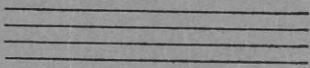
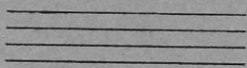


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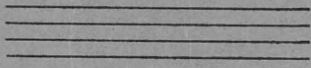
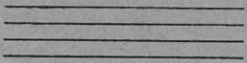
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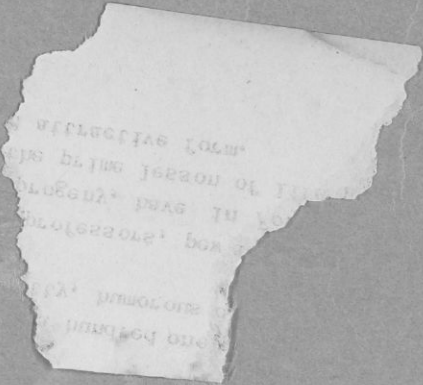
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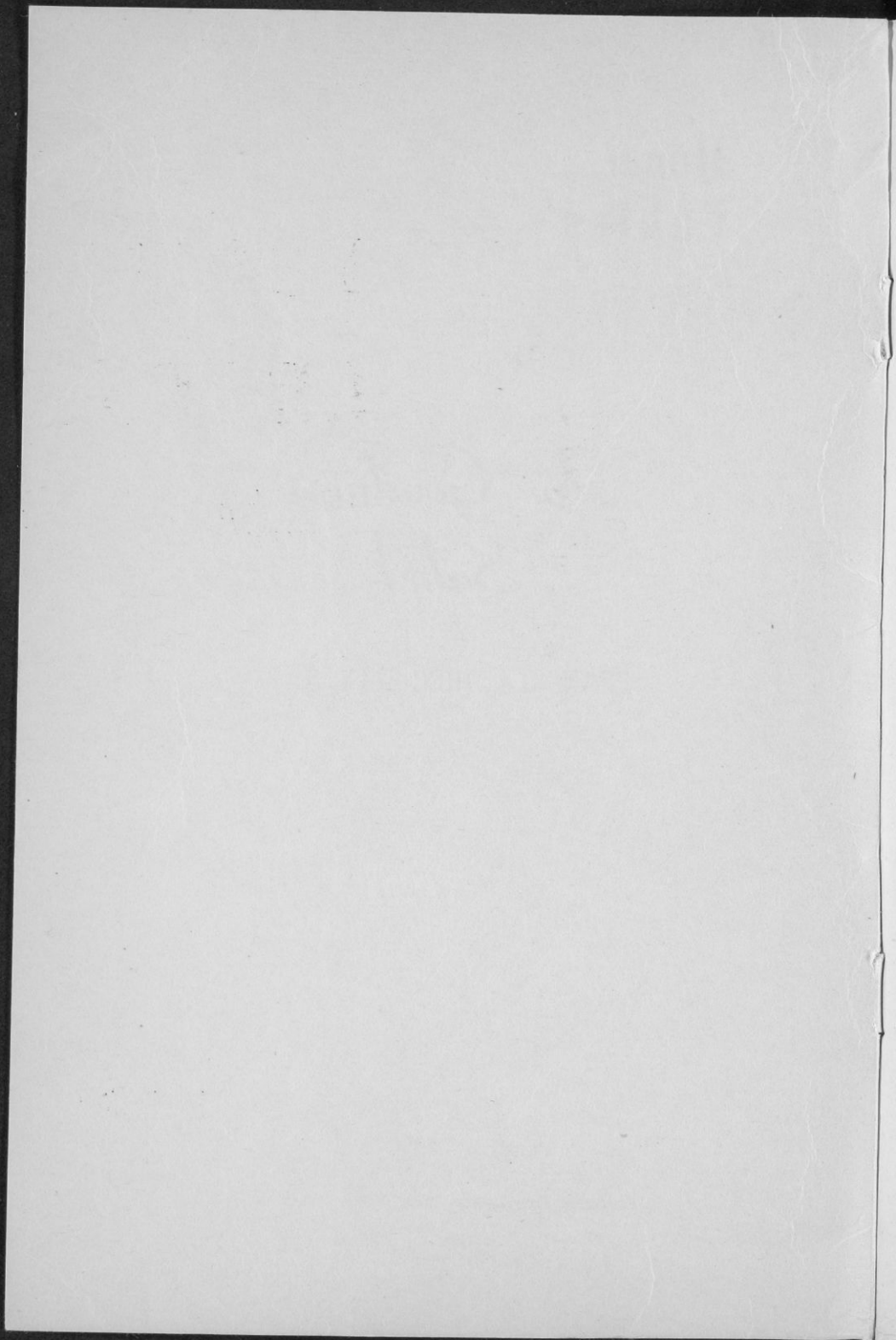
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FOR 
GOODNESS
 **SAKE!**



FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J.



**Home ...
Fables**

*For Goodness
Sake!*

By

FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S. J.

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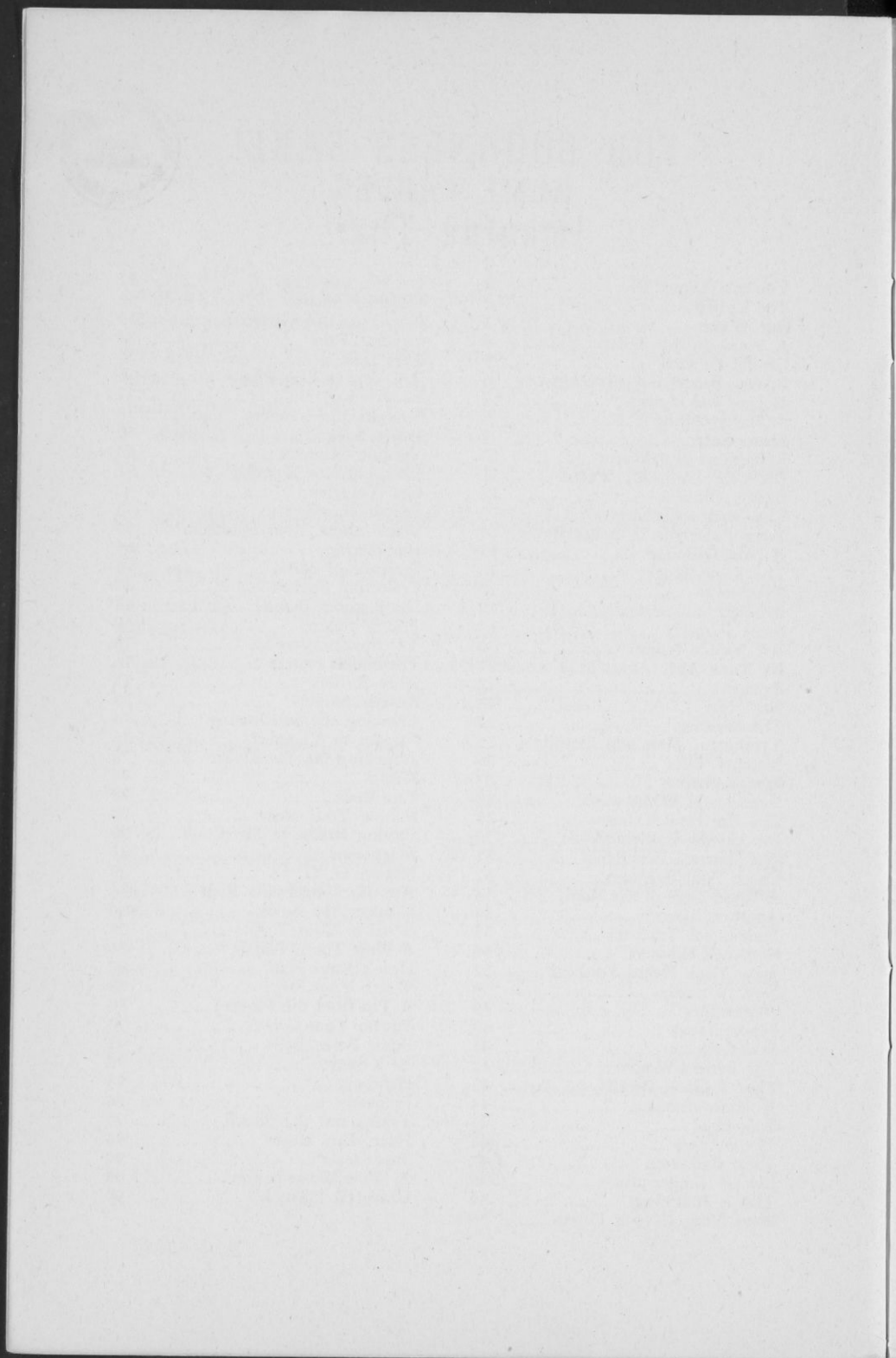
FOR GOODNESS SAKE!

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Imagine That!

"I had a dream last night, Imagination, and in it heard all about me in my room talking. I thought of the dweller in the woods who found sermons in stones. It seemed to me that every single thing had a message for me. I didn't have to take to the woods. One after another the objects in the room began to preach. You, Imagination, are to blame for all this. The whole thing is ridiculous and childish. I wish you wouldn't resort to such nonsense."

"I resent that, sir. It is not nonsense. The Imaginations may be responsible for bad dreams when people don't feel right. Then we are slaves. We, however, are good servants if well treated. There's no harm in listening to things if what they say is good. We Imaginations like to teach, and dress up old truths. Have you not heard of parables and fables and stories and miracle plays? We put the sugar on the bitter pills of good advice."

"Well, Imagination, I must try to remember what my room said, but it seems to me you go pretty far."

"Don't you remember Nathan's ewe lamb which made King David repent? What of fishers of men and lighted lamps and foundations of rock and lilies of the field and the thousand other things, which bearing traces of the Creator, can lead men to the Creator? We Imaginations have been historians, romancers, sculptors, painters, dramatists. Why should you fear we go too far when we give to airy nothings not only a habitation and name, but also a tongue?"

"I'll put down then some of these dream tales, good Imagination. They have been like Nathan and the Lord to me."

Handwritten Title

Faint, illegible text, possibly bleed-through from the reverse side of the page.

You're A Letter, Too

I had just finished a letter when I heard a voice say, "You're a Letter, too."

"What's that?" I asked. "Are you speaking to me, Letter? Do you mean to tell me that I am lines of words written in ink?"

"You have not, sir, a very high regard for the Letter family, if you think that we are nothing but ink shaped into various forms. That is what we might look like to a baby or to one who did not know the language in which we are written. It is true that we need writing fluid and words, but it is the message and its meaning which really make Letters."

"Of course, dear Letter," I made answer. "I know that you are more than paper and ink. You said, however, that I, too, was a letter. How can that be?"

"Well, sir," replied Letter, "have you forgotten St. Paul? He is the one who said you and all men were Letters and Letters written by the hand of the Lord. Not on perishable paper, not in fading ink have you been inscribed, but in characters that shall never pass away and on parchment immortal. Upon your own soul, sir, the Lord has put His message with a divine meaning.

"With every sacrament the Lord wrote by His grace your redemption, your sanctification, your glory. Yes, and He wrote lesser messages by His sacramentals. If you went away from Him, He wrote a new message, bringing you back. Some of those letters you can never erase. You will, I know, go to the Lord in Heaven and tell Him that you are not only written by Him but also addressed to Him and have been delivered."

"Thank you, Brother Letter. I wish you were going with me."

The Uplift

I was riding up in our house elevator and I was admiring the prompt and perfect obedience of the car which by a single touch of a finger was running me up to the top floor. In my enthusiasm I cried, "I wish we had everywhere such ready and complete response to duty."

"Do you really wish that?" I heard the car answer. "Why not begin with yourself? I have indeed been well and strongly built as the whole Elevator family has, but have you never noticed that every once in a while inspectors come around? They test the signals to see if I am accurate. They examine carefully the hoisting cables and if they should detect signs of wear, new cables are put in. The wires that connect me with electric power are subjected to the same thorough examination and finally all surfaces that rub another are fully oiled."

"I see, Elevator, that you owe much to your inspectors. I, however, have none."

"Says you!!" replied Elevator. "You have inspectors if you wish to call them. Have you not heard of the Particular Examen or the daily examination of conscience, or the preparation for confession? Those are casual inspectors. You have besides inspectors more like mine, when you spend a day of recollection or make a mission. Above all there is the first-class inspector, the retreat. In a retreat you are subjected to an entire overhauling of your life to see whether you are rising heavenward."

"Why, dear Elevator, I see now why in England they call you lift."

Our Watch

"Am I dreaming or did I actually hear Our Watch ticking above a whisper?"

"You are not dreaming, but you are listening to Our Watch. You usually give me a hurried glance and pay no attention to any sound I may utter. I think you are getting old and forget at times to give me aid if I am run down. When you were younger, you had a fixed time for close attention to my condition.

"Well, Our Watch, I promise amendment. Some day, perhaps, you may be wound up by radio, and I can hold you to a receiver, and then my faith in you will be seconded by good works. You will not have to become an alarm clock by loud ticking."

"A moment, sir! Faith and good works are splendid things, but they must be wound up to high efficiency by regular adjustment. What of that time-piece, that soul-watch of yours? Does it run too fast by scrupulous anxiety, or too slow by neglect? You cannot depend on radio or on a servant to keep that watch adjusted. You yourself must give the good works a careful inspection. One hand points to daily prayer, another hand to confession and another to Mass and Communion. Are they all correctly timed in your life? It is well to keep me in good condition, but I had rather have your soul watch in good condition."

"Why, Our Watch, you are a splendid preacher. Some day you must give me a mission or a retreat and help me to lose no time in adjusting my conscience, my soul-watch."

A Fountain-Pen Filler

"Drat it! There's another blot. Fountain-pen, you have not been filled and now you gush too freely and spoil the paper."

"I wish, sir," answered Fountain-pen, "that you wouldn't blame me. Have a secretary to keep me filled or have a regular time, as good secretaries have, for filling, and then you will not in your impatience be calling down curses on all my family, throwing me down fiercely or jabbing me into the desk. You yourself are doing some black gushing and blotting. There is a woeful lack of good fluid in you.

"How's that?" I asked. "What do I lack?"

"Please, sir, do not crush me entirely," said Fountain-pen, "if I gently remind you that your supply of patience is running low, and this is not the first and only time I have noticed it.

"We Fountain-pens, if regularly filled, never cause trouble. Now I have heard of a good man who every morning said to himself, 'I'm going to be kicked today, but I'm going to take it with patience!' I suppose, sir, that you have heard of Shakespeare. He said, 'Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain, let us reason with the worst that may befall.'

"Be your own secretary and fill up with patience every morning. Then your furniture won't be smashed because a button is missing; your tableware won't be cracked because the breakfast coffee is too hot or a little tepid. Your language, your looks, your little world, will all be bettered by that daily filler, patience."

"Good Fountain-pen, please write out that prescription for me, and I'll try to fill up with patience every morning."

Candid Cameras

"What's that? Do you say, Photograph, that I was posing when you became my favorite picture?"

"Certainly I say it and you need not get excited, sir. The best members of the Photograph family are and must represent their subjects posing. If your picture is taken when you have a toothache or when in anger, or frowning, that is not you. We represent then a fact in your life, but our friends, the photographers, are artists, not historians. They select out of various expressions that which is usual with you. The camera, like a mirror, reflects; the artist selects."

"You spoke the truth there, Photograph. I'd like to destroy many historical likenesses. Is it not however a weakness to pose?"

"That depends, sir. Your facial expression can be virtuous as well as vicious. The car-conductors of a railroad were ordered to put on a glad smile and live up to it.

"That was a good pose and not mere pretence. The Indian in torture is impassive; the martyr prays and even smiles. When you sir, would photograph your feelings on your face, you need not distort any beauty you may have. Be an Indian, or better, a martyr."

"Look pleasant, and that the family may know that the picture is really you, live up to it in unwrinkled brow and sunny eyes and lips. That's a picture of you which we Photographs will be proud of and which your friends will keep on the mantle-piece."

"Photograph, you are the child of a candid camera and an artist."

Book Banes and Blessings

"I'm glad you have found a voice," I said to one of my books. "I have a complaint to make against your family. Do you know that you can carry diseases to your readers. I know one who handled a greasy book and then fingering a slight cut in his nose was infected and had a bad attack of erysipelas. What do you think of that?"

"What do I think of that?" replied the Book. "I think that you do my family a great injustice if you say that Books spread infectious diseases. Your victim must have handled a book that fell into bad company. I dare say, if the fact is true, that your friend handled the only infected book-cover in the history of the world. I do not worry and neither should you at the harmful dress of my family. A little soap and water or some disinfectant will easily remove all harm. You have not, Master, noted the worst diseases my family spreads."

"What diseases?" I asked.

"I know," answered Book, "that the Book family does untold good the world over. Readers are leaders everywhere. The young who read are not in bad company, are filling memories with noble thoughts and are developing the powers of their soul.

"I sadly admit that the Book family, like your family, has its black sheep. We do not mourn much over infectious covers. It is rather the infectious contents that saddens us, when falsehoods or evil scenes and characters or bad principles and morals infect the page of degenerate members of the Book family. Ruin of soul is worse than erysipelas, but, Master, your family corrupted our Books."

Dependable Hinges

"I must have the carpenter examine the hinges on my door and have him put some oil on them that they may work better."

