

# THE NEW CRUSADE

## Against Intemperance.

Under the caption "Special Insurance Rates for Total Abstainers," the "Western Watchman" says:—  
The Equitable Life Assurance Society is not a religious, moral or humanitarian organization. It deals exclusively with blunt figures and stubborn facts. It considers men as things and their lives as positive quantities. As a result of their close calculation and careful collation and cataloguing of facts they have arrived at the certain conclusion that men who do not drink intoxicating beverages at all live longer than those who drink a little. They do not say that drinking is wrong or that excessive drinking is the result of moderate drinking. That would be moralizing. They have divided their risks into two classes; those who are teetotalers and those who are not; and they find that the average life of the former is longer than the average life of the latter. This conclusion was a practical one and had to be taken into account in the tables of the company. The announcement has been made from the general office in New York that henceforward teetotalers will have a special rating in the policies of the Equitable Life Assurance Society. This is the first time that the superiority of risks upon lives of total abstainers has been acknowledged in this country; but in England several life insurance companies have for years given lower rates to total abstainers than to others. They, too, discovered long ago that men who do not drink at all live longer, as a rule, than those who do.

In Germany and France no concessions have yet been made to total abstinence in the ratings of the insurance companies; and maybe none will be made. It is just possible that indulgence in intoxicants shortens life only in Anglo-Saxon countries. We can see a cause for this. In England and the United States people are possessed of a spirit of unrest. Everything is undergoing change, and both "nova" and "move" are the watchwords. Old things are giving way to new, and old methods to new methods. The level of society are being readjusted. The middle is becoming the top and the top the bottom. New cities spring into existence and old ones are drawing on the cerements of the grave. The Old World is disturbed by the vision of the New, and the New feels an irresistible impulse to loot the Old. The nerves of men in the Anglo-Saxon world are strung to their utmost possible tension. The safety-valve for super-excited nerves on the continent of Europe is the revolver; with the Anglo-Saxons it is the bottle. Those who live in "an atmosphere of excitement" sixteen hours a day need eight hours' sleep. Sleep is tired nature's sweet restorer. Drugs will do for a while the work of sleep; but only for a while. When drugs fail nature is found in the terrible grip of insomnia and death or the madhouse is the only refuge of racked brains.

This is the only way of explaining an enigma in our social life, the almost universal spread of the drink habit. It cannot be that our characters are weaker than those of our forefathers across the water, who drank all their lives and went down to temperate graves. It can't be that those brewed or distilled on the other side of the Atlantic. Our beers have taken first premium whenever they have been put in competition with a European brew; our spirits are as pure as any in the world. Still the terrible fact stares us in the face, that moderate drinking in this country and in England, but more especially in this country, almost infallibly leads to excessive drinking, and excessive drinking to a shortened life. It has long been saying among teetotalers, that drinking people were not fit to trust; fit to work or fit to endure hardship; but it was reserved to a life insurance company to prove to us that drinking men are not fit to eat, fit to sleep, or fit to live. It is the greatest temperance lesson of the century.

Some time ago the Knights of Father Mathew distributed circulars through the parishes of this city substantially enunciating these statements. It was an invitation to all Catholics to join the crusade against the drinking counter. They simply paraphrased the Lord's Prayer: "Lead us not into temptation." They have held temperance rallies in the principal churches of the city and young and old have had the fog horn of danger sounded in their ears. It is to be seen if the crusade will bear any fruit. One thing we hope will be done, and now is the best time to do it. The young boys making their First Communion should be pledged to total abstinence until they are 25. Those boys can thus be saved for all time.

DEMORALIZATION.—The New York "Post" has a strong editorial upon the demoralizing effect upon the public of indecency upon the stage, or in the daily press, and asks if modesty is to be relegated to the limbo of extinct virtues. "A note of alarm on the same subject is sounded by an English woman, in an English review. She asks whether it can be possible that the girls of the rising generation are really deficient in that natural delicacy which is

among the most precious attributes of the sex, and points to their habitual presence at entertainments of acknowledgment of her inquiry." As far as our city is concerned we have here two subjects of public interest that have been summarily dealt with by our authorities, both ecclesiastical and civil. It is only the other day that Mgr. Bruchesi called the attention of the city fathers to the indecent posters upon the walls; and the result was immediate action on the part of the police. Very strict and very rigorous is the law, and the application of the same, in regard to immoral literature. One man was fined \$50 a few days ago by a city judge for keeping and selling dangerous publications. It is now in order that the third subject should receive official attention—that is, the indecency of dress and exhibition upon the stage. However, we can say that we are blessed with a marked absence of this danger in our local theatres—which is a silent but significant compliment to the delicacy and moral sentiments of our ladies.

