OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Curiosity.

There is a vast difference in the ways of wanting-to-know-between the laudable desire to acquire valuable knowledge and the vulgar thirst of personal curiosity.

Nothing is so sure a stamp of ill-breeding as this same curiosity. It is vicious of all bad manners, since it leads to eavesdropping, the reading of private letters and other such dishonorable practices. Young people addicted to "harmless" curipeople addicted to "harmless" curiosity are often led to commit harmful Not very long ago I was shacked to hear a young girl tell of the she had had in going regular-'fun' ty to listen to phone conversations in a telephone exchange. It never occurred to her that this deliberate prying into other people's affairs was as blame ful as if she had opened their sealed letters.

Good manners are built upon good morals, and we may not shatter the one without shaking the other. Originally, courtesy was kingly, princely, noble; it gave perfect trust and de-manded absolute honor between peer and peer. It was not a possession of the common people in the olden times, when the masses were servile or surly. stupidly apathetic or vulgarly curious To day every one may enjoy the heritage of good manners formulated and bequeathed by the ruling class to whom noblesse oblige was no empty phrase The boy that takes off his hat in greet ing is simply following the example of the courtly knight who doffed his steel helmet and left his head unprotected to show that he trusted the person whom he saluted. The modern custom of shaking hands originated, too, in the steel armored days, when the knights bared their mailed hands for the clasp which proved that they could trust one another unarmed.

Trust must be linked with perfect honor, else is it trust misplaced. overly inquisitive are not to be trusted: to gratify their insatiable curiosity they will attempt to ferret out secrets to betray confidences, to spoil plans, to interfere with every right of another · life, liberty and the pursuit of

happiness. Whatever is "bad form" is almost always essentially evil, and in this way the etiquette and the usages of good society help to make "the best people " gentle, self sacrificing, honorable and to stamp as vulgar and ignor ant those who have no regard for the rights of others. It is distinctly bad form to be curious and inquisitive.

It is bad form to deliberately listen to even one sentence not intended for our ears. It is honorable to make our presence known at once or to move out of earshot.

It is bad form to ask personal ques tions either directly or by suggestion It is another's right to tell us just as little or as much as he please vulgar to attempt to force confidence

It is bad form even to read the super scription of a letter entrusted to us to It is bad form to read a letter of introduction given to us. In both cases curiosity is trembling on the verge of dishonor. And yet how infinitely worse to read another's private letters, or even the semi-public mes sage on a postal card!

Our boys and girls should be mode knights and ladies, courageous and frank, with a chivalric respect for the rights of others. They must restrain undue curiosity as they restrain anger, selfishness, insolence and other un-Catholic faults. Regarding inquisitive curiosity as one of the grosses rtinence, they must add to their self-directed shall nots the "Thou shalt not pry."-

An Indian Fairy Tale

Zuchariah, that was his name, and there never was a little boy who took more interest in fairy tales and stories about Indians and wild adventures on the plains. I was going to saw that no boy ever took so much interest, but there are so many boys who think of nothing else that I am afraid to say teat. One evening Zach. was sitting by the dining-room table reading his favorite book. It was about an Indian boy who had some marvelous adventures, and when Zach. had reached the end of the tale he gave a long sigh, wishing that it were twice as long, and laid his head in his book and said to himself: "Oh, wouldn't it be nice to be an Indian boy and live in a wigwam and have a real tomahawk and go out into the woods and-

"What's that you say?" asked a

voice close to him. Zach lifted up his head and was surprised to see that he was in the woods, sitting on a log, and close to him was an old Indian woman, who was looking at him very hard.
"What's that you say?" she asked

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again.

'I was just saying that I wishedbegan Zach., timidly, when the old In-

dian woman interrupted him.
"Wished! Wished! Why don't you do instead of wishing? You will never be a warrior, but only a white-livered medicine man. Wish! Take your tomahawk and go out out into the woods like a man, and don't come back until you bring me some honey."

