

...Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interest of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any time from the readers and nephews who read this page, and to give them all the advice and help in her power. Write on one side of the paper only. Do not have letters too long. Original stories and verses will be gladly received and carefully edited. The manuscripts of contributions not accepted will be returned. Address all letters to Aunt Busy, Intermountain Catholic, Salt Lake City.

TWO GAMES FOR THANKSGIVING.

To play the games of presidential nicknames, give to each guest a sheet of paper containing a list of the best known nicknames of our Presidents. They must guess to whom the nickname refers, and write it down. After twenty minutes, have some one read the correct answers, and let the lists be checked up, each player passing his list to his neighbor in order that there may be fair play. For the best list a prize of a little American flag may be given.

Here is the list, with answers, and it is suggested that the nicknames should not be written out in proper sequence, but jumbled to make the guessing more difficult.

Father of His Country—George Washington.
The Colossus of Independence—John Adams.
The Sage of Monticello—Thomas Jefferson.
The True Republican—James Madison.
Poor, but Spotless—James Monroe.
Old Man Eloquent—John Quincy Adams.
Old Hickory—Andrew Jackson.
Little Magician—Martin Van Buren.
Tippecanoe—William Henry Harrison.
Old Rough-and-Ready—Zachary Taylor.
Northern Man With Southern Principles—James Buchanan.

The Rail-Splitter—Abraham Lincoln.
The Silent President—U. S. Grant.
Canal Boy—James A. Garfield.
Man of Destiny—Grover Cleveland.
The Little Major—William McKinley.
The Rough Rider—Theodore Roosevelt.

Another historical game which is but little trouble to prepare is to have pasted on cards and numbered a picture of each President of the United States. These pictures may be obtained from a cheap United States history. Give each guest a sheet of paper and a pencil, and let them write their guesses as to the identity of each picture, numbering them to correspond with the numbers on the cards. It will be found that while a few of the earlier Presidents and a few of the latest ones are easily recognized, there are others whose portraits are not so familiar, and few players will be able to fill out their cards correctly.—The Designer.

FIRST COMMUNION BACK YONDER.

(By J. F. G. in Catholic Standard and Times.)
Say, mister, do you remember the day we made our First Communion in the little church back yonder? That question makes you smile, doesn't it? Unless my memory is greatly at fault, it took weeks of hard work to drill us sufficiently as regards the mysteries of faith. Mary McShane and her sister Annie, Nellie Norris, Annie Syrel, Kate Parker and Mary Brown had charge of the younger boys and girls, while to Nell McShane was assigned the rather hopeless task of drilling the "awkward squad," the lanky, overgrown lads with the "high-water" pants and long wild hairs upon their chins. Do you remember them, mister? What! You were one of them? So was I. Let's shake!

The answer received from the hopefuls were not always strictly in accordance with the catechism. Father Ford, I remember, in making his rounds of the classes, asked one little shaver how Christ spent the three years of His public life, and received the rather startling answer: "Teachin' Postles samples."

On the final Saturday morning we assembled in the church in order to enter upon a little "retreat" before going to confession. The exercises consisted of prayer, meditation and instruction by the pastor. About 10 o'clock we were given a few moments of free time outside. Whether it was the "old boy" that had gotten hold of us or not I cannot say, but at any rate several of us grew restless under the unusual restraint, and by way of diversion laid violent hands upon "Patsy" Mulligan and dumped him into the rain barrel. As ill luck would have it, Father Ford was watching us from a back window, and when he finished reading the "riot act" his tongue must have been hot enough to fry eggs. He wasn't exactly angry. Just righteously indignant. I don't know how you feel about it, mister, but my knees are aching yet from kneeling so long at the altar railing as a penance for our "scandalous conduct."

In the afternoon came one of the most trying experiences in a boy's life—his first confession. But like most of the trials of life, the anticipation of first confession is worse than the realization. With the morning's "Philippe" still ringing in his ears the lad enters the "box." What a contrast! He who was severity itself a few hours before is now all gentleness. So kindly does the confessor talk to him that the youthful penitent resolves never to be bad again. No, never! We begin very early.

