

## Retreat Movement Aided By Meeting Of Chicago Laymen

Chicago, Sept. 12.—A Catholic laymen's meeting was held recently at St. Francis Retreat, Mayslake, near Hinsdale, Ill., for the purpose of creating interest in the laymen's retreat house opened a few months ago by the Franciscan Fathers. "Mayslake" is the name given to an unusually beautiful estate by its former owner, Francis Peabody who used it as a summer home. It comprises eight hundred acres of partly wooded and partly undulating meadow land with two lakes inhabited by flocks of swan.

The Chairman of the Committee which arranged the meetings was J. Stuyvesant Peabody, son of the previous owner, Grand Knight of Nazareth Council, Knights of Columbus. Other members of the Committee were William Calvin, District Deputy, John Reiner, Deputy Grand Knight of Perez Council, and Patrick H. O'Donnell.

At eleven o'clock Bishop Hoban, Auxiliary of Chicago, celebrated a field Mass. Immediately after the Mass a little time was allowed to inspect the retreat house. The throng then reassembled in front of the building and listened to an address by the Bishop on the importance of the layman's retreat movement. He gave expression to his own personal gratification and to that of the Cardinal Archbishop at the work undertaken by the Franciscan Fathers. He anticipated, he said, that St. Francis Retreat will become a source of uncounted blessings for the laity of the Chicago Archdiocese. He appealed to his hearers to support the work in every way possible and urged the men to take advantage of the unusual facilities offered them.

Other speakers included: the Rev. Joseph Reiner, S. J., Dean of Loyola University; Anthony Matre, C. K. S. G.; Patrick H. O'Donnell, an attorney; Robert M. Switzer, County Clerk and General Manager of the Catholic Associated Charities; D. F. Kelly, President of the Catholic Associated Charities; and Edward Houlihan, State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus.

## Colored Soldiers Seeking Chaplain, Would Pay Up-Keep

Paris, Sept. 12.—Colored Malgache troops on duty with the French forces in Morocco are so anxious to have a Catholic chaplain who understands their language that they have offered to defray the expense of his subsistence by an assessment upon themselves. Information to this effect was transmitted to the Minister of War by the Abbe Bergey, Deputy from the Gironde. The offer will not, of course, be accepted since the subsistence of a chaplain is an expense which is properly charged to the budget.

The Abbe had written to the Minister of War to ask if all the troops in Morocco were provided with chaplains. In reply, M. Painleve said that there were six Catholic and two Protestant chaplains on duty with the troops engaged against Abd-El-Krim.

Expressing satisfaction with this information the Abbe replied and added as an indication of his sincere liberalism:

"May I be permitted to express the hope that out Jewish and Muslim soldiers have not forgotten although their chaplains are not mentioned in the Ministerial note. They are subject to the same sufferings and manifest the same heroism as the rest; and so we have the same tender sympathy for and give the same recognition to, all our soldiers, whatever be their philosophical or religious doctrines. We would have all of them without discrimination receive the maximum of satisfaction, or material and moral security."

## Irish Commission Reports Plan To Curb Liquor Evil

Dublin, Sept. 12.—All the Catholic temperance bodies throughout the country are, on the whole, fairly well pleased with the report just issued by the Commission appointed to inquire into the Irish liquor trade.

It is generally recognized that there are far too many drinking facilities in Ireland and that if the temperance evil is to be combated these facilities must be considerably curtailed. In one little town in County Mayo, with a population of 1200 there are 72 houses licensed for the sale of drink. At present there is one licensed house for every 270 people in the Free State. The plan is to reduce that number until a standard of one for about every 400 inhabitants is reached.

One of the most fruitful sources of intemperance has been Sunday drinking. In the rural districts a man had only to travel three miles, under what was known as the bona fide traveller system, to obtain as much drink as he desired.

The result was that Sunday, being a day of rest, men had opportunities for drinking that they had on no other day of the week.