Zach. looked around and was sur-

prised to see a fine tomahawk lying on the ground beside him. He picked it thing else.—The Picayune. though he had no idea which way to go te find any honey. He did not know whether honey grew on a tree or was found by digging in the ground. But

water, and as he felt thirsty he CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. stooped down to drink and was amaze to see a young Indian, with buckskin clothes on his back and feathers on his head, looking up at him out of the water, where he expected to see his own reflection. He was so startled that he sprang back. Then he looked again, and there was the same Indian. He then looked at himself and found that he was dressed in buckskin and had feathers on his own head. It was own reflection after all. Then Zach. felt very proud and pleased. some wild adventures. Perhaps he should see a wolf or a bear! This But he was a brave boy and soon

thought rather frightened him, and he began to realize that wolves and bears in the woods were very different things from wolves and bears in story books screwed up his courage, and presently he felt quite comfortable, especially as he saw no wolves or bears any where about. So he started on through the woods, remembering that the old squaw had told him to find some honey. He looked on every side as he walked, but he saw no honey. Finally he saw among the bushes one of the most beautitul things that he had ever seen in his life. It was like a beautiful young girl, but it had long feelers growing out of the top of its head, like a butter fly, and it had a brilliant pair of gauze-like wings growing from be hind its shoulders. It looked at him as he approached, and Zach. thought that was because he looked so fierce with his feathers and his toma-hawk, and he said: "Don't be afraid of me, pretty creature, for I wouldn't

hurt you for the world. You couldn't if you wanted to, replied the fairy -- for it was a fairy -- ir a very indifferent tone of voice. don't mind medicine men boys-not a

This answer made Zach, feel a little annoyed, but he was a gallant boy and would not show that he was offended for the world. So he said I suppose you are a good fairy, for I have read about you in my books, and perhaps you would be kind enough to tell me where I could find some honey. laughed the fairy.

honey is for the fairles and for the fairies and for the Indians who know enough to find it. Show you, indeed If the bees don't tell you where it is, I

won't !"
"How can the bees tell me, they can't talk? said Zach.

The fairy laugned at this, and said that the bees could talk well enough if he only had the sense to understand This answer provoked Zuch. and he made the fairy a bow and said: 'I'm sorry to have disturbed you, and I will wish you good evening.

Oh, you needn't be mad, little mister Indian brave!" said the fairy. just wanted to joke you a little, but I'll be glad to show you where there is some honey if you will promise to give I know where there is me some. whole lot, but I can't get it, 'cause the bees sting too hard for me.

Then Zach. began to feel brave. He emembered that a bee had stung him once and that it had hurt pretty bad, but he thought he could be brave and not mind it now that he was an dian, so he told the fairy to show him where the honey was and she should have her share. Then she told him to have her share. Then she told him to follow her, and led him a long ways through the wood, till they came to a big tree. The fairy told Zuch. to put his ear up against the tree and listen. He did so, and inside he heard a cur ious buzzing, roaring sound.;

"Do you know what that is ?" asked the fairy.

told him that it was the bees. "The tree is full of them and tull of honey that they have put there, and all that | social work. you have to do is to get it out." Zach. looked all around the tree, but

there was no way to get into it. Way up toward the top he saw that there was a hole and the bees were flying in and out. At first he thought of climbing up to the top and putting his hand into the hole, but there was so many bees there that he did not dare try that. Then it occurred to him to cut a hole with his tomahawk near the bottom of the tree, and that perhaps the honey would run out there. So he began bravely hacking at the tree. It was very hard and he made slow progress. But one by one the little chips flew out, and the fairy was watching eagerly, though she stayed a good dis-By tance away for fear of the bees. and by Zach. had made a little hole, and out there came, not honey, but a bee, and the bee hit him right on the arm and gave him a terrible sting. Then the fairy commenced to laugh and ran away into the woods, and another bee flew out and stung Zach, and another and another, and out they came by dozens and by hundreds, and every one stung him. It was awful. He danced up and down and cried and screamed and presently—he woke up and his mamma was shaking him and asking him what was the matter. He had gone to sleep with his head on the table, and his arm had gone to sleep-it was the prickling of that which he had dreamed the be stings. Zach. was glad after all to find himself safe at home. And mamma rubbed his arm and put him to bed, and he was soon dreaming of some-

A Great record of cures, unequalled in nedical history, proves Hood's Sarsaparilla ossesses merit unknown to any other Medi-

he was ashamed to ask the old woman, who turned away muttering something about a medicine man, and so he went on, hoping for something to turn up.

