

# TALKS TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

## A SHARP LESSON.

Johnny is curious; whatever looks nice,  
Grasps without thought, in a minute,  
Once broke a watch through 'this  
mischievous vice,  
Just to see what there was in it.

Ransacking cabinets, rummaging  
shelves;  
Searching all places forbidden—  
All that his friends wish to keep  
to themselves  
Has to be carefully hidden.

Lately to reach down a picture deem-  
ed rare,  
Fetched he a fork from the stable;  
Got on a hassock, then on a chair,  
And then to the top of the table.

Losing his balance he suddenly fell,  
And falling he broke his right arm;  
Heard you that piercing and terrible  
yell—  
Causing his friends such alarm.

Often has Johnny, poor crazy-brained  
thing,  
Slighted each friend and adviser,  
Look, here he comes, with his arm in  
a sling!  
Will he, I wonder, be wiser?

## A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

The Catholic News tells the story  
of a little lad, who was keeping his  
sheep one Sunday morning. The bells  
were ringing for church, and the peo-  
ple were going over the fields, when  
the little fellow began to think that  
he too would like to pray to God.

But what could he say, for he had  
never learned any prayer? So he  
knelt down, and commenced the al-  
phabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z. A  
gentleman, happening to pass on the  
other side of the hedge, heard the  
lad's voice, and looking through the  
bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling  
with folded hands and closed eyes,  
saying: A, B, C."

"What are you doing my little  
man?" The lad looked up. "Please  
sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your  
letters for?"

"Why, I didn't know any prayer,  
only I felt that I wanted God to take  
care of me, and help me take care of  
the sheep; so I thought that if I said  
all I knew, he would put it together,  
and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man, he  
will, he will, he will. When the heart  
speaks right, the lips can't say  
wrong."

## A Razor and Some Comments.

The old captain's eyes twinkled as  
he surveyed the boys whom he had  
caught back of the barn shaving with  
an old razor the faces that as yet  
showed no sign of down. One of the  
boys shamefacedly confessed that  
they were trying to make their mous-  
taches grow. Then the captain let  
loose the laugh that had been silently  
bubbling within, and he laughed so  
heartily that even the boys them-  
selves joined him.

"I tell you what it is, boys," said  
the merry old man, when his face be-  
gan to straighten out, "you're start-  
ing to be men wrong-side out. It is  
not with the outside, but with the in-  
side, that manliness begins. It takes  
more than a mustache to make a  
man. Now, look at Clarence Beaufort,  
across the way. He has a mustache  
that looks as if it was made to order,  
and his hair is always daintily  
parted in the middle; his trousers are  
never without the proper crease, and  
he carries that little cane of his as  
jauntily as my dog Jack there carries  
his tail. And with it all, Clarence is,  
as you know, only a dude and a  
spendthrift. He has neither brains  
nor morals under that nobby hat of  
his. And I tell you, boys—here the  
captain brought his great palm  
down on his knee with a resounding  
whack—"Clarence Beaufort is not a  
decent counterfeit of a man, much  
less the genuine article. This town  
wouldn't lose by the bargain if it  
would exchange him for one of those  
wax dummies that you see in the  
store windows. The wax man is just  
as beautiful as Clarence, and just as  
much of a man, besides, having none  
of his vices."

"Now, there's Joe Holt," and with  
the mention of this name the cap-  
tain's face lost its look of severe dis-  
pleasure. "Joe Holt isn't sixteen yet  
but he's more of a man than lots of  
people that have whiskers as long as  
Joe himself." (This with a side glance  
at the razor.) "Joe takes care of his  
old mother, and does his own think-  
ing, and is clean-hearted and brave,  
and if that doesn't make a man, I'd  
like to know what in the name of  
rusty razors does?"

With that the captain whistled to  
Jack and was off, and five thought-  
ful boys gathered up the scattered  
shaving utensils in silence and return-  
ed them to the homes from which  
they had been borrowed.

## TIM'S HANDS.

"It is the very same coach that  
brought us up from the dock yester-  
day, papa. I remember the horses."

