

RACUN "GLASILO K. S. K. JEDNOTE" za dobo od 1. januarja do 30. junija 1925.

Table with columns: DOHODKI mesec, Prejeti iz urada za mesečno član., Narobina članov, Za oglaš., Skupaj. Rows for Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, Maj, Junij.

Table with columns: IZDATKI mesec, Plača uredniš., Tisk lista, Poštenina II. razreda, Razno, Skupaj. Rows for Jan, Feb, Mar, Apr, Maj, Junij.

REKAPITULACIJA: Prenos bančnega depozita z dne 31. dec. 1924., Dohodki za šest mesecev, Skupaj, Odračunjeni izdatki za šest mesecev, Preostanek na banki dne 30. junija 1925.

PREGLED DOBIČKA ZA I. POLOVICO LETA 1925: Članstvo je vplačalo assessmenta za naročnino \$6,653.58, Iz Jednotne blagajne plačano za vzdrževanje lista 6,500.00, Prebitek \$163.58.

OPOMBA UPRAVNIKA: Na podlagi sklepa minule konvencije se je od stare naročnine za "Glasilo" odvzelo po 3c na mesec od vsakega člana(ice) za zvišanje operacijske in poslovalne podpore.

Društvena naznanila in dopisi

NAZNANILO IN VABILO. Iz urada društva sv. Cirila in Metoda, št. 90, Omaha, Neb., se vsem našim članom najprej naznanja, da se bo vršila prihodnja mesečna seja dne 8. avgusta.

Da sem pa to objavil v Glasilu je namen, da boste vsi znali in da gotovo pridete vsi na prihodnjo sejo, kjer se bo razpravljalo radi našega društvenega piknika.

Ravno tako je bilo sklenjeno na zadnji seji, da se morajo vsi člani tega piknika vdeležiti, kateri ne pride, bo moral plačati določeno svoto v društveno blagajno.

napravimo banket kod smi u prolu godinu o koga se i dan danas spomenjaju in ga ponavljaju. Još nam fali samo deset novih članova eto 400! Pak ćemo pokazati kaj su brati Hrvati pri K. S. K. Jednoti.

SREBRNA MAŠA.

Chicago, Ill. — Slovenska naselbina v Chicagu je pred zadnjo nedeljo, dne 26. julija zopet oblekla posebno praznično obleko, v kateri je slavila redko slavnost, srebrni jubilej Rev. John Miklavčiča, znanega slovenskega duhovnika v Ameriki.

Nekaj posebnega je bilo v nedeljo 26. julija, zopet cerkveno petje, pod vodstvom znanega pevskega umetnika prof. Ivo Račića. Orglje so veličastno bučale, vmes umetno petje, pri kateri so se ljudje kar divili.

West Allis, Wis. — Danes sem po sveti maši prejel vabilo na piknik, ki ga bo imela župnija Marije Pomočnice dne 9. avgusta popoldne na prostorih okrog slovenske cerkve na West Allis.

nje preč. g. jubilanta. Navedel je mesta, po katerih je jubilant deloval kot dušni pastir in to povsod z dobrim rekoendom. Končno mu je čestital k njegovemu srebnemu jubileju v svojem, kakor tudi ljudskemu imenu.

Poljedelski delavci primatej v Ameriki vsepovsod. Zvezni poljedelski department je ravnokar dovršil raziskavo o razmerah poljedelskega delavstva v severovzhodnih državah in objavil je o izidu te raziskave jako zanimivo predhodno poročilo, iz katerega posnemamo sledeče:

Jubilant Rev. John Miklavčič se je narodil v Škofji Loki na Gorenjskem ip sicer leta 1876. V gimnazijske šole, kakor tudi v semenišče je hodil v Ljubljani skupaj 12 let. V mašnika je bil posvečen dne 14. julija, 1900. Pet let je kaplanoval po raznih župnijah, nakar je bil imenovan župnikom za župnijo Sv. Treh Kraljev nad Vrhniko.

Nekateri okolščine, ki jih je razodela raziskava o delavcih na zelenjadnikih države New Jersey, so značilne tudi za poljedelske delavske razmere v drugih delih severovzhodnih držav.

Zelenjadarji (truck farmers) in sadjerejci (fruit growers) najemajo jako čisto ženske in nedoletnike. Iz italijanskih družin v Philadelphiji prihaja velik del selinskega poljedelskega delavstva, zaposlenega v New Jersey-u.

Ravno 360 poljedelskih delavcev se je vprašalo, koliko je znašal njih zaslužek v gotovini tekom leta 1921. Ta je povprečno znašal \$600. Tujerodni delavci so zaslužili povprečno \$120 več kot tujkar rojeni delavci, ali ta okolščina se daje razlagati s tem, da je številje odrastlih delavcev bilo jako večje v tujerodni skupini kot iz-

venka društva na West Allis in pojdimo na piknik 9. avgusta, kjer se nam bo pokazal naš črt Narodnega doma in kjer si bomo izbrali prostor zanj.

