CHATS WITH YOUNG

A BEGINNING MADE IN POVERTY

The story of another person's struggle with poverty is encouraging to every young man who has to make his own way in the world and who has not yet found lucrative employment. The ranks of successful men are crowded with those who by hard work and many sasridees got their first start on the road to pros-perity. The early struggle of U S. Senater John W Kern, of Indiana, are thus related by himself:

The first money I ever really sarned—and I really sarned it — was in connection with the mental work about a little red schoolheuse. The jeb came to me when a mere mite of a boy, in Iowa. Near the home of my father steed the schoelhouse, and the problem confronting the community concerned who would get the jeb making fires each morning, and keeping the schoolhcuse clean. Bids were received informal-ly, and while my bid may not have been the lowest, the school trustees decided that, as I lived nearest the sehoolhouse, I should have the jeb. Se I contracted to build a fire in the schoolhouse stove every morning at least an hour before the opening of school, and to sweep up at least once a day and oftener if necessary. was to receive 5 cents a week.

Every morning I had my break-fast befers daybreak, did my chores at home, then hurried to the school house, often through great snow-drifts, in bitter cold weather, and did my work to the satisfaction of the teacher and the trustees.

At the end of the school term, I received what seemed to me a vast sum-\$3. I kept it in a sate place, going once a wesk, every Sunday, to see that I had not been dispoiled of my riches. I nourished that money

As the time came for me to enter cellege I was brought to a realization of the fact that I had once more to buckle down to the making and saving of money, and when in my six-teenth year the opportunity pre-sented itself to take the place of a teacher who had resigned from the little school at Amo, Howard County, Indiana, I eagerly availed myself of it, and managed somehow to get through the term. Then I heard that there was a vasancy in a little country school about eight miles from Kakomo, where I lived, and that the patrons of the school were going to hold an election. I entered the race, and was elected by a good majority. It was my first campaign and more satisfactory all around than some of my subsequent races have been. The school had the reputation of being a tough one to handle. Half of the pupils were husky fellows, full grown physically and pessessed of the craze for beat ing up the teacher at regular inter

hailed from town was against me. want to fight, but I was ready to and the dignity is the dignity of fight if I had to—for I needed the divine meternity. The Infant money. Hewever, I managed to get Saviour, resting His cheek against money. However, I managed to get to fight a single boy.

business is booming.

taxed to capacity.

chants' counters.

service.

labor is in great demand.

other country in the world.

smallest to the largest.

Exports largely exceed imports.

Every Friday night I would walk home eight miles ever a cold dirt road to Kokomo, and on Monday mornings would get out before daylight and walk back in time for school.

With the money I carned and a little help from my father, I was able to enter Ann Asber University the next year and later, to flad my place in the work of the world.

THE BRIGHT SIDE

Make a resolution to-day to form the habit of leoking on the bright

side of life. Every time we look on the dark side te give way to discouragement, to pity ourselves, to get into the way of considering trouble as "just my luck," we do ourselves an injury, we weaken our will, we lessen our cour age, we increase the chances of our ultimate defeat.

We think too often and too long of our bodily allments, of bad weather, of disagreeable things, of unfriendly

A purpose to get away from gloom, to make the best of things, to look for the bright epot, to be cheerful in spite of a headache or a dreary day,

spite of a headache or a dreary day, is a great help to peace of mind.

Cheerful, encouraging people create a vitalizing, success generating atmosphere. They radiate strength and courage; they bring new life to those who have physical infirmities. Their indomitable spirit helps them to overcome obstacles and to encourage others. Helen Keller said: "Although the world is full of suffaring, it is toul of the overfull of suffering, it is full of the overcoming of it." What a rebuke are such words, coming from a deaf, dumb and blind girl to those who have all their senses intact? This girl, handicapped as she is, always keeps her heart open to every chance of gladness and does her best to spread the gospel of happiness.