Bessie tripped down the wide steps  
of the Northwestern Hotel, Liver-  
pool, and the red-coated English por-  
ter followed with hand-bags. He  
helped her into the coach as if she  
had been a grown up young lady; and  
her father, after pausing a moment  
to look at his time-table, stepped in  
behind her.

"Not that trunk, porter!" exclam-  
ed Mr. Ruthford, as he caught a  
glimpse of the baggage they were pil-  
ing up on top. "That's to be left  
here till we come back in September."

As he stepped hastily out to see  
that the mistake was rectified, he  
jostled against little Tim, the news-  
boy, who was at that moment  
mounting the steps of the coach, and  
the poor fellow's pack went down  
in the mud. Bessie saw the accident,  
but did not see her father slip a coin  
into the boy's hand as he hurried af-  
ter the porter.

"Here, little boy," she called, "I'll  
pay you for the papers that are  
spoiled;" and she handed him out the  
last sixpence in her purse. "I'm sure  
my father did not mean to hur-  
ry you."

Tim turned his eyes towards her  
in astonishment; but he drew back  
his hand.

"He gi' me a shillin'," he said with  
a nod toward Mr. Ruthford, who  
stood on the sidewalk; and, again  
thrusting his head into the coach  
door to make sure there was no pos-  
sible customer neglected, he shouted:  
"Lon'on papers!"

Bessie liked the honesty that de-  
clined a second recompense, but in-  
sisted that her charity should be ac-  
cepted.

"But take this, too. I am sure you  
need it. Your coat is all worn out,  
and just see how dirty you got your-  
self picking up your papers." She al-  
most shrank back from the  
grimy little hand that was slowly  
stretched out to receive the addition-  
al gift.

"Didn't neither! 'Twas there be-  
fore!" And as he took one more scruti-  
nizing glance at Bessie's face he felt  
a sense of shame entirely new to him.  
Long after the vehicle rolled away,  
amid the sharp cracks of the driver's  
whip, he stood gazing down the  
broad street.

"Nicest girl I ever see; but she said  
I've dirty." Tim looked at his dingy  
hands and wrists and shoved his out-  
grown sleeves still further back, and  
looked again, in deep contemplation.  
"Good mind to wash 'em," he said,  
at length; and, vaulting over the low  
paling of the park, he took a bee line  
for the fountain in front of Prince  
Albert's statue.

"Times!" "Advertiser!" "Herald!"  
were shouted on all sides. The other  
boys were getting ahead of him, but  
he did not care.

"Bet she washes hers every day!  
Wa'n't they white, though? Can't I  
ever make mine look like that. Mebby  
I could if I had some soap." He passed  
under Lime street, and stopped at  
a grocer's window. There were long  
bars of soap for sixpence, but that  
was too much—more than he spent  
for his food all day, and half as much  
as a week's lodging cost him.

"She's comin' back in September,"  
he called her Bessie; heard him. If  
I can find her, I'll give her a paper  
for nothing. I'll just hold it out so,  
and my hand'll be clean, and she'll  
look pleased."

He was wholly absorbed in his re-  
verie, and illustrated his plan of ac-  
tion by holding out a paper to the  
imaginary Bessie. But just then a  
hurrying customer snatched it out of  
his hand and thrust a penny in, and  
that roused him from his day dream.  
He must be alert, or he would have  
the whole day's stock left on his  
hands. For an hour and a half, he  
was here, there, everywhere showing  
with renewed vigor—

"Lon'on papers!" and when he  
went back to the little den in Re-  
gent's Court, which he called his  
home he hadn't one left.

Mrs. Bryan's washing was uncom-  
monly large that day, and she was very  
tired.

"Take hold here, Tim!" she called,  
as soon as he came in sight; "dip the  
water out of that kettle and fill that  
tub for me."

The boy noticed her hands at once;  
they were shrivelled and water-soak-  
ed, but were very white.

