

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

**BE CHERIFUL**

If you're shoveling on the railroad, Or you're plowing on the farm, Or you stand behind the counter Wrapping spuds, or nails, or yarn, Or no matter what your job is, When you're feeling kind of blue, There is nothing quite as helping As a cheery "How de do."

At the factory or the office, Where you do your daily grind, Every one seems all downhearted, Song or smile you cannot find. But they brighten up and cackle, Act just like a different crew, When they hear your merry whistle And your cheery "How de do."

That's the way it goes, my brother; Keep a-smiling though you're sad, For there's always someone watching-

And your greeting makes him glad. Pass it on and keep it going, It's infectious as the "flu"— You can start the whole world smiling With your song of "How de do."

—Catholic Columbian

**ACQUIRE SERENITY OF HEART**

It has been well said that a great many people imagine that the pressure of burden and care is wholesome; to take life hard is praiseworthy. It is looked upon as a kind of self-indulgence to take life easily. Now there is no doubt that the spirit of intensity and care, up to a certain point, is required for a wholesome condition of mind. But a care that brings burdens, that takes away light, that deprives us of self-control, that causes us to bring unhappiness to others, has passed beyond the wholesome line. Now if this spirit of care did any good or led to any desirable results, there would be some justifying reason for it. But when it dominates our working day, spoils our temper, makes us unapproachable, it is not only useless, but mischievous. There are two atmospheres in which one may work—the atmosphere of trust and the atmosphere of worry. The atmosphere of trust is a religious atmosphere, and the atmosphere of worry is a worldly atmosphere.

"In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength," said the prophet of old, and his words hold good today. The man who accomplishes most is the man who has serenity in his heart. The worrying mind is unfitted for the best work. Some people are always in a feverish haste, and they want everything done on their lines, and according to their particular lights, or else they worry that everything is going wrong, or will be done wrong. Behind much of this spirit of worry and nervous irritation lies an over-estimation of their own excellent qualities of head and mind and powers of organization and administration. "He that believeth shall not be in haste." Nothing hinders more in life than hurry and worry. A fretful restlessness dissipates our energies, makes us weak, disquiets our mind, leaves us excited, flustered, irritable, a trial to ourselves, and a grievous trial to those around us who consider the price paid for our worldly or external success exorbitant, who would rather see their desperation prefer failure if it brought peace and tranquillity and humility in its train.

"What avails a life of fretting? If some stars must needs be setting, Others rise as good as they."

Our work lacks power and permanent influence when we worry, for worry always means we are presumptuously shouldering burdens, staggering under self-appointed loads which should be left to God or laid at His feet with confidence that He will share and sweeten the weight in His loving wisdom. Worry and loud-voiced hurry often spell self-advertisement, resembling the noisy, fussy stream that splutters down the hillside with great splashing, and not like the full river that is noiseless and quiet, its hidden depths unaffected by surface storms. One day of quiet work with the peace of Christ in the heart is of more incalculable value than a month of nervous, explosive activity, whatever be its material success.

If I remember rightly, it was Philips Brooks who said that in our own little sphere it is certainly not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the ordinary people we know, it is not necessarily those who are busiest, not those who are ever on the rush after some visible charge and work. God always works very slowly, very surely, very silently. We must not go faster than He does, we must not outstrip His graces for ourselves or for others.

"I am glad to think I am not bound to make the world go right; But only to discover and to do, With cheerful heart, the work that God appoints."

Worry is banished by an atmosphere of trust. Every worker for the world's welfare has sooner or later to take comfort and strength in the thought: "I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide." Life is full of little worries, and the best philosophy is to expect them, and prepare for them, and bend to them for the moment as the reed does to the wind, and not to allow them to get "on our nerves," as the popular

excuse has it. A breakdown is more often due to a state of spiritual or mental overstrain than to physical over-work. A nervous condition often implies in plain language a permanent state of irritation, a temperament which magnifies every molehill into a mountain. And so much of this nervous wear and tear is needless. Our worry was out of all proportion to its cause. Some old lines are appropriate to the subject:

"I wrote down my sorrows every day— And after a few short years, When I read o'er the heart-aches passed away, I read them with smiles—not tears!"

If one doubts this, it would be worth the experiment to write down one's daily worries in a book for a week or a month—and forget them. Then see what they are worth this time next year. When one is in ill-health, worries are apt to weigh heavily on the mind, and all life can be visioned in distorted perspective. It needs grace and mighty courage to say to oneself: "I will unpack my mind to all my fears."—The Echo.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**THE PUT-IT-OFFS**

My friend have you heard of the town of Yawn, On the banks of the River Slow, Where blooms the wait-a-while flowers fair, Where the Sometime-or-other scents the air, And the soft Goozays grow? It lies in the valley of What's-the-use, In the province of Let-her-alide; That tired feeling is native there, It's the home of the listless I-don't-care.

**TOM'S SHOES**

"Thomas," said Mr. Gray, "your mother tells me that you need shoes, and from the appearance of your feet at present I should say she is right. Now here is ten dollars and that should buy you two pairs, one for extra occasions and one for school. Now use, judgment, boy."

"Yes sir," answered Tom, as he took the money. "I'll do my best."

"Tom Gray! where did you get those awful shoes?" exclaimed Nellie, as Tom came into the living room. Grandma looked up and smiled as Tom answered, "What's the matter with my shoes, Miss Smarty? I like them and think they are great, don't you, Grandma?" And he stood before her.

