JULY 11, 1914

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

THE WAY TO KNOW

Idle wishes are of no use. As a rule, a young man can have anything n, that he wants, and become anything, in reason, that he wants to be. All that he has to do is to will it and pay the price in effort. Listen to

Are you satisfied with your education, or do you find yourself handi-capped by lack of knowledge ? Do you regret that your early, edu-cational opportunities were limited

or wasted ?

Knowledge is power.

There are thousands of men and women of intelligence, of good inten-tions, of industrious habits, who fall short of success because of educational deficiencies. The man or woman who knows always has the

Would a knowledge of stenography, of grammar or of mathematics im-prove your chances for success ?

In speaking and writing, you are always sure of your grammar ? Do you always use the words that best express your meaning? Or do you lack confidence, in yourself because you do not know ?

Have you not often found yourself silent, hesitant and embarrassed when those about you were discussing with interest subjects of which you were ignorant?

Have you envied those who were able to join intelligently in conversations from which you were barred because of your lack of knowledge There is no reason why you should be discouraged by these deficiencies

in your education. You owe it to yourself to make the

most, and best, of your life. The habit of study is not difficult to acquire. Once acquired, it is pleas-ant and fascinating. In returns, it pays enormous, dividends of pleasure and satisfaction, and even money.

A better knowledge of English ; the ability to write stenography, or to speak, read and write one or more oreign languages; an acquaintanc with literature and art; familiarity with geography and history; knowl-edge of the laws of hygiene, chemistry and biology, the arts of drawing and music, of economics, of political science, of current events, will make you a better man, a more competent d more useful member of society You can have this knowledge-this better equipment for getting the most out of life. Books, teachers, night schools offer you the opportunity to fit yourself, now, for the work you

to do-for the better and larger part in life you would like to take. Do not moan over the loss or waste of youthful opportunities. The adult

mind is better formed for learning than the child mind. Just get the habit of studying. Stop wasting your time wishing for a better chance ; go to work now to fit yourself for the better chance.

Do not wait, even until fall, to start this work. You will find summer study a restful, agreeable recreation. Mere idleness and amusement are poor forms of recreation. The best rest is change of work, of thought, of rest is change of work, of thought, of occupation. A few hours a week devoted to study, will make your summer this year one that you will always remember, for the pleasure and profit derived.

If you really want to improve yourself ; if you really want to make the most of your opportunities, don't waste time in wishing, but begin to ct-to inquire, to read, to study and to practice. Every day will see some progress. Every week will bring you nearer to the goal of perfection. -Catholic Columbian.

When things seem to have gone wrong generally, and nothing is quite as it should be ; when the other man set tenould be; when the other man gets the promotion; the other man makes the wise investment; the other man, in short, annexes to him-self the desired things of life, the self the desired things of hit, the trouble is that you forget your part in the game while watching him play his. You've sat gaping at his brilli-ant moves, and stupidly allowed your

ant moves, and stupidly knowed your own men to get cornered. Wake up; take a hand; make a skillful move; get so in earnest, so absorbed in the old game of winning, that you compel others to watch you. It's your move now; make it count !-- True Voice.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHAT A CHILD CAN DO

It was a stiffing hot day in July; the flag stones burned one's feet as one walked along the uneven, broken one wanted along the unevent, blocks pavement, and no shade seemed to fall on the closely packed houses of a dingy court, reeking with bad smells, dirt, and misery of all kinds, through which I one day wended my way to see a sick child.

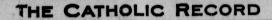
In one of the rooms of the most wretched of these tenements lay a little girl about twelve years of age. A broken staircase led up to the place A broken staircase led up to the place i refer; and then book my reave, prom-which was divided by a rough sort of boarding from the sleeping dens of the other lodgers in the house—you could not dignify such places by the names of homes! Each room had its distinct family—its tale of woor misery and sin; and the one which I makes of the one which I misery and sin; and the one which I are nother to paste all the little prints on the wall of her room in the one which I are order or the state of the prints on the wall of her room in the their order—so that the whole life of now entered was no exception. Yet, in one way, all were alike; there was always the old story. Father out of work, and continually drunk; mother grown reckless from despair; chil-dren half naked, and more than half starved, crouching in the doorways, or quarreling over some broken toy in the dirty landing place. On a miserable little bed, covered