Pomanjkanje poljedelskih delavcev.

Treba je boljših plač in boljših življenskih razmer. Foreign Language Information Service Jugoslav Bureau

Farmarji v severovzhodnih državah imajo čim dalje več težkoč za najemanjem spretnih poljedelskih delavcev. V mnogih slučajih ne morejo sploh dobiti nikalih delavcev, ki bi jim pomagali na polju.

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med turodnih delavcev. Nekateri izmed odrastlih delavcev so poleg plače dobivali še stan, prostor za vrt, mleko itd. Vrednost vseh teh dodatnih dohodkov ni navadno presejala \$300 na leto.

Izmed zgoraj omenjenih 360 poljedelskih delavcev je bilo 168 družinskih poglavarjev. Njihov zaslužek tekom leta 1921 je znašal povprečno \$790. Iz teh zaslužkov — dasi so tujarjam dodatno dobivali neke potreščine — je preostajalo le malo ali nič denarja za družinsko udobnost po ameriškem standardu.

Delovni čas vprašanih delavcev je znašal poletno povprečno deset ur in po zimi osem ur. Skoraj v polovici farm se je zahtevalo deseturno delo po leti. V osmini farm se je delalo celo po 12 ur na dan.

Stanovanjske razmere za mnoge teh začasnih zaposlencev so bile jako slabe. Malo farmarjev je preskrbovalo te družine z dobrim zavetjem. Spavalnica za nje so se navadno nahajala v postranskih farmskih poslopih ali v kolibah.

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stalno zaposleni, imajo kakšenkrat na razpolago rabo farmskih hiš ali koč. Mnoga izmed teh poslopij pa so v slabem stanju in potrebujejo popraviljenja.

Otroci v teh družinah poljedelskih delavcev so dostikrat zaostajali v svojem šolanju. Od 140 otrok je le 58 normalno napredovalo v šoli. Ostalih 82 je zaostajalo. Vrhutega se je odstotek zaostalosti povečalo s starostjo otrok.

Povprečna starost, ko je poljedelski delavec začel delati, je bila 13.6 let; skoraj polovica izmed njih je začela delati v starosti med 12. in 15. letom. Izmed 138 so bili otroci pod 16. letom; ti-le so bili začeli delati v poletnem času, začasnih delavci so bili začeli delati že v petem letu starosti.

Tri četrtine poljedelskih delavcev je spadalo v razred nezurjenih (unskilled) delavcev. Niti eden izmed nedoletnikov pod 18. letom ni znal kake obrti. Vse njihove nade za bodočnost so bile jako skromne. Dve tretini vprašanih delavcev ni imelo nikake ambicije, da bi imeli svojo farmo; bodisi kot najemniki ali kot lastniki.

NE STARAJTE SE!

"Samo mladi možje služijo svetu; možje, ki se nikdar ne postarajo; možje, v katerih sistemu je ves čas močna sila, in možje, ki niso nikdar tako okoreli, da bi se njih telesna mašinerija ustavila." Tako je nekoč rekel pokojni predsednik Woodrow Wilson.

SL društvom in trgovcem v Jolietu in okolici: Naznanjam, da izvršujem vse vrste tiskovine lično in po cenah. Za nitro potrebuje kličite, ali pošljite naročilo na: JOS. AVSEC TISKAR. Telefon stanovanja 2961. 205 Stone St. Joliet, Ill.

St. Clairski paberki.
(Pise urednik.)

V predzadnji številki "Glasila" je neko društvo iz našega sosednega Nottinghama priobčilo vabilo na svoj prvi piknik kar v pesniški obliki. Ta oglas je imel baje izborni uspeh. Ljudstva, jedil in pijače je bilo vse polno; gotovo bo tudi lep preostanek v društveni blagajni. Žal mi je, da nisem bil navzoč, ker smo imeli večjo družbo Pittsburžanov na obisku. No, ja, ako bi bil jaz zraven, bi bilo še prej zmanjkalo delikatnega "pot roasta" iz slavnostne Veselove mesnice. Sto funtov so ga imeli na onem pikniku, pa ga ni bilo zadosti!

Ne samo ono nottinghamsko društvo je poetično, ampak tudi birti v starem kraju so pričeli jahati Pegaza. Te dni sem čital v ljubljanskem "Slovencu" sledečo reklamo: "Pri Tičku, na gričku, danes popoldne ob 5. na raznu pečeni prešički." Can you beat it?

