

If delivered return to
"GLASILO K. S. K. JEDNOTE"
 6117 St. Clair Ave.
 CLEVELAND, O.
 The largest Slovenian
 Weekly in the United States
 of America.
 Sworn Circulation 13,800
 Issued every
 Wednesday
 Subscription rate:
 For members yearly — \$9.54
 For nonmembers — \$1.00
 Foreign Countries — \$3.00
 Telephone: Randolph 628

GLASILO K.S.K. JEDNOTE

DELO OFFICIAL ORGAN IZOBRAZBA

OF THE GRAND CARNIOLIAN SLOVENIAN CATHOLIC UNION

Entered as Second-Class Matter December 12th, 1923 at the Post Office at Cleveland, Ohio, Under the Act of August 24, 1912

Najveći slovenski tednik
 v Zdrženih državah.
 Izhaja vsako sredo.
 Ima naročnikov 13,800
 Naročnina:
 Za člana, na leto — \$9.54
 Za nečlana — \$1.00
 Za inozemstvo — \$3.00
 NASLOV
 uredništva in upravitelja
 6117 St. Clair Ave.
 Cleveland, O.
 Telefon: Randolph 628

ACCEPTED FOR MAILING AT SPECIAL RATE OF POSTAGE PROVIDED FOR IN SECTION 1103, ACT OF OCTOBER 3, 1917. AUTHORIZED ON MAY 22, 1918.

Stev. 27. — No. 27.

CLEVELAND, O., 2. JULJA (JULY), 1924.

Leto X.—Volume X.

KATASTROFA V LORAIN, O.

Minulo soboto popoldne, dne 23. junija se je pojavilo strašno neurje v gornje zapadnjem delu države Ohio ob kriškem jezeru v razdalji 60 milj od mesta Sandusky do bližine Clevelanda. Po nekaterih krajih se je utrgal oblak, drugod je pa divjal silen orkan v naglici do 120 milj na uro. Tako strašne elementarne katastrofe se ne pomnimo od leta 1913 ki je obiskala mesto Dayton in Cincinnati, O.

Okrog pol 6. ure zvečer se je nebo čudno razžarilo; baš v tistem času se je pojavil nad našim sosednim mestom Lorain, O., najhujši orkan, trajajoč deset minut. Naliv dežja in peklenški orkan sta bila tako silna, da sta v tem kratkem času pretvorila polovico mesta v razvaline. K sreči orkan, oziroma tornado ni obiskal našega mesta Clevelanda.

Silen veter v Lorainu je divjal istočno od zapadne smeri do 15. ceste; na južni strani okrog 28. in 30. ceste, kjer je naša slovenska kolonija, ni tornado povzročil nobene škode.

40 blokov hiš v razvalinah.
 Najhujše je divjal orkan v najbolj prometnem ali trgovskem delu mesta od Broadway, Erie in Washington ceste; tam ni prizanesel niti enemu lesnemu poslopju, v obče se računa, da je 40 blokov hiš do cela porušenih; materialno škodo cenijo okrog 50 milijonov dolarjev.

Številno človeške žrtve.
 Ker ni ljudstvo pričakovalo tako katastrofalnega neurja, jih je ostalo mnogo v svojih hišah, največ jih je zbežalo tekom nevihte v kleti. Vseeno pa niso vsi ušli smrti, kar je bilo naravnost nemogoče. Samo en grozen piš, strašen suknel in hiša se je porušila skupaj, ali jo je pa odneslo na vrglu v razburkane valove je so bili prizori v tem groznem trenutku, ko so zajeti ranjenci in umirajoči klicali na pomoč. Strah in groza je kasneje še povečala nočna tema, ker je bila vsa plinova in električna napeljava v mestu uničena. V blizini jezera se nahajajočem paviljonu kopališča se je istočasno nahajalo več ljudi. Silen orkan je poslopje s človeškimi žrtvami vred dvignil in vrglu v razburkane valove jezera. Pri tej priliki jih je mnogo utonilo; mnogo je bilo tudi ranjenih.

Kino gledališče porušeno.
 Največje število človeških žrtve je orkan zahteval, ko je docela porušil veliko State kino gledališče. Baš ob času katastrofe se je v istem nahajalo okrog 200 ljudi, večinoma mladine; rešilo se jih je le malo, ker se je streha s stropom vred nanje porušila. Do večeraj zjutraj so iz teh razvalin potegnili že 41 trupel, nekaj jih je pa še v razvalinah, ostale ranjence so prepeljali v bližnje bolnišnice. Število vseh

mrtevcev valed, te katastrofe znaša 91, ranjencev pa 900.

Vihar prevrnil tovorni vlak.
 Nedaleč od mesta Lorain je na odprtem baš ob času orkana vozil tovorni vlak Baltimore & Ohio železnice; vozovi so bili napolnjeni s premogom. Da je bil orkan v resnici strašen, lahko sklepamo iz tega, ker je prevrnil s tira cel vlak s lokomotivo vred.

