

murmurs arose among the various groups, Dan realized all that such an announcement meant to him. He had been married but a few years before leaving Ireland, whence he had emigrated with the hope of bettering his fortunes. Only the other day he had been able to send the passage money which would bring out his wife and two little ones. He had even taken a tiny house, nestling in the shadow of the hill and overlooking the Lehigh.

"And I don't think," the superintendent went on, still virtuously indignant and eager to show his zeal for good order, "that there is a single employer of labor in the whole of the Lehigh Valley who will engage a man that has behaved as you have done and shown himself a quarrelsome bully."

Dan, who had been at first dazed, had by this time rallied his forces. He told himself that he would have been less than a man if he had acted otherwise than he had done, and he spoke out now with a courage and resolution that was only equal to that which he had displayed a moment before.

"Mr. Randall, sir," he said, addressing the superintendent, in a tone that though respectful, was firm, "you're meddling in your rights to discharge me if you think I've done what's wrong, but I can't let you blacken my character. Of what led to this fight, I'll not say a word. Let every man speak for himself, but I will say, and every man here, if he wants to speak the truth can bear me out, that in the months I have been in your employ I have been neither a bully nor quarrelsome."

There was a murmur from several voices.

"That's right, Dan. That's true, anyhow."

When the superintendent rang the bell again for silence, and as a sign that the subject was closed, the younger of the two directors inquired:

"What has been his record?"

The superintendent hesitated, yet after all he was fair enough as men go, and he spoke the exact truth:

"His record has been good. I believe this is his first offense."

"Which makes it necessary to discharge him," said the elder visitor, who had been standing by with frowning brow and a face black as thunder.

"Yes," agreed the superintendent; "for with men such as these discipline must be maintained."

"It must," assented the other; "let me speak to this fellow."

As he said the last words aloud Dan's opponents were gleeful, for they had had experience, on divers occasions as to how this particular director could speak. They hoped that the big Irish "Papist" was going to catch it.

At the summons to come forward Dan stepped out. His blackened face glistened with perspiration and the muscles in his powerful arms and shoulders where they were uncovered as was made necessary by the great heat, stood out like whipcord.

"I would like to know, my man," the director began in his big, threatening voice, "how you feel now about your late conduct?"

Dan, looking the speaker straight in the face, responded instantly:

"If it had to happen over again, I'd do the selfsame thing."

"You would, would you!" roared the director. "You have no regret for your part in that disgraceful scene, of which I was the witness from start to finish."

"If you witnessed it, sir," said Dan, "you'll know that the quarrel was not of my making."

"Hold your tongue!" cried the other.

"I will," agreed Dan, "since there's no more to be said."

"There's this, that the superintendent has turned you out of here," declared the old man.

"Perhaps," suggested the younger director, "if you were to say that you are sorry for what has occurred—"

"I'll never say that, sir," exclaimed Dan glancing for a moment towards that quarter, where he seemed to discover a lurking sympathy.

"Then dismissed you are from this employment," repeated the elder director.

His bushy white eyebrows worked themselves up and down as he stood glowering at the Irishman, who met his gaze firmly, while his fellow workmen regarded the scene with mingled feelings.

The few Catholics who had shamefacedly gathered around Dan and who on account of the coming of the visitors had been unable to show their sympathy, were full of sorrow and indignation at the unjust treatment to which McGrath had been subjected. Many others were moved to blended regret and admiration, while the friends and supporters of Ike Whitley, who were the lowest and most degraded of the lot, were triumphant and only restrained by the presence of the superintendent and the visitors from breaking into laughter and jibes.

"And now that you are dismissed from these works, McGrath," repeated the old man who had constituted himself chief spokesman, "there are a few remarks that I would like to make to this assembly."

He turned his menacing glance from one to the other of the groups before him and his voice had the same angry tone:

"In the first place I would suggest to the superintendent that the fellow who was really responsible for this scene, the unspeakable, foul-mouthed ruffian, to whom I listened with disgust, should be dismissed, as well as his opponent. In the second place, I

should like to shake hands with you, McGrath."