## RANDOM NOTES.

IRISH WORKING WOMEN.—The "Daughters of Erin" is the name of an association recently established, with headquarters in Limerick, and branches all over Ireland and the United States. One of the chief purposes of the organization is the teaching and study of Gaelic. The project has been taken up in such a manner that it promises to be a great success. When Mayor Daly, of Limerick, was in America, some short time ago, he said that this movement was intended "to overcome many of the disadvantages to which Ireland is subjected. We want to stem the tide of emigration which is continually depleting our old land of its best bone and sinew—by making life at home more worth the living."

ANOTHER MEMORIAL DAY.—There is certainly the merit of originality about the idea of commemorating the naval heroes who lie dead in the sea. Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes, of Los Angeles, California, has been agitating for over a year, and has sent out a circular letter of appeal to prominent officials all over the United States, in the hope of making the movement a national one. We are informed that the plan suggested by the promoters of the idea is to have children march to the beaches, and with appropriate ceremonies of invocation, music, and addresses, scatter flowers on the waves in memory of the dead. Secretary Long and various naval officers are quoted as in sympathy with the idea.

It is certainly a fact that those who perish at sea, or who die and are buried on ocean voyages, are forgotten by the public far sooner than persons who are interred on land and have monuments to commemorate their lives. But it does not seem to strike people in general that the Catholic Church remembers the dead at sea, as well as the dead on land, and that she prays for them just the same as if they were buried beside the wall of her temple or under its altar.

ON ROMAN CORRESPONDENTS.—The Syracuse "Sun" emits, from time to time, a bright ray, and when such appears it is always worthy of note. Referring to the correspondents from Rome who furnish news to the secular press, it says that they must have either lurid imaginations or unlimited credence in the gullibility of the public. One reads, for example, that the Pope has designated such and such a prelate as his successor, and that various cardinals are busy soliciting the support of the Sacred College. This kind of a yarn is published in the big dailies and is copied by minor sheets all over the country. Every Catholic, however, knows that the Papacy is a elective office, and that every cardinal binds himself by oath to never bestir his sacred dignity by the tricks of the ordinary politician. He swears to never canvass for himself or for others in the election of a Pope; he calls Christ to witness before depositing his ballot that he elects the person who, before God, he thinks should be elected, and we know that the whole ceremonial of election is so regulated as to safeguard the electors from all undue influence. Whenever we happen upon these precious effusions of Roman correspondents we bethink ourselves of the famous reporter who described Cardinal Satolli officiating "wearing a tonsure on his shoulder and carrying a thurifer on his head." This is as good as the description of the Boston "Advertiser" reporter who discovered Monsignor Martini singing High Mass in good English.

A CHURCH THIEF CAUGHT.—From New Orleans comes a story of robberies committed in the Catholic churches of that city, which baffled all means of discovery, and of the arrest, on the 5th June, of the perpetrator of these outrageous deeds. The thief is a negro, Albert Decourt, who was caught red-handed in St. Mary's Church. The correspondent says:—

"During the past three months eighteen churches have been robbed in New Orleans, and all of them Catholic. In some cases the sacred vessels were stolen, silver crosses and even the host. No trace whatever was found of the robbers. The fact that none but Catholic churches were robbed caused a sensation among the Catholics in New Orleans, and there were many who thought the sacrilege had a religious basis rather than one of robbery, especially as in many cases the booty was very small, only a few dollars being obtained. The pastor of the Jesuit Church denounced the inefficiency of

the police in the severest terms, and called for an investigation to determine how churches in densely populated portions of the city could be robbed and the police unable to get any information whatever as to the thieves. The Cathedral of St. Louis was robbed on the night of June 4, the thief or thieves breaking into the church by one of the rear windows and opening the contribution box with some burglar's instrument. In the morning Albert Decourt was caught in the very act of robbing St. Mary's Church. The police, who had been watching him from behind, he was at work, and it is very evident that he had robbed the cathedral, which is only a few blocks distant. Decourt confessed to being the man who recently robbed the Catholic Church in Algiers, opposite New Orleans, but he would not confess to any of the other robberies. An investigation showed him to be a dangerous cocaine fiend and that he had served a term in the penitentiary. It is believed that he and alone committed all the church robberies, using the money stolen to supply himself with cocaine."

