

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

"CAPITALIZE YOURSELF"

What are you worth to yourself, to your family, to your friends, to your business? In these days of the so-called conflict between labor and capital, it may interest young workers to read a paragraph or two from the Railway Bulletin entitled "Capitalize Yourself" and addressed to workingmen, which reminds every man that he is, after all, his own capitalist. The Bulletin puts it this way: "Your value is measured by the quality and quantity of results you produce. . . . It is a business proposition. Suppose you earn \$1,000 a year. At 4 per cent, that is the yearly interest upon \$25,000. In other words, the company that employs you at \$25,000 and willingly pays interest on that sum for the use of your energy and faculties. It rests with you. Make your \$25,000 valuation climb to \$50,000, to \$100,000, to \$500,000. Choose your food with care; treat decently the body upon which your mind depends for its strength. Above all, feed your mind; read, study, observe." "Capitalize yourself." How many young workers fail to see this and do it! How many railroad workers, for example, deliberately destroy their own capitalization by secretly breaking the rule about drinking. Nowadays almost every great railroad makes a rule against even the moderate use of liquor by its men, because of the dreadful loss and misery that has been caused by railroad wrecks for which drunkenness, or employees have been responsible. No engineer ever yet meant to destroy his own capitalization in this way, or ever wished to injure a passenger or a fellow workman. But the habit of a glass now and then has grown upon him until duty has been forgotten, and disaster has resulted. To capitalize oneself in money is not the highest way. This money-mad century may think so, but money is only a symbol, a medium of exchange, after all. Sometimes it purchases pleasure, sometimes power; often only disappointment. But it is nothing in itself. It is not even a real reality, let alone an immortal one. Meanwhile, there are everlasting realities all about a man's soul—realities such as love and truth and joy and faith and friendship. A life which is without any capital in these things is poor, and can never hope to abound or to be happy or useful.

It rests with each human being to make his capital large and ever larger in these lasting values. No one can make a man faithful except himself. No one can make a girl cheerful and loving except herself. All these values are in each one's own power to create or to annihilate. "Make the valuation climb" that is advice that each one must either take or refuse for himself or herself. To throw away the chance of being rich, and then complain of being poor—how many human beings do just this illogical, miserable thing! A man will cheat his fellows, do mean and evil deeds, forsake his friends, and stifle all his better impulses in a wild chase after money, and will then complain, after he makes his fortune (or, as is more likely, fails to make it), that there is no goodness, nor friendship, nor truth, in the world. A girl will throw away her womanliness, and center her whole life on self and on vanity, and then will complain that no one cares for her, that she is not understood, and that her lot is wretched. There are bankrupt personalities all along the path of life—deserted of all that makes life worth living. In this saddest of bankruptcies, the saddest part of it all is that they might have been rich in the truest ways, if only they had chosen to be capitalists instead. On the other hand, the world is full of lives that are precious to those around them. What value could be set large enough to express what a good mother is to her household, or a lovely girl to her friends, or a public spirited man to his community, or a faithful pastor to his people. Right-mindedness and love create unspeakable values in any life. Any one wishing to be a small or a large capitalist has an opportunity, every day, to become more and more useful, faithful, upright, pure, loving, cheerful and sincere—in other words, to become a sharer in those unsearchable riches of Christ which make the soul a power and a blessing forever.—Catholic Columbian.

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN

In an interview with the police of this city, an old crook told that after his quarter of a century of crime he was friendless, penniless and homeless only for the assistance of the men of the law who followed his movements in palmy days. "High Card Dick," as this unfortunate is known to police officials, gave the following advice for the benefit of others who would tread the thorny path which led to his ruination: "Young men, sidestep the pool-rooms. Do not give yourself to the life of the white lights. Be loyal. If every young man will adopt resolutions to obey his parents there will be penitentiaries to rent some day. Aye, there's the point! Disobedience to parents and lawful guardians is the first step to the bull pen. The youth who imagines he is a man and beyond parents' control is the unfortunate degenerate of later days. Disobedience is one of the sins of this century. License spells destruction and truly did the one-time card sharp declare that once youth honored

father and mother reform schools would close for want of occupants. The prison of the country shelter hundreds of young men living isolated lives under assumed names. Parents mourn for these wild ones, not knowing as to their fate, and sisters and brothers fear to mention their names in the household. The disobedient boy or girl would wreck a household. Homes are crushed through this headstrong class and fathers and mothers go to an early grave, in shame for their offspring.—Michigan Catholic.

