



Being a Boy.

Sometimes to be a boy's no fun,
For, if you notice, every one
Expects a boy can get along
And won't do nothin' ever wrong!
The other folks—now, ain't this
true?

Of course, must be attended to
And given their choice and asked
polite.
But boys—they get along all
right!"

When we go visitin' some place
where
They ain't got beds enough to spare
They fix the sofa up for me!
"Twild do him nicely," ma says—
gee!

Or when we've company, like as not
I'm stuck off on a wobbly cot,
Jes' anywhere that's out of sight!
But boys—they get along all
all right!"

Or when we drive I'm crowded in
Till I'm all squeeze out good and
thin—
"You don't need much room, do
you, Roy?"

And I say, "no," 'cause I'm a boy!
And at the table (jes' like bed).
When things don't even up, plain
bread
And butter does my appetite,
For boys—they get along all
right!"

The boy, he draws the hardest seat,
Or hops 'round dodgin' people's feet;
You can't hurt him with lumpy
springs.

Or old cold coats or other things!
He's built to fit in anywhere,
And what he eats, why, he don't
care.

Jes' so it's fodder—not a mite!
For boys—they get along all
right!"
—Lippincott's Magazine.

Boys That Always Have Excuses.

The youth who is quick at making
excuses is rarely good for anything
else. Work, not words, are needed.
Labor conquers all things. Words
are often nothing better than sounds.
A boy has been too lazy to study
his lessons; next morning he has an
excuse to offer. He has an excuse
for every fault he is found guilty of.
Such a boy will never be good for
anything. He often does wrong and
then tries to cover his faults by
making excuses. Those who strive
to excuse themselves when they do
wrong instead of owning up that
they did wrong will never win the
good opinion of others.—Homeless
Boys' Friend.

Leah in the Cornfield.

"Do you suppose that I could earn
a new dress before the last of June,
Daddy?"

The question seemed not to have
caught the attention of the man
seated in a wooden rocker beside the
window, who was striving to finish
the reading of his evening paper be-
fore lamplight, and the girl repeated
it, this time emphasizing the words
by an arm laid lovingly about her
father's shoulder.

"Well, I don't know, Leah," he
said in a doubtful tone, letting the
paper fall to his lap and covering
with a calloused hand the shapely
one upon his shoulder.

It had been a hard fight since
John Fulton and his motherless
daughter had left their comfortable
city home, by the advice of a phy-
sician—to avert for her, if possible,
the dread scourge that had cut off
the mother's life in the midst of its
usefulness—and had settled down in
a little farm house in a hilly coun-
try, where the roses were coming
back into the daughter's cheeks, but
where, alas, the dollars were not
multiplying in the father's pocket.

It had been difficult to make the
farm yield even a living during the
two years since they had taken up
their abode here; and everything ex-
cept bare necessities had been elimi-
nated from their category. "But
'health is better than wealth,'
daughter," the father was wont to
assert when some coveted luxury
had to be foregone; and Leah's face
would instantly dimple into laugh-
ter, as, with arms twined about
his neck, she declared that her dad-
dy was a dearest possession to her
than either.

Mr. Fulton's face still retained the
troubled look it had taken on when
Leah's question was propounded. "I
was thinking of hiring a boy to
drop corn," he said at last, in a
hesitating tone. "I wonder if—"

"Of course I can!" the girl broke
in, the shadow clearing from her
brow, "I can drop it, and I can
hoe it! Why didn't you propose
it before, Dad? I'll drop your
corn for you," Leah promptly as-
serted, while the light of a settled
purpose gleamed in her eyes. Next
day she was trudging along behind
the plow, and each yellow kernel, as
it dropped from her slim fingers,
seemed to be singing a song of pro-
mise to her: "A new white dress for

graduation day! Leah Fulton, you
are going to have a new white
dress for graduation day!"

