CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE TRUE FRIEND

Of all the blessings heav'n may send, I, for my choice, will take a friend.

-MARY A. GALLAGEER 'If you have one friend," said a philosopher, "think yourself happy. a man may have a thousand intimate acquaintances, and not a friend among them." And again he advises: When once you profess yourself a friend, endeavor to be always such He can never have any true friends, that will be often changing them. These words are worth thinking We all need friends, and the faithful, loyal friend is a gift from

AFTER FIFTY

Not many decades ago the average man entering upon the forties re-signed himself to imminent decrept tude, and there were not wanting young bucks ready to convince him that he ought to pick out his cemetery lot. The olster was harried on all sides; he had no more friends than an alley-cat in a district swarming with small boys. His superiors in the shop or the office inspected him narrowly and severely, passing the word to eager understudies. His acquaintances lost no opportunity for reminding him that he was a has been." His womenfold drove in stilette · like remarks whose honeyed venom the gentle sex understands so well. The world was leagued against him and he felt like giving up the struggle.

Latterly things have taken a more hopeful turn. It has been brought me to the man near fifty or over the mark that his margin of usefulness is mainly a matter of courage and self-management. He began to see that pluck, exercise and diet The gay think only of the passing were worth more than all the patentmedicines ever put upon the market. "second wind." He discerned the fact that youth is prodigal in waste motion, foolish in its contempt for experience, and not so formidable an adversary as he had thought it to be.

The War did not merely bring to the fore of world-action leaders who in the ordinary course of things would have been relegated to old men's homes-Wilson, Clemenceau, and others in diplomacy, Foch, Pershing and others in the army and practically all the naval officers who won high praise — it rejuvenated a host of men who had settled down to premature old age and who found they were capable of more work than they had imagined. They made good money and were pleasantly surprised to realize that the creeping years bring to the wise man other things beside regret

and discouragement. Nevertheless, during all the time in question, few men of prominence on the thither side of the fifty-year line came out and did bat le for results of such ineffective strategy.

from the throat of William Muldoon.

may mean latter to the pink team end of the pelly-muscled multisquad, or the jelly-muscled multitude of today who waste their time
in one halpenny affair or another.

He had not moved when Mrs. Zettler
the Withrow's affairs, for he abruptopened the door and invited him to
pened the door and invited him to
is over," he said. "I must thank
is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said. "I must thank is over," he said But to the red blooded men now feeling the pressure of years, the name. itself. To settle this matter in one sentence, let it be known to all concerned that William Muldoon is the only man who ever tamed the great John L. forced him to train, and, in brief, put the "come-hither" on that lion-hearted champion.

Nor is this a voice from the tomb. Far from it. The words proceed told her so, with a little quaver in from a physical trainer who has bis tired voice. probably repaired and made as good as new more human wrecks than other man in this country, a kind autocrat of bodily well-being who has effectively checked the downward course of thousands of worthwhile Americans who are today at the forefront of every line of monastery and have "come back" old soul quite frankly cast with a bang that shock the teeth of some way to entertain him.

Therefore this man's words com-"One thing at a time mand respect. his. He is also authority for a state-'sometimes a man's wife is neurasthenia's most potent aid." serve moderation in all thinge." Sensible folk will appraciate his

in those days the army was no place for a weakling. Leaving the army he became a professional wrestler, the laught all the time. And she bo records. Next he trained other men. Finally he bought the Westchester can servent in California—or is it in Cornty Farm and started the physical New Jersey?" training establishment whose fame

is continental.

breaks a rule after making his contract has to pack his trunk no matter who he may be in the world outside. Among these rules are early rising, sensible eating, gymnasium work, walking, horseback riding, various Char. forms of athletics, early retiringand no worry.

William Muldoon takes his own medicine, orders his life according to brought forth more treasures. the code he lays down, and though by no means a youngster, he regularly wears out in staying ability and energy the men around him. This—and more than this, the indomitable as big as life."

And my statues are lovely: such bright cheerful colors, and some of them almost as big as life." personality and leadership of the the Westchester resort.

