

## ...Our Boys and Girls...

EDITED BY AUNT BUSY.

This department is conducted solely in the interests of our girl and boy readers. Aunt Busy is glad to hear any hint from the nice and helpful 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.

### The Little Sorrows.

It was the Little Sorrows came  
With tears unto my heart;  
They waited at the doorway there,  
And coaxed with gentle art.  
But I looked from the casement high,  
And bade them all depart.  
"Ye wraiths of night," I cried, "disperse!  
Flee back to marsh and fen!

Ye have no power for weal or woe,  
All futile have ye been.  
I bid ye vanish in the mist,  
And come not back again."  
"Oh, let us in," they softly sighed,  
"To cling about your knees;  
Blest gifts have we of wisdom sweet,  
And tender mysteries,

And jewels like the seven stars  
That deck the Pleiades."  
It was the Little Sorrows fled  
Sore frightened all away,  
And shadow on the sunlight came,  
A cloud fell on the day.  
And in my empty house I sat  
More sad than words can say.  
—Edward Wilbur Mason, in Ave Maria.

### The Show at the Hospital.

"There's going to be a show today," the small boy in ward one, bed one, announced eagerly.  
There was the smell of sunshine and fresh air and perfect cleanliness; peace and content were in the faces of the nuns, physical well-being was written on the persons of the nurses, but tragedy loomed large, inevitable and often hopeless in every cot—the tragedy of crippled, sick children, their little bodies bent, twisted and suffering.

Outside the hospital a large red auto came beeping up, and from it slipped and scrambled eight small children, seven girls and a boy, careless, happy youngsters, the spirit of comedy—the comedy of being young and hopeful and innocent—behind them came another auto bearing a comedian of the comic opera world, and with him his leading lady, the stage manager, the composer and the author. Into the hospital they went, coming into its quiet atmosphere buoyant and healthy, like the cold, bracing breeze that swept in with them.

From the stage of a New York theatre these merry-makers had come to the hospital to bring to it some fun and joy and life of a far-away, unreal kind. They came because they had been told to and because it was fun.

Where two wards met they laid a rug and set a table and wheeled in a piano, and while the stage was thus being set the eight stage children rushed here and there and talked to the sick boys and girls. Some were too ill to talk, and just lay there not understanding. Others propped themselves up in their beds, with a look in their eyes a thousand years old. Unresponsive, they watched the children from outside fluttering from bed to bed.

The seven little girls ended by surrounding the bed of the small boy who had announced that there was going to be a show, for it was he who seemed to feel most keenly the responsibilities of a host, and therefore talked and talked. When one girl with baby blue eyes and yellow hair naively inquired, "Which one of us do you like best?" he was put utterly to rout, blushed, it seemed, sucked his fingers and stopped. After all, he was only seven, and it is ever embarrassing to be asked such a question with father dear charmers—six of 'em—present.

The big bass of the comedian boomed, "Come on, kiddies," and the eight children slid to him, spluttering and sliding on the mosaic floor and clambered and clung to him till each of the seven girls had been swung high from the floor to be kissed by the tall comedian. Nurses carrying children in their arms, others pushing wheeled chairs, brought down the cripples and the convalescents from their upper wards, that they too might have a part in the great day. The composer sat at the piano, the stage manager and the author and the leading lady stood in the doorway. A chord on the piano crashed and the comedian's voice boomed out a verse of his song, while his chorus of eight sat on his knees with his feet and his arms, just as they do every night, only the audience was so different.

The children who could sit up in bed; those who couldn't turned their heads toward the stage. Occasionally one small person had a delighted grin, but most of the faces had simply a dazed, hungry, fascinated look. It was too wonderful to laugh at. They simply stared, and in their stares was the tragedy of sick little empty lives.

Here and there stood a nurse, her face beaming with pleasure, and by the wall were two Sisters just where the sun touched their somber robes. They had the look that comes to those who voluntarily pass their lives amid sickness and sorrow—a look of great peace and resignation.

When the entertainers were getting ready to go, somebody said to the comedian:

"It's a tragedy; a real tragedy, that the children upstairs are out of it all."  
"You bet it is," said the comedian. "We'll go upstairs."

