NOVEMBER 30. 1912

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE NEED OF GOOD MANNERS

ULAIN WITH IUURU IER Subset of the second state of dispetential of the second state s

him. A young man may think it a fine thing to be independent in social matters. He will soon find that he cannot afford in life to be independent of anything ex-cept an evil influence. If he prefers the society of loungers in liquor-saloons or at hotel-bars, he needs nothing but a limit-less suppy of money. His friends there require the observance of only one rule of eliquette—he must " treat " regular ly. To yonng men who hunger for that kind of independence and that sort of thinds I have nothing to say, except that it is easy to prophesy their ruin and disgrace. If a man has no better grave or to live forsaken in an alms-honse, let him make up his mind to be "independent." The world in which you live is exacting, and you can no more succeed and defy its actions than you can stick your finger into a fire and you can stick your finger. Into a fire and you can stick your THE OXEN dressed she visited Bernard; he refused to see her, and only at last consented to do so, not as her brother, but as the minister of Christ. The words he then spoke moved her so much that two years later she retired to a convent with her husband's consent, and died in the repu-tation of sanctity. Bernard died A. D. 1153 His most precious writings have carned for him the titles of the last of the Fathers and a Doctor of the Holy

PARABLE OF THE OXEN

A rather sporty young fellow got a sition with a man who believes in ex-A rather sporty young tends along a position with a man who believes in ex-socting a fall day's work from his em-ployees. The new clerk who prided himself on his cleverness, decided he would like a little time off, so he asked his employer for a vacation of three or four days, in order that he might be treated for a nervous complaint. The employer gave his consent rather sourly. That afternoon, while the young fel-low was present, the proprietor casually told the following story. "Once upon a time there were two oxen, one a hard working ox, the other a shiftless animal who preferred resting to working.

a shiftless animat who preteriors to working. "One morning the shiftless ox con-fided to the other that he was going to slip away for a day or two to sample some new pasture ground. "Don't tell the master I have gone,

for I shall return before my absence has been discovered,' he said. "The other ox assented, and the lazy one departed. Two days later he re-

"Does the master know that I have

" Does the matter know that I have been away ? he saked. " I believe so, he asked. " Did he seem angry ? " N-n-no, I can't say that he did,"

"I believe so,' he asked. Did he seem angry?' 'N-n-no, I can't say that he did,' dutiful ox answered. But are you quite sure that he did make any comment?' the other per-d. the dutiful ox answered.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS ST. BERNARD

the other and thread in a different direction. The second second provide the second other. "I'll true you, old fellow," the inter and. "Go absed, I'll follow." So he followed over the mountain, and, thanks to Billy, reached home actery. And do you think that Billy lay down then and took the rest he had well erend ? If he had been able to talk he might have said, "I've done my whole duty, I've seved my master. The other man kicked me when I was trying to do him a finator, now he may take care of immelf the beet way he can." No; instead, Billy showed a mobleness of nature, a forging spirit, that we might well initiate. As soon as he had seen his star also out over the mountains in she night and blinding storm he went again, till he had found the other man, who, by this time, was more hopolessly loss than he had been before, and in despair had given up to die. Ho this indenship ; instead he gialdy followed where he led, and thus came safely to the ashin, to shelter and easiety. The reacted man thew that he oved his ilfe to Billy. He never forgot this, and to show his gratitude he had med-found. It mighthot be safe for a dog to or about the streets, wearing so much of the precious metal, so the costly collar-has the bank book for it, but it is said that the value of the gold nuggets to not of the Nome banks, and Billy not only has the bank book for it, but it is said that the value of the gold nuggets makes him the richest dog in the world. Christian Intelligencer. A MODEST HERO Althore the acilary of one file.

A MODEST HERO A MODEST HERO Although the gallantry of our life-saving service is not only constant, but great, there are occasional acts of hero-ism so unusual that they stand out brightly even in the records of that famous corps. These are the exploits that are rewarded with the special gold medal of the government. The Phila-delphia Telegraph recalls one such deed:

delphia Telegraph recalls one such deed: Between midnight and dawn one August night the full fury of the hur-ricane that had swept the Atlantic coast broke over Hatteras, and gave Surfman Erasmus Midgett of Gull Shoal Station his chance to show the stuff that he was make of. At three o'clock he had set out to patrole the south beach, where the water rushing over the narrow strip of sand rose to his horse's saddle-girths. Frequently he was obliged to rest in the lee of a dune to avoid being sufficient by the flying sand.

