

UNION OF SOCIETIES

CATHOLIC FEDERATION IS NOW AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

The New Organization, its Aims and Objects, its Constitution and its Officers—The Work of the Cincinnati Convention.

The untiring efforts of the Right Rev. J. A. McFaul, bishop of Trenton, to organize a union of all Catholic societies for the purpose of advancing benevolent, social and Christian work and especially to assist the Catholic press and disseminate Catholic literature have borne good fruit, and the American Federation of Catholic Societies is now an accomplished fact.

There were about 500 delegates present at the convention, representing an estimated aggregate of about 600,000 members of the co-operating societies. Among the eminent clergymen present were Archbishop Elder of Cincinnati, Bishop Maes of Covington, Ky.; Bishop Horstmann of Cleveland, Bishop McFaul of Trenton, Bishop Messmer of Green Bay, Wis., and Rev. Dr. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's cathedral, New York, all of whom addressed the convention and helped to shape its policy.

The constitution adopted by the federation provides for a working centralized power without interfering with the autonomy of any societies that affiliate with it. The basis of representation in parish or county is two delegates from each local society. In state conventions there will be one delegate for each 1,000 members and one for each fraction of 500 or more.

The constitution also provides a plan of organization and county federations directly and indirectly under state and national federations. The main authority is vested in the national executive council. No state is to have the presidency for more than two successive years.

The objects of the federation are "the cementing of the bonds of fraternal union among the Catholic laity and Catholic societies of the United States, the fostering and protecting of Catholic interests and works of religion, piety, education and charity, the study of conditions in our social life and the dissemination of the truth."

Another plank says: "Partisan politics shall not be discussed in any meeting of this federation or of its subordinate bodies, nor shall this body or any of its subordinate bodies endorse any candidate for office."

The following officers were elected by the federation: President, Thomas B. Minahan of Columbus, O.; vice president, Lewis J. Kaufmann, New York; Thomas H. Cannon, Chicago, and Daniel Duffy, Pottsville, Pa.; secretary, Anthony Matre, Cincinnati; treasurer, Henry J. Fries, Philadelphia; marshal, Christopher O'Brien of Chicago; executive committee, Nicholas Conner of Iowa, Gabriel F. Franciere of Illinois, Ed Reardon of Indiana, George W. Gibbons of Pennsylvania, P. H. McGuire of Pennsylvania, M. P. Mooney of Ohio and Mr. Falbacher of Louisiana.

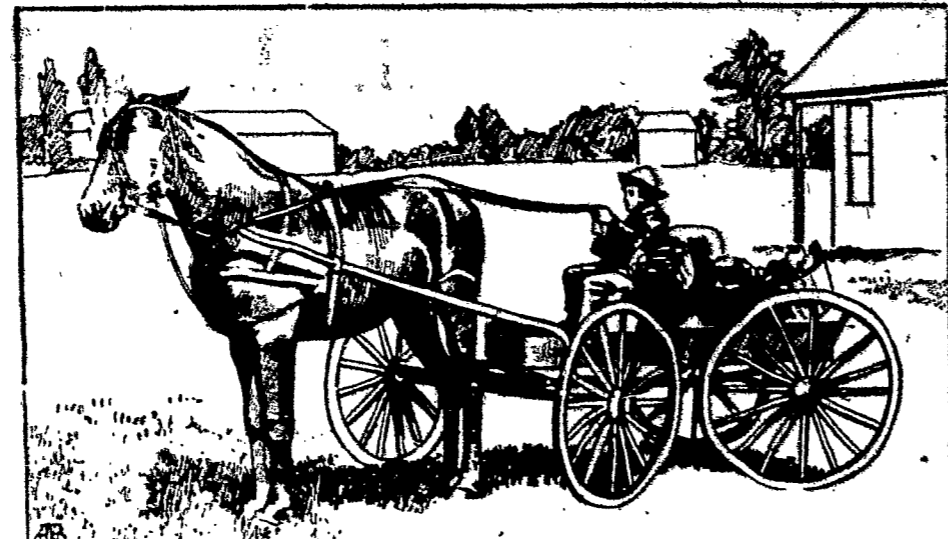
Thomas B. Minahan, the first president of the federation, has won a national reputation as a worker in the field of organized lay effort in the Roman Catholic church. Mr. Minahan is a philanthropist who believes that the best results in social progress can be brought about by using the strength found associated in the churches in such manner as to effect practical social reform. He is especially interested in the temperance movement and last summer originated the unique plan of pledging men not to abstain from drink, but to abstain from "treating" or buying stimulants for others. This idea has taken deep root, and although not officially endorsed by the various Catholic societies, is still said to have become very popular since he first made the suggestion.

