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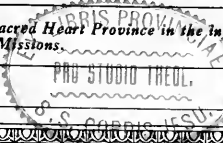
Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.

VOLUME X

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NUMBER 1



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OUR MISSION PICTURES

Everyone who makes a trip to California is above all anxious to see the Old Franciscan Missions. To visit California and not to see the Old Missions is like visiting Rome and not seeing the Coliseum. The Old Missions, many of them only ruins of past splendor and achievement, are regarded by all as integral parts of California. They are the pride of the State and the object of admiration to all tourists. Grand and magnificent in their ruins, they are a silent but eloquent testimony of the untiring activity of the old Spanish Franciscan Padres. They tell of the almost superhuman efforts made by these saintly men to convert and to civilize their Indian charges, to teach them not only the Faith of Christ but also all things necessary for a happy and successful existence here below.

No doubt, we all would enjoy a visit to these places. But for most of our readers such a thing is out of the question. They have neither the time nor the means to make a tour to California. Hence, the FRANCISCAN HERALD has taken it upon itself to lead you month by month through these wonderful places. This it will do by means of pictures on the front cover page. Every month you will find a picture of one of these missions and an explanation of the picture in this column. In this way we hope to be able to give you an idea of the wonderful work performed by the Franciscans of California. It will be a panorama trip through scenes of loveliness and splendor, a trip we know you will enjoy and appreciate.

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Editorials

The New Year

A happy and blessed New Year is the sincere wish of FRANCISCAN HERALD to all its readers. To be a happy year for you, the year 1922 must bring you the blessing and the grace of God. That is what we wish you all—God's blessing and grace in all its fullness. We have learned to love the old year because we now know what it brought us; but we need not fear the near year on account of its uncertainty. The mercy and the goodness of God are not uncertain to those who believe in His fatherly Providence. Knowing this, we can look hopefully to the New Year. To make ourselves worthy of its blessings, must be our aim and endeavor.

It is not without a special meaning that holy Mother Church begins each year with the feast of the Circumcision. On this day the new-born King received His Name, a Name that came down from heaven, the most significant, the most holy name of Jesus. "Thou shall call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins." Mt., 1, 21. In the Name of Jesus we must also begin and continue the new year, for in that Name alone is there strength and success. Jesus must rule and guide our thoughts, our words, our actions. Through Him and in Him we may expect in the new year "health enough to make work a pleasure; wealth enough to support our needs; strength enough to battle with difficulties and to overcome them; grace enough to confess our sins and forsake them; patience enough to toil until some good is accomplished; charity enough that shall see some good in our neighbor; cheerfulness enough that shall make others glad; faith enough that shall make real the things of God; and hope enough that shall remove all anxious fears concerning the future."

Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

With this issue we are compelled to bid farewell to one of our most esteemed and earliest contributors, Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M. From the first month of its existence, FRANCISCAN HERALD was favored with an article by this gifted author, whom critics consider the foremost Catholic writer of American Mission history. Many letters have been received in this office, in which the articles of Fr. Zephyrin on the early missionary labors of the Franciscans in the South and West were highly commented on. We ourselves considered his department as a big drawing card. But now we must bid farewell to him. We do so with sincere thanks and with the fond hope that it may not be a lasting one. Fr. Zephyrin is seventy years of age, and during the last score or

more years he has worked hard gathering material for his monumental work, "The Missions and Missionaries of California." Four large volumes covering the general history, together with an Index volume, have already appeared. Of the local history, which he is writing at present, two volumes, San Diego and San Luis Rey, are finished. The material for the remaining nineteen missions also has been gathered. During the last year or so the good Father has been ailing, and more than anything else his eyesight is suffering from the continual strain. This alone it was that compelled him to cease writing for the FRANCISCAN HERALD. His advanced age and his infirmities no longer permit him to undertake the extra work required in getting the articles for the FRANCISCAN HERALD, as this was done besides his regular work in editing the history of the California Missions. We know, dear reader, that you will miss Fr. Zephyrin's monthly contribution. But we can only ask you to share his loss with us, as in this case your loss is also ours. We can not say good-bye to Fr. Zephyrin without publicly thanking him, both in our name and in the name of all our readers, for the many splendid and valuable articles he has contributed to the FRANCISCAN HERALD. At the same time we all will unite in prayer and ask God to restore him to health and to his erstwhile vigor.

A New Venture—Attention, Directors!

The directors of Tertiary fraternities, as well as the ever-growing number of friends and promoters of the Franciscan movement, will be grateful to learn that a magazine in English for them will shortly make its first appearance. The publication is to be known as THE THIRD ORDER FORUM, and is to appear quarterly, bringing sermon matter for the direction of fraternities, apologetic and didactic matter, a department for the discussion of the activities and possibilities of the Order, notes and news items of special interest, the calendar of feasts and favors, and similar details. Its appeal will be not merely to the directors but also to all priests and others who are interested in the Great Social Reform, so persistently urged by the great Leo XIII and his august successors. The call for such a magazine in English, repeatedly voiced, and lately emphasized by the National Convention of Chicago, should make its welcome certain and hearty. This magazine will be published by The Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart Province under the direction of Fr. James, O. F. M. For particulars address The Third Order Forum, 5045 S. Laffin St., Chicago, Illinois.

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Msgr. William H. Ketcham

"Oh, the depth of the riches of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God! How incomprehensible are His judgments, and how unsearchable are His ways."—Rom. 11:33.

These words of Holy Writ were brought forcibly to our minds when in November the news was flashed through the country that Msgr. W. H. Ketcham, the Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions, had died suddenly at Tucker, Miss. Anyone who knew of the life-work of Monsignor Ketcham, of the importance and magnitude of his work as Director of the Indian Bureau, will realize the great loss sustained by his untimely death. Not only the Indian missions but the whole Church in the United States suffers this loss. He was in his best years when the call came, being only fifty-three years old. How incomprehensible are the judgments and how unsearchable are the ways of God! In the midst of his successful activity, with much still to be accomplished, Father Ketcham is called from his labors—but this is our one great consolation—to receive his well-merited reward. The many souls saved for Heaven through his work, surely awaited him at the threshold of death to conduct his beautiful soul to the presence of God.

William H. Ketcham was born June 1, 1868, at Sumner, Iowa. His parents were non-Catholics of Puritan origin. His first education he received in the private schools of Wills Point and Hubbard, Texas. While at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., he received the grace of conversion and entered the Church in 1885. Having decided for the priesthood, he went to St. Mary's of the West Seminary at Cincinnati, O. He was ordained March 13, 1892, by Right Rev. T. Meerschaert, D. D., at Guthrie, Okla., and appointed missionary to the people of the Creek and Cherokee Nations and of the Quapaw Agency, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), with headquarters at Muskogee, Creek Nation, where he served until 1897. In that year he was appointed to labor among the eastern Choctaws, with headquarters at Antlers. Four years later, in 1901, Father Ketcham was chosen Director of the Bureau of the Catholic Indian Missions, Washington, D. C. As head of this bureau, he brought about a number of important results; as, for instance, cordial relations between the Government and the bureau, and also between the Government Indian officials and the missionaries; he abolished the Browning ruling which took the right to choose a school for an Indian child from the parent and vested it in the Indian agent; he secured recognition of the right of the Catholic pupils in Government schools to attend Catholic instructions; he obtained the use of Tribal Funds for the support and education of Indian pupils in certain mission schools to the extent of about \$125,000 a year, which is expended in full by contract on the Indian mission schools; he secured the restoration of rations to children in mission schools wherever these schools are located on ration agencies; he obtained fee simple titles to the land occupied by missions and schools on Indian reserva-

tions; not to mention the large number of schools, churches, and missions that owe their erection to his untiring zeal.

Father Ketcham promoted in the dioceses of the country the Society for the Preservation of the Faith among Indian Children, which had become a great factor in maintaining the forty-two mission schools that do not receive any tribal assistance. He also published the Indian Sentinel, which appeared first as an annual, but is now a quarterly. The publication office is 2021 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C. This delightful little magazine, edited under the able direction of Miss Inno McGill, is now the official organ of the Catholic Indian Mission Bureau. Full of interest and charming in every way, it is making itself a real necessity to all lovers of our Indian missions. The price of \$1.00 a year places it within the reach of all. May God speed the day when it will appear monthly.

On December 3, 1912, Father Ketcham was appointed by President Taft a member of the Board of Indian Commissioners. On June 14, of the same year, the degree of Doctor of Laws had been conferred on him by Fordham University. At the suggestion of Cardinal Gibbons and with the cordial endorsement of Bishop Meerschaert, he was created Domestic Prelate of His Holiness Benedict XV, in 1919, with the title of Monsignor.

In the funeral oration, delivered at Oklahoma City, the Rev. J. F. McGuire gives us the following beautiful sketch of Father Ketcham:

* * * "He was loved by his people, Indian and white, Catholic and non-Catholic, because they could see that he loved them and that nothing on earth or in hell could daunt his resolution to help and to save them. Is it wonderful that he was called to a greater mission, that of directing the missionary activities of the Church toward the Indians of the whole nation, or that his bishop, with few priests in his vicariate felt his loss as that of his right arm? In Washington, his headquarters rather than his home, his work brought him into close relations with congressmen and senators, with the Commissioners of Indian affairs and even with presidents of the United States, two of whom, Roosevelt and Taft, were his intimate friends, as well as with Cardinal Gibbons and the archbishops and bishops of the entire nation. He had to fight for the rights of his Indians, especially for their freedom of education, and well he performed his task.

He was privileged to see the great gift he had helped others to receive, the gift of faith, obtained by his sister, his mother and his father. May the knowledge comfort them that in their grief they are not alone, but that in the city of Washington, in every Catholic Church of our land, and especially in every Indian home from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Canada to Mexico there is grief because Msgr. Ketcham is no more.—(Orphans' Record, November, 1921.)

We ask all our readers to remember Msgr. Ketcham in their prayers and at Holy Mass.

FRANCISCAN HERALD extends sincere sympathy to The Catholic Indian Bureau, The Indian Sentinel and the relatives on the death of this great missionary. And we will earnestly beg God to send as his successor a man who will love the poor Indians and their missions, who will be able to defend their interests, who will watch over them and pray for them.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

SOME few years ago, I received a letter from one of our readers on the Pacific Coast, who was devoting much of her time to social service, especially among the young people of her city. From daily contact with juvenile delinquents as well as with children whose home surroundings were of the best, but whose impressionable hearts were an easy prey to the world with its bright lights and enticing pleasures, she realized that something must be done and done quickly and energetically, if the youth of our country is to be saved for pure living and for God. Herself a fervent Tertiary of St. Francis, she naturally turned to his Third Order for help. It was a turn in the right direction, for the Third Order of St. Francis, admitting, as it does, admission of fourteen years of age into its ranks, is eminently adapted to save them from themselves and from the ensnaring allurements of the world; is capable of filling their hearts with the laudable ambition to strive after what is highest and noblest in the formation of character.

Before reaching their teens, most children are too flighty and too undeveloped to appreciate at their full value the stern obligations of life. As they pass, however, from childhood to youth, their minds and bodies seem to develop with giant strides. They begin to realize that care-free play is not the aim of their existence here on earth; that life is serious and must be taken seriously. Temptations, hitherto unknown, arise in their guileless souls and often secure an entrance for sin and vice before they even begin to realize the danger. Pastors of souls and educators in general, fully

aware of this, seek to guide and guard the youthful souls committed to their care during this trying period of their life, by establishing for them various religious and social organizations. They hope that in this way they will be able to exercise a more personal and a more lasting influence over them. It was for this very reason that St. Francis of Assisi—that God-sent pastor of souls—placed fourteen years as the age limit for the admission of members into his Third Order—the organization destined by Providence to regenerate the face of the world.

Youth is the age of hero-worship and it is constantly seeking models for imitation. Take the average boy of our parochial schools and ask him who are his heroes. He will reply with a smile and with an unmistakable sparkle of admiration in his eyes: "Oh, George Washington, Father So-and-so, and—Babe Ruth!" or some other popular idol of the diamond or gridiron. Ask the girls and they will give a similar reply, replacing the priest's and athlete's names with those of some favorite nun and movie actress. Children are born imitators and they will strive to acquire the traits of their heroes and heroines. But where can our Catholic youth, boys and girls, find a more suitable model for their imitation than in St. Francis himself and in that wonderful galaxy of his sainted sons and daughters in the Third Order?

St. Francis a model of youth? Indeed, and a model hard to surpass. Born of wealthy parents, he nevertheless learned at a tender age how to combine the pleasures of youth with innocence of character and thus kept his soul pure at an age when so many others don for the

first time the livery of Satan. Thus, too, did his mind remain free to imbibe those lofty ideals that characterize the age of chivalry and which have gained for him the love and admiration of all succeeding ages.

It was the ambition of every young man of those days to win for himself undying fame as a knight without reproach, and the heart of our youthful Francis was in perfect accord with his times. Thus we see him, girded with the sword, bidding farewell to the comforts of his luxurious home to engage as a warrior bold in the holy wars of the Crusaders. When Divine Providence defeated the realization of these romantic dreams and led him along other paths, Francis did not change his character nor his ideals but merely the object of his desires. Lady Poverty—as he chivalrously styled his life of entire self-abnegation—became the spouse of his heart whom he loved and served with a faithfulness and devotion unequalled in the annals of chivalry.

This characteristic Francis bequeathed to all his spiritual children of both sexes and perhaps by none was he more closely copied than by his two Tertiary children, St. Louis IX of France and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, the sainted patrons of his Third Order. St. Louis is styled the most manly king and the most kingly man that ever graced a throne, while St. Elizabeth, who was called to her eternal reward at the early age of twenty-four, is a most perfect model of every maidenly virtue and womanly accomplishment. Both became what they were because they strove to follow as closely as possible that paragon of youth, St. Francis, who could call out to them in the words

of St. Paul: "Be ye followers of me as I also am of Christ!"

Do you wish our own boys and girls to grace their minds and hearts with the virtues of Louis and Elizabeth, then enroll them at an early age in the Third Order of St. Francis. Teach them to imitate his virtues, to acquire his traits—his unselfish generosity to the poor, his high idealism, his constant cheerfulness, his love for the romantic, his horror of duplicity, his hatred of idleness, his fearless courage, his knightly courtesy, his unruffled temper, his genial manner, his purity of intention, his ardent love of God united with his whole-souled charity toward his fellow men—teach our boys and girls, I say, these incomparable virtues that adorned the soul of Francis, and you will raise a generation of men and women whose virtues will convert the world.

At the recent National Tertiary Convention here in Chicago, one of the reverend speakers told the Tertiaries that they could not close their eyes in death with the assurance that they had been dutiful children of St. Francis, unless through their personal efforts at least one more person had been secured for the Order. He then emphasized the fact that the first place to seek recruits is the family circle. I dwelt last month in these columns on the necessity of winning the men for the Order if it is to carry out successfully the program outlined for it by Holy Church, and I do not wish to minimize this in the least; but I do wish to go on record here, and that most emphatically, as urging both the Tertiaries and their Rev. Directors to use every means in their power to secure our youth of both sexes for the Third Order if they do not wish to prove recreant to their calling. If our boys and girls are once interested in St. Francis and begin to imitate his virtues, it will be an easy matter to keep alive the interest aroused and thoroughly

to mold their characters according to the teachings of the Seraphic Saint. As the twig is bent so will the tree incline. Imbue our boys and girls on their entrance into youth with the ideals of St. Francis and the world will beckon to them in vain. This is not an idle boast nor the perfervid hope of an enthu-

Let the Rev. Directors, therefore, establish an extra fraternity for the boys and girls of the parish that the wish of the Holy Father may be realized. Let them enroll in the Third Order of St. Francis their entire sodality of the Bl. Virgin, the Junior Holy Name Society, and all the other organizations they may have in their parish, that they may be able to give their young charges the very best that Holy Church has to offer them in the matter of associations for their spiritual and temporal benefit. This can not, indeed, be done over night, but with a modicum of good will and prudent and persistent effort it can be accomplished in time. There is absolutely no doubt in the mind of Holy Church that the Third Order of St. Francis is the most perfect and the most beneficial association she can offer to her children in the world to enable them most easily to work out their eternal salvation. Why, then, should we, who are already enjoying these benefits, not be most anxious to make as many as possible partakers of our good fortune, especially among the young, whose future weal and woe is our constant and greatest concern! Let this, therefore, be our slogan, this the daily aim of our endeavors: "Our youth for St. Francis!"

* * *

Although I have already taken up more space with my Chat than I should have, I feel that I can not well permit the month of the Holy Name of Jesus to pass by without a word on this subject. One of the latest efforts on the part of Tertiaries to combat the growing evil of unclean speech, in the course of which the sweet Name of Jesus is frequently dragged in the mire, is the publication of a small card by the Third Order Fraternity of Joliet, Illinois, bearing the following appeal.



A Sainly Teacher

siast, but the sound teaching of Holy Church herself. In his jubilee encyclical on the Third Order, Pope Benedict XV exclaims: "Why should not the numerous and various associations of young people * * * existing everywhere throughout the Catholic world, join the Third Order, and, inspired with St. Francis' zeal for peace and charity, devote themselves persistently to the glory of Christ and the prosperity of the Church?"



No More Indecent Stories

Do you tell snappy jokes and fast tales? They are like sparks of wild-fire. They spread far and travel fast.

Suppose only one person each month heard and enjoyed your smutty jokes. That would make twelve in a year. And suppose each of these again interested only one person a month in such tales. Even at this slow rate the bad seed which you sowed would multiply and bring forth four thousand sins in a year! That is, the hellish spark ignited by you, burned and blackened over four thousand souls which Christ bought with His precious Blood! That germ of spiritual leprosy which you spat out inoculated over four thousand souls with deadly poison.

And would to God that these four thousand committed only the one fault of listening to these smutty jokes! But people, especially the young, think over these tales, repeat them in their mind, arouse themselves to immoral thoughts, desires, and even actions.

On account of the dangerous germs he carries, a consumptive is segregated, the leper quarantined; should then foul mouths which infect immortal souls be endured? A spark of fire is guarded and extinguished, should then this hellish spark of smutty tales go on like Satan devouring countless souls bought by Christ's suffering and death upon the cross.

No wonder Christ said: "Woe to that man by whom scandal cometh. It were better for him that a millstone should be hanged about his neck and that he be drowned in the depth of the sea." (Mt. 18: 6, 7.)

And certainly, a dirty heart is worse than a dirty face. But how dirty must be the heart of those who tell filthy and smutty jokes, since Christ says: "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." (Mt. 12: 34.)

Stop! Consider!

Reverend Directors and Tertiaries who are interested in combating the all too prevalent vice of filthy talk, can secure copies of these cards by applying to FRANCISCAN HERALD.

RESOLUTIONS PROPOSED AND ADOPTED

By the International Convention of the Third Order

Held at Rome, September 15-18, 1921

The Sanctification of the Tertiary

THE Convention desires that every Tertiary should above all be mindful of the decision of the Church as expressed in the new code of Canon Law concerning Third Orders Secular.

1. Let them make daily efforts to reach the perfection of their state. Let them ever contemplate their divine exemplar Jesus Christ as also his faithful follower St. Francis and the Saints of the Third Order; and unceasingly apply suitable means, in particular a special devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and to Mary Immaculate the Mother of God.

2. Let them carefully study and sedulously obey the Rule of the Third Order which they professed, making its practice their rule of life and frequently examining their conscience on this matter.

3. Let them seek the necessary information on things Franciscan, in order to get better acquainted with the tradition and the spirit of the Order and in this way become more worthy children of the Seraphic Patriarch.

The Proper Direction of Fraternities

1. The Convention desires that all Tertiaries as far as possible use their best endeavor to affiliate themselves with some definite fraternity and to observe its obligations; wherefore it recommends that a fraternity be established where there is a sufficient number of Tertiaries.

2. All fraternities are urged to conform to whatever the Rule prescribes for assembled members, offices, meetings, donations, care of the sick, suffrages for the deceased, visitation of superiors, admonitions, dismissals, ceremonies, etc.

3. It desires further that the meetings become more and more a real family gathering; wherefore

there should be a special place for the meetings. Candidates and novices should be more diligently instructed; and in every fraternity an adequate Franciscan library should be installed.

Franciscan Piety

The Convention desires every follower of St. Francis to manifest the life of the Church of Christ which finds in the Blessed Eucharist the center of her love, the fountain of grace, and the source of unwaning joy.

Franciscan Social Reform

The Convention desires that all Tertiaries, by their exemplary lives and active zeal be, as it were, the leaven of the Gospel among men who have wandered from God, so that they may efficaciously spread the spirit of Christ and may imbue society with a love for peace and justice.

The Propagation of the Third Order

1. The Convention desires that all children of St. Francis, as well of the First as of the Third Order, by every suitable means—sermons, conferences, regular meetings, periodicals, etc.—should seek to diffuse in every direction a knowledge of and a love for the Seraphic Patriarch and his work.

2. Special efforts should be made to promote the Third Order among men-folk and among the clergy; and for this reason there ought everywhere to be established fraternities or sections of fraternities for them with separate meetings, exercises, and the like. Through appropriate lecture courses and committees for action they should be duly instructed in propaganda work for the Third Order. In addition, let them strive more and more to have the faithful join the Third Order, in obedience to the exhortation of the Supreme Pontiff.

3. Directors of the Third Order,

preachers, and promoters should work hard to explain the nature of the Third Order, because this is essential for efficacious propagation and furthers the education of a true Tertiary.

The Apostolate of Tertiaries

1. The Convention desires that every Tertiary be in his own family circle a model of every virtue, of the fear of the Lord and the observance of the divine law; and that through constant moderation the family may be consecrated and conformed to the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus.

2. Let every Tertiary support societies with Catholic ideals wherever they may be founded for the common welfare, and properly approved. As members let them by word and deed further the cause of Christ and His Church, so that in time social activity may be guided by the spirit of Christ.

3. Putting aside all diffidence and human respect, let every Tertiary strive by word and deed to reinstate Christ more perfectly in private life, in public administrations, and in civil laws.

4. Let every Tertiary feel himself in conscience bound earnestly to advance the great work of the Christian missions, by constantly offering prayers, giving alms, and fostering vocations.

The Franciscan Missions

The Convention desires that the members of the Third Order, emulating those of the First and Second Orders in their eagerness to lead all nations to Christ, may become apostles for the missions by assisting the missionaries and supporting their work, so as to realize as soon as possible the wish of Christ "that there may be but one fold and one shepherd."

Franciscan Devotion to the Holy See

The Convention desires that all Franciscan Tertiaries, adhering unflinchingly to the Chair of St. Peter, may in every way defend its rights, execute its precepts, and follow its wishes. At all times, let them be one with the Church, fulfilling the prayer of Christ to His Father: "I ask Thee, Father, that they may be one, as we also are one."

ON MAKING A HOME

By AGNES MODESTA

THEIR voices floated across the garden from the next-door house, and entering my window clung blithely to the sunlit corners of my room. There were six of them, happy laughing specimens of young womanhood. Five were, I was aware, intent upon the sixth, who had just made an announcement of deep import. I was sure she had made it calmly, though I could guess a slightly heightened color and an adventurous sparkle of smiling gray eyes. I could imagine, too, that the sparkle became more mischievous as the owner of the gray eyes sat quiet under the storm of excited comment her news had evoked.

"Thrilling! But your career?"

"Are you really going to give up your music?"

"—never dreamed you'd change your mind."

"—were going to live your own life!"

"—k of the opportunity you're giving up!"

Then across this babel I heard the decisive tones of the young hostess, and without seeing her, I knew that the merry twinkle had given place to a steady light.

"I may have made a great many silly remarks in my time," I heard her say coolly, "but then I hadn't met Tom. Now, I call upon each one of you to witness that I do hereby solemnly recant. My vocation is settled. And as for living my own life—" I could hear her rippling laugh—"That's exactly what I'm going to do—live it to its full and complete extent. For my new career includes the arts and sciences of the ages, and it is the most versatile and comprehensive occupation known to woman—with God's help and Tom's—I'm going to make a home."

With God's help—and Tom's—I'm going to make a home!

I sat back and looked gratefully into space. There, in a nut shell, was the perfect foundation idea of home-making.

For, though elderly spinsters, or

widows, or the young unmarried of the species may achieve something in the nature of a home, and a ready-made family may succeed in producing the real thing with a little of the freshness rubbed from the edges of its joy, the fact stands that it is to the newly planted family, linked in co-operation with the Creator, to whom the true and authorized task of home-making belongs.

"But just what do you mean by home-making?" someone quizzes, "House building?"

"Not always," I am able to make answer, because here I am on familiar ground. I have long wanted to hold forth on true home-making, and with this opportune query, my chance is upon me.

Home-making does not necessarily imply house-building, because there are houses already built that will serve for homes. Further, I have known the home spirit to exist in a city apartment, a tent or a cave, or under the green trees and blue skies. But it is, at best, a disembodied spirit, something not quite of this world. For I think few will disagree when I insist that the home spirit seems to demand a body in which to reside. The human soul can exist apart from the body, but it does not as man so exist. Man, whole and complete, consists of a rational soul united to a physical body. So the home, which I like to regard as something alive and analogous to man, is complete and perfect only when the home-soul and the house-body have been brought into combination. And this, when accomplished with the blessing of God, is the truest kind of home-making.

Keeping to the analogy, it is easy to understand why, in the ideal home-making process, there is the simultaneous beginning of family-soul and house-body. The Author of Being has shown us the way by breathing into the first beginnings of the human body, the "vital spark of heavenly flame."

Now, the house that is to be to our home the body, need not be large nor expensive; indeed, it is better that it should grow, as we do, from small beginnings. But it should be capable of sheltering adequately the beautiful family-soul, and it should definitely represent the combined forces of love. For whereas the mere house is but an empty shell, when House-the-Body is lived in by a 'soul, it becomes truly the abode of virtue and peace that ought to be for every one of us the image of Heaven.

I feel sure that deep in the hearts of most of us is enshrined the memory of one such haven, the spot which represents in our mind the site of the One Perfect Earthly Home. If we have ever known a home there can be no doubt of the memory. It may be a far cry from my picture to yours, but I'll venture to guess that the essential qualities of united house and home-spirit are in both. Else it could not stand in our mental holy of holies as Home.

My own home o' dreams is a wee place set on a hill, but hard by the traveled highway, for its founders possessed that indomitable world-spirit that cries out,

"Let me live in my house by the side of the road
And be a friend to man."

It is low, and spreading and gray, with a wide red chimney which tells of the pulsing heart of a great fireplace inside. It is easy to forget the furnishings of this house, because they were subservient to the need which they filled, but the clinging memory remains of a large table upon which the entire family could pile its books; big chairs with comfortable hollows in their depths, glowing lamps beneath which little and big could read or sew, or simply sit and look, and finally—O finishing touch of charm—a monstrous yellow cat purring his blissful song on the hearth-rug.

I think in the best of women, indeed, in nearly all women, there lies the home-making desire. Some hardly realize its possession, and others, from one or another reason, wage a constant warfare against it. But to us who are Catholic, there

appears a real duty to cultivate our home-making qualities, for as the foundation-stone of the social structure is the home, we can do no greater service to our country than to work toward the maintenance of a home, complete with body and soul.

It is strange beyond our comprehension that there should be so many modern women, who, seeming to desire to be of service to their country, take the very means that must spell its destruction. They suggest the earnest and aspiring baby girl who, intent upon building a "bee-yu-ti-ful roof" for her house of blocks, helps herself liberally to the bits of wood that were its foundation, and triumphantly sets the last block of the roof in place just as the whole structure caves in and collapses. For it is just this thing that our grown-up baby girls of all ages are doing. The lure of the double wage, the "greater freedom" and the enticement of the apartment house or hotel for easier living, mean for the social house of blocks an ostentatious roof over crumbling underpinnings. Surely, the many women who advocate the replacing of women's sphere so that it may coincide with that of men, are earnest and sincere in their desire to be of good to the country. I do not question their motives, my quarrel is with the wisdom of their methods.

But sometime the baby of the block-house may grow up, and when that happens it is to be hoped that the really mature persons who have surrounded her, may have been able to arrest the threatened catastrophe to her house, so that she may be able to start her new age uncrushed by disillusion. This part of the "grown-up" must be taken by modern Catholic women, and by all other modern women who see beyond the horizon of their limited sphere. These must busy themselves to insert new foundation stones as fast as the old ones are taken away. The structure will not retain its original strength under this constant change to be sure, but, please God, it may be saved from a real downfall until the misguided and hard-working youngster grows big enough to realize the danger of her present course of action.

It is no new thing for the Catholic Church to preserve an art from loss to the world. Even as the devotion of the religious orders of the Middle Ages saved the treasures of art, literature and science from the on-rushing hordes that swept down from the north at the beginning of mediæval history, so will the Church today send its teaching voice ringing thruout the world for the saving of the Christian Home. With the clean-cut principles of real Christian philosophy, Catholics will be able to detect the errors of those who with the best of intentions walk blindly into destruction. They will retain the home and keep the sanctity of the home-spirit alive in the face of the killing blight of countless ephemeral fads and fancies. This is primarily the task of woman, the real Catholic woman.

She will insist upon the home, not merely because it affords her a certain pleasure, though this may lawfully enter into its achievement, but because the home means the preservation of the state, the future strength of our well-loved country, and the true Catholic looks beyond the present, for she knows that to be Catholic is to be universal in belief, in sympathies, in outlook.

And so she will hold together her wee house. She will allow the brightness of cheery lights and the glow of a fire to spread joy over its pleasant rooms. She will have good books—and perhaps a yellow cat. But should any or all of these things prove to be impossible of realization, she will have at least the spirit of home in her family's heart. There will be the gentle all-pervading perfume of family love and harmony; there will be that love of God which is the foundation of all love; there will be the love of parents, and the happy laughing love of children little and big. The great light of that home will be the sunshine of joy, and the model of that home will be a certain little House of Nazareth. So, will the modern Catholic woman, in harmony with the modern Catholic man, and the grace of God, succeed to the full in that sublime earthly task—a task that gives man special kinship with the Creator—the making of a home.



THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. Circumcision of our Lord, New Year's Day—Holy day of obligation. (Gen. Absolution. Plen. Ind.)
2. Feast of the Most Holy Name of Jesus. (Plen. Ind.)—BB. Bentivogli and Gerard, Confessors of the I Order.
4. Bl. Angela, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
5. Epiphany of our Lord. (Gen. Absolution. Plen. Ind.)
16. SS. Berard and Companions, Martyrs of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
19. BB. Thomas, Charles, and Bernard, Confessors of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
28. BB. Roger, Giles, and Odoric, Confessors of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
30. St. Hyacintha, Virgin of the II Order. (Plen. Ind.)
31. BB. Louise and Paula, Widows of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, the visit may be made in their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on January 1 and 6. This Absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries also in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves, or on any day during the week following.

Hymn to the Holy Name

O Jesus, my Jesus, each
time I repeat
Thy dear and adorable
Name,
A pleasure I feel, so del-
ightful and sweet,
It creates in my heart a
new flame.

When tepid, new fervor I
gain by Thy Name,
In trouble it brings to me
peace,
Nor weary I grow with re-
peating the same,
For to praise it my lips
would not cease.

A thousand times over, my
Jesus, each day,
On Thy sacred Name
were I to call,
The joy that it gives me
would never decay,
For in Jesus is centered
my all.

Oh, be thou a Jesus to me
whilst I live,
Thy Name deep engrave
in this heart,
That all its affections to
Thee it may give,
Nor e'er from Thy sweet
love depart.

Be a Jesus to me on the sad
bed of death,
My pains and my an-
guish relieve,
Repeating Thy Name may I
breathe my last breath,
Then Jesus, my spirit re-
ceive.

Be a Jesus to me thro' eter-
nity's year,
Oh, in those fair regions
above,
How bright will the fruit of
redemption appear,
Jesus, gained here for
my love!

Selected



Missions

THE FRANCISCANS IN NEW MEXICO

By FR. ZEPHYRIN ENGELHARDT, O. F. M.

CHAPTER XXXVI

Various Governors—Expeditions—List of Custódios of the Period—Expedition of Gov. Vargas—Takes Santa Fe—Threatens Death for Injuring Indians—Evidences of Christianity at Zúñi—Results of the Expedition—Varga's Second Expedition—Franciscans Who Went Along

ACCORDING to Fr. Silvestre de Escalante, Governor Antonio de Otermín was succeeded, in August, 1683, by Don Domingo Jironza Petris de Cruzate. The latter in 1686 was supplanted by Don Pedro Reneros de Posada, who ruled till 1689 when Cruzate was reappointed. Early in 1691 Don Diego de Vargas Zapata Lujan Ponce de Leon began his eventful term as governor.

As early as 1683, the king of Spain gave orders that every effort should be made, but with the slightest expense possible, to recover the lost Province of New Mexico. Governor Posada accordingly led an expedition into the territory as far as the pueblo of Zia. Besides capturing some horses and sheep, however, he accomplished nothing. Whether any Franciscans accompanied the soldiers on the hasty venture is not recorded.

In the fall of 1689 Governor Cruzate undertook to reduce the rebel pueblos to obedience. When his expedition arrived at Zia, he found the Indians well fortified. A bloody battle ensued in which the rebels defended themselves with such valor and fury that many allowed themselves to be burnt alive on their housetops rather than surrender. The number of Queres Indians, of this pueblo as well as of Santa Ana, and of others who had come to succor the besieged, left dead in this battle amounted to 600 of both sexes and of different ages. Only four old men (medicinemen or sorcerers)

were captured alive. They were executed in the plaza of the pueblo. There is no evidence that the expedition accomplished anything else.¹ No friars seem to have accompanied the troops. Early in 1691, as already indicated, Vargas came up to El Paso and assumed the governorship.

During these years after the revolt, 1680-1691, the Custodes of New Mexico, according to their Autos-de-Visita in the Baptismal Registers² of Guadalupe (Juárez), were Fr. Nicolas Hurtado, the senior definidór, it seems, who had escaped from the massacre in 1680, and who served till 1864; Fr. Salvador de San Antonio, 1684-1687; Fr. Nicolas López, 1687-1689; and Fr. Francisco de Vargas, 1689-1691. In a circular, dated Zencú, October 20, 1691, Fr. Diego de Mendoza, announced to the friars that he had been appointed Custos of the Franciscans in New Mexico by the Definitórium of the Province of the Holy Gospel, Mexico. This document is the first of its kind still extant.³

¹ Escalante, *Carta*, Nos. 1 and 9.

² The Mission of Our Lady of Guadalupe del Paso del Norte was founded by Fr. García de San Francisco y Zuñiga on December 8, 1659, but the Register begins with a baptism administered in February, 1662. Before the appearance of the Carranza and Villa rowdies the Registers of Baptisms, Marriages, and Burials were preserved in the vestry of the parochial church, Juárez. They were probably the only set of Church Registers dating as far back as the middle of the 17th century, except those of St. Augustine, Florida, which are also complete but date from June 25, 1594, hence they are the oldest in the United States.

³ *Libro de Patentes de San Antonio de Zencú*.

During the same period the Vice-Custódios, as per dates of their Autos-de-Visita at Juárez, were Fr. Juan Muñoz de Castro, November 19, 1685; Fr. Pedro Gómez, August 9, 1688; Fr. Diego de Mendoza, October 19, 1688; Fr. Joachim de Inojosa, August 30, 1692; and Fr. Juan Alvarez, December 2, 1693.

Vargas, soon after his arrival at El Paso del Norte, began to collect men, ammunitions, and provisions for an expedition into New Mexico. The viceroy, Conde de Galve, promised him a small force of fifty Spanish soldiers from the presidio of Parral, but when by the month of August, 1692, they failed to appear, the impatient governor resolved to proceed northward without them. Although he had been able to enlist but fifty-four Spaniards and one hundred Indians, Vargas on August 16, sent these troops ahead, and on August 21 he himself set out accompanied by three unarmed Franciscans, Fr. Francisco Corvera, Fr. Miguel Muñiz de Luna,⁴ and Fr. Cristóbal Alonso Bárroso. Vargas overtook his ridiculously small "army" on August 24. Cautiously they marched until September 9, when they camped at an entirely ruined village. They had not encountered a single Indian. Here Vargas left a portion of his supplies in order to be able to travel more rapidly. The place, called Mejía, was therefore surrounded with a stockade, and Captain Rafael Tellez with fourteen Spaniards and

⁴ Read has Nuñez.

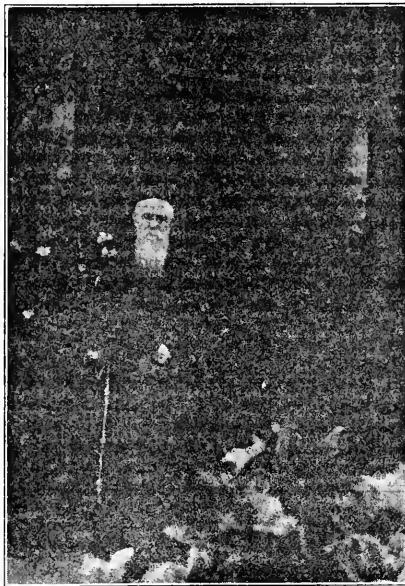
fifty Indians put in charge. With only forty men and fifty Indians, accompanied by the three friars, Vargas now set out to reconquer the rebel pueblos. It seemed a mad undertaking, and more like a forlorn hope. The distance from the camp to Cochiti, the Indian stronghold, was eighteen leagues.

Leaving Mejia at three o'clock in the afternoon, Vargas and his followers reached the vicinity of Cochiti at about three o'clock in the morning, when they discovered that the Indians had fled. Supposing them to have retreated to the pueblo of Santo Domingo, three leagues down the Rio Grande, the Spaniards remounted, and at sunrise arrived at Santo Domingo, which they found deserted. After resting till three in the afternoon, Vargas proposed to surprise the rebels at Santa Fe, ten leagues distant, at daybreak. His brave troops readily agreed, whereupon the march was resumed. Three leagues beyond a halt was made at the village of Cieneguilla. After sunset the commander gave the men a short exhortation, and then all continued the march in silence until eleven in the night. After resting till two o'clock in the morning, all were aroused and prepared as for battle. Every man realized the risk he was running, but no one flinched. They made the Act of Contrition and recited the Confiteor, as was customary on such occasions, and Fr. Cor-

vera pronounced the general absolution over the gallant warriors. He also offered fervent supplications to Almighty God and to His holy Mother in behalf of the men who were to face the enemy entrenched at Santa Fe. Thus fortified the soldiers were ready to engage the very demons. Vargas issued his orders, and then the little band took the road to Santa Fe, which they sighted about four o'clock in the morning of September 13.

The Indians were on the alert, however, and crowded the walls of the town and the housetops. Vargas had the water supply cut off,

and then offered pardon to all who would lay down their arms and submit to the Spanish rule and return to the Church. They refused, and moreover declared that they would die rather than surrender. Later in the day, after much parleying, the rebels yielded. On the following day, the feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, September 14, 1692, Fr. Escalente relates, they rendered formal obedience and



Fr. Zephyrin, O. F. M.

were absolved from their apostasy by Fr. Francisco Corvera. Governor Vargas next took formal possession of the capital (Santa Fe) and the territory of New Mexico in the name of Carlos II, king of Spain. The *Te Deum Laudamus* entoned by Fr. Corvera closed the solemn act.

In the evening of September 21, 1692, the fifty Spanish soldiers at last came up from the presidio of Parral. They joined Vargas at Galisteo next day. The governor now had ninety fighting men. With them, and some auxiliaries under Don Luis Tupatu, he joined the Indian chief who had succeeded the arch-

rebel Popé in command of the rebels, and who had voluntarily surrendered along with two hundred warriors, and was now a staunch friend of the Spaniards. With his little army and the three religious, Vargas visited all the pueblos of the territory. Opposition was encountered, it is true; but the prudence and magnanimity of the governor finally succeeded in winning the confidence of the people so that they submitted, and in turn they received the absolution from their apostasy from Fr. Corvera, and the pardon of the governor for their misdeed during the revolt. Only at Jémez the governor met with persistent obstinacy and perfidy. The Indians here did everything to provoke the Spaniards; but Vargas had threatened the death penalty to anyone who should in any way injure an Indian, no matter what the provocation. Even the distant Moqui surrendered, likewise those of Acoma on their all but impregnable rocky height, on November 4. The Zuñis, owing to the Apache hostilities, were easily persuaded to yield. The inhabitants of five pueblos had retired to the Rock of Caquima, where Vargas found them on November 11. Here alone of all the pueblos evidences of the Christian Faith were discovered. In a small compartment belonging to an Indian woman, the governor found an altar neatly adorned on which two tallow candles were burning. In addition there were an image of Christ Crucified, a canvas picture of St. John the Baptist, some sacred vessels, an ostensorium, and some missals. All these articles were covered with remnants of vestments. This discovery deeply affected the governor and a number of officers who had also entered the little room. In proof of their gratitude they embraced the Indian chiefs, and assured them of their special friendship.

When peace had thus been restored all over the territory, Vargas led his expedition back to El Paso where he arrived on December 20,

1692, having travelled more than six hundred leagues since August 21. "It was a wonderful campaign," Don Carlos de Sigüenza y Góngora concludes his *Mercurio Volante*. "Without the waste of an ounce of powder, without drawing a sword, and, what is more worthy of note and admiration, without the cost of a penny to the royal treasury, innumerable people were brought back to the fold of the Catholic Church, and the entire dominion was restored to his royal Majesty, Carlos II. No Spaniard was found by the whole province, because all those who lived there at the time of the revolt, save those who escaped to El Paso, had perished. Seventy-four captive m stizos, however, were set at liberty, and 2,214 children⁵ received baptism."⁶

⁵ Escalante, *Carta*, No. 10, says: "Those baptized in all the pueblos of the Tanos, Picuries, and Taos were 926. Bancroft, *New Mexico*, p. 291, writes that at Zuni alone about 300 children were baptized.

⁶ *Mercurio Volante*, pp. 1-22. Courtesy of Mr. Read. A complete English translation will be found in Read's *History of New Mexico*, pp. 275-294.

Governor Vargas sent a detailed account of his successful expedition to the viceroy, and at the same time asked for permission to repeople the recovered territory. The petition was granted. Vargas succeeded in enlisting about one hundred soldiers and seventy families of colonists, in all about 800 individuals.

The Franciscans supplied seven-teen friars, as follows: Fr. Salvador de San Antonio, Custos, Fr. Diego Zienos, Secretary, Fr. Juan de Zavaleta, Fr. Juan de Alpuente, Fr. Juan Muñoz de Castro, Fr. Antonio Carbonel, Fr. Francisco Corvera, Fr. Juan Antonio del Corral, Fr. Antonio Obregón, Fr. Buenaventura Contreras, Fr. José Narvaez Valverde, and Fr. Juan Daza, of the Province of the Holy Gospel, Mexico; and Fr. Francisco de Jesus Maria Casañas, Fr. José Díez, Fr. Gerónimo Prieto, Fr. Antonio Bahamonde, Fr. Domingo de Jesus Maria, of the Missionary College of Querétaro. Three other friars of the same College, Fr. Miguel de Trifcio, Fr. José García, and Fr. Blas

Navarro, came up a little later, but reached Santa Fe before the close of the year.⁷

The expedition left the vicinity of El Paso on October 13, 1693; but it was anything rather than a triumphal march. The scarcity of provisions and cold weather wrought havoc among the colonists, especially among the women and children. Thirty of them died from hunger or from exposure before the people arrived at Santo Domingo in the beginning of December. Santa Fe was at last reached, but it required several months before the hostility of many of the pueblos was overcome.⁸

⁷ Fr. Espinosa, *Crónica Apostolico*, pp. 92. See also Read, *New Mexico*, pp. 296; Bancroft, *New Mexico*, pp. 204.

⁸ Espinosa, *Crónica*, pp. 260, 282-284; Arrieta, *Crónica Secular*, pp. 178, 198-200; Bancroft, pp. 202-213; Read, pp. 293-314.

Note.—Age and infirmities compel the writer to discontinue the narrative, and to utilize what strength remains in order to complete the history of the California Missions. He hopes and prays, however, that some abler friar, on the scene of former missionary activity, may take up the thread of the narrative, and continue it to modern times. The task will be much easier, inasmuch as the historical material is rich and interesting and within reach.

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

MY GOOD INDIANS AT KÖLDEPAT-WA

By FR. JUSTIN, O. F. M.
Missionary in Arizona

IN THE southern part of Arizona, where the present writer is working for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Indians, is a little village called Köldepat-wa. Although, if done into English, this melodious name would read "Old Dead Man's Pond," its inhabitants, as the following story will prove, are by no means dead men and their way of doing things not at all old-fashioned.

Early last fall, on my rounds through the missions, I came to Köldepat-wa and gave the Indians an opportunity to attend Holy Mass and receive the Sacraments. It was a week day and, for our Indians at

least, also a work day. But that did not hinder the villagers from heeding the summons of their padre and coming to the—I almost said church—to the little hut where everything was already prepared for the sacred ceremonies. Needless to say, the good will of these children of the desert made me happy. I did not know at the time what a pleasant surprise they were preparing for me; else my eyes would surely have filled with tears of joy. Nor would I have found it out even that day, had not the village interpreter let the cat out of the bag.

I was taking a little lunch, after Holy Mass, when the interpreter, in

the course of our conversation, asked me when I should visit them again.

"That's more than I know," I replied; "if all goes well, in a month or so. I'll let you know in good time."

"Well, padre," with an air of satisfaction, "by that time we'll have a church."

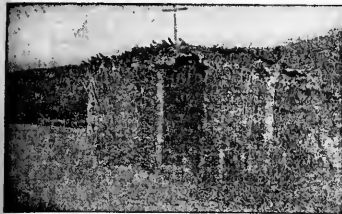
"A church?"

"Yes, a real church."

"Why, where is it?" I asked, non-plussed.

"Well, padre, it isn't built yet; but you may be sure it will be the next time you come."

"And who is going to build it?"



Typical Indian Chapel Still in Use in Many Places in Arizona

"The men of the village. They will begin work today."

The reader can imagine how great my joy was when, on leaving that afternoon for the next mission station, I saw the men and boys gathered in one end of the village, some preparing the site they had selected for their church, and others fashioning soft clay into adobe bricks. Indians, too, are human and a word of encouragement goes a far way with them.

"Well, now, that's fine," I said in as good Indian as I could. How happy they were and how readily they all agreed to do their share of the work gratis, if I would provide them with what their hands and implements could not make. As the event showed, they kept their word and worked with a will.

To keep my promise, I obtained four half-windows (2x3 feet), a suitable door (2½x6½ feet), and some rough lumber to make frames for door and windows. Though second-hand, all this material was in pretty good condition. Then I procured hinges for the door and windows, two glass candlesticks, two flower vases, and a few artificial flowers. When I got through shopping and summed up my expenditures, I found that the entire outlay amounted to a little less than \$25, a small sum in itself but a fortune in the eyes of a missionary in Arizona.

Knowing, too, how my children of "Old Dead Man's Pond" were forging ahead with their church, I applied for and obtained permission to bless and dedicate the new edifice as soon as I should be called upon.

It was Sunday afternoon, last October 30. I was sitting in my room here at Sells, busy with some important correspondence. Naturally, my thoughts just then were miles away from Köldepat-wa. Not even did I immediately recognize as one of its inhabitants the Indian youth who was ushered into my presence.

"Very likely, a sick-call," I thought, unfolding the note he handed me. What a feeling of joy came over me, however, when I read: "Come, Father, bless our church. It is finished."

Neither the Köldepat-wa Indians nor their solicitous padre will ever forget what they witnessed on Thursday, November 3, the day on which their first church at that place was dedicated to their holy patron, St. Thomas. To lend special solemnity to the occasion, the Indians had invited many friends from neighboring villages to be present at the dedication of the church and to take part in the fiesta which, in keeping with good custom, they had arranged. It was touching, indeed, to see these simple people accompanying their padre around the church, carrying candles and holy pictures, and joining in the prayers and songs. I need not mention that in my sermon during the Holy Mass I praised the people for their zeal

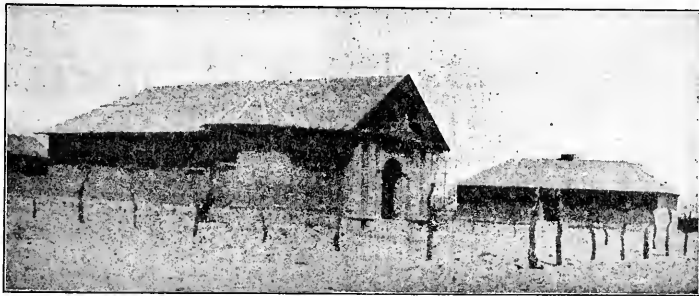


One of the Modern Mission Chapels Built by the Franciscans to Replace the Mud and Straw Chapels

and promised to come to their aid wherever and whenever I could. That, after Holy Mass, all enjoyed the fiesta is self-evident.

The new church at Köldepat-wa, though not exactly a magnificent cathedral as to architectural lines of beauty and richness of decorative display, is still a worthy edifice and surely pleasing to Him Who had a word of praise and encouragement even for the poor widow's mite. The little structure is built of adobe and is 24 feet long, 14 feet wide, and 8 feet high. The mud floor and ceiling are untouched by anything that reminds one of human luxury. In the center is an adobe pillar supporting the mud roof. The four inside walls and the outside front wall are plastered and white-washed. On either side are two half-windows, while on the roof over the front door—in fact, the only door—rises a little adobe stand on which to place the cross. The altar, too, is of adobe and for the day of the dedication it was uniquely decorated with paper flowers of every shape and color.

Such then is the new church at Köldepat-wa and such the story of its building—in truth, a monument proclaiming the spirit of faith and enterprise with which my children of "Old Dead Man's Pond" are imbued.



SANTA CLARA MISSION CHURCH AND SCHOOL, ARIZONA
Type of Mission Chapel and School Your Alms Will Help to Build and Support



Fiction



WHO WINS

By BLANCHE WEITBREG

I

A PALL of fog lay over the bay like a blanket of cotton wool, hiding the distant sparkle of the city and putting out the sentinel lights that toss their arms about each night to guide the wayfarers of the water into safe channels. The warning voices of the sirens wailing through the smother reached with a muffled mournfulness the ears of Geoffrey Lee, as he stood at an opened window of his firelit studio, looking toward the Golden Gate.

He loved the peace and isolation of the little picturesque, precipitous island, where, after wandering and tempestuous years, he had made himself a haven. At thirty, he reflected, a man may with a clear conscience settle down to reap the fruits of toil and increase his bank account. Signing one's eminent name to canvases is pleasant work, and cashing comfortable checks equally pleasant: he contemplated with satisfaction the indefinite continuance of both occupations. He was in splendid health; the last traces of those South American days that had come so near to wrecking him had worked out of his system, and Dr. Kosaloff, when he mauled him about yesterday, had grunted the hoped for final approval, and told him to "forget it." He went home filled with a determination to obey orders, signed his name to a completed canvas this very next afternoon, and now, after a delicious dinner served in his tiny dining room below stairs by the most perfect old housekeeper that ever a lucky bachelor captured, he was going to sit down to a long evening's reading.

He shut the window and turned away from the fog blanketed world to the restful warmth of the studio. He took his book, tipped the drop-light at exactly the right angle, stretched out his feet to the fire, and lay back in his chair for a luxurious moment of relaxation. Against the wall above the wide mantel shelf where the French clock ticked gaily and his favorite Chinese vases flaunted their rich colors, he had hung the huge bronze crucifix that he had brought back with him from Rio, two years ago. It had lain stored away until last week, but now that everything was settled, now that his beloved air-castles had materialized into wood and stone and desirable furnishings, he would no longer deny the Master of the castle His rightful place. The enthronement had been accomplished with considerable difficulty, because he allowed no one to help him, shutting the

door in the anxious faces of the perfect housekeeper and the able-bodied gardener, and struggling for hours with screws and pulleys, hooks and hammers, till the heavy ornate cross with its precious burden hung safely just where he had so often mentally pictured it. Geoffrey was no devotee; it was, to him, simply correct and proper that the King of Kings and Lord of Lords should be given a place of honor, treated with respect and reverence. He had not forgotten his Sovereign's claims, whether in the capitals of Europe or the jungles of South America, and in jungle and town had kept himself clean. In this, he had nothing with which to reproach himself.

He lay back now, watching the play of the firelight on the suffering figure; it was, he thought, really a most exquisite piece of work. He had done a good job, too, in the hanging; the placing was just right. He hoped the screws would hold; what a mess, if it loosened up! The beam had split a little in the borings, but it was hard, seasoned timber.

Lucas had helped him get that crucifix. What an absurd price he had paid for it, with the last cash he could scrape together! Well, it was worth every dollar . . . though he might have used the money better.

He drew a hand over his eyes, and sat up abruptly, throwing down his book. Lucas! Lucas Rezzo! Two whole years since they had parted. "Hasta la vista, amigo!" Lucas had said; and never a word or sign since—never a word. A smile, a wave of the hand—and Lucas had dropped out of his life. He had tried to trace the little Spaniard, from what he managed to learn of him in Ecuador, six months later; but Lucas had vanished. When Geoffrey made up his mind to settle in California, he had, as a last resort, sent his bank address to his friend's old banking house in Rio, with a vague idea that if Lucas ever turned up in his former haunts it might be the means of re-establishing communication. That was eight months ago. Nothing had come of it as yet, but there was a possibility—ah, surely there was always a possibility. . . .

He had been afraid of this. If the sight of the crucifix was going to do this sort of thing to him, he would be obliged to reconsider a bit. It is rather tragic, when the only human being who has ever meant anything vital to a man disappears like a puff of smoke, but regrets avail nothing. Geoffrey had

tried to make up his mind to forget Lucas. He had, probably, thirty or forty years yet to live, and one couldn't carry that kind of thing around one's back for forty years. Lucas was dead, undoubtedly. It was all over. It was no use to think, and wonder, and wish. . . . And yet—if Lucas could be sitting just there on the other side of the fire. . . . He wouldn't have lost that funny little trick of lifting one eyebrow, and he would fling back his head to get the hair out of his eyes. He would say, "Gofredo, mio," perhaps.

Geoffrey sprang up, walking the length of the room and back, and coming to halt under the great crucifix.

"I wonder," he said, aloud. "I wonder, after all, if I can stand it." He rested his arms upon the mantel shelf and looked up into the eyes of Christ. He was not much in the habit of asking favors; he hesitated now. Then his head went down on his arms. "Ah, give him back to me," he whispered.

The fog moved in billows and waves across the Bay; it climbed the Sausalito hills and veered up into the valley; and Geoffrey, standing again at an open window several hours later, saw that it was thinning. The light on Angel Island pricked feebly through it now, the voices of the sirens sounded clearer; he could catch the yellow blur of the boat landing below him. A sudden gust of wind tore at the gray pall, and revealed the little steamer from Sausalito docking to discharge belated passengers. He glanced at his watch; it was midnight. He hoped the sirens wouldn't blow all night. Oh, yes, the fog was thinner. He would go to bed.

Yet still he stood, leaning against the window casing, staring down the slopes beneath him to the island edge, where the steamer backed and fussed.

"Missed it," he muttered, as a badly cast hawser fell with a splash into the water. "That fellow's always half asleep anyhow. Whew! I'm half asleep myself."

The gang-plank was lowered, and two men came up the pier together.

"Looks like Kosaloff," thought Geoffrey. "Big enough to be—yes, it's Kosaloff, all right. I can tell his walk." Still he stood idly, watching the pair. "Wonder who the little lame chap is? A patient, maybe. Seems to have luggage along. Doc's helping him. H'm. Last time I saw Lucas he had on a hat like that—oh, Lord!

He slammed the window shut, and flung himself down on a couch, pressing his clenched hands over his eyes.

He was possessed! For hours he had done nothing but brood over the fire, thinking of Lucas Rezzo. Was Lucas thinking of him? Was there some telepathic force at work? Was he going to hear news of Lucas? Going to hear of—of his death—?

The sweat broke out all over Geoffrey's body. Dead! Oh, it couldn't be—it must not be! Yes; but he had already made up his mind to just that. Lucas

was dead; he certainly was dead, or there would have been some word, some message—something!

He tried to shut out the picture that rose before him: the lithe figure, the graceful head with the mop of straight soft hair tumbling over the whimsical brows, the eyes. . . . Someone had said, once, that Lucas was too much like a little black jaguar—perhaps he had felt Lucas' claws! Geoffrey smiled, remembering the boy's gift of repartee. Three years they had run about together, trailed the jungles, nursed each other through fever and malaria, gone broke and starved, picked up again, gone on. . . . Then Geoffrey, shattered in health, but with a treasure of inspiration, shipped steerage for the States and hit very near the bull's eye on the target of fame. Now it was all velvet. He had retrieved his health (good old Kosaloff!) and Fortune was making him a tractable, obedient wife. Money, position, prospects—and he felt, suddenly, that he would forfeit it all for the sound of Lucas Rezzo's voice.

Why, oh, why, had he left Lucas, just on the edge of that doubtful bit of finance? Sick, too: just as sick as Geoffrey had been. But Lucas had urged, argued, insisted—and he had gone. So all this—he glanced about the big room with its high beamed ceiling where the dying firelight played hide and seek—all this was built on selfishness!

Enough! He had been over that ground before—heavens, how often he had thrashed out the thing. A man has a right to his own life. Lucas wouldn't have expected or asked—God, no! when did Lucas ever ask anything? Oh, but just for a sight of him—just for a sight of him!

He lifted his head. Someone at the door? Here? At such an hour? He rose and crossed the room, passing out into the hallway. The main hall and studio of this hillside house, entered from the level of the drive, occupied the entire upper floor; the bedrooms and dining room were below. He bent over the dark well of the staircase to listen. Yes, that was the bell he heard, ringing down in the kitchen. He hoped it wouldn't wake Mrs. Courtland. What in the world was anyone doing, at this time of night—someone ill? It might be Kosaloff who had seen his windows lighted and come over for a smoke before going on home.

He snapped on the hall lamp, and opened the door. From the foggy blackness of the night, a figure in a long coat and broad-brimmed hat stepped softly, like a shadow. Geoffrey backed away, his hands before him, stretched stiffly. He heard his own gasping cry. . . .

"My dear fellow!" came a purring, caressing murmur, out of a ridiculous world where things simply would not hold steady. "My—my—Amigo mio! Amigo mio!"

He dragged Lucas into the studio, and set all the lights going; he pulled off Lucas' fog-soaked overcoat, he threw Lucas' bag and dripping hat six ways for Sunday, and caught the slender figure by the shoulders. Oh, it wasn't real—it was a miracle—

"Lucas! Lucas! Lucas!" He could fairly have kissed him, Spanish fashion, so he shook him instead, half beside himself, till he felt the other wincing in his grip.

His fingers loosened; he stood flushing and ashamed, looking down into the laughing lifted eyes, green-gray under the black brows and lashes: had he ever seen the Bay on a foggy morning without thinking of Lucas' eyes?

"Lucas! Lucas! But—it's magic! Out of nothing, like this! Where have you come from, and when, and how? Did Kosaloff show you the house? I saw him come off the boat just now, but—it's simply a miracle, that's all! Why, I've been thinking about you all evening, and wishing, and—Sit down, sit down—you must be chilled—can't I get you something to eat? I'll make up the fire; sit here—Will you have a little brandy? Wasn't it cold, crossing the Bay? And you've brought your bag—Oh, good God!"

It was suddenly just too much. He sank down, with his head on Lucas' knees, shaking from head to foot. Out of the night—out of the night of his loneliness and longing. Lucas had come back to him.

A light hand moved across his hair.

"Gofredo—Gofredo mio. . . ."

Below stairs, presently, in the dining room, Lucas set out silver and china while Geoffrey dashed about kitchen and pantry forgetful of any consideration for a housekeeper's slumbers. He laughed and talked deliciously.

"Find the chocolate pot?" he inquired, bouncing in with a sauce pan in each hand. "Top shelf, I think, old man—back of the—yes, that's it—can you reach—Why, Lucas! But—What's the matter with you? Why—why, you're lame!"

Lucas stepped off the chair and set the chocolate pot on the table, smiling. His swarthy skin had taken the color of chalk.

"Yes," he said. "Does it need washing, or is your cook to be trusted?"

"Lucas! Why—"

"The milk's boiling over," remarked Lucas. "I hear it." The eyes that met Geoffrey's were like points of ice.

Geoffrey turned back into the kitchen and lifted the milk off the stove. His hands were trembling. Something horrible had risen up before him—something dark and threatening. He stood quietly a moment to steady himself.

"Shall I p-p-pour some hot water in to heat the pot?" inquired a soft voice. The sound of the familiar little stammer sent a wave of relief over him. Lucas, he remembered, had that odd way of stammering when he was feeling a bit tender, and was too shy or too proud to express it.

"Yes." Geoffrey nodded, with averted eyes. "Kettle's boiling, isn't it? Do let me cook you some ham and eggs, or—"

"My dear fellow, I had a most extravagant dinner,

at the Palace. Just the chocolate, please, and a cracker—r-r-really, that's all."

"A scrap of a sandwich? Cheese?"

"Will you eat with me?"

"I will, if it's the last thing I ever do!"

"Bueno! Cheese, then," agreed Lucas.

"I swear this is the most extraordinary thing that's ever happened to me," declared Geoffrey, ten minutes later, as they sipped their chocolate. "That you should pop down out of my dreams—just like a play, you know! I'd been—well—pretty near to praying about you. tonight: and right on top of it—a miracle!"

"A miracle?"

What was the matter with Lucas' eyes? Here was the second time within a few minutes that they had changed like that. He was tired out, perhaps. . . .

"What is there so very extraordinary about it?" demanded Lucas. "I got in this morning; I had your bank address; I was very busy and couldn't come over any earlier. I wanted to surprise you, so I took a chance on finding you at home. Then I met that doctor—what's his name—Kosaloff?—when we chanced at Sausalito, and he pointed out the house."

"But I've been thinking of you, all eve—"

"Because I was thinking of you."

"But—"

"It's very flattering to be regarded as a visitation from heaven," purred Lucas.

"I want to explore your island," he announced, after breakfast the next morning. They were standing on the glass-porch which flanked the south side of the studio, hopefully watching the sun's unequal battle with the remnants of last night's fog. "It's a most romantic spot."

"Yes. It's rather Italian than United-States-of-America, I think. It's a sort of little world in itself, too. Can you believe that Market Street is only fifty minutes distant?"

"Market Street—yes!" It's the first North American city I've ever seen, you know."

"Why, of course—that's so. And what do you think of our great Republic, Senor Rezzo?"

Lucas exhibited his beautiful teeth, and Geoffrey chuckled with enjoyment at the expected twist of the eyebrows and accompanying twinkle. "Don't quote me in the papers," begged Lucas.

"But you've been upon our shores—let me see—nearly twenty-four hours now, and of course you've quite made up your mind—Ah, but I shan't let you get away, so you may as well begin to like us at once."

"I have begun. I love your Market Street. I love your ferry-boats. I love your Bay—that is, I would love it, if I could get a proper look at it. But Geoffrey, can't you direct me to a responsible furrier's? I was never so nearly frozen in my life."

Geoffrey glanced at him anxiously. "You did get a chill last night. I was afraid of it—"

"Nonsense! There's the sun, I do believe."

"But Lucas, really, I don't think you're looking first rate, and you must be careful, because this climate is——"

"See! It's going to clear. It's going to be lovely; can't we get out? Where did you put my hat? Can't we go down those stairs there? Are they your stairs? How pretty it is. Where will it take us, if we go down there?"

He was leaning out to look below, where a flight of forty or fifty steps led down to a green lane, beyond which could be seen the roofs and chimneys of the houses on the next level. Geoffrey sighed, inaudibly. Again there was that strange, impalpable barrier raised between them. He had taken stock, this morning, with a quieted judgment, of Lucas, and was disturbed at what he saw. Something was wrong; it might be simply the remnants of an illness, the result of whatever it was that happened to cripple the poor fellow—he wished he could get at the facts. But Lucas was queer—different—he couldn't make it out.

He leaned over his friend's shoulder, pointing. "That's the doctor's place, over there," he said. "You see, the island is laid out like a snail-shell: the road winds round and round to the top. It's really just a little mountain, sticking up out of the Bay. These lanes, you see, make short-cuts between the levels. Those stairs there carry on, along by the house, up to the front drive. Our back hall door, downstairs, opens out on them. If you want to reach the Post Office you can save half a mile just by going out of the back door, and cutting through lanes."

"I see. And that's Angel Island over yonder, isn't it? Oh, yes, I'm getting my bearings. That's the Golden Gate, off that way; and over there is what's-it's-name, where there's a University or something. They told me about it, on the ferry. It was very thrilling, because one couldn't see anything that was more than three feet from one's nose. I suppose I looked new and helpless, and hospitality calls for kindness to the stranger."

"And then Kosaloff took you under his wing," added Geoffrey. "And I was standing right there at the window and saw you get off the boat! Of course, I never dreamed that you were within thousands of miles, and anyway, I couldn't have recognized you——" He broke off. Blundering ass! Had Lucas noticed——? He stole a look, but the back of the black head was all that was visible.

"Ship ahoy!" called a voice from somewhere down in the mazes of brown tree trunks and green leaves.

"It's the doctor," said Geoffrey, seizing on the interruption thankfully. "Hello! Come up, and come in."

A big brown bearded man emerged on the lane path at the foot of the stairs. "Going for the mail," he said. "Have to hurry; hospital day. See you later."

"Wait," called Geoffrey. "Wait; we'll go along.

You'd like to?——" He turned to Lucas. He was wondering about the bad leg.

"Oh, yes, let's go! Do let's get out, Geoffrey! Besides, I want to see your doctor in the daylight. He was very kind; he—he carried my bag up all those steps on the lane beyond the landing. I had to let him. He was like a sort of protecting deity, you know—dim and big. I was afraid of him."

Geoffrey laughed. "Yes; people usually do as Kosaloff orders," he remarked.

"Do they?" Lucas shot him a sidelong glance. "I'm sure he's a very good guide to follow."

The big Russian, beaming and genial as his huge paw closed on Lucas' slim brown hand, was, nevertheless, Geoffrey saw, keenly observant of the stranger. Lucas was apt to stir interest, even in the casual passer by, but Geoffrey knew Kosaloff well enough to understand that the flash of earnest scrutiny was not due to mere curiosity, or even to a friendly regard for a friend's friend.

He saw, too, that Lucas had seen; saw him shrink, ever so slightly, and stiffen. But ten minutes later, under the doctor's flow of good humored small talk, the glint of the gray eyes softened again to laughter. Geoffrey breathed a halting prayer of gratitude; it might be that Kosaloff, one of these days when Lucas knew him better, could do something. . . . He sighed to himself again. Why must Lucas run, like a stag to cover, at the first hint of anything beyond the obvious and banal? The shyness which had always been characteristic of him had developed into a fierce timidity that made Geoffrey think of a hurt beast, snapping at the hand stretched to give it help.

They descended the steep path Indian file, Lucas in the middle. Geoffrey, coming last and watching Lucas was surprised at the agility he displayed, despite his infirmity. He was really quite lame—it was worse than Geoffrey had thought. He had had no good opportunity to take notes before, but now he could do so without any danger—Ah, that was unkind; it was mean, to spy on Lucas! He dropped his eyes, and followed with lowered head and a face growing hot for shame. Lucas was right, indeed, to distrust a friend who could spy on him!

"Do you know, Geoffrey," remarked the doctor on the return journey, as they paused a moment at the foot of Geoffrey's stairs. "Do you know, if I were you, I'd have that tree cut down." He jerked a leonine head in the direction of the drive above them. The other two turned, following his gesture.

"Tree?" echoed Geoffrey. "Why, Doctor! Cut it down? My very biggest tree, and the pride of my heart! Why on earth should I cut it down?"

"Yes—I see." Lucas was standing beside him. He glanced around quickly; there was an odd note in the soft voice.

"You see?" repeated Geoffrey, with a feeling of irritation. "What is it that you see? What's the matter with the tree?"

"It leans," said Kosaloff. "Don't you see how badly

it leans? It hangs right over the house, and being on the edge of the drive that way—I don't like the look of those roots. The earth is washing away; if there was a heavy rain, and a wind——"

A sudden shiver ran through Lucas. "I—I should have worn a coat," he broke in, abruptly. "Geoffrey was fussing at me like an old mother hen this morning," he added, smiling charmingly at Kosaloff. "He says your beautiful climate is treacherous. You leave us here? So glad to have seen you again. . . . Thanks; I'm very happy to be here. . . . Yes . . . Good morning!"

Geoffrey stopped, when they stood at the lower door, presently, and looked up again at the leaning tree.

"Funny notion," he shrugged. "It's quite all right, you know. Trees don't fall down——"

"Don't they?" murmured Lucas.

"Well—not a tree like that. It's good for a thousand years. So by the time it gets ready to fall, we shall be all be somewhere else. Shan't we?"

"I dare say," nodded Lucas.

The afternoon chill drew them both to the hearth, before the dinner hour, with a supply of cigarettes and the current magazines. Geoffrey had been painting all afternoon from the glass-porch, and now sat yawning at the crackling logs in a state of great contentment. Work had gone well, he was pleasantly hungry, and there was a roast for dinner. Lucas lay at his feet, stretched out on the bear skin rug, a hand behind his head, the other occupied with a cigarette. A cigarette, in Lucas' fingers, became distinctly a poetic thing; but Geoffrey watching lazily, thought he seemed less placidly rapt than was his habit when thus engaged. There was a little frown set between the mobile brows, and the eyes were dark in the shifting light of the fire. Geoffrey lit his own cigarette, and bent forward to toss away the match.

"How do you like the old cross?" he inquired, resting his arms on his knees and looking down at Lucas. "Don't you think it's rather good up there?" He nodded toward the wall above the fireplace where the beautiful bronze image hung. "The more I see it the more I believe you were right—it is much better than that marble one; but I still think the other head was better. It was the best head I've ever seen. Well, I suppose one can't have everything perfect." He waited for a reply, but Lucas remained silent.

"Don't you think so?" demanded Geoffrey.

"Don't I think what? That nothing is perfect? That it's rather good up there? That I was right? That the other head was better?"

Geoffrey laughed. "Yes. Are you training for a lawyer?"

"No to that last; yes to the rest."

"Lucas, what's the matter?"

"Matter?" The darkening eyes flashed up at him. Geoffrey regarded him gravely.

"There's something the matter. You're not yourself. I—I haven't done anything, have I?"

"You, amigo!"

"All right. But I thought—Well, never mind. You look tired, though. Are you sure you're really quite—Oh, very well; you needn't bite my head off!"

Lucas fell sound asleep in his chair after dinner; a proceeding so unlike him that Geoffrey, who had noticed that he brought no appetite to the roast or to Mrs. Courtland's most delicious confections, was seriously perturbed.

"He looks feverish," he thought, studying the dark face dropped against the chair cushions. "Maybe it's the grippe or something. I hope he isn't going to be really ill! Well, thank the Lord, Kosaloff's handy, anyhow."

He bent over the sleeping man, laying a finger lightly on his wrist. The pulse was quick and uneven. Lucas, he knew, had a nervous pulse, but not like this. . . . He pressed the back of his hand against the other's cheek. Yes, there was certainly fever.

Lucas moved uneasily, and opened his eyes. "What are you doing?" he muttered. "Can't you let me sleep?"

"Lucas," said Geoffrey, firmly, "you must get to bed. Come along; don't be an idiot." He piloted the protesting Lucas downstairs, helped him to bed, made him hot lemonade, and tucked him in securely and severely.

"Shut up," he said, when Lucas fumed over these delicate attentions. "Lie still, and keep your arms under. Call me, do you hear? if you want anything. I'll get Kosaloff in the morning——"

"You'll do nothing of the kind!" Lucas sat straight up, his eyes blazing. "I'm not sick, and I won't have that doctor—I will not! If you——"

"All right, all right," soothed Geoffrey. "Only, for the love of heaven, lie down and keep covered. There; goodnight. No—I won't send for him; you're perfectly safe. Goodnight."

He switched off the light, and went to his bedroom, puzzled and troubled. It was absurd to attach importance to such little things, but a discovery he had just made loomed up like a mountain in his consciousness. Lucas no longer wore the little gold and ebony crucifix about his neck—the little crucifix that he had held to Geoffrey's lips, that horrible night in the swamps of Central Brazil, when Geoffrey was hanging on the edge of death—ah, those nights of fever! It was just Lucas' face that had saved him; Lucas' face, in the creeping gray mists. . . . Perhaps the crucifix had been lost; but—Lucas, without a crucifix!

The dawn had come, before he fell asleep.

(To be continued)

THE LAUGH

By MARY J. MALLOY

UP THE steep hill of Greccio puffed and blew Messire John of Velita, praying God the way to heaven be not so steep for an overstout Christian. Around him, the little birds sang out their joyful hearts in the clearness of the morning air. Great pits of shadow along the hillside changed face as with sudden smile, when the swaying loveliness of branch above them parted and let a golden sunbeam slip down. A slender strand of rosy cloud shot across the sky, like an angel's wing in flight, reddened and turned to crimson flame, as on he toiled.

"Praise God, how beautiful is His world!" said John of Velita, with a following sigh that the hill stretched yet so steep before him. Large of girth was he and short of breath, and but that the heart within his great frame was match for the body that enclosed it, the hill of Greccio would have waited him long that day. But news had come down to him in the town the night before, that his beloved friend, Father Francis, was lying, suffering and ill, up there in his mountain cell; and because of his love for him, Messire John had started at earliest morn to reach his side, that the heat of the day might not hinder him. His squire had he sent before with medicines and healing herbs, that relief might come the sooner to Father Francis. Now he labored along, all alone, satisfied, yet full conscious that the heaviness of a man's body may be clog indeed upon the lightness of his spirit.

Two figures moved presently down the hill towards him. Nay, three were they; for there came with the two tall brown-robed men whom Messire John knew at once, a small creature, trotting along placidly between the twain—a little white lamb. Brother Masseo held him in tether—jolly Brother Masseo, who went laughing through God's world in pure joy of heart. Not so Brother Leonardo at his side, thin and shrunken, to whom his frate was a very present cross indeed, for Brother Leonardo was no laughing man. To him, overburdened with anxiety and scruple, this world, with its strangeness of ways was worriment alone; and often had Father Francis said to him:

"Before me and the others see thou be always cheerful—for it does not befit a servant of God to have an air of melancholy and a face of trouble."

Now he who felt not the better for the companionship of Brother Masseo was all but past cure indeed; and so it was that the two were often sent out together, that one might by his cheerfulness scatter the too great soberness of the other. Now came they down the hill, and the little lamb between.

"Peace to thee, Messire di Velita, and God's own good day!" cried Brother Masseo, as he drew near the panting knight.

"And to thee, Brother Masseo, and good morrow to thy brother there, though he speaks me not," made answer Messire John.

"I should have spoken thee in time as fair as Brother Masseo, Messire John," said Brother Leonardo with slight asperity in his tone, "but that my thought was on other things, so that I scarce saw thee at first."

"Yea, there is such noise upon our hill of worldly things—it is so unquiet with the rush of men and their wickedness of ways to the Brothers of Francis, that good Brother Leonardo is sick at heart, and can give no time for his constant prayer to pass a trifling good-morrow," said Brother Masseo slyly for dearly did he love to draw Brother Leonardo from his abiding seriousness.

"Art at prayer as thou comest up the hill, O Brother Leonardo?" laughed Messire John. "Nay, then, I expect no greeting! But look about thee, good brother—lift thine eyes. 'T is to my mind a very fair morning prayer but to see yonder sun mount above—to feel the coolness of this morning air and view the greenness of the hill around—alack! I am not so holy a man as thou, and must needs say thus my morning prayer, for breath doth sadly lack me just now for many words!"

He laughed again heartily, and Brother Masseo with him; but Leonardo looked on both with disapproving eye.

"Thou triflest, Messire John," said he, "and but that I know thee for a good man indeed and the best of friends to our Father Francis, thy speech would misplease me much."

Messire John flushed a little with sudden anger at rebuke, being a man of spirit and unaccustomed to such, but he laughed once as Brother Masseo spoke out.

"Now oh Leonardo, if thou couldst but turn thy way of thinking! Why lookest thou with so grim an eye upon this, God's glorious world? Methinks Messire John hath spoken a better word than thou," he went on more soberly. To look on God's work with an eye so true and worshipful, is it not prayer of adoration?—yea, and doth not a man feel his littleness before his Maker in so doing? I tell thee, Leonardo, there is naught but can be made prayer—a good laugh, even, say I, is a good prayer, for in it is content and peace of mind and cheerful thought that pleaseth God, as so often doth Father Francis say to us. Ecco, ecco, I have preached a morning sermon without an obedience, and I fear me to an unbelieving congregation!" With that, his hearty laugh rang out across the air and Messire John, looking with kindlier eye upon Brother Leonardo, nodded his head with vigor.

Brother Leonardo's long face grew longer still.

"Too lightly dost thou jest, and of holy things, Masseo!" said he austerely. "What dost thou say?—A good laugh a good prayer! Well, then, of thy charity do thou pray me a good laugh, for much I fear me that this morn my poor prayers have gone astray! The way of salvation is a hard one, my brother, and there sounds no laugh upon it to my mind."

"Did not I say I had but an unbelieving congregation, Messire John?" said Brother Masseo. "God grant thee happier mind, my Leonardo, and it may be thy good prayer will come to meet thee ere we reach the foot of this hill."

"Whither go ye with the pretty lamb?" asked Messire John.

"Ah, the pretty lamb!" answered Masseo. "'Tis a pleasing and a tender thing, is it not? We take it into Greccio to the Lady Jacopa. It is not long since Father Francis saved the poor thing from a cruel master. It hath played and frisked about our cloister in such wise that much pleasure hath it given the brethren, glad to look upon its innocent joy—and so hath it made its prayer," looking sidelong at Brother Leonardo.

This last gave no sign of hearing. His brow was knit, his eyes peered ahead with perplexed thought within; his lips moved slightly, as if he spake inwardly to himself. He stood as the others paused to regard the lamb, a pillar of patience in the middle of the road.

"But hark, Messire John," said Masseo, drawing nearer to the knight and speaking in lower tone. "This same little lamb is sometimes too innocently gay! More than once hath he proved something of disturbance by his ill-chosen antics, so perhaps a change of scene may be best—one cannot always guess when a sudden freak will seize upon his tender brain. It may be that we will pray with somewhat more of recollection if he abide in Greccio with the Lady Jacopa instead of in our cells with us! I will tell thee, in confidence, Messire John, in confidence, for much would it sorrow me to betray the shortcomings of this, our brother Lamb!—that in cell and chapel both hath he lately been a disturbing guest. The Lady is willing to keep him, and 'tis pleasure to please our generous benefactress, and therefore no longer will we try to make of him a Frate Minore."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Messire John. "now which were easier—to make of a lamb a Frate Minore, or of a Frate Minore a lamb? Answer me that, Brother Leonardo!" he cried out, delighted of his joke.

"The peace of the Lord be with you, Messire John."

responded Leonardo, now really offended. "'Tis time we go to Greccio, Brother Masseo. And if thou deem me too sober, Messire John, remember thee of the proverb—

"Who laughs too early in the day
May weep the evening hours away."

I will hear no more of thy good laughs and thy prayers, that thou and Brother Masseo treat so lightly! If so, thou prayest by a good laugh—laugh on. As for me, I see naught in this sinful world that may move a man to so lose his time."

"Eh, eh, Brother," spoke out Brother Masseo. "Be not so hard in thy thought of Messire John and me! We would but make the road to heaven a glad one as we go; and where doth our Lord forbid? Come, we will off to Greccio as thou wishest. We will laugh but once more in the parting, Messire John, and Brother Leonardo shall pray us a more sober turn of mind."

"Farewell, Brother Masseo," answered him Messire John, preparing to resume his climb. "And farewell, Brother Leonardo and thou little lamb—"

With sudden bound the little lamb leaped from the side of Leonardo, full upon Messire John, in wanton frolic. Messire John, being a portly man, and none too well planted of foot upon the stepping ground, and being likewise greatly taken by surprise, lost his balance with the unexpectedness of the attack. Over he fell against Brother Masseo, who in unpreparedness of the situation made no resistance. So down went the pair into the road. Brother Lamb frisked delightedly about their prostrate forms. Brother Leonardo stood transfixed.

"Thou beast!" cried Brother Masseo, arising and shaking the dust of the road from his brown habit.

"Thou assassin!" spluttered Messire John, purple with rage, struggling to a sitting posture and shaking his broad fist at his gay assailant.

Suddenly there broke forth a great roar from the throat of Brother Leonardo. In vain did he strive to check, to hold it back. At sight of the twain, indignant, discomposed, it grew more and more till at last, in very despite of themselves, Brother Masseo and Messire John joined in.

"If thou didst speak aright, oh Masseo," cried Leonardo, as soon as he could regain his voice, and shaking still with his novel mirth, "now have I prayed a good prayer indeed! For without denial, a good laugh have I laughed, and at thee besides, and in truth I feel my heart much the lighter for both! So off to Greccio with our little lamb, Brother Masseo, and the peace of God with thee, Messire John, till we meet again!"

A REQUEST

Although we had more than two thousand extra copies of the November HERALD printed, since we knew that the Third Order National Convention number would be greatly in demand, nevertheless we have run short of copies. We kindly ask, therefore, some of our readers who have no further use for

their copy of that issue and it is still in good condition, to mail it to us at their convenience. It is needless to add that we shall be deeply grateful to them for their kindness. We also wish to extend our sincerest thanks to all those who returned to us their copy of the August issue and beg God to bless them for their charity.



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

"To make and hold yourself good is the best start toward making the world good." (Tertiary Convention.)

THE PARTNER'S RESPONSIBILITY

IN last month's article, "Partnership with God," I tried to say that to be God's partner we must share with God in giving. This, of course, pertains to the whole world—to men as well as to women, but as I am supposed to talk only in the interests of women here I shall confine my talk directly to my own sex. If I can help, it will not be because I know more than other people, but because my experience of life has probably given me greater opportunities to observe actions and influences, causes and effects.

To be a partner is to share duties; it is to give help when help is necessary; to bear burdens; to take responsibility. And yet the first, the foremost reason for so many absolute failures is this desire to shirk responsibility. To shoulder it when it is due; to honestly try, and then if an error is made, or if things turn out wrong, to honestly take the blame; that is the first essential of worth while character-building.

"You've met men and women," said a man in conversation with me recently, "we've all met them, in every walk of life. They have 'large' ideas; they desire to accomplish wonderful things; they are convincingly sure of their position. But let one of these 'large' ideas dwindle to nothing, or a scheme fall flat—and you find them busy disowning all responsibility. Some one interfered; some one failed to obey; some one was to blame—any one but the originator of the plan. He or she will not take responsibility—and in general this type has such convincing arguments in his or her own excusing that you have to collect your thoughts mighty rapidly or you'll be in a maze."

And he knew what he was talking about, for he had just lost several thousand dollars on a business deal that might have caused him to lose much more had he not further investigated the responsibility of the one of whom he spoke.

by chance with the head of a printing house with whom she had had much to do. She was fifteen years older, but it is possibly true, as has been said, that the older one grows in the book business, the younger one keeps. At any rate, meeting this gentleman, she was gratified a little at being instantly recognized.

"So you really remember me, Mr. F.?"

"I certainly do, Miss X.," he answered, "and I think you'd be surprised to know how well. You're remembered not only by myself, but by all the men of your time here who are still in the office."

"Well, now," she said. "And why?"

"You are the only woman with whom we've had dealings who willingly shouldered the burden of her own errors," he said, bluntly.

"I'd like an explanation of that, if you don't mind," she remarked.

"When you returned work to us from your house," he answered, "it became the habit in our office to rely upon your word. If you wrote 'Your printer's error, Mr. B.,' it was his. If it were your own you were neither ashamed nor afraid to confess it. There are few people who have that trait. That's why I say you are so well-remembered."

"That is news," she said. "Good news," she added, thoughtfully.



Another instance of this evasion was brought home to me pungently and quite recently. Some fifteen years ago a certain woman held an important editorial position in a large publishing office. Her family moved east, and she with them, and she soon found a new connection. On a visit to her western home a year ago she came in contact

how it was brought about. I passed a hard apprenticeship in my profession. I was associated at various times with both men and women—clever enough and brilliant enough—but always with that one little weakness. I was often made the butt of their errors—often made to carry blame that was really theirs. I have

seen subordinates, too, who were given orders, and when these orders were carried out their superior disowned them, saying he had meant something entirely different. In some of my bitter moments of reflection I told myself, "Well, perhaps I shall be like this, later on, when I have won my place." But I knew then I never could be. Who doesn't make an error occasionally? I made it my business to make as few as possible, and when they were made to accept the consequences. And I have never passed on responsibility."

"How has it worked?"

"Only for good. With my employers; the men in my business learned to know that I loved my work and that to make an error was positively painful to me. They realized, too, that to err occasionally is one of the responsibilities we pay for living. That's how that worked out. On people under me—young and old—and there are about one hundred of these at the present time in various positions—I impress the fact that I will forgive anything rather than the placing of blame wrongfully. I am very exact about this—almost, one might say, a crank on it. A lapse is excusable, and a second and a third, and even a fourth or fifth, if I find that a person is honestly trying and is not shiftless and care-

less. But no shirking of the blame. That, never. The first offender is given a serious talking to; if the offense is repeated he or she is discharged."

The bearing of responsibility, today, is the pivot on which our entire social world revolves. We have quoted the above example from life, not because it pertains to any one calling or profession, but because the condition may be found everywhere, in all callings and professions. It is the experience of a woman whose life is filled with fine deeds, who is a true Catholic, a capable business woman, a good daughter, an earnest social worker. And often, unfortunately, this shirking of responsibility has its foundation in the home. Does not the mother place the burden on the one child whose nature impels it to cleave close to her? She becomes weary of battling with the seeming selfishness of her other children, and when she wants a thing done turns to the one whose obedience seems to come naturally and who will do her bidding without any shirking.

What is she doing? Developing in one child a sense of responsibility—yes. But with the others? One mother says: "My boy is eighteen years old; he never said no to me in his whole life—but he never did a thing I told him to."

Responsibility is distasteful—therefore to be avoided. But, later on, the devoted child may blame her mother for unfairness, and the others may blame her also, saying: "Had my mother compelled me to accept my share of responsibility when I was young I might have been a success * * * or such and such a thing might not have happened * * * or I would be a better woman than I am today."

If you're a mother, are you shirking? If you're a daughter, are you shirking? You're not going to escape, ever—don't think so. You are spoiling your child's character—and you are spoiling your own. Every duty unfulfilled is loosening the cords of your strength of will; every responsibility shoved aside means laxity of spiritual strength. No one yields to a big temptation who has not yielded again and again to little ones. No one becomes a failure who has not fallen short again and again in small duties.

To be God's partner is to share responsibility—not to shirk it.

What Is Your Problem? The Lazy Boy? The Careless Girl? The Relative Who Has No Backbone? How Have You Dealt with It? Tell us in the Interest of Other Women.

The Land Where Hate Should Die

This is the land where hate should die—

No feuds of faith, no spleen of race,

No darkly brooding fear should try

Beneath our flag to find a place.

Lo! every people here has sent

Its sons to answer freedom's call,

Their lifeblood is the strong cement

That builds and binds the nation's wall.

This is the land where hate should die—

Though dear to me my faith and shrine,

I serve my country well when I

Respect the creeds that are not mine.

He little loves the land who'd cast

Upon his neighbor's word a doubt,

Or cite the wrongs of ages past

From present rights to bar him out.

This is the land where hate should die;

This is the land where strife should cease,

Where foul, suspicious fear should fly

Before the light of love and peace.

Then let us purge from poisoned thought

That service to the state we give,

And so be worthy as we ought .

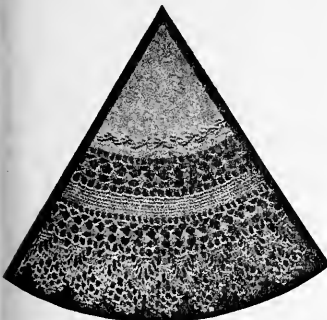
Of this great land in which we live.

By Denis A. McCarthy

Home Handicraft

The Pearl Centerpiece

Use one of the popular mercerized threads. They are delightful to work with and have a very handsome effect when the work is finished. A medium sized thread is the best for this design which should be worked rather tightly because the edges are quite open and if they are loosely crocheted they will not keep their shape. Take first a piece of linen the size of the centerpiece you wish to make; then hem and feather-stitch it, for the lace is worked on to the linen.



First round—Put the hook through the linen and draw the thread after it. Now go all round the linen making 1 tr and 2 ch at equal distances all round. An equal number of stitches is required. Join the round neatly.

Second round—1 sl stitch and 2 d. c. in first hole, * 2 ch, 1 tr in next hole, repeat from * all round.

Third round—Slip-stitch to middle of 5 ch, 4 ch, then work 3 tr over first 3 ch, then * 3 ch, 1 tr in next loop, 1 d. c., 3 tr down side of tr just made. This makes 3 slanting trs. Repeat from *, join to top of first 4 ch.

Fourth round—Sl st to first of three sloping trs, 2 d. c. in this point, * 5 ch, 2 d. c. in next point. Repeat from * and join.

Fifth round—6 ch (first three form tr) 1 tr in center of following loop, * 3 ch, 1 tr in first stitch of following 2 d. c., 3 ch, 1 tr in center of next loop. Repeat from * and join.

Sixth round—3 d. c. under every loop of chain.

Seventh round—1 d. c. in each d. c. of last round.

Eighth, Ninth, Tenth and Eleventh rounds—Same as seventh round.

Twelfth round—5 ch (three to stand for a tr), miss 1 d. c., 1 tr in next, * 2 ch, miss 1 st, 1 tr in next. Repeat from * and join. There must be an even number of spaces.

Thirteenth round—Like the second round.

Fourteenth round—Like the third round.

Fifteenth round—Like the fourth round.

Sixteenth round—Like the fifth round, but here a little manipulation may be required, for the number of holes must divide by five to arrange for the edge. This may be contrived by leaving out or adding a stitch here and there, taking care not to do it always in the same part of the round.

Seventeenth round—3 d. c. under the first hole, 1 d. c. on next tr, 3 d. c. under the second hole (making 7 d. c. in all), * 5 ch, miss 1 hole, 7 d. c. as before, repeat all round from *, finish with 5 ch and join.

Eighteenth round—* 5 d. c. in center 5 stitches of 7 of last round, 5 ch, 1 tr in last ch before the 3 tr, and 1 tr in next loop of chain (making 5 tr), 5 ch, repeat from *, 5 ch and join.

Nineteenth round—* 3 d. c. in center stitches of 5 d. c., 5 ch, 1 tr in loop, 2 tr on next 2 tr, 5 ch, miss 1 tr, 2 tr on next 2 tr, 1 tr under next loop, 5 ch, repeat from *, end with 5 ch and join.

Twentieth round—* 1 d. c. in center stitches of 3 d. c., 5 ch, 1 tr in loop, 2 tr on next 2 tr, 5 ch, 1 tr under loop of 5 ch, 3 ch, 1 tr in same place, 5 ch, miss 1 tr, 2 tr in next 2 tr, 1 tr under next loop, 5 ch, repeat from *, join.

Twenty-first round—Sl-st to the end stitch of the first loop, 3 ch (for a tr), * 2 tr on next 2 tr, 4 ch, 1 tr in next loop, 4 ch, miss 1 tr, 2 tr in next 2 tr, and 1 tr in next loop. Then 1 tr in next loop and repeat from *, join.

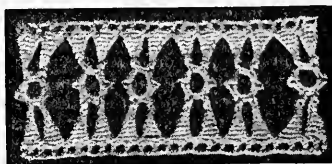
Twenty-second round—3 tr in center of group of 6 tr, 4 ch, 1 tr in first loop of fan, 6 ch, 1 d. c. in first stitch to form a picot, 1 tr in next loop, 1 picot, then 3 tr each separated by a picot in center loop, 1 picot, 1 tr in next loop, 1 picot, 1 tr in next loop, 4 ch, miss 2 tr, repeat from the beginning of the round.

Ribbon Insertion

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl.st., slip stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; l.tr., long treble.

Use No. 30 crochet cotton and size 6½ hook.

Make a chain the length required.



1st row. 1 tr. in 7th ch. from hook, 2 ch., miss 2 ch. below, 1 tr. in next, and continue these holes to end of chain.

2nd row. 11 ch. 1 d.c. in 6th ch. from hook, 1 d.c. in next, then 2 tr. in next 2, 2 l.tr. in next 2, sl.st. to 2nd tr. below and repeat. This forms the first side of insertion.

In making the second side, after the row of holes, make 23 ch., sl.st. to 14th ch. from hook to form a ring, work into it 3 d.c., 4 ch., 3 d.c., 2 ch., join to first little arm on first side of work, 2 ch., 3 d.c. into ring again, 2 ch., join to second arm, 2 ch., 3 d.c. into ring, 4 ch., 3 d.c., 4 ch., and 3 d.c. all into ring, now sl.st. into first ch. (of ch. for arm), 2 ch., miss 2, and work 2 d.c., 2 tr., and 2 l.tr. as before. After joining to second tr. below, make 8 ch., sl.st. to last picot made on ring, 2 ch., miss 2 ch., and work a little arm as before, repeat. Thread ribbon through the rings.

Thank You

The greetings of our readers at Christmas this year were so numerous that we find it impossible to give individual acknowledgment to their communications.

We wish our friends to know that we appreciate the expressions of their prayerful good wishes for us and our work, and that prayers will be offered for the intentions recommended.



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

A FIRESIDE TALK

MY DEAR YOUNG FOLKS:
Now that we are entering a new year together, let me first wish everyone of you the happiest and best you have ever had. In the second place, let us have a good business talk. Every now and then I get a pleasant letter from one of you which I enjoy very much; so much, indeed, that I have been thinking very seriously of asking our kind Editor to put up a Letter Box by our Fireside, in which any of you who wish may drop a letter, to it or to me or to each other, just as you feel inclined. Our Puzzlers have been doing good work this past year—we don't have to borrow puzzles from outside; they are all our own. Now, why can't we extend the field to a Letter Box of our own also? Certainly, young folks who live all over the Union, from Maine

to California, must have plenty to say and to tell about their homes, their schools, their studies, their travels (if they have had the good luck to go a-traveling), their favorite books, amusements, etc.—why, there are so many things to write about that the wonder is anybody can find nothing to write about! Try your hand at this new plan, and get right to work. What do you think of this Letter Box itself,

which must have gotten an inkling of the matter in hand, sending in a letter of its own? Here it is:
Letter of the Letter Box
Here am I, your Letter Box,
Free of bars, of bolts, of locks.
Open stand I all the time,
Ready for your prose or rhyme.
Try them both—such fare agrees
Very well with me; and please
Don't forget I need much food.
So be it henceforth understood
I'm always hungry for a letter,
And think that yours could none be better!
With my best love, I now will close
THE LETTER BOX,
Per your E. ROSE.



OLD CHRISTMAS

Did you know that December 25 was not always Christmas Day? In the first days of Christianity the commemoration of Our Lord's birth had no fixed date. In some countries it was celebrated in the months of April, May or September. After a while, the Church of Asia, the Eastern Church, as it was called, a most important body, commenced to keep Epiphany, January 6, as Christmas also, and this went on for so long a time that when one of the Popes of the fourth century decided that the feast of Christmas should for all future time be celebrated on December 25, Epiphany became known as Old Christmas, in distinction to the new date. Now see the force of custom—at our own day, the best part of 2,000 years later, we often speak of it as Old Christmas!

It is likewise known as Twelfth Day, because it was the twelfth day after Christmas, and marked the end of the Christmas festivities. "Twelfth Night" was a great festival in olden times. Everybody made merry on that night; there was dancing and singing, and theatrical performances and plenty of good eating and amusements of all kinds. But there were other customs besides those left over from Christmas

WHAT THE NEW YEAR SAYS

At midnight hour the gates of Time
Unclose and let a New Year through.
"Who goes there?" cries the watching Earth:
"The pass-word—what you mean to do?"

"The pass-word? Peace and Happiness!
What do I mean to do?
Why, everything that's pleasantest,"
Says 1922.

"To old and young I mean to bring
Their heart's desires, if much or few:
God's blessing on both grief and joy,"
Says 1922.

"I mean to make my HERALD note
Ever more clear and true;
To make my FIRESIDE glow more bright,"
Says 1922.

"I mean to make a better world,
Old World below, of you!
Don't cry me nay—I've come to stay—
That's what I mean to do!"
Says 1922.

which belonged to Epiphany, some of which still exist. In England, for instance, Protestant as she is to-day, the king, on the Feast of the Epiphany, sends an offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh, like the Magi of old, to the altar of the Chapel Royal of St. James' Palace. The Catholic King of Spain sends three chalices of gold on this day to three different churches selected by him; in one chalice is gold, in the second frankincense, in the third myrrh. The Feast is a great one for children in Spain; in fact, Epiphany Eve is their Christmas Eve. But it isn't Santa Claus who fills the boots of the boys and the shoes and slippers of the girls with candy and presents—it is Balthazar, the Wise Man from Ethiopia, who performs this kindly act, or so the children believe.

In Italy, it is the Befana who brings the good things. The Befana, so the story goes, is an old Jewish woman of Bethlehem, who was sweeping off her doorstep when the Three Kings passed by, seeking Our Lord in His stable. They asked her about the Infant, of Whom she knew nothing; but she wanted to go with them to find Him. Unfortunately, she was one of those very good housekeepers who won't put aside their work for anything, no matter how much more important that anything may happen to be, and while she went indoors to put away her broom, the Magi passed on and were lost to her. So ever since she has been looking for them and the little Infant, and she brings presents to all the children, in the hope that the Bambino may be one of their number.

In the city of Florence, in Italy, a crowd goes out to meet the big image of the Befana, borne into town on Epiphany Eve, escorts it to a bridge over the River Arno, on which Florence lies, and throws it overboard, with much commotion



and merriment. In Russia, they have the same old woman and her legend; her name there is the Baboushka.

Another Italian celebration of the feast is held in Milan, where on Epiphany Eve a gorgeous procession passes through the streets, known as the "March of the Three Kings." Three men, dressed as the Magi, ride beautiful horses at the head of the procession, followed by a crowd of attendants splendidly attired in fancy costumes. At the end of their route is a manger, with a figure of the Holy Infant lying within. Hymns are then sung and gifts laid at its feet. At the head of the procession is borne an immense golden star.

In parts of France, Holland and Belgium, children march through the streets of town and village carrying star-shaped lighted lanterns to represent the Star of Bethlehem. Among these lanterns are numbers of balloons of the same shape, which are set adrift at the

end of the march, making a beautiful effect as they float upward in the clear night air.

There are many other Epiphany customs of different countries, which would take too long to tell you about here. But these all belong to the world below; if you look up to the sky above you on the night of the Epiphany you will see, nearly overhead, one of the most glorious star-groups or constellations in the whole heavens, Orion the Hunter. If you do not already know him by name, get somebody to show him to you—you will never forget him after that. He has a very distinct star-belt, made of three bright stars, all in a line, and, above them, a little to the side, is a still brighter star. In Catholic countries, these three stars bear the name of "The Three Kings," in honor of Caspar, Melchior and Balthazar, the Wise Men from the East.

A PROMISE THAT HAS NEVER BEEN BROKEN

The 8th of January, 1814, is a memorable day in the history of Louisiana. On the banks of the Mississippi River, called by its discoverer, Father Marquette, the River of the Immaculate Conception, the city of New Orleans lay, panic-stricken and quaking, awaiting the appearance of the English ships that bore to it a relentless foe. Poor Louisiana! She was the "baby" of the United States, having only come into the Union two years before—and a fine time she had had of it since her coming! The country was again at war with England, and down here in the South the Crescent City was of prime importance to the enemy. General Andrew Jackson and his brave men were ready to do all that human effort could do—but what were 3,000 men, with appalling lack of ammunition, against 15,000? History tells us the bales of cotton, used as barriers through which the British

balls could not penetrate, won the victory for the Americans. Jackson himself did not think so. Although not a Catholic, when the fight was over and the English running away in their ships through the darkness of the night, he sat down and wrote a note to the Catholic Bishop Dubourg of the city, declaring that the success of the American arms was supernatural in his opinion, and asking him to hold a solemn service of thanksgiving in his Cathedral "in token of the great assistance we have received from the Ruler of all events and our humble sense of it," he writes. He fully realized that a stronger power than that of man had vanquished the enemy. Think of it—3,000 against 15,000!

The Ursuline Nuns of New Orleans could have told him whence came that power. This Order was the very first that ever settled in the United States, many years before they were known under that name. They came to Louisiana from France when it was still a French colony, in the year 1727, nearly 100 years before the battle of New Orleans. Within the walls of their modest convent stood a plain wooden statue of Our Blessed Mother with her Divine Child in her arms—a statue beloved of the nuns, and known to them as the statue of Our Lady of Prompt Succor. While the battle raged outside, the good Sisters were on their knees before Our Lady, begging her to watch over their threatened city and its unhappy people, and to give victory to the arms of their brave soldiers. Crowds of terrified women and children and non-combatants, Catholic and Protestant alike, added their supplications to God and knelt with them in their little chapel and on the garden walks outside; for all New Orleans revered these noble women and felt instinctively that God would hear their prayers, if He heard the prayers of any. Every voice joined in the solemn vow made by the nuns at the feet of Our Lady of Prompt Succor that if the enemy were defeated there should be a perpetual Mass of thanksgiving offered to God on all the 8th of Januarys to come.

Their prayers were heard, as you all know. The Americans won the

fight; and from that day on, through all the long years that have elapsed, that vow has been faithfully kept, and a solemn Mass of Thanksgiving offered in the chapel of the Ursuline Convent of New Orleans on January 8th of each succeeding year.

WHO DISCOVERED AMERICA?

Poor Christopher Columbus! The Danes, Norwegians, Portuguese, Welsh, even the Chinese, say they did—every now and then a new claim is put forward. Well, there was plenty of the New World to discover, and room for any number of discoverers; but if you ask an Irish Young Folk, boy or girl, he or she will unhesitatingly tell you St. Brendan was the man and nobody else.

St. Brendan was an Irish monk who lived in the sixth century. The Irish, in his day, were great travelers and navigators, and they brought home many rumors of unreachd lands lying in the seas west of Ireland. Among these rumors was a persistent one of a beautiful island sometimes beheld by sailors blown out of their course in unknown waters, at once inviting and eluding the mariner, for on nearer approach it vanished, leaving an empty stretch of ocean. No doubt this strange tale was improved upon in course of time, as strange tales generally are; finally it came to be believed that the mysterious island was in reality the Earthly Paradise, and it was given by the Irish the name of *Hy-Brasail*, or Island of the Blessed. It is not likely that St. Brendan shared this rather far-fetched belief, but he is said to have been all afire with zeal for souls, so he determined to investigate this tale for himself—perhaps, beyond the stormy seas by which his own isle was begirt, lay lands where souls were waiting for the light of Faith. So he set out from a bay in Kerry, lying at the foot of what is still known as St. Brendan's Bay, with a company of monks and mariners, and he was gone for nearly a year. The accounts he brought home with him have led some historians to the belief that he really reached what we now know as Chesapeake Bay, the two Carolinas, Georgia and East Florida, for this coast was called later by Norse adventurers *Ireland-it-Mikla*, or Greater Ireland.

It is a well-known fact that there were Irish discoveries in the New World, of which our own American author, William Cullen Bryant, speaks in his "Popular History of the United States." You can study all this out for yourselves some day if you are interested; but whether you believe in his discoveries or not, you must allow St. Brendan all the pluck of an explorer and the zeal of a

missionary. He made no effort to repeat his voyage after his return—why, we are not told. Columbus knew the story, which has always been a widely-spread one in Europe, and said:

"I am convinced that the terrestrial paradise is in the island of St. Brendan, that no one can reach save by the grace of God."

A famous French writer of our time, Montalembert, goes so far as to say that the voyage of St. Brendan in search of Hy-Brasail seems to have pointed out to Columbus the road to America.

ST. FRANCIS JUSTIFIES POVERTY

The Bishop of Assisi, to whom the man of God often went for advice, received him kindly, and said to him: "Your life—I mean possessing nothing in the world—seems to me hard and rough." "My Lord," answered the holy man, "if we had possessions, we should need arms for our protection; for thence spring questions and disputes, and the love of God and of one's neighbour is wont to be hindered thereby in many ways; and that is why we will not possess any temporal things in this world." And the Bishop was much pleased by the answer of the man of God, who despised all transitory things, and especially money, to such a degree that in all his Rules he chiefly commended poverty, and made all the brethren careful to avoid money. . . . Wherefore in one of his Rules he said, in detestation of money: "Let us who have left all things beware of losing the kingdom of heaven for so little. And if we find money anywhere, let us care no more for it than for the dust which we tread with our feet."—3 Sec. 35.

THE "LAST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION"

November 25, 1783, was a big day in the city of New York; and wouldn't some of our Young Folk have enjoyed themselves if they had been present! It was the day on which the British forces were to leave our shores forever, taking their flag with them—at twelve o'clock noon the flag of a new nation was to break out from the top of every flagstaff where so long the emblem of England's power had floated in dominance. Perhaps down in the bottom of their hearts the English soldiers were glad enough that the long war was over, and they could once more see their homes; still, it was natural, too, that the act of acknowledging defeat wasn't any too pleasant, and doubtless they felt

rather sore. One of them, Provost Cunningham, did, at any rate; he was enraged and didn't hesitate to show it. A man named Day kept a tavern or inn on Murray street, near where the soldiers were waiting the time for embarking. He was such an ardent patriot that he couldn't wait for twelve o'clock—up went the American flag at dawn, too soon. Cunningham, coming along later, saw it and stopped at once.

"Down with that rag!" he cried.
 "It's up for good," said Day, as cool as the other was fiery.

"Down with it, I tell you! This town is ours until noon—I'll put you under arrest. Here, tear it down," he went on, turning to some of his men. But they were not anxious for trouble now that they were on the point of leaving for good, and they moved so reluctantly that his passion overcame him.

"Get out of the way," he ordered a guard near him. "I'll pull the thing down myself and tear it into tatters."

By this time a large crowd had gathered, and mutterings were heard all around. Cunningham was too angry to care. He grasped at the cords, and started to haul the new beautiful symbol of a new-born country from its lofty height. Started—but that was as far as he got. Out sailed Mrs. Day, fire in her eye and in her hand a good solid broomstick, and over the head of the astonished British officer "thwack! thwack! thwack!" came the stout American wood until, furious and mortified beyond words, he actually took to his heels, leaving Mrs. Day and the flag of her country the victors on the field. Jeers and roars of laughter followed him as he fled, his own men even joining in, in spite of themselves. A spectator of the scene has left us a comical description of it, the broomstick going like mad, the powder from Cunningham's white wig (the officers all wore wigs in those days, you know), flying about him so thick that it almost resembled a halo—except for the very unsaintly expression of the countenance it encircled.

A TREE THAT WAS MADE A GOD

Just now, as no doubt our Young Folks know, there is a great talk about The Hall of Fame of the American Forestry Association, in Washington, our capital. The rec-

SMILE COLUMN

By JOSH WINK

THE GOLDEN MOMENT

Of course, you can't always be working,
 And drudgery's hard, it is true;
 'T is natural wish should be lurking
 To dream of great things you will do.
 But thought without action breeds sorrow
 For precious time wasted away;
 So put off your dreams till tomorrow,
 But up and be doing today.

Oh yes, there are times when your nearest
 Will heedlessly rouse you and vex,
 When you turn on the friends who are dearest
 With harshest words passion selects;
 Still, if you must rage more than sorrow,
 And let anger have its full sway,
 Keep frowns and rebuke for tomorrow,
 But smile on your loved ones today.

'T is sure gloomy doubts will come on you
 Of the future—what trials it may bear;
 Discouraged, as fears pile upon you,
 You brood on the coming of care,
 With your energy bent 'neath the harrow
 Of despondency, don't give it way:
 In God's loving hands leave tomorrow,
 But remember He gives you today.

AS FAR AS SHE GETS

"That nagging woman claims to be the architect of her husband's fortunes."
 "Well, she does supply the fretwork."

LOGICAL SUCCESS

"These astrologers seem to make money."
 "Why shouldn't they? Star-gazing is a business which is always looking up."

FOLLOW THE FASHION

"What is the easiest way of reaching the outskirts of the town?"
 "The fashionable way."
 "What do you mean by that?"
 "If you want to reach the skirts of the town, take a short cut."

CONSISTENT CHARGES

"Look at this hospital bill! The surgeon must make a reduction in his fee."
 "Why must he?"
 "Because operations should always be performed at cut rates."

SHOWED HIS WALK IN LIFE

"So the gentlemanly man I saw arrested was the one the police were looking for. How did they come to suspect him of being a fence?"
 "I suppose they got a clue in his swinging gait."

NOT INOCULATED

"He was badly gassed in France."
 "You don't tell me! Now, you'd think he was immune after two terms in the legislature."

THE NATURAL WAY

"John never studied forestry, yet he seems to know every kind of tree. How does he manage it?"
 "By deduction. For instance, he can tell a horse-chestnut by its stable appearance, and a dogwood by its bark."

NATURALLY

"The critics say the prima donna who sang last night has a velvet voice."
 "Sure; that's how she gets her pile."

ords of all the famous trees of our country are being collected and will be preserved, as far as we can tell, for centuries to come, when some of them, giants of the earth, may still be flourishing, though we of the present day are gone. There is a tree of Asia, however, before which our trees of America must bow their lofty heads, even though it has long since perished and many of them are yet green and vigorous. This was the famous Plane Tree of which a Persian Emperor, Xerxes, made a god! He caused it to be proclaimed a divinity, had it hung with flowers and garlands, and commanded his army on pain of death to bow down before it and worship it, while his pagan priests incensed it with sweet perfumes and he himself, kneeling at its foot, offered sacrifice to it. It is a good thing that Plane tree wasn't a human being—its amazed brain would certainly have given way under the strain! This tree, like its fellows, was a giant—the planes grow 70 to 80 feet in height. They are beautiful trees, covered, trunk and branches, with a pale-green bark which peels off every year, to be again renewed, and against the darker coloring of their neighbors they stand out distinct and so charming to the eye that it wanders again and again back to their beauty. If their roots are exposed, they are found to be of vivid and lovely shades of red, though this color fades after awhile in dry places. There are American and European planes, but the Asiatic ones are kings among trees. Their branches spread out, mighty and wonderful, above the summits of the lesser growths surrounding them, often putting out where other trees have ceased their growth. In the hot and dry eastern countries the shade afforded by their huge leaves and branches is grateful beyond words; and probably this was the reason Xerxes made the plane that sheltered him a god and paid it divine honors. Do not some of our Young Folk musicians play the majestic and celebrated "Largo" of Handel? Well, this great air is that of a song to the Plane Tree of Xerxes in Handel's opera of that name. It speaks of its waving fronds with their coolness of shade,

and its invincible front to tempest, and the thunders and lightning of Heaven. The "Largo" is seldom sung, nowadays, but as an instrumental piece it more than holds its own; so the next time any of you hear it or try your own hand at it, think of Xerxes and the story of the tree he tried to make a god.

This Xerxes, by the way, left a name for more insane performances besides that of the plane; he once got angry with the sea because a bridge of boats he had thrown across a narrow arm of it, where he wished to cross over into Greece from Asia, was carried away in a storm. To revenge himself, he gave orders that the sea should be "spanked"! Three hundred lashes were inflicted upon its unmovable surface, and chains cast into it to let it know that Xerxes was its master, and would put up with no nonsense. Now after that, surely you will agree with me that the Plane Tree had more sense apparently than its royal worshipper—for it did not lose its head with the divine honors he paid it, and he most certainly did lose his with far less cause.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Lost Authors (American)

- | | |
|----------------|-----------|
| 1—Big red wort | 6—I swill |
| 2—Oh sing nig | 7—Lo mesh |
| 3—So wet | 8—Bad run |
| 4—Her wit it | 9—We loll |
| 5—By tarn | 10—Virgin |
- Mary K. Dailey, Philadelphia.

Which Instrument Do You Like Best?

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1—Dlamonin | 4—Jbnoa |
| 2—Rtigau | 5—Amrahoicn |
| 3—Anoplia | 6—Toecren |
- Edith Tinsley, New York City.

What Are You Going to Be?

- 1—A wharf and a jutting rock.
- 2—A river in Italy and part of the verb to eat.
- 3—Veneration, reverence, and the name of a Pagan deity.
- 4—Not any.
- 5—A girl's nickname and a famous Italian painter.
- 6—To speak in music and to mistake.

- 7—To speak, declare, and knowledge.
 - 8—A deed and a conjunction.
 - 9—To cook with fat and part of the verb to be.
 - 10—A line of union and a strain.
 - 11—A machine and contraction of "ever."
 - 12—A familiar drink and a shout.
- Clement Lane, Baltimore, Md.

Out of the Garden

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1—Sioladalg | 4—Glodowglen |
| 2—Xloph | 5—Mcosos |
| 3—Sanieps | 6—Nnacsas |
- Bertha Van Gorder, Maynard, N. Y.

Answers to December Puzzles

Christmas Song Without Vowels

Christmas comes but once a year,
And it now is almost here.
Tell me boys, every one,
What you want for Christmas?

Which Vegetable Do You Like Best?

- | | |
|---------|----------|
| Pumpkin | Turnips |
| Corn | Onions |
| Carrots | Lettuce |
| Squash | Radishes |
| Beans | Endive |

Transposition

Ant, tan, sun, ass, cat, Satan, nut,
clan, cut, tun—SANTA CLAUS.

In the Menagerie

- | | |
|-----------|------------|
| Marabou | Rhinoceros |
| Gazelle | Porcupine |
| Crocodile | Buffalo |
| | Giraffe |

Enigma

Christmas.

Correct Solutions

Catherine Rauch, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Hortense Gallet, Pocatello, Idaho; Elizabeth A. Ziegler, Trenton, N. J.; Anna Mary Hake, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Lucy T. Gerard, Coden, Ala.; Frank Helledorfer, Baltimore, Md.; John Tinsley, New York, N. Y.; Edith Tinsley, New York, N. Y.; C. Stezelberger, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Catherine Rutherford, Chicago, Ill.; Columbus Avenue, Trenton, N. J.; Isabelle Baker, Bowling Green, Ky.

Miscellaneous

THOMAS à KEMPIS

By CATHARINE McPARTLIN

THE ONLY true democracy, say scholars of today, is to be found in the Catholic Church, wherein peasants become princes, the children of the illiterate become scholars, and sinners become saints and martyrs. The biography of Thomas à Kempis illustrates this democracy, showing as it does, in a country and an age far removed from ours, the important part given in God's work of the centuries, to a child of the lowly. Every one who reads has heard of Thomas à Kempis and his golden book, the Imitation of Christ, though too few know anything of the man beyond what is learned from reading his immortal work. His was a smooth and uneventful life, except as it is a dramatic element in the mighty forces of good which in the Middle Ages contended with evil, and which reach forward through time to eternity. Just now for weighty reasons we are turning our eyes to the Middle Ages, reviewing the lessons of history or learning anew the things taught in the ages of Faith. In the days of "poor scholars," minnesingers, chivalry, crusades, the Church Militant in temporal affairs, and the Hand of God in extraordinary intervention amid men, we shall find Thomas à Kempis, the embodiment of calmness, quietness, mental and moral poise, "in a little nook with a little book" doing his work which was to compensate the Augustinian Order for the loss of another member and the calamity of his rebellion. When Luther swept human passions into a vast vortex, the Imitation of Christ and the prayers and labors of its author, cloistered for seventy years in humility, obedience, and charity within monastic walls at Zwolle, was ready as an antidote for moral corruption—God's providence against evil times.

Thomas Hammerlin was born in 1380, in the village of Kemp, near Cologne, of lowly and pious parents, John and Gertrude. The village of Kemp is so named because of the flatness of the surrounding country,—

campus—and the family name of Thomas is thought to have originated from his father's occupation of smith, or worker in metal, whence "little Hammer." His mother is said to have kept a school for children. The older brother, John, fifteen years the senior of Thomas, having entered the Augustinian Order of Canons Regular in the Lower Netherlands, had already made the name à Kempis famous among his brethren when little Thomas was sent for his education to the Brothers of the Common Life.

The Brothers and Sisters of the Common Life formed an order in rule midway between the Benedictines and the laity. It was founded by a learned and gifted convert, Gerard de Groote, a scholar of the University of Paris. This man, given to worldly life, was turned to the things of God through a pious Carthusian who had formerly been an intimate of Gerard in the world. Having given his great gifts to God, Gerard speedily converted Florentius, a man of noble birth and great gifts, and about these men gathered the group of the founders whom Thomas was to describe for us in his Lives of the Followers of Florentius. The members supported themselves in their community houses by the labor of their hands, which in that day was chiefly the copying of books. They cared for the sick, taught the poor gratuitously, wrote treatises for their own communities, and ministered to the souls of the laity in sermons, confessions, and counsel. They practiced in particular the virtues of humility and charity, and so highly did they reverence the priesthood that only the most humble of their number were advanced to this dignity, and these often trembled before acceptance of so great honor and responsibility.

At thirteen years of age Thomas à Kempis set out, after the fashion of poor scholars, to join his brother John at Deventer, a city in Holland. It was the custom of the poor to aid these pilgrim scholars with food, and every-

thing needful, on the way; and thus aided Thomas, alone, arrived at Deventer to find that his brother John had been transferred to Windesheim, where Gerard de Groote was then stationed. Little Thomas proceeded to that place. Being warmly welcomed by his brother, he was advised to return to Deventer in order to be under the care of Father Florentius. This man received him kindly and took him into his own household, furnishing him with books and all needful things, and afterwards placed him with a number of other boys in the care of a pious woman, Zedera, widow of the knight John of Runen, who furnished free hospitality and care. Thomas has pictured himself and the school in his Lives of the Founders, in his gratitude to Father Florentius and his appreciation of the virtues of his instructors and schoolmates. For Father Florentius he had a deep love and reverence, as noted in many instances which may be quoted with the more interest because of the impersonal character of most of Thomas's writings; thus he speaks of Florentius who from his austerities was infirm in health:

"As he stood in the Choir he did not gaze about with wondering eyes, but stood very quietly turning toward the altar, with all restraint and reverence. Being devoutly intent upon God and his own soul, he sang the Psalms, so far as his weakness allowed, in a low tone, observing the musical directions. He was so reverent and his aspect was so devout that many boys and chanters often gazed at him and admired his religious fervor, since no light-mindedness, for which he might be blamed, could be seen in any word or gesture. At that time I used to go into the Choir with the other scholars, as I was ordered to do by Master John Boheme, who ruled the scholars and choristers strictly. As often as I saw my Master Florentius there—though he did not look round—I was careful not to chatter, for I was awed

by his presence because of the reverence of his posture.

learn what was the acceptable and

"Once on a time it happened when I was standing near him in the Choir that he turned to share our book for the chanting, and he, standing behind me, put his hands upon my shoulders—but I stood still, hardly daring to move, bewildered with gratification at so great an honour."

From this, from his relations with his brother John, and from other incidents it appears that Thomas was of a deeply affectionate nature, and that a great and true love of God such as the mystic possessed is compatible with the tenderest human affections. Again he speaks of serving Florentius at table:

"Because the weakness of his stomach suffered him not to take solid food. . . I myself, unworthy as I am, often made ready his table at his request, and brought from the buttery that modest draught which he desired, and I gladly served him with much cheerfulness of spirit."

How he was furnished with books and money by Lord Florentius, he tells thus:

"Master John Boheme also, who was Rector of the Scholars, and Vicar of the Great Church, under whose direction I long attended the school, was a friend to Florentius, and heard him gladly, doing what he knew would be pleasing to God. And when the time to pay the fees was come, each scholar brought what was justly due, and I also put my fee into his hand and asked for a book which I had deposited as a pledge for payment. And he having some knowledge of me, and aware that I was under the care of Florentius, said, 'Who gave thee this money?' and I answered, 'My lord Florentius.' 'Then go,' said he, 'take back his money, since for love of him I will take nothing from thee.' So I took back the money again to my lord Florentius, and said, 'The Master hath given back my fee for love of thee.'"

Thomas was equally fortunate in having for his roommate at this school a youthful saint, Arnold of Schoonhoven, and again in his life of this follower of Florentius we glimpse the school and the schooldays of the mystic:

"So Florentius, perceiving that Arnold was earnestly disposed to the service of God and wholly turned away from the world, gave him leave to abide in his own ancient House wherein dwelt divers clerks, about twenty in all, living at the common charge, having a common table and

expenditure and serving God with great devotion. Amongst their number were three lay Brothers of whom one was Procurator, who brought all things necessary for the Community, the second over the kitchen, and the third mended the clothes. In after days some of the Brethren from this House passed into the order of Canons Regular, others attained priestly rank, and by reason of the good examples which they had seen and learned at Deventer, bore fruit in other places."

(Thus quaintly does the gentle Thomas à Kempis declare the praises of his school, which if less boisterous than those of modern school boys, spring from the same human impulse.)

"At this same time, by the aid and counsel of Florentius, I also took up my abode in this house, and continued in the Community for a year, having Arnold as my companion, for we were content to share the one little cell and bed. Here indeed I learned to write, to read the Holy Scripture and books on moral subjects, and to hear devout discourses; but it was chiefly through the sweet conversation of the Brethren that I was yet more strongly inspired to despise the world; and by the pious admonitions of Arnold I was helped and instructed every day. All that I was able to earn by writing I gave for the expenses of the Community, and what I lacked, the generous piety of my beloved Father Florentius defrayed for me, for he succeeded me in every way like a father."

Thomas describes fully the extraordinary piety of his roommate, who, though he shunned the boys' games and pranks, was able by his holy discourse to turn many "away from scurrilous talk and laughter." Arnold persevering in this piety, joined the Brotherhood, and died comparatively early in life, being thirty-one years a clerk.

There were in the school at Deventer about a thousand youths, to two or three instructors. Erasmus was educated at the same school. Thomas remained here seven years, and at the age of nineteen, with the encouragement of Florentius, he determined to enter the Augustinian Order. He was sent for his novitiate to his brother, now first prior of Mt. St. Agnes, near Zwolle. Here, under his brother's training, he developed the inherited skill of the smith, their father, and became an expert copyist, with pen and brush. This occupation he pursued, besides writing his books, to the last moment of physical endurance of a long life, and it is said he never re-

quired spectacles for the finest pen work.

After a five year novitiate, he received the habit, but delayed his ordination for a year. In his novitiate, he experienced severe interior trials, to which biographers think he refers in the Imitation of Christ when he describes a certain temptation:

"When a certain anxious person who oftentimes wavered between hope and fear, once overcome with sadness, threw himself on the ground in prayer before one of the altars in the church, and revolving these things in his mind, said 'Oh, if I only knew that I would persevere; that very instant he heard 'And if thou didst know this, what wouldst thou do? Do now what thou wouldst do then, and thou shalt be perfectly secure.'

"And being immediately consoled and comforted, he committed himself to the Divine Will, and his anxious wavering ceased.

"He had no longer any wish for curious searchings to find out what should happen to him, but studied to learn what was the acceptable and perfect Will of God for the beginning and the perfecting of every good work."

He now began to write, in obedience to his superior, the treatises for his Brothers which were later to comprise the four books of the Imitation. For sixty-six years after his ordination, Thomas lived as a member of the Augustinian Order, "in the practice of every virtue of his state." During these years, he held the offices of master of novices, bursar, and twice superior. The interior and exterior trials of religious life were his experience, and his constant victory over himself makes the counsel of his words rich in grace and wisdom. Like his master Florentius, he became celebrated among the people for his piety and wisdom, and numbers flocked to him to receive advice. He always took his leave of visitors at the earliest possible moment, saying sometimes that Someone was waiting for him in his cell. In this cell alone, he found his true happiness, and all who have received consolation from his writings have some knowledge of divination of what that happiness was.

In 1425, the people of Utrecht refused to receive the Archbishop appointed by Pope Martin, who consequently laid the district under edict. In 1429, Thomas, who was then superior at Mt. St. Agnes, obeying the edict of the Church, incurred the enmity of the people and was forced to lead his unhouseed community across

How I Added \$25 a Week to the Family Income

The story of a mother of two children who became "the best-dressed woman in town" and surprised her husband by her business intuition

By Marjorie Jane Dillingham

MY husband and I were married ten years ago. Jack was 21. I was 18. For a year we were gloriously happy. Jack wasn't earning a large salary—only \$30 a week—but in those days that was enough to keep the two of us in a small but comfortable home. Then came the first baby—a cuddly little youngster that we named Dorothy—after my mother.

I had never been a particularly strong girl and for some months after the baby came I was under the doctor's care. Jack had saved a few hundred dollars, but it soon melted away under the rain of bills.

And then—I hate to admit it now—but I began to feel that Jack didn't care for me as much as he used to. Perhaps it was because the cares of motherhood had taken some of the bloom out of my cheeks. Or, perhaps, because I felt we didn't have the money to enable me to primp up as much as in the first years of our marriage.

What worried me the most was that Jack didn't talk things over with me the way he used to. I knew he was worried about making both ends meet—particularly after little Bobbie was born in 1914.

THEN one night about a year ago—it seems almost providential when I think back upon it—I did the simple little thing that was to change my entire life.

I was reading over the pages of a magazine when I came across the story of a woman just like myself. She was just the average woman—a woman just like you and me.

The story told how this woman had been just as discouraged as I was and how she had learned at home, in spare time, through the Woman's Institute, to make for herself at great savings just the kind of pretty and becoming clothes she had always wanted and had earned money sewing for others.

It seemed almost too good to be true, but I decided to find out about it anyway. So I wrote the Institute. The information I received by return mail was so convincing that I became a member at once and took up Dressmaking.

I didn't say anything to Jack at first, for I wanted to surprise him. And surprise him I did when one night after dinner I slipped into a smart and especially attractive dress and walked into the parlor to greet some friends who had dropped in to see us.

They could hardly believe that I had made such a pretty dress myself. And when I showed them all the other pretty things I had made, they were the most surprised people you ever saw.



And right away one of them wanted me to make just such a dress for her!

After they had gone, Jack put his arm around me as he used to do in the old days and asked me how it happened.

And then I told him all about the Woman's Institute, and how right at home in my spare time I had learned to make more and prettier clothes than I had ever had, and at a saving of one-half to two-thirds of what I formerly paid.

AND then I told Jack that I was sure I could do sewing for other people and add \$20 to \$25 a week to his salary. Jack was skeptical at first, as any man might have been, but at last he agreed to let me try.

Today I am making \$25 to \$30 a week sewing for others in addition to making all of my own and my children's clothes. My husband is as proud as he can be of what he calls my "business intuition," but best of all is the fact that we are now such good pals. I really believe he loves me more than when we were married.

I am telling you all this because I am just the average woman. What I have done, with the help of the Woman's Institute, I know you can do, too.

For among the 125,000 members are housewives, mothers, business women, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

IT makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail and it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day, or have household duties that occupy much

of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire and just when it is convenient.

Through the Woman's Institute, you learn how to make all stitches and seams; design patterns; use tissue-paper patterns; judge, select, buy and use materials; make simple, practical waists, skirts and dresses, perfect-fitting underwear and lingerie, dainty infants', children's and misses' clothing, afternoon coats, suits and dresses, evening gowns and wraps, tailored coats, skirts and complete suits; renovate, dye and make over garments, etc.

You learn the secrets of distinctive dress—how to design and create original dresses; how to copy garments you see in shop windows, on the street, or in fashion magazines; or how to adapt and combine features that make clothes distinctively becoming.

The Institute's courses are so complete that hundreds of students, with absolutely no other preparation, have opened up shops of their own and enjoy large incomes and independence as professional dressmakers or milliners.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

IT tells all about the Woman's Institute. It describes the courses in detail and explains how you, too, can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make your own clothes and hats and dress better at less cost, or prepare for success in the dress-making or millinery profession.



Use the coupon below or write a letter or post card to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 88-A, Scranton, Penna. A copy of this handsome 64-page booklet will come to you, absolutely free, by return mail.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----
WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
 Dept. 88-A, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

- Home Dressmaking Millinery
 Professional Dressmaking Cooking

Name.....
 (Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Advertisers want to know where you saw their ad. Tell them **FRANCISCAN HERALD**

OWING to an accident, in the printing plant where FRANCISCAN HERALD is published, a very serious error crept into the advertisement of

The Mangan Co. of Graystone, Rhode Island

According to the OK'd proof, the Crucifix Ring, in Sterling Silver, oxidized finish, was priced at \$1.50, but, through an accident, the price was advertised as \$5.00, in the announcement which appeared in the December number.

The Editors of FRANCISCAN HERALD regret this mistake and they must absolve The Mangan Company from any possible blame.

The correct price of the Crucifix Ring, in Sterling Silver, oxidized finish, and is one dollar and fifty cents, and, to correct the error, we are reprinting the advertisement of The Mangan Company underneath this notice.

THE CRUCIFIX RING

is being worn by many devout Catholics. Made in heavy Rolled Gold Plate and sent on receipt of price . . . \$1.00

In Sterling Silver, oxidized finish - \$1.50

Be sure to state finger size

THE MANGAN CO., Graystone, R. I.

GERMAN PIPES

Weichselrohr and Porcelain. Head decorated with hunting scenes, etc., cover nickel plated. Most solid and sanitary Pipe.

Short \$2.—

Half-Long 3.—

Long 5.—

Charges Prepaid

Ask for our catalogue of Cuckoo Clocks, Weatherhouses, Swiss Hand Carvings, Trees, Dolls, etc.

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1474 Myrtle Ave., Dept. F. H., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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179 West Washington St.
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ST. LOUIS BELL FOUNDRY

STUCKSTEDE & BRO.

Church Bells, Peals and Chimes of
Best Quality Copper and Tin

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the Zuyder Zee to the brotherhouse at Lumenkirk, Friesland. Here they dwelt until 1432, when Pope Eugenius raised the edict, and there was a joyful homecoming to Mt. St. Agnes. About this time, John à Kempis died at Bethany near Arnheim. Thomas had been able to attend his brother for the last fourteen months of his life. In 1448, Thomas was elected sub-prior for the second time, and he held this office until his peaceful death in 1471 in his ninetieth year.

In personal appearance, Thomas was short and stout in stature, with heavy Flemish features, and bright, far-away looking, kindly eyes. Though usually calm, he was sometimes enraptured to enthusiasm so that his face glowed and he seemed about to fly. Although he had the love of his contemporaries in youth and age, he did not apparently wholly escape slander, blame, and calumny, as his consoling passages to humanity reveal in the Imitation. Besides this book, he wrote A Soliloquy of the Soul, Solitude and Silence, Little Garden of Roses, Valley of Lilies, Church Hymns, Lives of the Followers of Gerard and Florentius, and Chronicles of Mt. St. Agnes. These works were first published at Nurenbreg in 1494.

His favorite books were, after the Scriptures, the writings of Saints Bernard, Gregory, Ambrose, Thomas Aquinas, and of Aristotle, Ovid, Seneca, and Dante. A few portraits of à Kempis survive, showing him either in his cell or on the grounds of Mt. St. Agnes, always with a book. He knew well, says a biographer, the worth and the glory of a good book.

A manuscript copy of the Imitation dated 1441, and signed with Thomas's signature, is now in the Burgundian library at Brussels. The Imitation was not printed during his lifetime, and so indifferent to fame was Thomas that the authorship has been disputed, and much controversy has been written on the claims of Gersen, an abbot of the Benedictines, and Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris. Nevertheless, time has given to Thomas the merit, regarding which he was unconcerned.

The Imitation of Christ is psychology of a divine content. Before culing from its books passages revealing the personal trials of Thomas through which he became humanity's consoler, it is interesting to note what manner of men and women have during the centuries found strength and peace in his counsels. It is generally agreed that, next to the Bible, The Imitation of Christ is the most beloved and most

widely known book. Leonard Wheatley, one of Thomas's biographers, has collected the testimonies of famous men and women both Christian and pagan, many of whose words are worth citing.

Readers of George Eliot's novels are aware of her praise of the Imitation in *The Mill on the Floss*. She says: "It works miracles to this day, turning bitter waters into sweetness. It is the chronicle of solitary hidden anguish, struggle, trust, and triumph. . . . It remains a lasting record of human needs and human consolations, the voice of a brother who ages ago felt and suffered and renounced. . . . under the same silent heavens and with the same passionate desires, the same strivings, the same failures, the same weariness."

Charles Kingsley calls the Imitation "the school of many a noble soul."

De Quincey says of it, "Next to the Bible in European publicity and currency, the book came forward as an answer to the sighing of Christian Europe for light from Heaven."

Compte says, "It is an inextinguishable treasure of true wisdom. . . . The poem of the Imitation has been for years one of the principal daily sources of nourishment and consolation to my soul."

Samuel Johnson, Matthew Arnold, General Gordon, Rénan, Michelet, Leibnitz, numbers of Protestant bishops and other clergymen admire the Imitation. Saint Ignatius, Francis de Sales, Thomas More, Lammenais, Bossuet, Massillon, Corneille and Lamar-tine, scholars, saints, poets, and theologians, unite in its praise. Even lukewarm Catholics know and love the Imitation, and those who aspire to piety have a custom of placing a finger within the pages to see what counsel the mystic will provide for their present trouble and need. The Catholic editions are provided with meditations and prayers, and the nature of the fourth book, which treats of Holy Communion, makes the Imitation a treasure of instruction and inspiration.

The Imitation is a true poem, written in Latin in rhythmic composition, and having the exaltation of soul which makes true poetry. Latin was a familiar tool of the educated in Thomas's day and place, and that which he employs in his treatises shows the vigor and the customs of his locality. The four books show a progression in mystic life instructing the reader on the Interior Life,—the following of Christ; on interior conversation with Christ; on the interior discourse of Christ to a faithful soul;

and with how great reverence Christ is to be received. Biographers cite oftenest, in selections from the Imitation, his enraptured description of love, and the desire of eternal life. After these, his consolation to desolate souls, to those suffering blame or condemnation or humiliation, to those moved by ambition and unrest, to those in doubt and spiritual fear, most readily and widely appeal to humanity.