How short the rows seemed from
beginning to end! By the time she
had been half a dozen times across
the field, her dress had been bought
and made, and she was making her
bow before the townspeople of Spen-
cerville in the little hall at the foot
of the hill, arrayed in it.

Noon found her hot and tired,
but happy. Why, she couldn't re-
member being so fairly saturated
with happiness since the day she
wore her first pair of kid gloves.
Night found her aching in every
joint, but happy still.

It took three days to drop the
corn. That meant three dollars—
money that, but for her father's
proposition, would have found its
way into Abe Tessey's pocket in-
stead of her own. Leah folded the
bills carefully, and tucked them into
her pocketbook. Then came days of
waiting. It seemed sometimes to
the impatient girl as if every kernel
of the corn she had dropped had
gone way down to China, and she
told her father so; but he assured
her that no Chinaman ever would
ho it, and so it proved. For one
day Leah came dancing into the
house from one of her tours of in-
spection, crying joyfully: "It's up,
Dad! It's up!"

After this first ecstatic outburst,
however, Leah had seasons of dis-
couragement, it grew so slowly.

"You didn't suppose corn would
shoot up in a night, and be ready
to hoe in a couple of days, did
you, daughter?" her father quizzed.

But there came a day, before long,
when she was walking through rows
of expanding blades with a hoe in
her hand. The sun was hot; but
when the perspiration began to
run in little rills down her temples,
and even dripped from her nose and
her eyelashes, Leah encouragingly
said to herself, "It will only bleach
me out and make me look whiter on
graduation day."

"You are the best 'boy' I ever
hired, Leah. Abe Tessey never be-
gan to wage such war with weeds
as you are doing," her father said
one day, as he stood inspecting her
work.

"Thank you, Daddy. It is good
to be encouraged," the girl replied,
smiling gratefully and drawing a
grimy little hand across her moist
forehead.

"Doesn't it make your back ache
to work so steadily?" her father
queried with a solicitous glance.

"Some," confessed Leah, "but it
won't ache a month from now," she
said brightly, with a quick uplift of
her head which her father under-
stood; and he sighed to think that
such labor should be needful in or-
der that his tenderly reared daugh-
ter might stand among her class-
mates in as fine apparel as their
own, while his admiration for her
pluck shone in his tender, loving
eyes.

It was a proud day for Leah Ful-
ton when she held in her hand a
crisp \$10 bill, the fruit of her labor
in her father's cornfield. Not one of
her school duties had been neglect-
ed. She had been up with the
birds, and had often listened to
their evening carols with a hoe in
her hand. In school she was al-
ways studious and attentive; and
her essay, to which she had given
careful, painstaking thought, was
written after the house was quiet
and oftentimes with aching back,
both entirely forgotten, however, in
the pleasure of her task.

The making of her dress taxed
Leah's patience and skill; but, thanks
to a thoughtful mother's
teaching, she was equal to this task
also. It was another proud day
for the girl, and one never to be for-
gotten in all the after years of her
life, when she stepped forward upon
the small, wooden platform in that
little town hall, and made her bow
before the uplifted faces of the sim-
ple country people who had learned
to expect much from John Fulton's
pretty young daughter, who was
teaching them that pluck and per-
severance can overcome all obstacles
in attaining the goal of one's de-
sires.

John Fulton himself was taking a
half holiday to attend Leah's gra-
duation, and he sat in the audience
dressed in a suit that, although it
had seen its best days, had yet a
different air about it from the plain,
coarse garments of the country folk
by whom he was surrounded; while
Leah, his beautiful, brave little
daughter, looked every inch a lady, he
fondly assured himself, as she stood
there in her soft, clinging robe of
white and in clear tones that reach-
ed every listener in the room, electri-
fied them by her eloquence.

"John Fulton's got a mighty
smart gal," Farmer Jones said, as
he and Mr. Blake were elbowing
their way through the crowds at
the close of the exercises. "Did you
hear of how she got a dress to
wear?"

"How?" asked Mr. Blake.

