

NOVEMBER 19, 1921

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Save your money, some sage has said,
For money will pay you for your meat and bread,
And money—well, that is a thing, you know,
As the years go by to a fund will grow,
And the fund will swell to a larger size,
Breeding the fortune which mortals prize.
And so from the cradle to the grave
Money's a thing which we try to save.
Guard the seed of your finest flowers
For they will grow under April showers;
Here is a dried and shriveled thing
That into beauty and life will spring—
Save it, for under its husk there lies
A lovely blossom which you shall prize.
So the seed you carefully store
Away
For the joy it holds for another day.
But seldom we think it is written
down
That a boy is the seed of a man's renown;
That he who is given a boy to train,
Has better than blossoms or gold to gain.
That dollars to fortunes will quickly grow,
And seeds to flowers, are the truths we know,
But I wonder if ever we pause to see
The man that anyone's boy may be?
Who touches a boy, by the Master's plan,
Is shaping the course of the future man;
Father or mother or teacher or priest,
Friend or stranger or saint or beast,
Is dealing with one who is living
seed
And may be the man whom the world shall need,
For who can measure the pride and joy
That may some day grow from a little boy?
—EDGAR A. GUEST

THE PARISH BUSYBODY

Every one has met him. He is extremely interested in things of which he knows nothing. He abounds in some parishes—few are altogether without one or two specimens. He knows how to govern the Church in general and his own parish in particular. He is very self-important and has a very high opinion of his sharp-sightedness. Sometimes he is prominent in Catholic societies, not that he is really very much interested in either Ireland or his fellow-man, but that he is anxious to have his name appear in the papers. He knows all about the clergy, and can tell you why Father A. was removed, and why Father B. is not removed. He indulges in sly nods and winks and significant indications that if every one knew what he knows they would be astonished. He is very wise in his own conceit, but in reality a nut. Such are the people who carry gossip and tittle-tattle—who make mountains out of molehills, and create scandal. They have an itch for notoriety, and are never so happy as when organizing and promoting something which will bring them into the limelight, or laying down the law to obedient listeners. Such persons are altogether too numerous. Do not encourage them. Let every man sweep clean his own doorway and attend to his own business. Do not gossip about Church affairs. Do not spread idle tales. Say your prayers; do your duty, and leave the government of the Church to God and His prelates and clergy.—Catholic Columbian.

THE ETERNAL FIGHT

Mankind may be divided into two great classes, those who are trying to get ahead and those who are trying to get even.
For any man to rise above his fellows is to give the signal at once to envy, malice and calumny to get to work. The moment the conspicuous target is discerned, the venomous arrow flies. When this man who has had the temerity to climb the ladder was down here on the common level with the rest of us, we had no fault to find in him. But he had no right to mount rung by rung above us, to do the work ever so little better than we did it, to labor while we slept, to take additional tasks upon himself. His crime is that he got ahead of us. We will "get even" with him.
Is there a man, more degraded than one who spends his lifetime studying to circumvent and to entrap the one who is successful? Is there an occupation more despicable than that of trying to forge fetters out of lies, for honorable business independence, just because of diligence, sobriety and insight into human nature there has come at last the deserved material reward? A man instead of doing his own work plots and contrives to undo that of his fellow. The work of such negation. Goethe truly says, is the work of devils.
What sort of ambition is it that merely bides its time for a discomfiture? What kind of employment is it for the soul and the five senses to lie in wait as long as need be for a victim, to prepare an ambushade,

TO DEAL IN TREASON AND STRATEGEMS, NOT FOR ONE'S OWN SUCCESS, BUT FOR ANOTHER'S RUIN?—Kansas City Catholic Register.

COURAGE

"It isn't Life that matters—it's the courage we bring to it." It was Hugh Walpole who made that illuminating statement in "Fortitude," the best of his many novels—and if he hadn't given us another helpful thought to dwell upon, hadn't told us another glowing truth—that one assertion alone would suffice to rank him among England's greatest writers of the present day. For it is really more than a psychological statement—that sentence—it is an inspiration—a light at which every one of us, old or young, weak or strong, may, in some dark hour, ignite the timid candles of our souls. It is more even than that—it is an enduring bit of philosophy—a nugget of pure gold—which we may carry as a talisman against the onslaught of the glooms, the "blues," and the discontents from which none of us, unhappily, seems quite immune. And courage is indeed, if we could, but realize its extraordinary quality, the greatest asset we can ask of Life—the surest weapon we may select from the armory of experience with which successfully to combat the fears and the foes that assail our peace of mind. Courage—the courage that enables us to meet trouble with unfaltering eyes and a lifted chin.