"He that followeth Me walketh not in darkness, saith the Lord." Thus begins the Imitation, which is therefore often called the Following of Christ. And thus à Kempis begins the book addressed to the people of the age of the Reformation.

With the rise of the Jesuit Order to stem the tides of Luther's rebellion, and with the invention of printing which made copying of books an obsolete occupation, the activities of the Brothers of the Common Life began to decline. The Jesuits took charge of the schools, and the Brothers were absorbed in the Augustinian Order. In Thomas's "booklet" as it was first called, the Brothers still gave their message to a time of pride and its blindness:

"These are the words of Christ whereby we are admonished how we must imitate His life and conversation if we would be truly enlightened and delivered from all blindness of heart.

"Let it then be our chief study to meditate on the life of Jesus Christ. The teaching of Christ surpasseth all the teachings of the saints and he that hath His Spirit will find therein a hidden manna.

"But it happeneth that many from frequent hearing of the Gospel, feel little emotion, because they have not the Spirit of Christ.

"But he that would fully and with relish understand the words of Christ must study to conform his whole life to Him."

These first simple statements explain the life of Thomas and the fruit, —which is his immortal book. From broken and blighted lives God has sometimes evolved sainthood or some great redeeming act—a great poem, as in the case of Francis Thompson. In the Hound of Heaven, Thompson cries:

"Ah, must—Designer Infinite—
"Ah, must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with it?"

The Imitation teaches us that this is not necessary, so one's whole life is conformed to Christ. Beauty and Truth in the Imitation have, beyond such poem as The Hound of Heaven, the crown of lifelong fidelity and wis-

dom. Error and sin are not necessary for the gaining of knowledge.

Many times does à Kempis insist on the vanity and danger of much learning, of worldly knowledge:

"Every man naturally desireth to know; but what doth knowledge avail without fear of God?"

"Truly a lowly rustic that serveth God is better than a proud philosopher who pondereth the courses of the stars and neglecteth himself."

"The highest and most useful lesson we can learn is this: To know truly and to look down upon ourselves.

"To think nothing of ourselves, and always to judge well and highly of others is a great wisdom and high perfection."

These sentences sum up his counsels to humility and charity. Other virtues,—truth, silence, prudence, trust in God, are the subject of his first book. His wisdom he draws from his own experience, from the Scripture, from the Holy Spirit, and from the teachings of his own teachers, the Founders.

Following are passages which apply as aptly to persons in the world as to those in the religious life:

"As long as we live in this world we can not be without tribulation and temptation.

"It is good for us now and then to have some troubles and adversities: for oftentimes they make a man enter into himself, that he may know that he is an exile, and place not his hopes in anything of this world.

"It is good for us sometimes to suffer contradictions, and to allow people to think ill and slightlying of us, even when we do and mean well.

"These are often helps to humility and rid us of vainglory.

"For then we more earnestly seek God to be the witness of what passes within, when outwardly we are slighted by men and incur their discredit.

"Therefore a man ought so firmly to establish himself in God as to have no need of seeking many human consolations."

From the Imitation a sheaf of proverbs may be gathered:


"Fire trieth iron, and temptation a just man. He doth much who loveth much. He doth much who doth well what he hath to do. He doth well who regardeth the common good rather than his own will."

On Bearing the Defects of Others, contains counsel for those in the world, though designed for the religious. The second book discourses of familiar friendship with Jesus, of gratitude for the grace of God, and closes with

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the well-loved chapters on the carrying of the Cross.

The third book is largely in the form of dialog between Christ and the soul, a device which gives the effect of actual companionship with Christ even to ordinary readers:

"What is it thou sayest, my son? Cease to complain, and consider My Passion, and that of the other Saints.

"Son, take it not to heart if some people think ill of thee and say of thee what thou art not willing to hear.

"Son, I am the Lord who giveth strength in the day of tribulation. Come to me when it is not well with thee.

"Son, take it not to heart if thou seest others honored and advanced and thyself despised and debased. . . Lift up thy heart to me in heaven, and the contempt of men upon earth will not grieve thee.

"Son, let not the labours which thou hast undertaken for My sake crush thee, neither let tribulation from whatever source cast thee down; but in every occurrence let my promise strengthen and console thee.

"Son, patience and humility under adversity please me more than much consolation and devotion in prosperity.

"All is not lost though thou feel thyself often afflicted or grievously tempted.

"All is not lost when anything falls out contrary to what thou wouldst have it.

"Wait for Me, wait; I will come and cure thee.

"What doth solicitude about future sorrows bring thee but only sorrow upon sorrow? Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof."

It is in the fourth book especially that Thomas speaks of his sins, of his lack of merit, after the way of saints; yet it makes his aspirations suitable generally as communion prayers. Having the greatest reverence for the Blessed Sacrament and the most exalted love, he trembles for his imperfections and unworthiness; yet he lays stress on the loving invitation of Jesus, who supplies for human defects, and he does not terrify those whom he instructs. He interprets the sweetness of Christ in His words: "Come unto Me, all ye who are heavy laden," and formulates prayers which the most timid and desolate soul may sincerely utter as well as others which if understood require exalted courage to say sincerely.

The biographies of many of the great saints, Teresa, John of the Cross, and others are well-known, their persecutions and peculiar afflictions are in the field of biography a treasure of

enlightenment. This extraordinary life, — the mystic's trials, remain untold in detail, perhaps in accordance with the Brother's principles of humility and charity, and we must guess the experiences of Thomas from his counsel, and from his prayers:

"I offer up also to Thee prayers, and this Sacrifice of Propitiation for them in particular who have in any way injured me, grieved me, or abused me, or have inflicted upon me any hurt or injury."

Yet it may be that these apparent afflictions were grievous only because of the refinement of spirit and the exalted view of perfection which he and his brethren held, and would be deemed insignificant by ordinary observers. Among the Brothers of the Common Life, as among the followers of Saint Francis, peace and love generally prevailed. And again he continues his prayer accusing himself of faults which could not have been grievous:

"And for all those likewise whom I have at any time grieved, troubled or scandalized, by words or deeds, knowingly or unknowingly; that it may please Thee to forgive us all our sins and mutual offences."

Such a view of himself fits Thomas to speak for others, as has been said, — to represent the heart of humanity in the showing of his own heart, "Turn for me all earthly things into bitterness, all things grievous and adverse into patience, and all low and created things into contempt and oblivion."

In this, Thomas speaks rather for himself than for humanity; since not every one finds himself willing to pray thus. And those who unwillingly have been brought to similar state are minds of genius who bear witness to his knowledge of human nature and his extraordinary virtue.

That à Kempis should be a Tertiary of Saint Francis, is to be expected from the character of the man and his advancement in gentleness, humility, and charity. He had, indeed, turned all adverse things not only into patience but into cheerfulness and joy. While the whole of the Imitation is a poem, such parts as his description of love, of the carrying of the cross, and the desire of eternal life are poetic beyond other parts, and in structure and exaltation resemble the Sun Song of Saint Francis. To the Imitation, modern Catholic poets owe a debt; since he has brought the inspiration of the Scriptures so near to the language of poets. Joyce Kilmer's poems of love for the Blessed Sacrament sometimes paraphrase in rime the very words of à Kempis. Cardinal Newman and Aubrey de Vere are in-

debted to him. Francis Thompson's mystical, poems, The Mistress of Vision, An Anthem of Earth, The Yew Tree and others, are drawn from this intermediate source between the laity and the Poverello.

There will always be fresh interest in the Imitation of Christ and its author, with successive generations of readers; yet there is no need of propaganda to make this book known, nor rivalry between it and newer books. It creates a relish for all spiritual works. One may wonder, nevertheless, in these days of madness over spiritism, which of the gifted minds of today are finding the Imitation the daily food and nourishment of their souls as Compte did. And if so, why does the fad of false mysticism recruit so many. The only explanation is to be found in Dr. Ralph Adams Cram's little book, The Nemesis of Mediocrity, in which he astoundingly and boldly claims that there are few, if any, great minds in this generation, the democracy of the world having reduced all to a dead level. Such discovery at least is a long stride back to the saints and to true mysticism.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions:

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LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

WRITING of Leslie Moore's novels, in the Catholic World for March, Rev. Edward F. Carrigan, S. J., quotes John Burroughs as saying:

"A novelist labeled in the public estimation as Catholic, must be content to know that ninety-nine out of every hundred novel readers in England will abstain from putting his or her books upon their library list. It does seem, therefore, that Catholic novel-writers have some right to complain if they find themselves unsupported, or very weakly supported, by Catholic novel-readers."

This and Father Carrigan's appreciation of Leslie Moore's novels, awakens additional interest in the newest novels of this class to come to us from England. The Greenway, by Miss Moore, The Hare, by Ernest Oldmeadow, which follows his "Coggin," Flame of the Forest, by Constance E. Bishop, Tressider's Sister, by Isabel Clarke and The Divine Adventure, by Theodore Maynard are all of a certain type of Catholic novel which we need better to understand. Because they have not the depth and height and power of the novels of Robert Hugh Benson, Canon Sheehan, and the earlier novels of John Ayscough, they are liable to severe criticism by admirers of the greater novels. Yet the class of Catholic readers who did not like Monsignor Benson's novels, and did not wholly fathom Canon Sheehan's books, is a large class, and it is for these readers that the later novelists are writing. Enid Dinnis in Edward Coleman, Gent, aspires to follow Benson, and gives a book of unusual strength and depth and charm. Isabel Clarke in her latest touches the great theme of present industrial conditions in England, as our Father Richard Ammerle Maher has aimed in his novel, The Heart of a Man. Flame of the Forest ventures into the great theme of Oriental occultism. Maynard's story is personal and describes the "sheltered versus the active life." These are all novels which will be read eagerly and with

delight by readers for whom they are intended. Others will note the lack in some of them,—a skimming of possibilities where great opportunity in the novel lies.

Flame of the Forest does not show cause for its title. Tressider's Sister, Aubrey, was hardly the girl to play the heroine in the Milborough situation. The Greenway, by Leslie Moore, is the most satisfactory because it has not a great theme, except that one which is not thought great because of its familiarity—remembrance of God. Her poems heading her chapters, taken from an imaginary "Brown Book," are not comparable to those which Theodore Maynard puts into The Divine Adventure, but her descriptions of the moorland are prose poems, and her gentle reminders of the duty of thanking God and seeking Him before the tabernacle are greater poems in prose. The country setting, in contrast with the city grime and toil, the friendship and love stories, and the Providence of God, are the elements of her charm.

If, as Burroughs has said, these Catholic writers are proscribed by English novel-readers, we can understand the better why they are presented to American readers so frequently and confidently. Ours is yet a land of freedom, and non-Catholic readers here run eagerly after such titles as Florence Barclay's The Rosary. The hint of Catholic tone and matter awakens curiosity and interest. When we know that these writers are undertaking a sacrifice by putting their faith into their work, we can appreciate the better how cleverly they have done so, how efficiently they have made their sacrifice count. We shall not think, as there is occasionally a temptation to think, that some Catholic writers are baiting propaganda work with their Catholic label, and that the putting forward of England is their main purpose. It is praiseworthy in these to love their country when such love turns them to God and His truth. They certainly can teach American

writers something in the way of the use of literature to promote right national spirit. Our history, our principles of government, our topography, and our opportunities are richer in literary possibilities than is England, which has only the advantage of centuries, the glamour of olden times, perspective, and tragedy, to attract.

We have, as Father Maher has shown in his novels, industrial situations of greater dramatic and tragic potentiality. The conversion of America should interest our fiction writers as the conversion of England does British novelists. Our mountains, glens, rivers and canyons have not been described so often and thoroughly in fiction as have the dunes, the tars, and the chalk cliffs of Albion. If we do not put our patriotism into an American literature, if we do not answer foreign propaganda with native propaganda, because we set our hands to other work than writing, then let us fully appreciate these novels of a country which is fixed in the novel-writing art and custom. Or let us discover why American novels similar to these do not proceed from at least the Anglo-Saxon element in America. It may be that we shall discover how indifferent we are; how we "let the rest of the world go by." Have we not had, long since, if we had noted it, sufficient warning from European writers of the chaos which recently came and found our country at the mercy of hysterical pacifist conventions, peace societies, and plunderbunds? Shall we ever again be found "unready," "unprepared," when the collapse of civilization threatens? It will be our misfortune as well as our fault if we ever lose sight of the powers and possibilities resident in literature to make and unmake nations and eras.

BOOK REVIEWS

Work, Wealth, and Wages—By Joseph Husslein, S. J., Ph.D.

No one doubts Fr. Husslein's qualification to deal with sociological subjects. The present work is as creditable to his reputation as he could wish. One may open the book at random and be rewarded at every turn with clear-cut, pointed matter.

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DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE AD ON PAGE 33

The neat division of the book into its parts and chapters, and the subdivision of the chapters under subtitles, make the book easy of reference, each subtitle introducing what could serve as a complete article in itself, tersely and effectually put—and all on the liveliest questions of the day. A little encyclopedia of sociology without the alphabetical arrangement, it might fitly be termed. Thus a chapter is headed, *Jungle War or Christian Peace*, having subdivisions: a *Theory of the Class Struggle*, b *The Right to Strike*, c *Christian Peace*, d *Arbitration and Reconciliation*. Another, the very first, is called *The Corner Stone of Social Justice*, subdivided, a *Nature of a Living Wage*, b *Attainment of a Living Wage*, c *Providing for the Future*, d *The Problems of Unemployment*. The entire tone of the book is popular, absence of difficult technical terms making it intelligible to the plainest worker. Best of all, the tone is constructive. Every society table would do well to bespeak a copy or more. Parish Libraries should have it. It should have wide circulation among the working class, both to clear away prejudices against the Church created among the working class by irresponsible socialistic agitation, and to set the worker right on the live topics of the day which so deeply enter into his life and happiness. This may be done the more safely, as there is in the book neither any radicalism in behalf of the laborer, nor that stupid condemnation of everything Labor is doing to improve its condition, as though modern Capitalism were a god before which all must sing "Holy!"

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tion in the public and private schools of our country, a hold on guiding principles is an anchor of hope. And if the propounder of those principles comes heralded by competent authorities as "The greatest educationist of our time," we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the outlook. Yet, that is the reputation Dr. Otto Willmann, Ph.D., has won for his "Science of Education." The work has a glorious record in Europe. "It has been called the greatest achievement of modern pedagogy." Various enterprises have been launched to give Dr. Willmann's ideas the widest circulation and influence. All the more reason to thank Fr. Felix M. Kirsch, O. M. Cap., for making the work accessible to the English-speaking public by his excellent translation. We may not find the work loudly toasted by the public press—because the work is Christian and the press seems not to be—but that is no reason why the Christian schools of America should not derive from it the benefit which in Europe Catholic and Protestant are one in acclaiming.

Archabbey Press, Beatty, Penna.
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Sister Mary of St. Philip.—By a Sister of Notre Dame.

The life story of a great religious teacher ably and pleasantly told is good reading. The subject of the present biography, founder of the Mount Pleasant training school for teachers at Liverpool, is coincident with the history of Catholic education in England in the last fifty years of the nineteenth century. Thus the story of Catholic progress in England since the emancipation, and the growth of a charming woman in holiness and efficiency are united in this biography.

Like the Little Flower and Sister Teresa Margaret of the Carmelites, Mary Frances Lescher came of a noble, pious and happy family—"a house where all were good." Her family attachments were deep, strong and tender, her sister Annie preceding her to the convent at Namur. Both sisters were gifted intellectually as well as in heart. Their friends and their social influence, their charming letters, and

the simple story of glad response to Christ's call make a sweet and touching as well as powerful volume. Mary Frances Lescher (Sister Mary of St. Philip), possessed the rare gifts of a true teacher, and hence her work lay in this important branch of service. "Education for Life Eternal, . . . helpers of souls that we build up the moral character of youth,"—these were her ideals. Her biographer, writing from personal knowledge and happy memories traces the usual joys and trials of the life of a great religious,—her relation with the distinguished prelates, and laymen and women of that period. The foremost Catholics of the later Victorian period were largely literary in culture, hence Sister Mary of St. Philip connects with Catholic literature as well as with the important religious and educational movements of her time.

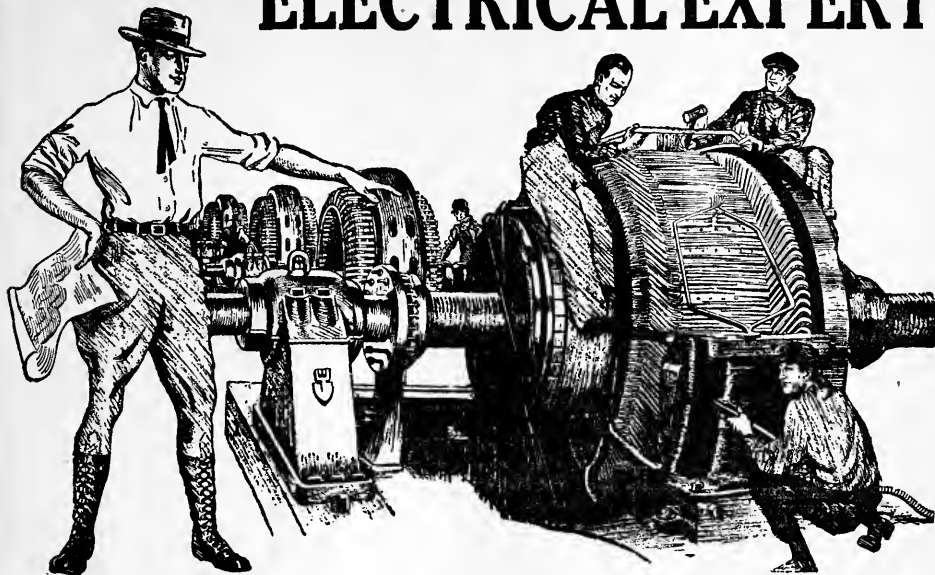
The style of the author is poetic, fresh and sparkling, her literary judgment unerring. The high price of this book, six dollars, indicates the necessities of English Catholics and their zeal for religion. The print and paper are excellent.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$6.00.

Victoire De Saint-Luc; A Martyr Under the Terror.—By Mother St. Patrick.

This youthful martyr-nun belonged to the Order of the Retrait, Du Sacre Coeur; she entered the Order at the age of twenty-one and gave her life in the service of Christ at the age of thirty-three. She was the daughter of a French noble, Councillor in the Breton Parliament during the French Revolution. Gifted in body and mind, Victoire was yet in childhood a "troublesome child" to herself and others. It was after long struggles that she attained the "victoire" over her own passions and faults and began to go swiftly in the way of virtue. We shall see that her passionate nature,—her faults, were thus turned to grace, standing for fortitude and resolution in her hour of final trial. Wisely her father prevented her from entering religious life on her first impulse, because of these

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faults. When finally she answered the call, her burning zeal embraced the conversion of the world. Her younger sister was the confident of these innocent plans. Soon the shadows began to fall over the happy family, and the proscription of the revolutionists extended to Victoire's convent as well as to her parents who were imprisoned. Victoire in her prison made herself an angel of comfort and light to the wretched fellow-prisoners, converting the most violent and repulsive, cheering her parents by her letters and her cheerful and resolute resignation to her fate. Her crime had been the painting and distributing of badges of the Sacred Heart. This she continued to do among the prisoners while confined awaiting execution. She also served them as nurse, instructor and councillor. A severe trial of this time was her separation from her parents, who were reunited with her, again, however, on the eve of their execution. Her last act of mercy was the preparation of a young marquis for his separation from his young wife and his own execution. She was permitted to die before her parents, receiving their blessing and giving them this last cheer of fortitude.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York, \$1.40 net.

The Irish Orators; A History of Ireland's Fight for Freedom—By Claude G. Bowers.

Ireland's history has lately been sketched in its various revolutions or uprisings, in its literary periods, in its economic advances and reverses. Here it is told in the chronological story of its orators. Oratory, it appears, has been a main factor in Ireland's history,—one of the strangest and most tragic yet glorious histories among nations. A remarkable series of orators accompany the periods of Irish history,—such as could have been produced only by such conditions and events as befell the Isle of Saints. From Grattan to Parnell, the author has a list of men such as taxes his versatile powers of sympathy, judgment and eloquence to differentiate, to portray in each the striking characteristics which mark him from the others. Mr. Bowers is able

to write sympathetically of each of these men, not wholly ignoring their faults, nor omitting the story of their defection from principle and loss of popularity and power. He centers his attention upon their oratory, and loses no iota of the influence of oratory in a nation's history.

Grattan, Flood and O'Connell have recently been assailed by modern Irish writers,—economists, revolutionists and patriots, for various short-comings and defects as leaders, the purpose being to teach from history to avoid mistakes in the present and future. When we read Mr. Bowers' sketch of Daniel O'Connell, we shall forget these critics, however keen and just they may be, in our admiration for the natural gift of eloquence God gave to the "God-like Dan," as the author terms him. Rivalled only by Demosthenes in the history of oratory, exciting the wonder and admiration of the greatest American orators of his time, we see O'Connell pictured as the man of the people, the "King of Ireland" through his comradeship in speech, expression and emotion with his countrymen. Likewise, John Philpot Curran, Emmet, Isaac Butt, Meagher and Parnell are shown in the best light as factors in Irish history.

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Efficiency in the Spiritual Life—By Sister M. Cecilia.

From the Ursuline Academy of Paola, Kansas, comes this interesting volume, one of the first of its kind to be produced in the United States. The principles of efficiency are always an attractive subject, and to many, the more so when written by a religious, a nun. The viewpoint of efficiency makes a great difference, and here we have the spiritual viewpoint and sanction for what is the chief concern not only of the business world but of many others in various walks of life. The reverend author combines her illustrations of efficiency, material and moral, by figures from life suited to secular readers, but her chief concern is to instruct her sister nuns in the application of the world's standards to the religious life. Thus, standards, planning sched-

ules, despatching, discipline, ideals, standardized conditions and operations are shown as working for spiritual efficiency,—a short cut to holiness. The use of spare time, the formation of habits of virtue are examples:

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Likewise, Sister Cecilia's service in this volume is to extract what is true and useful in the business principles of the world, for the improvement of humble and truth-loving Christians, lay or religious.

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His Reverence; His Day's Work—By Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S. T. L.

Like "Pastor Halloff" and the books of Fr. Arthur O'Neill, this volume may be looked upon as a popular supplement to pastoral theology. Though it is addressed avowedly to the laity (being in the form of letters to a "Prudenzia"), it is so full of helpful hints for the clergy, and so occupied with topics of interest to the clergy, that we half suspect the clergy was meant to be its chief beneficiary. At any rate, clergy as well as laity will, we feel sure, enjoy these snapshots of the routine life of the ideal priest York. \$1.60 postpaid.

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Franciscan News

Foreign

Preliminary steps have been taken by the Sacred Congregation of Rites, in Rome, for the beatification of the following servants of God who belonged to one of the three Orders founded by St. Francis:

Ven. Francis de Campososco, a Capuchin lay brother;

Ven. Andrew Philemon Garcia Acosta, a lay brother of the Order of Friars Minor;

Four Franciscan Bishops, Gregory Grassi, Francis Fogolla, Antony Fantonati, and Theotime Verhaegen, together with their companions, all of whom were martyred in China in the year 1900;

Ven. Anne Mary, a Poor Clare nun; Ven. Mary of the Passion, foundress of the Congregation of the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary;

Ven. Mary of the Assumption Pallotta, a Franciscan Missionary Sister of Mary;

Ven. Bernadette Soubiroux, to whom the Blessed Virgin appeared at Lourdes, in 1858, and who belonged to the Secular Third Order before she entered the convent.

Ven. Joseph Cafasso, a secular priest and member of the Third Order.

The well-known novelist and literary critic, Countess Emilia de Pardo Bazan, who recently departed this life in Madrid, Spain, at the age of 69 years, was an ardent admirer of St. Francis and for many years a child of his in the Third Order. Her literary masterpiece is without doubt "The Life of St. Francis," of which many editions appeared since 1881, when it was published for the first time. A distinguished member of the Royal Academy considers this work one of the most precious pearls of Spanish literature.

Among the Basques, in Spain, the Third Order of St. Francis is well represented. There is scarcely a town in these regions without a Tertiary fraternity. In Guipuscoa, for instance, which is under the jurisdiction of the Capuchin friars, the Third Order numbers about 50,000 members; while the total population, according to the latest statistics, is only 236,689. The most ancient fraternity in the Basque country is that of Zarautz, founded in 1618; next in order are those of Zizurkil, Idiazabal, Berastegi, and Segura, all of which date back to the eighteenth century.

The Prime Minister of Holland, Ch. Ruijs Beerenbrouk, contributes a splendid article to the Jubilee Book issued by the Franciscans of Holland in commemoration of the seventh centenary of the founding of the Third Order. His contribution is entitled, "The Third Order and the Conciliation of the Classes." The eminent statesman is an enthusiastic Tertiary. He writes: "It is the duty of the upper circles, especially in our times of unrest, to do their utmost that genuine Christian peace may reign among the different classes. The Third Order of St. Francis offers them a powerful means to accomplish this. In this Order, from its founding all through the seven centuries, the upper classes were united by the bond of charity with the lowly and indigent. Leo XIII testifies to this in his encyclical *Auspicato* in the following terms: 'All, from the lowest to the highest, hastened with burning eagerness and with the greatest enthusiasm to join this branch of the Franciscans. Louis IX, King of France, and Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, were the first to seek the honor; and they were followed in the course of the ages by a long list of popes, cardinals, bishops, kings and royal princes, all of whom regarded the Franciscan livery as quite compatible with their dignity.' Everywhere the Third Order is flourishing, also in our country. From all classes, especially in the last years, many Catholics have joined the Third Order. Let us hope that during the jubilee year the Third Order may expand still more. Would that in the higher circles, especially among those in public life, the conviction may gain ground that the Third Order is a sure means of bringing the different classes together in love and peace."

A Franciscan missionary in China writes: "I have as companion, here at Petang, a lay brother who has been in China for the past twenty years. He is in charge of the dispensary, that is, every morning he attends and distributes medicine gratis to all the sick who present themselves, whether they be pagans or Christians. If summoned, he visits those who are seriously ill in their homes. Even the Europeans of Shansi call on him in time of sickness."

Of the fifty-two vicariates in China, ten are in charge of the Franciscans: North Shantung, since 1839; Central Shensi and North Shansi, since 1844; East Hupe and South Hunan, since 1856; Northwest and Southwest Hupe, since

1870; South Shansi, since 1890; East Shantung, since 1894; and North Shensi, since 1911. All told, the total population of these ten vicariates comprises about 85,000,000 souls, of whom 279,650 have been converted to the Catholic faith and are cared for spiritually and, to a great extent, also materially by the sons of St. Francis in their numerous missions. We may add that the friars are assisted in their priestly duties by about 130 native priests, who all are members of the Third Order.

The Franciscan mission field of East Shantung, China, which numbers 9,000,000 inhabitants, is cared for by 40 missionaries, including 11 native Tertiary priests, by 58 Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary, including 17 native Sisters, and by 139 catechists. They take care of 1,095 congregations of Christians, numbering 15,207 neophytes and 18,853 catechumens. During the past year, 627 adults and 493 children received Baptism, while 401 adults and 2,346 children were baptized at the hour of death. There are, in this vicariate, 170 day-schools, 2 boarding-schools, 4 orphanages, 1 leper house, 4 dispensaries for the poor, and a large number of workshops.

From the *Revue Franciscaine* we learn that the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda will erect a new mission field in the extreme south of Japan, comprising for the present the two stations of Kagoshima and Sandai. The Franciscans of Canada are to be in charge. It is on the southernmost island of Kyushu, where St. Peter Baptist and his Companions, of whom six were his conferees in the First Order and seven-teen Franciscan Tertiaries, gained the crown of martyrdom in 1597.

Dr. Margaret Lamont, who is a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, is straining every effort to realize her plan of founding a Society of Catholic Women Physicians whose field of labor shall eventually be the mission territories of India. It is well known how among the Hindus, for example, many women and girls die without having received catechetical instruction and the Sacrament of Baptism. The Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda has approved the plan of Dr. Lamont. The Constitution which she drew up for the Society is based on the Rule of the Third Order.

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Dublin, Ireland

As in all the various Third Order centers in Ireland, so also in Dublin, a solemn triduum was held in preparation for the feast of St. Francis. The religious exercises were very well attended. People say they can not remember ever having seen the faithful gather in such large numbers in our spacious church. The Rt. Rev. Bishops of Killaloe and Dromore presided, on the three days, at the solemn High Mass and the solemn vespers. On Sunday evening, the Rev. Fr. Joseph, O. S. F. C., delivered an impressive sermon on "The Message of St. Francis." Rev. Albert O'Neill, O. P., preached eloquently, on Monday evening, his theme being "The Third Order and Today." On the morning of the feast of St. Francis, the Rev. Thomas Murphy, S. J., held the attention of his hearers with an elaborate discourse on "The Third Order and Ireland."

Palestrina, Italy

Last month, an historic pageant was held in honor of Giovanni Pierluigi, commonly known as Palestrina, from the little town where, in 1526, the famous musician saw the light. A notable feature of this recent celebration was the unveiling of a magnificent statue of pure carrara marble. Pierluigi is represented holding in his left hand an open volume of musical compositions and directing his gaze toward heaven, whither also his right hand is pointing as to the source whence he drew inspiration for those wonderful productions that have earned him a place among the greatest musicians of all times. The base of the monument is artistically adorned with various allegorical figures, and on one side it bears the inscription: John Peter Aloysius of Palestrina—Prince of Music. As is well known, the man thus honored was a Tertiary of St. Francis.

Domestic

On November 21, Fr. Antony Sousa, O. F. M., pastor of the Church of St. Leonard, in Boston, Mass., was laid to rest. For many years he labored for the propagation of the Third Order and also founded the Home for the Aged, on Center Street, Dorchester. A large dele-

gation of Tertiaries gathered in the church to show their love and respect for the zealous friar whose loss means so much for the Third Order in this country.

On November 8, the congregation of the Unitarian Parish, First Church, in Cambridge, Mass., had the well-known Catholic lecturer and poet, Denis A. McCarthy, deliver his discourse on St. Francis and read his hymn on the Centenary of the Third Order. The good people listened with rapt attention to the speaker's vivid portrayal of the virtues of the great Saint of Assisi. Mr. McCarthy is a writer of international repute and is greatly interested in things Franciscan.

On Wednesday morning, October 26, in the monastery of the Poor Clares, in New Orleans, La., Sister Mary Clare pronounced the solemn vows and thus consecrated herself forever to the service of God in the austere Order of St. Clare. Rev. Samuel Macke, O. F. M., presided at the ceremonies as delegate of the Very Rev. Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province. The sermon was delivered by Very Rev. E. A. Cummings, S. J., of Loyola University.

On November 16, the new chapel of the Poor Clares, at Fruitvale, Calif., was solemnly dedicated by His Grace, Most Rev. E. J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco. After the dedication, Very Rev. Hugolin Storr, O. F. M., Minister Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province, sang the solemn High Mass and delivered the sermon. From now on, the Blessed Sacrament will be exposed in the chapel every day for public adoration.

Buckman, Minn.—At the close of a very successful mission preached by the Rev. Franciscan Fathers Didacus and Joseph Calasanz in St. Michael's Church, thirty persons were enrolled in the Third Order of St. Francis, seven of them being men. The Third Order now counts sixty members in this parish, where meetings are held regularly every month by the zealous pastor, Rev. Henry Leuthner.

The principal business transacted in the November meeting of the Third Order fraternity of Quincy College, in Quincy, Ill., was the appointment of a committee to draw up a definite plan of activity which will be brought up for adoption at the next regular meeting.

Thanksgiving Day was a memorable one for Quincy College, and that for several reasons. The Tom Burke concert in the afternoon was the biggest event of the day. Heralded as one of the greatest singers now before the public, the young tenor fully lived up to his

reputation and provided a musical treat such as Quincy music lovers seldom have an opportunity to enjoy. His program, ranging from stately Haendel numbers to Irish ballads, was rendered with true artistic ability. Many of Quincy's leading musicians attended the concert and all were warm in their praise of Mr. Burke's work.

Another feature of the Thanksgiving celebration was the first annual reunion of the Commercial Alumni. The event opened with a solemn High Mass at 8:30 in the morning. The music for the Mass, rendered by the college choir with a twelve-piece orchestra accompaniment, surpassed anything of a similar nature put on at the college for a number of years past. A business meeting at 10:30 resulted in the forming of a permanent Commercial Alumni Association and the drafting of a Constitution. Also officers were elected at this meeting and Quincy was again voted the convention city for 1922.

At 1 o'clock luncheon was served to the visitors, and at 3 o'clock most of the alumni took in Tom Burke's concert. Among the distinguished guests were Mayor and Mrs. P. J. O'Brien, Tom Burke, and Thomas Gillespie, Grand Knight of the Quincy Council of the Knights of Columbus.

This first reunion marks an important event in the history of our commercial department, as it resulted in the formation of a permanent society whose purpose is not only to promote good fellowship, but also to render mutual aid among its members.

On Dec. 7, Quincy College witnessed the performance of another artist, Mr. C. E. W. Griffith, the well-known Shakespearean reader and impersonator. In the afternoon he read "Twelfth Night," and in the evening "Othello." Both renditions were splendid examples of Mr. Griffith's ability and they proved both interesting and instructive to all present.

The college lost its oldest inmate and one of its most devoted workers when death claimed Brother Novatus, on November 27. He died at St. Mary's Hospital, after a short illness. Brother Novatus has been connected with Quincy College, as bookkeeper, for more than thirty years.

Solemn investment and profession recently took place at St. Antony's Hospital, St. Louis, Mo. To the great joy of all, three young ladies joined the ranks of the Franciscan Sisters; three members of the community made their first profession; and six pronounced their final vows. An unusual feature of the festivities was the fact that Rev. Mother General, Sr. Mary Veneranda, and her assistant, Ven. Sr. M. Chrysantha, both from Salzkotten, Germany, were present.

Franciscan Herald

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Our Mission Picture

Mission San Diego—the cradle of Christianity and civilization in California. It was founded by Fr. Junipero Serra on July 16, 1769, and dedicated to the Franciscan St. Didacus (San Diego) of Alcalá. It occupied the bluff overlooking what is now Old Town until August, 1774, when it was removed to a more favorable site, called Nipaguay by the Indians, five miles farther up on the northern slope of beautiful Mission Valley. Here, a year later, on November 5, the pagan Indians of the neighboring rancherias attacked the mission, set fire to the buildings and brutally murdered Fr. Luis Jayme, who thus became the proto-martyr of California. Then, as Fr. Serra predicted, a period of comparative peace and prosperity followed, both spiritually and materially, at least as far as the Indians were concerned. At the end of 1784, the register showed 1,075 Indian Baptisms; and 4,919 at the end of 1821. In that year, Mexico won her independence from Spain but lost interest in and gradually control over her California colonies. Dark days followed, also for Mission San Diego, days of dire need and harrowing anxiety. On September 20, 1834, the mission was "secularized," that is, confiscated by the Mexican government in California, and placed in charge of a commissioner. The rest can be imagined by contemplating our cover page. The picture was taken near where in days gone by the main altar stood, and where beneath the old tiles three of the earliest missionaries lie buried—Fr. Luis Jayme, Juan Figuer, and Juan Mariner. Of the church the front only and a portion of the east wall are still standing; the rooms of the missionaries to the rear of the church are a heap of ruins; while of the corridors and buildings that once closed in the spacious patio nothing remains but a small portion of the front wall adjoining the church.

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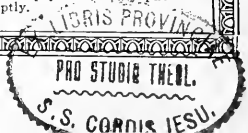
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Editorials

The Catholic Press and You

THE month of February has been set aside as "Catholic Press Month." During this month we are urged to direct all our efforts toward the spreading of good Catholic literature. We daily perceive how hostile the evil press is to the Church, how it corrupts everything, public opinion, politics, art, and how it does this with incredible audacity. The godless press has debased Christian society; the good press must therefore constantly be pitted against it. It is the sacred duty of every Catholic to support the Catholic Press to the utmost.

If the Church is to be served and defended by the Press, then the publishers, editors and contributors must ever be conscious of their all-important, God-given mission. The cause they serve must at all times be uppermost in their minds; to this all other things, their own needs and personal ambition, must be subservient. The particular paper or magazine they represent is only a means to an end. It will pass away and be supplanted, but the cause will go on to the end of time. It is well worth the sacrifice of our time, our comfort, and our health. Only such writers and publishers will succeed in this vast field, as are loyal enough to espouse the cause wholeheartedly, and broad-minded enough to rejoice at the success of others. It must, therefore, be their aim to help and encourage one another. The field is large enough for all, and the work so varied in its details, that all may find ample opportunity for the exercise of their talents.

The enemies of God and of His holy Church, fully aware of the power of the press, strain every effort to avail themselves of it. They multiply their publications by the thousands and send them broadcast through the land. We, as good Catholics, must first of all be firm in our opposition to these publications, whether they appear in the shape of a paper, a magazine, or a book. To buy and keep such literature is to support a most formidable enemy of the Church; to expose ourselves and others to the occasion of sin. Catholic parents must insist on knowing what books and papers come into their household. The poison is often so cleverly concealed that even the wary can be deceived; wherefore, it is better to be too careful than not careful enough.

Every Catholic is further obliged to counteract the effects of the evil press by spreading good literature. Here are a few ways of doing this:

Make it a point to take with you to your office, shop, or factory some Catholic literature—books,

papers, pamphlets, leaflets, and the like,—and place them where others are apt to find them. Do the same in street cars, trains, and railroad stations. When you have finished your Catholic paper, let it lie; it will soon find another reader who may stand in need of enlightenment on points of Catholic doctrine and practice. Do not destroy your Catholic publications. Pass them on to your neighbor or send them to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, or to the Chaplains who have charge of City and State institutions. Demand Catholic newspapers, magazines, and books at news stands and in public libraries. Accustom your children to read Catholic publications. In this way they will learn to love and value them and in later life will not wish to be without them. Form small reading circles among your friends, and let each member subscribe to a different paper or periodical. The members of the circle can then exchange publications with one another. Such reading circles can readily be formed in every parish. There are always willing and intelligent men and women who could band together for this purpose. And think how they would benefit the poor, the afflicted, the recent converts, who would welcome Catholic publications and who would derive untold good therefrom.

We have many Church societies organized for religious, social, and charitable purposes. No matter how their constitution is worded, they owe it to themselves to espouse the cause of the Catholic Press. They have every opportunity for doing so. All they need is an energetic leader. The spreading of Catholic literature should be part of their activity. Let them have a special press committee, whose business it should be to secure subscriptions to papers and magazines of good repute, to distribute gratis tracts and leaflets bearing on Catholic practices and doctrines, to keep themselves posted on the latest books, and to remain constantly in touch with the officials of the public libraries. It could also be one of their duties to report on all Catholic activities to their local daily or weekly papers. Such a committee would, in a short time, be the mainstay of a society or club and would keep it from decadence. Frequently, pastors deliver forceful and practical sermons on timely topics and propose well-laid plans for social action. These could easily be transmitted to posterity, if the committees on the press would but take the trouble to send them to some Catholic paper or magazine for publication.

If you are blessed with literary ability and a good education, show your gratitude to God by contributing articles to Catholic papers and periodicals. This is a very efficient way to help the cause of the Catholic Press. We know of a man, who though burdened with daily and strenuous duties, made the firm resolution—and kept it—to write one article every week for the Catholic Press. And there are many Catholic men and women in the professional and business world who could easily do likewise. This would go far toward raising the standard of Catholic literature and refuting the oft-repeated, but wholly unwarranted, assertion that everything Catholic is inferior. The efforts of such writers, however, must be encouraged. We must often speak of them, enquire at book-stores about them, and strive to create a taste for their works. So far there has been too much adverse criticism regarding our Catholic writers and too little acquaintance with them.

The owner of a large factory has the custom of buying Catholic literature and distributing it gratis among his employes, and this he does twice a year. Surely, an excellent way of doing his share for the Catholic Press. A rich lady, anxious to aid in the cause, gives her pastor every year enough money to present Catholic calendars and booklets to all his parishioners. Another woman donates a certain sum every year to societies organized for the relief of the poor, with the stipulation that the money be spent for Catholic books and papers. Another person jots down in a note book the addresses of those whom he meets at conventions, in his business, and on his travels. To some of these he regularly sends copies of Catholic publications; the names of others he forwards to Catholic publishers requesting that sample copies be mailed them. "At the end of the year," he says, "it is gratifying to recall all the good I have done in this way."

The following words of Pope Pius IX are as true today as when they were first spoken: "Our time needs more defenders of truth with the pen than defenders of truth on the pulpit. Therefore, all those who have the eternal welfare of themselves and others at heart, and especially those whose duty it is to defend the faith from the pulpit, should do their best to work continually against the godless press, above all by supporting and spreading the good press."

The suggestions enumerated above contain nothing impracticable or impossible. Let us, therefore, unite in the support of the good press. Let each one choose the method best suited to his state and ability, and then go to work with a will. It is the work of apostles and our reward will be that of the Apostles. "All should take part in this apostolate," the late Cardinal Vaughan used to say. "Here, at least, there is work for everyone. For one who can write, ten thousand can subscribe, and one hundred thousand can scatter the seed."

Father Ketcham's Successor

The friends and benefactors of our missions have reason to be happy over the appointment of Rev. William Hughes as Director of the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions. Like his predecessor, Right Rev. Monsignor William H. Ketcham, who was called so suddenly from his labors last November 14, Father Hughes is not only well acquainted with Mission affairs but intensely interested in all that pertains to the welfare of our deeply wronged and long neglected aborigines.

Three years after his ordination to the priesthood, eager to consecrate himself to mission work among the San Jacinto Indians of his native California, Father Hughes spent some time in Mexico to perfect himself in the Spanish language. Thereupon he labored among the Indians of Soboba, Cahuilla, Santa Rosa, San Isidro, and San Ignacio, in Southern California. They are known as the Mission Indians, being lineal descendants of the natives who a century and a half ago heeded the summons of Fr. Junipero Serra and his fellow missionaries and eventually shared in the blessings of Christianity and civilization at Missions San Diego, San Luis Rey, San Juan Capistrano, and San Gabriel.

In 1916, Father Hughes was called to Washington, D. C., to assist Monsignor Ketcham in directing the affairs of the Indian Bureau. In this capacity of Assistant Director he worked for the next six years, studying the Indian Question, giving lectures on mission work among the Indians, and writing articles on this subject for newspapers and magazines. As a fruit of his interest in the dwindling red race of our country may be mentioned also a valuable collection he has made at first hand of primitive Indian beliefs, which we hope will soon appear in book form.

While FRANCISCAN HERALD congratulates Father Hughes on his latest appointment and wishes him a sincere "ad multos annos," we request our readers to recommend his new and arduous labors to God in daily prayer, so that under his direction the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions may continue to defend and advance the cause it represents.

Congratulations

A true and faithful follower of St. Francis, a priest of the New Law according to the heart of God, a kind superior serving rather than ruling, a prudent director and educator of American youth for almost half a century, a congenial confrere whom to love and esteem his brethren had but to know—such the Reverend Peter Wallischek, who, on January 3, in Santa Barbara, California, solemnly commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Order of Friars Minor. What wonder that the day saw joy and gladness on every countenance and heard prayers ascending from a thousand grateful hearts to the throne of God, prayers of fervent thanksgiving for a bounteous, happy meridian and prayers of humble petition for a serene, hopeful evening. With all his brethren and friends, FRANCISCAN HERALD extends to Father Peter sincerest congratulations.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

ONE of the most touching incidents in the dealings of our Blessed Savior with the men and women He met during His journeyings through Palestine, is His conversation with the rich young man who wished to follow Him. The Evangelist tells the story thus: "And when He was gone forth into the way, a certain man running up and kneeling before Him and asked Him, 'Good Master, what shall I do that I may receive life everlasting?' And Jesus said to him, 'Why callest thou me good? None is good but one, that is God. Thou knowest the commandments: Do not commit adultery, do not kill, do not steal, bear not false witness, do no fraud, honor thy father and mother.' But he answering, said to Him: 'Master all these things I have observed from my youth.' And Jesus looking on him, loved him, and said to him: 'One thing is wanting unto thee: Go, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come, follow me.' Who being struck sad at that saying, went away sorrowful; for he had great possessions."

That this noble-hearted youth was determined to follow Jesus, as the Apostles had done, can not be doubted. Unfortunately, he had not been trained to deny himself; and when our Lord demanded of him an heroic act of renunciation, he failed to heed the Master's call and, turning away sadly, left His company. At the present day, our Divine Savior gazes from His lowly prison in the tabernacle upon the young men and women as they gather to do Him homage. He loves them, too, most tenderly; and because He loves them, He also invites them to leave all and to follow Him into the soli-

tude of the cloister. But how many heed Him not? They, too, are not being trained to make the sacrifice that this call demands. They are not prepared to leave father, mother, sister, and brother with all that the world offers, and to hie themselves to the monastery and to the convent. Ask the monks and friars and brothers and sisters and nuns whether their houses of novitiate are overcrowded with candidates, and you will hear them all bewailing the scarcity of religious vocations among the youth of our land. Some assign this reason, others that, but there is only one reason: our young people are not being properly educated to appreciate the exalted dignity or the numerous advantages of the religious state; they do not learn that true happiness consists, not in the complete satisfaction of all their desires, but in the spirit of renunciation for God's sake. There is nothing nobler, nothing more excellent than the sweet company of Jesus, the Son of God and of Mary ever blessed; but this can not be had without sacrifice: "If any man will be My disciple, let him deny himself."

We have every kind of college, academy, and university where our Catholic youth, after leaving the primary schools, can prepare themselves in a more perfect manner for the great battle of life. God, in His wonderful providence, has likewise given us a school where our boys and girls can acquire the true spirit of renunciation for Christ's sake, a school which will not only fit them in an eminent degree for the religious state, but will make them eager even to embrace it. This school is the Third Order of St. Francis. Once we have secured our

young folk for the Third Order, the entrance of a young man or a young lady into the holy walls of the convent will be a thing of common occurrence, for the Third Order is the very nursery of religious vocations.

And how could it be otherwise! The Third Order of St. Francis is a true order and its members are quasi religious living in the world. The life of a Tertiary is hedged in, as it were, on all sides by his protecting Rule, which wards off many dangers and acts as a constant incentive to virtue and deeds of piety. One of the first virtues held up for the imitation of our youthful Tertiary, is the spirit of renunciation that attained such eminent heights in the soul of our Father St. Francis. Our young Tertiary is taught that the almighty dollar is not the only or even the main source of true happiness here below; and he is told how St. Francis, who possessed gold and silver in abundance, cast it from him and trod it under foot. He is taught that clothes do not make the man; that many a noble heart beats beneath the plain and even homely garb of the laborer; and he beholds his leader and hero, the youthful, fashionable Francis, doffing his shimmering silk mantle and velvet jerkin and donning the rough hairshirt and knotted cord of penance. He is taught that in feasting and wine there is much tribulation for both body and soul; that a joyous, bright night is often followed by a sad, gray morning; and he beholds his model, the delicate Francis, quitting the feasting halls of his effeminate friends and joyfully sating himself with the dry crusts cast to beggars. He is taught that human love and the marriage ties are not the highest goal of the

heart of man; that by eschewing these, men, who are already "but little less than the angels," rise superior to the angelic hosts; and he beholds the lovable, knightly Francis spurning the hand of a worldly bride to espouse with purest love his Lady Poverty,—a union that elevated his virginal soul to the sublimest heights attained even by the Seraphs of heaven.

Ah, my friends, brother priests, fathers, mothers,—why have we not long since led our boys and girls to Francis that he might be their teacher in the things that are of God! Why have we not long since made them partakers of the blessings that would be theirs in abundance as Tertiary children of the Seraphic Father! God wills it, ay, God wills it! Let us hesitate no longer. Already, in various places, the ball has been set a-rolling. The annual reports of the fraternities tell of the young men and ladies who have exchanged the Tertiary cord and scapular for the full religious habit of the friar, the monk, the brother, the sister, the nun. Seminaries, colleges, academies, and other educational

institutions are finally awakening to the call of Francis and are enrolling their pupils under his Tertiary banner. Let the good work continue; and where it has not yet begun, let pastors and people arouse themselves at once. The welfare of the Church depends to a great extent on the number and the fervor of the religious Orders, that are the brightest jewels in her diadem.

The Third Order must, therefore, launch a real campaign to secure recruits for its ranks from among the youth of the land; and then let it continue to nurture the good seed sown in their hearts, by frequently drawing their attention to the beauty of the religious state, where one finds Orders and Congregations suited to every character

and disposition. Many a young man, who feels no inclination at all toward the holy priesthood, would be an excellent lay brother; and God knows how much the world stands in need of such. And if one is not called to the teaching Orders of brothers, he will find abundant opportunities to exercise the trade or profession behind monastery walls that had been his in the world. For, both the monasteries and the missions need nurses, cooks, porters, carpenters, bakers, gardeners, painters, masons, tailors, sacristans, and so on through the long list of trades

and from the fact that, while He devoted only the last three years of His life to the priestly work His Heavenly Father sent Him to perform. He spent the other thirty years to the performance of the so-called menial labors that fall to the lot of the lay brother and sister. Nor is even the manner in which He did these things different from theirs. These thirty years of Our Lord's life are called His hidden life, and is not the life of our brothers and sisters a life hidden with Christ in God, as St. Paul so beautifully expresses it?



and professions. Similarly, the domestic and the fine arts learned by our growing girls in schools and academies and above all in the home, are in daily demand in every convent of sisters throughout the land.

When the Apostles found it impossible on account of their priestly duties, to attend likewise to the material needs of the faithful, they appointed men and women as their helpers to take charge of this portion of the ministry. These men and women of our day are the lay brothers and the sisters who are constantly at the side of the priest, aiding him at every turn and supplementing him in a thousand different ways. That their work is most pleasing to our Savior is evi-

My friends, you may say that I have fallen out of my role this month and have preached a sermon instead of chatting with you. Well, I plead guilty to the charge; but I care not so long as the message I wish to convey goes deeply into your hearts as it comes out of the very depths of mine. Religious life in our day and country is almost taboo with the great majority of our young men and women, simply because they have not learned to know it and because the gulf between it and the world has become too broad to be at-

tempted by many. Happily, there is a bridge spanning this gulf. It is the Third Order of St. Francis. Just as I was writing these lines, I received a letter from the superior of a religious community urging me to beg God to send them postulants, since they can no longer fill the demand made on them for sisters. Catholic schools, hospitals, orphanages, and countless other institutions under the care of the religious Orders are storming Heaven with the same petition. Therefore, let us strain every effort to recruit the ranks of the Tertiary children of St. Francis, and the peopling of our cloisters and convents will take care of itself. Again I say, and from all sides I seem to hear the echo: "Our Youth for St. Francis!"

ON BEING A MODERN CATHOLIC WOMAN

BY AGNES MODESTA

NOT long ago I attended a lecture. It was one of those "modern messages to modern women" that flourish these days on our club rostrums, and shine out from the pages of our women's magazines. The delivery of this "message" was easy and graceful; I found myself looking with some favor upon the lecturer's modish hat; but despite the esthetic thrill on that point, I was moment by moment more conscious of a sense of restlessness, an insistent pricking of acute annoyance. There was something cloyingly familiar about the sounds that floated sweetly across the heads of the audience. It was as if I had suddenly become aware of the disturbing nature of the ticking of my mantelpiece clock.

"Now, to the modern woman—" the speaker was saying, fixing us purposefully with her eye—Ah, that was it: "The modern woman." How many times had I heard that particular combination of words in the past four, three, or two months.

It strikes my eye, as I write it now, with the wearisome expectedness of the cant phrase. And yet, one is bound to admit that whether we tire of the expression, as language, or not; or whether or not we should prefer to have her called "the woman of today," the real vital flesh-and-blood woman is a genuine factor in the affairs of the day. There are so many classes of her, so many heads under which she may be catalogued—"The modern business woman," "The modern home woman," "The modern professional woman." But here I find myself veering into a corner as I realize that these in themselves are but subdivisions of sub-heads that may accompany the title of the "modern woman." And even with this thought, there flashes before my mental vision a picture of a type of modern womanhood that possesses by its very nature the secret of real modernity, true womanliness; and as I sit bolt up to examine this picture more closely, it resolves

itself into the Ideal Modern Catholic Woman.

"But, my dear, there is no such thing as a modern Catholic woman," one of my ultra-modern acquaintances assured me airily not long ago. "The Church is essentially medieval, and you Catholic women who adhere closely to your Church are not in the least modern. You have the viewpoint of the Dark Ages. You are—forgive me—most deliciously er—quaint."

"Essentially medieval!" This of the Church, the mystical Bride of the eternal Christ—of Her whose feet are grounded in Eternity; whose head is set serenely in Eternity; and whose living members function through all Time with the glory of the ancient, the wisdom of maturity, and the glowing strength of youth! One instinctively recalls an old saying that concerns the entrance of fools where angels fear to tread, when one is confronted by infantile minds, who, having recently made the astounding discovery of their "mental fingers and toes," assert that "the Church is essentially medieval," and that "there is no such thing as a modern Catholic woman."

In justice to such as hold these statements to be true, I am forced to concede that Catholic women are not wholly guiltless in the matter of permitting a fallacy of this kind to gain ground in the materialistic present-day society. Serene in the haven of the Creator's fair country, we are apt to let slide the duty of sharing the clear glow of our own light with the many souls who are groping dazedly through the shadows in their attempt to find a gleam of peace. Many of us are content to let our sister moderns fondly believe that, if we show an ability to cope with the problems of the day, it is in spite of the Church rather than because of it.

There is a certain stock phrase which we are constantly meeting: "I'm very broad—I see good in all religions." It has even crept into

the jargon of some of our Catholic modern sisters, though on their lips it usually becomes, "Yes, I'm a Catholic; but I'm very broad—I see good in all religions." "I am a Catholic, but—" has of late edged its way into the daily conversation of some who would be shocked to hear that they are denying their faith as surely as were those who faltered before the lash of persecution and offered incense on the altars of the pagan gods.

A hard saying? Perhaps, but who can deny its truth? The truly broad-minded Catholic woman says, at least in effect:

"Broad—well, yes, perhaps I am. You see, I am a Catholic; and, having behind me the Church which, as it is universal in time as well as in place and teachings, has seen the rise and fall of so many nations and systems of government and belief, I can hardly help seeing things in a clearer light than do those who make no use of the wisdom that Church has brought on down to the present day for our benefit."

Staunchly Catholic, this woman realizes that we are all children of the same Infinite Father, and she therefore loves all humanity for the love of that Father; but she knows that this love in no way implies an admiration for the various conflicting systems of belief which happen to be in vogue. Nor does it place upon her the obligation of following those who admit no belief through the mazes of skepticism. She is beyond such things; why should she seek to retrograde? She naturally wishes that every human being should know the peace and security of life in the warming brightness of the Church which Christ himself founded, and she will pray earnestly *ut omnes unum sint*; but she will not sit in judgment upon those who have not found the shelter of the Father's house. She will rather try, by the perfume of her own life, to let them know that there is a place where dark places are made light, and rough ways plain, and



Missions

A TRIP TO THE MOUTH OF THE YELLOW RIVER

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M.

THOSE were happy days, indeed, that I spent, early in the autumn of 1883, on my first mission trip to the mouth of Yellow River, where in the course of time a goodly number were received into the Church. My predecessors in the Yellow River region had been Father John Gafron, O. F. M., and Father Casimir Vogt, O. F. M. Both these zealous missionaries were obliged to discontinue their work on the Yellow River. The former was assigned by his superiors to the territory along the Flambeau and Chippewa Rivers. Father John, however, had contracted a severe case of asthma as a result of the hardships he underwent in his labors for the Indians. Accompanied by two Indian guides who carried the luggage needed for long trips, he would cover on foot a distance of five hundred miles. In those days one could travel fifty or more miles before reaching a city or town. Not even an old shack or any human habitation would loom up to offer some kind of shelter. Where then, the reader may ask, would the missionary find lodging when night overtook him? The answer is very simple. He and his Indian guides would pitch camp under the canopy of the starry sky and feel quite comfortable in their "hotel." The Father's bed was easily made. Balsam branches would be laid on the snow or bare ground and then covered with a blanket. Either his satchel or a bundle of spruce branches or an armful of grass would serve as pillow. Fatigue and a good conscience would then soon close his eyes, while the holy angels at his rude bedside could be relied on for keeping the wolves and bears away.

No wonder that the good and zealous Father John, who had the spirit and talent of a true apostle of the Indians, at length broke down under the constant strain and repeated exposures. Indeed, he might have been just a little more reasonable in this respect. Hardships of this kind are bound to wreck even the most robust constitution and Father John's was never exceptionally strong. But you see, dear reader, when a person is in the race for immortal souls, he is very apt to forget all about himself; and then, of course, he will have to bear the consequences of his missionary zeal.

And who will blame him? When the hunting season sets in, many hunters are seen scouring our northern forests for prey, chasing the noble deer and other game. This is fun and sport for them. They do not mind fatigue, hunger and exposure. They will trudge along for many a mile, sit at their frugal meals with perfect relish, and pass the night in miserable shacks exposed to the inclemency of the weather. Now, the missionary, too, is a hunter—a hunter after immortal souls, and in pursuit of this precious prey he cares not what trials and hardships he must undergo. So it was with Father John—his zeal for the salvation of the Indian knew no bounds; it carried him to extremes, if it were possible in this case, until disease and death cut short his valuable missionary career. And who, I repeat it, will blame him?

After spending a few days with the good people at the mouth of Yellow River, I made a flying trip to Yellow Lake, about twelve miles westward. Here lived Mr. Thomas Dunne, a noble Irishman from Still-

water, and a few Indian families. My predecessors were wont to pay these people a friendly visit now and then; wherefore I felt it my duty to do likewise. It was some time since they had seen a priest, and they might be in need of spiritual help and consolation.

Accordingly, with some Indians as escort, I set out on that memorable trip through the noiseless forest along the bank of the Yellow River. It was a lonely and tedious tramp through the jack pines of Burnette County. The road was very sandy and anything but straight and smooth. At last, after "hiking" a few hours, we arrived at the home of Mr. Dunne. How kindly he received us! We were as welcome as the flowers in spring after a cold and bleak winter.

The home of Thomas Dunne was not a fashionable mansion surrounded by gardens and lawns, but just a plain little farmhouse hidden away among the trees of the forest. Some of the land near by had been cleared for tilling and a number of men found not only work but also a pleasant home with the congenial backwoodsman. The house lacked the luxury of comfortable rocking-chairs and soft settees. Only rough benches durably made and set on stout legs invited the wanderers to take a rest. And a rest we took, much-needed as it was, and with great interest watched the little dancer that Tom had taken in for his own amusement and that of his friends. What a pretty little dancer it was. How gleefully he would whirl around, stop short for a second or two, and then resume his dizzying dance. The name of the little dancer? Why, yes, his name was "Gray Squirrel," and the hall he danced in was a spacious cage.



Chapel at Mouth of Yellow River destroyed by fire, 1915.

People in the backwoods have their own way of providing pleasure and amusement, of making their humble home sweet and attractive. Innocent games, a pet rabbit or squirrel, stories told by "daddy" at the cozy fireside—to be sure, it takes very little to make a home attractive where the old-fashioned standards of living are still in vogue, unspoiled by the miasma of modern extravagance. Mr. Dunne and his hired men were very happy in these far-off regions; and when the priest

Once, while Father Casimir was staying there, he was obliged to visit some family out in the woods and, to get there faster, he asked his host for the use of his team and buggy. Now you know, with a whole-hearted Irishman like Mr. Dunne, a priest's wish is a command; to grant it he regards not as doing a good turn but as fulfilling an obligation; and instead of expecting thanks for the favor he does, he thanks the priest for having asked him and not someone else.

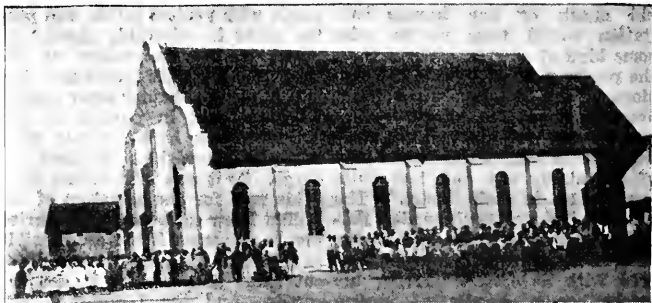
would call on So Father Casimir got Mr. Dunne's team and buggy and was soon on his errand of charity. How great was the surprise of Tom, however, when a short while after, his team came plodding home with the missionary at their heels, but minus the buggy. Quite nervously the Father related the sad story—how the buggy struck a tree stump in the road and went to pieces—and then declared himself willing to accept whatever penance its owner might impose. A broad smile was the answer and a five-dollar gold piece the penance that good Mr. Dunne gave the troubled missionary. It is true, neither the smile nor the gold piece put the buggy on its wheels again; but it reassured the inexperienced teamster and encouraged him to call again on his kind-hearted friend when in need of assistance. "God bless Mr. Dunne!" is the prayer that must have escaped Father Casimir's lips then as they escape mine now. The good and pious man departed this life many years ago and Father Casimir, too, like Father John, are in the land of eternal bliss, enjoying the reward prepared for those that love and serve God here on earth.

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

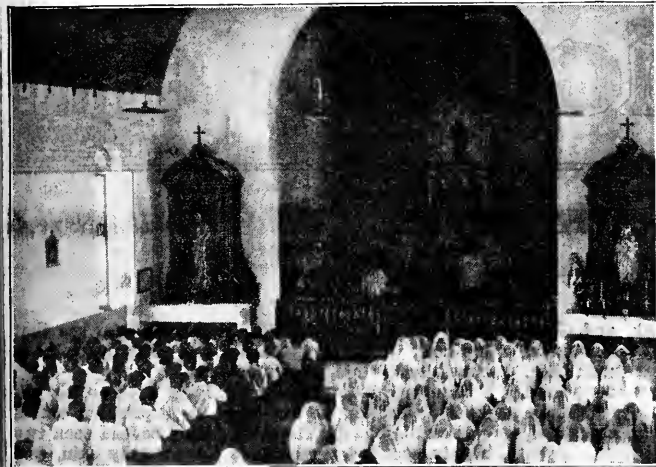
A CHANCE FOR YOU

On the feast of the Holy Innocents, December 28, just about a year ago, the most beautiful church among the Pima and Papago Indians, St. John's in Arizona, was converted into a heap of burning ruins. So rapidly did the flames eat their way from sanctuary to organ loft, that it was impossible to save anything.

To prevent the flames from spreading, the older Indian boys formed a bucket brigade and under the direction of the missionaries, dashed water on the roofs and walls of the adjoining buildings. It was due to their efforts and to a favorable change in the wind, that none of the other buildings were seriously damaged.



The exterior of St. John's Mission Church with the Indians gathered around it after holy Mass. They no longer have their lovely church, and they are too poor to build it anew. Will you assist them—and the faithful Fathers who said, when the fire had gutted it: "We accept this heavy cross from the hands of our Heavenly Father. He directs all our ways. He knows how to draw good from evil. Heaven will aid us to restore this church—to build even a larger one, so that our many children may find shelter under its friendly mission roof." That roof will cost \$2,000.



This is the interior of St. John's Church at St. John's Indian Mission, Arizona. Here we see our Indian brothers and sisters worshipping our Lord and Master. Yet on December 28, a year ago, this lovely church—the most beautiful mission chapel among the Pima and Papago Indians—was converted into a heap of ruins. These people—Catholic like ourselves—are without a decent place of worship. Last Sunday we went to Mass in our own parish church—perhaps knelt at the Communion rail—received the Blessed Sacrament. Are you grateful? Then help these poor, unhappy Indians to get their church in shape again. The high altar will cost \$1,000 and the two side altars \$500 each.

It is for funds to rebuild this The pews cost \$15 each—that is smaller chapel than we now appeal. a smaller sum if one has not the

To ask for money is neither our greater. vocation nor our pleasure but in The Stations of the Cross cost this case it is our sacred duty. \$100. The Communion railing \$300.

What a source of joy and gratification it would be to know that you to whom you would like to

this ruined chapel has been restored to God's little Indian children through the charity of the readers of the FRANCISCAN HERALD. There are now 422 Indian children at this mission with no decent place to attend Mass. To spiritually care for these children is a prerogative, and to maintain each one of them at school costs at least \$75.

This sum divided into twelve offerings during the year would not be very much over \$6 a month; or \$1.50 a week. There are many people who would not miss so small a sum.

To replace the statues destroyed would cost from \$25 to \$50 each. Have you had any cause for thanksgiving during the year? Perhaps you could show it by donating a statue.

erect an enduring monument of love.

These things can be done by the small contributions of our many readers. The children of the mission, and their relatives, need a worthy House of God. They need Him whom you have at every hour, and they need Him so placed that reverence will fill their hearts when they kneel before Him.

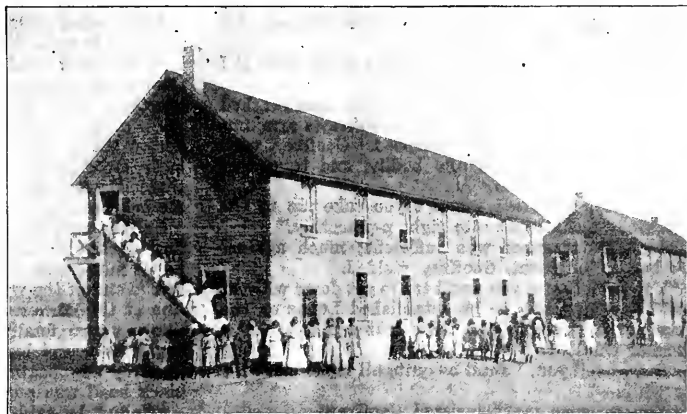
God has been very good to us. Shall we be good to others—for His sake?

OUR BENEFACTORS

A CARD OF THANKS

Those of our readers who received a letter from us around the Christmas holidays, will recall the appeal we made to their charity for the restoration of the ruined St. John's Chapel, described in the Mission Department of this issue. While many of them were prevented by circumstances from responding financially, they assured us of their prayers and good wishes for the success of our appeal. For these we are deeply grateful. Many others promised to send donations at a more convenient time. Also to these we extend our heartfelt thanks in advance. Many others, finally, have remembered the Mission chapel with more or less substantial offerings. Upon these we gratefully invoke the Christ Child's richest blessings. We wish we could have sent each and every one of them a personal letter of acknowledgment, but

(Continued on page 91)



The girls' dormitory at St. John's Mission School. It is built of adobe blocks made by the Indians themselves.



Fiction



WHO WINS?

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

II

LUCAS slept off his feverish attack, and Geoffrey found him trying to dress himself when he cautiously opened the door at lunch time. "Hello," he remarked. "I don't know about this! You look a trifle wilted. Don't you think you'd better go slow? What's wrong—?" Lucas had staggered, catching at him for support.

"It's—it's nothing, Geoffrey. I—"

"Lucas, what is it? See here, I'm afraid you really are ill; I'll get you to bed again—" He slipped an arm about the other, who leaned against him, panting.

"No—no, Geoffrey; it's nothing. It's only—"

"Only—?"

"My—my leg."

"Your—leg—?"

"Yes; I suppose the cold, or whatever it is, has settled in it. I'm quite right otherwise."

Geoffrey stood silent. Lucas' pathetic effort at unconcern, now that merciless Nature had driven him to the wall, his pitiful attempt to bring casually into the light the thing that he had been hiding so savagely under layer upon layer of pride and stoicism—It clutched at Geoffrey's heart.

"Suppose you go a little easy," he said, after a strained moment. "Lie down a while longer. I'll bring you in some lunch—"

"No; help me upstairs. I shall be quite right if I move about. I'm stiff, that's all."

He made a gallant enough beginning, and reached the foot of the stairs, holding to Geoffrey's arm, but with the first step up he collapsed. Geoffrey, with no further word, lifted him bodily, and turned to carry him back to bed.

"Geoffrey, p-please! w-won't you take me to the s-studio? I shall be quite right p-presently."

The little stammer was sufficient; much against his better judgment, Geoffrey yielded.

"You promise me you won't try to get down without me?" he stipulated, as he established Lucas on the steamer chair.

"But I t-tell you, I shall be quite all right in a l-little while—"

"You promise me?" insisted Geoffrey.

"Very well; I promise."

"Lucas, I wish you'd let me send for Kosaloff; he's

home today, I think. I'd like to have him see that leg now, while it's bothering you. His specialty is bones and joints, you know—"

His voice died out. Lucas, lying back on his pillows, looked up at him with an expression which chilled his blood. The dead pallor he had seen two nights ago had spread over the swarthy skin, and from the white mask the eyes gleamed, needles of ice.

"No doctor is going to do anything to my leg," said Lucas, very softly. "And unless you let me alone, I'll get out of your house."

A long, dragging silence fell. Geoffrey turned away slowly. He stood looking over the water toward the misty shape of the City, crouched by the Gate. . . .

Of course, he was in the wrong. He should have been more careful. Blundering ass! He should have understood that there were some things not for his understanding. Yet he went floundering in, and making a mess of everything! Only—only, if Lucas had not spoken quite like that—

No; he was wrong again. At least he would not be guilty of disloyalty. Nothing that Lucas could say mattered! Nothing could make any difference.

"Gofredo—"

He wheeled about. Lucas was holding out a hand.

"Gofredo mio—"

"Yes," said Geoffrey, hastily. "Ah—there's Mrs. Courtland, ringing for lunch. We'll have it out here together. Wait, I'll just help her carry it up—"

He gripped the slim brown fingers, and plunged across the studio and down stairs like a charging bull. Good Lord, anything but that! Anything but that! He felt like a man who has profaned a shrine. He had seen tears in Lucas' eyes.

For the next day or two he watched the little Spaniard furtively, filled with a gnawing anxiety, but Lucas succeeded in fighting down his troubles, and by the end of the week was evidently out of pain. A line at the corner of his mouth that hurt Geoffrey like a sword finally disappeared, and his laughter began to sound less hollow. Early on Sunday, as Geoffrey was making ready for holy mass, a rumpled black head was popped in his door.

"Hello," he said. "What got you out? You look fit, at that."

Lucas hesitated. "I thought you were sick," he

murmured. "I heard you up, at this ungodly hour—"

"It's Sunday."

"Oh!" A faint color crept up in Lucas' cheeks.

"Yes, so it is."

"You—you'd better not try to go, though, Lucas. I think—"

"No," retorted Lucas, with a queer little smile. "I won't go."

Geoffrey walked down to the boat landing, frowning; but by the time the steamer docked at Sausalito the salt air had blown his mood away. He climbed the hill to the church humming an old French nursery rhyme that he and Lucas had sung, once, on a moonlight night, on a blossoming terrace in Rio.

"O clair-de-la-lune,
Mon ami Pierrôt,
Prête-moi ta plume
Pour écrire un mot!"

Lucas had played, on a sawed-off guitar that he had picked up in some junk-shop. It was frightfully out of temper, and Lucas had made frantic efforts at conciliation; but the concert had ended in a jangle of broken strings.

"Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu!
Ouvre-moi ta porte,
Pour l'amour de Dieu!"

He laughed to himself, as the happy echo of Lucas' laughter wafted across his memory. Ah, those nights under the Southern Cross! And what a comrade Lucas was. He had always laughed, even through the Brazil days—

He found himself frowning again. Yes, Lucas still laughed, but not like that! Not like that!

"Ma chandelle est morte,
Je n'ai plus de feu—"

Was it that the candle was dead and the fire gone? He went in to holy mass, drearily tramping the treadmill of unanswered questionings.

Dr. Kosaloff, these times, was in and out of the house with more than his customary frequency. He seemed to have taken a tremendous fancy to Lucas; and, as he never appeared in anything resembling a professional light, Geoffrey was rejoiced to find that Lucas, after a barricaded fortnight, began to venture out into the open. Geoffrey's mistaken zeal about the lame leg had given the much-to-be-desired friendship a bad set-back, but that was cured now, he decided; and Kosaloff could even look at Lucas over his eyeglasses without making the poor chap stiffen. Yes; it was obviously no good to force things—one must just let them work out.

The three of them, on the doctor's free days, when the big City Hospital had no claims upon him, cramped together about the island, or on the Tiburon hills, or in the valley that is the gateway to the Hollow Land of the Giants. It was the doctor who managed matters so that Lucas did not too dangerously overtax his strength, and Geoffrey, with this burden of anxiety lightened, could throw himself wholeheartedly into the hours of pleasure.

"Bless the old Pagan," was Geoffrey's emotion, whenever Kosaloff, by some clever bit of diplomacy, succeeded in wafting Lucas gently away from trouble.

"Bless the old Pagan brute! He's a Christian, if you could peel his shell off!"

Lucas loved the hill tops and the hillside roads. The beauty of the woods, especially the menacing grandeur of the sequoias, seemed, if anything, distasteful to him. "I've seen woods enough," he said, one afternoon, as they sat on a fallen log, consuming hard-boiled eggs and hot tea from the doctor's thermos bottle, which, Geoffrey averred, was like the perpetually full pitcher of Greek lore. "I don't like woods. They don't let you breathe."

"Yes," remarked Geoffrey, throwing back his head to stare through crowding naked trunks up to the feathery green of branches tossing in the sun a hundred feet above them. "Yes, but these big beggars don't smother you like jungles I have met. That beastly place below Kaiteur Falls, with the darned grass tying up your ankles, and your face scratched by the boughs, and the air so wet you needed a pair of gills to take care of it!"

"M-mm," acquiesced Lucas. "Yes, at least these chaps have the grace to keep their hands to themselves; and they stand straight. The laurels, though—look at them! They're caught, down here in the hollow, and they can't run for it. They double and squirm and twist themselves, but the old fellows above there never notice. They just let 'em wriggle."

He sprang up suddenly, and strolled off to the edge of the singing stream. Geoffrey looked after him. Why must he always read a double meaning in Lucas' words? It was just a poetic fancy, about the struggling laurels. He turned from the slim figure and the bent black head, and encountered Kosaloff's eyes.

"Let him be," said Kosaloff, below his breath. It's his battle. Let him fight it out."

"I—I don't know what you mean," responded Geoffrey, resentfully. What did Kosaloff understand that was beyond him, Geoffrey, Lucas' "alter ego?" He was foolish enough to let it annoy him for several days.

One night he had a strange dream. He was wandering about in a dimly lighted place, searching for some one. There was unrest upon him, and alarm plucked at his soul. Ah—Lucas, that was it; he was hunting Lucas. He must be close by, for surely he had heard him calling a moment ago. There was need of haste, too; but it was so dark, and there were so many stairs to climb—endless stairs! That was what came of living on the side of a mountain—one had so many stairs to climb—always stairs to climb. It was difficult to get up and down so many stairs when one's leg was hurting. No, it was Lucas who suffered such pain—pain like a red-hot knife. Well, he would be willing to bear Lucas' pain, if—but he must find Lucas—he must find Lucas at once; there was no time to lose!

He saw something lying at his feet, in the dimness; a shape, vague and shadowy, with outstretched arms,

like a crucifix. It was a crucifix; but—good God! It was moving—it was alive! A great black cross, with a pale form fastened upon it—and what could that be, stretched beside it, lying close to it? Lucas?—Was that Lucas, lying so, with his head against the bleeding heart? The nailed hands of the crucified figure were straining at their bonds, and Geoffrey saw the left one loosen itself, and the left arm fold slowly about Lucas; the right, released also, clasped the slim body; the thorn-crowned head turned, the half-open lips curved in a smile. Geoffrey heard a voice speaking somewhere—heard soft words, repeated over and over, like a chant.

"His left hand—His left hand is under my head—"

Surely he knew those words—Like a chant, over and over—ah, how beautiful it was!

"His left hand is under my head,
And His right hand doth embrace me—"

Oddly enough, far from comforting, as he felt that it should, this curious adventure in the realms of sleep caused Geoffrey much uneasiness. What could it mean? Was it a message of hope, or of warning? Or had his own desires and fears for Lucas fused themselves into this fanciful picture? Lucas in the arms of Christ! Lucas, who seemed to have turned his back upon his God! Geoffrey tried to believe that it meant nothing; yet for weeks afterward he could not look at Lucas without something akin to terror.

The fall arrived, bringing days crowded full of work. Geoffrey was busy with a frieze for the decoration of a millionaire's library, and the studio was plastered from end to end with canvases, sketches in charcoal, stencils, and the like. Lucas, who was writing a series of articles on South America for one of the city papers, occupied a corner of the glass-porch within view of Geoffrey's easel, and Geoffrey would often look up from his painting to find the Spaniard's eyes fixed on him dreamily, brightening into a smile as their glances met. Lucas was feeling better, lately, Geoffrey thought. He looked better, too. He had gained in weight, his color was clearer, his expression happier. The lame leg was giving him no trouble, as far as Geoffrey could make out, and he appeared to be enjoying life in a quiet fashion. Geoffrey began to feel more secure about him. He might be brought to a normal, rational viewpoint through the prosaic road of improved health, and then—then would come Kosaloff's opportunity. Ah, if Lucas were not so difficult; if he could realize just a little all that Geoffrey had hoped and prayed for!

"I'm going for the mail," said Lucas, one morning, looking into the studio where Geoffrey was deep in a struggle with an unsatisfactory piece of composition. "Knock off and come along."

"Where have you been?" demanded Geoffrey, glancing over his shoulder. "You haven't done a tap since breakfast."

"Haven't I? Please understand that I want a job as assistant gardener; I've been weeding the fernery."

"Weeding! You are coming on!"

"And now I'm going to walk down for the mail. Come along."

Geoffrey shook his head. "Can't," he said. "This thing's driving me frantic."

"Let it alone for an hour or two, and it will right itself. Such a day, Geoffrey! Look at the sunshine! And that sky!"

"Sorry, dear boy."

"Saints above! What adamantine virtue! Well, I'm off."

"Get a sweater, Lucas. There's a sharpish breeze."

Lucas made a grimace. "Lord, Geoffrey! You're a regular old maid. I might as well be in jail—"

"You—get—your—sweater," commanded Geoffrey, punctuating his words by raps of his paint brush. "Do you want another chill? The wind's coming up, I tell you."

"Oh, all right. Hang you, you're worse than a wife! Where'd I leave the thing? Downstairs, I suppose. I'll take yours."

"I think mine's in the dining-room."

"I was going around by the drive. Are you going to make me travel downstairs just to satisfy your silly—"

"I'll get it for you." Geoffrey laid down his palette.

"Get nothing! What rubbish!" An expression of annoyance crossed the dark face, and Geoffrey bit his lip. Living with Lucas was like treading among eggs.

He heard the lower door slam, presently, and heard Lucas on the stairs that led to the lane.

"Took the short-cut after all," he thought. "I'd rather he'd gone by the drive. It's so steep; and there's a loose step, too. I hope he'll be careful. I forgot about that step. It ought to be fixed." He surveyed his painting critically, head on one side. No; it wouldn't do. The composition was wrong somewhere—

What was that? Did someone scream? Mrs. Courtland was calling him.

He sprang to the studio door, and into the hall, to the top of the stairs.

"Mr. Lee! Mr. Lee!"

"Yes—yes! I'm up here. What—"

"Mr. Lee, come down! Come quick! He's hurt! Oh, he's killed—" The voice broke off in hysterical sobs.

Geoffrey dashed down the stairs. "Who—what—what hap—"

"I saw him—I saw him from the window! 'Oh, I know he's killed!'"

Flinging himself at the door, Geoffrey tore it open and paused on the porch landing, dazed. At the foot of the steps he saw a huddled mass, inert, motionless. The green world swung whirling before him; when he came to his senses he was climbing the steps with Lucas in his arms.

Stairs—endless stairs—always stairs to climb!

The black head hanging limp, the awful dead weight, the ghastly face—oh, God, look at this pitiful thing!

He brushed past the sobbing housekeeper with half seeing eyes, and laid the unconscious man on his bed. There was a discolored spot on Lucas' left temple, but no sign of blood.

"Mrs. Courtland," said Geoffrey, curtly, "stop that racket, please, and go call Dr. Kosaloff. Call his house; he may not have left for the city yet. If he's gone, call the hospital and I'll talk to them. Hurry—don't stand there and howl!"

"Oh, Mr. Lee, is he—"

"I don't know! For God's sake, get out!"

He slammed the door in the woman's face, and turned back to Lucas. Mechanically he set to work to undress him, bungling everything, fingers slipping, tangling shoe-laces and tearing buttonholes; and through it all no sign or movement from the still figure. After what seemed an interminable time, he got Lucas into bed, and, kneeling beside him, tried to compose himself and listen for any sound of heart-beats; but he could hear nothing except the pounding of his own pulses.

Mrs. Courtland was at the door.

"The doctor's coming right over, Mr. Lee. Is there anything—"

Geoffrey got to his feet. He was behaving like a brute, but—no, he wouldn't have her in. He unlocked the door, opening a crack. "Get the flask off my table," he snapped. "Get an extra blanket—"

"The doctor says he'll be right over—"

"I heard you. Get that blanket, will you?"

Kosaloff came. He shot one glance at Geoffrey, and pointed to a chair.

"Sit down," he ordered. "Sit down, and don't make an ass of yourself."

Geoffrey watched, as the stethoscope was applied, but the impassive face told him nothing. After a moment, Kosaloff looked up and nodded.

"He's lucky—or unlucky; it's all in the point of view. Yes, he's alive. Now come around here and help me."

The afternoon was half spent before Lucas showed signs of returning consciousness. Kosaloff sat, his hand on the slim brown wrist, his jaw grim. When at last the head on the pillow stirred, his mouth twitched a bit, but that was all.

The black lashes fluttered and lifted. Geoffrey, on the opposite side of the bed, leaned closer.

"Speak to him," rumbled Kosaloff.

"Lucas," said Geoffrey.

The too expressive eyebrows took on a heart-breaking line; the gray eyes closed again. Geoffrey glanced up at the doctor.

"Rouse him," directed Kosaloff. "He'll answer to your voice. He's in pain, and we must find out what we can, as quickly as possible."

Geoffrey laid a hand on the damp forehead. "Lucas," he repeated. The sound of his voice seemed,

to recall the wandering man; the gray eyes opened a second time. They met Geoffrey's, and a fleeting smile touched the white lips.

"Geoffrey—" The eyes strayed vacantly, and encountered Kosaloff's. The sensitive brows took on perplexity—surprise—then knotted in a frown. The brown fingers moved in an effort to release themselves from the doctor's.

"What are you doing, Geoffrey—?"

"There, son," soothed Kosaloff, holding the fingers in his great hand. "You needn't fight; I'm not going to eat you. Open your mouth, now, and take this."

"What's the matter?" demanded Lucas. "What's happened?"

"You had a fall, and you've been knocked out. Take this. That's right. Close the window, Geoffrey."

"Fall—? Oh—am I hurt—?"

"That's what we're going to find out."

Geoffrey turned from the window. Kosaloff drew back the bedclothes; and Geoffrey halted, behind him, staring at Lucas. He had seen a wounded panther at bay look like that.

"Let me alone," said Lucas, in a voice scarcely audible. "Let me alone—"

Surely Kosaloff must see—what was he trying to do—?

"Let me alone—" gasped Lucas again, pushing feebly at the relentless fingers. "Let me alone—I'm not hurt—Ah!"

The cry was choked back savagely. Geoffrey shut his eyes; and looked again, to see Lucas, panting and livid, still struggling.

"I thought so," remarked Kosaloff coolly. "Badly damaged. Weak spot, you see; and the ligaments got it for fair. Get around there, Geoffrey, and hold his hands."

Oh, it was not fear of the pain! Geoffrey knew that. Lucas was not afraid of pain. The feel of the slender wrists that were twisting in his grip sickened him. He sat with averted head, doggedly obedient to orders.

"He'd better stay as he is for a few hours," said Kosaloff, at last. "Shock, you know; he must have rest. Later on we'll see—"

He took a hypodermic needle from the magical bag beside him on the table, and bent over Lucas once more. Lucas shrank away, his eyes glittering like a cat's.

"Will you let me alone?" The words came between clenched teeth. "I won't have it—I won't have the stuff! It's my own body, isn't it? My own body! Nothing can change that! Let me alone, I tell you—"

Kosaloff inserted the needle deftly. "That's all," he said, with a little smile. "Sheathe your claws, and go to sleep. He put a hand over the angry eyes, closing them. Lucas relaxed suddenly, trembling.

"Get away—" he whispered. "Get away from me! You—you're too strong. You're like—like God!"

(To be continued)

RESTING COMFORTABLY

By WILL W. WHALEN

"ALL patients resting comfortably."

That was the report of the night nurse to the presiding sister, as they soft-stepped along the corridors of St. Agnes' Hospital. Outside, the busy Broad Street sped its business and pleasure before this house of pain; and overhead, the April stars glanced down in silver pity at the roof. In the little private ward of four beds, which the night nurse had just left, there wasn't a sound but the breathing of the quartette of sick women, recovering from their recent operations. Only the clang of the in-rushing ambulance disturbed the stillness.

The nurse spoke of the bodies. She knew nothing of the souls. So thought one of the sufferers bitterly. "Resting comfortably!"

There was a bitter smile on the face of the patient nearest the long French window, a smile which the soft darkness veiled.

Through the stillness stole the powerful sweetness of a tiny bunch of arbutus from the bed table of a sleeping girl. Every other day into this little ward came a bunch of those blossoms, waxy and pure, from their mossy hillsides, sent by her loving brother, who went forth himself to cull the hidden treasures.

The patient, a girl with wonderful hair, she who smiled so bitterly, when the nurse reported just outside the open door, "Resting comfortably," this patient lay with her face turned toward the flowers, eagerly drawing in the perfume.

In the distant mountains, a farm lad sat beside a smoky lamp, and read a letter from the hospital ward. He had been busy in the fields all day, but he read his little sick sister's letter again.

"My arbutus is dying, and I feel as though something I love is slipping away from me. The nurses come every morning to smell them. So if you could get me another little bunch, I wouldn't feel so far away from nature and home. They do so speak of the times we used to have hunting them on the hills.

"Lovingly, ROSALIE."

Poor Rosalie! Laurence wondered if after all she had grown to love the city so well as her letters made them believe.

She had been working in an office; and he suspected that if she had been on the farm, her trip to the hospital would have been unnecessary. Poor little bit of waxy arbutus from the Blue Ridge Mountains, wasn't she fading and perhaps dying in the big city that had so little room for flowers!

The morning came, as all mornings do, no matter how long and painful the night. Only, this morning had a youthful, sweet spring smile, as if apologizing for being so very late in coming. Rosalie found her little bunch of flowers on the table, and then the

nurse came in with another small match box, stamped and parcel posted, containing a fresh cluster.

"Laurence is always so good," exclaimed Rosalie, burying her nose in the newest arrivals. "I can see him gathering these at dawn."

A post card came, begging pardon for the smallness of the bunch: "The flowers are so hard to find when you ain't along."

"May I have that old bunch?" asked the girl in the bed nearest the window. "I love them so."

She winked hard, as if she were trying to keep back tears; and Rosalie hastened to assure her that she certainly should have that little cluster, regretting that they weren't very fresh. Rosalie had only begun to recover sufficiently from her illness to notice how very beautiful the other girl was.

"I'm so glad," said Rosalie, "I got a fresh lot today, the 11th of April."

"Why the 11th?" asked the stranger, nursing her flowers, with the crisp little dead leaves and the waxy stars, sweet even in their dying.

"Because it's the feast of Our Lady of Sorrows; and at home I always made it a point to get to the church to lay a small bunch of Our Lady's flowers on her shrine that day."

"How interesting!" said the other girl, nipping her lips and winking hard again, as if trying to keep back tears. "Tell me about that feast of sorrows."

"I believe," said Rosalie, "that Mary, the mother of Christ, felt very keenly all the agonies she saw inflicted on her Son, and the Church has this feast to bring back to mind His suffering and hers. I know He tells His mother of my floral offering! You see, I weave them into a wreath to commemorate His crown of thorns; and then I lay them before His pure mother, and ask her prayers for some foolish girl who found her way to sin and lost her virtue."

The withered little bunch of flowers slipped from the fingers of the girl nearest the window. She turned away to hide the tears that nipping the lips and winking the lids wouldn't keep back any longer. Rosalie thought she was merely tired, and didn't look at her further.

The superior sister came in just then, and was lavish in her praise of Rosalie's May flowers.

"Bold little things, daring bits of modesty," she said, looking at them as one would at a child. "They come in chilly April, not fearing the possible frosts, so long as they make the world sweeter."

Rosalie gave them a lingering look, and then passed the flowers to the nun.

"Mother, I want you to put them on Our Lady's altar—for some other girl's intention."

The patient nearest the window sank her teeth into the counterpane to keep back a moan.

"Some girl who needs help—in soul."

The flowers were gone. A long hour after, the patient at the window turned to Rosalie.

"I ought to give you back your little buds and blossoms," she said, "since you sent the new ones away. I'm sure you're lonely without them."

"Not a bit," said Rosalie, "and I want you to have yours. They're good neighbors, those arbutus, for they send some of their perfume over here."

"My grandmother lived in the mountains," replied the stranger, "and she and I used to gather May flowers—oh, so long ago."

"You don't look very old," said Rosalie.

"I'm not. But it seems a long time since I gathered anything so sweet as arbutus. Grandmother used to say that everywhere Our Lady trod, the May flowers would grow, forgetting, dear old soul, that Our Lady wasn't a century runner."

Suddenly the voice got harsh and aged and disagreeable. It was as of another person altogether, a ribald, profane, irreverent voice.

Rosalie replied very cautiously and gently.

"Your grandmother most likely meant Our Lady's influence; for she knew, of course, Our Lady didn't visit the grand old hills of Pennsylvania, for example. And everybody honors the gentle Lily of Israel who brought the Messiah to the world. What does the Bible say about a rod coming out of Jesse, and a flower rising up out of her root?"

"It's such a pity that flowers die," returned the girl, whom by this time Rosalie knew as Florence.

"Everything dies," said Rosalie.

Incautious words—how she wished to recall them. In a hospital, one should never speak of death to sick girls, particularly girls so nervous as this odd patient.

"Poor grandmother died," replied Florence sadly, "leaving me all her money, and making me a target for any schemer. Better if she could have left me her love in this lonely, loveless world."

"Other folks will love you, Florence," returned Rosalie consolingly, "and make up for her loss, if you let them. And it isn't so hard to die when one's old, I fancy."

"It's hard for the old to die when they're leaving some one that's young," said Florence, with more of confession in her tone than she realized.

"That's true," answered Rosalie, whom that note of confession skipped. "The old know that life doesn't keep its promises, and they hate to see the young feeding on false hopes."

"Neither do men keep their promises," said Florence, with still more confession in her tone, "and the young and foolish they feed on lies."

Rosalie paused, hardly knowing what to make of this girl who spoke so bitterly. She cautiously disagreed.

"I think men do keep their promises, and I know all men don't lie."

"I hope you'll always feel that way," concluded Florence.

"I wisht youse girls would talk about things good to eat instead of flowers and Christians' religion," complained the thin Jewess in the bed at the end of the room. "Oh, if I only was back to get some home-cooking! Christian cooks ain't no good."

The nurse took Florence's temperature, and forbade her to speak any further; it was not doing her any good. Rosalie was so sorry that she almost cried—an easy thing for her to do in these days of nervousness. When the nurse was gone, Florence managed to scare up a smile some place, and flashed it on the repentant Rosalie.

"Don't blame yourself," she whispered. "I did it myself. I don't deserve your flowers, and then get you blamed for talking too much to me."

"I'm thinking of my other flowers up-stairs in the chapel," whispered back Rosalie. "They're there before Our Lady's shrine pleading beautifully for some foolish girl."

"I can almost hear them," said Florence, in a note of joy that made Rosalie wonder.

Then both drifted off into dreams—dreams of far away mountains, with gentle breezes bringing clews to the hiding places of May flowers. Two boys gave Rosalie bouquets in her dream, one her brother, the other that handsome lad with whom she had a hasty quarrel and then went to the city. Florence in her dream saw a man trampling among her flowers with rude, savage feet, and she tossed to and fro till exhaustion saved her from his memory.

Both girls were discharged the same day. Rosalie hated to part with Florence, of whom she had become very fond; but she realized that Florence was wealthy, and had taken the private ward only for company's sake. Her extraordinarily large tips to the nurses and everybody else showed she had plenty of money.

"Have you a home to go to?" asked Rosalie.

"No."

"Any place in particular to visit?"

"None."

"You could come with me?"—in delight.

"If you really wanted me."

"I do!"

Then Laurence arrived at the hospital with another wee bunch of arbutus. He was quite embarrassed, when he found two girls to meet him instead of one. He managed to whisper to Rosalie that Fred Irvin wanted to come along, but got cold feet at the last minute and backed out, such cold feet, Laurence averred, that he was sure the toes were frostbitten. It was a treat for Laurence to have Rosalie back with him on the train. But he enjoyed the ride all the more because Florence was with her.

To Florence the mountains were health-inspiring, very soothing, and so, too, to Rosalie. Both girls had had enough of the city, with its dust and distractions and dissipation, though Florence knew far more of the last than did Rosalie. Rosalie's knowledge was like a graphophone record—a mere echo of the chatter of the other girls in the offices.

Fred Irvin made up for lost time and neglected opportunities, and proposed to Rosalie on the spot. Laurence chanced on her and him in a hammock; and he told his mother that Rosalie's head was against a brawny shoulder, and from all appearances, their patient was "resting comfortably."

Florence laughed heartily at this sally, and then she went out to feed the chickens. Laurence followed her in a Fred Irvin mood, after he and his mother had had a heart-to-heart conference. Without difficulty he persuaded Florence to go mountaineering with him. The honeysuckle was blooming now, and the air was very fragrant.

As usual, Florence carried her ridiculous little reticule that seemed to hold so much. Off the road they went to where Laurence knew there was plenty of cut timber, and where there were seats to spare.

Here he asked her to marry him. The memory of her old mistake stirred and came up again out of the valley of the past, a ghost that would never be laid. She didn't answer, but fingered in her hand-bag. He wondered if she kept her heart in that, for there's where she seemed to have everything else, in that bit of meshed silk and beads. She drew out a faded bunch of arbutus.

"Your sister Rosalie gave me these when we were running mates in the hospital," she said, "and I beat her in the race of temperature and temperament that day. They brought back such awful memories. Laurence, listen! All girls, at some time in their lives, are like these flowers when first you sent them to Rosalie. Some girls remain so all through girlhood, fair, lovely, innocent. Others become like the faded ones I have here in my hand, withered by a hot, lying breath. I am like these," and bitterly she crushed them into bits.

Then she told him all, of her one big blunder, of the man she trusted as women so often trust, and of his riding away with her scalp at his girdle. Her voice was low and full, the echo of a heavy heart.

Laurence was thinking of an old book of poems—disagreeable poems, many of them. He had found the book and memorized some of its content, of course, all without the knowledge of his good parents. One of the poems came back to him now:

"O, follow, follow me!" cried Love, as in the jasper skies
The morning pearled, and loved the world a perfect Paradise.

* * * * *

And the yellow-winged canaries in the oleanders sung.
And life was like a fairy-tale, and all the world was young.
And on and on she followed, till they came unto a land
Where a river clanged forever through a wild, weird waste
of sand—
Through the rushes clanged forever, and the blinding sun-
light shone
On a serpent, coiled and hissing, by a ruined altar-stone.

* * * * *

And a skeleton reels forward; there is cypress on its brow
And a ring upon its finger; and it cries: "As I am now
Will you be, O poor lost maiden! for you followed Love
away;
For you followed Love who leadeth hither only to betray."

The ugly book did Laurence some good now. It aroused pity in him for Florence, a great pity that welled over and baptized his love for her, pouring oil into the wound in his own pure heart. Never having done wrong himself, he was only the more merciful judge to her. The severest judge on his neighbor is always the man who loudest cries "Patience!" regarding his own misdeeds. Laurence kept very still as this girl let him look into her soul.

She thought he was judging her, as only a good man can judge a frail woman; and she stumbled on, hiding nothing, showing the old scars of her battle and her defeat—on to the bitter end. Then he should know all; tomorrow she'd start off into the world again, what was left of her, to take up what was left of life—away from the protection of those glorious old mountains, away from the simple souls who dwelt here, happy, peaceful and innocent.

"It was at a summer resort, and I hardly knew how to spend my money fast enough. A handsome man at least twice my age flirted with me. I started the trouble myself by not making my eyes behave, so I can't blame him for the beginning. We became lovers of a sort, and then he told me with tears in his eyes that he was married, but not living with his wife, a woman who never understood and simply didn't try to understand him. The girl," she continued bitterly, "who listens to that yarn about wives not appreciating is the biggest fool on God's green earth. I honestly don't think that man cared the snap of his well manicured finger about me. I was too milk-and-watery for his tastes. My money, of course, was quite acceptable. I can't say how much he borrowed with plausible stories of checks that hadn't arrived in time.

"All the while he was using me to obtain a divorce from his wife. He wrote me letters incriminating; did them on the type machine; and left the carbon copies where his wife would discover them. The upshot of it all came when I was dragged into the divorce courts; made a co-respondent; given enough newspaper notoriety to last me for the rest of my life; laughed and booed at; and all the while I was innocent, that is, I really never let that man make love to me, after I knew he had a wife. But, you see, I trifled with danger; I'd been seen with him too often, for I enjoyed his brilliant powers of conversation.

"After the divorce, he wrote me a curt note, and next day married a brazen girl who sold tickets in a moving picture booth. Her face was saved, while my life was blasted. No one will believe I wasn't guilty to the soul, least of all the wife who sneered into my eyes when I left the court room. There, now, Laurence, you see the woman you want to marry—one whose name figured publicly in a vile divorce case."

She paused and fumbled in her bag again.

"What became of—him?" was Laurence's question.
"He tired of his second wife very soon. She sought me out and told me how cruel he had been to her.

(Continued on page 88)

Miscellaneous

MEMORY'S GARDENS

BY MARIAN NESBITT

I SHOULD think there are very few among us for whom gardens have no charm. To begin with, they are connected with our earliest thoughts about religion, when we listened, wondering, to the old old story—wondering, yet with that “simple, soul-reposing, glad belief in everything,” which is one of the happiest prerogatives of a happy childhood,—and heard of our first parents, and their fair eastern garden whence their own sin cast them forth.

And, as the years go on, we, too, make Edens of our own—enchanted grounds—from which, perchance, the Angel of Destiny drives us with a gleaming sword. Sometimes we ourselves open the gates of our earthly paradise, and set our faces towards the wilderness.

Those who have been called out of the darkness of heresy or scepticism into the glorious light of the true faith, know what it means to voluntarily—for God's sake and conscience sake—leave their own people and their father's house, willingly exiles from the land of home; martyrs, too, in heart, they look backward—not with Regret, but with an uncontrollable anguish, because this going only too often proves a life-long separation. Truly the poet sings:

Space may keep friends apart,

Death has a mighty thrall;

There is another gulf

Harder to cross than all.

No division being so great—no waters so wide or so impassable—as difference of religion.

Duty is another Angel who frequently drives us from our own particular paradise; and yet another, is the radiant Angel of the religious vocation, who urges us—sometimes it might almost seem against our will—to sever the sweet ties of kindred and of friendship and to pass out into the desolate wilderness of penance. And, at his word, we, leaving behind us our best beloved, whilst through teardimmed eyes we see:

As 't were the gates of Eden Closing
o'er

To hide them from our sight for ever—
more!

If we turn the pages of Holy Scripture, we find a surprising number of references to gardens, not the least beautiful being those which we associate in our minds with our Mother Immaculate—the “Garden Enclosed”;—but I should think perhaps that the one above all others which most frequently recurs to our minds is the Garden of the Agony—Gethsemane—whose ancient olive trees witnessed the awful mental torture of our Redeemer and our God.

We, too, have our gardens of sorrow as well as our gardens of joy—places, lovely enough in themselves, but forever dreadful to us, because of certain moments spent therein. A day dawns—not perchance in gloom and storm, with lowering skies and dreary winter rain; but a day where the sun shone brightly, the south wind whispered softly in the pine trees, the rhododendrons bordered the winding paths of silvery sand like giant bouquets of flame color, crimson and palest gold.

But, “ah! how cruel unchanging nature looked to a heart that had been changed to its own despite.” Have we not most of us felt a strange, stinging sense of hurt surprise to find the flowers still blooming at our side, when Winter filled our souls? Do not pain, parting, and absence—whether we believe ourselves to have prepared for them or not—always seem to come with such appalling suddenness?

One moment bird and brook go warbling on; then the wind sighs again, and joy is gone! The gate is closed and the hand that closed it, took all our happiness with it, leaving us behind alone, in our Garden of Gethsemane!

“O call back yesterday—Bid Time return!” exclaims one of the greatest poets and cleverest students of human nature the world has ever known, and it is the cry oftener on our own lips; but what “has been,” can seldom, if ever,

be quite the same again—not, at least, in full perfection. It is inevitable; and, sooner or later, we find ourselves compelled to recognize the fact.

Well, however, is it for us if we struggle to retain those dear dreams, ideals, and enthusiasms which others as easily lay aside with their outgrown things.

When we look back, it is astonishing to find how many delightful gardens we have known, and not the least pleasant thought in connection with them is that our Seraphic Father St. Francis, whose, highly sensitive temperament was intensely alive to the charms of nature, “encouraged,” we are told “the growth of beautiful flowers in the gardens of his convents,” holding that Holy Poverty need not exclude simple beauty.

Possibly, nay, most probably—it was His sons who planted that delicate little blossom called the “Dunwich rose,” which still grows wild upon the cliffs once hallowed by the tread of their sandalled feet. Dunwich, it will be remembered, was a once famous episcopal city on the east coast of England—a city which for two hundred and seventy years possessed churches, monasteries, and hospitals in large numbers, though all that now remains of its former greatness, is a tiny fishing village, with a population of perhaps three hundred souls.

Here, in the Ages of Faith, the “Grave Friars” had a “goodbye house”; whilst the traces that may even yet be seen of its “verie fayre church,” prove it to have been in truth a noble edifice. Many a time has the writer dreamt the golden dreams of childhood within its sheltering walls, where the glorious Gothic arches are open to the dome of heaven and instead of the praise and the prayer and the solemn chanting of the Brethren, only the ceaseless sound of breaking waves rises from the shingling beach below, to mingle with the soothing murmur of bees hovering above the short sun-kissed grasses of the cliff and the sighing of the sea wind

amongst the ivy-covered pillars of what was once the nave.

How the Friars must have labored here in days gone by, striving to live up to the standard of their great yet humble founder, the prevailing motive in whose life, and in whose death the prevailing note which he desired to bequeath to his sons forever, was a burning love of God as revealed by Jesus Christ; and, from this, an intrepid devotion to the service of man. How they must have gone forth on their errands of mercy from the grand old gateway: for the Franciscan spirit, then as now, was essentially one of tender solicitude for those in suffering, poverty, and sorrow. Indeed it could not be otherwise, seeing that the Little Poor One "utterly gave himself for others." In no other saint, perchance, has this wonderful love of his fellow creatures been so perfectly developed. It was so wide and generous; the very miracles he wrought were chiefly for the suffering, and consequently he possessed the power of winning men to an extraordinary extent.

Can we not picture his pleasure in the little "Dunwich rose," which, like a message from an long dead Past, speaks to us of that keen, energizing faith that can never die; whispering to us to beware lest we allow the restless, hurrying waters of Time to so encroach upon the shores of our soul that old beliefs and old landmarks of hope and trust are swept away as completely and as disastrously, as the mighty waves of the ocean have submerged this once famous episcopal city?

How pleasant it is to wander, in imagination, through the gardens we have known, on some winter evening when outside the wind is tossing wildly in the pine trees and inside, despite the cheerful glow of piled-up logs, "the leaves of Memory seem to make a mournful rustling in the dark." Even as I write, the picture of a large monastic garden rises before me. At one corner, a gigantic cedar "spreads its dark green layers of shade"; whilst directly opposite—though far from it, is an old acacia. Its delicately green leaves show vividly bright against a sapphire sky and occasionally "a blossom, like an angel, out of sight, yet blessing well," drifts softly down on some cowed figure pacing beneath. Further on is a pear tree which in spring is "a thing of beauty" not to be described in ordinary words; but now the blossoms have all departed,

for it is June and the Feast of Corpus Christi. The altar, which has been erected under a laburnum, is already glowing with the light of many candles that burn steadily in the still, hot air. Through the open windows of the church can be heard the solemn notes of the organ, and now mingling with—now soaring above—the swelling current of melody are hundreds of voices singing the opening verse of the *Pange Lingua*; a minute more and the procession has passed out through the great doors, whilst the music grows fainter in the distance. Then, after a brief space, the cross appears on the broad central pathway beyond the choir, the sunlight striking golden gleams from it as it is borne slowly on. The rich banners, too, with the white colts and scarlet cassocks of the altar boys, and the blue mantles of the children of Mary make brilliant points of color amidst the surrounding peace. Then come the school children—boys and girls, then the religious in their habits, then the little ones, who have that morning made their First Communion, scattering flowers before the Blessed Sacrament; and, lastly, following the canopy, an immense but reverent crowd. The *Tantum Ergo* has been sung—a breathless stillness has fallen upon the kneeling throng—Benediction is about to be given. But ere the sound of the bell breaks silvery sweet upon the silence, the scene passes from my sight and another has taken its place.

This time it is a garden within a garden—the loveliest little glade imaginable. Tall trees shelter it on every side; graceful ferns grow high in shady corners; the fair, lawnlike space, round which the widespread branches of beech, elm, ancient thorn, and giant bushes of creamy blossomed syringa gather protectingly, is carpeted with greenest moss, out of which, in May, rises a profusion of lilies of the valley, their pure white bells swinging softly in the breeze.

In the very center of this sweet nook, I see once more a tiny well of crystal clear water, curly fernfronds and swaying grasses overhanging its gray stone rim; and above stands an exquisitely sculptured marble statue of the Immaculate Mother, holding her Divine Child in her arms.

Have we not all, "amidst life's petty strife," some sacred memory especially connected with Our Lady, hidden deep within our hearts—some treasured re-

membrane of a certain day or hour, when perchance the radiant gleam in a sunset-sky, or the silvery sheen of waving windflowers on a spring morning, brought home to our minds, in a way never hitherto experienced, the nearness of heaven and the fair image of her who, standing beneath the cross, become our Mother and our Queen?

Yes; surely it is thus with all of us. Step by step, Mary goes with us as we journey on, saying the rosary of our years; but none the less is the thought of her entwined with our first conscious recollections of things beautiful and sublime. Mine must ever be inextricably interwoven round the well I have tried so inadequately to describe "Our Lady's Fountain," it is called, it being one of those ancient holy springs in England, though they are fewer than in Ireland.

Probably during the Ages of Faith, when numbers of pilgrims, passing along the "Palmer's Way," and Heremites (hermits) on an heape with hoke'd (hooked) staves Wenten to Walsingham, not a few of them turned aside to pray in this fair secluded spot, and kneeling beside the "Maiden's Well," shed tears

Of dreadful bitterness for dear hopes dead,

Or anguished longings for what might have been,

Or dumb despair, because the things not seen

Had lost their hold; or grief for harsh words said.

Again, another garden seems to rise before me. Facing due south, it surrounds an old gabled house upon a hill. A belt of pine trees shelters it on the north and east and from a corner at the edge of the cliff—that cliff washed ever by the waves of a lovely landlocked bay I used to watch the evening star shining golden upon the water, whilst I dreamt youthful dreams of a happiness that could never be realized. Where are now the flowers we tended? Withered, broken-branch and stem, Where are now the hopes we cherished? Scattered to the winds with them!

Yet, though the flowers fade and the storms come, there are for most of us, the sunny gardens of Memory, wherein we may wander at will with the friends we love best—gardens gay with those peerless blossoms of remembrance which neither time can wither nor tempest destroy.



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

"To make and hold yourself good is the best start toward making the world good." (Tertiary Convention.)

THE HIDDEN THINGS OF THE WORLD

THE long, low car rolled noiselessly along the street. In it were seated a lady—and a wise man. Before a certain door the noiseless car came silently to a stop. And the chauffeur, bearing a message from the lovely lady, entered the building. In the gutter, with awed eyes fastened on this exhibition of power and luxury, were two children. There were other children, who came, racing, and standing in little groups, watching, watching, with great curious eyes, hopping from one foot to the other.

"Flies . . . in winter time," suggested the Wise Man.

The Lovely Lady smiled faintly.

"There are always such flies . . . here," she said. "I believe my good Mary has a half-dozen of them. Or . . . is it a dozen? I forget."

The Wise Man shrugged his shoulders.

"What matter?"

"Only to themselves—poor things."

"Poor things—yes. That is right. They are poor, aren't they?"

"Yes."

"And yet they have a certain amount of happiness."

The Lovely Lady snuggled more closely under the fur robe, and her eyes were shadowed.

Happiness? . . . Well . . . happiness is somewhere in the world. If one can find it."

Said the Wise Man: "My dear, it is all in the state of mind."

Flippantly, wearily, she looked at him.

"Whose mind?" she asked.

Then the chauffeur came out of the dingy house, gave the Lovely

Lady a message in a low, respectful tone, which she received graciously. The car moved on, quietly, and the little flies drifted away.

All but two—the two at the gutter-edge.

The little girl had a shawl drawn about her—a thick, red, knitted shawl. Which kept her body warm,

You can't eat it, Nora."

"Poor Timmy!" said Nora. "You ain't had your dinner?"

"No. Nor breakfast. And there won't be any supper," briefly. "Old man's busted up again."

"My mother'll give you some."

"Nix!" proudly. "Not no more. Three times is out. I ain't no sponge."

Nora was silent, her chin sunk in her red shawl.

"Timmy," she said, "I'm cold."

"So'm I."

Again a silence.

"Timmy . . . I'm freezing cold!"

"So'm I, Nora."

"Let's go in."

He shivered.

"Well . . . then . . ."

They went up a flight of stairs. "Ouch!" said Nora.

And another flight . . . "O-o-h!" whimpered Nora.

"O Timmy! O Timmy! I've a toothache! I've a toothache!"

She opened a door and plunged into a warm kitchen, where a kind-

facéd woman stood at the stove, stirring a savory mess in a black iron pot.

"O Mom! O Mom!" she cried. "I've got a toothache! I've got a toothache!"

"Mercy, child!" said the mother. "A toothache! An' you haven't a bad tooth in your head, thanks be to God. What's the matter with you, Nora?"

The child buried her face in her mother's neck, her lips close to her mother's ear, whispering, whispering:

"Mom, give Timmy my supper. He says he won't take no more. Give it to him, 'cause—'cause I have a toothache . . . No breakfast . . . no dinner . . . nc

though its usefulness had outlived its respectability.

That was the only noticeable thing about Nora Delaney—the red shawl.

The boy's tousled head and blue nose—it was cold—did not seem amiss. Looking at him one knew that in winter weather his nose was always blue, his hair unkempt, his hands grimy.

"You see, yourself," said Nora, confidentially, "it is somewhere. She said so—the Lady in the Limousine. Somewhere in the world. That's what she said. If one could find it. She said that, too."

"Well," remarked Timmy, and his teeth chattered. "S'one sure thing.

supper . . . Please, Mom . . .
The mother patted the red shawl, comfortingly.

"Go lie down the bed, alanna," she said. "An' pull the shawl up over your face—it's cold, you are! You, Timmy!" to the anxious-eyed lad, with the blue nose and the grimy fingers, "'twould be a shame to waste the good food. Sit over now and let me give you Nora's share, that's a boy. We'll be getting her a cup of warm milk when the toothache's better."

Said the Lady in the Limousine, warm under her costly robe of fur: "Happiness? . . . Well . . . it's somewhere in the world. If one could find it."

And the Wise Man answered her. "My dear, it is all in the state of mind."

And the Lady asked, flippantly, wearily: "Whose mind?"

They talked . . . like that. And very much more than that—oh, very much more. It sounded

wise, but it was mostly foolish and futile.

For they were never likely to know that Happiness lay in the spirit under the little red shawl.

For the kingdom of heaven is like unto

A treasure hidden in the field
Which a man, having found,
Hid it—and for joy thereof, goeth,
And selleth all that he hath
And buyeth that field. (St. Matthew, xiii. 44.)

MY SAINT POLLY

By ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL

SOME years ago, when through a little New town, I bethought me on a lady with whom I had very friendly terms during she was living in my home.

To my surprise, my ring door-bell was answered by in uniform, who to my inquiry "Miss G. at home?" replied she is at home; but she had been sick in bed for the past six months. I was greatly shocked on that she would probably cover, and so I did not expect her. But the nurse told me there, and she insisted on coming to her room.

What I saw there I was unable to describe. Miss G. was ill with a malady which probably as intense a pain as the human body can endure and survive. Yet in that room of suffering was an atmosphere of radiance such as I have never encountered elsewhere. I have seen many who were ill—suffering—dying, and bearing it all with Christ-like patience and resignation to the Divine will; but never before or since has it been my privilege to witness so radiant an acceptance of intense and long drawn out agony.

She described her sufferings to me in an impersonal manner as if she were speaking of someone else, adding, "They think I am wonderful because I never complain, but I am just taking it all as my Purgatory."

True, this has been said in all

parish, but a distinguished nonsignor of the Church, a family friend of long standing, ministered to her spiritual needs. She herself said to me, "I know that everything that science, and everything that religion can do, is doing for me. I should like to get well for the sake of those who will grieve when I go, but otherwise I have no choice in the matter."

After her soul had taken its flight to the glorious home which we must believe awaited her, the distinguished cleric above mentioned, said to her friends assembled at her deathbed, "We can all pray to her, even though the Church bids us pray for her."

A few incidents in her life dur-

hort acquaintance with her, it in my memory, and show many years she was pre-ber herself for the graces be-on her so plentifully and ed to so faithfully during nths of martyrdom. She to our parish, not knowing n by a single person in it; n not handsome but attrac-h a carriage that made her it distinctly from all about ays elegantly and tastefully but with the air of being a manner born as to be quite ious of her clothes. She n at one, often at two holy every morning, remaining knees practically all that id for so long afterwards rely anyone ever remained long enough to know when she left the church.

One morning, a poor woman, humbly clad, had some difficulty about lighting a candle and was going away from the altar without accomplishing her purpose, when Miss G., seeing her plight, left her pew, and with great simplicity and kindness went to her assistance.

Meeting me in the vestibule after holy Mass, she opened a conversation by referring with great interest to the poor woman. Thus began a warm friendship between us. She told me then how she came to be living by herself in a strange place.

She belonged to a prosperous, cultured and very happy family, and

(Continued on page 78)

Home Handicraft

AN ELEMENTARY LESSON IN FANCY SEWING

second diagram in the illustration shows this quite plainly.

Now it will be necessary to baste these small eighth-of-an-inch turnovers as indicated in the same diagram. This insures the corner being kept square. Turn down the corner and the entire side an eighth of an inch, and again half an inch, until it lies exactly against the upper edge of this second side. Be very careful that the open drawn lines

the drawn-out line. Insert the needle again at the back of the group of threads, as in the second diagram, taking a plain hemming stitch through the material and through the overfold. Draw the thread out its full length. This is the most simple kind of hemstitching.

Incrustation Stitch:

There is another very little known stitch by which lace is applied to a fine fabric, such as a handkerchief. It is known as "incrustation," and may be used both for insertions and edges. To do this work, lay the lace over the edge of the material to the depth of about half an inch. Baste it perfectly straight, a little distance from the edge of the lace. Now insert the needle in the material this side of the edge of the lace, and take a stitch backward in the material, as indicated in Fig. 1. Draw the thread tightly, and put the needle in the material in the same hole in which it was first inserted, and bring it out through the material and the extreme edge of the lace as in Fig. 2. Draw the thread through the full length. Take a stitch back through the lace edge and the material, and bring it out in the hole where the thread leaves the ground material, or in the hole which was pierced in the previous stitch (Fig. 3). Draw this thread through its full length, insert the needle as though taking the stitch a second



In hemstitching a square the inside overfold is cut away at the corners

The individuality of hand-made things is always appreciated, no matter how skilfully a machine can do the work. In spite of tailors and tailoresses every woman should be able to make a good buttonhole, and as to decorative stitches, one wants to wear hand-made clothes occasionally. They are always in style, and you can afford to wear them only if you do the work yourself.

Hemstitching:

Take hemstitching, for instance. It is easier to hemstitch than it is to do plain hemming, and yet there are many people who go about it in the wrong way. There are several rather complicated knot hemstitches; but in this case, as in all others, the simplest is the best.

Now here is the most simple way to hemstitch:

Draw out from three to five threads of the material along the line where the hem is to come. If you want a half-inch hem, draw out the threads an inch and a quarter from the edge. First turn the material a quarter of an inch down, then half an inch down and baste it exactly against the lower edge of the drawn-out thread line. If you are hemstitching a square, you should baste the hem on the two opposite sides first, in order to get the corners right. The inside overfold should be cut away at the corners to within an eighth of an inch of the drawn-out line running at right angles to the one you are basting, and also to within an eighth of an inch of the top of this overfold. The

of the corner match each other perfectly, and when you hold the corner thus prepared for hemstitching to the light, you will see that, like the hem, it is only double except on the extreme edges. Unless the corner is cut away in this manner, it is very clumsy.

You are now ready to hemstitch. Hold the work over the forefinger of the left hand, and use a fine needle and fine cotton. First take an ordinary hemming stitch, holding the end of the thread until you have done a few stitches, in order to fasten it. Do not make a knot. Insert the needle under a small group of threads in the drawn-out line, as shown in the first diagram. Draw the thread through its full length, pulling toward the top of the hem, with the thumb holding the hem firmly against



Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

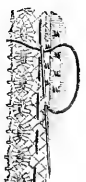
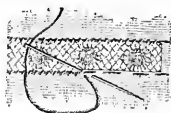


Fig. 3.



Fig. 4.



Examples of "rolling" and "whipping."

time, and bring it out in the material on the line with the last stitch which was taken through the material as in Fig. 4. Repeat this until the lace is fastened to the material. At the back it will appear like a herringbone stitch. Draw the thread tightly in this way, and making practically a stitch and a half each time, the lace is thus finished with a pretty open edge which looks like hemstitching. Now cut away the linen from under the lace to within an eighth of an inch from the edge. This raw edge does not make the work weak; it will launder very well. Women who do exquisite work are not at all afraid of a raw edge on the wrong side of a thing, and very often they avoid in this way what might be called sewing a thing to death—the kind of relentless sewing which takes away much grace and spontaneity.

Rolling and Whipping:

Insertions are, of course, not incrustated except in very beautiful or small pieces of work. The usual way for putting insertions is far more simple. They may be either rolled or whipped, or more simple still, they may be put in by over-sewing without rolling the material. Here is the method: Lay the lace over the surface of the material and fasten it on the right side with fine running stitches on each extreme edge, as shown in the first diagram of rolling and whipping. Cut away the linen at the back to within a sixteenth of an inch to where it is sewn, and then, on the wrong side, by very close top sewing, whip in this raw edge to the edge of the insertion, as in the second diagram. The work must be very closely sewn in order to prevent its pulling out. If it is closely sewn it is absolutely firm.

If one is particular, after basting the insertion, cut the linen and roll and whip as the work proceeds, but this is much more difficult. It is, however, necessary to roll the material in case of a lace edge, and this is done by rolling the edge slightly between the thumb and forefinger. Then lay the edge out straight over the forefinger and the material straight in front of it, and slip the needle under the rolled edge and through the extreme edge of the lace, as shown in the lower diagram of rolling and whipping.

Buttonhole Stitch:

Another very important factor in lingerie work is the making of buttonholes. Embroidery buttonhole stitch is quite different from the stitch with which a buttonhole is made. First run the edge of what will be the buttonhole down the left side and up the right. With sharp scissors cut in between these two lines.

Turn the work so as to hold the buttonhole lengthwise over the forefinger, with the left side toward you, the edge of the buttonhole away from you; this last point is particularly important. Insert the needle over the open edge, pointing it exactly toward you, with the thread thrown to the left. Now, holding the thread over the third and little finger of the right hand, carry the double portion of it, next to the eye, to the left, and throw it over the needle. Draw the needle through the full length of the thread, forming a knot on the upper side of the edge. In this work do not let the thread leave the right hand until it draws the stitch firmly through. In drawing the stitch through it is again wrapped over the third and little finger, and is ready to throw over the next stitch. When the end of the buttonhole is reached, allow the knot of the loop stitch to come forward on the lower edge rather than on the upper as before. This finishes the little lip of the buttonhole, which wears well around the button. About four stitches will turn this corner. Turn the work and buttonhole the second side in the same way as the first. When the starting-point is again reached insert the needle over the two edges. Draw a plain stitch through, and then another through the same holes. On these two stitches make three or four buttonhole stitches. Insert the needle and fasten the thread on the wrong side.

Buttonhole Loops:

Buttonhole loops—the diagrams of which are shown—are made with the same stitch, and, as they are much used on blouses to fasten the cuffs, you will want to know how to do them properly. Slip in the knotted thread by running it under the hem or tuck, bringing the knot on the right side, which you can afterward cut off. The first stitch is taken through at the right-hand side

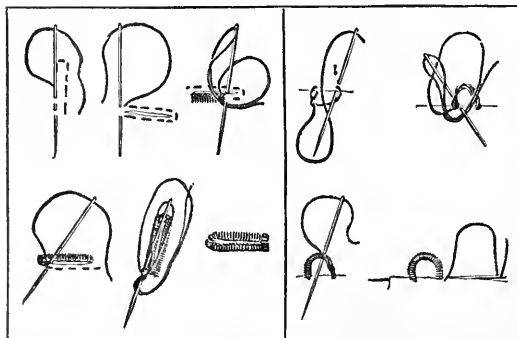
of the loop. Put the needle in at a distance of the width of the loop from this stitch. Take it through the edge of the material, keeping the thread to the left. Throw the thread over as you would form a buttonhole stitch. This twists the thread on the loop. Now take the needle into the same stitch on the right where you began the work. Again put the needle through the same stitch or the left, and make another buttonhole loop. Once again take the needle through the stitch on the right. You have now four threads forming your loop, and if you have taken the buttonhole stitch through properly you will have no difficulty in making these loops all the same size, and held together, as in the second figure of the illustration. Now, on this right-hand corner, take a buttonhole stitch into the material to make the start firm. Up to this point you have held the loop toward you. Now turn the work so that you are holding the loop away from you. Continue to buttonhole on the loop exactly as you did the buttonhole itself, in every case throwing the thread around to the left over the needle, and drawing the purl to the outside of the loop. This gives you an absolutely regular, firm wire loop which wears beautifully and washes well. In embroidery buttonholing the purling is toward you, but in tailor buttonholing the purl is away from you; thus the two stitches have a totally different construction. When you have finished it round to the left-hand corner take one buttonhole stitch through the material, slip the needle under and fasten off on the wrong side.

Ecclesiastical Cinetures:

The stitch differs from the ordinary single stitch crochet, in that the needle is stabbed down from the top and the stitch turned outside in. (See illustration.) The needle is pushed through

the little straight line of cord that runs between the scrolls. These cinetures can be made any size. The ones in general use are:

Chain four and join in ring, then go round and round in single crochet, i. e., draw cord through once, thread over needle, draw through two.



Showing how a buttonhole is made. Begin with the upper left-hand diagram.

How to make a buttonhole loop. Start with the upper left-hand diagram.



Ecclesiastical Cincture

The linen cord may be purchased in any embroidery or department store. No. 16, the coarsest number, is the one used, and that must be doubled. It will take about eight balls to make a cincture four yards long, with tassels, using a No. 4 needle.

Tassels: Wind the cord seven times round the finger, then join in ring, continue in this way until you have fifteen loops in the ring. Chain three and fasten in the fifteen loops in ring. Crochet round until you have seven rows of loops, then make two rows of shells. Finish the tassels with a fringe composed of forty-five chain stitches done with coarse needle.

These cinctures can be made very beautifully with silk, carrying with the double silk one linen thread to give body.

THE COSMOS EDGING

Begin in the following manner. (This row is not counted in the numbered rows of the design, as it is only a preliminary.) Make 15 ch, 1 tr in the 8th stitch from the needle, 3 ch 1 tr again in the same place, miss 2 stitches and put 1 tr into each of the remaining stitches, 3 ch, turn.

1st row. 1 tr into the second tr of last row, then work 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr into each of the spaces of 3 ch in last row, 1 ch, 1 tr in remaining loop, 5 ch, turn.

2nd row. Work 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr into each of the spaces of 3 ch and 2 tr in the 2 tr at the end, 3 ch, turn.

3rd row. Same as first.

4th row. Same as second.

(This straight part of the design makes the insertion.)

5th row. Begin the same as the first row then continue for the scallop, which is worked back in the part over the insertion of the previous rows. 6ch, 1 d c over the side of the tr stitch last made, 5 ch, turn.

6th row. 1 d c in the loop of 6 ch, 5 ch, 1 d c in the same place, 5 ch, 1 d c in same place, 1 slip stitch into adjoining tr, 5 ch, make 2 tr divided by 3 ch in each of the two spaces of the insertion, as before, 2 tr in 2 tr of edge, turn.

7th row. 2 tr, 1 tr 3 ch and 1 tr in each of the two spaces as before, 1 ch, 1 tr in following loop, 5 ch, 1 d c in first of the three loops which were made in loop of 6 ch, 5 ch, 1 d c in centre loop, 5 ch, 1 d c in same place, 5 ch, 1 d c in third loop, 5 ch, 1 d c in next gap of the insertion (to the left) 2 ch, 1 d c in next hole, 3 ch, turn.

8th row. 1 tr in last loop of 5 ch, 3 ch, work: 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 d c into each of the next three loops; then 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr into next loop, and the same in each of the two spaces in the insertion, 2 tr into the 2 tr of edge, turn the work.

9th row. 2 tr, then 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr into each of the two spaces of insertion 2 ch, 1 tr in small space of 1 ch, following, 2 ch and 1 tr in next space of 3 ch, 6 ch, 1 d c in the center space of the first little point of the scallop, 6 ch, 1 d c into the first space of the center point, 6 ch, 1 d c into the last space of the center point, 6 ch, 1 d c into center space of the third point, 6 ch, 1 tr, in the end space of the last row, 3 ch, 1 d c in next hole of the insertion, 2 ch, 1 d c in next hole, 3 ch, turn.

10th row. 1 tr in last made space of 3 ch and in each loops of 6 ch, work 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 d c, then 3 ch, 1 tr in the tr stitch between the following two spaces of 2 ch, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, in each of the spaces of the insertion, 2 tr on the 2 tr of the edge, turn the work.

11th row. 2 tr, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr in each of the next two spaces, 1 ch, 1 tr

in next space, 3 ch, 1 d c in next space, 6 ch, 1 d c in the center space of the first little point of the scallop * 6 ch, 1 d c, in the first space of the next point; repeat twice more from *; 6 ch, 1 d c in the center space of the next point, 6 ch, 1 d c in the end space of the last row; 3 ch, 1 d c in next hole of the insertion, 4 ch, turn.

12th row. In each of the nine loops of 6 ch, work 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 d c; then 3 ch, 1 d c in the following space of 3 ch, 5 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, and 1 tr in each of the spaces of the insertion, 2 tr into the 2 tr of the edge; turn the work.

This is the end of one pattern. To continue the lace begin again at the first numbered row.

FOR THE CORNER

1st row. Same as the first row of the lace pattern.

2nd row and 3rd row. The same as second and third of the lace.

4th row. 5 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr into each of the two spaces, omit the 2 tr at the edge, turn the work.

5th row. 1 slipstitch into the last made space, 3 ch for tr, 3 ch, 1 tr into the same space, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr into the next space, 1 ch, 1 tr into the following loop. Now begin the scallop. 6 ch, 1 d c over the side of the tr stitch just made, turn the work.

6th row. * 5 ch, 1 d c in the loop of 6 ch, repeat from * three times; 1 slipstitch in the adjoining tr stitch, 2 ch, 1 d c in the following space of 3 ch of the insertion (leave the top space), turn.

7th row. 5 ch, 1 d c in the first of the four loops, * 5 ch, 1 d c, in the next loop; repeat from * twice; then, 5 ch, 1 d c in the next hole of the insertion (to the left), 2 ch, 1 d c in next; turn.

8th row. 3 ch, 1 tr in last made loop of 5 ch, 3 ch, work into each of the next four loops; 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 d c, then 3 ch, 1 d c in top space of the insertion, turn the work.

9th row. 6 ch, 1 d c in the center space of the first point of the scallop, * 6 ch, 1 d c in the first space of the next point, 6 ch, 1 d c in the third space of the same point, repeat from * once more; then 6 ch, 1 d c in the center space of the next point, 6 ch, 1 tr in the end space of the last row, 3 ch, 1 d c in the next hole of the insertion, 2 ch, 1 d c in the next hole, turn.

10th row. 3 ch, 1 tr in last space of 3 ch, then in each loop of 6 ch, work: 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 d c, as before. Now 3 ch, 1 tr again

(Continued on page 78)

OUR NEW PATTERN SERVICE

With this issue we inaugurate our new Pattern Service. We have looked over many of the Pattern Services available and have finally made our present selection, knowing that the readers who use it will be pleased and gratified.

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No. 1260. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

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No. 1165. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch plain material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 32-inch figured material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9379. Girls' Middy Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material for skirt and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material for blouse. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1230. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 30-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1164. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes



2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch material with 5/8 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1143. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 1/4 yard 36-inch contrasting for jumper and 1 1/4 yards 36-inch material for gümpe. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1218. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material for waist and 3/4 yard 36-inch material for trousers. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1195. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 2 1/2 yards binding and 3 1/2 yards ribbon. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1258. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch light material with 2 3/8 yards 36-inch dark material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9600. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 1/4 yards 32-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1095. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch material for jumper and 1 3/4 yards 36-inch material for gümpe. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9875. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material with 3 1/4 yards edging. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9941. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1130. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/4 yards 36-inch material with 1/4 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1253. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1075. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9902. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 1/2 yard 32-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.



No. 1123. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 2 1/4 yards ruffling. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9979. Stout Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 requires 5 3/8 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

THE COSMOS EDGING

(Continued from page 75)

in the last loop, 2 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr into the ch which took the place of a tr at the beginning of the fifth row, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 tr, under the tr at the top of the 4th row, 1 tr more in the same place and make a slipstitch in the top stitch of the edge of the 3rd row; turn the work.

11th row. 3 ch, for a tr, 1 tr in last tr stitch, and 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr into each of the next two spaces of 3 ch, 1 ch, 1 tr in following space of 2 ch, 3 ch, 1 d c in next space, 6 ch, 1 d c in the center space of the first point of the scallop, * 6 ch, 1 d c in the first space of the next point, 6 ch, 1 d c in the 3rd space of the same point, 6 ch, 1 d c in the center space of next point, repeat from * twice more. Now, 6 ch, 1 d c in the end space of last row, 3 ch, 1 d c in the next hole of the insertion; turn the work.

12th row. 4 ch in each of the 11 loops of 6 ch work as before; 1 d c, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr, 3 ch and 1 d c, then 3 ch, 1 d c in the following space of 3 ch, 5 ch, then 1 tr, 3 ch, 1 tr in each of the two spaces of 3 ch of the insertion and 2 tr in the 2 tr of the edge; turn the work.

This is the end of the corner; to continue the lace start over at the first numbered row.

MY SAINT POLLY

(Continued from page 72)

had never known work or care of any kind. A bazaar had been on in her parish and in its interest she exerted herself to such an extent that when it was over she felt exhausted and remained in bed for a day or so. Her mother, apparently well, was at her bedside, ministering to her needs, when suddenly she dropped dead beside her. This terrible calamity brought Miss G. to a serious physical condition and also broke up her home, for her father had died some years before, while her brothers and sisters were scattered far and wide.

An old and valued non-Catholic friend having married and moved to my home city, Miss G. engaged rooms with her in order that a brother, to whom she was greatly attached, and who was a traveling man, could easily reach her whenever he was in the neighborhood of Boston, of which E. is a suburb.

Having neither household nor other cares, she was at liberty to go to daily Mass and to stay as long as she wished. "Ah! how easy!" one might say—but how many avail themselves to the full of this opportunity when it is theirs?

Once when I was visiting her, her non-Catholic friend referred to her habit of kneeling so long and to the effect it produced in her knees. Thereupon Miss G. told us the story of a little girl whose mother died and left her to care for several younger children. One day the poor child said pathetically, "I have never had time to go to church much, but when I die I want to show the Lord my hands." "Now," said Miss G., "I don't do any good in the world, I am of no use to any one, so when I die I want to show the Lord my knees."

In course of time her non-Catholic friend was stricken with a mortal disease, and she who was "of no use to any one," not only heroically nursed her during a long illness, but in addition brought her to the waters of Baptism and to the happy death of a Catholic.

In caring for her she brought upon herself a painful malady from which she was a long time recovering. During this period she became interested in an aged lady who had outlived practically all her relatives and friends. She first converted her to the true faith, and then, took a modest apartment in the little town of S., for the purpose of making a home for the lonely old lady.

Here she threw herself wholeheartedly into the task of home-making. She provided tenderly for the old lady in every way until the latter died at the advanced age of 90. She, to whom all this work was foreign, became so excellent a cook and housekeeper and so much in love with it all, that, though urged, after the old lady's death, to live with her dearly loved sister, she chose to remain in her own home, when the necessity of making one for another no longer existed. It was there that God sent the Angel of Death to conduct His servant to her true Home.

On the outside of an envelope in which, shortly before her death,

she had placed some scapulars, with directions that they be put on her corpse when it was ready for the casket, she wrote these beautiful lines:

"Let no one shed tears but pray for my soul, and do not grieve for me, but all who are left serve God and be happy."

