THE READER'S CORNER

CONDUCTED BY "COLUMBA"

"Anti-Humbug" is being severely criticized, judging from the number of unfavorable comments on her letter I have received. Many of them are not of sufficient interest to merit a place in the Corner, but to one and all of the writers Columba returns sincere thanks. An exception must be made in favor of "Erin," who writes:

June 10, 1910.

Dear Columba,—I was much surprised at "Anti-Humbug's" letter. I have employed a large number of girls in the past eight years and have always noticed that the girls who made these devotions most frequent were my most conscientious workers. A noted Jesuit makes the following statement on a similar subject, viz. "It is passing strange that the Great Sacrifice offered morning by morning in commemoration of Him should attract in London, (Eng.) comparatively few. Absence from Mass on week days entails no sin, but most assuredly it deprives us of grace sorely needed amid the dangers of life. While gladly admitting that some justily that absence by health or stress of occupation, there must be many of us who might, if they chose, attend a week day Mass. Our divine Lord sacrifices for us His adorable Body and His most Precious Blood. We refuse to assist at the Church's great official act of worship, because it demands the sacrifice of one half hour sleep. Is faith languishing amongst us? Have we forgotten the sins of youth and or maturer years and the tremendous judgment? The great appeasing power of earth is within our reach and we forego its ministries, the fountains are before us at the altar and even Calvary fails to rouse our lethargy. We remain oblivious of the treasures hidden in Mass for which your Saviour bled and died.—Yours faithfully, ERIN.

"M." writes from Bowmanville: "To me 'Anti-Humbug's' letter seems to be an excellent sarcasm in reply to your remarks on the piety of men versus women."

Perhaps "N." is right, and "Anti-Humbug" is a much and unjustly abused person.

"Y. J. M." is a convert to the faith and would feel very hurt if people would consider her a hypocrite because she does not see eye to eye with "Anti-Humbug." "Y. J. M." need have no fear. The Pope, not "Anti-Humbug," is the interpreter of the mind of Christ.

The Mail and Empire has been dabbling in Irish politics again. In a special article in a recent issue it dealt with a terrible case of tyrannical boycotting in Holycross, Co. Tipperary, Ireland. And it lauds the victim (?), Charles Neville Clarke, to the skies, because he had the courage to withstand the terrorism of the United Irish League. "A quiet, easy-going, soft-hearted Irishman," so the Mail describes Mr. Clarke. Now with Mr. Clarke's personality we have no quarrel. But let us see if two cannot play at the game of boycotting. Suppose, for instance, George V. "a quiet, easy-going, soft-hearted" Englishman, took it into his head to turn Catholic, would not the Mail take a hand in boycotting him! Is not the Coronation Oath a royal boycott! People who live in glass houses should not throw stones.

The Mail paints a lurid picture of blood-thirsty peasants, with blackened faces, surrounding this defenceless man's house at midnight, and subjecting him to all sorts of insult and injury. Be it noted in passing that this defenceless man is guarded by 60 police! Now we do not deny that sometimes in the past there have been regrettable incidents in connection with this land war. But why does the Mail want to persuade us that the fault was all on the people's side! History gives the lie to this libeller of a brave people. And the world is beginning to realize that in spite of such sheets as the Mail. The Mail forgot to mention that in this part of Holycross there are hundreds of once happy homes levelled to the ground; there are broad acres where no voice is heard save the lowing of the cattle or the call of the herdsman. Men like Clarke made a wilderness of this fair land, but, thank God, the people are coming into their own.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

Yes, boys ought to have a good time. The poor chaps have been terribly maltreated during all these years when cruel parents condemned them to hard labor at school, just for the sake of being disagreeable. But now the boys are free from that, and are going to take this old world and all the old fossils in it by the nape of the neck and show the people that the long felt want has arrived. Restraint is unnecessary hardship. Laws were made to control the rest of mankind so that it may not interfere with the swing of youthful caprice.

