

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

HAVE YOU PROTECTED YOUR MOTHER?

She'll never forsake you, whatever you do; Were you down in the gutter, she'd kneel beside you; Were you covered with shame, she'd stand by your side, And the hurt in her heart for your sake she would hide. She will stick to you, lad, though you lose every test, So the least you can do is to give her your best. All others may quit you and mock at your fall; But your mother, undaunted, will come at your call. She will follow you down to the deep depths of sin, And love you and nurse you through thick and through thin; And though she may suffer through what you have done, She will never forget or desert you, my son. So long as she lives you are sure of a friend On whom at all times you may safely depend. You may wonder why by sinning, and hurt her with shame, Should you fail to be true, but she'll love you the same; So, remember, my lad, as you stand in life's test, That you owe to your mother your finest and best.

ABILITY

The world is ever anxious for men of ability. Men who are able to measure up its standards. It wants you. You possess ability because it is part and parcel of your makeup. Were it not for ability you would not have attained or reached your present position. "You have ability, and in that you have the most gracious gift of nature if you will display it to the world. It lies within the confines of your own being; it enables you to perform your task or render your service with credit." Ability carries your efforts on to fruition; it is the force behind you that carries you through thick and thin. It is the sustaining power of the world; the fulcrum of business; the wedge of accomplishment; the harbinger of success.

The expressions: "I'll try," "I'll see what I can do," "I'll do my best," are the earmarks of ability. By them you display your ability to the world. You are creating a market for your wares, a market in which you will eventually sell them to the highest bidder, and thus will you be "performing your task or rendering your service with credit."—E. D. Ward.

ENERGY AND FORESIGHT MARK JUDGE O'BRIEN'S CAREER

In the rise of Morgan Joseph O'Brien from a stockyard book-keeper to high places as just one may read all those lessons of energy, thrift and foresight which are always considered as allied to the small town and "Main Street."

Although he was part of the busy and always fascinating city of New York, where he was born, young O'Brien devoted his early years to the hardest kind of work for the sake of the future.

On his graduation from St. John's College, Fordham, he entered the employ of one of the big slaughtering establishments on the upper East Side, where he was expected to be on his job at 4 o'clock in the morning. The cattle and the sheep and the pigs were coming in long before sunrise, and Morgan J. O'Brien helped sell them and also kept the records of the sales. When there was a lull in the afternoon he went out to collect bills. On account of the early hour at which he arose he was permitted to get away at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, which gave him time to attend the Columbia Law School, then in Great Jones Street.

After three years of that program he was rather tired, but he had accumulated a great store of legal lore, knew all the forms and began looking about for a clerkship in a law office. His employers had decided that he was indispensable to their business and offered him a partnership with them. For a long time Mr. O'Brien balanced the relative merits of a share in a very profitable business with a start in the law. He had long ago decided, however, that he intended to be a member of the Bar. This was how he turned his back on business and accepted a \$5 a week clerkship.

are as good as in the past and indeed, better than ever.

"We hear much of the fortune which attends the coming of youths from the country to the city. They are usually frugal and industrious and as they have in them a spirit of adventure and an unquestionable ambition they go far. They represent often the very pick of a community, as they have been led by their energy and initiative to try the hazards of the city.

"Whether the boy is a native of the metropolis or whether he has come from a distance, the conditions which attend his success are about equal, provided he is willing to discipline himself. A young man in order to make a success in his life must first of all decide what he is to do, and then go to it with determination. If one is deflected from one's purpose, failure will often be the result.

"Having made up his mind as to his objective, the young man who would make his life a successful one must deny himself much. If he is fond of good cigars, it is far better for him to stop smoking expensive brands and to smoke a pipe, and even that in moderation. He must, if he has ambitions, consider well the effect of all such personal habits as this upon his health and his energy.

"To win success in any field, a young man in this age as well as in the past, must practice that trait which made the saints of old. He must cultivate the virtue of self-denial. When others are going to the theaters and mingling in the pleasures of the bright White Way, or the ways of any other hue, he must stay away from gay haunts so that he may be the better prepared for the struggle of life which leads to success.

"The practice of self denial of this kind in the early years of one's life makes for the development of character and the strengthening of purpose. Over the foot of the bed of every young man, where he can see it the first thing on awakening, should be that Latin motto, "Quo Vadis?" The Whither goes thou? of the old Romans was a question which caused many human beings to stop and consider and to order their lives and ambitions in accordance with it.