We were created for happiness and should get the babit of happiness. All things work for the final benefit of these who love God. They can, with H s help, turn evil into good. They will be rewarded for tribulations endured patiently in resigna-tion to His will. They are bound for eternal bliss. Why should they fret and worry over tempora y roubles? Te have a happy disposition is to have something worth mere than a

fortune, and a happy disposition can be cultivated and established, just as a sour, gloomy, irritable state of mind can be cultivated into a habit. Look on the bright side. Smile. Help year neighbor to laugh. Be like sunshine. Cheer up. This world is a beautiful place, and after it cemes Heaven.—Catholic Colum

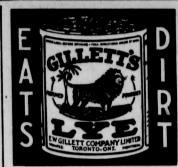
OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE CHARMING LEGEND OF RAPHAEL'S MADONNA

Raphael's "Madenna della Sedia." now in the Pitti Gallery, Florence, is the most beautiful and the most famous of all his pictures. Our a mere stripling, half the size of half the boys, and the fact that I dignity, looks at the spectator with aniled from town was against me.

I decided to tackle it. I didn't the sweetness of the Lily of Israel gh that school without having His Mother's and gazing in the same direction, has that wondrous charac-

Toronto, Ont.



teristic which won for Raphael's work the term "divine." In St. John the Baptist, on the right, looking up in advration, every feature is softened by enthusiasm and reverence. Generations of artists have admired this masterpiece of Christian art; it has adorned churches in all parts of the world, and formed the subject of alter-pieces innumerable. It possesses the rare quality which attracts all classes of persons; even attracts all classes of persons; even children will linger longest over this great work of art, admiring the pretty faces of the Infant Saviour and His Precursor. The fervent Christian and the cold-hearted atheist are alike drawn by a deep, sympathetic feeling towards the motherly face of the Madonna.

The nicture takes its name from

The picture takes its name from the chair in which Our Lady is scated. The legend describing the origin of this famous masterpiece, which "had been painted on the bottom of a cask." is one of the most charming stories ever told of an artist or picture. Somebow, it makes the "Madonna della Sedia" dearer to

us. Thus runs the story:
Not far from Rome, in a little wood near the river, there lived in times long gone by, a good old hermit, who had built his hut under the shelter of a venerable, wide spreading oak tree. The old man was very fond of this tree, and bestowed many tender names upon it, which were finally settled in one; his "care figlia"—his dear daughter. He loved her dearly, and the birds and equirrels that made of her a home enlivened his solitude; for he was not a grim old hermit, but loved Nature and her beauties like all good men. This "daughter" then, was a great tressure to him; but there was another daughter, a little "carissima," he loved still more; a maiden, a vintuer's daughter, of some seven or eight summers, who came to visit the man now and then, with her dainty basketful of choice fruit or flowers for the Madonna; a kind of Italian Little Red Riding Hood, geing on her holy erraud through the deep wood, meeting no wols, how-ever. When little Maria adorned his picture of her great prototype of sweetness and purity, the old man would kneel down and bless her, and in his pure heart would bless the stately green daughter as well.

Once, when the spring rains had carried the snow water from the mountains, the river near which our hermit lived overflowed and the old man would have been drowned had he not been saved by his green daughter. Though old and infirm, he had been able to climb up the tree; but he was obliged to stay there without food for two days and two nights until the water subsided, and then he was too feeble and faint to

get down.

Meanwhile the little Maria had heard of the disaster, and her heart was fluttering with the urgent desire of bringing help to her venerable friend. It was almost impossible to get to his hut; but a trusty, stout servant of her father's carried the child on his shoulders through the water. And, with his help, too, the old man was rescued from his peril-ons situation : and out of her little basket his "younger daughter" refreshed him with food and wine. His frail dwelling had been sadly damaged, and he was obliged to take up his abode in a monastery. But his gratitude towards his two daughters was unbounded. Both had saved his life; upon both he showered his blessing, that their deed and remembrance might remain forever and ever alive in

people's minds. Years had passed away. The old man was quietly sleeping under the waving lime trees in the little God's Acre of the monastery; the stately green daughter had been hewn down, and Maria's father had bought the tree, which had been converted into herself had become the happy mother of two dear children. She was sitting with them one afternoon in front of her father's house whither the wine casks had been carried to dry in the sun, for the vintage was near. And the happy young mother sat under two lotty elms, which were tenderly embraced by a large vine.

A stranger passed by and saw the lovely picture. He stood still, lost in crumpled pillows I clasped her hand

wonder at the natural grace and beauty of the three; and, full of the glorious art that was so thoroughly his own, his first twought was to fix the pose of that fair group forever on his mind. But how? He had no pencil, no paper, no colors? Looking reund, he spied the clean white bottom of a wine-cask, and with a piece of chalk he drew the outline of that exquisite picture, the "Madonna

della Sedia," on the wool. This stranger was Raphael. And thus the two daughters became united forever; for it was one of the casks of the old hermit's cak-tree.
And, being pleased with his beautiful sketch, the great painter finished his picture on the wood itself; Maria and her little boys being its models fer several days sitting in their lovely, affectionate way on the chair ("sedia") under the lofty elms.

