

# CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

## THE MAN WITH THE SMILE

It isn't the fellow who has a smile because of the smile of others. But the fellow who counts is the fellow who smiles. In spite of his scowling brothers. Or whether they smile or whether they don't. If he's true to his own soul's light, He will keep on smiling through thick and thin. He will smile for the sake of right.

The old song says if you smile for them, They will have a smile for you; But the man who smiles, if they smile or not, Is the man who will put things through. The man who smiles because it's his heart That brings to his face the glow Of the peace and the power of doing his part In the great world's daily show.

To do things just to gain in return Some gift or some grace of life, Is only a half-way stile to win In the toll and struggle and strife. For the best old grace is the grace of joy In doing and serving, along With a smile that is sweet as the smile of a boy.

Till your smile makes labor a song, —Baltimore Sun  
DON'T BE A COME DAY, GO DAY

Keep out of a rut. Nobody cares for the person who is so thoughtless of one's self or surroundings as to jog along day in and day out without caring, whether school keeps or not." Granted that the majority of us must work, is no excuse for plodding along elaborating on the fact that life is a ceaseless grind, and not knowing whether we are doing anything to assist any one else or to improve ourselves. There is no use in constantly wishing for things that never come our way. There are numerous little joys around us, that can be had for the mere striving, and after all anything that is not worth striving for is not worth having.

The wise person who never gets into a rut learns to observe, and to see what is worth while, and commendable in life around him and wastes no time in envying his more fortunate neighbor or lamenting for "what might have been."

The past is gone. The present is with all of us to do with as we please. Grasp each opportunity to do something. Be up and alert. Keep in touch with friends. Take an interest in things around you. Study the conditions of your country. Think of the plight of the little ones in war-stricken Europe. If you are a lover of freedom, or if the blood of the Irish race courses through your veins, or the blood of any other oppressed nation, study her sad history, and then explain the true state of her condition to those around you, who, perhaps, know little or nothing of the sufferings she has endured.

You may be accused of spreading propaganda; but it is better than keeping in a rut, and history is interesting, whether it be of our own America, Ireland or some far off country. It will give you food for thought and you will realize that life is what you make it, and that there is a vast field of opportunity before all of us. There is much work to do in this world, that it is really no place for drones.

We all receive heart aches once in a while. Everyone does. If it isn't one kind of sorrow, it is another. We wouldn't be here if our lives were to run along without a ripple; so because we have met with disappointments or sorrow, we must not let ourselves become sour, and place ourselves in a rut, where we imagine everybody is so sorry for us, and in our narrowness, we think we derive comfort from such sympathy when the truth of our position is this—nobody really pities us. They think we should have more stability than to be crushed by incidents that come into almost every life.

We could all be in that position if we let ourselves go down with our feelings, instead of looking up, and realizing that every sorrow comes from God, and that He has put into our hands the things we are complaining of. Always remember the old adage, "Laugh and the world laughs with you; weep and you weep alone." Seek for joy and you will find them, not in a rut, but in the paths strewn before you.

## SOME YOUNG MEN FAIL—WHY?

- Here are ten typical cases:
1. Always postponed his tasks.
2. Grumbled, complaining others did not do their share, and blaming his mistakes on them.
3. Was not adaptable; wanted to work on one sort of job only.
4. Undependable except when watched and checked.
5. Too lazy to work hard when he thought he could "get by" by taking his work easy.
6. Always late in coming to work.
7. Did well at first and was promoted; promotion made him bossy and unwilling to be directed by others in the office.
8. (A plumber) did good work when it was where people could see it, but when it was to be in the ground and covered up, he did work that had to be done again by others.
9. "He revelled at night, and was stupid and sleepy all next day."