But no law should exist that the young man is bound to know, observe or respect. Is not this the land of liberty? Therefore, why should any one forbid him to ruin his health by the use of tobacco, liquor, late hours, and all that goes with these? Theatres, dances, low company, male or female, a quiet little game now and then and many other pleasures, licit or illicit, these take all the money he earns, so that nothing is left for the old folks at home. If the good old father should dare gently to remonstrate with his wise and dashing son, he is quickly and insolently reminded that the young man has his eye teeth all formed, and that he knows his way around without a guide. No mention must be made of the long years through which the parent toiled, struggled or suffered, and denied himself enjoyment and pleasure in order to provide his children with a home, with food, clothing and education. The young man must not be insulted by the recital of these trifles. In fact, they feel keenly the inferiority of their position, due to the nationality of "pa" and "ma," whereby they are barred from associating with Miss Plymouth Rock. Outside of the paternal home they demand to be considered full grown men. But when they are asked to contribute from their earnings to the support of the family, they wish to be still regarded as babies, to be sustained and maintained indefinitely, by the same poor slave who has always done it. In fact, this is true of some who are old enough to have homes and families of their own. But "everybody works father" and, to many children, he has always been a slave, subjected to all the shameful treatment of servitude, and with no thought in their minds that the time of his emancipation is about due. Now, boys, open your eyes! The old folks don't really need so much insolence. Ingratitude on your part is very contemptible. Bring home a little present now and then. Insure your life for at least $1,000 and make it payable to your parents. It won't cost much. Do it! It is a better investment than vaudeville shows and base ball games, not to mention worse things. Not that anybody objects to reasonable enjoyment for you, but really, you must not lose your head, and act as if nothing was of any importance to you, except pleasure.

Look here! Your father would look great in a neat, new, summer suit. He has bought so many for you in times past that he cannot afford to get one now for himself. Honestly, you don't like to see your "dad" look so shabby when he goes to Mass on Sunday. His proud tears of gratitude and appreciation will do you a lot of good. Treat him well! He deserves it. He will not be with you many years. Perhaps you don't notice how gray and bent he is. He can't keep up with you when you go out for a walk. He is beginning to find his work too hard, too much for his failing strength, and you, his boy, whom he loves, don't see it. Wake up. He has been a good, kind father. Do your best to be his pride and his comfort as he goes into the evening of life. Love, reverence and obedience should be pre-eminent in your attitude toward your parents, not merely from human motives. There is a higher and grander reason than even that. If you will review your catechism once in a while, you will see that the God of Infinite Wisdom and Love commands you to "Honor your father and your mother." This is not a request. It is a most solemn and positive command, an obligation placed upon you individually and personally by God Who demands that you shall be faithful to it in the utmost degree. Put aside all conceit, pride and nonsense. Your first affection, your generosity, your courtesy, your money belong in your own home. No friend, no woman, no pleasure, licit or illicit, should draw away from the devotion you owe to your parents. Don't pose as a "high flyer" away from home, and as an ingrate and a financial baby when you are asked or expected to do your part to make life a little more comfortable for those who have lived a slave's life for you. Think it over, boys.—Boston Pilot.

TRUE TO HIS FRIEND

The story of Sam Davis, a confederate scout hung at Pulaski, Tenn., Nov. 27, 1863, when, by betraying a friend, he could have lived and been free, reveals the truth that heroes truly sublime did not all live and die in olden times. General Dodge, then commanding Federals at Pulaski, frequently sent to young Davis, who was in prison under sentence of death, a promise of pardon if he would tell when, how and from whom he obtained certain important papers in his possession when he was captured in Confederate uniform within the Federal lines; but Davis refused to purchase pardon, liberty and life, at such a price. Young, handsome, manly and brave, he loved liberty and life, but not well enough to pay such a price—to pay for them a sacred trust of a friend. When the heroic youth was on the scaffold, about to be hanged, an officer of high rank, with imposing waving plume, rode rapidly from headquarters to the place of execution, climbed the steps to where young Davis stood, and said to him: "Tell us where you got those papers—we'll take your word for it—tell us, and we will send you with a safe escort under a flag of truce back to your command, and set you free." Looking at the officer with an expression of surprise, he replied; "Do you suppose I would betray a friend?" The officer bade him good-by, descended the steps, mounted his horse and rode rapidly away.