"Earned it plantin' and hoein' her

father's corn. She said her father
told her that she could do it, as
well as a boy, and she did, too."

"And if that's the way she got
her gown, she deserved to be cheer-
ed," answered Blake.

"She got the cheers all right, but
her piece of got that if she'd been
dressed in calico," said the other.

"How did I get on, Daddy?" Leah
asked, as, leaning upon her father's
arm, the two were walking home
together under the starlight.

"Daughter, you gained something
in the cornfield this spring, that my
money never could have purchased
for you."

"What, Daddy?"

"A courage to do and dare," an-
swered her father.

It was not until many months af-
terwards, when she had learned the
courage that comes from wrestling
with still more perplexing difficul-
ties, that the true worth of that
cornfield lesson was fully appreciated
by Leah Fulton.—Pittsburg Obser-
ver.

"Take Care, Mr. Owl, Take Care."

An owl who lived in a hollow tree
As I went by looked out at me;
And he rolled his eyes with a sol-
emn air.

As if to say: "This world's a snare,
And life a burden hard to bear—
Take care, little girl, take care!"

Said I: "Mr. Owl, we don't agree;
I love the world and the world loves
me.
Quit rollin' your eyes and come and
see.

How happy a child that is good can
be.
I learn in the day, I sleep at night;
I try to obey, I try to do right;
But you love the darkness better
than light—
Take care, Mr. Owl, take care!"

The Boys We All Like.

The boy who never makes fun of
old age, no matter how decrepit, or
unfortunate or evil it may be. God's
hand rests lovingly on the aged
head.

The boy who never cheats or is
unfair in his play. Cheating is con-
temptible anywhere, and at any
age. His play should strengthen,
not weaken, his character.

The boy who never calls anybody
bad names, no matter what anybody
calls him. He cannot throw mud
and keep his own hands clean.

The boy who is never cruel. He
has no right to hurt even a fly
needlessly. Cruelty is the trait of a
bully; kindness is the mark of a
gentleman.

The boy who never lies. Even
white lies leave black spots on the
character.

The boy who never makes fun of
a companion because of a misfortune
he could not help.

The boy who never hesitates to
say "No," when asked to do a
wrong thing.

The boy who never quarrels. When
your tongue gets unruly look it up.

First Martyr For Sake of Blessed Eu-
charist.

A little boy was the first martyr
for the cause of the Blessed Eucha-
rist. The writers of the time call
him a child. In the earlier days of
Christianity, when martyrdoms were
common, the priests had to adopt
unusual methods in order to pre-
serve the Sacred Host from insults
of the unbelievers. Sometimes the
Sacred Host had to be kept in the
homes of lay people, and in order
the better to keep the place of con-
cealment from the knowledge of the
pagans, a lay man or even a boy
was given the honor of carrying it
from one place to another.

One day Tarcisius, a good child,
was selected to carry the Sacred
Host to his own home, where it
would be put in a secret place.
Something in his manner aroused
the suspicions of some pagan sol-
diers whom he met. They seized
him and threatened to beat him
unless he told where he was going
and what he was carrying.

He refused to give them any in-
formation. They struck him with
sticks and stones, but he remained
firm. They beat him until he died.
They searched his clothing, even
tore it into shreds, but God had
cared for the Sacred Species and the
cruel soldiers found nothing.—Sun-
day Companion.

Impurities of the Blood Counter-
acted.—Impurities in the blood come
from defects in the action of the
liver. They are revealed by pim-
ples and unsightly blotches on the
skin. They must be treated inwardly,
and for this purpose there is no
more effective compound to be used
than Parnelle's Vegetable Pills.
They act directly on the liver, and
by setting up healthy processes have
a beneficial effect upon the blood, so
that impurities are eliminated.

POET'S CORNER

EX ORE, INFANTUM.