10. "For the sake of his dead father, I strove to make a man of him. I offered him room in my home, with fresh board, laundry, lights, fuel and everything else, gave him access to my library and plainly told him I would give him a partner-ship with me in my extensive law practice just as soon as he could get his license." But "he wanted to see the world. He is still seeing it—on foot."—Catholic Columbian.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

### EVENING PRAYER

O Lord, most merciful, Father of my soul,  
I cry to Thee;  
At eventide, secluded and alone,  
I bow the knee.

I've greatly sinned and wandered far  
afraid,  
Pray give me rest;  
As night comes on I yearn to lay my head  
Upon Thy breast.

Through this dark night on Thee I will repose,  
And to Thee cling;  
As wanderer finds amid the gathering gloom  
A mother's wing

Condole, O Lord, my tardy thought  
Of Thee—  
I plead for grace;  
Help me to live by faith, and dying see  
Thy blessed face.

—FRANK STEELE

### THE LITTLE STREET SINGER

Billy and Betty had the mumps. Betty took them the evening of the very day Mother and Father went away. Father had to go to San Francisco on a business trip, and persuaded Mother to take a well-earned vacation. Grandpa and Aunt Patty, together with Nurse, could take care of the family for a month. So off they went by the early train. Billy promising Mother to take good care of Betty and run the errands for the family. Toward evening Betty had a high fever and was so sick that Aunt Patty put her to bed and telephoned for the Doctor.

Just a case of mumps, I think," said Dr. Gray. "they are all over Summer just now. Don't worry. Keep her in bed, and as the Board of Health will not let Billy go to school, he might as well play with her during the day, so that if he is to get the mumps he will get them now." And the second day after, Billy came down with the mumps, too.

Betty was very sick for a week, but Billy was only sick enough to be ridged. He had promised Mother to do errands for every one and to take care of Betty and study hard. And oh! the choir-practice! How could he ever be well enough to sing his solo in the boy-choir for Easter! And Father Philip was so anxious that all the boys should do well, for this was to be their first Easter music, and they were to chant the Tenor, too, in Holy Week, and now, Billy, was in the house for two weeks, Billy confided rather peevishly to Aunt Patty, while she was giving him his breakfast one morning.

"Never mind, Billy, I guess Father Philip understands. I saw him this morning after Mass, and he said he would drop in to see you today." Scarcely had she spoken when the doorbell rang, and Father Philip's cheery voice, as he entered Billy's room, said:

"Well, my little Palestrina, so this is the way you intend to sing your solo!"

Billy smiled in answer, as much as the mumps would let him, and then asked, "Who is Palestrina, another sick boy?"

"No, not sick, but another boy, Billy, who had a voice like yours, but he was very poor and had to work hard at farming. Promise not to fidget and worry any more, and I'll tell you about him." Billy readily promised, and then leaned back contentedly on his pillows to listen to Father Philip's story.

"Almost four hundred years ago, a little boy named Giovanni (which is the Italian for John, you know), stood singing in front of the church at Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome. He had trudged three miles that morning from his mother's farm in the little village of Palestrina, carrying, suspended by a cord around his neck, a basket of small fruits and flowers to sell. Twice a week he came in to try to earn a little money for his sick mother. The day I am telling you about, no one seemed to buy. Giovanni sang his little songs, as usual, to attract customers to his wares, but no one stopped.

"Oh, see the pretty flowers, nurse," exclaimed little Caterina, who was passing with her maid. "Won't you let me buy some from the poor little boy?"

"No, no, Miss Caterina, you have a garden full at home. You are always speaking to dirty beggars and spending your money on them. Come away from the beggar, you'll spoil your dress."

"Beggar, I am no beggar," said Giovanni, while his little face grew crimson with shame.

"Come, no more of this," said the nurse, harshly, pulling away the tender-hearted little girl.

"It was one of the great feasts and crowds were now hurrying into the church to listen to a famous preacher. With tears in his eyes, little Giovanni flower basket and all, stole into the church to one of the side chapels where the crowd was not so great. It was a little chapel of Our Lady, and as she stood there, holding her Divine Son in her arms, the poor lad

knelt down, and looked up at her in his disappointment and shame and misery.