Wasn't it great, though, when on Sunday morning we formed in line at the rectory and marched, two by two, to the church, with your mother and my mother and all the other boys' and girls' mothers watching us from the far side of the street. My weren't they proud of us before all the Protestants! Just close your eyes for a moment, mister, and watch the procession pass in review from out the northeast corner of your memory. First comes the boys, all togged out in black suits (knee pants, of course), with shoes and stockings to match, white shirts, cuffs and collars set off with little white ties, and, lastly, a small bouquet pinned to the lapel of each coat. Then come the girls in all the splendor of white dresses, pale blue sashes, long white veils reaching down to the ground and each fair head crowned with a wreath of wax flowers. Say, mister, my art education has been sadly neglected. I don't suppose I could tell the difference between a Turner landscape and a 49-cent chromo copy of the same work. But I can appreciate the tender beauty and sweetness expressed in the living picture of little misses marching in solemn procession to make their First Communion. It is a sight that almost brings tears to one's eyes. I don't go much on the boys. The little shavers simply cannot refrain from pinching and punching one another, while the older ones run too much to baseball and cigarettes. But with the girls it is different, they being made of a finer grade of clay.

As one sees them slowly marching by, with God's own purity in their hearts and the sunlight of the eternal hills still shining in their eyes, they remind one of the spotless virgins who follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth. God bless and preserve their pure, sweet souls! From the ranks of these making their First Communion are to be recruited in after years the devout mothers, holy nuns and those other heroic, self-sacrificing souls of whose purity of heart, saintliness of life and nobility of character the world little dreams—the working girls.

But to return. Once within the church and the Mass begun, the moments fly rapidly. The conse-

cration passed, the bell rings out, its silvery voice calling us to come to the "table of the Lord." Mr. McShane takes his stand by the upper pew and marches the boys up two by two to the altar railing, with a clean white cloth running from end to end. As Father Ford holds up the Host and says, "Ecce Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi," the girls begin that most beautiful of Communion hymns:

"O Lord, I am not worthy
That Thou shouldst come to me.
But speak the words of comfort,
And my spirit shall be free.

"And humbly I beseech Thee,
The Bridegroom of my soul,
No more by sin to grieve Thee,
Nor fly Thy sweet control."

Reverently and carefully the sacred particle is placed upon each little tongue, sending a thrill of joy through each childish soul. As the lads retire the misses advance, under the guidance of Miss Norris, the hymn being taken up by the choir in the organ loft. The girls having received, a holy hush falls upon the congregation. The men swallow hard, look straight ahead and nervously finger their rosaries. The women weep softly to themselves, for to many there comes back another First Communion day in the little church "at home," far over the sea; childish heads are bowed in silent thanksgiving; within the temple of each innocent heart the Real Presence is enshrined with angels hovering round, and before each tabernacle door there swings a sanctuary lamp of purest, holiest love. (Dear God, shall it ever be as pure again?)

After the cleansing of the chalice, Father Ford—the best ever—preaches the sermon, not failing to ring in the story of Napoleon's happiest day. (I see you smiling as if you met an old acquaintance.) The Mass is ended. The priest leaves the altar and the grown-ups withdraw, leaving the children alone with Him who said: "Suffer the little ones to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for such is the kingdom of heaven."

This is First Communion as I remember it back home, mister. I may not have gotten the names just as you recall them, but in the main the sketch, I feel, rings true. Crude though the effort be, I place it as a loving tribute to the feet of those who labored so earnestly to prepare us for the happiest event of our lives in the little church back yonder.

Some day you and I will get together again, mister, and talk about the time the Archbishop, the present "Grand Old Man" of the American hierarchy, came to our town to administer Confirmation. Now that his face is lighted by the glow of the sunset and his hair sprinkled with the snow that never melts, our idle chatter may bring a smile not one of pity to the kindly lips of the old man eloquent.

THE FORTUNE TELLER.

"Rich man, Poor man, Beggar man,
Thief, Doctor, Lawyer, Merchant, Chief."

Highway, stretched along the sun,
Highway, thronged till day is done;
Where the drifting fumes of smoke
Wave on wave on wave of faces,
And you count them, one by one;
"Rich man—Poor man—Beggar man—Thief;
"Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief."
Is it soothsay? Is it fun?