Jaz mislim, da bi bilo dobro, da bi se človek oprijel kakega biznisa tukaj na našem St. Clairju. Različne robe za to so mi predzadnje nedelje prinesli moji pittsburški prijatelji iz znane Besalove veletrgovine na Butler St. Oni zaboj sem odpiral in blago izlagal ravno pol ure. Vsega skupaj je bilo ravno 30 predmetov. Naj mi bo dovoljeno, da poslano mi blago (darovano) tukaj označim: En polpinta stekleničica neke tekočine iz Balkovčeve domače zaloge? 1 zavitek Fatima cigaret, 1 svinčnik, 1 škatlja clothespins, 1 zavitek prežekovalnega guma, 1 škatlja Uneda piškotov, vsa priprava za snajženje čevljev (posebno dobrodošla), 1 funt suhih češpelj, 17 suhih lešnikov, 1 škatlja zobotrebecev (ne vem koliko jih je), 1 konva Carnation mleka, 1 čebula, srednje debelosti, 1 škatlja švedskih žveplenk, 1 limona, 1 škatlja praška za muhe (Zacherlina), 1 stekleničica črnega zmletega popra; 1 oranža, 10 suhih orehov, 2 sveže hruške iz Thomsove farme v Dorseyville, četrt funta koks fižola nekuhanega, 1 škatlja biksa, 1 Sweet-heart milo, četrt funta salame (made a la Buttlerstreet Hotel Eržen), 2 stroka suhega česna, 1 steklenico kislih kumaric, 1 steklenico oliv, 1 steklenico peanuts masla, 1 steklenico plavila za perilo, 1 steklenico majoneze in 1 steklenico Catsup. S to robo bi lahko človek otvoril takozvani General Merchandise Store. Le žal, da ni bilo poleg tudi pipe, katero baš sedaj nujno potrebujem. Toda vseeno prav lepa hvala za poslano!

Včeraj me je zopet doletela čast, da sem v naši Kurji vasi srečal znanega dohtarja Žavbo, ko je po ulici prepeval pesem: "Pa mi ga žingamo, pa mi ga žajfamo . . ." Pri tem sem si mislil: "Čudno, da se ta čuden doktor tako žajfe boji!!" Ko sem ga na nekem kornjeru opazoval, se je zadril vame: "Kaj me pa tako zijaš?" Enkrat ga pojdem obiskat v njegov laboratorij, da bom videl, kako kuha svojo znano žavbo za vse notranje in zunanje nepravilike.

Sele nedavno sem čital, da so pri našem stklairskem lokalnem slovenskem dnevniku zaposlene menda tudi človeške ?! živali. Urednik označenega lista je obelodanil kar na prvi strani sledečo čudno notico: "Predno je postala človeška žival človek, ni znala ne govoriti, niti se medsebojno sporazumeti. Prvo sporazumljenje med ljudmi se je potem začelo z oddajanjem glasov. Počasi, zelo počasi se je potem človek navadil gotove govornice in jo začel izražati na papirju z znaki . . ." itd. Častitam uredniku na takem

poklonu čitateljem in napredku. Živejo glasilo "človeških živali!"

Nedavno sem čital, da so bile slavnostne Domžale na Gorenjskem povišane v trg. To izredno čast in zaslugo je baje pripisovati kapelniku Domžalske godbe, mojstru Vinkotu Riedlu, ki je letos o Binkoštih š njo nastopil v Belgradu. Jaz bi prijatelju Vinkotu svetoval, naj priredi še en koncert na kraljevem dvoru, pa bodo Domžale morda povišane v mesto?

V starem kraju bodo sčasoma vsi konje—in pasjederci odpravljene, ker bodo previsoki davki spravili vse jugoslovanske pse s površja. Dandanes je treba plačati od vsakega kužeta 120 kron ali 30 dinarjev. Pred leti si za ta denar že lahko kupil celo kravo. Namesto pasjedercev bodo uvedli lisicederce; ljudstvo namreč rabi namesto psov-čuvajev mlade dresirane lisice in lisjake, ki stanejo samo 80 din ter so pasjega davka proste. Kako bodo lovci z lisicami zajce lovili, in kako bodo te domače lisice čuvale domače kokoši, mi je neznan. Če bi ne bilo predaleč, bi si jaz takoj naročil enega ljubljanskega lisjaka, kajti našega Rjavčka ni več pri hiši; zdaj lovi komarje in mesarske muhe nekje v Euclidu.

Ko sem se nedavno mudil v Jolietu, sva bila z našim ohijskim maršalom Janezom di Kostanjevica pogoščena s komarjevo godljo, katero nama je osebno točil znani jolietski Napoleon. Bedric sicer nisimo obirali, pač pa okusno prirejeni "steak" s čebulo in pečenim krompirjem tamkaj v Slovenskem County klubu; drugi dan so me pa pri Fabijanovih na Broadwayu pogostili z ajdovimi štruklji, novo kislno repo in zmečkanim krompirjem. Take dobre košče nimajo niti v clevelandskem Statler hotelu.

