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VERS
ANTHONY
ud.

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can I help it?
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1908.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

7

BOYS and GIRLS

TWO LITTLE ANGELS.

Two little children, gentle and fair,
Kneelt at their mother's knee—
Four little hands, uplifted in prayer,
And lowly whispered to me.

Two little angels, at close of day,
Praying to God together—
Four little eyes to heaven were raised,
And sweetly prayed for each other.

"Now, ask of God, in mercy to make
Your hearts both kind and true;
Forgive each other's little faults—
You must forget them, too."

Two little heads in surprise were
raised,
And answered: "Whilst we live
We'll ask of God to pardon us;
But, what must we forgive?"

Four little arms were clasping light,
Their eyes with tears were wet,
"O mother! what could we forgive?
What have we to forget?"

Each little angel (one my one)
Kneelt at their mother's knee,
With quivering lips they lowly said:
"The naughty one was me."

FAIRY DOT.

Such lovely stories as Aunt Emily
could tell—stories of fairies and gub-
bins and of little flaxen haired prin-
cesses! And how Dottie Dudley did
love to hear them!

"I think, Aunt Emily," said Dot,
"that I like best of all the story of
the wish fairy. I wish I were a
fairy, and that I could grant wishes,
wishes, all day long."

And what do you suppose Aunt
Emily did? Made the loveliest crown
of shining gold paper, and put little
blue bows and bells on Dottie's shoes
and a sash round her waist and a
wand of glistening paper stars in her
hand; and little Dottie Dudley was
transformed into a sweet little hazel
eyed fairy. Aunt Emily kissed her
and sent her off to "Fairy Dell."

"O, dear," said grandma, "I wish
I could find my glasses!"
And away Fairy Dot flew, upstairs
and downstairs, and back came
grandma's glasses. Grandma's wish
came true.

"Oh," said little brother John,
"I wish someone would help me put
my soldiers away."

And there on the spot
Was fairy Dot.

Mother wished her flowers were
watered, and father wished for his
newspaper, Aunt Emily wished for
someone to help stir the cake and
seed the raisins, and Bridget wished
she knew what the clock said; Tow-
ser looked as though he wanted a
drink, and the kitten begged for
some milk; and there were wishes,
wishes, everywhere in "Fairy Dell."
Wasn't it good Fairy Dot was there!

BOBBY.

Bobby was a little fellow, bright,
good-natured and the pet of the
neighborhood. His home was a
white house surrounded by a large
lawn, and beautiful shade trees just
where they were most convenient for
Bobby.

"Now, Bobby usually had an appet-
ite, and he was not bashful in tel-
ling what he wanted to eat. Adjoin-
ing his home lived "Aunt Eliza" as
he called her, although she was
really no relation to him. Aunt Eliza
thought Bobby was about the only
boy in the world, and she was nev-
er tired of the little feet, the busy
hands, and the winning voice.

Bobby's mother thought it high
time to give the youngster some new
lessons. One was that he must not
ask for things to eat when he was
away from home.

"I don't care," said Bobby, when
his mother had told him the new
law. "I can get all I want to eat
here and at Aunt Eliza's."

"But you are not to ask for any-
thing to eat," Aunt Eliza said.
"Hot! What'll I do when I'm hun-
gry at Aunt Eliza's?"

"Come right home and get some-
thing to eat. Now, remember."

The next day Bobby was at Aunt
Eliza's as usual. His mother had
told Aunt Eliza about the new rule,
and she was instructed not to screen
the youngster if he broke the rule.

When it was near the noon hour his
mother called to him to come home
so as to see Dad, who was coming
up the street. On the top of the
oven was an appetizing pudding, and
Bobby's eyes turned toward it as he
sidled in the direction of the door.

At last he said:
"Aunt Eliza, if you gave me some-
thing good to eat, and you put in a
big saucer, and told me to carry
it home, I wouldn't spill it."

It is needless to say he carried
home a dish of the pudding.

TWO WISHES.

"O, manhood is so far away!"
I heard the ruddy schoolboy say:
"It is so very long until
Manhood will let me have my will;
So very long till I can be
A stately man both gay and free."

