

BEST AND EARNEST

When a man is compelled to eat his words his appetite is quickly satisfied. Idle people spend a good deal of time calling up people who have telephones. Many a woman's makeup prevents her from holding the mirror up to nature. Matrimony is a kind of dynamite used to explode the theories of bachelors. True friends are those we feel like kicking because they point out our faults. A great talker may not be a fool, but people who believe all he says are foolish. Many young people fall in love because they are just as foolish as older people. Guests of a day never know how a husband and wife really get along together. A pretty girl is eagerly listened to although she may say nothing when she talks. A polished mirror casts reflections, but a polished man doesn't. That's the difference. A man isn't as anxious to have his wife forgive his sins as he is to have her forget them. Mothers care not who does the love-making if they can be allowed to do the matchmaking. Telling a man not to worry is as lost as effective as warning a small boy not to eat too much. When a man is discharged he thinks that his former employer made the mistake of his life. The street faker reaps a golden harvest every time he faces a crowd that wants something for nothing. Make a list of your acquaintances and you will be surprised at the number of small men you know. Every time a modest girl sees a man look in her direction she imagines he is trying to flirt with her.

MANY MEANINGS IN SMILE

Little Thing in Itself, Possibly, But It Is Able to Convey So Much to Others.

What's a smile? Not much perhaps, sometimes, but again a great deal. There is the smile of love, and the cynical smile of hate, the smile of ridicule, and the smile of approval. The language the smiles speak is of the profoundest depths. The smile is the poetry of conduct, sometimes the master of destiny. The fatal smile may unite two lives with ties as lasting as eternity or break them asunder and forever mar the holiest relationship. Then there is the joyful message of the friendly smile. It brightens the face of the one in sorrow. It brings light and gladness to friend and stranger who are groping in the dark for sympathy and sunshine. It brings blessings to the ordinary lines about us, and makes all our little world happier.—The Thrift Magazine.

LED AS LAMB TO SLAUGHTER

Path of Tribulation Is That Trodden by Poor Mr. Man at House-cleaning Time.

Poor man! This is the season of the year when his wife decides to clean house. She then discovers that she must have new curtains for the front windows. That leads to the discovery that the chairs must be reupholstered to match. Then the rugs no longer will look well, so they must be changed. Since the dining room furniture can be seen from the living room it also must be discarded for new to agree with the decorative scheme. And since the downstairs is to be re-furnished throughout, of course, it won't do for the bedrooms to be old-fashioned and dowdy. So from a few new curtains the bill grows into the cost of a new house. Poor man!—Detroit Free Press.

A Determined Speller.

"I understand you gave your youngest baby a mighty queer name." "Yes," said the veteran printer. "I suppose a great many people will think it strange calling a girl 'Bible Jenkins.'" "What made you do such a thing?" "I don't like the way folks have gotten into of using small type indiscriminately. I made up my mind I would see to it that there will be at least a few occasions when Bible will have to be spelled with a capital B."

Had a Clean Mouth.

Little Johnnie, while lurching with his aunt one evening, shocked that estimable lady by licking his spoon clean before putting it in the sugar bowl. "Johnnie," remonstrated auntie, "stop, that is a dirty thing to do!" "Oh, don't worry auntie, it's all right, my mouth is just as clean, as anything. Ma washed it out with soap this morning."

Take it or Leave it.

Motorist (on country road)—Parson, my friend, but have you the correct time? Farmer (producing watch)—Don't keep any artificial time, mister. It's just 3:37 p. m., and if you're a city chap you kin do your own addin', subtractin', multipl'in' or dividin', as the case may be.

How it Occurred.

"How did you happen to meet your wife?" we asked. "Why—er—ah—confidentially," whispered the skinny little Mr. Meek, "she headed me off."—Kansas City Star.

LILACS AND LYRICS

By GERTRUDE BURNHAM.

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"Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, It isn't far from London."

The lilting refrain persisted in the mind of a girl who stood irresolutely upon the London pavement one spring morning, when even that dingy city was being afforded a glimpse of blue sky. At the corner a barrel organ was grinding out its tunes to appreciative groups of dancing children.

Well, why not go down to Kew? It really wasn't "far from London," and now that the war was over she would soon leave England for America and the opportunity would be gone. With sudden decision she halted a passing bus and started on the journey to Kew with the haunting refrain still in her mind. Lilacs, that was the magic word. Lilacs, white and purple, how lovingly they clustered about the little New England home.

Her eyes clouded with a sudden mist. She saw again two figures standing by the bushes, a lithe, sturdy lad in khaki, and a girl in a lilac frock who raised her adoring eyes to meet his. The heavy odors of the white and purple glory with which he had trapped her arms filled the air during those last sacred moments before his departure for France. There were caresses and promises, but few tears, for the girl was one of a race who unflinchingly sent their best to fight for liberty under the banners of the United States, and the man would have scorned to show emotions.

