

DECEMBER 14 1912

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TEACHING MANNERS

Are the young of the land being taught to know and practice good old fashioned manners?

If you live in New York City take a trip down town in the subway some morning during the rush hours, especially when the children above grammar school age are on their way to some high school or some private academy. Notice them rush in the cars, rush by men and women, young and old.

There are only two classes of people who usually give a seat to an old lady or an old gentleman. Young women and men whose faces show they are really gentlemen. The young woman who will touch the arm of the old lady who is standing, hanging on a strap, is often one on her way to work where perhaps she will have to stand the greater part of the day.

How about the politeness of colored people in the New York cars? The Italians are thoughtful and gracious in every way.

It does not matter who is standing, but it does mean much how the young are being trained.

The crowds who throng the cars at rush hours are not people of leisure;—they are workers in some part of the great city, and they, a few years ago, were taught lessons in politeness.

Not long ago the following incident occurred: A white haired gentleman was going down town in the subway. He was the president of one of our large manufacturing establishments, and he was in some part of the great city, and they, a few years ago, were taught lessons in politeness.

The gentleman was not pushing his way in so as to get ahead of others; but neither did he block the way by moving too slowly. Just as he entered he saw about three seats from the door a gray haired woman about to take a seat, but before she was really in the seat a strong, healthy young lad of about twenty pushed by her and took the seat. The gentleman made no remarks but looked closely at the young man.

About two hours after his arrival at his office he was informed that a young man, then in one of the outer offices, wished to see him. "He has a letter of introduction from some one," said the office boy.

"Bring him here now, for I am expecting some gentlemen to come in soon."

As the young man entered, the president recognized his acquaintance of the morning, but evidently the young man had not noticed him. The president read the letter of introduction from a gentleman whom he knew, who recommended the young man for his studious habits and his industry in pushing himself ahead at school.

The president made a careful note of the name and address of the applicant, also of the one who had sent the recommendation. Then the president looked at him a moment and said: "Young man, if you had called upon me yesterday I might have engaged you. You are neat appearing and I am pleased with this letter. But, young man, I saw you do something this morning that would deprive you from admission to any position in our employ."

The president then related what he had seen him do in the street car, ring the bell and dismount with the remark: "Even if you have not common respect for the aged it is well to remember that the man you may want to work for may be observing you.—Sunday Companion.

ARE YOU FORGETFUL?

Do you ever forget your engagements? Most men do, and the methods followed to jog the memory are as various as humanity.

Nearly every business man carries a memorandum book of some sort, in which he jots down facts and engagements which he is fearful of forgetting, but many others have resorted to other methods of reminding themselves. It is a habit with some men to make notations on their cuffs, but this system can hardly be recommended. Most men change their shirts daily, and if the engagements for the morrow, where are the memoranda of yesterday?

Some men in business follow the example of the women who tie the knots in their handkerchiefs to remind them of things. The other day the head of a large concern pulled out the handkerchief while talking with a customer. The customer showed his curiosity and the manager explained. "I keep memoranda here in the office of business matters," he said, "but every morning

at breakfast my wife tells me of things I must attend to for her during my day in the city. I make a knot for each errand. To-day I have thirteen matters to attend to, and, as you see, not one has been done. But I will finish them all before I go home, I wouldn't dare face my wife with these knots in my handkerchief."

Many men wear a seal ring on the little finger of the left hand. To remind them of an important engagement, they transfer the ring to the right hand. It feels uncomfortable there and there is no chance of their forgetting the appointment.

Other men, who are accustomed to carry their watches in the left hand pocket of the waistcoat, transfer them to the right hand pocket when there is a matter on hand which may be forgotten, every time they want to know the hour, they are reminded of it, and usually the business is attended to very early in the day.

Some people remove the receiver from the telephone and rest it on the desk when they have a matter of immediate importance to attend to, but are unable to do so on account of the pressure of a visitor. When the visitor does not like to do, see what you would business is attended to very early in the day.

SOME DON'TS

Do you want to succeed in business life? Pick out a congenial occupation, study it thoroughly, become a specialist in it, and then keep everlastingly at it.

Don't drift. Don't let chance rule your destiny. Don't wait for some opportunity to turn up. See what you are best fitted for, see what you would most like to do, see what you can get training at so as to become expert in—then go at it to work and persevere to the end.

The common laborer, the man with a general training not carried much above the rudiments, the man without ambition, courage, hope, confidence and persistence, will hardly win. The high prizes of life are for the skillful and the diligent.

WAITING FOR LUCK

You have heard a young man say: "Oh, I am just waiting for luck to bring me a good place. They say I am a lucky dog. I shall land on my feet all right."

But where will the feet be? Hundreds of young men who have been depending on luck to bring them fortunes are to-day wandering up and down the world, doing nothing, wasting the days of their early manhood to no avail.