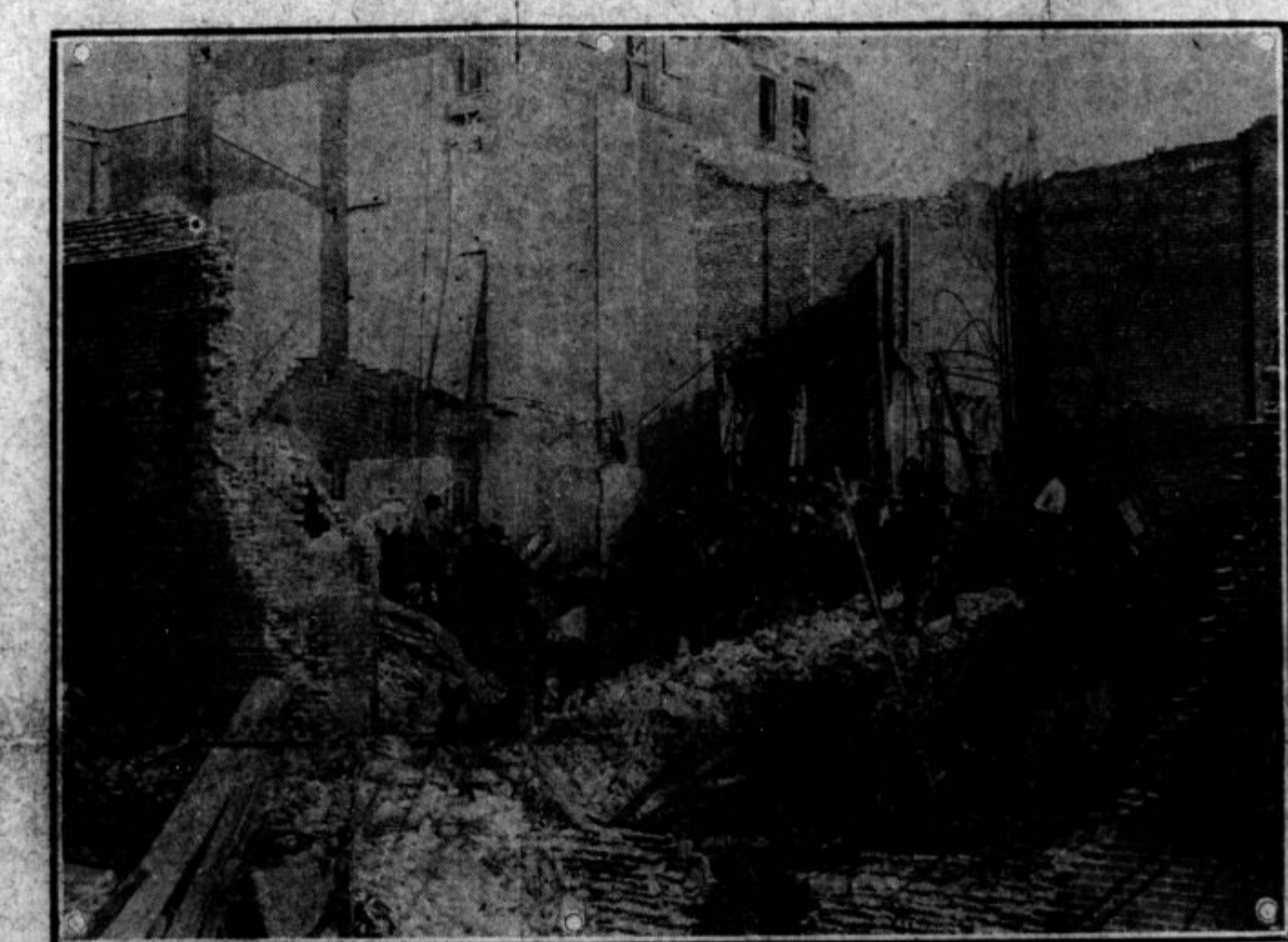
Prva pomoč.
 Nesrečni Lorainčani niso mogli takoj svetu sporočiti žalostne Jobove vesti, da jih je zadela tako velika nesreča, vse brzojavno in telefonsko omrežje je bilo z drogmil vred porušeno. K sreči se je nedaleč od mesta istočno na jezeru nahajal nek tovorni parnik, ki je oddal v Cleveland brezično klice na pomoč. Takoj zatem se je podalo na lice mesta številno zdravnikov, bolničark, policajev, ognjegascev in ambulanc. Proti jutru je dospel tudi iz Chicago posebni vlak z rešilnim moštvom in zdravniki, ki so imeli dela čez glavo.