Little Jesus, wast Thou shy
Once, and just so small as I?
And what did it feel like to be
Out of Heaven, and just like me?
Didst Thou sometimes think of there
And ask where all the angels were?
I should think that I would cry
For my house all made of sky;
I would look about the air,
And wonder where my angels were;
And at waking 'twould distress me
Not an angel there to dress me!

Didst Thou ever any toys;
Like us little girls and boys?
And didst Thou play in Heaven with
all things

The angels that were not too tall,
With stars for marbles? Did the
things

Play 'Can you see me,' through their
wings?
And did Thy Mother let Thee spoil
Thy robes, with playing on 'our'
soil?

How nice to have them always near
In Heaven, because 'twas quite clean
blue!

Didst Thou kneel at night to pray,
And didst Thou join Thy hands this
way?

And did they tire sometimes, being
young,
And make the prayer seem very
long?

And dost Thou like it best that we
Should join our hands to pray to
Thee?

I used to think, before I knew,
The prayer not said unless we do.

And did Thy Mother at the night
Kiss Thee, and fold the clothes in
right?

And didst Thou feel quite good in
bed,
Kissed, and sweet, and thy prayers
said?

Thou canst not have forgotten all
That it feels like to be small;
And Thou know'st I cannot pray
To Thee in my father's way—
When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's
way?

So, a little child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy
own;

Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.

To Thy Father show my prayer
(He will look, Thou art so fair).
And say: O Father, I, Thy son,
Bring the prayer of a little one.

And He will smile, that children's
tongue
Has not changed since Thou wast
young!

—Francis Thompson.

THE MONKS OF OLD.

I envy them, the monks of old,
Their books they read and their
beads they told;
To human softness dead and cold,
And all life's vanity.

They dwelt like shadows on the
earth,
Free from the penalties of birth,
Nor let one feeling venture forth,
But charity.

I envy them: their cloistered hearts
Knew not the bitter pang that parts
Beings that all affection's arts
Had link'd in unity.

The tomb to them was not a place
To drown the best-loved of their
race,
And blot out each sweet memory's
trace.

In dull obscurity.

To them it was the calmest bed
That rests the aching human head:
They look'd with envy on the dead,
And not with wihtagony.

No bonds they felt, no ties they
broke,
No music of the heart they woke
When one brief moment it had spoke,
To lose it suddenly.

Peaceful they lived,—peaceful they
died;
And those that did their fate abide
Saw brothers wither at their side
In all tranquility.

They lov'd not, dream'd not,—for
their sphere
Had not joy's visions; but the tear
Of broken hope, of anxious fear,
Was not their misery.

I envy them, those monks of old,
And when their statues I behold,
Carved in the marble, calm and cold
How true an effigy!

I wish my heart as calm and still;
To beams that fleet, and blasts
that chill,
And pangs that pay joy's spendthrift
ill.

With bitter misery.
—G. P. R. James.

CLOSING THE DOOR.

I have closed the door on Doubt;
I will go by what light I can find.
And hold up my hands and reach
them out.

To the glimmer of God in the
dark and call:
"I am thine, though I grope and
stumble and fall.

I serve, and Thy service is kind."

I have closed the door on Fear.
He has lived with me far too long.
If he were to break forth and re-
appear.

I should lift my eyes and look at
the sky,
And sing aloud, and run lightly
by.

He will never follow a song.

I have closed the door on Gloom.
His house has too narrow a view,
I must seek for my soul a wider
room.

With windows to open and let in
the sun,
And radiant lamps when the day
is done,
And the breeze of the world blow-
ing through.

A Commonplace Wonder

One night I was present at the
ending of a three days' retreat of a
young men's sodality. A very com-
mon-place occasion. But it was the
circular of a great non-Catholic pro-
selytizing society read just before,
that cast a mystical and tender
glow about the ending of that re-
treat.