Thus the old hermit's blessing was street-walking children in and out fulfilled; and thus it came to pass that the "Madonna della Sedia" comforted thousands of lonely, mothers.—Trutb.

THE PROMISE OF

CHILDHOOD

Perchance the enveloping fragrance from a glowing Cuban leaf, rising from the snug end of a crimson leathered divanette and penetrating to the shadowed crannies of the child deserted, quiet room, set torch to the tapers of reflection and prophecy, developing tentatively in the flisher-ing beschwood grate fire embers a school boy's horoscope. Or, it may have been the spell wrought by a have been the spell wrought by a pale November moon timidly experimenting amid swaying, naked trees and transfixing the shining pane with newly forged silver shafts — keen barbed and searching—that stimulated my occult reverie. It matters little to the trend of the tale.

Removed not far from clanging gongs, but sheltered still from the contamination of a restless, excite

contamination of a restless, excite

ment-pursuing throng outside, our son of ten trustingly slept. To his bedside I beckoned the mother who bore him and together we rejoiced, breathing a silent appeal for his future while the lad's fatigued brain was, perhaps, enmeshed in the web of a dream world's phantom vagaries. Desenceless and unmindful stretched his lengthening body with heart upwards — a habit that in it-self may augur advantageously for circulation — the doctors contend : may it never skip a beat when he is choosing the right from wrong. A coverlet that matched in tints the blue of his observant, candid eyes eyes that meet yours unfinchinglywas legged aside exposing part of such a milk white limb and potenti-ally vigorous calf as would serve a youthful gladiator in good stead or sustain the man until each day's end as butcher, baker or candle stick maker. It is of mild concern that the contour of shoulder and thigh proves resemblance here to his mater's physique instead of the sire's breadth of shoulder and tapering torso. His right arm, supporting the head, reached straight up. Surmounting it, fearlessly extended, we saw a medium sized, seft but dirty hand indicating—God bless him—heat he is constituted by the straight of the straigh that he is one with a billion whistl ing, tree-climbing boys. As yet, he is not fastidious and we will guide him to the well springs and cleanli-ness. Like the blade of a semaphore tower the index finger pointed prophetically to the North Star in the cloudless heavens. It might also warn of dangerous shoals or signify a disposition, yet dormant, created to

lead troops to the cannon mouth.

The shrinking pink "nightie" only half concealed his smooth skin and its fading glory was not a ragged patch to the bloom of peaches and cream dyeing those full girlish cheeks — a legacy since intancy in the outdoor hammock. The collar was uncaught, the top button gone and his scapular—badge of allegiance to our Holy Mother Mary protectingly watching down on him-rose and fell with each rhythmic pulsa tion energizing and recuperating the

fragile and mysterious thread of life.
As a cap sheaf to his dense thatch of tawny hair, denoting let us say, tenacity of purpose, a half curl with a kink belligerently hung out of alignment and all the obstinancy of his nature is daily paraded to marshall that refractory cow-lick into the ranks of a brush cut. Therein might lie the seeds of a brilliant career laid storm to in any vocation or foretell some weakness stubbornly

adhered to with unhappy results.

Beneath a well-chiseled though freckled nose, reposed a mouth registering 100 per cent. health and betraying the characteristics of impulsiveness, generosity and modesty. May those full warm lips never blaspheme his Saviour, voice a deliberate lie or frame insult to the sex of his mother. Who can tell? I have heard noble thoughts expressed by thick, unlovely lips and the dregs of nattiness, venom and envy from shapely, mobile mouths. Many a child as guileless and innocent as he is now, gravitated to the broad highway never again seeking that thorny pheme his Saviour, voice a deliber. way never again seeking the thorny path of strenuous resistence to temptation. When the angels of light and large wine casks; and Maria darkness battle for possession of the f had become the happy mother soul of our boy I trust and pray God that he will range himself against the machinations of Luciter and his

The one red ear exposed to view

-for we were of one mind about this
-and earnestly besought for him
the blessing of manhood adorned by a strict sense in measuring the square deal to all men, tempered likewise by charity in judgment when passing upon the faults of his neigh-bor. "Hark ye well," thundered my father long ago when admonishing me to be sparing with promises, "and these unswervingly keep in private and commercial life."

and commercial life.

