

The Rear Guard.

He strolls in to Mass at the "Sanctus." Or may be a moment before, And, lest he should bother his neighbors, He drops on one knee at the door, Good seats near the altar are vacant, In fact, there is room and to spare, But why should he push himself forward? He'd be so conspicuous there. He does not look up at the altar, But keeps his gaze bent on the floor; We notice him yawning a little, As though it were rather a bore. He squats for the last benediction, And then, ere the service is through, We look for him there in the back-ground, And find he has melted from view. So strange! Now, we fancied we saw him Last night at the vaudeville show; It seemed to us that he was fighting To get in the very front row. He must have been there before seven— Oh, surely some minutes before— He headed the line that was waiting Outside of the gallery door; And when the door opened, good gracious! How active he was in the race. Upstairs and then over the benches And down to the very front place, My! How he applauded the singing And laughed at the jokes that were cracked, His eyes never leaving the foot-lights— Transfixed till the very last act. This can't be the same man this morning— This slowest and dullest of chaps, We must have seen some other fellow Last evening—his brother, perhaps. —T. A. Daley, in Catholic Standard and Times.

The Life of a Locomotive Engineer.

of the Brother Magazine.

If a man is late three times he is out and another engineer takes his place. This silent, but relentless, threat is over him right and day if he licks his job. There are plenty of good engineers who would not take a fast train if they could get out of it. They are not afraid, but they don't enjoy the work. Allen Tyler, who was chosen to run over the division out of Cleveland with the eighteen hour New York and Chicago special, came to me the day before he was killed and told me how proud and happy he was for the chance. The brotherhood of locomotive engineers is growing at the rate of 4,900 engineers a year. The freight traffic in this country doubles every decade, and it requires a good many new men to meet the natural expansion of the business. Three hundred and eighty-one engineers were killed on duty during the last two years. Notwithstanding our growth, we haven't enough men to supply the demands of the railroads. Information which has been obtained carefully shows that the average life of the engineer is but ten years. In that time he either dies on duty or from natural causes or is disabled totally. The average age of our members is 41 years, yet there are engineers of 70 who are running fast trains. When you see an old man in a cab, however, you can wager your last dollar that he is delivering the goods. It must be remembered that engineers suffer more from exposure than does any other class of workers. This especially is so in the West. When the front window of his cab is covered with snow or frost the only thing the engineer can do is to bang his head out of the side window. He may be running forty or fifty miles an hour and the wind may be coming right into his face at the same velocity. Flash and blood give way under such terrible conditions and hundreds of engineers go to pieces every winter. Some of them recover and some don't. A fireman must serve from two and a half to three years before he gets an engine, but in the meantime he must be a man of iron and willing to work like a horse. Firemen on modern freight trains shoveled from eighteen to twenty-five tons of coal every trip. The limit of human endurance has been reached with them. It is no longer a question of larger and stronger engines, but the problem is to stoke the engines steadily in ice. It seems to me that a machine will have to do it. Two firemen are sometimes employed on a single engine, but the arrangement is hardly practical. One man works on the outside, sits down, and takes cold. The other man

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is Scrofula—as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes blemishes in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption. "Two of my children had scrofula sores which kept growing deeper and kept them from going to school for three months. Ointments and medicines did no good until I began giving them Hood's Sarsaparilla. This medicine caused the sores to heal, and the children have shown no signs of scrofula since." J. W. Moore, Woodstock, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands.