"As far as the gaining of wealth is concerned, the opportunities for young men to succeed now are greater than ever. There is more money, there are greater resources, and the development of great corporations has really increased the chances for able and aggressive youths to reap the full rewards of their efforts.

"Surely there never was an era in the world better adapted than in this for serving humanity and developing character. It will only be a question of time when the present disturbed conditions will have passed away and in the readjustment which is to come success of the highest order will be within the reach of the younger generation.—Catholic Columbian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE TOYS

My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes And moved and spoke in quiet, grown up wise, Having my law the seventh time discharged, I struck him, and dismissed With hard words and unkindness, His mother, who was patient being dead. Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep, I visited his bed, But found him slumbering deep, With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet From his late sobbing, wet. And I, with moan, Kissing away his tears, left others of my own; For, on a table drawn beside his head, He had put, within his reach, A box of counters and a red veined stone, A piece of glass abraded by the beach And six or seven shells, A bottle with blueballs, And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art. To comfort his sad heart, So when that night I prayed To God, I wept, and said: Ah, when at last we lie with tranced breath, Not vexing Thee in death, And Thou rememberest of what toys We make our joys, How weakly understood Thy great commanded good, Then, fatherly not less Than I, whom Thou hast moulded from the clay, Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say, "I will be sorry for their childishness."

—COVENTRY PATMORE

MOTTOES FOR BOYS

The boy who does the little thing well is making himself ready to do the big things better. Blessed is the boy who has found his trade and gets busy. What a blessed thing it is to be able to turn up cheerfully after one has been turned down. Be a live wire and you won't get stepped on; it is the dead ones that are used for floor mats. Politeness is like an air cushion. There may be nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully. Unfortunately a swelled head does not hurt as much as a swelled thumb. Burning the candle at both ends is a poor way to make both ends meet. Come in without knocking and don't knock when you go out.

A friend is one who knows all about you and likes you just the same.—Catholic Bulletin.

CURING THE SLANG HABIT

The "slang habit" was cured in one family by the penny word cure. The children of the household constantly used slang and to interpret one of their dinner table conversations would have puzzled George Ade. Of course mother was not so determined that she would bar them every little bright phrase that might best be expressed in slang.

A slang cup was established and the rule set down that every time one of the family used an objectionable word or phrase the offender was forced to deposit a one cent fine. The money was used to buy little extras for the table.

From the first the children of this household were delighted with the idea. They would listen eagerly while anyone was speaking and at the least slip of the speaker would "whoop" in chorus. The eagerness of the children to correct each other made them careless about interrupting. But this was overcome by teaching each other to wait until the speaker had finished then courteously call attention to the error. Failure to obey this rule imposed a fine of one cent upon the interrupter. Strange to say the grown folk contributed as often as the children.—New World.

THE DROPPED THREAD

"Come this way," said the man in charge of a weaving factory where beautiful garments were made. The clergyman followed his guide in and out among a buzz and whirl of machines. It was wonderful, standing by the side of some silent worker and watching the teeth of the machine gliding to and fro weaving some dainty garment under the guiding touch of a young girl's hand. The garment looked perfect to the eye of the visitor, but the man in charge laid his hand on the young girl's arm.

"Look," he said, quickly, "you have dropped a thread." The loom stopped at once, and the girl picked up the garment to look at it more closely. True enough, there was one place where a thread had been dropped, and all the way down ran a long, loose "ladder." The garment was useless because of one dropped thread.

The next Sunday, as the clergyman looked into the bright faces of the girls and boys, he told them the story of the dropped thread. "Do you know," said he, "that each one of you is weaving the garment of life, and that in some of your weaving there is a dropped thread? Perhaps it is the dropped thread that stands for your daily reading of God's Word, or of prayer, or of keeping His day holy. It may seem a little thing, but it is a dropped thread, and it is spoiling the garment of your life. By God's help, stand and pick it up before it is too late."—True Voice.

SIGNS OF DECADENCE

One need not be endowed with prophetic powers to note certain ominous signs of decadence in our national life. To deny them is futile, since they are visible and evident to any man who pauses to think. The lives of nations rest upon a broader scale, the lives of individuals. The same symptoms point to identical causes and effects in both cases.