of education that I ever met is the work of a boy, a neighbor, who used to come into my house occasionally to play chess. At that time he and his father worked At that time he and his father worked in a small woollen factory, where the boy received 60 cents a day. He had a longing for an education, but could see no way of gaining one, for there was no money in the family, and 60 cents a day does not admit of much saving. and. All along the beach bits of broken wreckage floated in, telling of disaster somewhere out in nature's unloosed rage and tumuit. At the farthes limit of

his beat Midgett flung himself from his horse, and, rushing to the water's edge, money in the family, and 60 cents a day does not admit of much saving. But when he was fourteen he came into possession of an old bicycle, and, with his parents' consent left the factory for a job as a telegraph messenger at a summer resort a short distance away. Our state agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived.

horse, and, rushing to the water's edge; caught sight of a vessel over which the seas were breaking. In the stern he saw men huddled together. The station was three miles away. To Midgett's trained eye it was clear that the wreek would not last an hour. He surveyed the brutal surf, and de-cided that the wreck lay one hundred yards off shore. Using his hands as a megaphone, he shouted to the men to hold fast. One, in delirium, leaped into the sea and swam into Midgett's grasp.

the sea and swam into Midgett's grasp. Instantly the foam smothered them. The deadly undertow threatened to suck both to destruction. back and forth on his wheel, boarding at home. When the season at the resort was over he took his small savings and started to school. In this way he had Dragging his burden safely to land, started to school. In this way he had the full four years' course at practically no cost, working at odd times enough to pay for his clothes and books, and to recompense his parents in a measure for his board. He developed a liking for chemistry, and during the last year made it a special study. When he graduated he was given a place at the college as assistant chemist, at a small salary.

Midgett plunged once more into the ses, and bore back the body of a swoon-ing sailor. Five times he repeated this feat. The last sailor grasped out that three men, badly wounded by wreckage,

three men, badly wounded by wreckage, remained aboard. Midgett's strength was going, but he swam out to the wreck, and managed to crawl aboard. The captain, who had a hole in his breast from a broken spar, was dragged to land. Two seamen, less seriously injured, were helped to swim ashore by the tireless surfman. Then leaving the ten battered, helpless hulks of men to lie breathless on the

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

NUMITEST LIMITEST

sand, Midgett rode three miles to the station for aid. "We thought him mad," said the men of the station. "It looked like a case of stark insanity from exposure—and we have seen such cases. But ten half-naked, brine-drenohed men up the beach corroborsted his story, and the Tressury Department gold medal Midgett got was carned. There is still another story connected with this medal. When the medal had been granted and engraved, a party of officials went to Gull Shoal to present it. They made speeches full of eulogistic reference to Surfman Mid-gett, and then, with due ceremony, gave him the medal. Midgett, blushing like a school girl, and digging his toe nervously into the floor, then made his response. It was: "Why, I sin't done anything !"

HELPFUL THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN

Do we sufficiently realize the helpful-ness that is stored up for our daily use in the daily thought of heaven? Do we not, alast too often think of death as a rending and sundering of dear human a renaing and sundering of dear human ties, or as the passage to an unknown and untried future, when it is really the pathway to our true home and our dearest Friend, and to supreme and absolute joy? When a map is hastening home at evening after a hard day's work, is there not something that lightens his weariness, and makes his tired feet go

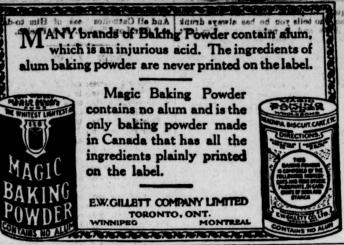
weariness, and make its interfet wel-come waiting him from his loving wife and children, or from his parents and sisters? But some men have no happy home. Oaly heaven is the perfect home. What says St. Cyprian? "We reckon Paradise to be our home;

"We reckon Paradise to be our home; already we begin to have the patriarchs for our kinsmen. Why should we not make haste and run, to see our home and to greet our kinsfolk? There are a

great many of those we love waiting for us there,-father, and mother, and brothers, and children, there in great company they await, us, they who are sure now never to die any more, but not yet sure of us. Os, when we come to see them and to embrace them, what gladness will it be both for us and for them!

Yes, what joy this will be for us, but Yes, what joy this will be for us, but there is a joy far greater. We shall then behold our Heavenly Father, and Jesus Christ our Be ther, and the Holy Spirit of Love Divine. Here will be Spirit of Love Divine. Here will be perfect joy. And with this perfect joy we shall be granted also the meeting with many souls whom we never met on earth, but of whom we read or heard; souls that helped us by their writings and examples, souls of whom we read in Scripture, yes, souls of whom we never heard at all, but whom we then heard in being in all their heavenly loveli-

shall know in all their heavenly loveli-ness. For, there, will be that "great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and tribes, and peoples, and tongues, standing before the throne; and in sight of the Lamb, clothed with blice observes and palms in their bands." white robes, and palms in their hands." Let us, even here, gaze in earnest meditation upon them, and so gain



