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**At Our House**  
**A Fin in Time**

By MARY TINLEY DALY

You can't rely on men—they're unpredictable... Take our piano tuner, for example. Last October we called and asked him to tune the piano. "My first free day I'll be there," he promised.

So the Head of the House tossed in \$7 extra household money that week to take care of Mr. Tuner. Each day we expected him... And I put the \$7 in with the rest of the grocery and incidental money you know... It was a mistake, of course, and it met the fate of all that goes into the general fund. Maybe that was the week they had the canned goods sale, or something. I don't remember.

Then, this morning, many months later, Mr. P. Tuner phoned to say that he was on his way. Well, naturally, one must always be ready when a piano tuner decides to come! And in 15 minutes he was there, took off his coat and set to work. Pong! Pong! Striking each note and making disapproving noises at their fitness, he grumbled, "You've let this piano go too long."

WE'D LET IT go. But I was in no position to argue the point—what mattered now was where would I get together \$7 to pay him? It was the day before weekly allowance and there was exactly \$1.26 in the well-worn pocket-book. With a check? My checking account—well, let's not go into that; there was nothing to go into.

While the pong-pong went on in the living room, I ran-

**HIS PERSEVERANCE WINS**



Illustrating a saga of heroic perseverance in the priestly vocation, the Rev. Brian C. Kelly, S.J., is pictured following his ordination in the chapel of the seminary at Bank-nok-khuk. Son of a wealthy merchant, his Buddhist father put many obstacles in his way. He is shown with the Rev. Brian C. Kelly, S.J., and Dr. Kevin Prassert, a leading Catholic doctor of Bangkok. (NC Photos)

**Women's Viewpoint**  
**Keats, You Kill Me**

MARIE WEIDMAN

If the poet Keats knew that today beauty is no longer truth as he once dreamily averred, he would undoubtedly churn dizzily in his flower-strewn crypt. In our times, John, old boy, feminine beauty at least seems to be at odds with truth, for by scoring the somnolent in favor of the slogan, most of us are convinced that beauty is largely derived from the fourteen day Palmolive Plan, hormone Marie Weidman cream and liberal ablutions of the ear lobes in Syran Evening Perfume at seven dollars the ounce.

We are beset by svelt individualists who from the scented fastness of their blonde mahogany salons, tell us ladies everywhere how we can manage to look like primroses newly kissed with dew. If you happen not to fancy wet primroses then you may be automatically anathematized and Even Your Best Friends Won't tell you why.

There is no room for the nonconformist, individualist or renegade in the billion dollar beauty business— in other words beauty is no longer in the eye of the beholder, it is what Lady Cordelia of the house of Glitz says it is. (Your girl friend Fanny would never fit in today, John, you star-drenched rascal.)

IN THESE TIMES we can't manage many Odes to Psyche but smart ad men and clever beauty authorities like Lady Cordelia do produce week after week, truth taking magazine advertising which delights the eye and so gently bludgeons you into buying their dazzling jars of cream.

These creams are generally like pink whipped cream with a subtle suggestion of vanilla bonbons. Applying it the first time is something of a sensory experience like having a face coated with fleecy greasy cloud.

For sheer genius though, the purveyors of hand balm feature quite the most devastating ads of all. Those well groomed young men kissing the Jerkins embowled hands of beautiful girls are bewitching. Recently these balmy amours were on a soap's "Truth" in front of Barney Castle, a Roman ruin, or just any old Continental ruin we see a coy, sweet American girl nibbling a hand smacking gallant whose only interest seems to be soft white fingers. As she smiles demurely at him she secretly breathes a swift prayer to those wonderful Jerkins people who made all this possible.

Good luck old pal Sophie and say Helena will be along in the morning for my first serving of Ryekrisp. You're just too wonderful, with your potions, glamour and ad men. Let the ages keep Keats and truth—we've got you.

There Helena takes over. Sophie rings, she becomes graceful now she'd be only a fair substitute for the Packers. Her hair gets swept up, or just swept somehow her eyebrows are lifted and there stands Sophie before you gowned in black, teetering on french heels all poised grace charm. Helena told her how to walk wear lip stick how to eat or how not to eat in view of Sophie's propensities. Thus a new Sophie emerges from her old dowdy cocoon ready to face the world.

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**Teen Talks**  
**Dry Those Tears, Susy**

By NORMA DE FREZ

You're a big girl now, that is, now and then. You're sixteen and satisfied—but not self-satisfied. Ask the lady across the street. She has often told your mother what a wonderful girl you are. At the last parent-teacher pow-wow, your homeroom teacher had only good things to say about you.

Ask the boy who sits behind you in geometry class. He would only sigh, "Stay as sweet as you are." Then ask your childhood friend— and be prepared.

"Aw, she's O.K. I guess, but what a cry baby!" How could he be!

There you have it, the truth. You see Susy, you have been so busy growing up and older but not too busy to forget that a tear, a whimper or a pout (all properly timed) work like a charm.

WHEN YOU WERE bouncing about in rompers that wait for something you wanted was expected and usually quelled with a well-directed turn of mother's wrist. Now that you are a big girl a tear in time looks more ridiculous but is none the less effective.

A little gentle hysteria leaves a gone guy and as you twirl a damp Kleenex to shreds, he nods yes to your latest whim in order to insure domestic tranquility.

The poor, martyred-me approach is guaranteed for one hundred percent results. "It's all right," you sulk. "I don't really need a luffeta petticoat. Sack cloth and ashes will do." The other old familiar routine goes like this:

"But Daddy, just everyone has a sterling silver charm bracelet. My sister had one when she was a sophomore." Father doesn't want to be a tyrant so he succumbs to your tears and watches the bills accumulate into something that looks like the national debt.