Presently he came to small stream of Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.

They Require Time, Life's best things take time. character is not a creature of a day. An education can be bought only by the expenditure of years. Friend-ships that last are long in the growing.

so it is with all things worth while. There is no sure treasure gained in a hurry. He who would be rich with life's best riches must plan to spend long years in the securing of them.

Necessity as a Teacher. The great things of the world have not been done by men of large means. Want has been the great sch of the race. Ericsson began the con-struction of the screw propellers in a bathroom ; the cotton gin was first man ufactured in a log cabin. John Harrison, the great inventor of the marine chronometer, began his career in the loft of an old barn. Parts of the first steamboat ever run in America were se up in the vestry of an old church in Philadelphia by Fitch. McCormack began to make his famous reaper in an old grist mill. The first model dry dock was made in an attic. Clark, the founder of the Clark University, of Worcester, Mass., began his great fortune by making toy wagons in a horse Farquahar made umbrellas in his sitting room, with his daughter's help, until he sold enough to hire a The boy Edison began his experiments in a baggage car on the Grand Trunk railroad when a newsboy.

So, if you have p'ans, don't be afraid o make an humble start. To strive is better than to stagnate. And perchance success will come !

The Cost of Success.

The story of the successful artist whose secret was that he mixed his colors with his own blood, has a virtual counterpart in every calling of life. A writer in an English paper says :

A cobbler was once asked how long it took to become a good shoemaker. He answered promptly: "Six years, and then you must travel."

That cobbler had an artist's soul. I told a friend the story, and he asked his cobbler the same question: "How long does it take to become a good shoemaker?" All your life, sir.'
That was still better—a Michael Ange-

Mr. Maydole, the hammer maker of central New York, was an artist. "Yes," said he to Mr. Paton, "I have made hammers here for twenty-eight

years."
"Well, you ought to be able to make a pretty good hammer by this time.

"No, sir," was the answer, "I never made 'a pretty good hammer.' I make the best hammer made in the United States.

Sociability.

"What can we do for our member

ship socially?"
Cultivate a social atmosphere around the rooms. This can only be done by letting it be natural and not artificial Pumped-up sociability is easily discer nible and offends. True sociability springs from a kindly heart and is furthered by the meeting of those who are congenial. So much for the principles, I know of one young men's society that makes Saturday night distinctively a social night at which time there are held informal talks accompanied with music and closing with light refreshments. If you are se tunate to have a glee club, a mandolin club or an orchestra, their presence has a tendency to break up the stiffness and tends towards informality and so-"Zach, said that he did not, and she cial intercourse. The cultivation, how-"The ever, of kindly instincts and genuine

Work.

Dr. H. C. Farrar has this to say of

By work the body is redeemed from the curse of laziness, the earth from the curse of thorns and briers, the mind from the thralldom of ignorance and the spirit from the habits and powers of sin. The Micawbers of the race, those fellows who are ever waiting for something to turn up, have been the

world's biggest nuisances.

God has locked up the treasures of this world and the next on a combina-tion of four letters, W.O R K, and no man can get anything of value with out a knowledge of this combination

and without working it.

Columbus for years was thinking and studying out his voyage; and then, after surmounting the greatest difficulties through a series of disappointing years, sailed it out.

Uranus was not discovered by accident. Herschel, from a most careful study of the planets, observed certain perturbations, and knew there must be a cause, and then through weary months worked out the problem of the cause, and lifted his plan to the heavens and knew there must be a planet at such a spot, and turned his telescope to the place and lo! the new planet

Uranus!
Michael Angelo's "Last Judgment," one of the twelve master paintings of the ages, was the product of eight years' unremitting toil of this brainlest of painters. Over two thousand studies of it were found among his

papers. You cannot mention a man of power whose name has come down to us from the past but was a worker. Work is the badge of universal nobility. The world's legion of honor embraces the hardest workers.

