

Things That Count.

Not what we have, but what we use,
Not what we see, but what we choose—
These are the things that mar or bless
The sun of human happiness.
The things nearby, not things afar,
Not what they seem, but what they are—
These are the things that make or break
That give the heart its joy or ache.
Not what seems fair, but what is true,
Not what we dream, but the good we do—
These are the things that shine like gems,
Like stars in fortune's diadems.
Not as we take, but as we give,
Not as we pray, but as we live—
These are the things that make for peace;
Both now and after time shall cease.

False Success.

Most young people are eager to achieve what the world regards as success, that is, so possess a certain amount of money and live, to a certain degree, in ease and luxury. Some hope to reach this end by business speculation; others by the mere chance of birth or relationship, hoping to fall heirs to a rich legacy. Few think of thrift and hard work.

In passing, it is to be said that this inordinate desire to become wealthy proceeds from a false notion of success or happiness, for, in the minds of most, material success is equivalent to happiness. However, everyday experience proves that possession of wealth does not go hand in hand with true happiness.

The glamour of wealth, the love of money, has created false standards of success. In their pursuits of wealth and material happiness, men are prone to stifle the voice of their conscience. They frequently resort to get-rich-quick schemes, defalcations, breaches of trust, embezzlement, etc. Far from reaching the desired goal, the mad race for the Almighty Dollar often ends in bank failures, business reverses, bankruptcy—and sometimes suicide.

No duty seems more pressing than to cry out aloud against this false idea of success which is undermining the moral standards and the outlook into life of our young people. The material things of life cannot survive the gnawing tooth of time. Clearly they are not an end in themselves, but a means to an end. Development of personality and character is man's real life task. Insofar as material things are conducive to such a development they are good; insofar as they retard or divert the proper development of self, they are objectionable. As the Scriptures tell us "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God and all other things will be added unto you."

For Stage-Struck Girls.

Vanity makes lots of girls stage-struck. They think of the hundreds of thousands of admiring eyes of men that will be fixed upon them as they sweep across the stage as they throw up their chins so, as they turn their bare shoulders so, as they lift their arms so. The sole and mordant wish of too many who adopt the career is to be envied and admired. Art doesn't count. Maybe, they are right. Art too often comes with wrinkles.

The stage-stricken maid does not realize that it takes rare talent or great luck—too often it takes something else, something that cannot be re-purchased—to be anything beyond a struggling laborer in the theatrical world. Thousands spend their lives in pinched mediocrity;

for it is harder than any other work a woman can do, unless she can be better than ordinary.

Poor girl, she does not know the ignominy and insult that will be thrust upon her. She does not know that there will be nights when she will go back to her room and cry her eyes out at the base proposals that are made to her? Where is the theatre magic that she thought to walk in, gathering glances of genuine admiration? Later on, she finds that even if she had accepted insidious invitations, had dried her eyes and gone to "dinners," it would have done her no good.

It is the glamor of the stage as seen from the "front" that attracts many of our girls. The chorus fascinates numbers of our Catholic girls, who are naturally equipped for the work by reason of the excellent musical tuition they receive from the nuns in our convents. Of course, they do not mean to stay in the chorus—who does?—they have ambition "to burn," and at the outset they are buoyed up with enthusiasm and hope. Disillusionment comes all too quickly. Many a girl whose voice had won her distinction while she was yet at school and in the years immediately following, when she had occasionally appeared on the concert platform, had been submerged in the chorus of some musical comedy company. Indeed, the chorus has nipped more than one promising career on the concert platform in the bud.

"The chorus girl!"
What a lot of meaning these three words contain—expensive suppers, handsome gowns and a life of idleness—all this, and more besides does the imaginative outsider consider a part of this happy creature's existence. Nor is the public to blame for this erroneous idea, naturally based on the girls it sees on the stage or reads of in the newspapers, for, like the profession in general, the chorus shows only its bright side to the public. In all the vast volume of literature dealing with the stage, this same bright side is invariably depicted.

How amusing it is to a person familiar with the stage to note the pictures drawn by newspapers and magazines of the chorus dressing room. Invariably they have it a commodious, finely appointed affair, likely to inspire envy in the stage-struck girl's heart. The real room, the one found in nearly every theatre, is very different from this ideal of the press. Usually situated up three or four flights of steep, dusty stairs, or else in the damp unhealthy cellar, it is anything but attractive or convenient.