"O, for another boyhood day,"
An aged man was heard to say;
"The daily care, the toil and strife,
Have made me nearly tired of life;
If back to boyhood I could flee,
I'd once again be gay and free."

A CERTAIN BOY.

He doesn't like to go to bed,
And getting up is worse;
To washing, too, I've heard it said,
He's just as much averse.

When he would rather roam,
He hates it more than anything
But doing jobs at home.
I must admit that is true
Though 'tis a sorry boast,
Whatever he is told to do

I do suppose that if he choose
What he should do all day
He'd play and eat awhile, and then
He'd eat awhile and play.

"B OH NO B."

I really think my sister May
Is stupider than me,
Because she said the other day
There wasn't any "b."

In honeycomb, and spelt it just
C-double o-m-e.
Of course she's wrong, I told her so.
There's got to be a "bee,"
Somewhere in honeycomb, because
He makes it, don't you see!

AUTUMN FRUIT.

Said Mrs. Baldwin Apple,
To Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"You're growing very plump, noddan
And also very fair."

"And there is Mrs. Clingstone Peach
So mellowed by the heat,
Upon my word, she really looks
Quite good enough to eat."

"And all the Misses Crabapple
Have blushed so rosy red
That very soon the farmer's wife
To pluck them will be led."

"Just see the Isabellas!
They're growing so apace
That they really are beginning
To get purple in the face."

"Our happy time is over,
For Mrs. Green Gage Plum
Says she knows unto her sorrow
Preserving time has come."

"Yes," said Mrs. Bartlett Pear,
"Our day is almost o'er,
And soon we shall be smothering
In syrup by the score."

And before the month was ended
The fruits that looked so fair
Had vanished from among the
leaves

And the trees were stripped and
bare.
They were all of them in pickle,
Or in some dreadful scrape.
"I'm cider," sighed the apple,
"I'm jelly," cried the grape.

They were all in jars and bottles
Upon the shelf arrayed.
And in their midst poor Mrs. Quince
Was turned to Marm Alade.

DON'T BE TOO CHOICE.

Boys and young men who are just
out of school or college and who are
beginning their life's work should not
be too choice and dainty in the mat-
ter of positions," remarks the Sac-
red Heart Review. "The youth who
waits for a 'gentleman's job' to
come and beg him to take it is like-
ly to wait a long time. Some one
has well said: 'Any legitimate occu-
pation of the brain and the hand
that enables one to earn a living
honestly, and that helps society, is
worthy and dignified. There would
be fewer failures in life were this
better understood. Lawyers who
never hold a successful brief, doc-
tors who may pass a good examina-
tion but cannot cure patients, busi-
ness men who never achieve suc-
cess are among those whose first
error was in looking for a 'gentle-
man's job.'"

WHY DON'T YOU LAUGH?

Why don't you laugh, young man,
when troubles come.
Instead of sitting 'round so sour and
glum?

You cannot have all play
And sunshine every day.
When troubles come, I say, why
don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? I will ever
help to soothe
The aches and pains. No road in life

is smooth.
There is many an unseen bump
And many a hidden stump
O'er which you'll have to jump. Why
don't you laugh?

Why don't you laugh? Don't let your
spirit wilt,
Don't sit and cry because the milk
you've spilt.
If you would mend it now
Pray let me tell you how—
Just milk another cow. Why don't
you laugh?

Why don't you laugh, and make us
all laugh, too,
And keep us mortals all from getting
blue?

A laugh will always win,
If you can't laugh, just grin,
Come on, let's all join in. Why don't
you laugh?

SHARING FATHER'S BURDEN.

"Of course I don't pay any board
at home, and father buys a good
many of my clothes, so that leaves
my money for any little thing I
happen to want."

It was plain that the pretty speak-
er had "happened to want" consid-
erable in the way of finery. She was
well dressed—too well dressed, peo-
ple would have thought, for a young
girl in a business office. Her gloves
were immaculate, her tailor-made
suit of the latest design. A hand-
some bracelet encircled her arm and
a dainty pearl stick-pin fastened her
silk shirtwaist. Altogether she look-
ed like a young society lady on her
way to an afternoon tea.