Nevarne operacije na cesti.
 Iz Clevelanda dospeli zdravniki so ranjencem podelili prvo pomoč. Ker je bilo vse mesto v temi, so izvrševali nujne operacije kar na prostem pri svitu žarometov avtomobilov. Najhujše je bilo pa zdravnikom, ko jim je zmanjkalo uspalnega etra za ranjence. Tako so morali marsikomu roko ali nogo odrezati, kar na cesti in brez uspalnega sredstva, samo da so nekaterim rešili še življenje. Prizorov teh operacij na cesti je nemogoče opisati in zdihovanja nesrečnih ranjencev.

Vojaštvo straži mesto.
 Takoj drugi dan se je v Lorain pripeljal guverner Donahy, ki je proglasil nad mestom obsešno stanje. Tekom dneva je stražilo mesto že 1500 vojakov narodne milice, in na novo zapriženih policajev; iz Clevelanda je bilo poslanih tudi številno stražnikov. Vojaštvo ima strog ukaz vsakega tatu ali zlikovca na mestu ustreliti; doslej so pri tatvini zalotili že enega Mehikanca in ustrelili.

Tujcem je prihod v mesto naravnost prepovedan; celo bližnji sorodniki iz drugih krajev ne smejo iti svojev obiskat, tako so tudi prepovedani vsi javni pogrebi. Dovoljenje oziroma vstop v mesto imajo samo člani reševalnega oddelka in zdravniki. Prvi dan po katastrofi je bilo sploh nemogoče dospeti v mesto, ker so bile vse ceste že v bližini preprežene z padlim drevjem in brzojavnimi drogovi. Urednik "Glasila" se je s predsednikom, bratom Anton Grdinom v avtomobilu podal proti Lorainu, toda dospela sta samo 16 milj daleč do French Creek; dalje pa nista mogla. Tudi naselbino French Creek je orkan do cela uničil; s krasne katoliške cerkve Presvete Trojice

Obiskali smo družino Eisenhart v South Lorainu. Brihtna hčerka Angelica od družine Eisenhart je bila precej pouče-



RUSEVINE V NOTRANJOSTI OSOBE V LORAINU, KJER JE BIL OBITIH VEŠE IN NAJSTO KRAJENIH. TRUPLJA SE VEDNO IŠČEJO V NOTRANJOSTI.

ce, je odnesel streho in porušil farož. Bližnje hiše ob glavni cesti so kup razvalin; v neki hiši so našli 4 mrtve: očeta, mater in dvoje otrok.

V Lorainu pa sploh ni bilo mogoče takoj drugi dan korakati po cesti vsled nakopičenih razvalin podrtih streh, tramovja, opeke in sip.
 Uredniku "Ameriške Domovine," Mr. Pirou, ki ima uradno dovoljenje časnikarskega poročevalca, se je v nedeljo popoldne posrečilo dospeti v Lorain, da vidi, če je bila tudi tam naša slovenska kolonija vsled orkana kaj prizadeta. O tem je pisala "Ameriška Domovina" sledeče:

Slovenska naselbina.
 Naši ljudje stanujejo v južnem delu mesta Lorain. Kot po čudežu, vihar ni dospel v ta del mesta. Obiskali smo več rojakov, ki so nam pripovedovali o katastrofi. Usodna roka je slovenski naselbini prizanesla. Razven hudega naliva dežja, groma in treska, slovenska naselbina v Lorainu ni doživela nič hudega. Toda smrt je posegla med Slovence v Lorainu vseeno. Ne ve se natančno, kako in kaj, kajti mrtveci še niso vsi naznanjeni, kdo ve, koliko jih še počiva v ruševinah, do kamor ne more človeška roka, toda zvedeli smo precej podrobnosti o naših rojakih.

Mlada dekleta žrtve.
 Obiskali smo družino Eisenhart v South Lorainu. Brihtna hčerka Angelica od družine Eisenhart je bila precej pouče-

na o katastrofi, zlasti kar se tiče Slovencev. Prva slovenska žrtev je bila Mary Kodolja. To je bilo čvrsto slovensko dekle. Zaposljena je bila v neki prodajalni za sladoled, tik ob jezeru, v zabavnem parku. V soboto popoldne je bila z njo tudi njena sestra Annie, stara 14 let, dočim je njena sestra Mary, stara 18 let. Družina stanuje na 33. cesti.

Ena živa, druga mrtva.
 14 letna Annie Kodolja je čutila nesrečo. Povedala je navzočim v prodajalni sladoleda, da se bo hiša podrla. V prodajalni je bilo poleg Mary Kodolja še ose moseb, družina, ki lastuje prodajalno. Anica je zbežala ob pravem času iz prodajalne in trenutek potem je vihar dvignil hišo, jo obrnil dvakrat okoli, potem pa se je stavba sesula in pogreznila, da ni ostala niti ena deska pri drugi. Devet oseb je bilo ubitih v njej in med temi je 18 letna Mary Kodolja, dočim se je pa njena sestra Anica rešila. Strašen je bil pogled na Maričko, ko so jo dvignili iz ruševin. Nič ne bi v njej spoznal — človeško osebo. Glava, obraz, roke, noge, vse je masa razbitega življenja.