The writer of these lines has never been accused of being a prude. He knows the stage, numbers many of his friends amongst members of the theatrical profession, and fully realizes that many good and noble women thread the boards. But there is no denying that the morality of the stage taken as a whole is not high, and though the individuals among whom the stage-struck girl is thrown at the beginning may be free from any actual taint, she is bound to meet black sheep ere long. Most people have heard of "theatrical marriages." Is it desirable that an innocent girl should begin her life amongst people whose excuse only too frequently is "artistic temperament," and who talk lightly of their friends' infidelities?

It would be unjust to say that there are no good men and women on the stage, but there is no blinking the fact that unless a woman be very strong minded the chances are against her coming out scathless from the temptations with which the profession is saturated.

We recently read of the marriage of a convent trained Catholic (?) actress to a minister's son, the ceremony being performed by the groom's father. Splendid type of Catholic. Isn't she? Not long ago

we saw the remains of a woman who once was a star on Broadway, buried in a little Catholic graveyard out on Long Island. This actress, who was the daughter of good Irish Catholic parents and who about twenty years ago was "the toast of Broadway," was lowered into her grave, attended with but a few mourners. She had been married outside the Church, had been divorced, but towards the end of her life, when the fickle public had almost entirely forgotten her name, she came back to the faith of her parents, and now sleeps her last sleep far from the "Great White Way."

Actresses themselves are the first to admit that the temptations of the stage are excessive. Few of them are willing to let their own daughters follow in their footsteps. In the course of an interview, Gertrude Coghlan, a talented actress who made her first appearance as leading woman in her father's company, said: "Acting is a good profession for the right woman, and if I had to choose my life over again I would do much as I have done. But for my daughter—if I had one—I would prefer a domestic life far away from the theatre, with its temptations, its heartbreaks and its eternal slavery, regardless of whatever financial reward it might bring."

In the theatrical profession many are called but few are chosen, and for everyone who succeeds thousands fail. We only hear of the successes. Yet the road to success is strewn with dead hopes and wrecked lives.

The average girl who enters the chorus usually remains there. Look at any of our choruses, and you will see that the majority of girls who, filled with enthusiasm, began the work years ago, are today in exactly the same position as when they started. No! not exactly the same. They have been shifted from the front row to the rear as their good looks failed, for beauty is their stock-in-trade, and when it goes their career in the chorus is ended.

And what is the end?
Yes, stage-struck girl, if you think you have a "personality," if you think you are "ambitious," "talented," or "magnetic," then marry the boy who comes round to your house four times a week and all day Sunday and learn how to cook! It is better to look back at forty and say, "I know I would have made an excellent actress," than to look back at forty upon a career-after-admiration which has turned out to be a career-after-wormwood.

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—The catechism is the best law book, the best book of morals. It is a beautiful book, instructing alike the child and the grown man, the ignorant and the learned.

—Take this book then, again from time to time, read it attentively and reflect on the meaning of the questions and answers.

—Any man observing the law of the catechism will never get into conflict with any just law of any government.

—If an apple a day does not actually keep the doctor away, it at least does its share in helping to keep the system in good condition.

—Some men are like hens that eat the family grain but lay eggs for the neighbors.

—Duty, though set about by thorns, may still be made a staff, supporting even while it tortures. Cast it away, and like Aaron's wand, it changes to a snake.

—Intellectual culture does not of itself beget character. It may only serve as the Burglar's flashlight. It often makes man more of an animal than the animal itself; more of a beast than the beast itself.

—Love work; hate idleness. Avoid, as you would a venomous snake, impurity, lying, strong drink, bad company. Cultivate a love of study, improvement of mind, the company of the pure, the honest, the noble of soul. Esteem and ever seek the beautiful, the good, the true.

—The mind which does not wholly sink under misfortune, rises above it more lofty than before.

—Before selecting the seed be sure of your soil.

—The milk of human kindness is not run through a cream separator.

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The German

The following from the W. of August 4, many important forward in not be general it would be our readers.

To the Editor

Sir:—I commenced possible, the made efforts, the Canadian of Canada, to nationalities in to this Dominion steamship companies millions of dollars these people. has been stat and settlers, man nationali from German parts of Russia very best and the authorities these people. That this o come was not German settle the West stri body ever h the fact that fellow-citizens good.

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