

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

SYMPATHY

It wouldn't be much of a world down here if nobody cared when we shed a tear; With all of its roses and dimpled cheeks, And its mountains high and its rippling creeks, With all of its sunshine and skies of blue, And the laughter of children that cheers us through, A sorrowful place would this old world be if it wasn't for the haven of sympathy. Life would grow barren and cold and drear, Though the roses blossomed year after year, And the sun came out with the birth of day, And the children romped in the yard at play, If we in times of trial and hurt and woe We could get no help from the friends we know; We should hate the world and the joys we own If we had to stand to our griefs alone. The rose grows lovely because it lends Its tender charms to the love of friends; The precious jewel of great or wise Is the power they have to sympathize, To feel the sorrows that others bear, To sense the touch of another's care; For there's never a man whose's he, Who could get along without sympathy. It's the balm we need when our hearts are sore, It's the one sweet touch that we hunger for; Without it life is a struggle vain And few would master their hours of pain, For we're all mastered in our times of care By the gentle hands of the friends who care; It's the kindly word and the tender smile And the hearts that feel that make life worth while.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LET'S COUNT OUR BLESSINGS

How often do we keep wishing For the things we cannot secure, Instead of the grace and blessings That forever and aye endure. If we really wish to be happy, Let's put foolish wishes away; And begin scattering seeds of kindness Adown our pathway today. Let us banish each selfish motive, Let our thoughts be clean and high, Making home a little Eden In the sphere we occupy. Learning to live, living to learn By the strength of our Father's Hand, While treading life's thorny highway To the shore of the Golden Land. Until we see in the gloaming, The print of His wounded feet, Faithfully following His Master, Till the journey of life is complete.

HIS THANKSGIVING

Toughy was a Cincinnati newsboy, and an honor to his profession. His very presence declared that the well-poised head, with its tightly curling rings of reddish brown hair beneath the rugged cap; the honest brown eyes which looked out upon the world with a clear, steady gaze; the firm set of his chin and the brisk air with which he carried himself, all bespoke the manly qualities of the boy. Nothing ever daunted Toughy. He could whistle cheerfully through a long, busy day; or, with business at a standstill, he could face the grim certainty of going supperless to bed and whistle still. Indeed, it is strongly suspected that the name Toughy (which by the way, was not his real one) had been given him in recognition of his ability to withstand hard knocks. Billy was a little lame bootblack, much younger than Toughy, whom the latter had adopted. For three years they had shared the same bed and fare, and had found in the sweets of companionship a solace for every adversity. One evening Billy stood at the fountain waiting for his friend. The hurrying throngs jostled him rudely but Billy did not mind much. His eyes were shining like stars in the direction whence he heard above the city's roar a clear, shrill whistle. It was Toughy's whistle; and oh, the difference that whistle made in Billy's little life! Presently Toughy, himself, emerged from the crowd, and slackening his pace to suit the halting footsteps of his little lame comrade, together they trudged away to their lodgings. It was while they were devouring the meat pie which Toughy had provided for their supper that Billy was electrified by the most wonderful piece of news to which he had ever listened. "Say, you know what's goin' to happen tomorrow," Toughy demanded, in the interval between two of his biggest bites. Billy looked at him expectantly. "Why you see, it's Thanksgiving Day," continued Toughy, "an' a lot of the rich folks has put up a big dinner for the newsboys and bootblacks. It's goin' to be a swell affair, with tablecloths, an' napkins, an' roast turkey, an' mince pie, an' cranberry sauce, an'—he paused to note the effect of his words before he added, "they calculates to feed five hundred boys, an' an' an' me's goin' to be in it, Billy. Look here!" And he proudly displayed two tickets, on each of which was printed, "Admit One."

that feed in sight? Not much! This chap ain't made out o' that kind of stuff! Here, take this!" and he slipped his own ticket into Billy's grimy fist. "Now, g'long in and fill up for once. No, don't worry me, I ain't hankerin' after turkey today, an' mince pie, I won't suffer. There's a place down on Sixth Avenue where they give first-rate hash for a nickel, an' a good measure. These, g'long with you now." He lingered until he had seen Billy seated before a heaped-up plate of smoking viands. Then replacing the ragged cap, which he had snatched off while the blessing was being asked, he struck out in the direction of Sixth Avenue, whistling bravely as he went. That night as they lay closely snuggled together for warmth, Billy rehearsed the wonderful incidents of the day. "An' they was a lovely young lady with a rose in her hair that waited on me, an' she kept pilin' my plate till I couldn't hold another bite. An' I had a silver fork! An' the turkey!—seems as if I'd taste that turkey long's I live! An'—an'—oh! Toughy!" and he broke down with a little sob, "it's been such a beautiful Thanksgiving—an' only to think—you wasn't in it at all!" "Don't you say that, Billy," answered Toughy, very earnestly. "Don't you say I wasn't in it. Nothin' can't ever taste better than that hash did."

Next day the papers contained a list of the "Nob Hill folks" who had distinguished themselves by their Thanksgiving benefactions. Toughy's name was not mentioned. But I am sure that somewhere in the shining records above it is written—his new name—and over against it the angels have written in letters of gold these words: "I know thy works, and thy charity, and service, and faith, and thy patience, and thy works, and thy last to be more than the first."—The Catholic Telegraph.

THE GIFT

Love brought to me her rarest gift; I took it, knowing I must pay;— For who has Fortune's gifts to hold, Beyond her power to take away? Love came again, and with a tender smile, Frankness offered unto me; I took it, knowing all the while, It held the dust of memory. Love came, with pity in her eyes, And taught with myth my coming years My heart she took as sacrifice;— But on my cheek I felt her tears.