"Just one word more," as a tireless preacher used to say. William Muldoon has just parsed his seventy-fifth birthday. Ponder the foregoing, you men inclined to think that fifty rings the bell of human accomplishment, you who work, play, eat and sleep in disorderly and censeless fashion and then whine about ill health. You may not equal his record, but you will certainly get more out of life, put more into life, borrow less needless trouble, be better men, citizens and Christians if you take a lesson from the common sense and courage of the vigor-ous ruler of Muldoon's farm.— A Looker on in The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOPE How much they wrong thee, gentle Hope! who say

That thou are light of heart, and bright of eye! Ah! no-shou wert not hope, if thou

wert gay: She hath no part with idle gaiety!

hour, And the light mirth the flying moments yield; But thou dost come when days of darkness lower,

And with the future doth the present Yes: thou, sweet Power! art Grief's twin-sister, given

To walk with her the weary world around, Scattering, like dew, the fragrant balm of heaven, Where she hath left her freshly

bleeding wound. And on thy brow there sits eternally A look of deep, yet somewhat auxious

blise, a wild light that nestles in As though its home were not a world

-FATHER FABER

A STATUE OF ST. JOSEPH On a cloudy, windy day in March a thinly clad man threaded his way through the crowds on Main street, and turning at Broadway, slowly walked northward, paying no heed to their class; they were content with the people whom he passed and here for four or five years.' defensive warfare and the gloomy seaming neither to know nor to care. The man smiled. "I un where he went. Suddenly the long Recently however there has been threatened rain began to fall in tor rents. Those who had umbrellas raised them hurriedly, and many of the less fortunate or less provident mother left, and you know how Roman Cacholic Church." heard above the hurly-burly a great rents. Those who had umbrellas voice booming out the heartening raised them hurriedly, and many of best work after he has passed his filtieth year." It may interest those inclined to take issue with the speaker that said voice proceeded from the heave of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of William Mark and the content of the threat of the threat of the content of the con doorway of Mrs. Zettler's Catholic ing room, and a light burning before carried into effect in a letter to the Now the name, William Muldoon, Art Store, and stood there, shivering, mean little to the pink tea and listlessly watching the storm.

Why, you're William Muldoon, is a loud cheer in shivering!" she exclaimed compassionately, as he entered and softly closed the door behind him.

> won't let you go!" The man was grateful for her motherly, if voluble kindness, and he

bis tired voice.
"Now, don't thank me!" Mrs. Zettler said briskly. "I have sons of my own somewhere in Montana, and I'm glad to have a chance to mother some one elec's boy, if only for half an hour." As she spoke she opened every draft in the little stove, and when the fire began to endeavor. He has not strained his roar she insisted upon drawing his vocal chords preaching the gospel of chair so close to it that the heat health; he has lived it and worked it scorched his shins and made his out in human beings. The greatest eyes to smart and his cheeks as rosy men in the United States have made as a child's. Having placed the their health retreats at the Muldoon man to her satisfaction the simple old soul quite frankly cast about for

Going to one of her show-cases she brought forth and proudly displayed a garnet resary, with gold and only one thing" is a motto of plated chain and crose, and a blue one with very large Our Fathers and ment to be pondered in many a a very large and ornate cross. Next, she showed him a libelous copy of the Granduca Madonna and a twen-His health prescription is brief: tieth century, continental Virgin "Work, Walk, Eat. Sleep. Ob and Child, which she admired

greatly.
"I had six of these and this is the dictum that bad cooking is more only one left," she boasted. They're injurious than strong drink, all the expensive, too-a dollar and a half more because Muldcom has never each! Mrs. O'Connor bought one to used liquor or tobacco. Facts these, send to her sister. Do you happen William Muldoon began active life to know Mrs. O'Connor? Her hus at seventeen as a private seldier and band's an undertaker—a fine under taker, and so rich and solemu-lookgreatest of his day. Lock up the one of these pictures to send to her II. sister, who is a nun in some Francis-

The man was too gentlemanly to seem either bored or amused by Mrs. Hundreds of Bostonians know all Asttler's chatter; besides, he was about Meldeon's farm and scores of lonely and friendless and her kind-them have been rebuilt there. Strict ness was balm to his sore heart.

merry Mrs. O'Connor, and her hus -who was all solemnity, befitted his profession, and the nun in California-or New

Charmed by his interest Mrs. Zettler told their family history in so far as it was known to her-and raining as hard as it can, so you cannot go yet," she said.

One after another she displayed -put new life in those who seek distressed looking St. Anthony, a theatrical St. Rita, Our Lady in gaudy attire, and last of all a St Joseph, hardly eighteen inches in height, with a turkey red mantle and bright yellow hair and beard. "I bought two of these, years and years ago." she related. "I sold one a few ago," she related. "I sold one a few days after I got it, but I've never been able to get rid of this. A little boy bought the other one to give to his mother on her birthday. It was worth a dollar, but he had only seventy-five cents, so I let him have it for that, because he liked it better than anything else in the store That coat, is dandy. Mother would like that,' he said to me three or four times. And so I let him have it seventy-five cents. And mother did like it. She's rich and haughty, but she liked it. A lady, who is a friend of Mrs. Withrow—that's her name—a lady saw this statue here only last week, or the week before, and she told me how Mrs. Withrow has hers in a corner of her living room with a light burning before it. She said Mrs. Withrow has it right there with all kinds of elegant things like Tiffany lamps and mahogany chairs, and mirrors in gold frames—and to think I never

could sell the one like it!" After a pause Mrs. Zettler added, Mrs. Withrow keeps it because her son gave it to her.'

into his hand and examined it care-'And the little boy liked the red robe, did he? And the-the very yellow hair. I suppose he admired that, too," he said slowly.

but also unveils the struggle of mind and the conflicting emotions which Mrs. Zettler had begun to put the

statues into their places on the period which he describes as a shelves, and for a few moments no more was said. The man continued to look at St. Joseph, and when Mrs. Zattler came to take it from him seemed loath to part with it. " what became of him?" he asked. " And Of him? Of whom?"