All her life she was intensely devoted to the holy Mass and to her Rosary, which her sister declared she used so constantly that she really wore out the beads.

Such is a brief outline of some of the high lights in the character of this unassuming friend of God, who would have been greatly surprised in her lifetime had any one referred to her as a saint, but of whom the writer of this little tribute certainly believes that "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," for surely on her soul was stamped the Sign and Seal of her redemption.

ST. FRANCIS DETERMINES TO WIN HIS BRIDE

ONE evening (while still in the world) Francis was appointed by his fellow-revelers as their chief, so that he might spend their contributions as he pleased. Accordingly (as he had often done), he had a sumptuous feast prepared; and when they left the house, his companions went before him together, and passed through the city singing, while he, bearing a wand in his hand as their chief, came a little behind them, not singing, but deep in thought. And suddenly the Lord visited him, and his heart was filled with such sweetness that he could neither speak nor move. . . . But when his companions looked behind them and saw that he was so far away from them, they turned back, and, filled with awe, perceived that he had already been changed, as it were, into another man. Then they questioned him, saying: "What wast thou thinking of that thou didst not come after us? Perhaps thou wast thinking of taking a wife?" "You have said the truth," he eagerly replied, "for I have thought to take a nobler, richer, and fairer bride than you ever saw." And they mocked him. But this he said, not of himself, but inspired by God: for that bride was the true Religion that he embraced, nobler, richer, and fairer than all others, through poverty.—3 Soc. 7.

The Girl Who Stayed Home

By Eileen Sherwood

Illustration by Alice Seipp

"CORINNA, what are you going to study at college next year?" It was Irene, the "sensible twin," talking.

"Oh, just the regular course," absently. "Madame's going to put those new lace rosettes on my dress."

"But students don't take regular courses nowadays," persisted wise Irene. "They specialize. I'm going to be a private secretary. Miss Crane said to study business law and economics—would you like that?"

"Of course, if I could have clothes like hers. Didn't she wear the stunningest suit Sunday?" But she looked too tired to really enjoy it. No wonder—it's taken her ten years to climb to her present position."

Irene shrugged exasperatedly.

"You might try trained nursing. The uniform is universally becoming. Or newspaper work—Kate Boyd, of the Star, has a good-looking coat."

Corinna only laughed.

"If you don't look out," she said, "you'll turn into a career—a prim stiff-collared one, with typewriter keys for fingers and a filing cabinet for brain."

"Corinna, I should think you'd be serious! You know it was surprising in Uncle Joe to offer to send us at all, after mother offended him by marrying a poor minister, right after he'd sent her through normal! She's had a hard time." Irene's voice trembled.

Corinna became suddenly grave. "Honestly, I don't know what to do. It's worrying me more than you think."

"Molly Kane makes loads of money in her little Kandy Kraft Shop," suggested Irene.

"Oh—a business?" Corinna's first signs of animation. "That's sure the quickest way to get a good income—Molly started that shop less than two years ago. And she's so independent. But—I've neither training nor capital."

"That evening Corinna mailed a letter. "To Uncle Jonas. Said I couldn't decide on a career, asked for advice."

"You didn't?" Irene was horrified. "He'll think you incapable—impracticable!"

The answer came with alarming promptness.

"My dear Niece:
I have always hoped some of the Brewster practicality would manifest itself in Nelly's family. I suggest that you stay at home a year in order to make up your mind."

Very truly,
Joan Brewster.

Irene forbore to say "I told you so." She felt, lonesomely, in September. In November, Corinna's letters suddenly brightened; at Christmas vacation she appeared almost happy. Her gift to Irene was a Georgette blouse, being made of a white linen middie suit, perfectly tailored.

Irene was elected to stay for summer session, whereupon Corinna invited herself down for Commencement Week.

"Afraid you won't have a good time," wrote Irene, but she met the train eagerly.

"Corinna won't be fashionable, but she's a better than most of them," she thought, loyally.

A girl was descending, one of those girls at whom every one looks twice. It was partly the sheen of honey-colored waves and puffs beneath the smart little traveling hat, partly the "chic" of her softly blousing top coat of black silk



Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements.

jersey—but not a little the grace and poise which held one's eyes—that poise which comes from the consciousness of being perfectly dressed.

The girl turned—"Corinna!"

"Tell me—wherever did you get—" began Irene in her room, staring at Corinna's pretty taffeta frock.

"No time now. Mr. Sullivan is going to show me the campus. And the dance tonight, with a faculty escort. You're going, too!" Corinna hugged her ecstatically.

"Thanks! But my new ball costumes haven't come from Paris."

From her bag Corinna took a rosy armful. "With your dark skin you need vivid shades. Aren't those organdy roses sweet?"

Corinna, at the dance, in pale pink and silver, was a picture that set more than one masculine heart racing, and she was the center of attention.

Even quiet Irene sparkled in her rosetted organdy.

The remainder of Corinna's visit was a whirl of engagements. From the wonder bag came the most fetching afternoon toilette that ever wrought havoc on a campus. White chiffon paneled in white thread lace, over black taffeta and sashed with black maline, and a big white lace hat, too, wreathed with black maline poppies.

"Where—?" besought Irene, but the telephone summoned her sister. And finally, the train whisked her, smiling sphinx-like, away.

In August Irene came home. Alighting from the car, she glanced down the suburban business street.

"A new shop! What a pretty window!"

Others evidently shared Irene's enthusiasm, for few passers-by failed to stop before it.

A door was flung open, a dear familiar

"Been watching for you!"

After a while, comfortably seated in an armchair by the gleaming little show case, Irene listened.

"I was so discouraged last fall," Corinna began. "I didn't know if Uncle would ever send me—I didn't know what to do. We all needed new things—cloth-

ing was still high. But materials were cheaper. If only I could sew!"

"Then I learned of a school—the Women's Institute—which teaches women and girls right in their homes everything I wanted to know about dressmaking. It was so reasonable and I was wild to learn, so I began.

"And, do you know, in a month I was able to make that Georgette blouse for you? Several girls wanted one like it. Then I could soon make cunning things for children, and those bring such good prices. Then came Sally Jones' wedding in the spring, and not a dressmaker could she find. She begged me to try, and I wrote to the Institute for help.

"They gave me just the advice I needed and helped me plan the dresses. I copied Sally's wedding gown from the fashion service, an exclusive service issued by the Institute only to its students. It's simply full of lovely clothes and you learn just how to make them!"

"Finally I started my shop. The Institute told me just how to do it. I'm doing well—cleared \$10 last week and have an assistant engaged. I'm going to carry my own materials in stock.

"Does Uncle Jonas know?" asked Irene, finding voice at last.

Corinna laughed. "He came for a visit—you should have seen his astonishment. Offered to lend me money—said it looked like a good investment to me—but I told him I didn't need it. He seemed dazed and kept repeating something about the Brewster blood."

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Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

ALL ABOUT A CANDLE

Everybody knows what Candlemas means—the Feast of the Purification, the day when Our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph went up to the Temple to offer the Holy Infant to God. But do my Young Folks know why this feast goes by the name of “Candlemas,” and why candles are a feature of its celebration? In these, our days of electric light, candles are held in very little estimation for lighting, of course. But the Church has a different idea about them and will light her altars with nothing else, except in the most extreme cases, and even then, there must be some candles at least lighted and burning during service. They have a story of their own.

Candles used to be “somebodies.” In bygone days, far, very far back in the history of the world, they were used as marks of homage and joy before great kings and heroes. No triumphal procession or celebration was complete without a blaze of light. Around the Roman Emperor, the Grecian or Syrian king, great torches were carried, their streams of fire ascending to the skies. In the temples of the Israelites and the heathens alike, lamps and candles dispelled the gloom and made the hearts of the worshippers light; for they meant not only material vision, real sight, but they stood also for the faith, the reverence, the worship of those who bore them or placed them before the shrine. Light is the greatest thing in the world. Is it not the first and the last thing we see, life itself in a way? For no one could live without its warming of the earth, its power of causing growth; so it has always been taken as a symbol of rejoicing. When the old Simeon took Our Lord into his arms in the

Temple, he said He would become a Light to the Gentiles. So it is that the Church blesses these carriers of light for us, and gives them to us for our homes as well as uses them in her services. The Feast of Candlemas used to be celebrated with great solemnity in old Catholic times, before Protestantism came into existence. Crowds flocked to the churches, and long processions were held through the aisles, each one present carrying his or her blessed candle, while hymns were sung, and the young acolytes wafted sweet-smelling incense all about from their silver censers. Many people presented to the Church great candles that would burn for months at a time, decorated and made into things of real beauty. This old custom was followed, according to the newspapers, a short while ago, when the great tenor Caruso died. An immense candle of wax, warranted to burn continuously for at least a year, was placed in commemoration of him before the altar of a favorite shrine of his, Our Lady of Pompeii. It used to be the custom at Rome for the Pope himself, in his private chapel, to bless candles on February 2, and distribute them, one by one, first to his cardinals, then to the bishops and priests present, after which, ascending his chair of state and followed by all present, he was brought to the foot of the altar and holy Mass commenced. (By the way, when the Pope says High Mass, all candles used on the altar are decorated.)

But there are other candles with a history besides our blessed ones. It was a wax candle which was practically the first clock. There had been plenty of means, of course, for telling time before the time of King Alfred the Great, who reigned

in England in the ninth century; but he was a man who put a candle and old Father Time together in his mind and thought out our present method. Alfred would have made a splendid American; he was always planning and trying experiments—that is, whenever the difficulty of trying to keep on his throne permitted. He was very successful as an inventor for the times, and one day it struck him that the system of time-keeping might easily be improved upon. So he got right to work at it. He found that if he made six candles, each twelve inches long, equally thick, that these, if burnt one after the other, would last him exactly 24 hours. I suppose he went telling his discovery all around the place—wouldn't you have done it yourselves? Everything went finely after that—everybody had six candles, to be sure; it was “the thing.” But a difficulty arose. If one of these candles was taken out into the air (after the fashion of a watch, I suppose, to time things) the air had not the least hesitation in often blowing out “the clock”; and there you were! So Alfred put four sides of transparent horn around his candles, and behold! a lantern. Now each inch of wax could live out tranquilly its allotted 20 minutes. Alfred was a better clock-maker than cook. You all know the story of how, when flying from his enemies in disguise, a poor woman who gave him shelter set him to work at baking cakes for her; and he, thinking perhaps of his clock-to-be, forgot to watch them and burnt them all up! They burnt more fiercely and not anything like as usefully as his six candles—which simply goes to prove that if you wish to accomplish anything in this world you must go to work the right way about it.

HOW WASHINGTON KEPT HIS OWN BIRTHDAY

How pleasant it must be to help keep your own birthday, with guns firing in your honor and processions marching past you saluting and cheering, and banquets at which you sit at the head of the table the guest of honor, and no end of speechmaking and compliments right to your very face, and good wishes without stint showered upon you! I wonder if George Washington looked at it that way? For we have his own words to a friend that "if I do not grossly deceive myself, distinction has no enticing charms or fascinating allurements for me." (You see George was up on his dictionary words all right.) Well, he had to go through it, just the same, and I imagine he did like it a bit, after all, don't you?

After the Revolution, the new United States decided to keep his birthday as a holiday instead of that of old King George III of England, who had once been lord and master, and whose subjects they refused to be any longer. But they weren't going to lose a celebration, so they put Washington's birthday in the place of the monarch's, with far better reason. And didn't they make it fine for him! They drank his health and made eloquent speeches in his honor and sang his praises to him, till hardly anybody but the General could have stood it—however, he was a rather serious gentleman, who never allowed himself to get too excited, and he was probably the least enthusiastic of the company.

This was even before he was made President. After that event, Congress made a point of adjourning half an hour on every February 22, to offer him their congratulations. This was one of the features of the day until 1796, when some of the members "got mad" with him for a short time and refused him their public good wishes. Here are a few of the remarks he had to sit and listen to—a trying thing for a man of modest, retiring disposition: "Shall our hero's birthday pass unnoticed? No! Let manifestations of joy express the sense we have of the blessings that arose upon America on the day that gave

George Washington birth!" "That great, that gloriously disinterested man—long may he live, and late to heaven remove!" "May the evening of his life be attended with felicity equal to the utility and glory of its meridian!" He was even turned into rhyme—a funny old song sung at one of these banquets had these words:

Americans, rejoice;
While songs employ the voice,
Let trumpets sound.
The thirteen stripes display
In flags and streamers gay,
'Tis Washington's birthday!
Let joy abound.

Fill the glass to the brink,
Washington's health we'll drink,
'Tis his birthday!
Glorious deeds he's done,
By him our cause is won—
Long live great Washington!
Huzza, huzza!

Imagine how they must have shouted it out! Perhaps he was carried away for once by the cheers and applause and sang out "Huzza, huzza!" with all the rest.

Shortly after one of these birthdays there was another celebration in his honor. In 1789 he was called to New York from his home at beautiful Mt. Vernon, to be inaugurated as first President of the United States. As he passed through the states of Maryland, Delaware and New Jersey to his destination, gentlemen of these states joined his train, so that he had the retinue of a king when he reached Trenton, New Jersey. There he was compelled to stop under a mighty triumphal arch erected at the entrance of the town, and face a great crowd of people, headed by three long rows of matrons, young girls and little ones, all in white with wreaths on their heads, and carrying big baskets of flowers which they emptied beneath the feet of his horse. (Poor fellow, I know he wished they had been oats instead!) Here Washington got more praises and more songs and cheers—can't you hear him saying when he got home again, "Mrs. Washington, the post of honor is the private station!"

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A REMINISCENCE OF PIUS X
(For the Letter Box)

length the sound of approaching footsteps was heard.

The Papal Guards presented arms, the attendants entered, opened ranks, and the Holy Father appeared in the doorway. He was a handsome, well-preserved man, dressed in white from head to foot, and his kindness, simplicity and gentleness of manner at once won the hearts of all present.

Advancing into the room, he said in Italian: "Ah, here are some good people who have come to see me."

The boy at once attracted his attention, and he listened attentively to the story of his visit. Then, taking the lad's hand in his, he gave him a few words of kindly advice, which his Secretary translated into English, and placing his hands on his head, as though imparting a special blessing, he passed on to other visitors.

When all had kissed the "Fisher-man's Ring" and received the Papal Blessing, the Holy Father left the audience chamber, as quietly and simply as he had entered.

A few moments later, we passed through the bronze gates of the famous palace. The dream of the sunny-haired newsboy had come true—he had seen the Pope.

NELLIE MARTIN.

A FIRESIDE TALK

DEAR Young Folks: I expect some mail for sure now that our kind Editor says he will give you space for your own letters every month in future if you wish it! Here is somebody who read our Fireside Talk last month and sent prompt response—and such fine response, too. Here's an Iowa girl who knows how to write a charming story in a charming way. She has broken the ice for you—follow her good example, and even if you haven't been to Rome, or even outside your own village or

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town or city, see if you can't use your eyes as she has and write, not stiffly, but just as you would talk if we all could meet, about something you, too, have seen or are interested in, or want to know about. I think Nellie Martin should write us again, don't you? just as soon as she can. What a Letter Box we'll have with letters like hers and those that are soon going to be opened at the Fireside! Wouldn't it be a good idea to tell it what you think of its first contribution to start with? By the way, I want some of you bright puzzle-makers to try your hand at different forms of riddles. Don't stick to just the same model all the time. I know many of you can do more in this line if you will only spread your wings and try the flight.

Your friend,

ELIZABETH ROSE.

P. S.—Which of our Young Folks can tell us what Nellie means by the "Fisherman's Ring?"

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Foreign Authors

- 1—Sosat
- 2—Sick Ned
- 3—At Den
- 4—Bring now
- 5—Tin mol
- 6—Ask her pease
- 7—Hay racket
- 8—Sly heel
- 9—Steak
- 10—To whit

—Mary K. Dailey, Philadelphia.

Upset Furniture

- 1—Seepdtal
- 2—Ubetff
- 3—Skbocaoe
- 4—Iehffoner
- 5—Oainp
- 6—Raich
- 7—Bleat

—Mary Banzet, Joliet, Ill.

Jumbled Flowers

- 1—Smbllaa
- 2—Tepnuai
- 3—Bnrevae
- 4—Teras
- 5—Daonman llsiei

—Bertha Van Gorder, Maynard, N. Y.

Islands

- 1—What island is a holiday of obligation?
- 2—What island is the mother of a great monarch?
- 3—What islands are good for lunch?
- 4—What islands are very pleasant to meet?
- 5—What islands can you drink?
- 6—What islands can sing?
- 7—What island could never be short?
- 8—What islands will put you "in the swim"?

—Clement Lane, Baltimore, Md.

Answers to January Puzzles

Lost Authors

- 1—Trowbridge
- 2—Higginson
- 3—Stowe
- 4—Whittier
- 5—Bryant
- 6—Willis
- 7—Holmes
- 8—Dunbar
- 9—Lowell
- 10—Irving

Which Instrument Do You Like Best?

- 1—Mandolin
- 2—Guitar
- 3—Pianola
- 4—Banjo
- 5—Harmonica
- 6—Cornet

What Are You Going to Be?

- 1—Doctor (dock-tor)
- 2—Poet (Po-eat)
- 3—Author (awe-Thor)
- 4—None (nun)
- 5—Politician (Polly-Titian)
- 6—Singer (sing-err)
- 7—Sailor (say-lore)
- 8—Actor (act-or)
- 9—Friar (fry-are)
- 10—Seamstress (seam-stress)
- 11—Engineer (engine-e'er)
- 12—Teacher (Tea-cheer)

Out of the Garden

- 1—Gladiolas
- 2—Phlox
- 3—Pansies
- 4—Goldenglow
- 5—Cosmos
- 6—Cannas

Correct Solutions

John G. Tinsley, New York, N. Y.; Edith Tinsley, New York, N. Y.; Mary Boeger, Topeka, Kas.; Helen Janowsky, Mosinee, Wis.; William P. Gahan, Jr., Joliet, Ill.; Frank Helldorfer, Chicago, Ill.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

ALTHOUGH Canon Sheehan enjoyed a good measure of fame and success during his lifetime, it seems that his fame and influence are due to increase, these days, as events unfold the fullest meaning of the work he did for religion and, through his native land, for the world. The appearance of a volume of his sermons is a happy token of this renewal of his benign influence. As we look on the photograph of him that adorns the wrapper of Sermons, it seems as if he again stood in the life before us ready to do his part in the great world crisis and the extremity of the land he loved so well.

One of the revelations of this volume is his sermon "On Bad Books," followed by another "On Good Reading." A footnote tells us that he was but a young priest on the English mission when he preached so strongly against bad books,—novels in particular, and that at the time he had no idea he would one day rank among the most successful and powerful novel-writers. He divided writers into two classes,—those who write for money and those who write because they must write. In regard to the second class he reveals what is new to many of us, that writers who spread the poison and corruption of their hearts and minds in letters are under a necessity of confessing these things; since they do not make use of Sacramental confession, they pour out their thoughts and imagination to the harm of thousands. We shall think of this assertion strongly if we happen to read the latest of Mr. Edward J. O'Brien's annual volumes of "The Best Short Stories of 1920"; for the opening story, by a writer to whom the volume is dedicated with a prefatory eulogy, is one that can be interpreted in no other way than by Canon Sheehan's outlook.

If we turn at once to Canon Sheehan's papers upon books, we shall soon decide that they are indeed sermons rather than essays. We shall not look for the beauties of the author's style but feel at

once the urge of the author's conviction that the misuse of the printing press is most serious, and that the dangers from bad books is extreme. Even though we realize that his condemnation of novels and novel-reading is sweeping, we see, too, the books against which he directed his eloquence. He strikes at every nation of letters,—America, England, France, Germany, Russia; in journalism, in scientific and irreligious books, in immoral fiction, he finds one of the most powerful causes of the decay of society.

"Have you ever noticed how carefully the name of God is excluded from every novel of the present day? It is never mentioned except as an oath. Have you ever seen the beautiful Christian virtues of patience and purity and self-sacrifice and humility recommended? No! but anything that is low and vile and grovelling and sensual. The purest writer of fiction in this or any other century—Charles Dickens—is now laughed at by every sensible man and woman, for every second page of his novels is a tribute to the animal pleasures of eating and drinking."

Having said those and other strong things, Canon Sheehan pursued his work by applying an antidote and remedy in the fiction he wrote himself. No one could say, or can ever say, that it was a painful duty or a penance to read the fiction he produced. The charm, the fascination of plot and style and narrative were reinforced by the deeper charm of scholarship and vision; so that, today, in the light of Ireland's renewed struggle for freedom, we shall be moved to take up again, not only these collected sermons, but the novels in which are couched so many things prophetic, challenging, exalted,—things which the young men and women coming after him have proved true.

If we expect in the paper "On Good Reading" to find a list of popular novels and other works, we shall be disappointed. The good reading which he has here in mind is theology, poured into such form

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Perhaps those readers who came within the influence of Canon Sheehan's writings and those who heard his sermons took his advice on good reading. Certainly much credit is due to him for the literary as well as the spiritual revival in Ireland. Doubtless it was from study of these sources of light that modern Catholic writers both in England and in Ireland derive their force and clearness and power. Since these Sermons were preached, many novels have been written which the preacher would commend. They have certainly put the name of God into novels, and pointed out examples of the virtues of patience, humility, purity, self-sacrifice. They have touched life reverently, humorously, hopefully; they have worked out plots through Divine Providence, miracles, faith, martyrdom, and the effects of these things in literature have worked out in life, giving us instances of heroism and devotion equal to and greater than the vision and dream of the novel-writers. These writers have attracted a reading public for their work and have created a demand for it. Criticism of new Catholic novels should be based upon the thing which they intend to do. Understanding of these novels presupposes at least a little of that pre-

liminary "Good Reading" on the readers' part,—the Scriptures, the writings of the saints and the doctors of the Church. Canon Sheehan mentioned of these last only a few English writers, but these suggest similar works for American readers in our own land and time.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Spanish Borderlands—By Herbert E. Bolton, Ph.D., Professor of American History at the University of California, Berkeley.

In this volume, the 23rd of The Chronicles of America Series, we are told how Spain explored and colonized our Sunny South and Golden West—from the Florida peninsula westward to the Gulf of California and thence northward along the Pacific as far as the majestic Bay of San Francisco. We are glad this portion of our country's history was entrusted to Dr. Bolton, a historian than whom none is better fitted for the arduous task. Only a true scholar like the eminent Professor of American History at the University of California, scrupulously exact and strictly impartial in presenting facts, a man of profound learning, tireless zeal, and extensive research, could cover within the narrow compass of some 300 pages this vast field in so comprehensive, lucid, and charming a manner.

What makes **The Spanish Borderlands** particularly interesting is the way the author presents synchronous events and their bearing on one another; as witness (page 98) his vivid pen picture of the two simultaneous expeditions, made in 1539, of Coronado from west to east and of De Soto from east to west, until "Coronado entered the Texas plains shortly before De Soto crossed the Mississippi;" or (page 276) the catching remark that "while Don Juan Anza reconnoitered San Francisco Bay for a site whereon to erect the outward signs of absolute monarchy, the Liberty Bell at Philadelphia three thousand miles away proclaimed the signing of the Declaration of Independence."

It is refreshing also to be told that "We are moved to honor the zeal and devotion of Fray Juan Padilla and his two brother monks

—the first unarmed mission of the Church upon the soil of the United States;" that "as an explorer Kino ranks among the greatest of the Southwest;" and that "of names illustrious in the pioneer mission field of America none is more renowned than Junipero Serra." Equally gratifying is it to know that Dr. Bolton does not share the erroneous opinion of those who hold that thirst for gold and adventure alone brought the Spanish conquistadores to our shores. "If Ponce (de Leon)," he writes (page 6), "was an explorer and adventurer, he, like the others, hoped also to be a colonizer, a transplanter of Spanish people and of Spanish civilization. Whoever fails to understand this, fails to understand the patriotic aim of the Spanish pioneers in America." In short, *The Spanish Borderlands* is a historical work that should appeal not only to the serious and critical student but to the general reader as well who seeks entertainment in books rather than information. The editors of *The Chronicles of America Series* and its publishers, The Yale University Press, are to be congratulated as well on the scholarly content, as on the artistic make-up and rich illustrations of this the 23rd volume of the Series. It deserves a place on the parlor table as well as in the library bookcase.

Father William Doyle, S. J.—By Professor Alfred O'Rahilly.

This life is just out in what is virtually a new edition, the third since its original appearance in 1920. Little can be added to the encomiums heaped upon the author and his subject since the publication of the volume. One does not know what to admire most—the ascetic life of Father Doyle, or the fact that a layman correctly appreciates such a life. The biographer has surrounded with keen interest the student and the ministerial activity of Father Doyle—an interest which is heightened to thrilling intensity in the recital of Father Doyle's labors and death as Army-Chaplain in Flanders. Throughout the biography the main interest is centered upon the inner life of Father Doyle, whose personal records are drawn upon to bare to the world the his-

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San Luis Rey—The King of the Missions—By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

Fr. Zephyrin's first volume on the local mission history of California, the history of San Diego Mission, is herewith followed up by a second volume, the history of San Diego's nearest northern neighbor, San Luis Rey. Little can be said of its excel-

lence that would not be a repetition of the praises lavished on Fr. Zephyrin's previous works, whether for exhaustive research, judicious sifting of materials, or sound and trenchant critique. The book is plentifully supplied with maps, diagrams, and illustrations, and bears a frontispiece of King St. Louis of France. An etching in gold of San Luis Mission adorns the cover.

The James H. Barry Co., San Francisco; \$2.50.

The Third Order Forum

The HERALD is ever ready to welcome a newcomer to the ranks of the Catholic Press, but it is more than the "glad hand" that it extends to the latest arrival in the field—THE THIRD ORDER FORUM. A publication of this kind has long since proved itself a necessity and it was with heartfelt "Deo Gratiass!" that we greeted it when it did finally make its modest bow to the publishing world. As mentioned in our last issue, the FORUM is intended for the use of the Reverend Directors and of all priests interested in the spread of the Third Order of St. Francis. It will have the combined support of all the Franciscans and patrons of the Order throughout the country. This fact ensures the continuation of the high standard which the first number has set for it. A glance at its table of contents, where we find such contributors as Bishop Wehrle, O. S. B., Bishop Crimont, S. J., Monsignor Chidwick, D. D., Fr. Jerome Mileta, O. M. C., will convince even the most skeptical that the FORUM is a magazine with a clearly defined purpose and that it is well able to fulfill the hopes placed in it. Endorsed and blessed by his Excellency, the Apostolic Delegate, by their Eminences Cardinal O'Connell and Cardinal Dougherty, by his Grace Archbishop Daeger, and by the Franciscan provincial superiors, it is meeting everywhere with a most cordial reception. The general arrangement of the contents and the typographical appearance are most pleasing. Our one regret is that it has but thirty-two pages and will appear only quarterly; good things of this kind are relished oftener. The HERALD extends to the Reverend Editor and his collaborators its sincerest congratulations and best wishes for the future success of the FORUM. Ad multos annos!

International Congress at Rome

The 26th International Eucharistic Congress will be held at Rome, from the 25th to the 29th of May next. For the organization of this Congress the Pope has named a Roman Committee with the Vice Gerent of Rome, Monsignor Palica, as President.

The Congress will be opened by Solemn Pontifical Mass by the Pope in the Basilica of St. Peter. The following Sunday, May 28th, will be a reception in the Vatican for the delegates—the Pope will deliver an address to them. The Congress will close with a procession in the Vatican Basilica, at which the Pope will carry the Blessed Sacrament.

Besides the Sessions of Studies for the general public, solemn religious functions according to the various Catholic rites will be celebrated in the Roman Basilicas. A special ceremony will be held in the Catacombs.

In the preparation of said Congress, the permanent Committee on International Eucharistic Congresses in Paris will cooperate with the National Committee for Italy, whose President is Monsignor Bartolomasi, Bishop of Trieste.

RESTING COMFORTABLY

(Continued from page 68)

You see, she considered me quite as wicked as herself. Then he was killed in an auto accident, with another crazy girl whom he took joy riding. His death resurrected the whole case; and we three, the girl of the movie kiosk, the girl of the fatal joy ride and myself of the summer resort, were the three graces that were his undoing, so said the news papers.

"Fool that I was!" she continued. "How could I do then what I wouldn't do now. But perhaps I lost all the bad in the hospital. I think I began to change from the day your wonderfully pious sister put your arbutus on Our—her Lady's altar, for the soul of some foolish girl. They prayed for me, those flowers," her voice went low and lower, and he suspected she was sobbing. "I know they did, and now you know, too. I could never give you, Laurence, what your sister will give Fred Irvin. I have no fresh sweetness, any more than those dead blossoms. In the morning I'll go away; then you can forget everything about me, except that I'll love you always."

Laurence wanted to say something, just what she didn't know; but she feared it was a rebuke, and she couldn't bear it just then. How hard he found it to keep pace with her down the road toward home. Florence arose betimes next day to leave. Though surprised, Laurence's mother said nothing; she thought perhaps this beautiful girl with her city airs would never care for a farm lad, and she was sorry for her son. When Florence went into the parlor for her hat, Laurence followed her. But she vanished with her tiny bag, through the front door to his waiting Ford. He bounced in to drive her to the train.

He took the car on a lonely road to the woods, then switched off the magnet.

"Never mention that other man again," he said, with stern lines in his brow. "He doesn't matter now—or in the hereafter. Florence, I haven't much to offer you," he confessed humbly, "only myself, such as I am. But I'll work till I make a fortune for you."

"You won't need to work hard, then," she chimed in joyously, "for I've a fortune already, and we'll just plant it and make it grow for—for—"

"For our children, dearest," he threw her the phrase, "if God sees fit to send us any."

A curious yokel on his way to town poked his head into the Ford.

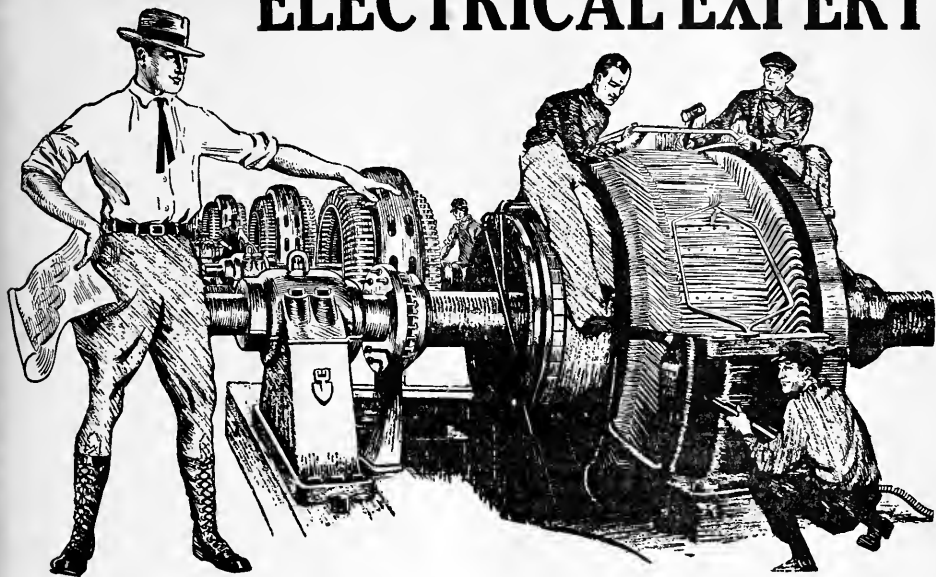
"Anybody hurt?" he queried.

"No, but somebody will be hurt if he doesn't cut and run," threatened Laurence, good-naturedly.

"My heart was bad," chirped Florence, "but you've made it good; at least, I feel that way. Thank you, Laurence."

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(Continued from page 61)

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for Thy Name's sake,
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This list will be continued in the next issue.

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Our Mission Picture

San Luis Rey, Queen of Missions, was founded on June 13, 1798. It became the largest and most populous Indian mission of both Americas. M. Duflot de Mofras declared the buildings "the most beautiful, the most regular, and the most solid in whole California." As the ruins still show, they covered a square measuring 500 feet every way. Facing southeast in a line with the front of the church, the peristyle had thirty-two arches. In architectural beauty, the church, still in charge of the Franciscans, has not its equal among those yet extant in California. At this grand mission, its founder and designer, Fr. Antonio Peyri, toiled 34 years for his dear and loving neophytes. During this time, 5,225 Indians had been baptized and 2,406 had received a Christian burial. The rest, 2,819 in number, were living at the end of 1831 in their pueblo north of the church. Then followed the so-called "secularization," enacted by the Californian representatives of the Mexican government, as a result of which "most of the missions," to quote Major Emory's report of January 2, 1847, "passed by fraud into the hands of private individuals." The picture of what was to come proved too heart-rending for Fr. Peyri, advanced now in years and broken in health. With the consent of his superior, on January 17, 1832, he sailed for Mexico. Secretly at night he stole away from the mission; the next morning his neophytes dashed to the seashore; men and boys swam after the ship that was taking their padre away; weeping the latter stood on deck and blessed his loved ones for the last time—such the closing scene in the career of one of California's ablest missionaries, such the sad beginning of the tragic end of its most beautiful and most prosperous mission.

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Benedict XV

THE February issue of the HERALD was just in the mail when the following sad telegram was officially sent out by the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, D. C.:

In profound sorrow I write to inform you that our Holy Father Pope Benedict XV died this morning (Sunday, January 22), at six o'clock. While we bow in submission to the will of God in calling to Himself the visible head of His Church, we can not but mourn the loss of this great Pontiff, who amid the world's calamities did so much in behalf of religion, humanity, and peace.

This was the confirmation of the news that had already been flashed throughout the world by the various news agencies. The Catholic Church had lost its visible head, the world, its best friend and counselor. Catholics and non-Catholics alike mourn the death of the man who had done so much for all of them.

With unbounded confidence in God and with superior statesmanship, he worked strenuously in the

interest of peace. Within a short time after his election, he implored the warring nations to lay down their arms. Appeal followed appeal only to be refused and to be made the object of much adverse criticism by the hostile press. However, it is now more than ever apparent that the series of papal pronouncements on peace, which were so bitterly attacked during the war, really laid the foundation for the peace measures finally drawn up by the belligerents. The reason why the latter proved so imperfect, is because the former were followed so poorly. It was said in the secular press that one of the last words of the dying Pontiff was: "I willingly offer my life for the peace of the world." In this spirit he lived, in this spirit he died, and history will gratefully record the fact.

Before the close of his life, Pope Benedict had the happiness of seeing his efforts at reconciliation bear fruit. "Notwithstanding the adverse judgments of war-strained minds and hearts, the nations have already recognized as never before in modern times, the unsurpassed moral influence of the Papacy and have vied with one another in seeking closer official relations with the Holy See." All the principal European powers and the largest of the South American states now have ambassadors or ministers at the Vatican. In all, twenty-seven nations of the world are now sustaining official diplomatic relations with the Holy See. Semi-official relations have been established between the Vatican and China, Japan, Turkey, and Lithuania. The exchange of diplomatic representations between Japan and the Holy See is expected as one of the important events of 1922.

Whilst Pope Benedict was secretly admired in diplomatic circles for his bold constructive statesmanship, and brilliant scholarship, he was loved and venerated by the whole world for his unbounding generosity and charity. "How he was able to relieve so many necessities, to help so many charitable causes, to succor ever-recurring needs is a secret of the providence of God, who placed at his disposal resources far in excess of the normal inadequate revenues of the Apostolic See."

In spite of the many difficulties and problems which the great war and its aftermath brought forth, he never for a single moment lost sight of the Church, whose visible head he was, and he bent every effort to have her recognized by the whole world.

Under his guidance, that masterpiece of ecclesiastical jurisprudence, the new Code of Canon Law, was brought to completion—a work that brings the wisdom and experience of twenty centuries into one volume of wise constructive legislation.

The sorrow of the Catholic Church in its great loss is shared by all irrespective of creed or country. May he rest in peace! Amen.

DOWN in the spacious piazza of St. Peter's at Rome a vast throng had gathered to await the outcome of the election of the new Pope. For three days they lingered, their gaze fixed on the roof of the Sistine Chapel. They watched for a little wreath of smoke that would tell of the election of the new Pope or of the failure of the Sacred College to reach a decision. Six times already the smoke was dense and black, a sign of no election. But on Monday morning, February 6, a mighty shout of joy went up at 11:33 o'clock, when a thin curl of white smoke was seen coming from the chimney announcing that the chair of St. Peter had again been filled. The choice came on the seventh ballot. The election was confirmed when the dean of the cardinal deacons, Bisleti, followed by several cardinals, repaired to the central balcony of St. Peter's and solemnly proclaimed to the expectant multitudes: "I announce to you great joy, the election of a Pontiff. Cardinal Achille Ratti, Archbishop of Milan, has been chosen to succeed Benedict XV as Supreme Pontiff. He will be known as Pius XI."

The new Pontiff was born at Desio, Italy, on March 31, 1857. He comes of a middle-class family, the third of six children. After making his preliminary studies in the diocesan seminary, he completed his studies at Rome in the Lombard College, obtaining at the Gregorian University the doctor degrees of Philosophy, Theology, and Canon Law. Ordained to the priesthood, he celebrated his first holy Mass in Rome on December 20, 1879.

On returning to Milan, his native diocese, he occupied the chairs of dogmatic theology and sacred eloquence from 1882 to 1888. In 1888 he was appointed to The Staff of the College of Doctors of the famous Ambrosian Library, where he was elected Prefect of the Library in 1907.

On account of his successful activity in the Ambrosian Library, he was called to Rome in 1911 to fill the post of Pro-Prefect of the Vatican Library as assistant to Father Ehrle, the Bavarian Jesuit, whom he succeeded in 1913. The same year brought him also the honored title of Protonotary Apostolic.

Pope Benedict XV, recognizing the ability of Monsignor Ratti, designated him Apostolic Visitor to Poland on April 25, 1918. It was on this occasion that he first came prominently before the diplomatic world. He immediately made it plain that his mission was purely an ecclesiastical one, and so successfully did he discharge his duties, that his authority



Pope Pius XI

as Apostolic Visitor was extended to Russia, Latvia, and Lithuania.

His services in Poland were of such a nature that he attracted attention among all diplomatic corps, and his efforts in behalf of the Church were so highly blessed that it was a foregone conclusion that the Apostolic Visitor would be made Papal Nuncio, a position which he assumed June 6, 1919.

It was while he was in Warsaw that he was appointed Titular Archbishop of Lepanto, on July 3, 1920, and was consecrated by Cardinal Kakowski on October 28 of the same year, in the Cathedral of Warsaw.

It was less than a year after being made Titular Archbishop of Lepanto that he was elevated to the cardinalate and made Archbishop of Milan, a post made vacant by the death of Cardinal Ferrari.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

I KNOW that quite a number of my friends were disappointed last month when, picking up their copy of the HERALD, they expected to have a good chat on matters Tertiary and instead had to listen to a sermon on the necessity of impressing our young people with the spirit of renunciation that the thinning ranks of the religious Orders might be refilled with staunch recruits. But, friends, you know that one of a priest's principal duties is to preach and it is not always so easy not to do what one is accustomed to do. Let me tell you, by way of excuse, an amusing incident from the life of our great patron, St. Louis IX, of France, that is quite to the point.

Although a saint, Louis was very human and as his heart was free from sin, it was always bubbling over with innocent mirth, so that the least thing was wont to bring a hearty laugh or at least a bright smile to his lips. It occurred to him one day as he was writing down some good resolutions, to resolve never to laugh on Fridays, out of respect for the bitter suffering and death of our Savior. He realized at once what a great act of self-conquest such a resolution would mean for him, and he paused for a while to think the matter over. Finally, with a sly twinkle in his eye, he worded the resolution thus: "I will never laugh on Fridays—if I can help it!" Now, I've made a similar resolution for this month and that is that I shall not preach to you—if I can help it!

But to begin—oh, yes, we had been talking about the required age for membership in the Third Order and we learned that no one under fourteen years can be admitted to

profession, though, indeed, there is nothing to prevent children under this age from being postulants. This is a point that I think is too little thought of and still less frequently put into practice. One experienced priest advises that children under fourteen be enrolled in the so-called confraternity of the Cord of St. Francis, as postulants for the Third Order—a sort of Junior Third Order, but of course without any of the Order's special duties or privileges. This is, in my humble opinion, an excellent idea and I would like to see it given a good trial. Theirs is the age of innocence, when the heart is most impressionable, and Holy Church is well aware of the saying, "As the twig is bent the tree will incline." If children of tender age are brought under the influence of St. Francis, they will possess those qualifications that the Rule of the Third Order demands of its members, namely, that they be "of good morals, of peaceable disposition, and above all exact in the practice of the Catholic religion, and of tried obedience to the Roman Church and to the Apostolic See."

Now here we have one of the commonest excuses for not joining the Third Order—"I'm not good enough!" Grown persons think back over the thoughtlessly spent days of their youth, and find that in more ways than one their young hearts were bent away from good Catholic practices, and naturally they find it hard to bend the full-grown tree of their will back in the opposite direction. That this is true in many cases, I will not deny, and for such I know that membership in the Third Order would mean a life of real penance and self-denial. But

that such a conversion is possible, the list of Saints and Blessed in the Order proves conclusively. Just recall the life of St. Margaret of Cortona, the so-called Seraphic Magdalen; or that of Bl. Nevolon, or of St. Conrad of Piacenza, and of many others.

But as a rule, the objection, "I am not good enough," has no real foundation in fact. About a year ago, I was trying to persuade a good friend of mine to join the Third Order and although he was a model Catholic in every way and was leading a stricter and more charitable life than many a Tertiary, it took repeated exhortations finally to win him over. Now he goes about telling his friends how Fr. Giles succeeded in getting a "wild Irishman" to join the Third Order. Of course, it is true that persons of loose morals or of shady reputations will not be admitted to membership until they have shown unmistakable signs of true and lasting repentance. Yes, even Mr. Busybody and Mrs. Gadabout make most undesirable Tertiaries, as such people bring the Order into disrepute. In fact I know that in several cities, a large number of estimable persons, both young and old, refused to join the Third Order as long as the fraternity harbored such characters. Happily, the Reverend Director and the Father Visitor have power to expel such undesirable Tertiaries from the Order, just as a prudent gardener removes the dry branches and wild growths from his trees, lest their presence prove injurious to their healthy growth. Hence members should be careful, when trying to secure candidates, not to swell the membership of their fraternity with the "Busybody-Gadabout tribe," lest

the words of Holy Writ be again verified: "Thou hast multiplied the nation but hast not increased the joy." (Is. 9.3).

But to come back to my subject. Many persons think that because they are not living models of every virtue, they cannot join the Third Order. Now, I want to impress most emphatically on every one that practically every man, woman and child is eligible as a candidate for the Third Order. Just as the daily reception of Holy Communion does not require consummate sanctity from those who practice it, but will gradually lead them to the sublimest heights of holiness; so, too, the Third Order of Penance of St. Francis has been instituted for ordinary Catholics and it also will gradually make real saints of them, provided they faithfully live up to its regulations. God demands that a person be free from mortal sin for the worthy reception of Holy Communion. This does not say that if a person has the misfortune to commit a mortal sin, he will be permanently debarred from the divine Banquet. If he is sorry for his sin and confesses it, he will at once become worthy again to receive his Lord under the appearance of bread. Similarly, the Third Order requires of its members that they be of good morals. This means that a person who wishes to join must be leading the life of an ordinary, good, practical Catholic. Even should he

have the misfortune now and then to offend God by a grievous sin—which happens more from human weakness than from malice—this will by no means prevent him from becoming a Tertiary. By joining the Third Order such a person will gradually overcome these sins in consequence of the many spiritual helps the Order gives him to lead a pure and blameless life.

"And does the Third Order make real live saints of its members?" I hear some one asking under his breath. Yes, my friends, it does, and at this very moment there are thousands of Tertiaries throughout the

world, who are leading lives of even eminent holiness. Now I know that many of you have queer ideas as to what constitutes real sanctity. You read your Lives of the Saints and stand aghast at the recital of their hours of silent meditation, their austere and prolonged fasts, their constant mortification of the senses, their scourgings unto blood, their sleepless nights spent in prayer, and then you put down the book with a deep sigh and say, "Oh, if I could do only one tenth of what they did, I'd

as she leaves the house of God after being refreshed with the Bread of the strong, we see another saint hurrying past her, dinner pail in hand and intent on catching the car to be at his work in time. He, too, is one of the early risers and daily repairs to the church, there to take orders for his day's labor from his Fellow Workman, the Son of Joseph, the carpenter. And then there's Miss N—you know she lives right around the corner from your own home—another saint, a reincarnation of Job, who stands behind a sales counter the livelong day and smiles sweetly in spite of the nerve-racking manners of Mrs. Newlyrich and Miss Society Belle, who regularly determine to have her show them everything in the store before deciding on a purchase. Yes, and there's Mr. Office Manager and Mr. Storekeeper walking constantly under the eyes of the Master, Who with a look and a word made saints and apostles of Levi the usurer and Peter the fisherman, not to mention the sweet tempered telephone girl, the gentle hospital nurse, the factory hand and mill worker, and—but, friends, it's impossible to count up all the people in your own very neighborhood who are daily climbing higher on the ladder of sanctity as members of the Third Order of St. Francis. I just mentioned these few to prove that holiness—real holiness—is well within your grasp, since



Frederick Ozanam—A Model Tertiary

it consists in nothing else than the constant endeavor to perform the ordinary duties of one's state in life as perfectly as possible and with a good intention. If you do this, you will have no difficulty keeping your soul in the state of sanctifying grace and sanctifying grace is holiness.

Now, let me give you a bit of advice—remember, I'm not preaching to you but just telling you!—if you wish to be men and women of good morals, as the Third Order of St. Francis requires you to be, take up your book of the Holy Gospels and read that beautiful, simple sen-

have some hope then of one day becoming a saint. As it is, there is no use trying!" And all the while you have about you real, living saints, and are totally unaware of it! Or didn't you know that Mrs. . . . well, I will not mention her name, you know whom I mean—is a real saint? You see her every day trudging faithfully to Mass in spite of wind and weather. She has a touch of the "rheumatiz" of course, but "shure, Father, we've all got to have something," she replies with a bright, patient smile as she passes the priest at the church door and he inquires about her health. And

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tence: "And Jesus went down with them to Nazareth and was subject to them." There, in the hidden life of Jesus, Mary and Joseph—the three holiest persons that ever trod this sin-cursed world of ours—you will find just those virtues practised in an heroic yet most attractive and imitable manner which you must practice to become a saint. And after you have meditated long and earnestly on the divine home and the holy family that lived there, look about you and you will see it reflected on all sides, reflected in the simple, workaday lives of the Tertiary children of the Seraphic Father, St. Francis.

Friends, the world is sick unto death from its orgy of sin and vice. Holy Church expects the Third Order of St. Francis to heal its wounds and to restore it to the peace of Christ. This can be done, if each member but does his share. Life is earnest and it must be taken seriously. As children of St. Francis you are called to show the world how this can be done with a smiling face and a gladsome heart. In this way your lives will be models for the imitation of others and far from dissuading non-Tertiaries from joining the Order, will but serve to attract them to it. And you, my friends, who are not yet enrolled as members of the Third Order, must not fear the obligations that this membership entails. If you earnestly desire to become saints—who of you does not?—you already possess all the qualities that go to the making of a good Tertiary. By deferring your investment, you are simply depriving yourself, as my "wild Irishman" did, of countless special graces that will be yours as a Tertiary. Think it over, and then grasp the first opportunity to be enrolled.

The place of the Third Order as an organization in the Church is with the religious orders, between the clergy and the laity. It is more than a sodality or confraternity or society. It has been expressly declared a true religious order by the Holy See.

—A Call and the Answer.

ON SETTING OUT JOY PLANTS

BY AGNES MODESTA

YOU may recall that in considering the Ideal Modern Catholic Woman, we saw in her a smile of radiating joy, a joy that all the delights of the world cannot give, nor all the sorrows of the world take away. It is this joy which is beyond any shadow of doubt, one of the outstanding qualities of the best type of womanhood. Yet, unfortunately, to many it is but a phase, a thing of accident or of environment or of feeling. It is to be deplored that so few, comparatively, give the attention that is due it to the setting out and cultivating, in the fertile soil of their souls, the Joy-plant.

A charming and profitable way of looking at our souls is to regard them as little gardens of God, luxuriant with fruits, foliage and flowers of every kind and hue, whose purpose it is to spread fragrance and beauty to the glory of Him who gave them into our keeping, and to the delight and refreshment of all who are busy with the care of like gardens.

For God has given to each of us one of these soul-gardens to weed, water, prune and direct until the time of gathering. The work is not without its difficulties, for there are so many growths good and bad to be reckoned with; so many weeds that choke the life from thriving plants; and some blooms upon which we lavish our tender care only to discover that we have been deluded by false beauty into cultivating spreaders of rank poison. But it is a great work, and well worth our tireless vigilance, if we are able to produce even one fair blossom for the Master's bouquet.

Let us suppose that we are in doubt as to which place we ought to give the most of our attention. There are so many, even of good ones, and though we put forth our best efforts, we cannot cultivate them all equally. My own suggestion in this case is that we should give prominence to the hardy perennial, the Joy-plant. For of all qualities, none is more contagious, more far-reaching, more inspiring,

than true joy. And of all worship and courtesy, none is more sincere, more spontaneous, than that which is suggested by genuine joy in the giving.

If we rejoice because we are in this world, safe in the shelter of the Father's care, busy in the cultivation each of our little garden, leaning happily upon Him without fear and accepting His decrees with joy because they are His; and if we thrill with delight because just over the garden wall and up the hill of this little life is waiting the Great Garden of His love, into which the plots we have watched and tended during Time will be re-set to blossom with everlasting fragrance in Eternity; and if we take care that our little plants of joy send forth their sturdy shoots and give out the exotic perfume of Heaven's own atmosphere—why, who can doubt that the Master, waiting at His garden gate to welcome us, will smile as we lay the blossoms in their full-blown beauty at His feet?

Not for nothing did the great convert and apostle say in one of his unforgettable letters to the early Christians: "Rejoice always, again I say rejoice—in the Lord." And none, I think, would be so bold as to discredit the right of Paul of Tarsus to speak with authority of the wishes of the Master.

Of course, throughout the ages, there have been otherwise excellent souls who have taken their path to Heaven as one of gloom and misery. Their soul-gardens probably abounded in thrifty cactus-plants, prickly pear, bitter herbs and nettles. All most excellent in small quantities—say as a hedge to keep marauders away from the more tender and beautiful blooms—but for a complete garden—Horrors!

The keepers of these gardens plod their way to Eternity dragging their string of crosses for the edification of those who see and wonder and all too often shudder and turn away, impressed perhaps, but fearfully. Such gloom-bound souls have apparently not considered the injunction of the Savior of the world,

o wash our faces and anoint our heads when we fast, that the world is not apprised of our virtue.

Now, none can with justice deny that pain and penance are necessary in the long steep climb to the Garden Gate of God, but in thinking of what lies behind that gate it is not hard to let the mantle of joy hide our pains, and the sunshine of joy turn the sharp points of penitential scourges into the brilliance of sparkling jewels. For it is not the gloom-carriers, with their slow and ponderous tread, who will make sweet and desirable the road to Eternity; but those whose hands are filled with the flowers of the Joy-plant, who run and laugh and singing reach the entrance of God's garden where, consumed by the white blaze of their own happiness and love, they find that the fragrance of their blossoms has arrived before them and that the gate has been set wide for their going in.

We modern Catholic women, who are valiantly trying to show forth the ideal of our kind, must come to realize that we have a real responsibility in the maintaining of an atmosphere of happiness. It isn't always easy, and without the help of the Fountain-head of Joy, it isn't even remotely possible, despite certain modern systems that would have us believe it to be so. But with God there are no impossibilities, and if we consult Him about the care of our Joy-plants, we shall be amazed to find that almost before we can believe it they will have grown and spread and begun to climb the garden walls, entwining with their caressing tendrils each sharp point that may have been al-

lowed to remain as a snare to the little thoughts that walk inside those walls.

So, when the ideal Catholic Family next looks out from the shining windows of its Ideal Catholic Home, may it look upon gardens well set out with Joy-plants. They aren't hard to raise, even in the more severe climates, if the ground is first prepared by being mixed with the grace of God, and plentifully moistened with water from four at least of the seven sacramental streams that flow from God's great garden to our own wee ones. The inspiring gardener will not require a seed catalogue, because she will find in her own soul-garden at least one tiny plant. This may be dug out from the midst of its crowding neighbors and slipped or transplanted with great success. For when given the necessary encouragement, the Joy-plant is a hardy specimen and almost impossible to kill.

But for the best results, after the little plants are set out, they must not be left to the mercy of the elements. Neither must their bloom be forced. They must be given intelligent care, all noxious weeds such as ill-temper, impatience, doubt and discouragement, removed as soon as they make their appearance. These will probably attack the little plant viciously, even after it is well started on its road to maturity, but if their roots are followed conscientiously and pulled out and burned, they will soon give up the attempt. Care, constant and watchful, must go into the cultivation of all the worth-while plants in our soul-gardens, but the labor becomes pleasant when we look to the beauty

of the results. The effort, too, is the only thing of real value to be done during our stay in this Valley of Waiting. Of course we must show our gratitude for the use of the beautiful Valley while we are here, by giving freely of our service for its welfare. But our care for the Earth and its beauties must not be an end in itself, but rather a sub-department to the real work of cultivation in the gardens of our souls.

So, Modern Catholic Women, let us all to the garden tools of our profession, and see how many of us can bring the Joy-plant to perfection. We do not work unauthorized. Our dear Lord, and His perfect Mother, and St. Paul, the Apostle of the Gentiles, have all made it clear to us that the Joy-plant is a sweet and seemly thing. Then there are the countless heroes of the Cross, whose joy has made beautiful the road they traveled. One of these, of peculiar interest to us, is Francis of Assisi, the great bearer of the message of joy. For, despite his many and severe penances, his life was colored with the rose-hue of happiness and his exulting soul bade good-bye to "Brother Body," in a great song of joy.

Therefore it is with a right noble backing that the modern Catholic woman can go about her spring planting. And when the days of the harvest are upon her and she gathers her flowers one by one for the final offering, the yield of her Joy-plants will be to her a strength and a refreshment, and the cooling fragrance of their blossoms will make sweet the evening air along her road to God.

A Suggestion for Lent

It is the wish of holy Mother Church that we busy ourselves during this holy season with the pious consideration of the sufferings and death of our Lord. The most practical way to do so is to go

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SOCIAL SERVICE OF A TERTIARY CONFERENCE

By MARY ALOYSIA ABBOT

THE Congregation of Our Lady of the Holy Spirit was founded in New York City, October 16, 1917.

The first six months were spent in organizing the Congregation according to the Rule, and according to its own special By-Laws, with the guidance of our Director, the Very Reverend Edward Blecke, O. F. M., at that time Provincial of the Province of the Holy Name. By the end of the first season the Congregation was fully organized, and in May the meetings were adjourned for the summer.

In the autumn of 1918 the Conference of our Congregation decided that as no definite work had presented itself, it would be best for the Conference to place itself at the disposal of the Ordinary of the diocese for work in any needy parish of the City.

The Tertiaries were directed by His Grace, then Bishop Hayes, now the beloved Archbishop of New York, to an Italian parish which was organizing and was quite the poorest in New York City. The Rector not having as yet a church or rectory of his own was kindly given the use of a basement chapel by the Fathers of the Most Holy Redeemer, while he gathered his flock together.

The work required of nine Tertiaries, two lay assistants, and later two Franciscan Missionaries of Mary whom our Reverend Director had asked to help us, was to organize three hundred wholly un instructed Italian boys and girls between the ages of five and thirteen into classes of instruction for the reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Communion. It was quickly discovered that there was no question of grading these children, as all had to begin from the foundation; so, with the aid of their zealous Rector they were divided according to age, on the opening day, November 16, 1918. The regular attendance at the classes was good, and the children were promised

prizes at Christmas if they continued to be faithful.

When the day of the Christmas celebration arrived, the Rector, having prepared a Crib, gave the children a little talk on the Babe of Bethlehem, "from whom," he explained, "all good gifts come." To quote our Chairman of Good Works, each child was to have received three things from the funds of our Conference. Instead of three hundred children, we had between eight hundred and one thousand, so that the distribution was uneven. In spite of all that had been done to give them pleasure, to the casual observer, the celebration must have appeared to be a failure. To our Tertiaries, however, it gave the reason why they had been led to the neglected children of that district. While the very little ones were inclined to be obedient, the older ones were so openly eager and rebellious at the restraint of being kept even a few moments in the pews, that a mob psychology seemed to seize upon them; and that they did not swarm over the altar railing, which they broke, and into the Sanctuary of that basement chapel, is still a mystery. There were hundreds against four Tertiaries who stood within the rail.

On May 3, very many of these same children made their first Confession; and the Grace of the Sacrament was so noticeable in their demeanor after leaving the Confessional, that their instructors felt much encouraged. So quiet, gentle, and prayerful were they that in some instances their teachers with difficulty recognized their own pupils. On Ascension Day, the Tertiaries beheld the crowning fruits of their efforts in that parish, when they saw 123 children most reverently receive our Eucharistic Lord. They had come to us as savages and they were now transformed into angels. The zealous Rector that morning addressed the children, their parents and relatives, in their new church which had

previously housed a Lutheran Congregation; and with tears in his eyes thanked the Tertiaries for their work.

During that winter and spring, relief had been extended to the most needy pupils and their families by our members; visits were made to the homes, and garments sewed by the Tertiaries were donated where poverty existed. One mother in the parish, though an opportunity had presented itself of getting a better home by leaving the neighborhood, refused to do so, saying that she was unwilling to take her children away from the influence of the Tertiaries.

The district contained three non-Catholic churches and one flourishing settlement, which earlier had been found striving to draw away the Catholic children. A minister from one of these churches had been known to greet the children when at play in the streets, offer them sweetmeats, and promise presents to any who should come to his church the following Sunday.

The second year, the services of two Sisters of Mercy having been obtained by the Rector, the Tertiaries continued their work as assistants, until with a sufficient number of religious installed in the parish, a regular Sunday School was in complete operation.

Last winter our Chairman of Good Works found that there was very great need of garments among the Leper colonies of the world. To aid the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary in this work, a weekly sewing class was established at the home of one of our members, and later at the residence of our President, who at all of these meetings read aloud, from Dr. Adrian Fortescue's "Orthodox Eastern Churches."

In addition, it has been our privilege since our foundation to have aided many whose needs we discovered. Our special aim, however, has been the preparation for profession of our Novices by regular instruction in the Rule throughout the year of probation. This being well accomplished, our hope has been that fidelity to the spirit of our Seraphic Father will, with the aid of Our Lady and St. Francis, surely follow.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. Ash Wednesday. Lent.
2. Bl. Agnes of Prague, Virgin of the II Order.
3. Mysteries of the Way of the Cross. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
5. St. John Joseph, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
6. St. Colette, Virgin of the II Order. (Plen. Ind.)
9. St. Catherine of Bologna, Virgin of the II Order. (Plen. Ind.)
11. BB. John Baptist and Christopher, Confessors of the I Order.
13. Bl. Agnellus, Confessor of the I Order.
18. Bl. Salvator, Confessor of the I Order.
19. St. Joseph, Spouse of the B. V. M. (Gen. Absol. Plen. Ind.)
20. BB. John, Mark, and Hippolytus, Confessors of the I and III Orders.
22. St. Benvenute, Bishop, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
24. Bl. Didacus Joseph, Confessor of the I Order.
28. St. John Capistran, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
29. Bl. Jane Mary, Widow of the II Order.

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope.
2. Once every month, on any suitable day.
3. On the day of the monthly meeting.
4. On the first Saturday of every month. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulged Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries, on March 3, 19, (20). This Absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries also in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.



YOUTH'S PRAYER TO ST. JOSEPH



In thee, O St. Joseph, thy children confide.
 Be thou our protector, our father, our guide.
 The flowers of innocent childhood we twine
 In a fragrant white garland of love for thy shrine.
 St. Joseph, who guided the Child on His way,
 Oh, guide us and guard us and bless us, we pray!

Long ago thou didst teach the Child Jesus to speak,
 Thy arms were His strength when His footsteps were weak;
 Oh, lend us thy help in the days of our youth,
 And teach us to walk in the pathway of truth.
 St. Joseph, Christ's early protector and stay,
 Protect us and save us from evil, we pray!

God saw thee so lowly, so constant, so mild,
 And gave to thy keeping the Mother and Child;
 With the poor little hut could no palace compare
 When Jesus and Mary and Joseph were there.
 Thy glory the angels flew earthward to see,
 For the Lord of the heavens was subject to thee!

When the years glowing o'er us shall smoulder away,
 When their ashes, down-drifting, shall crown us with gray,
 Still loyal and true may we keep to the vow
 To honor thy name as we honor it now.
 St. Joseph, who guided the Child on His way,
 Oh, guide us at last to His presence, we pray!

H. W.



Missions

FROM YELLOW RIVER TO GORDON

By MR. ODORIC, O. F. M., Missionary

AT Yellow River I visited an Indian family by the name of Anakwad, which in English means Cloud. Their home was a neat little loghouse. Apparently, they depended on the generosity of Mr. Thomas Dunne for what they needed to keep body and soul together. The reason why I remember this visit so distinctly is because here I saw for the first time a *Powwow Drum*, that mysterious instrument of noise which plays so important a role in the life of the superstitious pagan Indian.

Tom Anakwad or Cloud, then only recently converted from paganism, was not yet well grounded in Catholic doctrine. What was worse, he seemed to be entirely under the influence of his wife, who was still a pagan and clung most tenaciously to the superstitious practices of her race. Hence it was that in a corner of their one-roomed loghouse, on a nicely ornamented shelf, the Clouds kept carefully tucked a large drum. To be constantly reminded of its sacred character and to keep dust and everything unholy from settling on it, they had it completely enveloped in a white cloth. This cloth was never removed; nor was the drum ever put to use except on the occasion of a ceremonial dance. Whence this great reverence among the Indians for the drum? Why that restriction in its use to the dance? Following is The Story which I learned later from the Indians themselves.

Years ago, when the Sioux were on the warpath against the whites and when many of the redmen fell victims to the thundersticks of the encroaching strangers, an Indian woman, having become separated from her people, was pursued by the enemy. In her great plight she

ran into a lake and concealed herself under the large leaf of a water lily. For four days she lay there watching the movements of her pursuers. Finally she got very hungry and was on the point of succumbing, when she heard a voice in the air, saying, "Are you hungry?" But she was too frightened to answer. Again the voice asked, "Are you hungry?" Plucking up courage, she replied, "He, nin bakade—yes, I am hungry." Whereupon the voice said kindly: "Come out of the water then, my child, and go yonder to where the soldiers are eating." Noticing that she hesitated, the Great Spirit—for it was none other that spoke to her—coaxed her, saying, "Don't be afraid, my child. Just go over and eat with them. Then come to that tree there," pointing out a huge oak near by, "I have something important to tell you."

Thus encouraged, the Indian woman went over to the soldiers and, unseen by them, partook of their frugal meal. Thereupon she repaired to the tree where the Great Spirit again appeared to her. Beside him on the ground stood a drum. "Now," the spirit began, "you Indians and pale-faces must no longer wage war on one another. It grieves me to see so much blood spilled on earth. This must cease. You must henceforth be friends and live in peace." Then taking up the drum he showed her how it was made. "Take a board," he explained, "and bend it round till the two ends meet. Then stretch a cowhide over the opening. Here are the sticks with which to beat the drum—this way—while the other Indians sing and dance." And, to the great surprise of the Indian woman, the spirit began to sway to

and fro, meanwhile ejaculating a succession of inarticulate sounds. All of a sudden the Great Spirit disappeared and the Indian woman found herself alone. Such is the origin of the Indian powwow drum. Peace was established between the redskins and the pale-faces; and ever since the former celebrate their love-feasts, singing, drumming and dancing.

As late as 1904, when our Indians at Odanah, Wisconsin, commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of the ceding of their lands to the United States Government and of their consequent settling at Bad River Reservation, one of the principal dancers, dressed up in full Indian regalia, was my friend Tom Cloud. At present, both he and his wife are permanently established at Odanah, old Tom attending faithfully to his Christian duties and his pagan wife staying at home and guarding that sacred heirloom of the family—the powwow drum.

Time and again in after years, the writer visited the Cloud family and tried hard to bring Tom's wife to the knowledge of the true faith. She would always listen very attentively to what I had to say and appeared well disposed; but renounce paganism and embrace Christianity—sincerely I hope and pray that the Good Shepherd will yet lead this good soul into His fold.

Weary and foot-sore I returned to the Mouth of Yellow River, which, by the way, the Indians called Obikoganagan (ankle) from the fact that the hill, where the Yellow River joins the St. Croix, has the shape of an ankle. One Baptism, that of an adult whose name was Ajiteash (the cross-eyed), a number of Confessions, and twenty-one Communion—those were the

spiritual fruits of my first missionary trip to the Mouth of the Yellow River, just thirty-nine years ago this spring.

How glad I should have been, had I been able to find an Indian to take me by boat up the St. Croix to Nemekagon—"the place where sturgeons are." My feet were very sore from that long tramp to Yellow Lake. But, somehow or other, no Indian there was to do me this favor. So I was compelled to go by "the Marrowbone stage," despite aching ankles and blistered soles. Noticing that I limped and divining the cause, an Indian woman presented me with a new pair of moccasins. These Indian-made slippers are excellent footwear in the house, but miserable substitutes for thick-soled shoes on the rough and rocky road. Hence they brought little, if any, relief. But I soon forgot all aches in the struggle to keep up with old Sajagens, my Indian guide. Though laden with my heavy mission satchel, he hit the trail like the Twentieth Century Limited.

Never will I forget that Night of woe at Nemekagon.

Immediately on reaching the Indian settlement, I went over to one of the tepees, to offer priestly assistance to an Indian girl who was dying the slow death of a consumptive. How happy she and her folks were to see me, and how readily I heeded their invitation and squatted down on the mat in the corner. But alas! in the center of this Indian "hospital," a fire was burning; every now and then a gust of wind would stir the glowing coals and scatter smoke and ashes into my face. I tried to conceal my discomfort. The Indian is very discerning, however, and after a while I was invited to a wigwam that was unoccupied. As the event showed, it was but jumping out of the frying pan into the fire. I found the wigwam unoccupied in the full sense of the word—there was neither stove, nor fire, nor light. I groped about in the dark and at last felt some blankets on the ground. Although they were wet from a recent rain, I crept under them. But they offered little comfort; for the night was cold and a wet nasty wind kept blowing through the wigwam. I was



Photo by Grace Horn.

just counting the hours till morning and wondering how my bones would be feeling by then, when an Indian, carrying a lantern, appeared at the opening of the wigwam and bade me come over to a frame house that afforded better shelter. It belonged to a pagan Indian, he said, who with his family had already retired for the night; but there would be no objection to my seeking a dry and comfortable bed on the floor behind the warm stove. Such is Indian hospitality, unkenp but honest, pinched but cheery—the heart of the giver is what counts, not the quality of the gift. More than once, during the many years I lived and labored among the aborigines of northern Wisconsin, was my heart made happy by the winning smile of Indian hospitality. The Indian has bad traits and wicked habits, true; in this respect he shares in the effects of Adam's fall, just like his white neighbor. But not all in the Indian is sin and corruption. To hold that "the dead Indian is the best Indian" is uncharitable, to say the least, considering that much of his present day indigence, spiritual as well as material, must be traced back to the whiskey bottle for which he bartered with his white brother.

But to continue with our story: Early next morning, old Sajagens and I set out on our trip to Gordon.

Three miles from Nemekagon. at More's Stopping Place, as it was

called, I celebrated holy Mass. Thereupon we luckily did full justice to a substantial breakfast of pork and beans. Luckily, I say, for the long and weary tramp through the forest was not made without a delaying adventure. We were in the depth of the forest when all of a sudden heavy black clouds began to cover the sky and an occasional rumbling sound told us that mischief was brewing overhead. Before long the rain came down in torrents. It seemed as if the flood-gates of heaven had been thrown open to terrify the lonely wanderers and wash them from the face of the earth. There was no use seeking shelter under the thick foliage. We splashed right on through mud and rain, looking for all the world like a pair of drowned cats. Still, this drenching was not so bad, after all. The day was exceedingly hot and sultry, so that I really welcomed this open air "bath" as a blessing in disguise. Not so, however, that Long "Short-cut" which we took to gain time.

We were some seven miles from Gordon when a bright idea percolated through the shaggy locks of Sajagens. Turning to me, he said, "Gwaiiakoshkada—let's take a short cut." My tired legs seconded the motion and off we were, leaving the traveled wagon road and cutting through the dense forest—the sturdy Indian in advance with my heavy satchel and the missionary straggling



Photo by Grace Horn.

after as best he could—over tree stumps and fallen branches, through grimy puddles and soaked brushwood, now along this lake and then around that, these ten minutes in a northerly direction and the next fifteen due south-west. Every now and then Sajagens would halt, look around, and then continue. From the expression on his face I knew what was bothering him and could not help laughing when he finally informed me that he had lost the way. "Will we ever get to Gordon?" I said to myself after roaming for several hours. To make a long story short, we did finally get there; but the reader must not ask when and how. "Well, Sajagens," I said, patting him on the shoulder, "that was the longest 'short-cut' I ever took."

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

GREAT JOY AT ST. JOHN'S MISSION

BY FR. ANTONINE, O. F. M., Missionary

THOSE of our readers and friends who, last Christmas, contributed so generously toward the restoration of St. John's Mission Chapel, will surely be glad to learn full particulars regarding our recent triumph in a field other than the spiritual. It goes to show what can be done with the Pimas and Papagos not only in the spiritual but also in the material way.

One of the outstanding features of the Arizona Industrial Week, held in Phoenix in the second week of last November, was a parade through the streets of the city. The purpose of it was to acquaint the people, who had gathered from all parts of the state, with the various industrial enterprises and achievements of Salt River Valley. Every phase of industry was represented. In the field of transportation, for instance, they saw what rapid progress had been made in the state—from the first wheelbarrow that was used in Phoenix years ago to deliver ice, to the finest and latest

models of high-priced automobiles.

The larger schools of Phoenix and vicinity also were requested to take part in the parade. Among these were the Union High School, with an enrollment of 1,500 pupils; the Phoenix Indian Boarding School, a government institution, totalling about 800 children; and our St. John's Indian Mission School, with its 425 boarders.

Only through the kindness of the Governor of Arizona, the Honorable J. E. Campbell, who takes a lively interest in St. John's, was it made possible for all our children to take part. This, by the way, was the first time our work was heralded in the streets of Phoenix at a public demonstration. Some months previous to Industrial Week, Governor Campbell favored us with a visit. So pleased was he with what he saw of our achievements and so confident regarding the possibilities of the Mission, that he expressed his desire of seeing an exhibit of our work, during Indus-

trial Week, adding that for the transportation of the children he would make all provision.

Accordingly, on November 11, at seven o'clock in the morning, six giant State Highway trucks, each provided with a huge trailer, arrived at St. John's. Into these our children climbed, laughing and chatting, but at the same time observing the finest order. The reader can picture to himself that eleven mile ride to Phoenix; the surprise of the people when the trucks drove into the city; the friendly applause with which they welcomed the laughing and singing children; and the comments passed on their neat and healthy appearance.

At ten o'clock, the parade, headed by Governor Campbell and other State officials, began to move through the streets of the capital. Besides the ranks of boys and girls, wearing their Mission uniform, we had three floats. The first of these, heading our section in the parade, pictured Indian life among the Pi-

mas and Papagos of some fifty years ago. It represented an old hut of brushwood, decorated with hides of the wild boar, coyote, and fox. In front of the hut sat with her daughters the mother of a numerous typical Indian family. Their jet black hair, as in days gone by, hung profusely over their shoulders and their face was grotesquely painted after Indian fashion. Mother and daughters were engaged in making basketry, while the father and sons, armed with bow and arrow, were out among the mesquite and sage brush in search of game.

In sharp contrast with this life-like picture of olden times, followed a company of twenty-four boys, drilled especially for the occasion. They went through the many and intricate formations without a flaw. Next came the Mission's military band of twenty-six pieces, playing patriotic airs and popular marches. Boys in khaki and girls in white came next, four abreast, keeping step with the music of the band. Let it be said that the order and discipline our children manifested was perfect. All along the line of spectators, their engaging appearance elicited a most hearty applause. Two very impressive floats brought up the rear of our section. The one showed a modern school room with sixteen tots listening attentively to what their teacher was telling them. The other float exhibited the agricultural products which the concerted efforts of our



Indians realize on our Mission ranch. Here the people of Phoenix saw that it is not only the soul of the Indian we are looking after but his temporal and material advancement as well.

After the parade, the Governor publicly praised our children for their splendid exhibit. Then, to show his appreciation, he instructed the truck drivers to take them for a trip to the principal places of interest in Phoenix. This was done after lunch, to the great delight of all. Thereupon the trucks brought them back to the Mission—to their home—to the Fathers and the Sisters who love and care for them as their own.

But this was not all. Another great surprise, great because entirely unlooked-for, was in store for us. On the day after the parade, Fr. Vincent, the superintendent of St. John's, received word from the State officials that those who were appointed to judge on the merits of the various exhibits, had awarded the silver cup to St. John's Mission. What an intense joy that caused the Fathers and the Sisters, and how the children gave vent to their feelings when they heard of it, need not be described. St. John's Mission is now the proud possessor of the silver cup which stands about fourteen inches high and bears the following inscription:

AWARDED
BEST SCHOOL SECTION
Phoenix, November 11, 1921

When you make it your rule to perform a definite set of actions; when you publicly pledge yourself to carry out that rule; when others are pledged with you to that rule; when, finally, you have your and their concerted prayers to aid you, then you will make good your resolution to lead a Christian life. Now, in the Third Order, the so-called "Divine Office" recited each day aids you to carry out the pious resolutions to which you pledge yourself, with the other members, on entering the novitiate of the order, and more especially on making what is called the "profession," or actual pledge.

—A Call and the Answer.





Fiction



WHO WINS

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

III

Geoffrey followed Dr. Kosaloff upstairs into the studio the next morning, after a bad half hour at Lucas's bedside. Nothing could be elicited from Lucas himself, save an occasional gasp, when the pain was too much for him. He was silent and sullenly defiant, watching both Geoffrey and the doctor with suspicious, resentful eyes; but Kosaloff had made a thorough examination, and Geoffrey hung upon his verdict apprehensively.

He paced the studio up and down for a few moments, while Geoffrey sat waiting. He stopped presently, before the fireplace, resting an arm upon the mantel and staring down into the flames. At last he looked up.

"I think," he said slowly, "I think I could save the boy, if he would let me."

"Save—?" Geoffrey's heart stopped, then hammered at his throat.

"Yes. This fall is going to make a hopeless cripple of him, unless—well, I'm not omnipotent, of course; but I think I can almost promise a practically complete cure, if—but I can't chain him down, you know, and cure him in spite of himself. True, I can put him in a cast, and strap him to a table, and put a corps of nurses on guard; but—" He shrugged.

"You mean—?"

"I might accomplish something, but the chances are in favor of—well, of his burning right out, like a pinwheel fastened to a stick. . . . Poor little beggar!"

Geoffrey sat silent, perplexed and wretched. He felt as if he were being strangled by an invisible net. At every turn he was foiled and baffled. The more he fought, the tighter grew the bondage.

"Do you know at all what is wrong with your friend, Geoffrey?" demanded the doctor, abruptly facing about and frowning into Geoffrey's startled eyes. "I don't ask you to violate a confidence, but if there is any hint you can give me to piece out. . . . I have only deduction and inference to go on, you see. It's not enough—not for my present needs."

Geoffrey's eyes fell. "I—I don't know," he faltered. All the hideous fancies and fears that he had so resolutely put away during the past months came crowd-

ing around him, jeering and leering. How could he tell Kosaloff what he fancied, what he thought, what he feared? He dropped his forehead on his hands.

"Very well," said the doctor, after a pause. "It's as you see fit; but you're tying my hands. If one could gain his confidence—ah, the poor little beggar!"

"Doctor. . . . if you could. . . . I don't know. Really, there's nothing I can say. But if you could tell me what it is you think—"

"What I think about Lucas?" The keen eyes were boring into him.

Geoffrey nodded, gulping. Why was he so afraid? If it was true— But what could Kosaloff know of these things?

"What I think about Lucas," repeated the Russian. "Yes. I will tell you. He is at war—at war, and the game is up. He's fighting in the last trench now, and he knows it. Who wins?" The big man flung out his hands with a dramatic gesture. "Voilà tout! It was finished before it began. Perhaps he knows that, also."

"At war—" Geoffrey's voice sounded hoarse in his own ears, and far off, like the voice of someone else. "At war—"

"With his God! Oh—or himself, or his soul, or whatever you like to name it. It's all one, really. No, I'm not talking pantheism. I'm only using terms to express— But I see that you agree with me."

Agree! Geoffrey lay back in his chair, closing his eyes. The cold-blooded brute! He could say these things—could stand there, and say these things. . . .

"You think me heartless," the cool, poised voice cut in on the confusion of his brain. "But remember that my viewpoint is not yours. To you it is personal—individual. To me it is simply a principle. God? What is God? Creative force? First cause? You cannot define God any better than I can. My God is not your God, your God is not Lucas's God. No! No two men worship the same God, if it comes to a point of philosophic accuracy. I can't accept your creeds and dogmas, Geoffrey; but I can recognize the truth that underlies all creeds and all dogmas. All men recognize it. All men must deal with it, in their lives and in their deaths. You are afraid for Lucas, and

you are right to be afraid. No man can win by war; it is by peace that we go on to victory. Lucas is fighting against impossible odds. Who wins?"

Geoffrey looked up at him hopelessly. "I—I don't think I quite understand," he murmured. "Of course it's a personal thing—a question of each soul—but—"

"Of heaven, or of hell—yes—of the individual to be saved or damned. Well! From my standpoint, Lucas is already damned. I don't know what may come after this life; but I can see what is going on now, under my eyes, and that's sufficient. For what comes after death—well, that's not my affair."

Geoffrey sighed. "We're talking at cross purposes," he said. "I'm a Christian. These are . . . eternal issues. What's the use of arguing? I can't see the value of your— Oh, what is the use?"

"I didn't mean to argue." The doctor's voice was gentle. "Well, leave it. But the question is—Lucas. As I read the signs, here is a soul white-hot with rebellion, rigid with defiance. A man at war with God—hating God. Will you tell me that to hate God is not a state of damnation? And what's to be done? It's Lucas's battle. Yet . . . we might help. Are we to stand by and see him go under?"

"What is there that you think we can do?" asked Geoffrey, dully. "How can we help?"

"I want his confidence. Can't you get it for me? Oh, I know you feel it's useless; but try—try once more. He's afraid of me, because he can't fool me. If we can take the hatred and the suspicion and the fear out of him, we have gone far toward making a well man of him. I'm not wholly a materialist, you see, though you may call me a pagan and an atheist." He smiled, whimsically.

"As far as I can make out," he went on, "the boy is possessed with the idea of God as his enemy—a giant, so to speak, with a club, who is after him, and whom he dares to do His worst. H'm . . . That's the way I see it. You don't know anything about this leg of his, Geoffrey, I suppose; how it happened; what it was that crippled him? I understand that, when you saw him two years ago, it was a perfectly sound limb, so that it's probably not anything constitutional; an accident, undoubtedly; some diseased condition of the bone may have developed. So you see, I can't tell much till I can get an X-ray. And what can I do with a patient in Lucas's state? It's cruel to use force. You saw it this morning and yesterday. I can't go on at that rate. Besides, it would pull his nerves to shreds, in no time. Poor little chap!"

"But, doctor . . . what is it that you want of me? I don't see—"

"Can't you get him to talk? He's eating his heart out. Make him talk; make him tell you his troubles. Soften him, that's all I want. If he softens to you, the first step is accomplished. Yes, I know he loves you; but he's hard, even to you. No; I'm not planning any spy tricks; you needn't look at me like that. Can't you trust me, either?"

Kosaloff's face and the words he had spoken were uppermost in Geoffrey's mind all afternoon, as he sat by Lucas with a book, trying to while away the time for the sufferer. Lucas was very quiet, and it was difficult to say how acute his pain might be. He was obviously repressing himself, holding his protesting nerves sternly in check. The doctor had given him a mild sedative; but its effects were wearing off. His flushed temples and bright tired eyes betrayed a good deal.

"Geoffrey," said Lucas, all at once, as Geoffrey paused in his reading to turn a page, "why do you set that man on me? I can't prevent it, I suppose; but I'd like to know why you do it."

Geoffrey put down his book, staring his amazement. "Lucas! Set Kosaloff on you! Why, what do you mean?"

"You know I don't want him. You know how I feel about—about things of that sort. I mean . . . Haven't I told you before that I . . . Yet you even help; you even hold me . . . You make me take his pills and things! Don't you think I have any personal rights? Why do you do it? You know I can't fight you; and as for that big—that big elephant . . . Why do you do it?"

"Lucas! Why? Because I want you to get well. You don't expect me to sit by and watch you—die, maybe, without trying to save you? I only want to save you pain—"

"You saved me that, didn't you, this morning and yesterday?"

"Don't be childish. If you won't behave like a reasonable creature—"

"If I haven't a right to my own body, what rights have I left in this world?"

"Lucas, why do you act like this? What perverted notions are possessing you? Why shouldn't you have medical and surgical attention, if you need it?"

"Surgical?" Lucas flashed a look at him. "Oh! That's next on the program, is it?"

Geoffrey leaned over, taking one of the hot hands between his own. "Lucas, my . . . my dear fellow . . ."

"What is it he wants to do?" The voice was edged like a razor. Geoffrey shivered. Ah, how that hurt! But Lucas didn't mean it. Geoffrey met the hostile eyes steadily.

"He says he can—can cure you, he thinks, Lucas, if you will only let him."

"Cure?"

"That's what he said this morning."

"Cure me, so that I won't be lame? So I won't have any pain—at all—ever? What rot! He wants to try some beastly experiment on me; that's what legs like mine are for, you know. These doctors are almost as clever as—" He broke off, looking wickedly at Geoffrey. "They work hand in hand with—er—Fate, don't they? She provides the legs, the obliging old dame—"

"Lucas, listen to me a minute."

"Well, what is it? Kosaloff can cure me. What else?"

"A practically complete cure"—that was what he said. Lucas, I—I'm sorry; but don't you know that this fall is—well, is going to make you . . . much worse, unless you let Kosaloff try—Oh, Lucas, if you'd be reasonable! Why will you make everything so hard?"

The hand between Geoffrey's hands twitched, but Geoffrey held it fast. He would not let this moment slip away; perhaps something might come of it. The feverish fingers relaxed, and Lucas lay silent, his eyes fixed, the heart-breaking line on his brow, his lips a little parted, his breathing quick. Geoffrey could feel the pulse in his wrist beating rapidly, unevenly, and he sat motionless, waiting. A word, of which he was scarcely more than half aware, repeated itself somewhere deep in his consciousness over and over with the beating of Lucas's pulse—a word that saints have loved above all words—a word whose power can close the Doors of Doom . . .

Lucas turned and looked at him. "You needn't sit there and pray over me," he rapped out, viciously. Geoffrey jumped, with a quick intake of his breath. The onslaught was so sudden, so surprising.

"I—but I didn't say a thing." He felt as if he had been struck, and stared blankly at the other.

"Oh, you can't fool me like that! I know all perfectly well. You can save your energy. I don't want your prayers. Do you think I'll ask favors of—? I won't! He's got me down; let Him tear me to bits and enjoy Himself!"

Geoffrey dropped the hand he held and moved back instinctively. "Lucas! Lucas! How—how dare you . . ."

The sick man, with a furious effort, raised himself on his elbow. His face was twisted with pain; his eyes narrowed to slits of green fire.

"I—I hate Him," he said, his voice scarcely more than a whisper. "Don't you know that? Don't you? Kosaloff knows. Hasn't he told you? Now you can kick me out and run no danger of contamination!"

It seemed to Geoffrey, in the void that opened around him, as if the world were frozen, locked in a deathly embrace of ice. He had seen a world so frozen, somewhere, before. Where was it that he had walked among his fellow-creatures, prisoned in eternal cold? No; that was Dante, Dante who had seen a vision of the nether hell. Ah, God! no, not that! He could not see, as Dante had seen, faces that he knew, in hell, and live! He would follow a dear face down to hell and beat upon the portal, till Eternity walked backward and gave up her prey.

The icy grip about his heart loosened. He slipped to his knees beside the bed. Lucas made no resistance, as he pushed him gently back upon the pillows and slid an arm under the quivering shoulders. So he knelt, minute after minute, quite still, holding Lucas half raised against him, as one might hold a sick child. Gradually he felt the nervous tension of

the slim body relax and saw the gleam fade from the eyes. A faint sigh escaped Lucas's lips; he turned his face, hiding it on Geoffrey's breast.

Geoffrey could never remember how it began or what had been told him, up to the point where Lucas was working as a wood-cutter in a Brazilian forest. He was evidently at low-water: it must have been after his good friend had gone off to New York, leaving him sick and on the edge of financial disaster. But Lucas had wanted him to go; he had begged him not to let the opportunity escape. It was mere folly to fret about what might or might not have happened if one had or had not done this or that! Yesterday morning, for instance, if he had remembered that loose step; if he had had it fixed; if he had gone downstairs to get that sweater for Lucas; how different everything might have been! Just a little thing like that could matter so much.

Once more he came back to Lucas's narrative. He must listen; this was what Kosaloff wanted—the key to Lucas's troubles. It might be that he could find a way out.

Lucas was clinging fast to him in a pathetic, childish abandon. His reserve was broken up at last; he talked feverishly, his face buried in Geoffrey's coat, and Geoffrey had to bend his head to catch the half intelligible sentences. He had lost the thread again. What was Lucas saying about . . .

"Hours, Geoffrey! They said it was ten hours, but it was years—ten years—twenty—fifty! In the dark, with the night sounds of the forest and the night smells, and with shapes that crept into the clearing and crept out again . . . Maybe they weren't real, all of them; I don't know; I was half out of my head, you see, with the pain and fright; and—oh, you can't understand! You never could understand! I suppose I fainted, off and on; it's all rather mixed in my mind. But I always came back. There wasn't much I missed. That's where the fun comes in, you know; oh, yes, that's where the fun comes in . . ."

Geoffrey stroked the soft black hair, anxious and puzzled. "Yes, I know," he murmured.

"Ah! Do you?" Lucas began to laugh.

"Hush," commanded Geoffrey, tightening his hold. "Hush . . ." If he could piece out the story . . .

"Ten hours," repeated Lucas, a shudder running through him. "Ten hours, crushed into the mud, Geoffrey—crushed into the mud and slime, with a seventy-five foot tree across your leg—as a reward for doing another man's work, for helping out a yellow jackal that wasn't human enough to say 'thanks'—oh, Geoffrey! When I looked up and saw that monstrous thing toppling down on me—when I slipped and fell . . . It was a thousand years before the crash and the shock; and when I found myself again, and it was dark—quite dark—and I knew that the others had gone, that they hadn't heard—hadn't seen—perhaps hadn't bothered to notice. . .

"There was that crucifix I had around my neck—do you remember? I thought of it right away, when I

of my senses a bit; and I raised myself, enough to get hold of it. Instinct, I imagine. I was half mad with the agony and the fever, and I had a foolish idea that something might happen—a ministering angel, you know, or something of that kind.

"Well! Things don't happen, not even when a fellow has loved God and no other love, for all his life; denied himself and his desires, and lived the very best he could. Ah, it takes something like this to make a man understand the fiendishness of the whole scheme! Is there a God? Was he there, that night? Listen to me!" He had flung himself back in Geoffrey's arms, and now stared up into Geoffrey's face with a dreadful expression, like a man who looks on some unspeakable sight.

"Listen to me! You think you love God! You've never loved Him any better than I did. Good, merciful, just . . . 'As a father pitieth his children.'—then He tramples you in the mud—oh, wait till it comes home to you—that's all! You can always explain away someone else's torture, but when you're in the rack yourself—"

"Lucas, Lucas! You're sick; you're feverish. You must be quiet now and rest—"

"What did I ever do to Him but love Him? Do you mean to tell me that there's any God, any beneficent being who would permit such? If there is a God, then He's a wicked God and I hate Him! Why, He even let His own Son die by torture—"

"Lucas! That's blasphemy! I can't let you talk so. You don't know what you're saying."

"Geoffrey, I tell you, it's wicked—it's wicked to believe in your kind of a God. He's worse than the evil, because He pretends to be good and is all the time grinning at you. You don't see Him, because our head's down and you're on your knees; but if you get up and look at Him straight—then you'll see—then He can't fool you any more. He can't even make you believe He's real!"

A heavy silence settled on them, as the passionate voice ceased. Geoffrey could feel his own heart pounding against Lucas's body, and his hold tightened to a convulsive straining. He felt numbed and a little chilled; he was definitely conscious of only one idea—resistance. He was fighting something very strong and very dangerous. He was tired; but there was no more to rest now—he must hold on and keep going. . . . Lucas put up his hands, presently, panting.

"Geoffrey—you're hurting me!" The brown fingers pressed against his chest; and something in their pressure, the attempt to escape him, stirred an notion in Geoffrey that had been smouldering unnoticed under the thick layer of that curious resistance, that sense of battle, of conflict. He felt angry—unreasonably, furiously angry.

"Be quiet," he snapped. "Lie still! If I drop you, you'll go over the edge, and then what can I do? I can't go after you, can I?"

Had he said something absurd? It wasn't what he had meant to say. But—but it was true! Why, it was all he could do to hold Lucas up, with all that giggling and fussing—little fool!

"Be quiet!" he repeated.

"Geoffrey! You're hurting me!"

"Be still! Stop your scratching! You can't get away. I won't let you get away, you—your tiger-cat! You think you can jump in the dark and land on your feet; but you can't—you'll break your back. . . ."

He was aware, then, of Lucas's eyes that met his so strangely. The brown fingers, still pressing against him, quivered with the continued effort. Yes, of course, he was hurting Lucas; but if he let go—

How ridiculous! Was he dreaming? Had he been asleep, kneeling there beside the bed? What was it they were saying just now?

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered. "I—I"—He felt confused and dizzy. Lucas had been saying something; but he could not quite remember what it was.

"Gofredo mio. . . ."

Yes; that was better. The slender figure grew heavy in his arms. He looked down. Lucas was smiling at him—a rather wan, uncertain smile. He seemed to be limp with exhaustion.

"I—I beg your pardon," faltered Geoffrey again. "I—I didn't mean to—hurt you—"

"But you're mashing me," protested Lucas, faintly. He had ceased struggling and gave himself up to Geoffrey's violence. "You're hurting me, Gofredo—please! What—what are you trying to do?"

Geoffrey's head cleared. He released Lucas and stood up, slowly.

"I'm sorry. . . . I'd better go away and let you sleep." How tired he was! What had he been doing, to get so tired? "I'll give you some bromide. Would you like a glass of water? Is the pain bad?"

"Geoffrey, I'm dreadfully sorry if I've upset you. I'm afraid I've said a lot of things. . . . But it's your fault—yours and Kosaloff's. Now you know—you've found out what you wanted, haven't you?"

The next few days always remained in Geoffrey's mind as a treadmill of stupidities, mechanically enacted, while one waited, waited, for something real to happen. Kosaloff came and went, through these days, big and somber and quiet, dropping now and then a reassuring hand on Geoffrey's shoulder or an encouraging word in Geoffrey's ear.

"Patience," was his watchword. "Patience! Twice he had broken a little, even to me. Let him be; it will come right. He is no longer a mystery, and thus he has given away the keenest weapon he held against us."

"He regrets it, perhaps," suggested Geoffrey. "Sometimes I think he's sorry. I wish, almost, that I didn't know . . . anything."

Kosaloff shrugged.

"It is necessary to know," he said.

The day came when Lucas surrendered. Geoffrey, at his bedside, looking from the frail, helpless figure to the towering Russian opposite, was smitten with something like shame. They had just been too much,

the two of them. It was all in their hands now. Two against one!

"Well, we've decided to be reasonable," the doctor was explaining to Geoffrey, while Lucas watched him with wide, fascinated eyes. "We're going to try out what science and rational behavior can do for us, aren't we, son?" He took up one of the limp, slim wrists, touching the pulse in casual fashion. "And so, we're going to ask Geoffrey to get us ready for a trip to the City to-morrow." His tone was half playful, half tender; his manner that of one dealing with a fractious child. Geoffrey drew a long sobbing breath, and Lucas's eyes turned on him.

"Yes," said Lucas.

"You—you'll operate?" Geoffrey managed, after a moment, choking.

"Well, not immediately. We must get an X-ray, and—and think things out a bit. Then, we'll see."

"You'll come with me, Geoffrey, won't you?" The hand that Kosaloff was not holding met Geoffrey's, and a wave of color swept the dark face. "It will be so—so tiresome—" The sentence trailed off to the accompaniment of the little beloved trick that raised one eyebrow and twitched the corners of the mouth upward. "I—I can't be good, without you, Gofredo mio. . . ."

The X-ray proved the accuracy of a theory on which Kosaloff was building. It was all very technical when put into words, Geoffrey did not understand it at all, except that Kosaloff had found what he expected, and that he was prepared to go through with the proposed operation. Lucas was quite indifferent. Since his submission to the superior forces which beset him, he had followed a line of least resistance, veering abruptly from sullenness and suspicion to an imperturbable gaiety, as brilliant as the brightness of polished brass. He obeyed orders with a shrug and hid his pain under a running fire of nonsense; but Geoffrey felt that he was as far as ever from a desirable frame of mind.

"At least," said Kosaloff, "he's let down the bars so we can work. Be satisfied. 'Sufficient unto the day—' Is that it? Why don't you use your faith?"

"Doctor," said Geoffrey, "if there were any way, before the operation, to bring him to his senses. . . . I'm afraid."

"Afraid? Well—there's danger, it's true, in every operation. This is going to be a long pull, too; I'm not denying that. And, of course, the shock. And there's the anaesthetic. Still, I don't think there's any particular cause for alarm. His heart seems sound. He's very nervous, but—What is it that you want?"

"I want him to confess and be friends with God," said Geoffrey, bluntly. "I want our Lord with him, when he goes on the operating table."

"Ah! Now you're beyond my depth."

"But can't you help me?"

"How? I would be glad to." It was sincerely spoken; but Geoffrey sighed. A man born blind had as much knowledge of the miracle of sunset or of the colors

in a field of wild flowers, as Kosaloff possessed knowledge of the supernatural.

"I would be very glad, indeed," repeated the doctor.

"Well, do you think it would do any harm if we—if I—if you—were to speak to him, just quietly—"

"We? I?" echoed Kosaloff, frowning a little. "Surely, you don't regard me as a possible success in the role of—"

"I thought he might listen to you," murmured Geoffrey lamely.

"Yes. I'd be convincing, wouldn't I?"

"Suppose we got a—well, suppose we got a priest—?"

Kosaloff regarded him curiously.

"Can you think of anyone else who might take your job for you?" he inquired.

Geoffrey walked up to the hospital from his hotel, the night before the operation, in a state of distress. He had tried to dodge the issue and persuade himself that he wasn't called upon to be a missionary; that it was Lucas's affair; that Lucas was old enough to know his own mind; that he had a tongue in his head and, if he wanted a priest, could say so. "He'll probably want to kick me out if I interfere," said Geoffrey to himself. Nevertheless, he entered Lucas's room, aware that he would not leave it till he had done his best.

Lucas was lying propped up on his pillows, and a little nurse was playing cards with him. He was very pale and seemed to be suffering; but he greeted Geoffrey with a wave of the hand.

"I was wishing for you," he declared. "Miss Pitti Sing here was just about to telephone for you. Thanks, Pitti-pitti, you may escape if you like. Isn't she a duck?" as the door closed upon the dimpling maiden. "I'm really having a—what is it?—a corking time, you know."

"Have they made you ready for the sacrifice?" asked Geoffrey.

"Indeed, they have. I've been attended to by three orderlies and four nurses—or was it five?—and I'm swathed in chemically pure bandages from the arms down. I feel exactly like a royal Egyptian mummy—"

"You know, I infer, exactly how they felt," interposed Geoffrey.

"Rather! I've always had a fondness for the old fellows. They went down 'the silent halls of death in such style. I am happy to imitate them."

"Cheerful, on the eve of battle, aren't you?" Geoffrey made an effort to speak lightly. This hard frivility of the Spaniard was less easy to meet, he thought, than sulkiness or anger.

"Cheerful? Never more so. I've reached a point now, when I can't imagine an existence apart from doctors and nurses and nasty-tasting messes; and I'd be lonesome if someone didn't come in and hammer my spine every day."

"You're a grateful little thing, at all events," retorted Geoffrey, stung to irritability.

"Ah,—Gofredo——" Repentant fingers closed on Geoffrey's. "Forgive me! I know you mean the very best for me."

"Let it go at that," nodded Geoffrey.

"I wonder," mused Lucas, "were the Egyptian kings ever petted by little girls with dimples, when they were getting ready to pop off? I suppose there was 'perfume and sad sound,' and torches were lighted. And then they smothered the subject in antiseptic bands; and there was a procession, with appropriate wailing. Couldn't you arrange a procession for me, Geoffrey, in case——? I've had the preliminary doings, so I think I ought to have a procession. And I'm sure you could do the wailing——"

"Lucas," said Geoffrey, softly, "don't you think you might find it possible to make some other preparations of known to the ancient Egyptians? Or is it enough that you are bathed and bandaged?"

There was silence. Lucas shifted a little on his pillows. The gray eyes narrowed ominously, though he baffling smile still hovered on his lips.

"I was beginning to think that we'd succeed in getting through without that," he remarked.

Geoffrey stiffened.

"I beg your pardon," he began, elaborately. Then he leaned forward and caught both Lucas's hands.

"Lucas, Lucas! Please listen to me! You're hanging on the ragged edge of things. Why do you persist in taking a chance when there's not the slightest excuse for it? Is it sheer bravado, or mere stubbornness, or pride, or simply spiritual sloth? It's not loss of faith; no man who has lost faith in God hates God. You're wandering in a swamp of badly tangled psychology and very smelly philosophy. Won't you let me help you out?"

"You?" Lucas's smile deepened. "What is it that you can do?"

"I can fetch a priest, for one thing, by walking down the passage here and turning a corner."

"Simple," reflected Lucas. "Very simple. You have what I should term a direct mind, Gofredo mio. I am bound in conscience, however, to assure you that if you bring any such person within reach of my repellent teeth, I'll bite." He closed his eyes. "I'm bandaged like a mummy, and I'm sure I couldn't kick; but I still possess teeth and claws. 'Thus do we lie in the jungle!' Gofredo, I regret to say that for the first time in our acquaintance I find you a bore."

He began to laugh, as Geoffrey sat motionless, staring blankly down at the uncarpeted floor.

"I gave you credit for more tact, amigo," observed Lucas. "Ah, well—let us not quarrel when 'Love lifts up her face to kiss the lips of Death.' Here's Pitti coming to wish us pleasant dreams. You'd better take the hint and disappear before she puts you out. Good-night, old man, and don't forget the procession, with its wailing and noise. Or would you prefer a bonfire and an opportunity for *sultee*? There—get along—the King would sleep."

(To be continued)

MAKING PORT

By P. D. MURPHY

THE huge liner was rolling reluctantly in the swell of the channel, as though it resented the boisterous play of the waves. It was near midnight. Up and down the deck Carmody strolled, smoking a cigar before turning in; while his companion, Tom Kelly, stood watching the lights of Cherbourg that shone dimly in the distance against the thickening mist.

"Bit of a swell, Tom," Carmody remarked, leaning one hand on the taffrail to steady himself. "I don't think it'll get worse, however. Here comes the tender. See her? She'll have some difficulty coming alongside in this sea."

More than once the tender circled round the ship before it could come near enough to run out the gangway. Carmody and his friend watched the passengers scamper across, clutching their hand luggage, laughing and shouting, as though the novelty of the experience thrilled them. Of those who had boarded the ship at Southampton, the two young Americans alone remained on deck to witness the transshipment of the European passengers and the mails. In the darkness someone ran against Kelly.

"Oh, pardon, m'sieu! It is so dark and the sea is so rough."

Kelly stepped aside and assured the stranger that no bones had been broken. Then with Carmody he left the passengers' way. The tender pulled off, and a moment later the ship swung round and headed for the open sea. A light breeze rose from the west and the moon came out from behind a cloud.

"That voice, Kelly," broke in Carmody when the two were alone. "Do you recall it?"

Kelly wrinkled his brow and thought.

"I can't say I do, old chap," he answered.

"Think again. In Paris, during the Peace Conference—don't you remember now?"

"I'm hanged if I do."

"I—I may be mistaken, of course, but I've an idea that the fellow is the same who used to hang around outside our hotel and who always looked at us so appealingly whenever we went in and out."

"You mean the fellow who wore the uniform of the Foreign Legion?"

"Precisely. Am I right?"

"Perhaps. I can't say that I ever heard him speak while we were there. Gosh, what an abject figure the poor fellow looked. Sort of down and out and—"

"Tom, do you know that face has haunted me ever since? I'm sorry now I didn't speak to him. It often seemed to me as if he wanted to ask us for help

but couldn't summon up enough courage to do so."

Carmody and Kelly were journalists, returning to New York after a prolonged stay in Europe. They had seen and heard much during their wanderings. But of all things the picture of that French soldier was stamped indelibly on their memory. Day after day, while the Peace Conference was in session in Versailles, he would pace the sidewalk in front of the journalists' hotel. Though always alone, he acted as though someone he feared were watching his every move.

Carmody recalled how one night, finding themselves at a loose end, Kelly and he had strayed into one of the most exclusive restaurants in the French capital. Grizzled veterans were explaining to suave and smiling ambassadors how the war had been won and how perilously near it came being lost. Secretaries, more pompous-looking than their chiefs, were whispering over coffee and cigars the latest gossip from Versailles. And passing in and out of the dining room or lolling idly in secluded corners, apparently indifferent to everybody and everything, were a score or more of those mysterious beings who move so furtively behind the scenes in the complex drama of international affairs and keep the world's chancelleries in a continual ferment. Carmody and Kelly had just taken a chair at one of the tables, when that soldier in his shabby, war-stained Legion uniform entered and looked around. Immediately a waiter rushed up and ordered him off the premises. Stung to the quick, he gave the waiter a withering glance, said something the two Americans were unable to catch, suddenly stopped short, and then slunk out into the night.

This incident was uppermost in Carmody's mind now as he paced the deck with his friend.

"It's a rum world, Tom, no matter how you look at it," he muttered, tossing his cigar into the sea. "I'd like to know the secret of that poor fellow's life. Not because I'm curious, mind you, or better, more curious than a newspaper-man should be, but simply because I'm interested in him. I'd like to help him if he needs my help and would accept it."

"If you were down and out, Charlie, how many would care to help you?"

"Well, I wouldn't need it. I'd know how to get on my feet again. I've had to paddle my canoe ever since I was sixteen. But, somehow or another, that soldier seems to be suffering from the handicap of having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"What makes you think so?"

"Oh, I can't say exactly; only his little mannerisms I happened to notice. Besides, there was the uniform he wore. You know from what class of society the Legion is principally recruited, don't you?"

"Here, Charlie, cut it out. You give me a pain. Come on, let's get some sleep before breakfast."

Morning rose bright and clear. Breakfast over, Kelly headed for the library, while Carmody sought the deck to take in the fresh air. There in a quiet and secluded corner he saw three young girls, Irish immigrants, devoutly reciting the Rosary; and against the railing only a few feet away, a young

man leaning, his head bowed half in reverence half in shame. He waited until the girls had finished their prayers. Then, as they rose to go, he approached them shyly and bowed. Reaching into his inside pocket, he drew forth a phial and handed it to one of the girls.

"It's from Lourdes," Carmody heard him say. "I've got more should you want it. Pray for me, will you?"

The girls said they would, thanked him, and withdrew. Eagerly Carmody now advanced and touched the man on the arm.

"Good morning, m'sieu," he saluted. "I heard your voice last night but couldn't see your face in the dark. Do you remember me, perhaps?"

At this the other started and looked up.

"Why, I certainly do," he replied, taking Carmody's hand and shaking it warmly. "This is an unexpected pleasure, indeed. And your friend—is he also on board?"

"Yes. He may be around any moment. By the way, my name is Carmody, Charles Carmody."

"And mine is Jack Martin."

"Jack Martin, late of the Legion. Life on board ship is a bit different from life in the trenches or on the sands of Algiers, eh?"

"Very different. Algiers proved frightful."

"Worse than Verdun."

"Oh, much worse, immeasurably worse. Let's not speak of it. Have you been in America since I last saw you?"

"No; I've been knocking about Europe all this time. Say, but the place is in a dreadful mess. Wherever we came, nothing but war or rumor of war, famine, pestilence, in short, misery in the superlative."

"You are right. Things are in a bad way in the Old World. I wonder what they're like in your country."

"This is your first trip across?"

"My first trip."

"And you intend to stay any length of time?"

"For the rest of my life."

"It must come hard to leave home and friends, to break with the associations of half a lifetime. Do you find it so?"

"Me? Oh!—er—no; I—well, I had to, you see."

Carmody was puzzled because he did not see and could not, no matter how hard he tried. The other refused to commit himself.

"Have you any friends in the States?" Carmody asked.

"Not a soul."

"That's a bit tough. What are your plans for the future?"

"I haven't any. But I guess there'll be some niche somewhere into which I'll fit—some cleft in the rocks where I may hide, some secret valley in whose windings I may—"

"Sh—h! Don't—don't talk that way, don't, I beg you. It's not the spirit in which to land on strange shores. Think of the job you helped to finish over there. Tackle your new life as you tackled that job. L'audace—you remember Danton's words, don't

you?—encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace.' In peace as in war, audacity wins."

A deep sigh escaped the breast of Jack Martin as he looked out over the restless waters. Carmody was right, he knew it; but a heart no longer remained in him for the struggle.

"I'm really so glad you came and spoke to me," he said after a long silence. "I tried hard to pal with you in Paris. But courage in the last moment always failed me."

"Indeed? It never occurred to me at the time, but repeatedly I fancied what you wanted. Now, tell me, is there anything I can do for you?"

"There is. You're a journalist, aren't you?"

Carmody nodded yes.

"I used to write a little, formerly," the other explained. "But something happened and my name dropped out of the magazine pages. While in Algiers, I scribbled a little but never got it published. I've the manuscript with me now as I had it with me when first I saw you. I was desperately in need of money then and thought you might know of a market for my wares. They deal with life in the Legion and the social outcasts encountered there."

"Many such in the Legion, I understand."

"Very many, yes."

"And some of them you knew intimately?"

Martin passed his hand across his forehead and cleared his throat.

"I did," he answered, "I knew some of them intimately, as you say. Now, do you know of a magazine editor who would consider a series of articles of this kind?"

"A number of them, Mr. Martin. Such articles should go well in America. I'd like to read yours if you have no objection."

"Objection? I'd consider it a favor."

Slowly they passed up the deck. Near the turret the captain came along with a distinguished-looking gentleman, whom evidently he was showing over the ship. As they drew nearer, Martin happened to look up. For a moment he paused as if nailed to the spot. A suppressed cry escaped him. One hand hanging rigid at his side, the other extended in front of him to ward off, as it were, something that he felt would happen. The captain's companion pretended not to notice but beads of perspiration stood on his brow and nervously his hands fumbled with the lapels of his coat. When the two disappeared, Martin groaned and sank limp and inert into one of the deck chairs. Helplessly Carmody looked about. If only Kelly were here. While he was still reflecting on what to do, one of the three Irish immigrants approached.

"Pardon me, sir," she began. "Is that young man's name Martin?"

"Yes. Why do you ask? Do you happen to know him?"

"I used to, years ago. How he has changed since last I saw him. That gentleman who passed just now with the captain is his father, Sir John Martin."

"You're a godsend, Miss——"

"Kinsella is my name."

"Thank you. This man fought through the war

with one of the toughest outfits. Now, for some unaccountable reason he seems to have forgotten that he has a backbone. I'd like to have a chat with you, Miss Kinsella, after I get him where he can recover his composure. You'll be here when I come back?"

"Certainly."

Carmody went up and knelt beside Martin to whom he whispered something. Then they arose and went below. They were gone but a few moments when a commotion in the first-class passengers' quarters attracted the girl's attention.

"Man overboard!" she heard a dozen throats exclaim.

Women screamed, children cried, everyone was hurrying to the side of the ship. The engines stopped, the ship slowed down, a boat was lowered, manned by sailors and volunteers. There on the turbulent waters the girl saw the figure of a man bobbing up and down. Now the boat shot out to his rescue, while the passengers on deck held their breath.

"Quick! Quick!" the girl cried frantically. "He's sinking! Mother of God, save him!"

Now first Carmody noticed her and forced his way to her side.

"Who is it, Miss Kinsella? Do you know him?" he asked.

"Sir John Martin," she replied without turning toward him.

"And where is his son? Have you seen him?"

"There he is in the boat. He was the first to jump in. See, now he is preparing to leap into the sea. Oh, dear, I can't stand this," and helplessly she suffered Carmody to lead her to the other side of the ship.

Presently a cheer rang out from those who had gathered aft.

"Saved!" cried someone a moment later. "Splendid work, boys, splendid!"

"I'm so happy," Miss Kinsella admitted to Carmody when he returned to her after the first excitement was over. "I'm so happy."

"So am I," he assured her. "And so is everyone on board, no doubt."

"Oh, but their joy can't be like mine."

"Then you must know the Martins."

"I do, but it is not for that reason only."

Carmody accepted her offer and took a chair beside her.

"Years ago," the girl began, "Jack Martin became acquainted with a friend of mine, a lady to her finger tips but poor as a church mouse. The Martins, on the other hand, were very wealthy, and Jack being the only child, their wealth was one day to revert to him. He was devoted to Doreen—that was my friend's name—and she was in turn deeply in love with him. But a barrier stood between them. She was of the old faith, he of the new. He realized how difficult it would be to get his father's consent to a marriage with Doreen on account of her poverty, while she from the first made it clear that a mixed marriage was unthinkable. Sir John worshiped his son and Jack would do nothing against his father's wishes. The struggle lasted for some months. Then

finally he joined the Catholic Church and sent a friend to break the news to his father. Sir John was furious; he forthwith disinherited Jack and forbade him the house. The young man was heartbroken, naturally; but, plucking up courage, he set out to make a career in London. He made a success of it; and then one fine day he returned to make arrangements for the wedding. Meanwhile, Doreen's health, which had never been very robust, had begun to fail visibly. Friends suggested to Jack a postponement of the marriage; but he laughed at the idea. It was on the eve of the wedding day that poor Doreen had to take to her bed. A night of intense suffering followed and the next morning she was a corpse. How Jack crumbled up under the blow, you can imagine. He lost interest in everything, lost heart in his work, lost faith in himself. One day we learned he had gone abroad and that was the last we heard of him.

Not long after, Sir John disposed of his property and left the neighborhood. Those who had his confidence said he regretted having been so hard on the boy. He spent the most of his time traveling, so we heard, wandering aimlessly from port to port. We came to the conclusion that he was seeking his son. Isn't it strange they should meet on this ship and under circumstances as these?"

"Indeed, very strange," Carmody agreed. "But

how do you account for the incident that just happened? Do you think the elder Martin, overcome with remorse, attempted suicide?"

"Not a bit of it," a voice sang out behind them.

There stood Jack, laughing and crying at the same time, as happy as a schoolboy.

"Dad's not that kind," he continued. "I have the story from the captain himself. He and dad were standing at the railing, chatting together, when someone drew attention to a shapeless mass, some wreckage, probably, floating in the sea. To get a better view, my father fetched a deck chair and stood on it. Just then the ship gave a sudden jolt and my father, losing his balance, went headlong overboard. That's the story. Now a much better one," and with tears in his eyes he told the two how he and his father had become reconciled.

"Gosh," he finally exclaimed, straining every effort to gain the mastery over his feelings, "gosh, it's great. Shakespeare's right:

'There's a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.'

Now that all is forgiven and forgotten, dad and I are going to tour the States. Believe me, it's been a stormy voyage for us both. But, thank God! we're in port at last."

THE SHAMROCK

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preaching the
Gospel of God,

Showed to the people a shamrock
plucked at his feet from the sod.

"Here is a symbol," he said, "and a sign
of the faith I preach!

"Here is a symbol," he said, "and a sign
of the truth I teach!

"God is not many but One. One God,
One only, is He,

God is not many but One, though the
Persons in God are three.

E'en as the shamrock I pluck for you"—
holding it forth to them—

"Still is but one, although triple its leaves
upon stalk and stem."

Flashed o'er the minds of the people the
truth that was erstwhile dim,

Chieftain and bard and druid, all flocked
to the feet of him,

Passed from the faiths that had fettered
them under the pagan rod,

Giving their hearts and their souls and
their wills to the One True God!

Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, preached to
the people, and made

Ireland a nation whose sanctity never
shall fail or fade.

Centuries-old is the story — yet Irish
women and men

Love as the badge of their faith the
shamrock ever since then!

Denis A. McCarthy in *Voices from Erin*.



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

"To make and hold yourself good is the best start toward making the world good." (Tertiary Convention.)

DANGER SIGNALS

MRS. ORDINARY PERSON stood up and moved out into the aisle to allow the lady who had occupied an inner seat to pass her. Then she knelt again, her eyes fastened on the tabernacle, her little black beads moving slowly as she prayed.

Mrs. A., although acquainted with Mrs. Ordinary Person, did not see her. Mrs. A. never saw any Ordinary Person in her whole existence unless the sight was forced upon her. Her vision was in the clouds. She sauntered out into the spring sunshine and her rosary glittered. It was of gold and her husband had given it to her for Christmas. It had cost—but that part doesn't matter. It was brilliant as the sunshine itself, and it attracted the attention of two Ordinary Persons, passing. They regarded it with admiration.

"Lovely!" murmured one.

"Beautiful!" seconded the other—and sighed. She, too, liked pretty things.

Mrs. A. overheard, and spent a few seconds longer than was necessary slipping the string into her beaded bag. Which had also cost—but that part doesn't matter, either.

"My dear!" Mrs. B. had come up behind her, hands held out, effusively. "I was so pleased to catch a glimpse of you in the crowd."

Mrs. A. extended her hand. Fingers clung, affectionately.

"So kind of you! I looked for you, but finally thought you had attended some other Mass."

"Or none at all? But the day was so tempting. Who could resist it? There was not the faintest shadow of an excuse—"

They laughed. No one could tell whether they were in earnest or not.

"You live so far away, Mrs. B."

"And you just as far, Mrs. A."

"Yes," sighing. "If my husband would only get that car one need never stay at home! You know I feel as if I ought to come oftener—to evening services and all that. But somehow, I don't. I'm quite sure if we had a car I could manage. Bert quotes such sermons as Father X. is in the habit of giving us on useless luxuries, and tells me I go to the city whenever I want to—but, of course, that's different. One can't choose one's weather Sunday mornings! Or evenings!"

"I've done better than you," said Mrs. B., brightly. "My car comes home tomorrow. I knew I could get it if I kept at it hard enough."

"Delightful! Charming! I'm so pleased for you, darling."

"Dark-blue—my color. With gray upholstery. The cost? Oh, well! Sometimes men say more than they mean."

"Always, dear! I have no doubt mine will be along soon, now. Good-by!"

"Good-by! Any time you want me to call for you, just 'phone me. I'll be only too glad to give you a lift, dear."

"Charmed, I'm sure! Awfully good of you!"

They bowed, smiled, parted.

"Um!" said Mrs. B. to herself, her eyes sparkling jubilantly, "at last I've got under her skin."

"Um!" said Mrs. A., below her breath, her eyes sparkling angrily. "If she thinks— Wait until I get home!"

Mrs. C. joined Mrs. D. and they left the church together.

"So John graduates this term?"

"Yes. Your boy, too?"

"Naturally—they've been in the same class right along."

"You're sending him to High?"

"The Lincoln Public—"

"I'm sending Tom there. Did you hear Father X. this morning?"

"I did. I wonder if he thinks a boy needs a religious education all his life? John's had all he's going to get of it in the grammar grades. They can put their time to better use than learning prayers every day!"

"Exactly! And there are so many advantages in Lincoln High. Mrs. E., a neighbor of mine, tells me her Willie is associating with the High Jinks and the Debonairs. He even attended a reception at the Debonairs' home last week."

"He did! Wonderful! Well, there's no reason why my John and your Tom can't move in that set, too. And they're High Church, so that they won't have any objection to Catholics."

"Are they High Church? Mrs. E. told me her Willie said they called their minister Father. That accounts for it."

"And Mr. Debonair himself is president of I don't know how many banks and trust companies. Really, I am more resolved than ever that John shall go."

"I have never even thought of not sending him."

They bowed, smiled, and parted.

"My John will probably show her Tom how to behave in decent company," mused Mrs. C.

"My Tom will have no trouble in feeling at home with that sort of

people," thought Mrs. D. "But her John—"

"Going to Sodality meeting to-night, Ella?"

"No, Frances. I'm not. Are you?"

"No. There's a dance on."

"Yes—I've something, too. Who's taking you?"

"George Harrison."

"George Harrison! Why, I didn't even know you knew the Harrisons!"

"Yes. I met Evelyn Harrison at the Elmo High. We are good friends—and she's the sweetest thing—"

"I should judge so. But she's not an R. C."

"There you are! To hear Father X. one would imagine we ought never to look at any one not an R. C. If you knew how courteous and gentle George is! Not one of our own boys can compare with him—not one! And supposing he does—well—finds me agreeable—do you think I'd have to give up my faith if I married him? There have been lots and lots of Catholic girls married to non-Catholics before this!"

"Wouldn't you think we could hear a different sermon once in a while? We get the same old stuff Sunday after Sunday! Catholic education! Catholic friends! Catholic husbands!"

So they parted.

Comments unnecessary.

"Our schools are not progressive enough to suit me! I can give my girls all the religious training they need. But if one has an opinion of one's own one is a pagan, to hear Father X.! I am quite positive the children will get better training in the public schools. Prayers won't boil the pot. Now, I'm not saying anything against leading a good Catholic life—we've all got to do that if we expect to get to heaven. But we must think a little of this world, also. We're here to make our way, and if our children are decent, upright citizens they can be decent Catholics."

"But Father X. says the training must begin when they're little."

"I think I am capable of doing my own training."

"Of course you are. So am I."

Presently, when the babies in 1A parochial ask the graduates of 8B public "Who is God?" they will not receive a very satisfactory reply.

"Oh, did you get this week's Movie-form? Did you see the full-length picture of Rosabelle Go-get-it? Wasn't she beautiful? I adore her!"

"Oh, she's nice—but I love Claude Admire-me! Did you notice his soulful eyes? I'm mad about him."

"Don't let Father X. hear you."
"I guess not! Isn't he a fusser? Catholic magazines, indeed! Two or three in every home! Dull, religious things! We've got quite enough religion to suit me. Leave long faces to the old people! Besides, every Catholic magazine is out to knock the styles—and we're always being called down for something—either paint or powder—"

"Or short skirts or lipsticks. Yes, I know. The other magazines never say a word about them. As for Rosabelle, did you see the way she wore her hair? I wonder if it's coming in? It's almost down to her eyes. I'll have to try it."

"Oh, that's the way they make their hits—in the dress or make-up. If you or I had their opportunities—"

Danger signals! They're all about us!

Mrs. Ordinary Person rose, genuflected, dropped her plain black beads into her plain black bag, and moved slowly toward the door. There a tall and handsome boy met her.

"I thought I'd catch you, mother! I've just been in to see Father X.—I wanted to say good-by to him . . . there he is now!"

Both smiled and nodded at the friendly priest, who came out into the vestibule. He crossed at once and shook hands with the mother.

"Well! Now you're reaping the reward of your many sacrifices. Your son will write O. F. M. after his name some day, please God!"

"But they weren't sacrifices, Father—"

"They were, my dear lady. You

gave your children their full inheritance of a good Catholic education that their Catholic instincts might not be starved. Your other boy will be a fine Catholic physician before many years, and Marie's engagement to young Laurence Colgan means the beginning of a fine Catholic family."

"Yes, Father," murmured Mrs. Ordinary Person, and her eyes were moist. "I'm afraid, at times. God is too good to me."

The priest held up a warning finger.

"No," he said. "Your children went to a Catholic school from your Catholic home and from a Catholic school to Catholic influence in high school and college. Your home was not too cultured—save the mark!—to bear upon its walls the pictures of your best friends, the saints, of Christ, your Brother, and of Mary, your Mother. Your bookcases were not too refined (I've heard the word!) to contain upon their shelves the works of good Catholic authors. Your tables held magazines indeed—not the current trash of the day—but many of the better class mixed with those published in the interests of our holy Faith. You did not think that your children could only enjoy the 'higher life,' so-called, by associating with non-Catholics, that evil which leads to so many mixed marriages. No, my dear lady, if God has been good to you, you have helped Him to be so. Don't you think so, Martin?"

The young man was looking at his mother—looking at her with that expression that is only found in the eyes of a loving son.

"She saw the danger signals all along the road, Father," he said. "And we never found out she was steering us away from them. Without her wisdom and Dad's comradeship and justice we could never have reached our goal."

"Dear me, dear me!" sighed the mother. "I am only a very Ordinary Person, indeed."

"God bless all such Ordinary Persons, say I," remarked Father X.

Yes, Danger Signals! Have you noticed any? Let us take them, one by one, during the next few months, and see how we may avoid them.

A FRIENDLY CHAT IN THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN'S READING

This is the letter:
Dear Grace Keon:

I am quite sure that you can find place, somewhere in your department, to say a little about Catholic books of interest to women. I am a book-lover, handicapped, as I am sure many of the HERALD women readers are, by living in a small town, and though I have a few cents to spare occasionally for books, I have none to waste. I say to you, quite frankly, that I do not trust publishers' announcements. Some books which they seem to praise the highest I have found, in the only two instances in which I sent for them, to be disappointing.

Now you have asked for suggestions, letters, etc., and so I venture my request. Please give, if you can, in your department each month, a book or two that women will find worth while. I read Paul H. Richards' Talk always and find it most attractive—but somehow I would like a discussion on books that a woman could make her own.

MARGARET L. GRADY.

Naturally this letter—there is only the gist of it above—gave me something to think about. Too often has the topic "the dozen best books," been discussed to admit of much variation. The "best" books for each individual are those suited to his spiritual requirements. For after all (setting books of study aside now) one reads to gain a brighter outlook on life; to view life's old problems through a new vision; to be helped and aided along the way that so many have trod before and so many will tread after. Along this way a book is a rare companion, a comfort, and a treasure. To spend one's time in reading without profit is about the sheerest waste that has ever been invented. To lay a book aside, being honestly forced to confess that it has given one no new thought, has made one acquainted with no new character, has literally stolen away from two to perhaps four hours of life—precious hours—without giving one anything in return—well, I feel that Shakespeare should have included

this, too, in his characterization of the great theft.

But what book or books can a woman make her own? That is Miss Grady's question, and she has put it in such a straightforward fashion that I am inclined to believe other Catholic women, too, would be interested in the same topic. I look at my bookshelves meditatively. Which, of all these books would I choose to make my life companion could I have no other? And though this has been asked before, perhaps it will not hurt to ask it again. What do you think about it, Catholic women who read this department? What books have you found necessary, helpful, consoling? Why leave such a subject as this to the Editor only? Miss Grady, also, ought to tell us what type of book she prefers, and why. Suppose we formulate a set of questions, this wise:

1. What is your favorite book? How long has it been in your possession, and how often have you read it?

2. Why is it your favorite? Give us in a few words the appeal it makes to you.

3. How has it helped you? (A book that does not help is useless.)

Now, before even considering the matter, let us make a few rules in order to save space. Here they are. From this discussion must be omitted:

1. Ordinary prayer-books. Every Catholic woman has one or two favorite prayer-books in constant use.

2. The Bible. Every Catholic woman possesses a Bible and reads it.

3. The Imitation. Every Catholic woman should know a Kempis. He has a message for souls in all walks of life.

There are few Catholic homes without all three, and positively all Catholic homes have the first two of the above list. And now that I have brought my readers into this discussion, placing Miss Grady's question before them as well as before myself, I am willing to pick out from the many Catholic books I have read

those that mean the most to me.

One of these—perhaps the simplest of all—is lying at my elbow. I took it down from its place on the bookshelf after reading Miss Grady's letter—and as I looked at it I asked myself a question: "Surely this is not the one you care the most about?" No, it isn't—and yet—

Well, with books it is as with people. You admire some very fine characters—but there are others not so fine, that you love. And I am not ashamed to confess that I love this particular book, the LILY OF ISRAEL.

So, in regard to it I shall answer here the questions I asked above:

1. It is one of my favorite books; it has been in my possession for many years, and I have not kept track of the number of times I have read it.

2. It is my favorite—or one of them—because it makes almost real the life of Our Lady as she might have lived it, and while I know there is only the merest thread of possibility in the different events recorded, at the same time by building even a few fictitious events on this thread I am helped in the contemplation of her extraordinary affection, filled with love for her great sorrow, and with desire to emulate her resignation to the will of God.

3. It has helped me because it is simple, without pretension, and because the descriptions of Nazareth, Bethlehem, and Calvary are so drawn that one is stirred to affection and reverence by the scenes enacted.

The story begins with the birth of Mary, her early existence with her parents, her dedication in the Temple, her choice of Joseph as her spouse. Then the wondrous hour of the Annunciation, and the scene on the housetop, with Mary and Elizabeth together; a picturesque description which seems to reconstruct anew the glowing Eastern landscape. The birth of Our Lord, too, is wonderfully done, and all the mysteries of the Sacred Life lived among an Oriental people. Our Lord's miracles are given so simply, so effectively. We are acquainted with these men and women He helped—we are told, quaintly, who they are, their names, their families!

OUR NEW PATTERN SERVICE



9633



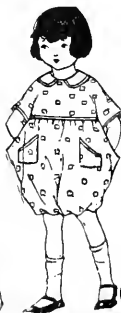
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PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!
Read our directions below on **HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS.** Many letters came to us during February without your name; or without your address; or without giving number of pattern, or size desired. If your order for a pattern has not been filled it is because you have omitted something. So write to us again, please! We are holding your letter until we hear from you.

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No. 1078. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1½ yards 36-inch striped material with 1½ yards 36-inch plain material. Pattern, 15c.

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No. 1260. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

HOME HELPS

Tarnished Gilt Braid

Gilt braid very often becomes tarnished long before it is worn out. When this happens brush the braid free from all dust with a soft brush, and rub a little powdered alum well into it. Leave it for a few hours, then brush off, and you will find that the braid is quite bright again.

To Dry-clean Gloves

A mixture of finely-powdered Fuller's earth and alum is excellent for cleaning white kid gloves if they are not very badly soiled. It should be well rubbed in with a clean piece of flannel, and then thoroughly brushed off with a soft brush.

To Waterproof Shoes

If the children's shoes are made waterproof in the following way, they will not only keep out the wet, but will last much longer than they would otherwise. Melt together two parts of beeswax and one part of mutton fat, and apply a very, very thin coat of it while hot to the leather with a small brush. Give it two coatings of this, and leave for a few hours to dry.

Home Handicraft

It is always practical to have a corner in the home specially reserved for sewing. In most houses the ever-necessary machine is kept in the dining-room, and once the sewing season starts—and this can be at any or all times of the year, according to the size of the family and its requirements—one is confronted by a somewhat cluttered room, with a "gathering up" each evening before the principal meal. But the sewing machine, the dress form, the work basket and darning-bag, very tidy and appropriate if one has a "sewing-room," does not add to the dignity of any other apartment. They make it appear untidy and crowded, as many of our housekeepers know.

Most housekeepers try to have their sewing paraphernalia take up as little room as possible, but this is no easy task, either, no matter how methodical you may be. An assorted bundle of clothing, stockings, etc., waiting to be mended, are always an eyesore, and particularly to the other members of the family who are out during the day. Nothing appeals more to the outside workers of the household than a neat and tidy home when they return after their labors in the field, the office, the store, or factory, and even so small a thing as an attempt to find some out-of-the-way corner for the sewing needs will prove

were kept. A dressform, too, found its place behind this very useful article.

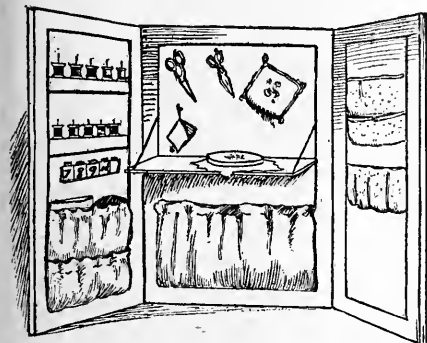
Now the idea of a large screen may appear to disadvantage, as being rather an expensive article, but its cost can be minimized by the use, say, of an old clothes horse or dryer which has been pushed aside, as no longer in use, or even in need of repair. Good furniture binding will generally render it firm and usable. Cover it then with a cretonne that will match the room, and fit up the inside as shown in the illustration, with a number of pockets. The large ones for patterns, smaller ones for spools of thread, darning cotton, scissors, thimbles, tapes, buttons. Once tried, this screen will prove its value, and its cost can be reduced to a very small item. In the beginning, see that it is firm; cover it carefully, and stitch it with care, as you want it to last indefinitely. It will, too.

In connection with the sewing screen convenience there are one or two other little things that have proven their usefulness over and over again to one busy housewife. Inside a machine drawer, or even in one of the larger pockets of the screen, a small box could be kept to hold the sewing trifles that often help to make sewing an easier task.

In this sewing box you will find useful an old candle-end for waxing thread. When sewing by hand on anything very thick or stiff, draw the thread across the candle-end. It will then slip through the material quite easily. When putting a thick seam through the machine rub the candle along the line where the sewing must go, and then stitch ahead without the least fear that the needle may break or stick fast. There may also be a tracing wheel, as it is quite handy in making tucks. A small steel tape measure is more accurate than a soft one, as it never crumples and the figures never wear off. It is easier to store away, too, for when finished with, it slips back into its little case, while a cloth

worth while. Even when the machine, wedged into a corner of the hall or pushed into a closet has to be hauled out, it is more or less of a nuisance.

But we are illustrating, on this page, an ingenious idea which one woman invented, improvising a sewing-room in her bedroom. It was done with the aid of a folding-screen, behind which a chair, a small table, the machine, and baskets and bags



Home Sewing Screen

measure is always coming unrolled and getting itself tied in knots round other things.

A little pair of tweezers is most useful for pulling out tacking threads. Very often you can't get at the tacking with your fingers, and if you try to rip them out with the scissors you are sure to cut the material. But you can just pick up each stitch with the point of the tweezers, give a little tug, and away it comes at once.

The scissors may be stuck into a cork, so that the points may not be blunted, and a bow of ribbon may be tied to their handles so that they can be hung up when not actually in use, for they have a way of losing themselves among the litter on the table.

A magnet, too, will prove its value, so that when the needle drops one does not need to hunt around on the floor for it. Just run the magnet to and fro, and when it comes up again the needle is sure to be hanging from it. One can end a day's work by passing the magnet over the floor round the chair and table. It will collect all the stray pins.

THE ROMAN CROSS ALTAR LACE

During the coming months we intend to furnish our readers with some of the latest and best examples of embroidery work, fancy work of all descriptions, wool work, etc. We have also some very fine patterns of crocheted laces, but find our space so limited that we cannot give a full description on these pages. Take this Roman Cross Altar Lace for example. It measures nearly sixteen inches in width, and the description of its making, while simple to the experienced needleworker—and even the beginner will have no trouble in working it—would occupy too much space in the HERALD. Yet often our workers and those in charge of church linens would be glad to have such a pattern as this on hand for their leisure moments, in order to add to the beauty of God's altar.

I have seen it completed, and it is a really beautiful piece of work. The original was made for a set of

THE MARGUERITE EDGING

Use a fine linen thread if this lace is destined for the ornamentation of handkerchiefs. Begin by making 9 ch and then work a foundation row as follows: 2 tr in the sixth



stitch from the hook, 2 ch, 2 tr in the next stitch 1 ch, miss 1 stitch, 1 tr in the end stitch. Turn.

First row—5 ch, 2 tr in space of 2 ch, 2 ch and 2 tr in the same space, 1 ch and 1 tr in the following loop of 5 ch, turn.

Second row—7 ch, 1 tr in the last stitch made, 1 ch, 2 tr in space of

2 ch, 2 ch, 2 tr in the same space, 1 ch, 1 tr in the end loop, turn.

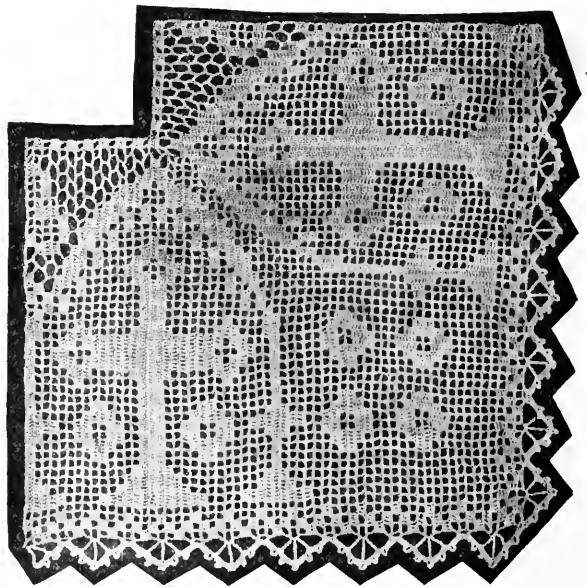
Third row—5 ch, 2 tr in space of 2 ch, 2 ch and 2 tr again in the same space, 1 ch, 1 tr in the tr stitch which was made after the loop of 7 ch, 13 tr in the loop of 7 ch, 1 dc in the same loop of 5 ch as the tr stitch at the end of the first row, turn.

