

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

MY BEADS

Sweet, blessed beads! I would not part With one of you for richest gem That gleams in kindly diadem; Ye know the history of my beads. For I have told you every grief In all the days of twenty years, And I have moistened you with tears, And in your decades found relief. Ah! time has fled, and friends have failed, And joys have died; but in my needs Ye were my friends, my blessed beads! And ye consoled me when I wailed. For many and many a time, in grief, My weary fingers wandered round Thy circled chain, and always found In some Hall Mary sweet relief. How many a story you might tell Of inner life, to all unknown; I trusted you and you alone, But ah! ye keep my secrets well. Ye are the only chain I wear— A sign that I am but the slave, In life, in death, beyond the grave, Of Jesus and His Mother fair.

READ

Read! The long cool autumn evenings have come and winter will soon be here. Spend several nights a week in reading. It will be rather dry at first, but you will be surprised to see how soon you will begin to love it. With what a feeling of satisfaction you will lie down to sleep at the thought that you have spent the evening in cultivating your mind instead of wasting the precious hours in empty amusements!

Read! Don't read everything. There are many things in print that degrade the mind and brutalize the heart. Use care in selecting what you read. Choose almost exclusively good Catholic literature. A few solid Catholic papers and magazines, a limited amount of Catholic fiction, but principally books that will give you a clear understanding of the doctrines and history of Holy Church, the beauty of those doctrines, and the arguments by which you can defend them. Then you will not need to hang your head and shrink away whenever a loud-mouthed bigot begins to vomit forth columnies against your faith. You will become a champion fit to make the Catholic religion known and respected. Read Catholic teaching in its most practical and most attractive form—that is, in the lives of the noble men and women in every age and country and condition of life who became great and noble and helpful to individuals and society precisely because they reduced Catholic doctrines to daily practice. How your mind will expand and your character become more and more noble under the influence of such reading.

Read! Make yourself useful to yourself and others. We are all in this world for a serious purpose—not merely to play pool and watch dramas.—The Liguorian.

BACK FROM CITY TO FARM

A lad of perhaps nineteen walked into the office of a prominent banker and broker and asked to see the "boss." The clerk at the desk was evidently surprised not only at the way in which the request was made but also in the appearance of the visitor. He was very different from the type of callers who came to that office for an interview with the man in the room, but his earnestness and honest manner charmed the clerk of any suspicions that he might be a beggar or peddler.

"What do you want to see Mr. Smith about?" inquired the clerk. "I want to get a job," replied the boy.

The clerk shook his head in a discouraging way, but entered the inner office.

He soon reappeared and told the lad to go in.

At a large mahogany desk sat a middle-aged man who bore all the earmarks of worldly prosperity. He waved his hand toward a vacant chair and told the boy to sit down. "You want a job, I understand," said the banker, by way of opening the conversation.

"Yes, sir."

"What can you do, and what have you done?"

"I have worked on a farm all my life, sir," replied the boy, "but there's no money in it and I want to get into something that will get me somewhere."

The next morning the boy started to work at his new job in the bank. The chief had just happened to need a clerk for a minor position and, having been brought up on a farm himself was predisposed toward the lad, for he was glad to get a man fresh from the fields. He was a good judge of human nature and was willing to take a chance on the honesty of a boy who could look him straight in the face with clear eyes.

Six months passed, during which time the boy never lost a minute at his work. He did his duties well and carefully and he gave satisfaction in every particular; so much so, in fact, that his name was mentioned for the next increase in wages. But on the last day of his six-months' experience the banker found upon his desk a letter which read as follows:

"Dear Mr. Smith: I am sorry, but I must leave. I don't like to leave you this way, but I can't stand it any longer. I thought I wanted to

get into the city when I first came to you, but now I know better. Thank you for your kindness. Very truly yours—"

On the same evening the boy walked up the old familiar lane to the farm. In reality, it was the same lane and the same trees and blue sky and fresh air, but actually they were all new and wonderful. He walked to the house and found his father sitting on the porch. The parting had not been pleasant. His father had been deeply disappointed that his son had forsaken the farm. It had taken from him the incentive to work as hard as he always had for he saw nothing ahead worth working for.

He watched the boy walk slowly up to the house and thought that he had come home for a short visit.

