

# MORE AND AGE!

BY "CRUX."

## THE DOMINATING NOTE IN THE CHORUS OF THE RICH MEN'S CHANT IS POWER.

WORK never kills," is an old saying; and if every-thing else be equal, it is correct. More men are sent to their graves by irregular living, dissipation, excesses of all kinds, and even idleness, than by hard and regular work. But that word must be systematic, not spasmodic; it must be accompanied with proper repose, nourishment, and sleep; it should be free from the wearing anxieties and petty worries that serve but to undermine the most powerful systems. That men work on through the years of old age and die, as it were in harness, is only an evidence that their work was congenial, successful, and in accord with their physical and mental aptitudes. Otherwise they would have been obliged to give it up much earlier, or would not have lived to continued in such activity. Some men, who have, themselves, labored on through the years of youth, of manhood and of age, seek to impress the world with the idea that they should be taken as models for the imitation of mankind; but all mankind has not their advantages, their successes, their congenial occupations, their bodily health, or their mental construction. I have been reading a few of these off-hand opinions, and I have come to the conclusion that value is placed upon them simply because they emanate from men whose careers illustrate their contentions; the same statements made by an ordinary man, one whose name has not gained a world wide reputation for wealth, or success, would be passed unheeded, and no comment would be deemed necessary or even timely. I will take one or more of these expressions of opinion and advice and will add to each whatever little reflection has been suggested to my own mind.

CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW.—Mr. Depew in a recent interview on the subject in hand, made the following statement:—

"Shakespeare died at fifty, and I am sixty-eight, with the consciousness of firmer health, fuller powers and keener enjoyment of life than ever before. I believe that Shakespeare died at fifty because he retired from business. He had demonstrated for the glory of the human intellect that 'myriad minds' could be housed in one brain, and then retired to Stratford to live at ease. I have observed that health and longevity are indissolubly connected with work. Work furnishes the ozone for the lungs, the appetite and the digestion which support vigorous life; the occupation which keeps the brain active and expansive. When a man from fifty upward retires, as he says, for rest, his intellectual powers become turbid, his circulation sluggish, his stomach a burden and the coffin his home. Bismarck, at

seventy-five, ruling Germany; Thiers, at eighty, France; Gladstone, at eighty-two a power in Great Britain; Simon Cameron, at ninety, taking his first outing abroad and enjoying all the fatigues as well as the delights of a London season illustrated the recuperative powers of hard work. Such men as these never ceased to exercise to the full extent of their abilities their faculties in their chosen lines."

ONE GREAT OMISSION.—While I have no fault to find with Mr. Depew's remarks concerning Shakespeare, nor do I deem it necessary to question their exactness, still it seems to me that, like nearly all the leaders of public opinion in our day, he has omitted in his list of aged workers the most wonderful one that the nineteenth century has produced and that the twentieth century possesses—that is the present illustrious Pontiff Leo XIII. Bismarck, Thiers, and Gladstone combined were not as astonishing a sample of human activity in advanced age, as is the Holy Father. They were either prime ministers, or chancellors, or in some way the chief legislators, for given terms, each over a separate country; Leo XIII. is sovereign ruler, not for one nation alone, but for all the civilized, and even uncivilized world; he rules over 250,000,000 of faithful, and he does so at the age of ninety-two. Is it not peculiar that such an omission should almost constantly occur in all such lists of great and venerable statesmen and workers?

ABRAM S. HEWITT.—New York's former mayor, who is still active in many interests, at the advanced age of eighty years, made use of the following very reasonable statement:—"It would be a piece of impertinence for me to say whether Mr. Whitney or Mr. Carnegie or any one else should or should not retire from active business in the prime of life. This is wholly a matter in which every man must use his leisure; some would rust out if they did not wear out; others have duties and responsibilities toward others whose interests they must conserve and protect, or are servants to the community at large, and are not their own masters. If a man feels himself free to retire and likes that sort of thing, it must be assumed that this is the sort of thing he likes."

