Teens and Twenties

MARY D. CHAMBERS

To Marie

Christmas 1925

From Mother.

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TEENS AND TWENTIES

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THE ART OF CULTIVATING CHARACTER, GOOD MANNERS AND CHEERFULNESS

BY

MARY D. CHAMBERS

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TO

THE RIGHT REVEREND WILLIAM J. GUINAN, D. D.

CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT

NEW YORK CITY

THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED BY

THE AUTHOR

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CHAPTER I

"The Eyes of the World are upon You"

NOT long ago one of our bishops, in addressing a large number of girls whose ages ranged anywhere from sixteen to twenty, made a remark which, to use the parlance of the day, caused them to "sit up and take notice." He said, very earnestly and seriously: "The eyes of the world are upon you."

Now, not one of these girls had done anything which might be thought worthy of challenging the world's attention. About half of them were still attending school; some were beginning to teach, or were stock girls in

stores, or newly fledged stenographers, or were merely daughters in the home. Not one had yet registered her vote, not one had got her name into the newspapers, except perhaps in the type used for listing, "The following also were present." Yet here was this bishop—and bishops seldom make thoughtless statements—here he was declaring that the eyes of the world were on these girls, and not giving any reason why they should be. (You may have noticed, girls, that this is one of the things which bishops, priests and the higher clergy often do—they lay down some proposition and leave you to work it out.)

It impressed them all very much. The eyes of the world are on us! And I wondered over it quite as much as the girls.

Of course when a puzzle like this is dropped into one's mind it gives no peace until some kind of solution is worked out. Here is mine:

First, I assumed that the bishop meant to include all girls, and not merely the group of girls in that particular assembly room. So that in pointing his remark we must say: "This Means You"—you girl reader—this means you. You cannot escape. A finger is pointed at you as it used to be in the posters telling that men were needed for the war, with the words, all in large capitals: THIS MEANS YOU!

The eyes of the world are upon you because girls are of extreme importance in the world, and the world looks to them with hope. Many women today are doing big things, but some of you girls are going to take up their work, carry it on, and do it better. You are to make the homes of the world, and it depends upon you whether they shall be oases of rest and joy or very much the other sort of thing. You are going to make the atmosphere in the stores and in the offices; you are going to do the nursing of the

sick; the teaching of the children; you are going to fill the ranks of the religious orders of women; you are going to do great things and to inspire still greater. What are you doing now toward all this?

The eyes of the world are upon you with a more particular scrutiny because you are Catholic girls. In this particular country you number about one to four or five of the other kind, and a minority is always on the defensive, forced to justify itself; its individuals are somehow always considered representative, and have to bear the burden of being generalized from—to use an awkward expression. This is really a tremendous responsibility, but it should also be a tremendous inspiration. Each one of you, under the observation of others, is forming for them their opinion of the whole body of Catholic girls, maybe also of Catholic boys and men, women and children. It is a constant case of "Watch your step."

With all this in the back of my mind, when the opportunity came to write this book I found it difficult to choose a subject with which to begin. First I remembered one of those many girls of mine scattered throughout the United States from Maine to California, a girl of very good judgment, who spent what I considered an immense amount of time and thought in choosing a hat just before she went off to her first "job" in a far-distant city. Maybe she read my mind, for she said: "You see, I am going to a strange place, and the first impression I make will mean a great deal; while the first thing everybody will see is my clothes, and they will form their opinion of me from my choice of them." So I decided to write the first chapter for girls on their clothes. I made several headings and worked up what I thought a fine outline on this subject, when the following significant happening occurred. At the University Press, which is across the

bridge from where I live, a little book dealing with good manners was being put through for one of the city publishers. A number of girls worked on this book, as proofreaders, copyholders, indexmakers, and so forth. Every girl through whose hands the volume passed ordered a copy for herself as soon as it came from the bindery. This the heads of the place seemed to think quite remarkable. Then I said to myself: "Though the first impression is made by a girl's dress, this impression is very quickly either confirmed or contradicted by the girl's manners; so I will write for them on conventional good manners."

This is not so silly a subject as you may think. A knowledge of the small and fine conventions of behavior stamps a girl like a carat mark on gold. It classifies her, and it is often a business advantage. I knew a girl who was refused a teaching position in a high-grade school because she passed her

plate to another at the luncheon to which the head preceptress had the canny habit of inviting candidates for the position. I knew another who was interviewed as possible secretary to a distinguished professional man, and who failed to make good because when he assigned her a chair by his desk for their first talk, she pulled the chair forward instead of sitting in it where it was placed. A graduate of a well-known college for teachers once wrote to a certain professor of English in a famous university, offering himself—this was a boy, not a girl—as theme reader and general assistant, and he addressed the envelope "Prof." instead of writing out the word Professor in full. The envelope was returned to the dean of the college with the inquiry: "Is this how you train your candidates?" Both the envelope and the inquiry were posted on the college bulletin board, where I saw them. In these instances the combination of good professional training and

social *savoir-faire* was essential, and the demand for it is now everywhere increasingly made.

It is made of you for another, higher, more important reason. At West Point and Annapolis the cadets are most carefully instructed in correct social forms of all kinds. These young men are being trained for leadership, trained for posts where not only their professional knowledge but their ability to fulfill the social conventions will reflect honor on the flag and the nation they represent. So should our Catholic girls reflect honor on their Church, so should they demonstrate to the eyes of the non-Catholic American world the beauty of its teachings.

"Of its teachings!" do I hear some of you say: "Does the Catholic Church teach you not to pass your plate, nor to pull forward your chair, nor to write 'Prof.' instead of 'Professor'?"

Now give me your attention. All the rules

of good manners arise from conditions naturally demanded by the functioning together of groups of persons. Thus have arisen the rules of order of clubs and public meetings; thus have arisen the rules of behavior at formal dinners. All of these rules, if analyzed, are based on the consideration of the individual for others. What is this but Catholic teaching? What are we taught from infancy but to put others before ourselves and to consider the pleasure and comfort of others in the exercise of courteous forms? These have been elaborated in various minutiae, but the principle underlying all the important and permanent social forms is the same—to think of the wishes of the other one. When you have been served at the meal to which your hostess has invited you, it means that that is the portion she intended for you, not for another; it means that she desires to honor you by helping you first, and you must co-operate with her wishes. Have you ever heard

of the king who wished to test the report that a certain nobleman was the best-bred man at his court? He invited the nobleman to drive with him, and when they reached the door of the carriage, held open by a footman, the king motioned the other to enter first. He bowed, and obeyed. To precede his king was highly unconventional, but his king wished it, and this overruled convention. A few other points occur to me with regard to etiquette at meals, which bear out my contention. You remember how the beloved Saint of Assisi made the rule for his first companions that when entertained in houses of the charitable where they begged they should eat what was set before them. This fine piece of courtesy is insisted upon in our formal dinners, where everybody is supposed to eat, or make a feint of eating, the dishes placed before one. Though when a dish is merely offered it is optional whether or not to accept it.

Consideration for others, too, prescribes that a host, in suggesting a second helping, will avoid the use of the word "more," as an unkind reminder that the guest has already had some. He or she will say: "Let me give you a piece of the white meat," or "I have a little slice of chicken for you," or any other form of well-rounded invitation which is free from allusion to a previous helping. Similarly, it is not only perfectly correct for the guest to accept, it is also a compliment to the cooking. But if the guest should be on sufficiently intimate terms at a friend's house to ask for a second helping, it is correct to use the word "more" in making this request, so as not to show an ungrateful forgetfulness of having had some before.

As for the chair which should not have been moved, the significance is that in another person's house liberties should not be taken with the furniture. If your host places a chair for you, sit exactly where he placed it,

even if the sun is in your eyes. It is his business to look out for that. Neither will the guest for a longer time move or change the furniture in the room assigned to him; it is not polite to do this even where you rent a room without first courteously asking permission of your landlady.

To abbreviate a title of distinction in addressing a letter is not respectful. Neither is it respectful to sign your initials at the close of a letter. Your full name is called for by courtesy, and in very formal correspondence or in formal invitations it is correct also to write your middle name in full. This is to show respect and courtesy to the one to whom you write.

Further conventions based on consideration and respect for others are those which demand that in leaving the room at the close of a call you shall not turn your back on your hostess. To avoid having her guest walk backwards, provided no other guests are pres-

ent, the hostess will usually accompany her to the door. If they are, she should not leave them. Additional little points in the courtesy of calling are that you shall not rise to leave after your hostess has been the last one to speak, but after you, yourself, have spoken; that you may offer your hand on leaving, but not on arriving—then it is the privilege of your hostess; that you never offer your hand to older or more distinguished people; wait for them. And never do you offer your hand to a priest, for his hands are consecrated, and he is always the one to say whether or not they shall be used in greeting.

Absolutely to inhibit, or suppress, a yawn or the smallest sign of ennui when in the company of others is of course demanded by consideration for them; as is the need to give entire attention to any one who speaks to you. Not even if the circus parade is passing the windows while someone is speaking overlengthily to you on a subject that does not

interest you a bit, should you interrupt to cry out: "Oh, look at the elephants!" You must continue to give attention to the speaker as if there were not an elephant in the world.

It is not courteous—it is even a mark of ignorance of good usage—to allude to your relatives as "Mr." "Mrs." "Miss" or by any other formal title. You should say, "my brother," "my sister," or cousin or aunt. But when you speak to others of their relatives it is correct to use the formal title, unless between intimates.

It is not respectful to others to talk across them without including them in the conversation.

On the occasion of an introduction, when a younger or less distinguished person is presented, or when you present an intimate to a less intimate friend, it shows lack of courtesy to say to the one who is older, more distinguished, or not so intimately known: "I want you to know my friend."

The more respectful form and the more courteous is: "I want my friend to know you."

Be careful, at a hotel table or in a public restaurant, not to keep the salt, pepper, sugar, etc., by your plate after you have helped yourself, but replace them where they may be easily reached by the others.

Little thoughtlessnesses, such as allowing the swing-door to fly back in the face of the one who follows you, are signs of lack of breeding. So is the much too-common exclamation: "You do not understand me," when you have failed to make your meaning clear, and should have said so instead of appearing to blame the one to whom you speak.

Failure to show the courtesy which is demanded by consideration for others is evidenced by such a saying as: "I do not care for such rich cake," soon after a gift of fruit cake was made to the speaker. Or, when a pretty ornament was shown, immediately to

describe a prettier, which had been seen somewhere or other by the one from whom admiration was expected, and called for. Or after a poet has sent a volume of his poems, to write: "So kind of you to send me your book, but so far I have not had time to read it." Do such improprieties seem impossible? They should be, with persons of fine instincts, even without social training; but each occurred and was witnessed by the one who regretfully writes of them.

If in observing all formal rules of behavior you keep in the background of your thought the deeper principles on which they rest, you will perform them with more grace and charm, and will not fail to commend the training of our Church.

CHAPTER II

More About a Girl's Manners

THE more I think of a girl's manners, the more important they seem. Therefore my desire to give another chapter on the subject is too strong to be resisted. The whole foundation of good manners, as we have already said, is nothing more nor less than consideration for others. But certain forms of such consideration may, somewhat arbitrarily yet conveniently, be listed under the three following heads.

THE PRACTICE OF INHIBITION

We have the authority of the psychological physiologists for the statement that "the inhibitory centers are in the higher intellectual

cortices of the brain." It should consequently be some comfort when we find it terribly hard to say to ourselves, "Stop! Don't do that!" or "Don't say this!" or "Don't think" some other thing, to know that our higher intellectual cortices are being healthfully exercised.

It is surprising how much of the conventional code of good manners is built on inhibition, on stopping an impulse, on self-control. In the last chapter we selected two or three points in the accepted code of behavior at a formal dinner to illustrate consideration for others. Let us now look to them—since the rules of etiquette for this function are more fully crystallized and less flexible than for almost any other—for a concrete illustration of the exercise of inhibition.

"If a waitress lets a tray fall"—to quote from a recent publication—"or if the sound of an appalling crash comes from the butler's pantry—the kind of crash that spells disaster to the best glass and china—the hostess may

not by look or word or the movement of a muscle betray anxiety or distress." This because expressions of uncontrolled impatience, anger, or annoyance of any kind are justly considered a sign of ill breeding, a sign of lack of practice in that self-control which is inhibition. So are all those loud complaints about the weather which are so silly and—will you forgive me for saying it?—so ill-mannered. It is good manners as well as good Christianity to say with a certain popular rhymster:

"When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
Why, rain's my choice!"

The constant practice of tranquillity under the small, mosquito kind of annoyances of life is a sign of fine breeding.

Stop all impulses to nervous fidgetiness, to playing with the knives and forks at table; to twiddling thumbs, tapping with fingers or feet,

violent rocking in the rocking chair, or even gentle rocking during a formal call—all are forms of bad manners, all are evidence of the lack of well-bred self-control, and practice of inhibition which we call poise.

Other occasions for a command to stop—to inhibit laughter at the expense of another, to hold back the clever, caustic retort, to refrain from staring at some unhappy deformity—are nothing more than the little finenesses of Catholic teaching that are the marks of convent-bred girls. They should be the marks of all Catholic girls.

A common form of impulse that should be inhibited is any temptation to retaliate, to "get even." "She began it," or "She did the same to me" is often offered in excuse for retaliation in kind. If what she did was wrong, you should not increase the sum of wrongdoing in the world by copying her. Does this sound like preaching? It is merely instruction in good manners, for retaliation is

the worst kind of bad form; it signifies ignorance of ordinary good usage.

To train one's self to give the preferred place to another, is also a point of etiquette which comes under the head of inhibition. Remember that selfishly to monopolize the most comfortable chair, to retain the end seat in the car, or the outside end of a pew in church, thus causing others the inconvenience of climbing over or crushing past you, all these little selfishnesses are ill-bred; they are not the acts of a gentlewoman. In fashionable schools the correct inhibitions are taught under the heading Social Behavior. Catholic girls will prefer to recognize such abstentions as small acts of self-denial, the sweetest possible material for a spiritual bouquet, and with this motive they will perform them more graciously and charmingly.

Still another phase of ill-bred desire for self-assertion is recognized in the writing of an inscription in the book we choose for a

gift. Wait until the one to whom you give it expresses a desire that you write in the book. To write in it on your own initiative is really taking too much for granted; it is a form of egotism to assume that by doing so you enhance the gift.

Neither should you present a photograph of yourself to any person outside of your own family unless such a gift is specially requested. This does not mean that you may not send snapshots, for they do not rank as gifts. But to order one or two dozen cabinet photographs of yourself and to inflict them willy-nilly upon your friends and acquaintances at Christmas indicates lack of fine breeding. Kings and queens and popular actresses may give pictures of themselves, but for a girl to do so is not etiquette.

It is hardly necessary to remark that any form of self-assertion, such as boasting, ostentation, allusion to the rank or distinction of relatives, and the like, defeats its own pur-

pose, inasmuch as it condemns the boaster to the ignoble company of the ill-bred.

"Mr. So-and-So is reported to belong to the English nobility," remarked a woman of a stranger in her town.

"I think that must be a fact," said another, "because he has never mentioned it."

The rare charm of perfect simplicity and sincerity should be the mark of all Catholic girls. Small assumptions, petty social falsenesses, should be inhibited by them.

THE PRACTICE OF FAIR PLAY

The code of good manners condemns every little underhand trick designed to secure advantage of one's self at the expense of another. To try to slip ahead of those before you in a waiting line, and all small unfairnesses of this kind, are to be avoided. There are greater unfairnesses, too, illustrated in the following stories.