Young ones, like as wave and wave;
Old ones, like as grave and grave;
Tide on tide of human faces,
With what human undertone!
Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief!—
Tell me of the eddying places,
Show me where the lost ones go.
Like and lost, as leaf and leaf,
What's your secret, grim refrain,
Back and forth and back again,
Once, and now, and always so?
Three days since and who was Thief?
Three days more and who'll be Chief?
Oh, is that beyond belief,
Doctor—Lawyer—Merchant—Chief?

(Down like grass before the mowing;
On like wind in its mad going;
Wind and dust forever blowing.)

Highway, shrill with murderous pride,
Highway, of swarming tide!
Why should my way lead me deeper?
I am not my Brother's keeper.

—Josephine Preston Peabody, in Scribner's Magazine.

WHILE WE MAY.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
With trifles scarcely thought about
So many times; they do
So many things for me, for you—
If their fond wills mistake,
We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray if love strips
Them to discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but
Dear.

Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower that we would take
Upon our breasts, or bruise some rose red,
Or crush some hope until it bleed,
We may be mute.
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave fault; for they and we
Have such a little way to go—can be
Together such a little while along the way,
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them! For not blind
To love, we see them, but if you and I,
Perhaps remember them some by and by
They will not be
Faults then—grave faults—to you and me,
But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less,
Remembrances to bless.
Days change so many things—yes, hours,
We see so differently in suns and showers,
Mistaken words tonight
May be so cherished by tomorrow's light;
We may be patient, for we know
There's such a little way to see and go.

A Word to Sponsors.

You are a sponsor for a child. You answer for it; took vows for it when it was baptized and was made a member of the Church. This you did in the sight of God and in the presence of His minister. Have you faithfully tried to do your duty as sponsor?

If the child has wandered or been led away from

the Church, did you try, or are you trying, to win it back?

Does it go to the Catholic school? If not, why not?

Has it learned the catechism and other things which it ought to know and which you are charged to see that it should be taught?

If its parents have been neglectful of their duties, have you more earnestly tried to perform the sponsorial duties that rest upon you?

If the child is old enough, does it know that it is your God-child? Have you claimed it as such?

As your position of sponsor is not an idle one, an empty honor, but of most serious importance, it will be well for you to give the above questions your very earnest consideration.

THE POET.

The truest poet is not one
Whose golden fancies fuse and run
To moulded phrases, crusted o'er
With flashing gems of metaphor;
Whose art, responsive to his will,
Makes voluble the thoughts that fill
The cultured windings of his brain,
Yet takes no sounding of the pain,
The joy, the yearnings of the heart
Untrammelled by the bonds of art.
O! poet truer far than he
Is such a one as you may be,
When in the quiet night you keep
Mute vigil on the marge of sleep.

If then, with beating heart, you mark
God's nearer presence in the dark,
And musing on the wondrous ways
Of Him who numbers all your days,
Pay tribute to Him with your tears
For joys, for sorrows, hopes and fears
Which He has blessed and given to you,
You are the poet, great and true.
For there are songs within the heart
Whose perfect melody no art
Can teach the tongue of man to phrase.
These are the songs His poets raise.
When in the quiet night they keep
Mute vigil on the marge of sleep.

—T. A. Daly.

FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

(Continued from page 1.)

ities distinct from God, and making them worthy of honor and respect independent of Him. To do that would be idolatry, because it would be giving them the honor that belongs to God.

The honor and worship extended to the Saints, because of their sanctity, is given because that sanctity is as much the work of God as any of His creative acts. It is the work of God's grace. But if God is and should be honored in all His works, as has been demonstrated, how much more should He be honored in His works of grace. These are the reasons why the Church, in all ages, sanctions devotion to the Saints. To deny that they are entitled to it is to deny that God is and should be honored in His own works.