Mary Zore.
 Mary Zore je druga žrtev. Družina stanuje na 33. cesti v South Lorainu. Mary je bila zaposljena v restavrantu. Začutila je strašno silo orkana. Ledenica, miza, stoli, vse je začelo plesati v restavrantu. Mary se je umikala neareči iz enega kota v drugega. Baš ko

je hitela mimo velike shrambe za led v restavrantu, se je ledenica sklonila in padla z vso težo na mlado dekle. Več kot uro je trajalo, predno so mogli dekle rešiti izpod strašne težbe. Dobila je smrtno nevarne poškodbe, in se nahaja v bolnici, kjer pa imajo zdravniki malo upanja za njeno mlado življenje. Okoli pasu, prsi in žilodca je popolnoma stisnjena.

Mary Cerne.
 Zopet mlado dekle. 18 let je stara Mary Cerne. Zaposljena je kot hišna pri družini Dietz. Nahajala se je ob uri vroče ob jezeru. Strašna sila viharja jo je vrgla v vodo, toda rešila se je, in ni dobila posebnih poškodb. Pomnila pa bo strah celo svoje življenje.

Helen Kristof.
 Mlado dekle, 17 let staro. Ko je nevihta zbruhnila, so Heleno takoj pogrešali. Dolgo je niso mogli najti nikjer. Zdelo se je, kot da bi jo nevihta vzela s sabo. Končno, po prestani nevihti, pa je srečno prišla domov, kjer so je že objokovali kot mrtvo. Helen Kristof je hčerka Mr. Josip Kristofa.

Mary Zehele.
 Mary Zehele je stara 19 let, in je zaposljena kot hišna. Hiša, kjer je delala, se je nahajala, potem pa udrla. Mary Zehele je padla v omedlečico in je dobila manjše poškodbe. Malo je manjkalo, da ni bila ubita. Družina stanuje na 31. cesti. Mary bi se imela v kratkem poročiti.

Družina Peter Rahotina.
 Na East Side stanuje rojak Peter Rahotina, brat ranjeka Josip Rahotina, ki je imel svoje dni gostilno v Lorainu. Mrs. Rahotina je ob pričetku nevihte pravkar naročila nekemu borderju, naj gre okno zapreti, v istem hipu pa se je že stresla hiša, in streha je bila odnešana. Večjih poškodb ni dobil nihče v hiši.

Kos in Urbančić.
 Rojaka Stefan Kos in Urbančić sta šla ribarit v jezero, malo pred orkanom. Strašna burja je zgrabila Kosa in ga vrgla v jezero, kjer je utonil. Rojak Kos je stanoval na 1630 E. 31st St. Urbančića, ki je znan pek v Lorainu, je tudi dvignilo in vrglo na tla, da ni je pri tem nevarno poškodoval nogo.

HIMEN.
 Dne 24. junija, na svoj godovni dan se je v slovenski cerkvi sv. Stefana v Chicagu, Ill., poročil Mr. John Jerich, urednik "Amerikanskega Slovencev in Edinosti" ter II. nadzornik naše K. S. K. Jednote z gospodično Anjo Zakrajšek, sestro Rev. Kazimirja Zakrajška, rodom iz Preserja pri Ljubljani. Cerkevne poročne obrede je izvršil nevstin brat, Rev. Zakrajšek.
 To vezelo vest prinašamo danes dodatno k naši tozadevni čestitki, priobčeni v obliki pesmice v zadnji številki "Glasila."
 Novoporočencema kličemo ponovno: "Na mnoga leta!"

SMRTNA KOSA.

Iz Pueblo, Colo, se nam poroča, da je ondi dne 23. junija po več let trajajoči bolczni umrl rojak Martin Gersič, star 56 let, doma iz Suhorja na Belokranjskem.

Pokojniki je bil eden izmed prvih naseljencev slovenske naselbine v Pueblo, kot tak je bil vedno vnet faran in zaveden delavec na društvenem in narodnem polju. Osobito se je zanimal za društvo sv. Jožefa, št. 7, K. S. K. Jednote, kojega je bil tudi ustanovnik. Na IV. konvenciji v Red Jacket (Calumet), Mich., leta 1897 je bil izvoljen glavnim tajnikom K. S. K. Jednote, toda v decembru istega leta se je prostovoljno tej službi odpovedal, nakar je prevzel tajništvo brat Mihael Wardjan. Bil je tudi član društva "Sekol," Marije Pomagaj, Sv. Trojice in slovenskega društva sv. Antona. Zaprta žalujoča vdova in osmeleto že odrastli otrok. Pogreb se je vršil dne 27. junija ob ogromni vdeležbi občinstva. Bodi mu ohranjen blag spomin. Naj v mir upočiiva!