KEEP THE ATMOSPHERE PURE

Keep clear of personalities in conversation. Talk of things, objects, thoughts. The smallest occupy themselves with persons. Do not needlessly report ill of others. As far as possible, dwell on the good side of human beings. There are family boards where a constant process of depreciating, assigning motives, and cutting up character goes forward. They are not pleasant places. One who is healthy does not wish to dine at a dissecting table. There is evil enough in man, God knows. But it is not the mission of every young man to detail and report it all. Keep the atmosphere as pure as possible and fragrant with gentleness and charity.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

HOW KINDNESS WORKED

"It seems as if I must give her something!" Eunice Wells almost sobbed out these words as she stood quite by herself, gazing in at a florist window. She was a small, thin girl and only fifteen years old; but her palmy \$8 a week formed the chief support of her feeble, widow mother and little brother. After the rent of their two tiny rooms and the other household bills were paid each month there was not a penny left for such a folly as a flower. "It was only last Christmas that she was so good to me," Eunice mused on. "And I only the girl that waited on her in the store. Maybe I was pleasanter than some of the others, and flew around more to find the things she wanted. But to think she should miss me and ask my name and why I wasn't there! No body else cared—but Mrs. Day did. And I never shall forget those great roses she sent me and those nice things to eat. And now they say she is awfully sick—and I can't do a thing." By this time Eunice was almost weeping outright. Suddenly, moved, as it seemed, by something outside herself, she found herself advancing slowly into the shop and pricing the plants and flowers.

"The clerk gave one glance at her clothes and felt that there was no need to be very polite to her. "How much is this azalea?" she was asking, as if in a dream. "Five dollars," with the air of one who should say, "Why are you bothering me? I know you can't afford to buy anything." "That rose?" "Two dollars. Guess these tulips are more in your line. Give you this pot for 60 cents. Give you a dozen daffodils for 50 cents." And Eunice had but 45 cents in her shabby little purse—with the scrap of round steak for dinner to buy. She felt as if the clerk could count her money through the crumpled bit of chamolite skin which she was grasping tight in her hand. She turned, saying with an attempt at dignity: "I think I will not take anything to-night." As she was walking out, a little of sweet alyssum caught her eye. Her father had been a farmer, and sweet alyssum had run riot over the farmhouse garden, just as this cheerful little plant was running riot over the edges of its pot, all alive with tiny, fragrant blossoms. "How much is it?" she asked breathlessly. "That?" repeated the clerk, with an accent of even deeper contempt, "that is only 10 cents." "I will take it," she cried. "I'll take it," she cried. It was almost Mrs. Day's house, but Eunice almost ran the whole way. As she hurried along, conflicting thoughts began to disturb her. Perhaps the rich lady cared nothing for humble sweet alyssum. Perhaps she would say, "Why should that poor shop girl send me this cheap little thing? Better have given me nothing at all." Oh, it might all be an impulsive blunder!

Yet, never faltering in her purpose, Eunice ran up the steps of the stately house. She had taken time at the florist's to scrawl on a card which he had given her: "Eunice Wells is sorry you are sick. Please accept this very little thing with her love." The maid came to the door, looked coldly at her, and willingly took in her hands the card and the little pot, with its covering of brown tissue paper. Eunice feared in her heart that her poor offering might be so despised as never to find its way to the sick room, but there was nothing more that she could do about it, and she hurried off in the gray spring twilight. She thought of the sweet alyssum all the next day. First she was tortured with the thought of the poverty and meanness of her gift. Then she would cherish a hope that, slight and valueless as it was, it might after all carry some comfort. When she reached her home that night a letter awaited her, on the bare, clean kitchen table. It was written weakly, in pencil, but it was full of feeling. "Never, dear Eunice Wells," it began, "did I receive a gift so precious

to me as your pot of sweet alyssum. It grew in my grandmother's garden in my childhood. I love it. It is even now my favorite flower. How could you know it? A beautiful breeze from the sweetest corner of the past blew through my room whenever I look at it. "Thank you, dear friend. I shall never forget your loving thought." It was a trifling incident—just the gift of a pot of one of the cheapest and commonest of flowers, and a penciled letter of gratitude from a sick woman. But to the heart of the poor shop girl came a thrill of such pure and heavenly joy as is seldom granted to mortals. As she bowed her head on the worn table, her eyes filled with a rush of happy tears.—The Companion.