"Oh, dear Mother of the blessed Jesus," he said, folding his little hands. "My mother has told me about your holy life, about your Son who died to take away our sins and troubles. Have pity on me. Make some one buy my flowers so that I can take home some money to my poor, sick mother. Holy Mother Mary, take pity on me! Soon the child, so lonely in the midst of the crowd, thinking only of his mother's poverty and sickness, forgot the people about him, and carried away with the thought that the Blessed Mother could help him, began to sing aloud the hymn to the Virgin he and his mother sang every evening.

"Hush!" said the bystanders, for just then the preacher was about to mount the pulpit. Unconscious of all about him, Giovanni, gazing only at the statue of the Blessed Mother sang the louder. Little by little the pure exquisite voice stole into the hearts of all. The men and women sat breathless, fearing to lose one tone of that sweet song of prayer.

"The priest, none other than my patron, St. Philip Neri, stopped to listen as he entered the pulpit. Suddenly, the boy's voice faltered, then stopped. He remembered that he was not at home, but in Rome in church. Down from the pulpit walked the priest, through the crowd to where Giovanni knelt, almost fainting, his little empty cap beside him. St. Philip dropped a piece of money into the cap, and turning to the people said:

"My brethren, this is my sermon today. Do as I have done, and my sermon is not in vain."

"In a few moments the boy's cap was full.

"Thank you, thank you, for my mother," said the lad as he turned to leave the church. But St. Philip led him into the vestry, and seeing how faint with hunger Giovanni was, gave him a good meal, and bade him come back the next day. Overjoyed the boy ran home to his mother and poured his treasure into her hands.

"I sang quite loud in church, and this is how the Blessed Mother helped me."

The next day when Giovanni went again to Santa Maria Maggiore, St. Philip was waiting for him, and there beside him stood the choir-master of the little church in Palestrina. St. Philip arranged that Giovanni should sing in the choir of his village church and the choir-master should teach him music. When the boy became a famous musician he was called Palestrina, and was the leader of the world in church music, composing many hymns and Masses. Another time I will tell you of the lifelong friendship between him and St. Philip Neri." And Father Philip went to his next patient, leaving Billy to think over the story.

## GREAT DISCOVERY

PETER AND PAUL'S VISIT TO ROME IS CONFIRMED  
(N. C. W. C. News Service)

A recent discovery in Rome of Professor Horatio Marucchi, the greatest Christian archaeologist, has given added and undeniable proof of the coming of Sts. Peter and Paul to Rome and of their death in the Eternal City. Working on the basis of the old tradition that the bodies of the two Saints were transferred from the Vatican and the Ostian way to the Appian Way "near the catacombs," and remembering that the Basilica of San Sebastian near the Appian Way was once called the Basilica of the Apostles, Professor Marucchi has long been confident that excavations beneath the church would find evidence of the tombs of the great Apostles.

In 1915 there was found beneath the Church of San Sebastian a Roman house, on the walls of which were inscribed invocations to Saints Peter and Paul. This in itself was a most interesting discovery. In the last few months the excavations, interrupted by the War, have been continued and far more important remains of early Christian days have been unearthed.

### DERIVATION OF "CATACOMBS"

Beneath the Basilica was found a large cavity hollowed out of the tufa rock upon which the Basilica is built. In this cavity are three tombs, one of which gives positive signs of Christian origin. Indications are that in this place were buried members of a family that had been converted from paganism to the Christian faith. The most interesting fact in connection with this lies, however, in the connection between the word catacomb and the Greek word "kymbos," which means a cavity. This cavity seems to be the place from which was derived the word "catacombs," which was later given to all the subterranean cemeteries of the early Christians. The old tradition that Sts. Peter and Paul were buried "at the catacombs" added to the interest of this discovery and gave further evidence that here for a time was the tomb of the two Apostles.