V našem sosednem Sandusky okraju delajo letos fazani farmarjem dosti škode pri koruzi. O tem sem že opozoril našega mojstra-lovca Jakata, ki se že vadi v streljanju; jaz bom lovil fazane v mreže in na limanice, ker se bojim orožja. Na jesen enkrat pojdemo pa na jazbec, ko se še malo odebelijo.

Kratek življenjepis pokojnega W. J. Bryan-a.

Leta 1860, 19. marca rojen v Salem, Ill. Leta 1881 graduiral na Illinois College šoli; dobil časten naslov A. B. Leta 1883 je dovršil pravniške (odvetniške) študije na Union College v Chicagu, Ill., z naslovom L. L. B. Leta 1884 imenovan A. M. (magistrom umetnosti) na šoli Illinois College. Poročen z Miss Mary E. Baird v Perry, Ill.

V letih 1883-1887 je bil odvetnik v Jacksonville, Ill., kasneje pa v Lincoln, Neb., kamor se je preselil leta 1887. Od 1891 do 1895 izvoljen članom kongresa pretega distrikta v Nebraski. Leta 1892 zbudil splošno pozornost s svojim tarifnim govorom. Leta 1894 nominiran na konvenciji demokratov za zveznega senatorja države Nebraska. Leta 1894 urednik "Omaha World-Herald-a." Leta 1896 delegat demokratske narodne konvencije v Chicagu. Priobčil platformo demokratske stranke. Držal znamenit govor na označeni konvenciji. Bil prvič nominiran za predsedniškega kandidata. Isto leto je med volilno kampanjo prepotoval 18,000 milj, da bi porazil svojega tekmeča William McKinleya. Poražen pri predsedniških volitvah; dobil 176 elektroralnih glasov, McKinley pa 271. Leta 1898 ustanovil 3. pešpolk prostovoljcev v državi Nebraska in postal polkovnik (colonel) tega polka. Leta 1900 na demokratski narodni konvenciji v Kansas City, Kans., zopet nominiran predsedniškim kandidatom, in zopet zgubil volitev z 155 proti 292 elektroralnimi glasovi za McKinleya. Leta 1901 pričel v Lincoln, Neb., izdajati list "The Commoner;" radi tega so Bryana tudi radi nazvali s tem imenom. Leta 1908 na narodni demokratski konvenciji v Denver, Colo., bil že v tretjič nominiran predsedniškim kandidatom in ponovno poražen. Dobil je samo 162 elektroralnih glasov, William H. Taft pa 321. Leta 1912 na demokratski konvenciji v Baltimore, Md., pregovoril delegate, da so nominirali predsedniškim kandidatom Woodrow Wilsona; isto leto tudi izvoljenega predsednika Združenih držav. Od 1913 do 1915 bil imenovan državnim tajnikom za časa Wilsonove administracije. To službo je pustil dne 9. junija, 1915, ker se ni strinjal s taktiko tedanje administracije glede svetovne vojne. Leta 1915 se preselil v Florido, kjer je spisal in izdal več knjig. Med temi so najbolj znane "The Menace of Darwinism" (Pretrnja darwinizma) in "The Bible and its Enemies" (Sv. Pismo in njegovi sovražniki.) Leta 1925 (10. julija) zaslovel na senzacionalni evolucijski obravnavi v Dayton, Tenn., kot tožitelj prof. Scopes-a. 26. julija nanagloma umri v Dayton, Tenn. (31. julija) pokopan na Narodnem Arlington pokopališču v Washingtonu.

SVOJI K SVOJIM! — DRŽITE SE VEDNO TEGA GESLA!

Dajte svojemu otroku primeren začetek v življenju s hranjenjem Bordenovega Eagle Mleka. Priporočeno od zdravnikov.

Če pošljete ta oglaš The Borden Company, Borden Building, New York, vam bodo povredali v vašem jeziku, kako je treba hraniti vašega otroka z Eagle Mlekom.

Dept. 2.

ZAHVALA

Odbor spodaj podpisane SLOVENSKE POSOJILNICE (THE INTERNATIONAL BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION) se s tem iskreno zahvaljuje

V PRVI VRSTI našemu narodu v Clevelandu za odziv v pripomoček minule kampanje za nove vloge, v kateri se je naš narod tako lepo odzval.

DRUGIČ: Vsem delničarjem, ki so pripomogli našim direktorjem, vodečim to kampanjo, da so dospeli do tako velikega uspeha.

TRETIČ: Se zahvalujemo vsem direktorjem, ker so se tako marljivo potrudili, da so to kampanjo zaključili v resnici z velikim uspehom, na kar so lahko direktorji in naš narod v Clevelandu ponosni, namreč, da lastuje naš narod NAJVEČJO SLOVENSKO POSOJILNICO V AMERIKI, KI SE NAHAJA V SVOJEM LASTNEM DOMU (POSLOPJU) IN KATERA PLACUJE SVOJIM VLAGATELJEM PO 5% NA VLOGE.