Before adjourning the convention formulated a plan of operations for the interim preceding the next meeting, and the work mapped out will be vigorously pushed by the officials.

The next meeting of the federation, which will be known as the first annual convention, will be held in Chicago on July 15, 1902, and the annual conventions thereafter, according to the provisions of the constitution, will be held on the third Tuesday in July at such place as the convention may decide.

Escaped an Awful Fate! There exists at Weymouth a so called Friends' Girls' home, decorated with the name of the Archangel Gabriel. A lady, who happens to be a Roman Catholic, arranged to engage a servant girl from this institution, saw the nation on the subject, promised that the girl should be allowed to attend Church of England services, and so forth. After she thought it was all settled, she was favored with the following letter from the matron:

A NINE-YEAR-OLD BUSINESS MAN



Elmer Chester Hazelrig, a nine-year-old Decatur (Ill.) boy, is a money maker, having earned in his short life over \$300, much of which he has invested in a business that he is carrying on unaided by his parents. The boy started in to make money at six years of age, when a neighbor let him have the milk from a cow, which he sold to other neighbors, netting in the course of a year about \$100. Then he began gardening and peddling vegetables. His stock in trade now consists of a horse and wagon, a pig, a cow, money in the bank and a large garden.

ONCE A POOR BOY.

President Loubet Loyal to His Humble Origin and Peasant Mother. Not all the great men who were once poor boys live in our land of the free. No matter where he lives, the ambitious boy can get to the top provided he has the "right stuff" in him. An illustration of this truth is afforded by the career of President Loubet of France. His parents were poor peasant people, and his mother still lives in Marsanne, near Lyons, in a pretty little cottage. Thibot M. Loubet goes now and then. When with her, he kneads her bread, holds her knitting yarn for winding and drives out with her in her old phaeton behind her poky old horse, to the infinite delight of the simple old peasant woman.

He lives in the splendid Elysee palace, in Paris, as simply as if it were a cottage. He arises at 6 o'clock, drinks his coffee and reads the papers and the reports of his cabinet ministers. From 8 to 10 o'clock he walks abroad, usually alone, marching briskly in rain or sunshine. He carries an umbrella, saying:

"I'd rather be rained on than carry such an absurd object over my head." In the evening, when there are no guests at the palace, he and his wife often dine at a public cafe, out under a tree on a boulevard if the weather permits, and the couple walk unattended to the opera afterward, like any unimportant couple of the French capital.

He tells of himself that he resisted being sent to school when at nine years of age his father decided that Emile must enter the college at Crest. He ran away and hid in the woods and when found had to be tied hand and foot and put in a wagon. In this way he was delivered, like an ordinary parcel, to the director of the school at Crest. Once there, however, he became popular with both teachers and pupils, for he was a really little chap and did his work and joined the games with engaging heartiness. These characteristics distinguished him all his life. He has never attempted to conceal the peasant origin of himself and his wife.

Wouldn't Black Boots. In 1781, when Andrew Jackson was only fourteen years old, he was captured by British soldiers, against whom he and his brother were fighting. For four years he was held a prisoner. Soon after his imprisonment one of the British naval officers in charge of the arsenal where he was confined ordered young Jackson to black his boots. This the future president of the United States refused to do, says Success.

"I will not polish any man's boots! I was not born to do such work!" he firmly replied.