"I am glad, sir, that you have thought of us Hinges," came a creaky voice from my door. "For a long time I meant to speak to you, and now that you are concerned about my good health, I felt I could be silent no longer. The Hinges do not wish to be too conceited, yet I would have you know that not only doors and gates revolve by our help but also all the Virtues rest upon Hinges. You have heard of the Cardinal Virtues. Did you know that Cardinal Virtues is Latin for Hinge Virtues."

"Why, Hinge," I replied, "you certainly are a noble family. How did it happen that these virtues belong to the Hinges?"

"Well, sir, it's this way. Virtues are habits that live and act first in your soul. Our Prudence Hinge decides if the door is to open or not, that is, if you are to have some virtue act or not act. Then Justice Hinge, supposing you are to act, tells what is due to the act. Shall the door open wider or close tighter?"

"You remember how the Prodigal Son rushed from home to the pleasures of passions and pigs. Our Temperance Hinge tried to prevent his virtues from sinful pleasures but failed. Let us hope that when he came home, the Prodigal saw to it that Fortitude Hinge would revolve the right way even in fear of death. Fill the house of your soul, sir, with virtues and hand over their control to the Hinge Family, and you will find us opening the door of heaven to you."

A Martyr Moth

"Take that," I cried as I struck down a moth that had been flying about my electric light. "I am rid of a nuisance."

"No doubt, sir; I seem a nuisance to you, but I am a bigger nuisance to myself", gasped the dying Moth. "It is a vicious tendency in my nature that being a child of the dark I become dazed and even intoxicated with the flaming light. Your bulb saved me until with a roll of paper you beat me down. Let me tell you, sir, that Moths are not the only things that rush to doom, hastening to a scorching flame. You men have natural tendencies, too, and when they are not kept under control, you perish, as we Moths do. In fact, you call the tendencies the seven deadly sins. In origin they are for the good of man of sense.

"But tell me, sir, have more Moths been burnt to death than men have perished in the black and consuming flames of the seven passions, pride, envy, lust, gluttony, sloth, anger and covetousness? If you could, you would have stood at your opened window and would have struck me down before I bothered you. What of the windows through which these seven deadly monsters are coming in, perhaps to your soul! Your Gospel tells you that we Moths are not to enter heaven. You, however, may enter into the kingdom of eternal joy. I die contentedly, if I have put you on your guard against those seven mortal enemies of your soul."

"Moth, I whispered, "You are a martyr to a good cause!"

Sharp Cuts

"What's happened to you, Paper-cutter? You used to slit open letters without tearing and now look at that tattered edge you have left."

"You forget, Master, that I have been with you a long time, and I need not remind you that you have been using me for many purposes where a hammer or a saw would be better. Instead of thanking me for years of service, you abuse me. You are blunt and sharp at the same time, unlike the Paper-cutters, to whom I belong."

"What's that? Aren't you leaving your proper field and directing at me cutting remarks?"

"If I am," replied Paper-cutter; "I think cutting remarks are called for. The Paper-cutters lay open the secrets of letters but only for those to whom the letters are addressed. Now, Master, have you not with the sharp edge of an unkind tongue opened up to greedy minds secrets which you should have kept tightly sealed. Cutting paper for a message from a friend is a good and delightful work, and that's what we Paper-cutters do all our lives. The other day, however, when a crony came to visit you, I heard you hacking at many people. You were not cutting dead paper but you were tearing apart hearts and souls and revealing real or imaginary secret faults of others. And you are telling me that I am a ripper!"

"You win, Paper-cutter. I'll use that guilty tongue not to reveal but to seal what should be secret."

Reflections Of A Mirror

Oh, that's too bad. There goes my hand-mirror. Its face is all cracked. I cannot see myself the way I want."

"Well, it serves you right," came the surprising answer to my sad cry. "We Mirrors will give you good service as long as we are well taken care of. I have given back to you everything you gave to me, and I must say that you have made faces enough at me. You have searched for your blemishes. You counted the wrinkles and wondered whether you couldn't have your face lifted. I have seen you with more scowls than smiles on your features."

"But what else could I do, Mirror? You wouldn't have me conceal or deny the truth?"

"Of course not," replied Mirror. "But don't you sometimes think that you alone have the truth? When you look at your friends and neighbors, do you see them as they are or do you distort them as some of the freaks of our family do, in side-shows, making tall people short and thin people fat.

"If your friends are just like you, you think them good. You resemble the man who always looked at both sides of every question, the wrong one and his own. Once in a while reflect the views of others. Even in disputes the first thing is to admit agreement. How often have you said in your life, 'You are right.' That's what we Mirrors always say."

"I am beginning to think, Mirror, that it is I who am cracked."

Bless The Lord, All Waters

"What are you gurgling about so joyously?" I asked the Water from my spigot the other morning. "The world is full of suffering, disaster and death, and you sing away as if you were on a holiday."

"Well, Master, when I think of all that has been done for the Waters to enable us to make millions of people happy, I must show by a gleeful gurgle that I am happy. Don't you know that once I was far away and unable to do good? I was far out in the salt sea and there in all that brine I did not feel like singing. My faint whisper could not be heard in the roar of tempests and of deafening surges.

"Then came the warmth of the golden sunlight. I was the world's first aviator, and I soared aloft, joining countless companions in ever changing and ever beautiful silver clouds. Wasn't I glad it was summer else I might have been changed to snow! I should by melting then have helped the trees and grass, but I did, in my turn, help them and all fruits and flowers and grain by gathering into rain, trickling into hidden springs or swelling the brooks and rivers.

"Then you men came along and stored me in reservoirs and dug long tunnels and through a thousand pipes brought me to my friend, the Spigot. Look back, Master, on your life with its ups and downs. God has been your warming sun, and His angels have guided you here. Haven't you a song to sing? I recommend that world favorite air be, Thanks Be to God."

"So that's the song you're gurgling all day. I'll join you forever in that hymn."

Button, Button

I was touching the electric Button at my door, and as my room was flooded with light, I felt I should congratulate the Buttons on their importance in the modern world.

"You look so weak, you Buttons, I wonder whether you know what by a light touch you succeed in doing. You set lamps blazing all over the earth. You start ten thousand machines moving and working. By a touch you cook food in one corner of the kitchen and freeze food in the other corner. You pick up a slight sound, multiply its volume, send it reverberating around the globe and blare it out in a million homes. The earth quivers thousands of miles away, and you make a record of that quiver. How do you do it?"

"Thank you, Master, especially for the light touch, though you did not intend the pun, perhaps. The Buttons, however, are not much in themselves and cannot claim for themselves any glory. It is rather the great force of electricity that performs all our wonders.

"But have you considered, Master, that there is within you a more miraculous touch. A few words on a Cross opened heaven. A murmur, a sigh, a single, fleeting thought of the mind can, by divine electricity, bring the likeness of God to your soul, make you the very child of God. That power which transcends all and brings you eternal splendor and warmth and hymns of joy, is the grace of God which awaits one touch of your will to work its miracles."

"O Button, Button, I have found you truly a magician of touch!"

A Chat With A Cleaner

I was rubbing the soap briskly on my hands and coating them with a white, fluffy lather when I heard a silken voice whisper:

"A word, please, with you, Master."

"Why, my dear Soap, I am surprised and quite delighted to hear from you, especially as you are not one of the Soft-soaps. Our teacher of chemistry gave us lately a thorough study of the Soap family. Wait till I get my notes, and I'll tell you what ingredients enter into you and how you are made, fragrantly scented and neatly clothed."

"That's just what I want to talk about. Chemistry has done much for all my family, and trade competition has forced our makers to give us color, figure, aroma and fine robes. Not of all that, are we Soaps proud. What concerns us is to fulfill our purpose in life. Do we reach unclean surfaces and restore them to their original brilliance? We are proud of our family motto: Cleanliness is next to godliness. Now Johnnie's mother does not give her grimy son a lecture on the chemical elements of Soaps. She sees to it that her offspring applies a lather where it is needed, not forgetting behind the ears.

"We Soaps are lifeless until with rubbing and water we come to life in cleansing lather. I am a little long in coming to the point. I should like to ask now whether you have not been content to read about the good things of the soul, or to write sermons and books and parables even about all the virtues. You have become a preacher. I wonder if you are a practicer. There are millions who do not know the science of Soaps, but who make use of us, like a tide of which we are the foam to enable us to wash away the filth of the world. Lave your soul, Master, with a flood of the virtue which you have in your notes."

"I was right, you are not a Soft-soap. You are the one thing in the world that is always right on the spot when needed."

Finer Filaments In Better Bulbs

"How do you do, Brother Bulb? You respond to the slightest touch and fill my room with splendor. I remember that Franklin had to fly a kite in a thunderstorm to get a single spark. I remember too, when two black sticks of carbon met to shine in the first electric light which I saw many years ago, and now I can scarcely see the tiny, slender filament which illuminates everything. How do you manage to do it?"

"Well, Master, I am the result of long labor and many experiments. The filaments I display had to be prompt to respond to the slightest impulse. Only rarefied surroundings keep me from going bad and breaking away from the force to which I owe all my brilliance. My bulbous body too, must be kept from soil and dust that my light may spread abroad.

"But, Master, there are angels in our family, Spirit Bulbs. Think of them. I am easily replaced by a brother. They are not so easily replaced. Their filaments are harder to see, the invisible virtues, the luminaries of the soul. They perform miracles of lighting.

"One wish opened for a dying thief the everlasting resplendence of heaven, and alas, one unholy wish plunged another dying thief into darkness.

"Right willing must be helped by good surroundings. Then prayer and the sacraments and good reading must remove anything which might dim the radiance. Above all, you must keep the connection with the dynamo, the Light of the World, that your light may shine before men."

"Thank you, Brother Bulb."

A New Oil-Field

"Squeak, squeak." "Where does that plaintive cry come from?" I asked myself.

"I'll tell you," said a husky voice, and what was it but a vehement complaint from my Office Chair.

"You sit there and press hard on me and squirm without giving a single thought to my soreness. I have to cry out loud before I can get a drop of oil to remove the friction you cause, wearing down even an iron constitution like mine."

"I'll have some oil brought," I answered, "and I shall apply it to sore spots at once. I don't like your rasping, strident tones. I'm off."

"A moment please," said Office Chair. "You don't like my shrillness and to rest your nerves you want quiet. Before you get that oil, sharpen your ears and listen to the hushed squeaks of a hundred frictions which come from your constant pressure on every one you meet.

"Why not put oil on steely eyes, on features that grind by their grimness, on that strident voice, on your hard and harsh judgments of others? When your glances glisten with kindness, when an unctuous smile on the lips softens a heavy frown, when you make your words mellifluous with the balm of good cheer, when every thought is anointed with charity's fragrant unguent, then you will have reduced the rasping, querulous friction of life."

"My dear Office Chair, you have made me strike oil in fields I never thought of. Automobile stations have coined a new word for me, and I am going to advise the building of a lubricatorium of charity in every home."

The Time-Keepers

"What are you looking around the room for?" asked Calendar.

"So you can speak, can you?" I replied. "Your question is easily answered. I was looking for a place where I could see you well for the whole year."

"Do put me, sir, in a prominent place. I see you prefer the larger members of the Calendar family where the dates stand out. Our family is a big one, going from midgets you can put in a pocket or handbag up to giants you can cover a door with. We don't live long. A year is our span of life, but in that short time we are proud that we are of great service."

"Great service?" I said. "Why you only hang on the wall, figuring the days of the week and of the month."

"I wonder, sir, that you have forgotten how many times we reminded you of your engagements last year, and now I take up the job. What would the business world, the manufacturing and professional world do without the Calendar? Then there is school where teachers and students mark the school days and look forward to the holidays. Wherever there is a duty, there is a date, and we Calendars keep our dates that you may keep yours. Right here in the home I expect to be of service to you. There are feast days and fast days, holidays and holy days. The kitchen, the sitting-room the dining-room, all keep eyes on us. Time is one of the greatest of God's gifts, and the Calendars put order in time."

"Excellent Calendars, order is heaven's first law. This year please have me always in time and on time."

Sharpeners

"I'm afraid, old Strop, that your days are numbered. You will disappear with the spinning wheel and the buggy. What with razor blades made in millions while you wait and with tiny edges of electric razors, the old razors are gone, and you, Strop, are going with them."

"Well, sir, we can die contented. The Strops have done great good in their time, and we still hang in the barber-shops with our relatives the Hones. Have you ever thought, sir, that you have much to learn from the Strops. Who are the expert sharpeners, who give a keen edge to knives and razors and all edged cutters. Why, we Strops, of course, who give others sharpness without ourselves cutting. When you were young, sir, a Strop was used on you. No, I don't mean strap, though I don't doubt you often needed a strap. Be patient. I'll soon be gone. Did your father teach you energy and punctuality, stopping your indolence and carelessness and putting an edge on their dullness? Did not your mother bring to bright keenness your obedience, your sympathy, your love of family and friends? And what of your teachers? Did they not labor hard to make your mind keen to cut away disfiguring untruths and leave you groomed and glowing in the light of truth? If leather and canvass Strops must go, I trust the human sharpeners will continue to put the world on edge."

"Dear Strop, you are quite human, and machines must not replace you in home or school."

Eye Spy

"What are you gazing at so intently?" said Eyes to me as I was looking into the mirror.

"I am trying to find that big beam of wood which I am told I cannot see in my Eyes while I can detect a mote in my neighbor's Eyes."

"You will not, sir, find any beam when you are looking at us," replied Eyes. "It is when you look at others that your sight is not so good. Why sometimes it is not a mere beam that obstructs your vision, but a whole building or even temporary blindness."

"How does that happen?" I asked.

"Let me tell you an incident. A man not so long ago told of seeing a foolish angler handling a fish line for a whole hour and when asked how he knew, he answered that he sat there and watched the fisherman all the time. The idle spectator condemned another's folly while guilty of greater folly himself. Now, sir, it is not we Eyes who are to blame. We reported what we saw, but the spectator was so prone to condemn others and so proud of himself that he saw the idleness of his neighbor and not the false judgments and the more vicious idleness in himself. Egotism and uncharitable judgments do more harm to us Eyes than age or injury. Spectacles improve us. Sometimes years will not remove your conceit. Yes, yours, sir. You need a mirror of the soul, an enlightened conscience to detect the blinding beams which hasty judgments and self love use to falsify your truthful Eyes."

"Hereafter, Eyes, I shall not condemn another. I may be worse myself."

Some Pointers

"Oh, I've broken the point of my lead-pencil again." I exclaimed and heard a voice answering me.

"You forget, sir, when you blame the Lead-pencils that we are made up of two parts: the lead which must be soft so that we may make a good impression and the encasing wood which keeps our fragile nature from fracture. You exposed me too much the last time you sharpened me, and now you are impatient with me when you should be impatient with yourself."

"That's a good pointer," I said and began to look for my knife.

"A moment, please!" said Lead-pencil. "I think there's a better point on me than to be simply sharpened. When you took hold of me, I often wished to tell you that in some way you resemble the Lead-pencils. You also have two parts, one to work with and one to safeguard you. You have a body and you have heard that the flesh is weak. You have a soul that should be a willing, controlling spirit. If the body is too much exposed and kept apart from the soul, there is a greater loss than a piece of lead. There is ruin of both body and soul. The body must eat, but not over-eat. Human beings must love but not over-love. Every inclination of the body, good in itself, must be kept from excess by the protecting power of the soul. The encasing guardians are good companions, good reading, good places, by which the flesh becomes willing as the spirit. When you use me, sir, you should remember that you can make a carbon copy of your script. So in every act you are making a carbon copy of your life for the angels in heaven."

"Why, Lead-pencil, you are sharper than I ever thought."

Are You A Noise?

"There he goes again," I cried as I heard the heavy tread of my neighbor. "A man of that stamp should live in a cellar."

"There's some hope for you if you can joke about tramping feet."

"Pray, who are you who talk to me so familiarly?"

"I am one, sir, who is about you night and day for all your life. I am Noise."

"You are, are you?" I replied, "Well, I am going to throttle you."

"A moment, sir. You have taken a big job on your hands if you think you can hush all the Noises. You should tolerate me, not eliminate. Have you not heard the maxim, "What you are used to doesn't excite you?" A city man goes to the country, and a tiny cricket keeps him awake all night. In the city roaring trains, tooting horns, shrieking cries do not disturb him. If he were wealthy, as a famous American journalist was, he could build himself a sound-proof room in the middle of his house and banish all the Noises. No, you must forget our presence. Now you are put on edge by a leaky faucet. If you lived at Niagara, you wouldn't notice the biggest water Noise of our family. Besides the once rattling automobile glides noiselessly and the typewriter, once noisy is now noiseless."

"Ah, Noise, that is all right for machinery, but with neighbors changing, there's always a new Noise moving in."

"True, sir, and science now comes in, and makes the whispers in our family roaring bellows. Science has stepped us up to magnificent proportions."

"I suppose, Noise, I must improve my powers of distraction and step up my patience."

Be Your Age

I had just been reading one of those intelligence tests which are all the rage now and are applied everywhere.

"Does this I.Q. mean I'm cute?" I murmured aloud and the I.Q. made answer.

"Those magic letters, sir, which are branded on the foreheads of the young, tell whether the testee (Pardon my new style!) has a mental age above or below his bodily age. Take a point of information known to the average person, find out how many average young people on an average know that information at a given age. There is your standardized test. Now try that test on your victim. Does he know it? Yes. How old is he? If he is younger than the standardized age, he is a marvel; if much older, he is a moron."

"Isn't that a far-fetched and unfair conclusion from one test?" I asked.