Vse premoženje z dne 31. julija 1925 obstoji kakor iz nastopnega finančnega poročila razvidno:

Finančno poročilo:

THE INTERNATIONAL BUILDING & LOAN ASSOCIATION
PO STANJU DNE 31. JULJA, 1925

IMETJE:

Gotovina na rokah	-----	\$ 51,963.78
Gotovina na banki	-----	\$ 68,836.58
Posojila na prve vknjižbe (Mortgages)	-----	\$1,048,057.56
Posojila na naše lastne delnice	-----	\$ 52,829.57
Posojila na druge varnostne listine	-----	\$ 7,045.00
Razne male tirjatve	-----	\$ 96.15
Pisarniška uprava v uradu	-----	\$ 4,216.85
Lastno poslopje urada	-----	\$ 54,116.85
Zemljišče, na katerem stoji to poslopje	-----	\$ 16,600.00
		\$1,303,762.34

OBVEZNOSTI:

Delnice na mesečna odplačila	-----	\$ 16,226.96
Vplačana glavnica (kapital)	-----	\$ 177,000.00
Hranilne vloge	-----	\$1,003,180.72
Kredit na vknjižena posojila	-----	\$ 9,423.10
Izposojeni denar	-----	\$ 25,000.00
Odobrena posojila na hiše še neizplačana	-----	\$ 23,076.44
10% odcenitev vrednosti poslopja in uprave	-----	\$ 3,270.70
Rezervni sklad	-----	\$ 11,070.00
Nerazdeljen dobiček	-----	\$ 35,514.42
		\$1,303,762.34

The International Building & Loan Ass'n.
6235 St. Clair Avenue
CLEVELAND, OHIO

MONTH OF AUGUST.

The Boy Chorister's Stratagem.

Evening shadows were fast falling and the deep peace of the twilight gloom filled the interior of a little village church. Through the open window came the evening song of a bird, calling her mate to the nest, while the droning of myriads of insects made a pretty accompaniment to her solo. Busily engaged up in the organ loft putting away the hymnbooks used by the choir in the service just finished, Paul Stanley was insensibly affected by the witching spell of the hour. Of a high strung artistic temperament, little Paul was the musical director's favorite. With him music was a passion, and many an hour had master and pupil spent together discussing some work of one or another of the great composers.

Tonight, however, Paul was left alone. Seated before the open bookcase, clad in his soutane and surplice, he made a picture which would delight the heart of a painter. Turning over sheet after sheet of music, he finally selected one which seemed to absorb him entirely; a rapt look came over his face and his eyes took on an unwonted glow. It was a little hymn which Paul had often sung at Benediction, a touching tribute to the Sacred Heart, a fitting expression of the special devotion he had ever cherished toward our Lord in the Sacrament of Love Divine. Rapt in his own thoughts he paid no heed to the passing moments, until his head fell upon his breast and he was fast asleep.

Night settled, and still the boy slept on. Suddenly he started and awoke. Dazed for a moment he failed to realize his situation; then memory reasserted itself and he knew that he had been locked in the church alone. But no thought of fear entered his mind, for in the silent darkness twinkled the sanctuary lamp.

Instinctively he knelt in prayer, when suddenly a sound broke the stillness. Surely it was the footfall of someone moving about in the church below. Peering into the darkness, Paul discerned the figure of a man walking with stealthy tread up the aisle. On moved the crouched form to the very sanctuary rail. Will he stop there? No! He has entered the sanctuary and passed up the steps to the altar.

In a moment the boy divined the terrible truth — the intruder was about to rifle the tabernacle of its sacred vessels. What shall he do? This dreadful sacrilege must be averted. A cry trembles upon his lips, but dies away unuttered. He is only a boy, and it were idle to cope with a grown man, bent on robbery and in all probability armed.

An inspiration comes to him. He will yet save his Lord from the hands of this miscreant. With a single bound he reached the organ, and seating himself before it he places his feet firmly upon the pedals which operate the bellows. Then out upon the startled air floats a long, low wail from the instrument, like the plaintive cry of a breaking heart, and hinging with the music the sweet, clear soprano voice.

With his whole soul in his effort, Paul sings the beautiful hymn he loves, the words of which, following him into dreamland, now are recalled to his mind with strange clearness. Full of wondrous pathos and tender entreaty, they tell the story of the yearning for the souls of men which fills the Sacred Heart because of sin, the grief, too, of that Heart because of sin, and the sweet

promise of pardon and peace to the repentant sinner.

Softly, lingeringly, died away the last sweet note of music and now there is no other sound to mar the awful hush, which has fallen upon the place save the great choking sobs which rack the strong frame of the man as he totters down the aisle out into the night.

Coming in the early dawn to open the church, the sacristan found the door ajar. Filled with alarm he hastens to make and inspection of the interior. Upon the aisle and sanctuary carpet he saw the imprints of muddy boots, and stretched across the keyboard of the organ lay the unconscious form of the sleeping chorister, who had guarded his Lord from desecration, and had called to repentance the criminal in the very act of committing the most heinous sacrilege.