But still more interesting discoveries were found just outside the wall of the church. A stairway was found leading from the room where the inscriptions were discovered in 1915. This stairway led to a gallery, about 40 feet long ending in a small circular room, which is very close to the monument behind the Basilica, called the "Piatonia."

On the walls of the gallery are several inscriptions, one of which is

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a prayer to Sts. Peter and Paul to remember Primus and Prima and their daughter Saturnina. Other inscriptions are more fragmentary, but the names of Peter and Paul occur twice more.

### TOMB OF APOSTLES

Further indications lead the learned to believe that the small circular room at the end of the gallery is a tomb and that it is the place to which the bodies of Sts. Peter and Paul were transferred for a time, either shortly after their martyrdom or more probably in the fourth century. The building called the Piatonia is considered to be a monument erected to the great Apostles and used after that time as a tomb of St. Quirinus.

Prof. Marucchi conservatively states that although every detail concerning the general conclusion has not been solved by the discoveries, nevertheless they prove incontrovertibly that, as tradition has declared, St. Peter and St. Paul lived and died in the center of Christendom. Professor Marucchi has spent many years on this work and finds great satisfaction in seeing his labor ending so felicitously. The Pope has recently received Professor Marucchi in private audience and congratulated him on his work.

John Boyle O'Reilly tells why he is a Catholic: "I am a Catholic, just as I am a dweller on the planet, a lover of yellow sunshines, and flowers in the grass, and the sound of birds. The heart will never find peace and comfort and field of labor except within the sunlike, benevolent moth-

erhood of the great, old, art-loving, music-breathing, heaven-inspired Catholic Church, hoary, but always young.

People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after.—Goldsmith.

God speaks many ways to us without respect of person.

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If you could take about one-third of a glass of tea, add two-thirds glass of carbonated water, then remove the tea flavor and add a little lemon juice, phosphoric acid, sugar, caramel and certain flavors in the correct proportion, you would have an almost perfect glass of Coca-Cola.

In fact, Coca-Cola may be very well described as "a carbonated fruit-flavored counterpart of tea, of approximately one-third the stimulating strength of the average cup of tea."

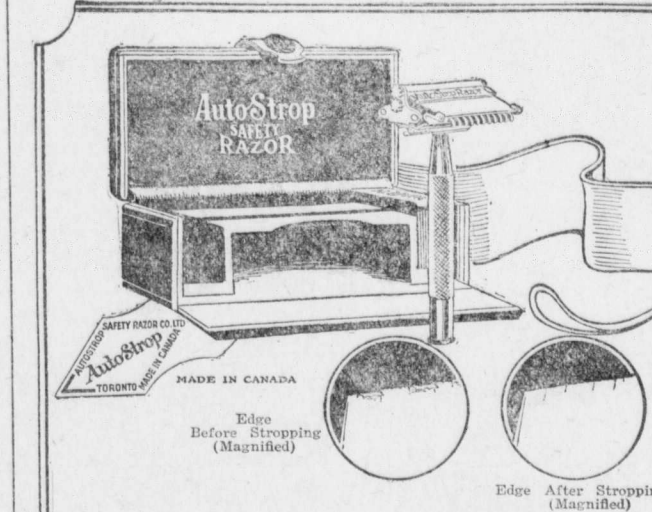
The following analyses, made and confirmed by the leading chemists throughout America, show the comparative stimulating strength of tea and Coca-Cola stated in terms of the quantity of caffeine contained in each:

Black tea—1 cupful (hot) (5 fl. oz.)	1.54 gr.
Green tea—1 glassful (cold) (8 fl. oz., exclusive of ice)	2.02 gr.
Coca-Cola—1 drink, 8 fl. oz. (prepared with 1 fl. oz. of syrup)	.61 gr.

Of all the plants which Nature has provided for man's use and enjoyment, none surpasses tea in its refreshing, wholesome and helpful qualities. This explains its almost universal popularity, and also explains, in part, the wide popularity of Coca-Cola, whose refreshing principle is derived from the tea leaf.

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