HOME COURTESY

No pleasanter sight is there, says an authority on manners, than a family of young folks who are quick to perform little acts of attention towards their elders. The placing of the big armchair for mamma, hunting up papa's spectacles and scores of little deeds show the tender feeling of gentle, loving hearts. But if mamma never returns a smiling "Thank you, dear," if papa's "Just what I was wanting, Susie," does not indicate that the little attention is appreciated, the children soon drop the habit. Little people are imitative creatures and quickly catch the spirit surrounding them. So if the mother's spoon of cotton rolls from her lap, the father stoops to pick it up, bright eyes will see the act and quick minds make a note of it. By example a thousand times more quickly than by precept can children be taught to speak kindly to each other, to acknowledge favors, to be gentle and unselfish, to be thoughtful and considerate of the comfort of the family. The boys, with inward pride of their father's courteous demeanor, will be chivalrous and helpful to their own young sisters; the girls, imitating their mother, will be patient and gentle, even when big brothers are noisy and heedless. In the homes where true courtesy prevails it seems to meet you on the threshold. You feel the kindly welcome on entering. No angry voices are heard upstairs. No sulken children are sent from the room. No peremptory orders are given to cover the delinquencies of housekeeping or servants. But what you are conscious of is an unmistakable, delightful atmosphere which pervades the whole house.—Ex.

THE VIRGIN MOTHER
She wrote no books; she painted no pictures; she thrilled no audience with her eloquence; she inaugurated no great reform. She spent her life in none of the brilliant spheres for which many of our girls sigh to-day. She simply lulled a little Babe on her breast; she pressed its face close to her mother breast; she went about her household duties there in a Nazareth kitchen, she filled her water pails at the well, lighted her fires and prepared her frugal meals, unwaited upon, unattended by any, save the angels that hovered unseen. Yet through all ages past and through all ages to come her name is and will ever remain the most blessed among women. Artists may paint, writers may write, singers may sing, right on to the end of time, but none can ever hope to rival in unending love and reverence the wife of the humble carpenter of Galilee. They are all but as earth's tiniest candle to heaven's brightest star. Earth's greatest woman was great by virtue of her motherhood. A maiden of Judea went up so close to the throne of God; she kept the chamber of her heart so pure that the Lord of Hosts entered in, and laid upon her breast the Saviour of men. Earth has nothing greater than the loving devotion of a woman who is pure in heart. We need Marys from Nazareth yet; we need them everywhere. Let our girls aspire by all means. Let them be ambitious, but let them not forget amid life's fevered rush to learn His touch, to get the "Madonna secret."—Catholic Universe.

THE RELIGION I WANT
"I want a religion that makes the people happy who possess it." Then I would advise you to join the Catholic Church. "I want a religion which will make me feel so sure of its truth that it would be a sin to doubt it." Then you must join the Catholic Church. "I want a religion which teaches that God will reward a man according to his works." Then you want the religion of the Catholic Church. "I want a religion which teaches that God is good and kind to all His creatures, that He has called men to salvation, and thus leaves no man to despair." Then you had better join the Catholic Church. "I want a religion that is equally acceptable to rich and poor, to high and low, to the master and the servant, to the king and the peasant." Then, of course, you want the religion of the Catholic Church. "I want a religion that makes children members of the fold of Christ, and treats them as such." Then you will find such a religion in the Catholic Church. "I want a religion that does not teach one day what it will probably deny the next." Such a religion can only be had in the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that will permit me to hold communion with my dear departed relatives and friends." Your want will be satisfied when you join the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that will give me a plain and reasonable way of obtaining pardon for my sins, and show me how I can obtain a sure absolution." Such a plain and reasonable way is known to all those who belong to the Catholic Church.