"I have two inches of seam to stitch, will

you let me use the machine the next time you stop to pull out bastings?" asked one girl of another. The other did not wait for pulling bastings but immediately made way for the girl with two inches of seam; while she, once seated at the machine, held it for nearly the whole of the afternoon.

A scientist, famed from Maine to California, was listed to speak on his specialty during a teachers' convention. A young woman was to precede him with a little talk on something or other in her own line of work. "Less than ten minutes will be all I shall need, Dr. A.," she said modestly. "I guess I was only put on for a curtain raiser, anyway." She went on to the platform with many pages of manuscript; she read and read and read, ignoring the obvious disapproval of her audience, until only twenty minutes were left for the speaker of the evening.

These are instances of not playing fair; they are not good form socially; and if a

Catholic girl acts in such a manner do you think it tends to commend her Church? That, you see, is one of the things we all have to keep before us. Will what we do, will how we conduct ourselves, speak well for our Church? This because we are in the minority; so whatever each one does will count more.

THE PRACTICE OF BRINGING OUT THE BEST IN ANOTHER

This very clumsy heading might be changed to "The Practice of Alchemy," for it means transforming what is worthless or evil into that which is precious and good.

Sometimes at little social gatherings I have seen shy, awkward girls or boys, badly dressed, unaccustomed to this kind of intercourse, and looking as if they wished they were anywhere else in the world. I have seen ill-bred smiles and heard ill-bred remarks at their expense. Then some splendid girl

would come forward, greet the unhappy ones most charmingly, introduce them to other girls like herself, and give her social best to making them at ease and seeing that they had a good time. Also, I have seen those who first thoughtlessly laughed and mocked fall in line and try to be so agreeable as to make amends for their thoughtlessness. Are you this kind of splendid girl?

I have been in the street car when the conductor was surly and gave grumpy answers to anybody who dared to ask for information. Then I have seen a new passenger enter—an old lady, a child, a man or woman or girl—who asked the same old questions which had before annoyed the man, but which now seemed to act like a "Hey, presto, change, begone!" to discourtesy, and to bring out civility and helpfulness. When people are uncivil to you, which do you blame, them or yourself?

I have seen a tired salesgirl at the ribbon

counter act in the most odious and unaccommodating fashion to one customer and show herself, with another, full of willingness to oblige. One person brought out the good in her, the other the not so good. What do you bring out when you go shopping?

There is something irresistible about the charm of good manners. If every Catholic girl in America had superlatively good manners this would serve to commend her faith and her Church as perhaps nothing else she could do. It would cause Catholic girls, other things being equal, to be sought and preferred for every kind of work that girls perform. They would be specially advertised for; employers would congratulate themselves on securing Catholic help. And if Catholic girls were held in such esteem don't you think it would tend to raise their Church in the estimation of those who do not know it, except through its children? Don't you think the number of inquiries into the teach-

ings of that Church would be increased? Don't you think that certain forms of legislation inimical to the interests of that Church would be rejected?

Catholic girls are an extremely important and influential class.

CHAPTER III

The Fine Art of Appropriate Dressing

DID you ever consider that the human animal is the only one free to dress as he pleases? The others have to wear their little furry or feathery coats all their lives without change of pattern or color, while we have the privilege and the responsibility of free will in selecting our clothes. Our dress thus becomes a form of self-expression. Think of this when you next choose your suit or hat; consider which of your characteristics it will reveal to the looker-on.

It is right and natural for girls to be interested in dress, and to regard it as a matter of importance. It is good for a woman's morale to know that she is correctly gowned, it is a support in trying situations—but this

only if the clothes express the woman at her best. Note the attention given to the costuming of actors and actresses, the careful consideration exercised in selecting the habit for each religious order; the dress is chosen to express in some degree what the wearer is.

In this context let me tell you the story of a certain Pope to whom one of his prelates was reading the description of the habit of an order of women who were going to Africa to help in the missions.

"—and around the neck a crucifix hanging from a purple cord," concluded the reader.

"Purple?" inquired His Holiness. "And going to Africa? The cord should be red, the color of the martyrs."

Few of you who read this will be called on to wear that red cord, but if you keep in mind the saying of Joyce Kilmer that "A Catholic is not a Catholic only when he prays, he is a Catholic in all the thoughts and actions of

his life," you will choose your dress with more thought of it as a factor, whether you will it or not, of self-revelation.

When girls first begin to exercise freedom of choice in the selection of their clothes, they so often make mistakes, through ignorance of the standards of good taste, that we hope they will be glad to learn from this paper a few of the general principles of the fine art of appropriate dressing. These are chiefly concerned with rules for form or line, for ornament and decoration, and for color.

THE RULES FOR FORM

The rules for form in dress are that the lines of the clothing should follow the lines of the figure, or diverge from it only for the sake of modesty, beauty or utility. Our costumers of the present day have, most happily, been paying a great deal of attention to good lines, to graceful form in the silhouette. No longer do we see the distortions of the

crinolines, the bustles or the exaggerated puffed sleeves of the Victorian age—all seeming to say with Pau-puk-keewis:

Make me large and make me larger,
Ten times larger than the others.

Neither do we see the deformity of the constricted waistline. This is all very good. The well-tailored coat-suit or the one-piece frock of the present day, cut to a cleanly and hygienic length, but not too short for modesty nor too tight for a free and graceful step in walking, are as nearly correct in form as one might wish. The addition to the frock of a simple tunic often makes for beauty; the deep collar or cape on a winter coat is an addition for utility; and the draping of an opera cloak or of a *robe d'intérieur*, when skillfully done, is both modest and beautiful.

Structural divisions of the costume into thirds and fifths are artistically correct; divisions into halves and quarters are inartistic.

A yoke or guimpe extending half-way between neck and waistline, or a tunic or overskirt reaching half-way down the skirt, give very bad lines, and quarter lengths are only a little less bad.

The lines of the garments nearest the face, the most expressive part of the body, are of particular importance. Hard outlines are severe and trying to all but very young and pretty faces. A curved opening at the neck, either the oval or the round neck, is more becoming than the V-shape or the square. It is also more artistic, for no hard lines or acute angles are found in nature. It is further said that the V-neck adds five years to the age of the wearer.

The extremely pointed shoe and the absurdly distorted high heel of a past century, when art was decadent, indicate in the wearer either an inability to perceive beauty of form, or that sheeplike following of the crowd which holds no promise of the fine leadership

we look for in our Catholic girls. In styles of clothing Catholic girls should be leaders in the right, not followers of the wrong, and they should have the strength and independence of leaders.

RULES FOR DECORATION

That correct decoration should follow and emphasize the lines of construction is one of the rules to be observed in applying trimming to the costume. A band of fur, or embroidery, or trimming of any kind, gives proper emphasis to the edge of the coat, the end of the skirt or tunic, the encircling lines of wrist or neck. A vest at the front opening of the waist not only marks structure, it gives a graceful appearance of length and slenderness. But a skirt covered with narrow ruffles from waist to hem is a distortion of line and an exaggeration of decoration. This is not artistic; neither is a vest or insert which

tapers upward from waistline to neck, for this is a violation of natural form. Inartistic are spotty effects, like patch pockets of contrasting color or isolated figures, either in the form of trimming or in the design of the fabric, which appear aimlessly here and there on the skirt of the dress to arrest and hold the eye without functioning structurally. Inartistic also are rows of buttons down the back of a coat, where it is inconceivable they could fasten anything, or a great splurge of braidwork in the middle of the back of a garment.

All trimming should lead from the feet upward, and be more pronounced the nearer it approaches the face, to call attention to the face. Lavish decoration on the skirt of a dress is avoided by dressmakers of fine taste. But artists tell us that the chest, the site of the heart and breathing organs, the home of the great life centers of the body, may correctly be emphasized.

RULES FOR COLOR

To dress in one color is a mode we often find advised by persons with whom we, ourselves are, on this point, far from being in agreement. To confine one's self to a single color means restriction to two, or possibly three, standard shades of that color—otherwise an old skirt cannot be depended on to harmonize with a new blouse; or last winter's coat to be wearable with this winter's dress. For there is greater possibility of discord between different tints and shades of the same color than there is between two different colors.

Violent breaks and transitions in large masses of color are not always in good taste. To cut the figure in two at the waistline by wearing a white blouse with a dark skirt is bad. The color should be carried up by means of a tie, or buttons, or a bead chain, or some other device to soften the abrupt contrast.

Pure primary colors are best employed in small quantities, in little bright gleams of trimming or accessories. The secondary colors may be used in large masses. But the best general colors for frocks, suits and coats are the tertiaries—the browns, olives, gray-greens, dull blues or violets.

Each primary or secondary color brings out or deepens its complementary color. Thus a green dress will deepen the red of lips or cheeks, and ought to be becoming to pale faces. Violet, whose complement is yellow, is to be chosen only for fair, clear skins. Otherwise a deep collar of white or creamy lace or net is called for next the face. The homeopathic principle of like curing like is effectively seen in the becomingness of broken checks, small diapered designs, or the stipple effect of rough weaves or cloudily spotted fabrics when the skin is coarse or the complexion mottled. A charming girl who had unfortunately a dull skin and used to

freckle easily, wisely chose for a special occasion a frock whose cloudy yellowish ground was thickly sprinkled with groups of bright brown polka dots. Her skin in contrast appeared clear, her freckles were unnoticed, and it was the most becoming frock she ever wore.

With a dress or suit of indeterminate tint it is possible to achieve the effect of variety by the use of decidedly varied styles of accessories, such as lingerie, beads, scarfs or collars which may be made at home at trifling cost by the deft needlewoman.

Dead, solid white is trying except to flawless complexions. Its harshness is broken by mercerizing, by folds or draping, which break up its unrelieved expanse, or by choice of a thin material, which makes for soft grayness.

Very light, delicate tints or gay, bright colors, are appropriate for summer wear in the country, for garden parties, or for party frocks, where the hues play their part in the

decorative effect and stimulate gaiety and vivacity. But a girl should not attempt thus to decorate the sidewalks of the city streets or the offices or classrooms which may be the scene of her day's work. Here the quiet, unobtrusive tints are most appropriate. You would feel it to be a serious violation of good breeding to shout or scream in the city streets, or to cry: "Look at Me!" Don't allow your dress to say it for you. Above all the dress for church should be quiet and not of the kind to attract attention. The fashion in vogue in the Latin countries of the black dress for Sunday church is a good one.

A young American who had the good fortune to be educated in a convent in Rome, used to write of the women gowned in black, wearing black veils over their heads, which was the dress etiquette prescribed for them when attending the great functions at St. Peter's. When she returned to this country she found the dressing at our Sunday masses

to be most unsuitable. For my own part, I wish that the fine, strong leaders among our Catholic girls would initiate the fashion of wearing at the public services in our churches, small, close-fitting toques. It is not seemly that the view of the celebration of the great mysteries at the altar should be interfered with by large hats, big feather plumes or other forms of overelaborate millinery. The need for such restraint is not so imperative in non-Catholic churches, for they have not what we have. We ought to show in our dress how much we reverence and value it.

MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS ON DRESS

Let us return to the out-of-church gown. Loud plaids are not good, nor are very pronounced designs in voiles, silks, or other materials. One tires of wearing them long before a season is over, unless a large variety of costumes is available and even then such designs should be worn only rarely. They

also eclipse the person; are more prominent than the wearer.

Speaking of eclipse, be careful that your dress should not extinguish *you*, make it rather enhance you. Never buy because the garment is pretty but only if it makes you look pretty. If every one exclaims "How lovely your dress is!" you may be sure your dress has extinguished *you*. It has been badly chosen, unless its object was that of a party frock, to help to decorate the room. On ordinary occasions when we have met a woman who is perfectly dressed we should be unable to describe anything she wore or to recollect a single point of her costume, which has been so exquisitely adapted and subordinated to her, that all we remember is the *woman*.

The advice to wear the color of one's hair, or the color of one's eyes, is good only when the surface has not a brighter finish than the gloss of the hair, or the brightness of the eyes. Indeed, it is never in good taste to

wear stuff with a shiny surface. Artistic decorators and costumers abhor it; therefore avoid the over-glossy silks, and straws that look sticky with varnish.

Diaphanous materials, yielding soft folds, make graceful and becoming dresses for summer or for formal occasions. "Diaphanous," according to its first definition by Webster, means: "allowing the light to pass through as in porcelain." But when a blouse so thin as to be transparent is worn it gives the extremely unpleasant impression of clothing insufficient for modesty, and we are apt to question both the good sense and Christianity of the wearer.

Many of the prevailing materials, designs, and fashions are based on commercial rather than on artistic considerations. It is often difficult for an individual to resist the purchase of something she knows to be bad in color, form, or style. Yet, though Catholic girls are in a minority of one to four or five,

this counts 20% to 25% of the buyers of clothing, and when this proportion is composed of leaders in styles that are both right and beautiful it quickly becomes a powerful majority, one whose influence should have much weight both with manufacturers and sellers.

CHAPTER IV

More About Appropriate Dressing

MANY a girl has been disappointed after ordering from a mail catalogue, in clothes chosen from the models illustrated there. Similarly many a girl has been disappointed in the dress she made from a pattern, which in its reproduction of the pictured style was, alas, "so near and yet so far." Consequently it did not surprise me to be asked only a short time ago why the clothes on the girls in the pictures look so different from the same clothes on the living girls.

The answer is simple enough. It is because neither the clothes nor the girls that we see in the pictures are real. Those pictured girls are impossible, and if they lived

they could earn salaries as museum freaks, since for the effect of a graceful silhouette they are represented as unnaturally tall and slender. Likewise their clothes are unnaturally tall and slender. Those of you who have studied art and perhaps have drawn from the full-length antique know that the Greek classic type was from eight to nine heads high, and perfectly proportioned. The Apollo Belvidere is eight and one-half heads. We may question whether the ancient Greeks came up to their own standard, but we do know that we moderns average only six to six and one-half heads high. Nevertheless our stupid fashion-plates elongate the figure to eight and nine heads in height and make it abnormally slender, lissom, hipless and boneless. They draw the clothes to fit this exaggerated type, and so the real girl who adopts the style finds that her silhouette does not fulfil specifications.

TO WIN AN EFFECT OF HEIGHT AND SLENDERNESS

A girl who is not endowed with the height and slimness she craves may win the semblance of it by careful dressing. Such a girl should wear as long a skirt as is consistent with cleanliness—one not more than six or seven inches from the ground—and a waist not longer than one-third the distance from neck to bottom of skirt, with a small armhole, to give a long under-arm line. An over-long waist dwarfs the figure by decreasing the line of the skirt, which is the one to be depended upon for an effect of length. This effect is further enhanced by long, flat folds like knife pleating, and to a less extent by box pleats; but accordion pleating is in its nature bouffant and less adapted to give the appearance of slenderness. Curiously enough, a break in the downward line, if near the lower part of the skirt, like that made by a tunic not more than three or four inches above the bottom of

the hem, adds to the apparent height, as does a topcoat that is shorter by some two or three inches; while the three-quarter-length tunic or coat has an opposite effect.

A further semblance of slenderness is produced by nearly straight lines of trimming, folds or bands, from shoulder to hem, which run well inside the hips at back and front, and are sufficiently pronounced to catch the eye and hold it away from the lines of the contour. The shape and color of the hat, which will be discussed afterwards, also decidedly affect the appearance of height and the consequent slimness.