Under the Commission's recommendations the three-mile limit would be extended to ten miles, and public houses will be allowed to serve travellers during four hours in the afternoon only.

## Will Provide Beds For 2,000,000 At Chicago Congress

(By N. C. W. C. News Service) Chicago, Ill., Sept. 12.—Plans to provide every one of the expected 2,000,000 visitors to Chicago during the International Eucharistic Congress here June 20 to 24, 1926, with a place to sleep in comfort, were put under way by the Housing Committee of which Rev. John P. Schiffer is chairman.

In addition to hotel accommodations for some 50,000 guests now existing and the 10,000 rooms in building now under construction a survey has been instituted by the Housing Committee to ascertain to the last bed, the accommodations that are available in the parish houses, religious communities, and in the homes of the lay Catholics.

Questionnaires have been prepared for the parish priests and community heads asking the number and kind of sleeping accommodations available, and the answers to these questionnaires will be compiled and classified for the information of the visitors. In addition, cots and tents are available at the army and navy headquarters, and the parks, and especially the wooded grounds of the University of St. Mary of the Lake at Mundelein are ample for auxiliary sleeping service.

The transportation committee under the chairmanship of Rev. M. A. Dorney met with the representatives of 24 railroads and steamship lines entering Chicago, looking toward the securing of ample train service and special rates for the congress visitors.

## United Christian Organization In India Projected

(By N. C. W. C. News Service) Bombay, Sept. 10.—The place of Christian civilization in the future of India was discussed in a forceful manner by Joseph Baptista, newly-elected president of the Municipal Corporation of Bombay on the occasion of the presentation of an address on behalf of the Indian Christians of Bombay, Salsette and Bassem. Mr. Baptista, a Catholic, was called upon in the address to assume leadership of the Christian forward movement. He replied with words of encouragement and hope.

Christians Allege Discrimination The address protested that the Christian community "though not inconsiderable in numbers, education and social status, finds its claims to the rightful share in the administration and higher appointments ignored by a government which seems to listen only to a powerful organized agitation."

In his reply the newly elected president expressed his pleasure at seeing Protestants and Catholics from all sections of the Presidency united in presenting him with the address.

"I wish I could be assured," he said, "that this is a commencement of the consolidation of the all-Christian forces into one powerful All-India organization."

"It is the duty of the Catholics to take the lead as elder brothers of the Christian family. In the ecclesiastical hierarchy we have an excellent organization that can facilitate secular organization with the cooperation of our pastors and priest. I have no doubt that cooperation will be forthcoming from a priesthood whose life and motto is sacrifice and service."

Hopes Protestants Will Aid "I cannot speak with confidence of the Protestant section; but I know they have made an excellent beginning. It is not difficult to devise a constitution for combined effort, and the combination will overcome many obstacles. We cannot play an effective part in the affairs of India without consolidation."

"We Catholics form part and parcel of the whole Catholic world. Therefore we are not a negligible factor."

Mr. Baptista is recognized as one of the foremost proponents of "responsible cooperation" and opposed to Gandhi's "non-cooperation" policy.

## Publisher Warns Of Fake Solicitor

Dayton, Ohio, September 12.—George A. Pfau, publisher of the Young Catholic Messenger here, today issued a warning against the operations of the solicitor representing himself as an agent of that publication. Under the name of "George Farrell of the International Sales Corporation," according to Mr. Pfau, this solicitor has been working in Detroit.

He has been soliciting subscriptions from Sisters in that city, offering a premium and a discount for cash payments toward subscriptions to the Young Catholic Messenger and tells those whom he visits that he is working to obtain a scholarship for Notre Dame University. He exhibits credentials which, Mr. Pfau says, are not authentic. The latter declares:

"No one is authorized to solicit subscriptions to the Young Catholic Messenger nor does the Young Catholic Messenger give premiums or discounts. Priests and Sisters are urgently requested to have any person arrested who solicits subscriptions for the Young Catholic Messenger."