Dan, amazed and bewildered by this turn of affairs, involuntarily wiped his grimy hand before placing it in that which was outstretched.

"But the director said: 'No, no! Never touch about the grime McGrath. That comes from honest work. It's the other sort of dirt that I'm afraid of. In the third place, McGrath, since you are dismissed from here, I want to offer you a position as foreman in the L. V. and D. Milling Company which has just become vacant by death. I think you will find the work easier and the wages higher."

The superintendent, mortified and confused, stood sheepishly near, while Ike Whitley, from whose side his partisans began to slink away, was the very picture of shame, humiliation and baffled malice.

The little knot of Catholics were jubilant, and incidentally had got a lesson which would last them their lives, and a considerable number of others, it must be said to the credit of human nature, were pleased at Dan's good fortune.

But the big voice began to speak again, asking Dan if he were willing to accept the offer.

"I am, sir, and with my best thanks to you. And," he hesitated, and then went on awkwardly, "if I had a word to say at all, it would be to ask that Ike Whitley here might be kept on. He wasn't reared up to know the malice of what he was saying, and maybe he's been punished enough."

After some demure on the part of the director, this request was granted, but the man of many millions, who had certain theories of his own, had still a few words to say.

"You workers here present may take it from me," he said "that it is men like McGrath who are most in demand. They have got hold of a vital principle that keeps them alive. They are the real force of the nation, a social force and an economic one, too. For they save their brain and brawn for the country, instead of wasting it on intemperance or worse, as so many of you do."

Having finished his discourse and instructed McGrath where to apply, with a curt farewell to the superintendent, the old man took his colleague's arm and hurried from the place.

Then from the ranks of the Catholics arose a cheer for McGrath, that was caught up not only by the majority of those present, but that went out and beyond the foundry, to be heard in the streets of the little town, echoing and reechoing through the hills, where they stood guardian of the twin streams that beautified all the landscape.—Anna T. Sadler, in The Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

MOVING PICTURES AND THE YOUNG

BY AN URSULINE RELIGIOUS

Before me lies what is meant to be a very clever advertisement. It shows a comfortable living-room and the latest fashion in American families—a father, mother, and one child. The mother, her pretty face all excited anticipation, is urging her husband to hurry; he, also excited and restless looking, is switching off the light, while the child, a bonny thing of five or six, pulls her father eagerly toward the door.

All are intent on "going to the movies" as can easily be guessed from the accompanying screen picture, which shows a young girl languishing in the arms of a loggubrious looking youth in khaki. The advertisement is suggestively entitled "Let's live a life in two hours," and is meant to portray the bliss laid up for the patrons of a well-known film company. Looking at it, one can not help wondering just how many "lives" the infant in the picture may succeed in living, with such a swift start already.

With desolation is our land indeed being made desolate, and all "because no man thinketh in his heart." Was there ever a time when our people thought so little as in this wonderful age of the aeroplanes and the moving picture? People don't think any more. They "live a life in two hours" so many times a week, that a real genuine attack of thinking would almost produce total annihilation. But there is one thing that serious-minded teachers would be truly glad to have them think about, and that is the frightful injury they are doing their children by letting them grow up in the "movie" atmosphere.

Is there anything more tragically pathetic, we wonder, than the little girl whose parents are "movie fiends"? The mother was a daily visitor at moving-picture theaters before that child was born; she grieved and fretted because the little one's birth prevented her from seeing her screen favorites for a few weeks; and, when the baby was less than a month old, the mother was sitting again before the screen as eager for excitement as ever. The child is being brought up, one may say, in the "movie" theater, with the result that, tiny as she is, she will tell you that she "just adores" Theda Bara, and she's "crazy about" Charlie Chaplin. And she will ask you if you don't think Elsie Ferguson has the "swellest" clothes, and if you like Marguerite Clark or Mary Pickford best. And she will invariably add that she's going to be a "movie" actress, when she gets big, "because they make lots of money." Think what sort of wife and mother is being prepared for the future in that child! But, after all, we are probably worry-

ing ourselves needlessly as to what sort of mother she will make, since for women of her type motherhood will probably be quite out of style by the time she will have reached womanhood.