EMINENTLY SENSIBLE.—This plain statement seems to need no comment. It is evidently that of a man who has learned to mind his own business, and to allow other men the privileges and rights which he claims for himself. However, it will occupy its place in the general comments with which I purpose closing.

WILLIAM C. WHITNEY.—The following seems to me to be language of a man who is neither grasping, nor over-ambitious:—

"I have never wished to be very wealthy nor have I any ambitions politically. Of course, it is impossible for a man of many and large affairs to drop them, as he would a garment, when he shall have reached a certain age. I must now, as heretofore, keep in touch with many interests from which I shall never wholly be able to free myself; but many years ago I began to look forward to sixty years of age as a time when I should have made money enough to realize such ambitions as strongly attract me outside the world of business and wealth production. This is all that my so-called retirement means. Any man with energy and good fortune ought to be able to devote his times to really living after the age of sixty. I have worked for an won my freedom."

AN ULTIMATE AIM.—Here is a man, whose whole soul and all his immense energies are centred in and directed towards one object—the attainment of wealth, in order thereby to become independent of the world, and free to act as he pleases. Provided the freedom he seeks be one in accord with true Christian liberty, and not merely a craving for license to over-ride the social and moral barriers of life, from a temporal standpoint his ambition is commendable.

ANDREW CARNEGIE.—Another interesting view is the following:—"An opportunity to retire from business came to me unsought when I considered it my duty to accept.

My resolve was made in youth to retire before old age. From what I have been around me, I cannot doubt the wisdom brings the happiness expected. But this because so many, having the abundance to retire upon have so little to retire to. The fathers in olden days taught that a man must have time before the end of his career for the making of his soul. I have always felt that old age should be spent, not, as the Scotch say, in making 'mickle more,' but in making a good use of what has been acquired. By retiring from business while still in full health and vigor I can reasonably expect to have many years for usefulness in fields which have other than personal aims, and not to spend my old age in struggling for more millions. As a wealthy man it is my duty in the best years of life to turn my energies toward administering my accumulations as a trust fund in the manner which, in my judgment, is best calculated to produce the most beneficial results for the community."

MUCH COMMON SENSE.—This is another instance of the man seeking wealth for the purposes of power and enjoyment; not power to do evil or good as he pleases, but the power to make use of his immense lever, as best suits his nature, during the closing years of his life. He sees what good and what bad can be done with millions, and he wishes to have the pleasure of using his own treasures for the good of the world, rather than to hoard up for others to squander.

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER.—The best or most striking example of the concentration of all a man's powers and time upon that which can never last beyond a very limited space, may be found in this brief statement of John D. Rockefeller:—"I do not see how I can let go until I die. My interests are so many and far reaching that there is no possibility of my being able to retire at sixty, or even ten years later, if life and the capacity for work are spared me. But it is, of course, possible gradually to transfer many of the burdens to younger shoulders, as has been already done."

"QUO VADIS."—In presence of all these varied statements, does it not strike the sincere Catholic reader to ask, as was asked by St. Peter of our Lord, outside the gates of Rome, Quo Vadis? Whither do you go? To what does all this tend? Where is it to end? And when? and how? Sixty or seventy, or even eighty years is a very small span in the life of a person who has the means and the talents to perform great things. No matter how vast those means or how stupendous those talents, they can reach a given limit and, like the sea, they can go no farther, they cannot usurp one inch of Time's shore. They build up their fortunes, labor to secure them, or to utilize them, or to benefit humanity with them, or to make a country more prosperous; and meanwhile the seasons succeed each other, the years multiply, and they grow old, incapable, useless, and finally die. The wealth remains behind to be hoarded and added to by others, who run the same short course, or to be squandered and scattered to the winds. They go towards a mausoleum, and equally towards oblivion. In all these statements I do not find a single allusion to the after-life, to the soul, to the immortality, to God. There is that one all pervading all-dominating idea of creating a fortune; be it to have power that cannot last, or pleasure that must vanish, or distinctions that must be soon forgotten, it matters not—all ends in the same great abyss. The world rolls on, and men come and go upon the scene; but the reach of even its remotest influence or utility. I cannot but repeat the same question, and thank Heaven I am not a millionaire. "Quo Vadis?"

