

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE ART OF ALL ARTS FOR THE LEADER

After Alexander the Great had conquered the Persian he became suddenly very ill. One of his generals sent him a letter saying that his attending physician had resolved to poison him. He read the letter without the slightest sign of emotion, and put it under his pillow. When the physician came and prepared medicine, Alexander said he would not take it just then, but told him to put it where he could reach it, and at the same time gave him the letter from his general. Alexander raised himself on his elbow, and watched the physician's face with the most searching scrutiny, looking into his very soul, but he did not see in it the slightest evidence of fear or guilt. He immediately reached for the medicine bottle, and, without a word, drank its contents. The amazed physician asked him how he could do that after receiving such a letter. Alexander replied, "Because you are an honest man."

Alexander was a remarkable student of human nature. He knew men, and the motives which actuated them. He could read the human heart as an open book.

The art of all arts for the leader is this ability to measure men, to weigh them, to "size them up," to estimate their possibilities, to place them so as to call out their strength and eliminate their weakness.

This is the epitaph which Andrew Carnegie has chosen for himself: "Here lies a man who knew how to get around him men much cleverer than himself."

People wonder how a Morgan, a Harriman, a Ryan, a Wanamaker, can carry on such prodigious enterprises. The secret lies in their ability to project themselves through a mighty system, by being able to choose men who will fit the places they are put in, men who can carry out their employer's programme to the letter.

THE FIRST STEP The very first step a young man takes for himself is the most important one of all. If he would be right all the time he must start right. The first thing a builder does when preparing to erect a good, substantial building is to lay a good foundation, deep, broad and on a solid footing. If he fails to do this he will repent for his folly when it is too late.

A few years ago a granite block was built in Boston some eight or nine stories high, and when it was completed, it was a few feet of an old wall, and to save a few dollars it was left, and when the enormous weight of the structure began to bear down upon it, it could not stand the pressure and the entire block fell in ruins. A hundred or \$200 worth of work saved in the foundation was over a hundred thousand dollars' loss in the end, and that was but a trifling in comparison with the lives sacrificed, which no money could repay.

A FRIEND'S INFLUENCE IS WORTH MORE THAN GOLD It would be interesting to trace the influence of friendship in the careers of the successful men of this country. Many of them owed their success almost entirely to strong friendships.

"Men are bound together by a great credit system," says a writer, "the foundation of which is mutual respect and esteem. No man can fight the battle for commercial success single-handed against the world; he must have friends, helpers, supporters, or he will fail."

Aside from the importance of friends as developers of character, they are continually aiding us in worldly affairs. They introduce us to men and women who are in positions to advance our interests. They help us in society by opening to us cultured circles which, without their influence, would remain closed to us. They unconsciously advertise our business or profession by telling people what they know about our latest book, our skill in surgery or medicine, our success in recent law cases, our "clever" invention, or the rapid growth of our business. In other words, real friends are constantly giving us a "boost," and are helping us to get on in the world.

"What is the secret of your life?" asked Elizabeth Barrett Browning of Charles Kingsley. "Tell me, that I may make mine beautiful, too." He answered: "I had a friend."

TRUE HUMILITY Humility is not laziness, or timidity, or pusillanimity; though these are often mistaken for it, especially by the lazy, the timid and the pusillanimous. The definitions of humility that St. Thomas gives must not be understood in any such sense. In one place he defines it as a virtue which restrains and curbs the soul lest it should aim immoderately at lofty things; and in the next article it is defined as a virtue by which a man repress himself, restrains himself so as not to let himself be carried away toward things above him. By these definitions, or by what they imply, we are not forbidden to aim at

lofty things, but we are forbidden to do so in an immoderate manner; for St. Thomas does not run counter to Father Baltasar Alvarez's exhortation: "Let us not degenerate from the high thoughts of the sons of God." No, humility is not sloth of cowardice—neglecting to use to the utmost any gifts that God has given to us, and doing so under the pretense, forsooth, of escaping the glory that would pursue us if we exercised them to the full. We need not be afraid; we may boldly do our best without any danger of disturbing the world's equanimity.—Intermountain Catholic.

HAND OF PROVIDENCE Sometimes in the course of life a heavy sorrow enters in that stays us in our waywardness; that checks us and holds us in control. By the event we see existence in this world with a new view. It is not all pleasure, high, grand freedom, not all that we wish and do as you will. This teaches us restraint and brings back forcibly to us that the ruler is the Eternal King, and not our own self-centered will.

Perhaps we will pine under the severity of our lesson; wonder why it is that we must suffer; even complain that our punishment is unjust; yet when the burden rises, and through our sorrow we have changed from the way of evil to that which is good, we see the hand of Providence.