And trouble will come to us—sooner or later it crosses every threshold—at some time or another it draws its chair close to every hearth. We are all destined to experience disappointment, disillusion and defeat in some guise as we journey towards eternity. We should be sadly lacking in all spiritual development were the highways of life always paved for us and made smooth. But—as Hugh Walpole tells us—it is not after all the misfortunes that occur which really matter—it is just our manner and method of meeting that counts.

Why, it isn't actually of lasting moment that my lovely day was spoiled because it rained and there could be no festival—nor that the prize I so coveted was denied me—nor that the friend whom I trusted proved unworthy of my faith. But the effect that these happenings have on my disposition, on my character and on my attitude to my fellow beings—that does matter immeasurably. And when I meet disaster and disappointment with a fine, high courage—well, I'm made the better and the stronger and the braver for it—more able to endure the next hardship that may be meted out to me—more ready to appreciate the next happiness that comes my way. Ah! yes, there's a store of comforting wisdom in that philosophic phrase of the English novelist—so let us memorize it and make it our own particular watchword as we voyage on—"It isn't Life that matters—it's the courage we bring to it."—Michigan Catholic.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

• THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having by my law the seventh time
disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkind's—
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.

Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left other of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and red-vein'd bone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art.
To comfort his sad heart.

So when that night I pray'd
To God, I went, and said:
Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood,
Thy great commandment good,
Then, fatherly not less,
Thou I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
"I will be sorry for their childishness."
—COVENTRY PATMORE

MARSHAL FOCH AND THE CHILDREN

Kansas City, Nov. 2.—Marshal Foch, after assisting at a Requiem Mass and offering prayers for the repose of the soul of his son, killed in action seven years ago today, spent the remainder of this morning with the children of Kansas City. Originally he had planned to set aside All Souls' Day for rest and his devotions, but he altered his plans to give pleasure to 60,000 children lined along twenty miles of the city's boulevards.

"It is for the children; they must not be denied," the Marshal said.

After he had received the degree of LL. D. from the hands of the Rev. John A. Weiland, President of Rockhurst College, he attended Requiem Mass in the college chapel, celebrated by Bishop Thomas J. Lillis; thence he motored to the French Convent of Notre Dame de Sion.

The allied generalissimo was conducted by the sisters of the convent to the drawing room, where he faced a group of children, dressed in white. Seven little girls, each bearing a tri-color bouquet, approached the Marshal and addressed him in his own language. Each of the children had a portion of the speech to say. They began with embarrassment and hesitation but gradually their voices grew stronger.

Marshal Foch's blue eyes softened as he looked straight at each youngster, then he spoke to them directly and simply.
"My little ones," he said, "you say such charming things about my France, now let me tell you about your country. You say you love my country, and I want to tell you that I love your country with all my heart, my dear children."
"It was for that reason that I came all the way across the great ocean to see your country and to see your children, too. Remember one thing: We have been united in war and we will be united in peace. You, in the future, should remember that the men must work, and that the women must pray."

DAD'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG LADY

By M. Dash in New World

Dad and the family were visiting in La Grange for the week end. They were guests of his wife's sister, a widow, with one daughter, a girl about seventeen. Their hostess was a frail little person, whose life seemed to be altogether wrapped up in the thoughtless girl. Dad and Dusty than to help her mother with the actual work. In this way Dad found himself alone with the girl on the afternoon before their departure. With a real liking for the careless young person Dad took advantage of the opportunity, for what he said afterward was his first sermon.

"Clara," he said, "have you noticed your mother is not looking well lately?"
"Why no, uncle," the girl replied. "She seems always the same to me."
"I suppose so," went on Dad. "Now I want to tell you something. I know you haven't done anything to trouble your mother. But she is troubled and worried and you can do a lot to chase away that care-worn look she has."
"How do you mean?" asked the puzzled girl.

"Well, let me tell you," he said. "Suppose when we go back, you go out in the kitchen and tell mother what a nice walk we've had and ask her if you can help her set the table. Then, after we've gone, you begin getting up early and get breakfast. Surprise your mother. When she comes down, go up and kiss her. Do this right along. See how she acts. You owe her these kisses, you know. Many times she kissed you, when you were sick long ago. You were not so pretty as you are now either. How many hurts of yours she has ailed, how many bad dreams she has chased away from you by her watchful care during your childhood. Her waiting on you has aged her. Her whole life has been given over to it. She's not as well able to wait on you now, you know. It's your turn to do that for her. Remember, child, your mother's going to leave you one of those days!"
"You don't mean she's going to die," broke in the girl.
"That's what I mean," answered Dad gravely. "Not right away. But the work she's doing now will kill her very soon, unless someone helps her do it, perhaps takes it all away from her. You're that person, Clara. It's your turn to do the work now. Get right at it. Forget play and fun at least while your mother must work. She's done enough. Do you remember today laughing about hard and rough work your mother's hands were?"
"Yes," whispered the girl.
"Well, those rough hands have done a whole lot of things for you. That's what made them rough and red and hard. I remember when your mother's hands were soft and pink and small like yours. And she was as pretty as you, too, just looked like you, twenty years ago. Now Clara, if you don't turn in at once, very soon those rough hands will be crossed on your mother's breast, those lips of hers that gave you your first baby kiss will be closed and her eyes, tired and faded they are now, but I mind when they were bright and clear like yours, they will be closed too, to open only in eternity."
"They say we don't ever appreciate our parents till they're gone," Dad went on. "Then it's too late. But you have the chance, Clara, a good chance too. You'll understand won't you, little girl?"