The circular had been sadly elo-
quent of what "they" were doing,
and we, it seems, find it so hard to
do. There were tales of great gym-
nasia, and reading rooms in crowd-
ed cities, and halls in lonely villages
—of railroad libraries, and sailors' re-
sts, in home and foreign ports.
There were lists of lecture courses,
and Bible classes; and figures which
dealt with brick and stone and mo-
ney and games and books. And to
be sure the question rose in our
minds, as it has in many minds be-
fore: why cannot we, with our faith,
with our clear vision of the need,
with our sorrow for perverse pros-
elytizing, and zeal for conversions
to the one true faith—why cannot
we make such boasts as these?

Some hours later I stood in the
rear of a sodality hall, and listened
to the closing words of the retreat.
There, crowded together on the not
luxurious benches, listened a throng
of men various in nearly every re-
spect, but they were all Catholics
and earnest souls. No social plea-
sure nor fine equipment nor sports
nor books helped at all to gather
them together for these three days
of thought and prayer, but they
had been coming in just such throngs
from office and store, and work-
shop and factory, to listen to the
sober truths of faith, death, judg-
ment, hell and heaven. And they
listened humbly, piously, with hon-
est and reverent eyes.

After this last instruction there
was to be an admission of candi-
dates, and a crowd of young men,
bright-eyed, vigorous fellows, knelt
at the railing and recited a simple
act of consecration, and were given
the medal of the sodality. What did
that mean? That these young men,
with the flush of their hot youth in
them, and the spell of the world
all about them, were joining a so-
ciety which aims first and almost
exclusively at uncharitable things. They
were pledging themselves to month-
ly Communion, with all that means
of a steady will and strong pursuit
of heavenly-mindedness. They were
promising to try and keep their
hearts as clean and their lives as
innocent as becomes the sworn sons
of a stainless mother, who is crown-
ed in the heavens.

Then my reverie grew, and I saw
in that self-same city other such
sodalities in other cities, other sun-
unearthly aim, the same more than
natural promises, and the same va-
rious membership of energetic, hot-
blooded men, exposed every day and
hour to the full blast and flame of
this world's wickedness. Then I saw
sodalities in other cities, other coun-
tries, other continents! The strange-
ness, the superhuman strangeness and
beauty of it all dawned slowly upon
me, from the commonplace forms
and workaday surroundings. These
men move in a world which sneers
at unworship, smiles at simple
faith and yearns for the sensible and
the delightful, for what it can
touch and grasp and see. Yet they
are not moved to their hard and
pure allegiance to the Queen of Heav-
en by much present gain or genial
fellowship, or bright assembly rooms
or social gatherings. They like all
these things and have them in some
measure, and it is very desirable no
doubt that they should have them
more and more. But the beauty
and glory of their fellowship lies
just in this; that it is independent
of all temporal gain, an unpurchased
fealty, a supernatural service—surely
a high and holy and a strange phe-
nomenon in this sordid world.

I lifted my head. The bricks and
stones and books and games—good
and worthy helps though they are—
did not shine quite so brightly now,
beside the glory of those many forms
bowed at the shrine of Mary.

A touch of true unworshipfulness—this af-
ter all is rare and wonderful on
earth!—E. F. G., in America.

K. of C. and the Masons.

By chance a party of the Knights
of Columbus and another of Knights
Templar met at a dinner, last week,
in a Buffalo hotel. The Templars
were on their way to a Shriner's
session, the Columbus Knights were
on an outing. Being advised of
who his nearby diners were, a Sir
Knight Templar went over to their
table, spoke of the accidental meet-
ing of members of two great frater-
nities and hoped they would ever
be found standing side by side for
the common good, concluding by of-
fering a toast to the Knights of
Columbus, which was drunk enthu-
siastically by the Templars. A priest
responded for the Columbus Knights
saying that they were in hearty ac-
cord with the views expressed by the
Sir Knights Templar. The occasion
of the meeting and the spirit mani-
fested at it would always be pleas-
antly remembered by him. He re-
gretted that he could not offer a
toast in the same beverage that the
Templars had drunk to the Knights
of Columbus, but the toast would
want nothing in "spirit" even if it
were drunk in water. Then the
Shriners went on their way to their
ceremonial meeting and the Knights
of Columbus went to their outing.

both of which were no doubt the
better enjoyed by reason of the good
feeling existing between them.