THE ACTIVE MIND

The active mind is never lonely; it is self-sufficient. The student and the thinker revel in solitude. However, very few of us want solitude all the time. We all need good friends, the ties of family life, and give and catch conversations of the neighbor. But it is when we are quite alone that we turn matters over in our own minds, when we get a big broad view of life, when we lay plans, direct our work, dwell upon the tenderness of those we love and those who love us. A few moments of profitable, restful solitude, fifteen minutes with a good book, fifteen minutes with good music—these are moments spent in self-culture and education. When you grow so interesting that you like to be by yourself you will be so interesting that everybody will want you to be with them.

REMEMBER THIS

Sufficient unto most people is their own burden. Do not pile your load upon others. Do not distress them with your aches and pains, your doubts and fears and forebodings. Do not tell them of your mental and moral infirmities. They will find them out soon enough without your help, and possibly will see them more clearly than you do yourself. If there is a cloud in your heart, do not let it appear in your face. Bear your own burden bravely. You can lighten it by giving others a lift.—Great Thoughts.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A WORD IN SEASON

A few more weeks of school, and then thousands of children will be free for two long months. How will this leisure be will spent? If their means permit, wise parents provide abundant recreation for their boys and girls, but they will not allow them to mistake license for liberty. That John or Mary has graduated from the grammar school, or is a high school student, is not accepted as a reason why parental authority should relax when it comes to a question of profitable or unprofitable employment of vacation days.

The young people who are obliged to go to work during the holidays are much better off than their class associates who are allowed to follow their own bent, without restraint or supervision on the part of their elders.

A boy may make an excellent school record, but as a reward, do not give him leisure and opportunity to come under the influence of the street corner gang in holiday weeks. The street corner has no rival as a preparatory school for the prison. The boy-laborer is protected by the law, but the boy-loafer apparently has no one to look after his interests. He comes frequently from the well-to-do class; he is well dressed, has a comfortable home, and is well fed. His advantages cease with these material comforts, for he has not responsible parents. If they were imbued with a sense of their duty the boy would have some occupation other than loafing through his day, or going on marauding expeditions with the "gang." Freed from all restraint he spends his time in an atmosphere redolent of cigarettes and reeking with profanity and vulgarity.

What wonder that on the re-opening of school he no longer cares for the tame words and tame ways of the classroom? Being practically his own master he chooses his own path—back to the gang. Little by little he makes history with them, appalling records of juvenile crime, and finally he graduates, a full-fledged criminal.

Is the picture over drawn? Ask anyone who works among the wayward youth of our great cities, seeking to reclaim them.

Fathers who insist upon obedience, and boys with home duties to perform, are becoming less numerous. There was a time when boys had cellars and yards to keep in order, kindling to make ready, errands to run and other homely occupations than added much to the comfort of the family circle. But now in many cases the janitor looks after the yard and cellar, the wood comes ready to burn, and the telephone reduces the number of errands. With the reduction of domestic labor comes a corresponding refinement in dress. The modern school-boy is too well dressed to do menial chores. Rather than have him soil his hands or roughen them, his mother engages a man to take out the ashes, or gets his father to do that and the rugs. No "dirty work" for her boy. Later on he will enter on a "collar and cuffs job"—that is, if he outwits his teachers who are either "down on him" or "too easy,"—rarely the latter the mother thinks.

If the boy of to-day reports for meals, and gets in for the night by half past nine or ten he is regarded as entirely satisfactory—in fact, a model.

