

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SOWING WILD OATS
It is often said, by way of excuse for youthful folly, that young people, and especially young men, must sow their wild oats. We commend to all whose inclinations are in this direction, the following from Thomas Hughes, the author of 'Tom Brown' and himself one of the most illustrious of men. Mr. Hughes says: 'In all the range of accepted maxims there is none, take it all in all, more thoroughly abominable than this one, as to a young man's sowing his wild oats. Look at it on what side you will, and I will defy you to make anything but a devil's maxim out of it. What a man, be he young or old, or middle aged, sow, that and nothing else shall be read. The only thing to do with such 'wild oats' is to put them carefully into the hottest part of the fire, and get them burnt to dust, every seed of them. If you sow them no matter in what ground, up they will come with long, tough roots and luxuriant stalks and leaves, as sure as there is a sun in heaven, and the crop will be one which it turns one's heart cold to think of.'—The Missionary.

KEEP YOUR TEMPER
Don't get 'worked up' over trifles. Keep your temper. Anger is poison for the body as well as for the soul. The man who keeps cool shall speak of victories. He will accomplish things. He will not spread unhappiness around him. He will not get the ill-will of those with whom he works because of his irascibility. He will not waste energy. Whereas the man 'who flies off the handle' by getting into a passion at every annoyance, every trivial loss, every lack of fidelity to duty on the part of others, wears out his nerves, lowers his vitality, and squanders his strength. He does not rule his temper but is ruled by it. He is weak in will-power. He is not master of himself. He is a slave.

When you allow yourself to be 'worked up' over trifles your mind gives up the reins that regulate your conduct. Passion runs away with you, like a wild horse. Your judgment has escaped your control, and you are in danger of doing foolish things. A worked-up, hurried man not only wastes energy fruitfully, but it also loses in efficiency. No one thinks of asking or taking the advice of a person who is all worked up. It is the balanced, poised, serene personality that gives confidence.

Some people are worked up most of their lives, fretting and stewing because everything does not go just as they want it, or because those about them do not do as they wish. They feel a great sense of responsibility for others' conduct and acts; they seem to think that everything depends upon them, that they must run the universe and control everybody about them. They fritter away their energy and waste their vitality in opposition, in trying to accomplish what they were not intended to do, so that they are never themselves, and often defeat the very ends which they try to attain.

Now things worth while are not accomplished in this way. The hurry habit spoils life. It is death to quality, and to habitual efficiency. People who fret and fuss and fume in their work, who hurry and worry, cannot, and as a rule never do accomplish great things. Lack of poise and a confused sense of hurry are symptoms of weakness, not of strength.

Power is like the big river which flows noiselessly; weakness is like the shallow brook, whose waters dash and foam, and make a lot of noise, but are easily intercepted, or stopped, because they carry very little power. It is the calm, serene, balanced mind that carries power. The restless, hurrying, worrying soul dissipates its strength. People who are forever flying around, always in haste, are, as a rule, easily 'worked up,' and are much of the time out of balance. While storming over little things they often neglect those that are of real importance. I have known 25 cents' worth of breakage or other damage caused by an employe to ruin \$10 worth of work of a small, narrow minded employe, who would keep harping for hours over a little accident which a big, broad man would scarcely notice.

The next time you feel 'worked up' and an irrepressible sense of hurry and so nervous that it seems as though you would fly all to pieces, just quit what you are doing, get out into the air and sunshine if you can, or lie down for five minutes, or go off to a quiet place and read a book, and recover your mental balance. No one can accomplish anything when his mind is confused, agitated, irritated and darkened with rage.

All discord wastes one, wastes energy, and destroys creative power. Learn to let go. Stop resisting or trying to run things that do not concern you; trying to make everybody do what you want them to do. Your life will be infinitely more effective by being in harmony with your environment and with your neighbors than by keeping yourself in a constant state of antagonism to them.

Don't try to manage everybody and 'run' everything. Mind your own business. Do it well. But don't get 'worked up' \$50 worth for 5 cents. Keep your nerve. Let your neighbors alone. The world got along

before you were born and will get along after you are dead.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

GRACIOUS MANNERS
The charm of gracious manner and consideration for other human beings is a quality that develops rapidly if given half a chance. The woman who is always kind creates an atmosphere of loveliness that is like a halo about her head. If you are naturally shy and reticent it is all the more necessary that you should endeavor to shine a bit. It is not lack of pleasant thoughts that worries the self-consciousness, but the fear of giving expression to them. You must try to make yourself companionable to others.