THREE IMPORTANT POINTS IN THE COSTUME

The coverings for the head, the hands and the feet are rightly considered the points of accent in good dressing. Let us begin with the feet and work up.

The general rules for decoration, referred

to before, should be heeded in the selection of footwear. What is called the placing of the mass prescribes, for a correct effect, that the color scheme should grow lighter towards the upper part. This means that the shoes and stockings ought to be darker than the skirts. White shoes and stockings with a dark dress catch the eye unpleasantly, withdraw attention from the face, exaggerate the size of the feet, and show ignorance of the correct sequence of tints. Black shoes and stockings with a white or very light-colored dress are nearly as bad, the contrast is too violent. Worst of all is the white or light-colored shoe with a dark stocking.

Many say they can judge character better from observation of the feet than from the observation of the face. Their judgment is based on three things: First, on the style of footwear chosen by the wearer, from which are deduced both good taste and mental balance or their lack. Second, on whether

the shoes are kept neat, and particularly on whether the heels are polished; this is taken to be an index of refinement. Third, on how the individual walks, neither toeing in nor toeing out, but straight as a pure-bred Indian; toeing out is a sign of self-conceit.

Though this standard is no more—and no less—to be depended upon than other similar criteria, it would be well for you girls to make a little study of the footwear of other girls and women. Look at the shoes of the out-of-doors girl, the one who can go on long hikes, who has learned the free, loping stride which can be kept up day after day on a walking tour. Look at those of the girl who belongs to the Sierra Club, and who climbs mountains for recreation; or those of the country-club girl, who plays tennis and hockey in summer, who goes skiing and skating in winter; or those of the girl farmerette, who can manage a garden better than a boy. See them as they walk through the city streets, note the grace-

ful swing from the hips, their free and unstilted movements. Compare this with the staccato steps of girls who wear shoes of a different kind. Look also at the footwear of the older girls, the women who are doing truly big things in the world—the active social-service worker, the trained nurse, the woman physician, the woman lawyer or architect or house decorator, the woman who has achieved success in business or who has won distinction in any phase of worth-while service—the women, in short, whose work reflects honor and distinction on their sex, their country, their church—and note the shoes they wear, with easy-fitting, straight inside edge, flexible sole, reasonably broad heel. The shoes are as free from smallness and affectation as the women. So seriously do shoes affect mental and physical efficiency that these women would most probably not be where they are if they had worn constantly during their girlhood the tight and pointed shoes of

torture, with hour-glass heels, named for Louis Something-or-other.

But then, women with brains never wear silly things. It takes a girl with a good deal of strength of character to make a stand against foolish shoes or foolish anything else. We look to Catholic girls for that strength, that leadership and—using the word in its double sense—for that good understanding.

GLOVES AND SLEEVES

Fortunately there is little to say beyond commendation of the present styles in gloves. No longer do we see well-dressed women squeeze their hands into gloves too small to allow free movement of the fingers; no longer do we see wrist buttonholes burst in the effort to force them over the buttons. The Early Victorian hand, small, anaemic, narrow-palmed, is now regarded with a healthy contempt, and the hand that looks as if it can do things, whether gloveless or dressed in the

glove which permits of their doing, is the hand of the hour.

A word now about arms and sleeves: From time to time we hear that sleeves are going to be worn long or that they are going to be worn short, but the short sleeve for a dinner or party frock is probably a permanent institution, and the out-of-doors girl—may her days be long in the land—will not quickly give up the freedom of the uncontrolled forearm. And here is counsel in the strictest confidence: Do not wear your sleeves too short, because—though it is not pleasant to hear—the elbows of most of you are far from pretty, and really you would look much better if you wore sleeves that covered them. Perhaps you will say, "But all the girls are wearing sleeves above the elbow!" Even if "all the girls" have adopted them, they should not be able to make you wear anything which brings out and emphasizes your bad points, such as knobby, protuberant elbows. Have

some proper vanity and let the sleeves cover them.

THE HAT

In many respects the hat is the most important article of dress. It makes or mars the whole costume. It frames the face, which more than any other part of the body reveals the YOU which in that body dwells. That the hat should therefore enhance the face and bring out all that is best in it almost goes without saying. Yet not the face alone, the whole figure has to be considered in choosing a hat. To illustrate: The broad brim and low crown ought not to be thought of by the girl who is short and squat, any more than the high-peaked Alpine crown and narrow brim by the one who is tall and lanky. Also, the line of a broad brim should never parallel the line of the shoulders, for this will exaggerate both the too-square and the too-slanting shoulder lines. The brim line of geometrical

regularity, like that of the sailor hat, is as a rule becoming only to the face with regular features. For the irregular-featured girl a curved brim is most becoming, or a line broken at the edge by a braid of coarse straw or any similar device. A hat the color of the hair is often good for ordinary wear, as is a picture frame which matches the prevailing tints of the picture. But the hat should be duller than the hair, so as to bring out the gloss of the latter. Or the hat may be a contrast. A dark-complexioned girl with black hair can often very effectively wear a hat of dull, rich red, or one trimmed—not too profusely—with flowers of geranium red.

A good general rule to remember is that red above the face is apt to be becoming, and red below the face is usually trying.

THE HAT AND THE NOSE

A nose which markedly deviates from the normal makes for difficulty in the selection

of a hat; yet there is no sure rule to follow in all such cases. The small face with an upturned nose generally looks best in a small hat of tricorn shape, and the Roman-nosed girl looks worst in a toque and best in a brim which overshadows and dwarfs her nose. Excessively high cheek bones also call for the avoidance of a turban or toque and need a decided brim, preferably rolled.

A turned-up hat brim increases the apparent height in proportion to its upward flare. A white crown, a white or light-colored plume, aigrette, or any upstanding trimming of sufficiently light tint to carry the eye upward also gives the effect of height, as of course does the high crown. This last device has been used in army uniforms, and the tall busby or shako is part of the dress uniform of the West Point cadets, while the same with an upright plume of white is, or used to be, worn by the Hussars and other British regiments, and markedly increased the appear-

ance of height. The low crown and wide brim drooping at the sides serves as an extinguisher of height. All these, however, are only general rules, and since the hat should be adapted to the individual they will not be found universally applicable.

A wise woman once gave the advice never to buy anything that was "the rage," that everybody wore, and that was the height of the fashion. It is good counsel to follow. As soon as a style is "worn by everybody," is reproduced by the thousands in cheap factory-made garments, let it be avoided by our young Catholic girls who are so precious, and so few in number compared with the others. Let them be leaders and not followers, wearing clothes consistent with their distinction.

Here is another secret: If they cultivate a good carriage, a graceful walk, and in general a deportment appropriate to their high call-

ing, they can wear a twenty-dollar frock and make it look as if it cost a hundred.

THE BUDGET FOR CLOTHING

One thing that every girl who reads this should do, if she has not done it already, is to plan a budget for her clothing. If you are earning money, set aside a reasonable portion of your earnings for clothing. If you are a home girl, use your gentlest and firmest pressure on the Powers to give you a definite allowance. Then plan your budget—and keep within it. It is chiefly for the sake of keeping within it that you should have a budget. But first let us consider the budget in itself. Here are three rules for its framing:

1. Make two lists of articles of clothing, one to include the must-haves, the other the may-haves. Apportion for the must-haves first, and assign what is left over to the may-haves.

2. In estimating the cost of any article allow for its enduring qualities, and divide the original price by the number of years of wear it may be expected to give.

3. Be particularly careful about expenditures for making over, dyeing, laundering and repairs, and estimate whether the cost of the process is justified by the increased length of wear of the article, in proportion both to its original cost and its current price. A silk waist, a silk frock, costing more at first, may be more economical than one made of lawn or gingham when the laundering of these is added to the original price.

Now for the reason why it is good for you to plan a budget, provided you keep within it: It is because this is one of the hardest things a girl can do. The temptation to buy some coveted may-have—it is always a may-have—sweeps her off her feet if she is not securely anchored by the will. Many a girl has gone without an umbrella or rubbers,

without winter wraps, to buy a pair of dancing slippers, a string of beads, or a fancy opera cloak. It may seem a trifle to refrain from exceeding your allowance in order to buy a pretty but unnecessary necklace or blouse, but it often calls for soldierly qualities to do so. And you, Catholic girls, want to train yourselves in the fine and difficult art of self-mastery, do you not? You who are so valuable, and to whom all look for great and fine things, must not miss the opportunities in training for leadership which such self-conquest as adherence to a clothing budget will give you. You know you were not put here to do only what is easy.

Try the budget, and see whether you will conquer it or it will conquer you.

CHAPTER V

The Girl and Her Job

SOME years ago, the woman in a teachers' training school who gave us what she called Normal Talks, enumerated one day the qualities essential to the profession of teaching. The teacher, she told us, should have:

Spiritual-mindedness.

Good health and sound nerves.

Self-control.

Social adaptability.

Sufficient knowledge of her subject.

In this list she said she put first things first, she named the qualities in the order of their importance; and you should see how we looked at one another when knowledge of our subject brought up the rear, and was dis-

missed, in the discussion which followed, with the bare statement that provided the other qualities were present this might be allowed to take care of itself; it would be sure to be easily gained.

During the years which have passed since then, I have added two more items. These are: First, that every girl has a job; and second, that those five specifications fit every girl for every job. Think them over, and see whether you don't agree with me.

Are some of you girls expecting to graduate this year? The year after graduation from school is often one of the hardest years of a girl's life. It is especially difficult if she has been away at boarding school or college, and harder still if she has to return to her home without having to engage in work of some kind which will provide the life according to schedule and the association with young people of her own age to which she has been accustomed in school. The girl who is des-

tined to be what some of you call "a plain home body" will often envy the girl with a job.

But the home girl has a job, unless she shirks it. Indeed hers is one of the most important in the world, a work full of variety, rich in opportunity, far-reaching in its effects. A nun who is a true friend of girls, says that every girl ought to assume duties in the home; that these duties should "be regular, rather than spasmodic." In this voluntary assumption of a daily schedule there is splendid opportunity for self-control, while it will often call for still greater self-control to allow legitimate demands to infringe on the schedule. To hold yourself to something when you don't want to do it and to give it up when you do, is fine training for the will.

If your home is one of the noble company of the servantless—and this means a sweeping majority count of the homes in America—why not relieve your mother of some of

the heavier and less agreeable work which she has done for so many years? Again, there may be a chance to teach younger children or to help them with their lessons, or something else may suggest itself to you in the following quotation from Mother Loyola's book *Home for Good.* She writes: "In a home I knew, where there are three grown-up brothers, the wardrobe of each is given into the charge of one of his sisters as soon as she leaves school. It is pleasant to see the zest with which the girls discharge their duties, and the pride they take in their brothers. Young men have their weaknesses in the matter of dress and comfort no less than the weaker sex, and the question of neckties, etc., is the subject for grave consultation between them and their respective *chargées d'affaires,* whose sympathy and devotedness have resulted in a mutual trust that bids fair to have a far-reaching influence on the grave concerns of after life." Let me

suggest, on the other hand, that every girl might well seek the opinion of her brothers and her father on her own dress, for fathers and brothers, though themselves doomed by convention to a hopelessly inartistic and unbecoming garb, seem nevertheless to possess a highly-developed sense of what is beautiful and appropriate in the dress of women. A girl is fortunate who is able to consult her father and brothers about her clothes. She will find their opinion better worth having than that of her sisters.

Society women often engage social secretaries, whose usefulness is diversified. These young women attend to business correspondence, to tradesmen, to household repairs, to the monthly bills, to planning menus for formal dinners, to the heating, lighting, and decorations of the house, to care of the house plants, to keeping up subscriptions to magazines and newspapers, and so on. Every girl should be to some extent her mother's social

secretary. Thus the mother will be freed from care while the girl is learning to make tactful and frictionless adjustments in that important social institution, the home, on which all others depend. In such opportunities a girl ought to find a more valuable postgraduate training than in a university course, and a more varied field of action, more freedom and power of initiative, and closer and deeper human relations, than in any business career.

THE GIRL IN BUSINESS

There are girls who are teachers, girls who work in stores, stenographers, private secretaries, nurses, some who are in social service etc., etc. One splendid girl, head waitress in a restaurant—something she disliked greatly —once said: "I always prayed for a job where I wouldn't either have to boss or be bossed, and the Lord put me where I'm both bossed and have to boss." Most admirably

did she handle the difficulties of her task. You see, she was spiritually minded, she accepted her "job" as an answer to prayer.

Not every girl has strength to perform highly uncongenial work, so most of them should consult their capacities and inclinations in choosing a career. It is true that a girl sometimes has a job thrust upon her, which she must take or go without employment; but where she has the privilege of choice she should consider, besides her own fitness and liking for the position: (1) the openings for advancement and—(2) the nature of the work in itself, its utility, its service in the world. This, though last to be mentioned, ought always to be thought of first. Do you remember the girl in recent fiction who worked in a grain mill and was so proud to think that her little daily task helped to provide bread for the American people? The same beautiful spirit was found in a boy who swept a

church, in a girl who addressed envelopes in an office of the Propagation of the Faith. Catholic girls are too few and too valuable to give their services to any concern whose honesty is not thoroughly established, whose work is not truly serviceable. The employment of Catholic girls by any business should in time be considered an asset, a kind of letter of credit, a guarantee of honorable dealing.

This condition is perhaps among the "far-off, divine events" which are on their way but have not yet arrived. However, a condition which is possible now and called for imperatively, is that whatever work you choose, or whatever chooses you, you are to do it, not merely well, but super-excellently. This, because being a Catholic girl you are cast for leadership in all that is good, including—forgive the paradox—leadership in service.

A girl often learns much in business. One told me she never knew how much a man

needed a happy home until she became secretary to the head of a great organization and learned how many trials he had to encounter every day, how many difficult adjustments he had to make, how many disappointments had to be hidden under a brave face. After one of those weary days she used to hope her employer's home was a happy one to which to return, a place of restfulness and peace. She used to say that if every girl knew what she had learned from her year as secretary she would insist less on her claim to be made happy by her husband, and would think more of her responsibility to make a happy home for him.

THE GIRL WITH A DULL JOB

No matter what work you do or where you do it, in the home or outside of the home, you will find it to have its monotonies, its tiresomeness of routine, its dullness. Sometimes the work may seem to hold nothing but dull-

ness, and the active-minded girl may impatiently question what there is in it for her, what development, what gain. Yet, if she is only strong enough to endure it, there is in a dull job the greatest opportunity in the world to demonstrate backbone. It is a great trial of strength. In a story that appeared recently in a magazine, a character is made to say: "The toughest test of a man's pluck that I know is the hard, monotonous grind of standing up to everyday duties and responsibilities. For there is no excitement in that, no glory—just grit."

The dull jobs have to be done by some one. So shoulder your share; don't shirk. If it is small work and unworthy of your powers, learn to do the small thing in a big way. How you do anything is so much more important than what you do! Get out of such work, by all means, as soon as opportunity offers, but do not leave it until you have conquered it; and you have not conquered it

until you have learned to do it without impatience and resentment. You are not fit for a better job until you have won from this the best gifts it has for you, the perseverance and patience and good humor and persistence it was meant to develop in you.

Let me tell you about two girls who did more than their work for their employer. The employer was a gifted woman who had initiated and developed a splendid achievement, but who was not easy to please in her assistants, and who sent many a girl away in hysterical tears. (A great physician, a non-Catholic, says that Catholics who are frequent communicants rarely suffer from hysteria and other nervous disorders.) These two girls kept their positions year in and year out, whereat there was marvel.