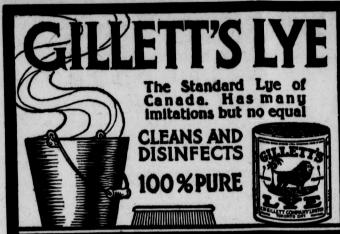
with rags which never could have laid claim to the name of bed-clothes, lay the object of my search. Pallid, dirty and uninviting as the poor child was, there was something in her face which instantly arrested my ttention. Her large, lustrous eyes had a hungering expression, as if for ever seeking after that which they could not find. As there was no chair in the room, I sat down on the edge of her poor little bed, and began to talk to her. I found her as ignorant of the most elementary truths as if she had never lived in a Christian land; she could not read a word, nor did she know a letter. She had been sent out to work as soon as she could understand anything, and there was no money at home for food, much less for schooling. In carrying a heavy pitcher of water the year be-fore (a load, in fact, far beyond her

trength) she had fallen and injured her knee, and it had got worse worse, and now she was quite laid up, she said, and unable to put her foot to the ground. I asked her to let me see it. She did so with evident terror, lest I should give her pain. It was in a frightful state o neglect and dirt, and an ugly wound showed me the scrofulous and consequently hopeless nature of her mal

ady. Promising to bring her some fine rags, and to come and dress it gently for her on the following day, I sat down again, and tried to make her open her little heart to me, in which, after some preliminary shyness, I

succeeded. She knew nothing of the gospel history—could not even say the "Our Father" or "Hail Mary;" but she showed a feverish anxiety to learn. I had in my basket a series of little colored pictures illustrating all the principal events of Our Lord's life; went back to see if I could once and these I took out and showed her, more gain access to the sick child's room. A woman met me on the first explaining first time in her life, poor child !) that wondrous tale, so old landing. "Oh, Sister, you're wanted upstairs. yet ever new, of His divine humility That man in No. 6 is bad with fever. and love. The effect on her took me Yesterday he was not expected to completely by surprise. Large tears filled those lustrous eyes, and ran "What! the father of little Mary?" down those pallid cheeks; and nothing would content her but that I should pin the whole series round her bed, beginning with the Nativity I exclaimed; and hastily climbing up the ladder-like staircase, found myself in a few moments in the room and ending with the Crucifixion, or There was the man on a pallet by which last subject she dwelt with a the side of his child, moaning in agony; and she, having crawled out tenderness, mingled with horror and pain, which was a rebuke to my own of her little bed, was lying by him, gently repeating to him the cold heartedness, not easily to be for. Father," and trying to make him follow her. When he saw me, he hid gotten. Soon after, her mother came in his head under the bedclothes, mur-muring, "This is your revenge !" I took no notice, but, lighting a little etna I had brought with me, and in spite of her tawdry and draggled dress and bloodshot eyes, there was an evidence of a better nature struggling within her, which made her welcome with pleasure any soon succeeded in making him some one who was kind to her sick child tea. The expression of his face wa so that she received me with unex quite changed-he thanked me with pected courtesy. Eagerly the child tears in his eyes; and as for little Mary, she was radiant. began pouring out into her mother's ears all the facts I had been telling "He can say it all now," she whisher, pointing to the pictures; and pered eagerly to me; " and he's never then sadly exclaimed : going to drink any more !" "Oh, mother; why did you not tell me a'l this before?" I looked at the little apostle, as she lay with her, thin, wasted face close The woman looked down sheepish-





"And isn't it enough to break any one's heart to see poor little Mary there-with nothing to give her, and there—with nothing to give her, and she was dying, as one may say, and all the wages as would keep her com-fortable going to the saloon; and I can earn nothing now, so to speak!" I said a few words to her of sym-pathy, and of the Healer of all troubles, if we only lay them at His feet; and then took my leave, prom-

their order—so that the whole life of Our Blessed Lord was before her; and

she remembered every word of our previous day's conversation. Gladly, therefore, did I continue it, having first washed and dressed the wound, which she submitted to patiently, after I had talked to her a little of the pain borne by Our Lord for her and how she could offer up her suffering to Him. And so went day by day ! and every hour the truthe the was learning seemed to sink deeper and deeper into her heart.