"UNCLE SAM"

Did you ever wonder how the United States came to be called Uncle Sam? This is the story: During the war of 1812 the United States government contracted with Elbert Anderson to furnish its navy supplies. Whenever the United States buys anything from a contractor it appoints an inspector to see that the goods are up to requirements.

In this case the government appointed a man of the name of Samuel Wilson. He was a jolly, happy old soul whom everybody who knew him called 'Uncle Sam.' It was his duty to inspect every box that came from Elbert Anderson and if the articles were satisfactory, he marked them 'E. A.—U. S.' the initials of the contractor and of the United States. The man who did the marking was a good deal of a joker and when he was asked what the letters meant he said that they meant Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam.

Every one thought this was a good joke and by the end of the war everybody was calling the United States 'Uncle Sam.'—St. Paul Bulletin.

THOSE TASKS

A farmer friend of mine has a boy of fourteen years, named Billy, who is like a few other boys of my acquaintance. His heart is heavy and a cloud immediately overshadows his mental horizon when he is asked to make himself useful.

'Billy,' said his father one day, 'when I was at the farm, why don't you go to work and hoe that little patch of potatoes?'

'Aw,' whined Billy, 'there's so many of them, I'll never get them hoed.'

His father walked away, and I heard Billy exclaim in a tone indicating great mental distress:

'It makes me sick to think about those old potatoes!'

'Why do you think about them, then?'

'I have to,' he replied, dolefully, with a sorrowful shake of the head. 'I've been thinking about them ever since I got up this morning.'

'How long, Billy, will it really take you to hoe them?'

'Well, at least an hour.'

'And you've been distressed about it ever since you got up?'

'Well, I hate to hoe potatoes.'

'And you've been up a little more than five hours?'

'Well, I—I—' Billy began to grin, took up his hoe, and said, 'I never thought of that!'

A CHERRY GREETING

'I had the strangest experience this morning!'

Marian threw down her school books and settled herself for her customary after school confidences on the foot of mother's couch—the dear invalid mother to whom everyone brought their confidences.

'I was all out of sorts when I started for school,' admitted Marian. 'I couldn't find one of my books, and had such a long hunt that I was afraid I'd be late, and then there was that problem that I couldn't see through last night when I did my homework. It worried me and I felt just horrid.'

'When I reached the corner by the school Miss Harris came out of her house and stopped for just a moment to say good-morning. She didn't have time to say more, but she looked so sweet and bright and fresh, and was so cordial and cheery, that just her face and the way she said "good-morning" acted like a brace to me. In a moment I felt quite different. I caught myself smiling, too, as I went into school, and I went in usually cranky, smiled really quite pleasantly at me. I found I wasn't so late as I expected to be, and that I had a few minutes before school began, so I took out my algebra and looked at that problem again, and it came to me like a flash. In a moment I had it worked out—and knew that it was right, too. I felt as different as could be—it seemed as if I were a different girl.'

'And all because of Miss Harris' cheery greeting,' said mother, smiling. 'It shows what influence our greetings and our manner have on everyone we meet, and how necessary it is for us to make them such as will help and uplift and cheer. Just a smile and a word will work wonders sometimes, when one is weary or burdened or sad. You say even Miss Dreer, who is usually cranky, brightened up when you passed her smiling. Don't you see that your cheery greeting affected her, too, and probably made her happier and stronger for her day of work?'

'After this,' said Marian, 'I'm going to try always to have a cheery greeting for everyone. Perhaps some time I may be able to help someone



as Miss Harris helped me this morning. 'I am sure you will,' responded mother.