Perhaps the cost was great, but perhaps, too, had it been lighter we would have remained unmoved, and the expense of the sacrifice have been in vain.—Intermountain Catholic.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE STRONG Admit a fault candidly. Do not excuse yourself. Accept and forget a slight. Do not worry about what people think or say of you. Never boast; speak as little of self as possible. Obey cheerfully and promptly. Rise calmly and quickly after a fall. Avoid pitying yourself. Take the lowest place. Be kind to one who has humbled you. Avoid showing off. Do not indulge in extravagance in dress. Do not be jealous.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

LOVE AND COURAGE It was a beautiful spring day. The sunlight shining on the fresh green grass, kissed the modest violets that grew in profusion. The fruit trees were covered with pink and white blossoms, which filled the air with a heavy sweet scent, while the birds caroled joyously, lending beauty of sound to the scene.

On a quiet, shady street in the town of Melville stood a large high school. It was an imposing edifice of gray stone and was four stories high. In one small room at the extreme end of the second year girls under the instruction of Miss Delsours, a native of France, she was listening to the recitations with a tired, bored look for the lessons were going on very slowly. She could not understand how the girls who usually did so well were failing to-day.

At last she turned and as her eyes fell on one of the girls, who sat quietly in the corner, she said: "page de, Le Constrict De 1818, s'il vous plait."

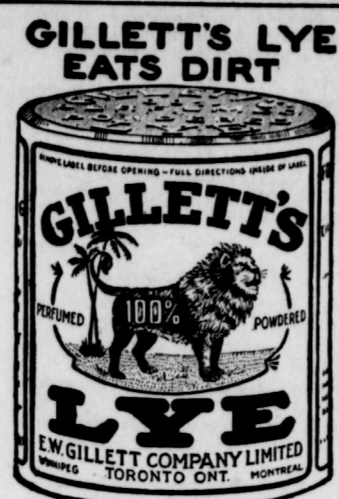
At her request Marie Datharac rose from her seat. She was a thin, delicately built girl of about fourteen years. Her wavy brown hair fell in two long braids down her back and its color seemed to accentuate the sweetness of the small, pale face and the large, timid blue eyes.

Marie recited in a clear, sweet voice, "Nous nous remissions a l'ouvrage et les—"

Suddenly the door was thrown open by Madeline St. Clare, a third year girl, who rushed into the room and cried, "Fire, fire! The school is burning. Run for the street!"

In a moment the room was in an uproar. The books were flung to the floor and trodden on by the girls as they rushed to the door.

Marie was drawn along with the other girls into the street, which was now crowded with people, for they were the last ones out. She looked about her for her friend, Bernedette Manning, but could not find her and at last, becoming anxious, she asked the girls if they had seen her. All said that they had not.



With the swift resolve Marie ran to the back gate and into the back door. When she came to the third floor the smoke was so dense that she could scarcely breathe and stopped a minute before she could scarcely pick up courage to go up to the next flight. When she did get up to the fourth floor it was a seething mass of flames.

For a moment she stood in fear and then, nerving herself, darted through the flames to the chemistry room. There was no sign of Bernedette! With a cry of dismay she turned and ran into the next room. Here the flames were just beginning to creep along the walls and ceiling, but this Marie did not notice, for she saw some one lying in the corner.

With a bound she was beside Bernedette, who lay there white and still and with an ugly gash across her forehead.

"Bernedette," she cried, "oh, Bernedette, wake up, the school is on fire." At her frantic call the girl's eyes fluttered open, and she smiled weakly at Marie.

"Why did you come, Marie?" she said. "Don't you know that we cannot be saved? I called and called, but no one came. Now it is too late, too late."

Her voice trailed into silence as she again fell into unconsciousness. At this new calamity Marie gave a sigh of despair and sitting on the floor she sobbed hysterically. What was she to do? Had she come through all that smoke and fire in vain?

Suddenly she glanced up and her eyes fell on a book, which somehow made her think of a means of escape. She went down the deserted stairway which ran off the book room. Surely that was not on fire yet.

At this thought she rushed out of the room into the burning corridor and opening the door looked down the passage way. Save for the dense smoke it was safe.

With a cry of joy she ran back into the corridor and to the room where Bernedette was lying. She tried to bring her to consciousness by throwing water on her face, but was unsuccessful. At last she decided that the only thing to do was to carry her. This she endeavored to do, but she was so weak that her arms refused to hold the heavy burden.

