us really good mothers—mothers who loved us, not too well, or at least not too weakly, but wisely; mothers who showed their love by firmness, by restraint, by denying us partly to habits of ease and self-indulgence and training us to habits of conscientiousness, punctuality, uprightness, obedience and sundry other humdrum but solid virtues." And again: "May God bless and reward all the millions of good women, in all countries and in all classes, who are at this moment exercising the immense patience and self-denial they must needs exercise in order to deserve the sacred name of Mother!"

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MAKING INFIDELS

College circles have been some what stirred up over an editorial in the Presbyterian, the official organ of the Presbyterians in which it is asserted that infidelity is being taught at Princeton. The editorial runs: "Those who join in the class of Prof. Miller will be instilled with infidelity, both as to the Scriptures and the Lord Jesus Christ. He believes in the divinity of neither, and has publicly declared his unbelief. We know that to such teaching the money and energy of Princeton is devoted and the sons of evangelical believers are exposed. If the university cannot be freed from its infidelity then the other Christian denominations should arrange to follow the example of Trinity Episcopal Church at Princeton and take care of their own boys. This is no light matter. Parents who send their sons to Princeton for its high intellectual advantages are much concerned about the religious and moral influence to which they are subjected. The breaking out of a flood of heathenism in the nations of Europe is awakening our American people to the cause of danger. Bad instruction in European universities is the real cause of the European war. Bad instruction in American universities will end in some similar breakout in our own land. The trouble with the religious and biblical work of many of our universities is that it is put into the hands of young and inexperienced men, who either treat it as a matter of experiment or a field for the display of novelties. Princeton also seems to become the stamping ground for Union Theological Seminary. With this repetition of Union Seminary at Princeton evangelical Christians will have to take a choice of the trilemma: either send their boys elsewhere, forbid them to take the Bible course at Princeton or yield them up to the basest infidelity both with regard to the Bible and Christ. What is said of this university is all too true of many another. Higher learning [with many professors is synonymous with freethinking. The Bible has lost its sacredness, and is used as an instrument with which to out from the heart of the youth his religion just at the time when to cope with the temptations of youth he needs every possible help. Knowing with what suspicion the secular university is rightly regarded the wonder is that Catholic parents can with equanimity send their boys thither. It is playing with fire. What makes it so reprehensible is that it is not at all necessary. Our own universities are wholly as competent, to say the least, to give a thorough education, with the added advantage beyond price that in them the youth is taught the real value of things and led to seek first the kingdom of God.—Pilot.

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not killed out and out. The liars will be "up smiling," as usual, on some future occasion or opportunity. —N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

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