

A Lesson From Swiss Catholics.

In educational matters, writes Mrs. Crawford, in the Dublin Review, Switzerland, today is confessedly in the first rank among nations. The Swiss cantons possessing as they do complete home-rule in educational matters, one of them, the Catholic Fribourg, has elaborated for herself a system of compulsory continuation (or post-graduate) schools that must serve as a model to all reflective men.

Briefly put, no boy in Fribourg is free from educational supervision until, at the age of nineteen, he enters the citizen army for his military training, and no girl is free until she has passed through two years of domestic training.

Several other cantons have in a large measure adopted methods of education similar to those of Fribourg. That of Fribourg, especially interesting to Catholics, is typical of all that is best in Swiss education. It is due to the excellent basis of the elementary schools that the canton has been able to give to Catholic Christendom one of her most flourishing universities. That basis is of course the elementary school with its six standards, which normally cover the six years from the seventh to the thirteenth birthday.

At thirteen, boys intended for a university or commercial career, or even for the higher professional training, pass into secondary schools, public or private.

The majority of working class boys in Fribourg spend the years between fourteen and sixteen in what is known as the école secondaire professionnelle.

At the age of sixteen when the youth is turned over to his apprenticeship, he is forced to attend a continuation school one half day each week during the whole three years of his indenture. The masters, too, are forced to comply with the law. The object of the apprenticeship-school is to supplement on the theoretic side the instruction given in the workshop.

Several stiff examinations have to be undergone and after his three years' indenture closes, he undergoes ten weeks military training.

Though Germany and Austria possess schools of this post-graduate type, the special excellence of Fribourg lies in the "classes of perfection" so-called, for young men who do not become apprentices, i. e., for the vast army of agricultural and unskilled laborers who have nothing done for them after their thirteenth year in other countries of the world—America, England, France, Belgium, to name but these.

All are compelled to attend these "finishing classes" until they have passed the federal examination for recruits. They are open only during the winter months (November to April) so as not to interfere with harvest work and tillage. Fine and imprisonment are the penalty of non-attendance.

No attempt is made, says Mrs. Crawford, to impart higher education, or to encourage the intelligent peasant youth to aspire to the dignity of a clerkship.

On the contrary, the aim is to cultivate a good general level of instruction and practical intelligence, and to ensure, as far as may be, that the lessons learned in school are remembered and applied.

Hence the teaching is mainly repetitive, and includes such subjects as history, geography, arithmetic and book-keeping.

No fees are charged, but the expense is not great, for each pupil, making but one attendance in the week, a small school with a single teacher suffices for a considerable district.

It is pleasant, says Mrs. Crawford, to be able to state that the education of girls has also been exceptionally well attended to in the Swiss cantons. The country has been able to solve for women the problem of the trade school and the domestic school.

The domestic school of Switzerland is remarkable in that it does not outgrow itself solely with training a young woman in cookery and house-keeping. It is regarded as a real preparation for life, inasmuch as it seeks to convert the wasteful, uncomfortable, unbecoming homes of the working-classes into centres of prosperity and well-being. Their superior success, continues Mrs. Crawford, is due to the wholesome fact that they were organized and guided by women for women, and that the directresses were matrons of experience and maturity.

"The authorities in Fribourg," says Mrs. Crawford, "seem to me to have been particularly happy in escaping the double danger of a summing on the one hand, that girls can be educated, simply like boys, and on the other, of arguing that as they are not boys, some quite inferior form of education is sufficient for them. Girls at Fribourg have a whole series of schools at their service, in which intellectual equipment and domestic accomplishment are duly balanced.

Briefly, the underlying principle has been that every girl who does not pass into a secondary school must go through a course of domestic training and every secondary school is compelled by law to include domestic training in its curriculum.

Itching Skin

Distress by day and night—That's the complaint of those who are so unfortunate as to be afflicted with Eczema or Salt Rheum—and outward applications do not cure. They can't.