"Oh, let me wash for you," he  
said, "I'll do it good. I'm real strong  
to rub." And, with a little coaxing  
on his part, and a little instruction  
on hers, the work began. It was  
while the perspiration mingled with  
the steam on his face that his ambi-  
tion seemed suddenly to expand.  
"Wish I had some shirts and things  
o' my own ter wash! Could get me  
a cincham blouse for a shillin' an'  
sixpence."

An hour later Tim emptied the last

tub, and his joy at the condition of  
his hands knew no bounds.

"If I knew when she'd come, I'd do  
a whole washin' just before; an' she'd  
be 'sprised, I reckon." He crept out  
into the one ray of sunshine that pen-  
etrated Regent's Court and sat  
down to rest. "I wish I could get  
some work to do, and I could earn  
some clothes. Good mind ter wash  
my face, too."

A few mornings later he went down  
to the cove in the river bend for a  
plunge and a swim, and presented  
himself at the newspaper office in  
such a marked state of cleanliness  
that the grimy editor's clerk noticed  
it.

"Hallo! been bleaching yourself  
out, ain't ye? That ain't bad now."

Tim's next step was to make  
friends with the barber, and get him  
to cut his hair and take pay in work.  
He cleaned the steps, the window and  
the floor, and the barber told him to  
happen around again when he needed  
another cut. It was still some weeks  
before the shirts and gingham blouses  
were bought, and the new cotton  
trousers appeared soon afterwards.  
The printer's clerk was growing in-  
terested in the boy, and one day  
chanced to report him at the office  
when the manager said more boys'  
help was wanted. Soon Tim had  
quite work enough. He was summon-  
ed to odd jobs in the distributing-  
room, and was paid every week.  
Soap, towels and a tin wash-basin  
found their way into his little attic,  
and by the first of September it was  
a very tidy boy who shouted "Lon'-  
on papers!" before the Northwestern  
Hotel. The very first day of the  
month he began to watch the coaches  
with eager interest.

"If I don't see her when she comes,  
I may not get a chance," he said to  
himself day by day, as he traversed  
the narrow alley leading to Mrs.  
Bryan's. This poor woman had a  
life of trouble, and had grown hard  
and sour in temper. She cared noth-  
ing for Tim beyond the small pay-  
ment he made for his poor lodgings.  
His new whim for cleanliness struck  
her as quite ridiculous in a child of  
poverty, but then it hurt nobody.

One lovely afternoon as the shadow  
of the Monument began to stretch  
out towards St. George's Hall, Tim's  
heart gave a big jump, and then it  
seemed to stand still. There was the  
coach, and Bessie was in it. He had  
thought he saw them several times  
before, but this time there was no  
mistake. He had just set out on the  
evening round, and the bright water  
drops that trickled from his hair af-  
ter his latest scrub had scarcely dried,  
and his well-kept hands were at their  
whitest.

"Now's my time thought he. The  
coach door was hardly opened, when  
with one loud shout, by way of intro-  
ducing himself, he sprang up on the  
steps. Mr. Ruthford sat at the end of  
the seat and his daughter next.  
Thrusting out a paper into the little  
girl's face he said: "Here's a paper for  
you, Miss Bessie." Astonished as she  
was, the little girl opened her purse  
at once, but Tim shook his head and  
backed down the steps.

"Hold on, my boy," called Mr.  
Ruthford; "how do you happen to  
know what this little lady's name is?"

"You called her so when you were  
here. I heard you." And Tim looked  
down in embarrassment, and could  
not see how closely he was observed.

"So we have met before, have we?"  
and Mr. Ruthford's eyes twinkled  
with amusement. "I don't seem to  
recall it."

"You hit me and knocked my pa-  
pers down in the mud," said Tim,  
with an awkward bluntness, which  
yet meant no discourtesy.

"Sure enough! I recollect now; but  
you don't just look like the same  
boy, somehow. Have you had a for-  
time fall to you?"

"She said I was dirty then, but I  
ain't now," and Tim looked up with  
a shy glance at Bessie's face, to see  
if she looked really glad.