LOURDES

AND SOME OF ITS CURES

The Rev. J. Frederick McDonough, rector of the Blessed Sacrament church, Park Hill, Denver, recently returned after a month's trip to the East, in the course of which he visited the famous shrine of Ste Anne de Beaupre, Canada, where, within the last several centuries, so many miracles have been wrought at the intercession of the Blessed Virgin's mother. On being asked whether there was any ground at all for the argument of one so often hears that the miracles at these Catholic shrines are not genuine miracles, but are the result of excitement of mental suggestion, Father McDonough said:

'Undoubtedly some visitors to the shrine who believe themselves miraculously cured have been made well naturally, he said, but he asked how it is that babies are sometimes cured in their mothers' arms, short limbs are suddenly made longer, or other cures that baffles science occur. Around a beautiful statue of the saint in the basilica is a pile of crutches, braces, invalid shoes and every other conceivable contrivance known to surgery for the alleviation of afflicted humanity's suffering. This pile represents recent cures. A room in another part of the building contains so many implements of the same kind, all left there by cured persons, that the pile extends from the floor to the ceiling. There are hundreds of articles. Every now and then, the room becomes so choked with them that they have to be taken out and burned. Others take their place before long. Father McDonough remembers particularly one shoe. It had a sole at least eight or nine inches thick, indicating that the wearer's leg had been that much too short. The victim went to the shrine to pray and the leg became the proper length so suddenly that he was able to leave his big-soled shoe at the basilica.'

'Can such a cure as this be wrought by imagination?' asked the priest.

Father McDonough was accompanied by two doctors—J. B. Gallagher, M. D., of Milford, Mass., and Thomas Lally, M. D., of Chicopee Falls. Far from being made skeptical by what they saw the men of medicine were astounded. 'If anything they were more impressed than I was myself,' said Father McDonough.

'Scarcely had the glorious light of Christianity shed its radiance upon Canada when miracles were wrought thru the intercession of Ste Anne in the little chapel of Beaupre,' said the priest. 'As early as 1667 there is documentary evidence that our Blessed Lord through the prayers of Ste Anne, the holy mother of Heaven's Immaculate Queen, time and again manifested His all merciful power upon the sad victims of human misery. Though the years that have come and gone since the Light that long ago shone in Israel was lit in the darkness of Canada, Beaupre has been a chosen spot of most extraordinary and most wonderful instances of Divine intervention. With unquenchable faith and fervid eagerness the people of God have crowded the shrine of the mighty wonderworker of Beaupre.'

'Stories of bewildering anguish have been poured forth at the feet of this gentle consoler. Souls weary with the burden of misery and hearts broken with the burden of sorrow have sought and found light and peace.'

'God alone knows the innumerable miracles of grace wrought through the pleading prayers of Ste Anne in this glorious shrine that has her honored name.'

'The skeptic will smile and the scoffer will sneer at the faith of a man who believes that miracles are possible and that at times the Gentle Master suspends the laws He Himself has made and lays His nail-pierced hand upon the fevered brow of some poor broken child of His and bids him arise and experience the glad delight of healthful vigor. No reverent nor honest man can reasonably deny the miraculous character of the cures wrought in these sanctuaries where God has been pleased to manifest the power of His tender mercy and gentle sympathy. No one believes that all the miracles attributed to Ste Anne are authentic. Error and illusion are possible in this matter as in all others. He who says that all the cures are the result of nervous exaltation is confounded by the healing of an infant reposing in the arms of its mother. He who says that the cures are more imaginary than real is answered by the joyful prayer of the deaf mute raised in thanksgiving to the divine throne of mercy.'

Father McDonough had the pleasure of celebrating Mass at the shrine. The two physicians who were with

him received Holy Communion at this service. A pilgrimage of 2,000 persons was in the basilica at the time. Shortly after the Mass, 500 school boys came in on a pilgrimage. Then came a larger delegation of Protestants, most of them Masons. Father McDonough said the reverendness of these non-Catholics was remarkable. 'You cannot visit Beaupre without being proud of your Catholicity,' he said. 'What you see there will make faith easier for years.'—Denver Catholic Register.

OVERCOMING MOVIE EVILS

Scarcely a week goes by that the newspapers do not chronicle cases of delinquency induced by too frequent attendance at undesirable moving picture theaters. A correspondent of the New York Sun tells of a few instances. A few days ago there appeared in the newspapers an account of a young woman servant who was found gagged and bound in her room, and who after being released and ministered to, confessed that she herself had arranged the exciting scene and had conceived the idea from a motion picture she had witnessed.