THE HOUSE OF GOD

We are gotting to be utilitarians with a vangeance—that is in some, things. We read so much about the economic value of what was formerly discarded as waste that we begin to cast repactous eyes upon everything about us and reckon up its value in dollars and corts. We hacked blindly at our forests till some one convinced us that we were committing suicide ; we have lost our sense of sublime poetry in gasing at Niagara because some dollar-bill man has been dinning in our ears his chagrin at the waste of so much energy that could be so profitably employed in turn-ing the wheels of soap-factories. And now the profit and loss spostle

And now the profit and loss apostle has taken out his pad and pencil to con-vince a wasteful world that every comvince a wastelui world that every com-munity is guilty of an economic crime in its attitude toward the church buildings. What a terrible waste I says the util-tarian gentleman. You have so many churches throughout the country ; you churches throughout the country ; you have invested millions in them; yet they are used but a few hours of the week. What a depiorable economic waste ! All this much must be changed! The churches were built by the people. and for the people, and they must be used by the people.

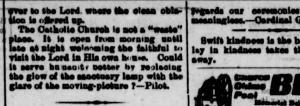
Now what use would the utilitarians have the people make of the churches ? What other use but for the enjoyment of the people. Let us, they say, have dances in them during the week ; let us also have moving-pictures there, by which we will instruct and amuse the people.

At a meeting in Philadelphia recently this was the platform adopted by the Home and School League. Some of the speakers went so far as to condemn the clergy as lacking in zeal for the welfare of humanity because they would not turn the House of God into a vaude-

opoly of these zealots. In our own city we have many like agitators who envy God the sacrifices offered up to Him.

To them humanitarianism is everything. The broken alabaster box and the oint-ment for the feet of the Lord could so easily be sold and the proceeds given to the poor! We remember the kind of man that preached this selfish philan-throphy first. And he has many disciples, who sneer at everything erected to the glory of the living God from Solo mon's temple down to the modern cathedral. Such extravagance, such waste of material, such a piling of stone for a few hours service, when we could so easily make of the same material barns and factories, and moving-picture nouses.

It is a materialism run wild, even It is a materialism run wild, even among Christians who profess to believe in Him who said that "man does not live by bread alone." Bread and the circus; plenty to est and plenty of enjoyment 1 Well enough for a pagan Rome, but surely one expects more even from a nominal Christian. But we never heard of a pagan nation using their temples for other than the service of their deities. And it is only the man of cold, irreligious heart who could suggest that the churches erected to God's honor should



From Without and Within

If you look at a stained glass window from the outside of a church it appears to you unsightly and grotesque, with ut form or beauty. It conveys no mean-ing to your mind. But if you view the same window from within, how rich and beautiful it appears, especially when the sualight of heaven is shining upon it 1 How it embellishes the church, and how admirably the group of figures is calculated to illustrate some scene of Scripture or ecclesistical history 1 In like manner a stranger to our religion



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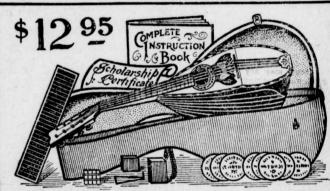
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ville theatre or a dance pavilion. But Philadelphia has not the mon-

sisted. ". Quite sure,' was the positive re-

joinder. " If that's the case, the other said,

* If that's the case, the other said, * I may as well go again next week.' * Yes, I suppose you may,' the stay-at-home said quietly. 'By the way, I forgot to mention that I noticed the master in very earnest conversation with the butcher this morning.'" Before he left that evening the em-ployee who had asked for a vacation told his employer that he was feeling much better and had decided not to leave.

STICK TO IT

Some very interesting items have ap-peared here and there in the newspapers lately about men who have kept steadily at their occupations for an unusually

at their occupations for an unusually long time. Oolonei Oliver Houghton, of Welmouth Massachusetts, was appointed on the police force there forty-eight years ago. He is now ninety years of age, and is said to be the oldest police officer in the countr

Richard Terhune, seventy three years old, has recently resigned his position as telegrapher at Ossining, New York. He had held the position for fity-two years, and never taken a vacation. Cantain Dodge, of Block Island, Rhode

years, and never taken a vacation. Captain Dodge, of Block Island, Rhode Island, has been a pilot in that vicinity for forty-four years. His father was a pilot in those waters for fifty-six years, and his grandfather served for a similar long mandfather served for a similar long

A farmer near Pittsfield, Massachu-A farmer near Pitteneid, Massachu-setts, has delivered milk to his custom-ers in that city for twenty-six years without missing a morning. Fifty five years at the forge and never

without missing a moring. Fifty five years at the forge and never a vacation is the record of William Rhodes, of Saco, Maine. These items are something more than mere curiosities ; they are samples of a class of men that give stability and backbone to the country. Vacations are all right ; sometimes the best thing a boy can do, when he has made a mis-take, is to get out of one occupation and take another. But the spirit of these items is the right one for every young man to have : to hold on to his work faithfully; to earn a reputation for staying power; to be proud of a record of service without a break or a failure. --Catholic Columbian.