Fourth row—*5 ch, miss 2 tr, 1 dc in the next, repeat from * three times; 5 ch, miss the remaining 2 tr and work 1 dc in the following space of 1 ch, 5 ch, 2 tr in space of 2 ch, then 2 ch and 2 tr again in the same place, 1 ch, 1 tr in the end loop, turn. This completes the pattern, begin again at the first row.

altar linen sent to a mission church in one of the big Chinese cities. It is very practical, indeed, as it washes splendidly, and with ordinary care will not show that this has been done.

We have, therefore, made arrange-

ments to have the directions for this altar lace furnished separately, and we will send these directions to any one who applies for them at just what they cost to make up—ten cents for the pattern, and two cents postage—twelve cents in all.



The Roman Cross Altar Lace and Corner

How We Solved the Clothes Problem In Our Family

By Irene Stevenson

EVER since I can remember I have longed to have distinctive becoming clothes. Every girl does, I think. But most girls find it difficult to look their best in these days of high prices. Yet a year ago I found the way, not only to have pretty, attractive dresses and other things for myself, but also a way to solve the clothes problem in our family.

What is more, I have found the way to make more money than I ever expected to earn. Altogether my discovery has meant so much to my happiness and success that I am sure other women and girls will be interested in hearing about it.

Soon after leaving school, I started to work as a clerk in an office downtown. There were four of us: Ted, my ten-year-old brother; "Sister," just six; mother and myself. We had practically nothing but my meagre wage, and this, with the small income father had left us, provided funds enough to just about pay for our rent and food. There was never any money left for clothes.

Well, one night after the children were in bed, mother and I had a serious discussion of our finances. We decided that I could help by learning to make my own clothes. Neither of us knew anything to speak of about sewing.

At the time, though, I felt confident we could save quite a little if I became the family dressmaker. So I tried—evenings after I had finished my day's work. But soon my troubles began! I became so discouraged by my mistakes and the ludicrous garments I made that I told mother I would surely have to take at least a few lessons. But when she canvassed the possibilities for getting the necessary help and instruction, the outlook was gloomy indeed.

I couldn't possibly give up my position and leave home to learn how to make our clothes—we could scarcely get along as it was. We simply had to have the little money I was bringing home each week. And there seemed to be no other way.

Then just when I was most discouraged, something happened—it seems to me that it was the only thing that could have happened to change the situation and make possible more happiness and success and independence than I had dared even to dream for.

Like most girls interested in dress, I read several fashion magazines. And in one of them, I found the solution of my problem. The picture first caught my attention. And the story was about a girl just like myself who had been unable to take her rightful place because her clothes were not like those of other girls she knew. But she had quickly learned right in her own home, during spare time, to make just the kind of stylish, becoming dresses and hats she had always wanted.

It was so true to life, so much like my own case, that I read every word and mother agreed with me that it was surely worth finding out about, at least.

So I wrote the Woman's Institute and asked how I could learn to make our clothes.



The information I received was a revelation to me. The Institute offered just the opportunity I needed, so I joined at once and took up dressmaking. I could scarcely wait until my first lesson came, and when I found it on the table at home a few nights later, I carried it upstairs and read it as eagerly as if it had been a love-letter.

Nothing could be more practical and interesting and complete than this wonderful course. There are more than 2,000 illustrations, making every step perfectly plain, and the language is so simple and direct that a child could understand every word of it.

Almost at once I began making actual garments—that's another delightful thing about the course. Why, I made a beautiful waist for mother after my third lesson! And in just a little while I was making all our clothes with no difficulty whatever.

Of course, as a member I had an opportunity to learn a great deal about the Institute and its work. It's perfectly wonderful what this great school is doing for women and girls all over the world! You see, it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the work as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

Among the members are housewives, mothers, business women, school teachers, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking or millinery right in their own homes just as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in fashion magazines. Every step was so clearly explained that the things I had always thought only a professional dressmaker could do were perfectly easy for me!

For through the Woman's Institute I had learned how to make all stitches and

seams; design patterns; use tissue-paper patterns; judge, select, buy and use materials; make simple, practical waists, skirts and dresses, perfect-fitting underwear and lingerie, dainty infants', children's and misses' clothing, afternoon coats, suits and dresses, evening gowns and wraps, tailored coats, skirts and complete suits; renovate, dye and make over garments; how to embroder, etc.

But the biggest thing my Woman's Institute training taught me was the secret of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women, how to develop style and add those little touches that make clothes distinctively becoming.

It wasn't long before my dresses attracted the attention of the best-dressed people. I called on several women who for years had gone to expensive city shops for their clothes. They welcomed my suggestion that I could create the kind of clothes they wanted and save them money besides.

In less than six months from the night I first read about the Woman's Institute, I had given up my position at the office and had more dressmaking than I could possibly do alone.

Of course, our own clothes problems are a thing of the past. The dresses mother and I wear are always admired, the children have an abundance of attractive clothes and there is no more worrying about money.

To any woman who wants to make her own clothes or take up dressmaking as a profession, my advice is: Write the Woman's Institute and ask about its work. More than 125,000 delighted members have proved that you can easily and quickly learn at home, in spare time, to make all your own and your children's clothes and hats, or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a profession.

The Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 88-C, Scranton, Pa., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world, the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY IN OUR REVOLUTION

BOSTON each year proudly celebrates Evacuation Day, March 17, 1776, "one of the first great successes of the Revolution," as it has been called; the day when Lord Howe's troops left the city with over one thousand British sympathizers in their train. These sympathizers had not joined in the cry for independence; they were satisfied with British rule; and being generally men of wealth and position in the colonies, they exercised a very depressing influence over the poor colonists, fighting for right and justice. So when this large number fled with the unsuccessful soldiers of England, the news spread throughout the country like wildfire and inspired fresh courage and hopefulness. As the troops drew away from the Massachusetts shore, it was the guns of Dorchester Heights that told them goodbye, and these guns were manned by a brigade of Irish soldiers under General Sullivan. So good was the work of the Irishmen that Gen. Washington ordered "St. Patrick" to be used as the countersign for that night throughout the entire Continental army. From that time on, there was always a celebration of St. Patrick's Day in the Revolutionary army. In the Pennsylvania Historical Society Records is preserved the speech of Washington to his troops "after a demonstration by the Irish soldiers" at Valley Forge, March 17, 1778:

"I, too, am a lover of St. Patrick's Day and must settle the affair by making all the army keep the day." In 1780, he issued the following or-

der from his headquarters at Morristown:

"All Fatigue and Working Parties are to cease on to-morrow, March 17, the people of Ireland. The General congratulates the Army on the very interesting proceedings of the Par-

liament, which appear calculated to restore to a brave and generous People their ancient Rights and Freedom, and so promote the Cause of America."
Alas! Washington couldn't tell a lie, but the English Parliament could; and notwithstanding his lavish use of capitals, the "Rights and Freedom of the brave and generous People" are still lacking. An order was given on the same day by the commanding officer of the Pennsylvania Line, said to have been Colonel Francis Johnston, "Desirous that the celebration of St. Patrick's Day should not pass by without a little rum being issued to the troops, the commanding officer has thought proper to direct the commissary to send for the hogshead which the Colonel has purchased, already in the vicinity of the camp. While the troops are celebrating the bravery of St. Patrick in innocent mirth and pastime, he hopes they will not forget their worthy friends in the kingdom of Ireland, who with the greatest unanimity have stepped forward in opposition to the tyrant Great Britain, and who, like us, are determined to die or be free."

Which all goes to show that our great George and his commanding officer were good Sinn Feiners and Anti-prohibitionists.

Did you know that George Washington Parke Custis, the adopted grandson of Washington, said in a speech he made at Washington, July 20, 1826:

"If there is an American who does not feel for the wrongs of that country which so nobly contributed to the establishment of American rights, I pronounce him recreant to the feelings of honor and gratitude. Our country's friend in our country's greatest need!"

Galloway, Speaker of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives before the Revolution and a loyal Englishman, was questioned in Parliament after his return to England about the American troops.

"Scarcely one quarter" (his own words, preserved in English records), "their names and places of birth being taken down, show na-

A MARCH SOLILOQUY

They speak so harshly of my winds,
And every little puff decri; I
know I am unpopular—
Yet I can't see the reason why!

There's not a month in all the year
That tries so hard each taste to meet.
Now if you will not take my word,
Listen while I the list repeat:

For the good people, feasts I bring—
St. Patrick, glorious Gabriel,
St. Joseph and Our Lady's Day,
When Gabriel did his message tell.

'T is true Lent always in me lies,
With its discomfort, deprivation;
But then there's often Easter, too,
With all its joy and consolation.

For Presidents, at least the new ones,
My Fourth's indeed a lucky day,
And New Year's Day my First was held
For centuries, till stolen away!

To all the world the end I bring
Of winter and its dark domain;
My violets whisper of the Spring,
My swelling buds of Summer's reign.

I clear the waters for the tar,
I open earth unto the sower;
I'm just as kind as kind can be—
Yet all one says of me is "BLOWER!"

liament, which appear calculated to restore to a brave and generous People their ancient Rights and Freedom, and so promote the Cause of America."

Alas! Washington couldn't tell a lie, but the English Parliament could; and notwithstanding his lavish use of capitals, the "Rights and Freedom of the brave and generous People" are still lacking.

An order was given on the same

tives of America. The other one-quarter are English and Scotch, and one-half are Irish."

All hail to St. Patrick! and let all our Young Folk, Irish or not, join in praise of "The faith and the feast of St. Patrick's Day."

WHAT THE PRINTERS' TYPE TELLS US

The invention of printing is perhaps the greatest thing ever done by men. How impossible it is now to realize the condition of things when only a privileged few could learn or study because there weren't enough books to go round—and those in manuscript. Some excuse then for not studying one's lesson, wasn't there? If it hadn't been for the busy, patient monks copying, copying, all day long, in their peaceful cloisters, there would not have been any books at all, not even manuscript ones. There would have been no records of history, no account of the arts and sciences, none of the knowledge we draw in with our earliest years. It was to the monks—and to the nuns, too—that we owe all these, long before John Guttenberg made the wonderful discovery that changed the whole world. When you begin to make studies of those far-off times, you will open your eyes indeed to find out what these good men and women, called by so many Protestant writers "lazy" and "useless," did, not only for their own age but for all that were to come.

But we mustn't get so far away from what I am going to tell you about, the connection of our "lazy" monks with the printing office of today. There are names and terms used in printing now, which come directly from this association and which are used by modern printers, many of whom are entirely ignorant of how they came into use. Ask some printer you know and see if he can tell you what you can tell him. For instance, take the name of some of the type. A certain shape and style, the standard of measurement for printing, is called Pica—long and short pica.

In olden times, before the Protestant religion was ever heard of, and in the first days of the new invention, pica was the name of a book

used in the churches just as it is type the name of which was afterwards changed by the Protestant names, giving the order of the services and directions for the office. The type used for printing this book was named for it, pica, even though employed for other purposes. French printers afterwards changed the name to Cicero, and called long and short pica big-eye and little-eye Cicero.

Then there was St. Augustine, a now. Monk was formerly used to

wards changed by the Protestant English printers to English, and so known at present. Long and short Premier meant, in the beginning, the type in which Prime, a part of the Divine Office as recited by the priests and monks, was always printed; Brevier was the type used in printing the breviary of the priests. These terms are all in use

Eternalite
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References: Dun's, Bradstreet's, Franciscan Herald, Ave Maria, Our Sunday Visitor, Messenger of the Sacred Heart, Etc.

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express the black smudge occasionally seen in a new book when there has been too much ink on the press, thus spoiling the page; Friar, a blank space that ought to have gotten printed but didn't, by some mistake.

I suppose you have all heard of Printers' Pi, and seen it, too, when a line of unmeaning letters suddenly appears on the page. This, of course, is when the type has somehow become jumbled. This pi is supposed to be a contraction of the same pica of which we have been speaking, though how it applies is rather mysterious. There is another term for this jumble—squabble, but I am sure the monks couldn't have done that!

Honor to whom honor is due. Our first printers were nearly all monks; but sometimes they were—nuns! Printing spread very rapidly, after its invention, through all the countries of Europe, but particularly through Italy. There, every monastery had its printing press, long before men out in the world thought of making the art their employment. Among these Italian early printers, the Dominican Nuns of the Convent of St. James, at Mt. Ripoli, took a prominent place. They had for over three centuries been copying and illuminating manuscripts, before printing was thought of and, like our up-to-date Sisters to-day, they weren't going to be left in the march of progress!

Don't forget or let anybody around you forget that from such "holy" type, was printed, in the year 1536, the first book on the Western Continent, the "Spiritual Ladder" of St. John Climacus, in Catholic Mexico City, by Franciscan friars, 79 years before the first printing press in our United States was set up at Harvard College.

There is another term handed down from the early days of printing which tells a tale of its own, though it no longer bears the same significance. When the monk and good lay printers set to work, it was in a room called the "chapel"—not because it was necessarily part of a church, but because these men believed the new art would be a great factor in spreading the knowledge of God and His praise. So it was they gave their printing room

this name, that the thought might be always in their minds; and the head of the printers was called the "Dean." Nowadays, "chapel" simply means the body of printers in a certain office, just as we say "council" or "lodge," and I am afraid very few "deans" know how they got their name!

THE LETTER BOX

Walk right in and don't be bashful, plenty of room is yours to own; all my space I'm keeping for you, Young Folks, you and you alone. I just love to get a letter sent to me, my name outside. What's the odds if I can't read it? others can, and enjoy beside. Seems to me were I a Young Folk I would never stop a-writing, there's so much to say and talk of, there's so much to be a-sighting. If to Rome, like Nelly Martin, most of you can't hope to go, why, just up and look about you—tell of things you see and know. Just suppose a row I gathered right in front of me and said: Don't you dare to speak, to whisper, hold a thought within your head! Ah, just wouldn't the thoughts come jumping! wouldn't words pour forth so fast, they would fill me up and cover, run me over, to get past! I am getting just that hungry! ! !—Hurry if my life you'd save—hurry, Young Folks kindly—to the rescue, Young Folks brave!

Your famished

LETTER BOX.

THE SPIDER-WEB OF SANS SOUCI

If any of you ever go over to Germany and visit Berlin you will be told by all means to see Sans Souci before you leave. Sans Souci is a royal palace at a little distance from the city, and was built more than 100 years ago by a Prussian king called Frederick the Great—a man whose only friends he said, in dying, were his dogs; and they lie in the grounds of their former home in

a little cemetery of their own; Frederick had but little feeling for his fellow-creatures, who returned his want of affection for them with interest; but he was good to his animals, so perhaps it was but appropriate that one of the lesser creatures of God should be the means of saving his life from an assassin here at Sans Souci—"without care"—his favorite abode. If you do visit this odd, one-story palace of Frederick's, preferred by him to all his larger and finer ones, you will find it very plain. But in one room there is a peculiar and striking decoration that will at once attract your eye. This room is the one in which he used to take his morning cup of chocolate, and on the ceiling is painted an elaborate golden spider-web, the story of which is this:

One morning, just as he was about to raise his cup to his lips, a big spider, not a respecter of kings, however great, fell right down from the ceiling into it. Of course, after that no king was going to drink the contents! Feeling decidedly put out, for such an occurrence will make kings, as well as ordinary folks, get provoked, Frederick poured out the contents of his cup into a little dish at his side, placed there for one of his dogs of whom he was very fond. The little fellow was delighted and rushed to drink. It was his last. As Frederick turned to ring for another cup of chocolate (he was alone, never wanting anybody with him at his unsociable breakfast), he saw his poor favorite suddenly fall over in a strong convulsion. In a moment he was dead, the chocolate wet upon his mouth. Frederick saw at once that the cup had been poisoned, and for him. If it had not been for that unwelcome visitor from the ceiling, he would have been where his unfortunate doggie was lying, for he would have drunk of the cup and its poisoned contents.

In remembrance of his wonderful escape, the king caused the ceiling of the room to be painted in the semblance of a huge golden spider-web, and there it still glistens and tells the story, though king and dog and spider have long since turned to dust.

THE "LAST BATTLE OF THE REVOLUTION"

November 25, 1783, was a big day in the city of New York; and wouldn't some of our Young Folk have enjoyed themselves if they had been present! It was the day on which the British forces were to leave our shores forever, taking their flag with them—at twelve o'clock noon the flag of a new nation was to break out from the top of every flagstaff where so long the emblem of England's power had floated in dominance. Perhaps down in the bottom of their hearts the English soldiers were glad enough that the long war was over, and they could once more see their homes; still, it was natural, too, that the act of acknowledging defeat wasn't any too pleasant, and doubtless they felt rather sore. One of them, Provost Cunningham, did, at any rate; he was enraged and didn't hesitate to show it. A man named Day kept a tavern or inn on Murray street, near where the soldiers were waiting the time for embarking. He was such an ardent patriot that he couldn't wait for twelve o'clock — up went the American flag at dawn, too soon. Cunningham, coming along later, saw it and stopped at once.

"Down with that rag!" he cried.
 "It's up for good," said Day, as cool as the other was fiery.

"Down with it, I tell you! This town is ours until noon—I'll put you under arrest. Here, tear it down," he went on, turning to some of his men. But they were not anxious for trouble nor that they were on the point of leaving.

"Get out of the way," he ordered a guard near him. "I'll pull the thing down myself and tear it into tatters."

By this time a large crowd had gathered, and mutterings were heard all around. Cunningham was too angry to care. He grasped at the cords, and started to haul the new beautiful symbol of a new-born country from its lofty height. Started—but that was as far as he got. Out sailed Mrs. Day, fire in her eye and in her hand a good solid broomstick, and over the head of the astonished British officer "thwack! thwack! thwack!" came the stout American wood until, furious and mortified beyond words, he actually took to his heels, leaving Mrs. Day and the flag of her country the victors on the field. Jeers and roars of laughter followed him as he fled, his own men even joining in, in spite of themselves. A spectator of the scene has left us a comical description of it, the broomstick going like mad, the powder from Cunningham's white wig (the officers all wore wigs in those days, you know), flying about him so thick that it almost resembled a halo—except for the very unsightly expression of the countenance it encircled.

HOW I MADE \$85.00

during spare moments in two months,
 at home work

EMMA TOLMAN EAST

I HAVE no gift of language to help me tell the story of my struggle for success, but I am sure that those who, like myself, have been "up against it" will realize what it means to a woman to feel that she has a weapon which will forever keep the wolf away from her door and that will add hitherto undreamed-of pleasures and advantages to the life of those she loves best.

So many, many women with homes and husbands and children find their lives a daily tragedy through lack of money for the little niceties that make the difference between living and existing.

I was one of this great class so long that I can scarcely realize yet that I am out of it, that I can prove by my own skill many of the things I have wanted so long for my children, my house and myself.

Like most women I could always sew a little—made all the children's things, of course, as well as my own. So when the big wages of war time were a thing of the past and men's work was neither so plentiful nor so well paid as it had been, I was glad enough to do plain sewing for people who could afford to hire.

Naturally, there was very little money and a lot of hard work in this, and I cannot tell you how I wished and wished that I had the KNOW-HOW of dressmaking so that I could plan and design beautiful things, or cut into expensive materials and be sure that the result would be right. As a girl I had talked of going into one of the big shops to learn the business, but I had no time for that now and no opportunity, for I had my children and my home to care for. Besides, I had recently talked with a girl who had put in three years in one of these places and then had kept her at the simplest finishing or working under someone's else direction all that time and she had never been taught the first principle of cutting, designing or even fitting.

I was very much discouraged over the outlook before me when I happened to see, in a magazine I was reading, an announcement of the Franklin Institute Dressmaking Course, and it said that the Institute could teach by correspondence all these things I had been longing to master and make my own.

I was tremendously interested but it might have gone no farther than that if it had not been for the fact that they offered a free sample lesson so that those who cared could see exactly what the course was like. I lost no time in sending for this sample lesson and when it arrived it made things so plain that I knew at once I was on the right track. I had to borrow the money to get the whole course, but I was glad to say right here that it was the best investment I ever made.

Within two weeks after I received the first lesson a stout lady—bust forty-four—came to me to have a handsome velvet suit made. Now I had always been afraid to try anything bigger than a thirty-six and I had never used such expensive material before but I decided to try.

Using the Franklin Institute patterns and following the Franklin Institute system, I made a model lining which fitted perfectly and after that I was not afraid to cut into her eight-dollar-a-yard goods.

She wanted some embroidery on it and when it was finished I had spent twenty-five hours in all and it certainly was a most beautiful suit.

It has not worried me at particularly, but it is so much easier to sew for the slender types that I wanted to discourage her from coming back, so when she asked for her bill, I charged her twenty-five dollars. To my surprise, she thought that was very reasonable, so I decided to charge a dollar an hour for all my work.

It has not kept anyone away, for people will gladly pay a good price for work well done, and I have all that, but can possibly do in my spare time for months ahead. And it is only my spare time that I use, for I have no intention of neglecting my home or my children—I am doing this to benefit, not to harm them. Before I enrolled with the Franklin Institute as a student I considered that I will make you financially independent." And nowhere is there such an opportunity as is offered by the Franklin Institute in its different courses.

There is no longer any excuse for anyone to say "I don't know" when I make seventy-five dollars in four months. In the last two months I have made eighty-five dollars. I have taken care of my house and my kiddies. We are gradually getting some much-needed things for the home, and it is going to mean special advantages—music, hooks, pictures, etc.—for the children as they grow up.

To the army of women who are wearing their lives out pinching the pennies and trying to raise their families right on too little money, I would say, "Buy a profession for your future that will make you financially independent." And nowhere is there such an opportunity as is offered by the Franklin Institute in its different courses.

There is no longer any excuse for anyone to say "I don't know" when I make seventy-five dollars in four months. In the last two months I have made eighty-five dollars. I have taken care of my house and my kiddies. We are gradually getting some much-needed things for the home, and it is going to mean special advantages—music, hooks, pictures, etc.—for the children as they grow up.



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A STRANGE SIGHT

Wouldn't we open our eyes now-days if we went to a bishop's Solemn High Mass and saw, as he rose after the Gloria and Credo and took off his cap to go to the altar, the deacon and sub-deacon approach him, spread a cover over his shoulders, that his vestment might not get soiled and—comb his hair or beard, if he happened to have one! The comb would be of ivory or gold or silver, to be sure, and perhaps be decorated with jewels, but I am afraid we wouldn't be able to pay proper attention to the service after that.

In the Greek church the comb is still in use, as many of its clergy wear full long beards; so if some day you go traveling in the East and come across this reminder of former days, be sure you say "Oh, yes, I know all about that—it's no novelty to me!"

A Letter Too Much

- 1—Take me out of a flower and it will become fish.
 - 2—Take me out of a bird and it will act like swine.
 - 3—Take me out of a vessel and it will become part of the body.
 - 4—Take me out of a heavenly object and it will turn into a sailor.
 - 5—Take me out of a point of the compass and it will be like rain.
 - 6—Take me out of a country of Europe and there will be suffering there.
 - 7—Take me out of a fire and leave a public pleasure ground.
 - 8—Take me out of east and leave a wonderful performance.
- Clement Lane, Baltimore, Md.

Answers to February Puzzles Foreign Authors

- 1—Tasso
- 2—Dickens
- 3—Dante
- 4—Browning
- 5—Milton
- 6—Shakespeare
- 7—Thackeray
- 8—Shelley
- 9—Keats
- 10—Howitt

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Jumbled Countries

- | | |
|---------------|-------------|
| 1—Caierma | 6—Itaraut |
| 2—Dlerina | 7—Aariblug |
| 3—Moexxi | 8—Suiars |
| 4—Gnyeram | 9—Yltai |
| 5—Fhangatsian | 10—Cotldnas |
- John Tinsley, New York City.

Upset Furniture

- 1—Pedestal
- 2—Buffet
- 3—Bookcase
- 4—Chiffonier
- 5—Piano
- 6—Chair
- 7—Table

Jumbled Flowers

- 1—Balsam
- 2—Petunia
- 3—Verbena
- 4—Aster
- 5—Madonna Lilies

Islands

- 1—Ascension Island
- 2—St. Helena
- 3—Sandwich Islands
- 4—Friendly Islands
- 5—Madeira
- 6—Canary Islands
- 7—Long Island
- 8—Society Islands

Cities that Are Something Else

- 1—What city of Ohio is a discoverer?
 - 2—What city of Missouri is a very holy person?
 - 3—What city in Chile is a continent?
 - 4—What city in Alabama with four letters prefixed becomes a thing to ride in?
 - 5—What city in Alabama is the name of a famous general?
- Agnes Wall, Albany, N. Y.

What Bird Am I?

I am a swiftly flying bird. In me you will find:

- 1—A fated animal
 - 2—A favorite dessert
 - 3—A writing implement
 - 4—A negative
 - 5—A toilet article
 - 6—A famous southern dish
 - 7—Past participle of the verb to go.
- Isabelle Baker, Bowling Green, Ky.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

Emma Kovalehick, Ashley, Pa.; Philip Kovalehick, Ashley, Pa.; Fred Kovalehick, Ashley, Pa.; B. J. Kovalehick, Ashley, Pa.; Frank Heilgoerfer, Baltimore, Md.; John Tinsley, New York, N. Y.; Margaret Gall, Streator, Ill.; Wilfred Williams, Detroit, Mich.; Henry Raffo, San Francisco, Calif.; Isabelle Baker, Bowling Green, Ky.; Adele Forstall, New Orleans, La.; Dorothea Fischer, Quincy, Ill.; Hortense Stockdale, Pocastello, Idaho; Margaret G. Gallett, Palmyra, N. J.

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Miscellaneous

HOW THE POPE IS ELECTED

By FR. FRANCIS BORGIA, O. F. M.

VERY impressive ceremonies attend the official announcement of the death of the pope. When the papal physician after a strict examination declares that his illustrious patient has departed this life, the Cardinal Chamberlain or, as he is generally called, the Papal Secretary of State, approaches the deathbed and with a little silver mallet strikes the forehead of the deceased three times, each time calling him by his baptismal name. Then, while a notary draws up in writing a legal evidence of the sad event, the cardinal breaks both the papal seals and the fisherman's ring, which latter the Holy Father wears as a sign of his exalted office. Finally, the Cardinal Chamberlain issues a formal declaration stating that death has robbed the Church of her Supreme Pastor; that, till the election of a successor, the Sacred College of Cardinals exercises supreme authority in the Church; and that he himself, as Chamberlain and head of the Sacred College, hereby assumes charge of the papal household.

The obsequies of the deceased pope last nine days, during which time various public demonstrations of respect for the late pope and of sorrow over his demise take place. One of the many state officials who called at the Vatican to express condolence over the death of Pope Benedict XV, was an envoy from the Italian Government. This caused quite a sensation in diplomatic circles and it will probably be heard of again before many moons. While formalities like these are gone through, the Cardinal Chamberlain makes preparations for the election of a successor to the Chair of St. Peter. Since the cardinals of the Church—and they alone—have an

active voice, that is a vote in this election, they are officially notified and invited to attend. At the same time, stonemasons, carpenters, and papal domestics are busy walling off and arranging that portion of the great Vatican palace where the election is to be held. This place is then known as the Conclave.

It comprises several floors of the Vatican and also the famous Sistine Chapel. Only one door leads into it and this must be locked from within and from without, until the election is over. That is why the place is called the Conclave, from the Latin con—with and Clavis—key. The reason for this is to insure absolute secrecy and to prevent all interference from without, no person once within being permitted to leave the Conclave or to have any communication with the outside world. Each cardinal has an apartment of three or four little rooms with only the most necessary furniture. What time is not devoted to the actual sessions, they spend in prayer and meditation, entreating the Holy Ghost to enlighten and direct them in their choice of a successor to the highest dignity and most difficult office in the world. The one door leading into the Conclave is never opened while the election is on, except to admit a cardinal who may have come late or to let out a cardinal or an attendant in case of serious illness. It is interesting to know also that the apartments of every cardinal have silk hangings like portiers; they are of a purple color if the occupant was created cardinal by the latest pope, and of a green color if the occupant had been raised to the cardinalial dignity by some previous pope.

It is on the evening of the tenth day after the death of the pope that

the cardinals enter the Conclave. With them are various attendants and minor officials. Thus, for instance, each cardinal is allowed to have one servant and a private secretary. These are all appointed and examined by a special committee and they are obliged to promise on oath not to reveal what they may learn of the proceedings nor to hinder the election in any way. At present, this provision is observed very strictly. Until recently, there were certain countries in Europe, for instance, Austria, who enjoyed a sort of "veto" power at a papal election and could in this way not only prolong the sessions, by undue interference but even prevent the choice of a candidate who was excellently well worthy but for some reason or another not "papabilis" in their eyes. Thus, in 1903, when Austria strenuously opposed the election of a certain cardinal, now no longer among the living, and thereby caused great confusion, Pope Pius X, immediately after his election, issued a papal bull henceforth prohibiting all interference from without under pain of excommunication.

On the morning of the eleventh day, the cardinal dean celebrates holy Mass in the Pauline chapel, at which his fellow cardinals assist and receive Holy Communion. In a sermon they are then reminded of the importance of the coming election and of their duty to vote for him whom before God and their conscience they consider the most worthy and best qualified. Thereupon they all proceed to the beautiful Sistine chapel.

Here, on either side along the wall, thrones are set up for the cardinals according to the order of seniority. After they have taken

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their places, prayers are said for a successful election; whereupon all those not having a vote must leave, one of the cardinals bolting the door after them.

Having drawn up their ballot, the cardinals fold them in such a way that only the name of their candidate appears. Then each one advances to the altar, on which are six lighted candles, a crucifix, and a large silver chalice with paten. Kneeling down, the cardinal places his ballot in the chalice, at the same time reciting the following oath: "I call to witness the Lord Christ, Who will be my judge, that I am electing the one whom according to God I think ought to be elected."

All ballots being thus deposited, they are counted. If their number agrees with the number of cardinals present, they pass through the hands of three cardinals. The last one reads aloud the names as they occur, and all the other cardinals meanwhile check them off on a list of the members of the Sacred College. Strictly speaking, it is not necessary that the candidate to the papacy be a cardinal. The Church is the most democratic institution in the world. Any man, lay or cleric, is eligible, provided he has other requisites demanded by Canon Law. The fact is, however, that since 1378, it was always a cardinal on whom the choice happened to fall.

Nor is it necessary that the vote be cast for an Italian. Germans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Greeks, one Englishman, and one Hollander have been elected. But the last time that a non-Italian received the required two-thirds majority was exactly four hundred years ago, on January 9, 1522, when Adrian VI, a Hollander of humble parentage, was elected.

Two-thirds of the votes cast, exclusive of one's own, are necessary for election. It may happen that the vote is very close, that, for instance,

out of sixty votes cast, a candidate receives forty. In that case, his own ballot is opened, it having been identified by means of a text from Holy Scripture which the respective cardinal had previously placed on it for that purpose. If it is found that he voted for himself, which, of course, is not very likely to happen, the entire balloting is declared null and void. What does happen at

almost every election, however, is that the required two-thirds vote is not immediately obtained. As often as that occurs, the ballots are put into a little stove and burned together with some moist straw. As a result, of course, a thick black smoke passes out through the specially prepared chimney, a sign for the people below that no pope has been elected.

But if a two-thirds majority has been obtained, the ballots alone are burned, producing a thin, white smoke, from which the people know that an election has resulted.

As soon as a candidate receives two-thirds of the votes, the cardinal dean approaches him and asks whether he will accept the election and by what name he wishes to be known during his pontificate. In reply, the chosen candidate says: "Since it is the will of God, I must obey," and then states by what name he wishes to be known. Since the year 955, other historians say 1009, it is customary that the pope goes by a name other than his baptismal and family name, just as our Lord changed the name of St. Peter, who was the first pope, from Simon to Peter.

Now first is the door to the conclave opened to admit the various secretaries and servants. While the newly elected pope is in a neighboring room and putting on the papal robes, the master of ceremonies lowers the canopies over the thrones, except that over the one occupied by the pope-elect. When the pope has taken his place on the throne meanwhile prepared for him, the cardinals approach and pay him the first "obedience" or "homage." By the Cardinal Chamberlain, the fisherman's ring is placed on his finger. Then follows the public proclamation of the election and the solemn introduction of the pope to the people.

This ceremony must have been very touching and inspiring on the recent occasion. On account of the political estrangement existing between the Vatican and the Italian Government since the year 1870, it could all these fifty years be observed only within the walls of the basilica of St. Peter. Now, however, the entire balloting is declared null and void. What does happen at the pope-elect and the attending

dignitaries appeared as formerly on the outside balcony of the basilica, overlooking the piazza or court-yard. Although it was raining at the time, a vast croud was gathered there to see the Holy Father and to receive his first blessing.

A solemn hush fell on the surging multitude, when the aged Cardinal Bileti stepped forward and exclaimed:

"I announce to you great joy: we have as pope the Most Reverend and Most Eminent Cardinal Achilles Ratti, who has chosen the name of Pius XI."

At this, the Holy Father in his white papal robes passes between the group of cardinals and advances to the railing, while a prolonged "Long live the Pope! Long live Pius XI" was rending the air. On the steps of the basilica stood the papal Swiss Guard with their white banner, and along the façade of the basilica were lined the government troops, selected from the Bersaglieri, Alpineri, and Royal Guard. As soon as the banner of the Royal State appeared, they all presented arms and saluted. This impressive act is now looked upon as a most important step toward a renewal of diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the Quirinal, a thing the late Pope Benedict XV so earnestly endeavored to achieve and a blessing the entire world is longing for.

We can readily imagine the feeling of joy that swelled the hearts of all, when His Holiness declared that the blessing he was about to bestow was meant not only for those present before him but for the entire world, and that his first prayer as the Father of Christendom would be for full and lasting peace between the nations. All now knelt down and, with his arms extended, the Holy Father chanted in a loud, clear, and steady voice:

"Our help is in the name of the Lord—Blessed be the name of the Lord—May Almighty God bless you, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost—" to which from a thousand throats below a ringing "Amen" was joined in its ascent to the throne of Him Who for the welfare of redeemed mankind built His Church on the Rock of Peter and promised to be with her even unto the end.

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IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

WHEN I was a little boy my test for the value of suggested books was "Have they pictures in them?" By this test a geography text enlivened with groupings of wild animals of the various countries and climes became more interesting than Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men or Gulliver's Travels unillustrated. Likewise, Prescott's ponderous History of Mexico and Shakespeare's complete works, the one adorned with colored plates, the other with a unique picture to each play, were as often to be seen in infant hands as was Ann, Jane and Adelaide Taylor's Original Poems for Infant Minds. And while the Ballads of Ireland had its charms, at an early age, it was rivaled by a huge collection of legends and tales of Ireland interspersed by occasional ruins, towers, castles and peasants. With some satisfaction of a vain nature I have since learned that my "infant mind" has grasped, or even discovered, a principle of education later formulated for me in these words:

"Primary concepts must be taught objectively in all grades." You have noticed the frequency of illustrations in new books of to-day. High school and college texts abound in wood cuts and engravings, diagrams and photographs. Biography, philosophy, fiction, and history demonstrate the reign of the picture. Such writers as the Reverend Fathers William Kirby, John A. Ryan, Joseph Husslein, and other determined and temperamental men and women may produce books such as Social Reconstruction, The Church and Labor, The Social Mission of Charity, Religion and Health, The History of Ethics, The Reformation, without a break in the flow of type. But these are exceptional among the myriad books with pictures in them. And now that the greater part of the book-publishing and book-reading world have come to hold my early test for books, sadly, I am forced to abandon it. One does not wish a constant pursuit of the pri-

mary concepts. Take for an example of the illustrated books of to-day that unique and powerfully sensible book, The University in Overalls, by Alfred Fitzpatrick of Frontier College, Toronto, Canada. This is a book of practical, constructive philosophy, the demonstration of an idea. The author holds that all labor should be accounted part of our university educational system since the ability to plow a furrow and hew or fell a tree implies a certain acquired skill which is education:

"Education means the related activity of all the members of the body by the direction and command of the mind . . . A man's hands are as aristocratic as his brains."

A book full of sayings as wise clear and clever as this ought to be readable in cold print. A book so generous and broad as to advocate the extension of university standards and culture to lumber camps should need, one would suppose, no popular illustrations. Yet this book is rich with pictures. For example if the author says; on page sixty-four: "Another reason why settlement is at a standstill in our great clay belts to-day is the absence of women from the land . . . Settlement in the wooded lands of northern Canada will be encouraged when women are granted land on exactly the same terms as the men;" accompanying this comment is a picture of a woman, attired in overalls, blouse and high boots, sorting or inspecting a heap of vegetables. As a woman is not a "primary concept" to adult readers, it is puzzling to divine why the author or publisher deemed it valuable to present the picture. There are many interesting and curious possibilities in explanation.

There are many books to be read. (This is one explanation of the picture.) We must swallow them, we must cram to cover the new popular books. We must hurry, and—we are sometimes fatigued with the effort. The picture comes as a relief, a break, an enforced rest in our gob-

Clean literature and clean womanhood are the keystones of Civilization:—this aphoristically defines the ideals of The Devin-Adair imprint

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bling of big ideas and our accompanying evolution of our own great thoughts. We are skimming, and but for the assistance of the eye-sight we might miss a point which is embodied in the picture as well as in the text. Professor Fitzpatrick's book shows us a good, clear picture of a cut of logs from northern New Brunswick, with the title: "The Frontiers produce much of our wealth." He shows also the interior of a bunk house, of a bunk car, an ideal lumber camp, Frontier College scenes in the lumber camps, farms, mines, and other community educational camps. Pictures, therefore, are the last device in pressing home a point by means of books. The author of the University in Overalls is determined that no condition of jaded memories, distraction and absorption in other fields, lack of travel or dependence on the physical senses shall prevent his readers from getting the full force of his timely volume. Hence we must be reconciled again to the book with pictures.

If now we feel that we have solved the puzzle of why these pictures, it might be interesting to go over some of the interesting books which have none and mark the points which

have been thrown on the screen for the sake of the added force. might be that the chief gain of the process would be the intensive reading of such books,—a rereading. any of Dr. Ralph Adams Crarr conceptions of "Walled Towns" a hazy, the screening process would benefit the reader. Do we feel that The Church and Labor, By Drs. Hu slein and Ryan, might be improved by pictures, let us imagine at once a point a cut of a church, of the Holy Father, of a strike in action; the ingenious artist who will devise a way to screen moral precept, dogmas and spiritual motives has his field ready for him. If only the right effects could be obtained it surprising the reader with the unexpected presentation of a church scene, a peaceful fireside, a workman's home! These are being lent to the Catholic Art association, and rightly. Pictures to some book would be unseemly. In this matter the publishers of books have perfected their art. By pictures made a dull book is passed off as smart and our indulgence for pictures—the easy way of education—is felt as are numerous clever artists, but the fashion for illustrations.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Saint John Berchmans—By Rev. James J. Daly, S. J.

The associate editor of the *Queen's Work* has taken advantage of the approaching tercentenary of the saint to present this new and most readable interpretation and study. The Saint of Innocence, the saint of the common-place, and similar phrasings describe this youthful saint as one having great appeal for our times. With St. Stanislaus, and St. Aloysius, St. John Berchmans is distinguished for youth, personal beauty and vigor and amiable manners. His likeness to the two latter named saints was perceived by his fellow novices among the Jesuits. His character of sanctity was marked from infancy and while never of the miraculous or astounding, was distinguished for its constancy and firmness. Thus at the age of seven he

reminds his grandmother that it is practical for him to serve several Masses before going to school because in no other way could one so easily acquire knowledge. In his young manhood his custom of keeping his eyes downcast did not prevent him from making the most minute scrutiny of his associate and superiors, as detailed in his list of likes and dislikes. His death which came in the fullness of his manhood, followed an illness of five days, the first illness since his childhood.

In a brief preface the author well recommends St. John Berchmans as a patron for those "wishing to maintain agreeable and efficient relations with the practical life of the hour; without cooling in faith and reverence, of making the love of God the dominant motive of conduct without sacrificing any of the courtesies of

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P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York, \$1.50, postage 10 cents.

Psychology and Natural Theology.
—By Owen A. Hill, S. J.

Textbook. It should prove welcome and profitable to intelligent readers everywhere, as it fills up the dry bones of philosophy with the flesh of rhetoric. Educators may frown upon this departure, and insist that confounding sound matter with the garnishings is responsible for our Ingersolls and their victims. The book does not, however, neglect concise logical presentation, offering in addition no more than the teacher would say to make the matter clear and attractive, and stir the student's initiative. Certain new fields, as of the subconscious and the incidental abnormalities, receive scant attention. But exhaustive treatment is given the vital questions of immortality, free will, and the existence of God. As a textbook, it lacks the very desirable quality of synoptical arrangement enabling one at a glance to take in heads, parts and salient features of the subject matter.

The Macmillan Co., New York, \$3.50.

The Isolation Plan.—By William H. Blymer.

Those interested in disarmament will not wish to miss this book on the safeguards of permanent peace with its appendices on war-boon peace projects. The author's education and associations qualify him to speak on the subject with the best; and, granting the feasibility of the first measure of his program—general disarmament—the second and third measures, arbitration and isolation, are presented with convincing plausibility.

Honest students of history will gasp to see how closely Mr. Blymer's plan of isolation, of which he

is credited with being the originator, approaches the ecclesiastical measures of excommunication and interdict as employed in the Middle Ages. After all; the medieval papacy would seem to fit very well into our modern world.

Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston (xxiv-152), \$2.00.

The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln
—By J. Rogers Gore.

"A boyhood friend and playmate, Austin Gollaher of Knob Creek, Kentucky, was the mine from which the author obtained the material for this book. The stories of their boyhood as told in the quaint, homely style of Mr. Gollaher have been worked up into a complete narrative which gives facts in Lincoln's life never before presented in print and perhaps nowhere else obtainable. The author adds to his own testimony as to the authenticity of this material, affidavits signed by a daughter of Austin Gollaher and the county attorney of La Rue county, Kentucky.

It will perhaps seem strange to readers to be told that this material has never before been sought out and utilized. So much has been written of Lincoln's youth and manhood that it is a surprise to know that his infancy and childhood have hitherto been neglected by biographers. The details of this period, it is true, are somewhat prosaic and homely, and are given without attempt to dramatize or exploit the simple facts. If there is a defect in this unusual, wholesome and timely narrative, it is perhaps one not due to any fault of the author, but issuing from the deep impression made upon readers by the character of solemnity and sadness which was Lincoln's in his manhood as we know him.

The effect is that of hearing the man Abraham Lincoln speaking in the language and thought of a little boy. His character here set forth is that of a dutiful obedience to parents, peaceableness, but with a strong sense of righteousness which sometimes moved him to punish or to defend the weak.

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"Vouchsafe, O Lord, to reward
with eternal life all who,
for Thy Name's sake,
do us good!"

This list will be concluded in the next issue.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions: Rome, Italy—Our Holy Father, Benedict the XV.; Detroit, Mich.—L. C. Vermette; Mrs. M. Cook; Edward Holthofer; Mrs. Rose Kuptz; Mrs. M. Kelly; Mrs. A. Weber; Mrs. Mary Worzalla; Miss Alice Meyer; Mrs. Lyons; Holland—Mrs. Adeline Coolbaugh; Menasha, Wis.—Mrs. H. Walburn; Racine, Wis.—Mrs. G. Miller; Niagara, Wis.—Wilfred H. Richard; Casco, Wis.—Mrs. Kinard; St. Paul, Minn.—Mr. Brown; Magdalena Gerlach; Mrs. Margaret Lemmon; Siegel, Ill.—Mrs. Anna Deters; Joliet, Ill.—Mrs. M. McFadden; Mrs. M. Kolb; Monticello, Ill.—Miss Spurling; St. Louis, Mo.—Mrs. Korte; Claflin, Kas.—Mrs. Patrick Finnin; Leavenworth, Kas.—F. Burke; Dyersville, Ia.—Mr. Nebel; Bremerton, Wash.—Catherine Driscoll; Seattle, Wash.—Wm. Doyle; Kansas City, Mo.—J. N. Gerew; San Francisco, Calif.—Mrs. N. O'Connor; Covington, Ky.—Mrs. C. Nienaber; Middleton, Ohio—Mrs. Rose Hogan; Cleveland, Ohio—Mr. Chambers; Philadelphia, Pa.—John Forsythe; Isabella Forsythe, James Forsythe; William Forsythe; William McErlean; Jane McErlean; Joseph Reppert; Cresson, Pa.—Anne Criste; Scranton, Pa.—Agnes Michas; Anna Mathius; Tyrone, Pa.—Mrs. Catherine Dife; Altoona, Pa.—Mrs. McCullough; Honesdale, Pa.—Mrs. T. Fleaderbach; Hollidaysburg, Pa.—Mr. Lisher; New York, N. Y.—Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McGoldrick; Michael Farley; Charles Farley; Pat-

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LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. (Three hundred days every time.)

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For postulants for the Sisterhood (20). For the recovery of property (3). For success in a law-suit (3). For the conversion of a husband and father (10). For the conversion of children (20). For the conversion of relatives (25). For the recovery of sick persons (25). For the recovery of stolen articles. For the profitable sale of property (5). For a suitable place for business. For the happy choice of a state of life (15). For success in a charitable undertaking. For the return of a husband to his home. For better understanding in a family. For cure from a goitre. For relief against a serious danger. For cure from the drink habit. For cure from nervous and mental trouble (15). For success in studies (10). For successful examination in dentistry. For recovery of speech. For grace to avoid the occasion of sin (25). For a religious vocation (10). For the grace of final perseverance (10). For suitable employment (42). For a happy marriage (5). For vocations to the priesthood in the Order of St. Francis. For strength enough to work. For thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart. In honor of St. Anthony for the recovery of jewelry. For special intentions (45). For the souls in purgatory. For the spread of the Third Order. For our Holy Father, Pius XI. In thanksgiving for favors received (20).

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

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Franciscan News

Holy Land—According to the latest statistics, 344 Franciscans are in charge of 61 of the Holy Places. Their friaries are 56 in number. They attend 73 parishes and missions, besides conducting 9 hospices for pilgrims, 59 schools, and 9 workshops or industrial schools.

Rennes, France—The late Archbishop of Rennes, His Eminence Cardinal Dubourg, was an enthusiastic tertiary. Shortly before his demise, he had the happiness of celebrating, in the little Franciscan chapel, the fiftieth anniversary of his reception into the Third Order. It was as a newly ordained priest, in 1870, that he received the tertiary cord and scapular.

Rouen, France—The French Chamber of Deputies unanimously ratified the following proposal previously sanctioned by the Upper House: Article 3. There shall be erected in honor of Joan of Arc, in the marketplace where she was burned at the stake, a monument with this inscription: "To Joan of Arc by the grateful people of France."

Nice, France—General M. Leddet, who died recently at Nice, was a devout member of the Third Order. At the time of his retirement from public life, he was Governor of the Isle of Corsica.

Tyrol—From the report drawn up at the recent National Centenary Convention in Trent, we learn that the numerical extent of the Third Order in southern Tyrol is as follows: under the jurisdiction of the Capuchin friars are 202 fraternities with 146,778 tertiaries, of whom 12,000 are men; while the Franciscan friars have charge of 148 fraternities, with a total membership of 22,000, of whom 4,000 are men.

Quebec, Canada—The growth of the Third Order fraternity in the Sacred Heart parish, this city, is truly phenomenal. It was estab-

lished about a year ago and already it numbers some three hundred members.

Sioux City, Iowa—Though not the very latest, it will be pleasant news nevertheless to hear that the Tertiaries of Sioux City have again organized. On December 18, their zealous Director had the happiness of receiving twenty-eight new members. A business meeting was held, after the services in church. The Rev. Director is thinking of organizing the ladies of the fraternity into a Sewing Circle for the benefit of the needy missions.

Rice, Arizona—Three months ago, on December 14, Fr. Justin Deutsch, till now missionary among the Pimas and Papagos, has undertaken to bring the light of the true faith to the Apaches of the White Mountain district, Navajo County, Arizona. There are about 2,600 Apaches on this reservation. Till now, no Catholic priest has been stationed among them. The Superintendent, Mr. Charles L. Davis, welcomed Fr. Justin most cordially and allowed him a pretty little cottage until a church and residence could be built. On January 22, Fr. Justin baptized three little half-Apache girls. These are therefore, the first-fruits of the new mission.

Joliet, Ill.—The Tertiaries of Joliet have pledged themselves to support the mission day-school of St. Anthony, at Topawa, among the Papago Indians. This is but a link of our chain of day-schools in the Papago and Pima regions. Since last summer six of these schools are taken care of by the Catholic Indian Bureau. Thus, with the help coming from the Tertiaries of Joliet and the Indian Bureau, the existence of all but four of our schools is assured.

San Solano Mission, Arizona—Recently, an appeal was made to the German branch of the Third Order

of St. Peter's Church, Chicago through its devoted director, Fr. Conradin, for the sum of \$75. This was to be used to furnish the room of the missionary, adjoining the church of Santa Rosa which was erected by these same Tertiaries. The appeal was not in vain. In a few days, the money arrived, thanks to the zeal of Fr. Conradin and to his generous Tertiaries. They may be sure that our Indians will not forget them in their prayers.

Quincy College, Quincy, Ill.—On January 16, the so-called Hilger Trio gave a concert in the auditorium of Quincy (Franciscan) College. The three youthful artists are sisters—two still in their teens and the eldest but twenty-one—and graduated with highest honors from the Royal Academy of Music in Vienna, Austria, in 1918. They came to this country about a year ago. While Maria and Greta are finished artists on the violin and piano, Elsa, the youngest, has been declared by *The Musical Observer* the greatest living cellist in the world. The program arranged for our auditorium comprised two cello solos, two violin solos, a violin and cello duet, and a trio for violon-cello, and piano. The spontaneous and thunderous applause that followed each number showed that the music lovers of Quincy appreciated the truly phenomenal artistry of these girls. They had been heralded as prodigies and they fully lived up to their reputation.—On Sunday, December 11, a few days before school closed for the holidays, Fr. John Baptist, the Director of the College Third Order fraternity, received thirty-three candidates into the Order. Our fraternity has now nearly reached the hundred mark. Classes were resumed on January 4; and on January 30-31, the mid-year examinations were held.

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Our Mission Picture

San Juan Capistrano. Pride of the Orange Kingdom. Interrupted by the San Diego revolt of November, 1775, and then delayed a whole year by the hostile attitude of Comandante Rivera, this beautiful Mission could not be definitely established till the feast of All Saints, 1776. Fr. Junipero Serra dedicated it and then left it in charge of Fr. Francisco de Lasuén. The old records show how zealously the padres labored for the Indians and how readily the Indians settled down to Christian life at the Mission. By the end of 1820, 3,774 had been baptized, of whom 1,064 were still living in that year. How Capistrano and its neophytes suffered when confiscation swept over California's missions in the dress of secularization, is well known. It was one of the finest and richest on the coast. What wonder then that it was the first to be sold under the hammer by the unscrupulous mission despoilers. Of the various old buildings, one, well preserved, is known as Serra's Church. Within its walls, as is now definitely established, on October 10, 1783, ten months before his saintly death, Fr. Junipero Serra preached and administered Confirmation to the neophytes. No other building of all those still extant at the various old missions in California can claim the distinction of having once harbored the illustrious Apostle of California. Of this the present pastor, Rev. St. John O'Sullivan, is justly proud. The saddest event in the history of this glorious Mission (barring its sale and subsequent spoliation) is dated December 8, 1812. On that day, the feast of the Immaculate Conception, during the early Mass for adults, an earthquake so shook the magnificent stone church that the roof and two towers caved in and buried forty of the Indian worshippers beneath the debris. The ruins may still be seen (our cover page brings a picture of them), a mute but eloquent witness to the heroic zeal, enterprising spirit, and artistic taste of those early missionaries.

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Thoughts for Holy Week

FROM the day our Lord spoke to St. Francis from the crucifix in the little Church of St. Damian the mystery of the Passion had so engrossed the soul of St. Francis, that he could think of nothing but Jesus crucified. So great was the compassion he felt in his heart for his dear Savior, that the tears he shed almost robbed him of his eye-sight. Again and again he admonished his brethren: "My brethren, I beseech you, have the Passion of our Lord ever before your eyes." His Order was always faithful to his request. The renowned preachers of the Order achieved their greatest successes in the conversion of the sinners through the sermons on the sufferings and the death of our Lord. The beautiful devotion of The Way of the Cross was spread throughout the world by the Franciscans and even to-day they have the reserved right to erect the stations in the churches.

St. Bonaventure, O. F. M., tells us: "He who meditates on the sufferings of our Lord with attention and devotion will find all things in abundance." This devotion will teach us the unbounded love of God for us; it will convince us of the enormity and heinousness of sin; it will console us in our trials and tribulations; it will impress us with the true worth of our soul.

"Awaken, O soul," says St. Augustine, "and consider how much you are worth and at what price Our Savior redeemed you. Count the hours of His thirty-three years, the sighs He breathed, the drops of perspiration, the steps He made, the strokes He received, the thorns that pierced His sacred Head, the nails that fastened Him to the cruel cross, the drops of blood He shed, the heavy beam on which He hung and on which He offered His life, on which He gave His soul for you. All this cries out to you: 'O soul, so much are you worth!'"

St. Bonaventure, called the Seraphic Doctor, not only on account of his wonderful learning, but more so for the great love that permeates all his writings, composed a most beautiful series of prayers on The Passion of our Lord in the form of a "Little Office." This "Little Office of the Passion" we now have in booklet form and we urge all our readers to procure a copy of it for use during Lent and above all for the Three Hour Agony (Tre Ore) on Good Friday.

O may the Passion of the Lord,
Whereby salvation is restored,
The mind with love for Him inspire,
Our solace and our hearts' desire.

—St. Bonaventure.

Easter Joys

THE liturgical prayers of the Church are at all times most beautiful and impressive, but at no time more so than at the holy Mass of Easter Sunday. The opening prayer (Introit) is intended to fill our hearts with joy. In this prayer our dear Lord is represented, standing, as it were, in the opened grave, bearing aloft the banner of triumph, shedding brightness all around, speaking to his Heavenly Father: "I have risen and am still with Thee, Alleluia! Thou hast laid Thy hand upon me (upon my human nature, offering me the chalice of suffering and sustaining me in my great agony). Thy knowledge is become wonderful, Alleluia, Alleluia! Thou hast proved me and known me: Thou hast known my down-sitting and my uprising." Thou hast tried my love by offering me suffering and death—Thou hast found me obedient, but Thou hast desired also my resurrection. This is the beautiful morning prayer of the Risen Savior to his Heavenly Father. Very appropriately does Holy Mother church represent to us Jesus in His glorified state as addressing His first words to His Father in heaven. Because His last words before His death were also directed to him. "Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit." This opening prayer of the Mass is an urgent invitation to us to rejoice with Jesus.

By His death on the cross, Jesus opened heaven not only for Himself, but also for us—of this the Church reminds us in the Collect or Prayer of the feast, "O God, who on this day through Thine only-begotten son didst overcome death, and open unto us the gate of everlasting life; as by Thy preventing grace Thou didst breathe good desires into our hearts, so also by Thy gracious help, bring them to good effect."

In the Epistle or Lesson St. Paul tells us what we must do to merit this grace of God, the grace that is so necessary for our real happiness. "Brethren, purge out the old leaven . . . for Christ our Pasch is sacrificed. Therefore, let us feast, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth." A mere sorrow for our sins, a mere desire to be more perfect is not enough—we must completely break with our evil ways. Christ, our Pasch, is sacrificed, and for us. By His death He overcame the devil and sin and gained for us the grace and strength to succeed and to persevere. We should, therefore, feast in sincerity and truth, confident that our Risen Lord will help us.

But now the Church can no longer restrain her Easter joy. Trusting that the faithful have followed the advice of St. Paul and have removed the old leaven o

sin and sinful habits in the Sacrament of Penance, and rejoicing, therefore, in this double resurrection of the Lord and His faithful, she proclaims to all (Gradual): "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it. Give thanks to the Lord for He is good and His mercy endureth forever. Alleluia, Alleluia. Christ, our Pasch, is sacrificed." And in the Sequence we are again urged to give praise and thanks, because: "Together death and life in a strange conflict strove: the Prince of Life, who died, now lives and reigns."

We should rejoice in our hearts, and why? An angel, a messenger from heaven announces in the Gospel: "You seek Jesus of Nazareth, Who was crucified; He is risen, He is not here." By rising from the dead through His own power, Jesus confirms our belief in His divinity and in His miraculous power; He strengthens our hope in His mercy and in our own future resurrection, and He enkindles in our hearts a great love for Him, our Redeemer.

The prayer at the Offertory teaches us, that since Christ by His resurrection overcame His enemies, to Him will be given the judgment over all creatures. In the Secret Prayer that follows, the priest beseeches God for a favorable judgment for all and asks Him to receive the prayers of the people, that this sacrifice of the Mass, about to be offered, may profit them to life everlasting.

The Preface, or the introduction to the solemn parts of the Mass is most beautiful and full of praise and thanksgiving. "It is truly meet and just, right and salutary at all times, indeed, to glorify Thee, O Lord, but on this day more especially when Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed. For He is the true Lamb that took away the sins of the world. Who dying destroyed our death, and rising again, restored us unto life. Etc."

When this Lamb of God descends upon our altars at the Consecration, to enter into our hearts at Holy Communion, there to dwell, then surely our Easter joys will be complete, then we can rightly and justly exclaim: "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

By His resurrection our Lord perfected and crowned a work which was essentially a work of love. This His infinite love should be our model in our love towards our neighbor. In the last prayer (Post-communion) we petition God to grant us all the spirit of love, of true charity. Today we honor Jesus as our Conqueror, our King—let us show that this honor is real by fulfilling His own great command, "Love one another." "Pour down upon us, O Lord, the spirit of Thy love, that by Thy mercy Thou mayest make of one mind those whom Thou hast fed with the paschal mysteries."

The holy service is nearing its end. At the Blessing we are dismissed with the words: "Depart, the Mass is ended! Alleluia, Alleluia!" By adding this double Alleluia, Holy Mother Church wishes to remind us forcibly that although the services are over, our Easter joys should not end.

FRANCISCAN HERALD joins in this wish by asking for all its readers the blessings of a holy Easter joy.

The Mission Play

CALIFORNIA'S famous and beautiful pageant, "The Mission Play," written by John Stephen McGroarty, is undoubtedly exerting a wholesome influence in the way of killing prejudices against the Catholic Church in this country. "My, but how those poor missionaries toiled and suffered for the Indians!"—"And Father Serra, wasn't he just grand!" Such the very words overheard by one who had the good fortune of witnessing the wonderful pageant. They were spoken by two young ladies who, to judge from other remarks they made on the Play, were not Catholics. This wholesome influence of Mr. McGroarty's charming production non-Catholics are beginning to realize. Hence the movement now on foot to supplant it by what is known as "The Pilgrimage Play," and for the financial support of which, according to *The Los Angeles Times*, \$20,000 of the county taxes were appropriated annually for three years. This appropriation a correspondent of the *Times* condemns in unmistakable terms as being for one unconstitutional, since it amounts to a using of Government money for religious propaganda. What a howl non-Catholics would be raising if Mr. McGroarty had applied and obtained public funds to support his Play, which, let us hope, will ever find the favor and approval of the thousands who witness it every year and who are always so deeply touched by the story it tells with such dramatic force, of the old Franciscan missions of California.

The Colored Claim

IN a letter to Rev. Peter Harrington, S. M. A., the Apostolic Delegate writes: "The Irish Province of the Society for African Missions has begun an excellent work by undertaking to send missionaries to this country. The colored population of the United States offers a vast field for missionary activity. It is very numerous and yet so few of its numbers have the faith of the true church of Christ preached to them."

These Fathers, filled with a zealous missionary spirit, have opened a house at East St. Louis, Ill. in the diocese of Belleville.

To-day there are about 12,000,000 Negroes living within the United States. The very small number of Catholics of this great mass is really a reproach to our missionary activity. We are confident that the number who can be converted to the true faith, and who will make fervent and staunch Catholics is very great. But to gain this great number for Christ both missionaries and funds are needed. To supply both of these is the aim of the Fathers of the Society of African Missions. To our mind they have made a very appropriate choice in placing their headquarters at East St. Louis, which gives them the opportunity of reaching the vast number of colored people who have left the South for the larger industrial centers of the Middle West and the North. If the Negroes of the rural districts of the South need the Catholic Church with its channels of grace for their moral uplift and regeneration, those of our larger cities need her all!

the more. Once the Negro is converted, he becomes an enthusiastic believer and follower of Christ.

The Colored Claim is the name of the little magazine, which these Fathers use to make known their worthy cause. As yet it is small, but it gives promise of a great future. The place of publication is St. Augustine's Catholic Colored Mission, 1400 E. Broadway, East St. Louis, Ill., and the price is \$1.00 a year. The HERALD bids this magazine a hearty welcome and God's blessing and protection. May it flourish and prosper. May it succeed in its aim and purpose, to claim the colored people of this country for the Church, and through the Church for eternal salvation.

The International Eucharistic Congress at Rome

ARUMOR to the effect that the Congress has been postponed indefinitely is false. It will take place as originally announced from May 24 to May 29, 1922.

The program will be as follows:

Wednesday, May 24, 1922—4 P. M. General opening meeting in the Court of St. Damascus or of the Pigna. The Holy Father will preside. His Eminence, Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, honorary president and protector of the Permanent Committee, will deliver the address to the Holy Father who will answer by an address which will fix the guiding thoughts for this splendid demonstration in honor of the Holy Eucharist.

Thursday, May 25, 1922—Ascension Day—9 A. M. Solemn Pontifical Mass at St. Peter's. 4 P. M., second general meeting at St. Peter's or in the Vatican. Addresses by Mgr. Heylen, Bishop of Namur, Belgium, and President of the Permanent Committee, and by His Eminence, Cardinal Basil Pompili, Vicar to His Holiness. Solemn Benediction.

Friday, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, May 26, 27, 28, 29, at 7:30 A. M.

Mass of Communion in the church for each nation respectively and a short instruction. (The American Church will be that of Santa Susanna, in charge of the Paulist Fathers. The name of the orators will be announced later.)

10 A. M., Pontifical services in one of the Roman Basilicas. 4:00 P. M., General Assembly at St. Peter's and Solemn Benediction. On Monday, May 29, at 4:00 P. M. Solemn Procession of the Blessed Sacrament carried by the Holy Father from the Sistine Chapel to the Vatican Basilica, and closing of the Congress.

A movement of prayer has been started in the United States to obtain from God that this solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament may take place publicly throughout the streets of Rome and that the Holy Father, no longer a prisoner in the Vatican, may carry the Blessed Sacrament on the *Sedia Regia*. American Catholics are asked to offer up for this intention the Masses they hear, the Communion they make and the moments they spend in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, and to send in a report to the Eucharistic

Peace Crusade, 185 East 76th Street, New York City by May 1st.

At the general assemblies there will be three ad dresses—one in Italian and one in French every day, and the third in German, English and Spanish on each of the three respective days. Addresses of greater importance will be summed up very briefly in Italian the official language of the Congress. There will be short greetings in other tongues also.

The general theme to be developed at the Congress is that asked for by the late Pope Benedict XV, namely "The Peaceful Kingship of Our Lord Jesus Christ through the Eucharist." Text: "The peaceful King is magnified; the whole world longs to see His face." (1st Ant. of 1st Vespers of Christmas.)

In an audience with Benedict XV on December 5 1921, Mgr. Heylen obtained the Holy Father's approval for the following prayer for the success of the Congress. This prayer differs slightly from the one indulged by our American prelates:

"O Jesus, who dost give Thyself to be the food of our souls, deign to crown with full success the coming International Eucharistic Congress. Be Thou the inspiration of its labors, of its resolutions, of its wishes. Accept with approval the solemn homages it will render Thee. In flame the hearts of priests and people of parents and children in order that frequent and daily Communion and early First Communion may hold a place of honor in all the countries of the world and that the social reign of the Sacred Heart may be acknowledged everywhere.

"Sacred Heart of Jesus, bless the Congress!

"Saint Pascal Baylon, pray for us!"

Apparently the Pope did not attach any indulgences to this prayer. He did, however, grant the following precious indulgences:

1. The faithful all over the world may gain a Plenary Indulgence under the usual conditions, while any International Eucharistic Congress is going on, by uniting themselves in spirit to those present at the Congress.

2. The same Plenary Indulgence to all those who after Confession and Communion, visit a church and pray for the intentions of the Holy Father, in any place where National, Diocesan or Parish Congresses are being held in union with the International Eucharistic Congress.

3. An Indulgence of 7 years and 7 quarantines to those who, during one of these Congresses, spend some time in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament exposed

"The Third Order of Saint Francis, by its very rule stands for the spirit and practice of prayer, the frequent reception of the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, Christian speech, the Catholic press, Catholic charity, Christian modesty in attire and amusement, the Christian home, Catholic education, an intensively Catholic life. Its motto is: 'Do good yourself and teach others to do so or by word and example.'"—Fr. Bede, O. M. C., in *The Third Order Forum*



Third Order of St. Francis

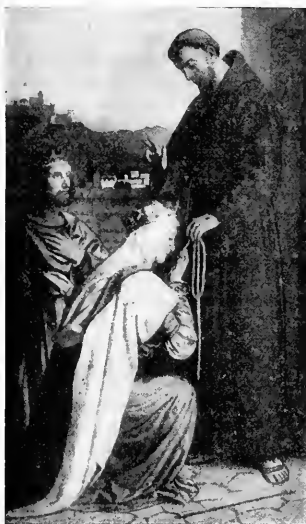
CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

FREQUENTLY, I receive requests from readers of this department for more extensive information regarding the Third Order of St. Francis as to where and how they can become members. Some seem to think that because they live one or two hundred miles from the nearest Franciscan church, there is no possibility of their joining. Happily, they are mistaken, for distance from a Franciscan church need not keep any one out of the Order. To lighten my personal correspondence on this subject, I am going to give all of you the benefit of this information. If you are determined to become a member of the Third Order of St. Francis, dear friend, kindly ask your Reverend Pastor or your Father Confessor whether he has the faculty to invest you with the Third Order cord and scapular. If he has (members of the Priests' Eucharistic League have the faculty), it will be a simple matter for you to secure a cord and scapular, either from any Church Goods House or from the office of FRANCISCAN HERALD. As the price of each is usually only ten cents, this item of expense will bar no one from membership. If your Reverend Pastor or Father Confessor has not the faculty but is willing to admit you if he had, he can secure it without difficulty by sending a request to this effect to the nearest Franciscan Father Provincial. By a Franciscan Father Provincial is meant the Rev. Superior of the Franciscans, Conventuals, or Capuchins. These three great families of St. Francis are often popularly styled the Brown, the Black, and the Bearded Franciscans. Moreover, the provincial

superior of the Third Order Regular also can impart this faculty. Hence you see, my friends, that wherever you live, whether you are rich or poor, man or woman, married or single, it is possible for you to become a member of the Third Order.

If there is no regular conference



The Patrons of the Third Order

of Tertiaries in your city, you may remain what is called an isolated member; this means, that although you are obliged to observe the Rule of the Third Order, you are not required to attend the monthly meetings or fulfil the other regulations that obtain only where a fraternity is established. However, if such isolated members are truly appre-

ciative of the great spiritual benefits they enjoy as Tertiary children of St. Francis, they will not be content to remain isolated any length of time. They will be fired with an irrepressible zeal for the spread of the Order and will endeavor to win others for it. Thus, I have in mind a good Tertiary woman who succeeded within some fifteen months in gaining more than thirty women and men for the Order, one of her most fervent recruits being her own husband. Now she is no longer an isolated Tertiary and is able to attend the monthly meetings of "her conference," as she may truthfully call it in more ways than one. Then, too, I am just at present corresponding with a man who is a comparative stranger in the city where he now lives, but who is nevertheless making strenuous efforts to interest his acquaintances in the Third Order. He is distributing quite liberally little pamphlets bearing on it, explaining its nature, obligations, and privileges. His first recruit is a dear old lady, a daily communicant; but rest assured, she will not be his last, by any means. He has only recently discovered that a certain priest in the city has the faculty to receive members and the two are now working faithfully hand in hand. That they will have considerable uphill work, goes without saying. But did you ever see anything really worth while that did not cost repeated efforts and much perseverance to achieve? As Rome was not built in one day, as our teachers used to tell us when we attended school for the first time and wanted to begin to read our primer immediately; so the Third Order will not be spread throughout

the land without earnest and united endeavors.

Let this suffice for the present on this subject. As every city and town has its own particular difficulties to contend with, I wish to hear from a few more of my friends telling me how they are endeavoring to spread the Third Order, before speaking on the matter again in these columns. I welcome letters from you and if time permits, I always send my correspondents a personal answer. Therefore, you need not be afraid to write.

As I still have some space at my disposal, I am going to use it for a little chat on a matter that is of vital interest to every Tertiary and friend of St. Francis. One of the qualities demanded by the Third Order of its members is, that they be "of tried obedience to the Roman Church and to the Apostolic See." If there was one characteristic that shone with especial splendor in the life of our Seraphic Father, St. Francis, it was his touching devotion to Holy Mother Church and to her visible head, the Pope. He even went so far as to bind himself by a solemn vow always to remain loyal to her, and this same loyalty he demands from all his children, be they of his First, Second, or Third Order. Nor need this surprise us. The highest spiritual authority given by God to man is vested in Holy Church and the Bishop of Rome, Christ's vicergerent on earth. "He that heareth you, heareth me," said Our Lord to his Apostles, and in them to His Church. We often hear people say, "Oh, how I wish I could have sat on the mountain or on the seashore while Our Lord was preaching to the multitudes that flocked to hear Him!" This is but one of the countless idle wishes that we hear expressed every day and which are directly opposed to the rulings of Divine Providence in our regard. Did not St. Paul himself answer the Christians of his day who thus expressed themselves, by saying, "Know you not that Christ speaks in me?" Thus the pope, the bishops, yes, every priest, can repeat these words with St. Paul, for they are, one and all, mouthpieces of Christ Jesus Himself. Of course, we have

known this all along because it was taught us at school; but how about our loyalty to the Holy Father, to our diocesan bishop, to our parish priest, to the director of our Third Order fraternity? It would be so easy to be obedient and loyal to Christ Himself or to the Apostles, but we find that their successors in the Church are often so extremely human and it is difficult for us to look at them only through the eyes of Faith.

Let us examine ourselves on one or the other point regarding our loyalty to Holy Church. Did we not make disparaging remarks about our late Holy Father Benedict XV during the World War, when his efforts to bring about peace among the nations did not meet with our own personal views on the subject? I think that even many a son and daughter of St. Francis will recall a hard word or at least an unkind thought about this or that priest, this or that bishop, during those terrible days when men's hearts and souls were aroused as seldom before. All Catholics are obliged to be obedient to Holy Church, to her laws and regulations; but St. Francis expects that his children will not only fulfill her strict commands, but will even endeavor to anticipate her wishes in matters of an indifferent nature. Catholics are told not to be on intimate terms with their separated brethren, although they are commanded to observe always and everywhere a friendly attitude toward them. How many Tertiaries strive by this friendliness to bring back these strayed sheep to the Fold of the Good Shepherd? This would be a splendid example of loyalty to Him and to Holy Church. Some few years ago, our Holy Father Pope Pius X urged the faithful to the frequent reception of the Sacraments; yes, he even begged them to receive Holy Communion daily, if possible. Many Catholics rose up in arms against him, saying that this had never been heard of before. Here again, was a splendid opportunity for Tertiaries to prove their loyalty to Holy Church; but how many excuse themselves from daily Communion by saying that they are wholly unworthy of it, or, if they think they are worthy, they

refrain lest others think they are posing as saints. Dear me, how afraid men are of appearing to be modern Pharisees. Pope Pius X caused greater consternation by demanding that children should be admitted to the Holy Table as soon as they are able to distinguish the Bread of Angels from common food, which is usually about the age of seven. Many Catholics, and among them not a few Tertiaries, hesitated to obey in this matter on the plea that children of this age could not grasp the meaning of it all. This is certainly queer indeed; for we daily see our newspapers enlivened by the precocious sayings of our darlings, even before they reach the age of seven; and it is to be marveled at that these same over-right scions of our families are too stupid and altogether too backward to grasp heavenly truths at so tender an age.

On the occasion of the Seventh Centenary of the founding of the Third Order, Pope Benedict XV urged the Tertiaries to be models to their fellow Catholics in matters of dress and of worldly pleasures. Our Tertiaries listened to this letter with due reverence, but unfortunately very many of them were either overpowered by sleep or were distracted by some untoward occurrence when the passage just referred to was reading. At least, this is the most charitable explanation that I can give for their utter failure to put the Holy Father's exhortation into practice. I believe that our Tertiaries in general are to be commended for their spirit of charity. However, there is one occasion in the year where they can show their loyalty to the Holy Father in a special manner. This is when the so-called Peter's Pence collection is taken up. Many Catholics drop in their penny—yes, literally in many cases!—into the basket as it goes the rounds, figuring out the while in their busy mind that if every one of the three hundred million Catholics throughout the world would contribute a like amount, the Pope could be presented with a handsome purse, indeed! Dear, dear! this may be good mathematics, but it is very poor loyalty, and it reminds me of the incident

THE OFFICE OF MOTHER

By AGNES MODESTA

that happened in one of the northern States not so very long ago, when the pastor of a poor church was going about on his annual collection tour of the parish. "You here again, Father? Why, didn't I give you a quarter last year!" Here, friends, is a very good occasion for all Tertiaries to give their fellow Catholics the best example of loyalty to the Church. We are not obliged under pain of sin to contribute to the Peter's Pence, but if we do so nevertheless and do so generously, what an example will this not be for our fellow Catholics and what a reward will we not store up for ourselves in heaven for this splendid testimony of our loyalty to the Pope!

These are but a few of the many instances that may be cited where we can show that we are true children of our Seraphic Father St. Francis. Whatever Holy Church tells us, let us not first weigh whether it is a strict command or a counsel or only a wish that she expresses. Let it suffice for us Tertiaries to know that the Church has spoken. That is loyalty. If we act otherwise, we are doing no more than every other Catholic is bound to do in conscience and under sin.

If I have appeared to preach to you, my friends, instead of chatting, I feel that this is due to the fact that I must converse through the dry medium of paper instead of having you before me face to face. However, be the foregoing a sermon or a chat, you and I and all of us are going to be more loyal to Holy Church in the future than we have been in the past.

WE were sitting around my twinkling open fire the other day, talking about women who hold public office. One of my guests wondered whether there was any probability of a woman holding the highest office in the land, in the near future. One of the company, a quiet but attractive woman who has but recently moved into our neighborhood, looked up smiling and made answer to this speculation.

"She does hold it already."

"Why—" A polite but puzzled smile went around the circle.

"Please tell us about it?" I entered the breach. "What office?"

The newcomer laughed outright, a ringing infectious laugh that set us all a-smile even while we wondered.

"Why, matrimony, you know—it really means the office of mother; and where can you find a greater?"

"Oh!"

We sat back for a second with the sulky feeling of having been tripped over our own feet. Then rose such a buzz of comment and a swapping of yarns relating to the "office of mother" as was never before heard in my sedate living room. It was all very confusing; and even now I can't recall a single definite thing that any of them said. But I do believe that each one kept something to ponder in her heart—I know I did.

Yes, when we come to think of it, the office of mother at least comes close to being the biggest in the land, because forsooth, without it all other offices would be forever

vacant for want of anyone to hold them. There is so much to holding the office, so many duties that can not or should not be entrusted to deputies; and the effects of its incumbency spreads over the whole fabric of the ages. For who has not lived a better or a worse man or woman because of the influence or non-influence of a mother's love and care? And so it behooves us, as Catholic women, to give much thought to the dignity and potentialities of the "office of mother," since the great majority of us have been destined to fill it.

The wee girl-child, who showers her protective tenderness on a thing of sawdust and painted bisque, or on a thing of rubber or of rag, because it bears the semblance of a baby, is showing forth the first stirrings of mother love. This grows with her through childhood and little girlhood, and through the bud and into the flower of womanhood. Then, perhaps, in the dispensation of an all-wise Providence, she is led to see that her calling is to join forces with one of the other sex in the bonds of matrimony—which means for her, primarily, the work or office of mother.

I say only that she may do this. For there are other callings which the young woman may follow, some so sublime that the physical self enters not at all, and some which are useful and necessary and exacting enough to render matrimony unthinkable. But just now, we wish to focus our attention upon the young woman for whom marriage

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has been indicated as a call from God.

To such a young woman, whom we shall suppose to be a Christian and a Catholic, marriage is the sacramental union of a man and a woman; and its purpose is first of all, the welfare of the children that may result from it. It is a holy and a dignified thing, sponsored by the Almighty—therefore good. So this young woman, in the course of time, if God so decrees, becomes the mother of children. And it is with the coming of the first of these that the greatest of life's tasks is opened out before her—that of training an immortal soul for the journey whose end is God.

Then it is that so many modern mothers, especially those outside the Church, ruin and mar. They do not study the work that has fallen to their lot. They care perhaps for the body and to some extent for the minds of their children; but the greater things, the things of the spirit, they leave practically unattended. Certainly, it is a fearful outlook for the men and women of to-morrow, that the children of to-day, either through carelessness or ignorance or sinister intent, are rearing as mere animals.

The Catholic mother is in a different position from the mother who is stumbling blindly outside the Fold. The Catholic mother has every help in her task; the wisdom of the Church, the hard-and-fast nature of her marriage tie, and those channels of grace, the Sacraments. She has every opportunity to become the ideal mother. But she must remember that with the opportunity comes the clean-cut and non-transferable responsibility. Hers is the easy way—hers is the hard way.

She knows that the education of her child must be not only physical and intellectual, but also moral and religious. For the child is first of all a child of God, and the mother is appointed to lead it through Time up to the threshold of Eternity. So she will begin the educating process at the cradle of the sleeping little one. She will guide it with loving firmness when to the casual on-looker it would seem that the small bundle of life could not possibly

know anything. For—let me digress long enough to urge upon the earnest attention of mothers that Baby knows a great deal more than they give him credit for. Though he is, in fact, a little animal with only potentialities for reason, he is none the less capable of receiving

self-moving machine, which needs constant and tireless surveillance. Then it is that the office of mother is beset by difficulties, and then it is that the grace of God must be hers for the proper fulfilling of her mission. From this time on she can either make or mar, build or destroy, swing for or against, the destinies of the little one that is hers to prepare for God.

Modern Catholic mothers, yours is the greatest task in the world. Shall it be said that any one has shirked or side-stepped her duty to God and man in this matter? You, who have brought your children into the world must make every effort to stay close to them in the years when they need you. You it is who must create that atmosphere of their home life which will be to them the most potent memory of youth when the days of their youth will have fled. You it is who must answer their difficulties, mental and moral, and who must encourage them to "tell mother about it" in all their childish problems. Your children have the right to expect from you the necessary guidance in the affairs of life. Do not say, "I do not know what I ought to tell my children, and what I ought to leave unsaid." For it is exactly here that the help, that is ours to command in the tribunal of Penance, will come in. Our confessor is a trained specialist in all the problems of human action.

The best type of the Catholic woman to-day will so bring up her children that they in turn will become the best type of Catholic men and women of to-morrow, men and women whose faces are ever turned upward to the light; who know their faith and therefore love it; and who regard things physical only as mediums through which they may reach the spiritual; and who will come at last to their final end which is God.

Indeed, it is a sublime thing, this "office of mother," and rich in reward on earth as well as in Heaven. For when you ask a man or a woman who has scaled the heights in the journey of life, what has been the greatest influence for good along the way, the answer will come, almost invariably, straight as a shot, "My mother."

THE OLD VIOLIN

The bow sweeps over the silken strings;
And soft and low the music brings.
From out the dim and shadowy past,
Visions and dreams too sweet to last.

The ladies fair in quilted dress,
Conscious of their bright loveliness,
Smile pleasantly and courteously low
As through the minuet they go.

And phantom knights of by-gone days
Step through the dance as the violin plays:
With young love dwelling in gentle guise
Within the depths of dark brown eyes.

Softly it throbs, the violin,
So worn and old, so dark and dim.
The listening soul is deeply thrilled
And the empty heart with gladness filled.

How the visions hover in skies of blue
As if to the music there they grew!

Nancy Buckley

impressions, from the first weeks of his earthly existence, that will leave indelible marks upon the little soul, marks which will act for good or evil as that soul assumes its functions.

To return. So the baby's days go on, and he is given the foundation of a strong and healthy physical life; for it is this branch of his being that receives chief attention during his first years. But suddenly, lo and behold, before the astonished parents can realize it, their little helpless bit of roseleaf softness has become a self-starting,

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

2. Bl. Leopold of Gaichis, Confessor of the I Order.
3. BB. Gandulph and John of Pinna, Confessors of the I Order.
4. St. Benedict the Moor, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
6. Bl. Mary Crescentia, Virgin of the III Order.
7. Bl. William, Confessor of the III Order.
7. Seven Sorrows of B. V. M.
8. Bl. Julian, Confessor of the I Order.
9. Bl. Thomas of Tolentino, Martyr of the I Order.
10. Bl. Mark, Confessor of the I Order.
12. Bl. Angelo, Conf., I Order.
16. Easter Sunday. (Gen. Absol.—Renewal of Profession. Plen Ind.)
18. Bl. Andrew, Conf., I Order.
19. Bl. Conrad, Confessor of the I Order.
22. Bl. Francis, Confessor of the I Order.
23. Bl. Giles of Assisi, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
24. St. Fidelis, Martyr of the I Order Cap. (Plen. Ind.)
27. Bl. James, Confessor of the I Order.
28. Bl. Luchesio, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
30. BB. Benedict and Joseph Benedict, Confessors of the I and III Orders. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope.

2. On the first Saturday of every month. **Conditions:** Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M.

General Absolution, also called **Indulgenced Blessing**, can be received by Tertiaries on April 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. This Absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries also in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves, or on any day during the week following.



E A S T E R

Winds of dawn with incense freighted,
 Whispering soft through Cedron's vale;
 Over grim heights of Calvary looming,
 Morning burns a crimson trail
 Onward reaching to a garden
 Steeped in silent, odorous gloom,
 Clustral lilies stately bending
 Sentinel a yawning tomb.

Sudden throb of hurried footfall
 Down the flower bordered way,
 Then a vision fair advancing
 Through the roseal glow of day:
 Like to stars, the blown mist veiling,
 So her sweet eyes' tearful gaze,
 While her hair in wondrous glory
 Sweeps, a glinting, golden haze.

Kneeling bowed in grief's abandon,
 On the stone her tear-laved brow,—
 Through heart-sobs of anguished yearning
 Steals a voice: "Why weepst thou?"
 Eyes with worlds of sorrow freighted
 Lift to meet the gardener's face;
 "They have taken Him — my Master,
 Vain I seek His resting place."

Perfume swathes the listening garden,
 Sharon's roses twine the wall;
 Then like crooning ocean's murmur,
 Soft as wind blown petals fall,—
 "Mary!"—her Beloved speaking,—
 Lo! her tearful quest is o'er,
 And that gladsome cry, "Rabbonni!"
 Rings till time shall be no more.

—Catherine M. Hayes



Missions

FRANCISCAN POPULAR MISSIONARY ACTIVITIES

By FR. HONORATUS BONZELET, O. F. M., Missionary

HAVING founded his illustrious Order, St. Francis of Assisi, was very much perplexed by the doubt whether he and his brethren should devote themselves exclusively to the contemplative life or also to the preaching of the word of God for the salvation of souls. Hence he sent two of his companions, Brothers Philip and Masseus, to Bro. Sylvester, the priest who was then on the mountain near Assisi, absorbed in prayer and meditation, begging him to consult the Lord on the subject of his doubt. He made a similar application to Clare, recommending her to put the same question to her sisters, and particularly to the one that should appear to her the most pure and most single-minded. The venerable priest and the consecrated virgin were one in their answer, pronouncing it the will of God that Francis and his brethren should go forth to preach the word of God. Moved by the Spirit of God and inflamed by the fire of charity, Francis exclaimed: "Let us then go in the name of the Lord."

The subsequent history of the life of St. Francis shows how zealous he was in fulfilling this call of heaven. Styling himself "the Herald of a Great King," Francis traversed Italy, preaching the word of God in hamlet and town, calling men to repentance. In order to guide his brethren in the all important office of preaching, he lays down special regulations for them in the Holy Rule. In the ninth Chapter of this God-inspired document he says: "I warn and exhort the brethren that in the preaching they do, their words be well considered and simple, for the benefit and edification of the people, an-

nouncing to them vices and virtues, punishment and glory with brevity of speech, because the Lord made His word short upon earth." These words, because of the sublime wisdom they contain, have found their way into the enactments of the Council of Trent on preaching. Preaching the word of God has, therefore, always been considered the vocational occupation of the Friars Minor. And in fact, not to minimize the grand achievements of the Friars Minor in the line of learning, social activity, foreign missions, and so on, it is no exaggeration to say that of the pages of Franciscan history few are brighter than those which treat of their achievements as popular or home missionaries. Speaking of the Friars of the middle ages, the Protestant historian, Thode says: "Preaching was the real vocation of the Franciscans . . . Through Francis of Assisi the Church had become conscious of her and her children's needs, and the mendicants she sent forth were the most popular proclaimers of her doctrines. Such preaching again proved, as of old, during the Apostolic times that the Gospel is intended for the poor and that it is calculated to bring inexhaustible blessings to mankind, if only it be preached in its original simplicity and purity. Every moral exhortation is a sermon on love, and if ever there have been such sermons on love, the sermons of the Franciscans certainly were such. The people desired preachers that spoke their language, that shared with them their joys and their sorrows, that knew how to temper austerity with gentleness,—the Franciscans proved themselves equal to these expectations, and therein lies

the secret of their unparalleled success."

How true this glowing Tribute of Thode is, will become clear in the following pages. It stands to reason that it is impossible within the limits of this rapid sketch to present an exhaustive account of the Franciscan home missionary activities; suffice it, as in passing, to cull from the annals of the various centuries, the names of the most distinguished preachers of the Order.

I

At the very cradle of the Order in the thirteenth century, we meet with one of the most illustrious preachers that has ever graced this institution, the embodiment of Franciscan eloquence, St. Antony of Padua. We are told of this humble son of St. Francis. "While Anthony lived retired at Montepaolo it happened, one day, that a number of Franciscans and Dominicans were sent together to Forli for ordination. Anthony also was present, but simply as a companion of the Provincial. When the time for ordination had arrived, it was found that no one had been appointed to preach. The superior turned first to the Dominicans, and asked that one of their number should address a few words to the assembled brethren; but everyone declined, saying he was not prepared. In their emergency they then chose Antony, whom they thought only able to read the Missal and Breviary, and commanded him to speak whatever the spirit of God might put in his mouth. Antony, compelled by obedience, spoke at first slowly and timidly, but soon enkindled with fervor, he began to explain the most hidden sense of Holy

Scripture with such profound erudition and sublime doctrine that all were struck with astonishment." With that moment began Antony's public career. For some time, at the direction of St. Francis himself, he taught theology. It was as an orator, however, rather than as professor, that Antony reaped his richest harvest. He possessed in an eminent degree all the good qualities that characterize an eloquent preacher: a loud clear voice, a winning countenance, wonderful memory, and profound learning, to which were here added from on high the spirit of prophesy and an extraordinary gift of miracles. With the zeal of an apostle he undertook to reform the morality of his time by combating in an especial manner the vices of luxury, avarice, and tyranny. The fruit of his sermons was, therefore, as admirable as his eloquence itself. No less fervent was he in the extinction of heresy, notably that of the Cathares and the Patarines, which infested the centre and north of Italy, and probably also that of the Albigenses in the south of France.

Passing by an innumerable host of great and successful Franciscan missionaries of Italy and France, we wish here to take cognizance of one, of whom Roger Bacon says, that he achieved more in his missionary activity than all the rest of the Franciscan missionaries of that time—we mean Fr. Berthold of Ratisbon, the greatest popular speaker of medieval Germany. From the middle of the thirteenth century, up to his death, in the year 1272, Berthold, "the Beloved of God and men," traversed Upper Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Silesia, Moravia, and Bohemia, preaching penance to the enormous crowds that surrounded his pulpit. On one occasion, we are told, approximately 40,000 hearers surrounded his pulpit, which was erected in the open. The secret of the preacher's success lay partly in the saintliness of his life, partly in his power to make use of the language of humble life. He became the great master, it may be said, the classic of homely speech, and this rank has been maintained by his sermons to the present day.

II

After a brief decadence in the fourteenth century, the preaching activity of the Franciscan Friars has an unparalleled ascendancy to record in the fifteenth century—the golden era of Franciscan preaching—culminating in the quadruple bright constellation of Franciscan eloquence: St. Bernardine of Siena and his three disciples Albert of Sarteano, St. James of the Marches, and St. John Capistran, in turn surrounded by numerous satellites of lesser magnitude.

Born in 1380, St. Bernardine of Siena did not manifest any extraor-



St. Bernardine of Siena

inary gift of eloquence till 1417, when his missionary life began in Milan, soon after which various cities of Italy contended for the honor of hearing him, and he was often compelled to preach in the market places, his hearers sometimes numbering 30,000. Bernardine gradually gained an immense influence over the turbulent, luxurious Italian cities. Pius II., who as a youth had been a spell-bound hearer of Bernardine, records that the saint was listened to as to another Paul, and Baspasiano da Bisticci, his Florentine biographer, says that by his sermons Bernardine "cleansed all

Italy from sins of every kind in which she abounded." The penitents, we are told, flocked to confession "like ants," and in several cities the reform urged by the saint were embodied in the laws under the name of *Riformazioni di frate Bernardino*. Indeed, the success which crowned Bernardine's labors to promote morality and regenerate society, can scarcely be exaggerated. He preached with apostolic freedom, openly censuring the vices of those in high places. In each city he denounced the reigning vice so effectively that bonfires were kindled and "vanities" were cast upon them by the carload. Usury was one of the principal objects of the saint's attacks, and he did much to prepare the way for the establishment of the cooperative beneficial loan societies, known as *Monti di Pietà*. But Bernardine's watchword, like that of St. Francis, was "Peace." On foot he traversed the length and breadth of Italy, and his eloquence was exercised with great effect towards reconciling the mutual hatred of Guelphs and Ghibellines. At Crema, as a result of his preaching, the political exiles were recalled and even reinstated in their confiscated possessions. Everywhere Bernardine persuaded the cities to take down the arms of their warring factions from the church and palace walls and to inscribe there, instead, the initials I. H. S. He thus gave a new impulse and a tangible form to the devotion of the Holy Name of Jesus, which was ever a favorite topic with him and which he regarded as a potent means of rekindling popular fervor. It is of great interest to state that St. Bernardine has been chosen the patron saint of the missionaries.

Albert of Sarteano achieved such great renown as popular preacher that he was simply styled: "King of preachers." St. James of the Marches held spell-bound immense throngs of pious listeners, and his zeal carried him beyond the confines of Italy into Dalmatia, Bosnia and Hungary. He deserves creditable mention also because of his successful efforts in warding off the danger of the invading Turks and the pervasions of the Fraticelli.

However, foremost among the disciples of St. Bernardine of Siena as

popular preacher, who in logic and power of speech excelled all his contemporaries, the master included, was St. John Capistran. The fame which his irresistible eloquence achieved in Italy, induced the Emperor Frederic in the year 1451 to apply to the Pope to send John to Germany. Whithersoever he went, he was met by the priests and the populace, who regarded him as the ambassador of the Pope and the proclaimer of truth, as a great prophet and a messenger from heaven. Even the very inhabitants of the mountains hastened to meet him, eager to touch the hem of his garment. From 20,000—30,000 daily surrounded his pulpit erected in the open, and even though they did not understand him, they listened more attentively to him than to the interpreter who assisted him. Thus he traversed, everywhere preaching penance, a great portion of Germany, Moravia, Bohemia, Poland and Hungary. The success of his sermons was marvelous. After one sermon on Death which he preached in Leipzig, 120 young men left the world and joined the religious life. Side by side with these popular missions, St. John Capistran also combated the heresies of the Hussites; but the greatest renown he achieved by warding off the attacks of the Turks. The crusaders who rallied about his standard, almost the only supporters of the heroic Hunyadi, carried banners bearing on the one side the sign of the Cross and on the other the image of a saint of the Order. The result is known: Belgrade was freed on July 14, 1456, and eight days later the decisive victory over the Turks was won.

III

Even though during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the struggle against the heresies of the Reformers largely engrossed the attention of the Friars, nevertheless their most important field of activity remained, as before, the preaching of the word of God and hearing of the confessions of the faithful. The superiors of the Order laid great stress on educating suitable young men for the office of preaching; and in order to insure great efficiency, the General Chap-

ters laid down wise laws and regulation with regard to the preaching of the word of God. In order to give the people, wherever there was a Franciscan Friary, opportunity to hear the word of God, it was decided in the year 1579 that at every larger Friary at least two suitable priests of the community should be appointed to fill the office of "special preachers" and that at every smaller Friary at least one should be appointed for that office.

So numerous are the Franciscan preachers of this period who attained great fame, that we can only mention the most important ones.

In Belgium, Philip Bosquier (+1636) was considered one of the most popular missionaries. Furthermore Henry Thyssen, a German by descent, (+1644) exerted such a charm upon his hearers, that the greatest sinners could not resist and were led back to God.

In France, sacred eloquence had reached its climax in the seventeenth century. And even though

we find no Friar Minor among the stars of first magnitude, nevertheless the Order had a number of preachers who attained great fame and achieved marvelous things for the honor of God and the salvation of souls. Maurice Hylaret preached for many years with such great impression at Orleans, that in the year 1687 the grateful city erected a monument in his honor.

In Spain, shone in the sixteenth century by his eloquence, side by side with St. Peter of Alcantara, Alphons de Castro (+1558), who was considered by many the most celebrated Spanish speaker of this epoch.

Most fruitful in great Franciscan preachers was Italy during that period. In the sixteenth century Francis Panigarola (+1594) outshone all his contemporaries. In Paris and in most of the cities of Italy, he threw such a charm over his spell-bound hearers that they became like wax in his hand. In their admiration for him, they bestowed upon him the honorary title: "the Christian Demosthenes," or, "the Italian Chrysostom." Very successful as missionaries were, in the seventeenth century, Paul of Sulmona and Bartholomew of Saluthio.

IV

St. Leonard of Port Maurice (1676-1751) is undoubtedly the most distinguished missionary of the eighteenth century. From the first year after his ordination to the priesthood, he was engaged in missionary work. However, seized soon after with gastric hemorrhages, he became so ill that he was sent to his native climate of Porto Maurizio, where there was a Friary of the Observants. After four years, he was restored to health and he began to preach in Porto Maurizio. During 44 years, he was uninterruptedly engaged in preaching missions, never shirking hardships. His sermons were marked by glowing love and practical experiences, bubbling over with enthusiasm, full of unction and irresistible conviction. The great orator Barberini, himself engaged in giving missions, was sent by Pope Clement XII to attend his sermons, and he reported to the Pope that he had never heard a



St. John Capistran

more zealous speaker than Leonard of Port Maurice, and that the impression of his sermons was so overwhelming, that he himself could not repress the tears. Yielding to the entreaties of Cosimo III de' Medici, he went to Tuscany, where he preached missions to the people, and his endeavors were crowned with marvelous success, the most extraordinary conversions taking place. In 1710 he founded the Friary of Icontro, on a peak in the mountains about four miles from Florence, whither he and his assistants could retire from time to time after their missions, and devote themselves to spiritual renewal and fresh austerities. In 1720 he crossed the borders of Tuscany and held his celebrated missions in Central and Southern Italy, enkindling with zeal the entire population. In Rome, Benedict XIV, an especial friend of the saint, attended his overpowering sermons and exacted of him the promise that he would die in Rome. Whithersoever the saint went, he made abundant conversions, and was very often obliged both in the cities and in the country districts to preach in the open, as the churches could not contain the thousands that came to listen to his sermons. He founded many pious societies and confraternities, and exerted himself especially to spread the devotion of the Stations of the Cross, in the propagation of which he was greatly furthered with the assistance of his brethren—the devotion of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the perpetual adoration of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and the devotion to the Immaculate Conception, and one of his most ardent desires was to see the last-named defined as a dogma of faith by the Holy See. From May to November, 1744, he preached on the Island of Corsica, which at the time belonged to the Republic of Genoa and which was frightfully torn by party strife. In November, 1751, when he was preaching to the Bolognese, Benedict XIV called him to Rome, as already there were indications of his rapidly approaching end. He arrived in the evening of November 21, 1751 at his beloved Friary of St. Bonaventure on the Palatine, and expired during the



St. Leonard

same night at eleven o'clock, at the age of seventy-five.

The great missionary activities of St. Leonard were continued in Italy by Bl. Leopold a Gaichis. The Seraphic Breviary (April 2) gives the following account of his life: "Born of pious parents in Gaichis, a little town of the diocese of Perugia, Leopold spent the days of his boyhood innocently as a shepherd. As a youth, called by the inspiration of divine grace to evangelical perfection and the gaining of immortal souls, he joined the Order of Friars Minor the same year that St. Leonard of Port Maurice took flight into heaven. In the house of the Lord, he daily made great strides in perfection, progressing from virtue to virtue, not only not deviating from the rules of the most rigid discipline, but also by word and example encouraging his companions to the strict observance of the same. Raised to the dignity of the priesthood, he strove to acquit himself of the office of teaching philosophy and theology, which had been entrusted to him, in such a manner as to instil into

the minds of his pupils love for both learning and piety. Being later on entrusted with the office of preaching, he strove to diffuse an ardent love of both God and man. Shirking no labors, undaunted by threats and persecutions, the strenuous imitator of St. Leonard recalled, in all the regions of Umbria, during the space of forty five years, innumerable faithful to penance and the practice of Christian virtues; which he achieved not only by preaching the divine word, but also by the example of his life. He would frequently appear in public, wearing a crown of thorns on his brow, laden with a heavy cross, chastising his body already emaciated by vigils and hairshirts." Forced by the government from the friary which he had erected on Mount Luco, he and his companions continued to lead a religious life in the world and to preach missions to the people of Umbria. When finally permitted to return to the seclusion of the friary he gave himself over to the practice of renewed austerities, bewailing only one thing, namely, that because of the infirmities of old age, he could no longer venture forth to preach missions. In his zeal for immortal souls, he continued his missionary work in the friary church. Death overtook him while he was engaged preaching a mission in 1815, the eighty-third year of his age.

V

With no less pride, can the nineteenth century point to distinguished Franciscan preachers, whose fame spread far beyond the confines of Italy. Special mention is due here to Louis Parmentieri of Casoria, who in addition to his great missionary activities, exerted such marvelous influence on the improvement of social conditions of Italy by the erection of hospitals and schools that entire Naples and the surrounding districts mourned his death, which occurred in the year 1885.

Nor can we pass by unnoticed the grand missionary activities of the German Franciscans, who during the second half of the nineteenth century met with signal success in their endeavors to strengthen the Catholics of Germany in their faith.

It was especially in the seventies, the stormy days of the so-called "Kulturkampf," when Catholics were oppressed and discriminated against, that the Franciscan missionaries rose up to the occasion in encouraging them to remain faithful to their holy religion. The churches were no longer large enough to contain the crowds of faithful that thronged around their pulpits to hear the word of God, and so they often had to address the multitudes in the open air. Interesting anecdotes are related of the zeal and devotion manifested by the faithful during such missions. On one occasion, we are told, confessionals being erected in the open to accommodate the crowds of penitents eager to go to confession, four stalwart men violently seized one of the missionaries, confessional and all, and carried him away from the women that surrounded him, to another place where the men were gathered, saying: "We men, too, want to have the Father for some time."

We mention here by name only the most distinguished missionaries of that time who have already gone to their reward. The most popular

of them was undoubtedly Kaspar Heimer, a man of intrepid faith and indomitable energy. Another distinguished missionary was Ambrose Dreimueller, noted for his originality and enthusiasm, a man of prayer and mortification. Associated with the two above mentioned were Bonaventure Westendorf, Sylvester Winkes, Leonard Gelen, and Ignatius Yeiler.

In the Franciscan monastery at Werl, Westphalia, died as late as the year 1920 the famous missionary Fr. Eusebius Mueller, O. F. M. Since his return to Germany (1880) from the United States, where he had labored for five years, he preached in different parts of Germany as many as 750 missions and 475 retreats. The Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith in 1895 honored him with the title of Missionary Apostolic.

That the German Franciscans have not abated in their missionary activities in the twentieth century is clear from the fact that the Fathers of the Province of the Holy Cross alone conducted 371 missions within the years 1903-1906, as we read in the "Jahresberichte" of said Province.

Almost superhuman have been the endeavors of the German Franciscans, since the recent collapse of the German Empire, to save the people from anarchy and infidelity.

Driven from their country by the iniquitous laws of the "Kulturkampf," many Franciscans found refuge on the hospitable shores of America, to which they brought with them the same spirit of zeal for the salvation of souls. And even though their missionary activities have to some extent been overshadowed by the multiplicity of occupations that awaited them here, nevertheless, the various Provinces, recruiting American youths, have been able to send forth good-sized missionary bands (the missionaries of the Sacred Heart Province alone preach more than fifty missions yearly) to continue the grand work of reform; and may we here express the fond hope that the day will not be far away when they shall be able to collect their scattered forces, and in ever-increasing numbers devote their energy to the realization of the old Franciscan ideal of preaching missions for the greater honor and glory of God and the salvation of innumerable immortal souls!

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

IN THE COUNTRY OF UNBELIEVABLE DISTANCES

By FR. BONAVENTURE, O. F. M., MISSIONARY IN ARIZONA

The Broken Spring

Sunday morning!

A broken spring!

And my mission forty miles away! Sounds like Sheridan's Ride—but it isn't. Just sheer thoughtlessness on my part, of course, to break a spring seventy miles from Tucson! And I must wait from Monday morning until late Saturday night to replace that spring. Why didn't I fix the broken part before? Because, most unfortunately, our electric light system is miles off and coal-oil and gasoline—do-not-mix!

I once witnessed the solemn obsequies of a car which had been filled with gasoline by the flickering light of a kerosene lantern. The vision still remains with me.

But again it is Sunday morning—and the spring is broken—and I am still forty miles from my mission—and that explains the missionary life. One is here, but whether one will get there depends upon accident, or delay, or disappointment. We plan, but the CAR has its fling, as rudely as ever a skittish horse did in earlier days.

A Sad Recollection!

Often, on a bright morning, Red and Blackie would dodge past you as you opened the corral gate. Like two-year-olds they would invite you to a gambol—over meadows covered with cacti and boulders. Charming, if one had the leisure, but decidedly embarrassing when a congregation awaits you. One of my saddest recollections is a certain memorable occasion when a lone Government supervisor lived among the Indians in a town that is now called Sells. The official being a Catholic, he had

arranged for Mass and sermon at this place, and I was to drive over from the Lourdes school, some eight miles distant. Long before dawn the absence of sounds from the corral awakened me. I went out to investigate. Sure enough—Tom and Billy had left. As soon as it was light I trailed them a roundabout distance of some three miles, finally coming upon them a half-mile from the mission.

I called two Indian boys, told them to water them at a nearby pond while I walked back to the school to prepare the Mass kit. After waiting some time and catching no glimpse of boys or horses, I went back to the pond. Not a sign! Away I ran as fast as I could to the school, where the children were gathering for the morning session.

The Hard Luck Story

It was getting late and I was worried. Had the children seen my horses? Yes, some one had met the two boys leading them to the big pond a mile away! I rushed a boy to rush the boys to rush the horses! Then I sat down and tried to look pleasant.

Twenty minutes passed. Still no sign—so in a mood that can hardly be described I went off myself to the big pond. The boys—well, the boys were having a grand time. So were the horses—and the pond was the scene of high revelry. What could I do but magnanimously forgive the rascals?—but I took care to drive the horses back myself. I reached my destination at eleven o'clock—to hear how “awfully disappointed”

every one was—and to realize that no one quite believed my rather absurd story. For to catch a horse and catch a boy and lose both and send another boy and lose him and finally have to sally forth on your own catching expedition—well, I didn't blame them for not believing me! As a hard luck story it did sound—strained.

But the Cars Are Here

But now we have cars! Donated by kind benefactors, whom may God reward! What a glorious feeling to skip past sage brush! rattlesnakes! horned toads! without that wearing, tearing, everlasting “giddap! giddap! And greatest joy of all—to know that one is doing the work of two or even three priests in this country of unbelievable distances.

Funny—And Otherwise

But even with these advantages, little Henryford slips a cog, and away we—don't go! I've lived through many an aggravating and many a pathetic incident. My first experience was when, instead of driving up with an air of efficiency I viewed my congregation from the seat of my car, hitched behind a bow-legged, rickety wagon and one sleepy, skinny nag. On another occasion I staggered into the village, long after my disappointed people had returned to their homes, mud-bespattered and exhausted, asking help for the contrary vehicle which was stuck some miles away. Nor was it until that evening that it entered the settlement in state. Most horrible of all I was driving

my tin Lizzie to a Sonora mission, which, on account of its distance, I could visit but once in three months, and my trusty steed stopped fifteen miles short of its destination, because of a broken axle. That was before sore and sad experience taught me to carry with me always an extra axle, extra drive shaft, extra hubs, extra roller bearings, extra differential, extra everything!

Twenty-Four Hours Replacing an Axle.

I waited three hours for a chance team to pass. When darkness approached, I started back to God's country. By midnight I had reached the home of a friend, who used a car. It also was on the sick list. Again I continued my stroll under the beautiful star-lit sky, when I met a Presbyterian. He drove me thirty miles further to San Solano. At that place I found an axle, slightly damaged, but still serviceable. Back we went to my car, where my good friend left me to my own devices.

The next twenty-four hours were spent removing the rear end of the car and replacing the axle unaided. If you've ever tried this you know what I went through—but I was miles away from a piece of wood, and working on ground covered with inches of fine dust.

Our Readers Won't Allow It, Father!

A bother—why, I haven't told half the trouble a car is—but nevertheless, we like our cars in spite of their crankiness. They may have (Continued on page 189)





Fiction



WHO WINS

By BLANCHE WEITBREC

IV

LOOKING back, after it was all safely over, on two hours he spent in the hospital parlor during Lucas' operation, Geoffrey wondered how many miles he had walked. He must have worn a path on the rug, he thought, tramping up and down, waiting—waiting, chased by ten thousand fears and ten thousand hopes. If all went well and Lucas were cured, why then, perhaps But suppose suppose something should go wrong suppose suppose the operation were a failure; suppose Kosaloff had made a mistake suppose Lucas died, right there on the operating table So Geoffrey fought with the grim specter that stalked at his heels, tramping up and down, tramping, tramping, counting the figures in the carpet, multiplying them, dividing, working out the plan of the pattern—anything, to keep from going utterly mad, for those two hours

Now it was over, and here was Lucas, lying in his high narrow bed, very still and colorless, consciousness as yet mercifully standing off from him.

He had gone to the ordeal laughing, with flushed cheeks and eyes that peered out, reckless and watchful, from behind a barrier of steely defiance.

"You aren't a bit scared, are you?" said his little nurse, as the orderlies brought in the wheel stretcher. "You might be getting married, for all you care, Señor Rezzo."

"Scared?" echoed Lucas, flashing a look at Geoffrey, who stood miserably at the foot of his bed. "You mistake, Pitti Sing; I'm scared to a messy jelly. But, you know,

"When a man's afraid, a beautiful maid
Is a cheering sight to see—"

He sang the strophe with great expression, looking expectantly at the girl, who instantly picked up the measure.

"And oh, I'm glad his moments sad
Were cheered by the sight of me." . . .
warbled sweet Pitti Sing, bestowing all the dimples on him at once.

When the orderlies lifted him to the stretcher and the pain made him wince, he covered it with a grimace that made the boys giggle; and he was wheeled down the hall still flirting outrageously with the nurse, who trotted beside him, holding his hand.

Now he lay motionless and death-like, while the minutes passed.

"Oughtn't he to come out of it, pretty soon?" whispered Geoffrey to the floor Sister, who had obviously stepped in to see that "Pitti Sing" was not "carrying on" with Señor Rezzo's friend. If Geoffrey had been less troubled and preoccupied he might have derived some amusement from the funereal solemnity with which Pitti Sing met the Sister's inquiring gaze, every dimple in cold storage. The Sister bent over Lucas, feeling his pulse and laying a white hand against his cheek.

"He's quite all right," she assured Geoffrey. "Are you to give morphia, Miss Meredith?"

"Dr. Kosaloff's instructions are to give morphia the moment he shows consciousness," responded Pitti Sing, whose dimples, Geoffrey decided, did not prevent her from feeling responsibility.

"Dr. Kosaloff doesn't believe in letting a patient struggle out of anaesthesia," explained the Sister. "He gives morphia usually at once. So you see, by the time the patient comes out of the morphia, the effects of the anaesthetic and the first raw pain of the operation have worn off, and he wakes quietly."

"Will he suffer very much at first, do you think, Sister?" Geoffrey searched the serene eyes under the white coif, desperately craving a word of comfort.

"I don't know what has been done," she evaded. "Bone operations are usually rather bad. You were in the operating room, were you not, Miss Meredith? Was there any chiseling?"

"Diseased bone at the joint," said the nurse, in her most professional tone. Geoffrey turned sick. Chiseling! And this had happened to Lucas—to Lucas!

The first few weeks of the patient's convalescence were a nightmare to Geoffrey. When the gallant battle against pain and weariness and weakness became too much for him to look at any longer, he would go to the chapel and sit there till he felt he could face it again; he would sit dumbly, without prayer, watching the tabernacle. Only once, when Lucas had broken down, after two sleepless nights, and begged for morphia, Geoffrey stumbled blindly up to the steps of the altar and spoke his heart out.

"You've got to cure him, after this—you must,"

he cried. "He'll come back to you. I know he'd come back, if you wouldn't be so hard on him . . ." Then he felt frightened and went away quickly. It was as if he had given bond for Lucas.

"How much longer will he be tied up like this?" he demanded of Kosaloff one morning after the doctor had paid his daily visit. "Are you going to keep that infernal machine on him forever?" The metal brace, the cruel weight on Lucas' ankle, and the springless bed without a pillow, all of which pleasing arrangements had arrived shortly after the operation, were becoming unbearable to Geoffrey. He felt each day that he could not endure to see Lucas so tormented for another day.

"You make more fuss about it than he does," remarked Kosaloff. "He hasn't howled a bit, except last week, when he was played out from lack of sleep. A man's entitled to one howl, n'est-ce pas?"

"You haven't answered me," said Geoffrey, irritably.

"I can't, my dear fellow. I don't know."

"Well, how is he getting on?"

"Excellently. But there is a long road to travel. You are very impatient."

"Doctor, is it a cure?"

"I have told you that it is too soon for me to say. I hope so."

"And . . . if it isn't?"

Kosaloff's shoulders made reply. "I have done my best," supplemented his lips. "I am not God. I think I have told you that, too."

The winter had dragged through and spring had come, before Lucas put foot to the floor. The torturing weight, gradually lessened, had been discarded at last, the brace removed, and "the uncompromising old party," as Lucas had dubbed the hard bed, replaced by springs. The arrival of pillows was a thrilling event; and when Kosaloff announced that the patient was to be put in a chair each day for a brief period, Geoffrey celebrated with an elaborate dinner imported with no lack of trouble and expense from a down town restaurant. But the great morning of the "Premier Pas" was made memorable in quite another fashion.

Geoffrey played audience, hanging breathlessly on every movement, as Kosaloff, assisted by Pitti Sing, got Lucas actually and squarely on his feet for the first time—supported, it is true, but nevertheless standing.

"Feels darn funny," said Lucas, with a little catch in his voice. "How far off is that floor? Don't let go of me!"

"I won't. Any pain?"

"Feels funny down there somewhere. Think my feet are asleep. Rip van Winkle had nothing on me. Hello, Geoffrey! Are you still alive, after all these years?"

"Any pain?" repeated Kosaloff, watching the dark face keenly. "Take a step. Move forward."

"Oh—I can't! I'll fall! Don't let go of me!" He clung to Kosaloff.

"I'm holding you. I want you to walk, just a little. Take a step."

"You can't imagine how it feels," protested Lucas. "The floor's a thousand miles away!" Beads of sweat were on his forehead.

"That's because you haven't been an upright man for a matter of five months," laughed the doctor. "Come; be a big, brave boy, and step out."

"All right; but you swear you'll hold me?"

"I won't let go a second. There! Any pain?"

"N-no; but then, it hasn't hurt for quite a while."

"Ah! But this is different—all your weight on that joint. Tired?"

"Awfully. How silly!"

"Steer for the bed and we'll get you in again. Look at Geoffrey—he's overcome with admiration!"

It was at this juncture that the spectator distinguished himself: Lucas and the doctor, "steering for the bed," disappeared behind a suddenly descending cataract, over which Geoffrey found he had not the slightest semblance of control. He stumbled from the room, sobbing like a school girl in a fit of hysterics.

He did not need Kosaloff's statement, ten days later, as to Lucas's cure; he had known it, in that moment when Lucas stood, swaying, holding fast to the doctor, with that look of puzzled incredulity in his eyes. No; God would not have gone that far without completing His work.

"And you have no pain at all," Geoffrey marveled, still dazed with happiness as Lucas exhibited his paces for Kosaloff in the final test. "And you don't limp a bit! Oh, it's wonderful!"

"Worth what you've been through, son?" demanded Kosaloff. An odd expression touched Lucas' face and was gone.

"Oh, it's not been so bad," said Lucas, airily.

He objected violently to the wheel chair in which he was established for the trip on the ferries the next afternoon. But when the little steamer docked at the island and the half mile climb to Geoffrey's house was still to do, he looked up gratefully enough at his friend.

"You were right," he admitted. "I'm tired already, even sitting down all the way. I'd never have made it."

"I'm glad we didn't try an auto," remarked Geoffrey. "It would have been easier in some ways, around to Tiburon and over the causeway; but I was afraid of the jolting. You're not so very husky yet, old man."

"Oh, I wanted to see the Bay, anyhow. It seems ages . . . How lovely our island looks! How green everything is!" He lay quietly back in his chair, while Geoffrey pushed him slowly along the winding roads.

"There's the big tree," said Geoffrey, as they rounded the last curve. "And there's Mrs. Courtland at the door. Hope she's got everything shipshape. She's had a deuce of an easy time these last five months. I haven't slept here more than half the time. Can you walk down to the door? I don't think

I can manage the chair down these steps very well."

"Of course I can walk," laughed Lucas, crawling out of his rugs. "That's my chief accomplishment. How are you, Mrs. Courtland?—Yes, thank you; very well, indeed. Yes, the bags are coming on the 'bus'—aren't they, Geoffrey? See how the ferns have grown! And how nice the vines look!"

"Thanks; I had 'em all trimmed up for your benefit. Don't get too frisky, now—let me help you down . . . What's the matter?"

Lucas was standing at the top of the stairs that led from the level of the road to the front door; he had paused, in the act of stepping down, one foot on the second stair, and was looking up.

"What's the matter?" repeated Geoffrey, noticing suddenly that he was very pale.

"The tree . . ." murmured Lucas. "The tree . . ."

Geoffrey glanced up at the great tree that leaned its graceful length over the brown roof and cobblestone chimney of his Castle in Spain.

"The Guardian," he nodded. "Always on the job . . . Lucas, what is the matter with you?"

Lucas rubbed his eyes and turned to Geoffrey with a troubled look.

"I . . . I don't know," he faltered. "I thought . . . I thought, for a minute . . . I thought it was . . . falling . . ."

Lucas gained strength rapidly. Day by day Geoffrey could see his step grow stronger and more firm, and the hospital pallor give place to healthful color in cheeks and lips. He slept well and ate well; again he sat at his work table on the glass-porch, while Geoffrey went back to his much-neglected frescoes. And, as the time slipped by, it began to seem to Geoffrey's anxious eyes, that he was softening and changing. He did not go to Mass, and no further words had passed between them touching religious matters; but it was seldom now that the look of bitter scorn twisted his beautiful mouth, seldom that Geoffrey was repelled by the freezing over of the gray lakes of his eyes.

Spring passed and summer followed. Still the pledge Geoffrey had made in his behalf that day in the hospital chapel seemed no nearer to fulfillment.

Still Lucas lived, to all appearances, unmindful of his God, no word crossed his lips that spoke of an awakened conscience. Despite the seeming changes, the softening, the increased gentleness toward himself, Geoffrey watched in vain for any sign by which he could definitely know God's hand at work upon that soul. He tried to have faith, tried to believe that it was so; but fear began to haunt him again—a worse fear than he had yet known, for now, he told himself, Lucas was deliberately trifling with heaven. By the Divine mercy he had been made whole, and he would not so much as say a "thank you" for the favor.

Geoffrey took refuge from his anxiety in hard work—in overwork. His frescoes were all completed by September and other labors begun. Seven o'clock in the morning saw him at his easel; and when the light

failed in the afternoon, he would fling himself on the couch and fall asleep from sheer exhaustion. Lucas pleaded with him, argued, expostulated; Geoffrey only laughed, set his teeth, and went on working. He was alternately angry with Lucas and pitifully tender toward him. These moods became the source of increasingly frequent quarrels; for Geoffrey would fly at his friend, deluge him with sarcasm, perhaps, or scold like a nervous woman, because of some trivial disagreement; and then, the fury passed and shame possessing him, he would pet and coddle Lucas until the little Spaniard became exasperated by the burden of affection.

Geoffrey, under this regime, began to suffer from insomnia. Not a few hours but whole nights without sleep, succeeded by days of steady work at an easel, and, as a result, loss of appetite, took the flesh off his body as if by magic. Lucas finally appealed to Kosaloff, who took the overwrought painter by the ear, led him to a window, glared at him, poked him here and there, and grunted disgustedly.

"Idiot," was the doctor's verdict. He looked from Geoffrey to Lucas, and back once more at Geoffrey, growled, and went out, banging the door.

What sleep Geoffrey found in these interminable nights was filled with dreams—unhealthy, distressing dreams that left him almost more worn out than wakefulness; absurd, extravagant dreams, terrible dreams, full of things utterly foreign to his normal self, full of cruelty, crime and wickedness of every description. He became afraid to go to bed. His nightly prayers were growing horribly mechanical; it seemed futile to ask protection through the night and then to lie down a perfectly easy prey to all the marauding nightmares known to man. Obviously, he was not protected. His guardian angel, he thought with cynical amusement, had gone on a vacation.

One night, having fallen into a drugging sleep after hours of staring against the darkness, he found himself in a torment he had known before, of climbing stairs, endless stairs; of trying to reach someone who was calling or crying somewhere. He had hurt himself, too—hurt his leg . . . No, it was Lucas who had pain like that to bear; why should he have to bear it, too? But he would bear anything for Lucas if . . . Ah, he loved Lucas so much that Lucas' suffering had become his. It was dreadful to love anyone like that—it was the keenest suffering of all. But he would bear that, too, if . . . Now he was in a dimly lighted place; and there at his feet was the sight he had feared, something he had seen before—a figure with outstretched arms, like a crucifix . . . He struggled with the dream and came near the surface of consciousness, understanding that it was a dream. He tried to wake, in terror of what he would see if the world of shadows longer held him prisoner; but the tide of slumber swept over him more strongly, and he sank.

Yes—it was Lucas that he saw, lying stretched beside the cross . . . Lucas, his face upturned to the face of Christ. Then he began to scream in his dreaming, and woke himself; he sat upright in bed

with the sweat pouring off him, wide-eyed, in a cold dawn that had come with rain and wind hammering at his casement windows. He sat for a moment, panting; then lay down and drew the covers over him. He had come back just in time, he thought—just in time. If he had stayed Out There, he would have seen—What would he have seen? He pressed his hands over his eyes, shuddering.

Words, like a strain of music, sounded in his ears—words that he had heard—words that he knew so well:

"His left hand is under my head.

And His right hand doth embrace me"

It was all so terrible, the mockery of it, with those two lying there How had he imagined that gracious sound of chanting? There was no chanting; he had only heard a voice cry out, calling him, as he climbed those endless stairs

He turned over in bed and sat up again. He must have caught cold, lying in the beating wind and the rain, which had wet his pillow; for he was stiff and sore. No wonder he dreamed of climbing stairs and all the rest of it! It was part and parcel of the usual entertainment that pursued him every night.

"If I keep on like this, I'll be a candidate for a padded cell pretty soon," he murmured. He got up, wrapped his dressing gown about him, and went out through the draughty halls to the shower bath. Rubbing himself warm after the shock of the icy water, he felt braced and comparatively cheerful. The stiffness and soreness disappeared; it must have been a sort of hysteria, resulting from his dream of Lucas. He was perpetually dreading some return of Lucas' old trouble, too: that was constantly on his mind. Altogether, he reflected, ruefully, he was in no position to preach to Lucas of tangled psychology!

He could not quite make out, as he tried to think it over, why he had been so terrified just now, in the land of the unreal. It was the same dream that he had dreamed more than a year ago, before Lucas' accident on the stairs. It was a beautiful dream . . . if one could forget that crying in the dark, and that climbing. It had not occurred to him before to connect it with Lucas' fall; but there were the stairs—the stairs—and again, in this new vision, the stairs! It was all very queer and confusing, especially his terror and his desperate struggle to wake, as he had repeated the adventure an hour ago. Was it not simply that his hopes and longings for Lucas had created in his mind this picture of infidelity embraced by a forgiving God? Was it a picture of what might be, painted by his passionate desires? And why was he afraid? If he had not waked It was the same dream, exactly the same dream. It had frightened him before, but he had never understood why. And now—why had it come again? Was some new danger threatening Lucas? Why should one fear a dream of the crucified Christ? Yet—there was something wrong, somewhere . . . something wrong Oh, he was behaving like a superstitious old woman!

He dressed and went into the kitchen to brew

himself some coffee. Mrs. Courtland would not be about for another hour. The house was cold as a tomb. How it rained! The first storm of the season, and a beauty! The wind swept over the house, rattling the windows, howling under the eaves. He would make a fire in the studio and have things cozy when Lucas got up. It was a good day to rest and loaf. He would loaf. He was really overdoing things. Kosaloff was right—he was an idiot.

He kept his promise to himself and loafed very completely, coaxing Lucas into the same procedure. They played cards and watched the rain from the glass-porch; they read aloud to each other; they got out Lucas' guitar and Lucas played and sang.

This was when the light was failing and they were sitting before the log fire, under the great bronze cross that hung above the mantelpiece. Lucas sat on the rug, the firelight glinting on his black hair. Geoffrey, slumped in an arm chair, smoked, watched, and listened, while Lucas sang the Song of the Swallow, La Golondrina, the storm-tossed wanderer.

"Tambien yo estoy en la region perdido," sang Lucas: "I too, am lost, and I cannot fly to safety—"

Geoffrey sat silent, as the sweet voice died away and the slender brown fingers picked idly at the guitar strings, running out little trills and bird-notes. How exquisitely Lucas sang. How well he did everything he set himself to do. How much he had wasted of himself, burning up his energy in useless and bitter war! Geoffrey stared down somberly at the black head in the firelight; Lucas sat picking at the guitar strings; the fire crackled and the wind howled down the chimney.

A particularly fierce gust swept by, tearing at the roof and walls as if with great clawing hands, and a blanket of rain was flung against the windows. Lucas started, shivering. He glanced about, with a sudden look of alarm, and raised his eyes to Geoffrey's face.

"I—I wish it would stop," he said.

"I like it," declared Geoffrey. "I can rest, when something else is doing the roaring and quarreling for me."

"You have been deucedly grumpy just lately," remarked Lucas, tossing aside the guitar and stretching out on his back. "Have I been rubbing you the wrong way, amigo?"

"You're feeling fit these times, aren't you?" Geoffrey counter-questioned. "Sleeping well, eating well, working well. Kosaloff's as proud of you as if he'd made you."

"He did," nodded Lucas. "He made me, with his little mallet and chisel. I was an impossible brute, wasn't I? But I couldn't hold out. He's too strong. I hated him. I almost hated you, Gofredo. I didn't believe in Kosaloff, you see. I couldn't believe that anything so good could ever happen And now—well, I love him at least, I think I do. I've never loved anyone—anyone else, except yourself, Gofredo m-mio" The shy stammer and the hand laid on his knee sent a wave of emotion

over Geoffrey. If Lucas would let the softness of his nature rule him oftener, how much of sorrow and distress would pass him by!

"It's good to know that a man can have two such friends in a lifetime," continued Lucas, his eyes on the dancing flames. "It makes one think that perhaps . . ."

"Yes?" urged Geoffrey softly. Something in Lucas' expression made his heart quicken. It was a look he had not seen for a long time . . . The little Spaniard sighed and turned over, hiding his face on his arms.

"Let's go for a walk around the world," he said, drowsily. "Let's get Kosaloff and go to the rain-bow's end. 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world—is it? Let's go a-sailing beyond the sunset and the baths of all the western stars. Let's go and find the topless towers of Iliion. I'd like to have you on each side of me—you and Kosaloff. But that's just the stuff that dreams are made of. Nothing like that could possibly happen."

"You just admitted that dreams come true occasionally," retorted Geoffrey.

"Yes; but—"

"But?" Geoffrey leaned forward.

"Occasionally, also, one wakes, to find that it was just a dream, after all. It's when you're very deep asleep that you think it's true . . . Ah, Geoffrey! Suppose . . . suppose I should wake up!"

Geoffrey bent down, putting a hand on the other's shoulder. "Look at me," he said. "Take your nose out of that stuffy fur; it's probably full of germs."

"I like germs; they're companionable little things. And they can't help it."

"Can't help what?"

"Being germs. The Lord—He made 'em that way, didn't He? The luckless—germ—He marred in making—"

"Lucas! Sit up and talk to me."

"Oh, go away, and let me alone, can't you? I want to go to sleep—and dream."

The storm raved and raged, seeming to rock the island in its furious assault. One of the studio windows blew open, letting in a gust of rain. Geoffrey rose to refasten it, and paused, looking out over the bending tree-tops and the swaying shrubs. It was as if the hill-side below had gone mad; the world was dancing to an insane measure. He wandered back to the fireplace, took his pipe from the mantel, and settled down in the arm chair.

"Rain, rain, go away,
Come again another day,
Little Lucas wants to play,"

he ventured, touching the prostrate figure experimentally with one foot. But Lucas had really fallen asleep.

As Geoffrey thought about it afterwards, he could not discover the ghost of a reason why he should have left the room exactly when he did. He had smoked

his pipe out and must have fallen into a doze himself, in the big arm chair. How did he chance to wake, at that particular moment? Why did he get up, and, for no reason at all, leave the studio and go downstairs? He could never remember having had any object in doing so; in fact, he had no sooner reached the lower hallway, than he stopped and turned to go back.

Then something happened. It all came so quickly, with such horrible confusion, out of the heart of the storm, like a thunderbolt; a crackling, tearing sound, as if the sky were being split—a jar and crash upon the shingled roof that shook the house to its foundations—a second crash, nearer and more strangely ominous—a cry . . .

Stairs, endless stairs! The daylight was going, and it was hard to climb the steep, endless stairs that loomed through the gloom—would he never reach the top of the stairs? Somewhere below him there was a woman's voice, raised in a terrified shriek, and somewhere above he heard his name called—"Geoffrey! Geoffrey!" He tripped and fell, in his haste, wrenching his knee; a sharp pain shot up his leg as he scrambled to his feet. Yes—that was the way one got hurt, falling downstairs. How dreadful, to be lame and helpless! He must have hurt himself rather badly; for he fell a second time, striking his head against the wall. It was so dark . . . Had he fainted?—He started up, in an agony of fear . . . No; it was nothing; he had only stumbled, climbing the stairs in the dark.

He reached the top step and stumbled through the hallway to the studio door, which stood half open—flung it wide—

The log fire had burned low; but in the flicker of its dying flame he saw a dark shape, like a crucifix, stretched on the hearth-rug; and beside it, half under it, a second figure . . . a figure moving feebly, moaning . . .

He sprang forward and tried to lift the great weight of bronze beneath which the struggling man was pinned; but his hands seemed powerless; and as he strained and tugged, a crippling pain ran through him from knee to shoulder, half paralyzing him. Ah—yes! This was the moment he needed strength; and so . . . That was where the fun came in . . .

"Lucas!" he cried. "Lucas!"

The thing must have dropped like an avalanche, when the cracked beam ripped under the shock of the falling tree; a wonder it had not killed him instantly.

"Lucas, are you hurt? Lucas!"

He saw a white face, dim in the failing firelight, eyes that glared, and struggling hands whose strength ebbed away . . . a thorn-crowned head, whose half-opened lips, even in that moment could have blessed . . . extended arms that could have sheltered and caressed . . .

He dragged the slender body free at last and lifted it very gently, though he knew too well it was beyond the need of gentleness. There was blood staining the

pallor of the face, and the right leg swung loose, in a curious, sickening way. He laid his burden on the couch, and rose, staggering. The wind, swooping and careering over the house, played fiendishly among the branches of the overthrown tree; Geoffrey could hear them, knocking and scraping on the roof. "Let us in, let us in," chuckled the branches. "Let us in!"

It was nearly dark now; for the fire had gone, all but one tiny spark; and it was cold, too. He laid a rug, a brightly colored Indian blanket, over Lucas,

that covered him to the chin with the gaudy pall of red and blue and yellow. The soft black hair, matted on the forehead, he smoothed back. The gray eyes were glazing, and he closed them.

Mrs. Courtland was calling below stairs, hysterically; now she was coming up . . .

He turned and limped across the room, avoiding by a wide circuit the hearth-rug and the dark blur of the bronze crucifix, then he went out into the hall, closing the studio door behind him.

The End

THE BLONDE ANGEL

By MARY DODGE TEN EYCK

"PLEASE, father, pull the poster down!" pleaded Inga. She half seated herself on the arm of his chair and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"And take back those men who went on a strike when I needed them most! No!" Jan Ericson pressed his lips together firmly, almost cracking the stem of his pipe between his strong teeth.

"But you know they were in the right, even the Process Company admitted that!"

The big man grunted. In his blue eyes there was no mercy, as he shook his head stubbornly. "There will be plenty others to take their places!"

Inga dropped to her knees. She was tall and slender with the fair hair and skin that belonged to her forefathers' race. Her clear eyes so like those of Jan Ericson pleaded with him as she took his hand. "That is just the trouble. The strike men are Italians, and this new crew would be Poles and Swedes. And the Italians think you are favoring your race!"

"I am a naturalized American; you were born in America!" exclaimed her father staunchly.

"But they don't think of that. They just call you the big Swede foreman." Inga knew her father almost idolized her; but he was stern, and the girl had a wholesome fear of him. So she coaxed. "There will be a fight between the two sides."

"Humph!" scorned her father.

"But Mario said so and he knows," urged Inga. The chief foreman knew this was true, as the young Italian Mario was a leader among his men. With a last effort the daughter begged, "Do please take the poster down!"

"No!"

Inga said no more. She rose and went over to the living room window. It looked on a field which seemed to separate the Italian from the Polish and Swedish quarters of this immigrant settlement. At the back end of the field was the Process Works, that was to re-open tomorrow. A crowd of men stood about its entrance talking and gesticulating. Inga could almost imagine she heard their angry words, as they read the poster saying strike men need not apply for

their jobs. The girl strained her eyes to make out the forms.

"Mario there?" she breathed, inquiringly.

Glancing back into the living room, she unconsciously itemized the comfort of its homeliness. Perhaps the red rug with its bright figures, the widely decorative wall paper, even the ugly pieces of bric-a-brac did not give her the shock it would to one who was used to beauty. But she did note the comfort and prosperous air of their cheery home and thought with a sigh of these shacks around them, the homes of the really poor. Many a time they had not enough to eat or to keep them warm. Even now some tenants feared being put out of their poor shelters for overdue rent.

Suddenly a shot rang thru the air. Before Inga could turn back to the window it was answered by another. The fight Mario had foretold! Jan Ericson sat quietly in his chair unheeding, while Inga ran to the side piazza. Men from the Process Works swarmed into the field. Low angry words grew into a sullen roar. Children and women joined the throngs. Sadly out of place were they, but their shrill cries seemed to cut through the men's hoarse rumblings. It seemed to Inga like the gathering of a fearful storm. As the crowd came near her she crouched in the corner. Her pride would not let her run away. She looked and looked for Mario. Could he not control his men?

Part of the angered Italians turned into the Polish section, just as Inga in fright saw a group of huge Swedes crouch over to the Italian border. The broad meadow became a skirmish field. The din grew louder. Cheers and threats rang out amid the dreaded reports of pistols. Inga began to shiver. She was far safer indoors. The chief foreman's daughter might be a fine target for these angered men.

Once more the girl glanced towards her father. His brow was stern and his lips pressed tight. He would not even heed the riot without. There was a heavy scowl on his face which made his daughter fear him more than she ever had before. Another look over the maddened crowd, with a stifled scream Inga saw a crowd of Poles with lighted torches wind slowly towards the Italian quarters.

"Mario!" Inga again cried suddenly with a little pain. With hasty resolution she ran down the steps into the crowd.

"Inga, the big Swede's daughter!" was at least a target for threats and an occasional stone slipped closely by her. But she pushed her way through the crowd. Several Italian children knew and ran to her. Bravely she dodged between elbows, her courage returning with every step. A shot slanted through her hair just as a little Italian boy ran to her in fear and crying. Hardly had he put his arms about her when a stone, not meant for him, struck his forehead and the innocent blood gushed out. Angered, with flashing eyes, Inga snatched up the lad in her strong arms, shielding him as well as she could, and with one mighty effort reached the Process Works. Then at last she spied,

"Mario!"

"Inga!" he returned in astonishment.

"Oh Mario, you are all right?"

"Yes, yes." But you shouldn't be here, Inga, you might get hurt!"

"I am come to take down the poster!"

"Your father is willing?" asked Mario with gladness in his voice.