The lines are drawn a little more strictly for his sister, but she too enjoys a degree of freedom never dreamed of by the girls of a generation ago. One mother secures willing assistance in the household tasks by promising her young daughter an afternoon at the moving picture show—she does not trouble about the class of pictures shown, and another mother considers the dances at the beach pavilion an introduction of her girls to a desirable social life. She is not present herself to guage the character of the patrons of the pavilion, and is quite content to think of her children as being a part of the juvenile "social swim." If economy be necessary she practises it on herself, and reduces herself to the level of a household drudge, that Katherine or Elizabeth may not fall in the esteem of their chance acequaintances by taking a part in the work of the kitchen. In matters of dress she is equally self-sacrificing, and as a result, remains in seclusion, while her daughters mince along in the dress parade of the summer resort. It may be said that this is not applicable to children, but, as a matter of fact, school children are now as much before the public as their seniors are, and are becoming so insistent on being amused in adult ways that the situation has become serious indeed.

Parents must take stock of their own shortcomings and during the coming vacation insist upon their boys and girls remaining where they belong, in the realm of childhood with its wholesome duties and pleasures.

When the vacation is over they will return to school with sound minds and sound bodies, and with sweet pure memories of leisure hours spent under wise parental supervision and with loving parental companship—the safest and best of all associations.—Sacred Heart Review.

TRUE POLITENESS

Without kindness of heart we shall never acquire politeness in our manner of acting. This virtue prompts us to render a service whenever we can.

If strangers ask for any information that you are able to give, answer them politely, giving the directions with clearness; if necessary, be ready to go out of your way to point out a street or a place they are looking for. If you can not give them the desired information, tell them so in polite terms, such as these: "I am sorry that I can not oblige you, but I do not know the place," etc. If you see a person confused, not knowing the way, it is polite to offer your assistance, so as to help him out of his difficulty, even at a cost of time and trouble.

Should you have occasion to ask any information of a stranger, always be very polite in your language, and never fail to thank for the favor, even should he not be able to inform you. It is proper, and in most cases safer, to ask such information either from a conductor on a car, or from a police officer on the street, rather than from any other person. Thus you will not run the risk of being misdirected by wicked persons who may wish to lead you astray.

When you are walking along with an older person, who may be carrying parcels or packages, offer to carry at least some of them. It is both kind and polite for boys and girls to pick up things that might have been dropped by elderly or infirm persons, or to render them any assistance in crossing the street, and the like.

Polite children will always respect the rights and comforts of others. Thus they will not crowd on car platforms, thereby preventing passengers from entering or leaving the car. If you enter an open car, do not hold the end seat, obliging others to climb over you. It is proper to move down from the end to make room for others, even though you do not intend to ride for any great distance.

It is very rude and selfish to rush for a seat in a car (or at a public entertainment), disregarding every one else, pushing rudely by women and children, hustling men who are older and less active than you are. Never occupy more space in a car or omnibus than you require.

Do not enter a crowded car, unless you can not help it. It often happens that the next car may afford plenty of room. One who enters a crowded car may be considered as an intruder, and as such has no rights that any one is bound to respect.

If a lady, carrying a child or a bundle or parcels, or an elderly or infirm person, enter a crowded car, a polite boy will rise and offer his seat, at the same time raising his hat as a mark of respect. It shows a complete want of manners when girls, who may be obliged to stand in a car, make any remarks intended to offend gentlemen who fail to offer them a seat.

Do not bustle into a hall of public entertainment after the performance has begun. Try to arrive early, and be seated in time. It shows a blameworthy disregard for others, to have a private talk and laugh while the performance is going on; it annoys others who wish to listen, and is a mark of ill-breeding. If you do not wish to remain to the end, wait until there be a pause in the program.

Our choice of companions has a great influence upon our happiness, both temporal and eternal. The old proverb is but too true: "Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you what you are." If we frequently go with the same companions, we soon adopt their ways of thinking, and without knowing it, we imitate their manner of speaking as well as their general behaviour. If our companions are good, gentle and polite, they will aid us to acquire good manners and to practice virtue. If they are bad, we will soon follow them, and even become their leader on the road to ruin and disgrace.

When walking in the street, do not gaze about, as though you wished to see everything and everybody look ahead of you so as to notice the friends that you might meet, or to avoid any danger to your person. Never stand and stare at the windows of private houses, and be careful not to keep your gaze fixed upon strangers, either in passing or a public conveyance. Do not chew or eat on the street, for this mark of bad manners. Besides being impolite, it may be very dangerous to throw banana peel on the the street. Never point at persons seen on the street, or laugh at the manner of their dress. Never carry your umbrella horizontally in a crowd, or hold it so that it may inconvenience others.