"But I said you were honest, too,"  
and her look expressed all the ap-  
proval a reasonable boy could wish.

Mr. Ruthford got out of the coach  
and walked up to Tim, putting his  
hand under his chin and looking long  
and earnestly into his face.

"So it seems you are clean inside  
and outside too," he said, with a  
kindly smile. "If I ever run across  
such a boy in New York, I shall want  
him in my office."

"Oh, papa, let's take him home  
with us!" exclaimed Bessie, as she  
sprang lightly down the step beside  
them.

"I imagine his family will have  
something to say about that," and  
he looked questioningly into the  
boy's face.

"I ain't got no folks," was the  
quiet answer.

"Poor boy!" said Bessie; "would  
you go to America if you could?"

"You bet I would!" and the flash  
in his eye spoke volumes.

It was arranged that Tim should  
come in after dinner to talk further of  
the matter. Mr. Ruthford went to  
see Mrs. Bryan and the district mis-

sion teacher about the plan. He  
warned the boy to consider well, as  
it would be hard to get back if he  
grew homesick; but he stood bravely  
to his purpose.

As the great Atlantic liner weighed  
anchor next day and steamed down  
the Mersey, Tim leaned over the  
rail with a heart too full of anticipa-  
tion to permit any relenting.

"They think I'm clean and honest,  
and they'll find I'm clean and honest  
every time."

It is now six months since his New

World career began. He hastens back  
from school, and does Mr. Ruthford's  
errands with the faithfulness of one  
who loves not merely his earthly;  
but his Divine Master; and those are  
happy moments to him when Miss  
Bessie runs into her father's office  
and gives him one of her brightest  
smiles, and helps him assort the pa-  
pers, or presses her finger on the  
knot he is tying, so that the stout  
twine won't slip, and says: "How  
white your hands are, Tim!"—T.  
Whelan.

# A Catholic Girl's Fortitude.

FROM THE CATHOLIC STANDARD AND TIMES, PHILADELPHIA.

One of the saddest accidents of the  
month is that which befel Miss Bride  
Davis Walsh. The young girl who  
completed her education only last  
year, had for the past two months  
been stenographer for Messrs. C. J.  
Milne & Sons, and was setting out  
for the office when the accident occur-  
red. Miss Walsh is not yet in a con-  
dition to explain the cause of the  
mishap. All that is certain is that  
she was attempting to get on the car  
at Belgrade street and Montgomery  
avenue when she was thrown on the  
tracks. The front wheel passed over  
her right leg, crushing the bones to  
powder. A gentleman on the car-  
platform instantly sprang into the  
snow bank and dragged the injured  
girl out of the way of the back  
wheel, which, but for his heroic re-  
scue would most assuredly have pass-  
ed over her chest and killed her in-  
stantly.

Non-Catholic spectators are warm  
in their praise of the wonderful  
"nerve" shown by the young suffer-  
er, but Catholics will understand that  
such patient courage as hers can  
spring only from perfect faith, which,  
offering all suffering to God, accepts  
pain and loss heroically for His sake.  
The young girl did not lose her sense;  
she was alive to all the agony of  
her situation, yet not a moan escap-

ed her lips, although women were  
shrieking and fainting and strong men  
cried like little children. She asked  
for her purse, and when this was  
handed to her opened it, and drawing  
forth her rosary kissed the crucifix  
and wrapped the beads about her fin-  
gers. She gave her name and address  
in unflinching tones, but requested to  
be taken to St. Mary's Hospital,  
dreading the shock which might be  
given to her relatives were she borne  
to her home.

Her limb was found to be badly  
mangled that amputation had to be  
resorted to. The operation was very  
successfully conducted by Dr. Spellisy,  
assisted by Drs. Reid and Harbridge.  
Although the patient is not yet out  
of danger, it is hoped that her youth  
and hitherto excellent health will ma-  
terially aid her recovery.

