

**CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN**

**DON'T KICK**

There ain't no use in kickin', friend, When things don't come your way; It does no good to holler round, And grumble night an' day.

The thing to do is curb your grief, Cut out your little whines; And when they ask you how you are, Jest say "I'm feelin' fine."

There ain't no man alive but what Is booked to get his slap; There ain't no man that walks but what From trouble gets his rap.

Go mingle with the bunch, old boy, Where all the bright lights shine, And when they ask you how you are, Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

Your heart may just be bustin' with Some real or fancied woe, But when you smile the other folks Ain't really apt to know.

The old world laughs at heartaches, friend, Be they your own or mine; So when they ask you how you are, Jest say, "I'm feelin' fine."

**TERSELY TOLD**

Nothing succeeds like looking successful. Extravagance is the common disease of the times. Life is a measure to be filled, not a cup to be drained. If there were no clouds, we should not enjoy the sun. Only he who merits a favor knows how to appreciate one. He who is not satisfied with a little is often happy with less.

**HIS TIME WAS PRECIOUS**

A. T. Stewart—as does every progressive business man—regarded his time as his capital. No one was admitted to his private office until he had stated his business to a sentinel at an outer door and then to another near the office. If the visitor pleaded private business, the sentinel would say: "Mr. Stewart has no private business." When admittance was gained, one had to be brief. The business of Stewart's establishment was dispatching with a system and promptitude which surprised rival merchants. There was no dawdling or dallying or fooling, but "business" was the watchword from morning until night. He refused to be drawn into friendly conversation during business hours. He had not a moment to waste. But with ease he did his great work, conducting his immense business, and became New York's leading merchant. He worked while he worked. When the hour of five struck, he was ready for leisure, recreation, rest and play.

**LACK OF THOUGHT IN UNSEEMLY HASTE**

How many of us have often reflected with sentiments similar to those which follow, on the haste with which many Catholics leave the church at or before the end of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass!

"It certainly is a strange thing that so many Catholics who are sufficiently true to their religion to hear Mass every Sunday, find it necessary to rush out of church immediately after the last Gospel and before the brief prayers following the last Gospel are said—these brief prayers being offered by force of a Papal Decree of the Holy Church and all the faithful. Prayers with such noble and universal intentions, and in which it takes not more than two minutes to join, would certainly seem valuable and beautiful enough to make any Catholic feel that it is not only a duty but a privilege and a joy to hear them and to respond to them. And yet, not a few worshippers at every Low Mass on every Sunday will hasten to rise and run out before these prayers are offered. Why? What excuse is there for their hurry? None in the world, and rarely does one find sufficient respect paid the celebrant of the Mass by the congregation to stand quietly and permit him to leave the sanctuary before the noisy rush to the exits begin."

It is not so much a want of Faith as a want of thought that is responsible for this unseemly conduct in the House of God. Think it over, and mend your practice.—The Pilot.

**ABOUT MEN**

The proverb says that an honest man is the noblest work of God. The woman who can recognize the honest man is fully as noble. A man who is willing to spend more money than he earns before his marriage will either go on spending it after his marriage and leave his family beggars, or regret his folly. He is the kind who has ceased looking up. The man who asks for everything that a woman can give is reversing the law of nature. She is not the one to give, and he has no right to ask. When she gives herself to him in sacred marriage he is amply recompensed for his own sacrifices. If he can't see that he is not worth while, a man who constantly prates about a woman's beauty of face or form, and thinks nothing about her beauty of soul needs spiritual glasses, but it is doubtful if he will ever find spiritual glasses to fit him. The man who prepares woman for wifehood

by leading her in a round of pleasure is not preparing her for motherhood, and, thereby, is seeking to deprive her, for the sake of youthful pleasures, of the children that every good woman hopes shall be the malpractice and comfort of maturity and old age. He is dangerous. The man who has no religion, and places no value on what of it the woman has, is willing to deprive her of all consolation in trials and sufferings for this life, and cares nothing about the existence of the next. Marriage with him is more than a lottery.