"It is all right. Help me!" she parried.

"Your father would never send you here now! He is not willing!"

"Oh, I tell you, Mario, it is all right!" Inga's blue eyes challenged him and her father's stubbornness came about her mouth. She held the little boy to Mario. "Come," she turned to the crowd about her, "bring me a chair, stool, something to stand on!"

Someone brought a box, and quick as a flash she jumped on it and tore down the poster.

"And now, men, go spread the news. The old men have the first chance for jobs!"

There was a growl of assent; and the men humping their shoulders up and thrusting their hands into their pockets strolled away, well satisfied with themselves.

"Now Father must take them back," the girl told

Mario in a low tone as her face grew whiter, "and you, Mario, must quiet your men!"

"What have you done, Inga?" questioned Mario, realising full well.

"I have done the right thing," she replied. Sudden shyness made her turn quickly to the injured child. Then her glance swept over the crowd. Many were wounded and bruised and bleeding. Once more, loud and clear, her voice rang out, "Bring all the injured to the Process Hospital, and Mario," she pleaded in a lower tone, "get the doctor quick!" Hurrying to the faithful guard of the Process Works, Inga continued, "Please open the hospital door. These people must be cared for."

He hesitated; but something in her voice made him obey. Perhaps he thought of the chief foreman. Soon the doctor was there and the patients were under treatment. Inga helped, bathing and dressing the wounds of Italians, Swedes and Poles. Nationality was nothing to her. When all were provided with beds, the girl passed among them with a word of kindness for all.

"See-da blonda angela!" muttered one old Italian, and his words were taken up in four languages.

Just then, Jan Ericson appeared in the doorway. Mario first saw and ran over to him.

"You know, Mario, my girl took down the poster?" he asked.

"Yes, and stopped the riot," returned the other.

Inga, was still helping and cheering the patients as her father came over to her. She returned his silent gaze with a beseeching look. Gently Jan Ericson put his arm around her shoulder and drew her toward him. The two were seldom demonstrative.

"Inga, girl, you are brave, and I am proud of you!"

"No, no, father. I was afraid, afraid of the crowds, of the bullets, and—and of you!"

The big man turned away to hide his emotion.

"Then how could you do it, when you were so afraid of everything?" asked Mario.

"All the innocent ones, who must always suffer most at such times," Inga replied.

COMING NEXT MONTH!

Marian Nesbitt, author of THE LAMPS OF FIRE,
contributes another charming story of love and sacrifice

FOR BASIL'S SAKE



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

"To make and hold yourself good is the best start toward making the world good." (Tertiary Convention.)

LUXURY-LOVERS

BY way of preamble I would like to say that there is a certain note creeping into the letters which come to the editor of this department—the friendly note—which is going to assure its success. For this friendly atmosphere is the very one I wish to create. Women are glad to meet on equal grounds, and discuss the different annoyances that may be helped by counsel with others who have experienced them. Of course, one need never expect to find on these pages the life problems, discussions of which form so big a part of secular magazines for women. We have a straight road and a guiding hand, and the great Sacrament of Penance—and did you ever take time to feel sorry for those who haven't this leading and this help? But there are mild problems, nevertheless, and we have oddities and ways of doing things, and it's good to compare the one and exchange the other. This month I received two letters from business girls, and three from mothers with little children. Unless the letters contain something of general interest I will not reproduce them here, as it would not be fair to occupy space. We welcome both praise and criticism—praise gives us courage and criticism makes us grow. Remember, one who never makes a mistake *twice*, can safely be called one who never makes a mistake. I understand the women in business and their problem, for I have been a business woman; I comprehend the worries of a wife and mother, because I am both.

One letter—the author is Mary A. Kennedy, and she lives in a small Eastern town, contains the following:

"Are you going to give us more about Danger Signals? The last paragraph in your March talk seemed to indicate this, and I am curious. You made me feel—well,

not guilty, but a little apprehensive. I possess a beautiful silver rosary, a gift from a dear friend—surely you don't mean we are extravagant when we pray on pretty rosaries? As for an automobile, I never expect to own one, but I wish I did. Now, dear Grace Keon, do your worst!"

Well, Miss Kennedy, do you think it matters much what your rosary is made of—gold, or silver, or precious stones? The rosary in Mrs. A's case was an arraignment of Mrs. A's spirit—and I am sure you understand how dangerous is the luxury-loving attitude in our Catholics?

When Mrs. A dropped her gold rosary into her bag, she dropped her religion right in there, too. She went to church when the weather was fine. A little headache, an unexpected caller, a trifling distraction were—and are!—all sufficient excuses to remain away from church services, even those of obligation. Naturally, sloth of soul was the first fault; envy of neighbor the second, with all its contingent vices. And if one's soul is slothful, and one's mind is filled with thoughts of equaling or superseding some one just as foolish as one's self—why, then arises the supreme danger of rendering to Caesar everything that belongs to him, and all that belongs to God, as well.

And these say:

"O dear! I do so dislike rubbing elbows with the common class—and there are so many of them in our church!"

And again:

"I know I don't go to church very often. Why should I? I don't do anything wrong."

Or once more:

"Of course I should go oftener. But the sermons are stupid, and

there is always something needed, or something the Fathers want done—"

Now, one may ejaculate, at this juncture: "I'm afraid Grace Keon is exaggerating. The Mrs. A's in our church are decidedly in the minority." To illustrate their existence I will repeat a conversation I had with a certain parish priest on this very spirit of worldliness.

"I was called to the phone this morning," he said, "and a shrill, feminine voice—but evidently the voice of an educated woman—came to me over the wire.

"Is this Father W.?" it asked.

"It is," I answered.

"Well, we are newcomers to the parish, and won't you tell me just what Mass the nice people attend?"

"The nice people?" Father W. was astonished. "I don't quite understand—"

"Oh, the nice people—the better class," she responded. "We would rather not mix with the other kind!"

"Oh!"—and Father W. was still wrathful when repeating the dialogue to me—"the very nicest people, Madam, come to the six o'clock Mass, in order to receive Holy Communion. You'll find some of them at every Mass, but they're in the majority at the early one."

This is a true story—and you can't get away from the fact that there are perverted ideas in the minds of a few of our people. Those who hold these ideas will not see these lines—they have no use at all for our Catholic magazines! But friendship with such—outside the dictates of charity—is to be as carefully avoided as friendship with any other person who may injure your faith. For the thing we Catholics have to guard most against is imitation of the luxury-loving world in which we live. When one goes back

over ancient history—when one reads of the condition of the Roman kingdom in those days when Rome was the admiration of the world; when one reads that two-thirds of the population were slave and one-third master. That the poorest freeman possessed at least a dozen slaves, that work was despised, that to labor with one's hands was considered degrading, that to exert one's self was demoralizing. When one reads of the condition of the women of that time, going from luxury to luxury, and from luxury to sensuality, until in every orgy, in every circle of debauchery, women were participants and often leaders—degraded womanhood, degraded nation!

And then the Barbarians, strong and vigorous and hard by reason of plain living fell upon this effete city, the glory of pagan Rome vanished in its love of luxury. But in that terrible cataclysm, as it has been called, when the Barbarian would have swept away every vestige of Roman learning and culture the monk saved the world. How? By placing before the Vandal and the Goth the virtue, the value of work—work with the hand, with the mind.

May not the contrast be drawn now? How many of our people look upon labor as the greatest blessing God has given to man? Who wants to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay? The majority? Not if one can believe the verdict of business men in every walk of life. As for women—never have women had such opportunities. What are they doing with them? How many are willing to give up "good jobs" for one that doesn't pay in money or ease, but is the biggest job of all—the job which God permits them to share with Him—the family? Our own people are infected by this terrible and false idea. The business woman of today declares she cannot live on her husband's income—so she "keeps her job"—and a pet dog—and a limousine!

Our civilization has a situation confronting it as bad as Rome's ever was—and I use that expression in all its meaning. The young man, the young woman, want their names on the pay-roll, and a salary envelope at the end of the week. What

they do to earn the contents of that envelope in between "is nobody's business anyhow, and the boss is rich, and we should worry!"

The girl likes to powder her nose and to wear silk stockings and costly other things. "Nowhere in the world," we are told, "do the women dress as well as they do in America!" One can surely believe it if one walks along a crowded avenue in any of our principal cities. No, I am not old-fashioned, and I don't believe a girl should "look like a freak." I think every girl is entitled to her girlhood. She should be able to dance decently, prettily; she should dress decently, prettily. She should be up-to-date enough to know what is going on in the world about her, and how that "what" is affecting the interests of her religion. If one's nose is shiny, a touch of pure talcum will neither hurt nor offend any one. Every woman should be as sweet and pretty and dainty as soap and water can make her, whether she is fourteen or forty-four. And if no Catholic ought to shut her religion in her bag with her beads, no Catholic ought to shut her beauty in a bag, either. I was talking to a missionary priest at one time, and he said, in all seriousness: "You know, your American women are just like the Mongolians! They are the only women in China who paint themselves so frightfully! I often wonder how the custom was imported here!" Please, dear Catholic Girl, don't be a Mongolian—and if you only knew how hungry one's eyes are for the sweet little, neat little being "who doesn't." What a welcome relief!

It seems a long cry from the gold

rosary to this talk, but it all comes under the one heading: Luxury-lovers. Luxury-lovers ruined Rome. Luxury-lovers will ruin any nation. Little Miss Average Catholic Girl, are you a luxury-lover? Oh, no, I hear you assert, I'm not. Far from it.

Let us see. Silk stockings cost—well, we won't betray any secrets, but do you put the tenth part of their price in the poor-box each week? Shoes are tremendously expensive—the fashionable kind—and veils—and gloves—Is your name on the monthly contribution list?

"Movies" are here to stay. Are you too tired to go to the "movies" twice a week, or does that tired feeling only assail you on evenings when there are church devotions?

Most decidedly you are a luxury-lover if you fish down into a thirty-dollar beaded bag for a nickel to put into the collection basket.

You are indeed a luxury-lover if you put anything in God's world above your God.

Let's be honest. We have such a tremendous debt to pay. We have so much in our Faith. Some one suffered to give it to us. Some one built the church or chapel in which we kneel. How many sacrifices are we making to carry on? You only love a thing in proportion to the work you put into it—and if we are luxury-lovers we will take all and give nothing. But we can carry nothing out of this world save what we have given away or, as the Chinese have it: "there are no pockets in a shroud."

Where do you stand?

To Renovate the Brass on an Iron Bedstead

Put a little vinegar in a small saucepan. Let it get hot, but do not allow it to boil, or it will become too sticky to use. Apply with a fine piece of flannel, only doing a little at a time, and polish quickly.

Hair Brushes

Before washing hair brushes, smear a little good vaseline over the backs. This prevents the ammonia or soda water in which they are washed from injuring the wood. The vaseline should afterward be rubbed off carefully, and the back polished with dry cloths.

White Paint

Try oatmeal for cleaning white paint. Dip a damp cloth in the oatmeal and rub the paint over well with this. Then wipe with a clean, damp cloth, and polish with a clean duster. Oatmeal is especially effective in removing fingermarks from doors.

A Strip of Carpet

Glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from shoes very quickly and without the slightest injury to the leather. It is much better than the usual brush.

A FRIENDLY CHAT IN THE INTEREST OF WOMEN'S READING

LAST month I spoke here of one of the very oldest books I know—one that, in my opinion should appeal to Catholics—the LILY OF ISRAEL. That dear book is a well-loved companion, but its reading is probably confined to Catholics alone—the subject will never appeal to the world at large.

This month I am going to call your attention to a new book—a purely Catholic story—that has made an impression on all classes of people. The story is a translation from the French of Louis Hémon, beautifully done by W. H. Blake. Its title is "MARIA CHAPDELAINE: a Tale of the Lake St. John Country." Louis Hémon, the author—who has since died—came from France to seek his fortune in the West, and lived, for a year and a half, in the wild back country of Quebec. He not alone studied the people, as such men study, but rather, as he bent his frame to the clearing of the soil, he must have absorbed love of soil and people through his industry. His descriptions are wonderfully true, for he has thought and struggled with those of whom he writes—and his book carries that conviction in its every line. Beautifully the story opens with the congregation coming out of the small church after Sunday Mass, and the minute outlining of the attire of these men and women sets us in the midst of them. You are going to share their lives for a brief space, his words seem to indicate, and you must be able to recognize them—so that when you encounter old Nazaire Larouche again on the road you will be able to say to him, quite politely, "Good-day to you, M'sieu!"

That is just the little and first touch that creates appetite for the tale. Maria is returning with her father from a visit to her mother's relatives, and she and François Paradis meet, after not seeing each other in seven years. Romance brushes by, and interest is roused in both young hearts. Then Maria sets out with her sturdy father to her home in the clearing. After a difficult journey we meet the fine char-

acter that would ever make the story unforgettable, even had Maria not won our favor—Madame Chapdelaine. Yes, the story is that of Maria and François—young love and young sorrow. But this woman who had followed her husband into the wilderness now "stood, hands on hips, dreaming," as Maria describes the changes that have taken place in her old home. And then her wide-embracing comment, "Perhaps it is wicked of me to say so, but all my married life I have felt sorry that your father's taste was for moving and pushing on and on into the woods."

It is not my intention to tell the story of MARIA CHAPDELAINE, for anyhow the story does not matter. The book is not one to be taken for idle reading—one must go over it slowly, since no words are wasted, and much is said in a single sentence. "Life had always been a simple and straight-forward thing for them"—so Maria begins her thousand Aves, secure in her faith that her desire will be granted—the sweet desire of a shy and innocent maiden that François may come once more. But after the destruction of her dear romance, when the cold and frozen land caused her lover's death, came a sorrow as poignant. There is terrible realism in the illness and passing of Madame Chapdelaine—the disease that baffled all their rude skill—and then the resignation to the inevitable when the curé comes to prepare the soul for its last long journey.

After all, it is not for the story one reads the book, as I said above. It is Life—Life itself. We follow these, who have deserted the civilization of cities to "make land," clearing away trees and stumps and brush to wrest a foot of soil from the wilderness. We see them eager in youth, absorbed in old age. And Maria herself, antagonized by the coldness and barrenness that had taken toll of her happiness, in the end succumbs to the lure of the silent places.

And now I must add a few remarks that the book inspires, and yet which some might think irrelevant. MARIA CHAPDELAINE has been an instantaneous success. Men and women, regardless of creed, praise it. It is a delightful sensa-

tion to feel that this atmosphere has been appreciated, and that its most absorbing touches portray the daily life lived as all true Catholics live it—though not always under such rigorous conditions. The world that has been going mad over books that I would not permit inside our home, so filthy and contaminating are they!—has breathed for a short while the pure air that follows devotion to duty and God! Prayer, resignation, love of God and Church and priest—they are all here. Of course those who do not believe with us are not reading this book for the Catholic spirit in it. They judge it as a little gem of realism, confined to the Lake St. John country. They would be astonished if we said to them, as we would like to, with supremest satisfaction: "But this is CATHOLIC life!"

In our Catholic families all over this broad land is the good father, laboring with hand and might to conserve for his family the things necessary to their existence; there is the good mother, striving and praying for the betterment of her home; there are the good children, with their earnest prayers at night and in the morning, and very, very often said in common. And the thousand Aves—how many make the thousand Aves before the holy Christmas season, for some dear friend or to obtain some special blessing? Yes, Louis Hémon has drawn a real picture, and we can proudly say "This is our life; this is the life we desire to lead; this is what Catholicity means to us!"

And from Catholic pulpits, and in Catholic magazines, in all our social organizations, we are striving to keep this life intact. That is why we raise our voices in protest against the customs of the day! We do not live in the land of silent places, but every true Catholic has his own silent place. MARIA CHAPDELAINE and her mother will be understood by every Catholic girl and woman. Those not of our belief like MARIA CHAPDELAINE because it is "a word picture without an inharmonious note." We like it because we alone can understand its deeper language.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE!
Read our directions below on HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Many letters come to us during the month without your name; or without your address; or without giving number of pattern, or size desired. If your order for a pattern has not been filled it is because you have omitted something. So write to us again, please! We are holding your letter until we hear from you.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS:
Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FRANCISCAN HERALD PATTERN SERVICE, CORONA, N. Y. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

The SPRING issue of our FASHION MAGAZINE contains over 300 styles, several pages of embroidery designs, and a complete SEVEN LESSON COURSE IN DRESSMAKING. This book should be in every home. Price 10c. Same address as above.

DESCRIPTION OF PATTERNS

No. 1161. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1171. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch material with 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards binding for dress and 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material for guimpe. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9946. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 42-inch contrasting material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1306. Stout Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 46 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1256. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.



No. 1312. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material for dress and 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material for guimpe. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1276. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 3/4 yards 36-inch material, with 3/4 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1143. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yards 36-inch material for dress and 1 1/4 yards 36-inch material for guimpe. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1302. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material with 1/4 yard 32-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1062. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9375. Men's and Boys' Shirt. Cut in sizes 12 1/2, 13, 13 1/2, 14, 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17, 17 1/2, 18, 18 1/2 and 19 inches neck measure. Size 14 1/2 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1293. Girls' Middy Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 30-inch contrasting for blouse and 1 1/4 yards 36-inch material for skirt. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1318. Girls' Cape Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1298. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1035. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9999. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/2 yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

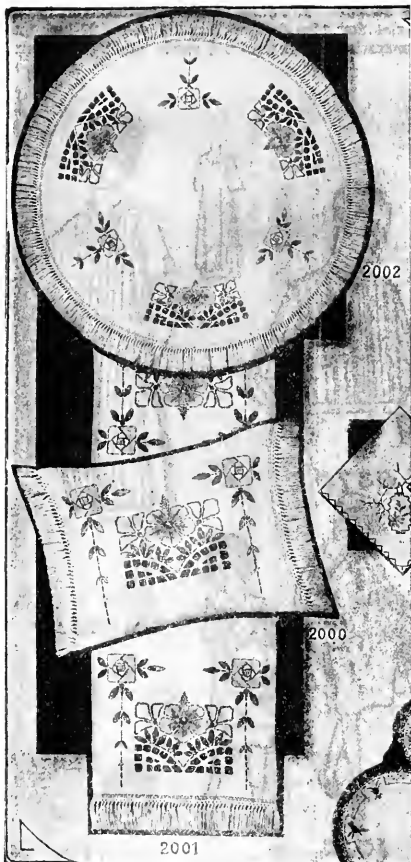
No. 1171. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and

44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 7/8 yards 32-inch material for dress and 1 3/4 yards 36-inch material for guimpe. Pattern, 15c.

No. 8619. Ladies' Apron. Cut in one size and requires 2 3/4 yards 27-inch material with 6 1/2 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.



Home Handicraft



A HANDSOME SET

No. 2000. Pillow, with back, 18x22, stamped and tinted on heavy tan beach cloth, for embroidery in blue, black and yellow. Price 95 cents. We do not supply fringe.

No. 2001. Scarf, 18x48 inches, stamped and tinted on heavy tan beach cloth to match Pillow No. 2000. Price for scarf \$1.30. We do not supply fringe.

No. 2002. Centerpiece, 36 inches, stamped and tinted on heavy tan beach cloth, to match pillow and scarf above. Price for centerpiece \$1.65. We do not supply fringe. Check, money order, or registered letter for either or all of above to Franciscan Herald Pattern Service, Corona, N. Y.

We expect to show each month on these pages different articles that we hope will prove attractive to many of our readers. Last month we gave the beautiful Roman Cross Alter Lace, and were extremely gratified with the number who sent in, asking for the directions. Among other directions. The handsome set consists of three pieces. No. 2000 is the pillow, 18x22; No. 2001 is the scarf, 18x48; No. 2002 is the centerpiece, 36 inches wide. Each one of these may be ordered separately, or all may be ordered at one time. The

(Continued on Page 188)

As many of our readers are far from the large stores, we have made arrangements to give examples, from time to time, of fancy work similar to those shown here this month. Those mothers of little girls who are not very good sewers (and who may be, we hope, contemplating a course in one of our dressmaking Institutes spoken of elsewhere in the HERALD) will surely be pleased with the little dress displayed. It is ready-made in 8, 10 and 12 year sizes. "Ready-made" means, in this instance, that the garment is cut in the size ordered, carefully sewn and finished, and stamped for the embroidery, which you are to do.

The serviceable white guimpe shown (No. 2026) is of an excellent quality of batiste, and well put together. It is stamped for embroidery and the embroidery cotton is furnished. The dress (No. 2052) is of good quality dark-blue linene. The design stamped on the neck, armholes and bottom are to be worked in buttonhole, lazy daisy, eyelet and darning stitch in red and green. Every package contains, first, the dress itself, then a generous supply



No. 2026. Ready-made guimpe of excellent quality batiste, stamped for embroidery in white, with a generous supply of D. M. C. embroidery cotton. Price for guimpe and embroidery cotton, in 8, 10 or 12 year sizes, 90 cents.

No. 2052. Ready-made Girls' Dress, stamped on dark-blue linen, for embroidery in red and green, and a generous supply of cotton for working, in 8, 10 and 12 year sizes, \$1.75. This does not include belt. Check, money order, or registered letter to Franciscan Herald Pattern Service, Corona, N. Y. for above patterns.

Do You Want to Increase the Family Income?

Then read this story of "an average woman" who not only found a way to have pretty, becoming clothes, but earned \$271.20 in three months besides.

By MARY G. ADAMSON

FIRST of all, let me say that I am just the average woman. And I have a husband and two children. So you see I am not over-blessed with leisure.

Just as I am the average woman, so I think my husband is the average man. He has never earned a large salary and I don't think he ever will.

About a year ago, I saw with startling clearness that we would never have the little luxuries and comforts that we longed for unless I could somehow add something to the family income.

"But how?" That was the question. I couldn't leave home to work because of the children. I couldn't write stories, and dear knows, no one ever accused me of being an artist.

A thousand times I must have tried to think of something that I could do. But all in vain until—

A sudden inspiration!

Miss Hill, the best dressmaker in town, had been "just one of the girls." Then suddenly every one began noticing her clothes. And then, just as suddenly, she started a dressmaking shop of her own and was successful from the very start.

I wondered how she had done it, because I kept thinking what a wonderful thing it would be if I could do as well. So, determined to find out, I went on my hat-went down to see Miss Hill, and in as few words as possible, told her what was on my mind.

She looked at me thoughtfully for a moment and then reached out and put her hand on mine.

"Can you keep a secret?" she asked quickly. I nodded yes—breathless with anticipation.

"THEN I am going to tell you something I have never told another living soul—outside of my own family. I am going to tell you how I happen to have all these pretty clothes of my own—how I happen to be what many people call the best dressmaker in this town.

"Two years ago I was just in your situation—I needed clothes and I needed money. There were only three of us, too—father, mother and myself—but the family income was pitifully small even for just three. After the rent was paid, and the butcher bill and the grocery bill and the doctor bill, there was very little left for clothes. Mother and I had worn our old things for so long that we hated to go anywhere—we were almost ashamed to be seen in public.

"Then one day I heard of an institute of domestic arts and sciences through which one can learn right at home, to make pretty, becoming clothes.

"I began wondering, just as you are wondering now, if I could learn dressmaking. For I had never done much sewing, and what I had done had all turned out so badly. But I now saw that the reason I had failed was because I had just stumbled along. No one had ever told me how to sew. I had just picked it up.

"But here was a school which would teach me in a few short months, the secrets of the dressmaker's art—how to make garments of every kind and in the very latest style for just the cost of materials. It sounded so reasonable that I determined to at least find out about it. So that night I clipped and mailed that coupon to the Woman's Institute, little dreaming that it was to change my entire life.

"TODAY I am not only able to make any kind of garment I may want for myself, but as you know I am the owner of Ye Little Gown Shop."

"But did you learn it all through the Woman's Institute?" I asked incredulously.

"Every bit of it. And it was ever so much easier than I expected. You see the course begins with simple stitches and seams, and proceeds by logical steps until you can design and make all kinds of becoming dresses, blouses,



lingerie, wraps, and even tailored suits and evening gowns."

"Can I learn right in my own home?" I asked.

"Easily! And in the little lost moments that mean nothing to you now. You see it makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you wish, and just whenever it is convenient.

"You will find," Miss Hill went on to say, "that hundreds of women right here in town are really anxious to find some one who can design and make clothes for them that are distinctive and becoming, and they are glad to pay you well for your services. Really good dressmakers are always in demand. And the work is so fascinating and interesting that you thoroughly enjoy it and at the same time have a splendid income. And in addition—"

MISS HILL was about to say more, but just then a customer came in and she begged to be excused. But I couldn't forget what she had told me. As a matter of fact, Miss Hill's words made such an impression on me that as soon as I got home I looked up the coupon I had seen so often, put it in an envelope and mailed it.

Well, in just a few days I got the full story of the Woman's Institute. Everything was just as Miss Hill said it was. So I enrolled.

I was surprised at my progress. Why, after only the third lesson I made the prettiest blouse for myself—then a dress for my little girl—and the cunningest coat for Junior. One of the finest things about the Institute's course is that there are no unnecessary preliminaries. You start right in to make actual garments for yourself and others. You learn by doing.

And the lessons are so clear and interesting. They are written in simple every-day language that a child could understand. And those wonderful pictures! As one fashion expert says, "You could almost learn dressmaking from the illustrations alone."

My progress was so rapid that I was sometimes surprised myself at what I was able to do. My husband just wouldn't believe at first that I was really making all of those pretty dresses cost. And when I told him how little they had ever been in his life. Oh, there's a world of difference in the price of things when you pay only for the materials!

Of all my dresses, I think a Harding blue voile and a simple, girlish checked gingham

were most admired. One woman—a neighbor—said the voile dress was the prettiest I she had seen all season and wanted me to make her a similar one. I did. And she was so delighted.

No wonder! The material cost \$4.50 and I charged her \$5 for making it—or a total of \$9.50. It couldn't have been duplicated in the stores for \$20 or \$25. And she was very much pleased with the way it fit her.

This dress was my best advertisement. First one neighbor came and then another. The minute I told them I had studied with the Woman's Institute they seemed sure that the work would be well done. In fact, they knew it would be well done, because they had seen the clothes I had made for myself and others.

SOON the work was coming in almost faster than I could handle it. So I engaged first one helper and then another to do the plain sewing.

Just the other day I added up my profits and I found that in the last three months I had earned \$271.20—or an average of \$20 a week.

Everything I make or design brings a good price and helps me get other customers because my clothes are distinctive. For the Institute has taught me the all-important secrets of distinctive dress—what colors, lines, and fabrics are most appropriate to different types of women—how to plan and create original effects—and how to develop style in a garment and put in those little touches that make it distinctively becoming.

Naturally, the money I have earned has meant a lot to our happiness. We have just moved into a larger house and I have fitted up two rooms in it as my workshop. I know that I am going to earn even more than \$20 a week soon.

WOULDN'T you, too, like to have prettier, more becoming clothes for yourself and your family for less than half what they now cost you? Wouldn't you like to have two or three times as many pretty dresses at no increased expense?

You can have them, for through the Woman's Institute of Domestic Arts and Sciences you can learn easily and quickly, right in your own home, to make them yourself at merely the cost of materials.

Send for Handsome 64-page Booklet

THE Woman's Institute is ready to help you, no matter where you live or what your circumstances or your needs. And it costs you absolutely nothing to find out what it can do for you. Just send a letter, post card or the convenient coupon below to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 88-D, Scranton, Penna., and you will receive, without obligation, the full story of this great school that is bringing to women and girls all over the world the happiness of having dainty, becoming clothes and hats, savings almost too good to be true, and the joy of being independent in a successful business.

TEAR OUT HERE

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 88-D, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked below:

- Home Dressmaking
- Millinery
- Professional Dressmaking
- Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Do not forget to say: "I saw your ad in FRANCISCAN HERALD"



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

A BAD EASTER EGG

INDEED it was, for those who tried to pick it. And it was Easter itself, or rather the date on which Easter was to be kept. This "bad egg" turned up for nearly 6 centuries in the Easter baskets, before the question was finally settled; and it made no end of bad feeling between some very good people. It was this way:

The Apostles, you know, substituted Sunday for the Jewish Sabbath, Saturday, because Our Lord rose from the dead on Sunday. You know, too, that the Jewish feast of the Passover, which Our Lord was celebrating with His apostles on the evening of His passion, comes at the same time as our Easter. Now the first Christians were, of course, Jews converted to the true faith; and, as custom is a very hard thing to change, they were allowed, in the beginning, to keep the new festival of Easter on the 14th day of March, as they had kept their old one of Passover. St. Peter, however, changed this custom when he became Bishop of Rome. He ordained that the Sunday following the 14th should always be kept as Easter, because the 14th did not always fall on Sunday, and because Sunday was the day of the Resurrection. This order was not enforced strictly everywhere, notwithstanding; the churches of Asia clung to the old date, as they had been taught by St. John, their apostle, before St. Peter made the change. About the

years 150 or 160, an attempt was made to get the two dates made the same; but with no result. Twenty-five years later, the question again arose, and proved quite a serious matter. Two Easters were, to say

anything more about it. Pope Victor did say more about it, though; he threatened to excommunicate its followers if they would not obey.

A number of good bishops begged him not to go so far, and finally the sky grew a bit brighter; the contrary Eastern Christians thought better of the matter, and consented to obey as they ought to have done at first.

It was 400 years later that the same old egg rolled out of the Easter basket. This time, it happened through the handling of some pious good monks who came into Gaul (France) from the north of Europe. They had lived at such a distance from Rome that they still followed the original custom of keeping Easter. You must remember that those days were not like these for getting news; a man might spend his lifetime in an out-of-the-way country or place and learn almost nothing of what was going on in other lands. These good monks had always been keeping Easter in a certain way; and when they travelled into Gaul and found a different custom, they didn't see why they should change theirs, which they thought even better. There was another little quarrel, because the clergy of Gaul believed in the saying we use now—"When you're in Rome, do as the Romans do." So a flutter ran all about. But it didn't amount to anything, and there was harmony again.

Now wouldn't you think the ques-

"APRIL FOOL"

"Chirp!" calls naughty Sparrow, cocking
His small head and gleeful rocking
On the bough where swift come flocking
Other sparrows trustfully.

"Give us some—what is it, tell us?
NOTHING?—you just meant to sell us!"
Sparrow laughs: "Now don't be jealous—
Oh, what April Fools you be!"

"Come up quick," sly Blossom whispers
To the buds in earth, her sisters.
"Feel the sun—so warm, it blisters!
Hurry, share its rays with me."

"Here we come," the buds excited
Answer, and push up delighted
All too soon—their petals blighted,
"Oh, what April Fools were we."

"What a world this is, deceiving!
It's no use to keep believing
Things turn out all right, and leaving
Care at bottom of the sea.

What's the good of pluck and laughter?
Trouble's sure to follow after."
Moaned a sad heart. Life just chaffed her—
"Wait awhile and you will see
What an April Fool you be!"

the least, very confusing. So Pope Victor I determined to put things straight. Would you believe it? The difference of custom, seemingly so little a thing, began to make a real scandal. The Eastern Church flatly refused to obey the Pope when he said there must be but one Easter for the future throughout the Church. It acknowledged him as its head, indeed, but its Easter should not be changed—it was no use to

tion was settled for good and all by this time? Not a bit of it. It was only asleep, and woke up again 150 years after, in Britain (England). The missionaries who had converted that country were also accustomed to the old usage and ignorant of any trouble concerning it. St. Wilfrid, a holy bishop of the time, who had been to Rome, tried to put them right on the point; but unsuccessfully. At last, a great meeting was called and an earnest talk held upon the subject. The side that held for the Jewish date of Easter, under Bishop Colman, said that their custom was handed down from the times of Our Lord Himself. The other side, St. Peter's advocates, under Wilfrid, contended that Pope Victor had altered the date for all time; that he had a right to do so, being the successor of St. Peter; and that all good Christians should do as Rome did. Had not Our Lord said to Peter: "Thou art Peter, and upon this Rock will I build my Church?"

Present at the meeting was Oswio, King of Northumbria, then one of

the seven kingdoms of Britain. He suddenly spoke up:

"Is it true that Jesus Christ spoke thus to Peter?" he asked Colman.

"Yes, O King," answered Colman.

"Did any other receive like power from Him?"

"Not any, O King."

"You both agree, O Colman and Wilfrid, that Christ gave to Peter and his successors the keys of the kingdom of Heaven?"

"Yes, O King," they replied.

"Then I declare to you," said Oswio, "that I, for one, will not oppose this keeper of the gates of Heaven, lest when I stand there none will open to me if he, who holds the keys, may be unfavorable."

Oswio was in dead earnest and his speech made others think. From that time on, the Roman ordinance was the law in Britain and in the whole world.

Is it not hard to realize that good men on both sides should make so much ado about the keeping of such a glorious feast, the most glorious one in the whole calendar? I think Oswio made the best showing of all

and ought to have had a splendid Easter egg for the bad one he was instrumental in getting thrown away.

PALMS AND CABBAGES

There doesn't seem to be much connection at first sight. There's but one thing you can do with cabbages; as for palms, you can furnish your house with them, thatch your roof, if that's the kind of roof you want, make yourself canes, fans, baskets, umbrellas, thread, almost anything out of some part of them. You can use their leaves for writing paper, or strew them before hero and conqueror in admiration and praise, or put them in the martyr's hand as symbol of his triumph of valor and faith. You can draw from them sugar and oil and fruit and—soap. You can get nuts from them that are so pretty they can be, and are, worn for necklaces. You can put their fibre in your clothing. There is scarcely anything you can't get out of them for the asking. One thing more. You can stand and gaze at them rising in magnificent

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strength and beauty before your wondering eyes, palms of all varieties, of every part of the world, and realize how little and yet how big *you* are compared to them in the order of creation.

Let us talk this month about one of these varieties. Its name is really ridiculous after all the fine things we have been saying, but it stands for a very good thing in its way—the Cabbage Palm. This is a native of the West Indies, growing from 170 to 200 feet high. Its stem alone measures about 7 feet across. It bears a large bud at its very top, inclosed in thin white flaky leaves. This has the flavor of an almond, only sweeter, and it is boiled and eaten with meat. Think of the indignity—our splendid Palm reduced to the level of "a boiled dinner!" This bud is considered a great delicacy and with reason. Its removal kills the tree, a tree which is held to be a youngster at the age of 100. If the bud is left undisturbed, the tree will live and flourish after generations of men and women and Young Folk have vanished from the face of the earth.

The Palmetto of our own Southern States is a small edition of its West Indian neighbor. Instead of a bud at the summit, which is much lower (the tree is only about 40 or 50 feet high) there are a few inches of soft white stuff inside the stem at a certain part, resembling cabbage and tasting very much like it. This is eaten with oil and vinegar, but it is nothing like or as good as the "cabbage" of its big brother. The same result follows its extraction. A botanist, very sore on the subject, says: "The removal of the fruit kills a tree which may have been a century in growing." It speaks for itself that not many people get a taste of palm cabbage, after all.

This palmetto of ours used to be very valuable in the days when wooden forts were built, before the days of monster guns and cannon. Its wood had the peculiarity of closing at once, without a split, when a ball tore through it, so that the fort was little harmed in the end.

I am sure the next time you have cabbage on the dinner table you won't be in a hurry, but will stop

long enough to find out whether you are eating just ordinary garden cabbage or a whole splendid tree.

HOW A MONGREL CUR HELD UP AN OCEAN STEAMER

A brown cur, a plain ordinary brown cur, as plain and ordinary as a cur can be, did something one day this summer, says the New York World, that not ninety-nine out of a hundred of his human masters could have accomplished—he held up a big ocean liner, ready to sail for Italy, laden with passengers and freight. He had no influence, no "pull," no apparent way of getting around a disagreeable Italian law that insists on a canine coming from a foreign country being put in quarantine for a number of days, lest the dogs of Italy contract some foreign dog-disease. Only a health permit could gain Willie prompt entrance; but of this Willie knew nothing, nor had he the slightest prospect of procuring one if he had known. A shut-up of two weeks or so might perhaps have broken his heart—it certainly would have broken those of his joint owners, Georgie and Francesca Antonelli, aged, respectively, five and three years of age. They were about to sail for Italy with their father, mother and three brothers and sisters, and not all the beauty and charm of that far-famed land would have been anything to them if Willie were left behind. So down the pier trotted Willie, the Antonelli clan having no doubts of his welcome on the *Argentina*. When they found out the true state of the case there was dismay. Box poor Willie up with animals and freight, while Georgie and Francesca scampered at large outside? Leave him all by himself for days and days when the other side was reached? It was not to be thought of!

But the frantic representations of the family were of no avail. If Willie went to Italy, Willie must go on the Italian Government's terms, and not theirs. So it was decided to leave Willie with a kind neighbor who had come to see them off. Then the trouble began. Georgie and Francesca immediately started to weep; then they wept more and more; then they rent the air with such unholy

howls that a crowd speedily collected, the officers and crew of the *Argentina* among the number, fearful that some terrible accident had happened. Finally Superintendent Backman of the Line was attracted to the spot. He shook his head very firmly at first, but the appeals of the sympathizing spectators and the loud sorrowing of Willie's little slaves at last won the day. Off he went to hunt up the Italian Royal Commissioner, who was sailing likewise on the *Argentina*, and gravely laid the case before him. Then and there a health permit was made out by the Commissioner's own hand for "item—one brown dog, of the name of William Cur," and in short order William Cur was tumbled up the gangway between his rejoicing owners, one holding him by a string round his neck, the other, not to be outdone, by one around his tail.

In consequence of these proceedings, the *Argentina* departed behind time; a loser in this respect, to be sure, but a gainer beyond question in the overwhelming delight of two small bits of humanity and a brown cur.

Well, anyway, we know they two won't quarrel over the honor of who was the real discoverer where they are now!

A "CAT STOP" IN THE ORGAN

In a little town of Maryland recently, while a funeral service was being held in a church, the pet cat of a family in the place strolled, in the way cats have of strolling, up into the organ loft. Miss Pussy was so struck with what she saw, that she determined to see even more; so up the side of the big box she went lightly, unseen by the organist or members of the choir. When she reached the top, however, she very unexpectedly lost her footing, and down she went right into the middle of pipes and bellows and all that general disorder that makes the inside of an organ resemble nothing more than a carpenter shop struck by lightning. Pussy, not realizing, evidently, how much easier it was to get in trouble than to get out, as is often the case in this queer world of ours, made no sound, but settled down to either an enjoyment of the music floating about her or to a quiet nap. Whatever her

Letters From a Sister to a Sister

(Being a private correspondence of interest to the public)

motive, there she stayed, without the faintest me-ow to tell her whereabouts, and after awhile the church was left empty and silent, and Pussy all by her lonesome. Oh, poor Pussy! For five days did she stay in that awful organ, for as the church was a Lutheran one and opened only on Sunday, nobody came in and nobody heard her piteous cries for help.

In the meantime, the people who belonged to her were in great distress, hunting her high and low and offering for her recovery a reward which set every small boy in the town ecstatically dreaming. All to no avail. Finally, something or somebody suggested to Mr. Cookerly, her master, to go to the church, remembering it had been open earlier in the week, and what vagabonds pussies in general were. So he went in, taking with him his dog, a great chum of Pussy's, who had shown evident signs of worry at her disappearance. In vain, Mr. Cookerly called and hunted—no Pussy responded or gladdened his sight. Too weak and spent to answer his call, she lay an inert mass at the bottom of the great pipes. As he turned discouraged to leave the building, there was a sudden explosion of short sharp barks, and his dog, who had been conducting a quiet investigation of his own all around the church, bounded down the choir stairs, and seizing him by the coat, pulled at it with all his might, as if begging him to come with him. His master lost no time in following him, up the steps this time again, although he had previously searched the gallery. But Prince had a gift that no man possesses—his unerring sense of scent had led him right to the spot where behind oaken walls his poor little pal was slowly dying. It wasn't long before Pussy saw the outside world again, although so thin and light was she that her compassionate friend was almost afraid to lift her.

I am happy to say that Puss is herself again at present writing. I imagine, however, she doesn't think much of organs any more, though she certainly must of dogs.

Dear Sister:

There is no excuse, really, for neglecting to write, but I just hate to tell the same old story of being hard up and overworked and miserable generally. George is still out of work, but I have turned my eyes for sewing to account and am doing quite a lot of plain things. If I only knew how to sew really well, so I could do the finest work for the best people, I'd have all I could do.

There's a terrible howling among the children, so I must stop and investigate lest disaster follow. Tell mother not to worry about us.

Your loving sister, JANICE.

May 2

P. S.—Bob was trying to teach his small sister to swim in the bath tub. No fatalities, except to the ceiling below!

Sis dear:

It was lovely of you to bear my needs in mind and to send the encouraging advertisement. I'm not awfully keen on this educate-yourself-when-it's-too-late stuff, but I figure it will do no harm to have the free sample lesson and find out what they have to offer, anyway. Goodness knows, what I lack in dressmaking knowledge would make a book or two, but I'm afraid my ignorance is too dense to be overcome by any correspondence course. However, I'll let you know how it stacks up. Maybe I'll design your trousseau for you yet, but I have my doubts! Thanks just the same from

Your discouraged sister, JANICE.

May 10

You blessed sister:

You have been neglected, but didn't it occur to you that you had led me up into the heights and given me a look at the promised land? Or that I might be so busy with my peeps in to the fabled country of Success that I had no time to write to mere mortals?

To go back into history a month, the Franklin Institute sent the sample lesson, and I just can't tell you how I felt about it. I'd been so hopeless concerning it, and yet it seemed to take me by the hand and say, "Come on, fool! one, just climb these stairs, one by one, and you'll soon come out into the sunshine." Anyway, the urge was strong enough that I sent for the course, and I must confess that I've been so busy and so interested that I've hardly remembered I had any relations who might like to hear from me. No, I have NOT neglected the kiddies, Nor George. Nor the house. And yet most days I have three or four hours in which to work at my beloved lessons, and I'm applying them, as fast as they arrive, to the work I'm doing for others, and you'd never believe how they help. It's one thing to "make a stagger" at something and hope for "luck." But it is something very different—and oh, so much more satisfactory!—to take a piece of goods and cut into it with knowledge and skill and KNOW that it will be a thing of beauty when it is done. And that is what the Franklin Institute lessons are doing for me already. I'm happy and I'm enthusiastic and I'm making money! In a little while I'll be saying, "Where's that trousseau?"

The kiddies are into mischief, as usual, so it's mother to the rescue. Love and gratitude to you all.

Your (enthused) sister, JANICE.

June 16

A busy lady like me has no time to write letters, but I must get in a word on the great theme, "Dressmaking as an ART and ME as an ARTIST"—note the capitals!

I wonder if it ever occurred to you that making clothes for a skinny little flapper was one thing and that "creating" something for a middle-aged forty-four bust was something else again? In my previous incarnation—of a month or so ago—I would not have dared to undertake anything so appalling, but the other day when a large lady with ambitions about "peeps" swam into the sea of my activities, I just leaned on the Franklin Institute patterns and followed the Franklin Institute directions, and first thing I knew I had a perfect-fitting model lining adjusted to her figure, and after that that was no trick at all to cut into her eight-dollar yard!

I won't say I didn't worry about it a little—I did, for this was my first big gown and my first expensive material, and I kept saying to myself that if I got it finished without murder on either side I'd never undertake another like it. And so, when she tried on the finished garment—any say, folks, it did look good, all embroidered, to everything—and asked for her bill, my personal devil sat up and whispered, "Make it so high she won't come back!" and I said, "Twenty-five dollars, please," feeling like an awful oppressor of the idle rich. And she just said, "Why, that's very reasonable. I'd expected it to be thirty-five, at least." And you beat that? And she is coming back for more, and I'm not scared a bit! With the Franklin Institute sending me lessons and patterns, I'll just "eat it up." Right now I'm charging a dollar for every hour I work and I'm giving full value at that. With love as always, from

Your (business) sister, JANICE.

July 14

Dear folks: Just a note to tell you all is well with us. There certainly was a mad rush for clothes around the Fourth, and it required all my new-found efficiency to keep cool (joke!) and get through all I had promised. Do you remember how proud I was last summer, because I made seventy-five dollars in four months? And in the last two I have made eighty-five and have been a good wife and mother, besides!

And out at the wedding, it did look good, all embroidered, to everything—and asked for her bill, my personal devil sat up and whispered, "Make it so high she won't come back!" and I said, "Twenty-five dollars, please," feeling like an awful oppressor of the idle rich. And she just said, "Why, that's very reasonable. I'd expected it to be thirty-five, at least." And you beat that? And she is coming back for more, and I'm not scared a bit! With the Franklin Institute sending me lessons and patterns, I'll just "eat it up." Right now I'm charging a dollar for every hour I work and I'm giving full value at that. With love as always, from

Your loving (and plutocratic) sister, JANICE.

Dear reader:

Janice and her sister are but typical of the thousands of women and girls (perhaps some of you) who have sent for the sample lessons and are now, through the fascinating Franklin Institute system, able to design and make dresses, evening gowns, waists, skirts, lingerie, wraps, tailored coats and suits or millinery and at about one-third of the retail selling prices.

Fill out and mail the following coupon, follow instructions, and 10 weeks from now you can wear your own designed and made dress or suit and it will have cost you so little that you will be greatly surprised.

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THE undersigned owns a cottage at the seashore (Wildwood, New Jersey) and would like to hear from some Catholic lady who wishes to remain permanently. The cottage is close to the local Catholic Church and the climate of Wildwood is most healthful. The undersigned can give both Religious and Secular references, and would be pleased to hear from some Catholic lady. Very special rates would be granted to anyone staying by the year. Having been a companion-nurse, the undersigned could care for a semi-invalid.

Miss McDowell

11 0 W. Juniper Ave., Wildwood, New Jersey

THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:

I read the story Nellie Martin wrote, and think I can answer the question at the end of the story. The "Fisherman's Ring" is a gold ring with an amethyst in it. Whenever a Pope dies, the news of his death is not announced to the world until the "Fisherman's Ring" is broken. That is what it means.

MARGERY EVANS,

Spokane, Wis.

P. S. I also send you a story.

Dear Letter Box:

It is a pity if you are so hungry and have to wait for food. I think Nellie Martin gave you a very good dinner. Her story was very good. She's a lucky girl to have traveled already, because I suppose she is a young girl, isn't she? I would like to have her chances. Can't you get her to send you some puzzles, too? But you mustn't eat them up; give them to us instead. I agree with our Editor, Elizabeth Rose, about the puzzles. There are too many jumbled letters—everybody seems struck on them. Why don't they try other forms? Try, Young Folks. I will do all I can, for I sure like puzzles. Maybe you'll throw me out, Letter Box, for finding fault, so I will stop. Yours,

CLEMENT LANE,

Baltimore, Md.

Dear Letter Box:

While reading the February issue of the Franciscan Herald, I took a great interest in the Fireside Talks and Tales. I am only 12 years old and attend St. Francis' Academy. I am very interested in writing letters, compositions, etc. Would you please give me an idea what subject you would prefer me to write on? I am yours truly,

DOROTHY GOETZINGER,

Dyersville, Iowa.

Dear Letter Box:

I am sorry you are so hungry, I would like to fill you, but I don't know just what to send you that you like. Take this little bit of a letter for a biscuit, will you, and write

while, maybe I can send you some cake.

BILLY MORTON,
Washington, D. C.

My First Dose of Salt Water.

A great excitement came to me in my first trip to Richmond Beach. I did not know how to swim very well, but I waded. I got out in water about up to my neck, and the next step I was in only up to my knees. As I was wondering over this strange thing, suddenly I felt something go from under my feet. Down I went, my mouth wide open. I came up in a little while, my throat full of salt water. I did not go there again for awhile, but I soon got tired wading about and went out to investigate. I found that a big pile of sand had been washed up, and it collapsed with my weight on it.

This is the story of my first dose of salt water.

MARGERY EVANS.

The Letter Box Says:

Margery, you deserve praise for writing so promptly and telling us about the "Fisherman's Ring." You haven't all of it just right, but nearly so, and you are the first of our Young Folks to respond. That is a feather in your cap. You had an odd adventure. The sand pile got the worst of it, though, didn't it?

Clement, keep at other things as steadily as you do at your puzzles, and some day you'll get your chance at traveling. I have no doubt.

Dorothy, there are lots of things you can write about—your school, the studies you like best, any funny little things that may happen either to yourself or your companions. If you keep your eyes open, you will find "the bit of fun" sticking out everywhere.

Well, Billy Morton, your letter certainly made me feel good, it was so thoughtful and kind. See how quickly I ate your biscuit up, and now I want more—don't forget that cake.

Elizabeth Rose says it is time to lock me up, so goodbye till next month.

You see, I too, must take my "knocks."

With best of love, your

LETTER BOX.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Jumbled Cities

- 1—Tsgaua
- 2—Bnyala
- 3—Cafsrnasonic
- 4—Vahnasna
- 5—Nelrib
- 6—Hugrbriden
- 7—Rasip
- 8—Dnlonoo
- 9—Tralenom
- 10—Wocmos

—Edith Tinsley, New York City.

What's My Name?

I am a month of the year.

Look close at me and see appear:

- 1—A comrade close and always kind;
- 2—An opening that was ne'er designed;
- 3—A part of every creature's face;
- 4—Term that is used in every race;
- 5—One to whom truth is but a jest;
- 6—Equality with all the rest;
- 7—A summons sharp and short and quick;
- 8—Alas for you, this makes you sick;
- 9—That which you cannot live without;
- 10—Double is this, without a doubt;
- 11—Something o'er which an engine snorts;
- 12—And that which holds you pints and quarts.

Now if you have not found my name, I'm sure it's greatly to your shame.

—Harry Lane, Atlanta, Ga.

Girls' Names

- 1—Anscarfici
- 2—Sansaatai
- 3—Ceatani
- 4—Ashslcotaci
- 5—Anaemnterie
- 6—Lalesig

—E. Kovalchik, Ashley, Pa.

Beheadings

- 1—Behead a tiny flame and leave a place of amusement.
- 2—Listens and leave part of the head.
- 3—Above and leave the upper part of a barn.

4—The tolling of a bell and leave a girl's nickname.

5—Each and leave an adverb.

6—Scanty and leave to remove the rind.

7—Mischievous trick and leave station in life.

8—An important happening and leave small opening.

9—Declares and leave a solemn promise.

10—A wanderer and leave across.

11—Happy and leave tardy.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous man born in April, many years ago.

—Katherine Murphy, Baltimore, Md.

ANSWERS TO MARCH PUZZLES

Jumbled Countries

- 1—America
- 2—Ireland
- 3—Mexico
- 4—Germany
- 5—Afghanistan
- 6—Austria
- 7—Bulgaria
- 8—Russia
- 9—Italy
- 10—Scotland

Cities That Are Something Else

- 1—Columbus
- 2—St. Louis
- 3—Africa
- 4—(auto)Mobile
- 5—Montgomery

What Bird Am I?

- 1—Pig
- 2—Pie
- 3—Pen
- 4—No
- 5—Pin
- 6—Pone
- 7—Gone

PIGEON.

A Letter Too Much

- 1—Ro(s)e
- 2—(S)wallow
- 3—(S)hip
- 4—(S)tar
- 5—We(s)t
- 6—(S)pain
- 7—(S) park
- 8—Fea(s)t

The letter S.

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Miscellaneous

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

"CATHOLIC Poets in America" is the title of an editorial in a Catholic weekly paper which aims to encourage better poetry by Catholic writers. The editor quotes Byron's verses to show that "there is no lack of amateurish attempts to whip plain thoughts into plainer verse. . . . Once in a while an editor is so fortunate as to receive a bit of real poetry; like finding a valuable casket amid the flotsam and jetsam of a vast wreckage—and while deploring that commercial pursuits stifled even the spark of real poetic fire, he advocates definite patronage of embryo poets.

The line of encouragement in such editorial is evidently that of exciting opposition and drawing forth contradiction. For example, Torquato Tasso enjoyed the most liberal and adequate patronage, and he was one of the immortal Catholic bards of Italy. Yet are not many of our minor Catholic poets (or verse writers) a greater national and religious asset than was Tasso, who wrote his best verse while in an insane asylum and who, turning from the avenue of such service as a poet may give to religion, set himself to serve the fancies of a corrupt court which proved his ruin? Yet the editor's criticism is wholesome because it stimulates a searching out of claims for present Catholic poets; because it moves readers, who know nothing of what even the "minors" attempt to examine and perhaps to defend. It argues, moreover, a high standard and a nice discrimination on the part of the editor, who would bring back the age of Dante and his compeers to our present world. We know, however, that such excellence is not attained

except through equally high suffering, unceasing sacrifice and accompanying degradation on the part of at least a portion of the world. Having had the degradation in some parts even in this hour, perhaps it is thus we are entitled to hear a modern Dante's voice. But listen to this sonnet by one who claims for his verse only minor excellence,—as if in answer to our critic sings Rev. Dr. Hugh F. Blunt:

To A Minor Poet

There are no Miltons now to thrill
the soul;
So sneer the mighty critics as they
tear
To threads the "versifiers" that
would dare
Indite their thoughts upon the
parchment scroll.
Parchment, forsooth, for petty
rhymes; how droll!
Ye minor poets, see the dust-shelves,
where
Are countless books forgotten, and
beware
Of seeking fame while Milton voices
roll.

Did ever poet sing for thought of
fame?
There were no Milton had young
Milton sealed
His lips because a Shakespeare
once had sung;
So let not pride thy lips to silence
shame.
God signed thee prophet; shalt no
message yield
Because He gave thee Osee's, not
Isaiah's tongue?

Chicago readers easily remember the name of Charles J. O'Malley, once editor of *The New World*, who invariably used his editorial posi-

tion to discover and train new poets. His method was the most glowing appreciation of the first timid lines of song or of meditation, as a parent encourages an infant to walk. His genius flamed in forms of appreciative criticism of such efforts, and his success was notable in calling out new poets and authors. The best of his own fine poems were his kindly deeds of faith and hope which went to the making of new writers. It was the soul of the poet he searched for rather than the form of expression, since high excellence of form without the gold of sincerity were worthless. If Catholic poetry gains its own place in this century, this dead poet's hand is largely in its attainment.

To speak again of biography. Two books came recently to the reviewer's hands, illustrating a certain contrast in viewpoint. These were *The Life of St. John Berchmans* by Rev. James J. Daly, S. J., and *The Story of The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln* by J. Rogers Gore. Americans love Abraham Lincoln. The ravages of super-education and alien culture have not yet emboldened any native American to speak in disparagement of the martyred president of the Republic. Where Washington has been belittled and obscured in the "new" American histories, Lincoln has been left upon his pedestal. Yet none of us have called Abraham Lincoln saint. Perhaps it has never occurred to us that as a hidden saint he may appear in eternity among the Blessed upon whose names we call. We may say of Lincoln, as of Washington, and as first of John Brown, "His soul is marching on," he still lives, an immortal memory. Yet, if we search, we shall see that we rank

him closely among ourselves; we note his human quality; and we thrill to see human nature rising, in the supreme hour, to revelation of the divine. The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, as the manhood that we know, reveals the same predestined, wholesome human nature which history and tradition have made us love. But read the life of St. John Berchmans. Few there are who will find him kindred to themselves. His goodness was of another sphere. Despite the natural treatment of his present biographer, he does not fall within Lincoln's class in the minds of readers. He is the "saint proper," the saint we are accustomed to place upon an altar. Our sons, our brothers might imitate and follow Abraham Lincoln, to martyrdom for duty. And might our sons and brothers also follow the Saint of the Common-place, the Saint of Innocence in his simple routine of duty, and his peaceful and ordinary ending!

A half-way mark between saint and sinner, then,—is the popular view of Washington and Lincoln. Heroes of the natural rather than of the supernatural order? Little we know of their soul's relation with God.

The appearance of this new and worthy story, The Boyhood of Abraham Lincoln, may move us to meditate upon the eternal life of our national heroes; and, as we call more often upon their memory while assaults upon our Republic increase in subtlety, the bulwark which their memory and achievement offers in defense will reflect perhaps some wholesome idea of their celestial position.

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SISTER SUPERIOR

THE PASSING OF WINTER

By E. BROOKS PERRY

*The wood is sear,
The fires burn clear,
Jack Frost is here
And biting the heel
Of the going year.*

ONE bleak November morning, old Jack Frost awoke from slumber, yawned dreamily, rubbed his eyes, peered around, and then, quite bewildered, soliloquized: "Dear me! How tired I am of sleeping! I wonder what the earth has been doing all this while. Ha! ha!" boastfully, "I must let it feel my power again."

Power, indeed! What power could he possess—the haggard old fellow, whose hair on chin and crown were covered with a silvery rime, and who, wildly gesticulating with his skinny arms, vowed to make the breezes cold and killing. What power could he possess!

Out he strode into wood and wold—and lo! the grass and leaves turned crimson at his touch. On, on he went, exultant, shaking on hill and dale the silvery pellicle from his hair—on, on he went, triumphant, fettering the laughing brooklet and hushing its merry song, teasing the peaceful flocks and driving them home to shelter. The mornings, dull and gray, wore on into sunless noons; chill and cheerless, the evenings made way for cold and starless nights.

Jack Frost was as jolly as a sand-boy. A malicious smile played on his thin and bloodless lips. Here they come, his boon companions—howling North Wind and scowling Storm Cloud. How friendly the greetings they exchanged! Yes, they must be up and doing. What a rollicking time they will have! Clapping hands, through the wood they sped and with shrieks of laughter they shook the trees and snapped

off branches. Into fields and gardens they stole and trampled the flowers in the dust. When they met a pedestrian in his winter habiliments, they boxed his ears till they were red or threw his hat into the street. Even the shivering, homeless beggar they made the target of unruly sport. And the children on the mill-pond and snow-covered hillside—how rudely Jack Frost and his partners would pinch their cheeks and tweak their noses until they almost cried.

All through the bleak and blustering winter, Jack Frost, North Wind, and Storm Cloud had a glorious time. Then of a sudden, one day in March, when the sun was shining warm and the air was bright, their reign of vandalism came to an end. The roguish and boisterous trio stopped short, pulled long faces, and sulkily slunk away. For lo! from the balmy southland, heralded by rich-plumed song-birds, Spring appeared, gently smiling. Joy was writ on her placid brow and words of cheer fell from her rosy lips. Gaily she tripped along, flourishing her magic wand; and wherever her mantle touched the earth, a bright, fresh, green and beautiful flower sprang up. In garden and field and pasture she reigns once more, the bounteous queen; and

Now rings the woodland loud
and long,

The distance makes a lovelier
hue;

And drowned in yonder living
blue,

The lark becomes a sightless
song.

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Chicago, Ill., March 10, 1922.

Special Service Bureau,
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Dear Sir:

The daily papers lately are filled with accounts of robberies throughout the country. Only a few days ago we read that even priests and ministers were attacked and robbed of their money and of bonds. This has caused me great worry. To put my hard earned money in a savings bank would bring me only 3% interest. Could you suggest a safe and practical method of investing my money? I would be greatly obliged to you for any information you may be able to give.

Very truly yours,
M. L. H.

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New York, N. Y., March 8, 1922.

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Chicago, Illinois.

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I am desirous of taking a course in nursing (male). But am unable to locate a training school for such.

Any information concerning a training school, as to address, furnished by you, will be greatly appreciated by me.

Very respectfully yours,
W. B.

345 — St., New York, N. Y.

After a number of investigations we are unable to give any information to this party. We are printing the letter in the hope that someone knowing of such a training school may see it and supply us with the information.

Special Service Bureau,
Attention of Mr. J. H. Meier
1438 W. 51st St. Chicago, Ill.

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The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of **Franciscan Herald** and friends of our missions: **Our Father**: Peter Fatz Kuebeln, O. F. M.; **Quincy**, Ill.—Bro. Isidore Tretter, O. F. M.; **St. Louis, Mo.**—Sr. M. Bernadette Forbes; **Ellen K. Forbes**; **Thomas Forbes**; **Deceased members of the Kennedy, Ford and Breslin families**; **Bro. Ignace Nestle**; **Mary Fuze**; **Thomas Lamb**; **Dora Nonss**; **Mrs. Herold**; **Washington, Mo.**—**Johanna Manhart**; **Peter A. Brinker**; **Elizita Schlarmer**; **Louis Giles**; **Davenport, Ia.**—**Mrs. Mulyer**; **Ohio**—**Bro. K. E. K. Justina Diebolt**; **St. Paul, Minn.**—**Charles Jack**, **Thomas Mitchell**; **Bridget, Charles, Thomas, Mary, James and William Chaney**; **Seattle, Wash.**—**J. Boyle**; **Boring, Ore.**—**Charles McQuerry**; **San Francisco, Calif.**—**Mrs. Kerr**; **John Prendergast**; **Los Angeles, Calif.**—**Margaret Corbett**; **Omaha, Neb.**—**Christina Grieb**; **Jameville, Wis.**—**Valentine Bier**; **Greer, Wis.**—**Louis Parr**; **Milwaukee, Wis.**—**Mrs. L. E. Andrus**; **Anthony Jevadi**; **Wauwatosa, Wis.**—**Ida Windhauser**; **New Orleans, La.**—**Mrs. P. C. Tammmer**; **Madison, Wis.**—**John G. Burbur**; **Deek**; **Many Jander**; **Detroit, Mich.**—**Mary Woryalla**; **Alice Mager**; **Mrs. A. Weber**; **Earl Park, Mich.**—**Thomas Schluttenhofer**; **Cleveland, Ohio**—**Mr. Malone**; **Edward Holden**; **Mr. Kinsella**; **Akron, Ohio**—**Mr. Roussert**; **Thomas J. Martin**; **Grand Rapids, Mich.**—**Bridget Conway**; **Port Washington, Wis.**—**John A. Hous**; **Wheeling, W. Va.**—**Josephine M. Hoelscher**; **Newry, Pa.**—**Anna McMaster**; **Philadelphia, Pa.**—**Joseph Reppert**; **Scranton, Pa.**—**Michael, Agnes, Nathan and Anna Narikas**; **W Philadelphia, Pa.**—**Mr. Brady**; **Washington, Ind.**—**Martin and Ella Cahill**; **Portland, Me.**—**J. Godfrey**; **Trenton, N. J.**—**John Cannon**; **Auburn, N. Y.**—**Mr. Elger**; **Utica, N. Y.**—**Mrs. B. Cardiff**; **Amesbury, N. Y.**—**Mrs. J. J. McCarthy**; **Brock, N. Y.**—**Mrs. M. J. G. G. G.**; **Nantucket, Mass.**—**Joseph L. Sylvia**; **Dorchester, Mass.**—**Mr. Hayes**; **Terryville, Conn.**—**Mrs. Timothy O'Brien**; **Brooklyn, N. Y.**—**Head of the family**; **Healy**; **Anna Koegler**; **Charles Kitt**; **Catherine Bros**; **Mrs. M. Motz**; **Mrs. N. Gauer**; **P. J. Hogan**; **Bridget Morrissey**; **Joseph Gitter**; **Warren Calkin**.

LET US PRAY—Let the souls suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast released with Thy Precious Blood.

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

- For vocations to the religious state (25).
- For candidates to the Franciscan Order.
- For the cure of an invalid soldier (5).
- For the cure of a gouty trouble (5).
- For the cure of a crippled child.
- For the cure of a sore limb (10).
- For better health (15).
- For a safe delivery (5).
- For the conversion of relatives and friends (30).
- For the conversion of a drunkard (10).
- For the recovery of the drink habit (10).
- For success for a boy in the navy.
- For success at work (10).
- For success in an operation.
- For the cure of a toothache (5).
- For success in temporal affairs (15).
- For success in spiritual affairs.
- For success in an investment (5).
- For the successful outcome of a trial.
- For suitable employment (20).
- For a better position (15).
- For good students.
- For a good home (5).
- For the profitable sale of property (3).
- For reconciliation in a family (6).
- For the grace of perseverance (10).
- For success in a charitable work (10).
- For the recovery of lost memory.
- For a happy death (10).
- For strength to follow a religious vocation (2).
- For the prevention of an unhappy engagement (5).
- For understanding to the Sacred Heart.
- For special intentions (40).
- For the poor souls in purgatory.
- For the spread of the Third Order.
- For our Holy Father, Pius XI.
- In Thanksgiving for favors received (25).

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them more than they desire, that such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord Amen.

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ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We are concluding herewith the list begun in the February issue of the kind benefactors who so generously remembered our poor Indian Missions during the Holy Season.

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(Continued from page 174)

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(Continued from page 161)

their evil moods, but by their use we duplicate and triplicate ourselves. Therefore it is with deep regret that I am now forced to give mine up. I have made appeals from New York to San Francisco—but I cannot gather the wherewithal. Next month I go back to old Dobbin.

Here's a missionary who once had an automobile. He hasn't any now. He needs one. You needn't give it all—but what part of it will you give? Will you furnish a pair of good rubber "shoes?" Or a few gallons of gasoline? Or some cement and rubber patches? Or a pair of hubs? Or a motor? He doesn't suggest a lunch-kit—and besides, I don't think the missionaries "eat"; they just strike a house or a cabin where they get "food." But the lunch-kit or a few cents to keep hot coffee in the vacuum bottle—well, if you were a missionary and had this sort of work to do, what would you like? There's the answer.

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Franciscan News

Italy.—Though not yet fifty years have elapsed since the founding of their Congregation, the Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are already 4,000 in number, distributed over 120 missionary establishments. The heroic zeal and indomitable energy of these daughters of St. Francis is reaping untold fruits in the missions of India, Africa, Japan, Ceylon, Mozambique, Madeira, and Zululand. In these, they have charge of, and spend the best years of their lives in, hospitals and dispensaries, leper houses, orphanages, and founding homes, in workshops and schools. Two members of the Congregation are now on the list for eventual beatification; namely, its foundress, Ven. Sr. Mary of the Passion; and Ven. Sr. Anna Maria Antigo.

Spain.—The Spanish-American Royal Academy of Arts and Sciences, with headquarters in Cadiz, Spain, has named a Franciscan, Fr. Gregory Lopez de Vicuna, its special correspondent. The learned friar made many valuable contributions to the history of Spain.

Morocco, Africa.—The French Franciscans, engaged in missionary work in Morocco, have now supplied a long-felt want by launching the publication of a monthly review of Catholic activity in those regions of northern Africa. It is to be known as "Le Maroc Catholique" (Catholic Morocco).

The Congo, Africa.—It was among the warlike and indomitable Nbandi tribe in 1911, that the Capuchin Friars began missionary labors on the Congo, in Africa. From their four headquarters at Banzville, Abumombazi, Molegbe, and Libenge, the zealous friars penetrated into the wild regions. Their efforts were crowned with remarkable success. While in the first year the converts numbered only 39, their number by the end of 1920 reached the grand total of 3,467.

Subotica, Jugo-Slavia.—The Third Order in Subotica, Jugo-Slavia, dates back to the year 1729. It was, as the records show, in a most flourishing condition till the time of Emperor Joseph II, who, true to his anti-clerical policy and autocratic methods, wantonly suppressed all Tertiary fraternities in his empire. In 1882, during another period

of dire persecution, the Order was again suppressed. Of late, however, the ancient fraternity of Subotica was reorganized. At present, it numbers 600 members and is very active in the field of Christian charity and of the Catholic press. Regarding the latter, it may be noted that where only a few years ago Catholic publications numbered in all but 200 subscribers, they have today already over 2,000, which fact must in great part be ascribed to the efforts of the members of the Third Order in the city.

Cologne, Germany.—His Eminence Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne, has appointed the Franciscan Fr. Jerome Spettmann, professor of history of philosophy at the Institute of Philosophy which is affiliated with the University of Cologne.

Holland.—Recently, a number of Franciscan Sisters, whose motherhouse is at Veghel, Holland, departed for the missions in Borneo.

Bohemia.—Following are the official statistics regarding the numerical expansion of the Third Order in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia: Bohemia, 81 fraternities with 11,260 Tertiaries; Moravia, 127 fraternities with 16,942 Tertiaries; Silesia, 12 fraternities with 7,000 Tertiaries. Hence the grand total for these three countries is 220 fraternities with a membership of 35,202.

British East India.—About two months ago, five Capuchin friars of the Belgian Province arrived in Punjab, British East India, to take up missionary work among the natives.

Tarata, Bolivia.—The Franciscan missionaries of the College of St. Joseph, in Tarata, Bolivia, conduct seven flourishing missions among the Guarayos, Yuracares, Guayochos, and Sirionos. The last-named tribe live on the Rio Blanco (White River). It was only lately that the Fathers were able to begin missionary work among them. These much-feared Indians are nomads. They always proved very troublesome to the white settlers, chiefly on account of the mistreatment they were subjected to as a result of the slave trade. We may add that these Bolivian missions are in charge of the Tyrolese

Franciscans. Last year, within the short space of two weeks, they lost through death two of their ablest missionaries, Fr. John Felix Jenewein and Januarius Scherer. The latter had been active for forty-four years among the Indians of Bolivia.

Brazil.—The Capuchin Friars of the Umbrian Province in Italy are evangelizing the Upper Solimoes, in Brazil. Recently they erected the first permanent church in these vast and largely unexplored regions, to commemorate the tenth anniversary of their arrival there.

Quincy, Ill.—The piano recital given at the Quincy College Auditorium, on February 21, by Josef Lhevinne, famous Russian pianist, was the last of a trilogy of musical attractions during the winter. The recital was in every respect a grand success, each number winning the hearty applause of the thousand music-lovers in the audience.

The number of professed members of the College Third Order fraternity was swelled by the profession, on February 12, of nineteen novices. At the regular monthly business meeting, our student Tertiaries were given an interesting and instructive lecture by Fr. Benice, O. F. M., director of the local city fraternity.

The St. Elizabeth fraternity of the Third Order in this city met for the first time at the Quincy College Auditorium, on December 18, 1921. During the meeting, officers were elected and important business matters discussed. Following this, the Rev. Director, Fr. Benice, O. F. M., gave an interesting address. There is great promise of real interest and progress of the Third Order in this community.

Gratz, Austria.—At the International Catholic Conference of the Young Men's League, held recently in Gratz, Austria, delegates were present from Germany, France, Holland, Italy, Jugoslavia, Austria, Poland, Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, and Hungary. On this occasion, the Rt. Rev. Count Majlath, Bishop of Siebenburgen, was elected protector of the League. He is known and esteemed not only as a warm friend of the young people but also as an enthusiastic promoter of the Third Order, of which he prides himself in being a member.

Franciscan Herald

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MAY, 1922

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Our Mission Picture

San Gabriel Mission—famous in song and story—was dedicated to the Archangel of that name on September 8, 1771. Of the nine missions founded during the presidency of Fr. Junipero Serra, this was the only one at whose erection he was not present. The first year of its existence was filled out with repeated scandals between lawless soldiers and outraged Indians; with worry, discouragement, and open insults for the two missionaries assigned, FF. Cambon and Somera; and with unavailing complaints to Comandante Pedro Fages. But brighter days came, days of spiritual and material prosperity, after Fr. Serra's journey to Mexico and interview with Viceroy Bucareli. San Gabriel counted 1,136 living neophytes in 1800, which number twenty years later had increased to 1,636. By 1832, the records showed that 7,614 Indians had received the sacrament of Baptism. It was at this flourishing mission that viticulture was first introduced into California. The old grape vine, still thriving in the mission garden, tourists find an object worth seeing. All that remains of the original buildings is the church with its famous bells, those bells that inspired more than one poet like Bret Hart with song as he stood there listening to their silvery chimes and recalling how the Indians of old would heed their summons and gather to the church to worship their Maker. The church, which was completed in the early part of the nineteenth century, measures 140 feet in length, 27 feet in width, and 30 feet in height. The museum with its many valuable relics of mission days at San Gabriel is a veritable treasure trove of California history; while the library with its many volumes, bound in pig skin richly decorated with thumb marks, evidence the fact that the friars of old were not only of dauntless zeal and practical sense but also of profound and extensive learning.

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Editorials

The Month of May

IT is very consoling and encouraging to note that the devotion to Mary, the Queen of May, is becoming more and more popular with our Catholic people. Both young and old find happiness and response in singing her praises. The purpose of Holy Church in dedicating this entire month to the special veneration of the Mother of God is full of significance and instruction.

Of all the months of the year, May more than any other serves as a constant reminder of Mary's sublime prerogatives. During this favored month, the rays of the sun, which in summer are dreaded on account of their scorching heat, serve but to make the hills and valleys, the fields and woods more resplendent in their refreshing and undefiled spring-time beauty. Myriads of flowers and blossoms with their riot of color and design, fill the air with their fragrance; while the birds and insects seem to vie with one another in singing the praises of the Creator. All this reminds us forcibly of our Blessed Lady. Her whole life was flooded with rays of divine grace that served but to enhance the beauty of those blossoms and fruits of virtue that adorned her soul, diffusing throughout the world the sweet odor of sanctity, while her heart poured forth in a never-ending Magnificat the praises of her Creator. Chosen from eternity to be the Mother of the Redeemed, Mary came into this world free from the stain of original sin. She alone of the descendants of Adam was never subject for even an instant to the power of Satan. Immaculate she came forth from the creative hand of God and immaculate she returned to Him when her earthly pilgrimage was ended. As the Virgin of virgins, she is the object of our highest admiration and loving veneration.

It is significant, too, that the month of May always includes a portion of the Easter season, often the greater part of it. To no one was the Resurrection of our Savior an occasion of greater joy than to His Blessed Mother. She had shared the ignominy and bitterness of His Passion and she was justly privileged to share the joy and triumph of His Resurrection. "Mary, too, has her Easter," says one of her devout clients, "her time of triumph and glory." It is for this reason that the month of May is dedicated to her that she may receive her just share in her Son's reward. May follows bleak winter and the harsh winds and rain of March and April as Easter follows Lent and somber Passion-tide. It is the morning of gladness succeeding the night of weeping. The very face of nature reflects the joyous

Easter spirit of the Church. Our Lord is abroad in the world, glorious in His Resurrection, and Mary His Mother, who suffered with Him and for Him, is sharing with Him the loving homage of a grateful creation.

As the month of May entices us from our homes to enjoy Mother Nature in the great outdoors, resplendent there in all her springtime beauty and freshness, so does Mary by the sweetness and heavenly charm of her life, lift us from this lowly world to the sublime heights of heaven, there to bask throughout a never-ending eternity in the dazzling brilliancy of God's uncreated, infinite beauty.

Fray Garces Club

WHEN speaking of our American Indians, Catholics usually picture the neophytes as semi-savage or at least as very far removed from our plane of civilization. While this is true in some cases, in others it is far from the reality. In fact, while most of the Mission Indians are extremely poor, they are industrious and law-abiding, and many of them, thanks to the strenuous efforts of the missionaries and school sisters, are forging ahead and compare favorably with their white brothers and sisters. This is true especially of the Pima and Papago tribes in southwestern Arizona, where the Franciscan Fathers have charge of the missions. Taught to irrigate the soil, they are fast turning the arid wastes into fertile fields and meadows, and many of them are very successful in stock raising. A large number of the children from the mission and government schools flock to the cities to seek employment for which their education has fitted them. Lest their former pupils fall an easy prey to the dangers lurking on all sides in the larger cities, the missionaries endeavor in various ways to keep in touch with them. A notable instance of this kind is a club that has only recently been established in Phoenix. It already boasts a membership of some thirty-five Indian girls. Its chief aim is to afford the members profitable recreation during their leisure hours. Thus it strives to interest them in reading and spreading the Catholic press. Among the most popular publications with the members, the missionary mentioned the *Daily American Tribune*, *The Indian Sentinel*, and *Franciscan Herald*. Music also is one of the favorite pastimes, special attention being devoted to sacred hymns. The religious element, while not predominant, is sufficiently in evidence to make the club a real Catholic organization. Three times a year, on Christmas, Easter, and the feast of St. Francis Xavier, the members receive Holy Communion in a body; and when a member is

called by death, the Club attends the funeral and has three Masses offered for the repose of her soul. The Club has been named in honor of the heroic and universally esteemed Franciscan missionary, Fray Garces, who was cruelly murdered during an uprising of the Yuma Indians, on July 17, 1781.

We are giving special prominence to this Club in the hope that other missionaries will take up the idea and thus continue to exercise their beneficent influence over the youthful Indians during the trying years that follow their dismissal from school.

Suppose You Were Starving!

THE most distressful country in Europe to-day is AUSTRIA. The once great agricultural lands that formed Austria-Hungary have been torn from her and she lies prostrate like a mangled, dismembered torso—a land that cannot live and cannot die.

Here is a tell-tale extract from the letter of a priest: "Our yearly salary, now 50,000 crowns (4,50), and a suit of clothes costs 200,000 crowns, a pair of shoes 20,000, a shirt 10,000, a loaf of bread 700, a cup of coffee 500 crowns. Were I to buy just a frugal breakfast and a newspaper every day, to do so I should have to have ten times my year's salary."

A pound of meat costs 1,000 crowns, a pound of flour 320, and an egg from 120 to 150 crowns.

A physician writes: "We operate in a room scarcely heated; to provide heat for sick-wards of the hospital is out of question. The food which we give our patients is only half cooked and altogether insufficient. . . . When will God have pity and deliver us from all these woes?"

What can these poor mortals do? If brotherly love will not reach out a helping hand, they must simply starve and perish.

Two dollars will keep a human life from starvation for two months.

The farcical value of a crown renders it impossible for the government to purchase the means of life from abroad.

The horrible sufferings, specially of our children, may be pictured from the latest figures given out by the Board of Health of Vienna:—96 per cent of the children of Vienna are undernourished, tubercular, or in danger of this dread disease.

Our Sisters of Charity, cheerless, disheartened, wearied almost to death, are straining every nerve to help the poor sufferers. But confronted with impossible prices, a large number of their houses of charity are today facing bankruptcy.

How the unfortunate Austrians manage to exist on what they are pleased to call nourishment, is indeed a puzzle.

Not to speak of its quality—the word is a mockery—twenty per cent of a loaf of bread is pulverized tree-bark. The quantity of food which an unhappy Austrian is given in a week, is less than an American has at a single meal.

Donations for the hungry people of Austria may be sent to us or directly to Baroness Elise Von Rast or Rev. John Egger, 165 East 88th Street, New York City.

Looking Forward

WE are no longer asking our Catholic people to show interest in what has for years been called the "social question." For most Catholic societies, all Catholic papers, many priests and directors of sodalities, of Holy Name organizations, etc., often now discuss social topics for the benefit of their members and readers.

Organization the Need of the Hour

But is this enough? What avail is it if individuals, or even members of certain Catholic societies, show genuine interest in these questions, but do not translate their generous resolutions into action? Sometimes these well-meaning Catholics do not even succeed in getting their views before the people at large, much less do they reach legislatures, about to pass some particularly dangerous and ill-advised piece of social legislation.

We Need "Centres of Teaching, of Propaganda and Social Organization"

Not only do we need "organization," which Cardinal Faulhaber called "the greatest force in the social life of the present time." We also need what Pope Pius X describes as "Centres of Teaching, of Propaganda and Social Organization"—rallying points for our forces, arsenals whence to draw sound information in the days of hot discussion, schools for the preparation of well-equipped leaders, depots for the dissemination of solid social doctrines, meeting-places for our lecturers and teachers of Catholic social science.

Such an institution, founded by the Central Verein in 1909, is the Central Bureau at St. Louis, which Archbishop Glennon has aptly called a "Central Social Service Shop."

Members of Hierarchy Endorse "Central Bureau" of St. Louis

His Grace, Archbishop Glennon, used this phrase in commending the splendid work in Catholic Social Service of the Central Bureau. But he also pleads for the endowment of the Bureau. He wrote on January 21, 1922, as follows:

"I am heartily in favor of and subscribe to the proposition you have in view, namely, to adequately endow the Central Bureau of the Central Verein."

Soon other hearty endorsements of the "endowment plan" were gladly given by other members of the Hierarchy.

Rt. Rev. Joseph Chartrand, Bishop of Indianapolis, declared:

"I am glad to have the opportunity of saying a word of much-deserved praise and strongest encouragement to the Central Bureau of the Central Verein in favor of its great and growing work."

These are expressions of forward-looking men. They realize their duty of preparing their flocks for the new social order that is now emerging out of the strife and upheaval of the last half-century. Shall we not imitate them and help to strengthen the work of the Central Bureau of the C. V., which in the words of Archbishop Glennon is "one of the most useful and practical agencies of the church and Catholic society?"

C. E. of C. V.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.

IN these days of equal rights for men and women, I must confess that I am somewhat timid about speaking on the second paragraph of Chapter First of the Third Order Rule. If my audience were composed only of men, I would be very bold, knowing that what I said would have their hearty approval. But unfortunately for me and my theme, I see a very generous sprinkling of women and young ladies in the gathering about me and I am afraid to begin. However, I can honestly plead "not guilty" to the charge of having placed this regulation in the Tertiary Rule and I feel confident that the one who is responsible for it—our Seraphic Father St. Francis—is quite capable of defending himself regarding the matter.

"But what is the offending paragraph?" I hear in treble voices on all sides. Well, I thought you might not wish to hear it and that we could pass it over in silence. Since the feminine portion of my audience, however, quite true to form!—is determined to know what it is all about, I will satisfy their curiosity—ahem! that is, their laudable thirst for enlightenment—and give the passage in full: "Married women are not to be admitted without the knowledge of their husbands; if it is thought necessary to act otherwise, it should be done only on the motion of the priest who is the judge of their conscience."

There! the bomb has been exploded, but as I fail to notice any fatalities, I suppose it is safe for me to continue.

Now, why did St. Francis insert this particular regulation in the Rule of his Third Order? To be truthful, the only reason I know is that he was one of those good old-fashioned Christians like St. Paul, who writes in his Epistle to the Ephes-

ians: "The husband is the head of the wife, as Christ is the head of the Church. Therefore, as the Church is subject to Christ, so also let wives be to their husbands in all things" (Eph. 5, 23, 24). You see, friends, St. Francis established his Third Order to bring back peace and happiness to a world distracted by national, civil, and domestic dissensions. As public order and civic virtue have their mainstay in the well regulated family, St. Francis naturally strove first to heal the domestic wounds, assured that it would then be an easy matter to cure the ills of society.

Without passing judgment one way or another on the so-called women's rights of our day, every well instructed Catholic knows that when St. Paul speaks about the proper relation of man and wife, he is speaking in the name of God. Hence, when St. Francis emphasizes this same domestic relation in his Third Order Rule, he is but treading in the footsteps of the Apostle.

Friends, there is something exceedingly noble and holy in the marriage ties as established by God the Creator. St. Paul, while placing the state of virginity above that of matrimony, is filled, nevertheless, with admiration for the latter and calls it a "great Sacrament," symbolizing, as it does, the wonderful union that binds Christ with His mystical spouse the Church. Owing to the frailty of the human heart, matrimony fell in the course of centuries from the high pedestal on which the Creator had placed it in Paradise. Christ restored it to its original dignity and elevated it even to the rank and sanctity of a Sacrament, making it a continuous channel of grace. As the world continues to recede farther and farther from the day of

Christ, it is gradually receding also more and more from His heavenly doctrines and commandments. One of the saddest manifestations of this forgetfulness of Christ is the growing disregard among our separated brethren for the sacred ties of matrimony. Nor are we Catholics entirely blameless in this respect. Living as we do surrounded on all sides by our non-Catholic neighbors, we are only too prone to view matters in the light of their belief. That the members of the Third Order, whom St. Francis wished to be the very salt of the earth, might be duly protected against the dangers that threaten our modern family life, St. Francis enjoins upon them anew the command that is the very cornerstone of domestic happiness—due subordination of the wife to her husband. Hence, although he desired nothing more than that mothers of families should enroll themselves under his Tertiary banner, he did not want them to take this important step without first consulting their husbands and without having due regard to their wishes in the matter. For how could Francis hope to reap the fruits of peace in the family if he began by sowing the seeds of discord between husband and wife? He realized that, although a woman could do nothing better than become a Tertiary, there might be cases where her husband would feel fully justified in opposing this step. Rather than disrupt their happy home, Francis decided that it would be better policy to bide his time, confident that opinions often change and trusting in God's loving Providence to secure both husband and wife for his Order.

One of the principal arguments advanced by the apostles of equal rights for women is that woman is neither by nature nor by grace inferior to

man. This argument, unhappily for those who advance it, falls to the ground by its own weight. No one claims that woman is inferior to man. But there is a world of difference in being inferior to him and in being subject to him as a wife to her husband; and granting man's perfect equality or even his inferiority to woman both in the order of nature and of grace, this need not preclude his superiority to her in rank. Look at the Holy Family at Nazareth—that supreme model of every Christian family. He who was the least gifted both naturally and supernaturally, was placed by God Himself at its head—Joseph, the carpenter. On the other hand, He who humanly speaking should have been the least, but Who infinitely excelled both His mother and foster father, held the last place in that happy home—the Christ Child, the Son of God made man. As there was absolutely no degradation in this humble subjection of Jesus and Mary to Joseph, so there is nothing humiliating in the loving subordination of a wife and mother, however gifted, to her lawful husband. On the contrary, it raises her immeasurably in the sight of both God and man.

Ah, friends, it was not lack of courtesy on the part of the knightly Francis that led him to stress this point in the Tertiary Rule. It was his holy reverence for those who are destined by the benign Creator to stimulate all that is highest and noblest in the heart of man by reproducing in themselves either the virginal or marital life of their august Sister, Mary, the Mother of God. Never did the heart of son beat with truer love for the woman who gave him birth than did the heart of Francis for Pica, his saintly mother. Never did a purer love exist between brother and sister than the affection that

bound together as one the heart of Francis and his sister in Christ Jesus, the gentle St. Clare. This high regard for womanhood that filled the heart of their Father, has been a characteristic mark of all his true sons of the First and Third Order. St. Louis IX never undertook anything of importance in matters of State without first consulting his illustrious mother, Blanche of Castile; and when he quit his kingdom to wrest the holy places from the hands of the Turk, he deemed her best qualified to govern it during his long absence. St. Elzear, one of the most lovable saints of the Third Order, who was singled out by his sovereign for the most difficult diplomatic negotiations, had his saintly consort, Bl.

Delphina, always at his side as his best adviser and safest counselor.

You see, my friends, it was Francis's knightly respect for womanhood and his deep concern for the welfare of the family that induced him to require of married women the consent of their husbands before admitting them to his Third Order. On the other hand he realized only too well that in isolated cases the husband's refusal would be wholly unreasonable, and hence undeserving of consideration. For these instances, he makes an exception and allows such women to become Tertiaries, provided their Father Confessor, after carefully weighing the matter, gives his consent. Naturally, if a married woman is thus admitted without the knowledge of her husband she is not obliged to fulfill those regulations of the Rule that can not be observed without divulging her membership. It is not possible to determine in general just which portions of the Rule are of the nature, since what obtains in one case may cause no difficulty in another. Hence, such women should lay their individual difficulties in observing the Rule before their Rev. Director and should abide by his decision.

Most frequently, the objection of the husband to his wife's joining the Third Order arises from his ignorance of its nature and obligations. Needless to say, none of the mutual duties and rights of wife and husband, mother and father of a family, are in the least affected by membership in the Third Order. On the contrary, Tertiaries are urged to be most exact and zealous in the observance of all these, that both the primary and secondary aims of matrimony as established by God might be attained in all their perfection. Hence it is not only absurd but



The Espousals of St. Elizabeth

even libelous to assert that the Third Order forbids its members to marry or that it at least prefers to see them remain single. If this were the case, why did Holy Church choose as the special patrons of the Third Order the father and mother of families—St. Louis IX of France and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, and not St. Elzear of Sabran and his virgin spouse, Bl. Delphina?

Well, friends, I think this will suffice for to-day. I must confess that I do feel better than when I began. I am glad that you listened so patiently and did not interrupt me with all kinds of questions and comments. Really, I had the floor practically to myself all the while. Thanks! But there is one thing that I can not deny the feminine members of my audience. They may have the last word on this subject. And while they are having it, I shall slip quietly away until next month.

ST. FRANCIS'S CONVERSION

It was thus that the Lord granted to me, Brother Francis, to begin my repentance; for when I was in sin it seemed very bitter to me to look upon lepers; but the Lord Himself brought me among them, and I showed them my kindness. And as I withdrew from among them, that which used to seem to me bitter was turned into sweetness of soul and body. And not long afterwards I came out from the world.

And the Lord granted me such trust in (His) churches that I used simply to pray in these words: "We worship Thee, most holy Lord Jesus Christ, here and at all Thy churches which are in all the world, and we bless Thee for that Thou hast redeemed the world by Thy holy Cross."

Afterwards the Lord granted me, and still grants me, (to put) such trust in the priests who live according to the form of the Holy Roman Church, by reason of their Orders, that if they persecute me I will betake me to them. And if I had as great wisdom as Solomon had, and were to find poor priests of this world in the parish churches where they abide, I would not preach against their will. And I will fear, love, and honour them and all other priests as my lords; nor will I heed sin in them, because I discern the Son of God in them, and they are my lords.—*Testamentum S. Francisci* (*Opusc.* 104).

ELIZA ALLEN STARR, TERTIARY

By ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL

EYE hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man, what God has prepared for those who love Him."

Surely this chosen soul was one of "those who love Him."

Endowed by nature and training with an extraordinary perception and appreciation of beauty in its loftiest forms, with what rapture must she have gazed about her when she stepped across the threshold of this world into the mansion made ready for her amid the glories of the Holy City, the New Jerusalem.

Born in 1824, in the historic town of Deerfield, Massachusetts, her personality and her history were full of interest. Dr. Comfort Starr, the founder of the family, came to Cambridge, Massachusetts, from England, in 1634. His son, the Rev. Comfort Starr, was graduated from Harvard, in 1647; and was one of the five original Fellows named in the college charter, 1655.

On the maternal side she was a descendant of the "Allens of the Bar," who "distinguished themselves in field and council" during the colonial history of Deerfield, from the time of King Philip's War. Her great grandfather, Samuel Allen, died while defending his family from the Indians, at the Deerfield massacre, where one of his daughters was tomahawked and a young boy of the family was carried captive to Canada, to be returned later by an Indian woman.

From her parents, Miss Starr inherited her love of literature and grew up in an atmosphere of culture and refinement. She attended the old Deerfield Academy, representative of a society well versed in the finer things of life and capable of furnishing the intellectual and artistic inspiration which prepared Eliza for her life work.

When thirteen years old she went to Boston to study, remaining till 1845. Thereupon she opened a studio; but finding the climate unfavorable, she went to Brooklyn and later to Philadelphia. She subsequently accepted a position as

teacher in the family of a wealthy planter in Natchez, Mississippi, and then returned to Brooklyn as teacher of drawing in a boarding school. Meantime, great things were going on in her soul.

Born and bred a Unitarian, she attended a sermon preached in Boston Music Hall by Theodore Parker, one of the most eminent of Unitarian divines. This it was that caused the first weakening of her faith in Unitarian tenets.

In 1848, she went to Philadelphia and here met a Catholic relative, Professor George Allen of the University of Pennsylvania, and also Archbishop Kenrick, who fostered and strengthened the Catholic impulses which were stirring in her heart. Still, it required nine years to bring her into the visible pale of the Church.

She was received by Bishop Fitzpatrick of Boston, December 3, 1854, and three weeks later, on Christmas day, she received her first Holy Communion. What this step meant of misunderstanding and humiliation at that period can only be guessed at now; but she accepted her new-found faith with a joy and enthusiasm that, as in the case of all true converts, only increased with the years. At the same time she found new outlets for her temperament and tastes, in the study of Christian Art, to which she devoted her later life.

At the very beginning of her knowledge of Catholics as individuals, she encountered the stumbling block of that indifference to the real use and meaning of the best things of life which "make the judicious grieve." As a reverend choir director once said, "We have the great musical masterpieces, we have all the traditions, we have the talent and ability; but if we wish to hear one of our own great masterpieces rendered adequately, we must go to a non-Catholic organization to hear it produced."

Would that the army of Tertiaries in this country could bring about a much needed change!

Miss Starr perceived among

Catholics far too slight an acquaintance with their great heritage; while non-Catholics displayed greater appreciation of artistic merits, but were blind as to their meaning. She was able not only to appreciate the beauty, but to sympathize with and consequently to interpret to the world in a most convincing way the symbolic meaning of it all. Add to this profound knowledge of and spiritual insight into her great subject, a splendid command of English and a charm of manner due to the "spiritual magnetism of her countenance, the kindling of her eye," etc., and we can form some idea of what a power for good she has been.

In 1856 she went to Chicago, where she was much loved and admired as a teacher of drawing and painting. She has left many examples of her own skill and received from the World's Fair judges the only gold medal awarded to any art exhibit. She also made the illustrations for her own beautiful books.

In 1875 she visited Europe with her nephew, William W. Starr, a gifted sculptor. She spent a year in Rome and visited many other scenes associated with the memory of saintly deeds which she described and illustrated in her "*Pilgrims and Shrines*."

In 1877, in Chicago, she began her course of 80 lectures on Christian art, and thereafter traveled all over the United States, giving this course, which embraces the whole history of Christian art, using photographs which she brought with her from Europe, and to which she made an addition every year.

The first lectures were on the Catacombs. In these lectures she speaks of the Roman Campagna as "that prairie with a story of more than 2000 years."

"And as we stand a moment at the head of the long stairway and cull a few rose buds, even in January, from bushes that overhang the opening, we look around us to realize for the moment at least, that under this fair campagna, under these smiling vineyards, lie, in their nar-

row beds, an army of the living God, whose resting places, as Leo the Great so beautifully said, 'encircle the Eternal City with a halo of martyrdom.'"

Another most interesting topic was "The Likeness of Our Lord." She believes that some one of our Lord's disciples may have limned the Divine features, and shows that all pictures from the walls of the Catacombs to pictures of artists of later centuries follow the approved model: wine colored hair floating off

first broke away from the severe formal treatment of the Byzantine period, "under the all powerful and inspiring influence upon life, morals, and especially art, caused by the heroic and holy life of St. Francis of Assisi." The deep fascination which the life of St. Francis exercised over Giotto influenced all his work. The allegories of Obedience, Poverty, and Chastity which he painted on the three arches over the tomb of St. Francis are fine examples of this reverence.

One writer claims that Miss Starr's treatment of Giotto as an architect, who designed the Campanile of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, is the most fascinating example of her work. Having heard this lecture at Notre Dame University, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, late Superior General of the Order of the Holy Cross, said, "I have passed through Florence thirty-eight times and every time I visited Giotto's Tower, but until I heard this lecture I never knew anything about it."

Much of the work of sculptors, architects and painters would be unappreciated but for interpreters like Miss Starr. "How many of us would have thoroughly appreciated Turner, but for a Ruskin? How many have gazed on Giotto's Tower or Il Duomo, and not understood them until interpreted by the gentle, spiritualized woman, who has studied them with the breadth of life of culture, and the purity of a mind refined by faith and prayer?"

Her keen spiritual insight is shown in her saying that "Fra Angelico painted for nothing except to save souls."

And so she continues through all the artists up to modern times. She calls the Sistine Madonna the *inspired* Madonna.

Miss Starr was pre-eminently a teacher, expounder, and interpreter whose authority can not be questioned. Leading the fullest of lives, when not praying, teaching or lecturing, she was writing; and besides her splendid treatises on art,



into curls on the shoulders, pointed beard, beautiful oval face, deep and tenderly sad blue eyes. The King of Edessa is said to have procured a likeness; then there are the pictures sketched by St. Peter, those traced to St. Luke, and wonderful mosaics, even down to the Last Supper. Veronica's napkin, also, is made to form another link in her chain of evidence.

There is also a valuable lecture on the Byzantine period, called the Decline of Art, which bridges the lapse between the earliest ages of Christian Art and its revival by Cimabue, Duccio and Giotto. These

she wrote also beautiful lyrics. Her first book on Patron Saints she dedicated "to the faithful youth of the Catholic church, to whose interests I am proud to devote my life."

"Poetry, art, and the saints most engaged her pen. More delicate moods and sentiments of soul found beautiful expression in poetry; the truths and lessons of religion in Christian Art; beauty of Christian character in the lives of the saints. In this varied expression of the beautiful is seen the underlying unity of her work."

Even on a bed of pain she called for her pen; and when she could no longer use it, she dictated her thoughts to others. "She was crucified to her pen," it was said at her funeral.

The following from *Pilgrims and Shrines* clearly shows the underlying motive of all her work:

"We often hear people speak of the 'magnificent Liturgy of the church,' the dramatic grandeur of her ceremonies, with a vague, general sort of praise; while they take no pains to follow this Liturgy on the great solemnities, and no trouble to understand the manifold and most delicate symbolism of the ceremonies they profess to admire. The sublime intention of the Liturgy, its claim upon our love and our veneration can never be understood unless it is studied But this Liturgy, whose every day *Dominus Vobiscum* dates back to St. Clement, Pope and martyr, his martyrdom closing the year 100 of the Christian era, whose *Reproaches* on Good Friday were chanted at Constantinople in the 5th century; whose office for Corpus Christi was given as an inspiration to a Thomas Aquinas, embodies in the lessons and homilies of its offices, the choicest poetry and the ripest learning of 1800 years.

"The neglect of the Liturgy among the educated classes, can alone account for the, at present, singular barrenness of poetic and artistic inspirations, while the stress laid upon the recitation of the Liturgy whenever it is possible would seem to indicate a return to these 'fountains of living water' from which the rich and the poor, the learned and the ignorant, may draw 'without money and

without price.' And it also promises to re-link that mystical chain of living tradition, without which the most admired works of art lose their life.

"For, what are the world-renowned frescoes in the church of St. Francis of Assisi, above or below, without the story of St. Francis himself?"

At the entrance to her home in Chicago, which she piously named St. Joseph's cottage and which was a veritable art museum, (although at the great Chicago fire in 1776 she lost not only her home but many art treasures), was a fine statue of St. Joseph made by her nephew.

In her later years she became her own publisher and nothing but the best and most artistic work was allowed to go out. It is related that on one occasion a piece of work had been set up by the printer. On finding that some of the type was broken, she immediately paid for the work and ordered it to be destroyed, and taken to another printer.

The crown of her life work was her beautiful *Three Keys to the Camera della Segnatura* in the Vatican. She sent a copy of this, bound in white muslin and lettered in gold, to the Pope, who examined it with great interest and sent her in return an exquisite cameo of the Immaculate Conception.

The *Three Keys* is an explanation of the wonderful frescoes by Raphael in the Vatican. In the introduction to this really remarkable book she says: "How many stand before these pictures in the Vatican without recognizing more than a few prominent personages, and without any clear idea of the intention of the artist in their arrangement; the story of the human mind and the grand march of intellect through all ages, so wonderfully set forth in them, being, in consequence, wholly or almost lost. And this, simply from never having had the hand laid on the clue which leads them through the labyrinths of these three delightful realms of mind, of heart, of imagination—to look forth, when emerging from them on the world, present and actual, with a keener perception of the possibilities for development which are with us in whatever age

of this world we may live, and with a wider understanding also, of the capacity of the human mind for comprehending, or, at least, accepting truths which are often supposed to be incomprehensible.

"A notable instance of this capacity is Pythagoras, the father of Greek philosophy, who, upon merely hearing of the immortality of the soul, left the arena and the plaudits of the multitude, to give himself to the study of the highest truths; while so many who have come into the inheritance of supernatural revelation concerning this immortality, declare themselves incapable of receiving it."

Following is a list of the writings of Miss Starr:

Patron Saints, in two volumes with fifty-three etchings by the author, from original drawings;

Songs of a life-time;

Isabella of Castile, illustrated;

What We See, a book for children;

Christmas-tide;

Three Keys to the Camera Della Segnatura, a folio volume, illustrated by Raphael's four ceiling and four wall pictures, in the Vatican, Rome;

The Seven Dolours of the Virgin Mary;

The Three Archangels and the Guardian Angels in Art.

The services of Miss Starr to art and religion were long recognized, at home and abroad, by prelate, priest, and layman. The Archbishop of Milwaukee, Most Rev. Sebastian G. Messmer, D. D., in a letter to one interested in her work, wrote as follows:

"Mrs. F. Doniat,
Huron Street,
Chicago, Ill.

"Madam:

Herewith I gladly recommend your efforts in spreading the works written by our dear departed friend, Miss Eliza Allen Starr. Her works ought to be found in the library—no matter how small—of every Catholic interested in Catholic Art. I consider it a duty of educated American Catholics to be acquainted with these beautiful works, so full of the sweetness and fragrance of true Christian Art, written by the only American Catholic author upon a subject on which

English Catholic literature is very poor. I wish you all success in your efforts.

"Sincerely yours,

S. G. Messmer, Archbishop."

On one occasion, a testimonial and handsome purse were presented to Miss Starr from Catholics all over the country, and she was also the recipient of many beautiful medals. In 1885, she received the *Laetare Medal* from Notre Dame, the first of her sex to have this honor.

A human being is a combination of body, mind and heart, and the finding of beauty in any one of these parts is a cause of joy. To judge from the photographs of her, Miss Starr had a countenance very pleasing to the eye; her mind was certainly of the highest type; but her soul surpassed them both in beauty.

Without doubt she was a pious soul even before she was brought into the bosom of the true Church—for, while faith is a pure gift of God, it is usually bestowed upon a seeker after truth. When Miss Starr became a Catholic, she became and ever remained a loyal, practical, and fervent one; and when, on May 17, 1885, she was received into the Third Order at St. Peter's Church, Chicago, by the Rev. Augustine McClory, O. F. M., and professed by the same, on November 21, 1886, she was, for the rest of her days, an ardent and edifying Tertiary, going every morning to attend the Holy Sacrifice and to nourish her soul at the Divine Banquet, and every day reciting the Office.

Her charity was ever extended to the unfortunate, and no appeal to her for a worthy cause was ever made in vain. She practiced that still higher charity which prompts one to say only kind things of others. She was incapable of jealousy, was sympathetic and devoted to family and friends, and showed forth in her own life the saintly traits she liked to point out in others.

When living on State St., Chicago, near the Cathedral of the Holy Name with but few houses intervening, she was able, at all hours of the day and night, to see the sanctuary lamp flickering before the altar. (May it not well be, that some of the appeal of this ruddy

little sentinel of our Lord is lost since the introduction of an exaggerated number of red lights to adorn (?) our altars, sometimes so profuse as to be suggestive rather of danger signals than of the Divine Presence?)

To her dear friend, Sister Stanislaus, now a golden jubilarian of St. Francis Convent, Joliet, (who possesses some of her original lectures and pictures) she said: "Dear Sister, behold the wonderful privilege I enjoy, to live so close to Our dear Lord in the Holy Eucharist and to be ever reminded of His presence by the glow of the sanctuary lamp, even in my home." It was at this window, kneeling in the direction of the tabernacle, that she spent an hour every day in prayer and meditation.

"With desolation," says Holy Writ, "with desolation is the land made desolate, because there is no one who thinketh in his heart."

How would the world of ours be changed, should we all follow her beautiful example of daily meditation and daily Communion. And this thought should come with special force to all Tertiaries, as being in line with the wishes of their sweet and holy founder and of the Church in all time, voiced especially by that illustrious Tertiary, the late Pius X, the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament.

Also, it is quite too early for any to have forgotten the resolution so strongly recommended by the Hon. Bourke Cockran at the National Tertiary Convention, last October; that all Tertiaries should daily visit the Blessed Sacrament, and if possible daily receive the Bread of the strong.

When Miss Starr died, at Durand, Illinois, in 1901, her beautiful life was the theme of eulogy on all sides, and Protestants were accustomed to ask, "Will she not be canonized?"

Who can say? But meantime, thank God for the uncanonized saints around us, and for even slight knowledge of their lovely lives, so refreshingly and consolingly opposed to the records of crime and folly kept constantly before our eyes by the lurid headlines—if we go no further—of our secular dailies.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

3. Solemnity of St. Joseph (Plen. Ind.)
11. BB. Julian, Ladislaus and Vivaldus, Confessors of I and III Orders.
13. St. Peter de Regalado, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
14. Bl. Petronilla, Virgin of II Order.
17. St. Paschal Baylon, Confessor of the I Order.
18. St. Felix of Cantalicio, Confessor of the I Order Cap. (Plen. Ind.)
19. St. Ives, Confessor of the III Order, (Plen. Ind.)
20. St. Bernardine of Siena, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
21. BB. Theophilus, Crispin and Benvenutus, Confessors of the I and III Orders. (Plen. Ind.)
22. Trinity Sunday. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.) BB. John Forest, John and Peter, Martyrs of the I Order.
23. BB. Bartholomew and Gerard, Confessors of the I and III Orders; Bl. Humiliana, Widow of the III Order.
24. Bl. John, Martyr of the I Order.
25. Ascension of Our Lord (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
26. Dedication of the Basilica of Assisi.—Bl. Mary Anne of Jesus, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
29. BB. Stephen and Raymond, Martyrs of the I Order.
30. St. Ferdinand, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
31. St. Angela Merici, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.
2. Once every month, on any suitable day. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.
3. On the day of the monthly meeting. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.
4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulged Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on May 25. This Absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries also in the confessional on the day preceding this feast or on the feast itself or on any day during the week following.

A BRIEF FOR TRUE HUMILITY

By AGNES MODESTA

HUMILITY is probably one of the most misused and misunderstood words in the modern vocabulary. Say it of anyone, and the picture involuntarily arises in our minds of a sort of Uriah Heep rubbing ingratiating hands and assuring all with whom he comes in contact that he is "umble." I think that the Heeps in their hypocrisy and villiany have gone far toward bringing the word and with it the virtue itself, into a false light in the eyes of the modern world.

For humility *is* a virtue. We have the word of Him who said "Learn of Me because I am meek and humble of heart." But it was not the Heep-like humility that the Christ meant when He gave the exhortation, for between the true humility taught by the Savior of the world, and the false humility of Uriah Heep and his kind, lie unfathomable worlds. One is the reality, the other the caricaturing shadow.

But, as is usual, it is the caricature that remains in the minds of the public; and to a great many who should know better, Humility and "Heepism" have become synonymous terms. Even some worthy souls who agree that humility is a Christian virtue and proceed to put it into earnest practice, take the Heep-attitude to be the correct one, and thereupon become cringingly "umble."

It is because this distorted notion of humility is so prevalent that we ought to take every opportunity of trying to set it right. For humility is a necessary virtue, and an ennobling virtue, and it is a downright shame to see it misused and misunderstood, be it with ever so worthy an intention. And as is the case with so many reforms, it is the Catholic woman in her home who can best bring about a shift to the correct understanding of true humility.

First, let her take for an example the contrast between the false and the true, for there is no place where flimsy finery looks worse than close beside quiet excellence of line and material. Similarly, never does false humility appear more cheap and hypocritical than in contrast with the real thing.

The owner of that interloper which masquerades as humility, assures the world that she is an ugly creature, a thoroughly sinful creature, that she need never expect to become even moderately good and pleasing to God, as is Sister-So-and-So. She is not possessed of any of the graces and virtues that fall to the lot of Miss Somebody-else across the way, and she is, in short, in a pretty bad way so far as her hope of reaching any eminence, either here or hereafter, is concerned. But she is grateful none the less, for thank God, she is "umble."

Thus she goes on. But what is she actually saying—in effect at least? Something like this: "God, who put me on this earth, has made a pretty poor job of me physically, mentally, and spiritually. In spite of my Christian baptism, my soul is streaky and grimy. The Sacrament of Penance, while it is said to restore grace to the soul, is wholly inadequate to my needs. God has shown unfair discrimination in the apportionment of His gifts, and as for attaining anything above mediocrity in this world or the next with the miserable means at my disposal, it is beyond consideration. But with all this favoritism and injustice, I shall probably squeeze into heaven yet, for I can look forgivingly upon the God who is making it so difficult for me; and goodness knows, I have filled myself with one salutary virtue—I am humble."

All of this looks shockingly irreverent as I set it down—and for a fact it is. But I am firmly convinced that as a rule the irreverence is wholly unintentional, and that none would be more deeply scandalized at such a paraphrase of their own thoughts than those who so misuse and misunderstand the meaning of Christian humility. So it is not to rail against them as hypocrites, for they lack the intention of hypocrisy, but it is in the hope of making them see that their conception of the word is wrong, and that what is one of the most splendid of virtues is being distorted by them into something false and ugly, that I set the statement of the case out so plainly. These persons unwittingly fashion

a Frankenstein, for I am sure that few will disagree with me when I assert that the purveyors of false humility are not only extraordinarily unpleasant to live around, but that in the last analysis they are in constant danger of spiritual harm from a pride that is a killing blight to the soul.

"Well," one says sulkily, "what does she call true humility?"

Dear Sister Modern-Catholic Woman, it isn't what I call it that I should expect to have any weight with you, but that which is set before us as the ideal of true humility by the Church, the interpreter of the will of God.

So let us say that we have before us one who does possess the true brand of humility. What is she like? Well, as a matter of fact, except that she is pleasant and agreeable, we should hardly note in her much that is different from the common run of human beings. She is usually one who fills her sphere in life, whether it be high or relatively unimportant, with a kind of whole-hearted interest and enthusiasm. She makes use of her talents, whatever they may be, for the serving of God and neighbor—and it is often surprising to those about her to discover how many gifts and graces she seems to have, once they know her well.

But how does she use the outstanding virtue of her soul? She says in effect: "God, the creator of the Universe, has deigned to bestow upon me the amazing gift of creation. Where there was no I, here I am. The greatest compliment that Omnipotence could pay is mine—He made me. He has set me down in this world, which is really but a beautiful island of detention; He has given me the work of tending a garden in which He has placed seeds of every kind of good fruit. In addition to that task, He allows me to occupy myself with my fellow creatures in making lovelier the enchanting isle of our exile. He has made fertile the soil of my soul-garden with the life-giving waters of the Sacraments. He has rendered safe my path by placing me under the care of a Teacher whom he has ap-

pointed to show all men the way to Him. Can I do else than give myself whole-heartedly to every duty that is mine? All that I have is His, and being His is beautiful beyond the imagination of men. My work it is to keep His graces fresh and sweet; to pluck out with the tools He has placed there for me, any weeds that may hinder the blossoming of my soul-garden; and to use and appreciate all His gifts with every breath and to the uttermost limits of my ability."

Would you call such an attitude pride, or true humility?

God has given to each of us the graces necessary for our journey to Him. What more could we ask? And it seems to me the acme of discourtesy to Him whose guests we are, to belittle or deny His favors.

Each one of us can fill his or her own niche in a worthy or an unworthy manner. It is not the fault of the niche if we are misfits. Once we are sure that it is ours, it is our own fault if we find ourselves uncomfortable. Of course we must struggle against mediocrity in whatever line of work may be ours. A good and brilliant man once said, "Holy Scripture makes no mention of the *highly respectable average*, save to urge us to rise above it." Such soaring, however, is not beating the wings of discontent against the bars of a cage, but rather melting any bars that seem to hold us with the pure and up-flung blaze of our love for Him who is our life.

We modern Catholic women must keep the image of true humility in our hearts; we must instill the knowledge of it in the minds of our children, and a love of it in their hearts, that the next generation may bring its real meaning back to general use. Remember that our beautiful ideal of womanhood once cried out in an ecstasy of inspiration words that have come ringing down the ages as a glorious peal of humility.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord:
And my spirit rejoiced in God,
my Savior.

Because He hath regarded the humility of His handmaiden
For behold from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed,
For He that is mighty hath done great things to me:
And holy is His Name."



MATER CHRISTI

Mother of Christ, we are kneeling before thee
World-weary sinners with grief-stricken hearts!
Love is enough—give us love we implore thee—
Love and the wisdom that pure love imparts.

Teach us the lesson that time cannot teach us—
Tell us the secret of heavenly lore;
Show us a haven where sin may not reach us;
Guide us at last to eternity's shore.

Lift up thy hands when temptation is raging;
Pity our weakness and plead with thy Son;
Stand by us still in the strife we are waging;
Comfort and guard till the crown has been won!

Marian Nesbitt



Missions

PIONEER DAYS IN SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

BY FR. ODORIC, O. F. M., MISSIONARY

JUST as the old-fashioned clock in the adjoining room was telling the midnight hour, I sealed the letter I had penned to Father Provincial, requesting that he send a lay Brother to replace my cook who had taken French leave with my pocketbook and its meager contents. That was on January 30, 1882, forty years ago, at a time when Superior, Wisconsin was but a trading post and its inhabitants mainly Indians. Weary in soul and body, I headed for the straw sack and was soon dozing off into the land of "Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care," when suddenly a frantic jerk at the door bell rang through the little house we called the friary. In a moment I was at the window, threw it open and shouted, "Who's there? What do you want?"—"Father," came back nervously through the cold night wind, "hurry—you're wanted. A fellow got stabbed down at the Nemadji river."—Oh, for the unearthly hours that a priest and missionary must be ready to keep if he wishes to redeem his sacred pledge!

Well do I remember the serious trouble of which that stabbing affair was but an episode. The "Air Line" was to be established for the transportation of the mineral products realized in these regions. It was to run almost parallel with the Northwestern Railroad, between Superior and Chicago. About forty miles of roadbed was finished, when all unexpectedly the company had declared itself insolvent and dismissed its employees without paying them their wages. Naturally, this created much discontent among the men and brought hundreds of them down to headquarters Camp situated on the little Nemadji or Left Hand river,

within the present limits of the city of Superior. Here the men helped themselves to the foodstuffs stored up at the camp. As often happens at such times, a riot ensued during which one of the employees was stabbed in the abdomen.

When I arrived, I found the poor man lying on a little straw in one of the shanties. Though weak from the loss of blood and suffering great pain, he succeeded in making his confession; whereupon I gave him all the rites of the Church. Meanwhile, many men were standing around in the shanty discussing how to avenge the recent outrage. They were very angry and openly declared their intention of lynching the criminal. Quietly I listened to their story of wrongs too long endured. When they had finished, I took the floor and made a speech for peace (or a "piece" of speech, if you will) that a delegate at the Versailles Conference could have been proud of. I assured them that they who had worked so hard and received no pay could figure on my sympathy and that I hoped I, who was in the same boat, could figure on theirs; they had been defrauded by their employers as I had been robbed by my cook; in their case it was a fraud, in mine thievery. So what was the difference? Both of us had nothing, though both of us had worked. If I didn't mind being like them in having nothing, they oughtn't mind being like me in trying to forget the matter. And as to the fellow who resorted to stabbing, I assured them he would soon be sorry for it; but by killing him they would only be blackening their good name and doing nothing for the recovery of the friend. "Let the law take its course," I concluded, "and all will end well." This improvised speech gained its

point better than I anticipated while making it. Later I heard it rumored that a number of the men had declared "the knife-wielder would by now be carved into ribbons, had not the priest butted in."

About two months after this incident, on March 18, I was summoned to administer the last sacraments to Jane Bongo, who was in the last stages of consumption. Her mother was an Indian and her father a negro. Though the latter was bitterly opposed to the Catholic Church and its doctrine, Jane had her three children baptized in the true faith. Subsequently, she herself received the sacrament of Baptism and a little later her brother Ignace followed her example. Her father, however, was inexorable. I tried long and hard to bring him around; but in vain. Though we remained good friends and had many an interesting conversation, he would immediately cut short all my attempts to "talk religion," saying with a careless waive of the hand, "What's the use? I'm all right." At the time when Mr. Bongo came to Superior, the only inhabitants for miles around were redskins. Of this fact my old friend made boastful mention many a time, maintaining with a hearty chuckle that he was the first "white" man to settle on Lake Superior.

To be deprived of the blessings and delights of religious community life is unquestionably the severest of the trials under which a young missionary must try to bear up. Such was my lot in Superior during those pioneer days of Franciscan activity in Wisconsin. The sole sharer of my loneliness was a big red tomcat with whom, like Robinson Crusoe on his desert island, I tried to remain on peaceful and friendly terms. Many

a time I sat there in my room, taking a dose of Father Provincial's medicine labeled "Have Patience" and wondering whether that panacea would really bring relief. Well, it did; and the reader can imagine how my heart leaped for joy when at last my hope was realized and good brother Edmund arrived (I think it was in March), to serve as aid-de-camp in the capacity of cook, porter, sacristan, and everything else that falls to the self-chosen lot of a Franciscan lay brother.

But more than this. Good things were now falling thick and fast, like snow flakes in a Wisconsin winter. On June 20 of the same year, the "Superior" hermit was blessed with another kind and loving companion in the person of Rev. Fr. Alphonse Schroer. He had been sent, so a letter stated, by Father Provincial to the country of fresh air and scenic grandeur for the purpose of having his shattered health restored and at the same time engaging in what priestly work his conditions allowed him to undertake. A brief account of the last days of this true and worthy son of St. Francis will surely not be out of place in these Reminiscences. Now that he is gone to a better land than even Wisconsin, I may tell of him what would be ill-advised were he still among the living.

Fr. Alphonse was an exemplary religious in every respect, as I had occasion to learn during the nine months that he was in Superior. Though stricken with a very painful illness and quite aware that his days here on earth were counted, he always tried and generally contrived to let his naturally sunny and amiable disposition appear on the surface for the good of those around him. This, of course, secured him many friends and well-wishers, not only among the Catholics but also among the non-

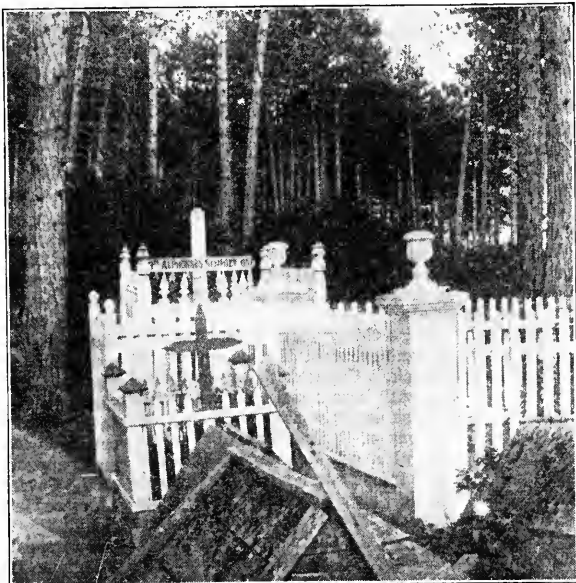
Catholics in Superior. He had a warm spot in his big heart for the Indians. Often in after years it would occur to me what a zealous and successful Indian missionary he would have made if God had spared him for such a career. He manifested also a great interest in the children, who, in turn, took a special fancy to him. Many times they could be seen gathered around him, listening to the stories he knew how to tell

going to be. "I am making a pulpit," their brown-robed friend would reply and then laugh heartily when his critical inspectors objected that it would be a funny looking pulpit, that they did not see how a person could preach from it, and so on.

That Fr. Alphonse had been right, however, in calling his little house a pulpit the children as well as their elders found out on Christmas day when they came to church and per-

haps for the first time in their lives beheld the realistic representation of the stable in which the Savior was born. On the night of the great feast, Fr. Alphonse himself in a beautiful sermon told the people all about the pulpit that had been erected for the great day. In truly Franciscan fashion he pointed out the beautiful and salutary lessons which the Divine Child was preaching to them from His pulpit, the crib. Not only Catholics but even such as were not of the faith had come to the services that evening. All listened with rapt attention to the man for whom they cherished such deep sentiments of love and respect. Well they knew that he would soon be taken from them—he was no longer able to hide the truth of his condition; and many a prayer, I am sure, ascended that evening and during the rest of the holy season to the throne of God, asking that death be not permitted to lay his icy touch on their esteemed father and friend.

But God, in His infinite wisdom, had so decreed and Fr. Alphonse was fully resigned. During the month of January he suffered an unusually severe spell from which he never again fully recovered. In fact, it soon became evident that the end was near. Repeatedly, during the last weeks of his life, he would assure me that, while he was not afraid or reluctant to die, he still wondered when



Grave of Fr. Alphonse at Wisconsin Point

them in so simple and charming a manner. One incident, above all, is still fresh in my memory. The Christmas season was coming on and, like a true son of St. Francis, Fr. Alphonse suggested that a crib be erected in the church. Gladly Fr. Servatius Altmicks, who had been appointed superior and pastor at the chapter in the preceding summer, gave his consent. Now the young priest could be seen with saw, hammer, and nails, fastening boards into what was to be the stable of Bethlehem. Time and again, the children of the neighborhood would stand by, some gazing curiously at the strange little house he was making and others, more forward, asking him what it was

A DOUBLE TERCENTENARY

By FRANCIS BORGIA STECK, O. F. M.

God would call him hence. The first of March found our dear confrere too ill to be up and around. "Father," he remarked to me one day, "wouldn't it be nice if I died on the feast of Our Lady of Dolores? I was thinking also of the feast of the Annunciation, but I guess that would be a greater favor than I could expect of God."

It was Wednesday in Holy Week, March 21. Shortly after midnight, I feared that my patient, with whom I had waked that night, would not live till morning. His sufferings must have been very great, to judge from the twitching of his colorless lips and the occasional sigh he failed to stifle. Accordingly, I awoke Fr. Servatius and together we recited the prayers for the dying. When we had finished, the sufferer opened his eyes and with a smile said almost jokingly, "Too early—not yet."

At four o'clock, since I had to go to Gordon on a sick call, I went to the sacristy and vested for holy Mass, which was to be offered for our dying confrère. I had hardly commenced reading the Passion of Our Lord, as the rubrics for that day prescribed, when Fr. Servatius stepped up to my side and whispered, "He just now breathed his last."

It proved a severe blow for all the townspeople when they learned that Fr. Alphonse was no more. In large numbers they gathered in church on the following Saturday to show him their respect. Though the ice was melting, some even risked crossing the lake in their sleighs in order to escort their friend to his last resting place. He had repeatedly expressed the wish to be buried on Wisconsin Point among the Indians whom he loved so dearly and for whose welfare he would so gladly have lived and labored, if such had been the will of God. Needless to say, we granted him his wish. For over thirty years, the quaint Indian cemetery on Wisconsin Point had one grave where visitors would never fail to pause and say a fervent prayer. A few years ago, when the United States Steel Corporation took possession of the Point for industrial purposes, all the graves in the old cemetery were opened and the corpses transferred to the Catholic cemetery in East End, Superior. The first corpse to be removed was that of Fr. Alphonse.

(Continued on page 233)

THE dawn of the seventeenth century found the Church confronted with two serious problems. Northern and Central Europe was lying cold and almost lifeless in the death grip of heresy and schism; while in the vast regions beyond the seas the armies of monks and friars were engaged in the conquest of immortal souls. This twofold problem, the reclamation of the spiritual losses sustained during the storm of Protestantism and the cultivation of those fertile fields but recently opened to Christian influence, demanded centralization of efforts and unity of action. The Church realized this; and, the better to accomplish the expansion of God's kingdom among the nations, she definitely established on June 22, 1622, a special pontifical department known as the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda.

Some thirty years before this important event in the history of the Church, a Capuchin friar was laboring with heroic zeal and remarkable success as missionary in the various cantons of Switzerland. It was Fr. Cherubin of Maurienne, the intimate friend and adviser of St. Francis de Sales. We may readily suppose that it was this great Tertiary bishop of Geneva who encouraged Fr. Cherubin in his project of unifying all missionary activity, foreign as well as domestic, under one governing body immediately responsible to the Supreme Pontiff. At all events, as early as 1599, the zealous missionary had an audience with Pope Clement VIII and laid his plan before him. Previously, a commission of three cardinals had been organized to care for the missions. But the sphere of their activity seems to have been restricted to bringing about a union of the Christian Orientals with the Church of Rome. The friar's project was therefore something new and naturally roused the interest of the far-sighted and energetic pope, inasmuch that there is reason to believe he would have acted in the matter and seen it through, had not death, in 1605, called him to his reward.

In the course of the next seventeen years, the aforementioned commission of cardinals gradually came to an end when its functionaries passed to a better life and none were appointed to continue their work. At this juncture, it was again a Capuchin, Fr. Jerome of Narni, who was especially active in reviving and promoting the plans which the now deceased Fr. Cherubin had proposed to the Holy See. Fr. Jerome was known far and wide both as missionary and as scholar. Cardinal Bellarmine, one of the great lights of the Church at that time, regarded him as another St. Paul.

Pope Gregory XV, who ascended the Chair of St. Peter in 1621, became acquainted with and deeply interested in the friar's project through his own nephew, Cardinal Ludovisi, whose cooperation Fr. Jerome had already enlisted. The result was that the pope, on January 14, 1622, summoned the cardinals for a special session. On this occasion, Fr. Jerome was permitted to propose his plan to the distinguished assembly. The cardinals accorded them their unanimous approval; whereupon, by order of the Sovereign Pontiff, Fr. Jerome addressed letters to all the papal nuncios at the various courts of Europe and to the Ministers General of the Religious Orders then engaged in foreign and home mission work.

The task of organizing was immediately taken up and during the next few months had progressed so far that on June 22 the pope issued the Bull "Inscrutabili Divinae," thereby definitely establishing the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. Thirteen cardinals and two prelates with a secretary and a consultor formed the governing body. Under their jurisdiction came all the foreign and the domestic missions. At the regular sessions of the Congregation, the annual reports which the missionaries from all parts of the world had to send in were examined and the status of the various mission fields discussed. The Pope himself and his nephew, Cardinal Ludovisi, headed the list of those who fur-

nished funds for the support of the Congregation and its work.

Perhaps the most enthusiastic and energetic of the thirteen cardinals on the Congregation was Cardinal Barberini. He was destined as Urban VIII (1624-1644), to give the Congregation that form which it has retained practically to the present day. He unified its activity still more by appointing a Prefect General in the person of his brother Cardinal Antony Barberini. Through the generosity of a Spanish prelate, who presented his palace and 40,000 crowns, the famous Urban College (Collegium Urbanum) could be opened for such students as wished to prepare themselves for missionary work. At his own expense, Cardinal Barberini not only erected and decorated a suitable College church, but, to improve the substantial gift of the Spanish prelate, likewise purchased all the buildings that adjoined the palace, thus establishing that compact and aptly secluded cluster of college buildings which even today elicit the admiration of visitors in Rome.

Likewise at his own expense, the Cardinal founded scholarships for young men of foreign extraction, Persians, Copts, Armenians, Ethiopians, Indians, Turks, Russians, and Tartars. To this day, a tablet on the monument which the college erected in 1634 to the memory of Cardinal Barberini bears testimony to the lively and practical interest this distinguished prince of the Church manifested in the work that during the last three centuries has achieved so much for the salvation of souls in every country under the sun.

Some months ago a brief survey appeared in the foreign magazines, describing the extent of the foreign mission field at present under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It shows on the one hand how far-reaching the scope of its activity and influence is and demonstrates on the other hand that to-day as in centuries past the religious orders rank foremost in fulfilling the Church's great mission of bringing the light of the Gospel to the nations that are still in darkness and in the shadow of death. According to this survey, the foreign missions fields are divided into 28 arch-bishoprics, 57 bishoprics, 181 vicariates apostolic, 69 prefectures

apostolic, 13 so-called missions, and 2 abbacies with episcopal jurisdiction. To these must be added 22 missionary colleges, the Mission Society of the White Fathers, the Sodality of St. Peter Claver, and various other mission societies. Unfortunately, we are not in a position to say how many missionary priests and lay brothers are at present laboring in missions under the jurisdiction of the Propaganda. For China, however, we have quite recent figures. These may serve to show what the Sacred Congregation is doing for the conversion of heathen lands. There are in China to-day 2,326 Catholic missionaries. According to nationality, they may be summed up as follows: French, 612; Italians, 201; Belgians, 182; Spaniards, 122; Dutch, 117; Germans, 100; Portuguese, 56; Americans, 20. Assisting these are 936 native Chinese priests. The great majority of the European missionaries are members of religious orders. We may add that, according to a very conservative estimate, not less than 20,000 Sisters are helping the priests in the mission under the Propaganda.

To give the jubilee year of the founding of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda the significance it deserves and to create among Catholics the world over, a livelier interest in the missions, His Eminence Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect of the Propaganda, last December, drew up a decree which was approved by Pope Benedict XV, of blessed memory, and which in part reads as follows:

"His Holiness accordingly prescribes that on the three days preceding Pentecost Sunday of next year, 1922, there be held in the City (Rome) a solemn triduum of prayers for the propagation of the faith and that at the same time the faithful be reminded in appropriate sermons of the importance of the sacred missions and of the dire want they are suffering.

"On Pentecost Sunday, His Holiness will celebrate Solemn High Mass in the Patriarchal Basilica of the Vatican, and during the solemnity of this Mass he himself will address the faithful on the propagation of the Catholic faith.

"His Holiness has likewise prescribed that the bishops in due time

instruct the people on this matter and acquaint them with the wish of the Sovereign Pontiff, namely, that, as circumstances of time and place may demand or advise, triduums of prayer be held for the missions, in the cathedral and parish churches and in the principal churches of every diocese and mission."

Coincident with the celebration of the third centenary of its founding, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda commemorates also the three hundredth anniversary of the death of its proto-martyr, St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen, O. M. Cap. It is significant that the first missionary to shed his blood in the great work taken up and assigned him by the newly founded Congregation should be a son of St. Francis who was himself so ardent an advocate of the missions and whose Order, during the past seven years of its existence, ranked second to none in missionary zeal and activity.

St. Fidelis was born at Sigmaringen, Prussia, in 1577. Having successfully pursued his higher studies at the university of Freiburg, where he took his degree in canon and civil law, he followed the profession of lawyer till 1611. But feeling himself called to the sanctuary, he approached the bishop of the diocese and, in the following year, he was ordained priest. Already before taking this step, Fr. Fidelis, by which name he was to be known in religion, practiced prayer and mortification in a heroic degree. No one was therefore surprised when immediately after his ordination he entered the Capuchin Order at Freiburg. After finishing the year of novitiate and the prescribed course of theological studies, the saintly and learned friar was appointed guardian of the community at Rheinfelden and later at Freiburg and Feldkirch.

In 1621, while guardian at Feldkirch, Fr. Fidelis, in obedience to the voice of his Superior, undertook the conversion of the Calvinists in Grisons, the easternmost canton of Switzerland. During Advent of that year he arrived in Mayenfeld. His fame as a fearless preacher and powerful writer against the fallacies of Calvinism preceded him into the regions of heresy. Naturally, the adherents of Calvin were greatly incensed over his coming into their



St. Fidelis

midst. Their anger and hatred sought egress in open insults and threats when the intrepid missionary publicly in the churches and on the street corners exposed their pernicious doctrines to the crowds that gathered to hear him, and in public disputations put their leaders and preachers to shame by his cogent reasoning and irresistible eloquence.

During the Easter-tide of 1622, Fr. Fidelis returned to Feldkirch, where he was still guardian, in order to attend the regular chapter of the Province. One of the matters that came up for consideration was the mission activity of the Province to be organized after the plans of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, by that time practically established. The field assigned to Fr. Fidelis was again the country of the Grisons, and with renewed zeal the man of God returned to the scene of combat where he had already scored so many a triumph.

He had just departed when the Provincial Superior received a letter from the nuncio of Switzerland, Alexander Scappi, to the effect that the Sacred Congregation had chosen Fr. Fidelis to supervise the Capuchin mission activity among the Grisons Calvinists. Without delay, the Provincial, under date of April 21, 1622, wrote to Fr. Fidelis, informing him of the appointment. But before this

letter reached him, his enemies had carried out their devilish plan.

Fr. Fidelis' return was greeted with threatening cries of "Death to the Capuchins!" It was April 24, 1622, three days after the Provincial had written that letter. Having heard confessions, celebrated holy Mass, and preached on the horror of blasphemy in the little town of Grusch, the zealous missionary set out for Servis where he had arranged for a sermon on the words of St. Paul: "One God, one faith, one baptism." A large crowd had gathered to hear him. But he had scarcely ascended the pulpit and begun to speak, when a general commotion, within and without the church, compelled him to stop. In the scuffle that ensued a number of Austrians guarding the church were killed by the Calvinists. Fr. Fidelis himself, who had come down from the pulpit, to restore quiet, received a wound. Appearing at the door of the church, he was immediately surrounded by an angry mob. A Calvinist preacher standing by offered to save him from falling a victim to mob fury if he would renounce the Church and espouse the doctrine of Calvin. "I came to extirpate heresy, not to embrace it," was the friar's bold reply; whereupon, like ravenous wolves, the mob rushed toward him and the sword of the foremost struck him down. Kneeling on the ground with a deep gash in his head, he exclaimed: "Jesus! Mary! My God, have mercy on me!" Another cruel thrust stretched him to the ground; whereupon twenty halberds tortured the saintly friar until life was extinct. Thus fought and died for the faith this valiant son of St. Francis, whom the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda justly venerates as its proto-martyr. He was beatified in 1729 and sixteen years later his name was placed on the list of the Martyr Saints of the Church. All three branches of the Franciscan Order keep his feast on April 24, the day of his glorious martyrdom. "In this way," as Fr. D'Alençon concludes his historical essay in the *Annales Franciscaine*, "the centenary of the founding of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda is also the centenary of its first martyr, St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen."



Responsory to St. Paschal

(Patron of the Eucharistic League)

St. Paschal, worthy of all praise,
Thou fairest flower of sanctity;
Resplendent with the songs of grace,
Bestowing favors heavenly;

Come to our aid who on thee call
And suppliant seek thy help to
gain;

And what we fear do thou forestall,
And what we crave do thou obtain.

Assist us that renewed in soul
At Heaven's Table we may dine,
And from it draw the precious dole
Of sustenance and strength divine.

Come to our aid, etc. (as above)

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost
May fairest hymns of glory be.

Come to our aid, etc. (as above)

V. Pray for us, St. Paschal.

R. That we may be made worthy of
the promises of Christ.

LET US PRAY

O God, who hast honored thy confessor Blessed Paschal with a wonderful love for the sacred mysteries of Thy Body and Blood; mercifully grant that the same spiritual fruits which he derived from this divine banquet, we, too, may be worthy to receive, Who livest and reignest for ever and ever. Amen.

(An indulgence of 300 days each time; and a plenary indulgence once a month if said daily, under the usual conditions.—Sacred Penitentiary, Aug. 3, 1917. Acta Apost. Sedis, vol. x. p. 28.)