The source of the trouble is in the blood—make that pure and this itching, burning, itching skin disease will disappear.

"I was taken with an itching on my arms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was salt rheum and bought a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla. In two days after I began taking it I felt better and it was not long before I was cured. Have never had any skin disease since." Mrs. Ida E. Ward, Core Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

rids the blood of all impurities and cures all eruptions.

Indian Summer.

How the years steal on and what stealthy havoc they cause! A year ago I would have refused to believe it. Smith used to walk down town with me every morning. He had been through a hard siege, but weathered it and apparently was all right again. Brown, too, was pretty sick for months, but got on his feet again and was able to attend to business. Even Robison, whom we all expected to go under, reasserted himself and was the same jovial chap we had known. They were not young men, but no one would think of calling them old. I suppose they were all well over the half century mark, but bore their years jauntily.

That was before I went away. Did you ever notice how smooth the water is above the falls? Did you ever remark how well a man looks just before he begins to break up? When I returned the other day I experienced a real shock. I came upon the three of them in the street. They were old men. Smith positively shambled. Brown was as white as a sheet and Robison could hardly drag himself along. I did my best to laugh it off with some amiable white lies we all have to use to avoid giving pain, but it was like being present at a funeral.

Then I thought, How long had I been away? A year. Yes, but it was a fateful year. I had grown accustomed to them and their ways. A physician would have noted the small changes, the signs of decay, but it was only coming back after an absence that revealed the difference to me. When I think of it, they were all well along in years when I first knew them. Somehow I expected to see them unchanged like the houses we passed each morning. In a twelvemonth they had crinkled up like old stage scenery.

The Summer days were on, each one perfect and hypnotic. Then comes a black storm and the leaves strew the lawns. The woods put on their red and gold. There is a sharpness in the air. A sequence of beautiful mornings ensues, sunny and warm. Neighbors greet one another smilingly, saying: "Fine weather, isn't it?" You get the idea this will continue, but some morning you go forth and find everything locked in an icy grasp and a melancholy brooding on the landscape. The Indian Summer has passed.

That is what happened to my poor, dear old friends. They had lived through their Indian Summer, and now, God pity them! they face the Winter of their days. It is much the hardest period of life. Youth rejoices and spends unthinkingly. Old age shuffles along with muffled senses. The zest and the realization come together in the Indian Summer of life.

The man just past fifty is still at heart a boy. He feels a temporary vigor that deceives him. He thinks that it is permanent. He looks across the street and sees old Jones taking the sun and says to himself: "Why, that old fellow was there when I was a boy, I am only a youngster." Indian Summer! He will realize it in a year or two. The young folk, tactless yet kindly, tell him to wrap up. Some youth tries to help him on the stairs and he resents it. "The idea! He has been robbed. The years have taken his strength. He is as the householder whose home has been looted. At first sight it looks the same. Nothing disturbed. But when he starts to cob his treasures, he finds they are gone. Nothing is left but the shell. Yesterday and the day before he was as well as ever. This weakness is all nonsense. Of course he could not do a hundred yards dash or take part in a football game, but he is sound and healthy. His mirror tells him he is all right. He goes on confident yet troubled, until the time when sickness lays its heavy hand on him. His joints pain. His brain is sluggish. There is a chill in the air. It is no dream. He has awakened from a dream. Sadly he senses it. "I am an old man."

We try to laugh it off, try to disguise the facts from ourselves. All

Napoleon's Prayer.

His Experience as a Young Officer at a Border Town of Burgundy.

Within the centuries old walls young Napoleon Bonaparte passed the formative years from 1788 to 1792, during which the sous-lieutenant of the artillery regiment of La Fere practically matured his astounding genius amid rigorous studies and more than rigorous privations, which in themselves were a test of rare heroism.