Miss Walsh, who is eighteen years  
old, is a native of miracle-famed  
Knock, in County Mayo, Ireland. Her  
mother was Miss Mary Davis, of  
Chillicothe, Ohio, and her grandmoth-  
er, Mrs. Davis, was Miss Ralph, of  
the same place. The girl has made her  
home with her aunt, Mrs. Katharine  
Davis of this city, for the past nine  
years, during which time she attend-  
ed the Visitation and St. Edward's  
schools and the High School, gradu-  
ating from Duployan College, Our  
Lady of Mercy School.

# THE PROPER WAY TO TREAT DOMESTICS.

MRS. LOUISE WILMERDING, IN THE NEW YORK HERALD.

The truest axiom regarding the serv-  
ant question of which I know is,  
"Mechanical treatment makes the  
mechanical servant." The custom and  
idea that anything is good enough  
for a servant, so far as quarters and  
general fare are concerned, can have  
but one result—time service. How  
can you expect any man or woman to  
do the best they can for an employer  
when they receive such indifferent  
treatment and are given to under-  
stand in every way that they are in-  
ferior and that comfort or conveni-  
ence is insufficient in itself to be given  
any thought at all?

I went to one of the most notable  
of New York homes not so long ago  
and in the servants' rooms found a  
condition of affairs that seemed to me  
almost pitiful. Once the furniture the  
rooms contained had been very good  
indeed, but it had grown so old in  
service that it looked positively un-  
clean, was rickety, and to me offens-  
ive, just as I think it was to any or-  
dinary refinement, and I do not ques-  
tion the fact that there is refinement  
in the servants' quarters just as much  
as in the other part of a house.

There was a rug on the floor, but  
very old and really unfit for use. In  
the room where the servants spend  
much of their time was an old table,  
on which was a cover so thoroughly  
ink-stained that it gave the impression  
of never having been clean. One or  
two chairs, almost in a condition of  
worthlessness, completed the list of  
furniture.

If the servants were as tidy as it is  
possible for people to be, they could  
not keep such equipment looking  
well. Not only had it outlived its  
usefulness, but it was unfit to be ar-  
ound where human beings were. And  
yet in that very house it was expect-  
ed that every servant would be the  
pink of neatness and look as if every-  
thing with which she had to do was  
fresh and clean as it were possible to be.

In another house that I was called  
into I went the first thing to the serv-  
ants' quarters, and the contrast be-  
tween the place I have described and  
this was amazing. Everything about  
the quarters was sweet and clean and  
cheerful. The furniture was either  
new, or, at least, had the appearance  
of it. It was not costly at all, but  
it did not look like second hand. The  
rug on the floor was bright and cheer-  
ful, unstained. The chairs were com-  
fortable. Everything about was as  
tidy as paint, varnish, polish, soap  
and water could make it. The re-  
sult was an atmosphere of cheeriness  
that was simply delightful.

I said to one of the servants that  
it was charming to see everything in

this condition. The maid to whom I  
spoke smiled and answered:—

"Yes, madame, and you will find  
everything in the house the same  
way."

It is hard to imagine a greater con-  
trast than that between the servants  
in the first place I spoke of and those  
in the latter house. In the one there  
was an absence of what we might  
call esprit du corps. In the other  
there was alacrity in every movement  
and a desire to please so evident as  
to be more than pleasant.

These things show what is brought  
home to me again and again, that  
the proper way to treat a servant is  
to follow the methods we are suppos-  
ed to observe in our treatment of hu-  
man beings generally. Indifference to  
those about us rarely brings good re-  
sults, and if the servant observes  
that the mistress of the house takes  
a kindly interest in the vast majority  
of cases that interest will be repaid  
threefold by the care and attention of  
the servant.

I know that it is not a good plan  
to make the servants feel that  
they have no place to be if they wish  
to talk to one another other than the  
kitchen or the laundry. In every  
household where a number of serv-  
ants are employed there should be a  
sitting-room provided, as pleasant a  
room as possible, well but inexpens-  
ively furnished.