when his turn comes has the same experience. The best figures we can get, and they cover ten years, show that only seventeen per cent. of the firemen on American railroads become engineers, and that only six per cent. get passenger trains. Some of them, having little stamina, give up, but more of them lose their health. Nowadays a fireman doesn't straighten up from the time his engine gets under way until his run is over. Furthermore, the door of the firebox on a modern engine is about face high and the intense heat often ruins the fireman's eyes. At least 15 per cent. of the firemen who serve their time fail to get engines because of defective sight. Even if the eyes can be made normal with spectacles the fireman cannot become an engineer, although he may have grown up on the road and been a steady and competent man. After he runs an engine for a while he may be permitted to wear glasses, but he is barred from certain trains and from all employment as an engineer on other lines. Then the age limit is discouraging to young men. I am forty-six years old, but no more than six roads in the United States would give me an engine if I should want one; all of the others now refuse to hire new men if they pass the age of 45. In fact, the limit is forty on many roads, and the Pennsylvania company has lowered it to 35. The brotherhood is opposing a theory that an engineer of 45 or 50 is on the down grade. A general manager said to me recently: "Well, Stone, you must admit that you can't get into an engine as easily as you could twenty years ago." Such talk is rubbish and so I said: "I am not an acrobat, but an engineer." The fireman who has served his time goes gayly about his business, and at the end of two years is ordered to headquarters for another examination. Biennial performance which once long he lives. He is compelled to know his engine and how to get it to the next station if it breaks down, and must understand the electric dynamo, which often is in front of his cab. He must be familiar with mechanism of air brakes and pumps. Consequently an engineer not only runs his engine but beats his train and frequently lights it. A tenth of the engineers in this country are not in our organization. We give them no trouble and make no effort to deprive them of their places. All that we do is to insist that they be paid brotherhood wages, work brotherhood hours, and be given all of our own conditions and privileges. These matters we arrange with the railroads and not with the men themselves. Some of those who are out would be welcome and some would not be occupied by us under any circumstances. In Canada where wages are the lowest an engineer gets \$2.80 a hundred miles. I would say that the pay of an American engineer is from \$120 to \$100 a month. Firemen are paid from \$2 to \$3.10 per hundred miles, and usually a hundred miles is a day's work. The policy of the brotherhood has been to mind its own business. We are condemned for our lack of sympathy and so on, but we reply: "Look at our results." We should be in trouble all the time if, for instance, we should refuse to haul "unfair goods," or the products which come from factories, mines, etc., where there are strikes. We constantly are bettering our wages and conditions and, therefore, point to our achievements as a justification for our policy. We live up to all our contracts. In the fall of 1904 the engineers on the elevated roads and in the subway of

New York had trouble with August Belmont, their employer. I got a settlement which gave the men \$3.50 for nine hours on the elevated lines and ten hours with a fifteen minute lay-over in the subway. In the five months the engineers, some 400 in all, quit without saying a word to the brotherhood. They violated their contract, and I suspended all of them. Now they are working ten hours for \$3. This incident illustrates our business principles and methods of discipline as well as the advantages of our organization.

The Late Archbishop Murphy.

Speaking of His Grace the late Archbishop Murphy, of Tasmania, a writer in the Freeman's Journal says: It was my privilege to be a guest at the Episcopal Diamond Jubilee celebrated at Hobart during October, 1906. One of the prominent features of the celebration was a reception held in the spacious Cathedral Hall on the evening of the anniversary which recalled for the fifty-ninth time the consecration of Archbishop Murphy at Kinsale, Ireland, on October 11, 1846. The venerable host of the evening drove down to the hall without any apparent difficulty or fatigue, and walked unassisted to his appointed place on the platform. There was none of the tottering of old age in his quiet, firm step, and none of its nervous haste in his movements as he gracefully bowed his acknowledgments to the immense audience. He looked every year of his ninety years. Their increasing burden had left his form still erect, but had slightly bowed the venerable head, white as snow, with lining of nearly a hundred winters. The face looked paler and thinner than I had seen it eleven years before, otherwise the features retained their old-time expression of placidity and calm. The presentation speeches of the Governor of the State, Senator Mulcahy, Sir Adye Douglas, and others, though eloquent, lasted interminably long, and during all the length of their continuance the Archbishop, as the recipient of the presentation and his compliments, remained politely standing by his fauteuil. It was in vain that friends who thought they might presume to do so, begged the Archbishop to resume his seat, respectfully submitting that, at least in this instance, the strictness of etiquette never suffered such an exception from his declining strength. But no, the correctness of the ceremony demanded it, and he would stand. The incident unimportant though it may have seemed to strangers, was not so to those who knew him best, and longest. To them it was so admirably expressive of a well known characteristic—his rigid adherence in every possible circumstance of polite life. There was another incident of the celebration which was also singularly characteristic of the Archbishop. Another Tasmanian nonagenarian, Sir Adye Douglas, in the course of his speech walked across the platform to the spot where the Archbishop was standing and warmly grasped his hand, saying his words to the dramatic action by his professions of lifelong admiration and esteem, and by recalling some of the historic happenings of the last century, which both had witnessed. It was truly a scene to be remembered—those two patriarchs, equally venerable in age, but vastly different in many things beside, standing there in the presence of generations which had come upon the world's scene since they had ceased to be men of middle age. Their speeches presented a striking contrast. The man of the world looked back upon the scenes where he had lived so vigorously and so long. He recalled the march of the world's progress, which he had witnessed for nearly a hundred years, and the great things that had been done for Tasmania, in which he had been privileged to bear a part. Evidently it was the past and not the future which engrossed his thoughts, and he looked longingly backward upon it. What has been the secret of that marvelous longevity and unimpaired vitality? No doubt a life of absolute regularity has been a powerful factor among the causes of such wonderful results. "Qui regule vivit Deo vivit." Now, as ever, this is and has been the theory and the practice of the Archbishop's life. From early