"You are quite right, sir" replied I.Q. "We tests are not responsible for wild inferences. You test, what you test, and often one test is not enough to determine whether a student's mind has reached its proper age. One robin is not always a sign of spring. But, sir, what of your will's age? What is your V.Q. Your virtue quotient? St. Paul has a test for you: "When I became a man, I put away the things of a child."

Don't make the mistake of the testers. One act might put you among the moral morons or among the saints. Virtue, like intelligence, is a habit in the spiritual soul and may improve or deteriorate. Read a life of a saint, not for an average, but for an ideal, and try that test."

"Dear I.Q., I am ashamed to confess that I am not always my age."

Rattlers

"I must get a wedge for my room door. With any puff of wind, that nuisance of a door starts rattling. What's the matter with it?"

"I'll tell you, sir," said Door. "The matter is that when you started a fire or turned on the heat, my edges which fitted snug and close at other times have shrunk, and now I bother you during the day and perhaps keep you awake at night."

Good old Door," I replied. "I am sorry that I forgot how good you have been for most of the year, giving me quiet and privacy and all the favors we owe to the Door family."

"Thank you, sir. It is not often we Doors get praise. Like most of God's gifts we are taken for granted and rarely thanked. Now, however, that I have broken my long silence, should you not find the cause of my rattling and see how other things rattle?"

"It was when the heat was turned on that I became smaller and began to rattle. Think now whether any person or thing turned heat upon you by neglect, by opposition, by reproof, perhaps. Did you grow small? You have within you the barriers of charity which keep your tongue quiet and your lips closed. When you are crossed by act or word or even look, is not that tongue loosened and those lips parted? Does not the breath of anger bring on a rattling and even slamming. The loudest rattle of the Door is a gentle whisper in comparison."

"Yes, Door, I am at times a rattler and a deadly serpent rattler."

Ha! Ha!

"I am glad to hear you laughing, sir," whispered a pleasant voice. "It is not often that anyone laughs aloud when alone."

"And who, pray, are you?" I asked.

"I am Laugh," said the pleasing whisper. "The members of our family have only a brief life, but we do a great deal of good while we live."

"Good?" I answered. Don't you know that great thinkers tell us laughing comes from derision. Haven't you heard of people laughing others to scorn? What, too, of Scoff?"

"I admit, sir, that the Laugh family has black sheep, and Scoff is a double-dyed villain. But if some say that to laugh at is the birth of the Laugh, others more truly hold that to laugh with gives birth to the best of Laughs. Speaking of births, consider how we are born. In your mind you think that some statement or some act is going to conclude seriously, and suddenly you see that it is not. On the contrary you detect an absurd consequence attended with no pain but with pleasure. A twinkle flashes in your eyes. Your cheeks dimple and wrinkle. Your lips grow golden with a smile. From your throat echoes a merry "Ha, Ha," and your whole body rocks with mirth."

"I believe," I said, "that doctors say the Laughs give health."

"The Laughs can give holiness too, sir. When you are sore and nurse a grievance or a grudge, a grouch is about to become a gruff grumble. Then Laugh, the doctor, comes. You laugh at yourself. Sunshine floods your soul."

"That's a good one on me, Laugh. Laugh at yourself and grow holy, is the new way."

The Sneezers

"God bless us," I prayed. I had sneezed again, and I was afraid that an attack of the grip was on the way. "Please be good, Sneezer."

"I shall try to be good," answered Sneezer. "The Sneezers are not always an advance agent of disease. There was a time when people took snuff, and welcomed us because we cleared up the head, let in more oxygen and brightened up things generally. Then, as all tobacco appearances are not beautiful, so in snuffing, the looks of it checked its use."

"At any rate, Sneezer," I said, "your family is the only one, I believe, that always is greeted with a prayer, as I greeted you. I am told that the practice began centuries ago when people wished by a prayer to ward off a plague. That's something to boast of, Sneezer."

"Sir," said Sneezer. "The evil that we do is caused by germs in the nasal passages. We unfortunately are not able to remove those germs, and alas, the distance to which we drive the dangerous spray has been measured and found very large. Yet a handkerchief is a quick and sure check to the spray. I wish, sir, that there was as good a remedy for those evil Sneezers who go about infecting their neighbors with scandals and rash judgments of others. Handkerchiefs are not enough for those Typhoid Marys. They should be put in the isolation ward in a hospital. They set whole neighborhoods sneezing and spraying all with the fatal germs of back-biting."

"God bless us, Sneezer. We must all revive that old prayer, and go at once to Dr. Charity to render us immune to every evil germ."

Typing for Time and Eternity

"Good day, Typewriter. You do not make as much noise as the older members of your family, but you make enough, as your keys hammer out your message."

"Well, sir," Typewriter answered, "children make much noise when young, growing more quiet as they grow older. We Typewriters do so much good, you should not complain over much of the noise. You should rather marvel at the perfect workmanship we display. We not only have usefulness, but like the automobiles we manifest more and more beauty as time goes on. In the Typewriters you can see the perfection attained by machinery, coordinating scores of parts into one harmonious effect by the mere touch of the finger. Have you seen our giant relatives?"

"Do you refer to the Linotypes? I asked. "Indeed I have seen them and have likened them to living, reasoning beings, so wonderful is their work."

"I did think, sir," replied Typewriter, "of the Linotypes, and I also thought of a more miraculous thing which surpasses the Typewriters and the Linotypes. I was thinking of the score of virtues that come into your soul at baptism. They are heavenly powers. Accompanying them you have your natural virtues. By their united habits you type out with every act, every word, every thought divine messages, registered in heaven. Two things are needed: grace, the mechanism, and will, the typist. The intention of the will is made by a special act daily or by a uniformly good life."

"Thanks, Typewriter, I'll set your heavenly relatives to work at once."

Memory Files

"What a gloomy, unattractive thing you are, File, standing stiffly in your metal case. In offices and rooms you may be helpful, but your best friend would not call you beautiful."

"Have you forgotten your Scripture, sir? Our beauty, like that of the queen's daughter, is within. Order is heaven's first law and is one of the prime requisites of beauty, and you must admit that we put order into business, into correspondence, into memoranda."

"Why do you echo memoranda?" I asked. "Everybody knows that work of the Files."

"Pardon me, sir," said File, "you compliment everybody. Of course, we Files are social secretaries. If I may be personal, how about your memoranda? The Memory Files are the noblest in our family. Please look up A and see if your highest aspirations and due apologies are recorded. Under B, what benefits you must give thanks for and good books to read? Under C, is Church represented and cautions to be observed. D will remind you of duties and soul debts for which heaven is dunning you. E should register experiences from errors made and traced to their causes. F should have fewer faults to avoid and more favors to confer. Under G put hundreds of graces but no grudges. Under—"

"Wait a minute, File. The alphabet is long, and you have given me memoranda enough already for life. That reminds me. The angels one day will examine my Files. Then I shall be grateful to you."

Pyrographing

"Looking at you, Ink, as you come from my pen or stored up in a convenient bottle, I have thought that we are not grateful enough for all the favors you have conferred upon mankind. All the accumulated knowledge of the world has been freighted down the ages on your stream. We have, it is true, some inscriptions on stone or metal, but the information they convey is but a drop in the great sea, you, Ink, have created."

"That is very gratifying to me, sir," said Ink, "and I know that my family will be pleased to hear your praises. I wonder whether you know where we got our name. Have you heard the learned terms pyrographic and encaustic? They both mean fire-writing. Even to-day pictures or writing are made by heated points or sharp flame. The name, encaustic, was kept when fluid took the place of fire, and in the course of time we lost all the letters of our learned name except the first three and changed those three in Ink."

"What an amount of history," I cried, "in a few letters."

"There's more than history, sir, in the Inks." You are always writing upon your memory pictures of all about you. You do not let people pose as you let your friends do. One act, one word is sometimes enough to put a black sketch of them in your memory. Yes, a grievance or fancied grievance sends you back to the fire age and you brand those not of your family, your town, your race or religion in black and even pass on the hideous picture. You men also have sometimes used the Inks for evil."

"Never more," said I.

Veneer and White-wash

I heard an angry debate going on at my door.

"You are a mere pretender, Veneer. You display to the eye the fine grain of high-class wood, but you are only a show-off. You cover a cheap wood with a thin layer and pass yourself off as mahogany or solid oak. You are a cheat, Veneer."

"Well, well, White-wash, have you forgotten the saying about people who live in glass-houses. If I am a thin layer, you are a mere film. You have tried to put on airs, calling yourself calcimine and monochrome and other fancy names, but you are not even paint. You can't actually keep up appearances. You flake off and reveal the dirty wall beneath. You are a hypocrite, White-wash."

"A moment, please," I cried. "You both are good friends of mine. You both brighten up my room. I'd rather have a thin layer of fine wood than none at all, and a shining wall instead of one soiled and dusty. Don't call one another names which men apply to veneered and white-washed characters. You, White-wash, have a good solid wall beneath you. You are whitened, but not a whitened sepulchre. You, Veneer, could not long display your beauty if you were glued upon rotten wood. Neither of you pretends to be what you are not. It is different with men who 'serve the eye alone, pleasing men'. Human beings smile and smile and yet are villains. You are not that, Veneer and White-wash. You beautify my room."

"Very well, sir," chorused a duet, "we shall be seen and not heard hereafter."

The Universal Cohesive

I look around my room, and I give fervent thanks to heaven that house and room have not been blown to fragments by murderous bombs. Everything I see here holds together. Who deserves thanks for that firm union of so many different parts?

"What about us?" I heard a low voice say, "We are not iron nail nor paste nor mucilage, but look at the doors, the window-frames, desks, chairs and even all your books. We are all around, keeping your room from becoming a scrap heap."

"Who in the world are you that are such tenacious coherers?" I asked.

"That is a very fine name, thank you, for our family. We are the Glues. We indeed lead a hidden life, but as you see, we are ever doing good by holding fast in close union all parts brought together. Because of that good, and despite our hidden and humble life, I think we might teach you a lesson, as the Lord taught lessons from seeds and moths. Your family, your city, nation, yes the world, if you and mankind made use of the right cohesive agent, all would stick together. Fear and selfishness may bring about a temporary union. Perhaps the stars might tell us why they don't break up into dust from colliding worlds. However, you know a far higher bond that will clasp in lasting embrace every heart of mankind. That binding force is the ideal cohesive to which the Glues look up."

"You have soared high, dear Glue. Tell me what is that ideal."

"Charity, sir, is the bond of perfection, and God is charity and love."

Introducing the Bottle-Necks

"What's all this talk about you Bottle-necks?" I asked looking at my cough-medicine.

"I'm glad you asked me that," replied Bottle-neck. "The Bottle-necks have received much criticism and blame that they do not deserve. In the manufacture of machinery many articles are required. If one of these articles is slowed up in the delivery, our fair name has been slandered by calling that particular article a Bottle-neck. That's a libel. We Bottle-necks belong on bottles, but if people want to masquerade as Bottle-necks in an evil sense, there are better places than manufacture for this use of our name."

"Where is that place?" I asked.

"The Bottle-necks control the flow of liquid. The Eye-drop is the midget of our family, but between dribbling and deluging we pour a tiny stream. The trouble with you men is that through selfishness you use the Eyedrops where you should use a vessel. You remember that it was a cup of cold water, not a drop that was to receive a reward. Your country, your church, your kindred call for a full stream of charity, but you dole it out in minute quantities, while for fashion, food and folly where your self is concerned you call for pails. We Bottlenecks are proud to be on vials of poison, and selfishness is poison, but for love of country, church and kin please don't use us."

"Is there any place, Bottle-neck, where charity is barrelled, not bottled? If so, please order a car-load for me."

The Extreme Beautician

"Oh Finger-nail, Finger-nail, what a nuisance you are! I must be always paring you and always purging you and now, I suppose, if I were a woman, I should have to be painting you."

"Isn't that just like you?" replied Finger-nail. "You are a pessimist, sir. You see disadvantages but neglect the advantages. I admit that the Finger-nails belong to the lowest of your three natures, spiritual, corporal and vegetable. Like the hair, we grow out and die and must be cut away. But, sir, imagine your finger-tips without us. Your fingers would be almost like your tongue which has the strong barrier of your teeth for protection. We give your tips firmness and point and ability to select and pick."

"Pardon me, Finger-nail, for my woeful want of sense. The care you demand is a small price to pay for your many benefits. However I don't care much for the paint you wear for the ladies."

"I am not myself over-enthusiastic for our rougeing," said Finger-nail, "but there, again, sir, you don't look deep enough. You didn't appreciate our usefulness, and now you don't see that it is a fine human instinct which tries to give beauty to utility. Don't you remember, Lizzie, the useful auto, which became the fair Lady Elizabeth? That urge to beauty is evidence of man's likeness to the divine. Man's mind reflects infinite truth and his will infinite good, and that seeking for beauty may be prompted by vanity but it is still even in a very tiny way a reflection of divine beauty."

"You amaze me, Finger-nail. I may not get my paint, but I shall now and polish my nails, having God at the tips of my fingers."

Check Your Baggage

I had just come back from a journey and having unpacked all my belongings, "Well, Trunk," I muttered, "you must be off to the store-room. I won't be needing you soon."

"Before I go," said Trunk, "I must tell you that if you can empty me and put me out of the way, there is one of our family that you must keep well packed and with the proper address whether he is to go by freight, by baggage or by express."

"Keep always packed?" I asked, "What kind of Trunk are you talking about?"

"Have you not heard, sir, of that destination you are headed for and to which you may have to travel at any moment? Look over all your garments carefully. Some of them may be moth-eaten, and gnawed and tattered textures are not to be found at your journey's end. Every article of clothing should be well cleaned and carefully pressed. Even light stains, although there is a laundry at the terminus, were better laundried here. The rates are high at the end. Don't put any money in. You can't take that with you where you are going. Have the address plainly written and be sure that everything is prepaid."

"What are you talking about, my dear Trunk?"

"I am speaking, sir, of that last stop on the line you are now traveling. You should have as large a Trunk as you can get and have it filled to the top with good deeds. Maybe you are to start for heaven today with the Trunk of life."

A Good Turn of the Knob

I stopped a moment at my room door and was pleased to open it easily by one simple turn. The heavy door swung wide. I could not check my enthusiasm. "Well, old Knob, you do much with but little effort on my part. Congratulations!"

"I think," replied Knob, "that you are the first in the history of the world to thank a Knob. Our family is a humble one, and though thousands shake us by the hand, few pay any attention to us, unless rust has clogged our movement or unless not being kept tightly fitted, we are torn away and provoke angry protests. Yet, sir, if you listen, I can show you that the Knobs have much to tell everybody."

"Don't preach too long and I'll be glad to hear what you have to say."

"First of all, sir, we Knobs, if you give us proper care, do our work humbly and obediently. Unlike the good lady who said she was open to conviction, but defied anyone to convince her, the Knobs are on hand when wanted. Look again at what we do with so little effort on your part. We slip the catch and the big door opens to your touch. You hope to open some day the great gate of Heaven. If you take hold of the right knob, one touch will bring you into your eternal home. A good intention, a moment's sigh of contrition, and the work is done because the grace of heaven, like the well-oiled and strong hinges on your door, gives to your weakness the energy of divinity."

"Why, friend Knob, I must see to it that your brother of good will grow not rusty or loose. Neglect may rust and sin may loosen, but if that Will Knob is kept in good order, he will open heaven to the best turn I can put my hand to."

Another Allergy

"Ah, Nose, I have often looked at your shape and size and wished that I had something to say in your making. Yet I must be truthful and admit that your utility is better than your beauty. Of late, however, I have looked at you with some fear. Not long ago my dentist had his nose covered with a cloth. Was that a gas mask?"

"I too, sir," replied Nose, "am worrying. The germs of infectious diseases are seeking for openings to get into the body, and our family is strongly suspected of being the secret way for the enemy to enter. That situation was bad enough, but now not germs only but also many harmless things breathed in bring about asthma or develop a rash. Have you not heard of allergy?"

"Yes, I have been told that I was allergic, Good Nose, but what does that mean?"

"It means that you are sensitive to the pollen of plants and get rose-fever or hay-fever, or that feathers and even the printer's ink on your newspaper or other things may give you asthma. There are however worse fevers to which you are allergic. What of race-fever, or place-fever, or neighborhood-fever or even family fever? Don't you choke, unable to speak? Is there not fever in look and word and act? Some pollens work the whole year round. To what is your disposition allergic?"

"To many things, I'm sorry to say. For the future, Nose, I will not stick you into things where you don't belong."

Thumb-tack Teachers

"I think that I would make a good teacher," said Thumb-tack to me one day as I was pinning a Calendar to my book-shelf.

What makes you suppose that?" I asked in surprise. "I'll admit that you are a very useful person and that you make things stick, but have you not heard that knowledge makes its entrance in blood?"

"I have heard that old phrase, and I confess that knowledge is often gained by more than sweat. Yet even if I am not a brad or a nail or a spike and even if a gentle pressure of your thumb drives my keen and tiny point into even tough wood without a sledge-hammer, still I think Thumb-tacks would qualify in home and school as competent teachers."

"I'd like to see you prove that, Professor Thumb-tack," I urged.

