

A FIRST COMMUNION STORY

It was late Saturday night. Anyone who happened to be passing up... Street, might have heard the sounds of a stentorian voice issuing from No... Those not well acquainted with the neighborhood, would have quickened their pace, to put a good distance between them and the possible scene of they knew not what. The dwellers on... Street however now very well knew what was on foot; and the old women crossed themselves and said a prayer for poor Mrs. Dempsey who would have a hard night of it—Mike Dempsey had come home drunk.

Before proceeding, let me introduce you to Michael Dempsey. If you had gripped his hand some time ago, before the first soap-box orator made his appearance in the neighborhood, crying out against our present society, you would have met one of the finest men in the parish. If you were to question Father Brady, the old Pastor would assure you that, Mike was one of his consolations. But you are fated to know Mike Dempsey socialist, and as he received his weeks wages this evening, much the worse off for drink.

Yes, Mike was once a steady hardworking man, but, we must hasten to add, not working simply for pleasure or exercise. Mike wanted a share of the worlds wealth and all that goes with it. Even as a boy, he had coveted riches and envied those who possessed them, and this flaw in his character made him an easy victim of the red flag philosophy, so fascinating for numbers of the struggling poor. Socialism promised to give Mike Dempsey what he craved for, he therefore joined that party, keeping, at first, to his religious duties at the same time. One Sunday however, Father Brady spoke to his flock