

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TO ERIN

The flowers of the garden may perish forever, An' trees of the forest be blighted for aye, Tho' friends of young manhood, thro' sorrow may sever, Here's one pledge I give you, dear Erin, today; When bigots speak ill of the Gam of the Ocean, Or sneer at thy sons, most valiant and true, I'll keep, darling Erin, a wealth of devotion, Secure in my heart, Mavourneen, for you. Tho' life may be burdened with keenest of sorrow, And no word of kindness be tendered to me, I would not, acushla, e'en wait for the morrow, To lay down my life for the loving of thee. Then raise thy proud head, an' stop the tears flowin', A million stars ready with hearts about an' true, They need but the word, their faces glowin', And each has a place in his heart, dear, for you.

—JOHN S. OMBRY

QUALITIES OF SALESMANSHIP

Charles M. Schwab, in the American Magazine, makes this notable statement:

"Integrity is one of the mightiest factors in salesmanship. If you have a reputation for stating facts exactly, for never attempting to gain momentary advantage through exaggeration, you possess the basis of all successful salesmanship.

"Next to integrity comes personality, that indefinable charm that gives to men what perfume gives to flowers. Many of us think of salesmen as people traveling around with sample kits. Instead we are all salesmen every day of our lives. We are selling our ideas, our plans, our energies, our enthusiasms to those with whom we come in contact. Thus the man of genial presence is bound to accomplish much more under similar conditions than the man without it. If you have personality, cherish it; if you have not, cultivate it, for personality can be cultivated, although the task is not easy."—Catholic Columbian.

THE WINTER EVENINGS

By Rev. Charles Plater, S. J.

The following timely words apply with equal force to our Catholic young men: What about them? Well, they are here. Our clocks have been put forward (or is it back? I never remember,) and we are plunged in darkness when our day's work is done.

Of course there are cinemas and billiard tables and cards. But my point is this. If all the Catholic men and women in England were resolved to make the best use of their evenings this winter, we should be a long way forward towards the conversion of our social problems.

A great number of men and women will be studying this winter. But the important thing is that Catholics should study with enthusiasm. For they have the solution of the problems that distract the world today, and only by study can they master that solution and deliver their message to the world.

No doubt you will read a certain amount this winter in any case. But what will you read? If only sporting papers or the daily press or trashy novels, you will be no wiser next spring than you are at present. You will have wasted your time and helped spoil yourself and deprive yourself of the power of thinking. On the other hand, use this winter well and you will make a great step in advance. You will be wiser, happier, more useful, able to influence others to good. Knowledge is power. Get hold of something this winter onto which your mind can bite.

Know, if you like, a little about many things. But, above all, know a great deal about one definite thing. Master it. Make it your own. Get hold of it. Be able to drive it home to others. Then people will listen to you. They will feel that you are not just repeating other people's opinions. Get hold of a good "baby" text-book, such as Monsignor Parkinson's "Primer of Social Science," and read it steadily, bit by bit. Read and re-read. Be sure that one chapter is well hammered in before you go on to the next. Get to know your way about the book. Carry it about in your pocket and pore over it when you get a spare five minutes. And resolve to give an hour to it on two evenings a week.

If you can get three or four friends to form a study club with you, so much the better. Of course it wants a little pluck and resolution. But anyone can do it if he really wants to. And when you have made some progress you will find it extraordinarily interesting. You will look forward to your study evenings, as so many men tell me that they do. You will find that on every topic the Catholic Church has something definite to say. Your mind will be able to disentangle the middle of foolish and false. You will no longer be taken in by the wordy nonsense of the daily papers. You will form solid opinions and be able to give reasons for them.

Let us all join in a great campaign of social study this winter. Never mind if you do not get much encouragement. Never mind if you find your reading stiff to begin with. Persevere. You are not working merely for yourself. You are working for a great cause. Have patience and you will see the results.

Whenever I go round lecturing I am struck by the great amount of splendid material waiting to be shaped; the intelligent Catholic young men who could do so much if they were encouraged and trained. No one has shown them the way. No one has given them a helping hand, or dropped a spark that would fire their ambition and give them confidence. They simply do not know the value of education. They drift with the stream because they have not been shown how to steer their own course. They are diffident. Some of our best scholars and speakers today had that same diffidence. There was ambition lurking in their hearts, and it was given scope and grew with a vigorous growth. We see the results today.—London Catholic Times.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

If all the good people were clever, And all that are clever were good, The world would be better than ever We thought that it possibly could. But alas! it is seldom or never These two "hit it off" as they should. For the good are so harsh to the clever, The clever so rude to the good.