Soon I felt that she was atted for higher teaching than mine; and so, one morning I brought to her bedside the kind and gentle priest who had so often striven in vain for admission into that wretched room. He was greatly moved both at the fervor of her piety and the freshness and vivid-ness of her religious impressions, and lost no time in preparing her for her confession and first Communion, which she received with a faith and joy which will ever remain on my nemory.

But soon after this, a sudden stop was put to our intercourse. One day, as I was reading to her as usual some parts of Our Lord's passion, which was her great delight, the door opened suddenly, and a man entered, of rough and surly aspect.

What are you doing here ?" he aimed to me, in great anger, "I exclaimed to me, in great anger, want no canting Sister of Charity in ny house ! But, father ! father !" exclaimed

the poor child, "she has been so kind to me, you don't know—and—" "And I don't choose she should stay here," he retorted, fiercely in errupting her ; while thrusting back

into my basket the jelly and other little comforts I had brought, he motioned me to the door. Fearful of the effects this scene might have on his child, and anxious not to excite him further, I rose at once, and quiet-ly saying that I hoped some day he would feel differently towards me, I kissed the little girl and went away. Home troubles and sickness prevented my returning to the court for a fortnight or three weeks ; but the first morning I found myself at liberty

"Father's all right now," she ex claimed ; " he can say a 'Hail Mary,' and will never turn you out of doors any more !" But the effort had been too great

The strain of the last few days had exhausted the child's remaining strength, and her head suddenly sank forward.

sank forward. "My poor dear child !" cried out the penitent father, vainly striving, in his weekness, to rise and help her. A cordial revived her; but it was only for a time. Her work was done -her father was saved-and that night the Master called her home. -Sunday Visitor.

LANGUAGE, RELIGION AND IMMIGRATION

An American resident in France has called our attention to an article in Revue Pratique l'Apologetique of March 15, by the late Abbe Guibert, S.S. stating that language and religion are the chief factors in preserving the racial characteristics of a people, and that race and language are essential elements in conserving the religion of its emigrants. The first part of the thesis seems well founded. A nation's language, carry-ing down in an unvarying channel the centuried traditions of a race, links together the habits, customs nd ideals of the present with the past; and continuity of the same religious beliefs and practices perpetuates identity of thought and action in those matters which impress them. prohibited. selves on mind and heart as most solemn and sacred. It therefore ex

erts constant influence on the forma. tion and conservation of character reacting not infrequently on expression and physique; when religion in true and enforced, its doctrines beget right thinking, its morals right liv ing, and the interaction of both tends to produce and conserve a race meny and physically sound. The loss of a language in which the varied and distinctive expression of a relig-ious race is treasured is detrimental to religon and race, as the Gaelic Revivalists have realized in Ireland;

but Ireland is also a witness that it need in no way be destructive of either. England and much of France are

proof that a people's language may survive religion, but also that their best characteristics do not. "Gentle France " exists only where faith survives, and since Reformation days Merrie England " begets merriment only by its irony. But faith is not based on tongues, neither in its roots nor its fruits, even when the faithful are transplanted. That the reten. tion of the language which holds their oral and written traditions, racial and religious, conduces to the rmanence of both, and the loss nurely Catholi it to their decadence, especially for emigrants settling amid a populace of opposite faith, is undoubtedly true. French Canada exemplifies number the former, and examples of the latter are countless. The children of the Cromwellian settlers in Gaelic. speaking Ireland learned Gaelic, and grow up as Catholic and Irish as the rest. But the Catholic religion vields this nassage : less easily to such influences. The presence of some 16,000,000 English-speaking Catholics in the United States, nine tenths of whose ances. tors a few generations back spok Gaelic, German, Slavic, French, Ital-Our ian, etc., is ample refutation of the thesis that the conservation of lingual and racial distinctiveness is essential to religious continuity. Our correspondent, however, is less conwith M. Guibert's theory than cerne with the following proofs he alleges

number of defections that have taken place during several centuries among a people who, on their native soil, are remarkable for their faith. . . The two causes of this apos tasy are : the lack of a special langu age and the lack of priests from their native land. Speaking English, having no language which would iso-late them from their surroundings and group them together, the Irish quickly amalgamated with the Engish and American elements, and empraced their ideas, their religion or heir indifference. Regarding these statements we are Has M. Guibert exaggerated the

number of Irish, by birth or by des-cent who have apostatized in the United States ? It he has not, is his explanation of this apostasy the orrect one?