"Mrs. So-and-So is a genius," remarked one of the girls, "and like many geniuses she has times of nervous stress when little things jar her. Mary and I are always on the look-

out to save her from experiences which would cause her to lose control of herself. Afterwards, she would suffer more from it than would her victim."

Here is an instance of that type of good manners which brings out the best in another and saves that one from her worst. Here is an instance of true friendship from employees toward employer; for a friend is one who brings out the best. These girls were Catholics, though their employer was not. Don't you think her opinion of Catholic girls as a whole will be based on these two?

CHAPTER VI

The Girl and Her Friends

"It is a good thing to be rich, and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends."

Euripides

SOME girls are conscientious objectors to the use of the word "friend" when they speak of anybody except some particularly cherished individual; and in describing uncherished ones, outside the pale, they go all around Robin Hood's barn in a search for such uncompromising and noncommittal terms as "a girl I know," "a woman of my acquaintance," "a young lady I often meet," "a colleague," "a co-worker," and the like. Their noses may be seen to go up in the air

if any one unwittingly speaks of "a friend of yours" when the more correct designation should be "the female of about your own age who lives in the house next door." A girl like this will check an undiscriminating assumption that some one is a friend with the remark "Oh, no; she is not a friend; she is only one of my classmates in Senior High."

Another kind of girl, in a burst of indignation, will tell about "a friend of mine who is the meanest thing I know!"

Still other girls use the beautiful word "friend" with wholesome generosity, "Let me introduce one of my best friends," said a girl, wealthy and of good family, on presenting another who worked in a canning factory. "Friends, I'm going to form a class in basketry; I'd love to have you all join," announced another girl, rich, traveled, educated, addressing a group of women of various ages, but all ignorant, uncouth, half-brutalized, among whom she did volunteer work at a

settlement house. There is a charming married girl—a girl in heart if not in years—who has a sweet habit of speaking of her maids as her friends. "This is Annie, our new waitress, whom I think you have not met before," she will remark at a small and select luncheon, the kind that numbers not less than the Graces nor more than the Muses. "We hope Annie is going to be happy with us and will find us her friends." To see Annie's happy, silent smile at her mistress promises well for their friendship; and then every one present smiles at Annie, and all are waited on at that luncheon in a spirit that sends them home as if they had received a benediction. Talk of the servant problem! This woman's maids never leave her except to marry, or to enter a convent as lay sisters.

If your home is not one of the "noble company of the servantless" you will have an opportunity to show yourself a friend to the girl, perhaps of your own age, who

is so often lonely in the house where she serves. Or you will have an opportunity to allow the older woman who has in her heart a soft spot for girls like you, to become your friend. Our country stands for democracy, and if it would hurt your social position to be friendly with your maid, your standing is on no firm foundation. In the English *Punch* some time ago appeared the delightful caricature of a woman who said of a man, estimable and worthy, but alas, belonging to "the lower middle class," "Of course we could not know him in London, but we shall meet in Heaven." Do you expect to meet your maid in Heaven?

The definition of "friend" is very much the same as the Bible definition of "neighbor," for friendship is too beautiful a gift to withhold, to curtail or to restrict it to a few. But there are zones of friendship, something like the zones for postage; only in the friendship zones the cost is in inverse ratio to that

in the postage zones. It is on the friends in the inner zone, those who are most precious and dear, those who will cost the most and enrich you the most, that we shall chiefly dwell, though all we say may well extend through the other zones too.

In this inner zone there should be room for a great many friends, for it is neither wholesome, broadening, nor educative, when a girl has only one, and seems to build a fence around herself and this one with bristling signs all over it: "Keep off the grass," "Trespassers will be prosecuted," "No admittance to private grounds." About this kind of exclusiveness there is something unwholesome; and you will find that nuns, who are women of unusual wisdom, will do all they can to keep it out of convent schools, for these particular friendships, as the nuns call them, tend to morbidity and narrowness, and nuns want their girls to be good friends with all other girls. Neither is it good to

limit your closest friendships solely to members of your own family. Look for spiritual kinship outside of your relatives. There are lonely ones who have no blood ties such as you have; adopt these into your heart, or let them adopt you.

For the friends of her inner zone every girl will do well to choose or to be chosen by a girl poorer than herself, in either money or gifts of more value, and whom she can help; a girl richer than herself, stronger and finer, who can help her; a girl who is congenial and sees eye to eye with her; and one who has different views, being her opposite in all except the great fundamentals. Every girl ought also to have an older woman for a friend, one of the kind whose heart keeps young but who has gone deeper into life. And a nun friend is a necessity. If a Catholic girl has been so unfortunate as not to have been educated by nuns—this really is a misfortune which comes as near to being

irreparable as any that could happen to a girl—she must find and equip herself without delay with at least one nun friend. There is an order whose members do not engage in teaching, but whose business it seems to be to open doors of friendship to all women; and there, if not elsewhere, the girl may find her nun friend. Multiply these different kinds of friends by as many as you will, but be sure to include at least one of each in that inner zone of dearest and costliest friendship. Such a group of friends will teach a girl more than she has ever learned in high school, college, or university.

THE PRICE OF FRIENDSHIP

It is estimable to have friends, but most things of great value in life have to be paid for at a high cost. Let us now see how much your friends will cost you, and how the price you pay for them will enrich you.

1. Some one of your friends will prob-

ably be dearer to you than the others, and almost always she will be one who, though caring a good deal for you, will care more for some one else. This is what is hardest to bear in any close friendship—the knowledge that you have only second place. But it seems to be the rule that the beautiful links of affection between friends shall never form a closed circle, but always an endless chain—one giving more to another, that other giving more to some one else, and so on. Here is the place to inhibit self-assertion, to be glad you are the link in a splendid, endless chain, and to remember that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Here is the place to win a fine and high self-conquest.

2. Not for many years will you maintain your friendships in the inner zone without meeting another lion in the way, when one of your friends will on some coveted occasion outshine you. Perhaps it will be an examination, when she will win the prize for

which you both competed. Perhaps she will win the prize of a better opening in business; perhaps the prize of a much wished-for social success. But some time some one of your dearest girl friends will win something that you wanted for yourself. When this happens can you be glad for her? Can you do more then merely inhibit envy? Can you be strong and generous enough to rejoice at her good fortune? How much this will cost you! How much it will hurt! But how greatly you will be enriched if you win the grace truly to rejoice at your own deprivation and at her success!

3. While you should always be on good terms with your friend's friends, you should never enter into misunderstandings that may arise between them. It is often very difficult thus to refrain from taking up another person's quarrel, and your friend may resent your not doing so on her behalf. But this is one of the times and places where you must

not allow her to influence your conduct. It is your duty to bring out the best in those you meet, and you will not be able to do this by showing coldness to some one who has given you no cause.

4. We are told we should never pass on a bad coin, for this means the passing-on of annoyance, trouble, or loss to another. Likewise, do not pass on an unkind saying to your friend, whether the word has been said of you, and you desire her sympathy; or said of her, and you wish her to share your indignation. On the contrary, shield her by your silence. It should not be necessary to mention this in writing for Catholic girls, yet it is apt to be done through thoughtlessness, and regarded as of no importance.

Perhaps there will be times when the unpleasant question will arise in your mind, insistently demanding an answer: "Is this friend of mine 'working' me? Is she trying to make use of me for some gain to herself?"

Has she allowed you to pay too many car-fares, with only faint protest? Has she managed it so that you were the one to do most of the work for the fair or the picnic, with the result that you were all tired out while she stayed fresh and rested? Has she suggestively told you of gifts made to her by other friends, with "Please go thou and do likewise" implied if not expressed? Has she hinted that invitations from you to this, that, or the other thing would be accepted, with the understanding that you should bear all the expense? Has she borrowed your belongings and been slow to return them, or returned them much the worse for the wear? Have you suspected that she uses up secondhand Christmas and other gifts for presentation to you?

Sit quietly down and think it over to see whether this is not your fault, whether you have not brought out of your friend something not her best. You remember how we have tried to show the responsibility of the

person who aspires to the finest kind of good manners to so act as to bring out the best in every one? How much more responsible are we for bringing out the best in a friend! Sometimes one girl will lavish extravagant devotion on another, giving to her and giving up to her more than she ought for the wholesome relation between them. This is a form of selfishness in the one who gives; it develops selfishness in the one who receives. Have you, by so doing, made it difficult for your friend to resist the temptation to take advantage of you? Such exaggerated generosity from one girl toward another is inordinate, and things which are inordinate are apt to be very severely punished. I do not mean that if your friend is ill, in severe financial straits, or in deep trouble of any kind, that you may not make sacrifices in her service. Such sacrifices will be your privilege and joy, but you must not do for her what it would weaken her to avoid doing for her-

self, for this would be not to play the part of a friend. Here, if you are too prone to give, is another opportunity for restraint, for inhibition. As a rule, the girl who, without necessity, accepts extravagant devotion from another is not the one to whom it can be given without injury both to the one who gives and to the one who takes.

5. It is almost inevitable that disagreements and disputes will sometimes arise between you and your friend, when each of you will be sure she is right. Here is your opportunity either to acquire greater breadth of vision from seeing the two sides of the question; or, if you are quite sure you are right, to practice the art of persuasively winning your opponent. In any quarrel the real victor is the one who wins the other willingly to acknowledge a mistake, while the one who overcomes by force, or by cutting argument, may possibly have done worse than fail, he or she may have stimulated ill-will. Beware,

in any quarrel, of bringing out the worst in another.

Some girls are so full of that perversion of humor which expresses itself in teasing or in practical jokes, where some one else is made the butt of ridicule, that they cannot. resist submitting their friends to these trials. There was a girl who could not be teased by a joke, for she was always the first to enjoy a joke on herself. Another could not be annoyed by any form of rudeness, she only felt sincerely sorry for the one who was rude; also, she managed to see the humorous incongruity of a rudeness. But conversely, there is a woman of my own generation who tells of a cruel joke played on her when she was a schoolgirl, where she was so painfully ridiculed that, though the girl who caused it expressed sincere contrition and begged forgiveness with tears, she refused to pardon her. Such a refusal was a piece of bad manners. In the code of honor of the English public schools

the moment a boy apologizes to another his offense is blotted out, and it is considered bad form to show the slightest remembrance of it. It was also small-minded, for the offense was due more to thoughtlessness than ill-will, and to take it too seriously indicated lack of balanced judgment; it implied the excessive self-love that is intolerant of hurt. It was, moreover, something worse than bad form; it was unbecoming in a Catholic girl, who has been taught that on confession and contrition no offense of her own is beyond hope of pardon.

Trifles like little hurtful jokes or comments, small oversights or rebuffs, happen more frequently than the greater trials of friendship, and more often cause differences between friends than the really big issues. There should never be "fallings-out" between friends, and there will not be if you do your part, for it takes two to dispute, to quarrel, to fall out. Let us summarize some of the safeguards against such happenings. First,

there is the cultivation of that sense of humor which will enable you to enjoy a joke on yourself. This is a kind of armor from which little stings will glance off harmlessly. Second, put yourself in the other one's place, and see whether her offense was not perhaps due to a touch of biliousness, a fit of general disgruntlement, or some transitory lapse from the normal. Set your wits to work to play the part of a friend and to bring out the best in her. Third, if the chance should come to you to pay back—to "get even"—shut down hard on such a temptation. Exercise immediately those inhibitory centers we told about, and which are present only in the highly-developed cortices of the brain. To retaliate is often a great temptation, but it is not the best way to make or keep a friend. A Catholic girl will, besides, welcome the opportunity to turn her self-conquest into a beautiful offering, a lovely flower for a spiritual bouquet.

Do you now see what was meant by the paradox that you buy friends only at a great cost, but that to pay the price will enrich you? If you are able to pay this price, in tolerance, in selflessness, in unfailing patience, good-humor and love, then you have the qualifications to be a friend, and if you are fit to be a friend you will win friends. And friends are among the most precious acquisitions in the world.

CHAPTER VII

A Girl's Recreations

IT is to be hoped that every girl who reads this is a lover of play, that she plays as hard and as heartily as she works, and that she is from top to toe a gamester, a playboy, and a good sport.

Be a playboy—never mind if you are called a boy; don't you remember how Saint Theresa wished all her daughters to be "brave and valiant men?"—is meant a girl who is an all-round lover of play and sport, and whose recreations include as great a variety as possible, so that if she were lost in the desert, shipwrecked on an uncharted island, quarantined for contagious illness, or shut up in a hall bedroom on a wet day, she would

still be gamester enough to dig up something at which to play, and get so much fun out of it that she would not care how long it might be before the search party found her, or the quarantine was lifted, or the rain let up. For the true good sport is magnificently independent of conditions, and can "play the game" whether it showers or shines.

You remember those models of good sports, the French aristocrats during the Revolution, how gaily they danced every night in the Bastile, how, instead of wailing and complaining, they jested and made merry. That was courage! It was valor and bravery such as might have delighted Saint Theresa; it was, with many of them, a demonstration of faith and religion. This, because God permitted it that they were in the Bastile, and so long as they were in His hands everything was all right. I have no doubt that in the secret places of the hearts of those French people, in those reserves of theirs which none shall

pass, this conviction was the source of that fine, gay courage which expressed itself in laughter and dancing and true *gaieté de coeur* on the eve of the guillotine.

Persons of all-round and sustained strength of character are good players. Think of the story of Francis the Happy swinging Brother Masseo round and round until the Brother was so dizzy he did not know where he was! Then there are the stories of his making joyous canticles to his Brother the Sun and everything else in sight, just because of his overflowing happiness and spirit of play. Francis was a man of that all-round and sustained strength of character which is basic to saintliness and bound up with its joyousness; for a sad saint is a sorry saint.

Those who do tremendous amounts of work, who carry the cares and burdens of big business, are also prone wholly to let themselves go, and recreate their energies by hours of play. This is nothing but good business

sense, for those who work hard need to play hard. If they did not they would wear out.

Average people, like ourselves, but who are religious and full of faith, are also lovers of play, and play like little children. In the Catholic countries we find holyday games and festivities provided as an outlet for the joy which should be the fruit of the Faith. In the recreation hours of the sisters' novitiates they play more merrily than five-year-olds. The Catholic Celts are marked by lightheartedness; the Catholic Latins by unquenchable merriment. Therefore one of the marks and signs of good Catholic girls should be that they possess the strength of character, the business sense, and the abiding faith and trust which are so apt to effloresce in a spirit of play.

All this is meant to incite in any of you who have it not a love for play and a sense of duty regarding the recreation which truly recreates. Now, having considered play in

general, let us go into some kinds of play in particular.

Every girl should have training in some form of recreation which will take her out of doors. The fashion of living in houses and sleeping in rooms is not among the wholesomest fostered by civilization. A famous man, a physician and a Catholic, has written to the effect that depression, irritability, and being hard to get on with often proceed from being too much in the house. Every girl ought to be out of doors, rain or shine, at least three hours in the twenty-four—so says another physician.

Merely to be out of doors is good, but to play out of doors is better. Tennis, golf, basket-ball, rowing, riding, running, swimming, and all games played in the open are the best kind of recreation. They take you into pure air; the exercise stimulates its inhalation in deep breaths; the fun of the game promotes sensations of joy which are good for

the blood, and its social side makes for fine character building.