So they went up, and the comedian sang with his chorus of eight; and the leading lady sang and did her dance, and there was no piano and the comedian may have sung a little off the key, but, as he said, Who cares about the key? And the author and the composer and the stage manager sat in a row and hummed the air and pretended they were the orchestra and played imaginary trombones and violins. And the audience was just five sick little children in bed.

It was time to go—they had come for half an hour and stayed two hours.

The eight little children clambered into the automobile, and with a toot and a clug and waving of hands off they went. The others got into their motor car and also disappeared.

"Gee, that was a great show," the small boy in ward one, bed one, said. "I wish there was a go-in' to be another tomorrow!" he ended wistfully.—New York Sun.

## OF A BOY'S LIFE DANGEROUS PERIOD

(Robert Roughan, in Extension.)

That there is a dangerous period in a boy's life all will agree, both teachers and parents. This period varies as to time with the individual. I think it fair to say it usually occurs between the fourteenth and eighteenth year. This is the period when the average boy lays the foundation for good or evil for future years. It can be said that this is the time the man is made.

The previous life and good habits make but little if any impression on him during this period. A new nature, entirely foreign to the old, has appeared and the training, temporarily at least, of the past seems lost. I do not mean to say such good training has been wasted. It has not. It has kept the boy clean and strong for the struggle, but it will not meet the new conditions. It has done its work and its immediate usefulness is past. Should the boy pass the dangerous period well he will return to his earlier traditions and begin again where he left off.

This period appears to me to be the "lapse in our civilization" and the return to savagery. It is the call—the demand of our savage ancestry to return to old conditions. So strong is the "call" that the anxious mother feels almost hopeless. The father recognizes it and remembers that he "came out all right" and laughs at the mother's fears. He should not laugh. He should take notice. This is his time in the training of the boy. The mother has worked and toiled for fourteen years in rearing him. So long and so well has she done her work the father has gradually ceased to think of doing anything. But now he must. She cannot hope to cope with these new conditions. Men, and only men, can do the work. Many a boy has met bitter sorrow because of that laugh, because of the careless father. The mother's boy is now changing into his father's son. You, fathers, must act. The scene has changed from the nursery to the world. You know the world, its temptations, its sorrows, as the mother knows the nursery. If your boy fails during his dangerous period you and you alone are to blame.

The anxious mother knows the signs of the beginning of this period. Nature, always faithful to her Maker, marks the beginning with plentiful signs. The father, less observant, sees "no difference from other boys"; he has become used to these outward manifestations from the young boys he meets in business life. The fond mother, however, realizes her "darling" boy is not the same.

What are these signs? There are so many and so varied in form one hardly knows where to begin in naming them. Let us take the physical ones first. The small body, almost girlish, begins to shoot up, the small hands seem now to have become almost "as large as his father's"—all legs and arms—he outgrows his shoes—his suits seem to shrink—he grows so rapidly. That sweet, gentle voice now becomes strident—it cracks, breaks. He never speaks in a whisper, he almost yells. These are some of the physical signs placed as warning to those in command that the crisis, the dangerous period, is approaching.

Mental signs are not wanting. The confident, open hearted boy now becomes secretive. He never says where he has been or where he is going. He is going "out," that is all. He has been "all round." He holds his eyes from you when you question him. He may have done no wrong. He simply feels superior to control.

His character makes manifest the change going on within him. He reads only the sporting page of the paper. He knows every pugilist by name and reputation. He eagerly drinks in the story of every cruel battle in history and in life.

"My boy never used to fight," said a mother to me, "and now he never seems to be out of one. First a black eye, a tooth out, it seems as though he were fighting all the time."

So one could enumerate forever, almost, the signs of the coming struggle, for it is a struggle and a great one—the contest is for a soul—the greatest contest in the world.

Now is the time to PREVENT future failures. Money and time spent later in CORRECTING may or may not be successful. Prevention in time is always successful.

"Now is the acceptable time" for your work, O fathers of youths! "Arise from your lethargy!" your boy is in dire peril.