"I want the same religion the twelve apostles had." That is the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want the same religion that the hundreds of thousands of martyrs believed in who were slain for the faith of Christ during the persecutions of the Roman emperors." That is also the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want the same religion which St. Augustine preached in England, St. Boniface in Germany, St. Martin in France, St. Patrick in Ireland, St. Francis Xavier in Japan, and to which these apostolic men converted all these people from paganism." That is also the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that can make Sisters of Charity and such others like them, who leave all for Christ to give comfort to the wretched, the poor and the sinful." The religion of all such is the religion of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion whose priests are not afraid to come and give me their consolations if I should happen to have the smallpox or the yellow fever or the cholera, or any such contagious disease." Then you want the ministrations of the priests of the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion whose priests preach the gospel and not politics." Then go to the Catholic Church.

"I want a religion that is a religion for all nations and for all time, even unto the consummation of the world. When your want is realized, you will call yourself a member of the One, Holy, Catholic and Apostolic Church."

"I want a religion that both Protestants and Catholics agree to be a safe religion in which I can save my soul." Then dear friend, you have no choice but to become a Catholic. All these wants the Catholic Church alone can satisfy. Go and examine for yourself. Any Catholic priest will gladly give you the proofs of the truth of what I say.—Holy Family Church Calendar, Chicago.

THE OBJECT OF RELIGION
(By Father A. B. Sharpe, M. A.)
It is a commonplace to say what is obviously true, that one of the chief characteristics of the time in which we live is the great liberty of opinion that we all enjoy. There was a time not long ago when traditional beliefs were taken for granted. All beliefs, habits, and customs are subject to universal criticism, and everyone is free to form his own opinion on every subject. Religion naturally has not escaped this change in popular opinion. Religion is one of those things which call forth from mankind deep feeling, as it is probably the subject upon which man has felt more deeply than upon any other. It is, therefore, a prominent mark for the criticism of those whose opinions are more remarkable for their variety than for their intelligence or common sense. This change has, however, brought with it one good result. The Catholic Church at the present time has an opportunity of making known the strong and incontrovertible evidence on which her claims rest, such as she has never before enjoyed in this country. And, consequently, a considerable change in public opinion has taken place on that point. On the other hand, religious opinions are formed by everybody, in many cases in an extremely hasty manner. In regard to religion, the vast number of our fellow countrymen seem to be of the same opinion as Shakespeare's Dogberry in regard to reading and writing, and think that a knowledge of religion "comes by nature." It is not only that people are quite uninstructed as to the grounds on which the claims of the Catholic Church are based, but they are ignorant of a much more elementary part of the subject. Many people, perhaps the majority of people in this country, feel themselves free to criticize religious doctrines without having the remotest idea as to what religion really means. This is the reason for the extraordinary variety of so-called religious beliefs, and for the want of common sense by which that variety is characterized.

A third class of people will tell you that the value they place on religion is that everybody has got to die, and that after they die religion during life is the only thing that will help them. In short, its one advantage is that it saves us from going to hell.

Now, there is a certain amount of truth in all these views. It is perfectly true that religion in a great many cases does make people comfortable in this world, and does console them in the evils of life; the reason being that the law of God is identical with the law of nature, and that the friendship of God is a consolation in the trials and troubles of life. It is also undoubtedly the case that religion is no good at all to those who think only of this life and the things in it. Again, the Christian religion does certainly save people from hell. This is a great and important truth, and one which we know, on the highest authority, to be the distinctive truth of the Christian religion.

But although there is a certain amount of truth in all these popular opinions, they none of them furnish a sufficient motive for acting upon and practicing religion. These views of religion regard it, not as something desirable in itself, but merely as a remedy which like most remedies, is something disagreeable and should therefore be used as little as possible. None of them can provide a sufficient motive for the practice of religion, and much less can they bring about that enthusiasm which makes saints, heroes, and apostles. This popular notion of religion is nothing else than the religious view of primitive and savage man. The great mass of the people in Protestant countries have not advanced beyond these crude opinions. The savage makes use of religion to do him good in this world; to bring him success in war and in the chase; to preserve him from the accidents of life and from malevolent spiritual beings. When he finds that religion does not do this he gives it up altogether. That is precisely the view of the popular theorists of the day.