You have noticed, have you not, how character is revealed in a game? Be sure that what is disclosed of yours speaks well for your Church. In the abandon of even so graceful a play as basket-ball a girl will sometimes let go too much; her postures will not be quite becoming; in the heat of the contest she will roughly push and crowd and scramble in a manner we might think rude in a boy. I once heard an instructor of athletics say this kind of behavior was necessary. "They must do things like this," she said, "if they are out to win." Call a halt here, and question yourselves whether the game is worth such a sacrifice? Cultivate your sense of values. Such non-Catholic standards are not high and fine enough for a Catholic girl; in discarding them she will find an opportunity to exercise that restraint which makes for self-development.

Convent girls are trained to play all games

skillfully, joyfully and becomingly. The girls' baseball team from a Sacred Heart Academy not long ago challenged the team in another city, where the Lord Bishop, who viewed the game, expressed himself delighted by the skilled playing of the girls, combined with their grace of movement.

I used to wish that all Catholic girls might be distinguished by wearing some kind of badge or button, so that older women might find it easy to recognize them. But now I want Catholic girls to be recognized and distinguished by their finer behavior, especially in games that offer temptations to relax its rules, and in this fine behavior to outrank all others. There is a woman who, before the war, was English governess to a European princess. She says that her charge was brought up never to forget her rank. This was done not in the least in a snobbish way, but rather she was so enjoined toward a realization of her rank's responsibility, as a guide

in behavior. Thus should a Catholic girl never forget her high calling.

Games of all kinds, whether in the house or out, are excellent opportunities to acquire the fine art of getting on with one's fellows. Here again what touchstones of character they are! Hidden selfishnesses come out in a game, small vanities and self-conceits, the weakness of lack of control, and—worse than all—a game often brings to light latent dishonesty in the player. A girl once said to me: "It is more fun to cheat in a game of cards." I wished she had known the Old-Country training of young people, where to cheat in a game involves ostracism from good society. So play fair; whatever you do, play fair.

Another delightful recreation is found in music. Every girl ought to learn to play some instrument. It is a pity more girls do not play the violin. Its music lends itself to better self-expression. It is poured out

rather than pounded out, and so is better, according to Florence Nightingale, for the sick or tired; and the instrument is easy to carry around with one. But whatever be the instrument, play something, for music is better than medicine either to stimulate or soothe. It may be said to be a very present help in times of trouble.

Dancing, where you have the combination of exercise with music, is one of the most natural recreations for young people of any age. Especially are the genuine folk dances of the different nations to be recommended for grace and modesty, and as affording a natural and wholesome outlet for energy. In connection with dancing let me mention the circle and other games played instinctively by children, the games taught in the kindergarten, which do not call for concentrations or make demands on the brain as do card games, guessing contests, and the like, but which are free from the stress of emulation, and bring

about a social togetherness. These nursery games that go with a swinging unison to the accompaniment of rhythmic chant are the best of all to produce the infection of joy, to soothe the nerves, to stimulate the circulation, and to refresh the brain. "Rhythmic action," writes one of our physiologists, "accompanied by music, is one of the most valuable and invigorating stimulants known to science." Do not think that because you are in your teens and your twenties you are too old to play games like these, for young people of your age are often ridiculously inflexible. These games were taught to social workers in Boston some years ago, where they took like an epidemic.

Another delightful form of recreation is the cultivation of a hobby. Unlike a game, a hobby can be played alone. Every girl should have at least two hobbies, one for indoors, one for outdoors. Collections of coins, or china, or postage stamps, collections of

fashion-plates from the time of your grandmother, of old ballads, of pictures of children of all nations—really, every girl ought immediately to start making a collection of something or other. There is no end of pleasure in it, and it often opens the door to profit too. For outdoor hobbies there is the study of birds, of trees, moths, stones; there is gardening, kodaking, fishing, and a dozen and one things of this kind. An outdoor hobby is especially to be recommended. "If you don't have a hobby," writes a wise man, "life gets to be abominably tiresome. But if you have an outdoor hobby you will never grow old. You will live long, you will be happy, you will be well." A hobby means work, but not work you are bound to, for you can change your hobbies as often as you like and begin to ride a new one with freshened enthusiasm; but you ought always to keep one going.

Some of you girls are bound down to one form or another of highly specialized work.

From this high specialization there is danger of narrowness, of limitation, of restriction. Your hobby should be something so different from your work that it will be your safeguard from onesidedness. Especially is the different hobby needed for the girl who is teacher of a single subject. A teacher of mathematics has a hobby for gardening; one of German and one of English literature have hobbies respectively for rowing and gardening; one of psychology has cooking for hers. All are well-rounded, well-balanced women. Next to religion and a sense of humor it is chiefly hobbies that help us along the pilgrimage of life. Don't ride one to death, but ride it gracefully.

CHAPTER VIII

A Girl's Charities

An old Carmelite Father told the following story before a gathering of young Catholic girls.

One day, when he was taking a walk in a quiet, sunny street of the big city where he lived, he saw two small girls standing as close as they could get to the window of a candy store and, with longing in their eyes, wistfully gazing at the display of sweets. From the poverty of their dress he could judge that not many of the superfluous sweets of life came their way; and from their silent absorption he could see how much they coveted the unattainable goodies. Without saying a word he took a hand of each, led the pair into the

store, and bought for each a little box of bonbons. The younger girl at once proceeded to business, and began to gobble up her candy as if she were afraid it would run away from her. The older, who was about five or six years of age, quickly uncovered her box, raised up the lace paper, and without so much as a look at the contents presented it to the priest, saying: "Father, take a piece."

The story was heard with delight, then the priest said something else, which at least one of his listeners never forgot.

"This," he said, "is what we do with our heavenly Father. All that we have is His gift to us, and all we can do is to offer Him back a portion of what He gave us, saying: 'Father, take a piece.' "

Now we shall let that story sink in, without further comment, and proceed at once with our subject.

The word charity includes so much, it is so rich in meaning and connotation, that it often

surprises one to find it interpreted solely as the bestowing of alms in the form of money. Many times girls have exclaimed: "Oh, if only I had money, how I should love to give lots of it in charity! I would give to——" naming this, that, or another worthy object. Some of these girls have either achieved the possession of money or have had money thrust upon them by inheritance, sometimes beyond their wildest dreams. Have they indulged in an orgy of giving to this, that, or another charity? Do I need to answer the question? These girls were only at the stage of development of the younger child who gobbled up her candy. They were not yet old enough to say 'Father, take a piece.' "

There is no girl who has not much, much to give, to spend, to lavish in places where her gifts are needed; and unless she gives what she has at present it is quite unlikely she will give what she may have in some dim and distant future. As for money,

it is often one of the things that matters least. We shall leave it for the last, and discuss more important phases first.

THE CHARITY OF BEING

Have you not often been told that to be is greater than to do? If you set yourselves out to be the kind of girl you are called upon to be, this will be the greatest gift you can make to your friends, to society, to the Church, to the whole world. Have you not sometimes known people whom merely to meet was like a wholesome tonic, inspiring you, bringing out the best in you? Do you remember the words of the Sage of Concord: "Do not speak. What you are thunders so loud above what you say, I cannot hear you." Do you remember in Pippa Passes how what she was, and not anything that she did, brought help and blessing? Do you remember reading in church history how the presence alone of the aged Benedict so impressed the

haughty Totila that he was constrained to prostrate himself in awe before the saintly monk?

Countless times in the lives of holy men and women we read how their mere presence in some company exercised a mighty influence for good. Therefore what you are, the kind of girl you are, always proclaims itself, and will never fail to influence others for better or for worse. So, whatever you may be able to do, your greatest charity will be TO BE.

THE CHARITY OF WITHHOLDING

Before we speak of the charity of giving let us consider that of not giving, of withholding, of restraint. When I was a small child, just old enough to use a missal in church, I often pondered over the gospel of the mass for a virgin and martyr, and I privately considered those Wise Virgins to be uncommonly selfish young women. If I had behaved like them I should have got a severe

talking to, and I wondered why their story should be told as an example rather than as a warning. Many children, I have since found, think exactly as I did then. You know, do you not, how apt children are to keep their thoughts to themselves, especially if they believe the thoughts are unorthodox? I was a big girl before I heard the conduct of the virgins explained in a sermon. The preacher said this story taught that there are some things which should not be given away, and some things which may not be had just for the asking.

Well-instructed Catholic girls do not need to have pointed out what are the things which should not be given away, nor what they are which may not be had for the asking. There is often a true charity in withholding.

THE CHARITY OF GIVING

This is one of the forms of charity that perhaps affords us the most pleasure, though

some one has said that true charity means giving until it hurts. Catholic girls ought to be lavish in their giving, and hardly an hour of the day should be allowed to pass without a charity of giving to some one who is in need and may be helped by such charity. In one of your circles of friends be sure to include some one old or sick or feeble or poor, to whom you may take every week little gifts of flowers or fruit or dainties, and to whom you may also take the gift of yourself. Give lavishly, and give of your best. Your best will not always be money. Far from that, it will often be something much better. At my table in a college dormitory there was once a little waitress whose smile of welcome in the morning, as if it gave her pleasure to serve me, was something to which I actually looked forward. You recall how Robert Louis Stevenson had a similar experience with a servant—her smile used to brighten the day for him. You recall how many times the

Little Flower tells us that she gave some one or other her "sweetest smile." She seems to have trained herself to such gifts, and to read of them makes us aware of the increased richness of life attendant both upon their bestowal and their reception. A really pleasant greeting, a happy way of rendering small services, a courteous attention to the one who speaks to you, an offering of precedence, a pleasant manner in yielding up some small right in another's favor—all these trifles, prescribed by good manners, may, when divested of superficiality, become actual flowers of charity.

Besides these little daily acts of graciousness you all have one gift or another to give in charity. You can read aloud pleasantly, or sing, or play, or embroider, or tell stories to children. Or you can bring a happy face, and light, interesting chit-chat to some lonely shut-in. Do not wait for opportunities to bestow pleasure by means of these gifts; set out at once on the hunt for them.

Mother Loyola in one of her books tells the story of a number of boys in a monks' school who were one day assembled in the yard, all ready to go off on an excursion and picnic, when an old Father came out to ask if one of them would serve his mass. It meant forfeiting the holiday, but a certain boy volunteered. His giving was most bounteously recompensed. He received the vocation to be a priest; went on the foreign missions, and there won the great grace of martyrdom. It was revealed to some holy soul that this was his reward for what he did on the long-ago day of the picnic. Little sacrifices are beautiful forms of charity.

In an old ladies' home, where the inmates are, no doubt, thoughtlessly considered to be only objects of charity, one old lady, too feeble for even knitting or sewing, whose activities were in the main confined to attending daily mass and reading the daily paper, saw that the ball teams of two of the great

universities were scheduled to play against each other. The leaders of both teams were Catholics. Before the day of the game she made a novena of her daily masses and Holy Communions for these two Catholic boys who were to lead their teams. Think of that for munificence of giving!

The charity of being patient with rudeness, intolerance, or selfishness, with badly cooked food, unpunctuality in meeting appointments, failure to return a borrowed book or umbrella, and with all other disagreeables of life, whether large or small, is also a beautiful charity to set one's self to practice.

The charity of kindly words, a refusal to make stinging remarks and comments, should be one of the signs of a Catholic girl, and it is good to see it being recognized as such. Quite recently one girl said of another: "I don't see how she can pretend to be a Catholic and talk about Mame behind her back as meanly as she does." Another time a woman

remarked: "Katherine never says anything unkind about any one. You see to do so is contrary to the convent training." (The last speaker was not one of us, or she would know that charity in speech is not a grace to be acquired solely in our convent schools.) But it is well to realize that even outsiders brand a Catholic girl as not living up to her profession if she lapses into uncharitable speech.

CHARITIES IN MONEY

Money charities, in one way, are the least attractive and the least beautiful of charities, for there are those who give, in response to importunity and with more or less ungraciousness, a sum of money and nothing more. They fail to give with it the smallest bit of themselves, ignoring that "the gift without the giver is bare." But in another way charity in the form of money is of great importance, not only because the Church needs money but because you need to give it; you

need the strengthening of fiber that comes from shouldering your responsibility to allot a definite proportion of your income in money to church and charity. Set yourselves methodically to do this, but not in spasms of impulse. The old Puritan fashion of putting aside one-tenth for the Lord was a good thing. Once when collecting some statistics on the disposal of family incomes, I asked a certain non-Catholic family how much they allowed for charity. They replied, "So little we are ashamed to mention it." Though they were by no means wealthy, their generosity to every good cause was well-known, so I went on questioning until the fact was revealed that they gave the tenth. This they considered only a Christian duty, feeling that nothing but the free-will offerings over and above the tenth ought to be listed as charity.

I know many non-Catholic girls who have been used from childhood to giving the tenth,

and who persevere in it through life. Are you Catholic girls, to whom we look for leadership, willing to let the others outstrip you in this matter? Yes, it will seem hard at first to have only nine cents left out of every dime, and only four dollars and fifty cents out of every five-dollar bill, but it is surprising how easy and delightful it will grow and what an income of pleasure it will bring you to be able to contribute a little real money to works of mercy which especially attract you. On the feasts of the saints you most love you will have wee gifts of money to make in their honor. You, even you, will be able to help the orphanages, the hospitals, the seminaries, the foreign missions. You will be able to have one or two special protégés of your own—old people, ill people, needy children—who will look to you for a small weekly stipend. You will have a claim on the prayers of those whose prayers are so power-

ful in heaven—the poor and suffering, and the little children.

But here it is time to stop, for instead of advice on charity I find myself giving you tips on sound investments.

CHAPTER IX

A Girl and Her Neighbor

THERE was once a girl who used to say she could be described by a succession of "wasn'ts," for she wasn't pretty, she wasn't rich, she wasn't artistic—she wasn't anything but mediocre. Nevertheless she wasn't among those who failed to win a college degree; and she sat up in front of the assembly hall during commencement exercises, wearing collegiate gown and cap, and waiting for the great moment when she could don the Bachelor's hood and move the tassel of her cap from the right side to the left. In her college all these small points were scrupulously observed.

Then came the baccalaureate address.

The gist of this was: What are you going to do with all you have gained during your four years of college work? How are you going to pass it on? These words stirred the girl to a realization of her responsibilities as a college graduate. She must not form a closed circle with her classmates, in the delightfully exclusive intercourse of the noble company of the cultured. No, she must break out of bounds to pass things on. Next came the thought, What had she to pass on? For she wasn't rich, she wasn't brilliant, she wasn't musical and so on. But one fine thing about this girl was that she wasn't a shirker; so once she knew the burden was laid upon her to pass something on, she resolved to find something to pass.

She lived in a little country town, dull, remote, and backward. Two or three small factories had lately been opened there. It was the kind of little town where the quarterly movie shows in the public hall—a building

seating two hundred and fifty persons—the summer Sunday-school picnics, and the winter meetings of the Ladies' Aid formed the sum and total of the social whirl. Nothing was done for the girls on whose cheap labor the factories depended. Our girl used to watch them going out to work in the morning, carrying paper boxes of lunch every day and clean gingham aprons on Mondays. She used to see them evening after evening going back to their boarding houses with tired, unexpectant faces. She noticed their cheap, easily mussed hats, and their poor imitations of prevailing fashions. They were girls of about her own age, and she felt so sorry for them that it hurt.

Not sorry about their hats, exactly, for though it is a pitiable thing to wear a hat gay enough for a garden party when you are on the way to spend eight hours canning lobster, it yet may mean a form of aspiration towards something the wearer considers high and fine.