Twice she tried but failed, and then the third time she succeeded in getting Bernedette into her arms. With a fervent prayer for strength, she struggled out of the room into the corridor, which was now a raging furnace. The timbers were falling all about her and the floor under her feet shot forth flames; but with undaunted courage the brave girl ran quickly with her heavy burden.

Down the stairs she plunged, gasping for breath. She felt as if she would never reach the open air, but at last, just as she was beginning to despair, she felt the fresh air and then she stepped out into the sunlight.

UNDERTAKERS TOLD OF EARLY BURIALS

MONSIGNOR M. M. HASSET IN ADDRESS TELLS OF CUSTOMS OF ANCIENTS AFTER DEATH

During the session of the Funeral Directors' Association yesterday, one of the most interesting features was the address of the Right Rev. Mgr. M. M. Hassett, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, in which he told of the early customs employed in burying the dead.

The address proved so valuable that it is here printed in full: "You are aware, I presume, that about the beginning of the second century a special law was enacted for the Roman Empire prohibiting the existence of Christians; in the terse phraseology of Roman law it read: 'non licet esse Christianos,' which means 'Christians are not allowed to exist.' Under this terrible enactment, which meant death to any Christian denounced as such before a magistrate, the Christians of the First Age lived for two centuries.

Yet, curiously enough, the moment after one of the brethren suffered death for the faith the severity of the law in his regard ceased, and his body was given to his friends for any mode of interment they preferred. "The reason for this leniency towards one whom the law judged guilty of a capital offense was that the ancients had the utmost respect for the mortal remains of a human being, and in consequence, the Roman authorities permitted without hesitation the reverential consignment of the dead to their last resting place.

Before coming to the special subject on which I propose to speak a few introductory remarks on pagan burial practices may be of interest. Among the Romans the moment the spirit left the body the surviving relations of the deceased cried aloud a last farewell. Then followed preparations for burial. The bodies of the poor were enclosed in a coffin and carried at night by porters to the common cemetery. The expenses were paid by the funeral college of which the deceased was a member.

"The death of an important personage was customarily announced at the temple of Venus Libitina, where was registered by an official known as the Libitinaris, who also performed the duties of undertaker. After these preliminaries slaves were dispatched by the Libitinaris to the residence of the deceased, where they prepared the remains for interment. This process consisting in the usual ablutions, anointing the body with oil of balsam and finally clothing it in splendid apparel. The corpse was then removed to the open courtyard or atrium of the mansion where it lay in state. A vase filled with perfumes was placed beside it. The door of the house was then decorated with cypress branches, the conventional symbol of mourning.

HEADED BY MINSTRELS "When the day of interment arrived, the funeral procession set out headed by minstrels and mimes, proclaimed the virtues of the deceased, after whom came servants carrying the images of ancestors, and finally the body surrounded by relations and friends. Their first halting place was the Forum, where the funeral oration was pronounced from the rostrum, before which the body had previously been placed. This ceremony concluded the procession resumed its way to the cemetery, if the body was to be buried intact, or to the funeral pyre if it was to be cremated. In the later case the pyre was lighted by the nearest relations, their heads being averted while so doing; the ashes were afterwards collected, enclosed in a special urn and placed in the family vault. In the former the body was put in a sarcophagus, sprinkled with lustral water, the ceremony ending with the last salute.

"It was quite in the natural order of things that Christians should continue to bury their dead in the manner of their ancestors, omitting, however, from the ceremonies everything that was distinctly pagan in character. For example, cremation was forbidden to Christians. The body during life was the temple of the Holy Ghost, hence it seemed to the followers of the Redeemer a desecration to reduce it to ashes. The funeral procession on the other hand, was retained, but with important modifications. In place of the minstrels, the mimes and the like, of the pagan funeral, the Christians bore the bodies of their dead by torch-light to the tomb, chanting psalms on the way. Religious services were held at the grave, and in at least some instances, a funeral oration was delivered.

"From a very early date the Christians made provision for their own special cemeteries. Indeed the term cemetery in the sense in which we employ it, is specifically Christian. Koimeterion, in Latin dormitorium means a sleeping place. That is to say, the Christians regarded death as in a certain sense, a sleep from which the day of judgment, the body shall awaken when it shall be reunited to the soul.

BURIED IN GALLERIES "The most remarkable Christian cemeteries that still exist are those of Rome. From the first century, in the eternal city, the Christians adopted the practice of burying the dead in the walls of subterranean galleries, situated from one to three miles from the city gates. It is conjectured by modern archaeologists that in choosing this mode of interment they were influenced by the Jewish custom of burying in tombs hallowed out of rock, and especially by the fact that Our Lord's Body lay, before the Resurrection, in a grave of this order.