This work-law is individual. It bears alike on all. None can evade it. No man can ever get out of his vineyard—that vine-yard is himself! My! what a vine-

yard of possibilities! How endless the culture of discipline and development! My greatest vineyard in time or eternity is myself!

"To every man his work" is the Master's order. There are no exceptions, no favoritism, no passes. "Go, work" is the

On Expecting Too Much.

There is a class of young men, and not a small one, whose members find much satisfaction in criticizing their superiors, religious and otherwise. With their limited experience of life and its trials, cares and responsibili ties, they presume to judge the action of men who have been triumphantly through the furnace of temptation, to indolence, luxury and grosser lapses and who have, as a general thing, only those small faults which seem to be in separable from humanity, and which revent men from becoming pharasa Many a young man attempts to pluck the mote out of the eye of his neighbor, whose age should command reverence and respect, before he has made the slightest effort to remove the beam from his own eye. He can see plainly enough that his superior has ome defect of temperament or temper, and some few foibles and small vanities, and he immediately concludes that the man above him is a small creature whom circumstance placed in a position that he does not fill perfectly. This youth forgets that perfection does not belong this side of If it did we would all have a paradise on earth without having to make an effort to attain it.

We must earn eternal happiness by being tried in many ways, and if, in the course of this trial, we fail to conquer all our minor shortcomings, the mantle of charity should be thrown over them, especially by those who, like young bears, have nearly all their troubles before them. When a man has reached or passed middle life, he is generally burdened with care. This is beautifully expressed by Frian one of Shakespeare's Lawrence, in plays, when he says that care lurks in every old man's bed, or words to tha effect. If any of my young friends have the belief that as the years go on they will have less to contend with than they have now, let them put that thought resolutely to one side. Years bring greater burdens to carry for most of us. Even riches and honors are heavy loads to bear. They frequently entail much mental suffering, and are, like all earthly things, unsatisfying. Many a young man would like to change places with a rich or grand one, and yet if he were allowed to do so he would find that he had "swapped" comparative felicity for misery. I do not mean by this that a young man should not have ambition and aspirations. I want simply to remind him that when he criticizes some slight failing of his superior, that he does not take into account the frets and worries which have perhaps made this superior impatient for the moment, or

apparently lacking in courtesy. When I was quite a young man, I was once condemning very harshly the action of a professional man, when an old gentleman, who was standing by, reproved me for my hasty judgment. I said flippantly in reply that we expected more from men of his standing than we did from others, and the venerable sage answered : "Ah, my dear boy, do we not ex-

pect too much of them? This was direc ly to the point, and I never forgot the remark. It taught me that I should observe the shining virtues of those above me, and not their little lapses into what I consider-ed foolish and ridiculous excess. It taught me that I should look at the best side of a superior rather than at

his worst if I desired to have high ideals in my life pursuits. A very distinguished man, who had a number of young men in his office, once said to me, pointing to his employees: "These are the critics that I fear. They are the most unmerciful and inconsiderate, while the men of my own years are charitable and impartial in their estimate of my ways and methods. These last have been with me through the fight and know with what I have to contend, while the others, knowing little of life and its obstacles, judge me by very fictiti ous and flimey standards which their youthtul vanity and lack of wisdom have caused them to erect. They will get over this," he added, facetiously "youthful misunderstanding of mer is a good deal like the measles or the scarlet fever, and is a disease incident of the springtime of existence." Therefore, dear boys, do not expect too much and your heroes will not disappear or disappoint you. Hero-wor hip is not such a bad thing, after all It prevents people from becoming cynical, and when a man loses faith in his fellowmen he usually become an agnostic, and loses faith in God. Look to your own improvement, in the light of what good has been accomplished by those above you, and disregard their little eccentricities, which harm no one. Don't go on ex-pecting too much.—Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

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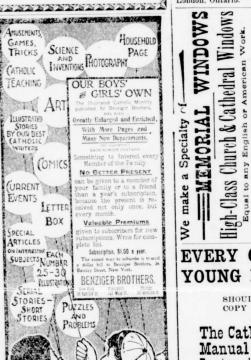
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