Neither was she so sorry they had to work, or were poorly paid, or lived three or four in a room. The thing she regretted was that they had missed certain opportunities of college life,—not English A, nor—Heaven forefend!—Mathematics IV. She did not deeply commiserate them for not having had Latin or French, or History of Art, or double periods of chemistry lab. No, the one thing she found herself broken-hearted over was that these other girls had missed the joyousness of gymnasium work. The dumb-bell drills, the self-mastery of work on horizontal and parallel bars, of flying rings and traveling rings, of making round after round of the running track—she could not stand it to think they had lived bereft of these.

She put on her coat and hat one evening, frankly waylaid them on their way home, and as girl to girls, in the same way she might approach a group of her own kind on the campus, she invited as many as could do so

to come and spend an evening at her house. Our girl was a good mixer; and she had two or three fine, democratic chums to help her entertain. They had lemonade and cake, they sang in chorus and had an open fire in the big living room, while nothing was remembered except that they were all girls together. At the right moment she made her proposal to them to take up gymnasium work with her.

She taught them to make their own gym suits. How the girls laughed when they put them on, never having seen such garments except in mail-order catalogues! She organized classes and had them come in squads every night, each girl paying a nickel an evening to cover the cost of dumb-bells. She engineered it so that they were given the use of the public hall; she commandeered heating and lighting, and cajoled a friend into being responsible for the music. She rounded up the girls of her own class and made them help.

She put pleasant expectation and eager anticipation into the homeward-turning faces that used to be tired and spiritless.

Girl after girl before her had seen the same conditions, and had "passed by on the other side." Which of them was neighbor unto these young factory workers?

Now let me confide to you the true title of this chapter. It is: The Catholic Girl in Social Service. But I camouflaged it lest it should frighten some of you. How many of you Catholic girls are doing the neighborly work which is true social service? Compare your number with that of non-Catholic girls engaged in this occupation. Perhaps because our Church is rich as is none other in women who have vowed life consecration to works of mercy you are sitting back and looking on. There is no community of religious women engaged in charitable work which could not do more with your help. Why do you not offer it?

It is not alone because you are needed in the work that I exhort you to undertake it. It is because you need the work. You need the qualities it should develop in you, of sympathy, patience, and understanding. A little experience with the very poor will help you to discover the underlying cause of their irritability and depression to be insufficient or improper food. This too, carves the pitiful lines of anxiousness on the mothers' faces. It is responsible for many of the moral shortcomings, since weakened resistance to temptation so often has its roots in ill-feeding. Both the faults and the virtues of the submerged tenth are different from our own. "With the poor," says an experienced worker among them, "patience is a greater virtue than truthfulness; fidelity ranks above chastity, justice counts for nothing in comparison with generosity."

Many a social worker finds her life enriched by those whom she tried to help. One

busy woman has found time—as busy people always can—for volunteer work in visiting. For ten years she has had charge of a large family, at first in the most pitiable need. During these years she has helped them out and up, and has struck deep roots in their lives. To the children, most of whom are now grown, she is "Auntie," and her own life, which was without family, is permanently enriched by these adopted kin.

Another woman of wealth and leisure and discontent, had assigned to her for friendly visiting an Irish version of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, whose unfailing good humor under adversity, whose unquenchable wit, whose genius for making the best of bad bargains, filled her richer sister with wonder and admiration. Now she says whenever she gets the blues she goes immediately to chat with Mrs. Casey.

Once, visiting a famous nurses' settlement house in a large city, and finding it filled with

enthusiastic workers and teeming with every kind of useful activity, I asked the one in charge where she obtained her helpers.

"We get," she said, "the flower of the training schools. The best and finest of the graduate nurses come to us on receiving their diplomas, to give to the Lord, in giving to His poor, the first-fruits of their work. After the first year many find the service so sweet that they stay with us."

My dream is that some day our Catholic girls, after graduating from Catholic schools, will similarly give to Our Lord the first-fruits of their work; and that provision will be made for them, in convents where works of mercy are carried out, to reside for a time as lay helpers.

THE SPECIAL NEED FOR CATHOLIC GIRLS IN SOCIAL SERVICE

Social service is charity, but it is charity plus. It is bigger, and wider in its scope,

than individual charity. It stretches arms into legislation, into the ever-widening scope of state and Federal government activities. There are sinister connotations in certain good-sounding measures sponsored by persons who have not been trained as you have to consider all things in relation to the soul and to eternal life. Your right use of the franchise, and your help to others to use it wisely, should be a valuable contribution to social service.

Two dangers threaten the usefulness of the social-service worker. One is that of yielding too much to emotion. This sometimes goes so far as to resemble sympathy lavished on an evil growth which it is the surgeon's task to remove. The other is the danger of becoming hard and mechanical—thinking of a client as Case Number 97, instead of as little Mrs. Jones—grinding out help like a machine, without any human coming-togetherness. In a recent sketch of the

life of Saint John Berchmans is found the statement that "he drew from prayer that wisdom and prudence and good sense which are necessary to preserve idealism." A Catholic girl knows where to seek a balance-wheel for her activities.

Finally, Catholic girls are needed in this work because whatever work they choose, or whatever work chooses them, they are called on to do it, as we said before, not merely well but superexcellently, because, again to quote the Bishop of our opening chapter: "The eyes of the world are upon you."

THREE CLASSES OF GIRLS WHO CAN DO SOCIAL WORK

First, there are the girls who seem to have an instinct for those important phases of this work which call for a human relation. Their fitness to deal with individuals and to give personal help is so strongly developed that they need not so much training as direction.

Second, there are the girls who are like the boy that was asked whether he could play the violin, "I do not know," he replied, "I have never tried." These, when they try, when they enter training, often develop remarkable latent gifts for the most valuable forms of social service. There is no talent a girl has which may not be utilized in social service work, from reading aloud to organizing dramatic guilds; from friendly visiting to instituting homes for working girls; from tactfully giving hints at home on household economy to getting up classes in social economy.

Third, there are many girls who seem unable to deal successfully with individuals. This phase of the work does not attract them, and if it is thrust upon them they may do more harm in it than in any other field of human endeavor. Yet for them also there is abundant room to give valuable aid. The girl who has a car can put it at the disposal

of visiting Sisters or trained workers for certain hours every week. She may drive these workers to their poor; she may take delicate women and children for airings; she may bring relatives from a distance to visit their dear ones in hospitals. The girl who can use a typewriter may offer her services in making reports, typing circulars and cooking recipes, making synopses of lectures and instructions and so on. There is an opening for every kind of girl. But whatever the girl engages to do, she should take it seriously, for her pledge of service is a debt of honor.

CHAPTER X

The Next Girl

THE Next Girl is the one who comes after you as you go through the door. Remember to hold it open for her, to make her entrance easy. The Next Girl is the one who comes in to "do up" your room when you leave for the office. Straighten things out as much as you can, not to cause her unnecessary trouble. The Next Girl is that silent child who watches you, listens to you, takes you for her model and copies you.

A number of girls were in the waiting room of a railway terminal, as public a place as could well be. They were Catholic girls, consequently girls on whom was laid the burden of leadership in all that is finest and best,

girls whose courtesy and charm of manner should have been an evidence of their training and a demonstration of its fruits. These girls sat on the tables and swung their legs; they chewed gum; they shouted at one another; and, to use one of their own slang phrases, they "carried on" without restraint. Can you not see in imagination an attentive child observing their conduct, surprised at its daring, too young to discern its ill-breeding, perhaps seriously hurt by its example? Can you not see in imagination, too, a nun who as Next Girl observed them and was saddened by their behavior? Can you not see as possible Next Girls the non-Catholic onlookers, whose opinion of our Church these girls were helping to form? Does it not seem to you that at all times and in all places there is a Next Girl somehow to be considered?

Let us examine a few incidents, showing how some girls considered the Next Girl:

At the women's dormitory of a certain uni-

versity there used to be every year during the summer session a plague of mosquitoes, the rooms being unscreened. This was before people knew very much about the origin of yellow fever or malaria, and mosquitoes were thought to be only harmlessly annoying. Besides, they were exterminated by the early frosts of that particular region, and only the summer students suffered.

One of the girls resolved to do what she could for the Next Girls of future summers, so she got up a formal statement of the conditions, protesting against needless suffering and requesting preventive measures. Then she went around among her colleagues for signatures, and here is where, as she expressed it, "the fun came in."

"Are you going to be here next summer?" inquired one of the hoped-for signatories.

"No, I finish this year."

"Then what on earth are you doing this for?"

The worst was that the query was made in evident sincerity.

She frequently encountered the old and overworked question: "Do you know how Mr. Vanderbilt got rich?" to which the disconcerting answer, always furnished by the questioner, was: "By minding his own business."

Other girls displayed a fertility in excuses only to be paralleled by those given by the guests invited to a certain Great Supper. One girl was "afraid of getting in bad with the faculty." To her timid soul the signing of the petition was equivalent to a form of rebellion. Another wasn't "troubled by the skeeters"—they never bit her. Why should she bother to sign up? Another wondered how our heroine could spare time from her work or squander energy "trying to get folks to do somepin' they didn't want to." But the girl went on, quietly, good-humoredly, confidently, and at the end she found herself,

to her surprise, lauded and thanked, while, best of all, she succeeded in improving conditions for the Next Girls.

The heroine of our second story had, early in her professional career, the unhappy experience of succeeding as teacher one who was extremely popular in the school; who had left because she was refused the increase in salary which she demanded—mainly on the score of that popularity—and whose cause was espoused by the students to such an extent that they formed a league of offense against her successor. There are, as you know, girls like this, who believe loyalty to one they love is best expressed by tormenting the one who has innocently taken her place. Perhaps such girls are not to be blamed; perhaps they and all who act like them know no better, because of cerebral defects, like those "occipital races, whose brains do not grow after the age of sixteen."

Eventually the new teacher made good, though not without months of suffering; and some years later, when she left for another position, she found the girls again ready to demonstrate their loyalty *à la mode* of brains which do not grow after the age of sixteen. But with all the strength and influence at her command she set herself to smooth and make pleasant the path of her successor. So well did she succeed that she found herself before she left already nearly supplanted in the affections of her classes, which perhaps was more of a trial than she had bargained for. However, she placed in the teacher's desk a pleasant note of welcome for the Next Girl, after fostering in the classes an almost happy eagerness to welcome her.

"I could not have done it," she told a friend, "only that I suffered so much on account of the former teacher that I could not bear to have another suffer because of me."

(Who knows but here is to be found an explanation for much of the suffering God permits in this world?)

Since these episodes are true we shall go on, in this particular case, to tell the whole truth. The Next Girl came, read the note in her desk, and curled her lip. She learned from her pupils what had been done for her in the way of preparation, and she waxed indignant.

"I'd be sorry to think," she said, "that I could not earn my own welcome without help from *her*. Humph! She must have thought she was a great 'I am' and that I'd be forever thankful to her."

You will find many a Next Girl fail to comprehend or appreciate what you did for her; but you realize that if the One who knows you best understands and approves no other's opinion is of consequence. Which makes this story have a double moral.

Let our last be one with a happy ending.

A girl had a position as helper to her brother, who was in charge of a small but important department in some big business. There came a time of depression when resignations were asked for on all sides; theirs were requested, too, to take effect at the end of the month. The brother, fire-eating and hair-trigger tempered, would have put on his hat and left the place immediately. The sister began to file papers or take stock, or whatever it was called in that business, which meant leaving things in good order.

"Stop that!" cried the brother of hair-trigger temper. "Let the next ones straighten out the mix-up, and let us leave 'em good and plenty to straighten out!"

"You know you don't mean that," returned the girl. "You'd be ashamed of me if I didn't put things in good shape for whoever comes after us. I'll not go until I do. You know you wouldn't want me to."

The brother fumed and used strong lan-

guage but he pitched in and helped the girl. It took all their time, working harder than ever, up to the month's end, but they left everything so beautifully invoiced and docketed—if these are the right words—that the department could almost run itself.

It would be pleasant if we could finish by saying they were asked to stay on. They were not. But the report of what they had done opened to them the door of another firm. When the brother was interviewed and engaged:

"Do you want my sister, too?" he asked.

"Young man," the graybeard in authority counter-questioned, "do you think I'd want you without her?"

This story has any number of morals. The girl who looked out for the Next Girl; the girl who was a good sister; the graybeard who possessed fine insight; and, yes, the fire-eating and hair-trigger tempered one. For, reading between the lines, don't you think he

was a pretty good brother? Also, the happy ending shows that we do not always have to wait for the next world to see the right prevail. But if we do have to wait, we know that it is all right—for He makes no mistakes.

An ancient Persian form of the "*Morituri salutamus*" reads in translation:

Hail to you who after me will come and will go.
Sweet may your days be in this place.

Let us all make this place a better one for whoever follows us; let us leave every room of our abiding—literally and figuratively—a better place than we found it, to make happy the coming of the Next Girl.

CHAPTER XI

The Girl and the Boy

WERE some of you surprised at the contention that the "hair-trigger tempered one" was a good brother? Did he seem to you like the villain in the piece, with his outbreak of temper, his violent language, his shocking proposal to leave things purposely mixed up so that the next ones should have "good and plenty to straighten out"? Let me play counsel for his defense, and pretend to take the matter to court.

For direct evidence we shall recall the sister's own words. "You know," she said, "you do not mean it. You know you would not want me to do as you say." She knew him better than, at the moment, he knew himself.

Here, observe the tactfulness of her speech. A girl less discriminating might have spoiled it all by retorting, "Whatever you are going to do, I shall stay until I finish," or words to that effect, equivalent to, "I am holier than thou." But she made him the cause of her action, in saying, "You know you wouldn't want me to." What boy could resist all that those words implied? The good that was in him immediately responded.

"The brother fumed and used strong language." This would naturally be made much of by the counsel for the prosecution. In rebuttal the sister would surely testify on cross-examination that as they two plunged into the straightening-up business the brother saw new and better ways of doing things, and suggested them to her, thus showing a genuine interest in the work.

No need to continue the cross-examination far enough to bring out how readily the girl adopted his suggestions, made the most of

them, thus taking his mind off his injuries, restoring his self-respect, and showing how completely she ignored his first impulsive refusal.

On calling the graybeard to the stand it would be brought out how, in their interview, the brother depreciated himself, and gave all the credit to his sister. It was this that made the old gentleman say he had no use for the boy without her. Further, can you not hear the graybeard testify that his seemingly disparaging remark made the brother grin with pleasure?

Various and sundry witnesses would then prove that it was the brother, not the graybeard, who repeated what the graybeard had said, though wild horses could not have got from him that the speech was due to his own testimony to his sister.

In his charge to the jury the judge would remind them of the parable of the father who told one of his sons to go to work in his vine-

yard. "I will not," said the boy, rebelliously. But afterwards he repented and went. (At this the jury would solemnly wag their heads, as if they had been studying the parable during the intermission for luncheon.) His Honor would go on to say that the evidence proved the boy to be impulsive, perhaps easily tempted, but quick to respond to the stimulus to good, generous in disclaiming credit for this, and attributing it all to his sister. "A good boy and a good brother," the judge would conclude. "But —and here comes the crux of the whole thing—he needed his sister to bring out the good that was in him."

Then the gentlemen of the jury would rise in their boxes and cry: "Ay, ay, sir," or whatever it is they say. I was never in a courtroom and am not sure of the procedure.