K. TRETJI OBLETNICE

smrti polk. sobr. Ant. Bugarja. Dne 7. julija bodo potekla že tri leta, odkar je v Brooklyn, N. Y., nanaglomla umrl naš blagi sobrat Anton Bugar, večletni glavni odbornik K. S. K. Jednote, predsednik društva sv. Jožefa, št. 57 in pevskega društva "Domovina."
 O njegovih velikih zaslugah na cerkvenem, društvenem in narodnem polju smo že poročali povodom njegove smrti; posvetili mu bomo pa nekaj vrstic tudi v Jednotini Spominski knjigi, ki izide letos.
 Naj bodo te skromne naše vrstice v dokaz, da se blagopokojnega sobrata in prijatelja Anton Bugarja še vedno živo spominjamo in mu k tretji obletnici njegove smrti ponovno kličemo: "Počivaj v miru!"
 Uredništvo "Glasila."

DEMOKRATSKA NARODNA KONVENCIJA.

New York, N. Y., 2. julija.— V tukajšnjem Madison Square Garden se vrši že od 24. junija demokratska narodna konvencija, na koji je prisotnih 1098 delegatov. Pri glasovanju za nominacijo predsedniškega kandidata se konvencija ne more zediniti, ker so glasovni preveč razcepljeni. Glasovanje se vrši že dva dni. Pri prvem balotiranju je dobil McAdoo 431½ glasov, Al. Smith 240½, J. W. Davis, 20, Cox 59, Davis, 20, pri tridesetem glasovanju: McAdoo 415½, Smith 323½, Davis 126½ Cox 57. Za nominacijo se zahteva 732 glasov. Konvencija bo skoro gotovo danes zaključena.

VACATION.

Vacation with all its joy and pleasures is here. During the remaining few weeks of the school year when the examinations were weighing heavily upon you, everyone was anxiously looking forward to that day when the school would open its doors and bid her children to go and enjoy a good vacation. This day has finally arrived and everywhere merry voices can be heard shouting "Vacation! Vacation has come!"

Ten months of continual study and labor have been spent in the classroom. Now vacation is a time of rest, a time of relief from strenuous duties; it is a time in which the body renews its energy and vigor in order that full of life it may begin a new school year in the best possible manner.

To the Graduates this longed-for day is exceedingly a happy one; for to them graduation day has a charm all its own. It is the goal toward which all their efforts have been directed.

With the blessings and the good wishes of the school they go forth into the world. As we look into the happy faces of these young graduates and behold the joy and happiness that beam forth from their smiling countenances, a thrill of happiness passes through us. To them this day is, indeed, a day of happiness, rejoicing and triumph. Who would not rejoice when considering that his trials are over and that his labors have been crowned with success.

Graduation day is likewise a great day for the school. For some eight or more years, as a mother, she has fondly cherished them, she has protected and instructed them; with motherly attention she has directed their steps along the path of learning; with this same motherly care she has formed their minds and sowed the seeds of virtue in their hearts. She now bids her graduates to go forth and put into practice the great lessons which they have learned. With the cross engraven upon their breast and these lessons in their heart they go armed by the word and work of our Devoted Sisters. If you but cling to the instructions which they have instilled into your minds and hearts you shall not fail in the struggle of life.

How are you going to spend your vacation? It is a time when every child will enjoy itself in games, sports and other pastimes. Many will even devote their time to a little manual labor. Be it work or be it play, remember there is one grand end, and that end is to do all things for the greater honor and glory of God.

Remember also that although you may be free from the rules of school, you are bound to observe the laws of God; although you may escape the watchful eye of the superior you cannot escape the all-seeing eye of Him who searches all hearts.

Vacation is not a time of idleness. You have duties to perform during vacation as well as during the school year. You are attending a Catholic school where the religious truths are being constantly planted in your hearts; you have profited much by the good example of your teachers and the constant companionship of your schoolmates.

Whatever you have in learning; whatever virtue you have acquired, whatever good habits you have formed; all this with the Grace of God you owe to your teachers and superiors who are sparing neither time nor effort to lead you along the difficult path of

learning and to form your minds and hearts according to the teachings of Holy Mother Church.

Every good child will earnestly strive to be ever mindful of the kindly admonitions and earnest instructions which it has received in school. We must all be grateful that we have the opportunities and blessings of a good catholic education.

How many there are who do not have this opportunity. Bearing this in mind let each one endeavor to perform his duties during this vacation very zealously so that at the opening of the next school year everyone can say he has faithfully practised the principles received in school.

Anton Bratina.

THE EARLY PERSECUTIONS

Persecutions and martyrdom are two distinguished features in the history of the Church. They will continue as long as time will last, because Christ has said: "If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you." But from every persecution the Church has risen in new strength and sanctity, and the blood of the martyrs became "the seed of Christians."