The writer may be pardoned if she gives here the rest of two years' close study of the effect of the moving-picture habit on the adolescent girl. Some fourteen years ago she was one of the teachers in a class of girls from fifteen to sixteen years of age. The pupils were the usual well-dressed, well-behaved, properly brought up girls that we are accustomed to think of in connection with convent schools. With these girls the different teachers departed and some, what from the usual conservative manner of teaching, being very frank and outspoken both in class and personal relations with them, and giving so much aid just when it was most needed, that the class of twelve came through the troublesome years from childhood to graduation with the very minimum of the usual foolishness of school girls. Four of their number are married and today are everything that good Catholic wives and mothers should be: two entered religion; the others are young business women of more than ordinary ability and standing—all are steady, dependable and high principled, while still just as gay of heart and as fond of "a good time" as they were fourteen years ago, when the moving picture show had not begun to cast its blighting influence over young and innocent souls.

Two years ago I was given work in a class, composed of girls very similar in age, mental capacity, refinement and social position to the class of fourteen years ago. They were from good Catholic homes, and were sweet, amiable and well-behaved young girls, whose parents watched over them carefully and kept them from contact with anything which seemed to them to be a bad influence. The girls, however, were allowed a freedom in attending picture shows, which was doing them a harm not realized by their parents. That pernicious freedom! It was responsible for a difference between the two classes, that only an experienced teacher could appreciate.

The girls of fourteen years ago entered the academic course, simple, sweet, innocent children; they advanced to their graduating year and left school, not ignorant of the world and its evils, but with minds unimpaired by knowledge received in wrong ways; the girls of the later class were not only too sophisticated for their years, but were rather pleased to be so. Now in their second year of high school work they are restless and somewhat unsteady in character; they are easily bored, find mental concentration difficult, and tire easily, wherever sustained effort is necessary. They have a quick, ready intelligence, but are impatient of work. Under the influence of their teachers, in whom they have every confidence, and to whom they speak with frankness, they are improving greatly, but it is an improvement that goes by fits and starts. Does this improvement mean that we are succeeding in breaking these young girls off the moving-picture habit? Not at all; they are simply learning to discriminate by being gently forced to catalog the good, bad and indifferent "movies" they have seen—a process which forces them to see that the good attractions have been few, the bad ones very many. A year ago, it was nothing unusual, during our discussions of the different "movies" (we manage to keep well informed on this subject since it concerns our pupils) to have some girl say indignantly in reference to some really dreadful attraction: "Why I'd think a thing wrong in that!" Whereupon it was unusually necessary to prove to her that, if she had been the right sort of a girl, she would have seen the wrong very easily.

Now right here is where the very worst feature of the moving-picture craze presents itself. Young girls actually grow to think that, since "to the pure all things are pure," it is not "to see a thing" in pictures that positively reek with immorality; and they make their less "pure" minded companions feel very uncomfortable, when the latter admit that they do see quite a lot that isn't just right. Only a week or so ago I heard a girl of fifteen say: "Yes, I went to see 'Cleopatra.' Why shouldn't I? It wasn't so bad at all." And another girl of the same age, in speaking of a really infamous production, remarked: "It was perfectly all right, except the star didn't have much clothing on."

But, to return to the class we have been discussing. It was no small matter to bring these girls to the point where they would admit many of the pictures they had seen were evil, but that point was reached at last. The next thing was to get them to see that the pictures had done harm to their own souls; and this was most difficult, because the worst result of the frequenting of picture shows is that it wears away the delicate bloom of modesty so imperceptibly that young people do not even know they have lost anything; and, as has been said before, they take credit to themselves for not being what they call "silly" about trifles. The arguments brought forward to prove that they were no worse off for all their movies, would have made a criminal lawyer weep for joy, but at last that point was reached. Even then much remained to be done before resolutions of amendment were made effectual, so wedded were they to their enthu-

astic love for certain stars in the "movie" sky. A glance at the list—a very partial one—of the plays these young girls have seen will show that their taste is neither narrow nor bigoted. The plays range from "Snow White," "The Little Princess," "Bab's Burglar," "Birth of a Nation," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Little Miss Washington," to "The Vampire," "Cleopatra," "War Brides," and "The Common Law."