## Warder Murphy's Gold Mine

By JAMES F. DWYER

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WARDER MURPHY grounded his rifle and looked dreamily across the tea-acre patch of vegetable garden that surrounded Darlinghurst penitentiary. A dozen "trusties," short-sentence prisoners with full good conduct marks, were working in a line that stretched across the potato field, and Warder Murphy formed the extreme left wing. On the right was Warder Finnerty, and between these two living obstacles in the path to freedom, the squad of convicts toiled industriously.

Murphy's conscious mind became aware of the fact that No. 307, known to his prison companions as "The Rat," had moved a few paces to the left toward a little stream that trickled over a gravel bed, and was then busy with an empty tomato can washing a few handfuls of the sandy soil. The warder was astounded. He moved rapidly toward the prisoner and angrily ordered him back to his work.

"The Rat" turned a weak cunning face up to his guard and made a motion for silence.

"There's gold here, Mr. Murphy," he whined. "Gold, real gold, sure!"

The warder's eyes blinked suspiciously, but he choked back the threat that was on his lips. The prisoner twisted the can vigorously, while his eyes and tongue pleaded with the officer.

"Let me just wash this tinfoil," he whispered, hoarsely. "I know there's gold here, Mr. Murphy; I've been a miner and I know the looks of the ground."

With a final twist "The Rat" jerked out the last of the muddy water that the tin contained, then he peered at the salt in the bottom.

"Look!" he cried, "didn't I tell you there's gold here?"

Murphy grasped the tin with trembling fingers. In the bottom of the can were three little yellow pellets that glistened in the wet sand. Murphy cupped them into the palm of his big right hand and eyed them greedily.

"It's gold," he gurgled.

"Sure thing," affirmed the prisoner. The warder gazed over the find, and "The Rat" watched him closely. Presently Murphy looked at his watch.

"We'll be going in to dinner directly," he said, excitedly. "What about that?" He nodded at the three pellets in his hand.

The prisoner considered a moment. "Gold is no good to be," he muttered, sadly. "Can't get out to spend it, but I'll tell you something that I can use. What do you say if I'm willing to take a plug of tobacco instead of the yellow stuff, and then I'll keep mum about the find?"

Murphy was foraging in his pockets before "The Rat" had finished his proposition, and he hastily slipped an untouched plug to the prisoner who eagerly closed his hand over it and looked inquiringly at the face of the guard.

"Tain't much for three lumps of gold," he mumbled.

"I'll get another plug of Warder Finnerty and give it to you," stammered Murphy. "But hold your tongue about the gold whatever you do."

The second plug, which Murphy immediately obtained from Finnerty, resembled "The Rat" and he wore a smile upon his white cunning face as he marched in with his elated companions when the jail bell rang for dinner.

But Warder Murphy had no appetite. Visions of gold in unweighable quantities came up before his mental eye. But now the knowledge had to be put to good use. Murphy had no money, and he rapidly ran over in his mind those of his friends who had capital to invest. Weisler, the German Jew, who owned a watch repairing establishment near the penitentiary, had money, and ten minutes after the prisoners had been locked in their cells for their midday meal, Murphy was in the shop.

"Hey, Weisler," he cried, joyfully, as he laid the three little pellets upon the counter, "what would you give for a patch of ground where you could dig those up by the bucketful?"

The Jew picked up the pellets one by one, and after examining them keenly laid them back on the counter.

"I would give noddings, Mr. Murphy," he said, slowly, "dove are free little lumps of brass."

When Warder Murphy returned to the jail, the chief warder called him aside.

"There's trouble brewing for you," he said, grimly. "We searched 307 and his pal 59 at dinner time, and found that each had a plug of tobacco in his possession."

"No 59?" queried the astounded Murphy.

"Yes, No 59," snapped the chief. "That friend of 'The Rat' who works in the brass shop."

And then it dawned upon the fear-stricken warder how No. 307 had obtained the necessary material to salt the mine in the potato patch.