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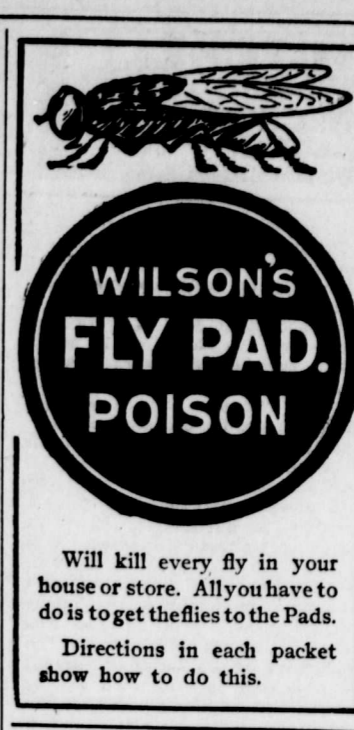
"The geological formation of the Roman campagna rendered the excavation of these tombs quite easy. The fossors, or grave diggers, had but to dig down a few feet to find a thick vein of comparatively soft, yet consistent rock formation, known as tufa. Then began the operation of opening a gallery for which only a pick and shovel were necessary. The removal of the earth and stone excavated was, however, a serious matter; how serious will be understood better when the great extent of these subterranean galleries is known; in a continuous line they would extend over a distance of more than five hundred miles.

"When you first hear these figures you are naturally inclined to be sceptical; for how, you may ask, could excavations so extensive be made in territory necessarily restricted. The explanation is easy. For instance, what is known as the crypt of Lucina, the oldest portion of one of these cemeteries, consists of a piece of ground 180 by 100 feet. Yet the galleries excavated beneath this small portion of land contained by actual count 5,736 graves. Of course it would be impossible in a single row of galleries running back and forth in this space to excavate so many graves, but in the catacombs, as these cemeteries are familiarly called, 2, 3 or more superposed galleries were the rule, so that the lowest series is often 30 or 40 feet from the surface of the soil. In this way a small parcel of land became a great city of the dead.

"The graves themselves were of a rule of two types. A grave of the more common type consisted of a space sufficiently large for the purpose, hollowed out lengthwise in the sides of the galleries, in which the body was placed, then enclosed with a slab and hermetically sealed. Inferred in this way the friends of the deceased could at any time, such as on the anniversary of the death, easily visit the tomb.

"The other type of grave, much less common, is known as the arcosolium tomb. This also was excavated in the side of the gallery, but occupied more space, was enclosed by the top instead of lengthwise in the enclosure was surmounted by an arch. From this arch, which was usually decorated, this style of tomb derives its name.

"But perhaps the most interesting feature of these subterranean cemeteries is the fact that, in spite of all the adverse conditions, which you may easily surmise, it was here that began the great traditions of Christian art. The people of antiquity had very often a fancy for decorating their tombs, and this trait was not relinquished when they became Christians. But in retaining this custom of their fathers they made one momentous modification: everything suggesting idolatry was rigidly excluded. Thus we find, for example, in the tomb of the Flavian family, decorations of the end of the first century consisting of such harmless subjects as birds, landscapes, ornamental heads and the like. This was the first step toward the establishment of a characteristically Christian art; the elimination of such offensive subjects as may be seen, for example in some of the contemporary paintings of Pompeii.



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The subterranean chapel known as the Capella Greca, which dates from about the year 130, for instance, contains frescoes of The Sacrifice of Abraham, Susanna, The Adoration of the Magi, the Resurrection of Lazarus and two symbolic scenes referring to Baptism and the Eucharist. And so year by year the number of subjects increased to such an extent that when, in the reign of Constantine the Great, the empire became officially Christian, it was discovered that the broad principles of Christian art, which thus came into being in the gloom of the catacombs, were finally and forever established.

"Such were the principal modifications made by Christianity in the matter of interment. They may in conclusion be summed up briefly. Following the broad principle that some customs are in themselves indifferent, while other customs are essentially wrong, the Church permitted the former to continue and quietly eliminated the latter. Thus from the mournful duty of laying away the dead she eliminated all that savored of idolatry, and at the same time discontinued the numerous practices more or less traceable to vanity which detracted from the impressiveness of the occasion. In a word interment at the same time became more simple, and more solemn.

"Another striking change that came in with Christianity was that death came to be regarded from a new point of view. The hopeless outlook, so frequently noted in the epitaphs on pagan tombs, is wholly absent from inscriptions on Christian tombs. A few examples of each kind will illustrate this difference. The sentiments expressed by pagans are of this order: 'Once I was not, now I am not. I know nothing about it, it does not concern me.' The bones of Nicen are buried here. You who live in the upper air, live on, farewell; ye shadows below, hail, receive the epitaphs on Christian tombs, on the other hand, show absolute confidence in the future. One is said to be 'received by God'; of frequent occurrence is the expression 'in peace'; while the general sentiment of the faithful is summed up in the following: 'Chresime, my sweetest and most affectionate daughter, mayest thou live in God.'