The slim, stripling figure of the Hammer of Empires stands in commemoration on a public place, and I felt strangely moved, writes a correspondent of the Pall Mall Gazette; almost frightened at fate, as it were, as I walked the quiet streets through which the marvellous conqueror used to walk year after year, only suspected of genius, or at least of remarkable talent, by his commander, the Baron du Teil, maréchal, du camp dans les armées de Sa Majesté Tres Crelieuses Louis XVI." etc.

The Bastille had not been attacked. The General Assembly had not met, King Louis XVI. was king, though the catastrophe was near at hand. Young Napoleon Bonaparte was a Royal Artillery officer at Auxonne.

Michelet in the absence of much about young Napoleon's doings at Auxonne, justly opined that he must have been a well conducted officer who satisfied his superiors. Since Michelet we know, especially during the last few months a great deal more about this important period of the conqueror's life, but the surmise holds perfectly good that the young soldier was a model in his profession, instable for improvement, a good officer, a good comrade, a good friend charmingly modest in his intercourse with some local families of respectability and position, genuinely and even demonstratively pious, with a piety which was perhaps even then rare with the very young officers of artillery.

Half a generation later, when crowned with laurels the maker of the Concordat restored public worship in France after the ostentatious atheism of the revolution, perhaps he remembered—besides reasons of State—how he used to go at Auxonne quite quietly by himself in the afternoons of the restful border town, toward two o'clock to say his prayers before the statue of Our Lady in the little chapel of the Ursulines.

And the good nuns, charmed at his devout bearing, would send a bouquet of ranunculus and anemone, his favorite flowers, to the boy lieutenant with the large, eager eyes, and the pale, ascetic countenance. He had nothing but his poor pay, and to make it do somehow, perhaps also to send an occasional livre to the starving little brothers and sisters in the Corsican home, young Napoleon Bonaparte used to eat only once a day, about three o'clock after coming back from his prayers.

I have often heard a charming lady, granddaughter of a famous Napoleonic general, state with the utmost conviction that it was the great hero's early piety which brought upon him as upon the founder of the Austrian house, the blessing which prospered his genius.

Count Radolph of Hapsburg was said to have given his horse to a poor priest hastening to a sick call, and to have humbly walked to let the priest ride his charger. A time was soon to come when the chapel of the Ursulines was to be made a drinking room, and when the statue of the Virgin before which Napoleon had prayed was decked out as an image of the Goddess of Reason. Even in the storm of anti-Christianity the young artilleryman showed his fidelity and something of his iron temper.

In his poor barracks chamber, "No. 10 above the clock face," he took from the "suppressed" chapel of the regiment the precious deposits of the altar furniture and hid them for many months. Not timidly, either. The printer, M. Joly, of Auxonne, saw the sacred objects in the bare room of the young officer, and expressing his wonderment was told by Napoleon; "Yes, just so, and if you want to hear Mass I can say it by heart from end to end."

How little the Gentlemen of the Barriades at Paris suspected that down there in a frontier garrison that diabolically clever young Corsican was already unconquering sentiments which foreboded no permanent peace for the "end of superstition."

And how little the gentlemen of Versailles and the Tuilleries suspected that they had under their hand a young god of war who only wanted the opportunity to finish the rising against Church and King by an anticipation of a "whiff of a grape shot" that afterwards finished the Terror. Indeed, young Napoleon got one little chance of showing his short way with revolutions. Sent in command of a detachment in May, 1789, to the little town of Saurre he put down a revolutionary outbreak, he lined up his men in the excited furious square filled with sans-culottes, commanded them to take aim, and then shouted to the bawling mob, "Gentlemen, I have orders to shoot all sans-culotte. I beg honest people to stand clear." The little square in Saurre was quite empty in a dozen seconds. There was no shooting. The "honest people" stood clear.

The Vulgar Rich.

SCORED BY FATHER VAUGHAN FOR DENYING DEJALOGUE TO CARRY ON OPEN VICE.