"They look very stout and no doubt will give good service, but I would have to stretch the truth a great deal to say they were good looking, Tommie," said Grandma. "Well, if you could have heard Annie Owens and the other girls. How they laughed and ridiculed your appearance, and Annie said indeed you needn't expect her to be seen on the street with you. I just could have cried." "Huh!" answered Tom, "who cares what those silly girls say?"

The entrance of Mrs. Gray and her horrified expression as she said, "Tom, what have you done? Oh, sonny boy, your father will be very angry. What did you pay for them?" "Ten dollars," answered Tom, looking confused. His mother said, "I am so sorry, son, I thought we could trust you. Tom straightened up, squared his boyish shoulders and answered, "You can trust me, mother, and you must. I like the shoes and am proud to wear them."

Mr. Gray's indignation over the matter was intense and he said some very bitter things, some of which were so bitter that the boy winced and clenched his hands as he fought for self control. Finally his father said, "If you had not worn them you should take them back, but you must replace that ten dollars and until you do you are, well, you are hardly to be counted one of us." The tears of mortification filled the boy's eyes, but he forced them back as he answered, "Yes, daddy I will try to replace it."

As the days passed there was little happiness in the home heretofore so bright, and Tom's cheery chatter and boyish fun was sadly missed as he went about silent and moody.

"Miss Ellen," said old Aunt Ailsie, who had lived in the family for many years, "what has you all done to Tommie? Dat chile is a gettin' thin and white and I ain't heard him whistle for de longest time. Dat blessed chile gwine to be sick fur a fac. Why Miss Ellen, I done baked him a little pie and what you think he say, 'Thanky, Aunt Ailsie, but I jess can't eat it. Now you know dat chile ain't jess right. Now, Miss Ellen, you and de boss has been makin' some kind of rucktion and fus wid dat 'bressed boy. He's de bestest chile you got."

Gray, "he is like all boys, I guess, full of cussedness sometimes." Mr. Brown turned and looked at him. "Why man, do you know what he did? You remember old Cramer, the cobbler?" "Yes," answered Mr. Gray. "Well, he has had a mighty hard time and a very sick boy. Poor Joe, he broke his leg and has been laid up for weeks and there is little money there you must know. Doctors and medicine cost, we all know. Your boy, Tom, with his big heart went to see Joe and still goes, but one day old Cramer was in great distress. He could not work and Joe had to have things, and Tom came in and found out their trouble and with unusual delicacy for a boy, did not like to offer money so he paid Cramer ten dollars for a pair of rough shoes just finished. In vain did the old man say they were not fit for him and that they were not worth that much. Tom insisted that they were just what he had been wanting. My kids have been telling me how Tom has been snubbed because of those shoes and how bravely he has borne it all. It was by accident that I found out about it when one of my boys asked me to go and see Joe."

"Great Heavens," said Mr. Gray, "and I have punished him and forbidden him to mingle with the family until he made up the ten dollars he had been so silly as to waste on those horrible shoes."

That evening Tom was bending over his books studying, and the family had all assembled. Even old Ailsie, sensing something about to happen, hovered in the background. Mr. Gray came in and walking up to Tom said, "Tom, my boy, give me your hand. I have been unjust. I only learned today through a friend the story of the shoes and your noble sacrifice. God bless you, son."

Tom looked foolish and awkward as he shook his father's hand and in his boyish way said, "Shucks, daddy, I didn't do anything but buy the shoes I liked."

Justice was done, the story told and old Ailsie said out loud, "Bress de Lawd, I sure knowed dey had don somethin' to dat boy. I speek he'll be a whistlin' agin by tomorrow and be ready for dat pie."

Mrs. Gray opened her arms and Tom was clasped to her breast with murmured words of love. Then Tom turned to Grandma and bending over her he kissed her and whispered, "You believed in me, Gran, and it helped a lot."

Peace was restored to the little home and Tom's shoes became something glorified.—Mrs. Blake L. Woodson in the Echo.

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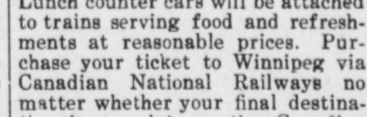
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"Answers for last week: The story of our Lord putting the money changers etc., etc. out of the Temple was in the Gospel at the END of Mass. MIHCAO backward spells JOACHIM, the name of Our Lady's saintly father.

What part of next Sunday's Mass does this picture portray? This is an easy one for the warm weather!



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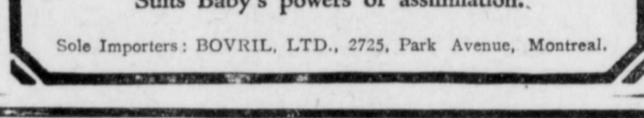
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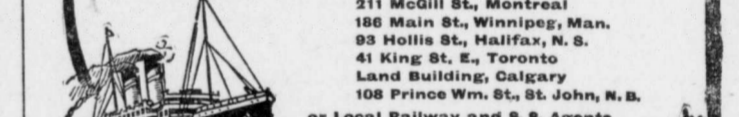
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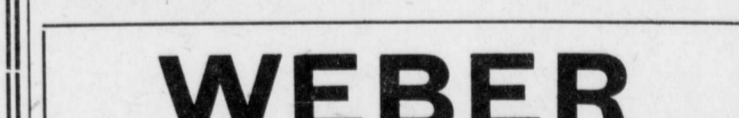
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