MISSIONARY LOOTERS.—Writing of what he had seen in Pekin for the "Westminster Gazette," George Lynch tells a strange story of missionary looters in China. A couple of extracts from his lengthy letter will give the drift of it. He says:—  
"One reverend gentleman, for instance, was to be seen day after day holding a sale of loot in a house which he had taken possession of. Another, an American, was carrying on a similar sale in a palatial mansion which he had commandeered."  
"There are others who took possession of Chinese houses wholesale, and found a source of income in letting or leasing them."

The writer then comments as follows:—  
"It would be gratifying to think that amid all these exponents of the doctrine of the sermon on the Mount, there was one who called for mercy on the conquered, or asked that even common humanity should be shown them, or even reminded the generals of the golden rule of war and fair fighting, or who raised his voice for justice, even if he did not in compassion."

And his conclusion is this:—  
"Christianity in China has received a staggering blow from which it will not recover during the lives of the present generation."

Needless to say that none of these looting missionaries were Catholics.

WRITING IRISH.—The vulgar stage Irishman has almost entirely disappeared under the pressure brought to bear upon him by reiterated protests, both public and private, individually expressed, or conveyed through press editorials. It is now high time to efface another low form of national caricature—we refer to the manner in which Irish people are represented as speaking a peculiar kind of bad English. We admit that English is not the Irishman's native tongue; but he speaks it as a rule, far better than does the average Englishman. What is the use of vainly attempting to reproduce in written words, badly spelt, the accent and pronunciation of the Irishman? It is always exaggerated and false, and indicates a great degree of ignorance in the person making use of it. We hourly meet with samples of very interesting dialogues that are completely spoiled by this attempting to phonetically reproduce the words spoken by the Irishman, or else the Irishwoman. The effect would be far more satisfactory if the conversations were transcribed in plain English. This is another of the nuisances that must disappear very soon.

## SOME NOTABLE INSTANCES OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

There is a very touching story told by one of our American exchanges, about a priest who, in the days of Pius IX., went on a pilgrimage to Rome.

On the eve of his departure a poor, hard-working woman came to him and requested him to take a sum of money along with him for the Holy Father as her Peter penny offering. It was a very considerable sum. The priest was surprised that a poor woman should offer for this purpose so disproportionate to her condition in life. He was curious to know how she came by it, and questioned her.

"Father," said she, in her simple way, "I have saved it up."  
"How old are you, my good woman?" asked the priest.  
"I do not exactly know; I can neither read nor write. But I must be over 50 years."

"And how long did it take you to save this sum?"  
"Oh, very long; I have been saving it since I was 11 years old."  
"And what had you in mind to do with the money before you learned that the Holy Father was in such straitened circumstances?"  
"I intended to lay it aside for old age and times of sickness."

"But from what will you now live?"  
"Oh, I shall continue to earn some more."

"True, but what if you take sick?"  
"Oh, then I shall go to the poor-house."

The good priest endeavored to prevail on her to retain the money, but in vain. He had to take it along with him.

On his arrival in Rome he was granted an audience by the Holy Father, to whom he handed the money and explained how he came by it. As he spoke he noticed two large tears coursing down the cheeks of the old man, and he said to himself, "Presently Pius IX. took from his finger a ring, placed it on top of the sum of money, and then handing it to the priest said: 'Now bring this

money back to the good woman with our apostolic blessing, and say to her, for us, that as long as we have a mouthful of bread we cannot accept of such a sacrifice. Say to her, also, that the reward of her child-like and noble devotion to the Pope will surely not fail."