We have analyzed this little story because the girl in it stands for all girls. She stands for what they can do, for what, perhaps, they

were put into this world to do. God created the first girl to be "helpmate" for the first boy, the young Adam. The greatest help that any girl can give any boy, whether he be brother, friend, sweetheart, husband, or son, is to bring out the best that is in him, to hold him to his highest and best. There is for almost every girl some boy whom she can in this way help, and every married girl especially will find a perennial boy shut up somewhere in the man who is her husband.

That this is what girls were made for seems to be established by: (1) The fact that men admit their influence for good. You will hear them constantly tell how much they owe to some woman—mother, sister, wife, sometimes even an old nurse. Men also personify as women that which they most esteem, Liberty, Freedom, Charity, even Native Land. No less is it established by: (2) The fact that men are often found to blame some woman, as Adam did, for downfall, disgrace,

loss. This shows that a woman has failed them where they had counted on her for aid. It is all, they say, her fault. She was there to help them, and she did not help. We exclaim, "How small of them to say so!" But aren't they right?

Of all boys in the world, not excepting even her son, a girl can most influence the boy in her lover-husband. Here are a few married-girl stories, true ones, to illustrate it.

A business man returned home one afternoon under a cloud of gloom so heavy that it seemed palpable. There was anger and bitter resentment. So his wife set herself to surround him with all the harmony and peace at her command, to ward against the slightest fret and discord. She did not bother him with questions—and to know when not to question is a rare evidence of wisdom. She quietly waited for the time that was sure to come, when he would tell her all about it. Pretty soon that moment arrived. He was

irate over an unjust and unwarranted reproof from the one in authority at the office. They were friends, these two men, and this made it all the worse. The wife could see he was both hurt and angry, yet fighting for self-control. The story was incoherent enough, but its repeated refrain was, "He lost his temper." "He lost his temper."

His wife put her hand on his. "Did *you* lose your temper, George? No," proudly and without waiting for his answer, "I know you did not. So long as you did not you have nothing to feel upset about. Come; don't you want to get the car and take me for a ride?"

In doing so she gave him an opportunity to work off steam. To scoot along a lonely road at as high speed as the car or the speed law warrants is an excellent way to dissipate evil humors. After these were all gone and they had got down to well under forty miles an hour, she had some good stories to swap with

him, and they were both laughing when, at this psychological moment, they met the aggressor of the office, also giving his wife a ride. Maybe she, too, knew the therapeutic value of speeding. The man who had "lost his temper" hailed the one who had not. It was his way of apologizing. Our girl invited the others to come home with them to hear the new records or see the new chickens or something else. They all enjoyed a delightful evening together, and the storm blew over.

Do you wonder, as I did when I heard the story, whether that husband had or had not lost his temper? The wife's question struck me as being purely rhetorical. But a man is sensitive to the faith in him of the woman he loves. More than once has a man refused to do wrong because his wife believed him incapable of it. More than once has a virtue actually been compelled in such a one by his wife's insisting he possessed it. There

will be more later on about this form of idealization.

Another fine, over-sensitive man was much incensed by something or other done by some one or other. Even talking about it to his wife did not help as much as it usually did. "I'll write to him!" he said. "I'll write a letter he won't forget in a hurry!" He sat at his desk and wrote with fluency, pungency, sarcasm, and before he had finished the letter he was so pleased with its excoriations that good humor was in some small part restored, and he read it aloud to his wife with much unction. She was going out on an errand, so took the letter to mail. On her return she made preparations for an unusually pleasant evening. Once in a while he chuckled over the letter, but before bedtime he was saying, with less self-congratulation, "Well, maybe I drew it pretty strong in spots." She quoted from memory some of the strongest, and they agreed there could be, perhaps, too much of

a good thing. Next morning the reaction was in full force; he was glum and discontented. "I guess it's all up between him and me. I had no business to write like that, off the bat." So he fretted and stewed.

"Will you mail this letter for me?" asked his wife. It was his own of the night before.

Now one of the family jokes is, "Write a good, strong letter about it." The best of the joke is that the man very often does write such a letter, but he always gives it to his wife to mail.

We are told that the morals of any age are never higher than the standards set by its women. Such an influence carries with it an almost fearful responsibility. When one considers the transforming power for good which is latent in every girl, one grieves to think so precious a gift is often wasted or lost, either through misuse or ignorance of its value. This influence of the girl seems to be due, in the main, to her idealization by the

boy. It is the fashion to say that in our present-day practical world her greater freedom of social intercourse, coeducation, the togetherness of business life, and other factors have largely done away with this idealization, and that boy and girl stand shoulder to shoulder in comradely equality. But the finest kind of boy will always think the girl he cares for is finer, higher, better than himself, and her influence on him is proportioned to the reverence in which he holds her.

No girl deserves the exalted regard in which she is held by a good boy, who thus projects upon her, as on a lay figure, his own concepts of a womanhood high and fine, endowing her with perfections she has not attained, but which his belief that she possesses should be a constant incentive to her to strive after. Only by truly so doing may she maintain her influence. Yet few girls have level-headedness enough, or self-knowledge enough, to stand being idealized. We often find them

calmly accepting reverence and high esteem as their right. Some will even say, "Of course we are better, of course we are finer than men." A nun tells a story about a religious who had a reputation for great sanctity, and once when a visitor to her convent met her and inquired, "Are you the saint of this community?" she answered gently, "I am."

You may ask why the burden should be laid upon you of responsibility for holding to his best the man who honors you with his choice. First, because by his selection of you, his idealization of you, he has unconsciously laid it upon you. Second, because your service to him should further most powerfully your own growth in grace. But the fundamental reason we already gave: Woman was made to be man's helpmate, and the only worth-while help any of us can give another is to bring out the best that is in him.

CHAPTER XII

On Learning to See

ONCE there was a girl who, when about as old as you are now, went overseas, to a School of Art. Her first exercise was on a still-life group. She was told to half-shut her eyes to block in the shadows, then with open eyes to model the shadows, to clear them here and deepen them there, delicately to grade them.

When the Head Master came around he found all her cast shadows were like pools of inky blackness, unmitigatedly dark. "The first thing you have to learn," he told her, "is to learn to see. Look again at those shadows you have made uniformly dark. There is light in every one of them. The verge

nearest you is dark, but beyond it see the light in the center. No, don't half-shut your eyes this time, for you will need to see clearly to perceive the light in the shadow."

As the girl had no marked artistic gifts, she left the school without winning the distinction for which she had hoped. Perhaps she won something better, for certain phrases from the speech of the Head Master have stayed with her through life. "The first thing to learn is to learn to see." "There is light in every shadow." "You have to see clearly to perceive the light in the shadow."

A pretty useful piece of mental equipment, is it not, this understanding of shadows? You have to enter some place of darkness and trial. How dark is its shadows as you approach! But the first is the worst; after it you will find the light.

A pretty useful piece of mental equipment, is it not, to know that the great thing to learn

is to learn to see? A man of keen, strong intellect, who gave his whole life to building an immense fortune, succeeded to an extent beyond even his youthful dreams. When in old age he looked back on the fruit of his life-work, he said it was effort wasted, nothing he had gained was worth-while. Yet he had achieved one thing which was extremely worth-while—the knowledge of the worthlessness of his gains.

A kindergartner tells me little children are not able to see things in proportion, nor can they see right relations. Set one of them to draw a caterpillar, and the child will draw a long, narrow body like a snake. Point out its legs, and he will make it all legs like a centipede, and will not even attach the legs to the body. A professor of biology says the eyes of young children are undeveloped, they cannot distinguish certain color tints and shadings that grown-ups are able to see. So it is with another kind of vision, we are apt to

find it undeveloped in the young. Even with adults it is sometimes not until the bodily sight begins to fail that we learn to see more clearly.

A certain woman sent a child of twelve or thirteen a little story from a magazine for young people. It was about a small girl who wanted very much to have her own way in a matter, where—all things considered—it was entirely natural she should want it. Her persistence, however, made more or less trouble in the family, until at last, so the story went, she told her confessor all about it. He suggested that she ask Our Lord, right there in the church as He was, to show her what was right, and strengthen her by His grace to do it.

So of course she did so, and equally of course Our Lord, loving and understanding her as He did, made things plain to her, and gave her His grace to do the thing which was so hard. Even with that grace, it was exceed-

ingly hard, but Alice (this was the name of the story-child) won in her overcoming of self, and triumphed in her yielding to others, as I fear in real life many a grown-up might not have done in her place.

The woman shortly received a letter from the child to whom she had sent the story, and read it with an expression of comical discouragement. The little one wrote how much she had enjoyed the tale, and then went on with zest to analyze the wickedness of Alice. She made her out to be an abandoned wretch whose odious selfishness had grieved her parents, and wound up by saying that conduct such as hers is the cause of most of the trouble in the world. "And I thought," said the woman ruefully, "that Alice was a model of virtue triumphant."

As a rule, very young people cannot discern shadings in color, in music, still less in character. Various and sundry psychological

theories and physiological facts have been offered in explanation of this—but who can tell why on earth our juveniles pick out the bad on which to concentrate, and focus their blind spots on the good! They pronounce individuals or things to be either "bad" or "good," with, in case of doubt, a marked inclination toward "bad."

"Whatever we look for, we see," sorrowfully quoted a sage. "If we look for curves, we see curves; if we look for angles, we see angles." Is there not some fairy tale about a girl who found diamonds in a toad's head? She was doubtless looking for diamonds. Conversely, do we not find trouble when we are looking for it; and faults when we are seeking to pick faults?

Do not wait to reach the age for bi-focals before knowing what to look for, and how to see. Will you not try to look for permanent values; and will you not try to see with in-

sight—which is only another word for understanding sympathy?

ON COMPARISON OF VALUES

Much of the silly boastfulness of young persons, condoned because of their youth, is due to lack of a sense of values. There was a girl, who, when tours to the Orient were not so common as now, went with a party to visit Cairo. On her return, and for many years after, she used forcibly to drag into every conversation—particularly when strangers were present—some allusion to Cairo, Shepheard's hotel, dragomans and dahabiyehs. One of her friends gently remonstrated. "But what else can I do?" inquired the girl. "I have to bring it in some way, else how could they know I'd been there?"

Is comment needed on her sense of values?

A college girl once invited another to have a cup of tea with her in her room in a dormitory. She was tired, and asked her guest to

make the tea while she lay on the couch. The guest had an unfortunate misunderstanding with the lid of the teapot, and while she was trying to carry out her friend's instructions in the tea-making, down came that naughty lid, crash into one of the pretty cups! Sorrow for the accident was at once contritely expressed, but in response came a cross voice from the couch: "'That was my best cup. It was painted for me, and I'll never be able to replace it."

From the standpoint of comparative values which was the more serious, the hurt to the cup, or the hurt to her friend?

In contrast to these warnings let us have one or two examples.

A young girl had, after the death of her parents, to make her home with a relative of trying disposition, and under very difficult circumstances. Some one proffered sympathy on an occasion when there had been an unusual trial, which the girl had borne with

sweetness. Her answer was a revelation of character. "These little things," she said, "are not of great importance to any one except myself. But how I react to them is the thing that is of importance, and this not only to myself, but to the whole world, and for all time."

That she faced every day's trials in this spirit perhaps accounts for the fine womanhood she has achieved, and for her present influence on many girls.

Let me tell another story of a young man of scholarly ambitions, who attained the summit of his desires, in being elected President of a world-famous university. This seemed to him as he took office to be one of the big values of life, one of its best prizes. Some years later, in addressing the graduating class at Commencement, he showed how much he had grown, when he said: "I wish you usefulness, and, if God wills, happiness. As for success, such as the world estimates it, it

is not worth considering, except as an incidental."

Do you know *The Strange Epistle of Karshish?* It records, though somewhat clumsily and only half-understandingly, the altered estimate of values which resulted from a transcendent experience. A Professor of English Literature was heard to interpret this poem as an illustration that a man's head may be so turned by a great experience as to render him unfit for his environment, to cause him to become eccentric, and consequently to be misunderstood. To him it appeared to be of importance that persons should not be misunderstood or thought eccentric. One was tempted to ask if he knew that the saints were enigmas to their worldly-visioned friends, that they were misunderstood, and did not fit their mundane environment. Yet we Catholics find in their lives the best of all examples of correct appreciation of values.

ON CULTIVATION OF INSIGHT

Now to go back to our friends with the teacups. Unfortunately, the one who had a misunderstanding with the lid of the teapot misunderstood more seriously the girl on the couch, and became quite huffy over the remark which had escaped her in nervous irritation, due to the fact that she was so tired it was hard for her to cry "Stop!" to a fretful expression. The resentment of the teapot lady blinded her to the generous regret, the quick reaction to her best self, of the one on the couch, and she allowed the offense to fester in her heart. She lacked insight, both to see the impatient words as merely an evidence of physical fatigue, and also to perceive that they were quickly repented of. This little, not-worth-while incident spoiled a good friendship for many weeks. Happily the hurt was not permanent.

These two girls were as different as any chums could be, they had many difficulties

which resulted from the lack of understanding of each other natural in the case of such antipodals—but their friendship has triumphed. It is often said that their gain in sympathetic understanding and insight, won from this friendship, is worth many times more than all they obtained from college and university courses.

Insight is demanded for understanding of springs of conduct. The absurd hats worn by girls whose taste in dress has not been cultivated, often indicate less a love of display than an ignorant aspiration towards beauty. The vulgar bragging and boastfulness of underbred persons is less to be scorned than commiserated, as one would a case of short-sightedness. To comprehend the desire to "hit back" of one who is wounded and sensitive; the grumpiness of the bilious or tired; the vagaries due to the tyranny of that recurrent foe, the temperament, calls for the understanding sympathy which is insight. It

calls for the wholesome ignoring of small and personal hurts. You know that a trained nurse no more resents the irritation of an invalid than she would resent a patient's having a toothache.

CHAPTER XIII

Houses Worth While

A MAN of wealth, whose name is well known to you, gave orders to an architect to build him a house; and outside of the following stipulations, he allowed him a free hand for the work: First, the house should be the finest building in the place. Second, it should be an American house, inasmuch as its bricks should be American-made, its stone American-quarried, its wood American-grown, its builders American men. Third, last, and most important, this man of many millions said he wanted his house to be "in the truest sense *a home*."

It could not be a home because the first and last of its stipulations were mutually exclu-

sive. "The finest building in the place" was meant to dominate by its size as well as by its beauty, and big houses can never be homes. Note how we never think of applying the word "home" to a king's palace. Sometimes we hear of a poor, home-hungry king setting apart a few rooms in the palace for the private and exclusive use of his wife and children and himself. It is the nearest he can get to a home.

According to a clever woman who has written about it, the reason why a great house cannot be a home is because "in our houses we achieve an almost organic extension of our very selves." (No doubt we pervade them with those vibrations and emanations that are so much talked about at present.) She goes on to tell about a woman who made a charming home in a small house, but when they grew rich and built a larger one it failed to have the home atmosphere, for "the house was too big for her personality." So the first requi-

site for a home is that it shall not be too big for the woman.

Again, the man who ordered the architect to build him a home seems not to have known that a home cannot be built by an architect. Architects can build houses. Our cities are full of them. But something must be superadded to a house to make it a home, and this a something psychic, it might well be said a something spiritual. As a rule it takes a man to build a house, and a woman to turn it into a home. The houses which are homes are the houses most worth while in the world.