Fiction



FOR BASIL'S SAKE

By MARIAN NESBITT
Author of "Lamps of Fire"

CHAPTER I

"Now rings the woodland loud and long,

*The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drown'd in yonder living blue,
The lark becomes a sightless song."*

"O H, Margery, how fresh and cool you look! I am lost in admiration; this heat kills me, and makes me ugly also! Come, confess—am I not as red as the roof of the old barn yonder which you always think so picturesque?"

"Really, Marie, you are too absurd! What does it matter about one's complexion! I never even give a thought to mine—who could, this lovely weather?" And Margery leant back against the oak trunk, clasping her hands behind her head with a sigh of ineffable content.

She was a slight, graceful girl—small for her sixteen years—with clustering dark brown hair, an oval face, grey eyes, clearly-cut features, and a delicate complexion, which was a constant source of admiration to her adoring friend and schoolfellow, Marie de Fleurville. The latter was contemplating her now, not with envy—she was too faithful in her devotion for that—yet with a certain feeling of regret for what she chose to consider her own personal shortcomings.

"You are beautiful!" she cried, enthusiastically. "Ah! I wish I was like you," and she shook back her long flaxen plait with a characteristic gesture of distaste. "Margery, tell me, do you never want to go away and leave St. Marc?"

"Never, never, never!" exclaimed the other, emphatically. "I love France—I love my French home, and the dear friends who have been so

kind to me ever since I can remember."

"But you have relations in England?"

"One cousin, I believe; but whether he is young or old, nice or nasty, I haven't the ghost of an idea. I strongly suspect, though, that he knows little about us and cares, of course, much less."

"So much the better," answered Marie. "It will be a sad day for us when you leave St. Marc—yet leave it, you assuredly must. Some golden morning the fairy prince will come, and—"

"Fairy prince, indeed," cried Margery, with a ring of fine scorn in her clear young voice. "You know I would never leave Hugh for the handsomest prince that ever stepped from between the pages of our dear old nursery tale books."

"No," interrupted the French girl, hastily. "Forgive me, cherie; I meant nothing. Hugh is a brother not to be found every day."

"I should rather think *not*. There is no one like him—no one!"

"So my mother says."

"Dear Marquise," murmured Margery, affectionately. "I appreciate her good taste." Then rising, she turned impulsively to her friend. "Perhaps you think I ought not to talk so of my own brother, Marie. But remember all he has been to me since our dear mother died. Think of the other young men we know. Would one of them have treated his sister as Hugh has treated me? I say no—a thousand times no! You may laugh, but it is the truth."

"I know it, Margery, and I have no wish to laugh," said Marie, gravely. "For myself, I think Hugh is too noble for our prosaic age. He ought

to have been one of your great King Arthur's Knights."

"My dearest girl, how lucky he can't hear you," cried Margery, turning away with a merry laugh. "Come, it is more than half-past five, and I, at least, am commonplace enough to feel simply famishing."

The two girls ran swiftly down the path that wound along the wooded hillside. The brilliant sunshine, striking down between the flickering leaves, made a golden tracery on the green turf beneath their feet. In the moss beside the path, the delicate wood-anemones were swaying their frail blossoms. Margery stopped to gather a few and then walked on more slowly. The fairness of God's beautiful world made her silent, though all the while her heart was throbbing with the unutterable joy and gladness of the spring.

In truth it was a sufficiently charming scene upon which her eyes rested and one that, familiar as it was, never failed to awaken an ever-new sense of delight. An opening between the trees showed the picturesque old town sleeping peacefully in the afternoon light. Its tall houses, with their quaint gables and many-colored roofs, had never lost their interest for Margery; while in the midst, watching over all, rose the stately old Cathedral, its towers standing sharply out against the intense blue of the sky.

But it was not for its architectural merits that she loved it. She knew every nook and corner—every pictured saint and praying angel—with-in its ancient walls. There she had made her First Communion; there she had been confirmed one bright May morning, when the Archbishop

came to celebrate the Patronal Feast. There she had knelt day after day, through all the sunny years of childhood, and it only seemed to grow dearer as each season came and went.

Margery Castellain, despite her undoubted cleverness, was in many respects singularly young for her age; and the atmosphere of her foreign home, while increasing and strengthening her intellectual growth, had, at the same time, done much to foster the fresh and childlike spirit which made her so attractive. Her first dis-

tinct recollections were all of peaceful St. Marc, with its mediaeval-looking streets, its cloudless summer skies, its wooded mountain slopes, its invigorating pine-scented air which even in the dark days of winter is not damp and chill. England she had never seen and, though she loved it for her dead father's sake, the thought of really leaving St. Marc had never entered her head for a moment.

Marie's careless words, however, aroused a vague feeling of uneasiness in her mind, recalling, as they could not fail to do, the unwelcome fact that she knew next to nothing about her own people, nothing definite, that is to say, regarding the different members of the Castellain family. That she bore an old and honored name she could not but be aware, for the good Marquise did not hesitate to constantly remind her of it.

"*Noblesse oblige*, my dear Margery," she was wont to say, on those occasions when she felt it incumbent upon her to impress her young listener with a proper sense of responsibility. "I am quite aware that, as your great poet says: 'Tis only noble to be good'; but at the same time each sphere in life has its own particular duties; and I believe I am only doing what your dearest mother would have wished, when I speak to

you of that position which you may one day be called upon to fill."

Poor Margery! In truth, this position was somewhat of a terror to her, and she tortured herself as some natures so well know how to do, imagining that perhaps some unexpected aunt or uncle might suddenly appear to claim her; and then, despite her entreaties to be allowed to remain with Hugh, she would be carried off to England and introduced into that great world of which the Marquise so often spoke. But

contrast between herself and Margery.

The latter, quite apart from any beauty of form or feature, possessed a certain nameless charm of manner and bearing, inherited from her Irish mother—the mother who would ever be her ideal of all that was fair and pure and good.

As the two girls crossed the Place de la Paix, they saw a young mar- coming towards them from the opposite direction.

There was something distinctly *not* foreign in the carriage of the slight figure—something peculiar, too, in the walk; for while he appeared to be moving slowly, he was beside them almost before Margery had time to spring forward.

"Hugh!" she cried, gaily.

He looked up and smiled, raising his cap with the graceful courtesy that Marie so much admired; it seemed so different from the somewhat studied politeness of her own countrymen and, in her eyes, lent a certain romantic charm to all his words and actions; though, truth to tell, gentleness and courtesy came naturally to Hugh Castellain,

for "Manners are not idle, but the fruit of loyal nature, and of noble mind."

He was rather tall and very slight and thin, as I have said, but his face was one sufficiently difficult to describe. His dark brown hair fell over a broad intellectual forehead; his grey eyes were full of earnest thought, not unmixed with sadness; his sensitive lips spoke of wondrous capability for that suffering which is so acute in such a nature as his—a nature to enjoy with equal intensity, if that might be. But in this life of ours, the shadows generally seem to outweigh the sunshine. Why, we cannot tell—God knows. Only this at least seems certain, that

The Breaking of the Bread

I cannot understand, dear Lord, how I
Kneeling at dawn with only two or three
In the dark church can draw so near to Thee,
When often in the throng, Thou art not nigh,
Yet here I feel, the while I scarce know why,
Thy blessed Presence at my side to be!

"Have I not said: To each who loveth Me
And passeth not My mild commandments by
I manifest Myself? Apart, alone,
Some clasp Me closest! Others in the press
Of thronged Altars, touch My seamless dress;
But still in Breaking Bread am I made known
To the five thousand, or the two or three,
And lo! I dwell in them and they in Me."

the delights of a London season possessed no charm for her, simple child that she was; and she gladly consoled herself with the thought that, so far as they knew, their nearest relation was the one cousin before mentioned.

On reaching the foot of the hill, the two friends turned to the right and entered the town by one of those picturesque old gateways that are such a source of admiration to the visitors who from time to time flocked to St. Marc.

Marie, notwithstanding her low estimate of her own personal attractions, was by no means displeasing, though her flaxen-haired, blue-eyed prettiness accentuated the strong

to one of Hugh Castellain's temperament existence can never be the peaceful summer dream it is to many.

His was no ordinary character. Margery, in a burst of girlish enthusiasm and sisterly affection, had said there was "no one like him," and, in truth, he possessed some strange charm of voice and personality that made him more than usually interesting, even to the merest acquaintance.

Goodness is a much-abused term. Too often, alas, it is only another word for self-sufficiency, self-confidence, intolerance regarding the opinions and feeling of others, combined with a general air of quiet, yet none the less aggressive superiority that is of itself sufficiently aggravating to less favored mortals. But if it means—as, in fact, goodness must mean—truth, uprightness, purity of heart, self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, combined with love of God, faith in the mysteries of our holy religion, and charity to our fellow men—thus Hugh was *good*, though outwardly he appeared much like his companions, who called him the best of good comrades, even if somewhat too painfully addicted to hard work.

But perhaps that was only his English way of taking life seriously. At least they were fain to allow that he never made duty unpleasantly apparent; while despite his gravity of demeanor—a gravity, however, which had nothing hard or repellent about it, and served rather to increase than diminish their interest—he possessed a keen sense of fun. He saw the ridiculous side of things with amazing quickness. He could laugh and be merry with the best; yet he never mocked, for "Mockery is the fume of little hearts," and there was no room for smallness or meanness in such a disposition as his.

With a little nod, Marie dismissed the maid who always attended her and Margery in their rambles.

They would have much preferred to wander about alone; but this the Marquise utterly refused to allow, so they were compelled to endure the presence of Nanelte—a somewhat awe-inspiring personage, who had been in the family for many, many years, and who held much stronger views of the de Fleurville greatness than the gentle Marquise herself.

Marie and Margery knew all her stories by heart; and the former gazed at her retreating figure with a sigh of relief, ere she turned to join the brother and sister.

Laughing and talking gaily, the trio made their way along the familiar streets; then, leaving the town behind them, they directed their steps down a pretty tree-shaded road and soon reached a large house standing in its own grounds.

This had been the young Castellain's home for ten years. It was Marie's home also; the Marquise having felt it her duty to leave the beautiful old chateau in Normandy and take up her abode on the smaller estate at St. Marc when, through the reckless extravagance of her only son, the glories of wealth had departed from the house of de Fleurville.

It was a good thing, hard as it may sound to say so, for all connected with the unfortunate young Marquis—not even his adoring mother excepted—when, some six or seven years before, he had returned home to die. And that the end came and found him prepared and repentant was due in a great measure to the prayers and tears of the widowed Marquise, whose heart he had well-nigh broken.

One day, when she had been settled at St. Marc about two years, the Marquise de Fleurville received a letter from her dearest friend. Beautiful Kathleen O'More had been the heroine of all her youthful dreams during that happy school time in the peaceful Breyes convent. And even after their respective marriages, the communication between them had never entirely ceased, though the lives of Kathleen Castellain and Marie de Fleurville had necessarily drifted apart. But Captain Castellain had died suddenly at Geneva, and his young wife wrote asking her girlhood's friend to choose a house for her in or near St. Marc. She was alone in the world now, she said, save for her two children and was anxious to live in a place where she would find every educational advantage for her boy, who was just twelve years old. St. Marc, she had been told, was in every way suitable and money, she added, was no object.

So it came to pass that, ere many weeks had rolled by, Kathleen Castel-

lain and Marie de Fleurville were once more living under the same roof. The Marquise's house far exceeded the simple requirements of herself and her little girl; she therefore proposed that her friend should come to her—at least for the present.

"You are lonely and in sorrow, my dearest Kathleen," wrote the Marquise. "So am I. Let us comfort each other; and if you find yourself happy here, we will spend our lives together; for I do not hesitate to tell you that, quite apart from the pleasure of your society, I shall be truly thankful for the pecuniary benefit your presence will confer."

The plan had succeeded admirably; each year only found the two friends more attached. Margery and Marie the younger were like sisters; while as for Hugh, the Marquise loved him scarcely less than the son who had cost her such long hours of bitter sorrow.

Thus month after month rolled by, and if time—which some say heals all wounds—could not fill the aching void in Kathleen Castellain's heart, at least she found a quiet and lasting happiness in her children's love. They adored her; her beauty and grace charmed them, while her goodness and tenderness won from them an affectionate reverence and made her almost sacred in their eyes. She, on her side, rejoiced in their joys—grieved in their griefs—and was outwardly the same to both, but it was Hugh who filled her heart. He was her world—her all. If the Marquise lavished upon her handsome, spendthrift son a wealth of affection that had in it something akin to idolatry; none the less passionately did Kathleen Castellain love the boy who had never given her a moment's anxiety. His successes at school—his honors at College—these made up the sum total of her life's joys; and when at length she lay down to die, it was the thought of parting from him which cost her the keenest pang.

"Goodbye, my own darling," she whispered faintly, as he knelt beside her, the last Rites of the Church over. "God bless you and grant you every happiness. I need not ask you to be true to your faith and to the name you bear; I can trust you, Hugh, and I leave my little Margery in your care."

To her friend she commended both her children.

"Hugh must stay on here, at any rate until he has finished his college career," she said. "And Margery could not have a better adviser than yourself. You will be a mother to my dear ones, will you not, Marie, when they are motherless?"

And the Marquise promised with tears. How faithfully she fulfilled that promise during the two years which had elapsed since their mother's death, only Hugh and Margery could have told.

CHAPTER II

*"But Heaven hath a hand in these events,
To whose high will we bound our
calm contents."*

"Ah, there's mother!" exclaimed Marie, as they emerged from the drive and went across a large and well-kept lawn to where the Marquise sat in a comfortable wicker chair, with quite a little forest of waving acacias behind her. At her side stood a small table covered with books and papers; one of the former lay open on her knee and in her hands was a long roll of knitting, at which she worked unceasingly while she read.

"Are we late, mother dear?"

"No, I think not; but time flies so fast when one is occupied."

"And you are always busy, dear Marquise," cried Margery. "How would your poor fare without you?"

"Very well, I doubt not, my child. It is little enough help I can give them in these days," and the good Marquise smiled rather sadly.

As a matter of fact, the want of money to supply her dependents' needs caused their "beloved Marquise" considerably more pain and inconvenience than they guessed. The payment of her son's debts, which at the time of his death had accumulated to quite an alarming extent, reduced her income to less than one-third its original amount. But upon one point she was quite determined—the sick and needy should not feel the sting of her poverty more than she could help.

She was a tall fair woman, still handsome, of stately carriage and courteous manners—worshiped by her inferiors, loved by her equals, and

respected by all; though those not admitted to her friendship were wont to call her haughty and cold. In truth, she was neither the one nor the other, but a tender-hearted, charitable, and charming woman, whose pride—if she was guilty of any—was not the pride of birth or position, but rather the sensitive reserve of one who would fain hide her troubles from the world. A familiar figure in society during her husband's lifetime, on his death she withdrew from it completely and for many years had lived in almost religious seclusion. A devout Catholic—a woman of the world—without a trace of worldliness—no better friend could have been found for the young Castellains than she.

"You look tired, Hugh," she remarked, as he threw himself on the grass at her feet, "Study is all very well and I am the last in the world to counsel idleness; only don't overwork yourself. Remember the good old proverb and 'make haste slowly.'"

"Excellent advice, my dear Marquise. But I assure you I don't require it," he returned lightly. "I can honestly say that my reading has never kept me awake yet."

"So much the better; you look to me as if you wanted both rest and change. Perhaps you will have the latter sooner than you think—that is if what I learnt today comes to pass."

"How delightfully mysterious and exciting!" exclaimed Margery and Marie, in one breath. "Do tell us about it, please."

"Patience, patience, my children," said the Marquise, searching amongst a small packet of letters which she had taken from a small leather case on the table. "Ah, here it is! These"—holding up some closely-written sheets—"are from a very dear friend of mine, Lady Lenscombe, whom you have never seen. She lives in Devonshire and tells me some news which, I feel sure, will interest both Hugh and Margery. This is what she says:—

Apropos of old friends, my dear Marie, did not sweet Kathleen O'More marry one of the Castellains? I seem to remember your telling me so, and I am particularly interested in the family just now, for our nearest neighbor is a Castellain—Basil Castellain—a young

fellow of one or two-and-twenty, who lives about three miles from us at Castellain Court, the most charming old Tudor mansion imaginable, and its master is equally charming—so frank, and bright, and handsome. I am quite delighted with him and we are great friends.

Today I heard from Mrs. Sinclair and her pretty daughter, upon whom I happened to be calling, that he intends going to France in a week or two. If so, you may see something of him.

Poor boy, he leads a somewhat lonely life at home, I fear, despite his wealth and his beautiful old house. Both his parents died when he was a child. His grandfather, who idolized him, I believe, has also been dead several years, and he appears to have no more relations. However, if Kathleen married into the Castellain family, of course her children would be connections of his.

Do write soon and tell me. I am longing to hear everything you know yourself.

"That is all, I think," said the Marquise, folding up the letter and returning it to its envelope, with an amused smile at the intense interest depicted on the faces of her listeners. "I can only conclude that this Monsieur Basil must be your cousin. Do you not agree with me, Hugh?"

"Most certainly I do. I know my father had one brother, whose name was Basil, and there seems no shadow of a doubt that this is his son."

"Ah!" murmured Marie. "It is like a book. Aren't you glad, Margery?"

"I don't know," she answered, almost sharply, while she looked across the sunny garden with a feeling of unrest in her heart, for which she was powerless to account.

Marie made no further remark and a sudden silence fell upon them all.

Overhead, the acacia branches whispered in the soft evening breeze; a bird sang joyously in one of the bushes near at hand; the far-off chain of blue mountains seemed to take a deeper, more purple hue, in the strong golden light; but Margery gazed at the familiar picture with unseeing eyes. The advent of this unknown cousin disturbed her, and she felt an unspeakable relief when a bell from the house warned them that it was time to go in and prepare for dinner.

Some hours later, she found herself alone with her brother for the

first time that day. They were in the study—a charming octagon room, set apart by the Marquise for their own use and everywhere bearing traces of their mother's taste and loving thoughtfulness for their comfort.

Here they could read and write undisturbed; here, too, they could enjoy these long confidential talks which Marie felt almost disposed to envy.

"It must indeed be delightful to have a brother like Hugh," she thought, as she paced the darkening garden walks in solitary silence; while Margery, all unconscious of her friend's regrets, packed away a small pile of volumes, together with several formidable-looking exercise books, which had been scattered over her and over the table.

"Finished at last, I do believe," she exclaimed, rising with a sigh of relief and crossing to where her brother sat completely absorbed in a book. "Haven't you read enough for tonight?" she asked, insinuatingly, as she seated herself on the arm of his chair. "I do so want to talk."

"Well, talk away, then, by all means. I'm quite ready to listen, though I confess I don't feel equal to the exertion of starting the subject of our conversation."

"Nonsense, Hugh! Do be serious. I really want to ask you some questions about this dreadful Basil."

"Why dreadful? You should choose more appropriate epithets, my fair sister."

"I'm not fair and I don't want to choose my epithets," retorted Margery, leaning forward and calmly possessing herself of his book. "Oh, my dear Hugh, what an alarmingly dry subject! You surely can't enjoy such stiff reading?"

And she hurriedly closed the heavy volume, full of secret admiration for her brother's cleverness.

As a matter of fact, Hugh Castellain was a student by nature as well as by name. He loved learning for learning's sake. There was nothing superficial about him. His keen intellect would never "rust unburnished."

"Strong in will to strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield"—he could, by no possibility, lead the placid, oyster-like existence of those to whom

the struggle for mental preeminence is a thing unknown.

"Now about Basil," went on Margery. "I do hope he won't come here. I don't want to see him, notwithstanding Lady Lenscombe's glowing description of his charms. I feel somehow as if he would break into our lives and make everything different."

"My dearest girl, what an absurd notion. In what way is the poor fellow likely to prove a disturber of your peace?"

"I don't know," with a little impatient movement. "But I'm certain he will, all the same."

"Come now, Margery, this is childish. If he is our own cousin—and I think there is not the slightest reason to doubt it—we ought to be exceedingly glad to welcome him."

"Yes, of course; and you will go and get devoted to him—a sort of Damon and Pythias friendship over again."

"Ah, now I begin to see daylight," said Hugh, with a smile that roused her to immediate self-defence.

"You need not laugh. I'm not jealous," she was beginning, when all at once her mood changed, and greatly to his surprise—for she was by no means given to sudden displays of emotion—she threw her arms around his neck and hid her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, Hugh, Hugh!" she cried, with a suspicious sound of tears in her voice—"we've been so happy together—you won't let any cousin come between us, however perfect he may be."

"No, Margery, no. But you must not get foolish fancies into your head, my dear little sister. What possible change do you suppose Basil Castellain could bring into our lives—except perhaps a change for the better?"

"Of course not. Forgive me, Hugh dear. I did not mean to be silly," said Margery, furtively wiping away her tears. "Now, tell me all about Basil, and why he lives at Castellain Court."

"He lives there because, as I take it, Uncle Basil was our grandfather's eldest son. You know he had two sons—Basil and Hugh—and when they were both grown up, they went one summer for a walking tour in Ireland. There they met and fell in love with the same woman—our own

dear mother. She chose Hugh, and from that day, as far as I can gather, his father cast him off. He had made other plans for this his favourite son; and notwithstanding our mother's good birth, he never forgave him for marrying a penniless Irish girl. How much his marriage cost him even our mother never knew. She told me that when she questioned him on the subject, he would laugh and turn the conversation, saying his father's anger would never last; while, for the rest, he was sufficiently rich, having a considerable fortune which had come to him at his mother's death some years before. Now you know as much of our family history as I do myself; and I hope, if Basil comes, you will be prepared to meet him with a due amount of cousinly affection."

"I'll try," said Margery, laughing. The shadow had quite left her face, and a minute later he heard her fresh young voice waking the slumbering echoes of the silent house, as she tripped gaily downstairs to say good night to the Marquise and Marie.

He sat on long after she had left him; his book lay open on the table, but his thoughts were far away, trying to follow his dead father and mother along the dim pathways of that far-distant past, in which he had no part.

For himself, the prospect of his cousin's arrival aroused in him a feeling almost amounting to pleasure. Much as he was liked by all his fellow students, he had no special friend amongst them—no companion in any marked degree; and, after all, there is a certain attractiveness in kinship. He and this unknown Basil belonged to the same race—bore the same name—held the same faith as their steadfast Catholic forefathers. Might they not also, if they met, find interests and sympathies in common? It was not improbable; and at least it would be pleasant to make acquaintance with one of his own family. The idea suggested by Margery, that any pain could arise from such a meeting had never for an instant crossed his mind. He did not know—how could he?—what lay hidden in the mercifully-veiled future.

(To be continued)

A ROMANCE OF MISSION DAYS

BY HENRIETTE EUGENIE DELAMARE

IT was one of those perfect winter days in California, when the air is fresh but the sun warm and bright and the sky cloudless. Never perhaps had San Juan Capistrano, that pearl of the Missions, looked more lovely. The great stone church with its high tower and slender spire stood out boldly against the blue sky and from the pillars and arches of the beautiful cloisters in which the gray robed Padres were slowly pacing up and down, hung great clusters of roses and other creeping plants which threw patches of flickering checkered shadow on the stone floor, while in the spacious inner plaza a number of neophytes were busily plying their various trades.

But for once the peaceful beauty and grandeur of this scene struck no responsive chord in the heart of the girl who stood pensively under the shadow of one of the cloisters, thinking regretfully of the events of the last few days.

It had been such a silly lover's quarrel, about nothing at all, and Anita felt it was all her own fault! She had accused her Antonio of flirting with Constanza, not that she for one minute suspected him of being faithless, but just to tease and make him say for the hundredth time that she was the only woman in the world for him, his pearl, the queen of his heart. Then when instead of answering thus he had defended himself rather hotly, she had accused him more and more vehemently until he had turned away in anger and left her. And then she had called after him:

"Very well, go to your Constanza if you like! There are plenty of others ready to court me!"

And this was true enough, for Anita was the undisputed belle of the San Juanenos maidens and many were her suitors, but none to compare with her Antonio. Her first movement of temper over, she had bitterly regretted her folly and had determined to be very sweet and repentant when Antonio came to plead with her to make it up, as she felt sure he would do, for she knew how tenderly he loved her. But to her as-

tonishment and bitter grief he did not come to fetch her for the hall that day, nor did he pretend to see her the whole evening. And yet she had put on his favorite dress and stuck in her hair the flowers he had brought her that fatal morning. At

and to be thus rebuffed took her breath away.

Several of the officers from the Presidio had come to watch the dancing and sports that night, and scarcely had Anita taken her place among a group of girls when the head officer came up and asked her to dance the elaborate and beautiful Spanish El Palmar with him. The officers generally thought it beneath them to invite the Indian girls, but Anita was not only the beauty of the mission but by far its best dancer and very soon all other couples stopped to watch the Captain and his fair partner. Never perhaps had Anita looked more beautiful and never before had she danced with such exquisite grace and agility. She did not give a thought to the officer, but she fancied Antonio must be looking on and it was to him she was dancing, his admiration she was seeking. But her partner, on the contrary, was so carried away by her beauty and charm that he forgot himself so far as to attempt familiarity. Before he could do so, Anita had slapped him in the face and springing away with the agility of a wildcat stood before him stamping her foot with rage, her eyes flaming, her small brown fist raised to strike him again if he dared approach her. In another minute the Father Superior stood between them and laying his hand on the girl's shoulder protectingly, said in a firm though gentle voice:

"Our Indian maidens may be danced with but not trifled with, my son, and if you cannot treat them with respect, we will have to forbid your entrance within the precincts of our Mission."

The officer scowled angrily and muttered something between his teeth, but a group of stalwart Indians had already advanced to protect their Padre and the maiden and the officer thought it best to retire in high dudgeon accompanied by all his party. Anita's heart sank within her to notice that Antonio was not one of those who had come forward to defend her, and faint and sick from her varied emotions she turned to her father who was among the

(Continued on page 234)



The Mission Courtyard

first her heart felt like to break, then anger seized her and she determined to show him she could do without him and flirted openly with one of his rivals. But oh! when she got home that night how bitterly she cried almost the whole night through! and how fervently she prayed to Our Lady to help her win her Antonio's forgiveness.

All the next day she waited in anguish for his coming and she at last made up her mind to be the first one to make an advance; so, when all assembled for the dance that evening she purposely walked past him and as she did so, she plucked the rose from the bosom of her dress and held it out to him. But Antonio looked straight ahead and took no more notice of her than if she had been a stone wall. Cut to the heart, Anita fairly staggered under the blow. She had always been spoiled and made much of all her life



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

"To make and hold yourself good is the best start toward making the world good." (Tertiary Convention.)

THE CATHOLIC HABIT

"YES," said Mrs. L., impatiently "how do you get it—the Catholic habit? I've seen to these children of mine as carefully as I could, but Nora isn't one bit behind the times, and Jack is saving up for patent leather dancing pumps. At his age—fifteen! Think of it!"

"Well, there's nothing wrong in that," said the gray-haired old lady. "And—I have troubles of my own, Mrs. L."

"So you have." Mrs. L. was penitent. "At least Jack hasn't reached the marriageable age, and your Bernard has." She hesitated. "Wasn't she to see you last Sunday—Bernard's bride-to-be?"

"She was." The gray-haired, motherly woman nodded. "A nice little flutter some thing. Very pleasure. We liked her—the girls are in love with her."

"And you?" Mrs. L. looked at her. "Didn't you approve?"

"Well, she hasn't the Catholic habit yet, my dear. But—I have hopes."

Mrs. L. was silent a second.

"If you tell me how you found that out perhaps I'll know what you mean by the Catholic habit," she said, with a smile.

The gray-haired old lady glanced out of the window, an odd expression in her blue eyes.

"She came over to us after Mass—Bernard and Susie met her at the station. A nice little thing, as I said before. Pretty, too—and a bit spoiled. The only child. After dinner I took her over the house—it has just been renovated, and Dad and I are rather proud of it. When we came back to the living-room the girls were out on the porch. I had then been in the company of my future daughter at least four hours, and had heard absolutely nothing that indicated her likes or dislikes, many thousand dollars for making the copy of which that is a copy. That St. Francis embracing Our Lord on the Cross in the library was brought to us from Rome by our friend Bishop M——. That Raphael's Madonna della Sedia on wood was bought in Paris by my sister on her honeymoon. I should be ashamed to tell you what she paid for it."

"Why, you have them even here," she said. "No wonder I felt as if I were in church all the time!"

"In church? Why?" I asked.

"You've got so many holy pictures in the house," she said. "One or two in the bedrooms—they should be in the bedrooms—but here you have them in the hall, the dining-room, the library, the living-room—how can you stand it?"

"Stand it!" I confess I was shocked, then indignant, for she tossed her pretty head.

"I don't believe in it," she said, "it seems just like a parading of your religion—and it must be very annoying to any non-Catholic friends you may happen to have calling on you."

"But, my dear child—" Then I stopped. She was so young—and I just then, quite suddenly, realized that we didn't have any non-Catholic friends. Wasn't that odd—I had never thought of it before.

"It's just Catholic habit," I went on. "You see, most of these pictures are by famous artists. If you look at the signature on that Da Vinci's Last Supper over there, you'll know, if you are at all interested in painting, that the artist charged a good

THE Catholic habit is taking the faith right into the home, and making it a part of daily life. It means giving your children Catholic eyes and ears.

By this time my little girl was staring at me, wide-eyed.

"Don't you know, dear child, that Catholic art is the only art that lives? There isn't a wealthy house in this big city that hasn't a replica—often costly ones—of some famous Madonna—for art's sake. But with us, dear, it's a Catholic habit, and a comforting one, to see all our friends about us. What's the use of loving people if we don't give them the best we have?"

She didn't answer that.

"Bernard is deeply attached to our St. Francis in the library—you know Bernard's a Tertiary—and I had intended to give it to you both for a wedding gift. But I wouldn't like such a beautiful thing hidden away in a bed-room."

She put her two little hands around my own, coaxingly.

"Please," she said, "I never looked at it like that before. And if Bernard loves that St. Francis, well, I'd want it to have the best place in our home—I would! Please don't change your mind because of anything I've said."

"My dear, I want you to be honest with me—that's all. I'll respect your ways, and you'll respect mine. And when one has the Catholic habit—"

Mrs. L. looked at her thoughtfully. "I have Catholic pictures in my

home, too," she said, "but that doesn't keep Nora from wanting to follow the fashions of the day." She sighed. "I'm so tired of having myself held up to scorn as the mother of the flapper."

"Well, that isn't all I meant by the Catholic habit," said the older woman. "I think it's hard to get into words. It isn't praying long prayers; it isn't strict adherence to self-made rules. It's just taking life as it comes in a purely Catholic way—oh, just getting the Catholic habit. And you can't begin that when a girl is sixteen. It has got to begin when she's six months."

"What remedy is there in the case of the girl of sixteen, then?" said Mrs. L. "That's mine."

Yes, that was hers. And there is a mighty big word to be said for the mothers. They've poured themselves out for their children—and the children have given most by taking all. But presently there is an escape from the mother-shelter. The boys to High School or business college. The girls go to High School. They feel they must dress like their companions or be marked odd, and for a girl of fourteen to be marked odd is nothing short of calamity. The father looks askance, saying, when he speaks at all, "If you had brought her up right, she'd want to be different. She'd glory in being different!" The mother endeavors to advise; then she reprimands. The girl says, "Mother, talk about being conspicuous! The only thing that can make me conspicuous is for me to dress the way you want me to. And I've got to live with these girls five hours a day, remember!"

Well for the Catholic father and mother if the children, at this age, have formed the Catholic habit. *Plainly, this is taking the faith right into the home, and making it as much a part of one's daily life as the food one eats or the air one breathes.* It means giving your children Catholic eyes and ears. You can no more make them think alike than you can make them act alike. Whether you have two children or ten you will marvel at their difference in disposition. William is quiet, inclined to be su-

perior and irritating; John is merry-hearted, gay, full of the joy of living, apt to hold in very light esteem things which his brother treats with reverence. Anne is studious, walks sedately; Mary is full of mischief, irresponsible. These are your children, each one of them. You honestly say that you have not trained William or John, Mary or Anne along different lines. You have not made Anne apply herself or called Mary from her books. But here is character, right here in your home—and your home is like the world, reflecting many faces.

IF you want to avoid trouble and conflict in the future with the men and women that you have brought into the world, form the Catholic habit now.

But in your home there is a steady force which the world does not possess—and if you have the Catholic habit you will know how to use it. A writer says: "The important thing for parents is not to guard their speech lest children overhear them, BUT TO GUARD THEIR SOULS that children be free to see all. Children are relentlessly attentive to parental speech and habit alike. What parents are, not what they would have themselves imagined to be by the children, shines through every word and act. It may be very important for parents to be watchful of their tongues, but it is rather more imperative that they be watchful of their lives."

These watchful lives will react on sober William, merry John, sedate Anne, and mischievous Mary. For father or mother to try to guard these young people from mistakes is foolish. You have learned by your errors—they must learn by theirs. Children have a right to exercise their power of thought, and if the Catholic habit has been inculcated from early days, this does not imply danger. If their mistakes involve no breaking of God's law, upon us lies "the duty of guidance," but never of compulsion.

"All right, then," somebody says, "I'm willing to get the Catholic habit. How shall I start?"

First, with yourself. Love your neighbor as yourself. God has just been a little bit kinder to you in opening your eyes to the necessity of love of neighbor. "I am doing this because God wants me to do it; I am doing this because I am a Catholic, and every kind action I do reflects credit on my Church." Or to John, "John, a lie is a sin; first, you break God's commandment, and offend Him; second, you are a Catholic and anything you do wrong must reflect discredit on your Church." Or to Mary, "Mary, gossip leads to trouble. Presently, people will say you are a tale-bearer—and they will add, 'She's a Catholic, too!'"

This should start at the very beginning of life. It isn't preaching, it isn't scolding, it's getting the Catholic habit. It's the gentle reminder, such as "Father didn't feel well when he went out this morning. Run into church before you go to school and ask Our Lord to take care of him to-day." Or "It looks as if it will rain before the men get the hay in—say a little prayer that it will keep up, son." Or it's the father's "Mother's birthday next week. To-morrow's Sunday—we'll all go to Holy Communion for her."

It's constant watchfulness. You would hardly believe that Catholicity could be taught through a popular song? Yet this is how it was done in a certain family. The song was one of the prevalent catches of the day, with something in it about "a rolling stone, just rolling home, to Sunny Tennessee." And a certain line occurred in the chorus: "I'd give my soul if I could stroll," etc. The children brought it home from a church entertainment and sang it. "But you mustn't even SAY that," said the father; "it's all wrong. You couldn't give up your soul for anything in the world." One should hear the theological discussion that ensued! "You have no right to give

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Home Handicraft

DURING the past month we have received a number of inquiries about altar laces, laces for surplices, embroidery for altar linens, etc. Each of these inquirers have been sent a personal letter, but for the benefit of all our readers we would repeat that these things are being

dallion; Black-eyed Susan luncheon set; dining-room curtain with basket and bow-knot centerpiece; jonquil between-meal centerpiece; bedspread strips and blocks; apple sideboard doily; crochet fringe and crochet stitches. Each piece has a definite, practical purpose,

in filet crochet, and will surely appeal to all. It is so unusual in its beauty that those who do not know how to crochet will want to learn, in order to make it. The opportunity is right here, for the booklet gives full directions for every stitch used, and each stitch is illustrated.



Dresser Scarf and Cushion
in Rose Design

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planned for. We are at present taking up the matter of transfer designs in ecclesiastical embroidery. These designs are really exquisite and will surely meet every demand once they are ready to place on the market. We are, too, going into the matter of crochet work in ecclesiastical patterns, and will have more to say about this in the near future.

The scarf and pincushion shown on this page is taken from our Service Booklet No. 11, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in coin or two-cent stamps, with an additional two cents for postage—twelve cents in all. This Service Booklet No. 11 contains, in addition to directions for this dresser set, directions for crocheting a rose luncheon set; a grape luncheon cloth, filet crochet edges and insertion; vestibule door curtain; flower pot me-

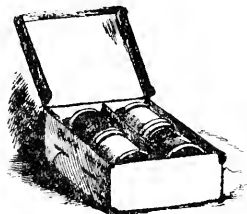
and contributes to the charm of the home. In planning them, particular attention was given to simplicity of construction, so that the beginner, as well as the expert, will find them easy to make. Working diagrams are furnished for each design.

The set shown is a design of roses

The reason why the design given on this page is so easy for beginners is because there is very little shaping.

A BOX FOR COTTONS

Our sketch illustrates a capital way in which spools of cotton may be arranged in a small cardboard box, and the thread drawn off without either removing the spools or even lifting the lid. Four spools are shown in the sketch, but a larger number could, of course, be arranged in the same manner in a box of suitable size. To keep the spools in their places, a little cardboard division is fitted down the center of the box, and opposite each spool a slit is cut, through which the cotton may be drawn off as it is required. It is a good plan to write above each slit the color of the cotton running through it.



OUR PATTERN SERVICE

of pattern, or size desired. If your order for a pattern has not been filled it is because you have omitted something. So write to us again, please! We are holding your letter until we hear from you.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS

Write your name and address plainly on any piece of paper. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin for each pattern ordered (wrap coin carefully; if stamps are sent, 2-cent stamps preferred). Send your order to FRANCISCAN HERALD PATTERN SERVICE, CORONA, N. Y. Our patterns are furnished especially for us by the leading fashion designers of New York City. Every pattern is seam-allowing and guaranteed to fit perfectly.

For the convenience of readers who are now ready to start on Summer frocks, we are publishing a Summer issue of our Fashion Magazine. This book contains approximately 400 styles suitable for Summer, some for grown-ups and some for children; and in addition several pages of embroidery designs and seven more advanced lessons in dress-making. Price, 10c. Order your copy to-day—same address as above.



No. 1335. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $8\frac{3}{4}$ yards braid. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1261. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $7\frac{1}{4}$ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1165. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 32-inch plain material with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 32-inch figured material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1302. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40, and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 32-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

PLEASE. PLEASE, PLEASE! ters come to us during the month Read our directions on HOW TO without your name; or without your ORDEE PATTERNS. Many let- address; or without giving number

No. 1123. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yards 36-inch material with 2¼ yards ruffling. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1246. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measures. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 32-inch contrasting and 9½ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1168. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting and 6½ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1304. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch light material with 1¾ yards 32-inch figured material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1287. Child's Dress with Bloomers. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with 4¼ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1292. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 yard 36-inch material for trousers and ¾ yard 36-inch material for waist. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1291. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 32-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9600. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 32-inch material with 8¼ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9875. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. 3¾ yards 36-inch material with 3¼ yards edging. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1168. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting and 6½ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1095. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material for dress and 1¾ yards 36-

tern, 15c.
 No. 1167. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 34-inch contrasting material and 1¼ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.
 No. 1280. Girls' Dress. Cut in (Continued on page 223)



LET ME REMIND YOU

NOT to say "between you and I." When a preposition is used, it must be followed by the objective case; so instead of, "between you and I," one must say "between you and me."

Not to say "I don't know but what I shall go." The proper expression is "I don't know but that I shall go."

Not to say "You cannot go without you take me." Properly expressed this is, "You cannot go unless you take me," or "You cannot go without me."

Not to say "After having had supper we went to Mary's." The word after is not necessary. "Having had supper we went to Mary's" is correct.

Not to use the word "afraid" when one means "fear." Do not say "I am afraid of that place," but "I fear that place." Do not say "I am afraid I cannot attend the party," but "I fear I cannot attend the party."

Not to say "He returned back to his seat." Back should be omitted, as it is included in returned. "He returned to his seat."

Not to say "If he accepts of that offer I shall be very much pleased." Though writers use this expression it is not correct; "of" always being superfluous here. "If he accepts that offer I shall be very much pleased." "Mary accepts a present," not "Mary accepts of."

Not to strain the word "awful" in place of "very" or "exceedingly." "Thanks awfully" for "Thank you very much." "An awfully pleasant party" for "a very pleasant party." "An awfully jolly crowd" for "a very jolly crowd." "Isn't that awful" for "Isn't that odd, or strange."

Not to say "I'll be back," though this expression is now in almost universal use. "I'll be back in an hour"—who isn't guilty of something similar to this? Yet "I'll come back in an hour," is the correct expression. Properly, one should say "I'll be here in an hour." "I'll be there in twenty minutes."

Not to say "This pencil is different than that" or "this pencil is different to that." The proper expression is "This pencil is different from that," "from" being always required.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LIKED

DON'T look on the dark side of things. You know how you brighten up when you meet a cheerful, sunshiny person, who is sympathetic enough to listen to your complaints, but optimistic enough to make you feel that relief is just around the corner. A young girl was telling me of her mother's severe fall, in which the thumb of her left hand was broken. "If I'm not lucky!" said the mother. "It might have been the thumb on my right hand, or even my leg!" "Whereas," said the girl, "I had just been lamenting the unlucky fact that she did fall!" Every one has a welcome for the friend who smiles.

Don't grudge other people their happiness or their comfort. You'll be popular if you rejoice wholeheartedly with others when good fortune comes their way. And yet there is often that uneasy feeling about some one of your acquaintances; "I won't tell Kate just yet. She'll be sure to say something that will spoil it for me."

Don't make fun of others. This caution should hardly be necessary—but there is a certain type with observant eye and keen sense of humor who looks first at the funny side. A good idea—unless it hurts. No one has any right to hurt another. The woman who makes others the object of ridicule is generally far from being popular. People who hear her too often feel that their turn will be next. Even your greatest friends may have touchy points—so avoid it.

Don't interlard your conversation with the non-important pronoun, "I." Don't rake up experiences to match the experiences related to you by your friends. Don't match an account of illness with an account of another illness suffered by you. Don't be always thinking and talking about yourself. If you are to be popular you must take a sympathetic interest in others.

Don't drop old friends when you acquire new ones. The woman who takes up new friendships with ardor, to the exclusion of friendships of long standing, is apt, in the end, to have no friends at all. In the making of many friends there is really no stability.

HOW OTHERS ARE DOING IT

AFTER an umbrella has been in use a short time, put a drop of oil in the center of the top about once a month. This prevents the ribs from rusting.

When the bristles of hair brushes become soft, they may be greatly improved by dipping them in a strong solution of alum and hot water. Two teaspoonfuls to a pint will be sufficient for several hair brushes.

When linen has been badly scorched, try the following method: Boil to a good consistency in half a pint of vinegar, two ounces of fuller's earth, and the juice of two onions. Spread this mixture over the damaged part and leave it to dry. If the threads are not actually burned through, the scorched place will, after washing, appear as white and perfect as the rest of the linen.

Kerosene is excellent for removing grass stains from a white dress. Rub the kerosene in until the stain is loosened, then wash the article in warm suds in the usual way.

Cream of tartar will take the fruit stain out of tablecloths. If it is one big stain, tie a lump of cream of tartar in the stained part, and then boil, putting it into cold water and allowing it to heat gradually. If the stains are small and spread over the article, put cream of tartar into the water in which it is to be boiled.

Old stockings can be cut into strips, oiled, and attached to a stick and save you the price of a dustless mop.

Place a bit of cotton soaked in kerosene in the bottom of your clock. Remove in a couple of days and you will be surprised to see how much dust it has absorbed.

To remove stains of perspiration from your clothes, soak the garments in strong salt water before laundering them.

Kerosene spots can be removed with fuller's earth. Cover the spot with a thick layer of hot fuller's earth, let it remain twenty-four hours and then brush off.

To prevent the ice pan leaking or becoming rusty, wash the pan thoroughly and dry it. Cover the bottom of the pan with a thin layer of paraffin. This will not only preserve the pan, but can be washed out readily, and the pan will always look clean.

(Continued from page 221)

sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 1/4 yards 36-inch material and 3 1/2 yards ribbon. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9379. Girls' Middy Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards 36-inch plaid material and 1 1/2 yards 36-inch plain material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1232. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 1 1/4 yards braid. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1274. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1 3/4 yards 36-inch material for dress and 1 1/2 yards 32-inch material for guimpe. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1164. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch material with 5/8 yards binding and 1/4 yard 18-inch lining. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1242. Girls' Bloomer Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with 3/8 yard 24-inch contrasting and 1 3/4 yards ruffling. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1239. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 5/8 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

LEARN DRESS DESIGNING

Erie, Pa.

FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Rochester, N. Y.

GENTLEMEN:—Before I go on I want to say this much. I know from experience that your course is the ideal one for the amateur dress-maker, who wants to become a real one. I have two children and do my own housework. During my spare time, averaging about 3 or 4 hours a day, about 4 days a week, I have been making dresses for my friends. I have sewed a lot for slender women, because I have been sure of a fitting, but was afraid to attempt anything over a 36. Just two weeks after receiving the model patterns, which accompanied the first lessons of your course, a stout lady, size 44 bust, insisted that I design and make a velour suit dress for her. Using these patterns following your system, I made a model lining, which fitted as near perfect as I have ever seen anything fit, so I proceeded to cut into the material costing \$8.00 a yard. To make a long story short, when the dress was finished, I had spent 25 hours on it, 6 of which was on the embroidery, done in two shades. I wanted to discourage her coming back, so I charged her \$25.00. She was surprised and said she never expected it to be less than \$35.00. Since taking this course I have been charging \$1.00 per hour and have all the work I can do for several months. Following your instructions, last week I designed and draped a black charmeuse dress, trimmed in jet. Thanks to the instructions it was a beautiful thing and a perfect fit. Before enrolling with you, during spare times, I made \$75.00 in four months; since enrolling I have made \$85.00 in two months. Respectfully yours,
Student No. 70885.

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Hundreds of women through this course now design and make their own gowns. They have three dresses for the money formerly paid for one.

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Others make considerable money during spare times. Send coupon immediately for free sample lessons. Get into a fascinating interesting work at once.

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Institute

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ADDRESS.....

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325 North Pearl St.
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(An order for the above will aid a paralytic cripple earn a livelihood.)



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

SOME STRANGE CITIES

LET us take a trip out into the world together and get away from all these everyday, commonplace cities in which we live, and find others where life is more exciting and unusual. It will not be so hard to do this. In fact, we will find plenty of queer places when we once come to investigate; so many that we will be glad to settle down again after our journey, perhaps. For instance, instead of walking about on smooth pavements and stepping into houses that stay where they are put, how about a residence at Bangkok, in Siam, where the "streets" are largely running water, and the "pavements" rafts on which are built six or seven bamboo cabins for people to live in? There's your "exercise," ready-made, without any trouble to yourself as you bob up and down with the tide! If you like "water cities," we can go over to Europe and land in Amsterdam, built on piles, with canals for avenues and streets, or to another town in Holland, Rotterdam, where there are innumerable bridges, warranted to turn you giddy, as they are drawbridges besides, and rise and fall all day long to let boats pass through. Or there is beautiful Venice, "the Queen of the Adriatic," with its gondolas instead of trolleys and autos. If you prefer the solid earth, "terra firma," you can go to Acoma, in our own New Mexico, the oldest settlement in the United States; for St. Augustine, in Florida, which claims to be the oldest town in our country, was settled by Europeans and Acoma by Indians long before the Europeans came. Acoma is no dead town, either, and can give some of our points on skyscrapers. Think of three terraced rows of three-storied houses, some of them more than 40 feet high! And these remarkable

houses have no doors. If you go visiting or belong in any of them, you must take a ladder with you, climb to the terrace on which you wish to stop, put your ladder against your house and go in over the roof. Then there is St. Rupert, in California, that was made into a city, everything in shape, parks, sewers, streets, before anybody was allowed to come in to stay. Or queer El-Jib, far away in Palestine, a city where King Solomon once lived, where he prayed to God, as your Scripture History tells you, for the gift of wisdom, and which still lies as he left it, tucked up on high ledges that give its inhabitants the appearance of being put

away on shelves. Or there is San Marino, in Italy, standing all by itself on the top of such a steep rock that it can be reached by one road only. (Imagine if there was a big fire there, or some terrible catastrophe from which the people would have to flee by the one narrow path!) Or there is Quebec, over our heads in Canada, a city like a two-story house, with Upper and Lower City to live in at choice. Perhaps you would like Beebe Plains better as a curiosity. It lies half in Canada, half in Vermont, and you have to get English stamps for your letter on one side of the Post Office hall, and American stamps on the other. A like condition occurs in the divided town of Moresnet, right on the boundaries of Belgium and Prussia. You can be a Prussian on one side of the street and a Belgian on the other if you choose. All that is necessary is to declare which you decide to be. How would you like to live in Gudvangen, Norway, where in winter the sun is never seen, and on the longest day in summer for one or two hours only? I think that is too gloomy a spot for our Young Folks! Let us hurry away to beautiful, glowing Carthagen, in Columbia, the city of coral, where the whole city is surrounded by a wall of shining white coral and the streets and houses made of the same material; or, more enchanting still, the lovely and mysterious deserted town of Ninfa, not far from Rome, a town of the Middle Ages, deserted by its inhabitants no one now knows when or why, but lying like a huge wreath out on the green plain, smothered in flowers! Flowers, gorgeous flowers, roses, honeysuckle, jasmine, violets, lilies—all kinds of bloom—carpet the streets below your feet, peep out of doors and windows and over the sunken

TWO QUEENS

All the little fairies
Are up and out to-day,
Dancing in the sunshine,
Welcoming sweet May.
Gliding through the shadows,
(Brightening as they pass.)
Calling to the flowers,
Whispering to the grass.
Oh how fair the world is,
Oh how bright and gay,
'Neath her smile bewitching,
Queen of Nature, May!

All the little angels
Are flying heaven adown,
Earthly flowers to gather
For Our Lady's crown.
Flowers of trusting prayer,
Flowers of childlike love—
Dear unto our Mother
Crown of stars above.
Oh how bright Her smile is,
Radiant as day,
On the world that hails Her
MARY, Queen of May!

roofs at you, climb up the altars of empty churches, lock the gates and doors through which you would like to pass with tendrils of ivy and creepers of many kinds—those who have seen Ninfa say it is like nothing but Fairyland! But underneath all this loveliness lies deadly malaria and fever, so that before the sun goes down you must leave it far behind you.

After all, the best city is one's own home city!

TWO FAMOUS GRAPEVINES

What do you think of a grapevine planted in the year 1768, living and yielding fruit in a greenhouse, along the sides of which it runs for 130 feet, with a stem of over three feet thick, and the parent of at least 2,500 bunches of grapes every year? That's the vine for you if you are fond of grapes. And such grapes! Luscious big black-purple Hamburg grapes, the best variety. This vine has been called "a royal monster," but wouldn't you call it rather a "king of vines?" It grows at Hampton Court, England, one of the properties of the sovereign—six of them have owned and eaten of its fruit—and is said to be the largest grapevine in the world. It has had thousands of visitors in its time, from all parts of the world, who were admitted into the greenhouse and could freely view it; nowadays, however, this privilege has been withdrawn—perhaps too many of the grapes found themselves plucked from the parent stem—anyway, to-day one has to stand outside the glass walls and be satisfied with looking in. Occasionally the grapes are sold and the money received is donated to charities. This great vine shows no sign of decay; on the contrary, the gardeners say that of late it displays even more vigor than for years past, just like some people, who, the older they get, "mellow," as the saying is—become more and more pleasant and agreeable. Let us hope this may be the case with all our Young Folk; remember, our wonderful vine was once a Young Folk amongst the other vines itself!

There is another vine of which not so much is heard, but its history is even more interesting. In a sun-

ny corner of the gardens of the Vatican—there the Pope lives, you know—grows and flourishes the "Vigna di Dio" (the Vine of God), which has hung there for centuries, and which Pope Leo XIII delighted to tend with his own hands. The grapes are pressed twice when the proper season arrives; the first pressing, which is the best, produces a delicious white wine which is used for one purpose only. Every Tuesday throughout the year a special holy Mass is offered in his private chapel by the Pope for all the enemies and persecutors of the Church, and the wine used at this holy Mass is that drawn from the first pressing of the Vigna di Dio. Centuries ago there was a Pope who was obliged to flee from Rome, because of his enemies among the proud Italian princes, and seek refuge in the town of Avignon in France, which then belonged to the Church, but which was given back to France in the year 1797. When the Pope left Rome, he carried with him some tender shoots of the vine, which took root and flourished finely in the new soil, and when Rome became once more the Papal See, after a lapse of 68 years, back went our Vigna di Dio with the restored Pontiff, as full of life and bloom as ever.

"WILL YOU COME INTO MY BOWER?"

Some day when you have nothing particular to do and want to see sights, just take ship for Australia and ramble about in its "bush" until a lovely purple-black bird, with feathers all tipped with white, starts out at you suddenly and sings you the words which head this paragraph. Don't laugh—it is not beyond his powers, for he can be taught to say words and even phrases very distinctly and with little trouble. He can whistle a tune any time you have the patience to show him how, and he just loves to copy everything he hears. And he can build a summer house and hold a party inside, that is one of the liveliest parties you ever attended. In his own home he is known as the Satin Bower-Bird, but over here we call him the Starling. He doesn't care much for America,

where he is never at his best. Put him or leave him over in his own Australia and he is the most joyous and happy bird you ever saw, full of mischief and play, and singing and talking all day long. His power of saying words is marvelous, superior to that of the parrot, because, as I said before, each syllable is so distinct and clear. His name of Bower-Bird comes from his building of these "bowers." He lays a platform of sticks and twigs as nicely as any carpenter, and in the center he puts up a little house of the same materials, which he decorates with small shells, colored feathers dropped by other birds in flight, pieces of any bright cloth he can carry off from near-by villages (he has a special love for blue), even bones, which he seems to consider a very great ornament. When he has finished his work, he flies about calling and whistling till all the other starlings in the neighborhood answer and flock to the party. Then there is such a running up and down and through the new bower! Nobody can keep still—perhaps it is a bird form of dancing; however that may be, "Social Hall" should be the name of the little construction, for it is rarely empty after its opening to the public. At night the starlings get together in a big crowd and fly off to spend the night in the reeds of the swamps and marshes; in the daytime they are out all over the place, especially in the fields where cattle and sheep are grazing. They settle on the backs of the sheep and sit there contentedly for some time; then all at once down goes a sharp beak into the back of the poor host, and up comes a handful of wool, with which the robber flies off to his nest. They are the monkeys of the bird tribe, but ever so much more attractive, and with not a particle of malice in their beautiful feathered breasts—they are just in love with living, "birds of God in fields of air." By the way, the flight of the starlings in these fields of air is something wonderful. A whole battalion of them will mount up into the sky and as you watch them they are gone—not a bird can you see! Then there they are again, wheeling and darting and maneuvering just like soldiers and with quite as much

dexterity. Then—a blank again—you can hardly believe your eyes! The secret of their disappearance is that they suddenly turn over on one wing, so that the edges point straight upward, and so marvelously uniform is this action that the eye can no longer discern the birds until they turn once again and resume their flight. Have any of our Young Folks read Father Faber's beautiful poem, "If thou couldst be a bird, what bird wouldst thou be?" Hunt it up if you haven't—it is well worth the reading. He doesn't mention our friend the Starling, it is true; but what he says of another bird may well apply to it—

" . . . he fieth the sunny world over,
And go where he will, takes away on his wings
Good words from mankind for the bright thought he brings."

"BUBBLES"

Not the
"I'm forever blowing bubbles,
Pretty bubbles in the air,"
of popular song—alas for Bubbles,
it was more than a blowing in the

air she got from a resolute young mistress. It was a cyclone, a whirlwind, a volcanic eruption through which she made her way into this country from Newport, England one day this summer. If the story as told by the New York World is a correct one, I am very sure Bubbles will never make a second trip to America of her own will. Originally, she was a sweet-faced, pretty little dolly, just the size to tuck down comfortably into her little owner's arms, "content to let the world go by." A good bit of it did go by as she was walked up and down every day, right on top of the broad Atlantic, across which she and her small mistress, Betty Thornton, were being conveyed to see what the New World was like. She was flaxen-haired and pink-cheeked, and if her eyes were a bit starey and her nose rather snobbish, on account of its perpetual turn-up, why, that wasn't her fault—Bubbles was as good-dispositioned a doll as ever was put on the market until one fatal day. Listen to her tale of woe and see how you would feel about it yourself.

It seems Miss Betty sometimes heard things that weren't intended for her small ears, and didn't always "sense" those things just right; but then she was only five years old, not a long while in this world, only long enough to have her small soul torn with anguish as she heard that Medical Inspectors—horrors! were they lions or tigers or "elefunts"?—were going to get hold of the Carmania, and see how many typhus-carriers were on board—more horrors! what could they be?—and those typhus-carrier-horrors were to be kept in quarantine for 20 days before they could land in New York. Well, there was another abuse of words; whatever could quarantine mean? But one thing she did understand was that somebody was after Bubbles. If her face wasn't clean, and her scalp as white as snow and her cheeks too red, somebody might shut Bubbles up, away from her for 20 days!—that must mean until Betty was grown up and dead!—and—oh, Bubbles!

Such a shower of tears, such a hugging of the smiling Bubbles, who didn't know what was coming!

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In due time the great boat was in the hands of the Medical Inspectors. As they began to settle to work, a young mite of humanity suddenly rushed into their awe-inspiring presences. Something was held up to them from small imploring hands that was neither flesh, fish nor fowl. A smaller voice remarked cheerfully:

"Here's Bubbles. She's well."

Which she was, merely from the fact that there was not enough of her left to be ill. Her beautiful face had been washed so clean that the wax was in holes and bumps all over it; her flaxen hair was mostly a memory; a few strands that still hung disconsolately about where her face used to be were simply well-soaped threads; one arm and a foot had dropped off through too energetic twisting in cleansing operations—but Bubbles was all right!

"Passed," said the Inspector, holding back his laugh till it hurt him.

So Bubbles and Betty, Betty triumphant and Bubbles looking as if she had met the "rocket's red glare and bombs bursting in air," and was theirs, came in under the Stars and Stripes.

THE FISH CRADLE OF AGASSIZ

Professor Agassiz, the famous naturalist, tells a pretty tale of a fish cradle he saw rocking out on the waves of ocean, full of little fish babies, as it turned out, so sound asleep that it took two or three days to find out whether they were really alive or not. On a voyage to the West Indies, one of the ship's officers, knowing who the distinguished passenger was and his interest in nature's curiosities, brought him a queer ball of seaweed, "about the size of two fists," he says. Agassiz saw at once that this was no ordinary mass of weed. It bore evident appearance of being the work of design and no mere accidental formation. "It was the prettiest thing," he wrote a friend. "The weeds were bound most closely together with fine strands or threads of the same material, and all along these threads ran shining little beads, not bigger than the

head of a pin. Sometimes they would be set at regular intervals, sometimes a bunch of them would hang on the same thread; but all through the mass they shone and sparkled, and were so tightly threaded that it was hard to disentangle them." Put into a big basin of water, the ball gradually unrolled itself, throwing out branches of twigs here and there, and the astonished watchers discovered that these were for the purpose of keeping the whole ball floating, oars, as it were. And the beads, they discovered also, were no mere ornaments, but the homes of the tiniest eggs, in which slept, safe and sound, wee fish babies, not yet come into the water-world! In one word, the seaweed ball was a nest, and it rocked up and down in the basin just as on the mighty waters without, as placidly and serenely with its tender freight as if it was on the bottom of the ocean floor with Mamma Fish sitting alongside and flicking it with her fins. You may be sure, the Professor didn't rock the cradle—he just let it alone and "shooed" everybody away for fear the babies might be waked too soon. In two or three days that is what they did, and lively babies they turned out to be. They broke their lovely bead blankets all to bits, and came out into the nest and into the water around, blinking their fish-eyes at the human who bent so interestedly over them, trying to find out who or what they were. As they had no announcement cards with them, he had to consult his books; and there he found them—they belonged to a big family, among the F. F. V. of Waterdom, named Chironectes. Desiring to become better acquainted, Agassiz did not send them home after his introduction to them, but watched them a little while longer, and found that they liked their seaweed cradle so well that, now they were awake, they commenced to eat it up! What do you think of that? The same object served them for bed and board, and with nothing to pay out for it either—yet we humans think we are so much brighter than the rest of creation!

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THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:

May I say a few words about an incident that happened during my vacation last summer? Two of my dearest friends and myself were spending a few weeks in North Walpole, New Hampshire, at the home of one of my relatives, and a few days after our arrival there my two friends, two of my cousins and myself went on a "hike."

We left early in the morning, expecting to be home by sundown. As we started out with huge lunch baskets, bathing suits and tennis balls, we were delighted with the beautiful day. About noon, my cousins, who knew the mountains well, had brought us to a little lake half-way up the mountain, and we prepared our luncheon. We continued our climb after our appetites had been satisfied, and my cousins, being interested in our descriptions of our home city paid little attention to the paths we were taking.

One of my friends, whose name was Rosaline, was suddenly attacked with indigestion, and as I was the only one who had taken First Aid lessons, I had to administer such aid as I knew would help her.

For two hours we did everything we could to relieve her pain, and as it was growing dark we were naturally very much worried. We knew the people at home would be worried too, and therefore we rose still more anxious. We said the Rosary and Litany over and over, and when, about eleven at night we heard our relatives calling our names, you can imagine our gratitude. They had lanterns and food with them, and when we were safely home once more, with Rosaline properly cared for, our gratitude to the Blessed Virgin for having protected us knew no bounds.

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THE PUZZLE CORNER

What Am I?

- My first is in pie but not in cake;
My second in ice but not in lake;
My third in noun but not in verb;
My fourth in eagle but not in bird;
My fifth in Anna but not in Jim;
My sixth in Peter but not in Tim;
My seventh in powder but not in gun;
My eighth in chocolate but not in gum;
My ninth in hide and also in seek;
My whole is a fruit we all like to eat.

—Helen Edwards, Lockland, Ohio.

Reversals

- 1—Turn around a small animal and it becomes the sap of the pine.
2—Turn around a number and it becomes something fishermen use.
3—Turn around a negative and it becomes a measure.
4—Turn around a comrade and it becomes a place to sit upon.
5—Turn around a small toilet implement and it becomes what the wind does on a frosty day.
6—Turn around meat before it is cooked and it becomes something horrible.
7—Turn around a large cask and it becomes a shelly fruit.

—Agnes Wall, Albany, N. Y.

Twisted Flowers

- 1—Mansymuchreth
2—Oliednnad
3—Oeamanne
4—Catehpai
5—Mallewtiswei
6—Rakrsrupl
7—Dichro
8—Edhornodnrod
9—Atherylifoylvel
10—Xohlp

Mary K. Dailey, Philadelphia.

Boys' Names

- 1—Competent
2—An agreeable countenance
3—Resolute, determined
4—Open, outspoken
5—Measures of distance
6—Sharp jerk with finger
7—A plant
8—A stamp, a sign
9—By transposing its four letters you get a weathercock, a river in Russia and the center of a church.

—Clement Lane, Baltimore.

ANSWERS TO APRIL PUZZLES

Jumbled Cities

- | | |
|-----------------|-------------|
| 1—Augusta | 6—Edinburgh |
| 2—Albany | 7—Paris |
| 3—San Francisco | 8—London |
| 4—Savannah | 9—Montreal |
| 5—Berlin | 10—Moscow |

What's My Name?

- | | |
|--------|---------|
| 1—Pal | 7—Rap |
| 2—Rip | 8—Ail |
| 3—Lip | 9—Air |
| 4—Lap | 10—Pair |
| 5—Liar | 11—Rail |
| 6—Par | 12—Pail |

Answer—April

Girls' Names

- | | |
|-------------|---------------|
| 1—Francisca | 4—Scholastica |
| 2—Anastasia | 5—Emerentiana |
| 3—Aniceta | 6—Gisella |

Beheadings

- | | |
|------------|-------------|
| 1—(S) park | 7—(P) rank |
| 2—(H) ears | 8—(E) vent |
| 3—(A) loft | 9—(A) vovs |
| 4—(K) nell | 10—(R) over |
| 5—(E) very | 11—(E) late |
| 6—(S) pare | |

Shakespeare

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

Dominick Salsiccia, New Orleans, La.; Gladys Wilcox, Philadelphia, Pa.; Lena Dell'Acqua, Laurium, Mich.; Amelia Lorenzo, Stratford, Pa.; Margaret P. Gall, Streator, Ill.; Helen M. Roth, Los Angeles, Calif.; Conrad J. Kohlberg, St. Louis, Mo.; James Gorman, Charleston, S. C.; Helen Lasehaid, La Salle, Ill.; William Selhorst, Coldwater, Ohio; Rose E. Maggio, New Roads, La.

(Continued from page 218)

your soul even for mine or mother's" said the father. "It's God's—He died for it. You can give your life to save another's soul, but YOUR SOUL is above every other possession. You can't sing that song that way. Let's find another rhyme to put in there."

This created interest immediately. All volunteered to make a line to take the place of the offending one. Here are three which were offered: "I'd give my life if I could hike"; rejected because it limped. "I'd give my hand if I could stand," rejected because it wasn't true. The last, accepted as being, if rather slangy, more in keeping with the rest of the song, "I'd give my roll, if I could stroll."

Just a popular song—but from what you remember of your youth, do you think those children are ever going to forget that father's lesson? And these little opportunities are being offered every day to every father and mother—golden opportunities—not in the catechism (though the catechism instills them); not in prayer (though they are prayers without words) but in catching hold of all that goes on about you—forming the Catholic habit of thought and mind.

One more instance that was brought to my attention. The boy was a likeable lad, just fifteen, and the alumni of the school used to run monthly dances. One evening the boy asked his mother if he might invite a certain girl. The mother asked no questions, gave her consent. Quietly, however, she made it her business to find out about the girl, who was of his own age. She discovered she was a nice child, of excellent family, the devout daughter of devout Lutheran parents. Did the mother sigh and leave the matter to God? Did she rage and stamp and so evoke the first rebellion in the heart of her boy? Did she weep over his base ingratitude, etc.? Did she shrug her shoulders and say "He's just a baby—it's nothing!"

She did not do one of these things that Catholic mothers are doing every day. But she simply and kindly spoke to him: "I understand Elizabeth is not a Catholic. I, of course, thought she was when I gave you permission to take her to the dance.

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My boy, it must not happen again. I want you to have a good time—but you could not enjoy a good time if you thought you were hurting me. And if this happens again you will hurt me very much. If I could leave you all the wealth of the world I would leave you nothing unless I pass on the Faith to you as it was passed on to me."

I asked this mother what she would have done had the boy not complied with her wishes. "But he had been brought up to look at things from a Catholic standpoint," she said, "so I don't see how he could refuse. He was too young to have any liking for the child—and I thought it a golden chance to impress on all his future the danger of associating with non-Catholics of the opposite sex."

Just another Catholic habit. In another home there is weekly communion from the time the children receive their first Holy Communion, and often the children go voluntarily

two or three times a week. Yet they are perfectly normal, mischievous boys and girls, who are forming the Catholic habit. There is, too, a family Communion Day, once a year on one of the holidays, at which all go to the Holy Table, receiving Our Lord for the family. And here is the chief reason for this. "I do not know when this family will scatter. Some of the boys may go to the ends of the earth and God only knows what temptations they may meet. But if I give them a day like this to remember, it may recur to them when their soul is most in need of direction."

This is all part of the Catholic habit. If you want to avoid trouble and conflict in the future with the men and women you have brought into the world, form the Catholic habit now.

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Miscellaneous

CHRONICLES OF AMERICA—AN APPRECIATION

By FRANCIS BORGIA STECK, O. F. M.

TO PRESENT the entire history of our country in living form . . . to make the traditions of the nation more real and vivid to those of our citizens who are not in the habit of reading history," thirty-eight writers have conjointly, under the auspices of the Yale University, produced *The Chronicles of America*. This Series of fifty volumes covers the history of the United States from Europe's first ingression on American soil, at the close of the fifteenth century, to our country's mingling in Europe's affairs, four and a quarter centuries later.

As regards typography and general make-up, *The Chronicles* leave nothing to be desired, while over 400 illustrations and 50 specially prepared maps (one for each volume) form a highly interesting and valuable collection. To each volume is appended an extensive bibliography of sources. The various authors have for the most part written in a very pleasing and sympathetic tone and they impress one as having tried to be objective and impartial. Doctor Allen Johnson, Larned Professor of American History in Yale University, gave his talent and leisure to the work as General Editor, arranging and attempting to harmonize the fifty volumes into one continuous story without destroying the individuality of the authors. The magnitude and difficulty of such a task can be inferred from a brief survey of *The Chronicles*. As their publishers, the Yale University Press, indicate in a prospectus, the Series is divided into five parts:

- I. The Morning of America
- II. The Winning of Independence
- III. The Vision of the West
- IV. The Storm of Secession
- V. The Noontide of America

PART I—THE MORNING OF AMERICA

The opening volume, *The Red Man's Continent*, tells the reader about the New World and its people before the coming of the white man. Then, in chronological order, follow seven volumes relating how the nations of Europe discovered, explored, and colonized the New World: Spain (one volume),

England (four volumes), France (one volume), and Holland (one volume).

PART II—THE WINNING OF INDEPENDENCE

The second part begins with *Colonial Footways*, presenting a picture of the social life in the colonies up to the outbreak of the War of Independence. *The Conquest of New France* deals with the conflict carried on practically for over three-score years between England and France for supremacy in the New World. The advance of the French being checked, about two-thirds of the colonists again unsheathed their swords, this time to throw off the yoke of England. To this great drama seven volumes are devoted, beginning with *The Eve of the Revolution* (we prefer to call it *The War of Independence*) and ending with *The Fight for a Free Sea* or the War of 1812, the sequel of the War of Independence and termination of England's open attempts at dismemberment of what by now was the free United States of America.

PART III—THE VISION OF THE WEST

Peace established with England, the independence of the colonies universally recognized, and the National Constitution formulated, ratified, and promulgated,—it was but natural for the youthful nation to look westward for expansion. This story is recounted in the next seven volumes, showing the advance into Kentucky and Tennessee; relating the colonization of Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, Indiana, and Wisconsin; recounting the perilous expeditions of our fur traders into the far northwest and their clashes with those under foreign, especially British, patronage; narrating the adventures of the Spanish explorers and colonizers during three centuries (1500-1800) in Florida, Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico (then including Arizona) and California; depicting the invasion of Texas and the War with Mexico, its sequel, that ended in 1845 with the cession to the United States of all Spanish territory north of the Rio Grande; telling how *The Forty-Niners* went and settled in California; and finally portraying the Great West

after *The Passing of the Frontier*. An eighth volume, *The Paths of Inland Commerce*, shows the means employed on land and water to establish communication between East and West; while a ninth volume, *The Reign of Andrew Jackson*, leaves no doubt as to the significance of his presidency for the future development of our country and the realization of Jefferson's political ideal—democracy.

PART IV—THE STORM OF SECESSION

In the six volumes comprising this part of the Series, we are told how the social and economic life in *The Cotton Kingdom* of the South gradually brought the question of slavery to a head and how the Abolitionists engaged in *The Anti-Slavery Crusade*. Then follow three volumes on the gloomiest period of our history, the Civil War, when brother crossed sword with brother, while foreign diplomacy looked on abettingly and hoped for a disruption of the free and strong Union which the forefathers of both contestants had fought for so bravely and so nobly. It is a thrilling story thrillingly told, closing with *The Sequel of Appomattox*, a volume on the Reconstruction Period of the South, written in a kindly and conciliatory tone.

PART V—THE NOONTIDE OF AMERICA

Foreign immigration with its many-sided influence; educational and literary achievements; the various phases of industry and commerce; the rise and development of political parties; American diplomacy and foreign relations inculcated in the Monroe Doctrine, so scrupulously adhered to till 1898 and our first acquisition of oversea possessions; and finally the relinquishment of these ideals in the late World War;—all these momentous issues of our history receive due attention in the fifth part of the Series.

By way of conclusion, two volumes, *The Canadian Dominion* and *The Hispanic Nations of the New World*, review the doings of our neighbors during the time that the colonies, lying between them, were forming, expanding, and

consolidating into the great republic of the United States of America.

From this brief survey we see what an abundance of material on the history of our country is presented in *The Chronicles of America*. It goes without saying that the fifty volumes give evidence of commendable scholarship and painstaking labor. They are written in a very pleasing style that will doubtless secure the interest and attention of the reader.

In examining the Series we selected for special study those volumes that dwell on purely political issues. Of these, about forty in all, some were good, others excellent, while a certain number, we regret to say, proved somewhat disappointing. Hence it would be unfair to recommend *The Chronicles* indiscriminately. However, we are glad to be able to state that quite a number of the volumes were found in a marked degree strictly impartial, scrupulously accurate, and elevating in style and sentiment. Such were the following: *Crusaders of New France, The Fathers of New England, The Fathers of the Constitution, Jefferson and His Colleagues, John Marshall and the Constitution, The Old Northwest, The Reign of Andrew Jackson, The Paths of Inland Commerce, The Spanish Borderlands, Captains of the Civil War, The Sequel of Appomattox, The Hispanic Nations of the New World*. These twelve volumes in particular we heartily and unequivocally recommend. They will without question afford beneficial and delightful reading for "those of our citizens who are not in the habit of reading history" and who are neither inclined nor competent to weigh and discriminate properly in matters historical.

It is with a feeling of regret that we now must draw attention to shortcomings in this otherwise splendid contribution to the field of United States history. Having left the individual authors free to expound their personal views, we think, prevented unified presentation and harmonious interpretation of facts. Repeatedly an impression conveyed in one volume differs essentially from the one conveyed on the same matter in another volume. This we consider a serious defect inasmuch as it must needs cause confusion and thereby in a way defeat the very purpose of *The Chronicles*, namely, to help those "not in the habit of reading history" to a better knowledge and a greater love for their country. The educated and studious reader will know what to accept and what to reject. Not so the ordinary reader, however, and for him primarily *The Chronicles* are intended.

Nowadays historians are constrained to give also the Catholic Church a share of glory in the history of our country.

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As to the stand taken by *The Chronicles* on this point, let it be said that in general the authors tried to be just and fair. Still, at times we found doctrines advanced, slurs cast, and prejudices manifested that will do much harm and no good. They could easily have been eliminated, and we trust that in an eventual second edition of the Series this will be done. A few instances in corroboration of this we know will be welcomed.

To begin, we were surprised to find the author of *The Red Man's Continent* putting the un-Christian and unscientific question in truly Darwinistic fashion: "But where did man make the change from a four-handed, tree-dwelling little ape to a much larger, upright creature with two hands and two feet?" (page 7) Then, entirely out of place was the slur cast on the memory of a saintly Franciscan missionary and explorer, Odoric of Perdonone, whom for his singular virtue and holiness the Catholic Church has enrolled among the Blessed. In *The Spanish Conquerors*, the author, when describing the wealth and luxury of Cathay, mentions "choruses of girls 'with cheeks as full as the moon,' who by their 'sweet singing' pleased Friar Odoric (ah, Friar!) most of all" (page 5). Such an insinuation is unscholarly and unfair. The same is true of the persistent but unwarranted calumny repeated in *The Quaker Colonies* that James II of England "soon perfected his plans for making both Church and State a papal appendage," (page 64) and that he was a "bigoted monarch" (page 67) and "bigoted despot" (page 175). Then, the first two chapters of *The Forty-Niners* need a thorough revision to bring them in line with the very latest on the history of the California missions. Again, in *Colonial Folkways* the reader is left entirely uninformed as to the Spanish colonies in the southern borderlands. The word "colonial" in the mind of a chronicler of facts ought not to be identified with New England to the exclusion of other colonies at least synchronous if not so important in the development of what eventually became the United States. Finally, considering the purpose, scope, and method of *The Chronicles* and taking the term "America" in the now accepted restricted meaning "United States," we fail to see why *The Spanish Borderlands* is relegated to the 23rd place in the Series. We should like to have it, as chronology would demand, in the 3rd place, between *The Spanish Conquerors* and *Elizabethan Sea-Dogs*. From where it stands now unwary readers will gain the impression that the first Europeans who set foot on what is now the United States were the English ex-

plorers, which, of course, is historically wrong.

Before proceeding, we might mention here that in the Bibliographical Not appended to each volume the works of Catholic historians of repute are scarcely ever adduced. At least, *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, we think, ought to have received notice side by side with *The Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which we found listed in most of the volumes.

Going over now to purely political matter, the much-spoken-of tendency of to-day to de-Americanize our history made it imperative to subject certain volumes to close and serious study. Of these some were all that a sober historian and staunch lover of his country could expect—strictly impartial and thoroughly American; but others, we regret to say, proved more or less unsatisfactory in this respect. A case in point was the picture drawn of the Father of our Country in *Washington and His Comrades in Arms*. Its author seems annoyed that "to this day in the domestic and foreign affairs of the United States the words of Washington the policies which he favored, have living and almost binding force. This attitude of mind," he thinks, "is no without its dangers," for, as he reasons "nations require to make new adjustments of policy, and the past is only in part the master of the present"—in other words, if we understand him correctly, it is high time that we Americans relinquish the ideals that Washington and his compatriots lived and fought for and that we become once more the dutiful daughter of old Mother England. Let us hope that our people will never cease to pay "the tribute of a grateful nation to the noble character of its chief founder" (page 276).

In the same tone the authoress of *Pioneers of the Old South* concludes her volume, saying: "Tension would come about, tension would relax, tension would return and increase between Mother England and Daughter America. . . . But the true bond could never be broken, for mother and daughter after all are one" (page 244). What this oneness ought to consist in was indicated recently at a meeting of a committee of the New York Board of Education, when Rev. P. J. Cornican of Fordham University said that "the mis-statements of history in the school books are due to a systematic effort to 'de-Americanize America' and ultimately to bring it back within the British Empire."

In *The Eve of the Revolution* the same song is sung. The author's treatment of Patrick Henry, for instance, and of the proceedings of the House of Burgesses in the spring of 1765 is anything but American in tone and senti-

ent (see chap. iii). His pro-British tendency emerges fully to the surface on page 228 where he writes: "The Congress talked loudly of the tyranny of the British Government. Tyranny! Good Heavens! Was any tyranny worse than that of self-constituted committees which, in the name of liberty, were daily conducting the most hateful inquisition into the private affairs of free British subjects?"

In similar strain the author of *Teas and the Mexican War* laments "the pathetic fallacy of the time that so few American patriots could see beyond their immediate horizon. Calhoun interpreted a certain set of facts as evidence that England desired the extinction of slavery, and perhaps even the dissolution of the Union, in her own commercial interest, while Adams reasoned from the same set of facts that England's interest is to sustain and cherish slavery!" (page 140). From that we know of British intrigues during the Civil War for the disruption of our Union, such a lament seems passing strange.

To sum up, therefore, *The Chronicles of America* is a noteworthy and laudable achievement in the field of history, thoughtful and judicious student will find them pleasant reading in leisure hours. In the hands of the layman, however, we fear that a goodly number of the volumes will fall short of the chief end of the editors, "to bring within easy range of every citizen the noble traditions of his own people."

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of *Franciscan Herald* and friends of our missions: New Orleans, La.—Sr. Mary Francis Clare Wilbray; Milwaukee, Wis.—Mrs. M. E. Laughran; Highland, Wis.—Mrs. P. McCormick; Polonia, Wis.—Mr. and Mrs. Koryzkowski; Ford du Lac, Wis.—Mr. Cahill; Merrill, Wis.—Mrs. John B. Secard; Antigo, Wis.—Catherine Clark; Mrs. E. Riendl; Appleton, Wis.—Mr. and Mrs. J. Writing; Detroit, Mich.—Mrs. Frank Devlin; M. H. J. Mahoney; Escanaba, Mich.—James Groleau; Indianapolis, Ind.—August Kempf; Rufina Mueller; Richmond, Ind.—Catherine Carroll; Huntington, Ind.—Mrs. Frank Petre; Cleveland, Ohio.—James Brennan; Tiffin, Ohio.—Mr. McClellan; Berea, Ohio.—Mr. Wrechnoski; Louisville, Ky.—Mrs. Julia Gaughan; Norfolk, Va.—Philip P. Lattimer; Edwardsville, Pa.—Mathew, Martha, Antony, Josephine Zelonis; Anna, John, Eva Stravinsky; Keessport, Pa.—Catherine Yester; Philadelphia, Pa.—Katherine E. Ryan; New York, N. Y.—Bernard J. Dyer; Miss O'Brien; Bronx, N. Y.—Captain Thos. O'Brien; Buffalo, N. Y.—Mr. Diemer; Mrs. Richard Irefo; Mrs. Carland; Mrs. Schult; Troy, N. Y.—Edward Murray; Rochester, N. Y.—Mrs. John Frank; Littleton, Colo.—South Boston, Mass.—Mrs. B. J. Coyle; Malden, Mass.—Sarah Boyle; Uxbridge, Mass.—Honora and Michael McCormick; Sandersville, Mass.—Catherine E. Fitzpatrick; Mary O. Egan; Providence, R. I.—Patrick Hanley; John and Mary Davis; Helen D. Mahoney; Anna Poissant; Pawtucket, R. I.—Anna Taft; Stillwater, Okla.—Mr. Edgerton; San Francisco, Calif.—Mrs. M. Stocker; Catherine Leggett; Anna Murphy; Loretta Ariola; Alice Cullman; Mary Sullivan; Mary Lamcke; Conrad Stiegl; Mrs. Martin Fennell; S. Berkeley, Calif.—Mr. Bailey; Los Angeles, Calif.—John Hinkley; Watsonville, Calif.—Miss M. A. Fahey; Sumas, Wash.—S. J. Richard; Blue Earth, Minn.—Mrs. C. Ryan; Joliet, Ill.—John, Peter, Rochelle, and Mrs. Sullivan; Geneseo, Ill.—Mr. and Mrs. Collins; Tentopolis, Ill.—Gertrude Schleper; Chicago, Ill.—Albert Rusch; Mrs. M. Bieg; Mr. F. Cannon; Margaret Driscoll.

LET US PRAY—We beseech thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. (Three hundred days each time).

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers.

For vocations to the Franciscan Order. For vocations to the religious life in a steady position. (15). For success in business. (10). For profitable sale of property. (5). For success in a lawsuit. (5). For a suitable home. (5). For recovery without an operation. For better health. (30). For cure from nervousness. (10). or cure from high blood pressure. For cure from heart trouble. (5). For cure from spine trouble. For recovery from insanity. (5). For relief from eye trouble. For relief from insomnia. (5). For a safe delivery. (5). For cure from brain trouble. For strength in serious temptation. (15). For cure from skin disease. For the grace of a good confession. (20). For the return to religious duties. (30). For conversion from Free Masonry. For reconciliation in a family. (5). For happiness in a family. (25). For the grace of a happy death. For special intentions. (40). In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart. In thanksgiving to St. Anthony. In thanksgiving to St. Francis Xavier. For the poor souls in purgatory. For our benefactors. For the spread of the Third Order. For our holy Father, Pius.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

(Continued from page 208)

On this occasion it was seen how after all these years the Indians of the surrounding country still kept their memory sacred. Most strenuously did they oppose the plan of removing the corpses, especially when it came in question whom they held in so high esteem. Finally they consented on the assurance that the removal would be done with all possible care and respect and that a worthy resting place would be provided for them remains in Superior among his brethren in St. Francis. Even to this day, the faces of old residents of Superior will light up with grateful memories when they hear the name of Fr. Alphonse whom long ago in their youthful days they knew and loved so well.

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(Continued from page 216)
group around her and asked to be taken home, where she threw herself on her bed, too miserable for tears.

That night she tossed in anguish of mind, now making up her mind to go and plead with Antonio, now thinking she would forget him and marry another just to punish him, then again throwing herself on her knees before the statue of Our Blessed Mother and feverishly saying her rosary while beseeching her to help her out of this trouble she had brought upon herself. At last she remembered that the next day would be the eve of the feast of the Immaculate Conception and decided that when she went to confession she would relate the whole story to the beloved Padre and beg him to tell Antonio of her sorrow and remorse. Why had she not thought of this sooner? The good Padre was always so kind, he had baptized them, prepared them both for their First Communion and blessed their betrothal, and a betrothal was a very solemn thing at the Missions. Surely it was Our Blessed Mother who had made her think of this plan and after thanking her fervently Anita fell peacefully to sleep.

The next day she was so meek and gentle, so helpful in the house, so different to her usually bright and rather petulant self, that her mother feared she must be sick. As she went about her work she prayed fervently for help and pardon and late in the afternoon she went to confession and candidly poured out the whole story, telling of her bitter sorrow and remorse and beseeching the Padre to make Antonio understand how anxious she was to be forgiven and how faithfully she promised never to be so unreasonable again. The good Father scolded her gently, showing her how unwise she had been thus to wound so proud and sensitive a man as Antonio and one who had loved her so deeply and faithfully for years, then he bid her dry her tears, assuring her that the very next day he would make Antonio understand and forgive.

"Come to the parlor tomorrow after the early Mass," he said, "and I am sure I shall have good news for you, and in the meantime prepare yourself for a fervent Communion." A few hours after she had gone

home appeased and comforted Antonio came to confession also, and the Padre made him see that he had been much to blame too by refusing to notice Anita's advances, and he drew such a pathetic picture of the poor girl's despair, that Antonio was struck with pity and remorse and would have gone to her that very evening had not the Father told him to wait until after Mass in the morning and meet her in the Mission parlor.

The morning of the great feast was a gloriously beautiful one and Anita's heart beat with hope and fervor as she hurried to church. She had helped to dress the younger children before leaving home and Mass had just begun when she entered, so she knelt at the back of the church behind a pillar and Antonio was anxious at not seeing her at her accustomed place and much relieved when she went up to the altar-rails looking, he thought, more beautiful than ever, her eyes cast down, her sweet face aglow with fervor and almost angelic in expression. Everyone in the crowded church had been to Holy Communion and all were absorbed in fervent prayer and thanksgiving when all of a sudden the stately building began to rock violently from side to side, the ground seemed as if it were giving way beneath their feet and the great domed roof gaped open as with a cry of terror the whole congregation sprang up in alarm. The priest had turned from the altar and was beckoning to them to come to the sanctuary. Antonio's first thought had been for Anita, but he could see her nowhere in that crowd and realizing his first duty was to endeavor to save his mother and sister who were with him he dragged them through the sanctuary and out to a place of safety, then began to search wildly for Anita. But even before they had got out of the church the back of the building had caved in burying in its ruins the unfortunate worshippers who had vainly tried to get out of the doors, which had been tightly closed by the swaying of the walls.

In a perfect frenzy of despair he rushed among the crowd of terrified and half frantic survivors crying: "Anita! Where is Anita? have you seen Anita?" But alas, everyone was seeking as

despairingly for some loved one, and no one had seen Anita! He wanted to rush back among the still falling ruins but the Padre held him back.

Her wistful pleading look as she had offered him the rose haunted him and filled him with agonizing remorse as during the rest of the day he worked frantically among the rescuers, digging among the ruins and helping men to move great blocks of stone while risking to be buried alive themselves. Many bodies were thus dragged out from the debris, some still living though crushed and mangled, but most of them dead. But they could not find Anita, and Antonio's mute grief was pitiful to behold. He would take no rest so long as there was a glimmer of light and the next morning at daybreak he began his hopeless search again, moaning:

"Oh, Anita! my love, my darling! Would that I had died with thee, thou queen of my heart!"

Again evening closed in, and once more, as soon as it was dawn, he was among the ruins, crying:

"Anita! Anita! oh Blessed Mother! help me to find my darling!"

All of a sudden as he was passing a heap of boulders he thought he heard a faint cry answer him. With heart beating to suffocation he bent down listening intently and then cried again in a trembling voice:

"Anita! Speak to me, Anita!" and that time he was sure he heard a faint moan of "Antonio" answer him.

"I am coming, Anita! I will save you, beloved one!" he cried, and frantic with excitement he rushed to get help. They thought him crazed with his grief but he was so positive, so insistent, that a rescuing party was formed and at last with infinite care and trouble poor Anita was freed from her long and well nigh hopeless imprisonment. As if by a miracle she was uninjured but for a few bruises, two large stones having fallen together like the letter A and thus protected her from the heap of material above them. The poor girl was almost dead from exhaustion and when brought out into the air fell fainting into the arms of her lover, who tenderly carried her to his mother's home where the most devoted care soon brought her back to life again.

"Have you forgiven me, my Antonio?" she murmured as soon as she could speak.

"Forgiven you! ah! my beloved, I shall never forgive myself for having been so horrid to you, but if you knew what I have suffered while hopelessly hunting for you, my Anita! And what agony of mind you must have been in, thus buried alive!"

"No, it was strange—after the first few minutes I felt sure Our Lady would save me, she seemed to tell me so and I knew you would be the one to seek for me and find me, though you did not come to my help when that man insulted me," she added with a look of gentle reproach.

"I was not there, my dearest. The Padre had sent me on an errand and when I returned he had gone and so had you. Ah! I too have prayed and prayed to Our Lady and never, never can I be thankful enough to her for having so miraculously saved you. We must put our wedded life under her protection and she will so bless it that whatever other sorrows or troubles we may have, there will never, never again be the least shadow of disagreement between us."

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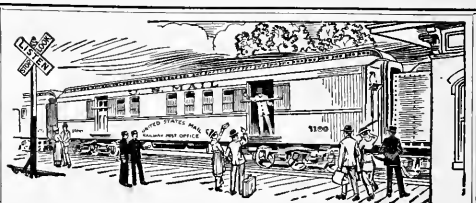
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THE SMILE CORNER

By JOSH WINK

REFORM LEGISLATION

Now folly opes the door to fads,
Outpouring o'er the nation;
Now theorists and fools and cad
Mad rush for legislation,
And bring to Congress every ill
Humanity is heir to,
Its remedy a hyphened bill—
A cure-all they will swear to.

No more need fallen nature try
To do its own reforming
While stout uplifters standing by,
Are on the job fast swarming,
First taking out of people's hands
Demoralizing toddy,
Then, scotching sins of other brands,
Snatch over soul and body.

We needn't bother—what's the use?
When others do it for us?
When every faddist finds excuse
To join the moral chorus?
They'll show the world a wondrous mood
Which ne'er before could one guess
Of problems solved—and wicked men
Made good by act of Congress.

ABOVE THE REST

"Whatever one thinks otherwise of
an aviator one must respect his
daring."

"Naturally; he is a man one must
look up to."

PRESIDING STARS

Dairymen.....Milky Way
Bench Shows.....Dog Star
Weather Bureau.....Mercury
Circus.....Great Bear
Politicians.....Fixed Stars
Military.....Shooting Stars
Bootleggers.....Moonshine

LOGICAL TEMPTATION

"Don't give that actor such a fat
part."

"Why not?"

"He'll hog the show."

QUITE TRUE

"He's an ordinary sort of fellow to be
boasting of making his living in the
movies."

"So he does. He owns a couple of
moving vans."

PROFITIOUS TIME

"You never see any of the old-time
spanking teams nowadays."

"No; that's parents' big mistake."

THAT DEPENDS

He—Will you share my lot, sweet
maid?

She—Is there a modern cottage and
garage on it, dear boy?

THE PRACTICAL END

Visitor—What does that woman do
who is complaining that she can't sup-
port herself on the \$100 per week you
are paying her?

Editor—She writes articles for us,
telling people how to live on \$5.95 a
week.

HEYDEY

"I hear Mrs. Frisky is living in
clover."

"Maybe that is because she's a grass
widow."



Franciscan News

Rome, Italy.—The children of St. Francis are justly happy over the news that Pope Pius XI, like his four predecessors on the Chair of St. Peter, is a member of the Third Order. From the arch issue of *L'Echo de St. Francois* we learned that, according to the *Annali francescani* published by the Capuchins of the Italian Province of Lombardy, shortly after his appointment to the archbishopric of Milan as successor of the saintly Tertiary Cardinal Andrew Ferrari, Cardinal Ratti answered a telegram sent him by the Priests' Fraternity of his archiepiscopal city, then in a spiritual retreat, in these terms: "Being myself a Tertiary of long standing, I bless the Tertiary priests from the bottom of my heart, as well as their resolutions, earnestness of abundant fruits of Christian reformation." A few months later, in October, the same fraternity requested the presence of their archbishop at their regular meeting; and he replied their director, Fr. Irenaeus, O. S. Cap., received a letter which read in part: "I shall be happy if I can attend as I hope and desire) the meeting of October 18, of which we shall have occasion to speak in the near future. For the present I beg you to add my name to that of my lamented and revered predecessor, Cardinal Ferrari, as a member of the pious association; I shall deem an honor and a new assurance of spiritual blessings. I repeat my pastoral blessing to you and all the members of the Priests' Union of the Third Order." In these reports, for which the *Annali francescani* stood sponsor, we are now able to add the express statement of the *osservatore Romano*, the official organ of the Vatican. In the issue of February 22, by way of news of the Vatican, it is stated that the "Associazione di cultura e di Propaganda Francescana," any lay members of which belong to the Third Order, sent special congratulations to Pius XI, "Himself, too, a fervent Tertiary," on his elevation to the highest dignity in the Church.—His Eminence Cardinal Cabrieres, who departed this life on December 21, 1921, belonged to the Third Order.—From a recent report we learn that at present the Order of Friars Minor numbers among its members 7 archbishops, 6 bishops, 1 apostolic delegate, 15 vicars apostolic, 2 prelates, 2 prefects

apostolic, 3 superiors of missions, 21 consultors of Sacred Congregations, 1 consultor of the penitentiary apostolic, 1 consultor of the pontifical commission, 8 penitentiaries apostolic, 1 censor apostolic of books, 2 professors of the pontifical seminary.—Franciscan Tertiaries the world over, as far as they come under the jurisdiction of the Capuchin branch of the Franciscan First Order, will henceforth have their representative at the General Curia of the Capuchin Order, in the person of a Secretary General who is to reside in Rome as one of the twelve councillors of the Most Rev. Father General. Centralization of forces spells unity of action; and this is the shortest and surest road to realizing what Pope Pius X expected of the Third Order when he said: "My hopes for the restoration of all things in Christ is the Third Order of St. Francis."—Last January, we learn from *La Voce di San Antonio*, 35 Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary departed from the convent of St. Helena, their motherhouse in Rome, and set out for the foreign missions in China, India, Africa, and South America.—The distinguished Franciscan, Fr. Marian Fernandez Garcia, who has written a number of important works on the doctrine of Ven. John Duns Scotus, was appointed consultor of the Sacred Congregation of Studies. In the same capacity he has been serving the Sacred Congregations of the Religious and of Rites.—Padua.—More than 600 priests attended the National Third Order Convention, held last fall in Padua. Conspicuous among them both as to number and as to active interest in the proceedings were the Tertiary Priests of the flourishing fraternity of Milan, of which the newly elected Pope was a member at the time of his elevation to the papacy.—Lourdes, France.—"On Friday, February 3, 1922," we read in the *Annales Francescaine*, "before the election of Pope Pius XI, three men were engaged in a conversation in a well-known bookstore in Paris. They were the manager of the bookstore, an unbeliever, and a distinguished pilgrim from Lourdes. Naturally, the conversation turned on the impending election of the pope.

'Why, it will be Msgr. Ratti, the Archbishop of Milan.'—'How do you know?'—'It is very simple. I was at Lourdes at the time when Msgr. Ratti came there on a pilgrimage. All of a sudden, while he was passing in front of me, a little girl pointed to him and said: See, the future pope; he will be called Pius XI.'—At this the unbeliever laughed. 'Well,' the pilgrim added, 'it is no article of faith, so you needn't believe it.'" The *Annales*, commenting on the incident, thinks it not entirely impossible that this prediction of the child foreshadows the protection which the Blessed Virgin will accord the newly elected Vicar of Christ in the arduous duties and grave responsibilities of his exalted office.—Paris.—Most Rev. Bonaventure Cerretti, Papal Nuncio to the French Government, is a member of the Third Order. He received the cord and scapular in 1903, in the Franciscan Church of Ara Coeli, Rome. He was a member and zealous promoter of the Priests' Fraternity in the Eternal City, of which the late Benedict XV, before his elevation to the papal dignity, was the first Director and Superior.—Angers.—The Bishop of Angers, France, has taken preliminary steps for the beatification of Fr. John Triquerie, one of the Franciscans who suffered for the faith during the French Revolution. He was guillotined at Laval on January 21, 1794.—Louvain, Belgium.—The university of Louvain has conferred the degree of doctor of philosophy on Fr. Victorin Fachinetti, O. F. M., in recognition of his singular achievements in the field of literature. The latest work of this learned friar, "St. Francis of Assisi in History, Legend, and Art," which appeared last year, gives evidence of thorough scholarship and rare artistic taste.—The student fraternity of the Third Order at the university of Louvain is greatly aided in its efforts to spread the Third Order among the students by the fact that the Very Rev. Rector of the university and seven of the professors are zealous and enthusiastic Tertiaries and show their interest in the movement by attending the regular monthly meetings.—Mechlin.—His Eminence Cardinal

Mercier, Archbishop of Mechlin, recently commemorated the fiftieth anniversary of his reception into the Third Order. The solemn festivities were held in the Franciscan church of that city. It may be added that the Priests' Fraternity representing Mechlin, Herenthals, and Iseghem now numbers sixty members.

Germany.—During the year 1920, the Franciscans in Germany conducted 531 popular missions and 458 so-called renewals of missions. These astounding figures do not include the many missions conducted among the Poles in the industrial sections of large cities nor the spiritual retreats held in their various retreat-houses as at Werl and Neveiges.

Spain.—Some time since, an aeroplane was forced to land in the Park of Four Winds, in Spain. We can imagine the surprise of the officers of the aviation camp when they found that the pilot was garbed in the habit of a friar. Before entering the Capuchin Order, Fr. Emile Maria Revilla—it was he who stepped laughing from the pilot's cab—had taken to aviation and had obtained the rank of an officer. When the war broke out in Morocco, he offered his services to the Spanish government. Though an unusual offer, it was accepted; and the "flying" friar was on his way to the scene of action, when machine trouble forced him to land and get acquainted with fellow officers.—

No Country has so many laborers in foreign mission fields as Spain. According to recent statistics, the Franciscans rank first with 181 missionaries. Then follow the Dominicans with 150, the Jesuits with 72, the Carmelites with 55, the Sons of the Immaculate Heart of Mary with 50, the Capuchins with 49, the Augustinians with 45, the Benedictines with 23. The total number of pagans who received Baptism during the year 1921 was 82,168, while 155,699 catechumens were preparing themselves for the reception of the Sacrament. Native catechists, assisting the missionaries in the work of conversion numbered 1,257; and in the 1,132 schools there was an enrollment of 72,441 pupils. The total number of converts living in the various missions was 1,444,970.

Albania.—"The Franciscans, established in Albania by some of the first members of the Order, about the year 1240 A. D., were always the support of the Albanian people with whom they shared joys and sorrows, with whom they have toiled, have shed tears and even blood. Because of religious persecutions, on account of the shortage of priests and the absence of any kind of public worship, the Albanians would have gone over to Mohammedanism, or

to the Schismatic Greeks, if the Franciscans had not been at hand to save the situation. If there are 120,000 Catholics now in Albania that is due especially to the zeal and self-sacrifice of the Franciscans, who have also opened up to the people of Albania the path towards culture and progress, who have built the first schools in Albania and who produced the literary language of the nation.

"The Franciscans of Albania, after the complete triumph of their national idea, made great efforts and are making still further efforts to promote the real culture and civilization of their people. They are convinced that Christian doctrine, poetry and music are the principal pioneers of refinement, and in consequence are doing all in their power to build and furnish Catholic colleges, schools and churches in order to develop a love of Christian art and teaching in the breast of the Albanian youth. They are bringing learning, intelligence, zeal and good taste to the task, but their work is rendered harder by the fact that the Catholic population is scattered and poor."

The above is from the pen of Fr. George Fishta, O. F. M., who belongs to the Albanian Franciscan Province and who is exceptionally well acquainted with conditions in his mother country. He is Vice-President of the Albanian House of Representatives and at the Versailles Peace Conference he represented his government.

Sibenik, Dalmatia.—By decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Consistory, dated January 14, 1922, Fr. Jerome M. Mileta, O. M. Conv., has been appointed bishop of Sibenik in Dalmatia.

Alexandria, Egypt.—The secretary of the Custos of the Holy Land, Fr. Hyginus Nuti, O. F. M., has been appointed vicar apostolic of Alexandria, Egypt. His predecessor, Msgr. Briante, O. F. M., was forced by ill health to resign this arduous and responsible position.

Japan.—The Japanese are known as great readers. From a report recently issued by the Franciscans, who are conducting the mission in Sapporo, we have some startling figures. During the year 1920, the report says, 24,448 books and 24,733 reviews were published. Of the books, 6,679 were on matters of industry and commerce; 6,132 dealt with political questions; 2,895 treated religious topics; 2,696 discussed educational problems; and 2,210 were of a belletristic nature and for the most part immoral. Only five of the books published were professionally Catholic. That the Press is a serious problem in Japan none realize better than the missionaries laboring there. To help solve this problem the Franciscans are publish-

ing since 1916 a weekly newspaper and are now contemplating the publication of a series of books and pamphlets of Catholic topics. A large number of these are ready for the press; but the funds have been lacking to defray the expenses such an undertaking necessarily entails.

China.—The Franciscan missions in China suffered exceedingly during the year 1921. Recently we received a letter from one of our Fathers there, saying: "This year, during July and August, day after day, heavy rains fell incessantly. Eleven sub-prefectures of the Shantung Province, in which region I am working, were flooded. Immense damage has been done and the suffering of our people is well nigh indescribable. A great number of the houses were overthrown by the raging waters and promising harvests were completely destroyed. As a result many of our people are homeless, with the terrors of famine and cold staring them in the face. In the Shensi Province, the disaster proved still greater than twelve sub-prefectures having been entirely wiped out. In the Kansu Province, 400,000 persons perished at the time of the earthquake."

Brasso, Roumania.—The ancient Franciscan friary at Estalinic has been burnt to the ground. The church and library also were destroyed. The friary was built in 1677 and for over two hundred years was the center of culture in the district of Szeket.

Washington, Missouri.—In a business meeting held by the local Third Order fraternity recently a special section was established along the lines of the Third Order Rule which prescribes that Tertiaries should provide for the dignity of divine worship. It will be known as the Bl. Isabella Altar Section. The Saint of the Second Order of St. Francis was chosen as patron because, as history tells us, the greater part of his life was devoted to making vestment for divine service.

San Xavier del Bac, Arizona.—Recently, the beautiful Mission of San Xavier del Bac was the scene of impressive ceremonies. Thirty-seven children received First Holy Communion and seventy-two the sacrament of Confirmation, while of the faithful who approached the Table of the Lord the total number was 126, the largest in the late history of the mission. I may interest the reader to know also that Fr. Nicholas, O. F. M., the missionary in charge, is now erecting a chapel fifty miles west of San Xavier. The faithful of that locality are collaborating earnestly with their zealous pastor to get a suitable house of worship.

Franciscan Herald

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Our Mission Picture

SAN FERNANDO MISSION, the pride of Encino Valley, was founded on September 8, 1797, and named in honor of St. Ferdinand, the Tertiary King of Spain. This Mission was the last of the four established during the year 1797. Fr. Fermín de Lasuén, then *Presidente* of the California Missions, officiated at the dedication ceremonies. How well the Indians of the neighboring rancherías responded to the zeal of the padres may be gathered from the fact that in 1811, only fourteen years after its founding, 1,081 baptized natives were living at this Mission; while at the end of 1820, the number of Indian Baptisms recorded in the Register amounted to 2,439, of whom 1,028 were still among the living. Like her sister missions in California, San Fernando began to suffer material want during the second decade of the 19th century, when California no longer received supplies from Mexico, and its shiftless soldiers and colonists made incessant and ever increasing demands for support on the missionary establishments. So poor did San Fernando Mission become that in 1822 it could contribute only one barrel of wine brandy toward covering the expenses incurred by the building of the so-called Plaza Church in the town of Los Angeles. The fearless defender of the Indians' rights against the mission despoilers during the next decade was Fr. Francisco Ibarra. Near this Mission, in January, 1845, was fought the "battle" of Cahuenga between Governor Micheltorena and the Californian rebels. To-day, the interior of the old church, blessed in 1818, is a scene of ruin and desolation. Facing the long corridor, seen on our picture, were in mission days Indian workshops, apartments for the padres, and a spacious guest room. It was in this building that General Fremont, in 1847, quartered his troops until the Cahuenga treaty was signed, closing hostilities between the Californians and the United States.

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Editorials

The Church in Guatemala

WITH the reins of government again in the hands of anti-clerical liberals, the Catholics in Guatemala know from history what they have to expect. The so-called "Laws of Reform," that breathe the spirit of the French Revolution, were practically reenacted last December and another persecution against the Church was inaugurated. From the Buffalo *Echo* of April 20, we learned:

"The religious situation of Guatemala could not be more deplorable. The Church is not only separated from the State, but is also oppressed by it in law because of the personal hatred and sectarian views of the government class. Legal status is denied to the Church. The Church property has been seized. No religious communities may enter the country—even secular priests cannot easily enter Guatemala. The clergy are insufficient in number and preparation because of the difficulty of maintaining a good seminary. The law of civil marriage and divorce is in force, as well as that of inscription of children in the Civil Register before their baptism, and one which prescribes, under the penalty of fine and imprisonment, the conclusion of a civil marriage before the religious one."

It is significant that only a few weeks after the recent *coup d'état* of Orellana and his anti-clerical faction, the *Christian Herald*, in its issue of January 21, 1922, brought an article on the Guatemala Indians, describing the work that is doing in the Protestant mission of Antigua, but without making the slightest mention of the religious persecution by that time at least a matter of public comment. Moreover, the article is very misleading and deficient in other respects. When its author, W. C. Townsend, apparently one of the four Presbyterian missionaries in Guatemala, states that among the Indians "drunkenness is almost universal and is considered a virtue, especially on one's saint's day," he is using a figure of speech called hyperbole, and is taking an unchristian fling at the Catholic Church, whose missionaries labored among these Indians in past centuries and taught them to venerate the saints and to celebrate the feastday of the one whose name was given them at Baptism.

"The Indian's religion," Mr. Townsend writes, "is a strange mixture of the worst forms of Romanism, nature worship and spiritism. Witch doctors are ten times more numerous than priests and both combine to take away the Indian's money, giving him nothing in return. What between oppression, vices and false religion, which only sinks him deeper in the throes of his sins, the Indian is without hope." If some half-educated, self-seeking demagogue had penned and some notoriously anti-Catholic sheet had published it for the satisfaction of other than broad-minded and truth-loving Americans, we might not have noticed this hotchpotch of ignorance, prejudice, prevarication,

and bluff. As it is, we felt deeply mortified to find that a magazine, which we had always heard praised for its true Christian and American policy, should mar even one issue with such an article. If such is the Christianity with which Mr. Townsend would christianize the natives of Guatemala and for which the *Christian Herald* is willing to make propaganda, then we entertain no hope whatever that through their efforts "a brighter day, resplendent with the glorious light of the Gospel, is dawning for the Guatemala Indians," especially now that another persecution against the Catholic Church is in progress.

"Credit to whom credit is due," is also an American slogan. When Mr. Townsend with his three coreligionists and collaborators began "giving full time service to the Indians" in their Antigua mission, the Catholic Church already had a glorious mission history of three and a half centuries. Just a few items. Guatemala became a diocese of the Catholic Church on December 18, 1534, seventy-three years before Jamestown was founded; and it became an archdiocese on December 16, 1743, to which by the year 1850 Nicaragua, Honduras, San Salvador, and Costa Rica had been added as suffragan dioceses. What especially the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Jesuits, and the Augustinians, in the capacity of missionaries, undertook and achieved for the spiritual and material welfare of the natives from 1539, when the Franciscan Friars in Guatemala were consolidated into an independent custody, till 1879, when anti-clerical state officials had the religious Orders suppressed and expelled—all this is a matter of historical record.

Regarding the province of Chiapas, even H. H. Bancroft admits that, before the end of the 17th century "churches were built and convents founded, and the Christian faith so successfully inculcated that it was professed throughout the length and breadth of the land" (*History of Central America*, vol. ii, p. 670). In fact, so zealously did these Catholic missionary toil for the Indians that by the year 1756, as the same historian says, "the missionary field in the province of Guatemala proper seems, with the exception of the Lacandon territory, to have been exhausted; for we find that the Franciscan college of Cristo Señor Nuestro Crucificado, founded April 27, 1756, had missions in Veragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, and Mosquitia, but there is no mention of any in Guatemala" (*Ibidem*, p. 729). In view of this we can understand why "even at present," as Mr. Townsend declares, "the Indian is the backbone of Guatemala."

Facts are stubborn things, to be sure. But to suppress or garble them for the sake of religious propaganda is to set aside an important tenet of Christ

doctrine and to defeat one's purpose with those who happen to know the facts and who refuse to put a good face upon such an unchristian manner of procedure.

The Seventh Centenary of the Third Order

"WE BELIEVE that the spirit of the Third Order, thoroughly redolent of Gospel wisdom, will do very much to reform public and private morals, if only it is made to flourish as of yore when Francis preached everywhere by word and deed the kingdom of God.

"We gladly seize the opportunity, if only from Our devotion to Blessed Francis, to exhort the children of Mother Church, wherever they may be, eagerly to embrace, or earnestly to persevere in, that institution of the great Saint, wonderfully suited as it is to the needs of modern society.

"We trust the Third Order will receive a notable increase from the coming festivities; and We have no doubt that you, Venerable Brethren, and all pastors of souls, will devote great care to revive the Tertiary fraternities where they may be declining, to establish new fraternities wherever possible, and to have them flourish in observance as well as membership."

Thus Pope Benedict XV wrote in his encyclical *Sacra Propediem* of January 6, 1921, with which he solemnly inaugurated the jubilee year of the Third Order. A zealous Tertiary himself, he knew what fruits of personal holiness the spirit of St. Francis had matured in his own soul. Eager that Catholics the world over should realize the same fruits in themselves and in their neighbor, the Chief Shepherd of Christ's flock by a special encyclical exhorted the 300 million souls under his jurisdiction to join the Third Order, expressing his assurance that their immediate shepherds, the bishops and priests, would second his plans for the welfare of human society by furthering the cause of the Third Order in their dioceses and parishes.

The jubilee year of the Third Order with its countless celebrations, sectional, national, and international, is now a matter of history; while the Sovereign Pontiff who opened it with such glowing enthusiasm and watched its progress with such keen interest has already passed to his eternal reward. Naturally, the faithful, whom the Pope addressed, will to-day ask the question: How did the Catholic world respond to the Holy Father's appeal, actuated as it was by a sincere desire to promote the material as well as the spiritual welfare of Christian society. Whoever has followed the events of the past year in Third Order matters will agree that not only in foreign lands but also in our own country a most lively enthusiasm was manifested before, during, and after the National Convention—an enthusiasm that proved a rich source of joy and consolation for the illustrious champion of love and peace, Benedict XV, who entertained such a loving regard for, and placed such great hopes in, our country and its people. We have to-day ample evidence at hand to show that our National Convention was a gigantic advertisement (pardon the term!) for the Third Order, which has already brought rich returns. The delegates that attended returned home, better informed as to the nature, scope, and purpose of the Third Order; strengthened in their conviction of its importance for the solution of the social problems confronting our people; and supplied with new ideas and definite plans for propaganda work among their fellow Catholics. To

their subsequent zeal and enthusiasm must in great part be ascribed the fact that a considerable number of new fraternities have since been erected and that those previously existing have both increased in membership and outlined their particular sphere of Tertiary activity. Another notable result of the Convention was the founding of *The Third Order Forum*, a quarterly magazine for all directors and patrons of the Third Order among the clergy, of whom so many took part in the Convention. From the many letters of hearty approval and cooperation issued by our hierarchy and from the presence of so many bishops and priests at the Convention there is every reason to hope that soon also in this country "every town and village and hamlet" will have its quota of Tertiaries and that we shall soon see "the numerous and various associations of young people, of workmen, of women, . . . join the Third Order, and inspired with St. Francis' zeal for peace and charity, devote themselves persistently to the glory of Christ and the prosperity of the Church."

One thing above all has been achieved—the Third Order will henceforth be regarded, and rightly so, as an institution that belongs to the entire Catholic Church and not only to the Franciscan Order. Though St. Francis founded the Order, the many decisions and pronouncements of the Holy See show clearly that Mother Church took over the Saint's foundation and made it her own, and that in consequence the Third Order, in its nature, scope, and purpose, is essentially an organization proper to the entire Catholic Church.

A Franciscan Friar Accomplishes the Impossible

AS a becoming memorial to the Seventh Centenary of the founding of the Third Order, FRANCISCAN HERALD engaged the services of Very Rev. Peter Griesbacher for a Jubilee Mass in honor of St. Francis. From our News department (page 286), the reader will learn that this beautiful, though difficult, Mass was rendered by the student choir of St. Joseph Seminary, Teutopolis, Ill., on Easter Sunday and again on May 1, the feast day of the Very Rev. Rector.

Two Fathers of the HERALD staff were present on these occasions and they stand sponsors for what is here stated editorially. With many others who heard the students render the Mass, they are absolutely at a loss to explain why a widely known musician and choirmaster should style this latest of Griesbacher's 217 Works "the product of an unbalanced mind"; why another should look upon it as "a conglomeration of chromatic nonsense"; why a third should declare that "as a concert piece it is not worth the paper it is written on"; why a fourth should term it "absolutely unsingable"; why a fifth should regard it as "a flagrant violation of all liturgical requirements"; and why a sixth should stamp it as "a desecration of the sacred text." It is worthy of note that these critics formed their opinion without having heard the Mass sung.

The first, second, and third of these criticisms are no criticisms at all, because they are unscholar-like, apparently prejudiced, and in no way constructive. Hence they stand self-condemned in the eyes of every

change, you know, even in our own day, often over night!—and about the middle of the fifteenth century, a shorter tunic, that could be worn beneath the other clothes, began to supplant the original garb of the Tertiaries. In order to secure uniformity once more, Pope Julius II (1503-1513) decreed that those who wished could retain the large habit, while the others were obliged to wear the so-called large scapular or "caperone," which was composed of two strips of black woolen cloth from 3½ to 4 inches in width and worn over the shoulders. These strips hung to the waist in front and behind, and they were held in place by the girdle. This was the forerunner of our modern small Third Order scapular, although it took centuries before the present form was officially adopted and approved by the Church.

Pope Urban VIII (1623-1644), who took great interest in propagating the Third Order of St. Francis, approved a shorter form of the large habit for the men, which reached just below the knee. The women, however, were permitted to retain the original long form, but were enjoined to wear a modest hat or bonnet instead of the customary veil, the better to distinguish them from the cloistered sisters. The Holy Father also allowed greater freedom in the style of this habit, to accommodate it to the prevailing customs in the various countries.

It appears that this freedom gave rise to dissatisfaction, as it was most probably difficult to distinguish the Tertiaries, owing to the great variety of habits worn, since each country, no doubt, had its own peculiar style. For this reason, Pope Innocent XI (1676-1689), who approved the general statutes for the Third Order, again gave definite instructions regarding the form and color of the large habit. According to him, the men were to wear a plain long woolen tunic reaching to the feet, of brown or ash-gray color, without a hood or cowl, but with a straight standing collar of the same material as the habit. At the waist they were to have a knotted girdle supporting the now famous Franciscan Crown or Rosary of the Seven Joys of the Bl. Virgin; and over the shoulders a mantle of the same color and cloth as the habit and similar in design

and size to the one worn by the members of the First Order. The women were directed to wear a tunic like that worn by the men and sufficiently long to cover their other clothes, with a girdle about their waist and a black veil on their head. With some modifications of more or less importance, this large habit has come down to us.

Although throughout the centuries Tertiaries have always shown a marked predilection for the large habit, at least for special functions of the Order, they nevertheless found it impractical for daily wear. This fact finally led to the definite and official adoption of the small scapular for general usage. This was done first by Pope Benedict XIII in his letter *Ratio Apostolici muneris*, of July 24, 1726, and again by the Sacred Congregation for Bishops and Religious, on September 20, 1748, which definitely declares: "The habit proper to the Brethren of Penance of St. Francis is not only the large but also the small vesture, namely, scapular and cord." This same ruling was adopted by Pope Leo XIII and embodied in his famous encyclical *Misericors Dei Filius*, whereby he modified the ancient Rule of the Third Order and accommodated it to the needs and customs peculiar to our own day.

Although at present the official habit of the Third Order is the scapular and cord, nevertheless the large habit may still be worn on special occasions, as, for instance, at meetings of the fraternity, public processions, funerals, pilgrimages, and the like. However, it is not allowed to use the large habit, either in public or private, without the permission of the diocesan bishop. As this is obtained by the reverend director of the fraternity, the Tertiaries need not worry about going to the bishop for this purpose. The practice of wearing the large habit on special occasions is becoming more and more popular and it should be encouraged.

A laudable practice that is becoming quite general and that should be propagated with all energy is to bury deceased Tertiaries garbed in the large habit. It is their most becoming shroud. There is a beautiful and consoling tradition in the Franciscan

Order that no one who dies clothed in the habit of our Seraphic Father will be lost. It is for this reason that Tertiaries frequently beg to be clothed in their large habit when they are about to begin the dread journey in eternity. This pious wish can always be granted, due to the nature of their illness; but there is seldom sufficient reason for depriving dying Tertiaries of their Third Order cord and scapular.

One day St. Francis was conversing with his renowned friend Cardinal Ugolino about his latest conquest in Thuringia, where the youthful Princess Elizabeth of Hungary had but recently entered his Third Order. The Cardinal praised the deep humility of the royal Tertiary, her intense love of God, and her unbounded charity to the poor—the poor whom St. Francis himself loved so tenderly; and he requested the Saint to send Elizabeth some slight token of his special regard. Francis bethought himself a moment and then, taking off his coarse and worn mantle, gave it to the Cardinal to send with his blessing to the Tertiary Princess. Elizabeth's joy on receiving the precious relic was indescribable and she treasured it sacredly until her death. Whenever she desired special grace from God, she would place the mantle on her shoulder and then send her prayers heavenward, assured that clothed as it was with the eminent merits of her Seraphic Father, she would most certainly obtain her petition.

My friends, although you are as fortunate as St. Elizabeth in possessing a garment that was worn by St. Francis himself, nevertheless you are immensely favored being permitted to wear the habit of his Third Order of Penance. He it was who stood by in spirit when you knelt at the railing and received his Tertiary cord and scapular. Wear these sacred garments religiously and endeavor to clothe yourselves, as did St. Elizabeth, with the spirit of our Seraphic Father. I remember, clothes do not make the man nor the habit and tonsure the Tertiary. They are but the outward sign of the spirit that dwells within and animates all our actions; a constant reminder for you to walk always worthy of your vocation.

SHARING OUR BREAD AND SALT

By AGNES MODESTA

HOSPITALITY, they tell us, has ceased to exist in the American home. Some are the days when you could travel twenty miles to see Cousin Sophia, and, arriving unannounced, be greeted with enthusiastic warmth, be pressed to remain to supper, and be regaled with fried chicken, corn on the cob, beaten biscuit, cool ripe berries, and Cousin Sophia's sponge cake. Yes, they assure us hourly, that sumptuous meal marked by a gleaming damask supper cloth and second-size napkins, has, since the coming of the automobile, been allotted out of existence.

What does one find now? the critics ask. You arrive hot and hopeful at Cousin Sophia's doorstep, dreaming of the cool scent of lilacs and the forelei-song of Cousin Sophia's egg-beater; and *what happens?* You sit, hot and dusty, upon that doorstep, until, well toward evening, Cousin Sophia arrives flushed but happy after a day "out in the car." It is unthinkable! It is disgraceful! And Cousin Sophia used to be such a splendid woman—such a home-body! It is very sad.

She greets you as if nothing were amiss, even laughing over your long wait in the exposed porch, and tells you that you should have 'phoned, and you could just as well have gone with her. You eye the "flivver" in disgust; you could ride in a machine any day, but to-day you had not wished to go for a ride. You came or a visit with Cousin Sophia; and you anticipated a long "homey" afternoon, followed by one of Cousin Sophia's famous suppers.

Of course, you grudgingly admit that Cousin Sophia has not lost every sense of duty—she does mention your staying to supper; but a light reference to "finding something in the ice-box" and "lots of canned stuff," causes you to insist stiffly that you really must get home. Cousin Sophia seems genuinely sorry, but not conscience-smitten; and as she waves you good-bye, her words come to you down the garden path,

"Phone or drop me a card when you can come again. Goodness knows,

The spirit of home should surround our guest as he sits with us, and he should go away just a little better, a little stronger, a little happier for the coming.

*This is the test of
TRUE HOSPITALITY*

I'm never at home any more, unless I stay for something special."

You nod an ungracious acquiescence; and as you make for your city-bound trolley, you feel unaccountably cheated—downright annoyed. 'Phone or drop a card, indeed! Since when had things got to such a pass that you could not hope to spend an afternoon with your own flesh-and-blood relations, without a formal announcement? What is this rush-mad world coming to?

And so you fume and fuss a good deal about the passing of that good old-fashioned hospitality; and then you arrive home and pick up some kind of a meal—you have allowed the ice-box to become empty because you expected to stay at Cousin Sophia's—feeling distinctly abused.

Now, in all candor, one must admit that there is a good deal to be said both on your side and on Cousin Sophia's. There was something unforgettable about the days when a guest would come for a short call and remain for a week, a month, or a year. There is a glamor about the time when home was a place to stay in, and where someone was always present to make bright the stay of the casual visitor. But, of course, there is Cousin Sophia's view of the matter. She might have been the quintessence of hospitality; her joy might have been boundless over your unexpected appearance for a day or a week-end. It is safe to say that it was. Nevertheless, perhaps ever so occasionally she had planned to go a-visiting herself, on one of the afternoons of your choice. She may have intended to use the remainder of the chicken in a salad the next day, or the sponge cake may have offered interesting possibilities for a cottage pudding. I do not say that she actually did have such plans, but there is just a chance that one time

out of ten she did have plans.

"Well," you may reply huffily to this suggestion, "aren't you a believer in hospitality? Don't you agree that something exquisite and characteristic and beautiful has vanished with its passing?"

If it has passed, I do certainly regret it. But, dear sisters, isn't it just barely possible that what we take to be departure is little else than a change of method? Of course, we must concede that many dwellers in city apartments and flats have lost the ideals of home life. They have become automobile-mad, movie-mad, and restaurant-mad; and of them it may be truly charged that hospitality is a lost art. But for the rest of the great, home-loving, home-keeping population, there remains much of a hospitality that is none the less genuine because its outer semblance has changed with the century.

Cousin Sophia *did* ask you to stay to supper, you know; but you resented that lack of detailed preparation that used to accompany such an invitation, and you refused. But suppose you had stayed. Cousin Sophia would probably have extracted food from the fireless cooker, and salad and dessert from the ice-box that would have served their purpose admirably. You are indignant over the passing of the old order, and you stubbornly refuse to see good in the new. Cousin Sophia has bought an automobile—but the money which paid for it was honestly earned. And if Cousin Sophia can still manage to keep her house clean and pleasant, and can arrange nourishing meals for Cousin William and the children, and yet can go a-jantance of an afternoon when her work is done, who shall dispute her right? And is it too much to expect of you that you should give warning when you intend to visit her?

Having gone so far on that side, I am now ready to mourn sincerely the loss of that sweet savor of grace where loss really is. For there is certainly no more home-like and beautiful and Christian virtue than that of true hospitality. More, it is

primarily God-like. We, the veriest strangers in this alien Isle, are the recipients of the Almighty's hospitality during the whole of our stay. We know, furthermore, that if we are careful not to abuse this favor, we shall be sure of a welcome, the warmth of which is beyond the heart of man to conceive, when at last we arrive at the Eternal Home of our Host.

So we ought to try to keep alight the lamp of welcome for the stranger within our gates, as a reminder of that glowing lamp that stands at the gate-posts of our heavenly dwelling.

The spirit of home should surround our guest as he sits with us, and he should go away just a little better, a little stronger, a little happier for the coming. This, I think, is the test of true hospitality.

It is not necessary that we should rush for the chef, the caterer, and borrow our neighbor's silver and linen. It is not necessary that we search the market for out-of-season vegetables or exotic fruits, on the approach of a guest. But one thing is necessary: that we *share* our best, and that with a glad sincerity which tells him that we are pleased because

he stopped on his journey, and that the sweetest thing the day he brought has been the friend before our hearth.

We shall open to him our door and our hearts; we shall rejoice that he is here to enjoy our cheery fire side; and we shall allow him to stroll over our yellow cat and listen to the blissful music of its purring. We shall lay before him our bread and our salt, begging God's blessing upon and upon the house that has been gladdened by the presence of a guest within its walls.

COUNT ALBERT DE MUN, TERTIARY

ANNETTE S. DRISCOLL

THE GREAT WAR which wrought so much misery to the world over, and took from the world so many of its worthiest sons, extinguished also a shining light when it brought low this great son of France and of St. Francis, Count Albert de Mun, not on the battlefield, but in his study, where the pen is mightier than the sword, and for the morrow's paper he had just completed his daily message of cheer to his distracted countrymen. But the light was extinguished only for this world and transferred to the abode of the Sun of Justice, there, we do not doubt, to take on a greater and more glorious brightness.

One writer has said of him that he was one of the few who could afford to die in war-time, the time of so universal a mourning that the death of the ordinary citizen is scarcely noticed; that he, on the contrary, made a part of the personal history of all Catholic hearts where religion is dear and sacred, of all followers of the fortunes of France, and of all readers of that extraordinary book *Le Récit d'une Soeur*, written by his distinguished aunt, Mrs. Augustus Craven.

A writer in the London *Tablet* of October, 1914, commenting on the news just received of the death of Count de Mun, declared it was unthinkable. "We think," he said, "of a youthful Tennyson going to a lonely sand-pit and repeating to himself, 'Byron is dead.'" The things he

stood for do not require newspaper record. They simply are.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has told us that in building his character a man should begin with his grandfather. Grandmaison said of the subject of this sketch that "he would have furnished an excellent example of how one may escape a materialistic and voluptuous heredity, even if his mother had not been the sister of Albert de la Ferronnays." For, by a singular irony of fate, this distinguished champion of religion, this ardent defender of the Catholic Church, this loyal son of the papacy, was the grandson on the paternal side of that philosopher Helvetius, whose writings brought upon him the censure of the Pope and made him an exile from home. But there is more than compensation in the fact of his glorious maternal ancestry; for he was the son of the saintly Eugénie de la Ferronnays, "whose sweetness is predominant even in that garden of sweetness," *Le Récit d'une Soeur*; and it is to the intercession of her father, Count de Mun's grandfather, while his body lay in the church preparatory to his burial, that the miraculous conversion of Alphonse Ratisbonne the Jew, afterwards Father Ratisbonne, is attributed.

When *Le Récit* appeared, a writer in the *Revue le Deux Mondes* said of Eugénie, "Her rare soul is revealed in the fragments of her journal relegated to the appendix; they show a nature trebly noble, noble according

to the world, noble in nature and noble before God. . . . Her radiance of piety so illumines her whole soul that in it are no dark corners." Oh, for a share in her beautiful humility which made Eugénie herself say, "Ah! I hope that I may become good and lovely in return for His goodness. After her marriage she prayed that she might not have a child unless it was to be "a really good Christian." "Never were a mother's prayers more fully answered," says René Bazin adding, "He was dowered with an opulent nature, in which all was large and magnanimous." And so, when many years later the same aunt, who gave us the beautiful chronicle of Eugénie's short but lovely life, heard him speak in public, she wrote to a friend, "My nephew, Count Albert de Mun, has lately been speaking very well indeed at a *réunion d'ouvriers* and it is delightful to me to hear him and to hear people say around me, "*C'est bien là le fils d'Eugénie*." How delightful it must have been to her can be guessed only by those who understood the tender bond between her and her sister.

Adrien Albert Marie, le Comte de Mun, was born in Loumigny, France in 1841. In his early youth he was said not to have been especially studious, but only later developed splendid intelligence. After a brilliant course of study at the military school of St. Cyr, he entered the French Army in 1870, as Cavalry Lieutenant of the 39th Régiment d'

hassieurs, in Algeria. He was taken prisoner at Metz and sent to Germany.

The following year he was released and made Captain of a Régiment of cuirassiers. During the second siege of Paris, he was made orderly officer of the governor of Paris. It was here that he became intimately associated with Captain Count (afterwards Marquis) de la Tour du Pin. Together they meditated long and often upon the causes of France's sad experiences and studied assiduously the definitions of the Church on the errors of the times. Together they strove to understand and answer such questions as "What has been one by that legalized society, the embodiment of public order for so many years, to give the people a rule of duty, to rouse and educate its conscience, to still its cry of suffering by an effort at justice? What have the Christian classes done for the masses?" After the war he continued his social studies; and becoming thoroughly convinced that the rich and educated classes were neglecting the duty imposed by the Christian law, he resolved to do all in his power to change this condition.

Having made this decision which shaped his course for the remainder of his life, he set about its accomplishment in a truly Catholic way; for "his Catholicity was ever the very essence of his being" and kept him always in close communion with God, as the fact of his joining the Third Order clearly shows. The sincerity and ardor of his nature we learn from his own words: "I love not only the earth I tread, but also the tower under whose shadow I was born, the altar where I said my first prayer, the tomb where those I love rest. These are the marks God has left upon my heart and upon the face of my country. I can not defend the one without defending the other, my religion and my country."

Just such a loyal and outspoken Catholic he remained all his life; and to his will he charged his oldest son to express to the Holy Father his unstinted obedience to the Holy See.

Recently, we learn from *The Echo* (April 20, 1922), the Catholic Workmen's Circles of France celebrated their fiftieth anniversary of their founding. Count de Mun was pre-eminently instrumental in organizing

these Circles, the purpose of which was "to create fraternal collaboration, in the name of justice and social peace, among manual laborers and intellectual workers." A young cavalry officer at the time when, shortly after the Franco-Prussian War, an insurrection of the so-called "Cummune" occurred in Paris, De Mun one day saw a group of captured insurgents. "Poor unfortunate men," he said half aloud. "Why did you rise up against your country?"

A workman standing by heard him. "It is you," the workman hurled back, "who are the insurrectionists! You, the military men, the bourgeois, the rich, the priests, you have risen against the people!"

Although unjust, this grave charge did not deter De Mun from executing plans he had already vaguely conceived.

"How can this people whom we love," he said, "misjudge us to this extent? Why should we not visit them in their suburbs, in their meetings, to talk to them, enlighten them, serve them, to win their confidence and their friendship?"

It was a great project that needed prudent and dauntless generalship. Count de Mun proved the man for the occasion; and with the hearty cooperation of other equally noble-minded Frenchmen, he undertook and realized the project.

It was likewise soon after the Franco-Prussian War, that Maurice Maignen came into De Mun's life, asking aid for his Catholic Association of Young Men. The fact of his belonging to a different rank in life did not deter the Count from aiding both with his money and with his personal service; he became an ardent worker in the cause.

In response to some objections, a real course of study was organized for the Society, developing gradually a system of Christian Sociology, with a monthly review called *l'Association Catholique*.

In 1872, he rented for them the Irish College, and he always liked to remember the building that served as a chapel of the Irish College erected by order of Louis XIV for Irish ecclesiastical students made exiles by the Penal Laws.

De Mun erected over the renovated altar a copy of Overbeck's painting of Our Lord in the Nazarine work-

shop. Later, his entrance into politics obliged him gradually to lessen his labors in that direction, so that the Association languished. In 1885 he attempted to put new life into it by establishing a society such as he had seen in Switzerland; but, while the new society grew and flourished, it never united with the other.

Meantime, he, the brilliant orator and statesman, and Leon Harmel, the practical employer and benefactor of 1,200 mill operatives, joined forces, working in splendid harmony, one helping the other in achieving great results for the working classes. The United States always kept an eager watch on De Mun; and Cardinal Gibbons, also the friend and benefactor of labor, sent him a letter of commendation.

While in Parliament, he spoke "amidst almost universal applause" on such social questions as the Sunday rest, the organization of trusts, and on female and child labor. As long as his health permitted, he distinguished himself as an orator, reminding his hearers of Lacordaire. A contemporary says of him, "He was an incomparable artist in words; to hear him speak was a joy, an enchantment, music." Another said "While his eloquence was that of a gentleman and a scholar, he had the very soul of an orator." To his tall figure, fine countenance, and distinguished bearing was added a sonorous voice, enabling the message, which all realized came straight from an honest heart, to carry conviction and to impart enthusiasm; though it was said that "as a leader he lacked the persistency, far-sightedness and geniality of a Windthorst or an O'Connell."

In politics, as might be expected, he was a royalist and a supporter of Count de Chambord. In 1885, he attempted to found a Catholic party, on German and Belgian lines; but this plan meeting with opposition, the matter was carried to Rome and pronounced by the nuncio, Monsignor de Rende, to be at least inopportune. Consequently the Catholic Union "died stillborn."

In 1892, he founded *La Ligue de Propagande politique et social du Sacre-Cour*. Following not merely with submission but "with positive joy" the instructions given to France by Leo XIII to accept a republican

form of government and to defend religious interests along constitutional lines, he offered his aid to the government on condition that it should cease to be atheistic.

In 1897 he was elected a member of the French Academy—a much coveted honor—in place of Jules Simon.

Serious heart trouble prevented him, except on very important occasions, from making extended use of his splendid oratorical ability. But the celebrated Dreyfus case brought him to the defense of his country and of the army, in a brilliantly convincing and effective speech. So devoted was he to the welfare of the people of France, that he made continual sacrifices of his own health in their behalf.

At the breaking out of the Great War he turned his attention to providing chaplains for the army, the number appointed being insufficient. Many priests volunteered; and Count de Mun, having promised the civil authorities that no salaries would be asked, obtained from the Minister of War permission for 250 instead of the 100 previously appointed. Lists for enrollments and subscriptions filled rapidly, and in less than two weeks he had 100,000 francs at his disposal.

So many priests volunteered that the healthiest ones were selected first. The first contingent of 30 set out August 27. Numerous letters from chaplains in the field prove that M. de Mun was right in calling his efforts in this direction the finest work of his life.