This may appear to some, who are unfamiliar with the faith that dwells in the hearts of some of the older generations, to be a very interesting invention; but we are confident that the story is exact, because we know of more than one case of like generosity and whole-souled devotedness to the Church and the sacred cause of religion. Here in Montreal we remember one example of a hardworking humble old woman who contributed several hundreds of dollars for the purposes of the church. As in the first mentioned case, this good soul had saved the money by years of work, and she felt a perfect happiness in divesting herself, like the Apostles of old, of her worldly goods for the sake of the one whom they followed. If we were only aware of the thousands of women, even servant girls, who have made sacrifices, proportionate to their means, may be called wonderful, we would blush for our own lack of charity and for the absence in generosity in those whom God has blessed with superabundance.

Not alone in giving do Catholic women show their sincere faith and the generous impulse which it creates in them. The other day we received a letter from a lady living in the United States, enclosing a year's subscription to the paper and giving us a certain young man's address. She added, in explanation, that she subscribed "in order to give a fine boy the benefit of good reading for a year." In her own humble way this woman is doing a grand work within the sphere of her limited power, she is seeking to rescue one promising Catholic from the dangers of bad literature. In every sense she is fulfilling to the utmost of her opportunities the wish and instruction of the Holy Father in regard to the apostolate of the press. Did others, especially men and women of influence, who have occasion to deal with hundreds of instances of one, follow the example thus given, in his would not be many years till the whole face of Catholic society would be changed for the better, and the cause of Truth would be advanced beyond all calculation. "The Widow's Mite," whether in money, or good deeds, is ever blessed.

## THE OLD QUAKER.

We were five passengers in all—two ladies on the back seat, and a middle-aged gentleman, and a Quaker and myself on the front. The middle-aged gentleman was sprightly and talkative. He soon struck up an acquaintance with the ladies, towards whom, in his zeal to be rather overdid the agreeable, bowing and smiling, and chatting over his shoulder in a way painfully suggestive, at his time of life, of a "crick" in the tick. He was evidently a gay Lothario.

Towards evening I was aroused from one of those reveries into which a young man, when being a poet or a lover, will sometimes fall, by an abrupt query from the talkative gentleman:—  
"Are you armed, sir?"  
"I am not," I answered, astonished, no doubt visibly, at the question.

"I am sorry to hear it," he replied, "for before reaching our next stopping place it will be several hours in the night, and we must pass over a portion of the road on which more than one robbery is reported to have been committed."

The ladies turned pale, but the stranger did his best to reassure them.

"Not that I think there is the slightest danger at present," he reassured: "only when one is responsible for the safety of the ladies, you know, such a thing as a pistol in reach would materially add to one's confidence."

"Your principles, my friend," addressed the Quaker. "I presume, are as much opposed to carrying as to using carnal weapons?"  
"Yes," was the response.  
"Have the villains murdered any of your victims?" the elderly lady nervously inquired.

"Or have they contented themselves with—plundering them?" asked the younger in a timorous voice.

"Decidedly the latter," the amiable gentleman hastened to give assurance; "and we are none of us prepared to offer resistance in case of attack, so nothing worse than robbery can possibly befall us."

Then after blaming his thoughtlessness in having unconsciously introduced a disagreeable subject, the gentleman quite excused himself in efforts to raise the spirits of the company, and had succeeded so well by the time night had set in that all had quite forgotten or remembered their fears to laugh at them.

Our genial companion fairly talked himself hoarse, perceiving which he took from his pocket a box of newly invented cough-candy, and after passing it to the ladies, he tossed himself to the balance and tossed the paper out of the window.

He was in the midst of a high enthusiasm on the new nostrum, more than half the efficiency of which, he insisted, depended upon it being taken by succession, when a shrill whistle was heard, and almost immediately the coach stopped, presented themselves, one at each window.

"Sorry to trouble you," said the man on the right, acknowledging with a bow two lady-like screams from the back seat, "but business is business, and ours will soon be over if things go smoothly."

"Of course, gentlemen, you will

spare us, as far as may be, by signing out with your disagreeable duty, the feelings of these ladies." Appealed the polite passenger in his blindest manner.

"Oh, certainly, they shall be first attended to and shall not be required to leave their places unless their conduct renders it necessary. And now, ladies," continued the robber, the barrel of his pistol glittering in the light of the coach lamp, "be so good as to pass your purses, watches and such other trinkets as may be acceptable without too much trouble."