We read in the history of the Church that the early Christians suffered some of the most cruel torments that can be imagined. They were scorched, put to the rack and slowly burnt to death, they were cast before wild beasts, burnt at the stake, crucified, and tortured in many other ways according to the cruel customs of the pagans. While thousands upon thousands of martyrs bore torture and death with heroic fortitude, the Christians worshipped with great zeal in hidden underground caves which are called catacombs.

The Roman emperors who governed the world decreed ten great and bloody persecutions:

The first persecution was ordered by Nero about the year 64. Nero had set Rome on fire, and in order to free himself, he cast the blame on the Christians. They were seized and killed by the thousands in the city streets; many were sewed in sacks, beamed with pitch, and then set on fire to serve as torches in the night garden feasts of Nero. SS. Peter and Paul died in this persecution.

The second persecution, under Domitian began about the year 95. During this persecution St. John was cast into a caldron of boiling oil, but was miraculously preserved. He was then banished from the country and sent into exile.

The third persecution took its origin under Trajan in 107. Pope St. Clement was among the first victims. St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch, was cast before the lions in the great amphitheater at Rome.

The fourth persecution was begun by Hadrian about 130. The wicked emperor profaned the holy places in Jerusalem and erected statues of false gods on Calvary and over the holy Sepulchre of our Lord.

Marcus Aurelius became the author of the fifth persecution in 167. This emperor remained harsh, hard and cruel toward the Christians. He ordered St. Polycarp, a disciple of St. John, to be martyred at the stake in the 86th year of his life.

The sixth persecution under Septimus Severus, about 202. This emperor had been cured of sickness by a Christian; and yet in his cruelty he turned against the Christians. Of this persecution St. Clement of Alexandria, who lived at that

time said: "We see daily many martyrs burned and crucified before our eyes."

The seventh persecution, under Maximinus, about 236. Repeated earthquakes occurred, and the heathens ascribed this to the negligence of the Christians who refused to adore false gods. On this account another persecution of the Christians took place.

The most bloody persecution was the eighth, under Decius in 250. This persecution was directed chiefly against the bishops and clergy. Among the holy victims were also the virgins, St. Agatha and St. Apollonia.

The ninth persecution, under Valerian, began about 258. In Rome among the more noted martyrs were Pope Sixtus II. and St. Lawrence, who suffered on the rack. In Africa many Christians were cast alive into pits and covered with quick-lime.

The tenth persecution began under Diocletian about 303. In this St. Agnes, St. Sebastian, St. Pancratius, St. Lucia, St. Anastasia and St. Catherine of Alexandria suffered martyrdom.

From these persecutions we learn that a Religion which for three hundred years passed safely through such trials and victoriously withstood the bloody attacks of the world's greatest empire, must be from God.

FROM THE HEART OF A LITTLE GIRL.

Daddy, if you know we're hungry — Know that we are very poor — It must break your heart in heaven Cause you never did insure. Mamma wonders why you didn't Save the dimes you threw away; But you felt too strong and healthy For insurance, people say.

You were taken without warning, Leaving us to fight alone. You'd have taken out insurance, Daddy, if you'd only known. 'Twasn't that you didn't love us — I recall how dear you were — But your little girl must suffer 'Cause you failed to save for her.

Mamma just can't make the living. She is wearing out, she said. I shall have to miss some schooling For the sake of daily bread. When she's gone guess they'll take me To a place of charity To be clothed and fed. But, Daddy, It can never be home to me.

Mary's daddy left insurance And their home will still be theirs. They're not hungry. Sometimes Mary Gives me cast-off clothes she wears. They don't have to take in sewing. Mary's mamma doesn't cry; For her Daddy left insurance — But you didn't Daddy. WHY?

DON'T.

Don't judge a man by his family, for Cain belonged to a good family.

Don't judge a man by the clothes he wears; God made the one and the tailor the other.

Don't judge a man by his speech, for a parrot talks, and the tongue is but an instrument of sound.

Don't judge a man by his failures in life, for many a man fails because he is too honest to succeed.

Don't judge a man by the house he lives in, for the lizard and rat often inhabit the grandest structures.

Judge him not by his acts alone, but by the motive of those acts.

ODD INCIDENTS.

I saw a cow slip through the fence, A horse fly in the store; I saw a board walk up the street, A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road, A morning break the gloom; I saw a night fall on the lawn, A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high, A sardine box in town; I saw a bed spring at the gate, An ink stand on the grounds.

Catholic Observer.

SHE'D TAKE A CHANCE.

Maid: "There's a man outside, ma'am, says won't you give him 10 cents for a bed."

Madam: "Tell him to bring it in, and I'll look at it."

THE GOOD THIEF.

The following incident is related by a religious Sister of New York, who vouches for its truth. It took place in a poor house on the outskirts of the great city.