This brought to the Sun correspondent's mind the experience of a Public school teacher in New York. This teacher has a class of girls between the ages of ten and twelve. Upon one occasion a pupil was asked to write a sentence containing the word "back." This was her production: "The girl stabbed her mother in the back." The pupil was asked where she got such an idea, and replied she had witnessed a scene of that description on the screen.

Another pupil, a young girl of ten, had been absent several mornings. When she appeared at the school it was with a tear stained face. She told her teacher a sad tale of her mother having been run over by an automobile, hurt badly and sent to a hospital. The pupil was absent for several more days and her case was duly reported to the truant officer. To the amazement of the teacher the mother appeared at the school seemingly in good health. She had heard of the truancy of her daughter, and had come to the school to investigate. It developed that the mother, a hard working woman during the day, was in the habit of going to the movies in the evening. She readily admitted that she always took her daughter with her. It was plain that the girl absorbed some of the marvelous and exciting scenes that are displayed in these pictures.

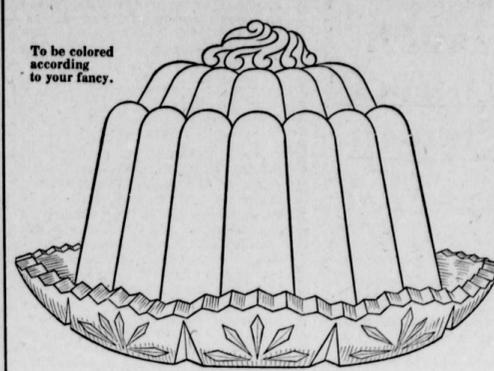
With these instances as a text the Sun's correspondent proceeds to make these sensible observations:

'I reckon it doesn't require much knowledge of the workings of the mind of boys and girls to realize the danger to which they are exposed, the great danger that parents above all should guard their children against. Undoubtedly many of the movies are a source of instruction and pleasure to their patrons. On the other hand, having in mind the hundreds of those cheap movies, mainly in the more densely populated sections of the city, doesn't it appear that a very serious menace exists?'

'One need not look at the display posters to realize the alluring bait that is thrown out, and it would seem that the young boys and girls too readily fall victims to the suggestions of acts of violence, wickedness and disobedience that are conveyed through the display of some of these moving pictures.'

Anyone who has given close attention to the plots shown at some of the moving picture theatres will readily admit that there is good reason for the warning here sounded. Unfortunately all the reels are not properly and effectively censored, and, of course, much that is objectionable from many standpoints is thrown on the screen. The wise rule, therefore, for parents is to keep their children out of the moving picture theatres in their neighborhood that are not up to the mark in every respect. To be sure, it is bound to be difficult to solve the problem as to which are good and which evil picture places. But this difficulty is largely being overcome by the fact that a great many of the schools, parochial as well as public, are now equipped with motion picture machines and frequently give displays in school auditoriums for the parents and children. It may be taken for granted that the pictures displayed under such auspices are certain to be entertaining, instructive and absolutely harmless. In this connection it is worth while stating that in New York City the Health Department is doing considerable educational work in health matters by means of moving picture shows. For some years, free open air shows have been given in the parks, playgrounds, and on the recreation piers during the summer. In addition to this, the department has for some time been loaning free of charge to moving picture theatres, interesting health reels which are shown as part of the regular programs. To schools equipped with a moving picture apparatus and prepared to show films the Bureau of Public Education of the department stands ready to loan free of charge, from time to time, an interesting health reel touching on health subjects. Such an endeavor as this is worthy of all praise, for it is certain to be helpful in overcoming the evils of improper moving pictures.—N. Y. Catholic News.

Boys and Girls Color These Drawings and Win A PRIZE



Take Your Colored Crayons

or your water-color paints, and color the drawings above. Color the package as nearly like the real package as possible. Color drawing of the jelly to please yourself.

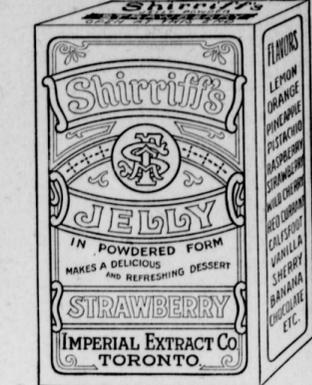
Then send this complete advertisement, colored by you, to the address below, to arrive not later than December 15th, 1918. Write on the margin your full name, age and address, and send in a sealed envelope with the front of a package of Shirriff's Jelly.

