

The Family Circle

CORNAYLIUS HA-HA-HA-HANNIGAN

'Twas the godfather stuttered, or mayhap the priest;
But, be that as it may, it is certain, at least,
That the wan or the other was surely to blame
For presentin' the lad the quare twist to his name.
For there at the christ'nin',
Wid iv'ry wan list'nin'.
Now didn't his Reverence, Father O'Flannigan,
Wid nervousness stam'rin',
Bechune the child's clam'rin'.
Baptize it 'Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!'
Wid these words from the priest, shure, the cute little
rogue
Up and stopped his own mouth wid his chubby kith-
ogue,
An' the dimples broke out an' proceeded to chase
All the tears and the frowns from his innocent face,
For, faix, he was aither
Absorb'n' the laughter
Stuck into his name by good Father O'Flannigan!
Now that's the thruth in it,
An' so from that minute
Shure, iv'ry wan called the lad 'Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan.'
Now the 'ha-ha-ha!' stuck to him close as his name,
For the sorra a tear could be drownin' the same,
Not a care ever touched him from that blessed day
But the gift o' the laughter would drive it away:
Wid jokin' an' chaffin'
He niver stopped laughin',
Or if he did stop he immajiate began agin;
An' iv'ry wan hearin'
His laughther so cheerin'
Jist jined in the mirth o' young 'Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan.'
Shure, the troubles o' life were so paltry an' small
'Tis a pity we let thim disthurb us at all.
There is niver a care but would l'ave us in p'ace
If we'd only stand up an' jist laugh in its face,
Faix, life were a pleasure
If all had the treasure
Conferred so unthinkin' by Father O'Flannigan;
If all could but borrow
That cure-all for sorrow
Possessed by 'Cornaylius Ha-Ha-Ha-Hannigan!'
—T. A. Daly in 'Catholic Standard and Times.'

THE POCKET MEASURE

Having heard and read of the pocket-measure which one is supposed to possess, and so be able to measure up the qualifications of all his neighbors and friends, and thus find out whether they meet his requirements, I fell to dreaming upon the subjects—I will not say whether waking or sleeping.
I took out my measure, and carefully, very carefully, measured Mrs. A. I found her a beautiful woman, and seemingly fond of me, but my measure told me that she certainly wore an air of affectation, and might be insincere in friendship. With this I cast her aside—no affectation for me.
Mrs. B. I measured with a critic's eye; results—warm-hearted, devoted as a friend, but ready to flash up and tell me of some blunder or misdemeanor of mine, and this at any time. The measure said: 'Cast her aside'; and I did at once.
Mr. and Mrs. C., hospitable, obliging, estimable as friends, but the measure reminded me of their inability to keep even their own secrets, let alone mine. The measure was right, and I gave up the C's.
Well, how about Mrs. D.? I measured her—'all right at times, but then she has her cool spells, when she acts as if she didn't care for me'; and I, at my measure's suggestion, crossed her from my list.
The Misses E., lovely, attractive girls, also devoted friends, but my measure found they were continually asking favors of me. This would not do; they—yes, they are just as glad to grant favors; but are too free entirely; so that friendship went overboard.
I was just going on to measure the F. family when I was suddenly stopped in my dream by some inner voice which reminded me of several truths I had forgotten. In the first place, I wanted friends, could not do without them, and those I might choose to keep on my list might as well as myself possess a pocket-measure. If measured, could I, would I, come up to their standard as a friend? Suppose I was cast aside by them because I lacked some minor element in qualification? If so, I would stand alone without friends.

True friendship is generous in ignoring and covering up all faults and foibles, meeting all arguments regarding such with the strong and unanswerable plea: 'Their friendship for me far outweighs any imperfections of theirs in my own way of thinking.'
That pocket-measure is not generally useful in the line of friendship.

SIAMESE ENGLISH

The proprietors of a Siamese newspaper have distributed the following notice:—
'The news of English we tell the latest. Writ in perfectly style and most earliest. Do a murder git commit, we hear and tell it. Do a mighty chief die, we publish it, and in borders of somhre. Staff has each one been college, and write like the Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extortionate not for advertisements. Buy it. Buy it. Tell each of you its greatness for good. Ready on Friday. Number one.'

THINGS NOT TO DO

To contradict your friends when they are speaking.
To say smart things which may hurt one's feelings.
To make remarks about the food at dinner.
To talk about things which only interest yourself.
To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.
To speak disrespectfully to anyone older than yourself.
To be rude to those who serve you, either in shop or at home.

PRIM PARLORS

'Too prim and too formal' is the pronouncement of Cardinal Gibbons on the homes of many American women. He says such places make a visitor feel uncomfortable. The Cardinal has noted that the average American parlor is too 'company-like.' Everything is set at rights, and it is obviously a show place. He says every room in a happy home should have the air of being occupied and enjoyed. Books should be lying around, and flowers and music should be seen. Books are the index of the life of every household, says the prelate, and they should be chosen carefully.

CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

'Annual sale now on. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here.'
'A lady wants to sell her piano, as she is going away in a strong iron frame.'
'Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors.'
'Two sisters want washing.'
'Wanted—A room by two gentlemen about thirty feet long and twenty feet broad.'
'Lost—A collie dog by a man on Saturday answering to Jim, with a brass collar around his neck, and a muzzle.'
'Wanted—By a respectable girl, her passage to New Zealand; willing to take care of children and a good sailor.'
'Respectable widow wants washing on Tuesdays.'
'For Sale—A painoforte, the property of a musician with carved legs.'
'A boy who can open oysters with reference.'
'Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children.'
'Wanted a man to milk a cow and garden.'

HONOR AND LOVE YOUR MOTHER

Have you a mother? If so, honor and love her. If she is aged, do all in your power to cheer her declining years. Her hair may have bleached, her eyes may have dimmed, her brows may contain deep and unsightly furrows; her cheeks may be sunken, but you should not forget the holy love and tender care she has had for you. In years gone by she has kissed away from your cheek the troubled tear; she has soothed and petted you when all else appeared against you; she has watched over and nursed you with a tender care known only to a mother; she has been proud of your success. You may be despised by all around you, yet that loving mother stands as an apologist for all your shortcomings. With all that disinterested affection, would it not be ungrateful in you if in her declining years you failed to reciprocate her love, and honor her as your best friend? We have no respect for a man or woman who neglects an aged mother. If you have a mother, love her, and do all in your power to make her happy.