

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

TOMORROW
There are wonderful things we are going to do
Some other day:
And harbors we hope to drift into
Some other day.

Catholic Bulletin

A SUCCESSFUL DEFINITION

An enterprising firm offered a prize of \$250 for the best definition of the word "success." The winner was a western woman, who submitted the following: "He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often, and loved much; who has gained the respect of intelligent men and women and the love of children; who has filled his niche, accomplished his task; who has left the world better than he found it, whether by an improved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction."

GOOD CHEER vs. DRUGS

There is no drug which can compete with cheerfulness. A jolly whole-hearted sunny physician is worth more than all the remedies in an apothecary shop. A writer known for his cheerful sayings received a letter from a lady, stating that one of his humorous poems had saved her life.

Dr. A. J. Sanders says: "The power of cheerfulness to do good like a medicine is not an artificial stimulus of the tissues, to be followed by reaction and greater waste, as is the case with many drugs; but the effect of cheerfulness is an actual life-giving influence throughout a normal channel, the results of which reach every part of the system. It brightens the eye, makes ruddy the countenance, brings elasticity to the step, and promotes all the inner force by which life is sustained. The blood circulates more freely, the oxygen comes to its home in the tissues, health is promoted and disease is banished."—Success.

SAINTS IN THE WRONG PLACE

An Irishman walked up Fifth Avenue, New York, dropped into a Presbyterian Church and immediately went to sleep. After the services were over the sexton came and shook him by the arm. "We are about to close up," said that functionary, "and I'll have to ask you to go now." "What talk have you?" said the Irishman. "The cathedral never closes."

"This is not the cathedral," said the sexton. "The cathedral is several blocks above here. This is a Presbyterian church." The Irishman set up with a jerk and looked about him. On the walls between the windows were handsome paintings of the Apostles. "Ain't that Saint Luke over yonder?" he demanded. "It is," said the sexton. "And Saint Mark just beyond him?" "Yes." "And, still farther along, Saint Timothy?" "Yes." "Young man," demanded the Irishman, "since when did all them turn Protestants?"

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR MARGINS?

You can not read a man so well during his busy hours as by what he does after supper, or from the closing hour of business to bedtime. You can not gauge his character so well by the money he spends for necessities or the living of his family, as by that little surplus of money which is left after the necessary expenses are paid. What does he do with his spare money, that margin left over from business and from living expenses? What he does with that margin will throw a wonderful light upon his character.

THE LITTLE HUNTER

"Sister, please, your little patient in No. 8 has been calling for you. He seems restless tonight. Perhaps—"

But Sister Gertrude did not wait for the nurse to finish. Benny wanted her. Turning quickly, she hastened down the long corridor in the direction of Blessed Theophane's ward.

PEOPLE WHO ARE "CRANKY"

Thrice blessed and happy the man or woman who is broad and even-tempered enough to escape the misfortune of being called, or considered, a crank. The number of men and women which belong to

this "crank" class is legion. Most of us come under this heading at one time or another. Many will object to so broad and sweeping a statement, but the fact that some of us don't realize the situation doesn't prove the contrary. Truth is very often stronger than fiction.

No matter how much alike two persons may be, there are some things in which they differ. This happens to be one of the causes which produces a crank. One person in a thousand may be fortunate enough to be decidedly popular and pleasing in many ways, while there isn't one in all this wide world, who hasn't some redeeming feature in his or her make up.

These "cranky" creatures, to which most of us, though perhaps unwittingly, belong, are to some extent, bodily sick and mentally ill. For, just as the body is subject to countless ailments, so the brain offers a fertile field for a still greater variety of mental germs and microbes. A sluggish liver gives us a tinge of yellow, and often tends to make some of us peevish; a sluggish brain makes us narrow, irritable and selfish.

A crank in general, is a person who has all kinds of excuses and reasons for harboring "bugs" of his own, but forges, or will not admit, that others may claim the same privilege. A crank is forever "on edge" about something which annoys him, and for this reason he may quite unconsciously get "on the nerves" of another who may be a proved poppy, a perfect poem, or a rescued soul; who has never lacked appreciation of earth's beauty or failed to express it; who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had; whose life was an inspiration, whose memory a benediction.

The over-lasting "don'ts" and complaints of those who are inclined to be "finicky," exact and proper, though well meant, are not always taken with good grace. It might be well for most of us to cultivate the art or hobby of "chucking" and laughing at our own conceits and follies. This may help us to "smile off" the sharp corners which bother us in our daily contact with others, and thus contribute our personal mite in making things more pleasant for all concerned.—Lordman in the Echo.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE BOYS WE NEED

Here's to the boy who is not afraid To do his share of work; Who never is by toll dismayed, And never tries to shrink.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet All lions in the way; Who's not discouraged by defeat, But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do The very best he can; Who always keeps the right in view, And aims to be a man.

Such boys as those will grow to be The men whose hands will guide The future of our land, and we Shall speak their names with pride.