The ladies came down handsomely and were not further molested. One by one the "rust" got out. The middle-aged gentleman's turn came first. He submitted with a winning grace and was robbed like a very Chesterfield.

My own affairs, like the sum I lost, are scarcely worth mentioning. The Quaker's turn came next. He quietly handed over his pocket-book and watch, and, when asked if he had any other valuables, said: "Nay." A Quaker's word is good, even among thieves; so, after a hasty "good-night," the robber thrust his pistol into his pocket, and, with his two companions, one of whom had held the reins of the leaders, was about departing.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Quaker in a tone more of command than of request.

"Stop! What for?" returned the other in evident surprise.

"For at least two good reasons," was the reply emphasized with a couple of derringers cocked and poised.

"Help!" shouted the robber.

"Stop!" the Quaker exclaimed, "and if any of my sinful companions advances a step to try to relieve the spirit will surely move me to blow thy brains out."

"The robber at the opposite window and the one at the leaders' heads thought it a good time to leave."

"Now, get in, friend," said the Quaker, still covering his man; "take the middle seat, but first deliver up the pistol." The other hesitated.

"There had better not delay; I feel the spirit begin to move my right forefinger."

The robber did as he was directed, and the Quaker took his place at the side, giving the newcomer the middle of the seat.

The driver, who was frightened half out of his wits, now set forward at a rapid rate. The lively gentleman soon recovered his vivacity. He was especially facetious on the Quaker's prowess.

"You're a rum Quaker, you are, Whv, you don't quake worth a cent."

"I'm not a 'Quaker Party,' if that's what thee means."

"Of the Hickory, or rather the Old Hickory stripe, I should say," retorted the lively man. But the Quaker relapsing into his usual monosyllables, the conversation flagged.

Sooner than we expected the coach stopped, where we were to have supper and a change of horses. We had deferred a redistribution of our effects until we should reach this place, as the dim light of the coach would have rendered the process somewhat difficult.

It was now necessary, however, that it should be attended to at once, and our jovial companion had previously announced his intention of leaving us at this point. He proposed a postponement till after supper, which he offered to go and order.

"Nay," urged the Quaker, with an approach of abruptness, and laying his hand on the other's arm, "business before pleasure, and, for business, there is no time like the present."

"Will thee be good enough to search the prisoner," he said to me, still keeping his hand in a friendly way on the passenger's arm.

I did, but not one of the stolen articles could be found.

He must have not rid of them in the coach," the gay gentleman suggested, and immediately offered to go and search.

"Stop!" thundered the Quaker, tightening his grasp.

The man turned pale, and struggled to release his arm. In an instant one of the derringers are leveled at his head.

"Sit a hand or foot and you are a dead man and foot and you are a dead man."

The Quaker must have been awfully excited so completely to forget both the language and principles of his persuasion.

Placing the other pistol in my hand, with directions to fire on the first of two men that made a suspicious movement, he went to work on the Lothario, from whose pockets, in less time than it takes to tell, he produced every item of the missing property, to the utter amazement of the two ladies, who had been in no measured terms to remonstrate against the sinful treatment that gentleman was receiving.

The Quaker, I need scarcely add, was no Quaker at all, but a shrewd detective who had been set, on the track of a band of desperadoes, of whom our middle-aged friend—who didn't look near so middle-aged when his wig was off—was the chief. The robbery had been most adroitly planned. The leader of the gang had taken passage in the coach, and, after learning, as he supposed, our defenceless condition, had given the

signal to his companions by throwing out the scrap of paper already mentioned. After the unexpected capture of the first robber, it was attempted to save the booty by secretly passing it to the accomplice counted on being able to make off with it at the next stopping place. The result was that both, for a season, did the State some service.

To be happy is no selfish indulgence, no favored condition of fortune; it is a duty we owe to others and to ourselves, a state of mind which we should all strive to acquire.

## Society Directory.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.—Established March 6th, 1856, incorporated 1863, revised 1864. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Director, Rev. J. Quinlan, P.P. President, Wm. E. Doran; 1st Vice, T. J. O'Neill; 2nd Vice, P. Casey; Treasurer, John O'Leary; Corresponding Secretary, P. J. Curran, B.C.L.; Recording-Secretary, T. P. Tansey.