Father Vaughan, the 'Mayfair Jesuit,' as they call him in London, because he is of the aristocratic class, but invigilant against the smart, today stated his grievance against the merely rich. It is that they seek to nullify the decalogue and have become a menace by pretending that there is no such thing as sin.

'I think,' said he, 'that really the rich are much more to be pitied than the poor. Their life of perpetual climbing' must be agonizing. The tyranny of their whole position-torture.

The vulgar rich talk about people being dull. Why, if there were a world-wide competition for dullness and arrant stupidity, the prize would be carried off by this class.

'Smart society is the same the world over. It has no intellectual conversation, no artistic talent, no appreciation of character, it has no standard by which to gauge anything except the standard of the bank note.'

Their lives are so artificial, they are such slaves to fashion, so completely the creatures of routine, that they become at length like dumb driven cattle, forced round and round to the same place, like a travelling show.

'What we want to-day is character dominated by lofty and holy principles. It is difficult to grow characters such as I refer to, in the heredity or in the environments, or with the education belonging to this inner circle of gilded luxury and license.'

The worst about the luxurious class is that it rather makes a boast that there is no such thing as sin. Formerly wrongdoing was secret, something to make excuses for and be ashamed of. Now they are not afraid to do wrong things in the open as if proud of them.

'This class, with such a point of view, is a menace. This wrongdoing is done before servants who supply wholesale to the shops at which they deal the ghastly story of gilded vice. The salesmen in the shops retail the story to the man in the street till at length I find that not merely in villadom but in slumdom itself all is known of the shameless lusts of the pampered set.'

I think one of the crying shames of the day is setting this hideous example. It is enough of itself to create Socialism in its most virulent form.

'What can be done about it?' was inquired.

'Absolutely nothing,' replied Father Vaughan. 'With a people who once believed in Christ and Christianity—except they return to their former selves with repentance at the feet of the crucified Savior.'

It is either Catholicism or naturalism. It is either hand over hand or foot before foot on and up; or else it is tobogganing down till they reach the bottomless pit of hell itself.'

'You make it plain,' it was suggested, 'why Chesterton said you were making the comfortable classes feel uncomfortable.'

'Two months ago,' replied the priest, 'a woman came to me and said: "Father, I shall never go to hear you again. I go to church to be made comfortable but when I come out of your church I feel wretched."

'My answer was: "Madam, I made you feel so because having felt your pulse, taken your temperature and looked into your eyes, I knew that before I could start your circulation I would have to add a job and I am glad my battery has had that effect. If you come to church often enough you will finally feel really comfortable."

Had Severe Pains In Back.

Felt As If It Must Break.

Mr. Alfred E. Davis, Gerra, Ont., writes:—"For some years I suffered from severe pains in my back, and could hardly work at all, and when I stooped down to pick up anything (felt as if my back must break). I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills and after taking two boxes was entirely cured, and I feel that I cannot speak too highly in their favor."

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In ordering direct specify "Doan's."

Several times had little Mary looked wonderingly out of the window, watching the full moon rise. Then a thought seemed to strike her.

"Mamma," she remarked ingeniously, "doesn't it look just like dad's head when you see it over the top of his easy chair back?"

Willis—So Skinner's mining scheme broke you? I thought you got in on the ground floor? Gillis—I did. That's the reason I was buried so deep when it fell in.

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Willie—It's dis way (bohoo) De boss told me to be prompt about everything, an' now he's fired because I was too prompt about goin' home.

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Mrs. G. W. Bowman, Passville, Ont., writes:—"Three years ago I caught a cold which ended in a severe attack of Pneumonia. Since that time at the beginning of each winter I seem to catch cold very easily. I have been so hoarse I was unable to speak loud enough to be heard across the room. Last winter, however, a friend advised me to try Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, saying it had helped her. I bought a bottle and before it was half used I was completely cured. I also find it a good medicine for the children when they have colds."

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