Do you wish to hit the mark? With a steady aim, and firm muscles, well trained for the effort, send the arrow flying toward the target.

It is so in business, it is so in gaining an education, it is so in the higher things of life.

Watch a sculptor as he steadily brings out of the stone the statue he hopes will make him famous. Not a single blow without a purpose. How carefully the chisel is held in the right place! There must be no slipping of the sharp edge; one single strike that missed might ruin everything.

All life is just like that. Fortune, honor, learning, character—none of these come by chance. The arrow flies where it is sent.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

SAINT ELIZABETH

The little Princess Elizabeth hardly realized that she was leaving her home forever, as she bade good-bye to her parents. She was only four years old, but so anxious was she to please God by obeying the wishes of her father and mother, that she did not shed a tear. Queen Gertrude and Alexander, King of Hungary were deeply grieved at parting with their little daughter, whose bright, winning ways were like golden sunbeams in the gloomy old castle, in which they lived. However, the affairs of State came first, and to please Herman, the landgrave of Thuringia, they consented to the betrothal of the little princess to Herman's son, and it was arranged that she should be brought up at the court of Thuringia.

The little princess was very unlike the children of her new home. When the others played games, or indulged in like amusements, Elizabeth would steal off to the little chapel where she remained hours in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. She was educated with Agnes, the sister of the young landgrave. On a special occasion the young girls were dressed alike, and on their heads were crowns of jewels.

When Elizabeth entered the church, she removed her coronet. Agnes and her mother were annoyed at this, and reproached her with her. She replied, meekly: "How could I wear a crown of gold and precious stones before my Saviour, who wore a crown of sharp thorns."

Shortly after Elizabeth's ninth birthday the landgrave, Herman, died, and his wife was very unkind to our saint. She disliked her gentle piety and quiet manner, but the princess bore it all patiently. Her greatest pleasure was found in assisting the poor, on whom she spent the greater part of the yearly income allowed her by her father.

Our saint was married to the young landgrave, shortly after his return from the university where he had been completing his education. He was a virtuous young man, and gave Elizabeth permission to give alms to the poor as much as she liked. On one occasion she brought a child suffering from leprosy into her room and her mother-in-law complained to her husband. He went to the room, but to his surprise, he saw not a leper, but a beautiful child, who disappeared almost immediately. She built several hospitals and orphanages, and every day food and clothing were distributed to over nine hundred people at the castle gate. Saint Elizabeth was not content with feeding the poor, she considered the best way of helping people was to teach them to help themselves, and in order to do this, she provided work suitable to their strength and knowledge.

The story is told that one time when Saint Elizabeth was carrying some food to a poor family living a little distance from the castle, she met her husband, and some friends, returning from a hunting expedition.

"What are you carrying, Elizabeth?" asked the landgrave. "It must be precious when you take it yourself instead of sending a servant."

"Yes," replied Elizabeth. "See, here it is," and she threw open her cloak. To the amazement of her husband and his friends, she held in her hands, red, white, yellow, and pink.

The landgrave turned away, almost overcome with emotion, and his saintly wife continued on her mission of mercy.

Not long after this Henry joined the Crusade. He was stricken with fever at Otranto, in Italy, and died on the eleventh of September, 1227. Elizabeth was deeply grieved at the death of her husband. After his burial she was driven out of her home by her cruel, ambitious brother-in-law, and with her little children, one an infant, she was forced to beg her food and shelter. She was afterwards restored to her rights; but she refused everything except barely sufficient to live on. Her dowry she distributed among the poor. Thus we see the daughter of a king serving the sick, cleansing the leper, the lame, and working as a servant for the honor and glory of God. Saint Elizabeth died on the nineteenth of November, in the year 1231.—Sunday Companion.

THE NEWSBOY HERO

The Press, of this city, in one of its eloquently expressive editorials pays just tribute to a little hero:

"Billy Rugh" has made a name that will not be forgotten. Billy Rugh was lately a newsboy of Gary, Indiana. Himself crippled by infantile paralysis, the withered limb that sorely handicapped him in the struggle for existence became the means of his achieving lasting honor. Learning the sad plight of Miss Ethel Smith in the hospital, "Billy" offered his blighted limb for the skin-grafting necessary to save her life. He did not long survive its amputation, but his last words were an expression of his satisfaction that his fellow-sufferer and girl friend was on the road to recovery. Said he: "I can get along all right." And the newsboy has "gone along" to "that bourne which no traveler returns." Nobody would care to take his name as worthy to be set in golden type if this could magnify his deed, and the papers he sold as a waif of the unknown public have carried a heartening story of his bravery far beyond the street corners where an obscure little hero plied his modest trade. He "being dead, yet speaketh." A deed like this was an aspect of grandeur by its very simplicity. It needed no decorations. It is intrinsically precious. It is great apart from style, voice, gesture or interpretation, and great with a measure of awe to us have the qualification rightly to adjudge. It is once more an adventure of the unexpecting virtue all about us, upsetting our trivial maxims as might some tremor in the bedrock expose craggy wedges of gold. Certain it is that the spirit of knight-errantry is not looked