"Well, sir, it is true that the Thumb-tacks are not as elaborate as an automobile or airplane. You will find, however, two things in our family, which are found in all good teachers. Those necessary qualities are point and pressure. The mother in the home and teacher in class, if wise, will not try to give a post-graduate course in kindergarten. The lessons should be short and pointed. Novelty for interest is to the point. Unprepared and trite teaching does not penetrate, especially in young and distracted minds. Then that point should be driven home by pressure, gentle but repeated, and the point should be tested to see if it sticks as firmly as the calendar I am fastening for you."

"Thumb-tack," I cried "you surely are a good teacher, and all homes, schools and normal colleges should take courses in Thumb-tackology."

Hardened-Skinners

"I was looking carefully at my hands and comparing the hardened skin of the palms with the tender back of the hands, and I could not help exclaiming, "Why do people speak in contempt of what seems a blessing?"

"I'll tell you, sir," replied Callous. "You notice that we have hardened your skin where it should be hardened, on the palms of the hands and on the soles of the feet. These are parts constantly in use. If baby skin remained on palm and sole, you could not use hands or feet without constant pain. The Callous family is not to blame if we are said to be where we should not be and where we really are not."

"You say that looks or words or hearts are Callouses. That is a libel on our fair name. We never are found with true charity or well-founded sympathy. Perhaps if sympathy became too sensitive and turned into sentimentality, our family might help. The conscience should have no dealings with us. The doctor, especially the surgeon, is a friend of the family, and, alas, the soldier puts us on as armor. We sometimes sit in with the judge when he gives decisions. Where duty is to be done despite feelings, then the Callouses are properly invited. Most of all, sir, when you are struggling with a disappointment, when ignored, when a failure, send a hurry call for the Callouses and let us cover your tender sensitiveness with a hardened skin."

"Calling all Callouses," I cried. "I have just failed in an examination."

Have You Heard Yourself Yet?

"There you are, Records, bringing to me the music and songs of the world recorded in the tiny marks on your black disks. I am going to put in your collection my own Record. I was in the room of the teacher of good speech in our college, and he asked me if I wished to have my voice recorded. Of course I agreed. The Record is now on the way, and I am looking forward to enjoy many renderings of my own voice."

"I wonder," protested Record, "if you are going to get much enjoyment listening to yourself. Many persons have refused to believe that the voice which all recognized, was their voice."

"I can hardly believe that, Record," I said. "How could that possibly happen?"

"Have you not heard, sir," said Record, "that 'know thyself' is one of the wise sayings of the world. You are not affected by what happens all the time, and you are, you must admit, a little prejudiced in favor of your own acts and words and thoughts. You do not listen to yourself and do not detect the faults in your voice until we give you a photograph of your high shrillness or low roughness or of your monotonous tones. We make Records too in your memory when you fall into a fault you have condemned in others. You have yourself been more or less addicted to the fault and then years of life or vivid acts put on record for you your own shortcomings. The next time that you are about to condemn another, start a memory Record going, singing the songs of "You too" or "You're Another".

"I see, Record, that there's a sharp point to that needle by which you bring us your music and song and even sermons."

New Wrinkles

"See here, old Wrinkles, there on my face, I saw some time ago a great artist's picture of an old woman paring her finger nails. I was offended by the signs of age. The picture was so life-like and such a vivid reproduction, in which I saw all old people, that even you Wrinkles, seemed glorified. Why am I concerned about the furrows you have traced on my countenance?"

"Certain it is, sir, that art can make even the ugly beautiful, but you will have to go to some learned professor for an explanation. Here and now, I should like to show you how we Wrinkles can be made attractive even outside the land of fiction and in the world of fact."

"Do that, Wrinkles, and I'll bless you and not blame you."

"First of all, sir, you should know how we are made. Some of us come from worry or anger or pride. The fore-head Wrinkles and hated nose Wrinkles are often ploughed on your face by lack of confidence, of patience, and of humility. Age, however, fathers most of us Wrinkles, and your face could be like a gargoyle even without our presence if shadows instead of sun-light peep through us Wrinkles. On the other hand you might, like the stain-glass window of a saint or a sage, let your ripened experience and kindness and sympathy glorify the Wrinkles you abuse. You wouldn't want your face to be plump and as lacking in character as a child's. Lift your face from gloom and grimness, not by the knife of the surgeon but by the halo of holiness."

"Wrinkles, I have thought of a still higher lift. Maybe if I climb up to Thabor, I shall be snowed upon by divine splendor and find it good to be there."

Megascopes

"Have you heard, little Microscope, of your giant brothers whom I suppose we shall have to call Megascopes. Your lenses have been of immense service in delving into the secrets of nature. The curious eyes of science are never satisfied. The telescope spans unbelievable distances and anatomizes in its observatory the gigantic make-up of ever farther stars. So science in the immeasurably small looks ever for the enlargement of something smaller. What do you think about it, Microscope?"

"You are right, sir, about our new relatives whom you call Megascopes. We Microscopes magnified perhaps a hundred-fold or even a thousand-fold, but I have heard that the Megascope magnifies even a hundred-thousand fold. We Microscopes will not retire yet to the noses of the short-sighted. We have still our place. Light, however, with which we work, cannot find its way where electrons can. Electrons can fathom the minute and then come back with a picture, as sights across the ocean can be put on the wings of electricity and present to you here the original picture. Pardon, sir, this learned discussion. It is more helpful to consider how Megascopes can turn from molecules to men. Some one has wisely said of human actions 'To know all is to forgive all.' Moral Megascopes will lay open to you the full history of what you find hard to forgive. Charity and life are more piercing and revealing than electricity. Try the Megascope on that one's words or acts which now gravel you."

"I want a Megascope, Microscope. In the greatest possible crime, the Crucifixion of the Man-God, Infinite Vision said, "Forgive, they know not what they do.".

Supercilious?

I was lifting my eyebrows while giving my looks a supervising glance on the way to the day's duties, when I heard a voice whispering in my ear, "I hope, sir, you are not supercilious."

"So you will talk after all, dear Eyebrow," I said, "and are you not, as slang has it, rather high-brow in using such phraseology as supercilious."

"You are laughing at me, sir, when I use the word which the Latin Eyebrows had as a family name, meaning the eye-lid. We receive a great deal of attention these days in private or public beauty shops. We are clipped and plucked and shaped and tinged with befitting colors, so that when people lift the Eyebrows, we shall be worth looking at."

"Yes, but supercilious, Eyebrow, is not a nice word. Do you think I need to be warned about that?"

"When I say take care of your health," replied Eyebrow, "I do not say you are ill, but I warn you. So now I ask you not to use us Eyebrows for unworthy purposes. If we are lifted in questions or in wonder, we are not distorted or ugly, but when lifted in scorn of others or in any other manifestation of pride, we grieve for the loss of beauty. Pride has never yet opened a beauty shop. Vanity has a beauty-shop in every home. Vanity looks to self; pride lords it over others. We Eyebrows are grateful to the beauticians, and we do not care to be used as an expression of haughtiness toward others. The one who said in the play, 'When I open my mouth, let no dog bark' was supercilious."

"I need more humility, dear Eyebrow, to look up to others, or at others and not to look down upon others, disfiguring your beauty."

Sandpapering

"Smooth surfaces are very good, and much of life's friction were best removed by a little oil on the bearings. Still there are times when some roughness is in place. There you are, Sandpaper, hanging conveniently nearby just when I wish this match to break into flame."

"You are very good, sir," said Sandpaper, "to recognize and acknowledge the usefulness of our family. To light a match is perhaps the least of the favors we do for man. The carpenter often takes me in hand. The good painter applies me to rub out stains before he applies the new coat. Stains showing through a new coat of paint condemn the inexperienced dauber. We, Sandpapers, are a curious lot. We not only remove the rough by our roughness, but we are also made up of two sides, one rough and the other smooth. In that respect we respect we resemble some people who bring a bad name on the Sandpapers."

"Human Sandpapers?" I cried. "Explain yourself."

"Are there not many who forget that what is smooth inside may be rough outside?" replied Sandpaper. "You don't see your face; others do. A young boy at school was strengthened in his vocation because he saw smiling faces every day in his religious teachers. Their eyes, their noses, their voices did no sandpapering of others, no matter how much they sandpapered themselves. Of course where conduct was rough or the mind rough through ignorance, they became true and charitable Sand-papers, and their pupils finding things running smoothly were grateful - at least after some years."

"I see, Sandpaper, that your human namesakes start other things blazing besides matches."

The Perfect Blotter

"I'm sorry, Blotter," I said. "I must throw you away. You have been a friend and helper for a long time. Now, however you are covered with black stain and you are old and ragged."

"Well" said Blotter, "that's fine. I die in peace. I guess you are the first one in history who ever thanked Blotter and lamented his death. The Blotters do not mourn. Their vocation in life is to absorb black ink and so keep writers from smearing their page or their hands. Please, sir, do not bewail our fate and think of the finest members of the Blotter family, who remove black stains without leaving a trace on themselves or on the surface to which they are applied. Good-bye, sir."

"Wait, Blotter, tell me of those miraculous Blotters."

"If all the seas were ink," replied Blotter, "was part of a boyhood jingle."

"In that case the surf of that ink sea would be as white as snow. When water or ice is made into dust, the tiny particles reflect the white of the sun. Now there is a more wonderful miracle when you go to your confessional. There is a Blotter who removes every stain without staining himself. Haven't you God's word that all sins become white as snow? Imagine all the print here to disappear and the paper become again shining white. That's what happens when the perfect Blotter goes to work on your soul."

"Thank you, Blotter, when ever I use you, I'll think of your perfect relative. In fact I have need of the Perfect Blotter just now."

Take A Good Breath

"See here, Breath; I've noticed that you are running short on me as I go up-stairs. You didn't use to do that. Is that a sign that you are going to leave me soon?"

"Not quite, sir," said Breath. "Perhaps you are eating too many sweets and are putting on too much flesh, or may be you need more exercise. We Breaths are always ready to help you. We fill the room about you and are pressing to enter your lungs generously if you keep in good condition."

"I'll try, good Breath", I answered, "I could not do without you."

"I am afraid, sir," said Breath, "that you are mostly selfish in our regard. We are glad to go down deep into your lungs and bring you oxygen to put red blood into your veins and carry away impurities. Have you thought, sir, that in our humble way we could lead you to a better Breath? A great Cardinal made prayers of inspiration and aspiration. They are the better Breaths. Why do you not do that, breathing in prayer and breathing out contrition and so renewing the life-blood of your soul? Breathe in God's gifts in humble acknowledgment and breathe out gratitude for every favor. The good Breaths don't like to enter foul places. If we are sometimes bad or brief, you are to blame. Good books, good companions make good Breaths fragrant and delightful. If conditions are very bad, there is the Doctor Confessor to stop that."

"I think I shall have to see the Doctor. I do want to take a good Breath."

Window-Cleaning

"The light in my room was not what it ought to be and glancing over to the window, I saw the reason. "Look," I said, "at the Panes. They are all covered with dust. No wonder I can't see."

"Sir," the Pane made answer, "you'll soon have a stained-glass window, and it will not increase your devotion. If the light is dimmed in your church, and you can't read, at least you can have pious thoughts from the sacred objects depicted in the great windows. My looks do not seem to have awakened any piety in you, but, sir, before you condemn the Panes for the faults of the window-cleaners, why don't you look nearer home and do some window-cleaning yourself?"

"What window-cleaning?" I asked. "Your remark is not wholly transparent and resembles your present condition."

"So you think the matter is not serious," replied Pane. "You are not much different from others who see dirt everywhere else, but not in themselves. You have eyes, sir, and a mind, and they can bring to your spirit light and splendor or mistiness, obscurity or even a black-out. What about your reading? Is it illuminating or is it darkening? You spend hours with news-papers or cheap magazines, and you expect the sun of heaven to reach you undimmed. You read slanders about your church. Do you ever read books answering them? What of lives of saints as a change from stories of criminals. There's plenty of God's sunlight in books. Try window-cleaning in your soul."

"Thank you, Pane, I see better already."

Caoutchouc

"You look fine, Rubber-bands, " I said, as I opened a new box. "It is a little hard to arrange you, tangled up there, and when I take one of you, a number of others come along. You do not, however, cause me much bother. Rather, you are a great help to me with packages, cards, and papers. You did well to change your name from Caoutchouc to Rubber."

"Thank you, sir", said Rubber-band. "I have made more changes than in name since the day I came from my native tree, and, after many treatments which you will find described in learned books, I am now in your hand ready to serve. We Rubber-bands are not a little proud of the way in which we can give and hold together what we embrace. In these days when scientists everywhere are trying to make me cheaply in the laboratory, I have thought to ask them to manufacture Rubber-bands for the hearts of men."

"That's a new one," I said. "Heart-bands! Do you mean love?"

"No", said Rubber-band, "I mean sympathy. To visit the sick, console the afflicted, and indeed all the works of mercy begin with sympathy. Sympathy stretches out and clasps the suffering. It gives and it holds as we do. Rubber-bands can grow hard and snap. Sympathy keeps hearts tender and does not allow the embracing bonds to harden and break apart. Selfishness vulcanizes the heart of man. The Rubber-bands who come from a tree, recommend a tree of sympathy".

"I know what you mean, Rubber-band, the Tree of the Cross."

The Rockers

"You're getting old", said Rocker to me. "Formerly you did not come to me so often. When you were fatigued, I soothed you a while until you were up and doing again. Now, however, you spend many hours with me. Rockers are the habitual resort of weaklings and of the old. The young and vigorous despise Rockers and indeed all chairs."

"Isn't it the truth?" I answered. "Perhaps the young had so much rocking as babies that they keep away from you Rockers until they enter second childhood."

"I'm glad you mentioned those valuable members of the Rocker family, the Cradles", Rocker answered. "They are probably the busiest and best among us. For another reason, too, I'm glad you mentioned the Cradles. Do you know that there are babies born daily within you that must be rocked to sleep? Some one around you by an oversight brings to birth a little pique. It begins to cry. You do not rock it to sleep. It grows up to an abominable insult. An earnest debate begins to become personal. 'Hush hush, rock, rock! If you don't, a pygmy difference of opinion increases to a giant war. Don't wait till your soul-nursery is filled with a pandemonium of shrieking cubs. Rock, rock! Remember, too, that mother often sings a lullaby, accompanying the Rocker, to put her babe to sleep. You have a lullaby that you mumble daily but do not chant it within the nursery of your soul."

"What is that Cradle-song, Rocker?" I asked.

"Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us", said Rocker.

Table-Radiators

"You are a docile and useful friend, Radiator," I said when I adjusted the temperature of my room to meet the coming of a cold wave. You never complain when I turn on the regulator or turn it off or leave it at the half-way mark."

"I am grateful, sir," said Radiator, "for your kind appreciation. I wish all were as kind. Let me say, however, that you give thanks when you are the adjuster. When some one else controls the temperature, then there is trouble. The weather in the home-town is pretty bad at times, but never as utterly bad as elsewhere. "How is the climate there?" a home traveler was asked. "They have no climate!" was the answer, "only weather!" In winter you want the good old summer time, in summer you sigh for the bracing winds of winter. "Yes, there are two hotels there," said the directing Irishman, "but whichever you go to, you'll wish you went to the other." You men are not as adjustable as we Radiators, especially at table."

"How's that, Radiator? Please explain."

"Well, sir, haven't you met the eater who always wants the dish not on the bill-of-fare? Or wants it done as others did it. Mother never knew she made such good cakes until it was too late to tell her. This bird is not a centipede, said the landlady carving the turkey. Jack Spratt and wife should come together to every meal. Turn on the approval of what you have, with real warmth, not with a smile above and a kick under the table. Introduce into the dining rooms of the world our Table-radiator, Patient Politeness."

"Send me one of the largest size, Radiator, so that we may have grace before, after, and during meals."

Eternal Finger-prints

I was looking curiously at my finger-tips and marveling at the fact that in them I had something which was more than race, family or even name. There have been thousands of my name and race, but even in the whole human race it would be hard to find other fingers with the same features as mine.

"Finger-prints," I exclaimed, "you belong with the seven wonders of the world!"

"Yes, sir," replied Finger-Print, "I am yours, patented by nature and copyrighted. How often since you were a baby has the skin of your fingers been renewed and peeled off, but there I am when the new skin forms, the same old finger-face. Whatever else may change, I am yours."

"I believe," I said, "that only recently the Finger-prints have become important."

"That's not quite true, sir," replied Finger-print. "Our family has long been of use in endorsing documents of trade and of other things. We are more distinctive than the cross that illiterates mark for their signature. We Finger-prints identify saints as well as sinners, and I should like to remind you that there are more wonderful imprints on your soul. Character, in its first meaning was an etching, and when you practice virtues, you trace in your soul habits which are photographs. While you do that, if you at the the same time bring in as you can, the grace of God, your Soul-print will be yours and also Divine. The image of God will be etched in splendor, as the image of the sun flashes back in every hue of the world."

"Why, Finger-print, you grow poetic. I hope to see you still with me when my body come to me glorified. For that I must send more Soul-prints to the Department of Eternal Justice."

This Is Alarming

"There goes my alarm-clock, breaking in on my sleep and hurrying me out of my warm bed to the cold room and to the duties of the day. In some places the authorities are trying to hush the din of modern life. Away with all this noise!"

"A moment, sir," cried the Alarm of my clock, "we Alarms are not unnecessary noise or useless. We are benefactors of mankind. We awaken you not only to your daily duties but also warn you against the approach of danger. Your body needs rest. Yet if you are not rudely awakened, you may through sloth neglect your obligations. Then there are the Burglar Alarms for outside thieves, and I recommend you introduce a Burglar Alarm against inside thieves. You must have an income and food, but you need a warning against avarice and gluttony. Along the street you hear the siren horn that an ambulance is coming. If the way is not cleared a human life may be lost.