What are you going to do about conditions like these, you good Catholic mothers, who would not willingly hurt your children for all the world? Do you think it fair to us teachers, that we must face the task of undoing the evil effects of a habit you have allowed to form? Must we spend our time in rooting out each day some noxious plants, whose seed was planted in your child's soul by a suggestive moving picture film? Do you know that your daughters, taught by the exciting school of the picture screen, are half convinced already that "love" justifies anything? That "a woman has the right to live her own life" as she pleases? That, in short, they are in danger of growing up with the most crooked notions, unless somebody straightens them out before it is too late? Do you even suspect that ideas, antagonistic to faith and morals, are being imbibed by your children, and are likely to spring into action, just as soon as these children are old enough to escape from your loving care? Who do you think ought to face and overcome all these difficulties, we or you? Is it not your place rather than ours? And is it not far more a mother's duty than a nun's to impress upon your daughter the sacredness of marriage, for instance, and the deadly evil of a deliberate evasion of its consequences? Yet such teaching is often left undone or left to those, upon whom the burden should not fall, because you, dear Catholic mother, do not dream that it is at all necessary, because, you say, the girls "don't know anything about such things." Do they not? Try accompanying them to every "movie" theater they visit and find out for yourself whether they know or not!—The Guardian.

GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE

The following is one of those little gems for so many of which we must be grateful to Catholic writers like the well known Rene Bazin. Of course, there is always the difficulty of translating a play upon words which does well in French and looks rather poor in English but even then the idea is there, and it is the idea we wish to put on record.

"I was present," writes Bazin in a French newspaper, "at a catechism lesson given to a hundred little boys in a parish of Paris. This quarter was poor, and so was the church. When I entered the Curate was relating the treason of Judas who sold his Master. He ended his narrative by the words: 'Judas was seized with despair, and hanged himself.' Immediately one of the youngest among the boys stood up and made a sign that he had something to say. 'I do not ask any questions,' said the priest, 'but what is the thought that takes you?'"

"To say what I would have done if I had been Judas."

"Well, what?" And the urchins all turned to their companion. But he, quite unabashed, and perfectly determined, because he heard the voice of his heart, replied:

"I would have hanged myself to the neck of good Jesus."

Some of the little ones laughed at the idea, but most of them understood better and felt as if their hearts were ready to weep.

"If these lines fall under the eyes of a soul who despairs on account of his sins, let him go and hang himself to the neck of good Jesus, and Jesus will press him to His heart.—Bombay Examiner.

ELIMINATING THE LOAFER

There is at least one "drive" that will have the support of every right-thinking citizen, and that is the drive against loafers. Too long have these pests been encouraged to follow their lazy instincts and to prey upon workers.

We have repeatedly called attention to the slackness and the absurdity of legislation that will not permit a boy to work under a certain age, but will permit him to loaf and drift.

He should be in school at that age," is the indignant protest against putting a lad under sixteen to work.

Very true; he should be in school, but he elects not to attend, and there doesn't seem to be law enough to make him. Young America, in wayward or loafing mood, makes his own laws in many cases. He doesn't want to go to school; he doesn't want to go to work. He likes leisure, and cards and other accomplishments of a lazy life.

And the worst of it is that he gets what he wants. He has to become a notice of him. And then it is uphill work to make anything of him except a loafer. This is so generally realized that men in authority are not anxious for his enforced services.

The time to round up a loafer is when the habit begins to form, and not after years of indulgence in idleness. A chain gang is about the only service that can get any work out of a chronic loafer.

Social service workers could furnish illuminating information as to

the leeway our civilization gives the loafer. It scoldes and flatters him. When his mother and sisters die from overwork, if he can't get a capable wife to take up their burden, he becomes a public charge. And presently the law wakes up to the knowledge that a human parasite has fastened itself to the community. How to get rid of him is then the problem.