ON WAKING UP.

Most people resist waking up. They yawn, turn over and cover up, and try to stay asleep.

No matter what the hour, they are not quite ready to wake up.

They look daggers at the alarm clock and curse the sun for shining in through the window.

And yet, waking up is a precious experience.

There's nothing else like it. Everybody should look forward to waking up — not only out of sleep, but out of ignorance, bad habits, discouragement and many other things.

Such awakening can take place all day long — every day.

Don't resist it with a yawn. Don't turn away from it.

And don't try to cover it up. Be ready for it.

Be willing to learn — to be active — to go ahead — and to be a credit to those who care for you.

Keep walking up constantly — to new ideas — to better ways of doing things — to a more friendly attitude toward your fellow-workers.

You will feel yourself forging ahead.

Life will be worth living — not only for you, but for those about you. You will be surprised at the increased happiness it brings you. Wake up. Then wake up some more.

Then keep on waking up. It's a wonderful experience.

A PRIEST'S PRAYER.

Hardly a soul was stirring in the little town of Ashton. It was the noon hour of a hot July day; and the almost tropical rays of the morning sun kept everybody within doors behind shaded windows. Peace, the sweet, languid peace of the South, reigned over the place; the very atmosphere, sweet with the scent of blossoming cinnamon vine, was conducive to contentment and tranquillity of soul. And now soft upon the air the silvery tone of the "Angelus" echoes forth its gentle summons to prayer; whereupon, could we but steal a glance into the homesteads, we might observe many a good housewife pause in her preparation of the noonday meal, and gathering her little flock about her, devoutly pronounce those words which have been said by so many millions of Catholic lips down through the centuries:

"The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary
And she conceived of the Holy Ghost.
Behold the handmaid of the Lord,
Be it done to me according to thy word."
In the very center of the town stood the little Catholic church, a modest structure, quite free from any pretense to artistic adornment, surrounded by a well-kept lawn and neat

rows of trees. Beside it was the equally unpretentious rectory, modest but adequate to supply the simple wants of the pastor. Here, too, the noon-day languor seemed to have cast its spell.

In the rectory parlor Father Keating was seated with his Breviary lying open upon his lap; the quiet of the room was undisturbed, save by the incessant buzzing of a fly, beating a tattoo upon the windowpane. But the priest was not experiencing the peace and quiet that everywhere surrounded him; his countenance was sad; his brow furrowed, and his gray hair disheveled from having sat long with his head in his hands.

The morning had been spent at the homestead of Mr. Rawley, one of the wealthiest residents of Ashton, who lay dying. A Catholic by birth, Mr. Rawley had fallen away from the practice of his religion and had married a Protestant, the heiress of a large fortune. Father Keating had time and again endeavored to bring him to see his error, but without success; and indeed was made to feel that he was an unwelcome visitor at the Rawley mansion. Today was the first Friday of the month, and, oh, how he prayed. In the Holy Sacrifice he had made the obligation with many a promise of penance and good works, if only God would deign to answer his prayer for this straying sheep's conversion.

"Oh, dear Lord," he had prayed, "remember that this is the day of your great love and mercy; the day on which the whole world makes atonement to Your Sacred Heart! Surely you will hear my poor prayers and deign to make me this day the instrument of Your Grace in bringing one more into Your Heavenly Kingdom."

But death had come without repentance; up to the last the dying man refused to see the priest. What wonder that the priest sat sad and dejected.

"O God, Thou art merciful, but also just," he murmured, as a fear slowly made its way down his manly countenance.

Out of this reverie he was suddenly shaken by the sound of the door-bell. So absorbed had he been that he had not heard the sound of footsteps on the porch. Mechanically smoothing his hair as best he could, and arranging his cassock, he tried to remove the signs of his agitation while he hurried to the door.

Upon opening the door there stood before him a tall, gaunt man of about thirty years of age, clad in rough overalls and blue working shirt, open at the neck. His countenance bore the traces of hard work, but he was clean shaven and his hair neatly combed; on the whole there was something winning about his appearance, especially his eyes, which were large and frank as those of a boy. The man stood a moment seemingly embarrassed, with his cap held respectfully in his hand and then reassured by the priest's smile of welcome, he spoke.

"Father," he said, "I don't like to trouble you, but please will you give me Holy Communion?"
Father Keating was astonished at the request, and exclaimed: "Why, my good man, you cannot receive Holy Communion at this time of day; you have to be fasting from midnight when you receive Our Lord."
"I know, Father," the man replied, half apologetically, "but I have fasted."
"What?" cried the priest. "You do not mean to tell me that you have had nothing to eat today? Why, it's half past twelve."