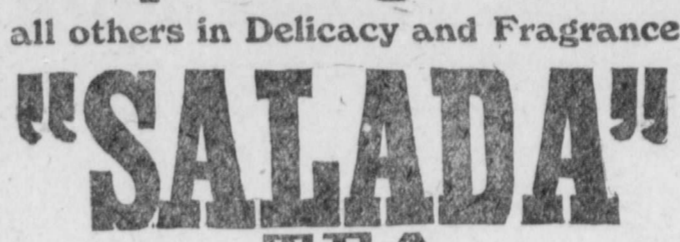
The history of the great nations of antiquity forms a parallel to the development of our own country. Rome, Greece and Babylon had a similar spectacular rise to eminence, power and unsurpassed prosperity; each of these nations owed its eventual downfall to virtually the same causes.

The ancients possessed not the eternal code of Christian morality; but they were imbued, in their early life, with the deep principles of the natural law. Just so long as they remained faithful to these natural dictates did they progress to the heights of national greatness; just so soon as they cast aside all moral restraint did they end in moral bankruptcy, despair and death. Today Babylon is a memory, Greece a dependent state, while Rome exists only in the rejuvenated life of her Christian heritage; the empire as such is gone forever.

Examining the causes of this transformation, one finds that the moral law became relaxed, and with this lowering of personal and national standards, clean living, high thinking and upright action soon became dimmed and quickly passed away into the oblivion of things long forgotten and ignored.

The basic ideal of the family seems to have been the first bulwark to be assailed and to fall before the latter-day attacks of pampered luxury. The natural law ordained the unity and integrity of the family; licentiousness entered in, and conjugal love degenerated into promiscuous and unbridled animal passion. St. Jerome states that in his day, when the decline had become irremediable, a certain titled woman numbered the years of her marriage by the number of her husbands; and she had had twenty-two of these. She was but a sample of the general degradation. At a similar period of decay in the other nations mentioned sensuality had fallen so low that modern historical works blush to speak of it; one finds the details only in the larger and unexpurgated editions of ancient history. With the weakening of the family ties, immodesty became the order of

Surpassing all others in Delicacy and Fragrance



Send us a post card for a free sample, stating the price you now pay and if you use Black, Green or Mixed Tea. Address Salada, Toronto, 8717

the time; brazen audacity in public and in private swept aside the last vestige of personal purity and reverence so characteristic of our brave days of old.

The general disregard of these natural commandments led to a lack of respect for law itself; disorder, violence, graft, speculation, dishonesty of every phase seeped into the foundations of national life, until the whole fabric shuddered, crumpled and fell with a crash that has been heard down to the present day.

Now, our present-day customs in many ways recall to the thinking man the decline of those great nations of antiquity. We see about us a disintegration of family life, as evidenced in the horrible prevalence of divorce with its consequent ruin of immature children. Outside of the Catholic Church the marriage bond is but a society tie that binds ever so lightly and that may be severed practically at will; a condition of things of which thousands avail themselves annually. The former ostracism visited upon the divorced person is now turned into a certain admiration for the supposed courage of "live one's own life as one sees fit."

The Catholic Church with severe penalties imposed upon her children the law of modesty; outside the Church, with a few exceptions, the virtue of modesty is left to the jest of the cartoonist, the smirk of the comedian and the scorn of the blazer. Immodesty stares at one on the street, in the theatre, from the pages of magazine and newspaper. It cries out in shame from the abbreviated attire not only of the woman, but of the demimonde but of the Christian, the Catholic girl who has lost the power to blush, and of her mother who has forfeited the little sense God allotted to her share. Is it a wonder that immorality of the most revolting type is rapidly increasing? Is it a wonder that the young girl frequently can give points to her mother on subjects that St. Paul forbids to be mentioned? Is it a wonder that some of our public men are moral reproaches?

The spirit of lawlessness that broods over our country periodically is but a manifestation of that same decadence; the ridiculous attempts of Justice to hold her scales even is but another phase.

The Catholic holds within his grasp the means to right, to a great extent, the careening car of progress and to keep it on the straight road of national rectitude. Will he do so? If one tenth of the effort and energy wasted on so-called conventions and congresses were cast upon some practical reform, the advanced welfare of Church and State.

Decadence in national life has set in; if Christianity fails to purify the putrid sores, posterity will name us in the same breath with Babylon, Greece and Rome.—Catholic Bulletin.

HYPHENATES

Of late there has been considerable periphrastic comment about "Hyphenates." The term Hyphenate, as Mr. Chesterton said about the term Bolshevik is a satisfying epithet to hurl at the head of a man you dislike. It is being used at the present time to deride the citizens of this country who profess sympathy with the claims of Ireland. They are no longer in the eyes of the "Unco jingo citizen," Americans, they are Irish-Americans, they are hyphenates, and in the interests of peace and prosperity ought to be suppressed or deported. The drive against the hyphenates seems to be narrowing down to a drive against the Irish and the descendants of the Irish who cast sympathetic glances across the seas where Ireland is in the throes of suffering and need.