The drive proposes to solve the problem. It will conscript idleness, but just how it will turn idleness into industry is another question. The experiment will be viewed with interest.

The Governor of New Jersey has undertaken to enforce the anti-loafer act recently passed in that State, which provides that every man must be able to show that he is engaged in useful work. The proclamation sets forth that every able-bodied male resident between the years of eighteen and fifty years, shall be habitually and regularly engaged in some business, profession, occupation or employment until the termination of the War.

A BALLAD OF MAY

It is the May again, Mother,  
The childhood of the year,  
When beauty walks the wakened world  
And heaven seems so near;  
It is the joyous May, mother,  
And joyous most to me,  
For that it wakens in my heart  
Old, loving thoughts of thee.

The April days were cruel,  
With chilling wind and rain,  
That kept the skies so wintry,  
And prisoned earth in pain;  
But April days are over,  
And May is reigning queen,  
Her law is in the woodlands,  
Her throne is on the green.

Like priests before the altar,  
In Sacrificial Prayer,  
The tulips offer chalices,  
To thank the Master's care;  
And birds in cloister woodlands,  
And fragrant aisles along,  
From matin hours to vesper,  
Sing their cathedral song.

The little shrine of Mary  
(Among the rocks it lies)  
Is like a little bower  
We dream in paradise;  
The roses of the myrtle  
Are whispered all the day,  
And rich magnolia censers  
Fling incense every way.

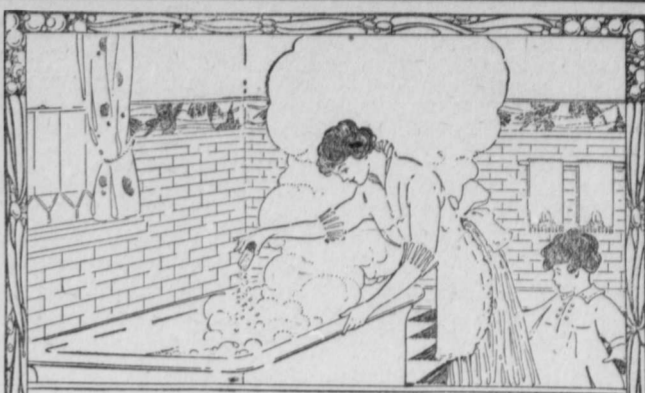
Oh, May is queen of all the year,  
And Mary queen of May,  
So let our hearts be Maylands  
Unto our Queen today;  
And take the Maytime voices,  
From field and tree above  
And turn their songs to Mary,  
To tell her children's love.

So May is here again, mother,  
And in its eyes I see  
Remembrance of the beauty  
Of days that used to be;  
And here before the shrine, mother,  
I kneel me now and pray,  
That May and Mary bless thee,  
And give thee joy always.

—REV. MICHAEL EARLE, S. J.

A NEW PRAYER MOVEMENT

English papers recently arrived tell of a new prayer movement for the conversion of the country which has just been started in the metropolis. We remember one started a very long time ago by an English nobleman, a convert from Protestantism, Earl Spencer. He renounced that creed at the time of the Tractarian movement in England and joined the Catholic Church. He was known as Father Ignatius, and traveled all the British Isles clothed in a brown habit of the Franciscan Order, with sandals on shodless feet and carrying a silver tongue in his fine aristocratic looking head. His eloquence was very winning. It was in the Christian Brothers' schools in Cork City he addressed a large concourse of boys (of whom the writer was one) and his eloquence was such that it was with joy that they one and all made to him the promise which he desired that they, individually, would offer up the Pater and Ave each day until the age of twenty-one had come to them, with the intention that the innocent pleading would win from God the prize for which it was put forward, the winning back of "Mary's Dower" to the Catholic fold. The Brother who succeeded Father Ignatius was the famous Coercionist Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. He in turn became a convert—not to the faith, but to the Home Rule cause, after having had several years' personal acquaintance with the iniquities of Dublin Castle rule and landlord tyranny in Ireland. That a new start in the same direction has been begun in England at this time, when the fate of the British Empire is trembling in the balance, is certainly a fact of much significance.—Philadelphia Standard and Times.



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