up in medieval tombs nor imbued with the romance of the tilting lists. Could the paginated host be visibly called back, it would be found that "Billy Rugh" had as valorous a soul as the knightliest of warriors, for it is comparatively easy to make a splendid stroke before applauding throngs, whereas this newsboy's chivalry is that of a generous heart and unflinching endurance in the behalf of another. We may invent fine titles such as would puzzle "Billy's" brain; we may call him "altruist," "humanitarian," "philanthropist" or "martyr," yet his act begets the infirmities of language and stands the clear-cut symbol of the loftiest treasure a human soul can hold or dispense. "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friend."

Could he return, none would be more surprised than "Billy" himself at the heroic and tender feeling awakened by his sacrificial act. He has cheered plenty of folk outside the hospital who never saw his face and never handed capital into a kindly deed, he has encouraged members of a wide audience after the spirit of his own noble example. And just because this deed was done from sheer humane motives and under no conscious feeling of winning merit or holding a special virtue, its influence spreads a warm light over broad spaces of life. Thousands of people will gladly accept the hint and re-read in wiser and more sympathetic fashion the story of human existence and the hidden memorials of essential goodness fetched into evidence by this incident. The bright light of gratitude set within the home of an invalid girl also some light for the righteous everywhere. Gary, Indiana, is proud of "Billy Rugh," and human hearts all over the United States are proud of the possibilities which redeem a man in his own eyes. We can do something worth while. The newsboy has told us this much. Out of his weakness he has helped to make many strong.

Quite proper that his townsman should honor his memory. Response is quick from all parts of the country. The newsboy fraternity to which Billy Rugh belonged claim shares in sending a donation to fittingly mark their comrade's resting place. In these days of human life in terms of brutish aggression, it is well seen how one simple sacrificing act explodes a sordid philo-sophy and revives our homage and loyalty in favor of those radical sympathies whereby society grows and earth is made a trifle softer to the foot-fall for all.

How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

AN EMPEROR'S GIFT TO OUR LORD

Once upon a time an emperor named Rudolph was lost on a lonely moor. His horse carried him far from his following of knights and attendants. One quire alone remained by him. Rudolph eagerly scanned the vast expanse of moor, and as he looked he saw an aged priest in surplice and stole coming towards him. The scolyte who accompanied the priest carried a lighted lantern, and he rang a little bell, and tried to warn the traveler that our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament was passing by. The emperor and the quire dismounted and knelt in adoration. When Rudolph lifted his head he noticed with surprise that the priest was making ready to wade the swollen brook. Going up to him the emperor replied that he had been summoned to administer the last Sacraments to a dying man, and that to cross the brook was the shortest way to reach the hut where he lived. "I pray you to take my horse," said Rudolph, and he helped the priest to mount; then taking the quire's horse he resumed the chase.

The following day the aged priest appeared in the courtyard of Rudolph's palace, leading the beautiful charger, which he returned with grateful thanks to the emperor. But the emperor refused to take it saying that a horse that had borne the King of kings should be kept for His service. Never more should earthly prince mount him. Putting the bridle in the hands of the priest, he bade him keep the charger for other journeys that he should make as bearer of the Blessed Sacrament, and with joy in his heart the priest accepted.

We can learn something from this pretty story; and though we can not make princely gifts to our Lord, we can honor Him every day by some little act of adoration. The powerful emperor had no possession in common with us, the gift of Faith, and he proved his love and reverence. Let us prove ours.

THE HOLY MASS

At the hour of death the Masses you have heard will be your greatest consolation.

Every Mass will go with you to judgment and plead for pardon.

At every Mass you can diminish the temporal punishment due to your sins, more or less, according to your fervor.

Assisting devoutly at Mass you render to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord the greatest homage.

He forgives you all the venial sins which you are determined to avoid.

He forgives you all the unknown sins which you never confessed.

The power of Satan over you is diminished.

You afford the souls in purgatory the greatest possible relief.

One Mass heard during your life will be of more benefit to you than many heard for you after your death.

You are preserved from many dangers and misfortunes which would otherwise have befallen you.

You shorten your purgatory by every Mass.

Every Mass wins for you a higher degree of glory in heaven.

You receive the priest's blessing, which Our Lord ratifies in heaven.

You kneel amidst a multitude of holy angels, who are present at the adorable sacrifice, with reverential awe.

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You are blessed in your temporal goods and affairs.

