

"PETER THE PACKER."

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POSTERS.

We are glad to learn that the crusade against the posters of the "high art" variety has been rewarded with a certain measure of success. Now will some individual turn the guns on the human posters that one sees wending their ways to theatre and ball room? It is a strange thing that any woman should consent to exhibit

any woman in an apology for a costume, and stranger still that Catholic women have no hesitation in adopting it.

NEWSPAPER "ENTERPRISE."

The freak advertising scheme of sending school-boys on a race around the world, in the interests of sundry newspaper, is exciting much comment

from the people who like that kind of thing. It, is of course, the "greatest race" of the new century, the greatest way of acquiring a practical knowledge of geography, presumably we

suppose from menu cards and train and steamer schedules, and when the boys return they will be the greatest exponents of young American manliness. That kind of business enter-

hood. That kind of business enterprise is about as praiseworthy as bucket shop methods. It may please the sensation-monger, but it cannot be commended by those who have old-fashioned ideas about the training of youth and who do not believe in gambling with the health and possibly the future of school boys even for news paper popularity.

CULTURE.

From the many striking passages in *The Triumph of Failure*, the best thing to our mind that Father Sheehar has done, we take the following that may serve as an antidote to the hysterical eulogy that one meets with in the public prints:

"What," he used to say, "talk to me of your modern culture, the thinnest veneering for or so called civilization which is as Pagan a

that which drew down the angry scorn of Tertullian and the fierce invective of St. Jerome. I know well what it means. I am superficial acquaintances with a few Greek or Roman authors, more intimate acquainted with their mythologies; a knowledge of science deep enough to create unbelief, not deep enough to discover the external operations of omnipotence; a knowledge of philosophy that is of its shallow watchwords and shallow professors, and a profound ignorance of the only philosophy worthy of the name.

that which is the warp and woof of Galtonian "biology." Ay! he cried, your cheap culture is the culture of telegraphs and the bun shop, broken French and ungrammatical German; but from all that high and leftish culture where saints and scholars have found a home, you are as far removed—farther, you have drifted as far as a pavement artist in London, or some poor cantatrice of the boulevards."

Mater. One word to our readers. Give them a helping hand. The young professional man realizes very soon after he leaves college that the success demands toll and pluck, enthusiasm and unfailing hope ; but, to the strongest and most self-reliant amongst them, a word of sympathy and a kindly deed will be of value. And they do not receive from too many of us. A prominent barrister told us long since that the one thing giving him with magnificent prodigality

his co - religionists was opposition
and that in the beginning
of his career he was constantly tabooed
by the purse proud Catholic who is forever
taking off his hat to himself.
That may be an extreme case.

do not want our graduates coddled, even to be invited to the social functions that are the dearest things invented by the wit of man. On the contrary, we should advise them to avoid them. The young man with a way to make has no business with small teas and talk, with the inan-

of the nondescript world that values you for the crease in your trousers. But though we believe that every graduate carries Thor's hammer about his waist, without harm to ourselves or with good to him, remind him that we are conscious of his existence and willing to make the way a little smoother for him.

Catholics Are Not Bigoted.
From the Catholic Mirror.

There is little bigotry among Catholics, no common opinion to the contrary notwithstanding, and what little there is, is opposed to the spirit of Church.