Baeing my conclusion on indications, our embrye Tyrus Cobb will be a "man's man," for already he wields the willow and scans the dangerous, immature intimacies and disgusting familiarities so many cracked brain parents and blind eld-ers of to-day permit unchaperoned,

street-walking childsen in and out of school, it will undoubtedly be a welcome, diverting alternative.
Gazing indulgently on his oblivious loadship we could not forerast whether our boy will later engineer the disintegration of Timiskaming's silver riches from subterranean recesses, whether he will guide the surgeon's scissors with precision around men's vitals or vis with Chinese wizards in sweet pea cultivation, but whatever his destiny and tion, but whatever his destiny and specialty, we hope the unfolding years will find him expanding in mind and heart, a stranger to the blush of dishonor, with no such word as "Cringe" in his dictionary and one standard and code of behaviour for Sunday and Saturday.

You enjoy pancakes, but perhaps find them indigestible If you'll make them with one-third flour and two thirds Roman Meal, you will enjoy the most delicious pancakes and not be troubled afterwards. You may feed them to a babe.

afterwards. You may feed them to a babe.

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NON - CATHOLIC'S VIEW OF THE CHURCH

"All that is loftiest, sturdiest, strongest and most uncompromising; all that is most truly sacred in the artis. tic development of our people precedes the days of the Reformation." These are not the words of a Catholic obscurantist. They come from the land whence the Reformation took its rise, from the University of Berlin, from a Protestant leader of historic research, bearing witness to Protestant readers of a truth which history cannot deny. They are from the pen of Kurt Breysig and appeared in the Tag as part of an article calling upon Protestants to cast aside their prejudices and unfounded accusaions against the Catholic Church and study her doctrines and prac-The Catholic ages of our nation rep resent the time of its vigorous youth not yet rationalistic and therefore all the stronger," he writes, "but the living Casholic Church is the living witness of this youth." Advancing even farther he thus casts a gauntlet before our materialistic age

"He whose intellest and spirit have not yet been entirely blinded by the poverty and excessive empti-ness of our time may divine from the simplest village church that not only faith, but the might and intellect of humanity are lifted there to a height which our age could never have been able to attain of its own power, nor could anyother century have reached to it unaided since the days of the separation from the Catholic Church."

Such is the writer's impartial con-clusion necessitated by the obvious testimony of the present and the past Voices like his are not uncommon in our day. They express the deeper, truer thought of our age. Material ism has proved a failure; Protestantism a disappointment. Truth and beauty and human happiness must all be sought in that Church for ing, often unconsciously. Within her fold alone they can find all that they have long desired.—America.

CATHOLIC INSTINCT

How often we hear the phrase : "It is the Catholic instinct," or, "He has the Catholic instinct," "It was her Catholic instinct," etc. Now what is Catholic instinct? "It is not eas-

evil. It is a perfume of Rome, not an odor of Paris. It is that sensitiveness which makes even the unlearned detect false doctrine, or a tendency to false dootrine, without knowing exactly why. It keeps us safe; it makes us trustworthy; it prevents intemperance in the assertion of the truth ; it makes us obedient without the necessity of our explaining to ourselves why we should be so. On the heart full of Catholic instinct the truthe of religion fall like the "gentle rain from heaven." It saves us from mistakes of over zeal or under zeal. It is grace cultivated and conserved. We know its effects, and our great publicists have owed more to this instinct than to their scholarship. The creation of this instinct is one of the chief effects of religious educa-

tion. Even the little non-essential, but beautiful, customs of faith should be encouraged from infancy. "Hew are we to insure the inheritance of faitheto our children, if we do not train them from the beginning?' asks Dr. Egan. The Public schools may teach what the text book calls facts "but they ignore the greatest facts of all."
Dr. Egan believes that "The basest sporting page. If this quite natural result of modern teaching is to make inclination will help us quarantine him in the fermative period from the responsibility," and he reminds the responsibility," and he reminds the Cathello parent that "no power can absolve him from the duty of keeping his child's heart pure for its Creator." -Sacred Heart Review.

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Heart Review).

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