When we hear Mass and offer the Holy Sacrifice in honor of any particular saint or angel, thanking God for favors bestowed on him, we afford him a great degree of honor, joy and happiness, and draw his special love and protection on us. Every time we assist at Mass we should, besides our other intentions, offer it in honor of the saint of the day.—Monitor, Newark, N. J.

IMITATE THE SAINTS

WE CAN EMULATE THEIR LESSER VIRTUES

By Rev. Walter Elliot C. S. P.

One should read the lives of the saints so constantly as to live a life apart with them and among them. Our usual environment is men like ourselves, of imperfect spirit and abounding in faults. But the true Christian should at close intervals be back and forth with Christ's discipleship of perfect souls, whereby the virtues of our Master and His maxims shall form our familiar atmosphere. The saints should be our only heroes. Why read of men's warlike deeds, when these champions of the Prince of Peace are given us for our models? They were stoned, they were put to death by the sword. . . . being in want, distressed, afflicted; of whom the world was not worthy" (1st Cor. 15, 37, 38). Great from statorcraft? No, but from holy simplicity. Great by the might of their swords? No, but from undaunted endurance of the swords of tyrants for God's true faith.

It is related of St. Ignatius, in the earlier period of his sainthood, that he and two or three devout companions journeyed through Spain teaching the little catechism, going always on foot, and carrying each his own pack on his back. An ignorant but kindly-disposed peasant joined them once, happening to be bound in the same direction. Edited by their cheerful and pious ways, he now and then induced them to let him carry their packs. When they came to a quiet corner apart, kneel down and meditate for some notable time. Struck by their example he did the same. A bystander asked him what he was doing. He answered: "I do nothing else but this: I say to God, Lord, these men are saints, and I have been glad to be their beast of burden. And what they do, I wish to do." It afterwards turned out that this rude clown became a very spiritual man.—Catholic World.

Holy Mass Said Every Hour

Catholics rarely stop to think that the Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered in some part of the world every hour. When it is midnight in Philadelphia, Masses are beginning in Italy. France takes up the devotion, then Spain, Ireland and the islands of the Atlantic. A little later the missionary of the ice-bound coast of Greenland elevates the chalice of salvation. At the noon hour in our American cities the Pacific Islands make ready to receive our Lord.

The brave priests who have ventured into the Far East, in Tibet, China, etc., begin each in turn the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice, from which they gain the courage and strength necessary for their apostolate.

On the altar of Hindoostan, where St. Francis Xavier administered the faith, the candles are again lighted; Poland and Siberia give divine consolation to the poor Catholics within the fold; and so on, in an ever-widening circle that finally embraces the entire globe, the Blessed Host rises as infinitely as the sun over the heads of the faithful.

THE SUGGESTION OF THE BELLS

The Rev. George Nicholson, C. S. R., while preaching a mission sermon in a town hall in Worcester, England, was interrupted by the clanging of the bells of an old abbey. The priest quickly took advantage of the interruption, exhorting his congregation to heed their message.

Listen to those glorious old bells in your beautiful abbey; those bells, fashioned by Catholic hands centuries ago intended to send out to Catholic ears the summons to come and worship God in the manner His own Catholic Church, inspired by the Holy Spirit, has worshipped Him from the beginning. Listen to those bells and cast your minds back to the old, old days when disunion was unknown, when your Abbey bells, with the bells of Gloucester, Pestebury, Hereford, blended harmoniously with the chimes from the venerable old cathedral voicing aloud one common song of praise and worship; summoning the faithful to early Mass, punctuating the fleeting hour at morning, noon and evening with the notes of the Angels, to remind man of the great mystery of the Incarnation; tolling solemnly to entreat a prayer for a passing soul, or a

At all events, it appears to have been in Genoa since 1101, when it was given by a knight who brought it from the Holy Land when he returned from the first crusade. It formed part of the booty which fell into the hands of the Crusaders at the siege of Cesarea. For a long time up to 1476 it was not allowed to be touched, not even to adorn it with the precious stones which the faithful were desirous of offering.

The cup (Sacro Catino) was at one time believed to have been cut from an enormous emerald. For a long time the vessel was kept in a steel box, and was taken out only once a year. Then it was lifted with silken cords and placed by the Archbishop on the High Altar for veneration.

After the 17th century according to the chronicles of the day, many fetes were held in honor of the vessel, which attracted thousands of pilgrims, not only from Italy, but from other countries. Besides its great archaeological interest, the Grail has inspired songs from Chretien de Troyes to Richard Wagner.

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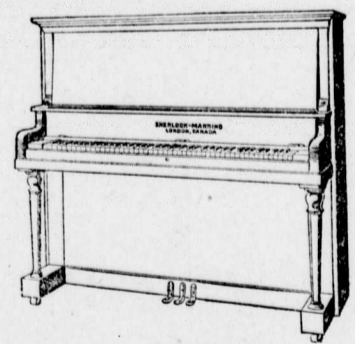
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