## "Drink" Sunlight

By the use of a new ultra-violet light machine perfected in London the curative powers of sunlight can be administered internally, says Popular Science Monthly. Applied in the mouth and throat, the treatment is reported to have been beneficial in cases of a number of diseases.

## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

MARY GRAHAM BONNER

### PROUD MR. BEETLE

"It's a matter of pride to me," said Mr. Beetle.

"Yes, it is a matter of great pride to me. Anyone in my position would be proud, too."

"I am in your position," said the Red-Winged Locust, "and I don't know that I am feeling particularly proud. I am crawling slowly about my cage here in the zoo as you are doing. Is that a position of which to be proud?"

"My dear Red-Winged," said the Beetle, "you are slow. You don't understand."

"Pardon me, my dear sir," said the Red-Winged Locust, "but you are thinking of my distant relatives, the snails."

"That is, they are not my near relatives, and I am not really sure that they are relatives at all."

"In fact, come to think of it, I don't believe they are relatives at all."

"My dear Mr. Red-Winged Locust," said Mr. Beetle, "why don't you think before you speak?"

"That's an old, old saying, older than you are or than I am."

"It's older than most creatures, I believe."

"But it's a good old saying, just the same."

"Well," admitted Mr. Red-Winged Locust, slowly, "I suppose I should have thought before I spoke."

"But the snails, I suppose, do belong to the insect class, and so do I, and so do you, so there must be some sort of a family relationship."

"No more than there is between boys and girls of entirely different families."



He Did Not Mind Being Stupid.

and from different states and countries and lands," said Mr. Beetle.

"They're all people, but they're not related."

"Well," said Mr. Red-Winged Locust, "you said I was slow, and I couldn't bear that."

"Ah," said Mr. Beetle, "I mean that you were slow with your mind, your thoughts."

Mr. Red-Winged Locust seemed to feel much better at hearing that.

He did not mind being stupid as long as he wasn't considered as slow in his actions as the snails.

"What is a matter of pride to you?" he asked after a moment, of Mr. Beetle.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Red-Winged Locust, listen and I will tell thee."

"Fine language, high-ho!" said Mr. Red-Winged Locust.

"I know that you come from the South," commenced Mr. Beetle, "but I come from still further South."

"I come from South America, and my whole name is Mr. Hercules Beetle."

"I am named after a man of ancient fame who was very brave and who did very wonderful things."

"Well, well, well," said Mr. Red-Winged Locust, "I am glad you get so much joy out of that, but for my part I would rather be named a red-winged locust, as red sounds so gay and royal and noble."

"I wouldn't care so much just being named after some one else who was fine and brave, and all that sort of thing."

"Each to his own taste," said Mr. Hercules Beetle, as he crawled proudly away—or rather as proudly as a creature can crawl.

Which, after all, is not so very fine, as crawling is not a lofty way of moving about.

Still Mr. Hercules Beetle did his best.

### Father's Knowledge

Benton was bragging that his father knew "bout ever'thing" but Ted was not at all sure that he did.

He could remember several times when he had answered right straight to some question. "Well, really, Ted, I'm sure I don't know."

But he wanted to brag on his father, too, and so he said: "Well, my father doesn't know ever'thing, but we got a dictionary that knows the rest."

### Would Be a Man

Suzanne's mother telephoned Ted that she was going to let her come over and play with him.

When he came from the phone he said: "Oh, mother, Suzanne is coming over. Quick, take my rompers off and put on my suit, 'cause I want her to see me as a man."

### Knowledge

"Dolly, what did you learn in school today?"

"I learned the name of the boy who moved next door, mamma."

## The Blizzard Out of the North

By H. B. ALEXANDER

(Copyright.)

WOLF-EATER was an old white-haired Indian. His broad dark face, lined and wrinkled, was as calmly terrible as is the dead mask of the Sphinx, which the hordes of generations of Arab vandals have failed to move. Wolf-eater's cabin stood on a hill slope hardly a spear's throw from the site of the Oto village on the little Kansas. On the top of the hill was a huge heap of bones—trophies of the gray wolves and coyotes which he had hunted out of the country for miles around.