This room the servants should be  
enabled to feel is absolutely theirs;  
that when they are in the room they  
are not intruding in the least, but are  
where they rightfully belong when at  
leisure. It will be found that in every  
case where the sitting room is pro-  
vided the servants will be less in-  
clined to go out, will be more atten-  
tive to their duties, will add to the re-  
finement they possess and in a gener-  
al way show a satisfaction and con-  
tentment that can produce nothing  
but good results.

Again, the sitting room furnishes a  
place where the girls among the serv-  
ants can receive their company, and  
furthermore enables the mistress of  
the house to know the sort of friends  
these same girls have. The mistress  
would find no difficulty in alleging an  
excellent reason for going to this sit-  
ting room of an evening and just  
glancing in to see who is there. I do  
not know of any better way to know  
your servants girls than to learn of  
the company they keep.

So you see the sitting room has an  
advantage for mistress as well as  
maid. The maid has an opportunity  
to receive her company in a place  
that is not redolent of the kitchen or  
the laundry. The mistress often

learns in this way that the girl whom  
she has barely noticed is really ultra-  
refined.

I think one thing should always be  
remembered, and that is that a serv-  
ant is a servant—whether butler,  
cook, maid, or laundress. To call  
them by those titles is very well of  
course, but at the same time they  
should be spoken to and of as serv-  
ants, just as we speak of the baker,  
the butcher or the grocer. They  
should not be treated as if it were  
criticism or reflection upon them  
when the position which they have  
chosen to fill in life is correctly term-  
ed.

There is a great difference between  
England and America in this regard.  
In the former country the servant is  
the servant, and is not at all ashamed  
of it. In the latter the servant is  
still the servant, but is very often  
much ashamed of it.

I see nothing to be ashamed of in  
service. All of us are servants to a  
certain extent, and if each one does  
the best that there is in him, in the  
particular lot in life to be filled, why  
I know of nothing more honorable or  
entitling one to greater respect. When  
I am busy superintending the work of  
putting one of our great households  
in order, I often feel that I am a serv-  
ant of the heads of that household,  
and I am not in the least ashamed of  
it.

The work of the servants should be  
closely supervised. This is not best  
accomplished by following a servant  
from room to room, but by waiting  
until the work is complete through-  
out and then inspecting it.

A lady, a friend of mine, had a way  
of doing that always seemed to me  
very excellent. In each of the bed-  
chambers of her home hung a tiny  
porcelain slate. When the rooms had  
been swept and garnished each day  
this lady would go through them and  
on each slate would say briefly what  
she thought of the work as it had  
been done. Then the girls who had  
been at work there would look and  
find out exactly what the mistress  
thought. So you see there was no ne-  
cessity for any words being spoken,  
and still a complete understanding  
was arrived at.

This would not be practicable in  
many homes, but if the servants feel  
that they are subject to daily inspec-  
tion, they will certainly work better  
and with more heart. But that inspec-  
tion must be fair. I call to mind an  
instance where the mistress was very  
unfair. She sent the chambermaid  
downstairs to assist in some other  
work, taking her away from the work  
she was doing in the bedrooms.

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## MACS.

(The Catholic Union and Times.)  
Referring to the four Macs in the  
United States Senate—McBride, Mc-  
Enery, McLaughlin and McMillan—the  
Washington Post observes that "our  
citizens of Scotch descent are very  
solid members of society."

We hope our esteemed Washington  
contemporary doesn't intend to make  
all the Macs in the world "Scotch."  
Mac, like O', is a Gaelic prefix of  
designation, and is as common in Ire-  
land as in Scotland. Hence the old  
rhyme:—

By Mac and O',  
You'll surely know  
True Irishmen, they say;  
But if they lack  
The O' or Mac,  
No Irishmen are they.

All forms of scrofula, sores, boils,  
pimples and eruptions are quickly  
and permanently cured by Hood's  
Sarsaparilla.

Eternity is now, always has been,  
and always will be. Hence there is no  
need of haste; all mortal interests  
will be served in their own good time  
and this present life, which is but a  
snap of one's finger in the great mea-  
sure of eternity, certainly ought not  
to embitter or even tinge with sor-  
row the great chain of lives before us.

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