Of Mrs. Withrow's son-the boy

who bought the statue.' He! Oh he-" Mrs. Zettler began eagerly, but suddenly there flashed abruptly. "He-he was-well, unfortunate," she concluded in a crestfallen tone.

a black sheep-one whom his family and in the third, its communion.

wants to forget. it all the time."

yon, and go, you have been very

Plasse don't hurry. You're not quite dry, and it would do you good two sets of people," he says; "first, to rest," Mrs. Zettler protested. to my friends in the Episcopal Sit to rest," Mrs. Zettler protested.

Turning westward he walked for an hour or more, sometimes swiftly, sometimes very slowly, passing through the business section of the city, a belt of once fine houses which had degenerated into second class shops and boarding houses, and reaching an old but still fine residence district. On and on he walked until he came upon a large stone mansion. He paused, and for some minutes gazed up at it. He paced back and forth before it, stood look. ing at it once more, and at last

climbed the steps and rang the bell. 'Is Mrs. Withrow at home?" he asked the maid : and when she answered, yes, he entered the house and went into the big room to the

Your name?" the maid asked :

When Mrs. Withrow entered the room a few minutes later she saw that a thinly-clad man was kneeling before her little rad-robed status of St. Joseph, with his face buried in his arms. Trembling from head to foot she tiptoes across the room and clasped both arms about his neck. Jackie darling!" she sobbed .orence Gilmore in St. Anthony

THE HOLY ANGELS

" For he hath given His angels

The rulers of the nations of this Angele.

The Angel Raphael brought temrules prevail there and the man who | So he asked several questions about | saye, "to give gladness and spiritual | he has lost his mind or his character

Good Quality Tea, properly brewed,

takes away fatigue, and is absolutely

harmless, as a daily beverage "TRY

once, and you'll never forsake its use.

joy to the scul." The good spirit then is a true messenger from God, ever bringing good tidings of great joy, comforting the body when need-ful, as well as gladdening the soul.—

It was Father Kerr, S. J. Try to become very intimate with the angels, says St. Francis de Sales. days of Anglican complacency, I find Often think of them as being invisibly present with you, and above al! diocess in which you reside, those of the persons with whom you live, and especially your own. Invoke them often, praise them constantly and implore their help and assistance in all your affairs, spiritual or temporal, so that they may co operate with you according to your needs.

DR. FREDERICK KINSMAN

ANGLICAN BISHOP CONVERT TELLS OF CONVERSION

Dr. Frederick J. Kinsman, formerly frankly but reluctantly, "Perhaps it Episcopalian bishop of Delaware, isn't as pretty as it looks to me, and whose reception into the Church was whose reception into the Church was announced some months ago, now a layman in the Church, has written The man took the crude statue the story of his conversion. It is an "apology" for his life in which he stretches his career not only as a student, layman, minister and bishop, surged through his soul during a of perplexity, fluctuations of feeling judgment, inconsistency paralysis of the will" involved in his

"During the past year," writes Dr. Kinsman in the opening chapter of the book, which will soon be placed vitally important to myself, and significant to friends as indicating across her mind some very pointed abandonment of convictions which remarks about uncharitable talk, we have long shared as the basis of which her confessor had made the saturday before. She broke off lives. In the first place, it became necessary for me to resign my juris-diction over the Diocese of Delaware, "He's been away from of which I had been bishop for over 10 years; in the second, to renounce "I understand : the orders of the Episcopal Church ; These decisions were followed by the

Rt. Rev. Daniel Sylvester Tuttle, pre-The man seemed to have tired of siding bishop of the Protestant Epis

OWES ACCOUNT TO FORMER FRIENDS

near the stove or you'll take your death of cold. You must not leave here until your clothes are dry. I said; and in a moment he was gone.