One day I sat in front of the little cabin, watching the old man fashion the toy bows and pipes which he sold to the farmers for parlor ornaments.

"Wolf," I said (his name was so shortened by his white neighbors), "you have never told me why it was that when the government took your people to the reservation you stayed behind?"

For some moments Wolf-eater did not speak. He dropped his work and gazed out over the prairie with that terrible, immovable Sphinx-like gaze that belongs to all eyes accustomed to peer across the plains. Finally he told his tale.

There was once a woman of the Otoes who was mother of twins. The girl she named Ompah, the Rain-Wind, for to the mother she came as the fresh sweet wind that blows before a summer rain. And the boy also had a name, but it was changed before he left papoose wraps.

The winter after the twins were born was a winter of many snows. One day Kahl-nee—that was the woman's name—went over the hill from her village to cut willow twigs for baskets. The children were in the papoose hood on her shoulders. There was snow on the ground, but the day was sunny and clear.

By and by little gray clouds began to fly past through the sky, but Kahl-nee did not notice them. She was busy with the willows. Then, out of the north came the sudden blizzard wind. The light snow was swept from the ground and whirled about in a stinging, blinding cloud. Kahl-nee dropped her willows and started for the village. She walked on and on, straining her eyes for the lights of the fire in the tepees, but she saw only the gray rushing snow. Soon she knew that she was lost, but she dared not stop walking, for she was frozen. She wrapped her arms tighter about the twins and trudged on, always straining her eyes for the village fire.

It grew colder and colder. It was white-dark in the rush of the snow. She would have cried out, but the roar of the blizzard choked her voice. Suddenly she noticed a gray beast trotting by her side. She thought it was a village dog and her heart leaped. Then it uttered its long wailing cry, and her heart stopped.

Kahl-nee plunged on desperately through the storm, not daring to look around. When she did there were two gray beasts trotting beside her. She tried to cry out, but the roar of the blizzard choked her voice. A coyote snuggled at her heels. With her stiffening fingers Kahl-nee grasped the hatchet which she had brought to cut the willows, and struck one fierce blow. Then she ran on as fast as she could, scrambling against the wind. When she stopped for breath she was alone. She drifted on with the storm, still hoping to reach the village. But almost immediately a gray wolf leaped up out of the darkness. Then another and another. With one hand Kahl-nee drew the papoose hood to her breast, for her blanket was torn to shreds. With the other she seized her knife. She thrust it into the breast of a wolf that leaped up at her, but she could not draw it back. Then she knew that she must die. She tried to sing a death song, but the yellow eyes and red throats of the wolves hid her tongue and the thought of Rain-Wind and the boy papoose choked down the words.

Then, suddenly, with one long moaning rumble the storm Wakanda swung away to the south. Kahl-nee was on a hill within a spear's throw of the village. She could see the fire of the tepees shining through the wolves had dragged her to her knees, but she tried to rise, fighting them off with her hands. Their teeth and the weight of the papoose hood held her down, for she was weak from exposure and wounds. Again Kahl-nee saw that the Dead Wakanda had doomed her, even in light of her village. It was then that the twin papoose began to cry. A terrible thought came to the mother, and she bent back. She might have said: "Once more she tried to beat off the wolves and tried to rise. This time the papoose hood lay on the ground and her arm flung out but one child. Kahl-nee stood up, the wolves no longer rushed upon her. With a scream which was like laughter she flew down the hill into the village and fell down dead at the door of her tepee."

The warriors ran out and drove the wolves from the stained and trampled snow.

Wolf-eater passed, and picking up his knife resumed his carving a lump unsteadily. I thought:

"That was many winters past," I added. "Up there in the spot where Rain-Wind was left to the wolves, save the boy papoose—indicating a heap of glistening bones."

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