The British officer drew his sword in a threatening manner, but still young Jackson was defiant. No threats could make him change his mind. He told the officer that he would not black the boots of the king of England. Four years after his arrest Jackson escaped. While scaling the prison wall one of the officers threw his sword, cutting an ugly gash in the boy's head.

How to Become Wise—A Fable. A King once asked a Sage what books he had studied in order to become wise. "Sire," replied the Sage, "no books at all. Wisdom cannot be learned in that way. I have always made it a practice to think well on every subject I undertake, and then I do each in the best possible way. That is how I have been able to acquire what little wisdom I possess."

"You are quite right," exclaimed the King, highly pleased with the answer. "A man may have studied all the books in the world, and yet be a fool after all. Wisdom is more precious than rubies, and can only be acquired by practicing wise and good deeds."

Moral.—Books are of no value unless we profit by and act according to what they teach.—H. Berkeley Score in Chat-terbox.

A Goose For a Guide. In a village in Germany a blind old woman was led to church every Sunday by a gander, who used to take hold of her gown with his bill. When he had safely conducted the poor woman to her seat, he would go back to the churchyard and graze there till service was over. When he saw the people coming out of church, he went back to his blind mistress and led her safely home. One day a gentleman called at the woman's house, and when he found that she was not at home he told her daughter that he was very much surprised at her mother having gone out. "Oh, sir," said the girl, "we are not afraid of trusting her out, for the gander is with her."

RICH INDIAN BABIES.

Children Who Have Been Given Land by the Government. Of the 500 or more Indian babies of the Kiowa, Comanche, Apache, Wichita and Caddo tribes of the southwest, mostly all of whom now live in Oklahoma, not one can be called poor. They have been given a quarter section of land each and made citizens of the United States. When the Kiowa-Comanche country was opened to white settlement on Aug. 3, 1890, these children, along with their parents, were each given their allotment of land, which comprises 160 acres of their own choice anywhere in the country. The parents were allowed to take the land for them, but the title remains vested in the youngsters themselves, so the parents, no matter how eager may be their desire to convert these farms into cash and squander that, cannot do so. These children are all assured of a tract of land that will be quite valuable when they have attained their majority.

One little girl, whose picture accompanies this article, is worth \$20,000 in her own right. She is Kiowa Annie by name, and her farm lies near the new town of Hobart, in the rich Wichita valley. Her father by chance selected this farm for his daughter, not knowing that the home seekers, when they came in, would choose to erect a town near it. But the farm is there, and the town is growing. By the time Kiowa Annie reaches her majority she can lay her farm out into town lots.

"What is the nature of the business, my lord," asked Goodeve.

"It's this," said the Marquess; "my friend, Mr. Charmount, here, has a horse for immediate sale, and he wants you to buy it."

"I never bought a horse in my life," he said, "and I know nothing about 'em. I am afraid, my lord, that you must look for a customer elsewhere."

"Ah," the other interposed. "But this is no ordinary horse, Goodeve; and it's no ordinary horse deal that we're proposing. It's Charmount's."

"Most decidedly not," replied the young man addressed, in an emphatic tone.

"Do you follow the turf intelligently, Goodeve?" inquired the Marquess.

"Can't say I do, my lord. Never took much interest in racing."

"Well, at any rate, perhaps you know the name of the favorite for the Cambridgehire?"

"To be quite candid, my lord, I don't. But I suppose I can find it here," said Goodeve, taking up the morning paper which lay upon his table.

"That's him," said the Marquess. "That's Charmount's horse, which we want you to buy."

"Before the race?" asked Goodeve.

"Yes, before the race. And as it's run the day after to-morrow, there is, you can see, no time to waste over the transaction."

"From your wishing to sell him, direct these circumstances, I presume that you do not fancy his chance," remarked the solicitor quietly.

A CURIOUS CAMBRIDGEHIRE.