The War Government having removed to Bordeaux, he also went, to be near the Ministers of War and of Foreign Affairs and to insure his freedom as a writer; for, having proved himself a brilliant journalist and not being able to bear arms, he took up the pen as a weapon and used it most effectively. "If I cannot die on the field of battle," he said "what more glorious death can an old soldier wish than to die wielding the pen in his country's cause?"

It has been said of him that "few men have so exemplified Our Lord's *miserere super turbam* (have compassion on the multitude)," and in his daily article for the *Echo de Paris*, he strove to keep up the morale of his countrymen, reviving the

spirit of St. Joan of Arc and preaching peace, courage and hope. Some idea can be formed of the immense value of his services, when we learn that Benedict XV, one hour after his election to the Chair of Peter, spontaneously sent his blessing to this illustrious patriot and humble follower of St. Francis.

In addition to his great personal labors during the war, we must take into account the brilliant services of the society he had established—*l'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Française*, commonly spoken of as the A. C. J. F., which at the outbreak of the war numbered 25,000 of the "intelligent student world and laborious middle classes, active and devoted, eager to extend the reign of God among men"; possessing, like so many of the faithful children of the eldest daughter of the Church, the true apostolic spirit. "They embraced every class of society—landed proprietors, engineers, doctors, lawyers, workmen, accountants, clerks, etc., forming a fair sample of practical Catholic laymen," and their aid to the country must have been incalculable.

The Countess of Courson, in *The Catholic World*, has given a fine description of the Association as manifested during the war. Following are a few extracts:

One member wrote, "Never did we realize so keenly the value of the Christian and Apostolic teaching that was impressed upon us by our dear Association." A military chaplain tells of the profound conviction of the members that having received more than others they were bound to give more, and to extend the reign of God among men to the best of their ability.

Another chaplain tells of his efforts to kindle fervor in the hearts of a notoriously irreligious regiment by having daily Benediction in the Church. Disheartened at the lack of response, he was alone in his sacristy, wondering how he could reach the hearts of the men, when in walked a big giant, about 24 years of age, who told him that he was a non-commissioned officer in the regiment. He offered to lead the singing, promised to bring his men to Benediction, and suggested putting up some posters inviting the men to High Mass on the 15th of August.

He assisted the pastor in the preparation of some hymns for the occasion. As this was done during the young man's dinner hour, the priest said to him, "How about your dinner?" "Never mind" was the reply. "I have done nothing for the Church since the war began; I really must do something now." And when the priest praised his zeal, he said, "I do not praise me, it is the *Jeunes Catholiques* that teaches us to serve the Church. A young friend of mine considers himself privileged because by getting up every morning before four o'clock, he can serve seven Masses. We who belong to the *Jeunes* are not in sufficient numbers to do as we would wish." The chaplain goes on to tell how this valiant fellow braced up his own courage and induced his associates to attend to religious exercises.

"The A. C. J. F. has taught me the real value of life," says one member. "I offer my life for the *Jeunes Catholiques*," whispered another to the priest. A third, "When I make my rounds at night, I feel truly in the hands of God; I am full of joy at the thought that, for my country's sake, I have a duty to perform and a danger to face." Ingolstadt, a young soldier pinned the badge of the order (a Maltese Cross) upon his tunic, and almost immediately five members of A. C. J. F., lost in the crowd of prisoners rallied round him; a few days later their numbers had increased to over thirty, and they had organized among themselves a branch of the Association with the object of spreading a Catholic spirit and Catholic practices among their fellow captives."

The Countess de Courson concludes her admirable article with this optimistic note;

"Those who live in France at the present moment are able to judge of the bracing and elevating action of the Great War upon the young men of France; not a day passes without the fact being brought under their notice, and if anything can diminish the horror of the tragedy that is making so many homes desolate, it is surely the knowledge of the spiritual forces that are at work behind the scenes."

How far beyond our mortal comprehension must be the reward to

owed upon the organizer of these
 reses, by his great Captain, who is
 ever outdone in generosity! We
 ay well believe what was said of
 m, that he died "with no enemies
 t those of truth and his country,
 urchased by all as the great patriot
 nd Christian that he was"; and
 at his best epitaph was pronounced
 a soldier, who, being asked, "Who
 is the hero of this ovation of hom-
 e?" replied "*C'est M. de Mun, celui
 qui consolait nos mères.*" (It is M.
 Mun, he who consoled our moth-
 ers.)

"In his passing," said the Holy
 Father, "the church in France lost
 her greatest champion." "But,
est-ce un croisé!" (He was a cru-
 sader!) and let France and the world
 rejoice that his spirit still lives; and
 the crusade initiated by this valiant
 soldier, of the Cross, gathers
 strength with the fleeting years."

On October 5, 1914, one of the
 Count's three sons (all of whom
 were in the war) came home from
 the front for a visit. The joyous
 emotion which his visit brought to
 his father was perhaps too much for
 his strength. He ended the article
 which he wrote that night for the
 morning *Echo* with these words:
 "To-night, after writing these lines,
 I shall lie down with hope in my
 heart. When they are read, may I
 awake in rapture."

Perhaps to a greater rapture than
 he dreamed of did he awake—but
 you shall say what was the real
 thought in his mind?

After taking dinner with his fam-
 ily, he lay down early in the evening.
 But he was immediately obliged to
 get up again because of an attack of
 pain which refused to yield to the
 usual remedies. Soon after mid-

night, on the morning of October 6,
 with a smile on his lips, he passed
 to the Great Beyond, where his life-
 time of good deeds had preceded him,
 into the waiting arms, we may well
 believe, of the Lord he loved and
 served so well; for, valiant soldier
 that he was, he had fought the good
 fight, the fight for God and country
 and humanity.

ST. FRANCIS AND THE BEGGAR

Francis had a kind of natural
 courtesy in his ways and words, and
 never said an unkind or unseemly
 word to anyone. Nay, more, though
 he was a merry and wanton youth,
 he determined to give no answer to
 any who spoke unseemly words to
 him. In consequence of this, his
 fame so spread over almost the whole
 province that many who knew him
 said that he would do some great
 thing. . . . Though he was in trade,
 he was a very frivolous spender of
 worldly wealth; but one day, when he
 was about his business in the shop
 where he used to sell, a poor man
 came to him asking alms for the love
 of God. Held back by greed of riches
 and care of business, he refused alms
 to the beggar. But the grace of God
 looked on him, and he accused him-
 self of great churlishness, saying:
 "If the poor man had asked thee for
 something for the sake of a great
 Count or Baron, thou wouldst surely
 have given him what he asked for.
 How much rather, then, oughtest
 thou to have done it for the sake of
 the King of kings and Lord of all!"
 And on account of this he deter-
 mined thenceforth never to refuse
 anything asked of him for the sake
 of so great a Lord.—3 Soc. 3.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. Octave of the Ascension of Our Lord.—BB. Herculanus, Felix, and John, Confessors of the I and III Orders. (Plen. Ind.)
2. Bl. Humiliana, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
3. Bl. Andrew, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
4. Feast of Pentecost. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)
7. Bl. Baptista, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
8. Bl. Pacificus, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
11. Feast of the Blessed Trinity. (Plen. Ind.)
13. St. Antony of Padua, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
15. Feast of Corpus Christi.—Bl. Jolenta, Widow of the III Order. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)
16. Bl. Guy of Cortona, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
20. Bl. Michelina, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
23. Feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)
24. Nativity of St. John the Baptist. (Plen. Ind.)
27. Bl. Benvenute, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
29. SS. Peter and Paul. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

General Absolution, also called Indulged Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on June 4, 15, 23, 29. This Absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries also in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves, or on any day during the week following.

That Contemplated Trip to Europe

WHOEVER has traveled abroad will know what worry is connected with it. Catholics, therefore, who are contemplating a trip to Europe might book themselves with one of the Beccari Catholic Tours. These experienced gentlemen we gladly recommend for the safe and intelligent guidance they offer prospective tourists. Their latest party, including the Rev. Bishop of Tucson, Arizona, twelve priests, and twenty-eight laymen left New York on May 4. They will be present at the International Eucharistic Congress in Rome and thereupon tour Europe. The next

Beccari Party will leave New York on July 12, under the spiritual direction of Rev. David W. Kennedy, C.S.P. In Rome they will have a private audience with the Holy Father; whereupon they will visit points of interest in Europe, in particular the Oberammergau Passion Play in Germany and historic spots in Ireland. Should any of our readers wish to join this July 12 Party, a word to that effect addressed to Beccari Catholic Tours Inc., 1010 Times Building, New York, N. Y., will bring them the necessary information.

—THE EDITOR.



Missions

PIONEER DAYS IN SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

(Continued)

BY FR. ODORIC, O. F. M., MISSIONARY

IT WAS in the year 1882 that Rt. Rev. Bishop Seidenbusch of St. Cloud, Minn., requested the Franciscan Fathers of Superior, Wis., to take charge of the Indians of the St. Louis Reservation, in Minnesota, two miles from the present site of Cloquet. This town has since become famous on account of the terrible forest fires that raged there in October, 1918, destroying millions of dollars worth of property and costing the lives of about eight hundred people of the reservation and surrounding country. Although the Fathers were already overburdened with work, they could not very well refuse the urgent request of the good bishop. So I volunteered to take care of the new mission. My first visit there was in December, 1882.

When I arrived near the little mission church, the bell was lustily rung to welcome me and to announce my arrival to the Indians. They were overjoyed to see the black, or rather the brown, robe in their midst again. The bell was regularly rung at my coming and going by Joseph Songakamig (i. e. Strong Ground), who was very proud of this privilege. Besides being bell ringer, the venerable old Indian had the additional honor of being the custodian of order and decorum during divine service. He would kneel behind the congregation, armed with a long fishing pole at his side, and would keep sharp watch over all the movements of the assembled faithful. If any one dared to whisper, look about, or otherwise behave disrespectfully, Songakamig would stretch forth his long rod over the people and tap the offender gently on the head or shoulder. No one questioned his authority and no one

needed to be reminded a second time of his duty in the holy place. There was no confessional in the church; the people would kneel openly before me, the men often leaning on my knee, and tell their sins as a child confides his secrets to his loving parents. On my first visit, a large number of Indians received the holy sacraments. When my work was done, including a sick call, I returned to Cloquet, where I arrived just in time to take dinner with Rev. Fr. Lemay. Immediately after recuperating my strength through the good priest's generous hospitality, I intended to take the train for Northern Pacific Junction, now Carlton, Minn. Unfortunately, the train did not make its appearance that afternoon and I had to walk to the Junction. But I had the consolation of thus saving my railroad fare, although I doubt whether this bit of economy was not entirely offset by the wear and tear my poor shoes suffered on the tramp. The passenger train on the main line from St. Paul to Duluth also went on a strike that evening on account of a wreck, and I was delayed again. Finally, an old freight train took pity on me and brought me back to Duluth.

The Provincial Chapter of our Fathers held in St. Louis, Mo., in August, 1882, had appointed Fr. Servatius Altmicks superior of the Franciscan residence at Superior, Wis. This zealous priest had for years been longing to dedicate his life to the conversion of the poor Indians. His heart's desire was fulfilled at last. He was an exemplary religious, an energetic priest, and a staunch friend of the Indians. When he arrived at his new post, on August 10,

1882, he learned at once that there was no Catholic school for the children of his ever-growing parish of St. Francis Xavier. He immediately set to work to establish a parochial school and soon found an occasion to announce his plan publicly to the congregation. When Bishop Kiliau Flasch came to Superior to administer the holy Sacrament of Confirmation, Fr. Servatius communicated his plan to His Lordship. The latter verily and prudently laid the need of a Catholic school before the members of the parish, in a strong sermon on the subject. This pleased Fr. Servatius exceedingly and he afterward exclaimed with enthusiasm, "Let's talk school in season and out of season and strike the iron while it is hot." On the Sunday following the bishop's visit, he referred to the latter's remarks on the school; but his well-meaning words found little or no response in the hearts of his hearers. As is usual, some deemed the plan untimely, while others laughed at it as utterly utopian. But Fr. Servatius remained undaunted and on the following Sunday he "preached school" again and announced that meeting would be held to adopt way and means to carry out the project. Under the leadership of Vincent Roza a few Indians came to the meeting. A building society was established and the school at once became a reality in the mind and heart of the priest and people. On the next Sunday, September 19, a large number of men assembled in the church apparently without being summoned. Was it to protest against the proposed school? By no means. "We want a Catholic school" was the cry on all sides. Fr. Servatius had scored

complete victory. The officers of the building society were the following: James Collier, president; James Michie, secretary; Vincent Roy, treasurer; St. Joseph, heavenly patron and general superintendent; and poor me, collector of funds in the wilderness. The erection of the Catholic school Superior was now a settled fact and St. Joseph's Building Society was entrusted with the task of getting the needed funds. Fr. Servatus was an expert at this and he put all his energy into the movement. He wrote letters to some friends in St. Louis who always had a warm heart and open hand for this Franciscan beggar. The credit of donating the first \$50.00, however, belongs to a poor widow, Mrs. Marisette, of Superior. But Fr. Servatus did not despise collaborators in his efforts to collect funds. When the addition to St. Francis church was building, he went me into the lumber camps to preach the gospel to the men and incidentally to pick up a few pennies for the church. As my efforts were not entirely unsuccessful, I had to start out again on my twofold mission of converting souls and of getting money for the proposed school. During the months of March and April, 1883, in company with my faithful companion, Joseph LaVierge, half-breed Indian, I made my trips to the logging camps of northern Wisconsin. In Norton's Camp, eighteen miles from Superior, we made our first stop. But we soon discovered to our dismay that in the camps there was not the same spirit of kindness and generosity that we had found in 1881. Catholics were fewer and the non-Catholics had no interest in aiding us to propagate our holy religion. We were often received with coldness and apathy and at times even treated with open contempt. Thus, on March 15, 1883, we plowed our way all day long through the soft deep snow and we were thoroughly exhausted when toward evening we reached a certain camp, which I will not name. The foreman and his men were in the woods when we arrived. When they returned to the camp for supper, I politely advised him of the object of our trip and asked him kindly to give me a personal recommendation to his men. But he refused point-blank, saying harshly, "Do it yourself."



JUNE ROSES

*The fairest child of all the year
Comes laden with roses sweet
That May, the Bounteous flower queen,
Lays down at the Savior's feet.*

*With roses, roses everywhere
Is the glad world overrun;
The sweetest gifts of Mary's month
To June, the month of her Son.*

*Obedient to our Lady's call
They sprang from the willing sod,
From the heaving heart of our earth,
For the Sacred Heart of our God.*

*We gather Mary's roses then
The Savior's throne to dignify
But ah! the thorns! Alas! that sin
Must evermore cast a blight!*

*Earth's roses but a mockery seem—
Their crimson, pink, and white—
Where heedless millions grope about
In darkness, spurning the light*

*Let not in vain their fragrance breathe
The roses there on Thy throne;
Let, dearest Savior, for my thorns
Those roses fair atone.*

—Clare Thornton.

I then went to the "sleeping shanty," where the boys were assembled seated on long benches. I explained why I had come and then asked them for an alms for our new school. Strange to say not one of the men had an alms or even a kind word for me. Like their foreman, they snarled an emphatic, "No, we won't give you a cent." When I expressed my surprise at this unexpected treatment, two boys offered me a time check for 50c each, which I gratefully accepted. That was the entire collection I received on this occasion. The men then went to the "cook shanty" where all partook of a splendid supper except myself and my companion. We stood there like two sheepish school boys looking on with watering mouths and empty stomachs, while the hungry lumberjacks dispatched their meal with undisguised relish. At last, the cook of the camp, who, by the way, was not a Catholic, took pity on us beggars and gave us supper. It is too bad that I have never learned the name of that kind-hearted man, as I shall always be grateful to him for his charity. We had had a belated though hearty supper; now, where to spend the night? The foreman did not bother himself at all about us. Again the kind-hearted cook came to the rescue and gave us the best accommodations he could provide. Close to his stove on the floor he spread a few blankets and pillows, and our bunks were ready. Thank you, dear cook. We had to rise early the next morning to be out of the way, but we had a good night's rest. When receiving such treatment it was easy for me to imagine how Mary and Joseph must have felt on their arrival in Bethlehem when there was no place for them at the inn. I recalled also how dear St. Elizabeth of Hungary spent a night in the poor stable with the animals, after she had been driven from her castle. Really I fared better than either Mary and Joseph or St. Elizabeth, since I was not compelled to take up my quarters with beasts, but had a warm bed near the fire. Nevertheless, experiences as these serve to purge the soul of the missionary and to steel him in his resolution to suffer all for Jesus to Whose service he has devoted his life.

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

THE BLESSING OF THREE NEW CHAPELS

By FR. BONAVENTURE, O. F. M. Missionary in Arizona

MY LAST communication to FRANCISCAN HERALD was a doleful jeremiad on transportation difficulties in sandy Arizona. It closed with "Next week I go back to old Dobbin," my faithful horse, because no one would help me replace my ruined car. But since then the Lord has solved the problem, only in a regrettable way—the best of our Papago and Pima missionaries was taken from us and placed among the Apaches; and I, of course, inherited his car. Though we have three cars now, which we can just about manage to keep up, it is nevertheless impossible to do justice to our work among the widely scattered Indians.

During the month of April, His Lordship, the Bishop of Tucson, dedicated three new chapels. We could have thrown in a fourth; but three, we decided, would do for the present; the fourth could wait till later.

The first building to be given over to the service of God was the church and school at Comobabi. The school was erected by Rev. Mother Catherine Drexel and the church by the Marquette League of New York City.

Work on the building had been commenced by Fr. Gerard, who was our Superior before Fr. Justin, both of whom are now among the Apaches. To rule the band of missionaries at San Solano seems to be regarded as a fit preparation for work among the Apaches. His Lordship had arranged to dedicate the Comobabi combination of church and school to the Annunciation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, on the afternoon of April 4. So we detailed our most careful driver, Fr. Nicholas, the venerable Superior of the venerable Old Mission of San Xavier del Bac, to convey His Lordship safely over the Coyote Mountains and across the Santa Rosa Valley to the village of Comobabi. He did very well, bringing not only His Lordship but also Fr. Gerard, the pioneer. Happy we were, you may be sure, and the Indians just about wept for joy when they saw Fr. Gerard again. It felt as in the good old days when he still guided the destinies of the Papago Missions. After the dedication of the church, the Sacrament of Confirmation was administered for the first time in the history of Comobabi village. During

his extensive travels in Arizona between the years 1690 and 1710, the famous Jesuit missionary, Fr. Eusebius Kino, visited this village and called it Umukam. Some threescore years later also the Franciscan missionary, Fr. Francisco Garces, passed through it. Some fifteen years ago another Franciscan, Fr. Mathias motored to this place in his Brush runabout, the first car to be used here in work among the Indians. But it was reserved for Fr. Gerard to begin, for Fr. Justin to continue, and for Fr. Stephen to finish, a permanent building for church and school. All that now remains to be done is to equip the day school and to guarantee the teacher's salary. Which Tertiary fraternity, I ask, will take over the care for this school, following the noble example of the Holy Tertiaries who are supporting the one at Topawa?

After services at Comobabi, we motored (how modern that sounds!) to our residence at San Solano, near Cababi, and partook of a missionary meal prepared by good Brother Fulgence, His Lordship dispensing with all from fasting.

Early next morning we proceeded on our way to Cowlic, near the Mexican border, where Fr. Augustine ably backed by Fr. Roger and his Tertiaries of Cleveland, had erected a beautiful combination church and school. The Cleveland Third Order fraternity have indeed put up a lasting monument to their zeal. To climax their generosity, they have now agreed also to support the school since the Indians in their present condition are unable to do so. After the dedication ceremonies, Fr. Nicholas celebrated High Mass, during which Fr. Augustine and his Indian choir rendered the *Missa de Angelis*.

In the afternoon, we returned to San Solano and the following morning found us at Santa Rosa for the third dedication. Fr. Gerard cele



New Mission Church at Comobabi



New Mission Church at Cowlic

ted Holy Mass among his *quondam* charges. This church, dedicated to Elizabeth, was built with the donations which Fr. Christopher had solicited from the German branch of the Third Order at St. Peter's Church, Chicago. On account of circumstances, not under our control, three years were spent in erecting this church. The final donation was made by Fr. Conradin, who succeeded Fr. Christopher at St. Peter's Church, while the work on the building, commenced by Fr. Justin, was completed by Fr. Stephen.

Here we may note that one of the largest cases now before the Supreme Court centers around the village of Santa Rosa. A party of real estate dealers from Los Angeles, California, claim to be able to prove that the Indians of Santa Rosa village hold a title in fee simple to their communal lands and that one-half of these lands were transferred to a certain Mr. Robert F. Hunter, who in turn transferred certain interests to the aforementioned dealers. The deed is purported to be signed by one José María Ochoa, commonly called Koonchin, who styled himself head chief of all the Papagos, in 1880. There are fifteen other deeds, signed by various chiefs, covering the lands of seven other villages. And there is a blanket deed, signed by Koonchin, in which a half interest in the whole Papago country is deeded over to Mr. Hunter. Whether the Indians of Santa Rosa (and consequently the Indians of the other villages) held a title in fee simple to their lands from the Spanish Government, will be de-

termined by the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia next fall. We missionaries, however, do not doubt that the Indians will be justly upheld in their possession of the barren desert lands they need so badly.

After the dedication ceremonies and Holy Mass at Santa Rosa, we went to the house of Avran, the Indian policeman, who is also sacristan of the new church. Under his *ramada* we had our banquet, sitting on benches, chairs, and boxes. Here we rehearsed the three dedications. No one had lost his temper. Everything had come off fine, except that the Fr. Superintendent of St. John's School would not let us have his brass band to put the crowning point on our celebrations, because he did not want his school year interrupted.

From Santa Rosa all left for their

various destinations. Fr. Nicholas took His Lordship back to Tucson, accompanied by Mr. V. Stoner, reporter for *The Southwestern Catholic* of Santa Fe; Fr. Stephen returned to San Solano; FF. Ambrose and Paschal glided back to Phoenix in the handsome Buick belonging to the parish there, while Fr. Gerard and yours truly tagged behind them in order to greet His Grace, Most Rev. Albert Daeger, O. F. M., Archbishop of Santa Fe, who was to pass through Phoenix on his way to Tucson for a conference of the bishops of the province.

Editor's Note:—The foregoing letter of Fr. Bonaventure was about to go to the printer when we received the following thoughtful, encouraging, and edifying communication from one of our loyal Mission Associates, in response to his appeal in our April issue. In passing, we can assure her that his "gas-horse" was remembered by a number of kind benefactors. Though not a sufficient number responded to warrant the purchase of a new car, nevertheless the alms received will keep his "inherited" motor a-going for some time.

Washington, D. C., May 4, 1922
Dear Fathers:

The May issue of your magazine has reached me and I look in vain for a reply to the appeal for help made by Fr. Bonaventure in the April number of the *HERALD*. What has happened? Didn't the subscribers to your paper read the article entitled "In the Country of Unbelievable Distances?" Could any one have read it and forgotten? Could any one remember it and not feel called upon to furnish a pair of good rubber



New Mission Church at Santa Rosa

"shoes," or a few gallons of gasoline or some cement and rubber patches or a pair of hubs or a motor?

Possibly money has been pouring in for all these things; but you do not mention it. For fear it has not, I am impelled to write you this morning and send a very tiny contribution for a few gallons of gasoline. I can't afford more, but I feel that I must do even this little.

Fr. Bonaventure needs an automobile. It must be gotten for him somehow. He tells us that by means of a car he can do the work of two or three priests. Shall we by our indifference keep him from performing this "miracle?" America's debt to the Franciscans can never be paid with money, but let us try at least to keep up the interest. They have given their entire lives, let us give them a few moments of our time and a little of the money we ordinarily spend

for pleasure. If "Time is the medium with which we purchase eternal happiness," this good Fr. Bonaventure can not afford to waste hours of time! He says, "Next month I go back to old Dobbin!" No, we must not let this happen! How I wish every reader of your paper would again go over this wonderful appeal for help. I can just see this boy priest (I'm sure he's a boy, from his article, though his hair may be white as snow) driving under the cloudless skies of Arizona and over the sandy roads for unbelievable

distances and speeding at a rate of traffic officers could not overlook. But time is precious; he must hurry; he bears a message from the King; and I see him c on his "jorides!"

Dear editors, please publish this appeal if you think it worthy of not. But do not mention my name. I am just a friendly stranger with a world of good wishes for all the activities of the Friars Minor.

Most sincerely,
"A Friendly Stranger."

The U. S. Commissioner of Indian Affairs on the achievements and prospects of our Arizona Indian Missions and Schools in July issue of FRANCISCAN HERALD

ST. ANTONY, OUR HELP

By MARIAN NESBITT

*The cell held that magic silence
Which falls with the spell of right;
But a pure young face uplifted
Reflected a wondrous light:
Antonio kneeling so humbly there
Had reaped the reward of his secret prayer.*

*All trembling with love and longing
He clasped to his stainless breast
The tiny form of the Christ-Child,
Who deigned in his arms to rest.
Repaid by those moments of rapture sweet
For desolate days when his weary feet*

*Grew tired on the road to heaven;
And the martyr's crown denied
He sought with unwavering patience
The treasure his soul deserved
Afar, on the hills of the Hidden Life,
But not to be reached save by ceaseless strife.*

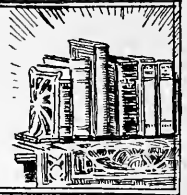
*O Saint, of all Saints, pure-hearted,
Permitted thy God to see,
By the joy that thrilled thy spirit
When our Savior clung to thee
By the gladness, deeper than words
can say,
O listen and help us when we try to pray!*

*Have we, absorbed in love human,
Forgotten the Love Divine;
Or faithless and half despairing,
Impatiently asked a sign;
Thy love and faith will be strong to
plead
For the gifts and graces we really need.*

*So will we in hours of darkness
When our saddened souls grow faint,
Turn ever with trust unailing
To thee, O tenderest Saint,
Who waiting and watching can change
our tears
Into pearls of blessing for future years.*



Fiction



FOR BASIL'S SAKE

By MARIAN NESBITT
Author of "Lamps of Fire"

CHAPTER III

*Then saunter down that terrace,
whence the sea,
All fair with wing-like sails, you
may discern;
Be glad, and say, This beauty is for
me—
A thing to love and learn.*

*For me the bounding in of tides,
for me
The laying bare of sands when
they retreat,
The purple flush of calms, the spark-
ing glee,
When waves and sunshine meet."*

IT was Sunday, and the last day of May. Sparkling under every leaf, gleaming upon every blossom, were the innumerable diamonds at a passing shower had scattered. exquisite cloud-shadows stole down the green hillsides, floated across the craggy cliffs, and chased each other over the blue and shining sea. The air was red earth—so familiar and so dear to the dwellers in this, the fairest county in England — gave forth that peculiar odor which follows rain in summer. And it was summer here, to all intents and purposes—summer, with its warmth and brightness, its blue and its many skies, and its lavish wealth of flowers. The windows of Castellain Court glowed in the afternoon light, and over the beautiful old house a calm and deep peace seemed to reign—a peace that was only intensified by the silvery tones of the chapel bell, as it sounded forth its summons to benediction. The ancestral home of the Castellains was, in truth,

a goodly heritage; and anyone, standing on the broad terrace that ran the whole length of the building on its western side and looking across the wide expanse of perfectly kept gardens to the richly-wooded slopes of the park beyond, might well have envied the owner of such a birthright.

Presently footsteps passed up the avenue; two or three bronze-faced fishermen from the pretty little village in the valley below, some children, and several of the tenants went in at the lovely arched doorway, through which so many generations of Castellains had gone to their devotions. Mailed warriors and peace-loving statesmen—gentle ladies and light-hearted children—all alike lay at rest in the ancient chapel, where the young representative of their race had now come to pray.

The bell ceased ringing and an interval followed of almost religious silence, as if the very world of Nature was listening—waiting for those three clear strokes which now fell upon the still air and told their

own sweet tale to all true Catholic hearts. Then the small congregation streamed out into the golden sunshine and went their various ways, leaving a little group in animated conversation upon the terrace. The group consisted of four persons—a young man, very tall, slight, and exceedingly well made—a girl with a bright charming face and hair of burnished gold that fell over her forehead in little waving tendrils—a slender, delicate looking woman—and the parish priest of Heathercombe, who was also chaplain at the Court, where he had lived and where he had been loved by its present owner, ever since the latter was a picturesque little boy, idolized by his stern grandfather and scarcely less dear—if the truth be told—to good Father Fortescue himself. That kindly man, with his large heart and gentle manners, his holy, selfless life, and his vigorous intellect, had been the best possible friend for Basil Castellain, who, despite his wealth and the somewhat enervating atmosphere of his surroundings, was about as unspoilt as a young man in his position could well be.

"You will stay and have a cup of tea," the latter said to Mrs. Sinclair, "I told Radford to have it ready for us in the library. I thought you might find the terrace damp after the rain."

"Thank you, my dear boy; you are always so thoughtful. Yes, we shall be charmed to stay, shall we not, Cicely?"

"Of course, mother dear. Come, Basil, I want to go to the end of the terrace once more."

She moved away as she spoke, he following, and Mrs. Sinclair's

The Story Thus Far

Hugh and Margery Castellain, orphans of Irish-English birth, were making their home in France with the widowed Marquise de Fleurville, the girl friend of their mother Kathleen O'More. How Margery loathes the possibility of leaving St. Marc and returning to her native England! And toward her brother Hugh, what girlish enthusiasm and sisterly affection! "There is no one like him—no one!" She was right, and Marie de Fleurville, her friend and school fellow, agreed with her. Startling news came from England concerning Hugh's and Margery's cousin Basil, master of Castellain Court, the old Tudor mansion in Devonshire. Margery in a flurry that night told her brother how she feared this cousin would break into their lives and make everything different. Hugh, laughing at her foolish fancies, explained how Basil came to inherit and live at the Court that bears the name of Castellain. He did not know—how could he?—what lay hidden in the future.

eyes rested on the pair with a pleased glance; it was plain to see the direction her thoughts had taken.

Basil Castellain and Cicely Sinclair had grown up together from their earliest childhood. He had been her devoted slave when she was a tiny fluffy-haired tyrant in pinafores, ruling him alternately by tears, caresses, and the thousand wifely, coaxing ways of a loving-hearted child. She was now eighteen, and he was twenty-two; but he was her slave still. Indeed, if report spoke truly, she would, ere another year had passed, begin her reign at Castellain Court.

Mrs. Sinclair was delighted. She was sincerely fond of Basil—young, rich, handsome, and, above all, an excellent Catholic—what more could the most exacting mother desire? It was only Cicely who gave her cause for anxiety—Cicely, with her girlish inconsistencies and childish desire to delay the final decision. Today, however, things seemed to be arranging themselves beyond the anxious Mother's fondest hopes, and she watched the two at the end of the terrace with a smile of undisguised satisfaction.

Basil was standing by his companion in silence. No one who saw them together could mistake his feeling for her; but did she love *him*? It was a question which even the cleverest student of human nature would have found it difficult to answer. To use her own words, she was, "very fond of him"—pleased, flattered, and not a little touched by the evident depth and sincerity of his affection for her; yet, underlying all this and sometimes dominating every other feeling, was a sensation, nearly akin to fear. His earnestness disturbed her and made her dimly conscious that he desired and deserved more than she was prepared to give. Love had played its low preludes to her life's symphony, but the deeper chords had not yet been struck; and if it be true, as some writer has said, that "only suffering draws the inner heart of song, and can elicit the perfume of the soul," then at least one passage might still have to be written in a minor key. At present, however, she was preëminently a child of light and sunshine,

fresh and joyous as the Spring, radiant as Demeter's fair young daughter, when "she stepped upon Sicilian grass," unconscious of her destiny.

"So you are really going away tomorrow?" Basil remarked, as she seated herself upon the stone coping.

"Yes, really and truly. But you need not look so grave about it. Gravity does not suit your cast of countenance, Basil; and interesting as I know an air of melancholy is always supposed to be, it ill becomes one who has never felt the arrows of outrageous fortune."

"Cicely, be serious for once," he pleaded. "Remember how little more time we shall have together."

"Basil, Basil, I'm ashamed of you! How can you reconcile it to your conscience to make such a statement, when you know perfectly well that we shall probably meet again not three weeks hence! Yes; don't shake your head. You must come to France—you must indeed," she finished, with an irrepressible laugh. Then the shadow in his dark eyes struck her, and her mood changed.

"Forgive me," she cried, impulsively. "I did not mean to hurt you; I was only in fun, Basil. I know you care for me more—far more than I deserve."

"And you care for me?—Say you do, Cicely!"

"Yes, yes," she answered uneasily, though she let him take her hands in his. "I care for you, of course; but not quite in the way you mean, I am afraid."

"Never mind, so long as you have not given your heart to anyone else."

"Than which nothing could be more absolutely improbable," she interposed, regaining her usual manner. "Really, Basil, we must go; Mother and Father Fortescue will think we are lost."

She rose with a scarcely perceptible sigh and stood looking across the park to where the blue expanse of sea lay shimmering in the sunlight.

"How beautiful it is! There is no place in the whole world like sweet, wooded, wave-washed Heathercombe!"

"What a confession, Cicely! I actually believe you are a little sorry to go, after all."

"Of course I am sorry. I love my Devonshire home; but you know Mother never keeps well long, unless she is traveling."

This was in point of fact the case; for what Mrs. Sinclair was wont to term her "wretched health" demanded constant change of air and scene—a mode of existence not entirely conducive to her daughter's comfort, though the latter was by no means disposed to waste time in vague regrets. Her days had been sunshiny ones for the most part; and, despite a certain sense of responsibility with regard to Basil Castellain, she found life a good and pleasant thing.

"I dare say you will consider it very absurd," she said, as they began slowly to retrace their steps—"but I do really dislike leaving when the time comes—I dread change so in any shape or form, and the 'good byes' always make me sad. I 'cannot think the thing farewell,' can you, Basil?"

She tried to speak lightly, yet in truth there was something pathetic in this desire to escape the inexorable law of suffering. Theoretically, of course, she was aware that pain and sorrow and parting fell to the lot of all—or nearly all; but practically she had little experience of it, and her heart thrilled with terror when circumstances forced her to remember the irrevocable decree.

"Mother and I are going to St. Marc," she went on, making a determined effort to throw off her unaccustomed depression. "The air is supposed to be invigorating; and from all accounts, it appears a charming place. Do join us there, Basil. I intend to be very industrious and improve my French, which has fallen into truly deplorable condition."

"Not half so bad as mine! 'Oui and 'Non' is about the extent of my vocabulary—a terrible state of affairs when you consider that I am visiting France with the ostensible reason of finding some long lost cousins! I shall be decidedly at disadvantage, particularly as Lady Lenscombe, who promised me an introduction to a great friend of hers—a Marquise de something or other—has unfortunately been summoned to her only brother's bedside. However, I must take my chance; and—

who can tell?—I may run up against my unknown relations any fine morning!"

"Oh, I hope you will," cried Cicely, eagerly. "It would be such a great pleasure to you to meet them."

"Well, that depends upon what they are like."

"But they must be nice. As a matter of fact, I feel convinced they will prove delightful; and when you have found them, Basil, you will have to ask them to stay here."

"Shall I?"

"Yes, of course you will! They are Castellains and must see the home of their forefathers. Won't they be enchanted with the dear old Court? It is such an adorably interesting house. Look, there is Father Fortescue at the library window. Let us go and talk to him about these cousins of yours, whom I am longing so intensely to see."

Ah, me! how lightly we breathe forth our wishes, little dreaming what their fulfilment may mean to us in those days of joy or sorrow that are still to come.

CHAPTER IV

*"To thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome."*

The public gardens at St. Marc are a sufficiently pleasant resort—pleasant and by no means devoid of interest for anyone unacquainted with the simple out-door pleasures of foreign life.

The little tables surrounded by animated groups discussing coffee and ices; the stream of light hearted strollers; the music of the band—now rising, now falling, as the night wind came and went among the waving branches overhead—all combined to lend a subtle, indefinable charm to the scene.

Cicely, seated opposite to her mother and Basil Castellain at one of the tables, looked about with eager, interested eyes. She was enchanted with St. Marc, where she and Mrs. Sinclair had been established for some weeks past, and she contemplated many a pleasant excursion, now Basil had found his way thither.

Leaning back in delicious, dreamy drowsiness, she watched the people as they passed and repassed, till her at-

tention was suddenly arrested by another group of three—a young man and two girls—who had just come and taken their places at a table not many yards away.

The light of the long June day was fading fast; but she could still see their faces, as she bent forward with a thrill of interest for which she was unable to account.

They were complete strangers to her; it was more than probable that she would never see any one of them again; and yet some strange, irresistible attraction seemed to compel her to watch them.

"Dearest child, how absent-minded you are growing. I have spoken to you twice," murmured Mrs. Sinclair, plaintively.

"Ten thousand pardons, Mother dear. I assure you I was neither dreaming nor demented—only intensely interested. Basil"—carefully lowering her voice—"look at those three over there. No; not on your right. Come nearer to me; you will see better. I'm simply consumed with curiosity regarding them. Who are they? Why are they here? What is their nationality? The pretty, fair girl is unmistakably French; but the other two—brother and sister, I should say, shouldn't you? Are English—yes—most decidedly English. Isn't she lovely? Such a sweet expression—and he—well, his is quite the most interesting face I have ever seen. Oh, Basil, if they proved to be your long-lost cousins, wouldn't it be charming?"

"Charming, possibly, but hardly probable," he answered, a shade of annoyance in his tone, which did not escape Cicely's quick ears, and the reason of which she instantly guessed.

It was caused, as she rightly divined, by her evident enthusiasm about the strangers.

Was he going to develop symptoms of jealousy? she wondered, secretly amused at the idea. Aloud she said: "I think you are disgracefully supine. Though you have been here two whole days, I don't suppose you have given your cousins a single thought. And, what is more, I don't believe you have any intention of trying to find them."

"Cicely, my darling, you are too

impetuous," interposed her mother, nervously. "What right have you to dictate to Basil?"

"Not the slightest," she answered, looking across at him with one of her teasing smiles. "But I confess I can't understand such an utter want of interest. For myself, I am absolutely dying to make the acquaintance of these unknown Castellains."

She had not raised her voice; but, though low, it was peculiarly distinct; and she looked up to find a pair of earnest eyes fixed inquiringly upon her. They were instantly withdrawn, when their owner met her startled glance.

At that moment, Mrs. Sinclair rose to go and Cicely reluctantly prepared to follow her. Not for worlds would she have confessed a wish to remain and watch the three who had all unwittingly attracted her attention, but nevertheless the desire to do so was strong upon her as she moved away.

She had not gone far, however, when she was effectually roused from her meditations.

"Excuse me, but I think you dropped this," said a voice at her side—such a charming voice it was, too—deep and clear and thrilling.

Cicely felt instinctively drawn to the speaker, even before she raised her eyes and encountered another glance from those grey ones which had excited her interest a few moments ago. Yes; she should not be mistaken. There in the twilight shadows, with the little gold chain and pendant in his hand, stood the object of her thoughts.

"Thank you—thank you ever so much!" she cried, gratefully. "It must have come unfastened without my knowing it; and if it had not been for your kindness, I should never have discovered my loss till too late."

The young man bowed and was in the act of turning away, when Basil came forward.

"Pardon me," he said; "we are strangers in a strange land. May I ask if you know St. Marc well?"

"I ought to, seeing that I have spent nearly half my life here," the other answered, with a smile.

"Then perhaps you can tell us whether a Marquise de Fleurville is living in the neighborhood."

"Yes, she is; as a matter of fact, I am on my way to her house at this very moment; and if I can be of any service to you, I shall be only too glad. My name is Castellain—Hugh Castellain," he added, with quiet dignity.

"Hugh Castellain!" echoed Cicely and Basil in the same breath—"Hugh!" and then they both paused, while he stood silent—half amused and wholly astonished at the effect his words had produced.

"Hugh!" murmured Cicely again. "I was sure of it." Then suddenly awaking to the fact that the owner of the name was standing before her: "Forgive me," she cried, starting forward, and holding out her hand impulsively. "What must you think?"

"Yes, we certainly owe you any number of apologies," said Basil. "But our surprise at this unforeseen and very welcome meeting must be our excuse. I am a Castellain, too," he went on, with his winning smile. "And you, I conclude, are the cousin I came to St. Marc to seek."

Their hands met in a warm clasp; the sense of kinship was pleasant to both, and from that moment the seeds of a firm friendship sprang up between them—a friendship that only grew and strengthened as the years went on, and that was destined to remain unchanged and unchangeable as long as their lives should last.

At this moment, Mrs. Sinclair, who had quickened her steps with the kindly intention of leaving Basil and Cicely to enjoy a conversational duet, turned round to find them in animated talk with a stranger. Somewhat annoyed, she hurriedly joined the group, to which Margery and Marie had already been added. Explanations and introductions followed and a pleasant hour was spent before they all drove back together to the hotel where Mrs. Sinclair and her daughter were staying.

It was nearly half-past eleven, when Cicely found herself alone for the first time that day. Her mother had retired, on the plea of fatigue; and Basil, whose lodgings were at the other end of the town, had left, walking part of the way with his cousins. Softly closing the door of communication between her own and her mother's room, Cicely stepped out upon the balcony. The thought

of going to bed and sleep never entered her head for a moment. She felt restless—excited—happy—while, at the same time, the calm majesty of the night filled her with vague longings not wholly untouched by pain—a pain, however, of that undefinable kind, which only moves the ripples on the heart's surface and leaves a half-pathetic, half-pleasant sense of dreamy sadness behind.

Leaning her elbows on the balustrade, she gazed down upon the picturesque thoroughfare and lived over again the events of that memorable day. Margery Castellain's musical laugh still echoed in her ears; but it was Hugh's image that haunted her—Hugh's words and looks and tones, which had indelibly imprinted themselves upon her mind. How interesting he was—how different from everyone else she had ever met. She recalled his face—the face which, despite all its gentleness, was that of one strong to suffer and to endure. It was full of possibilities; and light-hearted, thoughtless Cicely fell to wondering whether past grief, present sorrow, or a trouble to come, had brought that intense look into his eyes.

"I can see Basil likes him very much already," she said to herself. "I am not surprised; both he and Margery are delightful; and we shall all be great friends, I feel sure."

The stars burned golden in the sky; the soft south wind fanned her hot cheeks; but no voice—no whisper stole from out the unknown future to tell her what the coming days might bring.

CHAPTER V

*"And because right is right, to follow right
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence."*

The lovely June days seemed to slip away with amazing swiftness. It was nearly three weeks since Basil Castellain first met his cousins, and Margery's prediction regarding her brothers and himself was already fully justified. To quote Mrs. Sinclair: "It was quite an ideal friendship." Hugh's innate reserve did not long remain proof against the other's winning charm of manner and unfeigned desire for intimacy—an intimacy which could not fail to pos-

sess a peculiar attractiveness in the eyes of one who, among many companions, had never cared to choose a friend. Basil's bright cheerfulness and affectionate disposition made him the best of good comrades. On any and every occasion, he sought his cousin's society with undaunted persistence; and Hugh—all unconscious of the secret admiration he had inspired—drifted rapidly into an intercourse so cordial and pleasant, that it was sometimes difficult to realize a time when he had been without it.

Margery, too, had ignominiously succumbed after one evening spent in her cousin's society. His coming, as Hugh had suggested, seemed likely to bring them nothing but happiness; so she wisely ignored the first half of her prophecy, and she and that "dreadful Basil" became the best friends in the world.

One evening, Hugh was sitting in the octagon room, the others having betaken themselves to the shady garden, where Basil and Marie were endeavoring to defeat Cicely and Margery in a somewhat desultory game of tennis. The murmur of their voices was borne upwards through the open window, together with warm gusts of fragrance from the great bushes of syringa that made the air heavy with perfume.

Ah, me; with what another heart, and with what other eyes Hugh looked upon those delicate white blossoms in the years that were yet to come, when—amidst far different scenes—faithful memory recalled every detail of the well-loved picture with painfully vivid distinctness.

He could see Cicely's slim, white-clad form flitting gracefully to and fro; he heard her merry laugh intermingled with his cousin's deeper tones; Margery's quick retorts; and despairing ejaculations, such as: "Quel Malheur! Forgive me, Monsieur Basil! I shall never, never learn your English tennis!" from Marie.

How light-hearted they were! How supremely unconscious of that severe mental struggle going on so close at hand!

Hugh rested his elbows on the table and leant his aching head upon his hands.

Was it only this afternoon that Basil had brought those photographs

Castellain Court, in order that his usins might have some idea of the one of their forefathers?

In truth, it seemed years instead of hours, since Cicely had stood beside him, eagerly pointing out this and that; describing her favorite walks in park and gardens; and exclaiming upon the beauties of Devonshire in general and the scenery round Heathercombe in particular.

Then Basil had begun talking to him about the chapel and some improvements he intended to make; and this led to a discussion of the ancestors who rested therein, dead and alive—some Hughs and Basils and Marjories, who had lived and suffered and enjoyed with just as keen intensity as their young descendants.

"There has been a 'Hugh' and a 'Basil' from time immemorial," Basil had remarked. "But strange to say, 'Basil' has never inherited till now; the 'Hughs' having always been eldest sons or the only sons of eldest sons."

"How very odd," Cicely had exclaimed, and he answered:

"Well, you see, there's no rule without an exception; and I'm the exception in this case."

Then they had all left him and entered the Marquise and Mrs. Sinclair in the garden, while he had gone to his room and searched among his father's papers to see if perchance there was any mention of that beautiful old home—the sight of which had aroused such unsuspected feelings within him.

The result was unforeseen and overwhelming to the last degree—why had he looked? he asked himself again and again.

Ah, why? indeed, when ignorance could have been infinitely preferable to knowledge—the burden of which seemed heavier than he could bear.

Regrets were worse than useless now. All unwittingly he had learned the truth and he could never unlearn it again.

On the table before him lay the deed that stated in the plainest possible terms that Hugh Castellain, his father, was "the eldest son of Hugh Castellain of Castellain Court, in the county of Devon, Esquire."

And his mother had never known

it, never guessed that her child was the rightful owner of a fine old Tudor mansion, with all the broad lands appertaining thereto.

She had—as she once told him—tried sometimes to question her husband on the subject; but Captain Castellain had invariably laughed it off—not caring to pain the wife he idolized by telling her how much his marriage had cost him; knowing, too, as he could not fail to do, that—despite his father's anger—the entailed property must all come to him at the old man's death.

Careless, light-hearted, rich, and happy—how was the young soldier to know that a sudden illness would cut him off in the pride of his health and strength.

But so it was; and his only son found himself face to face with a problem he should never have been left to solve.

By all the laws of right and justice, Castellain Court was his. And yet, would it be right—would it be just, now, after so many years of possession, to step in and strip Basil, the friend he loved, of wealth, of position, of everything, in fact, except his Faith, that made life worth living?

No—a thousand times no! Another might do it, but not Hugh. All the noblest instinct of his nature rose up in revolt at the bare idea. A sacrifice it was, undoubtedly—a very great sacrifice—to resign that fair home where so many generations of Castellains had lived and died and which he already began to love with the love that the sense of possession must needs bring. But there was no alternative. The secret he had discovered was his, and his alone it should remain.

Basil must never know that he enjoyed his happiness at his cousin's expense; never dream for one moment that he had no legal right to home or wealth—to waving up-land slopes—to rich water-meadows, where gentle, large-eyed Alderneys waded knee-deep amidst the grass.

"Hugh!" called an impatient voice from below; and he rose, feeling strangely worn out and exhausted. The struggle had cost him more than he thought.

Hastily catching up letters and papers, he thrust them into the well-

worn leather case, and locked it carefully away in his own room.

Quite a storm of questions greeted him when he went downstairs.

"Where have you been?—Did you go to sleep?—You look as if you had seen a ghost!"

A ghost!—Yes, truly, they were not far wrong, he thought; for had not the ghost of a dead Past risen up to show him what "might have been, and now could never, never be."

Cicely alone was silent, watching him with eyes of anxious scrutiny. The interest he inspired at their first meeting had increased rather than diminished; in fact, each day during those weeks of close and pleasant companionship had only strengthened her desire to know and understand him better.

Life seemed full of undreamt-of possibilities when he talked to her. Young as he was, he had thought deeply on many subjects, and quite unconsciously he was teaching her to look at things more seriously than she had ever done before.

"Compared with his, mine seems but a butterfly existence," she often told herself.

And then the wild idea flashed across her mind—if only she could ask his advice about Basil, what would he tell her to do?

Till lately, she had allowed herself to drift, taking what happiness she could in the present—vigorously closing her eyes to what might lie before her in the future.

Basil's patient, unswerving devotion, combined with her mother's unspoken but none the less evident desire, had conspired to hurry her into a course which she now felt some scruple in pursuing. Was it quite fair? she wondered. Would it not rather be better to take back her half-promise—no matter at what cost to him or pain to herself?

It was a difficult question to decide. Tonight, however, she forgot her own anxieties in speculating upon what had written that line of suffering across Hugh's brow.

"He looks as if he had been through some terrible mental conflict," she said to herself.

He had moved a little apart and stood by one of the open windows, with his face turned to the darkness beyond.

Margery, seeing this, stole up to him and, under cover of Marie's music, whispered: "Are you ill, Hugh? Do tell me."

"Ill—Nonsense, child—I'm only tired," he added, quick to note the unuttered appeal in her eyes.

How gently he spoke; how kindly he looked down at the dark head that rested against his arm.

Cicely, leaning back in her corner, felt a thrill of something akin to envy. Hugh's voice roused her.

"Forgive me," he was saying. "But are you wise to sit here? The air is growing rather chill."

"Yes, I believe it is," she answered, rising with a little shiver. "Margery dear, where is Basil? Mother and I must really be going. You ought to rest," she went on, glancing half-timidly at the grave face of her companion. "I'm sure you sit up too

late and read too hard. You can't think how disgracefully idle I feel beside you. What do I do? What have I ever done all my life, except be happy? I have had no high ideals and altogether it has been very comfortable—but now——"

"Yes?" he said, as she paused abruptly.

"Well, now I have begun to measure myself by your standard, and the result has been, as you may suppose, eminently unsatisfactory."

"You must not measure yourself by my, or anyone else's, standard," he answered. "Why, too, should you imply that you did wrong to be happy? You were right, quite right. And as for your having no high ideals—you must forgive me for saying that I think you cannot know yourself, if you believe such a statement."

"Nevertheless, I do believe it, in any way," she said. "And, you"—nodding her head at him with a charming smile—"are responsible, for you and Margery and Marie—not to speak of the dear Marquise herself—are so much more useful members of society than I."

"Are we? I doubt it. Ask Basil, and you will find he agrees with me."

"Basil"—rather impatiently—"why do you always refer me to him. It's no earthly use asking him about myself, because"—with an ingenuous blush—"he generally thinks me right; and that, you must allow, is scarcely conducive to self-improvement."

"Possibly not," Hugh was beginning, when Mrs. Sinclair appeared and the conversation turned to other subjects.

(To be concluded)

BABINEAU'S BAD EGG

By ELLEN MCPARTLIN

HIS FACE, swarthy and broad-shouldered, wore the stoical calm of his Indian blood. His eyes, black and unchanging, gave no response to the sparkling enthusiasm of Father Rolette, the missionary from Indian Village. The zealous priest strove hard to break through the apathy of Jacques Babineau.

"Zat boy—I say it to you—he mus' be helped; zere mus' be somzin' done, M'sieu Babineau. I see mind, soul, in zat boy. Wot he learn here? Wot he gon' do?" Father Rolette's voice swerved to the cadence in which one speaks of something he loves: "In zat school I tell you of, he be taught, he be trained; ze so wonderful teachers zey mek of him one good man—maybe great man—" he paused hopefully, tentatively. But Jacques Babineau replied as he had replied before.

"Him—Francois—bad aig. He no use—not help me with traps, not want to care for ze pelts—good for nozzing. He cut ze lawgs in ze camps; soon he be man now—mus' mek livin'."

Babineau thrust the pipe back into his mouth and smoked stolidly. He liked Father Rolette; no one else ever called him "M'sieu." But not even for the priest could he change his

belief in the uselessness of trying to make a great man of his son.

Francois, the subject of the discussion, sat near by—a sturdy lad of some fourteen years. His face showed traces of the Indian in him; his complexion was as swarthy as that of his half-breed father; no quiver of a muscle disturbed the grave calm on his countenance. Still, the eyes reflected the soul of some forgotten French ancestor—eyes alert, quick moving, with strange questions brooding in their depths, eyes that to the casual observer seemed inscrutable—impish.

The Babineau cabin was outside the boundaries of Father Rolette's mission, which lay on the Canadian side. It was only a few years before the period where our story opens that Jacques Babineau had come back to the wilderness region of upper Wisconsin. As a young man he drifted southward, lingering overtime in a city where he had gone to sell furs. Here he met Yvonne, also of mixed blood, but in whom the traits of white ancestry predominated. Pretty and vivacious, she proved a bit of poetry that chance thrust into the prosaic life of Jac-

ques. They married; and Yvonne, deeply religious as she was, awakened some torpid spirituality in her dotingly husband. But their happiness was not to last long. A few years after their marriage, Yvonne died, leaving the infant Francois to the care of his father. Had the boy resembled his mother, Jacques might have given different care to the child, for to him Yvonne had been a creature apart to be treated differently. But he imagined his boy a small replica of himself—sturdy, uncomplaining, calmly content. So Francois grew up with little attention. Kind, but ignorant of childhood needs, the father took it that the lad should grow up as he himself had: a few years of docile obedience in school; then when old enough to be useful, back to the woods where together they would hunt and trap. Maybe Francois would be a great woodsman and bring in great stores of pelts that would make them rich. Thus Jacques dreamed of companionship in work and interests.

During his first years in school Francois did not seem docile. A queer habit of carrying mice and toads in his pocket early classed him as mischievous, since his unready

tongue could not explain how to him these little creatures were interesting pets. He did not know that they could cause disgust and fear. The boy's mixed blood, manifesting itself in his swarthy stoical face, made him something of an alien in the school. His naive ideas of the likes of others, based on his own, and his inability to explain himself were readily made use of by really malicious school-mates. He acquired the reputation of being a bad boy. This reputation grew with his years, no one taking the trouble to understand him or to remove him from the company of those who found ways of making him appear at a disadvantage. Gradually he became the pariah of his class. Complaints made to Jacques filled that slow-changing mind with surprise and disappointment. He felt that he himself was fully to blame, but he saw no way to change the boy's disposition; it was so much like his own—unchanging following routine. Once when someone, complaining of the boy, referred to him as a "bad egg," Jacques seized upon this expression and found it comforting, satisfying: if the boy was a bad egg there was nothing to be done, no one was to blame. And when the same authority went further and explained the city's right to take the child and place him in a school for incorrigibles, the father was inwardly mortified. He said nothing; but the next day he and his bad boy disappeared from the city. In his perplexity, Jacques remembered the cabin in the wilderness along the border; and thither the two directed their steps.

To Francois, accustomed to sordid city streets, the wilderness world was a wonderland: the great stretches of evergreen, the long, smooth slopes of crusted snow unmarked by human footprint, the sense of unseen life all about him. In his heart something dim and uncomprehended began to stir. At school, when censure was heaped upon him, his unchanging face had showed no hint of feeling, though his inner self keenly felt the sting; in those lonely moments when he stood apart from the rest, observing companionship he was not allowed to share and watching games in which he could not take part, then it was that the dark feeling within would grow strong, striving to beat

down his natural kindness and simplicity of heart. Now, however, here in the solitudes of the wood, he forgot his troubles. Here for hours he would sit curled up on a fallen log. Leafless clumps of underbrush, snow-heaped, made queer mounds that roused his imagination. Between the dark tree trunks he would let his eye follow the narrow white lanes. So still would the lad sit, so motionless, that the tiny trackers would resume their endless reconnoitering, the little brown snowbird would alight on the log beside him, great white snowshoe rabbits would sit up suddenly near some white heap and eye him, the stranger, with curious eyes. In short, the boy's old love for the dumb creatures found new growth and his starved desire for companionship full satisfaction in the thousand little things of the wilderness, that gradually accepted him as one of themselves.

It was upon a scene like this that Father Rolette happened one day and found Francois. At once the priest gained an insight into the lad's character and then understood the father's repeated complaint that the useless boy would not help him with

"I see mind, soul in zat boy. . . . In zat school I tell you of, he be taught, he be trained; ze so wonderful teachers zey mek of him one good man—maybe great man—"

his hunting and trapping. Taking a seat beside Francois, Father Rolette drew him into a conversation, showing a sympathetic understanding that bewildered the child. In subsequent meetings he found opportunity to tell the boy of the Assisi's saint who loved the dumb creatures so tenderly. Other stories followed as the boy's mind became more receptive. Clearer and clearer, as the missionary talked, the call of something uncomprehended, vaguely sensed in the temple of the forest, sounded in the boy's soul. Father Rolette was in great hopes; but when he told Jacques of the Franciscan school to which the boy could be admitted, the father proved adamant. Not that he was stubborn; but honestly convinced that the boy was lazy and useless, he

refused his consent. Long Father Rolette pondered how to break down this barrier.

One day the missionary again came to the cabin, this time bearing a small package.

"M'sieu Babineau, I have bring som zing," he said, removing the last wrapping and holding up a white object. "You see him! Ze bad aig! I gon' give him to Francois. M'sieu, we can see wot use Francois find for ze bad aig." And he laid an affectionate hand on Jacques' knee. "Francois gon' find use for zat aig!" the priest insisted. His statement implied a challenge. Jacques understood. If the boy found a use for the egg, he must withdraw opposition to the missionary's plans, an opposition which he had emphatically based on the uselessness of a bad egg. He understood. Slowly, then, into his mind came a forgotten bit of woodslore: a bad egg was sometimes used as bait, foxes and other animals eagerly devouring it; but no, he remembered, Francois would never set a trap, and his countenance wore a smile of triumph that did not escape the notice of the missionary.

"Ver' well. We shall see," Jacques consented, accepting the challenge.

Francois took the egg, pondering. He, too, could think of no other use for it than as bait to entrap his furry friends. Surely, the good Father does not want him to betray the dumb animals that had almost ceased to fear him; and the great saint, for whom he was named—through the mind of Francois ran fragments of the stories the Father had told him. Perhaps, while thinking of others who, like himself, loved animals, it was but natural that he recalled the stranger who spent the preceding summer in their neighborhood, hunting, not with a gun but with a camera, watching the wild creatures and taking notes while doing so. Francois knew that this man wrote books which sold for money; the stranger had seemed so wonderful to him; and though too shy to seek acquaintance, he had often lain concealed in hidden nooks, unobserved, watching, studying. Now he remembered the way in which this man would take animals alive and keep them for days and weeks, feeding them, watching them, and always

writing in the book that he carried with him.

In the poplar grove near the house Francois set to work, deftly constructing a pen of saplings and wire, with the entrapping entrance cunningly arranged. Jacques watched him with silent surprise. He himself often built the trap of logs for the bear; but from him the boy had surely not learned this more artful contrivance. Father Rolette, confident of some good result from the plan he had conceived, went on his way, satisfied with Jacques' promise that the catch, whatever it be, should await his inspection before being disposed of in any way.

A few days later, the three again stood around the pen in the poplar grove, eagerly discussing the beautiful, graceful animal that peered out at them. Jacques was as nearly excited at it was possible for him to be. That the triumph was Father Rolette's did not matter now. For years Francois' seeming inaptitude had been a secret mortification to him; now at last in this great catch it was as if a stigma had been removed.

"Ze silvair fox!" he marveled. "Nobody get him hereabouts for long, long time. Moreau he talk, talk all time 'bout how he gon' some time get one silvair fox; but no, he not get him. Now Francois take him alive wiz one bad aig," he chuckled.

This would be something for him to relate. When the other trappers bragged of their catch, he would tell of the prowess of his boy; for the silver fox, scarce in that part of the country, was as wary as it was valuable.

But Francois looked at the beautiful creature in the trap and felt his heart sink; even were it one of the ordinary kind, his father would never allow him to set it free—this much he was prepared for. But a silver fox, and one so large and beautiful—Jacques would consider his boy nothing less than "craizee." How manage it, Francois wondered.

Father Rolette's thoughts followed the same line of wondering; but since such a prize had been brought in by the lad, he felt certain that something else would follow. Even while the thought was shaping itself in his mind, a newcomer walked into the

clearing. The boy's heart gave a little throb of surprise. It was the "book man," as he in his mind had named the stranger. Jacques knew him to be a man of wonderful wood-lore, a city man who chose to spend much time in the wilderness and who had been a source of envied revenue to his neighbor Moreau. He knew, too, that the man was receiving much money for the books he wrote—for which reason, Jacques argued, his strange notions were to be treated with respect.

"I heard the news from Moreau. A silver fox! Pretty good luck!" he exclaimed, eagerly dropping down to peer into the den, his quick eyes seeing the similarity of its construction to his own pattern.

So the news had already spread, thought Jacques, reveling in an importance that seldom came to him. Father Rolette saw that a suitable way of disposing of the fox would be found. He knew much about naturalists and guessed the reason for the man's haste in coming. Francois, on the other hand, imagined this man had come on the scene quite casually, like those in the miracle stories the Father had told him.

Jacques and the stranger were talking of the habits of foxes and the values of pelts.

"Alive and unmaimed—it's a wonderful chance fox," the naturalist mused; then "Tell you what I'll do, Babineau; I'll give you three hundred down for the animal alive—that's more than you'll get here for the pelt. What do you say?"

Francois gave a cry of delight and turned to his father with shining face. Strangely enough, Jacques, with the good offer of money singing in his mind, saw only the look in the boy's eyes—that subtle look of Yvonne. Yvonne's son—his thoughts ran—perhaps after all there is something different about him; maybe some day he, too, will make books that will sell for big money. Well, people shall see what Father Rolette's school would do for the boy.

Then Francois heard his father accepting the offer of the stranger; heard him telling, too, that this his boy would go away to the great school in the city, where maybe some time he would be a great man. The boy and the priest meanwhile looked

at each other with eyes of simple faith and happiness.

* * * * *

Swiftly years followed years for Father Rolette; crowded years of toil among the scattered people that lived within his mission, of struggles to better the school which he had now established at Indian Village. He had heard reports of Francois—good reports, always. Then Jacques moved southward again to be nearer his boy at school. Gradually, however, the missionary lost track of his protégé. Then one day from across the seas came the startling news of war. Father Rolette was called by his home land for service as chaplain in the trenches. In the midst of the terrible scenes, he never forgot the mission fields he had left. There was his home, for his heart was there with the simple people whom he called his children. Who was now caring for them? How did they fare? In his mind he would go over special cases, renegades whom he had almost won back, others who showed special aptitudes which he would have known how to develop—of course, someone else would now be doing all these things as well as he could have done them—better, in fact, he admitted humbly; but in his heart he longed to be back among his Indians in the wilderness.

After the war and his return, a few years elapsed before he was given back his old mission. There had been a shortage of priests, so many had been called overseas. The priest entrusted with Indian Village had not been able to give the service that Father Rolette had given; advanced age and ill health had greatly hampered his work. An assistant priest, just from the seminary, had brought to the work the vigor of youth, untiring zeal, and a really wonderful understanding of the primitive people.

All this Father Rolette learned when he was informed that arrangements had been made for his transfer to Indian Village. The young assistant would remain, and Father Rolette was glad of it, because the war had sapped his former strength and vitality.

He sat alone in the priest's house at Indian Village and mused over the things that Father Devere, the

(Continued on page 282)



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

Address communications to Grace Keon, Franciscan Herald, Corona, N. Y.

ON BEING NARROW

FIRST, WE'LL begin with the letters. We owe it to our correspondents to acknowledge their assistance in helping to make this department attractive—and every suggestion or criticism you volunteer is just that much more encouragement. Presently, I think, you're going to discover that Grace Keon is a very real sort of person, who speaks out her own mind and who wants you to do the same. Once before, I mentioned that we won't have any "Forlorn Column" in the HERALD, since we carry our problems to the feet of Our Lord and Master in the confessional, and He, in the person of His priest, decides them for us. But that does not mean, my dear friends, that you cannot take up with me the little things that bother you. Many mothers are far away from town or city; many are raising families, and want to know how to do, oh, so many things that might seem trifling to others, but which are very big and real to them. Well, that's what your department is for. If I don't know how to answer you, I'll tell you where to get the information. If it's in a book, I'll tell you what it costs, and where to buy it. This idea was suggested to me by S. A., extracts from whose helpful letter I am going to quote two or three times. "Our Catholic mothers want Catholic books on how to handle their children in the early years. Books, lucid and not too technical. So, dear Grace Keon, I hand the problem over to you." Well, how many mothers reading these lines are interested? Let me hear from you.

Miss Catherine Burke, after praising our new department, suggests a little talk each month on etiquette. She will find the first, I hope, of many future columns on the topic in this month's issue. Miss Anita Rogers wanted a few reminders on good English. Her idea was accepted last month, and will be followed by

others. Miss Laura Hayes thinks no issue should be without a Hint Column. We agree—it is both necessary and useful. Mrs. M. Clarke would like us to insert some Garden-ting Hints. Three other readers wanted a Health Column. We can't possibly run all these each month, but we do promise to vary them, as you will observe by turning to the last page of your department and contrasting it with its last page in the May issue. The column chats in May were well received, and again I thank you one and all for your nice letters. I know we're not going to indulge in "high brow" stuff, as Miss Hayes put it. Rather these HERALD pages are to be a sort of "cosy corner" for our women readers, talking about the things we want to talk about, the things we need, the things we are interested in. We intend to try to live according to our means, and not in money alone, but in everyday affairs.

And now for some of our criticisms. An old friend writes: "Enjoyed your article 'Luxury Lovers' very much. A little hard on the rouge and paint, don't you think? (Not that I care—I have still to purchase my first box!) I admit many of the girls look ridiculous, still, if the men did not admire it so much they would use less!" And that is what I call turning the tables very neatly on old Mr. Adam! We all know who it was that started this business of blaming the woman for everything! "You are brave," writes S. A. again, "and quite a little daring! But I am sure you will be able to touch the heart of even the worst Luxury Lover!" No, I won't, S. A. The Luxury-Lovers do not read the HERALD—to their own loss. There is nothing in a Catholic paper that will appeal to them.

But now I come to the last and decidedly not the least, Jennie L., of Boston, Massachusetts. "Many of us

are in a groove, I will admit," she says, "and it is for our writers, particularly those with big ideals, to get us out of it. I think we're inclined to be also narrow-minded. Even you, Grace Keon. Aren't you afraid of being called a Catholic bigot? If a non-Catholic were to read 'The Catholic Habit,' which I have just finished, I'm afraid he'd say you were very close to that state." Miss J. L.'s letter is just saved from being crossed by the humorous tone of its ending: "Please don't sit on me too hard! I have many good, true, non-Catholic friends, and I'm sure you can say nicer things than you said in your article."

I do hope I shall always be able to say nice things, but never about things that are not nice. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to present the ideas of the thinking Catholic woman on the problems of the present day as they most vitally affect herself. We live in peace with our neighbor in America, no matter what that neighbor's nationality or creed. We are one with our neighbor in love of country, in desire for our country's good. Ambitious, with our neighbor, that our environment shall be clean and decent morally, healthful and sanitary physically. We are straightforward man and man, honest woman and woman. You and I are bound to help our neighbor, whatever his creed, nationality, or color. We are in a Christian land; and we make liberal allowance for, are tolerant of every man's worship of a Supreme Being. This is the sentiment—the attitude of Catholics. They aren't narrow or bigoted—and as Catholics we require from our neighbors—nay, we demand from them—the same tolerance we accord. But you and I know that the life within the truly Catholic home and the life within the home that is not Catholic is essentially different; and in endeavoring to safeguard our

own beliefs and practices, in endeavoring to keep a tight hold on the Faith that is dearer than Life itself, we must not idly submit to the accusation of narrow-mindedness, which many, even of our own, apply, because they do not see quite clearly. I must quote again from S. A.—it seems a pertinent remark here: "I am so surfeited," she says, "with the quasi-Catholicity of our Catholic women of so-called education, that I am sometimes inclined to believe that the true Faith lives only in the hearts of the poor and ignorant!" Many, many times this half-hearted assertiveness on the part of a Catholic woman arises from a desire not to hurt the one who does not believe as she does. One may give any reason she pleases for not saying a word in

explanation or defense of belief when occasion calls—but no such occasion can ever justify us if we do not instantly measure up when we are questioned, attacked, or accused. Oh, I know there are circumstances in which a person must have non-Catholic friends, but I know of no circumstance

which should justify those friends in regarding without respect the Catholic Church you belong to and the Catholic Faith that is yours. They will, if you do your duty. One dear girl I know is the only Catholic in her family; another fine woman is the wife of a convert, and she and her husband and their children are the only Catholics in a very numerous relationship of non-Catholics. Would you like to hear her decision, after twenty years of married life? "When my husband became a Catholic, a year before our marriage, I thought my troubles were over. But I have had to pay by constant vigilance ever since. I have had to study every essential of my Faith. My children, however, go out into the world fully equipped to meet all the arguments leveled against us. Hard? Yes, it was hard—but, at least, now I know I can trust every one of them."

Narrowness! Bigotry! You may have the finest education that money and years can produce. You may have traveled old and new continents; you may speak many tongues,

have a taste for the arts, be proficient in one or many. You may move in the highest circles and with people of unbounded wealth; and for chosen companion you may have one like yourself, similar to you in education, tastes, ambitions—but if you are a practical Catholic and your companion is not there is a spiritual barrier between you. You breathe a different spiritual atmosphere. You speak a different spiritual language. Your social and your mental equal, yes, perhaps a person whose brilliant conversation fascinates, whose attainments all envy—but you are spiritually divided. On the contrary—and, oh, the comfort of it!—the woman who dusts your furniture and cleans your clothing may have no idea beyond to-morrow's

without!" Yes, indeed, we have a treasure, a treasure that nothing can equal; and because of its greatness we must carefully guard it—for ourselves, and for our homes, for our children, for all those near and dear to us. We must have, keep, hold, the Catholic habit. If one applies the loss that one feels when the Faith is lacking in a friend, what must this loss be when it exists in the family? Between wife and husband? To live in a different atmosphere! What a calamity to both! One of the finest little Catholics I ever knew had been married ten years to a non-Catholic. He had kept every promise he made to her; she had five lovely, devout children. But she said to me, bitterly, one day: "I have cheated myself out of the purest joy of marriage. My husband will never, never understand what the Faith means to me."—"Yet the children are so good, and you are all praying for him."—"Yes," she answered with a sigh, "I should be satisfied. I should be content to live without knowing his soul, if our prayers are heard in the end."

One thing to be proud of
—the Faith
One thing to live with
—the Faith
One thing to hold inviolate
—the Faith

burden as far as intellectuality goes, but when it comes to our Catholic Faith, she understands. And when you speak of the essential things—God, the Church, the Blessed Sacrament—you are kin. And when you kneel before the same altar (unless she is your superior, as is often the case, in faith and humility) the uncultured one is your equal in heavenly culture, in simple and deep love of Christ.

And how can one thrust one's Faith into the background because the expression of it may "hurt" a non-Catholic? How can anyone avoid a discussion (remember, I say avoid, not begin) because one does not wish to be considered narrow? The martyrs specialized in just such narrowness! I do not say now—God forbid!—that there are not many well-meaning, generous, self-sacrificing, devoted non-Catholics. I heard that translated into words by an old lady who hadn't any book education worth mentioning. "The kindness and goodness of them," she said, "put us to shame! For look what we have, the helps we get, that they must do

There isn't a man or woman married to a non-Catholic who will not acknowledge the truth of the above words. Once in a rare while, indeed, a beautiful character is won to the Church through a mixed marriage—but how seldom this happens! And when we realize, as we must, if our eyes are open, that the home is losing its hold to-day; that our young folk are breaking away from it; it behooves us to be doubly alert, to mount guard over every possible loophole, and above all to equip them—and ourselves—well. Life's lessons must be learned, and youth is so intolerant—but beneath all, the cornerstone of the building must have been firmly laid, and the inscription thereon engraved deep in its granite surface: One thing to be proud of—the Faith. One thing to live with—the Faith. One thing to hold inviolate—the Faith.

And how shall we safeguard it? By knowledge. "You Catholics are so narrow! You Catholics are so unsociable! You Catholics are so ignorant!" Don't you get these every day?

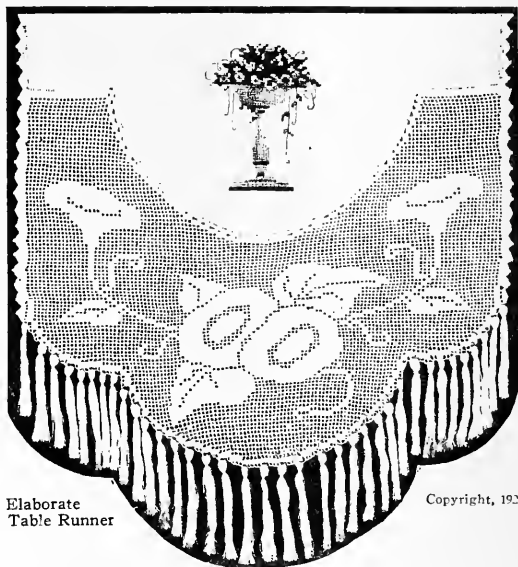
(Continued on page 271)

Home Handicraft

Address all orders: *Franciscan Herald Service Department, Corona, N. Y.*

WE SHOW an elaborate table runner in crochet and cross-stitch on our Handicraft page this month. It is from our SERVICE BOOKLET NO. 15, which will be sent to any address on receipt of ten cents in coin or two cent stamps, with an additional two cents for postage—twelve cents in all. This Service Booklet contains, in addition to a full description for making this very beautiful table runner, directions for the following articles in cross-stitch and crochet: Alphabets, baby afghan, bags, centerpieces, play rug, collar and cuffs set, colored cross-stitch patterns, counterpane in filet and cross-stitch, crochet instructions, cross-stitch instructions, desk-set, dresser scarf, handkerchiefs, insertion in filet and cross-stitch, luncheon set, nursery patterns, towel edge and insertion. Please send all orders for Booklets to the address at the top of this page.

Every needlewoman who is fond of fancywork and delights in making beautiful and durable articles, will find a great deal of pleasure and satisfaction in reproducing the pretty designs in cross-stitch and filet crochet that are shown in this booklet. The illustrations in color are very attractive, and considering the



Elaborate
Table Runner

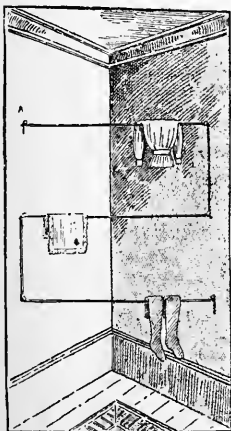
Copyright, 1922

small sum for which these booklets are supplied, their excellence is marked. The wonderful effects obtainable in embroidery should make a strong appeal to all who have learned "painting with a needle." It must be remembered, too, that diagrams are furnished with every crochet pattern given, so that even the most inexperienced worker will be able to follow the design. The morning-glory pattern in the runner shown is, as we have indicated above, only one of the very attractive patterns which Booklet No. 15 contains.

Another Little Space Saver

This simple little idea was first invented by a mother who wanted to do away with the running of a clothes line across the kitchen. But it was taken up by several others, and not limited to the kitchen, either. The little things that have to be washed "in between times" are conveniently hung to dry in this fashion, and it could well be used on ironing-day.

On either side of the room three small brass hooks are screwed into the wall. A piece of string or blind cord—fishing-line is excellent—is looped on the hook indicated by "A" in the sketch. It is then stretched across the corner and twisted round the hook to correspond in the opposite wall. Next the cord is drawn downward, twisted round the hook underneath and so across the corner again. This should be repeated, finishing up with the lowest nail on the right-hand side, to which the end of the cord may be tied. We have, then, three lines stretched across the corner of the room, over which garments may be hung and the cord can be placed in position or removed at a moment's notice. If the hooks are painted to match the wall they will not be visible.



The only real narrowness, for a Catholic, is ignorance. If you haven't knowledge, acquire it.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Pattern 15c. Transfer Pattern No. 604—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1438. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1425. Stout Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1422. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1435. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 6 yards binding. Pattern 15c. Transfer Pattern No. 622—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1434. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards binding. Pattern 15c. Transfer Pattern No. 616—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1417. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1351. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 32-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1436. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1354. Ladies' Apron or House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting and $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1323. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure.

No. 1378. Ladies' Dress. Cut in 36-inch material with 3 yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1432. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with 3 yards binding. Pattern 15c.

ure. Size 36 requires 3 1/8 yards 36-inch material with 1/2 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1336. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material. Pattern 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 604—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1421. Misses' and Girls' Apron Dress. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 1 7/8 yards 36-inch material with 7/8 yard 30-inch contrasting and 3 1/2 yards trimming. Pattern 15c.

No. 1416. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 32-inch material with 5/8 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1380. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 7/8 yard 36-inch material with 3/4 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1070. Girls' and Childs' Cape. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 6 1/4 yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1405. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/8 yards 36-inch material with 1 1/4 yards 36-inch contrasting and 2 yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1429. Misses' and Girls' Apron. Cut in sizes 8, 12 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 1 1/4 yards 36-inch material with 1/8 yard 18-inch contrasting for pocket laps. Pattern 15c.



(Continued from page 268)

Narrowness—well, we know what that is, we've just discussed it. Un-sociality? "Look here," said a non-Catholic after her first visit to a Catholic church, "don't you see how unfriendly your people are? Now in my church the stranger is made welcome at once—at the very door. There would be three or four people to bid you good evening and shake hands with you."

"Oh, my dear," said her Catholic companion, gently, "what right has a guest to make a visitor welcome? In our Church the Host Himself is waiting for you on His altar throne. He doesn't want anyone to intercept

you. Your first bow of courtesy be-pression of our Catholic attitude I longs to Him, and in His house no ever heard. "You Catholics are so ignorant!" one has a right superior to His." I thought then and I think still Ah, now, indeed, I must concede em- that this answer was the finest ex- (Continued on page 283)

LET ME REMIND YOU

THAT while errors and inelegancies in speech may be overlooked and excused to some extent, or at least forgotten, those which are committed to paper not only fix themselves in the memories of their readers and create bad impressions of the writers, but they are also much more disagreeable to the mind which receives them.

When it comes to writing letters, even the most intimate and informal, you will find that there is not one among all the little hints on correct English with which you can afford to dispense.

On the contrary, you will find that if you have not accustomed yourself to think and speak correctly, you will be pulled up, so to speak, the very moment you take your pen. You will ask yourself uneasily, "Is such and such good grammar?" "Is that really the way to put it?" "How ought I to say this?" etc., and thus you will become stiff as well as incorrect, and be anything and everything excepting your own natural self. Or you will rattle down some pages of jerky, ill-expressed nothings.

If you have no interest in what you are writing, the readers of your efforts will have as little, and the chances are that they will be bored into the bargain; if you write simply because you "must get that horrid letter to 'So-and-so'" off your mind, "So-and-so" will sense that from your pages, and feel annoyed or hurt.

A few general hints may be of service.

Let your notepaper be as good as you can afford. Plain white or gray unruled sheets, folding once in their envelopes, and black ink are preferred for social correspondence. There is no objection to the varieties of stationery in the soft tones. Do not write in pencil. Do not scrawl and blot, and then ask to be excused because your pen is bad; pen-nibs are among the cheapest of things. Do not neglect to put your full address and the date at the top of the first page. It is well to number your pages, particularly in the case of letters which run into several pages. This saves trouble on the part of the reader.

Never "cross" your pages—another sheet of paper is not a great extra-

gance, and it is rudeness to put anyone to the trouble, not to speak of the annoyance, of disentangling your crossed lines.

In using postal-cards, remember that these are meant only for the announcements of society meetings or communications of like order. If you are compelled to use them they should not be prefaced by any term of address. State simply the matter in hand, apologizing for use of card, and sign your full surname with initials of your given name.

The most formal letters begin: "My dear Miss K—," less formal being "Dear Miss K—." No letter should ever begin "Dear Miss." When writing to a married woman who is a stranger, the letter should begin "Madam," or "Dear Madam." The formal and business-like closing is "Yours very truly," or "Yours truly." A friendly acquaintance signs "Cordially yours," or "Sincerely yours," or "Yours very sincerely."

IF YOU WANT TO BE RIGHT

MANNERS stamp the breeding of man or woman, particularly in public. The etiquette of public places is to be observed on the street, at the theater, in crowded subways, or street cars. Unfortunately, more often than not, indeed, the manners that distinguish the cultured person are lacking, and the petty annoyances that occur in public are many.

Under every circumstance a lady recognizes a gentleman in public. This is her prerogative, and if she does not do so it is to be presumed that she does not wish to continue his acquaintance.

No lady, no gentleman makes her or himself conspicuous on the street. A high voice, loud laughter, talking to acquaintances, obstructing the way for other people passing, all are bad manners. If you wish to engage in conversation, you must continue walking together, the gentleman accompanying the lady always, or if two ladies meet, the choice remains with either.

A gentleman always recognizes a lady when she salutes him, whether her face or name is remembered or not. Women, as a rule, have better memories for faces and names, and recall where they have met.

HOW OTHERS ARE DOING IT

TO CLEAN painted walls, put a kettle of water on the fire, shut up windows and door, and let the kettle boil until it creates a moisture all over the walls. Then dip a sponge or soft cloth into a pail of hot soapsuds containing a tablespoonful of ammonia, and wash the walls in the usual way, starting at the top and working downwards. This method leaves no streaks.

When linen has been badly scorched, try the following method: Boil to a good consistency in half a pint of vinegar, two ounces of fuller's earth, and the juice of two onions. Spread this mixture over the damaged part, and leave it to dry. If the threads are not actually burned through, the scorched place will appear after washing as white and perfect as the rest of the linen.

When hot fomentations are needed in sickness, wring a flannel cloth from hot water and apply. Then lay against it a bottle or a rubber bag filled with hot water to keep the cloth warm.

Scrub oranges and lemons before using them for marmalade, or their peel for flavoring purposes. Not only do these fruits often pass through many dirty hands before they reach the consumer, but they are often covered with black specks which are really a form of insect life.

Always use cotton thread when mending kid gloves.

A wooden potato masher is an excellent utensil for creaming butter and sugar.

The more butter used in a cake, the higher the temperature required to bake it.

Sponge a black silk umbrella with sweetened strong tea. The tea will restore the color of the fabric and the sugar will renew it.

Crochet cotton for darning stockings has the advantage of not hardening in washing and is stronger and better in many ways than darning cotton.

Spread a newspaper on the floor in the kitchen or pantry when baking. The flour falling on the floor can then be taken up easily with the paper and the time and labor saved are worth considering.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of *Franciscan Herald* and friends of our missions:

New York, N. Y.—Mrs. M. Fleming, Mr. Dignan, Alice O'Dea, Margaret Sheehan, Walter B. Curry, Henry Mary and Rose Culletin; **Newark, N. Y.**—Rev. Mother General Hildegard, O. S. F.; **Peekskill, N. Y.**—Mrs. Carrie McCarron; **Syracuse, N. Y.**—Mary E. Savage; **Washburn, N. Y.**—John and William Epoulucci; **Boston, Mass.**—Peter Colohan; **East Boston, Mass.**—John McLaughlin; **Chelsea, Mass.**—Mr. L. Moris; **Providence, R. I.**—Mrs. E. Butler, Miss Sarah Flynn, Mr. H. F. Mulcahey; **Woonsocket, R. I.**—George Neven; **Windsor, Canada**—Mrs. Grier; **Oil City, Pa.**—James Frank Moran; **Philadelphia, Pa.**—Sr. Mary Didaca Schlang, O. S. F., Mrs. Mary Kennedy, Mary and Anne Adamczyk, Victoria Janishek, Mrs. Kelly; **McKeesport, Pa.**—Mrs. P. Kean; **Shenandoah, Pa.**—Peter Kweder; **Louisville, Ky.**—William Hodapp; **Springfield, Ohio**—Wm. E. Flanagan; **St. Bernard, Ohio**—Mr. F. Baus; **Indianapolis, Ind.**—Mrs. Rose Rushton; **Bensselaer, Ind.**—Paul Healy; **Chicago, Ill.**—Dr. E. O. Christoff, M. D.; Daniel Considine, Joseph Lense; **St. Joseph, Mo.**—Annie Mooney; **St. Louis, Mo.**—Anna Hennessy, Mary Sertl, Marcella Kikas, Josephine Bacher, Ottilia Zimmermann, Lorenz Padberg, Caroline Herold, Mary Finkeldey; **Washington, Mo.**—Mrs. Caroline Pardick; **Escanaba, Mich.**—Mrs. M. Groleau; **Kalamazoo, Mich.**—Mrs. Madden; **Greenleaf, Wis.**—Owen Calhoun; **Marquette, Wis.**—Mr. Verschoote; **Waukegan, Wis.**—Mrs. A. Hummer; **Mosinee, Wis.**—Robert Bowes, Mrs. Freeman; **Waukegan, Wis.**—Mrs. J. Berschens; **Los Angeles, Calif.**—Mrs. A. P. Layton; **San Francisco, Calif.**—Miss Wells, Mrs. Margaret Hussey; **Spokane, Wash.**—Mrs. F. Roth, Mrs. C. D. McCarthy; **Lafayette, Ind.**—Mr. Sears; **Rochester, N. Y.**—Mrs. Mary A. O'Leigh; **Catsaque, Pa.**—Sr. Mary Christina Green; **St. Louis, Mo.**—John Duba; **Dyer, Ind.**—B. Getter; **St. Joseph, Mo.**—James Lundum; **Chillicothe, Mo.**—Mrs. Victoria Strub.

LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thy hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.
(Three hundred days each time.)

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the return of a young mother to her religious duties and for the cure of her child. For successful sale of property. For the grace of temperance for a young man. To obtain health for a mother and son and father. For the conversion of a father. For the conversion of a husband. In thanksgiving to the Bl. Virgin, St. Joseph, and St. Anthony for regaining former position. For a despondent young man. For relief from rheumatism. For better health. For success in work. In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart of Jesus for a favor received. For recovery from gall trouble without having to undergo an operation. For success of a serious operation. For success in drilling for oil. For cure of goiter trouble. To sell a farm. For the success of a small investment. To St. Anthony for success in an undertaking. For the Holy Father. For bishops and priests. For peace in the family. For the proper choice of a vocation. For the poor souls in purgatory. For the conversion of sinners. For the benefactors of our missions. For the spread of the Third Order.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thy majesty grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CARPET IN THE WORLD

THAT is the "Corpus Christi Carpet." In Catholic countries, Corpus Christi, falling generally in June (this year, as you know, on the 15th), is a real festival of flowers. Borne before the Blessed Sacrament as it is carried through the aisles of the churches or in the streets outside in solemn procession, the loveliest works of God yield up the homage of their life and beauty. In olden times, the heads of the bearers of the canopy above the Sacred Host were crowned with roses, and the children of the procession, boys and girls alike, wore garlands of flowers and scattered flower petals as they went singing on their way. Flowers blossomed about the doors and windows of the houses, flowers lay in profusion about the temporary altars erected in the streets, where often the priest would stop with his precious burden and bless the kneeling throng. Many of these customs still exist, among them one—perhaps the prettiest of all—the flower-carpet of Italy. In numerous villages and towns, the streets and roads are literally carpeted with flowers. Moulds of elaborate designs are placed in position the night before the feast; at earliest dawn come crowds of willing workers bearing baskets and baskets of flowers, still wet with dew. These flowers are pressed down into the openwork designs with fine taste and skill, so that when the work is finished, the eye is entirely deceived—what looks like a real carpet of intricate pattern, glorious with color and perfume, stretches along the way of *Gesu Sacramento* (Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament), as far as the eye can reach. In many instances, each family makes the square that lies before its own house; yet so perfectly and wonderfully done is the work that the "carpet" is most harmonious and beautiful in tint and patterns. After this, the

moulds are very carefully and gently withdrawn from beneath, and the solidly woven flower fabric falls into place without a jar. At the crossings and open spaces larger and more striking designs are made—a really marvelous and artistic thing is this carpet of such rare and delicate material.

Here comes the procession! Singing and praying, the crowd of worshippers pass over the lovely pavement that lies beneath the feet of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. On they go to the church again, leaving behind them a mass of

or Petrograd, as it is now known. This palace was made of solid ice. Between blocks exactly alike in size was poured water that rapidly froze and held them together as well as cement—in this case, much better. Inside this wonderful building, furniture was put that was all of ice likewise; chairs, tables, sofas, even beds—but I don't imagine anybody wanted to sleep in them, do you?—Ice chandeliers hung from the sparkling ceilings, designs of ice vines and flowers were sculptured on the gleaming walls. At night, lanterns shone through the

transparent structure and burned long enough to make the spectacle one of fairyland. In this palace, raised to commemorate the wedding of two of her court, the Empress took great delight. It is said that she even gave a ball within it in honor of the bride and groom—but all this happened quite a long while ago, and this last story can not well be proved now. If it is really true, the invited guests could not have found their welcome a very warm one. The Palace stood solid and beautiful for awhile—the climate of that part of Russia, you know, is very cold—but one day the walls be-

gan to quiver and the dome to tremble and the water-cement to trickle slowly down the walls, down, down—and then came a great fall and the glory of the Ice Palace was gone forever.

Very different from this cold magnificence was the warmth and comfort of the little "Teapot House," still standing near the town of Horncastle, in England. This was built by a retired old sea captain, who had sailed in the East India trade and brought many a pound of tea to his native shores. I suppose he couldn't get away from old associations; and so he put his funny little cottage, built in the exact shape of a teapot, handle, spout and all, right where everybody passing along the highway would see and comment on its odd shape—a quaint, pleasing bit of a house to the eye, and no end of a curiosity.

JUNE

*O day of June! How fair thy hours acclaim thee!
How beams thy sun, in radiance alight!
How beautiful the roses that do fame thee,
Loveliest of months and sweetest and most bright!*

*O night of June! How tranquil in thy heaven
Floats the young moon, thro' fields of mystic calm!
How glow thy stars, with light divinely given!
How breathe thy winds, replete with gracious balm!*

*O heart of June! How art thou Earth's desire,
Because that thou art consecrate in love
To JESUS' Heart—the Heart with love afire,
Heart of the World and Heart of heaven above!*

crushed and dying flowers that were so fresh and fair of color and scent before their coming. Blessed flowers! If they could speak, surely they would say, in the words of Térésè, the Little Flower of Jesus, of whom you all have heard: "On Thy dear altar, Lord, fresh roses now will press,

Radiant, near Thee;
They gladly give themselves—we love no less;

We died for Thee!"

HOME, SWEET HOME

The present unhappy country of Russia, lawless and without any real head, had for its ruler in the early part of the 18th century an empress named Anne, chiefly remembered nowadays by her famous Ice Palace near St. Petersburg,

You may be sure, Billie would often stop there on his way to school, to look at that funny tea pot house. And then he would come late to school and have to give up some "Merits" and receive a just reprimand from the teacher into the bargain. Of course, Billie would have to explain why he was late. I hope he didn't tell a lie about it, don't you? because it is always sinful to tell a lie.

Did you ever hear of old John O'Groat's House at the very top and northernmost end of England? John lived a great while ago, and there are several versions of his story and a number of ruins of his house; but you can go there and see it still with its eight sides, doors and windows. One tale runs that he was of a Dutch family who had settled in England. Once a year the separated members met at John's house and had a gay time of it, at first a very pleasant time of it; but gradually the "green-eyed monster" (I hope none of you are personally acquainted with him) crept in. Then wrangling began as to who was to come in and go out first, this betokening a sort of rank. To these wranglers, eight in number, John's sons or cousins, some people say one, some say the other, John, getting tired of the commotion and sore that his fine party was so upset, said on one occasion, "Wait till next year and this affair will

be settled for good and all." No doubt, they were all pretty curious and came early that next year; and what had old John done but built a new house with a door for each guest, just behind his back, a window right in front of him, and perfectly round, so that no one could say he went out at the front door in advance of his neighbor!

A palace in Spain, an immense pile where the King lives, is called the Escorial. (By the way, Escorial means "dump heap"—and how do you think Kings of Spain came to live on a dump heap! Well, the ground had formerly been used in connection with a mine, and all its dross and debris had been flung forth where now royalty makes its abode.) You might walk all day around this palace and wonder what there was curious about it; but if you got up on higher ground and looked down, you would discover at once that it was built in the exact shape of a gridiron, with a fine church situated right in the handle. Of course there is a story to it. This palace was dedicated to St. Laurence on its erection, and in his honor built in the shape of the terrible heated gridiron upon which he was martyred in the early days of Christianity. Massive and plain as it is on the outside, this wonderful "gridiron" is magnificent within. It is said to be the largest building cov-

(Continued on page 277)

First Communion Sets



Imitation Leather Box, Velvet Lining, Size 3/4x6 1/4 in.

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Black Leather-bound Book, Coco Rosary, Scapular and Scapular Medal. **\$2.00**
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THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:

I read Margery Evans' letter and her opinion of the Fisherman's Ring in the April FRANCISCAN HERALD. I do not quite agree with her statement about it. The Fisherman's Ring is the ring which every Pope wears as a sign of his office. It has come down to all the Popes from St. Peter, and it is probably called the Fisherman's Ring because St. Peter and the apostles were fishermen.

As I do not want to tire you with too long a letter, I will close now.

Yours truly,

Agnes Wall, Albany, N. Y.

Dear Letter Box:

Are you still hungry? I do hope you are hungry enough to eat my letter. Take it as a piece of bread and jam and the story I enclose can be a piece of cake for dessert. Well, Letter Box, I must say goodbye till next month.

Helen Lascheid, La Salle, Ill.

Dear Letter Box:

AGNES WALL: you have some good ideas about the Fisherman's Ring, and so has Margery Evans. I see no reason why you shouldn't put them together and thus make out the whole story. I think Elizabeth Rose has done it for you, by the way, and you will see where the pair of you were both right and wrong. One thing is certain: there is no mistake as to the praise you and Margery deserve for setting to work at once and finding out all you could about the subject.

HELEN LASCHEID—I am a Letter Box with the healthiest of appetites, and it takes lots to satisfy it. The bread and jam you send me is certainly good, and I shall lose no time in eating it, as you request. And I do love dessert, especially such nice dessert as you have made for me, although you did not seem to enjoy it much yourself. But, then, I am not partaking of it on a Starved Rock with a Wildcat (canyon) looking on from the background!

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LOST IN THE WOODS

Maybe my experience wasn't funny then; but now as I look back on those four and one-half hours in the dark woods, the humor of it appeals to me, and I just have to laugh over it.

One Sunday, our family and my two cousins from Chicago, besides my uncle's family, went on a picnic to Starved Rock. It was late when we started, and in consequence we did not reach the Rock till about 5:30 p. m.

After eating a lunch, we younger ones—that is, my sister, my three cousins, and myself—started out for the canyons. We were headed for the Wildcat Canyon at first, but soon it grew so dark we didn't know where we were going. After roaming about for at least an hour (and to make it worse we met a hive of bees), we sat down by the river to await results.

My sister wanted to swim across the river and get help, and it took all of our strength and pleadings to induce her to give up that crazy idea. At last, after what seemed hours to us, we heard our names called in the distance, and suddenly men with lanterns appeared out of the darkness.

The really funny side of it was that we were only two blocks from Starved Rock, and we thought we were miles away!

Well, to make a long story short, we were brought back to Starved Rock in fine style, looking like scarecrows. It really was funny, but—I don't wish to have that kind of a funny experience again.

Helen Lascheid.

What Seas Are These?

- 1—Upper part of a house, not damp?
- 2—The thing for table furniture?
- 3—A bird and a kitchen utensil?
- 4—A favorite game for boys, and the sound of a clock?
- 5—That will bear and a vegetable?
- 6—To spoil, and added quantity and a part of speech?
- 7—To scream out, and not high?

Clement Lane, Baltimore.

What Letter Am I?

- In grief, in woe, I cannot be,
And yet I am in pain;
In naught I live, with naught I dwell,
Yet find not loss but gain.
Art knows me well; philosophy
And science pass me by.
On earth I stay, yet in the air—
Though never in the sky.
First am I always—yet you'll find
I'm with the last beside;
And though of a most haughty mood,
I have no bit of pride.
Pray tell my name—a shorter one,
I'm sure, that none may claim,
Yet e'er in greatness I abide,
And needful am for fame.

—Harry Carr, Atlanta.

ANSWERS TO MAY PUZZLES

What Am I?

Pineapple.

Reversals

- | | |
|-----------|-----------|
| 1—Rat-tar | 5—Pin-pin |
| 2—Ten-net | 6—Raw-war |
| 3—Not-ton | 7—Tun-nut |
| 4—Pal-lap | |

Twisted Flowers

- 1—Chrysanthemum
- 2—Dandelion
- 3—Anemone
- 4—Hepatica
- 5—Sweet-William
- 6—Larkspur
- 7—Orchid
- 8—Rhododendron
- 9—Lily of the Valley
- 10—Phlox

Boys' Names

- 1—Abel (able)
- 2—Boniface (bonny face)
- 3—Ernest (earnest)
- 4—Frank
- 5—Miles
- 6—Philip (fillip)
- 7—Basil
- 8—Mark
- 9—Evan (vane, Neva, nave)

Correct Solutions

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THE PUZZLE CORNER

Some More Twisted Flowers

- 1—Annizi
- 2—Antocrain
- 3—Dreganhay
- 4—Rastimunuf
- 5—Reswunofl
- 6—Merangui
- 7—Logovfex
- 8—Lezaaa
- 9—Masijen
- 10—Elcamits

Mary K. Dailey, Philadelphia.

Letter Puzzle

My first is in dog but not in cat;
My second's in crown but not in hat;
My third's in man but not in boy;
My fourth's in pain but not in joy;
My fifth's in rifle but 'tis in gun;
My sixth's in daughter but not in son.
My whole is a fruit that's round and neat,

And almost always good to eat.

Isabelle Baker, Bowling Green, Ky.



In such a house of reeds and brushwood the Arizona Indian sings "Home, Sweet Home"

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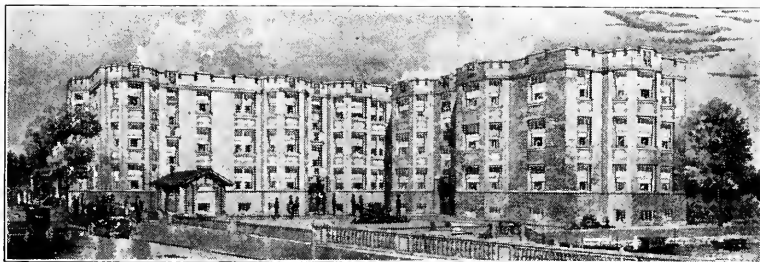
(Continued from page 275)
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Let us put the house of Diogenes, the renowned Grecian philosopher, against the walls of the Escorial—oh, yes, we can do it without the slightest trouble, for it is nothing but a tub! Diogenes, who told a king to get out of his sunshine and went round his native city with a lantern looking for the honest man he never acknowledged finding, chose to

take up his residence in a tub—at least so says history, and as he appears to have been perfectly satisfied, there is no reason why we should "take it hard."

Home, sweet home—if you are happy and contented, you may be an empress in her Ice Palace, a captain in his Teapot, a king on his "Gridiron," old John G'Groat in his octagon house where nobody was first or last, or a Diogenes in his tub—it's all the same if it is only Home, sweet Home!

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Miscellaneous

SOME CURIOSITIES OF PAPAL ELECTIONS

By LOUISE MALLOY

IN THE long line of popes, from the reign of St. Peter to the concentration of world interest on the recent election of Pope Pius XI, much of passing interest is found in the circumstances attending their election and in some incidents that escape the more serious research of historians. In the earlier days of the Church, the will of God was regarded as being more distinctly revealed, and such happenings as determined the choice of St. Fabian, for instance, who was raised to the pontificate in 236, were taken as divine inspirations. When all entitled to take part in the election of a successor to St. Anterus were assembled, a number of persons of distinction were proposed as candidates. St. Fabian was not thought of, however, until a dove flying over the assembly rested on his head. The impression, made on the assembly by this unusual sight, caused his unanimous election.

In the election of the popes, the Roman people at one time had a voice. Two popes succeeded to the papacy without an election at all. One was the famous monk Hildebrand, who, as Gregory VII, is now enrolled among the canonized saints of the Church. He was proclaimed by the populace, who had gathered to witness the funeral of Alexander II and, on the appearance of the monk, cried out, "Hildebrand! Hildebrand!" In vain he ascended the pulpit and begged the clergy and laity not to insist on his elevation to the papal dignity. Deaf to his entreaties, they crowned him with the tiara and put the purple on him, although he was not formally installed till some weeks later.

Innocent XI also was chosen by acclamation. The cardinals assembled

to choose a successor to Clement X. Apparently moved by one impulse, they proceeded to the chapel and, without exception came forward and kissed the hand of Cardinal Odescalchi. His humble piety was so alarmed at this that he burst into tears and, falling before them, begged that they choose "one more worthy." But they refused his petition and on the next day took a regular ballot to confirm their unanimous choice. The people of Rome revered Innocent XI as a saint.

After the death of Clement IV, in 1268, the eighteen cardinals, composing the Sacred College at the time, assembled at Viterbo. But they could not agree on the choice of a successor, and the astonishing spectacle confronted the Christian world of a vacancy of three years in the papacy. King Philip III of France, the son and successor of St. Louis, hastened to Viterbo and urged the cardinals to a pontifical election, while St. Bonaventure, then Minister General of the Franciscan Order, persuaded the people to the drastic step of keeping the cardinals close prisoners in the episcopal palace and thus force them to a vote. But even this failed, until Raniero Gatti, captain of the city, conceived the idea of taking off the roof of the palace so that the conclave would be exposed to sun and rain. This had the desired effect. After the refusal of St. Philip Beniti, Minister General of the Servites, to accept the high dignity, the cardinals elected Theobald de Visconti, Archdeacon of Liege, who at the time was apostolic delegate to Palestine. He took the name of Gregory X. Sismondi, a Protestant historian, pronounced his pontificate a glorious one. To guard against another such vacancy as had preceded his own elec-

tion, Gregory X ordered that after the death of a pope, the cardinals were to meet in a suitable place and remain in seclusion until a successor was chosen—a custom observed ever since, down to the present day. The wisdom of this measure was shown by the fact that Gregory's own successor, Innocent V, was elected within ten days.

Twice it was attempted to make the pope in a way dependent on the Sacred College. On the death of Clement VI, the cardinals formulated and signed a compact to the effect that without their consent no future pope was to create a cardinal, name or depose any of the higher officers of the Roman court, or bestow the government of provinces or cities in the Papal States. This unprecedented attempt to curtail the papal power was frustrated by the firmness of Innocent VI. His first official act after his election was the nullification of this compact which he himself had previously signed, though only with the reservation of its consistency with justice. He subsequently instituted various needed reforms, especially in the way of filling benefices with worthy incumbents. After the death of Pius II, another attempt was made to increase the power of the cardinals. But it met with quite as firm a resistance from Paul II, who was elected under this compact, as from Innocent VI. It is said that for this second failure, by way of consolation, Paul II allowed the cardinals to wear the purple dress and red hat, a privilege till then exclusively the pope's. It does not appear that thereafter any further effort was made by the Sacred College to encroach on the pope's authority. The clear perception which Innocent and Paul had of the abuses

likely to result from thus curtailing the papal power also put the Sacred College on their guard.

Many of the popes, in their humility, sought to escape the responsibilities of so tremendous a dignity. Gregory IV fled to a monastery; but the people pursued him thither and brought him back in triumph to wear the tiara. He justified their action later when, in the incapacity of the rulers of the time, he stood forth as the champion and defender of Christianity against the Moslems. He protected the mouth of the Tiber against the landing of their fleets by making Ostia an impregnable post and opposing the invaders by all means in his power.

Stephen VI also fled to escape the honors of the papacy. But, like Gregory, he was brought back by the populace to the Lateran Palace, regardless of his humble plea, "My shoulders are too weak for the immense weight." A sign from heaven seemed to confirm the popular choice. At the time of his election, famine was threatening in consequence of a prolonged and parching drought. As the cheering throng bore the man of their choice to the Lateran Palace, a plentiful and refreshing rain fell and the harvests were saved. Celestine V, afterwards canonized, was another who, after his flight, was compelled to assume the honors of pope. After consulting experts in canon law, he came to the conclusion that he had the right to abdicate. This he did after a pontificate of four months and retired to a monastery.

Clement II was so intensely grieved over his election to the papacy that he had to take to his bed. He positively refused to accept the high office forced upon him. Men of all conditions in life besieged his door and knelt in the churches, praying "God and men" to recall his decision. It was only when the bishop of Belley warned him not to disobey the call of God and read to him the pastoral of St. Gregory the Great on the subject, that he consented after prolonged consultation and prayer. His was a long and glorious, though stormy, reign. Victor II tried for six months to evade election, even spreading unfavorable reports about himself to prove his unworthiness. Gregory XIV was so overwhelmed by his election that he cried out to

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his electors as they advanced to pay him homage, "God forgive you!" Pius IX, too, was completely overcome at his election and fell into a faint; while Pius X realized the possibility of his election so little as to buy a return ticket to Venice before setting out for Rome.

Sometimes, by their rage and violence, the factions of powerful families in Rome brought real danger to the popes. Gelasius II, after his election, was seized by a member of the Frangipani family, that sided with the ambitious designs, on the papacy, of Emperor Henry of Germany, loaded with chains, and thrown into prison; while several of the cardinals and senators of the church, into which the assailants had broken, were slain in the tumult. At the head of troops and a large armed multitude, the prefect of Rome marched to the Capitol, demanding the person of the pope and terrifying the invaders into submission. On hearing the news, Emperor Henry marched hurriedly to Rome, drove the pope into exile, and put an anti-pope in his place. After an attempt to return and a second flight, Gelasius II died in exile.

Shouting for Lambert, Bishop of Ostia, as pope, the same Frangipani family burst into the church while Celestin II was putting on the papal robes and the clergy and people were chanting the *Te Deum*. Celestin II, more desirous of peace than of his own elevation, asked the consent of the cardinals to resign; whereupon Lambert was enthroned in his stead.

Now, the latter had nothing to do with the whole affair, the action in his favor having been taken without his consent. Hence when peace was restored, he called the cardinals together and declared he would not keep an office perhaps unlawfully obtained and supported by force. Thereupon he took off the tiara and the red cap and placed them in the hands of the cardinals as proof of his renunciation. They begged him, however, to keep the office for which his humility and sense of justice so him pope. It was St. Leo who originated the custom of presenting the Golden Rose. He gave his ancestral lands in Alsace to a certain monastery on condition that every fourth Sunday in Lent they would make a payment of a golden rose, filled with the name of Celestin II. He is the first

pope connected with the famous prophecies on the popes attributed to St. Malachy, Archbishop of Armagh, Ireland, over which prophecies such interesting controversies have been waged.

At other times, the election fell on what present day politicians call a "dark horse." Such was the case with Julius III, who figured in an election where the Sacred College was divided into three factions. No one thought of him seriously for a choice, and it is supposed that his name was put on the ballots merely to throw them away; but to the surprise of all, his election was unanimous. A similar case was that of Benedict XII, Cardinal James Fournier, of humble origin, being the son of a baker. He was called the White Cardinal from his habitually wearing the white habit of the Cistercian Order, to which he belonged. Cardinal Commings was the choice. But when he refused to pledge himself to keep the pope's residence at Avignon in France, his partisans transferred their votes to Fournier, for the purpose really of throwing them away, as he had not even been considered. But to everybody's amazement, the White Cardinal received the requisite two-thirds vote. The triple crown or tiara of the pope is ascribed to Benedict XII, as illustrating the threefold sovereignty of the papacy—the spiritual over the faithful, the sacerdotal over the bishops and priests, and the temporal over the States of the Church.

St. Leo IX, who during his long episcopate as Bishop of Toul was known for his reform of monasteries, protested in vain against his election. He set out from Toul on foot, wearing the dress of a pilgrim. As he drew near Rome, the whole city came out to welcome him and bore him in triumph to the Church of St. John Lateran. Before the cardinals he made a confession of his whole life, hoping they would thereby find him unworthy of the election. They wept with him—and then promptly elected him pope. It was St. Leo who originated the custom of presenting the Golden Rose. He gave his ancestral lands in Alsace to a certain monastery on condition that every fourth Sunday in Lent they would make a payment of a golden rose, filled with the name of Celestin II. He is the first

presented it to some royal benefactor of the Church. In these later times, the Golden Rose is presented to some queen or royal princess conspicuous for her services to the Church. Queen Elizabeth of Belgium was one of the recent recipients of the Golden Rose.

The origin of the Sedia Gestatoria goes far back, to the election of Stephen III, in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore. The people were so overjoyed at his election that they carried him on their shoulders to the basilica of St. John Lateran. At the present day, the pope is carried in the pontifical chair, borne by twelve of the Noble Guards, a custom not suggested by mere desire of worldly pomp but founded on spontaneous love and joy in the hearts of the people.

Innocent VIII, Cardinal of Melfi, had a unique experience at his elevation. Before taking Holy Orders, he had been married; and two of his children witnessed his elevation to the papal dignity. One of these,

Francis Cibo, married the daughter of Lorenzo de Medici and became the founder of a princely Italian house.

Though contemporary politics, intrigue of powerful monarchs or factions, and selfish and worldly interests have played their part in the papal election, the Catholic student of history can easily see how faith shed its light on the events of the times and how the storms of such human forces beat in vain against the Rock on which Christ founded his Church with the promise of His eternal protection. Surely, a divine institution alone could have survived those terrific assaults from within and from without, inasmuch that today, after the long lapse of ages, the papacy stands as firm on its impregnable base as it did nineteen centuries ago when Christ conferred it on the Prince of the Apostles, St. Peter, while, on the other hand, those powerful kingdoms and empires, that so often threatened the existence of the papacy, have long since crumbled into dust.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

IT IS a joy yet to be discovered by many, to open a new book and find the imprint of an American publisher. It is a reviewer who knows how over seas—from England in particular; and how great is the power of "literature," the war and our daily papers have taught us. It is an added joy when the new book is poetry and written by a layman. For many reasons it is good for us to be writing verse; and our many priest poets write in vain, unless their lay brothers take up the song.

But why harp upon American books and poets? Because a new love of America has been born and is being nourished. Let the author of *Whittlings of a Dreamer*, Frederick Schenk Schlesinger (a good American name) tell us in his lines, "America, My Home":

America, never did I know until
I crossed the sea, what love for you I bore.
I hoped to find upon a foreign shore
The Eldorado of my dreams. But still
What man e'er had the power to fulfill

All that he felt his heart was longing for?

When I returned and found my home once more,
The hearth blazed warm; the world had ceased to chill.

Again, America, nestled on your breast,
I vowed that never more my heart should stray,
And when the sun had vanished in the west,
Contented still within your arms I lay.
Yet had I never from your bosom flown,
My love for you I never would have known.

The last two lines of this respectable verse suggest a question: Is our patriotism generally at a low ebb? and have we not yet had enough warning and inspiration to make us aware of our defect? We might go on and ask what school histories have fed the flame or dimmed it. But to keep to the matter of new American verse by laymen, "Buddie" has been thinking good thoughts since he came back from "over there". On the matter of prohibition and the League of Nations he takes the stand of old American tradition, which agrees well with Catholic teaching also. A

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few lines from each will defend the poet:

Prophetic torch shine ever bright! Great book of wisdom, praise to thee!
I dreamed that friends came in the night; destroyed thy statue, Liberty.
Am I the master of myself, or but a governmental slave?
Now Freedom's dusty on the shelf; Democracy rots in the grave;
May Law's unbalanced scales control free passions in the heart of man.
Man is the master of his soul, and has been since the world began. * * *

As to surrendering the Monroe doctrine, he begins:
Arise now, Lincoln, from the dust, and raise a warning hand!
Speak, Washington! the people trust the father of their land.
Ye who the Declaration signed that made our country free,
Give back to us your heart and mind ere lost is liberty.

When a man, returned from the trenches, continues the fight with his pen, and can weave also airy fancies and dreams of nature, home love, and devotion to God, he deserves to be read. Hence this little pale blue book is worth treasuring.

Captain Harry Lee, better known to verse readers, offers us *High Company*, in free verse which in this case is not to be criticised, since the poems are stories finely etched in verse form. Like *Father Duffy's Story* these poems picture the pathos, heroism and intimate thought of the American soldier in a comforting rather than a distressful way. These "buddies" are so cheerful and common as well as brave,—so human and so hopeful in their fallings and risings, and so youthful in their homecoming! Here we find, too, all the Polish, Irish, Italian, British, Norse, that make up our America. Many are the pictures of the hospital, the reunion, and in "April Hearts", the way of love. This from "The Upper Room" goes far as an apology for free verse:

Overseas again—
Hiking in the snow,
Sleeping in the rain,
Squatting by camp-fires,
Lit by strange roads;
Boiling the pot,
Sharing the scant meal;
Throwing kisses to some maiden,
Smiling down between the parted shutters
Of a plastered gable,
Into the narrow, cobbled street.

Unbragging tales of battle,
The bravery of "the other fellow,"
What Tom said the night he "got his,"

The tenderness of a nurse,
The skill of a good doctor,
The princeliness of an officer.
Hating nothing but "yellowness,"
Fearing nothing but fear,
Greatly loving,
Champions of the helpless,
Laughs down of smugness and sham,
Loud jesters,
Profane,
Reverent,
Wistful for home,
Longing for far places.
Brothers of the Rough Road,
Gypsies of God.

It looks easy and it says something also,—this free verse. "The Hidden Wound", "Trees", "Ninette", "Soldiers Three", and "The Shadow of the Cloud" are some of the "stories" in this volume, which makes a book of verse to go with *Father Duffy's Story*.

The Life of Patrick Augustine Feehan—By Rev. Cornelius J. Kirkfleet, Ord. Praem., is a volume of 381 pages, with an introduction by Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford. It is a compilation of the simpler surface facts in the life of

(Continued from page 266)

retiring priest, had told him. What changes in the mission since last he had seen it—the school building remodeled, the village extended; little churches, he was told, now dotted the distant corners of his territory; societies were founded, renegades won back—all the things that he himself had dreamed of years ago. He was happy over it, happy that someone had shepherded his flock in his absence; only, if he might have had a part in the great work he had planned and loved so well; his young assistant, he with the great strength, the great heart, and the far-seeing mind—Father Rolette felt suddenly old and useless.

The door opened so softly that he failed to notice it. Then, of a sudden, someone knelt beside his chair and grasped his hand. Father Rolette was looking into the face of his assistant—a grave, strong face, the eyes alive with affection and gladness.

"You have forgotten me," the young man chided. Father Rolette passed a hand over his forehead. The young priest helped him, smiling:
"M'sieu Babineau's bad egg!"

(Continued from page 271)

phatic assent. We can never hope to enlighten others if we have no knowledge to give. "Why do you Catholics use holy water?" "Why do your priests dress in such queer robes?" "Why do you burn candles?" "What is the Angelus?" "Why is your Bible different to ours?" or worse, "why are you forbidden to read the Bible?" "Why don't your priests speak English in church?" "Why do you worship a relic?" All these questions I myself have been asked. And if a Catholic can not answer them or similar ones we are put down as ignorant idolaters. Naturally. Most Catholics get out of it this way: "Well, to tell you the truth there is a reason for everything the Church does, but I haven't studied enough about these things to give you the right answer." Let's be just. Take the tasks of every day life and contrast them with this, our ignorance of the Faith. You would appear very foolish if you were selling real estate and could not tell the amount of taxes, assessments, rates of interest, clearness of title, etc. If a farmer is raising wheat he knows what seed will bear best in a certain field, and how much the market price is on the bushel. If you are in the dairy business, you are quite well aware of the yield of butterfat from your picked herd of Jerseys. Our Faith is just as much part of our daily existence as our daily work, and the astonishing part of this is that we scarcely realize it ourselves. Ours is a reasonable religion. We should know what we are doing and why we are doing it, and every bit of knowledge we gain will add beauty to the gift that is ours.

So, to conclude, the only real narrowness for a Catholic is ignorance. If you haven't knowledge, acquire it! Many splendid Catholic books are published which contain everything you will want or ought to know. Have these books in your home and give them to the children. Next to Catholic pictures on the wall, Catholic books speak the loudest to these young hearts. Let them use them. Books are cheap. Get Catholic books with pictures and give them to the little ones to pore over, and when the book is worn out, buy another copy. You are plowing deep, good father

and mother, when you do this, and the roots will strike down, down, and the burning mid-day sun will never harm the growth of the Catholic children you are giving to the world.

FARMER "CALLING HARE PIKA"

There's a name for you! Of course, it is really two names, one for English use; the other, and more dignified, for scientific purposes, and in the Indian tongue from which it came it means "little chief." Your Pika isn't a bit proud, however, of his title, and doesn't try to lord it over the earth as some other "little chiefs" (human, by the way) try to do. All he wants is his high mountain lands of North America and Asia. He looks something like a rabbit, as he has a right, being some kind of a cousin, and he is about the size of a guinea-pig. He will run like a breeze if he sees you climbing one of his lonely peaks, but you will hear him calling to you plainly enough from his hiding-place with a sweet, almost plaintive note in his voice that makes you rather sorry for the little fellow. Don't waste your sympathy—he's not a bit unhappy, in spite of his cry; he's a hearty youngster, well wrapped up in his pretty fur from the cold, with plenty to eat, and nothing to do but see about storing his supply up for the winter. And how do you think he does it? He is a regular farmer. He goes about all the summer, gathering up the mountain grasses into heaps of two and three feet in height—as good haystacks as a man could make. These haystacks are his winter larders. There he is, all fixed, ready for anything that may turn up, in no danger whatever of starvation, warm and comfortable in his furry coat, happy as a lord in the clear, bracing mountain air, thinking to himself, perhaps—"What queer people these men are, with their endless worry about food and clothes! Why, they don't know enough to lay up their store beforehand!" Alas for us—this is often but too true, and there's where "Little Chief Calling Hare Pika" is smarter than many of us!

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THE SMILE CORNER

By JOSH WINK

IN HARD LUCK

A giggly young maiden
With bobbed Fiji tresses
Was glum and grief-laden
Despite her freak dresses,
Because, though to run one
She ardently sought to
And from Pa tried to dun one,
She hadn't an auto.

At last he relented
And bought her a flivver;
But soon he repented
The car he did give her;
For, when she went dashing,
The reckless pace leading
And into things crashing,
They pinched her for speeding.

Then, when her Pa hailed her,
The flivver was kindling;
To fix it he failed her,
Which struck her as swindling;
She felt, as a curtain
Of anguish did wrap her,
That life is for certain
Hard on a poor flapper.

A PROHIBITION QUESTION

"Drink to me only with thine eyes,"
as the poet says."

"But wouldn't that come under the
classification of 'igh-balls'?"

THE PROPER THING TO DO

Reporter—"I have a rather long inter-
view with a noted gardener on lawn
grass. What shall I do with it?"

Editor—"Cut it short."

APPROPRIATE POWER

"Pop, tell me one thing."

"What is it, son?"

"Does it take a mule driver to make
a donkey engine go?"

RATHER VAGUE

"What did the club do with the reso-
lution to have an annual dinner?"

"They tabled it."

THE DRAWING ONE

"I want to call the bill, at my thea-
ter by a name which will make every-
body come after it."

"Then why not call it 'The Dollar
Bill'?"

CONTRADICTORY CHARMS

Smith—"That girl has such an open
countenance."

Jones—"Yes, and she knows how to
keep her mouth shut."

UP-TO-DATE TEST

"Jinks certainly puts on as many airs
as though he were a rich man."

"He has a right to. He has an in-
come big enough to pay a tax on."

COLOR MIXTURE

"Funny thing about the green-eyed
monster."

"What is that?"

"He makes other people see red."



Franciscan News

Rome, Italy.—On February 20, the Tertiaries of Rome held solemn services in memory of the late Pope Benedict XV, in the Franciscan basilica of Ara Coeli. On the façade of the church an inscription will henceforth attract the attention of visitors. It reads: "On Benedict XV—Well-deserving Son of the Third Order of St. Francis and Heir of his Spirit—Indefatigable Apostle of Charity and Peace—His Fraternity of Ara Coeli—Invokes—The Eternal Peace of the Just.—"

Replying to Fr. Donatus, O. M. Cap., director of the *Annali Francescani*, who inquired of the Holy Father whether he belonged to the Third Order, the Pope declared: "Yes, Father, I am a Tertiary of long standing. I was received into the Third Order toward the end of the year 1874, when studying rhetoric and philosophy, during the month of vacation which I spent at the home of my uncle Damian Ratti, Marshal of Asso, now deceased; and I received the habit at the hands of Rev. Louis Tavola, my father confessor. From this you see that I am a Tertiary already many years."

Messina, Italy.—The University of Messina has conferred the doctor's degree on Fr. Dominic Franzé, a member of the Franciscan Province of Calabria. The manner in which the learned friar defended his medical thesis deeply impressed the board of examiners, inasmuch that their subsequent vote on the degree to be conferred was unanimous.

Buda-Pest, Hungary.—The Third Order in Hungary, under the jurisdiction of the Franciscan Province of St. John Capistran, numbers about 8,000 members. The fraternity in Buda has 498 members; while the one in Pest, not so numerous, is steadily increasing in membership. At the request of the archbishop, Rt. Rev. Stephen Zadravec, O. F. M., a drive was instituted to collect funds with which to erect on Ferdinand Place, in the garrison of Buda, a statue of St. John Capistran who with the consent of the Holy See has been officially declared patron saint of the Hungarian army. This caused great commotion among the Calvinists, however, who regarded this move as an insult to Protestants. Two monthly magazines, *Hírnöke* (Franciscus) and *Miénk*

a *Jövő* (The Future is Ours), are published especially for the members of the Third Order.

South-west Hu-pé, China.—On January 16, a horde of religious fanatics and Buddhist rebels fell upon the Franciscan mission at Li-tchoan and massacred the missionary, Fr. Julian Odons, O. F. M., as well as all the resident Christians. The vicariate of South-west Hu-pé is in charge of the Belgian Franciscans with Rt. Rev. Msgr. Modestus Everaerts, O. F. M., as Vicar Apostolic. During the late incessant uprisings in southern China, this vicariate was ever the storm center of hostilities. In 1898, Fr. Victorin Delbrouk, O. F. M., suffered martyrdom for the faith; and six years later, three more missionaries met a similar fate, namely, Rt. Rev. Msgr. Theotime Verhaegen, Vicar Apostolic at the time, together with his brother, Fr. Frederick Verhaegen, and Fr. Florencia Roblerecht. Hence, Fr. Julian Adons is the fifth member of the Belgian Province to fall a victim to missionary zeal for the conversion of the Chinese. He was born on June 16, 1879. Received into the Franciscan Order at the age of sixteen, he, on August 15, 1902, was ordained priest. Three years later, on November 9, he departed for the Chinese missions. Immediately on his arrival, he was placed in charge of the mission at Li-tchoan where, last January, he had the privilege of shedding his blood for the faith. It is interesting to note that three of the martyr's brothers are like him, not only Franciscans but also missionaries in the vicariate of South-west Hu-pé, namely FF. Marinus, Hubert, and Eliseus; while a cousin, Sister Mary Amanda, a Franciscan Missionary Sister of Mary, was martyred for the faith some years ago and is now enrolled for eventual beatification.

Sioux City, Ia.—On April 19, Rev. Pacificus Kohlen, O. F. M., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Order of Friars Minor. Very Rev. Martin Strub, O. F. M., Minister Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province, and a numbers of friars from the neighboring cities were present at the solemnities. FRANCISCAN HERALD joins them in hearty congratulations to the venerable Jubilarian.

Santa Barbara, Calif.—On May 2, in the historic Old Mission, two members of the Franciscan community, Very Rev. Theodore Arentz and Ven. Brother Peter Haberlin, celebrated the golden jubilee of their entrance into the Order of Friars Minor.

After his term of Minister Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province (St. Louis), in 1900, Fr. Theodore was sent to California as Commissary Superior. Deeply interested in the continuation and complete restoration of Franciscan activity in the Golden State, he planned and exhorted and labored untiringly, "thus," as *The Antonian* says, "contributing no small share to the work of successfully laying the foundation for the eventual establishment of what is now the vigorous young Franciscan Province of Santa Barbara." At present, Fr. Theodore holds the office of Vice-Provincial of this province, canonically established six years ago. We must add that the valuable and extensive archives preserved at the Old Mission are almost entirely his work, inasmuch that to his great love for books and intense zeal for the promotion of historical study and research future writers on Franciscan history will forever owe a debt of gratitude.

Brother Peter, it is interesting to note, is the last link left, uniting the present activity of American Franciscans with that of the old Spanish friars. Hence he is justly styled the "Last of the Padres." The personality of men like Fathers Rubio, Romo, Gonzales, Alvarez, and Sanchez are still fresh in his memory, and many are the stories he can relate of those last of the old Spanish Franciscans in California. Brother Peter's long life in the Order was that of a true Franciscan lay Brother—seclusion from the world and union with God in prayer and work. As *The Antonian* aptly remarks, "Tending the flowers over the tombs of the dead might serve to sadden or sour many another old man; but he is grateful for the task and loves to do a service in this way both to the past and to the present. His prayerful work is a tribute to his departed companions in the Order, and the gardens he tends are a source of delight to all that pass through them."

"Priest and lay Brother," our Santa Barbara correspondent writes, "the one

having held the highest offices in the administration of the Order and the other having wielded the blacksmith's sledge, met on equal footing in the celebration; both had loyally followed the humble Poverello of Assisi for half a century in their respective field of labor."

The jubilee festivities took place in the Old Mission church. His Lordship of Los Angeles, Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, D. D., presided in *cappâ magna* at the solemn High Mass celebrated by Very Rev. Hugolinus Storr, O. F. M., Minister Provincial of the Santa Barbara Province. Among the clergy present were the Very Rev. Samuel Macke, O. F. M., Visitor General of the Province, and the Ministers Provincial of the six Franciscan Provinces in the United States. On the evening of May 1, the students of Santa Barbara Seminary staged Shakespeare's "Henry IV," while the following evening was filled out by the student clerics of the Old Mission, under the direction of Rev. Joseph Rhode, O. F. M., S. T. D., with an appropriate literary program.

To both the venerable jubilarians FRANCISCAN HERALD extends best wishes and hearty felicitations.

Teutopolis, Ill., St. Joseph Seminary.—April came with a splash nor ceased to weep long enough to let the ball field dry. Holy week was ushered in by the solemn ceremonies of Palm Sunday. Holy Thursday was a day of continual prayer; even at the midnight hour the students knelt before their Eucharistic Lord. Good Friday, dismal, dark, and dreary, was quite in keeping with the tragic event Mother Church commemorates on that day. But Easter Sunday dawned bright and beautiful. On this day, always one of joyous festivities, friends from far and near gathered in the College chapel to attend the solemn services. A notable feature of the day was the rendition of the *Mass in Honor of St. Francis*, composed by Peter Griesbacher in commemoration of the Seventh Centenary of the Third Order. The manner in which our choir rendered this most difficult Mass surpassed all expectations. All present were deeply impressed by its power and grandeur. Following is the complete musical program carried out on Easter Sunday by our choir:

Solemn High Mass

Vidi Aquam (4-part Chorus) . . . V. Goller
Troait, Sequence, Communion . . .
 Gregorian Chant
Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei. From "Mass in Honor of St. Francis" (Jubilee

Our Franciscan News' Department can be interesting, accurate, and authentic only if our readers collaborate with the Editors by promptly reporting events and activities of general interest to the Franciscan family

Mass—Third Order Centenary—For Soli and Chorus). By Peter Griesbacher, op. 217.

Credo—From "Mass in Honor of the Blessed Trinity." By Peter Griesbacher, op. 190.

Graduate Haec Dies (4-part chorus) J. Beltjens

Ofertory Terra Tremuit (4-part chorus) J. Gruber

After Mass: *Angelus Domini* (4-part chorus) J. Gruber

Solemn Benediction Services

Panis Angelicus (Soprano Solo and 4-part Chorus) Cesar Franck

Litany in Honor of St. Joseph (Soli and Chorus) C. Kagerer

O Victimâ Caritatis (Soprano Solo and 4-part Chorus) J. Dietrich

Tantum Ergo (4-part chorus) P. Griesbacher

Angelus Domini (4-part chorus) J. Gruber

In the evening of Easter Monday, the students staged the wonderful tragedy "King Saul." How exceptionally well they took their various parts may be gathered from what one, who attended and is well fitted to judge, wrote: "The acting of the students went far beyond my expectations. I doubted not their ability, but the rendition of Monday night surprised me. I was especially impressed by the young man who took the part of King Saul."

Classes were resumed on Wednesday morning and the students once more yoked to the old plow, at which they will now have to stay until the field of 1922 is completely cultivated. Of course, Monday, May 2, was a free day because May 1, the feast of the Very Rev. Rector's patron saint happened to fall on the Sunday before. During the solemn High Mass on Sunday, Griesbacher's Third Order Jubilee Mass again enhanced the celebrations. Then followed a literary entertainment in the dramatic hall, while, needless to say, a game of base ball filled out the greater part of the afternoon.

Quincy, Ill., Quincy College.—The annual retreat for the students of Quincy College was held from the evening of April 4 till the morning of April 9. It was conducted by Fr. John Joseph, O. F. M., one of the missionaries of the Sacred Heart Province. What especially proved edifying was to see also the day scholars attend the various spiritual exercises.

Holy Week and Easter services were celebrated in really grand style. Besides singing at the various services in the chapel, our College Choir rendered also Theodore Dubois's sacred cantata, "The Seven Last Words." This was at the Tre Ore held in St. Peter's Church of this city, on Good Friday. This cantata was the first pretentious undertaking of our choir. It proved a very difficult composition and many weeks were devoted to practicing it. But the labor was well spent, as the music added greatly to the impressiveness of the services that afternoon. The choir, which numbers thirty members, was organized only last September; wherefore the successful rendition of this cantata is all the more remarkable and praiseworthy.

Caledonia, Minn.—On Sunday afternoon, April 9, coincident with the close of a week's mission, conducted by Fr. Honoratus, O. F. M., the members of the Third Order gathered to witness the reception of twenty-seven new members into their fraternity. It is noteworthy that four of them, two boys and two girls, are pupils of the Catholic High School of the parish. Rev. M. Borresch, the pastor and director of the fraternity, himself a fervent Tertiary, is to be congratulated on his success in getting his young people interested in the Third Order. At present his fraternity numbers 75 members.

St. Paul, Minn.—On April 5, the St. Francis Sewing Circle, founded by the local Tertiaries and recently affiliated with the St. Francis Solano Mission Association, held its annual election of officers. The following members, all Tertiaries of St. Francis, were elected: President, Mrs. P. J. Kirwin; First Vice-President, Miss Elizabeth Limmer; Second Vice-President, Mrs. J. Mullan; Treasurer and Financial Secretary, Mrs. E. McCormick; Recording Secretary, Miss Christine Limmer; Directors, Mrs. H. T. Quinlan, Mrs. J. Mullan, and Mrs. A. Cohnenning; Auditor, Mrs. Michels.

Lauda Sion
 See page 277

Franciscan Herald

A monthly magazine edited and published by the Friars Minor of the Sacred Heart Province in the interests of the Third Order and of the Franciscan Missions.

VOLUME X

JULY, 1922

NUMBER 7

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Our Mission Picture

THE PLAZA CHURCH in Los Angeles, Cal., was never an Indian mission, since it was built for the Spanish colonists who, in 1781, were established by Governor Neve on the site where to-day the metropolis of southern California stands. Still, the old Plaza Church dates back to mission times and therefore should find a place in our series of mission pictures. Like the city of Los Angeles, this venerable edifice was dedicated to the Blessed Virgin under her Franciscan title, Our Lady of the Angels of Porziuncola—Neustra Señora de los Angeles de Porziuncola. The cornerstone was laid and blessed in 1814, Fr. Luis Gil y Taboada of San Gabriel Mission officiating. First eight years later could the building be put to use, and then only through the energetic action of Fr. Mariano Payeras, who, as Prefect of the Missions in California, issued a circular to all the padres, in which he urged them to contribute from their missions toward the church which the colonists were so eager to see finished. Strange to say, when Governor Neve established the town of Los Angeles, he seems to have made no provision for a church; nor is a site for one indicated on a plat of the town signed by Governor Argüello as late as 1793. In his *Life of Fr. Junipero Serra*, completed in 1785, Fr. Palúu tells us that the colonists of Los Angeles "are supporting themselves by agriculture, etc., as was said of the town of San José; but a drawback is their having to go four leagues to hear Mass," namely, to San Gabriel Mission. Apparently, this had to be done till 1822, when the Church of Our Lady of the Angels was finished. It is interesting to note that, as the old records of San Gabriel show, a cemetery adjoined the church in colonial times, of which to-day not a vestige remains.

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The Third Order and the Secular Clergy

IT IS gratifying to note how so many of the secular Clergy are responding to the appeal of the late Pope Benedict XV and establishing Tertiary fraternities in the parishes under their jurisdiction. As was stated in the last issue of FRANCISCAN HERALD, the Third Order, in its nature, scope, and purpose, is essentially an organization that belongs to the entire Catholic Church and not only to the Franciscan Order. This is evident from the fact that, to mention only one instance, all priests, whether secular or regular, who are members of the Eucharistic League have *eo ipso* the faculty to receive, with the consent of their Bishop, the faithful into the Third Order. Once he has learned what the Third Order is, every priest, who loves the Church and those of her children he is charged to care for as father and shepherd, will necessarily be interested in that institute in which the Popes of the past sixty years have placed their fondest hopes for the betterment of society. Nor will he be disappointed. Tertiaries will prove his loyal supporters, the backbone of his parish, the men and women on whom he can depend for whole-hearted and disinterested co-operation.