A young man of twenty lay upon a bed of suffering, immovable, silent, and eaten up by Disease. His eyes, wide open, glared with a sinister fire. All that remained to him of life seemed to be centered in his gloomy, burning eyes.

The room, though not poverty-stricken, spoke of straitened circumstances. In one corner stood a shabby-looking wardrobe, and here and there were some straw chairs. On the white-washed wall hung an old mirror and, just facing the dying man was a colored picture of the Crucified, His opened heart crowned by flames and thorns, such as it had appeared to Blessed Margaret Mary. The young man's eyes were fixed on the Sacred Heart with flashes of intense hate, silent and terrible blasphemies, gleams of hell.

A poor woman at the bedside gazed on the wretched man, her eyes swollen with weeping. As she stood between that Crucifix and her dying son, she recalled the picture of the sorrowful mother between Jesus on the cross and the bad thief. She pleaded with the one, she supplicated the other to have pity on her. The Christ listened to her. He always listens, though without always hearing favorably. The bad son is silent, a frightful silence, worse even than deadly injury.

"My son," said mother, "have pity on me, if not on yourself! I have forgiven you everything; abandonment, debauchery, sacrilege threats. Tell me at this supreme moment that you accept my pardon." No reply. "In entreat you to ask pardon of God!" Not a word in response. "Give me, at least, the sweet name of Mother which you have obstinately refused me for so many years." At this request, the dying man turned his eyes toward her, opened his lips and, summoning up all his remaining strength, he cried out with the account of a damned soul: "No!"

The unhappy mother cast one glance at the image of the Savior, a glance of mingled desolated and reproach, the glance of an innocent soul condemned by men and calling on the justice of God. Then, as if in desperation, she threw over her head a knitted hood, and rushed out of the house.

She ran to the nearest church, and fell on her knees before the altar, at which the priest celebrating the mass was elevating in his joined hands the consecrated host. There she abyssed her soul in a prayer of despair and resignation, of death and life. Suddenly, yielding to a sublime inspiration, substituting herself for her son, speaking in his name, she cried out with the good thief on the cross: "Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom!"

The holy sacrifice over, with rapid step she returned to her home, opened the door, then, trembling and pale as ghost, paused, not daring to raise her eyes. "Is he dead? If he is still alive, will he pierce my heart again with a look of hate, with another blasphemy?"

"Mother!" "Great God, is it who speaks?" "My dear mother!" She fell on her knees, inebriated with joy, amazement, love maternal and divine. Is it a dream, an illusion that will soon vanish? No, it is indeed her boy who looks upon her with eyes filled with

love and tears, and who, gasping and in a broken voice, says to her while pointing to the Crucifix, "He has looked upon me . . . I have seen Him . . . He has spoken to me . . . I have heard Him . . . He said to me: 'Amen, I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with Me in paradise!'"

Oh, wonder of heavenly mercy! Jesus had accepted transfusion of soul, the substitution of the mother for the son, and He had renewed under that ineffable form the scene on Calvary between the good thief and himself.

What is there more to tell? A priest was called, and he perfected the work of divine goodness. What acts of contrition! What burning acts of thanksgiving! What an archangelic communion! What an interchange of maternal and filial tenderness! What a blessed death, transfigured by repentance, gratitude, and love!

The Gospel has said: "Faith can remove, can transport mountains." But when the mercy of the Son of Mary is put in play by a mother's love, it accomplishes a miracle more wonderful still. It resuscitates a soul already touched by the breath of satan, and makes of the death of an only son the purest joy, the hour the sweetest and the most beautiful in the life of a mother.

A. De Segur in "The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament."

HOW THE GUARDIAN ANGELS KEEPS WATCH.

Pius IX. as a boy served mass in the family bratory. One day when kneeling on the lowest altar step, a sudden fear overpowered him, his heart beat violently, and, involuntarily, his eyes turned to the opposite side of the altar. There he seemed to see an angel who beckoned him to come. The boy, quite confused by the apparition, did not stir from his position, for he knew that, as acolyte, he must remain at his post. However, he grows more and more uneasy, he still sees the angel beckoning to him and yet the little one remains kneeling on the same spot. He is about to fall into a swoon, when he again beholds the angel who looks at him so sorrowfully that, involuntarily, the boy jumps up and hastens toward him. Almost at the same instant a heavy statue of metal fell down from the altar upon the exact spot which the boy had just left, a manifest proof of the protection of his holy guardian angel. Pope Pius IX, whose life was replete with miraculous interventions, often related this incident of his childhood.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Good thoughts are blessed guests

And should be heartily unlearned.

Well cared for and much sought after;

Like rose leaves they give out a sweet

Swell when stored up in the jar of memory.

Anon.

It was the dear old lady's first ride in a taxi, and she wached with growing alarm the driver continually putting his hand outside the car as a signal to the traffic following. At last she became angry. "Young man," she said, "you look after the driving, and watch where you are going. I'll tell you when it starts raining."