**I CAN!**

There are two words that ought to be cut into lasting letters across the entrance of your brain, hung in golden prominence all around your heart and burned into the very desire of your hope for—**I CAN!**

You can make of yourself a towering figure in the work of the world, you can command, you can build, you can multiply your own modest efforts until they become works of power, you can dream and make your dreams real, you can strive and trot on with smiles gurgling in your heart, and the world will want you to stay a long time. **I CAN—I CAN!**

Achievement is an impression on the brain, an impression that is never to allow a worthy impression to fade away. The inspiring thing is to be a creator of impressions—and bring them all to pass in enduring works.

But always remember that—**I CAN!**

You are the only person who is able to interfere permanently with your own success. But once you have this ability there is no power in existence able to swerve you, able to slow you up, able to take from you your fine faith and fortitude. Morning, noon, night and always—**I CAN!**—Catholic Columbian.

**OUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

**TO THE SACRED HEART**

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

Through Mary's Heart most pure, Each sorrow that today my heart is fated To suffer and endure; Each grief that shall encompass me with sadness, Each pang of pain and loss, I place upon the rugged crest of Calvary, Beside the saving Cross.

I offer Thee, O Sacred Heart of Jesus!

Each thought of mine today: I offer Thee the deeds of all the years, The words that I shall say; My heart and mind, my hand and brain I bring Thee With perfect love and trust, And beg of Thee to brighten with Thy graces My pathway through the dust.

O Sacred Heart of Jesus; in the noonday And at the evening's close, When every sun-ray as it strikes the hilltops A lengthening shadow throws, Make strong my heart to battle for Thy glory And win the sweet reward— And place within the shelter of Thy kingdom, The welcome of my Lord.

—Irish Messenger

**SYMBOLS OF THE EVANGELISTS**

The four Evangelists are represented by distinct symbols: St. Matthew by an angel, because he speaks of the humanity of Christ, commencing his gospel by the genealogy of Christ. St. Mark is represented by a lion. He commences his gospel with an account of John the Baptist in the desert. The lion awakes its young three days after birth by roaring. St. Luke is represented by an ox, the animal of sacrifice, since his gospel starts with an account of the grand priest Zachary. St. John is represented by an eagle, because he speaks of the divinity of Christ, and with the eagle soars above the earth.—Church Progress.

**LILLIAN WAS DISAPPOINTED**

There was a pretty embossed envelope in Lillian's letter box, a sealed envelope with a two-cent stamp in the corner and Lillian's name written out very carefully. Lillian's face was eager as she tore it open. Then as she stared down at a hideous picture with a rude rhyme below, her lips trembled, and she turned away to hide the tears that would come in spite of her. "I wouldn't have minded," she explained afterward, "if it hadn't been for the pretty envelope. That made me expect something nice."

Older people sometimes feel that way, girls. Just think about it a minute. When you see a girl with a smiling face, it is a dreadful shock to hear her say cross, disagreeable things. The pretty envelope made Lillian expect something nice within, and attractive faces make us look for kindness and courtesy. Be sure that you don't disappoint people in the way Lillian was disappointed, because you do not live up to the promise of your faces.—True Voice.

**AFTER HIGH SCHOOL**

After High School, what? If circumstances make it at all possible every intelligent, ambi-

tious boy of today ought to try to go to college. You boys who are just now making the decision—read these paragraphs from the pen of Rev. Leo J. Mullany, S. J., in a recent issue of The Queen's Work: "Why should a young man spend four of the best years of his life studying things he will never have any practical use for? Let the High School graduate get started in his life's work. Let the shop or the office be his college. At the end of four years he will know his chosen work well, and that is all he needs." One will very seldom hear such opinions from a man who has himself been through college, or from a man of any standing in commercial or professional life. The college man, especially the college man of a generation ago, knows the value of those studies which the uninitiated are pleased to call "impractical." He knows that these studies mean mental discipline, facility, adaptability, economy in intellectual processes, breadth of view, sureness of judgment. The college man will fill a position of responsibility better than the man whose education began in the workshop and ended in the office, because his mind has been trained to grasp a situation, a problem, an argument; he can think beyond the workshop and the office and meet a condition for which he has no precedent. He will start with less information about the business; but he will get that needed information quickly, and he will know what to do with it when he gets it. Usually even the hard-headed self-made man looks to the colleges for his more responsible officials. With all his success he knows that he would have risen higher and more quickly if he had had a college training. He is really educated, and due credit must be given him; but his education has cost him more years of grinding labor than any college course calls for, and at best it is little more than what we may call a working education, excellent perhaps for practical purposes but incomplete because it has not reached the whole man.