"You have a good father," said
the other girl, but there was no envy
in her blue eyes. She herself was
dressed very plainly. Her suit had
been bought in a marked-down sale
and her gloves were mended, yet the
two earned the same salary.

When girl No. 2 started out as a
wage-earner, she had insisted on
paying her board at home. At first
her father had protested. He was
almost hurt by the suggestion. But
little by little she brought him
around to her way of thinking. There
was a number of small children and
the bills were large. The baby was
delicate, and the doctor had made
visits within the year. The older
daughter wanted to help. And that
is why she did not envy her well-
dressed companion. For in supply-
ing her own needs, in adding her
mite to the family income, in feeling
that she was sharing the burden
that lay so heavily on her father's
shoulders, she had a satisfaction the
other knew nothing of—the happiness
of helpfulness.

THE ROBIN AND THE CHICKEN

A plump little robin flew down from
a tree
To hunt for a worm which he hap-
pened to see;
A frisky young chicken came scamp-
ering by
And gazed at the robin with wonder-
ing eye.

Said the chick: "What a queer look-
ing chicken is that!
Its wings are so long and its body
so fat."

While the robin remarked, loud
enough to be heard:
"Dear me! an exceedingly strange-
looking bird."

"Can you sing?" Robin asked; and
the chicken said "No";
But asked in its turn if the robin
could crow.

So the bird sought a tree, and the
chicken the wall,
And each thought the other knew
nothing at all.

KATE'S WAY.

"Well, I know I have plenty of
faults, but bad temper isn't one of
them!" Kate's voice had the little
ring of complacency that is so apt
to creep into our tones when we
acknowledge the possession of vari-
ous unnamed sins, but disclaim some
specific, ugly one.

It was in a sweetly-impersonal way
but Gordon looked up with a scowl.
He felt he was perhaps being "aimed
at." He knew his temper was quick
and sharp to go with his thatch of
curly, reddish hair. He spoke ab-
ruptly now, and without stopping to
weigh his words:

"That's so, sis," he said, "but you
are ugly sometimes by proxy. You
hold on to your own temper at the
expense of other folks'!"

"Why, the idea!" Kate's fair face
flushed quickly. "What on earth do
you mean, Gordon?"

"Oh, just what I say!" Perhaps
his tone was a bit ashamed now
Kate's face was so evidently bewil-
dered and—yes, troubled, but free
from resentment. There was some-
thing sound in her claim to good
temper. "I suppose you don't know
it yourself, but you're constantly
making other people lose their grip
on themselves, while you keep as
cool as a cucumber!" A moment
more and he had left the room, per-
haps he did not want to stay and
be urged to enlighten Kate any
further.

But Kate herself was quick-witted,
and for several minutes she took
some unheeded stitches on the pink-
embroidered rose on her tray cloth.
What curious things boys were, any-
way! Where could you find any-
thing to match the frankness of a
freckled, red-haired brother, under no
illusions about his sister and unbur-
dened by any great desire to spare
her "feelings." But possibly—just
possibly—there was some bit of truth
in what he said. Kate would give
him the benefit of the doubt and
think it over.

And then, before the last petal was
finished on her rose, one of Kate's
girl friends entered.

"Oh, Kate!" exclaimed the new-
comer, without preamble, "I've come
to scold you! Why didn't you come
to our committee meeting? We
thought you'd surely be there, from
all you said the other day, and we
did need you so. We got into a real
snarl. Did you forget about it?"

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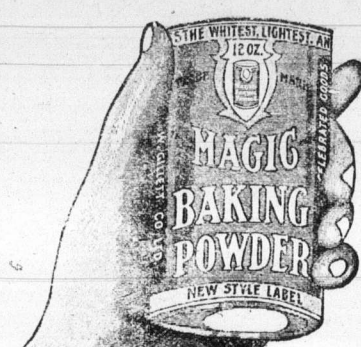
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Kate turned a sweetly ingenious
countenance upon her friend.

"No, my dear, it was a case of
malice aforethought! I decided I
could put in the time better at
home. I wasn't feeling particularly
well, and there's a lot of wrangling
and disputing at the committee meet-
ings, and such a using up of super-
fluous energy, that I decided I'd
keep out of it. You know, dear,
you all do get wrought up and ex-
cited over the discussions, and it
doesn't pay. So I stayed home and
read."