We Catholics have no justification or excuse for falling into these false ideas. The facts are put before us again and again. The words of the text clearly tell us what the motive of religion must be. "I," says God: "I am thy protector and thy reward exceeding great"—not God's gifts, whether natural or supernatural, but God Himself. That is the object of the Christian religion—to attain to God, that is the motive that makes a man ready to give up all that this world holds dear, to attain, not to God's gifts, but to God Himself. He is the reward, and hence all else is non-essential, and may be, and often is, dispensed with. The whole of

this world in which we live depends on God, is united to God, reflects God. All that happens in nature is the manifestation of His will. One of God's creatures alone is able to stand outside that harmony and order, and that is man. Nature acts for God, but man acts for himself, and can willfully disregard God. In the freedom of the human will man is able to stand outside that great order and break the natural harmony between the creature and the Creator. Religion, true religion, is that which restores man to the harmony of the universe, that which helps him back to his place with God. All that is good, all that is desirable or beautiful in this world is the imperfect reflection of God. Its perfection is to be found in God. As Dante said: "All else that imperfect is in its perfection is to be found in God alone." The persisting desire that we all feel, what are they but the outcome of that need and desire of God? That one great need which only religion can satisfy, is broken up and interrupted by the number of indeterminate needs and desires that man has, and so all of us are constantly in danger of forgetting what these desires really mean. All of us, are in danger, for that reason, of declining from the pursuit of God. Worldly prudence tells us that happiness in this life is to be found outside God. Therefore we must continually remind ourselves, amidst all the adverse influences of the world—of what is the one true object of religion, and therefore the one true object of life, namely, that by religion we may attain to the possession of God in the Beatific Vision, and that God and God alone is the "great reward" for which we are all seeking.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

LATE FOR MASS
To many Catholics the Mass is divided into two parts: "The end of the first Gospel is the line of demarcation." Conscientious Catholics who confess that they have been "late for Mass" present a problem to the conscientious confessor. He must ascertain if the person who was "late for Mass" was so late as not to have heard Mass at all. His questioning generally brings the further information that the tardy attendant was or was not in church before the first Gospel has been finished. There are three essential parts of the Mass: The Offertory, the Consecration and the Communion. These being essential parts of the Mass must be effected at the one and same Mass which the conscientious Catholic will be scrupulous in attending on Sunday and holidays of obligation.

If a person comes into church after the Offertory, or leaves before the Communion, he has not heard Mass and has, therefore, not fulfilled his obligation.

In order to fulfill to the letter the precept of hearing Mass, a person should be present from the very beginning and remain to the very end. From this obligation has arisen a custom which necessitates another word of caution. It is true that, if we have missed the preliminary prayers of the Mass we may supply for the defect by attending so much of a second Mass as has been missed at the first. If a person should arrive at and should remain for the second Mass up to the time of the Consecration, he would not have fulfilled his obligation, irrespective of the time he had remained in church, since he had been present at no one Mass in its essential entirety.

If a person goes to Mass and discovers that the chalice has been uncovered, he may be assured that he will have to hear all of another Mass. He will have been so late that no supplying of deficiency will satisfy.—Intermountain Catholic.

CAN'T MIND THEIR OWN BUSINESS
If the Protestant sects really did the right thing when they rebelled against the authority of the Holy See, why is it that their representatives are always finding fault with the decisions of "Rome"? What the Pope says and does has never failed to stir the interest of Protestants, and very frequently they grow very angry at his decisions and his rulings. At the same time the Head of the Catholic Church is not recognized as having anything to do with Protestants. What he says and does has to do only with Catholics, who are his "slaves" of course. Why should outsiders care what tyrannical decisions the Pope makes in matters which concern only his "slaves"? Still, church conventions of Episcopalians, Presbyterians and others of the sects are always going into fits of anger about what Rome decides, especially in the matter of marriages, divorces and mixed marriages. Any rules or regulations from "Rome" on these subjects always cause a great stir among the secular brethren although Protestants rebelled against Rome centuries ago. Their tantrums are amusing, especially when we recollect what a prominent place the questions of divorce and re-marriage had in the original rebellion of the so-called reformers. Luther and Henry VIII. went crazy on the "sex problem" you know.—Intermountain Catholic.

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