EVER WONDER what that nice lady across the street, your homeroom teacher or the boy in your geometry class would say if they could see your "demand" performance? Would they say "stay as sweet as you are" or join in the chorus with little brother who claims "she's an awful cry baby"?

Isn't it always easy to powder your nose with sunshine when mother and dad nod no but keep in mind that they may seem to be cruel only because they mean to be kind. Parents have a funny way of knowing what is good for you.

French Set Fund for Private School Aid

Renée (CIP) A fund of five million francs (\$16,000) for the education of children from poor families in private schools was established recently by the Regional Council of Ille-et-Vilaine, a Department in Western France.

The Council specified that the money may be used for expenses in religious or secular schools, as desired by the families. The Departmental Union of Family Associations was directed to supervise distribution. Allotment of money to needy families for private education is considered an achievement of a campaign organized by the Association of Parents of Private School Children.

ON BENDED KNEE Sr. Emerich Anne, the Superior of the Poor Clares in Travancore, South India, writes a heart-breaking letter. In the name of our poor and suffering community, I humbly beg you on bended knees— extend your charitable hands towards us. Due to lack of medicine and food, the sick are increasing day by day in our convent. These destitute puns are in actual need! Can you spare them ten dollars—fifty or a hundred?

EDMOND DIB Edmond is a student at the Carmelite Seminary in Tripoli. He has finished two years of Philosophy and one year of theology. To complete the three years of theology that remain before he can be ordained—he needs a Sponsor. For three hundred dollars you can adopt him—and share in all his priestly works. You may spread the payment over three years.

STILL HUNGRY You eat three times a day? Our refugees—and the priests and sisters—are lucky if they eat once a day. A Food Package doesn't last long—but even one package can be stretched over a week. Ten dollars goes fast in a hotel restaurant or club. It goes far in a Food Package. Won't you give one—or more—for our Refugees who are "still hungry"?

THE MILK BELL Mother Six—Superior of the Ladies of Nazareth in Galilee tells us that milk for children is scarce and expensive. So she rings the lower bell in the dispensary whenever the good sisters can get milk. There is not enough to go around in only children under five receive it. Their mothers stop everything to bring the children when they hear the Milk Bell. Some days the bell does not ring at all—when the Sisters have no money. Ten dollars a day will ring the Milk Bell regularly. We hope some good benefactor will ring it—for a week or a month. Will you ring it at least for a day?

A LENTEN GIFT The Book that anyone can read is the Way of the Cross. A Set of Stations—costing thirty dollars can be your Lenten gift to God. It will bring you—and many others— nearer to the Christ who died for you.

A DIME A DAY During Lent—a dime a day will total \$3.00 a month—enough to enroll you in three of our dollar-a-month clubs. We beg help for the CHRYSOSTOMOS to educate priests, the BASILIANS for our poor schools, our MONICA GUILD to supply vestments for needy missionaries and Churches. Make your dollars do great things—for God and for yourself!

REMEMBER—THOU ART DUST! Lent demands two things—Prayer—Penance and alms. Your Stringless Gift to our Refugees—your Annual Membership at one dollar or Family Membership at five dollars is the best possible alms. Send us your Lenten alms for the poorest of God's poor.

THE FOUR LAST The four last things are Death, Judgment, Heaven and Hell. If you think about them at all, during Lent, you will want to know about your Gregorian Masses. Send for our leaflet—and ask about the Suspense Card.

Send all communications to Catholic Near East Welfare Association 410 Lexington Ave. at 46th St. New York 17, N. Y.

**SATURDAY**  
March 5th  
9 to 10 P. M.  
The Weekly Holy Hour of THE WOMEN'S Eucharistic League  
St. Francis of Assisi Church  
will be made by the members of the  
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Francis Cardinal Spellman, President  
Magr. Thomas J. McMahon, National Secretary  
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**A Modern Don Bosco**  
Fr. Henry Ayrout, S. J., has eleven thousand pupils in the schools which he conducts for the poor Coptic children of the Fellahin of Upper Egypt. The Catholic Copts now number 70,000 (they were only 5,000 in 1905)... Fr. Henry is a native Egyptian of the Greek Melkite rite—who is the modern Don Bosco of Egypt. Would you like to become a partner in his work? Build a school for him (one thousand dollars) or support a teacher (three hundred dollars) or make even a small contribution for this most fertile mission field. Monsignor McMahon says that Fr. Henry is the finest missionary he met. If you want to make Converts, and save souls, here is your golden opportunity.

**ON BENDED KNEE** Sr. Emerich Anne, the Superior of the Poor Clares in Travancore, South India, writes a heart-breaking letter. In the name of our poor and suffering community, I humbly beg you on bended knees— extend your charitable hands towards us. Due to lack of medicine and food, the sick are increasing day by day in our convent. These destitute puns are in actual need! Can you spare them ten dollars—fifty or a hundred?

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**Christopher's Book Put in Magazines**  
New York — (NFC) — The April issue of Reader's Digest and the May number of Omni-book will carry condensations of "You Can Change the World" the guidebook to the Christopher's movement by the Rev. James Keller, M.M., its founder and director. With the next scheduled printing of the book in March, the number of copies in print will reach 150,000.

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**Lenten Pledge Against Drink Asked of Poles**  
Warsaw — (CIP) — The Bishops of Poland have requested Catholics to increase the period of abstinence from alcoholic beverages during Lent from the one week recommended last year to the first and last week of Lent in 1949.  
Last year's request resulted in the formation of 176 new Parish Temperance Guilds. It has been estimated that the consumption of alcoholic beverages dropped as much as 90% in some parishes during the Lenten season, the greatest decline occurring during Holy Week.