"Yes, Father," and the man's eyes dropped modestly as he began to explain. "You see, I am a trainman; I have a freight run between here and Milford. We expected to get into Ashton early this morning, but some trouble with the engine made a delay and so we had to go on a siding for a three-hour wait. I wouldn't want to miss Communion today. Will you please hear my Confession?"

He said this with all the simplicity of a child and appeared to be a little abashed, when he glanced up and noted the ill-concealed admiration in the priest's eyes.

"May God reward you, my good man," was Father Keating's earnest comment. "Would that we had more men of your stamp. This sacrifice will not go unrewarded. Mark my words."

"Oh, it's nothing," the other replied. "I only wanted to keep my promise. You see it's this way: When I was a youngster and had made my first Confession, my mother made me promise that I would never miss going to Confession on a First Friday, if I could help it. I didn't want to miss today."
"Never missed a First Friday. Well, well! thank God for that." Then Father Keating added: "Go over to the church and I shall be there at once. God bless you, God Bless you."

When the priest entered the church shortly afterward he was impressed by the special atmosphere of reverence that seemed to pervade the place. The cool interior was but dimly lighted by the sun and it fell upon the door with soft radiance. Whether it was the occasion of the visit, or the happenings of the morning, or on account of some interior workings of grace, Father Keating could not tell; but he was conscious of a great consolation and a vivid sense of the Real Presence, which he had never felt to the same overwhelming extent before.

He heard the man's Confession and then, vested in surplice and stole, ascended the altar steps, lit a candle on either side of the tabernacle and took out the ciborium. Meanwhile the communicant had approached the altar rail and was kneeling in devout anticipation.

"Domine non sum Dignus," the priest thrice repeated, holding a small hite host over the ciborium. A great feeling of his own unworthiness took possession of him, in the light of this poor man's simple and sacrificing faith, and he could hardly keep back the tears when he placed the Sacred Host upon his tongue, observing his manly devotion.

Some fifteen minutes passed by, while the priest and his solitary companion kept vigil on bended knees before the King of Kings. And all that time nothing broke the silence of their prayers. Finally a top-toed step down the aisle, a momentary flood of light as the door opened and the sound of the latch catching as the door was gently closed again told Father Keating that he was alone. He yet remained praying. Only God knew what his prayer was. Was the memory of the morning's unfilled petition still weighing heavy upon his heart? Was he yet asking for a soul's reward? If anyone were present he might have caught the soft-spoken words: "God's will be done!" repeated over and over again. Whatever may have been the silent communion, at any rate consolation must have come to him, for rising, his step was lighter and his air more buoyant as he left the church, and returned to the rectory.

His luncheon, over, he sat down to write the Sunday's in-

struction, the theme of which was "God's Providence" — the application would be only too evident to the parishioners. Thus some time elapsed. He paused a moment; the clock struck three and almost simultaneously the telephone bell began to ring. Its ring was repeated not only once, but several times in quick succession, as though the operator were impatient of any delay.

"Yes, St. John's Rectory" — the even tones of the priest were never more unperturbed.

Then a pause followed by an excited exclamation.

"A wreck — How far down the road? — Two miles? — How many injured? — All right, I'll be there as quick as I can."

Whit that he hung up the receiver, ran to the window and called for the sexton, ordering his horse to be hitched up. Then hastily taking off his cassock, he donned his street clothes and ran across and procured the Blessed Sacrament and the Holy Oils.

Less than fifteen minutes later he arrived upon the scene of the disaster. A long train of freight cars lay overturned along the side of an embankment; the engine, a huge mass of debris, was at the bottom of the heap. In a moment Father Keating was at the foot of the embankment, where a large crowd had already gathered around the ruins, all peering in a curious, awe-stricken manner at some object in the center. They made way at his appearance, in order to enable him to whatever was engaging everyone's attention — the body of a man stretched out on the ground.

"Is he still living?" was the priest's first question as he came up to the body.

The spectators turned sad, blached faces toward the priest — reply sufficient. One glance showed but too well that the man was dead.

"Was he a Catholic?" was the next question. And at this he himself bent over the prostrate figure, which was horribly bruised beyond recognition. Something familiar about the dress and the man who had fasted till mid-day in order to receive his Lord, and as it proved, his Viaticum.

"God be praised," he exclaimed, and to the wonderment of the crowd he smiled.

"This man's soul is as safe and happy as an infant's. He received Holy Communion from my hands not three hours ago," Father Keating explained.

Nothing remained to be done, but to confer conditionally the Sacrament of Extreme Unction. While engaged in this duty it was that Father Keating, on turning back the shirt front, was greatly edified to behold a Badge of the Sacred Heart pinned to the inside of the shirt. Around it the skin was not even scratched, though the entire body was a mass of bruises. A friend of the Sacred Heart the good man had lived and died, and God seemed to desire to testify to the fact.