You must have self-respect and also emulation to equal or even surpass others. Then hear the Ambulance Alarm against deadly pride and envy that have strewn the streets of history with their victims, among whom was the Son of God Himself. Again, gongs screech out, and all vehicles stop or hurry to one side. That's our Fire Alarm. The danger is greater and the Alarm is more insistent. Now in all men there are insistent impulses necessary for the preservation of the individual and the race of man. These impulses, when abused are anger and lust."

"Then I need a whole set of Alarms," I said.

"No", replied Alarm. "A good conscience is your Alarm, and the occasion of sin calls for a loud warning against danger."

Have Your Glasses Fitted

"I could not do without you, Glasses, but still I must confess you are something of a nuisance. I misplace you; I break you; I am forever shifting you to fit my face or having my eyes tested for a change. I have often wondered what our forefathers did when I see to-day even babies using you where formerly only grand-parents did."

"Perhaps, sir," replied Glasses, "some of these early uses are only for a time to correct a weakness of sight. No doubt, as in every instrument for good, there is abuse, but honest oculists are the rule and prescribe for your weakness, not for their wealth. I should recommend, sir, that one branch of the Glasses family should have a far wider use."

"So you, too," I answered, "are on the make. What is this wider use?"

"Truly I am on the make, not, however, for more money, but for better men and women. You see many with colored glasses, tempering the glare of the sun to sensitive sight. Did you ever as an altar-boy borrow a crystal from a candle-holder and then through them saw the world edged with rainbows? What of red Glasses in the soul to bathe life in rosy hues? What of green Glasses not for envy but to make the world a flower garden? And gold Glasses to search out veins of precious metals in foes as well as in friends, what of them? Of course there is evil abroad and sorrow, and for them I recommend dark Glasses, which will veil faults in forgetfulness, or shadow your soul with sympathy. Most of all, you will need the Glasses of truth which will merge all colors into white glory, dispelling all falsehood."

"I am off, Glasses, to be refitted and to get a supply of soul Glasses."

On His Last Legs

"Well, well, my good Chair, you stand like the poet's tower, 'four-square to all the winds that blow'. You are not unsteady. You are better than an airplane. You have a four-point landing. What should I do if these props I sit on were loosened or if one or other were lost. I would crash, perhaps, not far but of course not pleasantly. More power to all the Chairs!"

"Those are kind words, sir," said my Chair in reply. "You never before were so enthusiastic about me and never so concerned. I am especially pleased that you noted my steadiness. Have you, sir, taken notice of that distinguished member of the Chairs which young and old, high and low, indeed all mankind sit upon. That Chair you and everyone should test to see if it rests squarely on four firm legs."

"You amaze me," I answered. "Pray, what Chair is that?"

"I speak of the Chair of time and eternity and of the four sound props upon which it rests. There is death which must come. You know not when but you keep prepared. There is judgment that ensures right living. There is hell which holds you firm despite all temptation. Finally there is however the consoling hope on which you rely when virtue is hard and living burdensome. Those are the four legs of our greatest Chair, the Chair of all humanity."

"My dear Chair, I had often heard of many things being on their last legs, but I never imagined that my soul had such four stout supports."

Unselfish Spoons

"What are the directions? Ah, one teaspoonful every four hours! You Spoons are measures of medicine and purveyors of food. You perform your humble duties very well, taking the place of soiled fingers which the savages use in eating."

"So you know something of our history?" said the Spoon. "I am afraid that you think of yourself only and not of the unselfish life the Spoons live. You bless us when with smacking lips and gurgling satisfaction we help you to sing with your soup. Did you ever, when young, add your nickel to a companion's nickel and order a plate of ice-cream with two Spoons?"

"Now the Spoons are more than instruments of greed or improvements on savagery. Think of the Spoons that mother used for you when a babe. Those are golden Spoons. Father fashioned for you silver Spoons by his years of toil when you grew older. Alas, brothers and sisters too often use the brass Spoons to feed self instead of the more precious Spoons that in works of mercy feed the hungry. Have you been ill and had the nurse come to visit you sick and give you the food you were unable to serve yourself? That is the diamond-studded Spoon of our family, especially when the nurse is mother. Please do not think only of medicine or hygiene when you consider us Spoons. Think rather of our lives of unselfish devotion."

"Bravo, Spoon! Civilization may have created you, but love has canonized you. You had better get a shovel for me."

Install an Angelic File

"Where is that letter?" I muttered. "It should be under D. Files, are you failing me?"

"Don't be hasty, sir, in your judgment," Files replied. "You do not give every letter to the care of the Files. You know that some letters should be destroyed rather than kept forever. Of course for messages concerning business or money transactions one cannot be too careful. On the other hand there are many things which were better flung into the fire than filed. Long before we Files were housed in fine metal containers and even before we occupied humbler homes in paste-board boxes or rubber bands, there were Files among Men."

"What kind?" I asked.

"Haven't men memories?" said Files. "The memories of men are the spiritual brothers of our family. Some of those Files we admire, but others we disown. Centuries ago the Spiritual Files adopted as theirs the guiding principle of the Scriptures, 'Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor, let it die within thee, trusting it will not burst thee.' Alas, the Satanic Files do not let slander die. They keep it alive; they make it blacker; they publish it to the world. How proud we are of the Angelic Files, who store up the good things said of the neighbor and resurrect them from the dust and proclaim them from the house-tops. The Angelic Files of memory are much fewer than they should be."

"Put me down, Files, as installing in my memory one of your Angelic brothers."

General False

"There's mathematics," I said to Geometry the other day. "All mathematics, as you Geometry, draw general conclusions without disturbing anyone, but when I say, 'They're all like that', I am told that I should not generalize. You do, why should not I?"

"Well, sir," said Geometry, "the cases are not alike. You pass judgment on people, and I pass judgment on lines and planes and solids. I can know all about such things. You cannot know all about your fellow-man. I deal with things that are all alike, but men are all different, not perhaps in body but in soul, in experience, in education. Again my subjects do not vary they remain ever the same. Men never remain the same. Finally, you often draw a general conclusion from hearsay or from one incident, while I make no statements except from evident facts and from all incidents."

"I see that, Geometry," I answered. "Why, however, all this fuss about generalizing?"

"Have you forgotten history, sir? Pilate had generalized saying, 'Am I a Jew?' And generalization led to decide. The priests of Judea condemned all Galilaeans, and that generalization led to plots, to betrayal, to perjury, and blasphemy. The Galileans said no good could come from Nazareth and almost ruined a vocation. The Nazaraeans held that sons of carpenters could not be much and drove Jesus from His native city. Generalization about the next-doorers have multiplied slanders and perpetuated feuds. General False leads a large and deadly army."

"Geometry, you reason well. I'm quitting the army of General False."

Talc Talk

"Say, Talc, how did you get that smooth touch, leaving a delightfully smooth enamel on my skin?" I murmured, as I was powdering my face after a shave.

"That is an acquired touch, sir," replied Talc. "We Talcs are not born smooth. Like the greatness of which your Shakespeare speaks, smoothness is thrust upon us. We are sometimes called the Soapstones, and before we are made into velvety snow, we are stones. Because of our texture free from great hardness, we Talcs have often been favorites of sculptors. I could tell you of the beautiful forms."

"I am not interested, Talc, in your sculpture," I replied, "I can't rub a statue on my face. How did you become smooth and gentle?"

"I'll tell you sir, and I think a touch of Talc can be applied in many places you haven't thought of. Our stony nature has to be subdued. We are crushed to powder. When heated, we become harder; when pulverized, we become soft. It is the last state we esteem. Now, sir, I think that when something even lightly crushes you, you harden. Humility is a near relative of the Talcs. It has no rasp in voice or look. All the grit has been ground out of men when they get rid of stony pride and take on a gentle smoothness which charms everyone they get in touch with. For disappointments, for envy, for failure of others to acknowledge your regal greatness, apply the Talc of humility to your soul."

"Hereafter, Talc, I will not be so hard on others."

Are You An Easy Chair?

I had been on my feet for quite a time, and with a sigh of relief I sank into my rocker with its cushioned back and seat. "I have found a friend and a benefactor with whom I can take my ease," I cried.

"It is about time, sir, that you showed a little gratitude for the years I have served you," spoke up Easy Chair. "You are not as complimentary as others."

"How so," I asked. "Who has been complimenting you?"

"None other, sir, than the great and illustrious John Henry Cardinal Newman. He said that the Easy Chairs were gentlemen. Read what he states in his *Idea of a University*. 'A Gentleman is like an Easy Chair.' That is the nicest thing that has ever been said of our family."

"Where is the likeness?" I asked. "That statement seems a bit far-fetched."

"Is it?" replied Easy Chair. "A Gentleman, declares Newman, is one who never inflicts pain. He doesn't jar or jolt, clash or collide. He is always considerate of others more than of himself. I need not go on. You see that Easy Chairs are gentlemen. Do we cudgel you instead of cushioning you? Do we punch or do we pillow? Are we rocks and not rockers? When you came to me a little while ago, had I reared like a bucking bronco, I hate to say what name you would have called me. Get some cushions and springs. Provide yourself with soft answers. Remove all jars and jolts. Be like the Easy Chair. Do unto others what you would have them do to you."

"Tell people to call on me, Easy Chair: 'I'm going to join your family.'"

Look It Up

"Come here, Dictionary," I said, "I must verify the meaning of a term which I have just applied to a person."

"Very good, sir, I'll be glad to help you," answered Dictionary. "That's what we are here, for. We try to give the exact meaning of every word you hear or see. You spoke of verifying. I recommend the constant and every day use of that term. When there is a dispute and a debate, you stop much useless arguing, if you and your opponent look up and verify the meaning of the words in dispute. To verify is to establish the truth of anything."

"Thank you, Dictionary, and now do return to the place where you stay."

"A moment, sir," cried Dictionary. "You spoke of a term applied to a person. In that case you should do much more looking up and verifying especially if the term is an unkind one. Is the term one of guilt for the person spoken of or is it guile in the speaker? Is it a fault or false? The scientist will experiment for years to be exact. The thinker will test every statement before he pronounces judgment. Now, sir, when you hear a word against another, do you look it up, or rather dress it up and pass it on without verification? If it is a crossword puzzle you count even the letters and verify the meaning; if it is an accusation, you gulp it down, closing your eyes and holding your nose. The Church takes fifty years for a canonization, how long do you take for vilification?"

"Dear Dictionary, I'll be no longer the Devil's Advocate, but I'll be a Promoter of Canonization, looking up and verifying before I repeat a charge."

Straight-edge Rulers

"There you lie, Ruler, always rigid, always producing straight lines, always measuring exactly in inches, half inches, quarter inches and sometimes even smaller fractions of inches. I admit that you are a help on occasions, but most of the time you remind me of sticklers, martinets, rigorists and the like."

"I'll admit, sir, replied Ruler, "that our family has been called names. To be useful the Rulers must be exact, must have a straight edge and must be made of rigid material. Transfer all those qualities to those about you, and you will find their characters are not always attractive. Please don't blame the Rulers because men make themselves unfair imitations of us. We are the instruments of science and must be minutely exact. You men are dealing with other men and are dispensers of virtue."

"You will tell us, however, that you must be just, and justice is blind and relentless. You are speaking, sir, of court-room justice, of punishment fitting the crime. Now even in court, justice is tempered by equity and is often slow to act. There is other justice everywhere. If the road is narrow and straight, it can have light upon it and be lined with gardens and palaces and lead to the gates of heaven. Justice can wed mercy, as God's word tells you. We Rulers too are not always measuring wood and paper. We measure silks and satins, and milk and candy. Justice is not always blind but has kindly, smiling eyes and metes out gratitude and forgiveness and mercy and all virtues."

"Dear Ruler, I know now that Rulers can be human, measuring out love as well as law. Hereafter when I look at you, I shall liken you to the Supreme Ruler Who as Man united Infinite Justice with Infinite Mercy."

Heart-Song

"See here, Heart, you should not be throbbing so violently. I know the doctor gave me a scare, but that is no reason why you should stop your regular beat. The doctor warned me to take care. Why should that disturb you? Yesterday too when I met with a disappointment, or was it a rebuke from some one, you pulsed furiously. I had almost to lie down to get back to normal rhythm."

"You said it, sir," Heart made answer. "I have a rhythm, and you once in a while break it up and give me trouble and even pain. Despite all the requests I made you, you will not let me sing the song I love to sing, the song that keeps me contented, beating time to a hymn of happiness."

"A hymn of happiness!" said I quickly. "That's just what is good for me and you. What is that hymn?"

"Go to the old and experienced who have faith. They know the hymn. The changes of weather, the loss of money, weakening of health, disease, even death, do not disturb those Hearts. They have not forgotten the Our Father as you seem to have. They know that there is a Divine Providence governing all persons and things from the huge stars to the smallest hair on your head. The members of the Heart family who sing the song "God's will be done," they do not pound pell-mell in their breasts at any trivial event. They beat in unison with heaven and eternity, not fluttering or jumping, but forever chanting, "God's will be done."

"Dear Heart, I'll apply the stethoscope of faith and let you sing no other song."

Vacuum-Cleaners

"There once was a time," I murmured, "when dust was displaced, not removed, except for what a dust-rag drove into eyes and nose and lungs. Now the Vacuum-cleaners have come, in large size for the floor and carpets and in smaller sizes for corners and for books in the library. I salute you, Vacuum-cleaners. How do you do it?"

"I'll tell you, sir," said the Vacuum-cleaner. "The air presses down on all sides. Remove the pressure on one side, and at once the air presses on the other side and pushes all before it. The barometer has a vacuum above its thread of quick-silver, and when the pressure increases or decreases the thread will rise or fall. The Vacuum-cleaners are not as handsome as barometers, and their columns of dust are not as bright as quick silver. Release the pressure, and the air will do the rest. That's our family secret."

"Thank you, Vacuum-cleaner. I must go. An empty-head I see is a blessing in your case."

"A moment please, sir, I am advertising a new member of our family. There is an immense amount of dust and dirt in the minds of men and women. Evil tales, exaggeration, scandals, faults, blacken the hearts of mankind, and, as in old days, all that dirt is not put in the ash-can but scattered upon other hearts to soil them. Now in our new midget, the Soul-Vacuum-cleaner, charity creates the pressure, and all the evil stories are swept away and carted off to the city dump."

"Send me, Vacuum-cleaner, the best Soul-Cleaner you have."

Wooden, Not Wooden

"I was gazing about my room, noting book-shelves, doors, desks, chairs, and I thought that I was not grateful enough for it all. "Thank you, Wood," I said, "you are a solid and enduring friend."

"It is about time that I heard from you, sir," said Wood, "and while I appreciate highly your gratitude, I wish to enter a vehement protest against a slur cast by many upon my family. A man is called a block-head and is described as wooden. Those terms imply a fault. Wooden should be a complimentary term."

"Well, after all, Wood," I protested. "Your whole family, though very useful, is very set in its ways. You take a certain form and you hold on to it as long as you can."

"That's true, sir," said Wood. "Note however that to be wooden is a virtue in us, but the term is used to describe a fault in man. If we did not keep our destined shape, we should be as fluid as water, and you don't build houses of water. By the wise builder we are given our shape to fit a good purpose, whereas the one you compare to us is unwise and persists in a course which no longer is good for its purpose. Even we are discarded if we fail in our purpose. Stubbornness, obstinacy and cussedness persist in wrong. Virtue, resolution, martyrdom persist in right. Please, sir, don't call the self-willed wooden. Call them mulish or pig-headed or any other opprobrious name."

"I'm glad to hear your sensible protest, Wood, and I hope that I shall never meet anyone to whom I ought to apply any of these horrible names."

Get Together

"Mucilage," I said one day to my desk companion, "You are a very useful and accommodating fellow. I don't know what I should do without you. When I cry 'Stick 'em up', you know I am not a bandit but a friend who needs your help."

"It gratifies me very much, sir," Mucilage made answer, "to be of assistance and to have that assistance so handsomely acknowledged. We Mucilages and our allied families, the Pastes and the Glues, are generous benefactors of mankind. Think of the stamps, the letters, the packages where the wrappers are safely held by stickers, replacing cords. Think of all the books in the world which are aided by us. Alas, that we cannot do a more necessary and more glorious work of bringing together."

"What work is that, Mucilage?" I asked. "Should you not be satisfied?"

"Indeed I am not," Mucilage made answer, "and I never shall be while any two people in the world who should get together stay apart. Don't you know families where husband and wife, brothers and sisters, refuse to stick together. The adhesiveness of marriage, of blood, of race and religion do not suffice. Why even the smith, who makes his metal molten and welds two ends together with heavy hammers, has an easy task compared to him who tries to bring divided individuals together. Why don't you and all men use and apply a divine adhesive, a million times more beneficial than we Mucilages?"

"What is that, dear Mucilage?" I asked.

"It is love of the neighbor, charity. You need a large supply of that sticker."

Pillow Punching

"What are you pounding me for? Why do you bounce your head from side to side on your Pillow? We Pillows are not doctors. Have you over-eaten? Have you strained your neck with excessive curiosity or have you butted your head against a stone-wall?"

"I have often abused you, friend Pillow, and I am glad you have censured me. I shouldn't take it out on you if I am out of sorts. Perhaps I do need a doctor, not of body but of soul, and there you Pillows cannot help me."