morning until to at night every hour of his daily routine has its allotted duties—those of recreation as well as those of prayer and toil; and the program is always adhered to with scrupulous exactness. Until recently the hour succeeding lunch and the hour succeeding dinner were set apart for billiards, which at the age of eighty-five he played with the skill and dexterity of a master hand. The billiards have now ceded place to another form of recreation, and to this he invariably devotes its appointed time. He no doubt owes much to the vim-giving elixir of the Tasmanian climate; but more to the strenuous physical vitality transmitted to him through long successions of Irish chiefs reaching backward in unbroken lineage for seven hundred years. Our Irish genealogies place the name of Archbishop Murphy in such a lineage, and give fact and name and date, century after century, in proof of his perfect right and title to the clan of O'Morohoe motto, "Fortis et hospitalis," which is seen on his episcopal seal today. The story of the family, of its magnificent devotedness to faith and fatherland for seven hundred years, must be reserved for another article. It is the indomitable vitality which has enabled the clan to survive the persecutions and the Irish battlefields of many a century that has given to the grand old mitted chief of the clan his marvellous longevity. It is that self-same spirit of sacrifice transmitted to him by those who willingly forfeited for their faith the richest lands of Leinster and of Cork, it is that same spirit which animated him at twenty-five to make the sacrifice of a life which Providence has prolonged to ninety.

Death of Poet-Journalist.

James Ryder Randall, one of the oldest Catholic journalists of the United States, died at Augusta, Georgia, on the 14th ult., after a few days illness. Mr. Randall was born in Baltimore in 1843, and first won fame as the author of the poem, "Maryland, My Maryland." He was for many years connected with Catholic journals in the United States, and was editor of the Morning Star, published at New Orleans. Quite recently he retired from active newspaper work, on which occasion he was honored in an especial manner by the Catholics of the South; a banquet was given in his honor and he was attended by distinguished Catholics from all parts of the United States. On this occasion the deed of a handsome residence, purchased by volunteer subscriptions, was presented to the poet-journalist. Despite his assertions that he had retired from newspaper work, Mr. Randall could not so easily cast aside the habit of nearly fifty years, but still continued his interesting contributions to various periodicals, among those favored being the Catholic Columbian, of Columbus, Ohio. The latest edition of that valued exchange, which reached us on the very day the daily press recorded Mr. Randall's death, contained a couple of columns of matter over the well-known signature. We clip from the article the following reference to prayer, which seemed almost prophetic: "Somebody has purloined my old prayer book from my pew in church. It was the one in honor of the 'Little Jesus of Prague,' almost dilapidated, but cherished from long use and some special enclosures. A much more costly and attractive book, right along side, was not touched, or, at any rate, appropriated. I am getting in the mood of Hon. Frank Hurd, whom I knew well during his Congressional career and admired intensely. He was a noble character and one of the most truly earnest of mortals. When his public career had ended and he felt that his days were to be not long in the land, he wisely turned his attention very seriously to a preparation for his eternal home, disregarding the vanities of this existence. His pastor remarked that he never used a prayer book or very casually. Asked about it, he substantially replied, 'My professional training has fitted me for meditation and my religious habit to aspiration. We are apt, depending upon prayer books, to become perfunctory and given to lip service. So, I have virtually discarded them and call upon the spirituality of my heart, soul and intellect.' Besides he had his rosary at hand. Dear, noble Frank Hurd! The ambitious world neglected you, as it has so many gifted spirits, but it was for you an enviable gain, and I feel confident that you met with unpeppable reward in the Better Land." May he rest in peace.

WOMEN AND THE THEATRE.

The first aim of the modern playwright is to please the women in the audience. The second thought is for the female characters in the play. If a play finds favor with the women it is bound to be a success. The men will go if only because she is there or to act as her escort. The publishers of the best Farmer's paper in the Maritime Provinces in writing to us states: "I would say that I do not know of a medicine that has stood the test of time like MINARD'S LINIMENT. It has been an unfailing remedy in our household ever since I can remember, and has outlived dozens of would-be competitors and imitators."

HAD TO KEEP IDEALS.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

A LA MODE.

"Which is the first and most important sacrament?" asked the Sunday school teacher of a girl preparing for confirmation. "Marriage," was the prompt response. "No! baptism is the first and most important sacrament," the teacher corrected. "Not in our family," said the pupil haughtily. "We are respectable."

Muscular Rheumatism.

Mr H. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont. says:—It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills." Price a box 50c.

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