GOOD MANNERS

Stand by your chair quietly until after grace has been said and the hostess sits down. If grace has not been said and others seat themselves, quietly make the sign of the cross and say your own grace, with bowed head, after you are seated. Take what is offered you, and even if you are not fond of it, eat a little if possible; leave what you cannot eat, but make no remarks about it. Do not forget to say "If you please" and "I thank you." Always take bread from the plate with your fingers and break it into small pieces before buttering. Chew your food thoroughly and quietly with closed lips, and never attempt to speak while food is in your mouth.

EVERYBODY LIKES

The boy who never makes fun of old age, no matter how decrepit or unfortunate or evil it may be. God's hands rest lovingly on the aged head. The boy who never cheats or is unfair in his play. Cheating is contemptible anywhere and at any age. His play should strengthen, not weaken, his character. The boy who is never cruel. He has no right to hurt even a fly, needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a bully; kindness is the mark of a gentleman.

JUVENILE CRIME

PARENTS HELD ACCOUNTABLE FOR CHILDREN'S OFFENSES

It cannot be doubted that juvenile crime is increasing at an alarming rate in our country, especially in the large cities. The juvenile courts are kept busy disposing of all kinds of cases in which young people, boys and girls, are the offenders against the laws of the land. These cases range from petty larceny, for example, to highway robbery, and even murder.

STRAY SHOTS BY THE "YOUNG IDEA"

Mark Twain, in an account of answers given by school children to examination questions, tells of a boy who defined a Republican, as a stinner mentioned in the Bible. The same type of mind must have been possessed by the boy who opined, as a reported by a writer in "The American Child," that "the press is the mouth-organ of the people." These boys meant well and will no doubt grow up to be useful citizens in some line, such as journalism or the real estate business, where extreme accuracy is not absolutely necessary. Incidentally their replies probably furnished a hard-worked teacher a moment's diversion, just as the collection from which the "mouth-organ" sample is taken supplies a column of fairly entertaining reading. We learn from the papers of the class in general history.

"Romulus obtained the first citizens of Rome by opening a lunatic asylum." "Pompeii was destroyed by an eruption from the Vatican." "There were no Christians among the early Gauls, they were mostly lawyers." In mythology we have the following: "The Gorgons were three sisters that looked like women only more horrid." The class in English history furnishes some interesting material. "My favorite character in English history was Henry VIII. He had six wives and killed them all." "Edward the Third would have been king of France if his mother had been a man." "Henry the First's son William was drowned in the White Ship and never smiled again." "The Black Death was terrible for the laborers, because they were forced to do all the work left by the thousands that died."

We derive various bits of biography: "Benjamin Franklin produced electricity by rubbing cats backward." "Andrew Jackson was called Old Hickory because when he was a boy he was a little tough." "George Washington married Mary Curtis and in due time became the father of his country."

Definitions of this and that: "A deacon is the lowest kind of Christian." "The Pharisees were people who liked to show of their goodness by praying in synagogues." "An ibex is where you look in the back part of the book when you want to find anything that is printed in the front part of the book." "A man who looks on the bright side of things is called an optimist, but a pianist looks on the dark side." "A hyphenated American is one that talks in short sentences." "The whole of the United States speaks English except Chicago and New York."

In line with this is Mark Twain's definition of a gold mine, as "a hole in the ground owned by a liar."

FATHER AND SON AS CHUMS

COMPANIONSHIP BETWEEN THE MAN AND BOY WILL RESULT IN INESTIMABLE GOOD

Charles F. Powlish in the Echo

The four-year old son of a friend of mine was once asked what he intended to be when he grew up. He was silent for a moment. Then looking up with great earnestness, he said, "Well, I think, when I'm grown up, I'll hunt around and pick up a lot of sticks and build a house with 'em, and be a father."

Of course the little "would-be" father was greeted with peals of adult laughter. Yet what finer or more natural ambition could he have voiced? We do not laugh when our little daughter talks of the day when she will have a home and children. Why does it strike us as comic that our small boy should also long for fatherhood?