One morning, now several years ago, Henry Goodeve, solicitor, had a call from one of his most distinguished clients, the Marquess of X., who brought with him a companion, and, on his companion's behalf, proposed to Goodeve a novel and peculiar transaction.

"Now, Goodeve," said the Marquess, "we want you to do business in a certain little matter which may be profitable to both of us. I hope we shall find you agreeable."

"What is the nature of the business, my lord," asked Goodeve.

"It's this," said the Marquess; "my friend, Mr. Charmount, here, has a horse for immediate sale, and he wants you to buy it."

"I never bought a horse in my life," he said, "and I know nothing about 'em. I am afraid, my lord, that you must look for a customer elsewhere."

"Ah," the other interposed. "But this is no ordinary horse, Goodeve; and it's no ordinary horse deal that we're proposing. It's Charmount's."

"Most decidedly not," replied the young man addressed, in an emphatic tone.

"Do you follow the turf intelligently, Goodeve?" inquired the Marquess.

"Can't say I do, my lord. Never took much interest in racing."

"Well, at any rate, perhaps you know the name of the favorite for the Cambridgehire?"

"To be quite candid, my lord, I don't. But I suppose I can find it here," said Goodeve, taking up the morning paper which lay upon his table.

"That's him," said the Marquess. "That's Charmount's horse, which we want you to buy."

"Before the race?" asked Goodeve.

"Yes, before the race. And as it's run the day after to-morrow, there is, you can see, no time to waste over the transaction."

"From your wishing to sell him, direct these circumstances, I presume that you do not fancy his chance," remarked the solicitor quietly.

THE CURSE OF THE CHARMOUNTS.

"Very good," said the solicitor, with a nod. "Then I will exercise my right of ownership."

"But you are his owner," replied the young man, his bona fide owner, exclaimed Charmount, with sudden energy.

"Goodeve went down to Newmarket quietly, by himself. When the horses came out for the preliminary gallop he watched them with great interest. By aid of his race card he soon recognized Prince Charming, a chestnut colt with fine swinging stride, ridden by a famous jockey in the Charmount colors—apple green and black sleeves. After a few false starts the flag fell, and the heavy thud of hoofs raised Goodeve's eyes and the shouts and applause of the public, who lined the course, were borne nearer and nearer. He grew really excited. His heart beat fast. His breath came in gasps. The horses were close up to him at the finish. Some five or six seemed to flash by in a mass with a mighty thundering of hoofs. The jockey's arms and whips worked like the sails of windmills. There—ah! there was the apple green and black sleeves to the front of the race. People's voices rose to a storm of shouts and curses. Goodeve's voice involuntarily mingled with them. The preparation stood upon his forehead. He felt half suffocated.

Prince Charming's number was noted and first.

"He was soon aroused from his asphyxiated condition by the gruff voice of a man speaking at his elbow.

"The curse of the Charmounts has gone wrong at last!"

"What's that?" asked Goodeve, turning toward the speaker, a short, red-faced man, who, from his appearance and dress, might probably have been a cattle dealer.

"I wasn't speaking to you, mister," retorted the other, rather rudely.

"No, I know," said Goodeve, too much interested by the man's allusion to the Charmounts to take offense at his words, "but you said something about the 'curse of the Charmounts,' and I don't understand what you meant."

"Not understand what I meant by the 'curse of the Charmounts'?" interrupted the man, regarding Goodeve with contemptuous surprise. "Ever been at Noomarket before, mister?"

"Never, until to-day."

"Ah, that accounts for it then. Well, perhaps you don't know that never till this blessed day has a horse owned by the Charmount family won a race at the Heath for fifty years."

"No, I was not aware of that," replied Goodeve, growing very interested.

"And that," he continued, "was good horses," continued the dealer, impressively. "They had some of the very best. It's been the family business under a curse as regards this Heath."

"Under a curse? How is that?"

NEW CENTRAL

THE FIRST-CLASS... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY MAIN LINE... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

CHARLOTTE AND ONTARIO... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...

WEST BY FALLS ROAD... Times... Avenue Station, Cincinnati, Ohio...