THE CHILD AND THE HOME

A boy of seventeen walks out of a Chicago bank with more than seven hundred thousand dollars in negotiable securities. A few weeks previously a youth of the same name had been convicted of a similar theft also from a bank. The first boy simply "wanted to have a good time," and proceeded to invest in an auto mobile. The second youth had come claiming that since his employers were paying him far less than he was worth, he was entitled to a large amount by way of occult compensation. In this view he seems to have been sustained by a sensation-mongering Federal judge, lately rebuked by a House sub-committee on the judiciary, who held him on suspended sentence. Conditions typified by these two young criminals are by no means confined to Chicago. Comparative statistics of youthful criminality in the last two decades are not available. At best such data are frequently misleading, but since in recent years the education of the young in love of pleasure and ease has increased and their education in self-denial and devotion to duty has greatly decreased, an increase in juvenile delinquency would seem inevitable. For this reason the schools, which persistently refuse to train our boys and girls in religion, are greatly to blame. To intensify the evils of a non-religious education the startling prevalence of the silly doctrine that the child must never be urged, much less forced, to do what he does not choose to do, has made anything like genuine training even in natural virtues a practical impossibility. Not all schools have yielded to this studied cruelty to the child, but many have failed to exercise a strong influence; and, in too many instances, what the schools have left undone in teaching the child to regard inclination rather than duty as the rule of life, foolish parents have completed. Happily discipline as well as training in religion has usually flourished in our Catholic schools, although many a Catholic teacher is forced to see his work utterly spoiled by criminally careless or indignant fathers and mothers. The need of the hour is obedience to all lawful authority. If the child is allowed to flout parental authority, the training which the school endeavors to give will be hampered and, in most instances, utterly spoiled. "I don't see why my boy doesn't improve," a foolish mother once complained to a Catholic teacher. "It's been with you for three months, and he's just as lazy and impertinent as ever." "Madame," replied the harassed pedagogue, "if you will pardon me, I will observe that while he has been

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under my charge for three months, he has been under your charge for sixteen years and nine months." The school that can fully neutralize improper home conditions never did exist and never can.—Amarica.

CARDINAL LOGUE APPEALS FOR TRUCE

ST. PATRICK'S BIRTHDAY OPPORTUNITY TIME TO PRAY FOR PEACE (By The Associated Press) Cardinal Logue, primate of all Ireland, in a letter to the priests of the Armagh diocese, makes another powerful appeal for a truce in Ireland and suggests the forthcoming birthday of the first national apostle offers an opportune occasion for an appeal to the Almighty for the return of peace to Ireland, pointing out that St. Patrick brought peace to the country, Cardinal Logue says: "What a reproach it would be should we dim by crime the luster of this glorious inheritance. It is a excuse that crimes even greater and more numerous have been committed by others, for crime does not justify crime. We shall not before the judgment seat be called upon to account for the crimes of the Black and Tans, or the auxiliary cadets, or the military, who have sacrificed so many innocent lives on the most futile pretense in their wild raids through the country. We shall not even be called to account for the blindness, obstinacy and partiality of our present Government." Deploping the disregard for human life and property shown by both sides, which he declares threatens to reduce the country to a state of desolation and ruin, Cardinal Logue especially denounces the ambushing and attacking of soldiers and police in crowded thoroughfares. "They who commit such acts know well these armed forces will blaze away indiscriminately, killing or wounding poor innocent victims, often women, girls and children engaged in lawful occupation." The Cardinal continues, "Lawyers, I think, say such acts, endangering the general public, involve malice against all mankind. Certainly all mankind should join in putting an end to them."

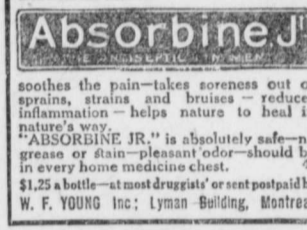
TURKS' TRIBUTE TO POPE BENEDICT XV.

Constantinople, Feb. 28.—An unusual tribute of love has been paid to His Holiness, Pope Benedict XV, by non-Catholics here, which testifies to the great gratitude felt by them for the splendid work done by the Head of the Catholic Church during the War. This honor takes the form of a statue of Benedict XV. This is exceptionally remarkable in view of the fact that, owing to the teachings of the Koran, no statues are seen in Constantinople. The gratitude which has been felt by all classes on the Bosphorus for the humanitarian work accomplished in the East by the Holy Father during the War is to bring about an exception to this rule. It has been planned to erect on the square in front of the Catholic Cathedral a bronze statue of Pope Benedict XV, vested in full pontifical. The expense of this tribute has been borne exclusively by non-Catholics of Constantinople—Moslems, Hindus and Christians. At the opening of the subscription list the Catholics of the city discreetly stood aside in order to permit the feeling of their non-Catholic neighbors toward the Pope to show itself in this way. It is worthy of note in this connection that among the leading subscribers toward the monument have been the Sultan of Turkey and the Grand Rabbi of Constantinople.

WHEN CATHOLICS GIVE UP CONFESSION

When Catholics give up confession the beginning of the end has come. There is only one reason; they will not give up sin. They may call this negligence by some other name; but they give this and that excuse; but deep down in their hearts they know well that there is something which God or His Church demands which they are unwilling to do. We know well that there are some fallen away Catholics who will resent the imputation that they are leading sinful lives. Let us tear off the mask. There is undoubtedly something wrong. If they have come to a stage where they do not believe there is anything wrong, their case is sad. Indeed, it is a sign that they have already made a creed to their conduct, and that according to the tenets of the new error they stand acquitted before the tribunal set up in their own conscience.—Catholic Transcript.

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