

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

KINDNESS

It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving,
But it scattered the night
Like morning light,
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp a woof it
wove,
In shining colors of hope and love,
And the angels smiled as they
watched above,
Yet little it cost in the giving.
It was only a kindly word,
A word that was lightly spoken;
Yet not in vain,
For it stilled the pain
Of a heart that was nearly broken.
It strengthened a faith beset by
fears,
And groping blindly through mists
of tears,
For light to brighten the coming
years,
Although it was lightly spoken.

A TWAIN RETORT

Mark Twain had finished his
speech at a dinner party, and, on
his seating himself, a lawyer arose,
put his hands deep into his trousers
pockets, and laughingly inquired of
those present: "Doesn't it strike
this company as a little unusual that
a professional humorist should be
funny?" When the laughter that
greeted this sally had subsided,
Mark Twain drawled out: "Doesn't
it strike this company as a little
unusual that a lawyer should have
his hands in his own pockets?"

DON'T BE A GROUCH

Don't be a grouch. No one has
any use for him. He is always in
the way and eventually leads a life
of misery. The grouch is a being
apart from other people. He sees
no beauty in the lily; he can't enjoy
the perfume of the rose; to him
night is the same as day; summer
the same as winter. There is no
bright day in the life of the grouch,
and for him the sun is always be-
hind the clouds. The silver lining
never appears, for the simple reason
that he refuses to see it. Grouching
is his specialty. He is an expert in
the art, and has all its mysteries at
his command, ready for use at a
moment's notice. Nevertheless the
grouch is deserving of pity, for his
nature becomes warped; his spirit
broken, his soul sordid; and he
"eventually leads a life of misery."

CRITICISM

Do not permit your judgment to
be warped by criticism. Criticism,
like medicine, has more than one
use—internal or external. While
we may rub one medicine on the
body, we may not take it internally;
the internal medicine is worthless
when applied to the skin. So, if a
man criticizes you for the sake of
criticism or to show how much he
knows, just permit it to graze the
surface and let it go at that.
Few people are constituted to be
valuable critics—yet all of us take
a hand at it some time or another.
Children criticize their parents;
scholars criticize their teachers;
the inferiors criticize their superiors.
Usually, the less the critic knows
about the subject to be criticized the
more voluble he is in the criticism.
In other words, he covers up his lack
of constructive knowledge by a
show of destructive complaint.
To this, pay no attention. In
many cases, people who really know
how to criticize the action you have
done or the thing you have com-
mitted to the printed page, refrain
from doing so because they too
often feel their inability to do you a
service by such criticism. Often
their silence is the best criticism.
The man who is too wordy in point-
ing out your defects simply tries to
cover up his own. He airs the
views that constitute his ignorance
of the subject matter.
It is a wise plan to invite criticism;
at times, the criticism thus
invited fails to materialize because
the prudent man realizes that if
you were not at your best, you
would hesitate to ask his condemna-
tion. It is the feeling of certainty
that makes a man bold. Then,
should you ask criticism, do not be-
tray anger or impatience when it is
accorded you. Do not pretend to
frank want of advice which you
know within your heart and soul
you have no intention of accepting.
It not only looks churlish to do this
but it argues a lack of good judg-
ment. Either you have done the best
you could in the matter or you have
failed; in the latter case, when the
fault is pointed out, accept the re-
proof with a good will and set your-
self to work to remedy the defect.
Don't be presumptuous as to the
merit of your work—nor timid as
to belief in its merits. Long ago, a
well-known instructor, gave out a
problem to his class of boys and
asked them, one at a time, to go to
the blackboard and work it out. As
the first boy proceeded with his
work he thundered out: "No!"
The abashed boy took his seat and
another tried again the master
called out: "No!" And so on
down the line, one boy after
another was set down ashamed.
Finally one chap took his place;
when the "No," sounded, he paid no
attention to it. He went right on
and solved the problem. It was
just the same as the other boys had
tried to do it and he was right. But
the others did not feel that they
were right, hence the criticism de-
terred them.