"Don't be too sure of that. 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.' Have you hung up your crown of cares in your closet before retiring? Do you fear for the future? Do you fear failure? You can take it. You have other strings to your bow if this string snaps. You have other and better eggs in bigger baskets. Settle your head deep upon the downy Pillow of Patience, a member of our family of whom we are all fond."

"I really do need the softest Pillow of Patience, but it is the past more than the future which has made my head a bouncing ball. What of that, dear Pillow?"

"So you did not come up to your own expectations, and in your pride you sulk. Even if it is remorse for sin, don't forget St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Augustine, St. Mary Magdalen. They turned from sin to sanctity and were all the more gentle with others because of their own fall. Our Pillow of Mercy whispers, "Go, sin no more" and on your other side Pillow of Patience whispers, "God's will be done". Please then stop pounding your poor head."

"You, dear Pillow, are the best of soporifics. Now I lay me down to sleep."

What About Your Spectrum

"Good morning, Sunbeam. I see that you are faithful in your daily duties. You paint the world with all its colors. You reach into the springs of life, imparting health and vigor, and you wake the world to work. You come into my room, chase away the darkness, and reveal to my parted eyelids the familiar features long wrapped in the shades of night. God bless the Sunbeams!"

"Amen! You are good to give God a blessing for the daily favors which so many take for granted. You have described well my art, my hygiene, my friendship. Have you forgotten my science? How with the proper instrument one single ray of the Sunbeam can be spread into the rainbow, the paint tubes I use. That is our spectrum. Don't you recall what our scientists call absorption when they see dark lines streaking the rainbow and tell us that they are the shadows of different elements which would not leave a black mark in their place if only they were incandescent. Not to bore you with too much science, tell me have you ever used a spectroscope to study the spectrum of the Divine Sunbeam within you?"

"What are you talking about, Sunbeam? Spectrum of the soul, what's that?"

"You know that there is an Orient on high, a light of the world, which illumines your soul and is reflected to others. If that Divine Beam of your charity is analyzed, has it dark lines of prejudice, of coldness, of hate, marring what should be unflecked in splendor? Use the spectroscope of a retreat, of good reading, of a moment of serious thought."

"Sunbeam I'll use that spectroscope that I may have a continuous spectrum of charity without absorption bands."

Hammering

"There, now, Nail. That last tap has driven you in and fastened you securely. I am becoming a better hammerer every day. Once I used to hit my thumb or finger. Now my eye judges right, my aim is true, and my arm swings confidently when I come down, Nail, upon your head. I hope you don't mind my boasting."

"Of course I don't mind. On the contrary I am glad you have become accurate. Now I am not bent or broken or driven in crookedly. That's the way you treated many of my brother Nails before you became an expert. Put your hammer back in the tool-box and lock up with it or rather throw away another hammer you too often wield."

"Another hammer? Explain yourself, Nail. It is only on you I bring down a hammer."

"Oh, no! It is not only on me you use a hammer. You pride yourself on hitting a Nail on the head, but sometimes you hit a head and not a Nail. We Nails have hard heads. We were meant to be hit and hit hard. But what if a head shows itself above the level in business, in a profession, in writing or speaking, do you say, "There's a head, hit it. What right has that one to be better than the rest of us?" Then do you hand out hammers to all your cronies? No, they have their own, and the anvil chorus is played with ghoulish glee on neighboring heads. Keep on hitting Nails but stop hitting heads."

"Splash. Do you hear that, Nail, I have thrown into the deep sea all head-hammers, from tack-hammers up to sledge hammers. Goodbye, Nail, I'll be hitting you."

Presence of Mind

"There, I have put my pen-knife in my key pocket and my key in my pen-knife pocket. What a nuisance you Habits are, mixing me up in this way!

"Are you sure that we Habits are to blame? Do you know how many of our family live with you? Your heart and lungs and digestion have their powers from nature, and they worked when you were a baby and work while you sleep. You must only keep them in good order. We Habits are different. You trained us to walk, to talk, to think, to do a thousand things. Sometimes we become automatic, second nature, as it is called. However, we never become wholly automatic. You must watch your step occasionally and your tongue and thoughts always. Go over every action of your day and you will find a host of Habits obeying your every wish."

"That's most true, Habit, and you have been such loyal friends that I should not blame you but myself. But why did I make that mistake?"

"You were absent-minded. The humorist gave you the extreme of that fault in the man who put his clothes to bed and hung himself over the back of the chair. Animals are trained by impressing on their memories a series of pictures. Their tricks follow the remembered pictures. They have but few tricks. You have however very many Habits. We often follow our pictures, and you must keep your mind present and not absent, or the lions may eat up the trainer."

"That reminds me, Habit, that I should not worry about pen-knives and keys but about my prayers and pious practices that they may not go astray."

Collecting Stamps

"There, Stamp, I have licked you well and pounded you firmly on my letter. I hope you'll stay put, as my old teacher of chemistry used to say."

"I shall be glad indeed to stay put and carry your letter safely to its destination, but would not quiet pressure rather than hard pounding be easier on me and more pleasing to your neighbors?"

"Pardon me, Stamp. I should use my fingers more often than my fist. Now that I can talk to you, I would like to ask you about stamp-collectors. I save stamps to help missions but I am no collector."

"Yes, you are a collector, a philatelist of the most precious Stamps ever issued. Three things are needed to make a member of our family: first an image, then something to stick, and lastly the cost price, depending on the distance and speed and value of our contents."

"You mean to tell me, Stamp, that I collect adhesive images for distant carriage?"

"Certainly. Don't you remember the One in Palestine, who looked at a coin and asked, 'Whose image is this?' You have stamped upon your soul an image, a divine image, when you were baptized. That image was firmly fixed by a virtuous life. Habit is the adhesive of the soul. The sacraments imprint the image, and the virtues make it stick. If the value of us Stamps depends upon distance and contents, then the Divine Stamps have infinite value and carry you to an endless distance."

"Good Stamp, I am going to look at my collection at once, but you need not bring the mail-collector and mail-carrier for a while yet."

Do Pictures Picket?

"Good morning, Pious Pictures. I have not been paying much attention to you lately. I hope you are not offended. I have just thought of a jingle which the Picture family might use as a slogan. 'Pious Pictures Picket Places'."

"We Pictures are grateful for your good intention, and your kindness helps a little to make up for your neglect of us. Your slogan, however, will not, I fear, meet with enthusiastic approval."

"Why not, Picture? Don't you and yours, like persistent pickets, dispell evil thoughts that might enter?"

"Well, in that sense we are partial pickets, but the Pictures do not simply carry a sign, 'Unfair to God', and let it go at that. Pictures are positive prompters. See, you have got me coining slogans. Pictures attract customers. They are bright neon signs to lure wandering and evil or worthless thoughts into that cathedral which heaven would have you build within you. There are other Pictures which are a disgrace to our family. They erect palaces of evil in the soul. Maybe in that way we Pictures picket the paths to perdition and prevent passers-by from entering. I may say with pride that we Pictures are more than neon signs. We are the stained-glass windows, the altar lights that would have your soul a sanctuary of a hidden God."

"Pious Picture, you're a perfect picket, preventing perdition and a propaganda for paradise. I must know you better, a truly moving Picture."

Flat or Sharp?

"You are hoarse this morning, Vocal Chords, and I am sorry for that. I wanted you to speak up to-day and this is the time you go back on me. What have I done to you to treat me in this way?"

"I too am sorry to fail you at this time, but surely you cannot hold it against the Vocal Chords who have been speaking and even singing for you during many years that we are occasionally hoarse. We do not like hoarseness any more than you, but we are not to blame nor are you. Through a cloud of sneezing or in some other way you and we have picked up germs. Colds, you know, are infections, and it is hard to avoid them on every occasion. There is however something you could do for us, something good to yourself as well as to everybody else."

"What is it, Vocal Chords? I am ready to do a favor for friends like you."

"In that case give us Vocal Chords some music lessons. You do not always strike the right note in conversation. When people sing, they can be flat or sharp or just natural. There are times when you make us Vocal Chords growl. For some reason you are out of sorts and you make us grunt in people's faces. We are flat. Then again you may be impatient. You put an edge on us. We are sharp with everybody. Do you suppose we like to be flat or sharp when we could be natural and have every sound we make harmonious and pleasing? Take some music lessons for your soul and let every word you utter be a song."

"My good pastor, Vocal Chords, is a fine singer. He might give me a lesson in harmony, where he tunes us up in the confessional."

The Sparkling Spout

"What are you gurgling about, Spout? Or should I call you Faucet? The water you gave me was at first a little rusty, but when you let it run a while it cleared up and became cool and sparkling."

"You may call me Spout, Sir. The Faucets are the stylish members of our family. I prefer to remain a Spout for several reasons. One reason is that I more quickly cough up any rust or sand which may soil my crystal streams, and another reason is that Spouts give more generously than dainty Faucets."

"Well, good-bye, Spout. You surely have been bright and generous to me as always. I shall not fail to say a good word for you to all my friends. Everybody should bless the Spout which pours out in profusion pure beverage. So, good-bye."

"A moment, sir. Do you know the human Spouts? They drench the world with streams that are not always pure and disinfected. Our streams clear up promptly, and we never poison unless our reservoirs are poisoned. What now of the human Spouts? Some never have a bright, healthy flow. Their reservoirs need sunlight and disinfectants."

"Why, Spout, what are you talking about?"

"I refer, sir, to the vocal Spout which heaven gave to man. Is its stream blackened by dirt and poisoned by an evil heart or does it refresh every one by its clean and blessing waters?"

"Spout, give me a mouthful of that crystal and celestial liquid."

The Soular System

"Good morning, Sunlight. What a friend you are, driving away darkness, reaching to the roots of the world's vegetation through mysterious forces, vesting leaves and flowers with a host of colors, gently parting closed eye-lids of man-kind and inspiring everyone with energy for the day's work! What a mystery too! Scholars have severed the tissue of your beams into the rain-bow and have found in your hidden shadows the secrets of the stars. With ever keener instruments men have tried to fathom your nature, and still they are baffled by dark ignorance of your beaming radiance!"

"Why, sir, you have actually become lyrical over the Sunlights. You join the company of the poets who gave us rosy fingers or in sacred hymns likened us to a bridegroom in vesture of gold with golden smiles and shining eyes. With your poetic enthusiasm you have me doing it too. But, sir, you yourself have a light still more wonderful and more mysterious."

"And pray, what is that light, dear Sunlight?"

"It is the light you have just used, the Spirit-light. You marvel that I am transformed from dark, sluggish matter into the whitest and swiftest of beings. I busy scientists, but you are a laboratory, a hot-house, an intricate machine-shop, a moving-picture theatre, a school with as many courses as you have memories. If I, a Sunlight, pass from black to white, from heaviness to lightness and speed, your Spirit-light goes from dead matter to life, from life to vision, from vision to knowledge, from knowledge to the wide wisdom of the soul, and with the help of grace from spirituality to divinity."

"Thank you, Sun-light. You have brought me a heavenly dawn."

Holy Rollers

"So you won't roll, Castors?" I cried as I tried to move my bed, which after a few squeaks come to a dead stop. "There are four of you. Don't you remember the jingle you have often heard, 'There are four corners to my bed; there are four angels at the head. Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, do bless the bed that I lie on! You are not acting, Castors, today like angels or apostles.'"

"Please, sir, don't press too hard on us, Castors. Did we not serve you well for a long time without a word of thanks from you? Now instead of putting a drop of oil on rusty and dusty bearings, you resort to abuse and go to heaven to voice your complaints. We are glad you did not go below in your impatient words. But before you blame us, examine your own bearings. Do you roll smoothly, promptly, silently?"

"What's that, Castors? You mean to tell me that I have wheels?"

"That's just what we do mean. You and every man, woman, and child must move around. You move to work or play, to reading or study, to meals or sleep. Husband or wife, children or parents, in avocation or recreation, all of you must roll from one thing to another. When others want you to start, do you let out a squeak or rather a squawk? We should like to wager that your bearings in some cases are encrusted with clogging rust. Get us Castors a drop of oil and don't abuse us until you roll as you should."

"Castors, I am ordering the oil of prompt obedience and the glistening lubricant of charity to become a holy roller."

Rubber-Stamps

"What a great convenience you are, Rubber Stamp! One little tap and I am saved the trouble of a hundred or more scrawls from an unsteady pen. I have known teachers who are supplied with a whole collection of Rubber Stamps that they apply aptly and speedily to the work of their students. Go back to your place now, my good friend, and be happy that you always are doing good."

"Before I am stored away, sir, could I have a word with you about the Rubber Stamps and allied families?"

"Of course, dear Rubber-Stamp, I am glad to hear from you. I haven't been introduced, have I, to the allied families?"

"Oh, yes, you have, sir, but before I speak of them, let me rejoice with you in all the good we Rubber-Stamps are able to do. Most of our work is mere business. Banks, rail-road stations, post-offices, and trade in general keep Rubber-Stamps employed. I am much interested in the use your teacher friend finds in us. I hope he wears out that one of our family which bears the message, 'Very good.' But the allied family you don't seem to know, although you use those Rubber-Stamps far more often than you use us. Have you a pet aversion? Is everything or everyone stamped at once as a Jew or a Jesuit, as a Red or True Blue? Are you like the extremely impartial man who always looks at both sides of a question, the wrong one and his own? Such stamps save you the trouble of thinking, but they are not made in heaven. Now put me away gently."

"Very well, Rubber Stamp, but order for me that spiritual stamp, 'All God's children got wings'."

Chewing and Swallowing

"Please, do stop biting that lead pencil. We Teeth do not mind grinding away on a bit of tough meat, and occasionally we bite a thin thread for my lady seamstress, but the board of a lead pencil is not the kind that we were made to live on."

"Well, well, Teeth, you have often helped me to talk, but this is the first time you yourself have talked. I am sorry for the bad habit I have of gnawing at lead pencils. I think that will be all to-day."

"No, sir, it is not all I have to say. A student of a foreign land, when asked what impressed her most in America, replied that it was the great number who were chewing without swallowing. Those are the people who gum up not only the works but also the world. They should have boxes for chewed chicle, as there are boxes for used razor blades or for tuberculosis phlegm. We Teeth were not made for that kind of chewing."

"But, Teeth, I do not chew gum which comes in sticks and goes back to other sticks. Will that be all?"

"There is one thing more. I have noticed that you too do a lot of chewing without swallowing. You read a good book, perhaps a life of a saint, you hear a good sermon, but after a brief mastication, you throw away examples and lessons. You chew but you do not swallow. You do not make strong your soul by changing thought into the blood and muscle of virtue."

"You have not proved false, Teeth. I promise you I'll swallow what we two have chewed."

Clipper or Clapper?

"Snip, snip, clip, clip. Have you no other music, no other song, my dear Scissors, except that one refrain as you cut your way through paper and cloth? Your family are mostly nice dressers, and the smaller you are, the more daintily do you dress. What a difference between the huge, black shears and the shining bright midget that nestles in my lady's hand bag!"

"That tune, sir, which seems to bother you, is no more boring than the breathing in and out of your lungs, a discord by night and a gentle rustle all day. That is your life, as 'clip, clip, clip' is our life-work. When we can no longer do that, we are buried in the ash-pile. But, sir, aren't you yourself a snipper, a clipper and even a chopper?"

"So, Scissors, you are cutting back at me, are you? Well, I'd like you to know that I do no clipping."

"No? You see me, don't you, with two bright blades and two keen edges? Now in every human being there are two blades forever clipping. There's the sharp edges of disappointment because one has not, and the sharper edge of envy because some one else has. Think of poverty and wealth, of rags and raiment, of low place and high position. 'They have; we have not,' that is the 'clip, clip' of human blades, a tune that ground the guillotine to a deadly edge and has sharpened the swords of war. Leave history; go to your own town and home, and hear those blades in business, in politics, in every gossip, not cutting cloth but shearing characters."

"Scissors, teach me how to be not a human clipper, but rather a hand-clapper."

Adjusting the Time-pieces

"Tick! Tick! What a monotonous song you forever sing, Little Watch! All your life you keep up that ticking without change of pitch or change of time. Don't you ever get tired humming the same two notes in the same way?"

"No sir, I do not grow weary of my sweet melody. 'Tick, Tick' is like the 'Throb, Throb' of your heart. You don't call that song monotonous. You don't wish your heart to know a new tune. Instead of wishing to have me change, you should take care that I never change. Keep me clean. Keep all my works well adjusted and every day see that I am correct and set me right by the radio. Instead of worrying about my tune, listen to the ticking within the heart of your heart."

"Why, Little Watch, you don't mean to tell me I need adjusting?"

"That's just what I do tell you. Have you no pet grievance, beating time within you to that horrible discord, 'I'll get even?' That is the ticking which voices on the lips, 'Hiss, Hiss', for those near. Put the microphone of nations to that ticking, and you hear the 'Tramp, Tramp' of armies, the 'Boom, Boom' of bombs and the 'Crash, Crash' of toppling cities. Add a line or two more to that song if you're humming it. 'I'll get even? Oh, forget it. Leave to heaven what's indebted'. Or learn a shorter and sweeter melody for neighbors, for all mankind. 'May God bless you'. There's a broadcasting station, A.M.D.G., in the corner of the Church. Adjust your inner time-piece there."

"God bless you, Little Watch. Don't tick too loud when I say, 'Bless me, father, for I have sinned'."