LADIES' AUXILIARY to the Division Order of Hibernians, Division No. 1. The above Division meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on the first Sunday at 4.30 p.m., and third Thursday at 8 p.m., of every month. President, Miss B. Harvey; Vice-President, Miss B. Harvey; Financial Secretary, Miss Emma Doyle, 68 Anderson street, Telephone, 1006 Main; Treasurer, Mrs. Mary O'Brien, 383 Wellington street; Recording Secretary, Dr. Thomas J. Curran, 2076 St. Catherine St. Application for membership can be procured from the members, or at the hall before meetings.

A.O.H.—DIVISION NO. 2.—Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church corner Centre and LaPrairie streets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8 p.m. President, John Cavanagh, 885 St. Catherine street; Medical Adviser, Dr. Hugh Lennon, 255 Centre street, telephone Main 2239, Recording Secretary, Thomas Donohue, 312 Hibernia street, to whom all communications should be addressed; Peter Doyle, Financial Secretary; E. J. Colfer, Treasurer. Delegates to St. Patrick's League—J. J. Cavanagh, D. S. McCarthy and J. Cavanagh.

A. O. H. DIVISION NO. 3.—Meets on the first and third Wednesday of each month, at No. 1863 Notre Dame street, near McGill, Officers: Ald. D. Gallery, president; T. McCarthy, vice-president; F. J. Delahanty, recording-secretary, 1635 Ontario street; John Hughes, financial secretary; L. Brophy, treasurer; M. Fennel, chairman Standing Committee; marshal, M. Stafford.

ST. ANN'S YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY organized 1885.—Meets in hall, 157 Ottawa street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.30 p.m. Spiritual Adviser, Rev. E. Strubbe, C.S.S.R.; President, D. J. O'Neill; Secretary, J. Murray; Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casey.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.—Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., immediately after Vespers. Committee of Management meets in same hall the first Tuesday of every month at 8 p.m. Rev. Father McGrath, Rev. President; James J. Costigan, 1st Vice-President; Jno. P. Gunning, Secretary, 716 St. Antoine street, St. Henri.

O.M.B.A. OF CANADA, BRANCH 26.—Organized, 13th November, 1883.—Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander St., every Monday of each month. The regular meetings for the transaction of business are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at 8 p.m. Applicants for membership or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: Frank J. Curran, B.C.L., President; P. J. McDonagh, Recording Secretary; Robt. Warren, Financial Secretary; Jno. H. Feeley, Jr., Treasurer.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY, established 1863.—Rev. Director, Rev. Father Flynn, President, B. Gallery, M.P.; Sec., J. E. Quinn, 625 St. Dominique street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8.30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Cullen.

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## JERRY'S J

A Story for the  
Think ab  
V

BY WILL

Jerry Lawrence  
on a New England  
town which it was  
found in order to  
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picture of "Belinda,"  
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saying that Mr. Jones  
leave the report.

Jerry's soul went ou  
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them! He asked if he  
see Mr. Frank Preston  
says Mother said—w  
her eye that Jerry  
"Perhaps."

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was long—the horse s  
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perhaps my own, also, h  
they were ready to start  
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for it on the farm he  
make the boy a present  
calf."

Of course they could  
though the father smiled  
the fair-colored calf.  
thought a cow should h  
and thighs of a steer.  
Jerry drove the rig to  
"venture" for this was  
the name for the calf.  
"Old Gray" and the exp  
in the wagon was al  
enough to hold three c  
venture. Indeed it wou  
about three ventures to  
weight one of the calves  
Jones had carried in t  
rate. Just as the sun w  
the hills purple and green  
Jerry arrived home with  
precious venture.

Sometimes he had to  
the tears at what his fa  
about his "pet." The cal  
a wee thing, a few weeks  
she was bred "in the bl  
Preston was not the man  
the boy" with a "cull."  
Winter came on. A warn  
fixed up in the lower barn  
penter was Jerry. Hi  
thought the open barn w  
warm enough. "Rowen  
fine hay found its way, w  
regularity, to Venture's  
cervical, and shorts ca  
Father's staple grain fo  
meal, she had in small g  
and then only in the col  
smooth and shiny by the  
of the brush and card. On