There are many men out in the
world today who fail from the same
timidity. A man starts a little
store; a so-called friend passes,
shakes his head and fears the
venture will be a failure. Often it
is, for the store owner takes the
criticism to heart and grows
nervous and timid. He should
have sought the advice and criti-
cism before he risked his money in
the business.
On the other hand, there are
many men who write, build houses
and make vast plans, who seem
immune to any and all criticisms.
They go their own way; it may not
be the best, but somehow they
seem to succeed. Whatever they
turn out is at least, their own; as
much can not be said for the man
who takes to heart every critical
opinion uttered—often by enemies,
often by those not in a situation to
honestly and constructively offer
any criticism. To heed good advice
is wise, to follow it or reject it, is
more wisdom. At any rate, the
man who ignores criticism and goes
his own way has the satisfaction of
knowing that he acted himself—not
the imitator who never arrives at
any good end.—Catholic Colum-
bian.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A HERO AFTER ALL

When Dad was well and going
strong,
And never had a holiday,
The bills were settled right along—
He always seemed to find a way.
He kicked because my shoes wore
out.
And at the price of sister's hat;
But Dad's a pretty good old scout,
I guess well all agree to that.
Sometimes when we would have to
wait,
And dinner would be getting cold,
Ma scolded Dad for bein' late,
'N' I'll tell the world that Ma can
scold.
I guess she often thought he lied
When he was trying to explain;
One night last week he nearly died,
But now they say he's on the gain.
He's been in bed a month or two
And, gee, the stack of bills we've
got!
It's lucky that he's pullin' through,
Because we need him here a lot.
Ma used to say he had no right
To be a fool like other men;
She always worried when he'd light
Another stogie, now and then.
I heard her last night, when she
spoke
To Doctor Griggs concernin' Dad;
She said he seemed to want to
smoke,
And that's a sign that made her
glad.
Sis nurses him and strokes his head,
And we have all been findin' out,
Since Dad's been sick and nearly
dead.
That's he's a pretty good old scout.
—S. E. KESSEK

WHAT CONSCIENCE SAID TO MILLY

Say, Mother, what is—consens?"
and little Milly looked puzzled as
she stood watching her mother tie
up jars of red jelly that were to
be put away on the store-room
shelf.
Her mother looked as puzzled as
did her little girl for a minute, then
she smiled down at her.
"What is conscience—is that it,
dear?" Milly nodded.
"Yes, that's what I mean,
Mother. I heard you say that word
this morning—you remember? You
said it tells us what to do, but I
don't know what it is."
Her mother thought a minute.
"Did you ever want to do some-
thing very badly, and just as you
thought of doing it, something told
you, and kept telling you, not to
do it?" Milly nodded again.
"Well, that was conscience tell-
ing you what to do, trying to keep
you from doing what was wrong.
It is a still, small voice that never
fails to speak when we are tempted
to do wrong."
"Does it speak to little girls, too,
Mother?"
"Yes, indeed, dearie—and I some-
times think little girls are more apt
to hear it than are older people."
And will it always tell us when
we want to do something wrong?"
"Always. But if we do not
listen to it, after a while it quits
trying to help us, or we are so
bound to do as we please that we
do not hear the small voice that
says, 'Don't—don't!'"
"I fink that's very strange," and
Milly looked very sober as she
watched her mother tie up the last
glass of jelly that she liked so
well. Nothing more was said then,
as Milly's mother wanted to let her
little daughter think it out for her-
self, as she knew she would.
The next day Milly came slowly
into the room where her mother
was busy writing letters.
"Mother!" and the voice was
almost a whisper.
"What, dearie?" smiling into
the sober little face.
"Mother, I know what consens is,
now. And I don't fink it is a still,
small voice at all—I fink it's very
—very loud!"

Gently the little girl was drawn
down into her mother's lap. "Tell
me all about it, daughter." She
knew Milly had something to tell
her, and she could almost guess
what it was.
"You see, Mother, I was in the
store-room a little while ago, and
I saw a jar of jelly on the lowest
shelf. I do like jelly, and I fought
I would take a little bit out of
the glass. But just as I lifted the
cover, I heard somefing say, 'Don't—
don't,' and it said it so loud it made
me jump. I fought it was consens,