"Hurry! I haven't hurried, and I Church, especially my people in Delaware, and second, to my pupils said; and in a moment he was gone. the reasons which have forced abandonment of what they knew to have been firmly held convictions That he should explain to his friends in the Episcopal Church—to laymen, ministers and bishops-why should leave the Episcopal Church and join the Roman Catholic Church is reasonable from the fact that Dr. Kinsman himself had often said to were leaders in the Oxford movement and who became Catholics "did not represent the most sound and stable elements of the English Church. I contrasted them unfavorably with Keble, Pussy, Church and Liddon," says Dr. Kinsman. "My three stock examples of the kind of men who 'went to Rome' were New-man, W. G. Ward and F. W. Faber, but he did not give it, and she datracted, respectively, by over-flounced away indignant. mere logic and by picturesque devotions. They were all good and able string of illustrations of psculiarities and of what I considered false judgments, not collected maliciously or as evidence that ought not to be dis-regarded that these men were not altogether the equals of those who, in the same situation, stood by the English Church." ADMITS PREJUDICED STAND

After having taken such a pre judiced stand against former Angli-can converts to Catholicism, and having! But she's not colemn. She charge over thee; to keep thee ing upheld this stand before his laughe all the time. And the bought in all thy ways."—Psalm 90 Verse friends in the Protestant Episcopal ing upheld this stand before his Church, and yet to shandon his former convictions, Dr. Kinsman says: "It is therefore altogether just world have their cervants — God also says: "It is therefore allogether just has His servants namely the Holy that my old friends have recently been questioning my own sasity. How can one, they have asked, with

and the former is the more charitable essumption. This is all quite fair, as judging me by my own old standards, but in being relegated to the awkward squad of the feeble minded, it is some comfort to reflect in what npany, on my own showing in the

WHY ABANDON EPISCOPAL CHURCH Why have I abandoned the Episcopal Church for the Roman Catho lic? and why did it take so long to see the duty?" Dr. Kinsman says are the two questions which he has undertaken to answer in his apology. "To answer the first question," Dr. Kinsman writes, "It has seemed necessary to give a detailed account of my religious education, indicating certain fixed points which have been decisive in the formation of all my ecclesiastical conceptions : to sum marize also an experience in ministerial work which induced the feel-ing that the Episcopal Church fails realize ideals which her teaching has made me regard as all-important; and to outline various revisions of judgment in regard to the Roman Catholic Church, removing prejudice which, until very recently, would have kept me out of her communion and bringing convictions of the Christian life. I have wished to put myself on record in regard to changes of view on important matters for the sake of correcting what I now regard, as erroneous in my former teaching."-New World.

IMMORTALITY

Speaking in the name of all Christians, St. Paul declares that if Christ be not risen from the dead we are on sale by Longmans, Green & Co., of all men the most wretched. In "I have had to make three decisions, this case it follows logically that this case it follows logically that if Christ be risen from the dead there is no more fortunate man in the world than a Christian.

The history of the human race proves conclusively that mankind as a whole never has fallen into the depths of atheism. Implanted deep in the heart of every human being is the shuddering abhorrence of nonexistence. Little does it count in this relation, how far man may have wandered from the safe anof natural or revealed chorage truth ; although his intellect may at times rebel against the light, his heart ever beats true to the belief which is as natural to bis soul as breathing is to his body.

History shows that here and there individual members of the human family have protested with energy that there is no God, consequently no immortality. Holy Scripture, together with reacon At the same time even the nations that have fled the noon-day splendor darkness, endeavor to give reasons for their belief in a life of never-ending happiness. -Keeping their gaze ever fixed in the material world around them they sought reasons and evidence that would fortify tham against their dread of extinction. In every case, where the belief in an immortal life has survived, there is traceable a vestige of other primitive religion established among men by God Himself in the Garden of Eden.

The most conceiving proof in the mind of a Christian that rational nature is immortal is furnished by his friends that the Anglicans who the incontestable evidence that Christ with His own inherent powers rose gloriously from the death in-flicted upon bim by man. The whole structure of Christianity rests upon the divinity of Christ, and this same divinity, so far as we are concerned appears in its most brilliant effulgence and power in the

resurrection of Christ. Thus, on the day when Christ shattered the barries of the tomb and threw off the shackles of Death He placed the seal of divine certainty upon every truth which He had men, but not quite normal. I had a enunciated upon every miracle which He wrought, and upon every word that proceeded from His sacred lips. He enabled the Apostles and with any conscious unfairness, but their successors to go forth with as evidence that ought not to be disnations of the earth. He gave to those intrepid missionaries weapons forged in the armory of Heaven ; and finally His resurrection gave divine sand tion not only to His promise of eternal happiness, but also to His threats of never-ending missry for those who refuse to live according

to the code which He established. Verily, if Christ be risen from the dead we are of all mortals the most happy and fortunate, provided that we keep His word .- Catholic Bulle

O Shepherd of the faithful, O Jesus gracious be, Increase the faith of all who put their faith in Thee. -St. Thomas Aquinas.

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