After his departure she had written him again and again. At first the replies were received as regularly as could be expected, then had come silence, unbroken silence. All attempts to locate him had been in vain and the corroding agony of suspense grew upon her. No one had heard and his name appeared on no prisoner or casualty list.

Finally she had volunteered as a Red Cross nurse for foreign service, and there found partial succor from personal sorrow. Now her work was over and she was going home. Going home, to what?

With a start she came to herself. The bus had reached Kensington, and Kew Gardens lay before her. She alighted and walked slowly along. The birds were singing and their sweet notes were all that broke the silence. The peace of it stole over her and she sank down on a bench, half-hidden among the lilac bushes, and gave herself up to bitter-sweet memories.

A man wearing the silver bars of a first lieutenant in the service of the United States stood beside a London bookstall, idly turning the leaves of a book of poems. His eyes caught the following lines:

"Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, It isn't far from London."

He read absorbedly to the end of the poem, then re-read it. Turning with sudden decision he asked the bookseller how he could reach Kew. The bookseller gave him the necessary directions and advised him to go by all means to see the famed beauty of the gardens.

The young man thanked him and purchased the book of poems. The next bus that rumbled along toward Kensington found him on its top, immersed in deep thought. His mind was far away in a little New England village which he had not seen for over a year. There stood a farm house with clustering white and lavender lilac bushes, and beside them a girl in a frock to match, her laughing face bent over the lovely blooms.

He swung off the bus at Kew and strolled down the winding paths, enjoying the rustic solitude to the utmost. He turned a corner and came upon the lilacs filling the air with magic sweetness. This was familiar, this was home, and all that was needed to complete the picture was the girl, looking up at him with the love-light shining in the depths of her eyes.

Still held by the enchantment of his dream, he turned and saw a girl sitting on one of the garden benches with bowed head. As he looked she raised her head and he saw her face. As recognition came he swiftly stretched out his arms and she flew to him like a homing bird, too happy to be surprised. So swiftly had the dreams of both become reality that there was no consciousness of abrupt transition.

One hour later a squirrel skipped out from behind the bushes and cocked his head to one side. He was watching this couple who were so close together on the park bench, so quiet save for the low murmur of voices and soft laughter.

The man had explained the long silence in a way which increased the girl's love and trust. He had been on a secret service mission of great danger, which had made it impossible for him to communicate with anyone. He had since been promoted and cited for bravery.

Then came the story of their appearance in the garden, and he unwrapped the book of poems. Two heads came close together and the listening squirrel heard words which sounded strangely like this:

"Come down to Kew in lilac time, in lilac time, It isn't far from London." And the man, the girl, and the squirrel all agreed with the poet that it was an excellent thing to do.

IN MEMORIAM.

Lovingly inscribed to the memory of Miss Anna Sullivan, who entered into rest the 8th day of March, 1929.

With heav'nly blue in skies o'erhead comes the balmy breath of spring, Rolling from the southland a message sweet to bring.

Flowers will bloom and happy birds will sing their songs of love, And all nature vie in rendering homage, to God who reigns above.

To him who doeth all things well, though he sent a cross, we know He chose a flower he loved from his garden here below. Could we lift the veil that hides from view Our Saviour on his throne, And see loved ones there He called from earth because they were His own.

Would hearts be sad? Her memory now, like a Beacon-light will shine, And guide us heavenward to meet her there in the light of His love divine. God bless her for the sunny smile that bade all gloom depart, And left a flower blooming, down deep within each heart.

We sought her when our hearts were bowed, neath worldly care and strife With a light serene our path was illumined, by the sweet influence of her life.

We loved her for the cheerful word, she never failed to give, Her memory is enshrined within our hearts, forever more to live.

Through gates eternal to the royal courts where none may enter but the pure and fair.

With the sight of faith at the Master's side, we see her smiling there. Fair as the lily and with love replete in adoration bowed before His throne. The golden morn. of eternity dawned, and God hath claimed His own.

O'er our hearts these softly echoes the voice we loved, no care will mar Her joy eternal. Beyond skies serene God smiles upon her within the gates ajar.

Why call it death when one we loved has only gone before, In that Hallowed home we shall be reunited, to part, no, nevermore.

—Mary C. Welch.

COMING CONVENTION OF EUCHARISTIC LEAGUE

[By N. C. W. C. News Service]

Philadelphia, July 19.—Hundreds of priests from the east and middle west will gather here on August 3 and 4 for the annual convention of the Priests' Eucharistic League, for which the complete programme has been announced by the Rev. John Graham, S.S.S., director general. Arrangements are being made by the Rev. L. J. L. Kirlin, 2814 Diamond Street, to provide for accommodations in parish rectories, of priests who do not care to go to hotels, but there are many convenient hostleries, with rates ranging from \$3 to \$7 a day for single rooms, within convenient distance of the Cathedral.

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