THE POOR.

We should never repulse the poor. If we cannot give them anything, we should pray to God to inspire others to do so.

THE BOY EVERYBODY WANTS.

"I like that little boy." This certainly is a great compliment for anybody and when they hear it, they feel proud. Some boys have a natural pleasant disposition, others acquire it by constant practice and watchfulness. But before anyone says "I like that boy," he usually recognizes something in the boy's character and behavior which makes him utter that statement. Everybody likes certain characteristics which we like to see in boys.

Everybody is pleased to see a boy who stands straight, sits straight, acts straight and talks straight. Everybody likes boys who are clean, whose fingernails are not in mourning, whose ears are clean, whose shoes are polished, whose clothes are clean and neat, whose hair is well combed, and whose teeth are well cared for. A boy who listens carefully when spoken to, and asks questions when he does not understand, and does not ask questions about things that are none of his business, is welcome everywhere.

Everybody likes to see a boy who moves quickly and makes as little noise as possible, who whistles in the street, but does not whistle where he ought to keep still, who looks cheerful and always has a ready smile for everybody and never sulks.

A polite boy is the pride of his parents and a welcome companion to all. There is something attractive about the boy who can look you right in the eye and tells the truth every time even if he has made a mistake. Good boys will be eager to read good books, and rather put in their spare time playing baseball than to gamble in the back room.

A boy who tries to be "smart" and attract attention, and who is forever thinking and talking about himself is not welcome anywhere. But everybody is eager to see the boy who would rather lose his job or be expelled from school than to tell a lie. A boy who is not goody-goody, a prig, or a little Pharisee, but just healthy, happy and full of life. This is the boy that is wanted everywhere. The family wants him, the boys want him, all creation wants him.

Schoolmate.

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

There is an old legend concerning three young women, who disputed as to who had the most beautiful hands. One dipped her hands into the pure running stream, another picked berries until her fingers were pink; a third gathered roses until her hands were made sweet by their fragrance.

An aged woman, careworn and decrept, leaning upon her staff, came asking a gift; but all alike refused her. A fourth young woman, making no claims to beauty, ministered to her needs. The aged woman then said: "It is not the hand that is dipped in the brook, nor the hand made red with berries, nor the hand garlanded or perfumed with roses, that is most beautiful, but the hand that giveth to the poor." As she thus spoke, her mask fell off, her staff was cast aside, her wrinkles vanished, and she stood before them, an angel of God. It matters not whether the hand gives in money or in kindly acts in some cases, money would be quite useless, while kindness is priceless.

Selected.

The greatest proof Mary could give us for her extreme charity, was to offer up her Son to death for our salvation.

St. Alphonsus.

2. Two little girls are better than one. Two little boys can double the fun. Two little birds can build a fine nest. Two little arms can love mother best. Two little ponies must go to a span. Two little pockets has my little man. Two little eyes to open and close. Two little ears and one little nose. Two little elbows, dimpled and sweet. Two little shoes on two little feet. Two little lips and one little chin. Two little cheeks with a rose set in. Two little shoulders chubby and strong. Two little legs running all day long. Two little prayers does my darling say. Twice does he kneel by my side each day. Two little folded hands soft and brown. Two little eyelids cast meekly down. And two little angels guard him in bed. One at the foot and one at the head. School Mate.

The Catholic Herald of India contains the following little affair with figures:

Tell a friend to write down all the figures from 1 to 9 in their right order, omitting 8, thus: 12,345,679. Then ask him which figure he considers he has written the worst. Suppose he says 4. Multiply this by 9, giving 36, and ask your friend to multiply the whole sum, 12,345,679 by 36. The result will be a row of 4's; and you can mildly suggest that this was arranged so that he might have practice in writing the figures which he wrote badly before.

If he select 3, multiply this by 9, giving 27, and set him to multiply the whole row of figures by 27. The result will be a row of 3's; and so on.

A man coming along noticed that two teams were playing baseball. He asked the first baseman how the score stood. The man on first base replied: "32 to 0, favor the other side."

"Well, then you seem to be getting a good beating." "No, sir," replied the first baseman, "we haven't been to bat yet."

Tourist (who calls at village post office for a registered letter): "But why can't you let me have it?"

Postmaster: "Have you proof of your identity?"

Tourist: "No."

Postmaster: "Don't you you know anyone in the village?"

Tourist: "No."

Postmaster: "Have you a photograph of yourself, or anything?"

Tourist: "Yes."

Postmaster: (comparing the photo with original): "Certainly, sir, it's you. I'll get you the letter."

A lady rushed up to the porter at a children's fancy dress ball, and demanded admittance. The porter, whose orders were to admit no adults, refused to allow her in.

"But," explained the lady, "my little girl has come to the ball as a butterfly, and has forgotten her wings."

"I cannot help that, madam," replied the porter, "you must just let her be a caterpillar for the night."