"How are you, son?" he asked, as the lad seated himself by his father and literally drank in the perfume of the evening air.

"Better than I have ever been in my life, dad," was the reply. "How's the calf?"

All right, but the important thing is, how's the banking business?"

"Dead and buried, Dad," replied the boy enthusiastically. "When I went away from here I thought I knew what I wanted. The automobile parties going by on the road made me wonder why I didn't have one with plenty of time to run it and all the pleasures and money that those people seem to have. So I decided to get them for myself. But, dad, I have seen what it means to get those things and it isn't worth while. One day here is worth a month there, and I have made up my mind to go to the agricultural college at Amherst, learn how to farm right and then come back here and have nothing more to do with banks except to put my money in them."

"My son, that trip you made was the greatest thing that ever happened to you," replied the father, thankfully.—The Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AN IRISH ROSARY

'Tis Rosary Time in Ireland, And looking across the years, A picture unfolds before me, ('Tis dimmed with a mist of tears) For sure it lacks gorgeous setting, No wealth of color it boasts, But Rosary time in Ireland Is envied by angel hosts. Ah, never was rank or station, Or fame of glorious deeds, As dear as this scene in Ireland, When mother took down the beads; And readily would I barter The trophies the years have won, To kneel by that hallowed fireside When the day's rough task is done. I care not for stately temples, Or glamor of service grand, I'd rather one prayer in Ireland, For isn't it God's own land! The smell of the turf for incense, And Love for the sacred light— Ah, Rosary time in Ireland! My heart is with you tonight.

—REV. D. A. CASEY

THE CATHOLIC WORKING GIRL AND HER INSPIRATION

The Catholic working girl is not only a representative of Catholicism; she is also one of its best apostles. She brings the Church into notice where no pulpit preacher can get a hearing. She moves in a sphere where oftentimes no other Catholic influence can enter. Especially does she bring before the world the Church's attributes of sanctity.

The Church's unity is a fact visible to all. So, too, is its Catholicity or world-wide existence. But its sanctity is an attribute not so easily discerned. But our Catholic working girls bring it into view. Their honesty, their purity, their piety are easily recognized, as the outcome of their religion. The Church's sanctity is manifested through the sanctity of her children.

But Catholic working girls in their own lives have much for which to be proud to the Church, their mother. She gives them a faith which is the marvel of the world, and is "the one pearl of priceless value" in their lives. She gives them the Sacraments that enable them to resist temptation and persevere in the grace and friendship of God. She gives them the tribunal of Penance, with all its wise restraints and saving counsels. She gives them the Feast of the Immaculate Lamb to support them in the battle for purity of soul and body. She gives them all those Catholic devotions that set around them a wall of strength, protection and security. But especially does she instill into their hearts a deep and tender devotion to the Virgin Mother of God. And with this devotion there comes into the Catholic girl's life a source of strength and inspiration of which the world must live forever unaware.

The lily maid of Nazareth had to work. Though born of the royal house of David, she had to work. Though Mother of the King of kings, she had to work. And her work and the work of her Divine Son in Nazareth made work beautiful and honorable forever. With these examples constantly set before her, the Catholic working girl feels no envy for "the idle rich," nor aspires to the emptiness of the life they lead.

But she is not a dreamer, this Catholic working girl. She has her ambitions. First among them, perhaps, is the ambition to secure the approval of her employer. She is right in this. But she will secure it by her fidelity, her accuracy and her attention to duty.—REV. P. H. CASEY.

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The Author of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse and the pen he wrote it with Waterman's Fountain Pen

A friend of mine told me that he has called your attention to the Waterman's Fountain Pen held in my hand in one of my poems. I bought it in Buenos Aires eight years ago when I was travelling in South America giving literary lectures, and since then I have written with it my novels, Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, Our Sea, and actually the last one, entitled The Enemies of the Woman. Furthermore, I have written with it hundreds of articles for the newspapers in favor of the Allied cause and the ten big volumes of my History of the War of 1914. As you see the point pen has worked well. For this reason, it is a little old and tired, but continues to serve me. Best regards from VICENTE BLASCO IBAÑEZ

Reproduced above is the original letter from Senor Vicente Blasco Ibañez and the translation.



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