Misfits

"How easily you slip on, Old Shoes! I remember well when I first forced you on my feet. You were stubborn and stiff. You chafed; you creaked. My feet seemed all corns. I thought everyone was looking at me as I picked my way gingerly along the street. Now, Old Shoes, you are as gentle and quiet as one snow-flake falling upon another. Bless you!"

"You have long been looking down upon us, and now you begin to look higher. If you look still higher, you will see that Old Shoes can be teachers as you tread the ways of life."

"You have quite a staff in your school. Where shall I go? To Professor Upper or Professor Heel, to Professor Lace or finally to Professor Last?"

"You wish to poke fun at Old Shoes, and yet we are the living proofs of the old proverb, 'Custom dulls the edge of pain. The new is often a nuisance'. Pardon me! Levity is catching. For the city man on vacation the cricket is an alarm clock. The country visitor jumps at the automobile siren and longs for the morning rooster. New brides and new grooms are new shoes, and they don't always travel together without chafing and creaking after the honeymoon. The cat and dog were long in being domesticated. What of your new boss, your new teacher, your new job, your new neighbors? Think of the day when we Old Shoes were new, and be patient. Custom will make pain a pleasure or be at least an opiate. For the inhabitants Niagara Falls makes less noise than the splashing, not to say, singing, in the neighboring bath."

"Thanks, Old Shoes. I have been trying on some misfits lately. With your help I will break them in before I break out."

Face Red?

"No, my face is not red. I have, dear Blood, outgrown the youthful practice of blushing. I don't put my thoughts in rubrics, as the poet said, for universal comment. You have just peeped out in a drop or two where I had a little cut. I am glad, Blood, that you are still with me, but I need not advertise the fact."

"I really am ashamed of you, friend. After all when you get into a heat, you are asking me to do more than to blush. The Bloods are not only flushers; they are heaters and life-givers. Color, warmth and life, those are the gifts which we Bloods pour out upon you and upon all. Perhaps you cannot have too much life, but you can, as I plainly see, have too much warmth and the high flush of anger. Speaking of anger, I wish that your anemic will was coupled up with my stream, then you would have the hue and warmth and vigor of meekness and not the chill and pale deadness of no virtue, nor on the other hand the fever and frenzy of unbridled rage. The Bloods now are proud that they can be stored away and kept ready to be poured into diseased or impoverished veins? Don't you think your soul needs a transfusion?"

"My soul a transfusion? Aren't you a little feverish, dear Blood."

"No indeed. The noblest member of our family has been stored for centuries on the altar. There Divine Blood will give you warmth, color and life."

"Had I a mirror for my soul, Dear Blood, I would see it red with shame that I have not oftener had such heavenly transfusion."

Follow Your Nose

"I have just enjoyed an old conundrum: What Nose can hold all the snuff in the world? You, Nose, may have heard the answer; No one knows."

"That's a pretty old pun. Nowadays hardly one Nose in our family uses snuff. Fashion and habit multiplied our persecutors until soiled handkerchiefs and smearing dust gave offence first to my lady and then to my lord. Now only drug-fiends persecute us."

"Congratulations, Nose, on the daintiness and virtue of your family. Maybe a feeling for beauty will take the cigarette smoke from the ladies when walking and send them back to grandma's pipe when ugliness is no handicap. But, Nose, your family hasn't a very good reputation. You are said to stick yourselves into everything."

"That's a libel on the Nose. People have likened curiosity to us. Dogs sniff out everything, and we resent being compared to blood-hounds. Curiosity is the instinctive appetite for knowledge and truth, but like all appetites it may be excessive or defective; it may have a bad purpose or bad object. If we smell the bad odor of a book or of drunkenness, if we act as fire-alarms, sniffing smoke, that is a curiosity which will preserve any cat. If some people in pride hold us high as if inhaling the stratosphere and wrinkle our beauty in hatred, that is not the fault of the Noses. Become saints and all men will canonize us."

"I do so at once, Saint Nose, and hereafter when I follow my Nose, every one knows I am on the road to heaven."

Putting Brains to Sleep

"I like to pet you, Pillow. I want to encourage you to continue helping me to rest after the toil and troubles of the day. Last night I must have upset you, tossing as I did from side to side."

"Really I thought you would never stop pounding, not patting as you do now. I sympathized with you, and if that worry continues, I shall have to tell you how to get members of the Pillow family for your brain besides Pillows for your head."

"Can you do that, Pillow? Are there really Pillows for inside the head as well as for outside?"

"Yes, there are, though I don't expect you be an expert manufacturer at once. First, then, get a cover. There is one of velvety softness. The fabric is scarce, but if you are diligent you can obtain a supply. That cover is woven by Patience. The filling is more important even than the cover. You collect the softest feathers of a rare bird, the downy petals of a strange flower and at least one flexible hair of your head. You seem to have hairs to spare."

"That is, Pillow, a strange upholstery. Aren't you tricking me?"

"No, indeed. Don't you remember One who spoke of the birds of the air and the lilies of the field and the hairs of your head, and told you that God took care of those trifles and much more will take care of you. Patience outside and trust in God inside that is the Pillow to rest you all day as well as all night."

"I'll make a Patient Providence Pillow at once, and with the proper mattress and springs of the right upholstery I'll sing as a lullaby, 'God's will be done'. So inside my head I shall always have a refreshing rest."

Morticians of Gossip

"Why do people, dear Ears, trick you out with jewels? Is it to distract eyes from the face? Now if it was to reward you for your good services, Ears, I would grace you both with pearls or diamonds."

"Don't bother about the jewels. They are for us Ears like your slippers. They should be called lobe-rings rather than earrings. Our life is not in lobes or outer whorls, but in the wonderful web of receivers and transmitters through which the broadcasted sounds of the world come to you. You may vote us Ears jeweled medals if you pay particular care to the messages we bring you and bury what should be buried."

"Bury? I don't understand. Tell me I want to pin medals on you Ears."

"So you have never heard the saying, 'Hast thou heard a word against thy neighbor, let it die within thee, trusting it will not burst thee'. We do not like these stories, often in low whispers, against the neighbors, and we are only relieved lest we blow off your head before the stories die and are buried forever. Martha was afraid that the Lord's nose would be offended by Lazarus' decaying corpse. Bury deep all putrefactions we were forced to hear, and welcome the good stories, the kind words, the grateful thanks. They never putrefy or turn into explosive and foul gases. We Ears wish to hear what we can parade with banners and bands and cheers and not be undertakers, pardon, morticians, to dead bodies not always promptly buried."

"Dear Ears, I have at once become a grave digger and have ordered heavy stones with R.I.P. on then for evil stories. May you never again be a mortician."

Station G. O. D.

"Hello, Hello! Who is broadcasting S. O. S. so insistently?"

"It is your Radio. There is a station which has been trying to get you a long time, but you will not dial to it. So I have myself made up my mind to get you."

"I am sorry, Radio. I surely am glad to hear from you and to praise you for your great work. You are busy all day, bringing me music and song, directions for all parts of my home, sports and wars, lessons, stories and plays, the latest news and not a few advertisements. You circle the earth. Don't you ever grow tired?"

"Some of my broadcasters grow tired but I don't. I do more than circle the earth. Look at the stars. The light you see left its home a million million years ago and goes on traveling after visiting you. Some day I hope the Radios will pick up and reproduce for you the sounds of centuries ago which may still be echoing in space. Even what I voice now may be like a pebble dropped in the ocean of the universe, and my musical ripples may sound on immeasurably distant shores. But some of the Radios have a still wider range."

"I find that hard to believe, Radio. Won't you, please, explain?"

"There is a station broadcasting to you, and you broadcast in turn, and both of you are heard beyond the end of space and throughout the endless years of eternity. One prayer in answer to station G.O.D. is heard in heaven and echoes forever."

"I shall have my receiver put in order, Radio and dial G.O.D. and never sign off."

Are My Finger-nails Red?

"I don't know what I could do without you, Finger-nails. Imagine my fingers without nails. They would be like flabby tapes. Now I can pick and point securely, armed with your flesh-colored, ivory-tipped breast plates. Why do you let anybody smear you with paint?"

"The Finger-nails are glad that you know the benefits we give you. Don't worry about our painted faces. This paint like the rouge is a throw-back to savagery. It is a passing fashion. A walk, some exercise, good health will redden the blood to shine in beauty through our cellophane, and we will go back to a natural and not artificial color. However do not be startled if I tell you there is something divine in painted finger-tips."

"Nail polish might be divine, but I don't see anything divine in nail-paint."

"Just a moment and I'll try to explain. The world is full of researchers who work through years for a grain of truth. What would the world do without the good which enkindles every tiny spark of love? That inspiring energy which spurs mankind to science, to friendship, to charity is a reflection of the goodness and truth of the Creator. Artists too feel the urge to beauty in music, in sculpture, in speech, in writing and in painting. Sometimes the divine impulses to beauty, as to truth and good, are trivial or evil. So please while you prefer the colors of nature on cheeks and lips and on us, and grieve for any abuse, remember it is weak humanity all unwittingly laboring towards the divine."

"Why, Finger-nails, I have heard of a poet who foresaw God and man in a tiny flower, but you have been theologian, philosopher and preacher in the pigment of vanity."

Slippers for Soles

"My dear Slippers, you are beginning to show your age. I think I shall have to get another pair, and I am afraid. You know me so well and have shaped yourselves so to every bulge and bump that newcomers cannot hope for a long time to be broken in. They will press and pinch and squeak noisily while I hardly know you are there at all. Could I not manage to keep you for another year?"

"I don't think that I can stay, sir, but we Slippers do not mind. Our lot is a humble one, and I am glad you appreciate what we have done for you. You need not fear the newcomers. If they are true Slippers, they will do everything we have succeeded in doing. May I suggest before I go that you would do well to do to others what the Slippers do to you."

"That's an idea. So I can put on Slippers or be Slippers for others. How, please?"

"We hurry to adapt ourselves and quickly remove all pressure. How do you meet others? With frigid correctness? With stiff rigidity, not seeking to conform to the soreness or tenderness of those around you? Have you the kind welcome of a salesman or the gruff and unfeeling pose of a bank cashier. Do you wear hob-nailed boots, treading on sensitive corns and trampling on tender toes with sharp-edged heels?"

"My dear Slippers, you are still gentle and quiet friends. Put me down as leaving the clod-hoppers and enrolling among the velvet Slippers.

What is Your T. Q.?

"You have heard of intellectual tests to determine whether you are as old in mind as you are in years. You are made to use your mind in an act. If you perform that act well when younger than the average, you are superior. If you cannot perform until much older, you are a moron. Now I ask you has your T. Q. been properly rated?"

"Why, Tongue, what do you mean? Haven't these tests proved poor? Isn't there too much average and too little ideal in such tests? What is T. Q.?"

"I admit that tests are some times misleading, but the T. Q. is not that kind. You are not tested by an average but by a high standard sent you from heaven. We Tongues have been made the tests of perfection and of wisdom in the soul, and your Tongue Quotient, (your T. Q.) is the way you measure up to that test."

"Aren't you growing proud, Tongue, claiming so much for yourself?"

"I don't think so. The Apostle tells you that he who offends not in word, the same is a perfect man, and the wise man is shown by good conversation. We Tongues have been libeled, called serpents, daggers stabbing in the back, germ-carriers spreading plagues. You give us those horrible names because you claim in the psalms to be lord over us, when you are not. Your dogs and cats have been trained. They befriend you, not bite or claw you. St. James says that you must be our animal trainer. You must be a pilot, steering us by the stars. You are harvesters for the good fruits of the Tongues. Is your T. Q. high or low?"

"Tongue, I'm going to be a perfect and wise bee and you will drip honey, not poison hereafter."

A New Tooth-polish

"Not so bad, dear Teeth! I have not equaled the record of Moses who at one hundred and twenty years had not lost one of you, nor have I on the other hand been like the old lady in the play who had only two of you Teeth but was grateful to heaven that the two met."

"You make us Teeth standards of health and age, and so we are. You men have made us Teeth play many parts in the drama of life and of many of these parts we are not very proud. Some have used us to ruin their lives, and we are said to dig their graves. Others put us on edge with sour grapes and transmit that edge to their children. Then we Teeth are made to grind with rage, not masticating food like the cow but chewing away at some rag of a petty grievance. Envy bids us gnaw, and rage drives us to snap. The evil generation in Proverbs have in pride their eyes and eyelids lifted aloft and make swords of their Teeth to slay and devour the needy. Worst of all the Gospel makes gnashing of Teeth the sign of eternal doom."

"Stop there, Teeth. Tell me if you don't play good roles as well as evil."

"Surely we do. We pose as ideals of beauty. The bride of the Canticle displays us as a flock of sheep washed and shorn, and Jacob's blessing for Juda foretold Teeth whiter than milk. A more pleasant likeness that is than to compare us to snow. If we Teeth are made characters of evil, we also enact the roles of happiness and holiness. Laughster of the Teeth, says Scripture, shows what a man is. In your mirror you have smiled at us Teeth in gratification and love. What about trying that smile on family and everybody?"

"That is positively the latest thing in paste or powder, Teeth-smile."

Here's Your Hat

"Good by, old Hat. You have protected me well and if you did not add anything to my looks, which would be too hard for you, at any rate you distract gazers from a less pleasing prospect beneath. Speaking of distractions, can't you do something about the ladies of your family? On their heads you Hats have taken strange shapes and all sizes."

"Don't let the fashions disturb you. The ladies always want something novel, and we Hats wish to give pleasure to our friends. Whether we become postage-stamps or bill-board posters, flower-gardens or zoological parks, we don't complain. The human heart is made for divine beauty and at times reached strange results in gratifying its desires. A history of the Hat family will show that truth fully."

"So you Hats have a history and are ever on the search for beauty?"

"Yes indeed, and we soar to sublime heights in our search. In early days the Hats wore flowers or foliage of the trees. Then we took the wings of birds, hanging their feathers in rainbow mantles on our masters' heads. After that for our kings we fashioned ourselves of gold and decked ourselves with precious jewels. Crowns are the royal Hats. Look at our mitres and tiaras when we taken holy orders and become episcopal or papal Hats. For the saints we fashion halos of light to grace their heads. When we Hats think of those heavenly crowns, we bless the Crown of Calvary which from suffering gave you salvation and sanctity."

"That's surely a fine history, old Hat, and thanks to your most glorious Crown, I hope to deserve a halo."

Watch Your Step

"Is that you, Feet, growling in low tones? Haven't we men taken good care of you, hiring special doctors for all your ills? Look too at the shoes we put on you, not only guarding you but beautifying you for the ladies with every shape and color."

"Yes, thank you, we have been made secure and perhaps beautiful, but we were muttering about something else. Don't be startled, but while you were asleep, we Feet began to read about our family in the Bible. Have you put us in fetters of wisdom or watched us on entering the house of the Lord. Have you kept us on the right way without the strut of pride or the stain of blood? We Feet are glad to be well covered and adorned, but if we read the Scriptures aright, we should be doing good."

"You surely do startle me, dear Feet. Have you read also the New Testament?"

"Indeed, we have, and there we reach our glory. In the first chapter St. Luke told us of the Orient, the Divine Sun which directs us out of the shadow of death into the way of peace. When St. Paul bade Christians put on the armor of God, the Feet were shod with the gospel of peace. Through every line of that gospel you see us Feet walking to the bed of sickness and to the house of death. We were cleansed at the Last Supper and imparted our cleanness to the whole body. Then we started on our greatest journey for the world's peace. Then we were the Feet of God, and if we were fastened to the hard wood, it was that your Feet might forever watch their steps."

"I wish I were as good a reader as you, dear Feet. Yet I remember those Divine Feet walked at Easter and manifested the jeweled scars which I hope to follow forever."

A Tip from the Fingers

"See here, Fingers, why are you tapping, sometimes idly, sometimes impatiently, on my desk? Have you nothing better to do than to drum on the furniture? Are you superstitious and continue touching wood?"

"You are better able to answer your testy questions than we are. We fingers simply do your bidding, and we often wish that we had only wood to touch. We have been stained with pitch, and at times some black remains even after many washings. Now that you have spoken to us, don't you think you should hear from us further?"

"Most certainly I do, Fingers. In a moment I shall have you clean and bright."

"Thanks for the bath. We Fingers wish to keep away from every evil. We remember Jonathan who did but touch forbidden honey with the end of a rod and merited death. Then again the Fingers of scorn are not the favored members of the family. We are proud of the Fingers of truth in teachers and in guides. We boast of the Fingers of music that from the little flute to the grand organ fill the world with harmonies."

"But, Fingers, I'm no musician."

"I'm sorry to hear that. Still you might start an orchestra of praise and good-will, and so we Fingers on your vocal chords could soothe and inspire. Then don't you remember One who used us Fingers to bring sight to the blind and hearing to the deaf? The blind and deaf of soul need the touch of divine Fingers."

"Fingers, I have had you in many a messy place. Teach me to play the music of charity and by word and look give good light and sound to all."

Put on Your Gloves

"Good morning, Gloves. It is chilly out, and I must protect my hands from the cold."

"You do well to use us Gloves as protectors. We may be at times mere ornaments, especially when made of flimsy lace and with fingertips cut off. You are wiser. You don't cut us, but you should have had your Gloves on earlier to-day."

"What? Gloves in the house? I always thought you were out-of-house folk."