Prizes, as shown in panel to the right, will be awarded to the boys and girls who color these drawings best. No entrance or other fees are required to take part in this interesting competition—only it will be necessary for you to have a package of Shirriff's Jelly to help you to color the drawing of the package with the proper colors (you may use yellow for gold). You should be able to get Shirriff's Jelly from your grocer. If you cannot, send us 10c, giving the name and address of your grocer, and we will forward you a sample package by mail, postpaid.

Shirriff's Jelly

becomes known, it will continue to be used. As a dessert for Sunday dinners, as a supper treat, as a dainty party dish, Shirriff's Jelly is most excellent. Quickly made, inexpensive, good to behold, and pleasing to the taste, Shirriff's Jelly can and should be much used. It is wholesome, and when fruits—orange, bananas, grapes, peaches, etc.—are embedded in it, its appeal to eye and palate is greatly increased. Now, boys and girls, get out your colors, and win a prize. Color on this advertisement, then tear it out, write your name, age and address on the margin, and send it to us. Names of prize winners will be published later. If you wish to try more than once, or if there are several children in the same family who wish to compete, write us for more sheets showing this advertisement, and we will forward a number. You may try as often as you like, but to be eligible for a prize, you must send in the front of a Shirriff's Jelly box with each colored page. Address—

Imperial Extract Company Toronto, Canada



To be colored like the real package, using yellow for gold.

Prizes for Best Work

- BOYS 11 to 17 years of age. 1st. Handsome Watch. 2nd. Radiophone. A lantern for throwing on screen, postcards or any other pictures. 3rd. Spalding's Junior Football. 4th. Pair of Hockey Skates. 5th. Baseball Glove. 6th. Baseball Bat. 7th. Game of Table Croquet. 8th. Handy Pocket Flashlight. 9th. Hockey Stick with Puck. 10th. Penknife. GIRLS 11 to 17 years of age. 1st. Handsome Wrist Watch. 2nd. Camera. 3rd. Mantle Set, Parian Ivory. 4th. Gun-metal Mesh Purse. 5th. Sewing Machine. 6th. Fountain Pen. 7th. Copy of latest book: "Pollyanna Grows Up." "Miss Billy." 8th. Box of Stationery. 9th. Snapshot Album. 10th. Box of Chocolates. BOYS under 11 years. 1st. Handsome Building Outfit in Metal. 2nd. Camera. 3rd. Parlor Baseball Game. 4th. Drednought Building Box (for building men-of-war, etc.). 5th. Field Artillery Gun, 4-inch barrel, shoots rubber shells. 6th. Game of Fort. 7th. Handy Pocket Flashlight. 8th. Game of King King. 9th. Hockey Stick. 10th. Scholastic penmanship set, containing pens, pencils, etc. GIRLS under 11 years. 1st. Handsome Wrist Watch. 2nd. Radiophone. 3rd. Doll's Carriage. 4th. Large Teddy Bear. 5th. Sewing Machine. 6th. Child's Parasol. 7th. Handsome Doll. 8th. Dorothy Jane Sash. 9th. School Bag. 10th. Box Paints.

NECESSITY FOR CENSORSHIP OF AMERICAN POPULAR SONGS

The writer of the following communication which appeared in the Catholic Transcript of Hartford, Conn., a well known Jesuit priest, makes his protest against the soft and sensual song, too often the feature of music halls and musical comedy plays, not only as a moralist but as a musician.

The Church, Catholic and Protestant, is rightly jealous of the morals of its young men and women, and does well to protest against those evils which masquerade under the guise of dancing and singing. Every clergyman will echo the protest made against the ribald song. Every musician will agree in denouncing the insult to a noble art contained in the disgusting jingles described.