Some sensitive people like to pray in an old church. They say such a church seems to be so saturated with the spirit of prayer that it is easier to pray there. Over-fanciful, this, perhaps; yet why do we Catholics love to set apart in our houses a room for an oratory, except that its constant use for purposes of prayer fits it better to be a place for prayer? Likewise, is it not the way we live in a house,

the spirit that animates all we say and think and do there, which makes it a home? Always too, it seems that the controlling spirit of the home is that of the woman who rules it. There are women who are home-makers, whose very presence anywhere changes the place into a home, and whose absence leaves a curious, empty blank. It does not seem to be so much what these women do, as what they are, that makes the place of their sojourning a home, and the power of the woman to make a home is one of the greatest of all the great values in the hands of women.

Present-day girls have many privileges that were denied to an older generation. The doors of learned professions are more freely opened to you; you have seats in various legislatures; you have the long-fought-for franchise. It is good that you should have all this, provided—first, that you keep in mind the responsibility for using it to the best end, which every gift, every privilege, carries with

it; and second, that you weigh all gifts and privileges in the scales of permanent values, that you do not over-emphasize those which are novel and superficial when compared with the greater values, abiding and permanent, that were always in the hands of women, and beside which even a seat in the United States Senate or the English House of Commons is not of very serious account—though by no means to be disregarded.

One of the highest of those permanent values—the one of most importance to the individual, the Church, the nation, the whole world—is the home, for it is that one of the social institutions which is the basis of all the others, and on which they depend. The home is perhaps the greatest of what our socialists and economists call the creative values of the world. The home is made by woman, and to make a home has a farther-reaching effect for good than to make a law, a fortune, a fashion, or even a farm. To

ignore its consequence is to show lack of appreciation of values.

All that has been written heretofore in this volume could be made tributary to the subject of the home. Dress, manners, friends, work, play, and so forth, could all be focussed on the home. This should illustrate its importance as a field for every activity, for the exercise of every gift; and it ought to show by implication that it calls for the best you have to give. Let us choose two or three of the subjects already treated and focus them on the home.

DRESS

A girl's dress for home wear ought to be her prettiest and most becoming. Her dress for street, church, and business has to be restrained in color and conventionalized in form; her party dress is designed for artificial and for other abnormal conditions; in her home dress only may she express herself with

the greatest freedom, and given such freedom she will naturally desire to express her best self.

MANNERS

To know whether a girl's manners are or are not an essential part of her, rather than a veneer put on for an occasion, follow her into her home. We hear of the brutal frankness permitted in family criticism as we hear of exhibitions of temper and lack of self-control in the home circle, with regret. Persons who love each other should give, each to the other, of their best.

"We were great friends," a girl was heard to remark concerning her relations with another. "We used to say mean things to each other and quarrel and everything, just like sisters." This might be taken to signify that the bond between sisters is so strong as to bear the friction of such remarks and quarrels without breaking, but it is questionable

whether it is not weakened by the strain. In contrast to this, let us consider another tale of two sisters. One of them had remarkably beautiful hair, which she was induced foolishly to subject to the treatment of a much-advertised hairdresser, in the hope of making it still more beautiful. He used on it a dressing which, to the girl's shame and mortification, destroyed its gloss. The older sister, who had advised against the treatment, never alluded to the unfortunate happening, and never seemed to be aware of it, until the girl's hair had grown out again, and she could tell her it was as lovely as ever.

We do not, in ordinarily good-mannered intercourse, exclaim over accidents to the hair or complexion of acquaintances, unless the sufferer invites comment. Why should we not be as courteous to our own as we are to persons outside our family? Not that we advocate stiffness or overformality of manners in the home, for one of the delights of

family life is its freedom and spontaneity, but we do advocate as much courtesy from members of the home circle to one another as they would show to guests.

Especially is it attractive to see a girl courteous and polite to the small run-about brother or sister. Little children are imitative, and will unconciously copy good manners if they experience the same. We teach a child not to cross in front of any one if it can be avoided, and to apologize if it cannot. Does Big Sister take pains not to cross in front of Little Sister, or to ask pardon if she cannot avoid it? Does she ask the littlest member of the family please to let her sit in the rocker, or does she say: "Get up and give me that chair." The home may be made a very pleasant place to live in by the leaven of good manners all round. But there are some homes where one can fancy that the Angels Guardian, accustomed to the manners of the Heavenly court, must find it pretty hard

to live. The girls of the family can do much to make their home a pleasant sojourning place for the Angel guests.

A SENSE OF VALUES

A sense of values is more needed in the home and in family relations than anywhere else in the world. There is a story of a woman who prided herself on being able to light six lamps with one match; though the time spent in the preliminary arrangement of the lamps, all in a row and sheltered from draughts, was, even at a low valuation, worth more than many matches. There is another of a woman who refused to buy a certain cleansing agent because the price was raised from ten to twelve cents, though a can lasted two or three months, and to forego the purchase involved expenditure of energy which wore on nerves and temper. We all know the woman whose incorrigible neatness makes the home uncomfortable for her boys—including

the boy in her husband. We know women who have not time to romp with their babies or to go for a hike with their husbands because they have to make-over a last year's dress, or to embroider an infant's bib. Cultivate a sense of values, girls, before you assume charge of one of the greatest values to which you are heir.

A few more small counsels for the home: Every girl ought to take a course in home nursing, and in first aid. Learn the little points that loom so large in the comfort of the sick room; learn how to use simple bandages, how to improvise splints and tourniquets; and be sure you know what to do if somebody faints.

Take also a course in the cheering-up business, and learn to pass along the word of praise, of appreciation, which may work wonders in times of gloom. Remember that the members of the family who are out at business all day often encounter more annoyance

than you can imagine, therefore do you try to make the home a place of harmony and peace for their return. Learn to cook appetizing dishes; good food is a cheer and a stimulant, and food that is relished is half-digested.

Lastly, cultivate a sweet-toned, well-modulated speaking voice, "an excellent thing in woman." As the flavor of a good-tasting dish is a positive aid to its digestion and assimilation, so a sweet-toned voice will carry a spoken word to depths it may not otherwise reach. The voice is a more powerful instrument for good than most of us know, and Catholic girls to whom we look for so much that is lovely, should not disappoint us in this, but rather let us be confident of hearing from you the speaking tones which should mark your culture and your grace.

CHAPTER XIV

How to be Happy

IF I were a fairy godmother, empowered to grant to every girl-reader the fulfilment of her dearest wish, the wishes would probably be as varied as the girls. Yet, no matter how different, all of them would be founded on one and the same desire—the wish to be happy. For to be happy is the dominating desire of each one of us, and the fact that our instincts are all for its attainment indicates that we were meant to be happy, that to be happy is as natural as to be healthy. Consequently we feel that we should seek happiness, and that if we are not happy it is because something has gone wrong and is abnormal—exactly as we feel that something

has gone wrong and is abnormal when we are ill.

Yet, if I actually could and did grant every single wish of every individual girl, let me hazard the guess that after a week or so she would not be a bit happier than she is at the present moment. This, for two reasons: (1) You girls in your teens and twenties (at least the early part of the twenties) seldom know where to look for happiness, rarely know what to wish for to bring you happiness. (2) You girls in your teens and twenties *are far too young to be happy.*

Reason Number Two will sound to most of you sufficiently heretical to demand immediate justification. You are so used to hearing that youth is the season of joy, that your young days are your happiest, that "Care and age come unawares," and you have to "Gather ye roses while you may," that you are scarcely to be blamed for believing what short-sighted poets and thoughtless grown-ups have been

telling you since you were old enough to listen —though how they ever got hold of a doctrine so false and pernicious is even more puzzling than is your docile belief in it. You know that unquestioning belief in what your elders tell you is not precisely your strongest characteristic, yet you assent to this fable without protest or distrust. Because of this oddity of yours, we shall, before we talk of where to find happiness, first try to disabuse your minds of the fallacy that your greatest happiness is not to come.

GIRLS ARE TOO YOUNG TO BE HAPPY

When you were much younger than you are now, did there come to you a day of grief when the conviction, long fought against, was at last forced upon you, that you were too old for dolls? How tearfully you wrapped them up, and put them away forever! Childhood was past, with all its care-free joys. No more skipping-ropes, no more trundling of hoops or

circle games, or faith in Santa Claus, or happy companionship with dolls! Even the dearest doll of all, the one nearest to your heart, had to be renounced with the others. You had grown too old and wise for the delights of childhood, and you had yet hardly learned to use and enjoy those of girlhood. Perhaps you heard your elders say that the days of childhood were the happiest, and you believed them, so you hated the thought that they were over and gone.

Yet, having made the new adjustments, you now find girlhood a land of greater joy than you ever knew before. You look back on childhood with pity for its restrictions. You find your pleasures multiplied, your capacity for enjoyment greater. Life, you think, is very good, and surely girlhood must be the best part of it. Perhaps you still believe what those short-sighted poets and thoughtless grown-ups keep repeating, that you must make the most of your youth, for it is the season for

happiness, and it will soon be past. When the time comes to put up your hair some of you hate to do it; the demand for this new adjustment means that the happy flapper days are gone, and the farther advance into girlhood brings you nearer to its end. Yet, after your hair is up for good you will discover life to be richer and better than ever.

So far I have been assuming that you have found your joys to increase with your years, and that you are now such happy young people that you experience difficulty in believing that life holds very much better things in store for the future years. Let us forecast those years to come.

Warning will overtake you before many of them pass that another period of transition is at hand. Perhaps you will find your first gray hair. You will furtively pluck it out, and say to yourself it is an accident, that it is premature, but just the same it will bring a sinking of the heart. Something else will

come, a day of woe inexorably predestined—your thirtieth birthday. To many of us this is the bitterest of all the birthdays. It means farewell to girlhood, to youth itself, that time so extolled by the poets. It means, so you will think, entrance upon the grayness of the middle years. The grief at laying away your dolls, the reluctance to put up your hair, will be nothing to the grief of passing the thirtieth birthday, the reluctance to disclaim the name of "girl."

But believe me, who have "been there," that unless you deliberately shut your eyes to the truth, you will find *after you have made the necessary adjustments* that this new country you have entered is one flowing with milk and honey, with unknown treasures of joy which were not possible to you in earlier years. You will look back on girlhood as you now look back upon childhood, as cramped, limited, and restrained. It is true the time of adjustment will be hard as was

the putting away your dolls, but adjustment once made you will find in the new land that you enter through the gateway of that awful thirtieth birthday such heritage of joy, such fullness of it, as you could not before believe to exist.

This tract of the middle years covers two or three happy decades. Within it will be found lesser calls for adjustments to further transitions, calls for open-mindedness and plasticity in dealing with unaccustomed circumstances. Always the advances will lead to new and hitherto unknown joys, always the transition times will be dreaded at their approach, and the dread laughed at when the transition is made.

To all of us will sooner or later come, if we live that long, the most generally hated of all transitions—that to be made through the gate of old age. Cicero very sensibly wrote *De Senectute* as he approached that gate. A present-day pagan has lately writ-

ten of the new sense of values, relations and perspective, which advanced years bring, and of the "new lease of life" experienced in age. One of our own prelates is fond of saying he is "on the sunny side of sixty, the side nearest Heaven." His face as he speaks shows the sunniness of this sunny side. By the time you come to this last gateway you should be able to recall that so far every new portal you entered brought you new joys, new capacities for joy. You ought consequently to approach this one with something like a happy curiosity.

Let me adduce some proofs, or at least corroborative evidence, of a truth you are perhaps too young to assimilate. Let me show you that it is not a fanciful invention of my own. First, there is the testimony of an elderly nun, who used to give half-hour talks to the pupils after breakfast on Sunday mornings. One morning she electrified every one by saying she would never tell them, as others

so commonly did, that their young days were their happiest. She would on the contrary assure them that they were far from this, and that happiness should increase with their years. For life is like climbing a mountain and as one goes up there are more beautiful views, one gets a better perspective, breathes a finer air. This surprising statement, so different from anything heard before, sank in deep, has been remembered ever since, and has been passed on to other girls whenever possible.

My second witness is an aged man, one beyond his working time; a silent old gentleman who did nothing but putter about with his finger between the leaves of a book he was seldom seen to read, or sit alone on the porch in fine weather. His middle-aged daughter and I were friends, and one day we confided to each other our former dread of the thirtieth birthday, and our surprise to find life growing better and happier every year since we

passed it. I remarked to this friend that we must sometime be prepared for a climax, and following that a descent. We wondered when that time would come, so she said she would ask her father, who must surely have experienced it. Remember, he was approaching close to four-score. "If there is such a climax," was his answer, "I have not yet reached it. There are days when I am so happy it would be impossible to bear any more and live." From him, these few words were a long speech, and a potent one.

The third witness you may find for yourself. Go to any one well into those gray years you believe to be so joyless—any one, that is, who has lived the preceding years as they should be lived—and ask her whether or not she is happier now than when she was your own age. If she is thoughtful and sincere she will tell you, maybe with surprise at the discovery, that she is happier now than ever she was as a girl. If you still doubt, all I shall

say is that when you are older you will experience for yourselves the truth of what now seems so amazing. Some of you look on us, your spectacled elders, with a kind of sorrow to think our happiest days are over. Some of us look on you with a kind of sorrow for your limitations, but with a welling-up of consoling pleasure to think your happiest days are to come.

WHERE TO LOOK FOR HAPPINESS

The first condition for happiness is that you must look for it, for as you have been told, whatever you look for you find. Look for the new joys your higher climb into life will bring you, anoint your eyes that you may see them.

The second condition is that you shall, at every new transition, be ready to put away the dolls of the former period—no matter how much it hurts. Your hurt is the price you pay in advance for the good things to

come. Many miss the realization of these good things through regretful longing for those dolls which should have been left behind and laid away on entering the new door.

The above are merely the conditions, the equipment for the search. Now for the places to look.

Happiness may be sought, and much of it found, in artistic and literary tastes, in friends, in work and play and hobbies and so forth, but there is not space in our small book for discussion of such obvious sources. Let me mention some sources of happiness more likely to be ignored, and more apt to yield it in larger measure. Happiness may be found in:

1. Misfortune, disappointment, and sorrow. It is to be found in looking for trouble. A paradox, is it not, but one profoundly true. There was once a man of aggressive, not to say quarrelsome, disposition. He was red-haired, self-opinionated, despotic, a school-

master, and a Scotsman. Surely a man born to trouble, and trouble came, lots of it. He fell out with his trustees, his public, his alumnæ, his pupils; he lost his position, and had some years of idleness forced on him, affording time for meditation. Meditate he did, and to some purpose, for Scotsmen are good, clear thinkers. A new position came to him, finer than the first, and so well did he administer it that he won deserved renown. Then he wrote a book. The title was "Looking for Trouble," and the thesis was that instead of trying to avoid trouble, to escape it and fly from it, we should go to meet it, welcome it, and wrest from it the treasure it holds for us. The one thing that matters when trouble comes to you is that you extract from it the strength or sweetness it was meant to bestow on you. This way lies happiness.

2. Looking-On. If you once learn to make use of the wealth of joy to be found all around, in looking-on, you shall never be joy-

impoverished. All the joys of the world will be yours, from that of the kitten playing with its tail to that of the young mother playing with her baby. This joy of the looker-on will enable you to enter, like a possessing spirit, into all the joy of those around you. Cultivate it, sedulously foster it, for it will mean an inalienable possession.

3. A third source of joy, the greatest, the highest, the surest, there is no need to point out to you, who are so fortunate as to be Catholic girls.

Now let me say goodbye (it means God be with you) and with it let me wish you joy.

THE END