One would almost suppose that there was something shameful and unmanly about fatherhood, so thoroughly do we discourage the fatherly spirit in our boys. The tiny lad who loves to take his battered old doll to bed with him is teased and shamed out of his allegiance. The youngster of eight or ten who likes to play "house" is frowned upon,—he ought to prefer building a fort and playing at soldiers. We are far more afraid of making our boy a "sissy" than of permitting him to be a bully. Yet, if we study the grown men about us, we find that the "sissy" is a pretty rare specimen, while the coarse-grained, selfish, callous bully is all too frequent. There is no great danger of our boys developing into cowards. There is the greatest danger of their growing into business men and money-makers rather than fathers and home-makers.

A RETROSPECT

The year 1920 will go down in history as one of those pivotal years that mark the close of one epoch and the beginning of another. Perhaps it is too much to compress into twelve months, the whole process of readjustment from war to peace, but taking the years that followed the Great War separately, 1920 will be found to contain the period of greatest transformation.

As is to be expected in such a period, it has been a year of trial. Man's consciences have been profoundly stirred. Their hopes have been alternately raised and shattered. They have faced great issues and solved them only to be brought face to face with other and greater ones. A maelstrom of conflicting problems, social, economic, political and financial, swirled at their feet, threatening at any moment to draw civilization into its vortex.

OUR EPIPHANY

The Feast of the Epiphany, which the Church celebrates on January 6, is of peculiar interest to the Gentile peoples. As the name signifies, it is the Feast of the Manifestation of God to His Gentile children. In the early days the Nativity of Our Lord was celebrated on this day and even when the Nativity on the 25th of December, the Feast of the Epiphany did not lose its glory. While the Feast is associated with the three notable Manifestations of Our Lord, in our day it is more intimately linked with the Manifestation to the Magi. It is a beautiful story that we read in Holy Scripture of the journey of these three Wise Men of the East to the new-born King. With unshakable faith they answer the call of Divine grace. There is a

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throw a ray of light into family life; they point to homes where parents are unfaithful in their duty to their children, or too ignorant themselves to fulfill these duties. — The Echo.

sweet simplicity in their words to Herod: "We have seen His Star in the East and we are come to adore Him." Through the wondering crowd they pass out of the city of Jerusalem and wend their joyful way to the little village of Bethlehem. The faithful Star points the way and they stop not in their journey till it brightly shines on the stable outside the City of Bread. With childlike faith they enter and kneeling down offer their kingly gifts to Him who is born King of all creation.

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BREATHES THERE THE MAN

Breathes there the man with soul so dead Who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land! Whose heart hath not been within him burned,

As home his footsteps he hath turned From wandering on a foreign strand? If such there breathe, go mark him well, For him no minstrel raptures swell; High though his titles, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish can claim, Despite those titles, power, and pelf, The wretch, concentred all in self, Living, shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung, Unwept, uncondemned, and unsung.

—SIR WALTER SCOTT

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Out of this danger of collapsing civilization our people have successfully emerged. They have escaped one danger only to be plunged into another. The perils of shipwreck and storm have passed, the sun is shining, and the clouds have passed, but the desert island which mortals have made of the world offers the alternative of starvation or heroic endeavor.

There is much to fear in our present outlook, but there is also much to hope for. Having passed through one great crisis, we can successfully cope with another. This great country with its vast resources is sufficient for the needs of its inhabitants. The American spirit of industry has not been defeated. The air has been cleared of many noxious vapors, and the people again are evincing a firm determination to drink copious draughts of liberty.

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THE CAUSE OF HIS JOY

"Twas eventide. The small lad stood on the bridge slapping his hands vigorously. Beyond the brow of the hill a dull red glow suffused the sky. "Ah, little boy," remarked the stranger, who was a little near-sighted, "it does my heart good to see you appreciate your cloud effect." "Yes, sir," replied the lad. "I've been watching it for ten minutes." Upon the boy's face there appeared a smile of perfect bliss. "A real poet without a doubt, and do you watch the sunsets often little boy?" "Sunsets? Why, that ain't a sunset gov'nor, that's the village school-house burning down."

To pray, to give, to suffer—these are the recollections of my retreat, wrote an old man; see how I can still be of a little use.—Golden Sands.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well and doing well whatever you do well, without a thought of fame.—Longfellow.

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Backache
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FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-songs carry many a weary child of men. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High. "More convincing than Sygne and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest." In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.