Never quarrel with your companions, or give a blow or a kick to your neighbor; this is the greatest insult that you can inflict, and it generally arises from unbridled anger, or from a low and ignoble revenge.—Polite Pupil.

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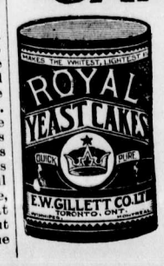

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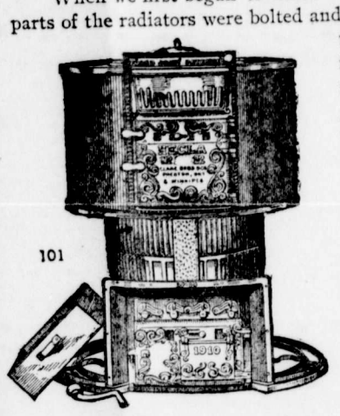

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WIT AND HUMOR

THE CHAMPION OPTIMIST

Down in Florida, where Ponce de Leon sought the spring of eternal youth, there is an old Confederate colonel who has regular replies to salutations of morning, afternoon and night.

"How are you this morning, Colonel?"

"If I felt any bettah, sah, I'd be ashamed of myself."

In the afternoon his answer as to his state of health and mind brings this:

"At the present moment, sah, there's only four drinks between me and Mr. Vanderbilt, sah."

At night he declares with great dignity and solemnity:

"I believe, sah, that in my next drink I shall catch the germ that will make my condition permanent, sah."

"What's your fare?" asked the hard-fisted old gentleman of a cabby, who had driven him as fast as his horse would go.

"Well, sir," replied cabby, who, unlike most of his class, hesitated at naming his figure, "I'll leave that to you."

"Ah, thank you," said the stingy old gentleman; "you're very kind, I'm sure. I wish there were more like you." As he walked off he added, as a parting word: "You're the first person who ever left me anything yet."

WHY HE COULD WIN

Alexander Ure, the Lord Advocate of Scotland, is a keen golfer, and he has a good store of golfing tales. These he is always ready to relate even if they tell against himself.

Playing on a certain course in Scotland, he remarked incidently to his caddie:

"By the way, I played a round with Todd McGregor the last time I was here. Grand player, McGregor!"

"Ay," said the caddie, "but ye could bate McGregor the noo."

"Do you think so?" exclaimed the gratified lord advocate, being well aware of McGregor's prowess.

"Ay," drawled the caddie, "McGregor's deid."—Golfing.

Widow (tearfully).—John was such a hand to worry when things didn't go right. He simply wore himself out doing it. Why, the very last day he lived he was fretting because the price of coal had gone up a dollar a ton.

Friend (trying to say something consoling).—It is too bad—too bad, madam! But your husband is over all his troubles at last. He won't have to worry over the price of coal where he is now!

A Sermon on Intemperance

When a madman—whose madness was caused by drink — murdered his wife in St. Paul, recently, killing also a priest who had tried for years to redeem the man from his evil courses and cause him to live at peace with his family, there was a "sensation" attractive to scandal-mongers who knowing nothing of the real state of things, were willing to believe any suggestion of dishonor made by the yellow press. But those who knew of the victims of the madman's fury were not led astray. And William F. Markoe writing in the Buffalo Union and Times says that "it was like the sunlight breaking through and dispelling the mountainous black clouds of the threatened storm the way the entire community in South St. Paul, Protestants and Catholics, Jews and infidels, rose as one man in defense of the purity of the dead priest and the honor of the dead wife. Not a man, woman, or child could be found in the entire community to breathe a word against the spotless character of either. On the contrary, the facts were quickly spread abroad." Mr. Markoe, after giving the facts, substantially as we state them, adds: "A more powerful sermon on the frightful consequences of intemperance has seldom, if ever, been preached in Minnesota."—Sacred Heart Review.

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