### ST. BRIDGET'S NIGHT REFUGE.

Report for week ending Sunday, 6th April, 1902:—Males 342, females 28. Irish 187, French 148, English 22, Scotch and other nationalities 13. Total 370. All had night's lodging and breakfast.

HE  
IS  
GOVERNOR  
FOR  
ALL.

"I'm neither a Protestant nor a Catholic Governor; but I am Governor of the State of New Jersey, and from your own argument I see it is my duty to sign this measure. Get out."

The above is one version of a little speech with which Governor Murphy closed a hearing at Trenton last week. The Governor was angry, and his emphatic declaration is said to have been preceded by the bringing of his fist down on his desk "with a bang that brought all the clerks from the surrounding offices into the executive chamber."

The Governor of a great State is not expected to lose his temper, especially at a public hearing. But there are times when patience ceases to be a virtue. On Monday last Governor Murphy was forced to witness perhaps the most amazing exhibition of twentieth century bigotry and brazen sectarian assurance on record. He was disgusted by it and made no effort to conceal his disgust.

In passing it may be well to state, on the authority of a leading daily, that Governor Murphy is a Methodist.

The hearing was one given to the opponents and advocates of a bill passed by the Legislature, but as yet unsigned, to give the State Board of Children's Guardians entire control over the pauper children of the State. One of the principal clauses in the bill provides that children whose parents were Catholics must be placed in Catholic orphanages or with Catholic families and that the children of those belonging to other denominations must be placed with families of the same religious belief as their parents. The bill was bitterly opposed by the New Jersey Children's Home Society, a Protestant organization of Trenton, and several similar organizations of Trenton, and several similar organizations throughout the State. On account of the storm of opposition raised, Governor Murphy decided to give both sides a public hearing Monday before he affixed his name or vetoed the measure.

The hearing was held in the Governor's office and it was attended by a large number of ministers, Catholics and others. The Governor announced that he would give each side half an hour to present its argument. The chief spokesman for those opposed to the bill was the Rev. M. T. Lamb, secretary of the Children's Home Society, whose initials have gained for him the sobriquet "Empty" Lamb. He made an impassioned plea for a veto.

"This bill," argued the Rev. Mr. Lamb, "will mean that all children of Catholic parentage will have to be placed in the homes of Catholics, and we do not believe that such a regulation would be conducive to securing for the unfortunate children the best training during the formative period of their citizenship."

"We do not," he continued, "place children with Roman Catholic families because our organization is a thoroughly Christian one. We—"

"Do you mean for an instant to say that Catholics are not Christians?" demanded Governor Murphy. Lamb cast a worried look at his colleagues and mumbled that he did not mean to convey exactly that impression. He knew that he had made a fatal mistake, floundered about in an attempt to get around the question, but he did not retract the assertion of his position regarding the proper disposition of Catholic children.

Assemblyman Wright, of Burlington, opposed the bill, as did the Rev. W. Strother Jones, of Trenton. The principal reason the bill should be vetoed, according to the Rev. Jones, was because the recent Methodist conference at Salem had declared against it.

The contention of the "antis" were so obviously inspired by bigotry and prejudice that the Governor announced his intention of signing the document before he had heard a single speech in its favor.

In signing the bill Governor Murphy put a check to the wholesale system of proselytizing Catholic children that has been carried on by the Children's Home Society and kindred organizations. Hundreds of Catholic children have been placed with Protestant families during the past three or four years, but the provisions of the State Board of Children's Guardians Bill will make it impossible for those organizations to continue their work. —Catholic Standard and Times.

THE  
CHILDREN'S  
MASS  
IN  
CHICAGO.

Of the many spacious and handsome Catholic churches in Chicago, that of the Holy Family is one of the finest. It adjoins St. Ignatius' College, and is in every respect a truly magnificent edifice, and when at dusk it is lighted up with hundreds of electric lamps it presents a really beautiful spectacle. In accordance with the appointment I arrived at the church. Father Dunbach, who was waiting to meet me, introduced me to Father Curran, who kindly conducted me into the Church. The huge edifice was packed from end to end by a little army of 4,000 children. Beyond two or three ushers and a half dozen Sisters of Charity there were, besides the priests and myself, no grown-up persons in the building. So closely were the benches filled by the children that it was only after some difficulty I secured a place from which I could command a good view of the whole scene.