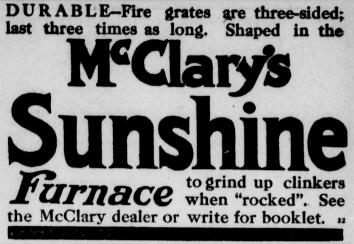
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Both questions can be answered together. In the first place, apostasy is the wrong word. A large number of Catholic Irish were forcibly deported by Cromwell, and by or with the connivance of, his successors, as slaves and "redemptioners," and scattered through the colonies where priest and church were barred, and everything Catholic was anathema. Many were mere children, and if these grew up in the ways around them they could not justly be called apostates. The adults and the more or less free emigrants who came to-wards the end of the eighteenth century had, for the most part, to marry Protestants, if they married at all and the marriage, to be legal, had to be performed in a Protestant church. This, with the inevitable intercourse in school and social relations made in practically impossible for the children to be other than Protestant, unless where Irish communities were estabthrough all lingual mediums may be called a part of "the gift of tongues." ished. The authorities were care ful that this should not occur, and where such establishments were ef-fected, in Maryland, Philadelphia, and a few other places, the faith of -M. Kenny, S. J., in America.

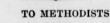
the parents was transmitted, usually in the teeth of grievous disabilities Under similar circumstances in pion eer States and throughout the South the faith was gradually lost, though seldom consciously renounced, not because of their loss of language, though most Irish immigrants of the period were Gaelic speakers, but be cause of conditions that, humanly speaking, were bound to preclude the transmission of language or religion. The continuity of the priesthood was heroically maintained at home, but priestly immigration was effectively

Of the total loss there can be no accurate estimate; but it must not be called apostasy. Reckoningall ournon. Catholics who are to some degree de-scended from Irish Catholic immi-grants since 1650—and few of these are of unmixed Irish blood-we are inclined to place the figure not far below M. Guibert's, Mr. Maginniss' "Irish Contribution to American Independence" (reviewed in America, vol. ix, 16 and 17), shows that the number of Irish Catholics imported as slaves, servants and free, was very large, and their intermarriage with Protestants the usual procedure : so that their Protestant descendants in 1776 formed a considerable part of the then population of 200,000. Aspriests

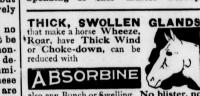
arrived and dioceses were formed the subsequent losses decreased, but many children of the famine-stricken immigrents of 1847, and the following decade, were picked up by Pro-testant societies and families, and reared in their faith. Several of these became noted Protestant preachers. 'Allowing for the influ-ence of Irish fecundity in the various intermixtures, the number of American Protestants who have some Irish Catholic blood would probably approach twenty millions. Th

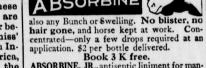


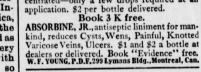
statements, especially when the facts are easily ascertainable. The language errors, touching not only facts but principles, are still more danger. ous. Language and racial customs are often conservative of religion, as are many other unessential helps, and it is laudable to foster them in reason, especially where they have rights of priority and constitutional authorization ; but we must not make of them a fetich. The Catholic Church can prosper through what. soever tongue has words enough to explain her creed. Those who identify language with religion are preparing apostasy for those of their people who come under the necessity receiving religious ministrations through another tongue. Such teaching is Gallican and Protestant, rather than Catholic. The capacity of Catholicity to diffuse



Bishop Luther B. Wilson, in a sermon to the members of the Newark conference in session in the Halsey Street M. E. Church, praised Catholic men for the public reverence they display in removing their hats as they pass Catholic Churches. He commended the example to the Methodists and men of all other denominations. He urged that Methodists follow the example. Speaking of this matter Bishop









Wilson said : "I see many times Catholic men lift their hats as they pass their places of worship. I would that you and I had such deep regard for religion. It seems to me that we should second this practice and exhibit this reverence. And I commend this to you for your conideration.' This certainly is a commendable

REVEN

practice. But it is not to the Church that the Catholic shows this respect but to Him Who dwells therein-Christ in the adorable Eucharist.-Newark Evening Star.



Pennsylvania Avenue, 18th and H Streets To seekers of a hotel where luxurious quarters may be se-cured, where charm and con-cenial atmosphere prevail, and

FORMING REGULAR HABITS

One of the most interesting secrets of success in life is the forming and keeping of good and regular habits. Any boy who wants to grow into a successful man, no matter what vocation or profession he may decide upon begin early to form good should habits that he must allow to become a regular part of his daily life.