The obvious thing are the ones we most easily overlook; we grow so monotonously accustomed to them. And the influence of songs on morals is just such an obvious fact. A positively bad song, of course, we ban from polite society. Besides, it seldom tries to enter there; there are places that suit it far better. A positively bad song, by the way, is one that does not use synonyms. But the soft and disgustingly sentimental song; the song that makes a man of social evils and bases its theme on divorce and infidelity and the unmentionable things that lurk in the shadows of the Great White Way, enters the drawing room of the best of us. It has been advertised into a vogue, sung by out-riders of the publishers in cabaret and local theaters, until by very frequency of repetition it has lost all impression of harm.

If the persons who sing and play these songs were the staid and settled men and women who don't mind such things, the songs would serve only to vivify tastes. But it is to the young man and woman with rising passions and growing curiosity that the publisher looks for his customer. We have no sympathy with prudes and we realize that many take little harm from even the trashiest bit of lyric, simply because they do not understand or scarcely notice the words. But for the majority of young people these songs are a source of real harm. Constant repetition of songs that are based on the softness of sex must, to say the least, dull the finest sense of delicacy that we expect in youthful minds. Heaven knows that at that period of life everything should tend to increase the mutual respect of the sexes and to safeguard their mutual relations. They have plenty of awakening impulses and strange sensations to fight against, without any added impulses from without. And then come these sentimental and frequently frankly suggestive

songs which are the accepted music of the day. Candidly, do you think a young woman will keep her lips unviolated for the man she is to wed when she has the popular songs she sings holds up the disgusting habit of "spooning" as quite the accepted thing for young people? And what can a young man gather from these songs except the impression that the girl who doesn't is frightfully old-fashioned and prudish? These songs may not destroy virtue, but they are a very important element in the lessening of the fine respect that virtue should command. Modesty is the outward fortification; purity the inner citadel. We can't afford to take chances with our outworks. The sad part of it all is that songs of this type are quite the ordinary music of the home. A mother whose surveillance of her daughter makes one think of a Spanish Guernica, sits smiling while this daughter sings with a young man duets that make light of the signs and tokens of plighted affection. A father who would use violence on a young man for laying a finger on his daughter, permits the same youth to sing vulgarly sentimental songs at the family piano while daughter plays the accompaniment and joins in the chorus. Paternal approbation is becoming responsible for thus lowering the sense of modesty and maidenly reserve and for leading our young men to a low estimate of woman's dignity. And because it is merely in a song no one seems to care. The standard of popular music has been falling rapidly during the last ten years. The excessive output and the short and perverted life of a song have exhausted the supply of musical and lyrical ideas, until repetition of well worn themes has taken the place of the freshness and vigor once the mark of American popular music. And, as is always the case, when merit declines, morals fall as well. In literature and music it is always easy to be erotic. The appeal to cheap sentimentality required no artistic handling. And at present, even from the standpoint of the man of taste, popular music is as a desperately low ebb and sinking rapidly. While in Europe municipal bands entertain the Sunday crowds with nothing but music of real value, in this country the popular taste is dulled by constant repetition of worthless piffle. The band that plays Wagner and Gluck and Suppe causes only the interest inevitable to brass instruments and buttons, but the band that plays Berlin and Schwartz and Von Tilzer causes a furor.

ONE WAY TO CONVERT CHINA

There are several priests in this country who find it worth while to go after the souls of Chinese working here. Some one of these priests, if he happens to read the incident narrated below, will be surprised to discover how far reaching his efforts have been.

'I was busy at my work,' writes an English Sister of Charity in China to the Foreign Mission Seminary at Maryknoll, Ossining, N. Y., 'when suddenly at the door appeared some one unknown to us. He was dressed in clothes that were certainly not made in China, yet his face told me that he belonged to no other country than this. I began to feel puzzled as to what language I ought to use in addressing him, when he said, "I come from America."

'Naturally an animated conversation followed. Our visitor had been in Misocor and there had been converted to the faith. After ten years he had returned home. He found his family still pagan and the work of winning them to the Church now lay before him. He had traveled for nearly two days in order to be able to hear Mass in Wenchow. He was staying for Benediction and would then start on his journey back. "One cannot but feel happy in seeing how zeal in America has led here the foundation-stone for the conversion of perhaps a whole village. Those who have begun the good work must now continue it by their prayers."

Now, we've got to sing. Man can't and won't live without music; heaven help them if they could. But in great part, the constant flow from the mills of the publishers is intellectual