ATOUCHING SPECTACLE

In its recent "Irish Number" the London Times gives much and high credit to the Catholics of Ireland for their work in education as soon as, by the partial relaxation of the Penal Laws, it became possible for them to take any practical concern in educational matters. What the condition as to education facilities was at the time for Catholic and Protestant in Ireland the Times states briefly and fairly.

"At the beginning of the last century," it says, "the Protestants of Ireland were well provided for educationally. They had Trinity College, Dublin; they had the Royal Schools, the Erasmus Smith schools, diocesan schools, 'the Charter' schools, the schools under the Kildare Place Society, all well endowed, and all conducted on strictly Protestant principles."

"That is how the Protestant minority were taken care of in education in Ireland a hundred years ago. How was it with the Catholics? The Times goes on to tell: "The Catholics, on the other hand, had no endowments and were receiving no financial aid from public sources except the then small grant to Maynooth College. Whatever do it were the Catholic majority in Ireland excluded from the advantages of education. But law could not extinguish the love of learning in the Catholic Irish people or the educational missionary spirit of the Catholic Church. The Times recognizes the situation and gives full credit to the Catholic agencies through which a good beginning was made in the work of popular education.

districts. It can safely be said that the educational work of these orders would compare not unfavorably with similar work done at that time in England or in Protestant schools in Ireland. When tested later on by the inspectors of the (government) national board, it was found that the schools of the teaching orders more than held their own as compared with the other schools throughout the country."

The Times mentions some of those Catholic religious orders "thus brought into the educational life of Ireland," as soon as law relaxed its veto on education of any kind for the Catholic Irish: "They are the Christian Brothers founded by Edmond Rice of Waterford, on the model of de la Salle's great institution, and the Presentation Nuns, the Irish Sisters of Charity, the Loretto Nuns, and the Sisters of Mercy for girls."

And the Times "Irish Number" goes on to point and emphasize the meaning of this Irish Catholic educational development: "These six orders were Irish in their founders, in their training and in their spirit. They were all instituted between 1790 and 1827, and would seem to have come into existence to meet the educational wants of the time. There is something very striking in this springing up of these six teaching orders within so short a period in a country so small as Ireland. The simple facts were that at that time had come when Irish Catholics were at liberty to open schools, and these six orders, simultaneously as it were, came into being to help in doing so. To an Irish Catholic it might seem as if some of the seed sown by the old Monastic and Church schools had suddenly sprouted up and bore fruit."

These are noteworthy words appearing in the Times, which for generations—from its first number in fact—has been distinguished by bitter and rancorous hostility to everything Irish and Catholic.

RUDENESS OF SOME AMERICANS IN ROME

While we were waiting for the Pope to come in I had an amusing conversation with a German Lutheran woman who sat at my side, writes Laura B. Starr in the New York Sun. Without preamble, or in any way preparing me for her onslaught, she said abruptly: "Are you a Romanist?" "No, madam," I managed to stammer.

"Are you going to kneel when the Pope comes in?" "Certainly, madam, if everybody else does," I said with more courage. "Well, I am not going to kneel to mortal man."

"Why did you come here, if you were determined not to kneel? It will make a scene if you do not, and that would be disgraceful. Upon occasions like this one must follow the accepted rule; you should have remained at home if you were not prepared to conform to the usages of the Vatican."

"Oh, dear," she said, "I thought you were an American, and that you would feel as I do about it."

"I am an American, but I don't feel as you do, and I don't want a scene, so you must kneel," and later when the Pope came to us I quietly pulled her arm until she assumed a lower position at least, so that she was not noticeable.

I suppose she had heard the many stories afloat in Rome about Americans who will go to see the Pope, but will neither kneel nor kiss his hand, thus showing the ignorance of the world and their ill-breeding. To invite themselves into another person's house and then refuse to conform to the social usages thereof, the height of ill manners and absolutely inexcusable.

The stories one hears in Rome about the rudeness of certain Americans, who seemed to think that they were showing independence of character by refusing to kneel in the presence of the Pope, after they had asked permission to visit him, make the worldly wise blush with shame.

Neither the Pope nor any of his attendants appears to notice the rudeness of such visitors, but the culprits themselves delight to tell the story, little dreaming that they are covering themselves with a double crown of shame by so doing.

The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.

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