"We are mostly, but we have home Gloves. To-day for instance it was quite cold at breakfast. In fact there was a row of icicles around the table. That was the time to put on the Gloves of cheerfulness, warming yourself and perhaps passing on some warmth to the rest of the family, whose faces are much more beautiful when not frozen."

"Gloves of cheerfulness! I need them. Send me a stout pair. Now I am well supplied."

"Not yet. You will be passing the news-stand. There will be displayed slimy sheets and putrid pictures. Sometimes even your clean paper or magazine is befouled in spots. Then you need the Gloves of cleanness. An extra-stout pair is required to keep you from burns when you cremate corrupt print."

"Well well! I see I need several pairs of Gloves of cleanness. Is that all?"

"Not quite. Order more pairs of well-padded Gloves of charity. You will be attacked. Don't use bare knuckles or brass knuckles. Put on rather the downy, air-cushioned pillows that ball-catchers have. Then every missile of attack, you will take in without the slightest twinge."

"I am afraid, Gloves, that you will be sold out completely, equipping me."

Bells, Bells, Bells

"Wait a moment, Bell. Don't you see I'm busy? Very well, I'm coming."

"You don't seem in the mood of the poets who have sung of Bells in every shape and form. Don't you at Christmas time chirp joyously, 'Jingle Bells', especially when you hear the hoarse horn honking viciously along a mile of cars. Don't you hear the poets tolling the knell of parting day or recalling the surly, sullen Bell of the grave? It is not however on our jingles and dirges we Bells pride ourselves. Between glee and gloom the Bells ring out a glorious lesson, you should learn."

"A lesson? I remember the school Bells well enough. They brought me to the teacher and now you claim to be a teacher."

"Yes, we Bells are professors of promptness. Just now you said, 'Wait a moment'. You didn't say that in school-days. You raced, as the fire engine and the ambulance race, not shouting 'wait', but clanging, 'clear the way'. Firemen and doctors were not as swift as you when the signal for end of class or end of day's work rang out. Hear the Bell of promptness and you will start like a sprinter. When you learn that lesson, I'll have another for you."

"Please, tell it now because I must leave promptly this morning to a duty."

"Well then, the lesson briefly is, think of the fellow at the other end, who is ringing Bells. 'He gives twice who gives at once', is a good old proverb. Of course we often disturb you, but the fire or accident can't wait. Promptness and charity, promptness and charity, those are the lessons of the Bells."

"Pardon me, Bell. I must silence this sound talk. I just heard the Mass Bell."

Be A Sport

"I'm really sorry to part with you, Tennis-ball. You have been with me long and have given me health and recreation. But look at you now! Your once shining white cover (I don't favor the reds of your family), well, that snow is now black dust. Your coat is ragged and torn and, worst of all, sore wounds have taken away your bounce. Good bye!"

"A moment, please! Don't you think you should keep me as a souvenir? The Ball family is a large one. They all help health and recreation as you thank me for doing, but the Tennis-balls, I think, promote more true sportsmanship than all other Balls."

"How do you make that out, Tennis-ball?"

"I don't refer to the conventional hand-shake between winners and losers. That is fine, but finer is the way the player gives an opponent the benefit of the doubt on close decisions when players are umpires. Sportsmanship is easier with Tennis-balls, because the clash of individuals is not as remote as with the Golf-balls nor as close as with most other Balls. There is rivalry without enmity. Sometime, it is true, we Tennis-balls, instead of opponents, are hit hard. There is always the net. Couldn't you bring the sportsmanship of our game into the whole world or at least into the family? Balls are not as deadly bombs. Crochery at table would be safer if the family heard, "You win" as often as the Tennis-balls hear that smiling admission."

"Dear Tennis-ball, I'm keeping you as a souvenir, and on your worn cover I shall print in letters of gold, 'Be a sport'."

Hand-cut

"You have been restless of late, Hands. What ails you? Haven't I kept you clean, washing off the stains of work, the dusty contacts of leisure, and even the ink of the daily paper?"

"Yes, you have been busy in cleanliness, and we Hands, so much exposed to dirt of all kinds, are grateful to people like you who keep us shining. As you have noticed, we have been restless, not because we have been kept busy or because of any lack of soap but because we might be let out more and not be kept in pockets or muffs.

"So you are a hold-up team? You don't cry 'Hands-up', but you cry 'Hand out'. Well, I do extend my hand in greeting to my friends."

"So you do, as our squeezed flesh can testify, but we fear that hand shaking is often a mere conventional sign. No doubt you have heard of persons beginning a letter with Dear Sir, making the correspondent an adorable knight, and then in the body of the letter changing 'Dear Sir' into 'Detestable Cur'. By all means shake hands and make the act more than the hand-shaking of pugilists or duellists before a fight. We feel, however, that we Hands are not treated right unless we go further. What of Hands above the next door fence, or Hands over the street, or even Hands across the sea? The Hands of our family we glory in are the Divine Hands which touched blindness to sight and dumbness to speech and lameness to agility and life, Hands that were nailed in a hand-out which gave salvation to the whole human race."

"I hope, dear hands, I may extend you sincerely to all without nailing."

Pinheads

"So you are the original Pinhead. Well, well! I hope you will keep a firm hold on this cloth as you have done for me on many another thing. Why, think you, do people call others Pinheads?"

"The reason is in my opinion that those who vilify us have smaller heads than those to whom they apply the term. All they see in us Pinheads is size, and size is not the measure always of value. A tiny diamond is more precious than a ton of coal. Have you ever thought of the exact purpose and true value of every Pinhead?"

"Well, no, Pinhead. I have not given it a thought. What is your life work?"

"Take a needle, sir. Its work really begins when it has pierced through the cloth. It clears the way for the thread which does the sewing. The needle has no head, even though it has an eye. The work of the Pinheads, however, stops with their heads. Some of the Pinheads are gold or silver or valuable gems and some even have beautiful forms, but all that is beside the point. Our heads are intended to mark the end. We don't go through like needles. We are stoppers, and you and your kind's should be Pinheads."

"I, a Pinhead? Isn't that going too far?"

"No, it isn't. You have a desire of learning, curiosity. You have an appetite for food and drink. You have the passion of love. Those are the entering points which keep the world going, but, alas, how often these instincts, good in themselves, have no head. They never stop where they should."

"I see. They are not Pinheads; they are no heads. You have driven home your point perfectly!"

Taking Out the Starch

"Say, Starch, look at that collar. It was shining and firm when I put it on to go for a walk. Now it is crumpled and flabby. The sun and sweat have taken away all your strength and beauty. Must I go to celluloid and rubber so that I may have a collar and not a wet rag round my neck?"

"Just a moment! We Starches are not tin or steel. On certain days it might be well to adopt some of those cheap imitations, but when you wish to have the whiteness of your garb shine out in all its glory call on the Starches and not on any quickly fading substitutes. I have a complaint to make. The Starches have not only been supplanted; they also have been libeled."

"Libeling Starch? That's news which calls for a headline. How does that happen?"

"Have you never heard the words, 'I'll take the Starch out of him?'" That's no Starch at all but a counterfeit. The firmness is too rigid and there is no beauty. We bend, but the stiff-necked and strait-laced never bow or stoop. The apostles of the Lord were once unbending and wished to chase away fond mothers and their children. The Lord took that counterfeit Starch out of them. He had stooped from heaven to earth, and it was not great distance to stoop to the little ones, the best subjects of His kingdom. If you have any of that bogus so-called Starch in you, sweat it out and stop libeling us."

"Well, you certainly have taken the Starch out of me. I shall practice a daily dozen in bending and stooping till I get some of the Lord's good nature."

Here, Ear, Hear!

"Pardon, please. You told a story yesterday. You said it had come to your Ears. We have no recollection of having heard that story as you told it. You may keep us Ears to the ground, but we object to being run into the mud."

"I am sorry, dear Ears, if I have offended you. That was such a good story I heard about my pet enemy, I could not help dressing it up a bit."

"'Good story'? Nonsense! 'Dress up a bit'? Why, the story was made up practically out of the whole cloth. One fact was multiplied into a daily occurrence. The motive which you couldn't know, was, you were sure, abominable. The character of the doer, of his family, of his race and religion, were blackened beyond all cleaning. Then you dare to blame all that on us. 'It came to your Ears'. I would have you know that we Ears tell you the plain unvarnished truth, not smearing fables."

"I did, good Ears, put it on pretty thick. How do we get that way?"

"You get that way from partiality or prejudice. We pardon a proud father or a fond mother who write lives of saints for their children. We discount the praise, as we do the praise of one's city, country or race. We Ears don't mind being accused of exaggerating good, but when prejudice gets hold of what we heard, and the mite going into our Ears comes from your lips a monster, then you are not reporting facts but cooking up fiction. Years ago a salutation came to our Ears, which sanctified the unborn John the Baptist."

"Yes, the Ears of Mary kept the words she heard and brought only good truth when she visited her friend."

Super-seals

"What kind of a Seal are You? A piece of thin paper with a faint and fading inscription, stuck loosely to a document with mucilage! I read in Ecclesiasticus how the craftsman makes graven seals and by his constant diligences varies the figure, giving mind to the resemblance of the picture. What has happened to the Seals?"

You are right. We Seals have sadly fallen off. Before the days of ink and when men could not even make an ugly X on official documents, the Seals were varied and all bore a different picture which displayed the skill of the artist. The paper shams you speak of are not true seals. We have still some worthy members among the Seals. Happily the Super-seals are still left for all."

"The Super-seals? I never heard of them. Who are they?"

"All Seals, you know, must have three things, a good picture, a clear, sharp, outline, and warmth or pressure to put the image on wax or paper. You will see in these triplets the universal qualities of beauty of form, exact truth of picture and the warmth and pressure which is good, insuring perfection. You see then that in every heart there is a Super-Seal. You form an ideal with the beauty of virtue. You take care that in purpose, in nature, in every detail the act is truly virtuous. Then you apply the warmth and pressure of the will to perform the good act. The Super-seals are not paper or wax or even metal. They outlast time and reach to eternity, etched upon immortal souls."

"Why you yourself are a Super-seal. You are beautiful, true and good."

A Wise Waste-Basket

"What's that hollow groan I just heard? Oh, it's you, Waste-basket! If you disturb me with your groaning, I shall get rid of you. In war time the scrap-heap verifies the colloquial sense of scrap and aids by its contents in the destruction of life. The days of your tribe, Waste-basket, are numbered by the science of utilizing products."

"Wait a moment, sir. I think we Waste-baskets should still survive in peace. Perhaps fewer things come to us now than formerly, and if you listen to me, I'll tell you what we Waste-baskets would welcome when our masters look about their room, seeking for refuse to discard. I have heard of a good priest who once a year threw everything out of his window on his lawn. That was the last word in house-cleaning. Neighbors profited, and the city scavengers took the rest for the incinerator. New York City now and then takes all the daggers, guns, and all deadly instruments of crime and dumps the detestable load in the ocean.

Now, pardon me, sir, but I think there will always be a place for us in the world. If we are not as big as a lawn or the ocean, there is hardly a minute in the day in which every human being will not have something to discard. Master, have you not sad memories or evil memories to drop into my capacious jaws? What of your pet growls and grouches and grievances of all kinds? If there is no window to throw them out or no ocean near in which to drown them, why not deposit all that hideous mess in the widest and deepest of all receptacles for garbage, your confessor's ear? That is the world's waste-basket, as infinite in capacity as the mercy of God."

Universal Lip-Stick

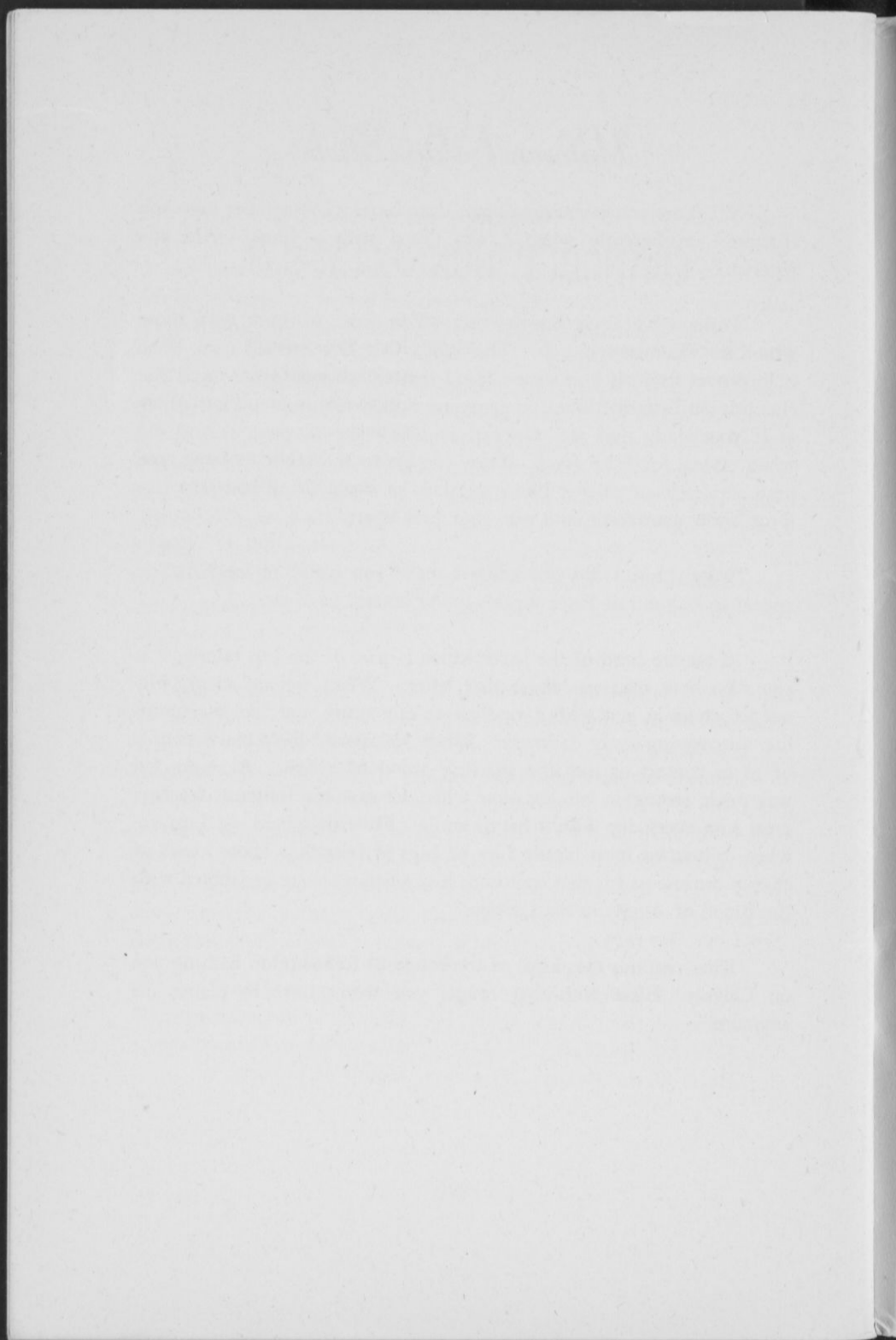
"What are you jabbering about, dear Lips? I remember how you chattered incoherently when I was down with a fever. Are you feverish?"

"Perhaps we are a bit feverish. You seem to think with those whom the Psalmist spoke of. They said, 'Our Lips are our own. Who is lord over us?' If you were a good master, we would not mind you claiming full control, but you purse us impatiently, you pucker us up as if your daily diet was vinegar, or you make us pout as you did when crying for baby food. Then you go to the other extreme, you prate aimlessly or palaver like a saleslady or worst of all you purr like a cat, show your teeth, and tear your prey apart."

"Why, Lips, I did not know I made you suffer so much. You appear to be fond of Peter Piper's pretty letter."

"If we are fond of the letter which is part of the Lip family, it is you who have made us abuse that letter. When we are silent, why not let us smile, not with a vaseline or oily smirk, but like the morning sun driving away darkness? When we speak, don't make swords of us or contort us into the snarling growl of a tiger. A young lad was made strong in his vocation when he saw his religious teachers greet him every day with a happy smile. How delighted we Lips are when in love we meet family Lips or Lips of friends. Those kisses of charity console us for that traitorous kiss when we were bedabbled with the Blood of Agony in the Garden."

"That reminds me, Lips, of the rouge of Redemption bathing you on Calvary. Blest with that rouge, you won't have to blame me anymore."



BOOKS OF
FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S. J.

FOR GOOD ENGLISH:

Model English I
Model English II
Manual

FOR GOOD IMAGINING:

Home—Musical Play
Shepherd My Thoughts - Verse

FOR GOOD TEACHING:

Art Principles in Literature
Literary Art and Modern
Education
Jesuit Principles of Education
in Practice
Literature, the Leading
Educator

FOR GOOD HEARTS:

Heart of the Gospel
Heart of Revelation
Heart of the Church
Heart of the Mass
Heart of the Rosary

FOR GOOD SPEAKING:

Art of Interesting
Cicero's Milo and Translation
(Separate)
Cicero's Manilian Law and
Translation (Separate)
Demosthenes on the Crown
and Translation (United)
Newman's Second Spring
Persuasive Speech
Work-Book

FOR GOOD CONDUCT:

Mustard Seed
Chaff and Wheat
Little Cords
For Goodness Sake

FOR GOOD SOULS:

Watching an Hour
Holy Hour in Gethsemane
Our Father in Gethsemane
Grains of Incense