A boy should get up early in the morning, and go out in the pure fresh air where he can see the works of his all wise Father in heaven.

The morning is the time to invigorate the lungs by inhaling the fresh atmosphere. It is the time to harden the muscles and toughen the nerves by a vigorous exercise. It is the hour to establish a good, healthy boyish appetite, which will soon make a bright, rosy complexion. It is the time to study the birds and flowers. The birds are the happiest, and sing the sweetest in the early morning The flowers are the most beautiful, and the dewy perfume is the most delicate in the morning hours. The sun has the most influence over a sickly or weakened constitution in the morning, and if we rise early

and allow nature to assist, we can gain strength of body and mind. Our morals will improve also, for

we will see the wisdom of the Lord in providing all the many blessings for our benefit.

The boy who determines to make a useful man of himselt will find much to assist him if he will only get out early in the morning and look for it. He will establish habits that will re main with him all through life and which will assist him in many ways which are invisible to the boy .- St. Paul Bulletin

YOUR MOVE NOW

Long years ago the wise old bard told us that "Life is a game of chess," but it still remains for the disappoint ed man of to day to find out for him self that the trouble with his particular game is that it is "his move," while he sits waiting for someone else to make a play. burst forth.

to his, and smoothed the hair on her ly enough; and then, throwing her white forehead.

And how is my child herself toapron over her eyes, she suddenly burst out crying violently. I was prepared with reproaches for the mother who had so grossly neglected day ?" I said cheerily, fearing the over-excitement for her feeble frame. ' Very bad," answered her mother her duty towards her child, but the who was standing, sobbing, in the corner of the room. "But then,

latter stopped me. "Poor mother," she whispered; "it's not her fault-Tshouldn't have corner of the room. "But then, ma'am, nothing would content her but to be by him, when he was took said that ; she has had such trouble! Do comfort her !" so bad; so I let her stay, and there she has been all day, and all night

she has been all day, and all night, too, a teaching of him all the things as you taught her, and a deal more besides—and he's quite another man now, to be sure !" she added, smiling through her tears. " And I thank you kindly, ma'am, for what you have done for 'am both." Touched and surprised at her words and manner, I endeavored to soothe the woman, and asked her what had brought her to such straits. Then followed a sad tale of continual misfortune, trial and wrong, ending in despair and drunkenness, with all its done for 'em both."

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evils; and, at the close of the rela-tion, the poor woman's tears again priest came in, Mary's face lighted up.

in support of it : Catholicism has suffered a frightful loss among the Irish emigrants to the United States. Certain authors reckon as high as twenty million the



Old Dutch

Cleanser

Meny uses and full directions on Large Sifter - Can 101

scarcely one-sixth of this: but at all periods, and particularly now, the number of deliberate apostates among Irish Catholics is negligible. Our foreign friends seem prone to misjudge American conditions, especially when working out a theory for a purpose. Our correspondent cites from another European magazine purpose.

> Life in American cities is so hard With that nature can not resist it. With very few exceptions families become extinct in the third generation Were it not for the continual inpour ing of immigrants the deaths would surpass by far the births in all our American cities.

The United States death-rate, 13.9 per 1,000, is less than that of any European country, except Sweden, which has 13.8. In Italy it is 21.4, in France 196, in Germany 17.3. The city average is somewhat higher here, as elsewhere, but of all our cities of 100,000 population and over

cities of 100,000 population and over, not one has a deathrate as high as the general rate in Italy. New York is 14.5. Moreover, the increase of population is con-siderably larger in our cities than in the urban districts, and this is actually inno of States that are not is equally true of States that are not affected by immigration. There are but two States, and these among the least populous, Montana and Wyom-ing, that show a greater increase in the rural districts than in the cities. Civic growth is due, of course, to influx, as well as to births, but the wild assertion of "extinction in the third assertion of extinction in the generation" is refuted both by fig-ures and experience. It is true of part of the New England stock, and here and there and elsewhere, but as a general statement it is no more of America than of Europe.

It is quite commendable for foreign It is quite commendation in the part of the people at home and prevent their gration, but ultimately they will not serve the interests of their publica-tions or their people by reckless mis-



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