

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

BE CAREFUL

Be careful of the little things you do.
For oftentimes they echo back to you
Across the years;
The tiny note that you sent one sorry day,
The coin that helped the beggar on his way,
Ah, always take the time to stop and say
The word that cheers!
Perhaps some little deed may bring you fame,
Perhaps the world will learn to love your name
Because of tears
You dried for others. And when this life is through,
Perhaps the little deeds you thoughtless do,
Will be a glowing monument to you
For countless years!

—The Pilot

LOTUS STREAMS

Appropos of choosing a vocation Holmes related in his quaint whimsical manner the tale of a youth who, being a problem to his parents, was finally collared into a medical school which turned him loose into a small town with a diploma and a very little if any ambition.
The times were hard when this youth attained the ripe age of eighteen years. He was one of the many who do not quite know what to do with themselves in life. He tried his hand at farming and found that it was a trifle slow. He tried his hand at teaching but discovered to his edification that he did not know enough of any one subject to teach. He took to hanging around the tavern with aimless comrades, driving his worthy parents to the near verge of despair.

Having connived with the family relatives in regard to the situation, one day he exclaimed triumphantly: "We have it! Let him be an M. D."

So they packed his shirts and socks and sundries in a bag and he went off down the village street to the railway station, in search of his future vocation.

In college he bore out the character by which his friends knew him. He drowsed over his books, nodded, sometimes slept. He listened to lectures, or at least sat through them, and in the most artistic manner possible carved his name on every available bench and form.

Three years passed in this manner and the youth now forsooth, a man, came forth triumphantly with his sheepskin.

A small town attracted him. He saw to it that his name was framed in gilt, and that his shelves were well stocked with all the necessary and unnecessary vials aimed to counteract feil disease.

But the old deadly monotony returned quickly until, finally, he took a long draught of one of his own elixirs, and settled down like Rip Van Winkle, to a long and peaceful sleep. But before taking this soothing concoction, he followed a sheep path that led over a desolate mountain, where no one could find him or possibly awake him from his pleasant repose.

In the town various conjectures were raised regarding him. Fly it was, said the townspeople, things said about him when he is dead! For, according to them he was the best of doctors, and the press declared that his life was a public blessing to mankind.

Meanwhile came the Civil War, and brother strove with brother for the right. Came the end, with tears and sobs of women and many newly sodden graves. The loud banging of guns awakened our hero from his sleep on the mountain.

Slowly he began the descent and an hour later came up the village street.

Things were a bit changed, naturally, after thirty years. But nothing daunted, he entered the dilapidated office, and set about putting things to rights. But it was an unpleasant job. He had his sign freshly regilded, and then sat peacefully down to wait for something to turn up.

But things were astonishingly healthful, people surprisingly healthy in the sleepy town. They passed and repassed the door nor did they disturb the meditations of the Doctor. They had got used to being well, as it were, or possibly were too tenderhearted to disturb him.

So we leave him, conjecturing what he shall do next to make life a bit more exciting, possibly regarding the half empty bottle of the magic Elixir, and wondering whether it would not be advisable to take another long and peaceful sleep.

corner. And the labor we know is brief, but the time of repose is lasting. It is startling to realize that while the crowds stream by in the city streets, while people are intent on the trifles of which this world is so exceedingly jealous, while they gaze into shop windows and hang wistfully over counters loaded with dainty and exquisite things, there are thousands of little emaciated, children strewing the plains of Europe, that heroic and self-sacrificing souls are laboring in the torrid regions of the tropics far from home and friends, among ignorant and repulsive savages. That invalids are languishing on sick beds from which they will never arise, that souls are appearing before the Judgment Seat every second with the record of their lives in their hands.

All this, then, would seem to indicate that time is precious to some souls at least, that they are fully aware of the fact that here we have not here a lasting city, that here we are responsible beings, that here are many important things beneath our hand to do. Not only is it necessary to make a wise choice of one's life work, but once chosen, it is necessary to utilize well the time, "lest it pass without fruit."

Flowers are very beautiful, said a holy man, foliage is most attractive, and the foliage and flowers of the soul are an embellishment indeed. But what are leaves and flowers without fruit?

Time is precious, and must not be spent in dreaming, in droning. Otherwise at the end of a long and wearisome pilgrimage we shall find ourselves near the summit of a steep mountain, having endured all sorts of difficulties in the ascent only to find that we are on the wrong road, that this way does not lie conquest.—The Pilot.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

WHIP-POOR-WILL

When the long day's work is ended
And the sun has gone to rest;
When the gorgeous colors blended
Fade and vanish in the west;
When the night-time draws its curtain
Slowly over vale and hill;
Then I listen in the twilight
For the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will.

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor-will!"

Other birds have ceased their singing
And are settled for the night.
Through the gloam the firefly winging
Twinkles with his candle light.
Then a voice comes from the valley
With its accents clear and shrill,
'Tis the last song of the evening
From the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will.

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor-will!"

Up above the stars are peeping
Through the darkening evening sky,
And a breeze comes gently sweeping
Rustling leaves while passing by.
Then from out the circling silence,
Though all other birds are still,
Comes the clear, sweet, vibrant music

From the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will.
"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor-will!"