\$800 a year. This he accepted, remain-ing there a year, living very cheaply, and saving nearly all of his salary. Then he left and went to studying chemistry again, perfecting himself more thor-oughly in some of the higher branches. This made him more valuable and he was given a position at \$1,200. But he would call accent for one year. Again would only accept for one year. Again he saved his money, and again, at the end of the year, he went away to study

He remained there two years, study-

the Fathers and a Doctor of the Holy

SUCCESS

One of the best examples of the value

Our state agricultural school was only three miles from where the boy lived. This school furnishes a good education absolutely free, the only cost being a small charge for the board of pupils who

But this boy was near enough to go

Church.

salary.

end of the year, he went away to study chemistry. This was several years ago. Now he is chief chemist of a very large concern at Newark, New Jersey, and receives \$2500 a year. But he is still studying chemistry and making himself thereby more valuable all the time. When the next step upward offers itself he no doubt will be ready. This boy, it seems to me, offers a very striking example of the value of study, of an education. He might have stopped at any one of the might have stopped at any one of the steps of his profession and considered his education finished, and have felt truthfully that he had made a success of him-

fully that he had made a success of him-self as compared with the work at 60 cents a day. But the rest of his life would have leveled itself down to the plane where he stopped. — Catholic Balletin.

A DOG WITH A BANK BOOK

And when you have heard the story of Billy, for that is his name, I think you will all agree that he deserves to have a hank book.

a bank book. A handsome collie is Billy, with a kind, intelligent face, a white vest, and white stockings, and when he earned his bank book, with his master, he was away in the cold and frozen north, in Alaska. And not only were they in Alaska, but Billy, and Billy's master, and a friend ware

not only were they in Alaska, but Billy, and Billy's master, and a friend were wandering over the mountains, where there are on roads or even trails, and in the darkness of the night and bitter cold and storm they had lost their way. That is, the two men had, for Billy had his keen dog instinct to guide him, and he was doing his dog best to pilot them had to their cabin.

he was doing his dog best to pilot them back to their cabin. "He isn't right, I know he isn't, and that he's taking us the wrong way," urged the other man when Billy whined and wagged his tail, and started into the very teeth of the storm. "You may do as you choose, but I'll not follow any fool dog," and giving poor Billy a vici-ons kick that made him cry with pain,

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courage for our earthly trials; for "these are they who are come out of great tribulation."

nder the ples of serving humanity. We do not believe that the non Cath-olic sects will listen to these materialis-tic utilitarians. As for our Catholic Oh, when our own cross presses very heavily, let us fortify ourself with the fervent hope that we too are of that great, countless number in the future realm of absolute and tireless joy! churches, it is a preposterous thought. The reason is simple. Go into one of our churches and beaold the glimmer of the sanctuary lamp. It tells that God is there really present, that there is the tabernacle of God with men, that the church is not merely a meeting house of the faithful for an hour or two on Sunday, but the holy place, sacred for-

realm of absolute and tireless joy! Shall we not go up and down among these glorious ranks in most happy con-verse, finding out, up there in heaven, the full meaning of our belief in "the communion of saints?" Shall we not talk with our Guardian Angels face to face? Shall we not even talk with Heaven's Queen and with the great St. Joseph, hearing from them beautiful things about the earthly life of Jesus, things that now are unknown and misterious, and yet are sometimes shadowed fortb, in dim heavenly loveli-ness, in our hours of quiet prayer?

shadowed fortb, in dim neavenly lovel:-ness, in our hours of quiet prayer? Heavenl-we are trying to tell of its joys; but its joys are beyond our tell ing. Heaven will be all that we san think or wish or imagine here; and it will be more, much more. Suffer as we may here indescribably, intensely, still St. Paul's startling and triumphant words shine out, on the pages of Holy Writ:

Writ : "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come, that shall be revealed in us. . . . We know that revealed in us. . . . We know that to them that love God, all things work to them that love God, all things work together unto good. . . That which is at present momentary and light of our tribulations, worketh to us above measure exceedingly an eternal weight of glory." Let us then think of heaven,—of that "stepral weight of glory glows glows are

Let us then think of heaven,—of that "eternal weight of glory, above measure exceedingly." Let us draw near, on earth, to Jesus in the Blessed Sacra-ment; let us see His will in trial and in bereavment. Let us look beyond time and earth, and declare with the ancient servants of God, that we "desire a better, that is to say, a heavenly coun-try," and let us remember the exhorta-tion to the Hebrews: "Patience is necessary for you; that, Boing the will of God, you may receive the promise. For yet a little and a very little while, and He that is to come, will some and will not delay.— —Sacred Heart Review.