only you said consens is a still,
small voice, Mother. Then I
fought maybe it had to talk loud,
'cause I wanted the jelly so much."
She sighed and nestled close to her
mother.
"Then what, little girl?"
"Just minded consens, and
turned right away from the shelf,
and put my hands behind my back
till I came out. Was that the way
to do, Mother?"
"Indeed, it was, girlie—the only
way to do, if you want to be
happy."
"Then, Mother, I went into your
room, and I saw some pennies on
the table. I just wanted some
pennies so much to get some ice
cream—I do like ice cream so much
—and I fought you wouldn't know
if I just took some of them. And
when I reached out my hand to
take them, somefing—I guess it was
consens—said so loud, 'Don't—don't,
Milly Lane! Don't you dare!'"
Her mother laughed softly as the
small girl told her story. "Then
what, honey?"
"I just turned and went out the
door as fast as I could, and somefing
told me to come and tell you
'bout it. Was that consens, too,
Mother?"
"It was conscience, dear heart.
And I am so glad my little daughter
obeyed its voice."
"But, Mother, its voice was
louder when I wanted the pennies
than when I was going to take the
jelly. Why was it?"
"It seemed louder, girlie, because
you were ready to listen to it, and
did not try to stop the voice by
going on and not listening. That is
the way it always does, if we
listen."
Milly was silent a moment. "It
wasn't so hard to mind the next
time as it was the first. And I like
jelly as well as ice cream. Why
was that, Mother?"
Mamma hugged her little girl
tight as she answered, "It is always
that way, honey. If you mind con-
science the first time, it is easier
to mind the next time—and the next
time."
Milly sighed again. "I fink its
very strange," she said. "But I
guess I'll always mind it. It makes
me feel better here," putting her
hand on her heart.
What do you know about it, little
boy, little girl?—Florence Jones
Hadley in *Rosary Magazine*.

GREAT DEVOTION TO HOLY EUCHARIST
Among the constant stream of
worshippers who daily cross the
portals of the Church of St. Jean
Baptiste at Seventy-Sixth street
and Lexington Avenue, New York,
there are many who pause fre-
quently, following their visits to
the Blessed Sacrament, to light a
candle in memory of the late W.
Bourke Cockran, the silver-tongued
orator and distinguished statesman
whose body was carried out of the
church a few weeks ago.
It was due largely to the zeal
manifested by Mr. Cockran in his
devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed
Sacrament that the practice of
perpetual adoration has grown so
steadily at St. Jean Baptiste and
that the church today is affiliated
with the Basilica Church of St. John
Lateran in Rome, with the same
indulgences granted to it as those
possessed by the famous Roman
Church.
Bourke Cockran was most con-
spicuous among those who endeav-
ored a few years ago to have the
church named as a Basilica. Find-
ing that it would be necessary in
order to have St. Jean Baptiste so
designated, that the pledges of a
certain number of persons that
perpetual adoration would be
secured, Mr. Cockran pledged Arch-
bishop Hayes that he would double
the required number of twenty
thousand names. Within a few
weeks he had secured a list, headed
by such distinguished men as Gov-
ernor Al Smith and Mayor Hylan,
of more than 100,000 names. From
that day to this, New York has had
a Perpetual Adoration Society
adoring the King of Kings day and
night within her gates.
Mr. Cockran's great personal
devotion to the Holy Eucharist was
manifested not only by the fact
that he was a daily communicant,
but by his enthusiasm in such work
as that of the Third Order of St.
Francis. It is recalled that at the
convention of the Third Order held
in St. Louis he made an earnest
fight for the introduction of
daily Communion into the rules
of the order and not until he
was convinced that the rule had
been formally approved by the
papal approval, which might take
years to obtain, did he relinquish
his fight.
The incorporation of St. Jean
Baptiste with the Basilica Church
in Rome took place on May 29, 1921.

GOOD BOOKS
To them I owe whatever inspira-
tions I have felt; from them have
descended in copious streams the
ideas that raised my poor life above
the common-place, and the senti-
ments that have animated every
good thing and every holy purpose
that I have accomplished. Friends
that never obtruded on my loneli-
ness by idle chatter and gossip, but
always spoke wise and inspiring
things when I most needed them;
friends that never replied in irrita-
tion to my own disturbed imagin-
ings, but always uttered their

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Sheehan.

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industry will supply its place.

We would willingly have others
perfect, and yet we mend not our
own defects.
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giving alms; no man was ever yet
made poor by a holy prodigality.

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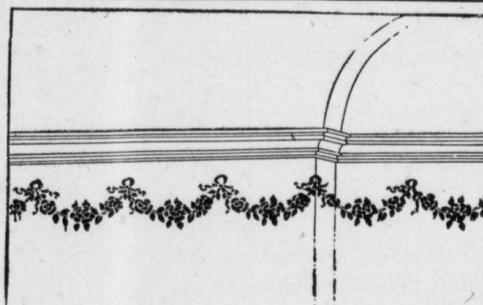


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