THE LITTLE HUNTER

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But Sister Gertrude did not wait for the nurse to finish. Benny wanted her. Turning quickly, she hastened down the long corridor in the direction of Blessed Theophane's ward.

"Benny, did you want me?" asked the Sister in her kindest tones. "What is it, my lad?" And as she bent over her small crippled patient, she noticed with some alarm the regretful expression in the boy's blue eyes, and the tears that trickled down the hollow cheeks.

Benny cry." And her gentle hand smoothed back the yellow curls from the troubled brow.

What wonder if a look of tender compassion came into the nun's soft brown eyes, as she gazed down upon the patient sufferer and thought of that darkened, sunless life that had never known the joys of a mother's love! How vividly she now recalled the day, two years before, when they first brought Benny to her, unconscious, bruised and bleeding, and with his little back broken and so twisted! Oh, why did not an angel's hand stop the course of that big touring car before it had crushed the poor, homeless orphan beneath its wheels? An inscrutable Providence had decreed otherwise.

"Would you like to hear a story, Benny?"

The wan face brightened. How he did enjoy Sister Gertrude's stories. And she had such a fund of them! But Benny always liked stories about the martyrs best. Doubtless his own sufferings and the invisible patience with which he bore them were the links that bound him to those noble companions of Christ.

"Please, Sister, yes! And Sister—who was Blessed Theophane? Was he a martyr, too?"

"Yes, Benny, Blessed Theophane was martyred away off in Tong King. If you listen, I will tell you all about him." Then in simple words she told him the story of Blessed Theophane—how he lived and suffered for the love of his Heavenly Master, and how those for whom he loved and labored inflicted on him a cruel death.

The child's blue eyes were filled with tears when the Sister finished her story. "O Sister, if I could only do something for God like that!"

"Don't, Benny, you mustn't speak like that. You can do something for God and bring just as many souls to Him as Blessed Theophane did."

"Offer Him all your present and future sufferings as you have those of the past, and when your back is hurting most, just say: 'Dear Jesus, you know how I am suffering; but I offer it all to you for the conversion of those poor souls in heaven lands. Please, dear Jesus, bring them all to Heaven.'"

The little frame quivered, the eyes opened wide with intense agony, the dew gathered on the sunken face, but not a cry not a complaint escaped the drawn lips. With an effort, Benny picked up his little crucifix and kissed it tenderly. Then his eyes rested on those dear friends he loved so well, and who loved him in return. Yes, there was Father Boyle, his inseparable companion during all his sufferings, but where was the pleasant, winning smile that ever shone upon his kind face? And why was Sister Gertrude crying—his own dear Sister Gertrude? Oh, yes, he knew—he was dying! But they mustn't feel so bad. And he tried—oh, so hard—to smile.

"I'm going soon!" The weak voice faltered. "Up there!" He looked out of the window up at the blue sky. "Please don't feel bad, because I'm going to be so happy." He started violently. Look! There! See! Jesus—and Mary—with them! See! Jesus—and Mary—with them! See! Jesus—and Mary—with them!

A slight tremor shook the encausted form. A sigh—a gasp—a long breath, and then. The night had come for the little harvester. His day's toll was ended. Henry was dead.—The Field Star.

DISTRACTIONS AT PRAYER

St. Bernard, being one day on a journey, was joined on the road by a peasant, with whom he entered into conversation. Whilst chatting together the saint asked the peasant among other things, if he loved God. Whereupon the other answered simply: "Oh, as for that, Father I think I love Him with my whole heart." "Do you often pray to Him, and do you try to pray with attention?" "Oh, yes, Father I never have any distractions." St. Bernard saw well that the man did not know what it meant to be

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AERONAUTICS DUE TO MONASTERIES

HOW MONKS SOLVED AIR FLIGHT PROBLEMS

The general reader knows little of the great labors and successes of the monks of the "Middle Ages" in the solving of the problems of aerial navigation. Science was then perhaps too young to carry out to realization the suggestion of such writers as Albert the Great and Francis Bacon, concerning conquests of the air, which were considered nothing short of prophecy, and the hand and brain of the mechanic, largely devoted to triumphs in sculpture, painting and architecture, had few inducements to try to fashion anything like an aeroplane. But man's ambitious dreams were being led towards flights in the air, and occasionally experiments were made which led to progress and greater things.

FIRE BALLONS

Albert of Saxony, an Augustinian monk, in his commentaries on Aristotle, maintained that since fire is lighter than air it would be possible to be carried upwards, if a sufficient quantity of the ethereal substance could be enclosed in a globe. And Francis Mendoca, a Portuguese Jesuit, in 1628 embraced this theory, as did also his German confrere, Caspar Schott; both, however, added some original observations of their own which are not without worth, at least for the history of science.

But it was only in 1670 that the first real scientific approach to a solution of the problem was given to the world in the "Flogosma del Arte Aerea" of the Jesuit Francis Lana, which was published at Brescia. The principles here outlined are both original and sound. Lana suggested that four copper globes of the lightest possible weight and thickness be constructed from which all air should be displaced. These balls should measure 25 feet diameter and one two hundred and twenty-fifth of an inch in thickness, and thus their assensional powers would be 12 000 lbs.