Now, children's masses are common enough in most countries. I have often attended them, but never before did I witness such a scene as that which the Church of the Holy Family presented on Palm Sunday morning in Chicago. Imagine four thousand children, none of them very old, some of them quite small, cheerful looking and comfortably dressed. Outside the great life of Chicago swept by, its dull roar falling upon the car like the sound of a mighty waterfall. Inside the Church when I entered profound silence reigned, broken only by the murmurs of the priest saying Mass upon the high altar.

It is a very large church and portions of the side aisles were shrouded in gloom in the early morning. Suddenly from one of these dark corners a little voice cried out "I believe." Instantly the voices of all the children, over four thousand, he it remembered, caught up the prayer and the creed was repeated as I never heard it rendered before.

Through the voices were childish they were quite distinct; there was no blurring over the words. The clear enunciation which marks most American speaking was quite apparent. Every syllable could be distinctly heard and the effect produced by the recitation of these thousands of children of the great creed was far more impressive than the greatest ceremonial which I have ever witnessed, even in the great temples of Rome. After the creed there was another interval of silence and then from another corner of the Church another little voice cried out "Our Father!" and the four thousand children repeated the prayer and the "Hail Mary." Later on the great organ pealed forth. It is, by the way, one of the finest organs in America, and to its notes the four thousand children sang beautifully, their voices rising and falling in perfect cadence.

As they sang Father Curran came to my side and whispered an inquiry as to whether I had ever seen so many children in one church, and he added, they are nearly all of Irish blood; I had noticed, indeed, in their faces as I looked around the Irish type upon every side and I could not help reflecting how the laws which drove the Irish from their homes and banned their religion totally failed in the purpose for which their framers intended them. One result of those laws is that at half past 9 o'clock every Sunday morning in the great Jesuit Church of Chicago, 4,000 children fervently chant their belief in those things which the King of England even now describes as idolatrous and superstitious.

When a priest advanced to the front of the altar and in a loud voice read the story of the Passion in English the little army rose with military precision and stood motionless. There was no shuffling of feet, no signs of impatience such as children will sometimes show. No army upon parade at attention ever stood more steadily than those 4,000 lit-

### RICKETY CHILDREN.

As likely to think of chairs as of children when we use that word rickety.

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the children, listening to the story so old and yet so ever new.

All over the city, all over America, all over the world, the churches are filled, of course, with children, but I doubt if any church presents such a spectacle as that was.

Chicago has been described as a centre of iniquity unequalled in any part of the world. It may be so, but Chicago has its bright sides as well, and one of those bright sides is undoubtedly the children's Mass at the Jesuit Church.

When the service was over the little army filed out in perfect marching order to the sound of the organ. Once outside they dispersed to their thousand homes carrying with them to almost every district and street in the great city that fragrant atmosphere of purity and belief which is the antidote which alone enables a place like Chicago to survive the poison with which from a thousand sources it is permeated.—Hon. William R. Dymond, M. P., in the Chicago American.

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HOSPITAL  
AND  
TRAINING  
SCHOOL  
FOR  
NURSES.

"Miss Janet E. Cameron, daughter of Dr. H. Cameron, ex-M.P., Malabar, says the 'Casket' of Antigonish, has been appointed to the important position of matron and superintendent of the Training School in St. Joseph's Hospital, Glace Bay. Miss Cameron graduated a few years ago at the head of her class from the far-famed Massachusetts General Hospital, in which institution she subsequently became head nurse. The Glace Bay hospital board is to be congratulated on the acquisition of so cultured and clever a person to their staff."

We compliment the Catholics of the diocese of Antigonish on the zeal and devotedness of the Rev. Ronald McDonald, P.P., Glace Bay, C.B., in building an institution of such importance as a Catholic hospital and training school for nurses. May success attend the enterprise.

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