Directions were given by the Coroner for the removal of the body, but not before Father Keating had procured permission to have it conveyed to the rectory. He had also been permitted to keep an unmailed letter found in one of the pockets of the deceased, addressed to his mother, whose pious counsel had been so faithfully obeyed. Ah, what a comfort it would be for her to know in what a happy state her son met his death!

He again began to reflect upon the sad end of the late head of the household, when suddenly he sat erect, struck by a new thought. He recalled his prayers of the morning. "O Lord, deign to make me this day the instrument of Your Grace in bringing one more soul into your Heavenly Kingdom."

The prayer had been fulfilled, but in God's own inscrutable way. Immensely comforted in heart, the priest continued his way homeward, repeating half unconsciously: "God's will be done and may the Sacred Heart be forever praised."

A Word To Graduates

It is not for us to repeat any advice to graduates that has come to our notice. We have something to say to them for ourselves alone. It is — watch out for what you read! Nothing will undermine the benefits of a good Catholic education like indifferent reading, reading for pleasure, sticking like glue to a book for the thrill of it — letting the serious things of life go by while wandering amongst the gorgeous fields of poppies pictured by romancists. The pleasure and recreation to be derived from a good book of fiction is harmless in itself. If taken moderately, it is wholesome. But by all means learn to draw the line. Mix your reading diet as you vary your food menu. Too much of one thing is unwholesome.

Reading too many novels is like eating too many candies. Young people have a normal flow of romance in their blood. It does not need much stimulation. But it does need filtering. Good reading, including a certain regulated amount of religious reading will do this. A good book inspires. It makes you feel like doing something. It gives you the realization that you were put into this world for something higher than merely wanting the things of desire and getting them.

It is not natural to see old heads on young shoulders, but it is good when young minds can change from gay to grave. Life is at its best when its range is widest. We are all like musical instruments in the sense that we are not limited to just a few notes like tom toms. "Our sweetest songs are that tell of saddest thought." Conversely, some of our saddest songs come from bursts of jubilation.

The Catholic press has this to say to graduates: Keep in mind Catholic by reading Catholic literature. Never let a week pass without taking stock of what you have read. Is it asking too much of young people who have had the best that a good Catholic education can give them to consider themselves in honor bound to make 25 per cent. of their reading schedule Catholic? This does not necessarily mean doctrinal or religious reading, but reading that is sound from the viewpoint of Catholic teaching. Many people will say this is asking too little, but is it? Take stock of your own reading and find what percentage of it is up this standard.

The Catholic paper is the best Catholic reading on the weekly program. It contains the news you should be most interested in if you are true to yourself. Do not read your Catholic paper if you cannot do so in sympathy. That would be like sitting down to a meal with your mind in a turmoil — the food would not do you any good. "Hills far off are green." It is pitiful to notice how stubborn people are in their outlook for the imaginary beauties of undetermined distances. Be sure that it is a good sign of your wholesome faith when you feel a reasonable apprecia-

tion of the things nearest. Catholic papers are the homely hand-maidens of the religious life of which you form a local part. Do not look beyond them until you have heard and understood their message. Then if you want to look beyond, the new horizon will not deceive you. — The Tidings, Los Angeles, Cal.

Stand Up Straight.

There's the finest little motto
For the boy who wants to win,
For the boy who's fighting bravely
In the war 'gainst wrong and sin:

'Tis a motto for the bravest,
And will conquer sure as fate;
It will give your arm new vigor,
Try the motto, "Stand up straight!"

Hold your head up; look the fellows
In the eye with honest glance;
Thoughts and words and deeds
straight forward

Better are than shield and lance.
In the years that stretch before you,
There for you all good things wait.

If in mind, and heart and practice,
Your's the motto: "Stand up straight!"

Vacation Time.

It seems to me I'd like to go
Where bells don't ring nor whistles blow
Nor clocks don't strike, nor gongs don't sound,
And I'd have stillness all around.

Not really stillness, but just the trees'
Low whisperings, or the hum of bees;
Or brooks' faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled bones.

Or maybe a cricket, or katydid,
Or the songs of birds in the hedges hid.
Or just some such sweet sounds as these,
To fill a tired heart with ease.

If 'tweren't for sight and sound and smell,
I'd like a city pretty well,
But when it comes to getting rest,
I like the country lots the best.

Sometimes it seems to me I must
Just quit the city's dim and dust
And get out where the sky is blue
And say, now, how does it seem to you?

LIVE IN THE SUNSHINE.

Live in the sunshine, don't live in the gloom,
Carry some gladness the world to illumine.

Live in the brightness, and take this to heart,
The world will be gay if you'll do your part.

Live on the housetop, not down in the cell;
Open-air Christians live nobly and well.

Live where the joys are, and, scornful defeat,
Have a good morrow for all whom you meet.

Be as a victor, and triumphing go
Through this queer world, beating down every foe.

Live in the sunshine, God meant it for you!
Live as the robins, and sing the day through.