A UNIQUE ROSARY

In St. Mary's Church, Quincy, Illinois, there has been installed the only thing of its kind in the world, an electric Rosary—a mammoth Rosary with the beads formed of miniature bulbs of light of different colors, the effect of the illuminating of which is startlingly beautiful. The electric Rosary at St. Mary's Church surrounds the figure of the Blessed Virgin painted by Sister Engleberta, a venerable member of the staff of St. Mary's Academy teachers who had devoted her life to the giving of instruction in the art of painting. The pendant cross is flanked by lilies, and in scrolls are the words, "Sancta Maria," and "Ora Pro Nobis," the whole enclosed in a heavy frame. The electric Rosary is in dimensions six by two feet, and the illumination is done by 66 miniature bulbs, the lights switched on and off by a button as is all such clustered lamps. The inventor, Frank Zwick, worked on the idea of an illuminated Rosary for use in churches for several years before reaching that degree of perfection that warranted him in applying for a patent. The effect in a darkened auditorium is really beautiful and impressive. Mr. Zwick has given to the Church and to the world the first electric Rosary, and hopes to live to see it introduced in all Catholic churches located where electric current is available.—The Missionary.

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PREVENTING DIVORCE

The divorce-mills are grinding as usual, and society seems to know no way of stopping them. A recent report from Michigan announces that for every six marriages in that State, there is one divorce. These figures are for the year 1919, and probably represent an abnormal condition, since Michigan has never figured among our worst offenders in this respect. The principal causes for these divorces were cruelty, failure to support, and desertion. It is also said that a large percentage of the divorces were granted within twenty months after the marriage. Supposing that the alleged causes were substantiated, this shocking fact again verifies the old adage, "Marry, in haste, and repent at leisure."

The activities of several societies which for years have worked for the enactment of "stricter" divorce laws are encouraging, at least to the extent to which they show a realization of the danger to society from divorce. As is evident to all, divorce destroys the stability of the home. To all Christians it is also evident that divorce strikes directly at the sanctity of the home. Yet without good homes, stable homes, it is almost impossible for the State to recruit upright law-abiding citizens. No school, and not even the most careful training, can wholly supply what the child of a home, broken by divorce, loses. Leaving religious motives quite out of consideration, it should be obvious that the State for its own protection should surround the home with every available safeguard.

What are called "stricter divorce laws" do not seem to supply that safeguard. As far as they preach a higher ideal, they possess a certain value, but there they stop. As experience has shown, strict laws lead to collusion and fraud whenever the moral tone of the community is lower than the ideal framed in the law. A man intent on divorce can generally succeed in circumventing even the strictest law. But there are two possible enactments which may help to lessen the number of American divorces. The first is the preliminary "declaration of marriage," with the granting of a license after a period of from five to twenty days, an arrangement corresponding to the Church's law on announcing the banns. The interval not only permits the discovery of legal and ecclesiastical impediments, but operates to prevent hasty and ill-considered marriages. The other enactment is a law forbidding the issuance of a marriage-license except to those who, by sojourning in the State for at least thirty days have established a bona fide residence. Both restrictions would work occasional hardship, but there can be little doubt that the cure would far outweigh the evil. Good is good, but prevention is better. While it is desirable to tighten up some of our scandalously lax divorce laws, the policy which promises to prevent ill-considered marriages is surely worth trying.—America.

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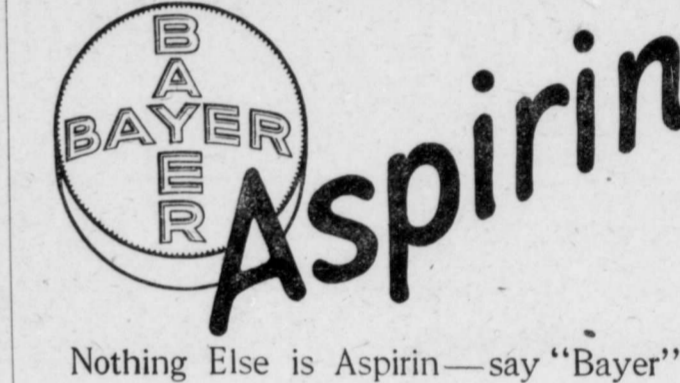
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