When the pearly dewdrops glisten
In the moonlight's silver ray,
Then I like to sit and listen
For that farewell to the day
As it echoes through the valley
And across the silent hill;
'Tis the last song of the evening
From the sweet-voiced whip-poor-will.

"Whip-poor-will! Whip-poor-will!
Whip-poor-will!"

—DAVID ALLAN HUNTER.

HIS MAJESTY—THE NEWSBOY

What the buck private is to the army—the newsboy is to the newspaper. Generals lay their plans, issue their orders and trot off to the dugout. The bucks carry the battle on to the enemy.

The brilliant editor writes his editorials and lays his pen aside to go out for a game of golf. The ad man struggles with color and art to turn out an appealing ad and closes his desk for the day. The printer throws it into type and turns in his time—but the newsboy enters to finish the job. Where they all quit his job begins. What matters the brilliant editorials unless it gets in the hands of the readers; what play has the fancy ad unless folks see it. The newsboy's job is not a brilliant flash for today and a rest on laurels won, tomorrow. It is every day the same hour, and the same trial; rain or shine, lustery or balmy, the newsboy wends his way out to the street corners and the homes of the land. His greeting is the thud of the morning paper on your doorstep. You are mad if you can't have the paper at breakfast. The newsie is bad if he is a half hour late. You dread to get up even to pick yours from the porch. The newsie best you a long while back. He crawled out from between warm sheets, into the chilled room, trudging blocks to bring that paper. Yes he is there, sometimes he misses but in the great aggregate he bats a perfect score besides the falling of some of the rest of us.

Who is this newsboy, anyway. Sometimes he is from the best homes in the city, an ambitious youngster who wants to do some-

thing for a little spending money. He is the go-getter who is not afraid to work.

Sometimes he is the ragged urchin of a family on the poverty line. His is a duty and a task. Hungry mouths must be fed—his job is to supply the food.

You all have seen these newsboys. Go into any morning newspaper office about five o'clock in the morning. There they will be; sleepy-eyed youngsters, maybe wet, feet cold and raw, red hands sticking through gloves—but mind you they are there—not in a warm bed waiting for a newspaper. They are there to take it to the firing line, the readers—the battle front where the editor and the ad man and the rest rise or fall.

Then again you see him on the wind swept corner, with a twinkle in his eye, his piping voice screaming the big news. That newsboy, often is clad in a little sweater, decrepit old cap pulled over his ears, a glove on one hand and the other in his pocket, under his arm the newspapers. There he stands in rain or shine, in snow or balmy winds, to sell you the news. Is he a hard customer. Sometimes. Who would not be? Sometimes he gets caught in that great mass of driftwood and wreckage and goes down—again he may go up.

Today, you see him on the corner or on the route a mere newsboy, your servant. Tomorrow, you may see him in the editor's chair, the head of a business or a man among men. Today, you hear his shrill voice cry out the headlines, tomorrow that voice may carry the authority of a law-maker in the halls of Congress or as a leader in thought and in action.

Tom Edison started as a newsboy, and Al Smith, New York's Governor, once sold papers on Times Square.

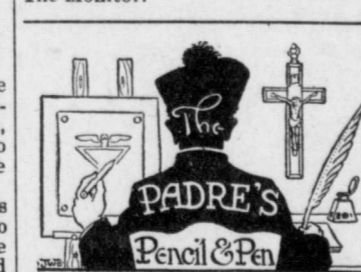
While the editor sharpens his wits and burnishes his mind in the books of the editorial sanctum, the newsboy sharpens his wits brushing against the march of men.

Take your hat off to him, fellows! There he stands, this newsboy. It may be on the water fronts of New York where the men of the sea mingle with the men and vices of the shore; it may be along the gay life of Broadway where the throngs cluster around the bright lights like moths about a flame; it may be in the wide-sweep prairie town which boasts a newspaper, or on the balmy benches, where the tourists come and go. That newsboy is there—the quaint, colorful strip in the carpet of life—a shuttle moving to and fro weaving his tiny patch in the scheme of things. Always the irresistible, indomitable, the ever-ready outspoken newsboy. He is the private in the great newspaper army—he's the backbone of the army. Glory to you, newsie!

—The Casket.

WORDS

Soft words soften the soul. Angry words add fuel to the wrath, and make it blaze more fiercely. Cold words freeze fronts of New York where the men of the sea mingle with the men and vices of the shore; it may be along the gay life of Broadway where the throngs cluster around the bright lights like moths about a flame; it may be in the wide-sweep prairie town which boasts a newspaper, or on the balmy benches, where the tourists come and go. That newsboy is there—the quaint, colorful strip in the carpet of life—a shuttle moving to and fro weaving his tiny patch in the scheme of things. Always the irresistible, indomitable, the ever-ready outspoken newsboy. He is the private in the great newspaper army—he's the backbone of the army. Glory to you, newsie!



Last week's picture represents the Gospel of last Sunday (5th of Pentecost) which told us to keep peace with our brother (and sister, too!) Our picture teaches this in two ways, realistically and symbolically. The former you will have no difficulty in making out. But I want you to figure out how the teaching is done by symbols too, because the Church constantly uses signs to express Her truths and teachings.



We cannot pay too careful attention to the Gospels. They are the gems of God's Word.

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