Calling a man a hyphenated American immediately places him in the category of all hyphenates. If he is an Irish-American he must therefore be a German-American. Hence the logic of the philosophers of Hyphenism assumes that the Irish were pro Germans during the War. And it is so alleged. During the War it was vociferously declared that we are all Americans now, but since the War is over and there are no more battles to fight, it is suddenly discovered that the Irish were not Americans at all during the War but Germans. And the pity is that men with short memories demand proof to the contrary. Proof is abundant and may be read in the record of every battle of the War.

Ireland contributed to the winning of the War over two hundred and fifty thousand of her native sons. When the English general cried to America that the Allies had their backs against the wall, sons of Ireland helped to save the day for the Allies. Was this pro-Germanism? Whole Irish regiments were blotted

Why Not Make Your Will?

It is a business arrangement which we should not neglect, and it is a simple matter. If you should accidentally be killed without making your will, your estate might be distributed contrary to your wishes. Endless sorrow and litigation is often caused by the failure to make a will.

Your wishes will be faithfully carried out and your heirs properly protected if you appoint this Company your Executor. See your Solicitor or arrange for an interview with us. Correspondence invited.

CAPITAL TRUST CORPORATION Temple Building OTTAWA TORONTO

BRUCE'S REGAL SEEDS SOME OF OUR NOVELTIES FOR 1921 NEW BURBANK'S TOMATO—By far the earliest, smoothest, solidest, most productive, and best of all early varieties—Fruit bright crimson, thick, solid, heavy smooth, firm, medium size, superior quality, a heavy and continuous bearer, best keeper and shipper; unlike most varieties the skin peels freely from the flesh. Pat. 100 seeds 25c, 5 for \$1.00. Postpaid. NEW ALBINO TOMATO—Pure white in color, containing no acid whatever, very handsome, smooth fruit, a good cropper, and medium early. Pat. 25 seeds 30c, 4 for \$1.00. Postpaid. EARLEST OF ALL CUCUMBER—The best extra early, white spine type, fruit uniform, tapering slightly and abruptly at both ends, color good deep green, and an excellent shipper. Pat. 10c, 5c, 2c, 5c, 4c, 2c, 5c. Postpaid. BRUCE'S GOLDEN JUSTICE SWEET CORN. It is unequalled in flavor, sweetness and tenderness, and of fine table appearance, a rich creamy yellow—it is a medium early, a good cropper, and harder than most varieties. Pat. 10c, 4 lb. 30c, 1 lb. 5c, 1 lb. 6c. Postpaid. FREE FOR THE ASKING—Our valuable illustrated catalogue, 128 pages of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Fertilizers, Insecticides, Sprayers, Mowers, Rollers, Seed Drills, Garden Implements, Incubators, Brooders, Poultry Foods and Supplies, etc. Write for it today. JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., LIMITED 235 Seed Merchants since 1850 HAMILTON, ONTARIO

LEAVES ON THE WIND New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey AUTHOR OF "At the Gate of the Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman" \$1.25 Postpaid Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-sonnets carry many a weary child of men. Many chords are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High. "More convincing than Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest." In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

ATLANTIC CITY It's THE ALAMAC Plumb on the Boardwalk Parlor's Exquisite MACKLITZ CO. who also conduct The ALAMAC in the Mountains on Lake Hopatcong N.J. "Nearest Mountain Resort to New York" OPEN JUNE TO OCTOBER

"ERIN-GO-BRAGH" THE IRISH CANADIAN'S St. Patrick's Illustrated Souvenir READY FOR MAILING MARCH 12th A Very Interesting Number. Contents: "The Spirit of a Nation Never Dies", Ireland's struggle for self-government challenges the admiration of the world. "The Dead who died for Ireland." English public opinion gives strong expression of disapproval of England's treatment of Ireland to day. The Glory of Ireland. An historical sketch of the achievements of Irishmen of past and present. "Erin. The tear and the smile in thine eyes." In Sympathy—The eyes of the world are turned towards "The Dear Little Emerald Isle". Irish Stories—Irish Poetry—Irish Song Irish Wit—Irish Humour—Irish Music Order Now. Price 50 Cents. Postage Prepaid The Irish Canadian Publishing Co. 109 Ontario and 109 Ontario St. East, Montreal —Chicago Evening News.