

Friends at Court

CLEANINGS FOR NEXT WEEK'S CALENDAR

- August 12, Sunday.—Tenth Sunday after Pentecost.
St. Clare, Virgin.
,, 13, Monday.—St. Philomene, Virgin and Martyr.
,, 14, Tuesday.—St. Hormisdas, Pope and Confessor.
,, 15, Wednesday.—Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary.
,, 16, Thursday.—St. Roch, Confessor.
,, 17, Friday.—Octave of St. Lawrence.
,, 18, Saturday.—St. Hyacinth, Confessor.

St. Clare, Virgin.

St. Clare of Assisi, who renounced wealth and rank to embrace the religious state was remarkable for her love of poverty and her devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. She became, under the direction of St. Francis of Assisi, the founder of a very strict religious Order, the members of which practised the most rigorous austerities. She died in her sixtieth year, A.D. 1253.

St. Philomene, Virgin and Martyr.

St. Philomene was one of those countless martyrs who sealed their Faith with their blood in the persecutions of the Roman Emperors. The date and manner of her death are uncertain.

St. Roch, Confessor.

Montpellier, in France, was the birthplace of St. Roch, as well as the scene of his death. The devoted charity which he displayed in assisting, at the risk of his own life, persons suffering from a virulent and contagious disease, has caused him to be regarded as a special patron in time of pestilence. He lived in the 14th century.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

The Angels.

As we frequently receive God's inspirations through the ministry of angels, we ought to present our own inspirations to Him by their hands as well as by those of the Saints, who, being now like angels in their nearness to God, as our Saviour has told us, perpetually offer their desires and prayers in our favor. Let us therefore unite our hearts to those celestial spirits and happy souls, for as the young nightingale learns to sing from the old ones, so we too shall learn by this holy association to sing God's praises and to pray in a manner more worthy of Him. 'I will sing Thy praises, O Lord,' said David, 'in the presence of Thy angels.' . . . Make the association of your souls with the angels a familiar thing, often taking notice of their presence, . . . bless God for them, invoke their presence in all your affairs whether spiritual or temporal, so that they may deign to enter into your intentions.—St. Francis de Sales.

If you won't listen to reason, she'll rap you over the knuckles.

There's nothing new in the world save what has been forgotten.

Time appears long only to those who don't know how to use it.

What makes old age so sad is not that our joys but our hopes cease.

Where there is mystery, it is generally supposed that there must also be evil.

Evil must be conquered by good; and before all things one must keep a pure conscience.

There is as much responsibility in imparting your own secrets as in keeping those of your neighbor.

There is no policy like politeness, since a good manner often succeeds where the best tongue has failed.

No philosopher can explain the mysterious elements of Christian influence; but such influence is the supreme force working in society for its purification and uplifting. Let us aim at the sincerest, deepest, purest personal life, and we shall bless the world more than we think; we shall, unperceived by ourselves, be enriching it all day long with the ethers of Heaven.

The Storyteller

HER FIRST INTERVIEW

She had just had a talk with the city editor of the afternoon paper and had won his consent for a week's trial as reporter.

All the world didn't know this, but all the world or that bit of it that takes notice might have known, as it looked at the glowing cheeks and bright eyes of the girl, that something had happened to make her joyous. She walked as if on air, and she had to bite her lips to keep from smiling broadly at every one she passed.

She was good to look at in this mood of happiness, for it beautified a face prevented, usually, from more than passable prettiness by a pronounced irregularity of features. But the sunny brown hair with a tendency to curl saucily about the temples and lustrous dark eyes that look at you solemnly or sparkled with humor made you almost forgive the hopelessly crooked nose. The mouth that was too large for a girl's, had, as a friend declared, an adjustable attachment at the right corner that made it twist up or down, according to the mood of the maid.

In the solitude of her thoughts she had often pictured this moment of triumph, but now that it had come, the realisation seemed too deliciously good to be true. When she had told one or two of her friends that she intended trying for a reporter's place on the afternoon paper in her native Southern city—not society reporter, she scorned that, but regular local reporter—they had laughed incredulously at her. Friends are often good at that.

A woman on the reporting staff of a newspaper in that conservative city was an untried experiment. Nevertheless, she had determined, and determination with Elizabeth Hammond meant something. A month ago she had been to the editor and submitted her case, only to be put off until another time, and for four long weeks they had been going through a polite fencing match. Only to-day, finding resistance useless to wear off the inflexibility of her purpose, he had turned her over to the city editor with instructions to do with her as he chose. Partly because it was hard for the gallant young city editor to refuse anything to an attractive-looking girl and partly because he was somewhat cowed by the look of unflinching determination in those brown eyes, he gave a reluctant consent to a trial of a week. He knew she would fail, but he also knew by looking at her that she would never be satisfied until she tried. It occurred to him as he noted the look of confident joy that met his words that he didn't envy himself when it should become his task to 'turn down' this aspirant at the end of the week.

From her first entrance Elizabeth loved the atmosphere of the office. She, that could never abide an untidy room, revelled in the fearful dirt, disorder and general air of disorganisation apparent. It was 'characteristic.' 'It even smells newsy,' she thought to herself, being in happy ignorance that the odor she sniffed was a combination of pipe smoke, cheap cigarettes, and delicacies that the office boy was at that moment cooking on a tiny gas stove in a corner of the office.

She had accomplished a very dear purpose, and that was why the world looked so bright to her. This was Saturday, and on Monday she was going to the office to get a trial assignment—and then would follow five other days of trial assignments in which she would astonish the placid city editor and her knowing friends, and then—and then, but there was a long vista of dreams linked together by 'thens.'

Everything seemed in tune with her happiness, and the sunshine looked unusually glorious, though it fell on dirty, dust-powdered pavements and business houses. Somewhere among her tumbling thoughts and feelings there was a desire to open her purse and share its contents with all the little newsboys and gamins. The wish rose uppermost now and then, and she had to restrain it with difficulty.

Early Monday morning she was at the office. She wore a plain short skirt and shirt waist, with a rather severe walking hat. She wasn't going into this work to look pretty; she was intensely in earnest. The city editor decided, as he noted this earnestness, that he should leave town on Saturday, and get his assistant to tell the new reporter that 'he was very sorry, but,' etc. He believed he shouldn't care to face her disappointment, but way down in his heart he admired her 'grit.'

'Your assignment this morning, Miss Hammond,' he said, 'will be to interview Senator Battle, the million-