Alice's face reddened with exaspera-
tion. Kate was a dear girl, but
what superior, conscious calm and
self-control were so irritating.

"Some of us have to get heated,"
she said, quickly, "it's the natural
result of having members on the
committee who won't do their part,
and throw so much on the rest of
us that we get all worn out!"

"Why, Alice, you must have got
over-tired!" Kate's voice was
very kind and indulgent. "I sup-
pose I ought to have sent word,
but I didn't think of it, and you
always did take things too hard."
"Care killed a cat," she added,
playfully.

"Well, I haven't time to stop any
longer," Alice said, trying to keep
some of the irritation out of her
voice and not succeeding very well.
"Good-bye!"

"Good bye, deary!" Kate's voice
was serenely itself. It was not till
after Alice had gone that Gordon's
phrase flashed into Kate's mind.
"Ugly-tempered by proxy." Was
there really something in it? Had
she just had a clear illustration of
his meaning?

An hour passed, in which the roses
grew in beauty on the linen in her
hands, and the rather troubled look
faded out of her face. Then she
consulted her watch. Three o'clock,
and that engagement to meet Lennie
for the lecture at half-past. Scant
margin of time, but she believed she
could make it.

It was ten minutes to four when
she went into the reception room
at the department store when Len-
nie and she had arranged to meet
promptly at half-past three.

Lennie was leaning stiffly forward
scanning all the faces as they ap-
peared. Relief and irritation strug-
gled in her face as Kate approach-
ed.

"What did keep you?" she said.
"I am a little late." Kate's tone
was sweetly but slightly apologetic.
"You know procrastination has al-
ways been my besetting sin."

Lennie bowed a prompt assent
with a smile that tried to be sweet
and failed in the attempt.

"We'll go as fast as we can now.
These free lectures are always so
crowded, we probably can't get de-
cent seats."

"Oh, I think we can. Don't let's
cross the bridge till we come to it."
Kate squeezed her friend's arm af-
fectionately. "I'm sorry, dear, but
you really shouldn't have waited if
you got uneasy."

"I never break an engagement,"
Lennie said, rather stiffly. "I knew
you would come—if it was at the
eleventh hour."

The hall was crowded, and when
an obliging usher at last found
seats for them, they were separated
and so far from the platform that
eyes and ears must both strain to
make anything of the lecture. It was
too bad! Once Kate looked over
at Lennie, and catching her eye,
smiled brightly. But Lennie's smile
in return was different. It curled
her lips merely—as if there was no
warm feeling back of it.

"She looks so sour," Kate
thought to herself. "Lennie always
takes disappointments that way. It
is too bad, when she's such a nice
girl in most ways."

Somehow the lecture was not so
interesting as they had expected, or
their inferior seats and the rather
close air prevented a full apprecia-
tion of it. Kate found her thoughts
wandering far away. By and by the
color deepened in her cheeks. Gor-
don's phrase had come back to her.
"Ugly-tempered by proxy!" Was this
another illustration of it? And
twice already in one afternoon!

One of Kate's noble traits was a
readiness to acknowledge herself
wrong, when once it was proved to
her, though perhaps she was not al-
ways very quick to see such proofs.

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her, though perhaps she was not al-
ways very quick to see such proofs.

As soon as the lecture was over
and she could gain Lennie's side, she
pressed her friend's hand with real
penitence. "I'm so sorry, Lennie,"
she said. "I know I just spoiled it
all for you by making you late. Do
forgive me! I'm going to turn over
a new leaf, truly—two or three of
them."

"Why, Kate!" All the disagreeable
look had quite left Lennie's face
now. "It's all right, and you must
not feel bad about it at all."

"But I do," said Kate.

LIVER COMPLAINT

The chief office of the liver is the secre-
tion of bile, which is the natural regulator
of the bowels.

Whenever the liver becomes deranged,
and the bile ducts clogged, liver complaint
is produced, and it is manifested by the pre-
sence of constipation, pain under the right
shoulder, sallow complexion, yellow eyes,
slimy-coated tongue and headache, heart
burn, jaundice