

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

May 16, Sunday.—Sunday within the Octave.
 „ 17, Monday.—St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor.
 „ 18, Tuesday.—St. Venantius, Martyr.
 „ 19, Wednesday.—St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.
 „ 20, Thursday.—Octave of the Ascension.
 „ 21, Friday.—Of the Feria.
 „ 22, Saturday.—Vigil of Pentecost. Fast. No abstinence.

St. Venantius, Martyr.

St. Venantius, who was born near Ancona, in Italy, was beheaded for the faith during the persecution of Decius, in 250.

St. Peter Celestine, Pope and Confessor.

St. Peter, a native of Southern Italy, spent the greater part of a very austere life in solitude. In his old age he found himself unexpectedly elected Pope. He endeavored in vain to decline the proffered office, but at length yielded to the importunities of kings and cardinals. Considering, however, that through inexperience of the world he was unfitted for the government of the Church, he resigned the Pontificate after four months, with the object of spending the remainder of his days in the retirement of his monastery. He died about 18 months after his resignation, A.D. 1296.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

THE MORNING OFFERING.

So little, Lord, to bring
 To Thine Infinitude,
 Such tribute to the King
 Of air and fire and flood;
 Our orisons, our cares,
 The pains we may not shun,
 The wheat so mixed with tares,
 The works so illly done.

So brave the fair intent,
 So high the purpose sought—
 And yet of all that's meant,
 How little shall be wrought!
 By all the yesterdays,
 By all their trivial sum
 Of perfect deed and praise,
 We judge the day to come.

And yet, afresh each morn,
 With confidence divine,
 With Love and Hope re-born,
 We raise our eyes to Thine;
 And through that lifted gate
 Whereby of old, to men
 Thou cam'st with souls elate
 We go to Thee again.

— *Rosary Magazine.*

Don't forget that when you are talking about opportunity, the best chance is to do the thing at hand as well as you can.

Be manly, be true, be brave, be open, be just, and then be as strong, as cogent in your reasoning as you can.—Brownson.

We owe it to our work for God to respect our individuality, and to keep ourselves at the highest point of efficiency.

Every flower is a hint of God's beauty; every grain of wheat a token of His beneficence; every atom of dust a revelation of His power.

Overwhelming cares are nothing in comparison with overwhelming sins. Choose rather ten cares than allow yourself one single sin.

The Storyteller

CLOSING THE CONTRACT

In the eyes of her admiring husband, Mabel Conover had never looked more attractive. She was seated at a low dressing-table, her face brought into high relief by the electric light globes which were turned full on her and which threw back the reflection in the oval French mirror. A soft smoke-colored evening gown hung loosely about her shoulders, accentuating the outlines of her shapely arms and the velvet texture of her skin.

Ralph Conover stood behind his wife, fine looking in formal evening dress. He was struggling to get his white lawn tie exactly even, and turning this way and that to catch some view of himself in the small dressing-table mirror. Mrs. Conover rose from her chair and turned her back to her husband while he patiently brought together hooks and eyes and snapped in place a multitude of patent fasteners. When the last hook had been slipped in place and the final fastener pushed in, he sat down.

'Ralph,' said his wife, affectionately patting his broad shoulders, 'you're not much of a success as a dress-hooker but,' here she smiled, 'I don't believe I'd want a husband who was.'

'Any man would be glad to do things for you.' The man leaned down. 'You never looked better than you do to-night, and you never had a dress that was more becoming.'

'I'm glad you like it, for I went to a lot of pains to get the dressmaker to fit it exactly right. You see it means a lot to me, this visit. Do you realise, Ralph, here we are, week-end guests of the Severances in one of the smartest homes on Long Island?'

Mrs. Conover's eye took in with satisfaction every detail of the perfectly appointed suite that had been assigned to them in the Severance cottage. Through the big window of the sitting room one could see the lights along the shore, and further out the bobbing lanterns on the masts of boats at anchor. A shaded lamp on the centre table brought out the delicate coloring and soft folds of the draperies at the windows, and was itself dimmed by the reflection of the cheerful fire on the hearth. At one end of the room was an alcove, cut off by a pillared entrance with partly drawn silk curtains, the bedroom and dressing-table.

'Being invited here,' she went on, thinking aloud rather than talking to her husband, 'will bring a flood of dinner and dance invitations this spring, and from the right sort of people, too. I know women who would pay well to be known as one of the week-end guests at the Severance cottage.'

'It means more than that,' Conover put in, standing near his wife and dropping his voice. 'You remember that contract I was figuring on so long—the one that I used to bring home at night and do extra work over?'

'For the bridge?'

'Yes. Well, Mr. Severance is the chairman of the board of directors of the company that is to build that bridge.'

'Then he is going to give you the contract? And that's why he invited us here?'

'I am not so sure.'

'Why?'

'That's not the way business deals are generally entered into. If he wanted to give me the contract, he had only to do it in the office and call me up.'

'Then there is something special about it?'

'Yes; Robert Donohue and his wife are here, too.'

'He's one of your competitors, isn't he?' Mrs. Conover inquired.

'My main competitor. A fellow who knows the details told me that there is practically no difference in my figures for building the bridge and those submitted by Donohue. We are tied for first place, so to speak,

IN COLD WEATHER

no beverage is so acceptable as SYMINGTON'S COFFEE ESSENCE. In two minutes you can have a delicious warm drink. If you haven't tried it you should do so at once.