### BEHAVIOR IN CHURCH.

We have a habit of haunting the back of the church and of meandering about the aisles on Sunday mornings. We like to see the people at their devotions and the people like to see the Priest among them.

We are often struck with the easy attitude of the people at prayer and the number of people who come to church without a prayer book or rosary beads.

The Mass, which is said in Latin, and in a low tone of voice, cannot be properly followed without one or the other. The mere bodily presence in church does not fulfill either the spirit or the letter of the law, which obliges us to attend Mass "with due recollection and piety and with every outward mark of respect and devotion."

The lay people are not trained to the habit of meditation and recollection. It is difficult for them to fix their attention upon the sacred mysteries and the Sacrifice of the Mass without a means or a help to guide them. It is no wonder then that the Mass on Sunday is not the benefit to many that it should be.

Our churchgoing differs as pole and pole from the churchgoing of our separated brethren. It is not the preaching or the music that brings us to church. It is the Mass. And that object well fulfilled should be a mainstay and a prop to heart and soul, mind and body, from Sunday to Sunday. During the week our spirits lag, the good fails us, resolutions and endeavors falter and die because Sunday is not what it ought to be and the Mass, as far as we are concerned, spends itself in the sanctuary. We were there, but not in mind and heart.

Yet, taking it all in all, how wonderfully attentive and devout a Catholic congregation is in church! What an edifying sight it is to see Catholics enter their churches, bless themselves with holy water, go up the aisle in silence, bend the knee reverently in adoration, kneel, say their prayers; and during Mass, particularly at the solemn moment of consecration and at the elevation, what a silence, what decorum and reverence, what an outward manifestation of respect and devotion!

It is entirely lacking, this air of solemnity and respect, in non-Catholic churches; and the difference between us and others is often noted and commented upon by honest Protestants.

We are the gainers by our good conduct in church. It is always for our good and for the good of others.

There is a jarring note sometimes, we confess. It is on the occasion of marriages; the very time,

alas! when more than at any other time strangers in the faith are present, and in greater numbers, in our churches. When there is a crowd at an afternoon wedding, the church is often turned into a rough house. The contrast to all other occasions is striking. We have often been pained to notice the talking and laughing, the crowding and pushing, the abominable habit of rice throwing at the church door, and we have been constrained at times, to our shame and confusion, to speak a word of correction.

The Catholic Church is "the House of God" always, the "House of Prayer" at all times. The red spark gleaming night and day in the sanctuary speaks the ever-abiding presence there of Our Lord and our God. Whenever we enter a Catholic Church, whatever the occasion, whoever may be there, it is only to enter the presence of God, to adore Him, and to worship "in His Name."

### SUNBEAMS.

Merry little sunbeams,  
Flitting here and there;  
Joyous little sunbeams,  
Dancing everywhere;  
Come they with the morning light,  
And chase away the gloomy night.

They kiss away the dewdrops  
That hang upon the flowers,  
They lift the lazy mist that lies  
Upon the sylvan bowers;  
They bring each one its little spark,  
To drive away all shadows dark.

Kind words are little sunbeams,  
And sparkle as they fall;  
And loving smiles are sunbeams,  
A light of joy to all;  
In sorrow's eye they dry the tear,  
And bring the fainting heart good cheer.

Scatter these little sunbeams  
Free as the balmy air,  
That all in sorrow's darkness  
Their joyous light may share;  
Their light, reflected on your heart,  
Will make its shadows all depart.

### IRELAND'S UNSTABLE BOG LAND.

The bog slide in County Galway, which, beginning under heavy rains on Sunday, has already overwhelmed the village of Kilmore and threatens disaster to a whole countryside, is unfortunately not a new experience for the sister isle.

Owing to the low level of the interior and the excessive rainfall, huge areas are merely peat bog, and one such area, the bog of Allen, in Kings county and County Kildare, is over 200,000 acres in extent. The worst slide of recent years happened during boxing night, 1896, when the Knocknagoshla bog, in County Kerry, gave way and sweeping everything before it carried away a cottage and a family of eight persons, some of whose bodies were afterwards found in the Lower Lake at Killarney.—Westminster Gazette.