Indeed, though every effort be put forth to gain them, the loss of those finer, higher, more worthy things which come through early familiarity with the best thought of the great masters of all time is something that can hardly be repaired in later life. It is the thoughts we think and the ideals we form before the heart and mind and imagination are put to service along the hard practical ways of life that must be the source of whatever refreshing qualities our souls will possess through all our years. It is by the life of the spirit that a man really lives, and if the house of his own soul be not furnished with beautiful things in his youth, he will be poor to his dying day. He may never know his loss. He may be happy in his way and may ridicule the things he is ignorant of. A man who spends all his life in a narrow valley because the valley is fertile may fill his barns and build new ones and then think himself the happiest of men. He may despise the mountain tops and have nothing but contempt for those "impractical" people who climb them with such toil. But these are glories of sea and sky and sweeping distance that he shall never know.—Catholic Transcript.

**THE DESCENT TO LIMBUS**

"And see how hushed the crowd of souls! Whence comes the light of upper day? What a glorious form is this that finds Through central earth its ready way? 'Tis God! 'tis Man! the living soul Of Jesus, beautiful and bright, The first-born of created things, Flushed with a pure, resplendent light. 'Tis Mary's child! Eve saw Him come; She flew from Joseph's haunted side, And worshipped first of all that crowd, The soul of Jesus Crucified." "Thousands of years have come and gone, And slow the ages seemed to move To those expectant souls that filled That prison-house of patient love. "So after four long thousand years, Faith reached her end and Hope her aim, And from them as they passed away, Love lit her everlasting flame." —Father's Hymn

**HAPPINESS**

Supposing you had a nice little family of five or six children. Supposing, also, that a couple of them were happily married, that one of them was a nun, that one of the boys was studying for the priesthood, that those at home were good and kind and attended strictly to their religious duties, don't you think you would be reasonably happy in the face of the most adverse circumstances? To growl under such conditions is a crime. Surely that combination should bring peace and contentment to the father and mother, even if there were not much of the world's goods accumulated in the years of

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married life. Dollars do not bring happiness. Some people seem to think so, but it is far from the truth. The average man of wealth becomes hardened; his sole object in living seems, at least on the surface, to make his dollars grow. His mode of living is not conducive to good health or longevity. Oftentimes his closest friend is the doctor—and the doctor knows his victim.

The peaceful home, the coming of children and grandchildren, pleasant conversation, the entire elimination

of "family quarrels," these have more to do with real happiness than has all the wealth of Midas or any other old god.

The historian Froude said many years ago that "those who seek for some thing more than happiness in this world must not complain if happiness is not their portion." And remember that "a happy life is not made up of negatives."—Catholic Sun.

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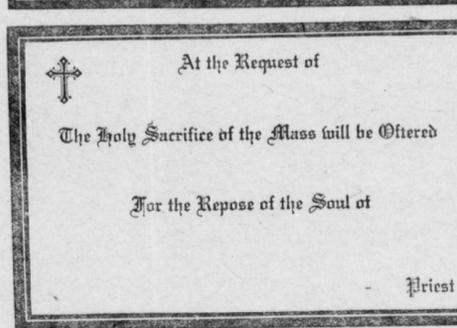
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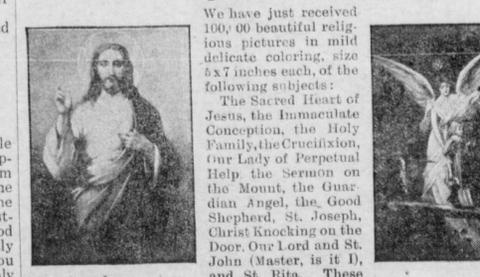
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