Of course it was soon pointed out that no globe of the desired size and lightness could be constructed sufficiently strong to support the weight, nor yet to sustain the enormous pressure of the globes from within and the atmospheric pressure from without. And so the theory was rejected. It is only in our day that Lana has received the full meed of praise to which he is entitled for his sound principles and startling originality.

No other written discussion on aeronautics worth mentioning followed upon that of Lana until 1783, when Joseph Galien published an anonymous brochure of eighty-seven pages on the subject of Avignon. By some curious fate, Galien has been set down as a Jesuit by so sharp a bibliographer as Charles Somervogel, the continuator of the De Backer brothers' history of the writers of the Society of Jesus.

Galien was born in 1699 at Saint Paulin, in southern France. He entered the Dominican Order at Le Fay, not far from his home, and studied philosophy and theology at Avignon with such success that as early as 1726 we find him professor of the former in the convent of Bordeaux. For two years he taught the same subject in the University of Avignon, and later on was in the same place.

He published some learned works on philosophical subjects, and also a brochure on electricity which deserves to be studied at this day as one of the first and ablest discussions of the question. In 1755 he published anonymously a work on meteors, lightning and aerial navigation, which work he himself styled an amusement "physique et geometrique." But he was taken quite seriously by his contemporaries, so much so that two years later he re-edited this work over his own name under

THE ART OF FALLING IN THE AIR

MANY SHREWD HINTS

This booklet of the Avignon professor contains many shrewd hints. Galien shows in many places that he knows whereof he speaks. But he must certainly have been joking when he suggested the building of an airship larger than the City of Avignon. Perhaps he was only trying to make ridiculous the scientific self-sufficiency of his contemporaries. That seems to be the best explanation of the book. He is simply poking fun at the men who think that there is nothing in nature which cannot be mastered and fathomed; and yet he does not speak as one who disbelieves the possibility of the aerial feat.

And hence we need not be surprised that Joseph and Stephen Montgolfier, who invented the balloon several years later, borrowed ideas from Galien as they did from Priestley's "Experiments Relating to Different Kinds of Air." The Montgolfier brothers were neighbors of Galien's, and must have consulted him. Probably they learned from him not to trust themselves to the mighty chariot, for Stephen never left terra firma, just as Galien and Joseph only made one ascent.

In our own day Padre Bianco, a Spanish Dominican, has discovered some new things in aeronautics and has secured patents for at least two of his inventions.—Rev. T. M. Schweitzer, O. P., in Baltimore Catholic Review.

CAN A CREEDLESS AMERICA BE MORAL?

In an excellent paper contributed to the August Atlantic Mrs. Katharine Fullerton Gerould holds so steadfastly to the "old ways" that she maintains that "the lack of religion" is "more responsible than war, or movies or motor cars for the vulgarity of our manners and the laxity of our morals" today. She continues:

"The type of religion by which we were for the most part influenced in America did not necessarily give us manners, but it did necessarily give us morals. It called certain things evil; it stuck to the Ten Commandments. It forbade exploitation of the senses. . . . Many of my friends are not religious at all, although they are moral. But they were nearly all brought up in strict religious forms; and while their brains have been carded dogma, their characters have none the less been molded by a fairly firm Christian ethic. But social conditions in a modern democracy change so rapidly, that a code with no eternal sanction is a weak reed to lean upon. We are enduring more and more in America the influence of people who have broken deliberately or violently with all religious law; and you cannot knock away the props and still keep the structure. You cannot make the Ten Commandments potent by mere dwelling on their inherent felicity. If there is no Divine command back of them, they lose all power over the man who finds it more satisfactory to break them. . . . Take away the hope of heaven—tear away much more, the fear of hell—and you are going to be left with at best, an attitude of mere politeness toward the Commandments; an attitude, at worst, of contempt or hostility."

To all Catholics, happily, the foregoing sound reflections are commonplace, but it is decidedly refreshing to find a high principled non-Catholic like Mrs. Gerould boldly recalling those old truths to the Atlantic Monthly's readers. Catholics thoroughly realize, of course, that a people's good morals owe their permanence and consistency to a Divine sanction which is proclaimed by an authoritative teacher, and that the atheistic State is rushing to inevitable ruin. It is the strength of this conviction that enables American Catholics to maintain our splendid parish school system and make cheerfully great sacrifices in order to safeguard the Catholic education of our boys and girls. In so doing we likewise show ourselves to be the truest lovers of our country, for there is no graver menace to American liberty than the spread of irreligion. Nothing will carry our youths and maidens safely through the moral perils symbolized by "the war, the movies and the motor car," except a living faith in the God of infinite mercy and justice who punishes the contemners of His law and rewards its observers. But as this is the basic truth that the Catholic Church authoritatively, in season and out, teaches all her children, the moral regeneration of our nation would seem to lie largely in the hands of its Catholic citizens.—America.

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