### CATHOLIC CHURCH IN UTAH.

(Continued from page 1.)

along the Dolores to where the Dolores entered the Rio Grande some ten miles to the west of the line between Colorado and Utah.

Along the Rio Dolores, in about latitude 38 degrees 10 minutes north, lies Spanish valley, and from Santa Fe to this point, a distance of more than 300 miles, this old Spanish trail practically followed the route taken fifty-four years earlier by Fathers Escalante and Dominguez when they made their brave attempt to open a road to Monterey. It is singular that nowhere in Bancroft's works or in the writings of subsequent or previous writers on the trans-Rocky Mountain regions, do we find any mention of this fact.

At a point, a little to the north of Saucer valley, Escalante turned abruptly eastward, and for about fifty miles pursued an easterly course before he again veered to the north, and traveled so far on this northern route that it was impossible for him and his companions to reach Monterey that winter.

Had the Spanish priests not swung to the eastward when they left their camp at Saucer valley, but continued on, down the Rio Dolores, they would have found an easier crossing of the mountains, passed far to the south of Utah lake, and perhaps have entered Monterey before the severity of the weather forced them to return to Santa Fe. We can suspect no motive or reason for the change unless they were deceived by their guides or wished to visit and instruct the Lagunas or Timpanago Indians, whose presence in Utah valley was known to the priests. While the expedition failed of its object, it perhaps influenced partially the location of the Spanish trail which traveled over 300 miles of the same route.

We return to the course of the Spanish trail. Moving through the Grand river below the mouth of the Dolores, the trail bore northwesterly till it finally crossed the Green river just below the mouth of the Pricer near where the Denver & Rio Grande railroad now bridges that stream. The trail here paralleled the Pricer for some twenty miles on a westerly course, when it veered for a short distance to the southwest, fording the San Rafael river, and sharply turning due south, went on keeping to the west of the San Rafael swell and crossed Muddy creek. Here it bent again to the west and, traveling up the Fremont river, crossed the headwaters of the Sevier north of the Sevier plateau, climbed the great Wasatch range, and descending, entered the Great Basin. Sweeping now southward, the trail skirted the easterly and southerly rims of the present Escalante desert, entering again upon and following for a short distance substantially the route traveled over by Escalante's party in 1776; it turned south and moved into "Mountain Meadow." Here for a portion of the way it broke the road afterwards known as the "old Mormon trail," or the route taken by the Mormons when traveling between Utah and California, and the identical trail entered upon by the emigrant party from Missouri which was slaughtered in Mountain Meadow on the morning of September 7, 1857.

Passing out of Mountain Meadow, the trail now followed down the Santa Clara fork of the Virgin river, cut through the northwest corner of Arizona

and crossed into Nevada. Again pursuing a southwesterly course, it swept by Moapa, climbed the Muddy mountains, skirted Dry Lake and went on to Las Vegas, now a division station on the San Pedro, Los Angeles & Salt Lake railroad.

From Las Vegas, still southwestward, it went over the sandy region of southern Nevada, passed through the Ivanpah valley, and entering California followed the desert to where the Mojave river disappears in the sands.

Unlike other and larger bodies of flowing water which find their repose in the salt lakes and salt beds of this weird and repellent region, the Mojave river, born in the Sierras Madres, grows in depth and importance as it advances down the eastward slope of the Sierras till it reaches the arid lands. Flowing placidly on through these sandy wastes of a thirsty region, the river grows smaller and smaller and at last sinks out of sight and disappears in the desert.

Following the Mojave to its source in the Sierras Madres, the trail passed out of the Great Basin, and descending the western side of the Sierras entered an undulating country which it traveled over and finally reached Los Angeles.

Speaking of the Spanish trail it may be of interest to record that, from the Mojave river, near where it is crossed by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad and from this point eastward, for a distance of nearly 350 miles, to where the trail turned from the easterly edge of the Escalante desert and through a party in the Wasatch mountains, the old Spanish trail was followed by Fremont when he was returning eastward from his exploration of the Great Basin in 1843-44.

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