Now this was all a simple exem-
plification of common, everyday
courtesy and yet we will hear a
howl from some—they are very few
—Catholic editors who fear the
Knights of Columbus are drifting
into Masonry. But how about the
vice-versa aspect of things of this
kind?—Catholic Citizen, Tacoma.

Our Social Problems Old.

Co-operation among Roman Catho-
lic laymen was the chief theme in
Cathedral Hall at East Fifth
street last Sunday evening, on the
occasion of the sixth annual con-
vention of the New York County Fed-
eration of the American Federation of
Catholic Societies. The principal
address of the evening was by the
Rev. Dr. J. H. Walsh, of Fordham
University, who reviewed the accom-
plishments of the thirteenth and
fourteenth century guilds.

Dr. Walsh went through most of
the sociological problems of to-day
seriatim, and showed that not only
had they existed six or seven cen-
turies ago, but that they had been
solved satisfactorily then, mainly
through the guilds. He reminded his
New York hearers that the guilds
were all Roman Catholic guilds, of
which there were some 30,000 in
England when the whole population
of the realm was only about 3,000,000.

Dr. Walsh said that in those early
centuries the land was really Merrie
England, with the guilds Catholic
and the Pope supreme; that after
that came the Reformation, when
something like \$350,000,000 of
church property, including that of
the guilds, was taken over by the
Crown, and afterward the problems
presented themselves all over again.
He cited only that they had a mi-
nimum wage law in England then,
by which the lowest wage was eight
cents a day, and a maximum price
law by which a workman could buy
a good pair of hand made shoes for
the price of one day's labor and a
fat goose for little more. Also with
their holy days or holidays they had
practically the eight hour day and
the Saturday half holiday.

AN EXCELLENT REMEDY
FOR ALL BABIES.

Baby's Own Tablets are an excel-
lent remedy for babies of all ages.
They cure all stomach and bowel
troubles; make teething easy; dispep-
sias; and make baby fat, good-
natured and healthy. They are sold
under the guarantee of a Govern-
ment analyst to contain absolutely
no opiate or narcotic, and thus they
can be given to the new born baby
with perfect safety. Mrs. Benoit
Matlin, Avignon, Que., writes:
"Baby's Own Tablets are an excel-
lent remedy for babies and should be
in every 'home where there are
young children." Sold by all medi-
cine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents
a box from the Dr. Williams' Medi-
cine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Catholic Priest Appointed to a Pro-
testant State University.

Rev. Dr. Beyans, professor of the
Diocesan College of Harlem, has been
appointed to a professorial chair at
the National University of Utrecht.
This is the second time in late years
that a Catholic priest in Protestant
Holland has been appointed to a
professorship in a state university.

Priest Risks His Life.

A discovery which may solve the
garbage waste problem of Boston,
has been made by a nun. Mayor
Fitzgerald says that the nun's dis-
covery is now being investigated and
tested, and so far with favorable re-
sults. The nun was born and reared
in Boston and knew Mayor Fitz-
gerald when he was a boy.

Following the report of a com-
mission that last year's garbage re-
moval cost nearly \$800,000, came
a letter from the little nun, giving
the facts about her discovery. It
was tried with satisfactory results,
and it may be that the work of a
nun may solve a problem that Amer-
ican and European cities have been
trying to solve for many years.—Cath-
olic Columbian.

Worms in children, if they are not
attended to, cause convulsions, and
often death. Mother Graves' Worm
Exterminator will protect the chil-
dren from these distressing afflic-
tions.

Could Not Sleep
In The Dark.Dropper Said Heart and
Nerves Were Responsible.

There is many a man and woman toss-
ing night after night upon a sleepless bed.
Their eyes do not close in the sweet
refreshing repose that comes to those