This faith old but always new should, on the anniversary of the Feast of All Saints, serve as a stern reminder to follow the example of these crowned heroes, to imitate their lives and practice the virtues that endeared them to God. What they did all can do with God's grace and assistance. "Ask and you shall receive." The reward, which they saw in the distance awaiting them and which excited their zeal and devotion, is the same that is promised to all. Gentle reader on your onward march through life, pause for a moment and ask yourself: how are you preparing to be worthy of that reward? The road that leads to blissful immortality, is according to the Holy Ghost, narrow, and to promise oneself an entrance by any other than the royal road of the cross is a delusion. To be deceived in a matter of such vital importance as the salvation of one's soul is the height of folly.

The Saints of each succeeding generation implored the intercession of their predecessors because they knew that if according to St. James the prayers of the just, even on earth, prevailed, how much more would not the prayers of the Saints, who were singing the praises of God in heaven, prevail.

F. D.

JUDGE GOODWIN'S VIEWS OF DR. ELIOT

It would be amusing, if it were not so serious, to read the press, secular and religious, on Dr. Eliot's "New Religion." It all arises, we suspect, from a misapprehension of the real Dr. Eliot. What he puts out is not a religion in the general acceptance of that word, but a moral code for men to live by, and we see no improvement in it over the code of the Unitarians. By the world generally Dr. Eliot is looked upon as a great scholar, as a man who, in his love for knowledge and for the advancement of his fellow men, has spent a long life.

We never saw the gentleman and can analyze his mind, nature and overruling desires of life only from what shines out from his life work.

From these we would say he was, down deep, a shrewd business man with a good deal of administrative ability and with that shrewdness from the beginning was determined to make everything possible count for Dr. Eliot in a literary, scientific and material way. That, of all his mother's sons, he loves himself best. We do not believe that he was ever a thorough scholar, and this conclusion is founded on his recommendation for a sixty-inch library, for he names books there which we are convinced he never gave more than a cursory reading.

His idea was, down deep, not to recommend what and scholar would choose, but to advertise the marvelous range of his own studies. It is so in his "New Religion." He practically ignores the New Testament and forgets that had he never had anything but the Old Testament on which to found what he might call his religious convictions, he would never have put out more than half of his religious code, unless, indeed, he has steeped his soul in the teachings of Buddha.

When that grafter and fraud, Herbert Howe Bancroft, was here negotiating his graft with the Mormon authorities, by which for a princely reward, he agreed to publish a Mormon romance and call it a carefully prepared and truthful history of Utah, he one day said that if younger he would found a religion as the best paying proposition he could think of.

It is told that one day a shocked man went to President Grant and in an awed voice said: "Mr. President, Charles Sumner does not believe the Bible," to which the man of Appomattox dryly replied: "No wonder, Sumner did not write it." Both these anecdotes illustrate to us features of Dr. Eliot's character. He has inordinate self-love and a great thirst for both fame and money, and from youth up he has, as far as possible, ministered to all these cravings of his nature.

His "New Religion" comes from the first two longings, and could he make his "religion" stick, think what a lecture field it would open to him.

The above may shock his friends who are under the spell of his magnetism, and we may judge him wrongly, for as said above we never saw him and can judge him merely by the traits that shine out through his acts and records, but they are our honest convictions of the man.—Goodwin's Weekly.

ANARCHY AND SOCIALISM.

The execution of Mr. Ferrer roused the ire of fellow anarchists in other lands. The fact is that they existed before they were roused. The execution was merely incidental, not creative of anarchy. The fire was burning before the flames were fanned. There is evidently an element in society that threatens authority and all government. It merely waits for an excuse or an occasion to assert itself. It cries out against church and state, when united, and ceases not to cry out against both church and state when they are separated.

The spirit of anarchy is a standing menace to all authority and to every species of it.

As discipline and authority wane anarchy is encouraged. The wrecking of the home life by prevailing divorce and the breaking down of parental authority prepares the way for the onward march of anarchy. Egotism is the root of anarchy. Socialism in some of its phases is anarchy in disguise. Anarchy fights against the state as the root of all evil, while it is the theory of the Socialists that the state is the cure-all for evil. They appear to be in opposition. Frequently appearances deceive. The Socialist may talk of the state but he is frequently found not adverse to enthroning the mob.

Yet the generality of men recognize the fact that we cannot have liberty without law, and that we cannot have law without authority.—Catholic Universe.

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