The April issue of *The Third Order Forum* brought a splendid article entitled "Vox Clamantis," while the current issue of the same quarterly magazine contains an enlightening treatise on "The Bounds of Tertiary Activity." Directors and priests, interested in the Third Order, will do well to read these two clear and accurate expositions of the Church's mind on this Catholic organization. Copies may be had by addressing a note to that effect to *The Third Order Forum*, 5045 South Lavin Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Why He Signed

THOSE of our citizens who are dragging American principles of religious toleration through the mud and are using their best efforts to label Catholics in this country as not only narrow-minded but even disloyal to the flag that protects them, ought to make a copy of what follows and put it in their vest pocket for ready reference. The wealthiest signer of the Declaration of Independence was a Catholic, Charles Carroll of Carrollton. When he put his signature to that great and important document, he staked not only his life and sacred honor, like his fifty-five fellow patriots, but above and beyond this the neat little fortune of \$2,000,000. And why did he sign the Declaration? He tells us very clearly and forcibly in a letter which he in his old age addressed to Washington P. Curtis.

"When I signed the Declaration of Independence I had

in view not only our independence of England, but the toleration of all sects professing the Christian religion and communicating to them all equal rights. Happily this wise and salutary measure has taken place for eradicating religious feuds and persecution and becoming a useful lesson to all governments. Reflecting on the disabilities, I may truly say the proscription, of the Roman Catholics of Maryland, you will not be surprised that I had much at heart this grand design founded on mutual charity, the basis of our holy religion."

In this connection, we may add what a Catholic historian, John Gilmory Shea, had to say concerning the Declaration of Independence. In his *Story of a Great Nation* (page 437) he wrote:

"This great paper, the Magna Charta of America, should be known by every child of the republic, committed to memory in early youth, that its principles and spirit may guide him through life, teaching him to love liberty, and respect the liberty of others."

Catholics the country over are still advocating and following out these sound Christian principles. Are their slanderers of the G.O.L., K.K.K., and E.P.S. type doing the same?

The Fourth of July

IT USED to be welcomed and celebrated as the Glorious Fourth—glorious because it was the birthday of our republic—glorious because it was attended by such jubilant and inspiring outbursts of patriotism—glorious because its yearly recurrence always filled the hearts of a grateful people with new love for, and higher appreciation of, the land of their birth or of their adoption. Almost a century and a half have elapsed since the Liberty Bell in the Old State House in Philadelphia proclaimed the first Glorious Fourth. In this lapse of time, sad to say, our national ideals and principles have undergone changes that would make our forefathers blush with shame. Thus, for instance, for the past two decades or so we are celebrating what has been labeled a "sane" Fourth. Of course, no one will deny that in years past the loss of life and limb through the careless handling of fireworks was an evil against which it was expedient to legislate. At the same time, however, what all red-blooded Americans, who still cherish the sacred traditions of their country, deeply regret is the fact that when "sanity" was legislated into the Fourth, nothing was substituted to preserve its glory and thereby keep alive in the hearts of the growing generation the patriot spirit of '76. That this gradual "saning" of the Glorious Fourth was born and mothered by foreign and un-American propagandists, we have nothing definite to prove. Yet, such really seems to have been the case, seeing how of late our history has been de-Americanized. The two things are strikingly similar and

mutually explicative. Certain it is, the meaning of the Glorious Fourth is becoming more and more obliterated in the minds of our people, to the great detriment, we think, of the great cause that George Washington and his compatriots fought, bled, and died for. In its public demonstrations of patriotism let the birthday of our republic be by all means more "sane," i. e., more sane than it was twenty years ago; but by no means let it be less glorious. What the Fourth of July meant then, it means now and always will mean—the day on which a free and independent nation was born—the day on which a grateful people rally around the flag and sound the praises of their forefathers—the day on which Americans are reminded of what their country is to them and of what they should be to their country.

A Tertiary Enterprise

A NOTEWORTHY feature of Tertiary activity in California is the Resort Different, as it is called, located at St. Francis Springs, about seventy miles south of San Francisco. Here, away from the wearying hubbub of city life, vacationists in need of rest and recreation are offered every advantage of a first-class resort, where they can recuperate bodily as well as spiritually. Besides boating, bathing, tennis, music, social gatherings, and other healthful amusements, they have opportunity to attend holy Mass every Sunday and often also on week days. Resort Different is under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers in matters spiritual, while the material end is in charge of members of the Third Order. We need a thousand more places of recreation like this one at St. Francis Springs, where city folk with only limited means can go for a week or two and find real companionship, clean recreation, and wholesome quiet. Tertiaries the country over might get together and supply this need. Many a neighbor and friend, Catholic as well as non-Catholic, would be grateful to them for it.

A Question of Policy

LAST month marked the first anniversary of our Advertising and Special Service Departments. Before introducing our manager, Mr. J. H. Meier, to our readers, in the March, 1921, issue, we had engaged him a whole year to survey the field. Then first we definitely adopted our advertising policy. Now, after a year of experience (not experiment), we are in a position to assure our subscribers that the confidence we placed in the Advertising Department has benefited all concerned. Certainly, the character of FRANCISCAN HERALD means more to its publishers than advertising revenue. Again, its reputation depends upon the manner in which the advertisements serve the best interests of readers, buyers, and advertising clients. Moreover, the department is built up on economy plus service. Finally, this is the age of mail order service.

On the basis of reliable and prompt service to all parties concerned in the transaction, we distribute our advertisers into three groups. To the first group belong those who are continuing to buy space in our magazine. For this they must have a reason—they

Publicity's the Word

ONE of the "three practical ways" in which the recently organized Evangelical Protestant Society will now "fight the Romanist evil" is "by pitiless publicity, showing them up to the American public." Amen, brother! Publicity's the word! Only, that epithet "pitiless" is ill-advised, whoever inserted it; it smacks of bigotry; and what American wants to be classed among bigots? The terms *honest and truthful* would warrant hopes of greater success and more glorious results, especially as the "movement is to be nationwide and international," and "is to be a fight absolutely in the open." American Catholics have nothing to hide from their countrymen—but much, exceedingly much to publish and get credit for. So, amen, brother! Publicity's the word—honest and truthful publicity!

Our Next Issue

THE August issue of FRANCISCAN HERALD will be a Midsummer Fiction Number. Its thirty-eight pages of reading matter will be almost entirely devoted to stories both for the grown-ups and for the youngsters. We say *almost* entirely, because it would be running a great risk to slight our women readers by omitting their department and because it would get the Editor "awfully sore" if he were deprived of saying his piece. So the two departments, "Editorials" and "In the Interest of Women," will appear in their regular place. But, barring these eight or so pages, all the other space will be given to stories—fine and interesting stories. Especially of our new thrilling serial by L. M. Wallace, *The Lure of the West*, a big slice will be served for hot-weather consumption. So watch for the August issue. We are sure you will like it. And if you found L. M. Wallace's *The Outlaws of Ravenhurst*, which was running serially last year this time, a good story, you will certainly not want to miss a single installment of the same author's new contribution, *The Lure of the West*.

are satisfied with the returns. Now, the confidence we placed in them and the confidence they secured through us, is your safest guarantee. To the second group we reckon those who eventually proved unsatisfactory; wherefore we promptly dropped them. The third group comprises a few who, being tardy in paying us, we feared might disappoint also you. In this connection we may add that now and then we are approached for space to advertise a "something-for-nothing" offer, as other representatives of the Catholic press sometimes carry. Because we happen to know a little about prices, we never fall for such "catch-schemes" and consistently refuse to pass them on to you.

To sum up. All things being equal, by patronizing our advertisers, you are not only doing good business, but at the same time are satisfying yourself and rendering us a real service. We would ask you, however, as a personal favor, to tell the advertiser that you saw his message in FRANCISCAN HERALD. We, too, are human and look for a little share of credit in the transaction.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

By FR. GILES, O. F. M.



NCE upon a time—as all good fairy tales begin, only the story I am going to tell you now isn't a fairy tale at all but a real story with a good moral—there lived a faithful Tertiary who was very proud of the fact that she could wear the cord and scapular of her Seraphic Father St. Francis. Since she wore these, however, as they should be worn, under her outer clothing, she had no way of letting others know that she was a Tertiary except by her exemplary life of charity. But she was anxious for others to know that she belonged in a special manner to St. Francis, not, indeed, from vain motives, but, to use our Savior's own words, to let her light shine before men that they might see her good works and praise her Seraphic Father who is in heaven, and in praising him also praise God from whom all good things flow.

When the HERALD, therefore, some years ago placed the so-called Third Order emblem on the market, this Tertiary was one of the first to secure it, realizing that at last she had found what she was looking for—a distinctive mark of her Order which she could wear on her dress both at home and on the street. She pinned the brooch to her blouse at her throat and many were the comments made on it by friends, both Catholic and Protestant. It was especially amusing to hear her reply to the queries of the latter regarding the nature of the emblem she wore.

"That? Oh, that's my lodge pin."
"Lodge pin! Why, do you Catholics also have lodges?"

"To be sure," she would answer with a sly twinkle in her eye, "and the one I belong to is seven hundred years old and has at present a mem-

bership of more than three million scattered all over the world. It is called the Third Order of St. Francis."

"Well, I declare!" would come the Protestant response, quite breathless. "Do tell me more about it."

That is just what our Tertiary wanted, for then she would launch on an extended explanation and hymn of praise of her "lodge."

Just recently she passed to a better life and her body now lies in God's acre, clad in the large Tertiary habit, the habit she loved so well and which she would gladly have worn during life if permitted. She was a constant reader of the HERALD and I would not now be writing this if God had not taken her to Himself.

This, friends, is my little story, and the moral? Go and do thou in like manner! Your Third Order cord and scapular, as you know, are worn beneath your clothing and unless you have some outward mark no one will be able to tell whether you are a Tertiary or not. Happily there are a number of Third Order emblems now on the market, both in this and in foreign countries, which any member of the Third Order may well be proud to wear, as well for their deep significance as for their being an appropriate and inexpensive piece of jewelry.

The engraving which you find placed as the initial letter for this month's *Chat*, was designed by FRANCISCAN HERALD for the use of the members of the Third Order. The outer circle is in blue enamel and bears the inscription, *Deus meus et omnia*, which means, "My God and All." On the lower portion of this circle we find the initials "III, O.S.F." These signify, "Third Order of St. Francis." Within this circle, on a

golden background, we see two crossed arms in white and brown enamel, supporting a red cross that rises above them. The two arms represent our Blessed Savior and our holy Father St. Francis, while the cross is the sign of our redemption. This simple emblem is replete with deep meaning, and embodies, as it were, the Tertiary's entire rule of life.

The duties of Tertiaries are twofold, and they are beautifully symbolized in the emblem.

The first duty—personal sanctification—is typified by the ground colors, blue and gold, together with the two crossed arms. The blue circle symbolizes the virtue of humility, a virtue that should adorn every true child of the St. Francis. The golden center, the heart of the emblem, as it were, signifies the seraphic love with which the heart of every Tertiary should be inflamed—a love more precious and lasting than gold, a love unalloyed with earthly affections. The blue rim encircles the golden center to indicate that even the purest love of God, or sanctifying grace, is not safe unless protected by the barrier of constant and true humility. Furthermore, the two crossed arms remind the Tertiaries of their Blessed Father's conformity to Jesus Christ, and incite them to follow him in this respect by zealously imitating his virtues, especially his humility and seraphic love. St. Francis seems to call to them in the words of the Apostle, "Be ye followers of me as I am of Christ."

The second duty of the Tertiaries—active charity toward their neighbor—is symbolized in their emblem by the cross. The cross is the symbol of Christ's infinite love for men. It should urge the Tertiaries on in

their efforts to save immortal souls for Him Who died for them. It should give them zeal and courage and strength to continue the battle of the Cross against the gates of hell, that all men may be brought under its benign and saving influence. The cross seen in the emblem is the Tau or the T cross, so-called because it has the shape of the Greek letter Tau (T). This method of forming

the cross is very ancient, and goes back even to the days of the Old Testament. "Go through the midst of Jerusalem," thus spoke the Lord God to the destroying Angel, "and mark Tau upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and mourn for all the abominations that are committed in the midst thereof." (Ezech. ix, 4.) Its use in the Old Law was figurative of the Cross of the Savior, from which all blessings were to flow. The Tau cross was very dear to St. Francis, and its use in the Tertiary emblem is, therefore, most appropriate.

Thus, once when Bro. Leo, an intimate friend and father confessor of St. Francis, was grievously tormented by a temptation against which he battled in vain for a number of days, he came to St. Francis and threw himself at his feet that he might intercede with God for him. St. Francis took a scroll of parchment and wrote on it the following words: "May the Lord bless thee and keep thee; may He show His face to thee, and have mercy on thee; may He turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace; Bro. LeTo, may the Lord bless thee."

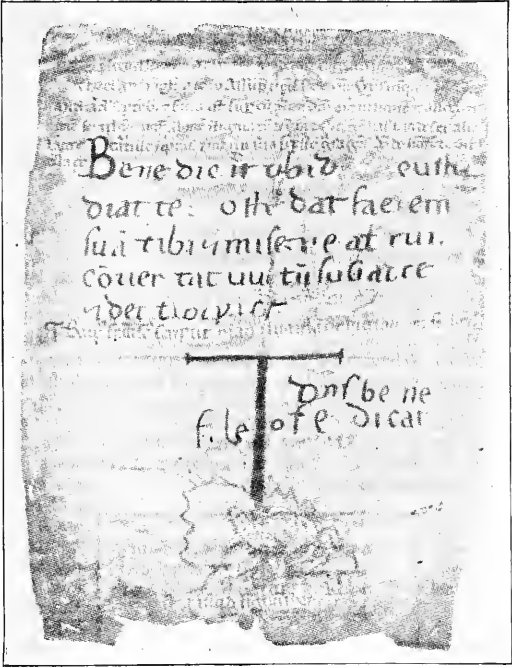
You will notice the odd position of the T in relation to Bro. Leo's name. Students of Franciscan lore tell us that this was intentional and that the T thus became a cross of blessing. St. Francis, following the practice of all old missals and breviaries, placed it so as to divide the name of the person blessed.

I am sure that all our Tertiaries,

following the practice of their Sepharic Father St. Francis, will have a great love and veneration for the Tau cross. It has become distinctively Franciscan and will at once distinguish a person, using it in any way, as a child of St. Francis. Moreover, as the Tau cross resembles a crutch, it indicates the fraternal charity that Tertiaries should practice and it signifies the readiness with

the wearing of this garb is no longer permitted, except on rare occasions, and the cord and scapular, which took its place, may be worn only under the outer clothing, some outward distinctive is, if not imperative, at least very desirable. The Third Order emblem serves as a means of mutual recognition. Tertiaries, no matter of what country, or race, or nationality, are all members of the one grand

Franciscan family, and as such they are bound by their Rule to love and to aid one another. How can they do so, if they have no special means of recognizing one another? Moreover, the emblem if worn on all occasions, at home and on the street and while at work, will have a very beneficial and restraining influence upon the wearers. It will act as a silent yet eloquent reminder to walk worthy of their vocation as sons and daughters of so great a Father. It will also help to make propaganda for the Third Order, if the members constantly wear an outward badge and always and everywhere act consistently with the deep significance of their emblem. They will naturally draw attention to their rule of life, and many a Catholic who has never known the Third Order will be led to admire and to love it and eventually to embrace it. Even non-Catholics will be incited by it to curiosity, as was the case with the Tertiary referred to in the beginning of my *Chat*; and the information that the Catholic Church has a special organization for lay people, than which none of the centuries since its founding has produced anything better for the moral and social uplift of humanity, will certainly not fail to make a profound and very beneficial impression on them. The emblem will lend prestige to the Order. Too long have Tertiaries been hiding their light under a bushel, as if they owed the world an apology for belonging to the greatest lay organization in the



Facsimile of the parchment on which St. Francis wrote his blessing to Brother Leo

which they should hasten to support the weak and assist the destitute by the faithful performance of the corporal works of mercy.

Naturally, you will now ask whether you are obliged to wear this Third Order emblem. I must say that you are not, since it has never been prescribed by Holy Church. There are, however, some very good reasons for wearing it, which I will now proceed to count up. St. Francis prescribed as the livery of his Tertiaries the large tunic, or habit, which was formerly worn, even in public, by all members of the Third Order. Since

Catholic Church. That day, however, is past. Tertiaries have every reason to be proud of their affiliation with the family of St. Francis; and especially since the National Third Order Convention held here in Chicago last October, they need have no fear of letting others know of it. Many a Tertiary who came to the Convention with his Third Order cord and scapular well concealed under his clothing and rather shy about advising others of the purpose of his visit to the great city, would only too gladly have worn his cord and

scapular outside of his clothing, before the Convention was a day old; for never in the history of Chicago were delegates to a convention more highly respected. It was the triumph of St. Francis in the United States; our glorious country, founded by one of his Tertiary sons and evangelized by members of his First Order, had again come by its own. As Europe, so also America did homage to St. Francis in honoring the institution of his Third Order.

You see, therefore, my friends, that there is all reason in the world why

you should wear some sort of Tertiary emblem. As they are to be had in various styles throughout the country at a very moderate cost, there is no excuse at all for a member not having one. If Masonic and other fraternal associations of our noble Catholic brethren, and the Knight of Columbus, Foresters, and other organizations within the pale of Holy Church, wear a distinctive emblem, why should not every Tertiary be proud to step forth bearing on their person the beautiful and deeply significant emblem of their Order?

ON FRIENDSHIPS

BY AGNES MODESTA

DO YOU like to burrow down to the roots of the words you use, I wonder? If so, it will interest you to know something about the ancestry of the subject of this talk. The word *friend* comes from the Anglo-Saxon root-word which means *to love*, and it bears a close relation to *fraendi*, the Icelandic word for *kinsman*. Webster tells us that a friend is "one who entertains for another such sentiments of esteem, respect, and affection that he seeks his society and welfare." And the same authority defines *friendship* as "the friendly relation or attachment to a person or between persons arising from mutual respect and good will."

A great deal to be contained in a word that is all too often used so loosely. We hear someone say, "Oh, So-and-so is a friend of mine," when the plain truth is that So-and-so is the merest casual acquaintance, with whom the speaker may never pass another dozen words. Because of the frequency of this light application of a beautiful term, it should be our desire and endeavor to understand it in its fullest significance and to do our little part towards keeping it on the pedestal which is its right and lawful place.

There are so many attachments called friendship which are really in no way deserving of the name. Pseudo-friendships and false and harmful friendships—if they may be called by that name—put on a paste

halo of truth. But where a real never-to-be-forgotten friendship exists between man and man, woman and woman, or man and woman, there is nothing more splendid and inspiring on earth. These, the only true friendships, are dependent upon the strength of that greatest of all—the friendship that holds between the Son of God and those who love Him, whose Kinsman He became when he took to Himself our nature and our human case of clay.

Where a real never-to-be-forgotten friendship exists, there is nothing more splendid and inspiring on earth.

It is the young girl of "flapper" age who is perhaps of all mortals the most prone to gather about herself many of what I call pseudo-friendships. They first enter her slangy vocabulary as "crushes" or "cases." Their object ranges from a teacher or older girl schoolmate to her favorite "movie queen." Such attachments are often harmless emotional experiences that flicker and die, seldom quickening into anything lasting; for the school-girl "crush" is notoriously a fleeting and an evanescent thing.

Occasionally, however, the pseudo-friendship will grow into that degenerating sentiment which finds its roots in selfishness and manifests it-

self in selfishness, parasitically sucking the strength from the will and stunting the tender sapling to which it has fastened itself. Such false and harmful friendship is insidious because it makes its first appearance in the masquerade of light. The girl who falls under its spell is usually of a highly emotional temperament; she is convinced that this great friendship that has entered her life is the most sublime thing that the world has ever known. Now, if the recipient of the beginnings of this sentiment is a sane and sensible girl or woman, she will disentangle the clinging tendrils and encourage them to hold fast to their natural supports. But the danger appears when the object of it proves to be selfish, neurotic, or even downright vicious. It is then that the girl or woman who has laid her all upon what she has supposed to be the altar of friendship, finds herself in the hands of a virtue-stealer.

Still, it is not the part of wisdom to suspect all pseudo-friendships as possible harmful or false ones. For some, indeed, do adjust themselves into those inspiring and mutually helpful relationships that are among the most beautiful things in the world. True friendship, it seems to me, is the ideally selfless kind of love. Arising as it does from mutual esteem and good will, it ennobles both participants and is indefinitely elastic. For one of the surest tests of a perfect friendship is that it does

not draw the affections inward, but rather permits their radiation and the inclusion of other friendships. And I feel safe in saying that the person whose circle of real friends is large, by exercising her powers completely, has made of the individuals a whole which is loyal, ennobling and true, and has proved that friend-making and friend-keeping is a real art.

There are a great many persons who insist that true friendship can exist only between men. Friendships between women, they say, are either selfish or short-lived; and friendships between men and women are invariably based upon mere sex attraction. The greatest examples of friendship in history, they tell us, have been the love of a man for a man.

Now I resolutely waive the temptation to argue on the subject. But I cannot resist the temptation to call attention to a fact which many seem to have forgotten—that friendship, is, first and last, a thing of the soul, and that there is no such thing as sex in souls. We are so very apt to overlook the fact that the abnormal spiritual differences we note between men and women, are caused really by the difference in the physical instrument through which the action of the spirit manifests itself.

A clear understanding of this would prevent much misconception and guard against many misrepresentations of the truth. A master musician will take his place at a great cathedral organ and under his fingers a tremendous volume of sound will thunder forth down the echoing aisles and reverberate from the lofty ceilings until those who listen are all but forced into the realms of bliss on the mounting wings of sound. Let us then suppose that the master goes away from the mighty instrument and returns to his quiet studio. There he sits down before his piano, gazes into the dying embers of an open grate, and allows his fingers to wander caressingly over the keys. Presently he drifts into the same composition that has so lately resounded beneath his touch of genius from the giant organ. But what a difference! Perhaps it is that the surroundings are quiet, the firelight is dim, and the evening air rustling through the window is sweet; but the master fingers, gliding over the

smooth keys with a velvet touch, sends the same music singing out softly and peacefully. *But it is the same music!* The piano, though the most perfect of its kind, can not give forth the volume of sound that came from the pipe organ; and even if it could, there would be the temptation to let the sound float gently across the dusky room. Again the hearers are enchanted; again they are impelled towards heaven; but this time they are buoyed up on gentle zephyrs instead of forging along before a mighty blast.

The music is the same in both instances; the creator of it is the same; and he is even playing the same composition. Only the manifestation is different. And why? Because the instrument, the environment, and the mood of the artist is not the same. So we must realize that it is the same kind of a soul that plays both upon the masculine and upon the feminine instrument, the difference being only in the effect as it acts upon the one or upon the other. And it is true that the things of the spirit are as possible for the one as for the other.

But—to return to the main line of my subject—there are, as a matter of fact, many true friendships between woman and woman, just as there are between man and man. The personal experiences of nearly every one of us have revealed them. What if the historical examples have been for the most part men. David and Jonathan; Damon and Pythias, and all the rest are, after all, instances of the bond of souls which might have seen the light through feminine as well as through masculine bodies. But should one insist upon historical evidence, what of a certain maiden of Nazareth, called Mary, and her cousin, Elizabeth?

"Oh, but that was not friendship—it was cousinly love."

And what is friendship but love—pure and selfless love?

Then we come to the possibility of a genuine friendship between man and woman, one untouched by the dross of physical attraction, or more explicitly, sex lure. We meet so many who consider this an unlikely state of affairs; but how it can seem so to a Christian is hard to understand. For no more wonderful ex-

ample of genuine friendship is known to the world than that of our Divine Savior and Mary and Martha of Bethany. Further, for those who love the Poverello of Assisi, we have an illustration so vivid that it is almost all sufficient; for one of the most striking examples of pure friendship on record is that of Francis of Assisi and his remarkable co-saint Clare.

Accordingly, I will continue to persist that friendship, real and true, should be earnestly sought and held as sacred when gained. For it drives from its possessors everything small, mean, selfish and egotistical. It is easily possible between man and man, woman and woman, and man and woman, so long as it springs in every case from that divine Friendship which is the point of contact between man and God.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. The Most Precious Blood. (Plen. Ind.)
2. The Visitation of the B. V. M. (Gen. Abs.—Plen. Ind.)
3. Bl. Raymond Lully, Martyr of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
8. St. Elizabeth of Portugal, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
9. SS. Nicolas and Companions, Martyrs of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
10. St. Veronica, Virgin of the II Order. (Plen. Ind.)
13. St. Francis Solano, Patron of our Mission Association, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
14. St. Bonaventure, Bishop of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
16. Canonization of our Holy Father St. Francis. (Plen. Ind.)
21. Bl. Angelina, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
22. St. Laurence of Brindisi, Confessor of the I Order Cap. (Plen. Ind.)
24. BB. Cunegundes and Mary Magdalen Postal, Virgins of the II and III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
26. St. Anne, Mother of the B. V. M. (Plen. Ind.)
27. Bl. Mary Magdalen Martinengo, Virgin of the II Order. (Plen. Ind.)
30. BB. Simon, Peter and Archangel, Conf. of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)

N. B.—To gain the Porziuncola Indulgence it suffices for all to go to Confession on or after July 25. Holy Communion, however, must be received either on August 1 or 2.



Missions

MY FIRST TRIP TO KETTLE RIVER

BY FR. ODORIC, O. F. M., MISSIONER

I HAD been hunting for the souls of the white settlers, and, incidentally, for a little money to build them a church and school; but my heart was still more concerned about bringing the Indians into the Fold of Christ. I was told that there were a number of pagan Indians near Kettle River or Rudlege, about one hundred miles from Superior, on the St. Paul-Duluth railroad, and I determined to seek them out. I arrived at Kettle River on the train from Duluth. On alighting at the station, I inquired of a man if there were any Indians in the place.

"Yes," he said, "there are some. I am one myself."

"Where do you live?"

"Over there, close by the woods."

"May I go with you?"

"Certainly."

We went together and soon came to a house owned by John Cadjune, where I was kindly received. None of the Indians in that locality were baptized. I was under the impression that no priest had ever before visited them. So I was greatly surprised on learning that Fr. Lemay of Cloquet had called there now and then, visiting the few white Catholics, who were mostly Irish. Hearing that there were some Catholics in the place, I felt much reassured and hoped that they would invite me to say holy Mass the next morning, in one of their homes. Strange to say, I was coldly received on all sides, nay, even eyed with suspicion. In those days, we Fathers traveled in our Franciscan habit throughout the length and breadth of the Indian country around the Great Lakes, on railroads and boats and ships, in cities and towns, everywhere. These good people had never before seen a Fran-

ciscan and my coarse brown habit made them suspicious. It was not uncommon that bogus priests would visit the camps and settlements. The people had been cautioned against them by Fr. Lemay. As no one invited me to celebrate holy Mass in his home, I invited myself to the Indian hut where I had been received. I announced that holy Mass would be celebrated there on the following morning. The next day there was scarcely anyone present; only Mrs. Conway and one or two of her little children attended.

"Fine Catholics these Irish at Kettle River!" thought I to myself, more surprised at their non-attendance than at the cold hospitality they had shown me the day before. After Mass I wished to baptize two Indian children. As no Indians in the place were Catholics, I politely asked Mrs. Conway to act as sponsor. The good woman immediately became very excited and explained:

"Before I consent, I ask you, sir, are you a priest?"

"Yes, madam, I am a priest," I replied suavely.

"Are you a Catholic priest?"

"Yes, Mrs. Conway, I am a Catholic priest," more graciously than before.

"Are you a Roman Catholic priest?"

"Yes, my dear Mrs. Conway, I am a Roman Catholic priest, ordained by Rt. Rev. Patrick Ryan, of St. Louis, Mo., on May 16, 1880. Of course, I did not bring my credentials of ordination with me, as I did not think I would need them in this place; but I trust you will take my word for it."

Well, she seemed half-way satisfied and consented to act as sponsor. But

when she learned that she was to stand for both children, she again remonstrated, saying:

"I never did that before; why, I don't know what to do."

The fact is her fears arose from the superstition that of two children who have the same sponsor one would soon die. How foolish! And still, how often to be found even among otherwise good Catholics. Quietly I assured her that I would tell her what to do; that she could take my word for it that I was a real Roman Catholic priest, ordained and authorized to administer the holy Sacraments of Baptism and the other Sacraments; and that I would take all the responsibility on my conscience. Thereupon, she agreed to act as godmother for the two little Indian children.

That afternoon, when I was sitting in the train on my way home, a certain Mr. McL— stood near the track and gazed at me with a perplexed look on his face. I quickly opened the window; whereupon Mr. McL— approached and said bashfully:

"Father, will you please pardon us for treating you so coldly?"

"Most certainly," I replied, smiling. "I was not offended in the least. I am sure you all love your holy religion and that you are good faithful Catholics."

"You see, Father," Mr. McL— explained, "a short time ago a man appeared in the settlement, claiming to be a Brother of some kind. Well, after he had collected some money for an alleged charitable purpose—I think it was for an orphan asylum in St. Paul—it developed he was an imposter. Fr. Lemay cautioned us against the likes of him, unless they

could show a written permit from him. As we had never seen a priest dressed like you, you can readily understand why we looked at you with suspicion, the more so since the key to the mail box was just recently stolen."

I assured the good man that I had

not at all taken it ill of them for being so careful, and now that we had become acquainted, I knew that they would be only too glad to have me call at their settlement and administer to them the holy Sacraments of the Church. Indeed, I loved those staunch Irish hearts all the

more for their great caution, as it was only their deep religious feeling that made them fear to partake in any heretical service. I and my successors in that mission field often stopped at the home of good Mrs. Conway. God rest her soul; she died suddenly many years ago.

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

MY VISIT TO ARIZONA MISSIONS

BY VERY REV. MARTIN STRUB, O. F. M., MINISTER PROVINCIAL

THE readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD and benefactors of our Missions in Arizona, will doubtless be interested to know what I saw and learned during my recent visit to that vast Franciscan mission field of to-day. After seeing a number of the famous old Missions in California I departed with Very Rev. Samuel Macke, O.F.M., my predecessor as Minister Provincial, for Banning, California, to visit the Indian School. It is in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, while two Franciscan Fathers look after the spiritual needs of the school and of the neighborhood. The school is attended by 112 Indian children.

That same night we left for Arizona and arrived at Maricopa station at about 7:30 the next morning, May 9. We were met at the station by Fathers Vincent, Antonine, and Raphael. The last-mentioned missionary acted as chauffeur, the fine car being the one he had received as Christmas present from his mother. From Maricopa to St. John's Mission is a distance of about twenty-one miles; so from the very start of our mission tour we got a fair idea of sandy, sunburnt, and mountainous Arizona. On the way we passed the Indian village Akchin, where a chapel is under construction; and later on, near the end of our trip, we came to St. Catherine's church at Santa Cruz. The Indian village comprises about twenty-four families, while the day school has an attendance of twenty-three children. On arriving at the

church, which at the same time serves as schoolhouse, we found the children gathering for their daily task. Our missionaries visit Santa Cruz once a month, on which occasions practically all the people come to the sacraments, so that there are always from eighty to one hundred Holy Communions.

After leaving Santa Cruz, we forded the Gila River and soon came in sight of the cluster of buildings that form St. John's Mission. What an impressive spectacle met our gaze when, having made the last turn in the road, we were only a few hundred yards from the Mission site. Dressed in their uniforms and lined along both sides of the road, the 420 children stood at attention and smiled a hearty welcome as our machine passed by them; while at the farther end of the line the Mission Band was filling the quiet desert air with their best and most spirited selections. It was, in a word, a grand manifestation of filial esteem and gratitude. Holy Mass was celebrated immediately after, during which all the children were present. After breakfast, we were entertained by the children with an exhibition of splendid drills and calisthenic exercises. During the time remaining till dinner the Mission Band treated us with a concert, to show that also in this respect the missionaries are working for the welfare of the Indians.

After dinner we visited the neighboring eighty-acre farm given to

St. John's by the Government. The missionaries call it a farm; but till just recently it was desert land with nothing on it but cactus plants and mesquite bushes. The Fathers realized, however, that with irrigation the land would compare favorably with any farm in Iowa or Illinois. So, at a great expense, it was cleared and a well bored. Just a few days before our arrival water was struck, and now twenty-three acres are already planted in beans. This farm and the three hundred and twenty acre ranch near Phoenix, help to support the school. At the same time they give employment to the older boys and afford the missionaries an opportunity to teach the art of agriculture.

All school work, as also the general education of the girls, is in charge of the Sisters of St. Joseph, while a disciplinarian and a number of special instructors superintend the outdoor work of the boys. Three Franciscan priests, FF. Vincent, John Berchmans, and Raphael, look after the spiritual needs of the school, which, by the way, is the largest Indian boarding school in the United States. Fathers Antonine and Sylvester minister to the Indians in the villages that lie scattered far and wide in every direction from St. John's. The former has nine such mission stations and visits them once a month; the farthest, Gila Bend, is fifty-three miles from St. John's. Father Sylvester has charge of twelve mission stations; but he is

unable to visit them all within the space of a month, as the farthest, Mui Wafia, lies 150 miles from St. John's. None of these missions can be reached by railroad; wherefore the Fathers must travel per auto over the desert roads beneath the scorching sun, if they are to bring the consolations of religion to their poor Indians. This entails many and great sacrifices. But the Lord rewards His faithful servants, inasmuch as they find sweet consolation in the fervor and devotion of their neophytes.

On the following day, May 10, the various buildings of the mission were inspected. Here much was seen that pleased and edified us; and it was equally interesting to hear the missionaries recount their successes, explain their prospects, unfold their plans, and point out their difficulties. Later in the day we made a trip, covering sixty-three miles, to some of Father Sylvester's missions, and in the evening the Indian Girls' Mandolin Club carried out a very interesting musical programme. Having seen and heard so much since my arrival at St. John's and having convinced myself that the Fathers are making great sacrifices and achieving laudable results for the Indians, I called them together that night for a special meeting. After praising them for their noble endeavors and promising all possible assistance, I informed them that on the morrow ground would be broken and a cross erected on the site where they wished the new chapel to come. It goes without saying that this announcement filled their hearts with great joy.

Accordingly, the next morning, the children of the Mission, accompanied by the Sisters, marched in procession to the chosen site. Arriving in company with the Fathers, I addressed the children, exhorting them to make good use of the opportunities offered them at St. John's and reminding them of their duty to pray every day for their many kind benefactors without whose financial aid the Fathers and Sisters could not be doing for them what they are doing. Then, with the aid of a nicely ornamented shovel, ground was broken and a cross erected.

That same day, we set out for San Solano Mission, in company with Father Bonaventure, who is Superior there. It was a trip of 130 miles, mostly over desert roads. On the way we visited the Yaqui Indian School at Guadalupe and also a number of missions. It was shortly after sundown when we arrived at San Solano Mission. Three Fathers are stationed at this place and each has his mission stations to look after. These extend to the north and west and to the south as far as the Mexican border. After saying Holy Mass the next morning we set out to visit some of the churches. Most of them, like those already seen, are built of sun-baked bricks (called adobes) and covered with plaster, which gives them a very neat appearance. A few of the churches, however, are of stone, there being an abundance of this material at hand. This trip covered ninety-nine miles. While we were at the southernmost station word arrived that a sick Indian across the border wished to see the priest. At once we set out. The

sick Indian was attended to and several others availed themselves of this opportunity and received the Sacraments. In this way I got a taste of real missionary life. A similar event occurred just the day before, when FF. Antonine and Sylvester, who had accompanied us to Casa Grande, about forty miles from St. John's, were on the point of returning home. They were seven miles out of Casa Grande when their machine refused to go farther. After examining the motor very carefully they discovered that the gas tank was empty, although the gauge showed thirteen gallons. They waited for a passing car and in this rode back to Casa Grande to purchase gasoline. They were about to continue their homeward journey when a man approached and asked that they return to Casa Grande, as a sick person wished to see the priest. It is the missionary who gets most chances to see the workings of God's mercy and providence.

The following noon we departed for Mission San Xavier del Bac, near Tucson. It lies at a distance of sixty-five miles, about forty of which are an excellent highway. On the road we stopped at the little church which Father Nicholas, Superior of San Xavier, is building for the Indians of the neighborhood. The old Mission church of San Xavier, erected by the Spanish Franciscans in 1797, is undoubtedly the most artistic of all the old missions in the southwest. We saw and admired also the well-kept records of a nearby mission, dating back to 1721. The Indian Day School at San Xavier is in charge of



This was the moment we missionaries had been looking forward to ever since that dreary day, December 28, 1920, when our pretty chapel fell a prey to devouring flames



Now, we hope, it will not be long until St. John's Mission again has a suitable house of worship

the Sisters of St. Joseph, who here, as at St. John's and at Banning, are doing admirable work, helping the Fathers make good Christians and useful citizens of the Indians.

On Sunday, May 14, we departed for the East, exceedingly fatigued but filled with admiration for the missionary Fathers and for the good Sisters, who are all laboring so zealously for the Indians in Arizona. It is our earnest desire to help them in their needs, which still are many and great. To mention only a few of them: At St. John's a number of the adobe (mud-brick) buildings have suffered from the rains. A coat

of plaster would make them last for many a year to come. At one of the mission stations the church lacks benches; at another there is no floor except the bare ground; at a third the ceiling is missing, a small piece of canvas being stretched above the altar; while at Snaketown, for lack of a church, Father Sylvester says holy Mass in an Indian hut, using the breakfast table as an altar. There is only the one room in which the family cooks, eats and sleeps, and during the bitter cold winter months it is almost impossible to arrange things for hearing confessions. As there is no place to sleep here, Father

Sylvester must drive a distance of twenty-four miles to find a bed. But these conditions will improve as time goes on, with the blessing of God and the aid of kind benefactors, of whom there are many among the readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD. Day for day the prayers of the children at St. John's Mission and of the missionary Fathers and Sisters ascend to Heaven in the words of Mother Church:

Vouchsafe, O Lord, for Thy name's sake, to reward with eternal life all who do us good!

A RED-LETTER DAY AT ST. JOHN'S MISSION

BY FR. VINCENT, O. F. M., MISSIONER IN ARIZONA

On March 13, Mr. James A. Flaherty, Supreme Grand Knight of Columbus, was our guest. It proved a day we shall not soon forget. Between the announcement of his visit and his actual arrival, there was just enough time for our children to doff their week day clothes and don their Sunday best. Our brass band, too, with its usual "pep" was on the *qui vive*; and as the machine carrying Mr. Flaherty and his party wound into the mission grounds the K. of C. March bade them a smiling welcome; while the boys and girls, four hun-

dred strong, in company formation, stood at attention and saluted as their distinguished guests passed by.

Then followed a military drill and calisthenic exercises. The Supreme Grand Knight was highly pleased, admiring the exactness with which they were executed and wondering at the intelligence which the children displayed. Before dismissing the children, Mr. Flaherty favored us with a few words of appreciation and encouragement. He said in part:

"I want to congratulate you Fathers and good Sisters and you

children on the wonderful showing you have made today. Indeed, I had not the faintest idea of the wonderful work that is being accomplished here in these parts by the good Sisters. My children, ever remain firm, firm as soldiers, in the faith, the holy faith they are instilling into your young hearts. Like soldiers, be proud of it; fight for it; if needs be, die for it."

A band concert by the boys and a number of choice selections by the girls' mandolin and guitar club likewise received the hearty applause of

UNITED STATES COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS VISITS THE PAPAGO COUNTRY

BY FR. BONAVENTURE, O. F. M., MISSIONER IN ARIZONA

DURING the first week in May, we missioners in the Papago country enjoyed the rare privilege of having the Honorable Charles H. Burke, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, in our midst. He was accompanied by Mr. H. B. Peairs, Supervisor of all Indian Schools; Mr. Franklin A. Thackery, Attache of the Department of Agriculture; and Mr. Duclos, Superintendent at Pima Agency. The distinguished visitors entered the Papago country at Santa Rosa village. Toward evening, they arrived at San Solano Mission, where they were welcomed by all the Papago missioners, who had assembled there for the occasion. The Honorable Commissioner thanked the Fathers for the valuable assistance they had rendered the Government in defending the rights of the Papagos to their ancestral domain. After partaking of light refreshments, the party left for the Government headquarters at Sells.

Here a formal reception was held at the residence of the Superintendent. Fr. Bonaventure from San Solano and Fr. Nicholas from San Xavier del Bac represented the Catholic Missions. In his address, the Honorable Commissioner stated he was making this tour to assure himself of the fact that, since every Indian child was now obliged to attend school, adequate facilities would not be wanting to fulfill this obligation. The United States Government, he declared, welcomes the co-operation of all missioners toward providing good schools. For this reason, he, as Commissioner, had instructed his inspectors to visit also the mission schools. In consequence, he had till now learned that, with few exceptions, the mission schools were ably conducted; that they compared favorably with those operated by the Government; and that in some cases the Government had been able to glean from them

valuable suggestions, which it used to good advantage in the Federal schools.

On the following day, the party inspected the Catholic Day School at Topawa. Supervisor Peairs was surprised to find so large an attendance; and he declared that here was a grand opportunity for a well conducted school. Therefore he urged that a second teacher be added and that only normal graduates be placed in charge of the children. The readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD, I may add, are doubtless aware of the fact that this school at Topawa is kept up by the Tertiaries of Joliet, Ill. Now, will these zealous friends of our missions in Arizona also undertake to carry out the Supervisor's suggestion?

The afternoon found the members of the Government party at the Old Mission of San Xavier del Bac.

After they had inspected the Sisters' School for the Papagos, Rev. Mother Aquinas served a delicious luncheon, while the San Xavier Band, composed of Papago Indians, furnished the music. The Honorable Commissioner praised the work of the Sisters in unmistakable terms. He made us feel that he meant what he said, which was all the more gratifying for us from the fact that the Synod of the Presbyterian Church, in its last meeting, had demanded of the Government an inspection of this school. During the brief visit in the old mission church, which the Franciscans had erected when the United States was still in its infancy, the visitors were deeply impressed with the intense work and artistic taste of the Franciscan missioners, over a century ago, of which this imposing and beautiful edifice bears eloquent testimony.

That same night, the distinguished visitors departed for California, leaving behind a host of admiring friends and staunch supporters. God grant that the United States Indian Department may always have men in charge like Commissioner Burke and Supervisor Peairs—men of impartial judgment, deep sympathy, keen foresight, and inspiring enthusiasm.

BEGINNING OF ST. FRANCIS'S PREACHING

Francis and Brother Giles, as they went along, exulted exceedingly in the Lord, and the holy man, singing praises in French with loud, clear voice, blessed and glorified the goodness of the Most High. There was in them as much joy as if they had found a great treasure in the evangelic field of the Lady Poverty, for whose sake they had freely and gladly set at naught all temporal things as dung. And the holy man said to Brother Giles: "Our Religion will be like a fisherman who casts his nets into the water and catches a plenteous multitude of fish and, leaving the little ones in the water, chooses the large ones to put into his vessels."



The Honorable Charles H. Burke, United States Commissioner of Indian Affairs, thanked the Fathers for the valuable assistance they had rendered the Government in defending the rights of the Papagos to their ancestral domain



Fiction



FOR BASIL'S SAKE

By MARIAN NESBITT
Author of "Lamps of Fire"
(CONCLUDED)

Chapter VI

*"The greater soul that draweth thee,
Hath left his shadow plain to see
On thy fair face, Persephone!"*

"HOW lovely! Look, Hugh, Margery—all of you! Isn't this as perfect as anything could well be?" cried Cicely, enthusiastically.

They were standing on the slope of a wooded hill—celebrated even in St. Marc, where charming views abound, for the exceeding beauty of its scenery. Before them lay a vast expanse of country—forest, field and river, blending in one harmonious whole; on the right, the picturesque old town; on the left, fertile valleys and breezy uplands; and, in the far distance, a chain of blue mountains.

"I hope you won't all annihilate me when I say that I much prefer this to Switzerland," Cicely went on, taking off her hat and fanning herself with it, as she leant against the trunk of a wide-spreading beech. "Switzerland is grander, I am quite ready to allow, but the grandeur is rather oppressive, and those gigantic, snow-clad peaks make one feel terribly melancholy. They always seem to me like pale ghosts of the cheerful green mountains—sad, departed spirits, doomed to gaze forever down upon a happy world in which they have no part. Perhaps they, too, were green once—green and bright, with waving, pine-covered slopes and sun-kissed, undulating meadow lands. But now, wrapped in their cold snow shrouds, the icy wind blowing always on their dead white faces, they must stand apart, condemned to an eternal loneliness."

"Ah! but you have strange thoughts, dearest Cicely," Marie said, admiringly.

The other looked a little confused; she had forgotten, for the moment, that she was not alone with Hugh, to whom she often confided her vague fancies. He understood her—understood, as perhaps no one else did, that underlying her lighthearted exterior lay a strong, swift current of feeling—inner depths, whose waters she herself had never gauged.

"Children!" called the pleasant tones of the Marquise—"it is time we thought of turning our steps homeward."

Cicely looked across at Hugh with an expression in her eyes that brought him at once to her side.

"Don't go for a minute," she said, in a low tone. "I want to talk to you."

So they waited till the voices of

the others sounded faint and far off; and then they, too, turned away and directed their steps down a charming woodland glade, where the sunlight struck the red pine stems till they glowed with dreamlike beauty and made a golden glory round Cicely's uncovered head.

For some minutes they walked along in absolute silence—that silence which is sometimes so much more sympathetic than speech. Cicely was the first to break it.

"I have no right to trouble you with my affairs," she began, rather nervously. "But, oh, Hugh, you know about me and Basil—tell me what I ought to do. I have thought and thought, until I am tired of thinking; and yet I seem as far off as ever from coming to any decision. I don't believe I understand what love means," she continued, in a dreamy, speculative tone. "Friendship, I confess, has a much greater charm for me—the sweet companionship of kindred minds is more satisfactory, less selfish, and infinitely less exacting. Don't you think so?"

"My own individual opinion is not the point in this case," he returned, smiling a somewhat inscrutable smile. "Basil certainly does not agree with you; and the question that you have to decide appears to me to be one which can be answered only by your own heart."

"Oh, don't say that, Hugh! It seems to make my responsibility so much greater. Tell me—do you think Basil would feel it very much if I explained to him that it cannot be as he wishes?"

"Undoubtedly he would. He is very tenacious in his affection, unless I am very much mistaken."

The Story Thus Far

Orphans of Irish-English parentage, Hugh and Margery Castellain live happy and contented with their mother's girl friend, the Marquise de Fleurville, in France. News, all unexpected, arrives from England regarding their unknown cousin Basil. Margery dreads his coming in search of them, but Hugh, whom she idolizes, laughs at her foolish notions. It is summer at Castellain Court, in Devonshire, and Basil, its heir and owner, is happy in the company of Cicely Sinclair, the girl who is only "very fond of him." With her mother, who needs a change of air, Cicely must depart for France. So must also Basil—to find his cousins. By mere chance they meet, cousins and friends, in the public gardens at St. Marc. Days follow, punctuated with all the marks of genuine friendship. Then, to his deep regret, Hugh makes a startling discovery. But no one, not even Margery, shall ever know of it. He will make this sacrifice and also the other, perhaps greater one, for Basil's sake.

"No; you are right—quite right, as you always are. But, Hugh, these things don't really break people's hearts."

"Certainly not," he replied with unwonted bitterness. "They let people live and—suffer."

Cicely looked up startled. Something in his voice struck a strange chill to her heart. Was he speaking from personal experience? Surely not! Yet the words rang suspiciously true, and aroused feelings in her that could not well be defined. He was her friend, and the idea of a secret pain—conveyed not so much by the words themselves as by the tone in which they were uttered—gave her a keen pang, the cause of which she did not attempt to analyze. She relapsed into silence and walked on, abstractedly stripping the blossoms off a spray of wild clematis, which Basil had gathered for her as they came up through the wood.

Was she going to cast away his love in like fashion? Hugh wondered; while the shadow on her face grew deeper each moment.

"Believe me, Cicely, I would gladly help you if I could," he said, at last, in tones so intensely earnest, so entirely heartfelt in their sympathy, that the tears rushed to her eyes. "But no one ought to advise you in this matter. It is as I said just now, a question which you—and you alone—must decide."

"Only it is so difficult, so almost impossible, to know what is right. I cannot bear to hurt him; and yet—oh, Hugh, is it fair—is it just—to take so much and give so little?"

"How can I tell?" he answered, almost impatiently. "But one thing I do know—Basil has given you his whole heart, and it will go hard with him if—"

He broke off abruptly; the words seemed to have been wrung from him against his will; and before she could reply, Margery appeared in the pathway a few yards ahead.

"What on earth have you been about—you two?" she cried, gaily. "Are you aware that you have kept us waiting more than ten minutes?"

"You are coming with us?" the Marquise said to Hugh, when, on reaching the foot of the steep slope,

he came round to her side of the carriage.

"Thanks—no; I prefer to walk."

"You will find it very hot still."

"Scarcely in the wood, I think," he returned, not appearing to notice the slight shade of remonstrance in her tone. "Goodbye!"

The words were meant for all; but he looked at Cicely, who leant forward to wave a last farewell to him as they drove away. The slanting sunbeams fell upon his uncovered head and grave, intense face. Perhaps it was the strong light that made him look so white and weary. Nevertheless, she felt distinctly uneasy and not a little disturbed. Why had he said "goodbye"?—that word which, even in the ears of the most careless, has a sound of infinite sadness, and of which Cicely had an almost superstitious dread. She did not guess—how should she?—that, in this case, it meant an eternal farewell. Hugh had dreamed his brief, bright dream of hope and happiness; but now the awakening was come, and hope and happiness must both be resigned—for Basil's sake.

When the carriage had passed out of sight he turned back again and, ascending the steep path with rapid steps, disappeared within the leafy dimness of the wood. The twilight shadows were deepening into night before he returned to the town and, a few minutes later, entered the beautiful old Cathedral by a small side door.

It was almost dark within, save for the tiny bright specks of light that told of distant shrines, and the fuller rays of the Sanctuary lamp, which burned like a red star amidst the gloom.

The welcome darkness and religious silence were not without their effect. Hugh, worn out in mind and body, knelt down before the Tabernacle, and hid his face in his hands. God help him—his hour had come! That hour which strikes for most of us at some time or other in our lives—that moment when some faint shadow from Gethsemane seems to fall across our souls, and going out we wrestle in secret with our agony—an agony that has the bitterness of death.

He lifted his head at last. The struggle was over—the self-sacrifice consummated—that crowning act of

love, than which none higher or more noble can be conceived upon this earth of ours.

Chapter VII

"Of love that never found his earthly close what sequel?"

Streaming eyes and breaking hearts?

Or all the same as if he had not been?

Not so."

"Cicely grave! Cicely sad! I can scarcely believe the evidence of my senses," cried Margery, dancing up to her friend, who was standing by one of the quaint windows in the octagon room. "Has anything happened to trouble you?" she went on, with a sudden change of tone. "I don't think I have ever seen you look so serious."

"No? Well, now you will be able to retain a more solemn remembrance of me. Ah, Margery, you will find out some day that 'face-joy's a costly mask to wear'; and then you will be thankful to throw it aside occasionally."

"Cicely, what do you mean? Are you really unhappy?"

"How can I feel otherwise, when I know that by this time next week I shall be far away from dear St. Marc—the sweetest place in all the world to me!"

"Don't!" exclaimed Margery, looking suspiciously like tears. "Oh, Cicely, I shall miss you dreadfully!"

"And I you, dear; but we will be friends always, Margery mine, and you must come and stay with me often. Talking of going away, I have been wondering if you and Hugh intend to remain here after he has finished his college career."

"I don't know; he will decide all that; and, for myself, I don't care where I am, so long as I am with him."

"Dearest, you are right. Nothing matters while we are with those we love."

"And yet you feel leaving St. Marc, though you are going back with Basil and your mother to beautiful Heathercombe—not to mention the lovely old Court, which is so soon to be your home. Oh, inconsistency, thy name is Cicely!"

"I stand rebuked," she answered, in an indescribable tone. "But while I am willing to admit the full force

of your argument, I feel like the hero in that charming song Hugh sings: 'I know not what I will'. It is very unreasonable, no doubt, but the fact remains the same."

Several hours later, Cicely and Hugh found themselves alone together for the first time since that afternoon, now nearly a fortnight ago, when, after having asked his advice, she gave her final promise to Basil. They had been for a walk and were coming home through one of those delightful little woods which are so plentiful in the environs of St. Marc. Marie was not with them; and Basil and Margery were far ahead, their voices growing fainter and fainter, as they waded knee-deep amongst the fern and presently disappeared down the steep slope.

"How hot it is!" Cicely exclaimed, at length.

It was not an original remark by any means; but the silence was becoming so trying, that she felt she must break it at all costs. They were walking side by side, for the last time perhaps; the knowledge was very painful to her, and with characteristic honesty she never attempted to deceive herself. In truth she could not; for day by day, hour by hour, the conviction had been pressing itself more and more forcibly upon her—it was not Margery or Marie or the gracious gentle Marquise—it was Hugh, her friend, from whom she dreaded to part. Would he ever think of her, she wondered, when she was far away—ever remember the long talks they had had together, when every word spoken by him had been carefully laid away in the storehouse of her memory.

"Sinking and sinking! O my heart! my heart! Will absence heal thee whom its shade doth rend?"

She mentally quoted and stole a timid glance at her companion the while. Surely it would be something worth the pain of parting, she thought, to look once more in those deep eyes and take from them an answering look again!

"It is hot," he answered—"oppressively so. As a matter of fact, I believe we are not far off a storm."

So they talked, touching upon trivial surface subjects for the most part, as many of us do when our hearts are full; and it was not till a loud clap of thunder woke all the

slumbering echoes, that they remembered they were still far from home—or, indeed, from shelter of any description.

"Quick, Cicely! We must get out of this at all risks," he exclaimed, glancing up at the wide-spreading branches and dense mass of foliage above their heads. "Unless I'm much mistaken, there's a forester's hut not many yards farther down; let us make for that as fast as we can."

Involuntarily he held out his hand and took hers in a firm, protecting clasp. The thunder rolled incessantly, growing louder and louder, till it became one continuous, deafening roar; the lightning flashed and played beneath their feet; the alternate gleam and gloom were awe-inspiring and terribly beautiful.

WE TRUST

our readers will not lay this issue aside without having read that stirring poem on page 311. It bears its message to-day as it did sixty years ago when its author, the only priest who ever served as chaplain of the United States Senate, resented the charges trumped up against the Catholics of this country.

"Can you manage, Cicely? Are we going too fast?"

"No, no, indeed, Hugh, thank you. Ah!—"

As she spoke, a vivid flash of strange blue light almost blinded them; there was a sudden sharp report, and the bark of a tree only a few yards away, was stripped off as if by magic. The little hut, standing by itself in an open space, was a welcome sight to both. To Hugh—because he had been bitterly reproaching himself for not having sooner noticed the signs of a coming storm; to Cicely—because, despite her protest, she was slightly tired after such a rapid flight.

The door stood hospitably open; the place was evidently unoccupied; and, though scarcely more than a shed, it would at least prove some shelter from the storm, which seemed about to burst upon them with still

more fearful violence. Not a drop of rain had fallen; and there was a dreadful hush in the air, as if all nature was waiting breathless for the first notes of a great tragedy.

Hugh hurried his companion across the open ground and almost carried her into the small room. They were not a second too soon, for he had hardly closed the door when a livid blaze illuminated the tiny glade; there was a curious crackling sound, followed by a tremendous crash, that made their frail tenement rock and tremble like a ship at sea; and, prompted by the same irresistible impulse, they both drew near the window and looked out.

The scene, which a moment before had been so fair and peaceful, was now a picture of ruin and desolation; the velvety turf torn up by the great hailstones, which came down with a peculiar hissing noise, that added to the general confusion; and across the open space, its branches sweeping the very doorstep of their refuge, lay a mighty tree, blackened, seared, destroyed—the ghastly wreck of what had just been full of life and vigor.

Cicely clung to her companion's arm and covered her face with her hands; the clamor of the contending elements bewildered, but did not alarm her; in truth, she was wrought up to a pitch of excitement bordering on exultation. They had stood, as it were, in the presence of death; and even now the thick veil of darkness was rent asunder by forked tongues of blue and crimson flame, while the thunder rolled unceasingly. At any moment, another tree might be struck, and, in falling, utterly destroy their place of shelter; yet the thought held no terror for her. She looked up at Hugh's calm, unmoved face, and felt no shadow of fear.

"You are not frightened, Cicely?" he said, in the voice whose every inflection she knew so well. "The others must have reached the auberge in the valley before ever the storm broke. However, I will go down there at once, if you don't mind being left alone for a few minutes." He moved towards the door as he spoke, and she watched him like one in a dream; but when he was about to cross the threshold, she could restrain herself no longer.

"Hugh!" she cried. "Hugh!"

The note of agony in her voice startled him. Turning at once he found her white to the lips and with a look in her eyes that he did not understand. How could he dream that, in those moments of danger, when their feet had seemed to rest upon the brink of eternity, a bitter wave of self-knowledge had swept up and inundated her soul, carrying all the old landmarks in its wake? How could he tell that a ray, more piercing than any lightning flash, had revealed to her the hidden secrets of her heart, suggesting wondrous possibilities of a happiness that might have been hers. But—oh, the pity of it!—the revelation came too late. Poor child, what did it avail her, in her agony of regret, that now she understood what love meant! Yet, "if we needs must love the highest when we see it," in loving Hugh she had but fulfilled her destiny.

"You must not go!—You shall

not!" she cried, passionately. "Can't you see that the storm is worse than ever, and you might—" her voice broke, and she turned aside, trying—not quite successfully—to hide her agitation.

"Do not cry, Cicely, I cannot bear it," he said, in a low, repressed tone.

In truth, her tears and that strange look, as of a soul awakened, dawning in her eyes, went near to depriving him of his hardly won self-control. But "love himself took part against himself," and "duty loved of love" rose up, and "came like Death between them."

"You will not leave me, Hugh?" she said, pleadingly.

"Need you ask?" he answered. And then, as if by common consent, they relapsed into silence. Cicely had read Hugh's secret in his eyes; and the knowledge, acutely painful though it was, could not fail to bring a rush of bitter-sweet joy along with it. She recalled their first meeting

when, in the dusk of the twilight, he had stood before her with Basil's little gold chain in his hand. How long ago it seemed! how strangely far off, now that the happy hours had passed "like a tale that is told." She looked on into the future and pictured her life with Basil—that life in which Hugh would have no part—and for a moment her courage sank and her spirit seemed to faint within her. Why—ah, why—had she given that promise, pledging herself irrevocably, when all the while love was waking in her heart, though she knew it not?

The lightning grew less and less vivid; the thunder rolled away over the distant hills; and soon Hugh and Cicely stepped forth again into the little glade, now radiant with the clear shining that follows after rain. A few minutes' quick walking brought them out of the wood and to the entrance of the picturesque auberge, where they found Basil and

O SWEET! O PRECIOUS BLOOD!

*Blood is the price of heaven;
All sin that price exceeds;
Oh come to be forgiven,—*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*Under the olive boughs,
Falling like ruby beads,
The Blood drops from His brows,*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*While the fierce scourges fall,
The Precious Blood still pleads:
In front of Pilate's hall*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*Beneath the thorny crown
The crimson fountain speeds;
See how it trickles down,—*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*Bearing the fatal wood
His band of saints He leads,
Marking the way with Blood;*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*On Calvary His shame
With Blood still intercedes;
His open wounds proclaim—*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*He hangs upon the tree,
Hangs there for my misdeeds;
He sheds His Blood for me;*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*Ah me! His soul is fled;
Yet still for my great needs
He bleeds when He is dead;*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*His Blood is flowing still;
My thirsty soul it feeds;
He lets me drink my fill;*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

*O Sweet! O Precious Blood!
What love, what love it breeds,
Ransom, Reward, and Food,*

*He bleeds,
My Savior bleeds!
Bleeds!*

—FATHER FABER, *Tertiary*

Margery installed in a quaint little arbor.

"Here come the truants!" cried the latter, gaily. "Make haste, both of you—this lemonade is simply perfect! Are you tired, Cicely?"—with a sudden change of tone—"You look so pale."

"The storm was very terrible," Cicely answered evasively. "We saw two trees struck quite close to us."

"How frightful! Where did you take refuge?"

"In the forester's hut," explained Hugh; while Cicely turned to Basil. "You don't appear to have suffered much anxiety on my account!" she remarked, trying to speak in her usual lighthearted way.

"You were with Hugh, and that was enough for me," he answered.

The confidence—the absolute trust expressed in words, look, and tone—went straight to the heart of at least two of his hearers. Could they ever, for one instant, prove untrue to him or to themselves? They *knew* they could not. And so, for his sake and for the sake of the strong affection they both bore him, they resolutely

put away all thought of the love that might have been. Not, however, before the keen mental anguish had left its sign upon their faces; and Margery, glancing from one to the other, inwardly remarked that, "Basil's coming had *not* brought un-mixed happiness after all."

* * *

"You will come to England in the spring, Hugh." Basil said, some days later, as he leant forward to speak a few last words to his cousins. "Now promise me that you will, there's a dear fellow."

So Hugh promised.

A bell in the distance rang sharply. Cicely drew Hugh aside and held out her hand.

"Goodbye, Hugh," she whispered softly. "I can never thank you for all you have done for me; but you will be my friend always, won't you? Goodbye once more, Margery darling."

Mrs. Sinclair bowed and smiled. The Marquise and Marie cried, "Au revoir," and the train steamed slowly out of the station.

One page in their life's story was turned down forever; and Cicely's eyes grew dim at the thought of Hugh and Margery going back to the happy, studious existence, which for a time had been interrupted. As a matter of fact, in that peaceful French household, time flowed on its own even course; and if Hugh worked harder and looked a shade more grave, no one but Margery was the wiser.

The coming years brought their full measure of joy to Cicely. Basil's patient, untiring devotion gradually won from her a corresponding depth of grateful love. And if memory sometimes recalled "the tender grace" of a day that was dead, it came not to disturb her peace. She thought of Hugh with loving reverence; his influence had left its ineffaceable impress upon her character; and he, on his part, having crowned his former sacrifices by one greater and more perfect still, could remember without one shadow of regret the love and home and happiness he had resigned—for Basil's sake.

THE END.

THE STRING OF PEARLS

BY CLARE HAMPTON

BERNETTE DEMAR sat at a small, round table in a darkened room, striving in vain to "get in communication with the spirits." Strange, they would not answer today; passing strange! At any other time they seemed to respond most promptly. Even the ouija board had failed her; though she tried it at least a dozen times, it stubbornly refused to spell out anything but the word "seek." Always "seek"; but what was she to seek?

Came a voice out of the shadow of the room.

"You'd better give it up, Bern. I'm sure it won't work because I'm here; you see, the devil doesn't like papists."

It was her brother Leonard, who, a year before, had put on the glistening robe of Baptism in the Catholic faith. They were yet in their teens when their parents died; and brother and sister were now living together in the fine old Demar mansion on Duquesne Street. Bernette was studying

spiritualism and the occult. Leonard had laughed to scorn his sister's "psychic researches"; whereupon she had offered to prove to him that there was "something in it," by having him present at one of her little "seances." Had she not been told by one high up in the cult that she possessed the "hypnotic eye," and would some day pass the "seventh circle," known only to those who were "divinely gifted"?

"There may be some truth in what you say," she replied, "for it worked as late as yesterday. But I won't concede that the devil is responsible for these psychic workings."

"Sis, I can't understand how a sensible girl like you should take up with such nonsense!"

"Not any worse than a sensible boy like you taking up Romanism. But, as father and mother left us free to choose our religion, I won't say a word, and I hope you'll do the same."

"If you can show me any real good

you get out of psychics, I wish you would do so."

"It gives me proof that there is a life beyond this, and that is a comfort."

"My religion gives me that, too, but in a more perfect, more satisfying form. Your theory of a grey land where spirits wander about regardless of whether they were good or bad on earth is rather dull and tasteless."

"How do you know it is dull and tasteless? They have given us to understand that they are happy."

"To continue to eat and drink, smoke, shave, and wear clothes which give out in a short time, do you call that—"

"Oh, but that is only in a spiritual sense!"

"Even so; wherein is it an improvement on our present life? If I couldn't look forward to anything better than that, I'd—"

"You'd what?"

"Quit believing in anything; just enjoy myself."

Later in the afternoon, Leonard was seated in the library bay, reading Father N——'s *Catholicism vs. Spiritism*. He had but just purchased it, that he might the better combat Bernette's "ridiculous notions"; for ever since he had joined the true Church, his one and only desire was to draw also his sister into the Fold. He had hardly begun reading when the door opened and Bernette beckoned breathlessly.

"Come up at once, Len. It's working!" With a skeptical, tolerant smile, he followed. But when he was seated, table and ouija were again dumb, except for the word "faith"; more she could not coax from it.

"Hm! 'Seek—faith'," grunted Len. "That's what I've been trying to drum into your head. Your weejee seems—"

Shaking her head in despair, Bernette pushed him out of the room.

"They don't seem to like you," she said.

"No, I guess not; it's that cross I've got on. Ever see a devil that wasn't afraid of a cross?"

"Suppose you take it off then—"

"No, thanks; I'm not curious. It is proof enough that they won't respond when I'm around."

"Then you don't want to be convinced?"

"I am convinced—that it is the machination of the devil. It's a wonder you don't tumble."

"You're hopeless!" she cried, impatiently. "There must be something grossly material in you and radically opposed to the occult. That is why they won't demonstrate when you are near."

"No doubt. Jesus Christ is radically opposed to Satan."

Bernette tossed her head and closed the door of her room on him. Leonard laughed to himself, went down, and resumed his reading. There would be many more such little jests; but in the end, he would win, God helping.

A week later, the Governor was

"He doesn't put any messages in hand-writing, nor communicate through trance mediums. You just pray to him direct, and keep on hunting, and if you mislaid your purse, you'll find it on your dresser, though you looked there at least a dozen times."

giving a dinner dance. Of course, Leonard and Bernette, by reason of their position, were expected to be present. She had a dress sent all the way from New York for the occasion, and asked Leonard to bring her rope of pearls from the safe-deposit on his way downtown.

"Sure; I'm going for my diamond studs," he assented readily.

After drawing some money, and making several purchases at his haberdasher's he stopped for a quiet moment in the old, smoke-dimmed Cathedral across the street. Straight to St. Antony's statue he went, dropped a donation in the box, and prayed for his sister's speedy conversion and the safety of the jewels he was carrying home.

When he reached home, he noiselessly entered the library on his cushioned heels, and found Bernette curled up in an easy-chair before the fire. Having a dim suspicion, he advanced behind her and glanced at the book she was reading; it was *Catholicism vs. Spiritism*. Suddenly discovering his presence, she snapped the book shut and hid it behind her with a laugh.

"Eavesdropper!" she accused.

"It's all right, Sis; you may read it. I was in hopes you'd pick it up."

"Propaganda," she commented, slyly. "But it's dull, uninteresting stuff—so dogmatic and narrow, and not at all fascinating like the psychological and spiritualistic works I've read."

"Dogmatic and narrow, eh?" he repeated.

"Yes; everything for the Catholic side; nothing for the other. Why don't they write impartially, so one may judge and choose between them?"

"And don't they?"

"They do not; there are one or two outstanding facts which they completely ignore."

"I know what you mean, and I know why they ignore them; because

in the eyes of Catholicism they are mere tittle-tattle, unworthy of argument."

"But I have proof that they are not tittle-tattle."

"Your credulity must be made of India-rubber then."

"It is not what I expected. I am disappointed in the book."

"Did you expect them to defend Spiritism?"

"No, but I expected something brilliant and—"

"Thrilling and blood-curdling, like ghost-stories, eh? Well, if you want some *real* psychics, we've got 'em, too. I'll give you a course of reading that will take the breath out of you."

"You mean the saints?"

"Yes'm, and if you can beat them with anything in spiritism, I'll eat my hat."

"But you need an India-rubber credulity for them as 'well, don't you?"

"You doubting Thomas! If you need every-day, solid facts, we have a saint that finds things for you if you lose them."

"Just like Anna Eva Fay?"

"He doesn't put any messages in hand-writing, nor communicate through trance mediums. You just pray to him direct, and keep on hunting, and if you mislaid your purse, you'll probably find it on your dresser, though you looked there at least a dozen times; or if you lost a quarter somewhere outside, you might find it in the middle of the pavement, though scores of people passed over it."

"Have you brought my pearls?" she asked, changing the subject.

"I have," he answered, handing her the velvet case. "I needn't remind you to be careful. The Governor has two house detectives; but there will be at least five hundred people, and crooks—"

"Don't worry; I'll be careful."

Evening came. Leonard, in full dress, awaited his sister downstairs, whiling away the time by rummaging the book cases in the library, for an old, well-thumbed volume, *The Life and Miracles of St. Antony*. Ah, there it was, wedged between a Greek history and "Wade's Trigonometry."

etry." There, too, behind a College Directory, a familiar green paper cover—*The Life of St. Rose*.

"Ready, Len!" said a voice at the door, and the young man turned with the books in his hands.

"Whew!" he whistled, giving Bernette a critical glance from head to foot. She was a dream in turquoise "Moon-glo" with some sort of drapery embroidered in brilliants, long white kid gloves, the rope of pearls gently caressing her white throat and trailing in iridescent magnificence down the front of her bodice, a high Spanish comb in her hair glittering.

"Like it?" she dimpled.

"Well, of course, the Governor's affairs are always brilliant."

"Otherwise, it is a trifle assertive, you would say?"

"You know my quiet tastes."

"You wouldn't want me to come dressed in black serge?"

"No; but you needn't put the moon out of business."

Bernette laughed a satisfied little laugh; brothers didn't count anyway.

"What's that greasy book you're holding?" she asked.

"*The Life of St. Antony*. I want you to read it." He held it out to her.

"You don't expect me to touch it with these gloves?"

"Why not? It won't bite you. It's been made good use of, that's all. It was given me by a dying classmate and was the means of first drawing me toward the Catholic religion; so I prize it highly."

She drew back from the proffered volume. "I hate dirty books; can't you buy me a new one with a pretty binding?"

"I suppose I could, but this will answer just as well."

"Come on; we'd better be going," she answered indifferently.

Bernette, always popular and a leader, was everywhere, now in this group, now in that, beautiful, much sought after, and admired.

Leonard did not dance, but preferred to talk and smoke with the older men, throwing a casual glance only now and then through the door of the lounging room. The subject

matter of his conversation had passed from politics to golf, and from golf to the latest polo match. Finally he rose and took his stand at the door of the ball-room, while his eye wandered idly over the brilliant scene, until it had singled out a figure in turquoise. Ah, there she stood, all animated and dimpling with smiles; she was his pet, and he liked to see her enjoy herself. How wonderful she looked, and how like an old fogey he was becoming, trying to put the damper on her young spirits! Summed up, her attire was more modest and becoming than many others' present there. Though she possessed no religion, she was very scrupulous on the subject of dress and often displeased her "ultra" dressmaker by compelling her to follow the "old-fashioned notions" with regard to the cut of her gowns. Being a leader, she dared to be "eccentric," and lost nothing either in modishness or popularity. She had always been addicted to bright colors, but there was no real fault in that, Leonard thought.

Even as he soliloquized over these things, his expression of lazy content suddenly changed to one of sharp alertness. Bernette's hand was feeling at her throat only to find that the string of pearls was missing! In a trice he was at her side. At once all was consternation and excitement, every one knew the value of the pearls, which had once belonged to her mother. They searched all over for them; but in vain.

"Stolen," said Leonard, *sotto voce*, to his sister, knowing that certain unscrupulous "gentlemen" in evening dress often gain access to gatherings of this kind, despite the watchfulness of the guards. He telephoned at once to the police, and in a short time several strangers in perfect evening garb were ushered in. Beneath their coats were the emblems of their office; but their quiet exterior belied the eagle eyes and trained sagacity with which they moved unobtrusively among the guests.

Having given the detectives all the information possible, Leonard and his sister left, for she was so shaken up by anxiety that further enjoyment was impossible. They went home very much depressed, and next day the papers were full of it. Leonard

inserted a large ad, offering a reward for the return of the pearls, and "no questions asked." Bernette wandered restlessly about the house wishing in her energetic way that she might engage in an active search rather than mope about so helplessly. But where was she to search? Every possible nook and cranny had been gone over, and nothing remained but to await the slow working of a newspaper ad, with always the possibility of its being overlooked by accident or passed up through fear. As Bernette sat in her room trying to embroider, her brother came in, looking ironical.

"Say," he said. "Now's a good time to test out your weejee."

"Oh, don't joke about it," she replied crossly. "It's bad enough as it is, without teasing about it."

"But I'm perfectly serious. If there is anything in your belief, prove it now."

"I'm not in the proper frame of mind to receive messages. I'm too restless and unhappy."

"It's a sad religion that forsakes one in time of need, I'm thinking. You consider spiritualism your religion, don't you?"

"Len, please don't!" cried his sister, with pain in her eyes. So he desisted, feeling that he had inserted a deft probe, and that she felt it. With a little prayer to his favorite saint, he of the Heavenly Lost and Found Bureau, Leonard went to his room and prepared to go downtown to his office. Before leaving, he looked into Bernette's room once more.

"Sis, you might take a look at that 'greasy book' while I'm gone. I think it will soothe you. Or shall I bring you a new volume in red and gold?"

"No you needn't. If I decide to read it, I'll brave the grease."

That evening he returned none deeply preoccupied by various troublesome affairs at the office, inasmuch that he had forgotten about Bernette and the book. Not until meal time did he notice that her eyes shone with the light of some suppressed secret.

"I had not meant to tell you at once, you are such a tease," she said. "Len—do you think—not being a Catholic, St. Antony would listen

to me if I begged him to find my pearls?"

"I am sure he would, Sis."

"Where do you think I've been?"

"How could I guess? You go to so many places."

"I've been to church, and I lit ten candles before his statue. Do you think that will attract his attention? I whispered my petition over and over again. Do you think he heard it?"

Len could not help laughing.

"Well, well, Bern, you seem to have got on the right tack at last. That ought to attract his attention, yes."

"I've promised him the value of this dinner ring if he finds them."

"That's right, and I'll give you the reward to pray every day."

"Oh, I've already memorized it."

"Good! Nothing slow about you is there?"

"Well, that's the right way to do it, isn't it?"

"Sure is."

The days passed, and mounted into a fortnight; but nothing developed regarding the pearls. Bernette was becoming disheartened.

"Don't give up," Leonard encouraged her. "Things have been returned after months, even years."

"I'm afraid my faith will flop long before that," Bernette sighed.

Hardly had the words escaped her, when there was a ring at the front door bell. Louise, the maid, called her mistress. After a colloquy with some persons out in the hall, Leonard heard his name called and hastened out to his sister. It was a strange spectacle he saw. There stood Bernette with the rope of pearls in her hands, while behind her were a street urchin, not overly clean, and an old woman in poverty-stricken clothes, her head and shoulders covered by a large, threadbare shawl.

"Tell him how you found them, sonny," said Bernette.

"Well, I was pokin' in the gutter with a stick in front of the Governor's mansion, jes' for fun, and there

was the pearls, under a lot of leaves. The string was broke, but I picked up all the loose ones and brought 'em home, and Ma, she tied a knot in the string, so's no more could fall off."

"Yes," supplemented the old woman, "I heard about ye losin' them pearls, and we found out from a noos-paper where ye lived."

"Well, my good woman," said Leonard, "such honesty must not go unrewarded. We cannot thank you enough. Would \$500 be enough for a reward, do you think?"

"These are for yourself, madam," he said, handing her the bills, "and now you come with me to the Loan Co.'s office, and I'll wipe out that loan for you."

Next morning Leonard found his sister counting the pearls and placing them carefully in the velvet case.

"Shall I have a pearl-stringer over from Genaro's or bring them down myself?" he asked.

"Bring them down yourself, and here is the ring I promised."

"But you needn't give up the ring; I'll just draw the amount—"

"No; I want to deprive myself of something. Otherwise I wouldn't feel as though I had given anything." The bauble was worth a matter of three hundred or so.

"Very well," he replied; and taking the jewels, went out to find what was keeping Forbes, the chauffeur, so long. On his way to the garage, he passed the kitchen door, where Bridget, the cook, was busily engaged in breaking up a varnished maple board, with black lettering.

"What are you doing, Bridget?" he asked.

"Begorra, sir, 'tis possessed, I'm thinkin', for 'twon't split like an honest, decent piece of kindlin'."

"That's because there are three cross layers of wood."

"Miss Bern said to use it to start the fire with, and it's glad enough I am to get rid of the ungodly piece of furniture. I couldn't sleep o' nights for thinkin' there might be banshees lurkin' about."

Leonard proceeded to the garage much gratified. Several mornings later he noticed a bulky volume on the hall-rack, half-concealed by a silk scarf. On looking at the title he found it to be Butler's *Lives of the Saints*. At the same moment, Bernette emerged from the morning room, and a glorious smile, half-shy, spread over her face.

"Bern, I am frankly glad," said her brother.

"It is all I could find at the Public Library. Couldn't you get me a

Our New Serial

Beginning
in the August issue

THE LURE OF THE WEST

By L. M. WALLACE

Author of "The Outlaws of Ravenhurst"

The poor, emaciated old woman began to cry.

"Sure sir, you oughtn't to take anything for a common act of honesty; but, some years ago my husband was taken sick and we had to borrow from one o' them loan sharks, and Lor' have mercy on us, we're in their hands yet, body and soul. Everything my poor man can earn goes to keep up that awful interest. So if ye'd give us that money, it would wipe out the loan, and we could live a trifle easier."

Bernette whispered something to her brother. Going into the library, where the safe was, he armed himself with check-book and five crisp hundred-dollar notes.

more detailed *Life of St. Francis*?"

"The Poverello?"

"Yes; he is simply fascinating!"

"Does he measure up to spiritual standards?"

"Now Len! That is mean of you. Never mention them to me again."

"And you've only just begun! Wait till you read more of them. I'll bring you some from town."

He provided her with half a dozen, and left a list of others. Then he went on an extended trip to Panama in the interests of his business. On his return, he found a much-changed Bernette. She had written him of her Baptism and First Communion; but he was not prepared for the breath-taking thoroughness with which she exercised her new Faith. For years she had been in the habit

of rising at nine or ten in the morning, sometime later, after social affairs. Now she rose at six, attended Mass and received Holy Communion every morning; wore only severely tailored gowns, relieved by immaculate collar and cuffs; eschewed entirely all social obligations; and spent her time and money on the poor, going in person to visit them.

For a time this seemed sufficient to her but, like all souls who once taste of the fountain of perfection, Bernette began to crave for more.

* * *

Leonard pushed aside his plate; he had lost all appetite for his breakfast.

"I'll miss you horribly," he said, choked with emotion. "The Poor

Clares—it's an austere life you've chosen, Sis."

"I know it," Bernette admitted. "But a happy one, like that of the Poor Man of Assisi."

Leonard rose and paced the room in silence. How often Father Albert had invited him to join the Third Order. Fool that he was, to have hesitated all this while.

"Bern, my dear," he said, turning to his sister, "I, too, am going to follow the Poor Man of Assisi; only I'm a rich man."

"So much the better," Bernette replied, smiling; "it enables you to continue the work I've begun—the poor and neglected. Come on then, Len; I in the convent will pray and do penance in poverty; you in the world pray and do good with your riches. How's that for a bargain?"

TO THE FLAG I LOVE

By REV. C. C. PISE

They say I do not love thee,
Flag of my native land,
Whose meteor-folds above me
To the free breeze expand;
Thy broad stripes proudly streaming,
And thy stars so brightly gleaming.

They say I would forsake thee,
Should some dark crisis lower;
That, recreant, I should make thee
Crouch to a foreign power;
Seduced by license ample,
On thee, blest flag, to trample.

False are the words they utter,
Ungenerous their brand,
And rash the oaths they mutter,
Flag of my native land;
While still, in hope, above me
Thou wavest—and I love thee.

They say that bolts of thunder,
Hurled by the Pontiff's hand,
May rive and bring thee under,
Flag of my native land,
And with one blow dissever
My heart from thee forever.

God's is my love's first duty,
To whose eternal name
Be praise for all thy beauty,
Thy grandeur, and thy fame;
Eut ever have I reckoned
Thine, native flag, its second.

Woe to the foe or stranger
Whose sacrilegious hand
Would touch thee or endanger,
Flag of my native land!
Though some would fain discard thee,
Mine would be raised to guard thee.

Then wave, thou first of banners,
And in thy genial shade
Let creeds, opinions, manners,
In love and peace be laid;
And there, all discord ended,
Our hearts and souls be blended.

Stream on, stream on before us,
Thou labarum of light,
While in one general chorus
Our vows to thee we plight:
Unfaithful to thee? Never!
My country's flag forever!



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

Address communications to Grace Keon, Franciscan Herald, Corona, N. Y.

THE OLD AND THE NEW

“WE’VE got far away from the old, and we’re not at all satisfied with the new,” writes a correspondent who signs herself: A Thoughtful Woman. “On all sides we hear people longing for old times and old manners, for old things, particularly the old-fashioned mother, whose home was her castle and who saw nothing beyond its four walls—who lived for her husband and her children. Where has she gone—and why?”

“And the old-fashioned father, whose word was iron, whose glance struck terror to the heart? Who was so inflexibly careful and punctilious? Who made rules that were inviolate laws in a household? Who was supreme arbiter of the earthly destiny of his children? Where has he gone—and why?”

As a class the old-fashioned father and mother no longer exist. The present hurrying day has seen to that—the rush for existence, even before the Great War, the multiplication of new industries and the development of old ones, inventions and discoveries—all have steadily invaded the old-fashioned home—and chances are that fifty years from now even our present surroundings will seem antiquated as regards conveniences and comforts. Woman’s work has been made easier and is being made easier every day; and she, in common with the rest of mankind, is permitted to follow the popular slogan, “GET THE BEST OUT OF LIFE.”

This month’s chat was to have been on an entirely different topic, but when the above reached my desk it suggested at once another line of thought. The old and the new—yes, they are totally dissimilar. The old times were satisfied times—and the new never know satisfaction. The old times clung to romance and chivalry—the new allow the woman to

stand while men are seated. Yet, the new times are the product of the old, and the mother of today is the daughter of that old-fashioned woman who seems to be lost forever.

Yet—“we must get the best out of life.” How shall we take care of our bodies and fill our minds so that we may enjoy to the full this beautiful gift of existence? How shall we LIVE, so that every moment may be filled with joy and happiness? These questions the world answers by pursuing a mad round of pleasure, which, after the first allurements has worn away, repeats itself sickeningly, leading downward, whirlpool fashion.

We Catholics, too, ask ourselves this question, but we ask it with

The two family virtues most glaringly discarded are meekness and unselfishness. But are they always virtues, asks the modern mother? When meekness means that she allows her irascible and unreasonable companion to act the tyrant, to the detriment of his character and the weakening of hers—then she declares meekness is not a virtue. When you hear that Catholics are being persecuted and Catholic customs sneered at, it is not a virtue meekly to turn the other cheek. When son and daughter, with the headstrong vanity of youth, attempt to set father and mother aside to lead their own lives, meekness then is not a virtue. To be so unselfish that you are willing to see the world through the vision

Yet the new times are the products of the old, and the mother of to-day is the daughter of that old-fashioned woman who seems to be lost forever.

another meaning: “How can we get the SPIRITUAL BEST out of life? How can we develop the gifts that God has bestowed upon us, to His honor, His glory, and the betterment of our fellowman?” The Catholic who asks this question in this form is safe, indeed. And the Catholic who teaches it to others is giving and getting the best.

It is bromidic to say we have lost a good deal in the world’s onward march. Some things we have been glad to lose, others we must regret. Catholic fathers and mothers are making mistakes in the upbringing of their children; but the older people made mistakes, too. The older people kept their children in what they considered a blissful ignorance—and their children (the men and women of today), knowing just exactly what this blissful ignorance amounted to, are determined to safeguard their children by knowledge.

of another is not a virtue, it is almost DEATH. To demand everywhere for your beliefs the same consideration that you give to the belief of others is not selfishness, but a DUTY. To refuse to tolerate for a single instant the free and easy manner of the child who says, “Oh, it’s only mother!” is a NECESSITY.

Oh, yes, we are determined to get and to give the best in this life in order to secure the best in the next. With all their virtues we can not go back to the old days. We can no longer shut the children in and the world out, and this has been the greatest factor in the elimination of the old-fashioned mother. I was talking to a dear old soul recently, and decrying the flyaway attitude of the times. She blamed it on the “up-to-date mothers. They want to stay as young as their children,” she said, “so how can they command respect? On the morning of my fortieth birthday, I tied my first bonnet-string under my chin, and I’ve worn bonnets in public ever since! But today the forty-year-old mother dresses as young as her eighteen-year-old daughter!” There you have the old

and the new in one expressive sentence. By this very attitude the older mother shows how, in the best year of her life, her fortieth year, she relegated herself to the background. Her children felt it, be sure. They loved her, but they were helpless, and they accepted the inevitable. Mother was old at forty—too old to play with them. And in the mind of the daughter there gathered a slow resentment of this. "When I am forty, I shall exact just as much consideration from my children as they exact from me. I do not intend to play angel of the kitchen, while they sit on fine cushions in the parlor."

And the old-fashioned father: "My father's word was law. He looked at us and we flew to obey him. We lived in fear of him—he was our master." Is this not true? And as an appendix to it came the second resolution: "If ever I have children of my own they shall obey me because they love me. I want their love first."

But the mother who keeps young with her girls at forty must never forget that she has to command their respect as well. And the father who will have his child obey for love, must prove his superiority and maintain it. I, for one, feel that much of the present-day luxury found its origin in early severity. Love is best in the home, but law should reign because of love. And if responsibility is placed upon the child as soon as it learns to stand on its little feet—yes, even before that!—if it is made to understand the *right* and *wrong* of an action just as soon as it can distinguish, love will make all its future sweet. Here is what I meant by the *Catholic Habit*, and the Catholic habit is bringing God into every-day affairs. I emphatically do not believe in a rigorously religious atmosphere for growing children—but there are so many odd five minutes to make that lasting, that wonderful impression. Daily Mass as a matter of course when possible during Lent—and May—and June—and November. Daily Mass during the other months, too, but not insisted on. A reminder occasionally: "Do not forget to run into church and say how-do-you-do to our dear Lord. He is waiting for you." Or

after a successful examination or a good report: "Don't forget to thank the Sacred Heart for this—go in and tell Him all about it. Of course Our Lord knows these things, but He likes to hear them from you." Just as water wears away a stone, drop by drop, so word by word we form the Catholic habit of turning to God in times of anxiety and thanksgiving. If we desire to rule by LOVE we must substitute something for that old-time severity which held the thoughtless nature in check by fear until it was old enough to follow its own way. The yoke we all must bear, we must subdue our passions, bridle our evil inclinations, guard our conduct so that we commit no sin ourselves nor cause others to commit sin—and if the tendency has crept in to cast out FEAR, to be independent, to "get the best out of life," then LAW must supplement LOVE, and LOVE for the God of heaven and earth, the Author of all

Law must supplement Love, and Love for the God of heaven and earth, the Author of all Law, must be the prime motive of our actions.

Law, must be the prime motive of our actions.

Catholic mothers have, I think, a great need of being brought together, so linked that the problem of one becomes the problem of all. Too much freedom we dare not allow—too little is just as dangerous. A united motherhood is necessary. If there were fifty mothers in a parish banded together, pledged that each separate daughter *should so dress as to cause no man an evil thought*, the fifty-first mother's daughter would be decidedly out of fashion. I am speaking of what I know. Scatter the fifty mothers over the different pews at Sunday Mass, and the priest in the pulpit can talk as he will—but each separate mother of the fifty will excuse each separate daughter, saying, "Well, Mary's no worse than the others! How can I prevent it?"

Truly we have escaped from the old, and we are frightened at the new. *But our responsibilities are not changed.* Our fathers and mothers took them seriously. We, too, must take them seriously, although we must treat them differently. There

was one fault of the old-fashioned mother as a class—her children could not go to her for advice or information. I find many Catholic women of mature age unanimous in this expression: "I often wished that my mother had given me a little more knowledge of the world! It was so hard to learn it from outsiders—and it took me so long to *unlearn* most of it. She could have helped me so much—but, dear soul, she was an old-fashioned mother, and would probably have fainted had any one suggested it to her."

Childish curiosity must be satisfied, whether we like to answer questions or not. What constitutes this satisfaction? Frankness on the part of the mother, and sufficient details, so that there will be no desire to look further. And with frankness and explanation there must be absolute honesty. No child must be able to discover later that father or mother lied. To illustrate just what I mean

I shall take an occasion that came under my observation a few months ago. It is thirty years since a little girl of eight looked up from her Sunday-school lesson and asked the teacher, in all simplicity: "Teacher, here are the four sins that cry to heaven for vengeance, and one of them is sodomy. What is sodomy? It's such a funny word! 'Sodomy?' repeated the teacher, hesitating. "Well, . . . I don't know. Ask your mother what sodomy is." Home went the youngster. "Mother, what is sodomy? Teacher says I should ask you." Mother looked most mysterious. "You must not ask such questions. You tell your teacher that I do not want you to know what sodomy is—you are entirely too young. Wait until you get older."

I defy any one to talk like that to a normal child and not create a wrong impression. The little daughter instantly realized that there must be something wicked in life—if it were not wicked her mother would have told it to her, something she must not know anything about "until she grew older." Why? What was it? Where could she find it out? Would it be a sin to try to find it out? She'd ask some bigger girl!

The little questioner became a woman, and it was while visiting her

(Continued on page 317)

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

OUR SUMMER CATALOGUE OF FASHIONS

You will find many beautiful designs for clothes for every member of the family. Dainty dresses for the smaller folk to wear during July and August. That the patterns furnished have met with the approval of our readers is shown by their constant re-ordering. Send ten cents in coin or two-cent stamps for our Summer Catalogue. Every woman who likes to sew should have it handy.



No. 1443. Ladies' and Misses' dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 32-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch contrasting and 3 yards ruffling. Pattern 15c.

No. 1465. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with 2 yards 36-inch contrasting and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards binding. Pattern 15c. Transfer Pattern No. 602—in blue only—15c extra.

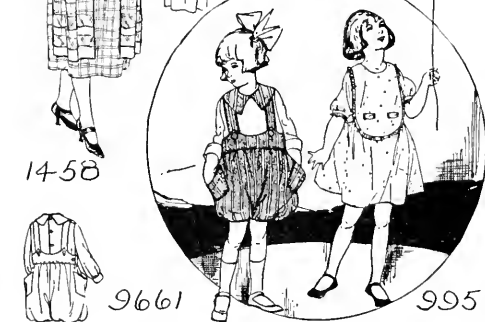


No. 1458. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

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No. 1445. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 22-inch contrasting and 4 yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1462. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 27-inch contrasting and $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards ruffling for collar and cuffs. Pattern 15c. Transfer Pattern No. 4913—in blue only—15c extra.



No. 9661. Child's Rompers. Cut in sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch plaid material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch plain material. Pattern 15c.

No. 9957. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 32-inch material with $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards edging and $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards ribbon. Pattern 15c.

No. 1451. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Pattern 15c. Transfer Pattern No. 608—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1461. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 2 yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1342. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards edging and 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1358. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with 4 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1457. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{1}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting and 3 yards ruffling. Pattern 15c. Vest Transfer Pattern No. 616—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1372. Child's Creeping Apron. Cut in sizes 6 months, 1 year and 18 months. Size 1 year requires 1 yard 27-inch material with 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ yards binding. Pattern 15c.

No. 1037. Child's Empire Dress. Cut in sizes 1, 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 12-inch contrasting for collar. Pattern 15c.

No. 1467. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1454. Ladies' and Misses' Apron or House Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 $\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards binding. Pattern 15c.



No. 1130. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with 10 yards plaiting. Pattern 15c.

No. 1122. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1 $\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with 3 yards binding. Pattern 15c.

Home Handicraft

Address all orders: *Franciscan Herald Service Department, Corona, N. Y.*

FRANCISCAN ALTAR LACE

WE had already selected a design in embroidery for the Handicraft page this month, when the beautiful FRANCISCAN ALTAR LACE, illustrated on this page, was submitted to us. It is an entirely original design made for our HERALD readers.

The design may be made as shown, in alternate, or, if one prefers to work the monogram alone, one can follow that pattern in every scallop. The lace when finished measures eleven inches. For those who prefer to work from a diagram, we are having a limited number of copies made. The diagram is very nearly full size and will be sent with full directions for ten cents in two-cent stamps or coin. This small charge is made to cover cost of printing and mailing. If you intend to make this altar lace at any time in the future, please send for your diagram now, so you will be sure of getting it. Please address as at top of this page.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS

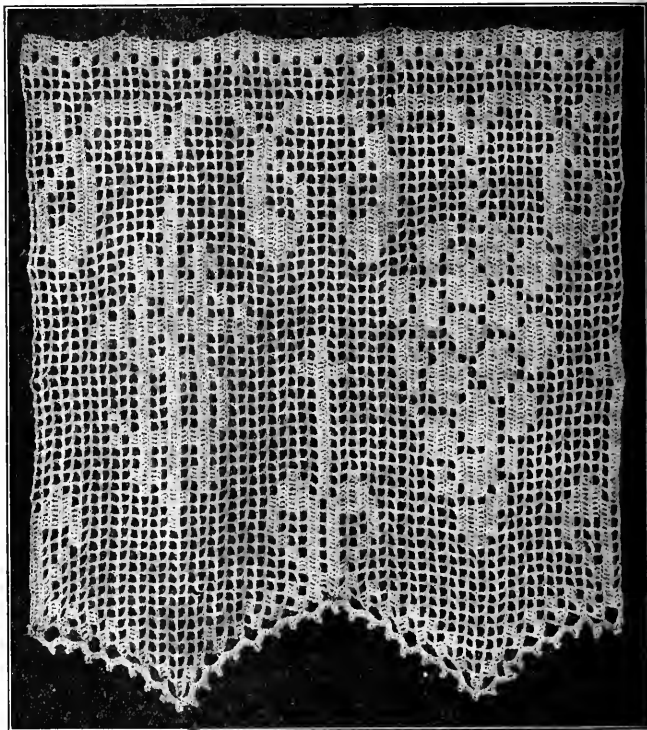
When hanging a picture, hang it straight on the wire and then turn the picture completely around, so that the wire is twisted, and your picture will always hang straight.

A worn-out raincoat can be cut up into an apron to wear when washing clothes or dishes. It will make also a toilet case for traveling purposes. A bag for carrying rubbers can also be made from it, or small pieces will do as mats for potted plants.

If a tray of japanned ware becomes spotted, dip a woolen cloth into sweet oil and rub the stains hard.

To pare a quantity of oranges or grapefruit for salads or desserts, pour boiling water over them and let stand for a minute. The peel will come off easily, just as it does from tomatoes that have been scalded.

Use a thick paste made of starch and water to clean plaster ornaments. Lay this on the ornament to be cleaned, and let it remain till dry. Then remove it with a stiff brush, when the dust and dirt should come off with it.



Designed especially for the Franciscan Herald by Celine M. Kennedy.

The Franciscan Altar Lace

Add two or three cloves and a little vinegar to the water in which bacon or ham is being boiled and leave in the water until cold. If this plan is pursued the flavor of the meat will be delicious.

When a cake of soap is worn nearly thin enough to break, stick it to the new cake by putting both in quite warm water, then press firmly together. When cold it will be one solid cake. This does away with small pieces of soap, and there is no waste.

Place a piece of cotton soaked in kerosene in the bottom of the case of your clock. Remove in a couple of days and you will be surprised how much dirt it has absorbed.

To remove stains of perspiration from your clothes, soak the garments in strong salt water before laundering them.

Kerosene spots can be removed with fuller's earth. Cover the spot with a thick layer of hot fuller's earth, let it remain twenty-four hours, and then brush off.

Before Polishing Furniture

Always wash it with vinegar and water. Allow two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to a quart of lukewarm water; wring a cloth out of this and rub the furniture, rinsing the cloth as it gets dry. Furniture will not polish as long as dirt is left on.

(Continued from page 313)

one afternoon that her small daughter, sitting at the dining-room table, put a question to her with the sweet confidence of a child: "Mother," she said, "here is such a queer word—sodomy. What does it mean? What is sodomy?"

The mother's answer came instantly.

"You've heard of Sodom and Gomorrah, of course?"

"Oh, yes. They were the two wicked cities that God destroyed. Only Lot got away and his children, and his wife was turned into a pillar of salt."

"Well, Lucy, they were indeed such wicked cities that God could not allow them to exist any longer. But Abraham begged so hard that He finally consented to spare the cities if ten good people could be found in them. That night, however, two angels, in the form of men, went to Lot's house in the City of Sodom; and when the men of Sodom heard that they surrounded Lot's house and tried to drag them out to injure them. But the angels made Lot call all his family together and go away, and when they were out of the city, God sent fire down upon it and destroyed it.

"You see, Lucy, the city was so bad that there weren't even ten people left to pray to God, in the entire place. All hated God, all had forgotten Him, and so He destroyed them. Often, dear, I thank God," she went on, "that there are so many good priests and Sisters and fine Christian people praying to Him all the time in the world."

"If there were good people to pray in Sodom it wouldn't have been destroyed," remarked Lucy.

"No." The mother looked at me with an odd smile. "It is thirty years since I put that question to my mother," she said, and presently, when Lucy had run out of the room, she told me the above.

"But when she made that answer what did you do?" I asked, curiously.

"I am old enough now to confess that, after turning it over and over in my own mind, I looked up the word in the dictionary. But while the full significance of the definition passed over my childish head, my mother's manner so impressed me

that I can never forget it. Of course, she could not help it—you know what women were in those days."

Every child is entitled to an honest answer to an honest question—and it can be given so as to satisfy curiosity and forever allay it. Children should learn all they desire to know from the lips of their father and mother. Forever little Lucy will associate the story of Sodom and Gomorrah with the power of prayer, with the chosen ones of the earth uplifting their arms, beseeching God's pity on an offending world.

Well, here we are at the end of our chat this month. Later, if it is agreeable to our readers, we shall go into this topic again.

HOW OTHERS ARE DOING IT

One mother of a growing daughter uses gauze bandage as facing when her children's frocks have to be lengthened. The bandage does not shrink and has the advantage of being evenly cut.

Wring sheets from the side rather than from the end, and the objectionable wrinkles along the selvage will be avoided.

So often it is convenient to use only part of a head of cabbage. The remaining section will keep if wrapped in oiled paper and put away in a paper bag.

To make buttonholes in materials which ravel, work the buttonhole before cutting, making your stitches rather far apart. Then cut with a razor blade and work the buttonhole in the usual way.

Touch places in wood that have been chipped with a brush dipped in linseed oil. Leave for a day or two, and then polish. The linseed darkens the wood, and the chipped place will hardly show afterward.

For Shabby Leather Chairs

The white of an egg is thoroughly beaten, and then, with a small brush, painted on the leather and left to dry in. After this the leather is thoroughly rubbed with a soft duster. It is surprising how this treatment freshens up leather. If one wishes to treat a shabby leather bag in this way, rub with the white of egg, then polish.

IF YOU WANT TO BE RIGHT

A gentleman ascending an elevator in a store, hotel, or any public place in which there are ladies need not remove his hat. The innate courtesy of our American men, however, have made the lifting of the hat in these places a pleasing custom.

A gentleman offering his seat or rendering a service to a lady in public or private, always raises his hat. A lady so served should always acknowledge his courtesy by a bow, or a polite "Thank you."

When two gentlemen are walking and one meets a lady with whom he is acquainted, both gentlemen raise their hats. One because he is acquainted, the other out of respect to the lady his friend salutes.

Always arrive in time for a performance at theater, opera, or concert. Never rattle your program. Frequent whispering or low talking is a nuisance to everyone. When one does arrive late one remains in the rear of the auditorium until, during intermission or applause, a seat may be reached.

The lady arriving at a place of entertainment, slips off her wrap in the lobby, throws it over her arm and then lays it on the back of her chair when she reaches her seat. To do this after one reaches one's seat is to interfere with the view of others already in their places. The hat may be taken off after one is seated.

Always wear your gloves—never carry them in one hand. Carry your cane or umbrella so that it will not annoy or injure other people. Keep to the right, and don't run into passers-by.

Often one wonders how long one should remain at a first call. The first call one makes should last at least fifteen minutes, and not more than half an hour, unless one is urged to stay longer.

Not to say "How?" when one desires a repetition of a sentence, in place of "What?" Oliver Wendell Holmes, in his Rhymed Lesson, scores this very neatly: "Don't—let me beg you—don't say 'How?' for 'What?'" and he adds another warning that may apply to some of us: "Learning * * * knit her brows and stamped her angry foot—to hear a teacher call a 'root' a 'rut.'"



Fireside Talks & Tales Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

ALONG THE MILKY WAY

LOOK up in the lovely heavens of these July nights—do you see that faint, far band of white that runs clear across the arch above and, if we could only see, across the heavens that lie beneath us, in that southern hemisphere whose starry skies are hidden from us as ours are hidden from the star-gazers there? That hazy, luminous ribbon of apparent cloud is, in reality, as a fine American writer has said, "tremulous with splendor." It is no cloud. It is a collection of innumerable stars, so far from us that we cannot see them all, even with a telescope. But this wonderful instrument tells us wonderful things about it. It shows us, for one thing, that every one of the seen and unseen stars in the Milky Way is a sun—a sun like ours, sometimes smaller, often larger and more glorious; a blazing sun all the same. Imagine walking across the skies on a carpet of suns! This is what the pagans of Rome and Greece, in the olden times, thought their deities did when they wanted to come to earth. The Milky Way was their chosen road, and these poor benighted people called it therefore the "Pathway of the Gods." It was a pretty, if mistaken, idea, and the discoveries of modern astronomers show that the "Pathway" was certainly a magnificent one. This is not the only name our heavenly girdle bears. Another is the "Via Lactea" (Milky Way), used in astronomy; the Stellar System; the Universe; the Galaxy; Jacob's Ladder; Trajan's Way—this last in honor of a Roman emperor who found his way from Rome into what is now known as the country of Rumania, where this name is still popular. The French call it "Chemin de St. Jacques" (St. James' Way); English peasants of former days—now what do you think of this for a name?—Watling Street! Where under the Milky Way did they get such a name? you will ask. Well, names generally stand for something special, you know.

The Rumanians, remembering the triumphs of the great Trajan, made his name immortal by putting it in the stars. The ancient Jews, seeing the shining band that mounted from the horizon far into the heavens above their heads each night, recalled the ascending and descending angels of Jacob's dream and gave it the name of his "Ladder." The people of Britain, remembering the road which their Roman conquerors threw straight across Eng-

to human vision, ablaze with glorious suns of marvelous coloring, so distant from our earth that here below their combined light makes only a scarcely seen river of faint light. They, of all men, must understand how mighty it! He who flung it across the heavens, yea made this one poor star of Earth alone His resting-place! "An undevout astronomer is mad," sang an old English poet. This is easy to believe.

I fear we will have to climb down "Jacob's Ladder" again, before we are fairly up, and leave this "God's furnace of fire and flame," for space must be considered—it is only up there above that it no longer counts. I once knew a little boy who took a great fancy to the stars and tried to learn their name and all he could about them. The Milky Way was his greatest stumbling-block. He could never make anything of it but the "Dusty Way." Not long ago, an eminent English astronomer wrote this about the Dusty Way, almost as if he had heard our small star-gazer's years before:

"Gold-dust! Every star is that wonderful band of light—a golden grain among the myriads of sparkling gold-dust grains within it not scattered by chance or recklessly; but placed and guided by the Hand of God."

LITTLE PINK GRANDMOTHER ROSE

*Nobody seems to notice it much—
So timidly, shyly it grows—
No one but I, and I've named it this:
"The little pink grandmother rose."
For grandmother planted it years ago,
Here by the garden wall,
Planted and coaxed it and watched it grow
Before I was born at all.
May be the angels whispered to her—
May be she dreamed it—who knows—
That I should come, and love it best,
The little pink grandmother rose.*

—MARY J. CARR.

land, from Dover to Cardigan, in Wales, and called "Strata Vitellina" (Street of Vitellinus or Vitellin), gave the same name to the long "street" that ran straight across the skies nightly before their eyes.

This road of suns is not always an even one; we can see for ourselves that in some places it is much broader, in some much narrower than at others. There are even breaks in it, noticeably one great one, that look as if the Way had been cut in two. In reality, these dark, empty spaces, as they look to us, are filled with myriads of glowing stars, single, double, of all colors—suns of green and gold, blue, purple, red, gray—it is simply impossible to realize what the astronomer tells us they see with their great telescopes and spectroscopes! There they sit up in their vast observatories and watch our sun and our moon and planets and our Milky Way, stretching out further and further, finally lost

Do Not Fail To Read

"My Visit to Arizona Missions"

By Very Rev. Martin Strub,
O. F. M., Minister Provincial

A PEEP AT GIBRALTAR

YOU of our Young Folks who love flowers and gardening, how would you like to live in a place where there are hedges, whole hedges, of geranium and heliotrope growing to the height of 10 feet? Think of that! And this on a forbidding and almost impassable rock, of which but one side of its four can be attained, and that only with difficulty! Gibraltar stretches out like a huge lion in the waters of the narrow strait that forms the only outlet from the Mediterranean Sea and that great part of Europe that lies behind to the Atlantic Ocean. Across the way, lying on the African coast as Gibraltar does on the European, stretches another forbidding rock, Mount Abyla. The two are often spoken of as the "Pillars of Hercules." The pagans who gave them this name believed that their demi-god Hercules deliberately split the earth in two at this point and left the twin rocks to mark his feat. Gibraltar is "the" rock of the pair. You know from your geographies that it is one of the greatest fortifications in the world, in a position that dominates two continents. Many countries have, in turn, tried to make it their own, though it seems to belong by right to Spain, for it lies right at her feet, separated from her by only a narrow neck of land called the Neutral Ground. Half of this belongs to her, half to England, who, being one of the countries that wanted this fine position, managed to get hold of it in 1713. This, as you may imagine, is a pretty sore thing for Spain. That Neutral Ground is all undermined, and if ever she should try to force England off the rock, down it would sink into the water and with it her chances of success, for it is only by land that she could make advance.

Gloomy and dark as Gibraltar looks outside, the soil is very fertile, the grass always green, the flowers luxuriant. Everything is beautiful to the eye—but back of all those lovely hedges of red and purple and those waving trees—pushes with us—lurk cannon and guns and massive defenses. In the one town, of the same name, everything, too, is pleasant and lively—they say that in less than one half-hour one may see a representative of every nation in the world pass. But England is always wide-awake. If the passer-by doesn't happen to be a resident, off he goes at set of sun; unless in very extraordinary circumstances, no new resident is allowed on the Rock, and then only by no end of "red tape." So our beautiful Gibraltar, with all its wealth of fruits and trees and flowers is not, after all, such a pleasant place for a home.

CLOTHES

Emma Tolman East

The vacation crowd that sunned itself on the broad porches in the morning, that danced in the dining room in the evening and golfed and tennised and rode and liked all over the place in the intervening hours, seemed utterly unconscious of the presence of Mary Pearson. But it was when Jack Nelson had swept round the corner in his big car and gathered up the girls still on the porch—without apparently seeing her—that she had climbed the stairs to her room with lead in her heels and in her heart.

But suddenly she was aroused by her own name, spoken on the other side of the thin partition that separated her room from that of young Nelson.

"My dear Mrs. Nelson," the voice was saying, "you can hardly be surprised that she is left out—her clothes are a fright!"

"She does not dress well," it was Mrs. Nelson's gentle voice, "but her brains ought to count with this crowd. She is a High School teacher, young as she is, and I'm afraid we don't pay our teachers enough to dress well on."

"You bet we don't," Jack Nelson's deep bass voice came through the door. "I don't care to count with this crowd. She is a High School teacher, young as she is, and I'm afraid we don't pay our teachers enough to dress well on."

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way to exert an influence over the half-baked animals of the pin-feltered period was to master the language they liked best—that of millinery clothes. So—



But Mrs. Nelson, he face scarlet, interrupted her. "Mary!" she cried, "You poor child. Did you hear that awful discussion of you? What must you have thought of us!"

Mary put her arms around the humiliated woman beside her. "Dear Mrs. Nelson," she said, "what I thought for a little while does not matter. Very soon knew that you were absolutely right. Really it is the best thing that ever happened to me for I know now that I had been developing unevenly, leaving one side—and a very important side, too—utterly undeveloped."

"When I began teaching in a small town, I found my salary did not permit much buying, and I knew nothing of sewing or planning a wardrobe. Then, the very day I overheard, I saw an advertisement in a teacher's magazine of the Franklin Institute course in Dress and Costume Designing and Making, and it fitted my case so exactly that I went home determined to take it up."

She paused a moment for breath, then went on. "I had always thought I had no 'clothes sense,' but I know now that I was simply ignorant. The lessons on Dress Designing opened up a new world to me for it is perfectly astonishing to learn what is becoming to you, and why; and why certain colors and fabrics must be sought by one and shunned by another. It is real art, and remunerative, too, for in my spare time this spring I designed all the gowns for a wedding party, beside doing quite a lot of such work for others, and it all added several hundred dollars to my salary. Next year I am going to urge all my girls to take up the Franklin Institute Course, and I intend to take up their course in Millinery Designing."

"Next year?" queried Mrs. Nelson. "Surely you are not going to teach next year! Why, Jack told me—" she paused at sight of the girl's blushing face.

"No," said Mary, "I've promised Jack I would not teach but I'm going to help the girls anyway and maybe I can do it better in my home than in the schoolroom."

"Mrs. Nelson," said Mary, "you ought to write to Franklin Institute, for sample lessons from this wonderful course. These sample lessons will be sent to you absolutely without cost and after getting them, you decide not to go further you will be under no obligation whatever."

Of course, Mary was right, not only Mrs. Nelson, but every woman or girl who reads this narrative should write for these free sample lessons in Dress Designing or Millinery Designing. Hundreds of women are taking up these courses and you ought to have the free sample lessons to show what the courses are. Just write your name and address on the coupon below, clip it out and put it in an envelope addressed—

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THE LARGEST FLOWER IN THE WORLD

Who among our Young Folk would like to go this month with me to the island of Sumatra, in the Indian Ocean, off the southern coast of Asia? A rather out-of-the-way trip but a most interesting one, for there you will meet with one curiosity to be found nowhere else in the whole world—the largest flower that grows, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*. What do you think of a flower that weighs fifteen pounds, is a foot wide in its centre, whose every petal is a foot long and nearly an inch in its thickest part? You will hardly believe this, but it is perfectly true. There is no flower that grows approaching it in size. It is what is called a parasite, growing out from the roots of a certain vine which rejoices in the very high-sounding title of *Cissus Angustifolius*. (Just look that name up when you don't feel like doing anything else.) The *Rafflesia* is really nothing but a thick, fleshy stem pushing out from its vine but a short way before the wonderful flower bursts from it. It is in the shape of a cup, in whose hollow as many as three pints of water are often found. Its color is brick-red, or sometimes yellow, stained all over with dull purple splotches. Like all gigantic things in Nature, it is more handsome than beautiful—its colors do not attract but rather repel, and, sad to say, its odor is something terrible! Well, one can't have everything, in flowers as well as life; so we will admire without going too close. This natural wonder was discovered only about 100 years ago by a Dr. Joseph Arnold, a noted botanist of the day. He named it *Rafflesia* in honor of Sir Stamford Raffles, then British Governor of Sumatra, a good and capable ruler who well deserved the honor of having his name commemorated. The *Arnoldi* was of course for himself, for which one couldn't blame him. *Rafflesia Arnoldi* is certainly worth a visit, is it not? and there are many more attractions in this little-known spot of the East. Sumatra is a great place. It is remarkably rich in minerals, gold amongst them, spices, fruits, beautiful rivers and lakes, splendid trees, flowers, birds and—wild beasts! Of course we will avoid the natural menageries in our sight-seeing. All aboard for a trip to Sumatra and a pass for the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, minus the war-tax!

OUR FIRST FOURTH OF JULY
IF YOU PLEASE—1754, not 1776. An odd thing about history is that the beginnings of many remarkable events are often so far off from their actual taking place that they are frequently quite forgotten—a real case of the last being the first. Twenty-two

Indian tribes, most of them unfriendly—unfortunately with cause—to the settlers. The situation had become very grave, and from England came word to the royal governors of the colonies that all should unite in trying to win back the friendship of the unfriendly tribes and to secure them as allies. June 19,

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

*"I wonder what it's all about,
 This yelling and this shouting?"
 Said Katydid, her bill stretched out
 A little sharp and pointing,
 "Can't even hear one's ownself speak—
 I'm just so nervous I could shriek!"*

*"I wonder will it never stop
 This horrid noise and screaming!"
 The Wren said, high in a tree-top.
 "It's low and not beseceming!
 These human beings are so queer—
 Listen, one more appalling cheer!"*

*"What impudence these mortals have!
 I understood this park was for
 Us birds," said Robin. "Oh, for cave
 All deep and dark with iron door
 To put them in—and Me to lock it!
 My sakes, there goes another rocket!"*

*"I wish I was an elephant
 Instead of just a weeny bird!"
 Spoke up young Sparrow, arrogant
 And quite determined to be heard.
 "Upon this glorious FOURTH I'd stamp
 And all its celebration damp!"*

*"To think we birds can't start a lay
 In peace to which we have a right,
 Because these humans greet this day
 With all this racket for a fight
 That ended, oh, so long ago,
 Not one of them the fighters know!"*

*Just then there came an awful roar!
 A cannon said its little say,
 And birdies old and young, galore,
 In fear and anger flew away.
 "Of all the nonsense, men can try,"
 They sang, "the chief's FOURTH of JULY!"*

years before that summer day in Philadelphia, when Miss United States of America made her debut among the nations, there met in Albany, New York, a delegation from seven of the colonies and one from the Five Nations of Indians, to try to settle a most important matter. The French in Canada, under what they felt to be unjust treatment from the English in the colonies, had declared war and succeeded in a large measure in getting the assistance of the

1754, was the day appointed for a meeting of the two races; but in spite of the presents with which the delegates from the colonies loaded the Indians and in spite of their best representations, they were unsuccessful in their object. The Indians preferred to call the French their friends. Thoroughly alarmed, the delegates, after the departure of the red men, took council together, and finally came to the conclusion that it was necessary to join forces, unite under one head only, instead of a governor to each colony, make their own laws, and assume power to raise money and arms as they thought proper without sending over to England for aid that might be delayed or never come. This idea of union with one "president," as they desired to call him, became deeply rooted in their minds. They didn't care to separate from the mother-country; they were willing to accept this president from the king instead of choosing him themselves; but they felt the time had come to be one instead of different settlements, at the mercy of different governors and their whims. More than once had the colonists experienced the tyranny of men sent them from over the ocean and their indifference toward the welfare of the colonies. In union, they felt, was their great strength and protection. So they talked about it long and earnestly, and on the Fourth of July, 1754, a few weeks after their unsuccessful convention with the Indians of the Five Nations, they agreed to unite under the government of one man, to be called the President General. Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland all signed the agreement. Connecticut stood out against the resolution. As for England, when she heard the proposal she said a great big NO! without loss of time. She knew what it meant in the end, just as well as her colonists did; she foresaw very clearly what might—and did—happen.

Now wouldn't you say that July 4, 1754, was really our First Independence Day?

THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:—

I am writing you a few lines. We have been readers of the FRANCISCAN HERALD for many years. I take more interest in the Children's Corner. I read the story in the February issue, and I think I can tell you what the Fisherman's Ring is. The Episcopal ring is given to a bishop at his consecration as a mark of dignity, and also as a seal and token of fidelity to the Church, which is the Spouse of God. Bishops generally wear a ring with an amethyst, cardinals with a sapphire, the Pope with a ruby; but this is a matter of custom rather than rule. A Fisherman's Ring is a signet engraved with the effigy of St. Peter, in the act of fishing, the name of the reigning pope inside. Apostolic Briefs are sealed with it, and it is broken at the Pope's death.

Yours, dear Letter Box,

Pauline Seidel,

Altoona, Pa.

Dear Letter Box:—

I want to thank the Puzzle Corner for putting in my puzzles. And I have a letter for you, which I hope you will like. I think Nellie Martin wrote such a nice letter, the story of the little news-boy and the Pope, was so pretty.

Your friend who won't let you be hungry if she can help it.

Isabelle Baker,

Bowling Green, Kentucky.

Dear Letter Box:—

Are you hungry yet? I asked my cousin who is writing this for me because I can't write very well yet myself without getting blots, if she thought you would die soon because you didn't get letters enough to eat, and she laughed and said maybe you would die sooner from eating what you did get, but I don't believe her, and I think she wants to write to you herself only she's so big. My name looked fine in those big letters in the April number, and I told a gentleman my father knows who has a newspaper that now I was a editor too. Margery Evans did great to sit down on a pile of sand that wasn't heavy enough for her, that's just like girls.

Your good friend,

Billy Morton,

Washington, D. C.

The Letter Box Says:

A fine letter, Pauline Seidel; you have looked up the history of the Fisherman's Ring intelligently and given a

very good account of it. By the way, a number of our Young Folks have sent in answers about it. As it is impossible for want of space to publish them all, those who do not get a word to themselves mustn't feel slighted. Here is another query, relating to the same subject: What is the significance of the rings worn by high Church dignitaries being amethysts, rubies and sapphires? Get to work, Young Folks!

Isabelle is a very good friend, indeed; she looks after the poor hungry Letter Box, you see, as well as the Puzzle Corner, to which she is an appreciated contributor.

Billy Morton, I believe you are right—that "big" cousin of yours is only waiting for some encouragement to write herself. Tell her my lid is always open. I don't know what Margery Evans is going to think of your opinion of girls!

I must ask my kind correspondents all not to write too long letters nor to write on both sides of the sheet. For this I have two good reasons—the one is that a long letter, however interesting, will for want of space keep another nice letter out; and the printers will all tell you that something that is to be printed must always be written on one side of the sheet only. There is a point for you future writers and "Editors."

Your LETTER BOX.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Great Men of Olden Times

- | | |
|-----------------|--------------|
| 1—Ohrem | 6—Dalerance |
| 2—Rusyc | 7—Bahliann |
| 3—Sexerx | 8—Laetortis |
| 4—Sairud | 9—Tarsecos |
| 5—Lusuij Aseacr | 10—Dotohuser |

John P. Gregory, Chicago.

What City Am I?

My first is in paint but not in quaint;
My second's in quaint but not in
fright;

My third's in fricht but not in white;
My fourth's in white but not in brown;
My fifth's in sceptré but not in crown;
My whole is a city of great renown.

Mary Cassidy, Govans, Md.

Dropped Vowels

T- - m- ch -f j- y -s s-rr-wf-l,
S- c-r-s m-st n-d b--nd;
Th- v-n- th-t h-s t-- m-n-y fl-w-rs
M-st tr-l -p-n th- gr--nd.

Isabelle Baker, Bowling Green, Ky.

Mix-Up In the Schoolroom

- | | |
|------------|--------------|
| 1—Ecather | 5—Kobo |
| 2—Esdk | 6—Roabdalcck |
| 3—Kacesobo | 7—Lahkc |
| 4—Wdoniw | 8—Liupsp |

Agnes Wall, Albany, N. Y.

ANSWERS TO JUNE PUZZLES

Some More Twisted Flowers

- | | |
|--------------|-------------|
| 1—Zinnia | 6—Geranium |
| 2—Narnation | 7—Foxglove |
| 3—Hydrangea | 8—Azalea |
| 4—Nasturtium | 9—Jasmine |
| 5—Sunflower | 10—Clematis |

Puzzle.

Orange.

What Seas Are These?

- 1—Adriatic (a dry attic)
- 2—China
- 3—Japan (jay-pan)
- 4—Baltic (ball-tick)
- 5—Carribean (carry-bean)
- 6—Marmora (mar-more-a)
- 7—Yellow (yell-low)

What Am I?

The letter A.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

Mildred Vignes, New Roads, La.; Agnes Bos, Kimberly, Wis.; Mary K. Dailey, Philadelphia, Pa.; Marie Blitzke, Fond du Lac, Wis.; Dominic Salsiccia, New Orleans, La.; Patricia Hickey, Junction City, Kan.; Rosie Maggio, New Roads, La.

ST. FRANCIS DETERMINES TO LIVE THE GOSPEL LIFE

WHEN Francis had now finished the work of repairing St. Damian's church, he was wearing a hermit's dress, and going about with a staff in his hand, and shoes on his feet, and girded with a leathern girdle. One day, on hearing at Mass the words spoken by Christ to the disciples whom he sent forth to preach—namely, that they should carry neither gold nor silver, nor wallet or scrip, nor staff on the way, nor have shoes, nor yet two tunics—and understanding these things more clearly afterwards from the priest (with whom he was living), he was filled with joy unspcakable, and said: "This is what I long to fulfil with all my might. . . ." Thenceforth, therefore, he used neither staff, shoes, wallet, nor scrip; and made himself a very mean, coarse tunic; and casting away the girdle, he replaced it with a rope.

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"MY OLD SLIPPERS AND YOUR OLD SHOES"

Made of silk, satin, leather, wood in Holland and France, paper in China and Japan, untanned deerskin among the Indians, even of brass in far-off ages among certain tribes that have vanished now from the face of the earth—oh, yes, you must have them, slippers or sandals, boots or shoes, any kind of covering, that your aristocratic foot may not press Mother Earth without a go-between to show how you despise the contact! I wonder who wore the first pair? No doubt, the original idea was safety and comfort; but from the earliest times in which we hear of them, shoes were a mark of honor, forbidden to poor everyday people, meant only for the high and mighty. The very first mention of them in history is when Abraham refused to accept anything from the King of Sodom, even a "shoe latchet" or string. This was a more important present at the time than it appears to us now. It was a part of a high badge of rank in itself, and the shoestring of a king was A No. 1 in the catalogue of distinguished shoestrings, of course. The shoe meant dominion, superiority. He who took off, or even undid, the shoe of another, by that act acknowledged that he was an inferior, and slaves were not allowed to wear any kind of foot covering at all among the pagan nations. A shoe was something in those days you couldn't look "down on," no matter what direction your eyes took in its regard. To hold a shoe over a person's head in ancient times meant your claim to be his lord. When property was transferred or an inheritance come into, the shoe of the former owner was offered to the new possessor. If somebody adopted you as a son, (daughters didn't count, it seems,) you had to put on his shoes—whether they fitted you or not—to show that you became his property. There was one use of the shoe in connection with the daughters of a family which couldn't have been very agreeable to the young ladies. The father, on the marriage of his daughter, took off her shoe and gave it to the bridegroom, thus resigning all his rights and power over her. I am sure you will all agree with me that modern times are a great improvement in this respect—nobody now looks gravely at your feet to find out whether you are a "head."

In the Middle Ages, shoes no longer played so important a part in law; they had become, however, much more important in the way of ornamentation. To take but a few instances, else our story would grow too long, they were at one time made with immense points stuffed with tow and curled up like the horns of

a ram. These points were so long, also that they had to be fastened to the knees of the wearer by chains. Then again, a sandals with elaborate designs in imitation of those of the great rose windows of the churches, in those days surpassing works of art. These embroideries were colored just like the stained glass, fancy came in to embroider shoes and jewels were wrought into them, and they were about as uncomfortable and unpracticable as all fashions carried to excess. In fact, a certain king of England, Henry VI, who had no patience with fads, sturdily refused to appear in such monstrosities, and "went very plain," says an old chronicler. The kings of ancient Egypt had nothing like his good sense or good feeling either, by the way, for Henry was one of the best and kindest of monarchs. The Egyptian sovereigns wore on the soles of their sandals the figure of a crouching slave, trodden on at every footstep, thus cruelly flaunting their absolute power over "the under dog," as the saying is.

When old Rome was at the height of power, all the senators wore black shoes reaching half-way up the leg, and now are called buskins, a silver crescent fastened to the instep. Wouldn't we laugh if we saw our senators walking around Washington in such footwear? Alas! our friend the shoe has lost all its importance nowadays, though one people, the Mussulmans or Mahometans of Turkey and Arabia, still go barefooted before a superior and lay off their sandals at the doors of their mosques, through respect and reverence.

No such feelings will bother many of our boy Young Folks, I know, when the delight of summer fields and summer waters takes possession of their souls this lovely June. Whittier, our American poet, a boy himself once, doesn't hesitate to take their side of the shoe question. Says he:
"Ah, that thou couldst know thy joy—
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!"

AT NINETY IN THE SHADE

Hot weather? Yes; but really not, Compared with weather twice as hot. Find comfort, then, in arguing thus, And you'll pull through victoriously!— For instance, while you gasp and pant And try to cool yourself—and can't— With soda, cream and lemonade, The heat at ninety in the shade,— Just calmly sit and ponder o'er These same degrees, with ninety more On top of them, and so concede The weather now is cool indeed!

—J. W. Riley in *Songs of Summer*.

Miscellaneous

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

BY PAUL H. RICHARDS

FAMOUS men and women come before posterity in divers ways. Authors leave their books, architects their buildings, moral and social leaders their organizations, evolution, construction. In the judgment of posterity, in the interpretation of them by the master minds of later years, is another setting for great men.

Memoirs are the first loving, indly enshrining of the famous dead in the literature of their generation. The best feature of Memoirs is the friendship and devotion of the one who writes them. Some of the best books of every age have been memoirs.

When a deceased author's executors have published all that he has written of worth, it may be that his "Letters" follow. Someone has said a man is most truly revealed by his letters. It may be, however, that of late, men write their letters with a view to their future publication. We have not many volumes of "Letters" by authors or other great men of the distant past, though Julius Caesar's have been for centuries the delight and the despair of various academic youths. Imagine the books that could be made of the now unknown letters in transit between men in relations of friendship, business, or enmity. The "notes" exchanged by diplomats of recent years, the most peculiar correspondence of Lloyd George and Sinn Fein leaders, the veiled challenges and ultimatum of the business world as once glimpsed by Thomas Lawson in his *Frenzied Finance*,—all these are suggestive of the possibilities of authorship in letters.

Diaries and autobiographies are less common, and belong to those set apart by genius or misfortune. They number some of the most interest-

ing, the most pathetic and most delicate of literary work. Frequently self-revealing, yet self-illusioned, occasionally vain and silly, and sometimes wholly self-immolating are these books. The autobiography of *The Little Flower* was written, we know, in obedience to a Superior's command, as was also the autobiographical sketch of Blessed Mother Anne of St. Bartholome.

"Confessions" are a form of autobiography which, since those of St. Augustine were written, have become fashionable among many who have little of note to confess. Religious experiences have been the main foundation of most of the autobiographies. Among recent examples we have *An Awakening*, by James Kent Stone (Father Fidelis, C.P.); *Salve Mater*, Dr. Frederick Joseph Kinsman's story of his conversion; *The Rebuilding of a Lost Faith*, by an unknown American Agnostic; and Michael Williams' story, *The High Romance*.

Great men of distant times when book publishers were not so facile and keen in their art, have been at some disadvantage in regard to biographers. Cardinal Newman was fortunate in his biographer, his friend and contemporary, Wilfrid Ward, whose specialty was biography. Dr. Johnson was immortalized by an intimate associate named Boswell, and many of us who have never seen the volume, *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, know that it ranks among classics in the literary world. Such men as Dante, Cervantes, Tasso, Columbus, have been the occasion for much delving and studying, have been the subject of much interpretation, and perhaps in some cases have not yet found their rightful biographer. Such work as Everard Meynell has done for Francis Thompson, and

Shane Leslie for Cardinal Newman, if not the biographies of their subjects, will at least save much labor for later scholars.

There are signs that biography is becoming more popular than fiction. Although a modern university professor of English Literature has required from his class an original novel, this falls behind the enterprise which prompts the illustration of Longfellow's lines:

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime—"

I know a young lady who contemplated as her first book a biography of the bishop of her diocese. It will be of value both to her and to other prospective young writers who have not thought of turning to mine such gold at their doors. It might well be a requirement of High School graduates that they draft at least the outline of a biography of some contemporary, whether an equal, a superior, or an inferior, whose life they might judge worthy a place in literature. During the war, several books were written biographical of a deceased soldier, a hero to his family and his circle of friends, though unknown to wider fame. Such books are spirited in their enterprise and do a certain work, though they do not survive far beyond their generation. One has but to compare the worth of their true story of courage and sacrifice with the worthless and harmful fiction which is still popular, to appreciate fully the biography of the obscure.

One of the best recent examples of a successful biography of an obscure subject is the life story of John Patrick, Third Marquess of Bute, by a Benedictine Bishop, a personal friend. We are told by the author that Disraeli's novel *Lothair* was modeled on this very man, a



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contemporary. The similarity between Lord Bute's life and the setting of popular fiction will be noted at once. Many readers have become habituated to the English novel in which the moving pictures of the nobility are the great charm, while the action may be dull and even questionable in moral value. Such readers are offered in this book by Bishop Hunter Blair a good substitute for this kind of fiction in the truthful narrative of a life more worthy of literature than many "created" characters.

To list a few of the worthy books in the various forms of biography, old and new, take the following as a beginning:

Francis Thompson's *Life of St. Ignatius*, Fr. Cuthbert's *St. Francis of Assisi*, the *Autobiography* of Harriet Martineau, Denifle's *Life of Luther*, the *Letters* of R. L. Stevenson, Huser's *Life of Canon Sheehan*, *Memoirs of General U. S. Grant*, *Memoirs of Father Basil Maturin* by Maisie Ward, *Letters of Father Faber*, Wilfrid Ward's *Biography of Newman*, the *Autobiography* of Benjamin Franklin, Irving's *Life of Columbus*, Dr. Slattery's *Dante*, Newman's *Apologia*, Msgr. Benson's *Confessions of a Convert*, the *Diary of Eugenie de Guerin*, and St. Teresa's *Foundations*. To these, selected at random, many more interesting and edifying books of this class could be added.

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BOOK REVIEWS

John Patrick, Third Marquess of Bute, K. T.—A Memoir by Rt. Rev. Sir David Hunter Blair, Bt. O. S. B.

Such a biography as this of a man comparatively unknown to fame even in this time, must be of chief interest to the family and friends of him whose childhood, education and useful career in civil life has afforded the author material for an excellent sympathetic study. To this interest will of course be added the value of the author's personal viewpoint, literary handling of the subject, and the historical interest in the latter Victorian period in which Lord Bute lived.

The third marquess of Bute was a descendant of King Robert II of Scotland, one of his ancestors having resisted the union of Scotland and England. He was heir to many titles through his forbears, and owner of a number of valuable estates in Scotland and Wales. He was the only child of his parents, and therefore solitary in childhood, being bereft also of his father and mother at a tender age, educated under direction of guardians at May Place, Harrow, and Oxford where he became attracted to the Catholic Church, and despite pressure from his guardians was received into the Fold on coming of age.

His later life is that of public usefulness, as landowner, student, writer, editor and patron of educa-

tion and art, and mayor of Cardiff. Besides being something of a poet he was one of the best amateur architects of his time. Some of his verse and other writings and many of his letters are woven into this life story, making a narrative with much of the charm of fiction. His biographer states in the foreword that Disraeli's novel *Lothair* was patterned upon the life of this man. There are a number of interesting illustrations of scenes connected with Lord Bute's activities and several portraits of him as a child as mayor and as rector of St. Andrew's University. As American writers have made permanent the memory of some of our distinguished editors of the early periodicals, so Bishop Blair has of his friend's life made a very readable biography.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York, \$5.00.

The King of the Golden City—By Mother Mary Loyola.

Here is a gift book for children which will be memorable for its beauty and power. The eight illustrations in color are the work of J. Watson Davis, and will charm the eyes and hearts of children and their elders. The art and grace in the simplicity and clearness of the story of first communion and Christ's care for us will hallow the gift as years pass.

Although the cost of this book must put it beyond the reach of many who have a loved child to whom they would give this treasure, as a measure of propoganda for the Eucharistic league, devotion to which is rising in England, the book is priced and designed for circles where it will be needed and effective. With Helen Parry Eden's "A string of Sapphires," it shows American readers the possibilities in Catholic books, in art, in motive and purpose. Such a book may well be the prize for excellence in Christian doctrine in parochial schools and catechism classes, thus enabling the poor as well as the rich to become the possessors of this beautiful volume.

P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York, \$2.50.

A Medieval Hun—By John L. Carleton.

This is a worth-while excursion into the neglected province of historical drama, its subject being the inroad of Henry IV on the rights of Church and commonwealth, its denouement Canossa. There is a wealth of dramatic material, and, we may say, it is creditably marshaled. We commend its perusal for the wholesomeness of its characters and its bearing upon modern international problems, forgiving the author much for the sake of his undoubted efforts at fairness toward St. Gregory VII, and generally for his effort to give the public something worth reading. Only, why that title? True, it is marketable, and there is room for a comparison between Attila and Henry. But in form the title is prosy; while modern connotation makes it a vulgarity, fit to head any of those obsolete war-frenzied diatribes, which the world is fore-doing to the waste-basket inferno.

The Cornhill Co., Boston; \$1.50.

You and Yours, Practical Talks on Family Life—By Martin J. Scott, S. J.

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er, mother, husband, wife, son, and daughter—each comes in for a chapter for which they will be heartily grateful to the author—while the additional chapters on dangers courtship, dress, vocation, deserve unreserved attention. By all means, let every home have a copy; and let confessors, and directors of souls and societies use it freely. In fact, while the price of the book puts it within easy reach of everybody, we should like to see the various chapters individually in pamphlet form for the book rack, so as to bring their wholesome contents within still easier reach.

P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, cloth \$1.50, paper 35 cents.

The Beggar's Vision—By Brookes More.

Although the publishers have dressed this volume for immortality and in their notice herald it as destined for such fame, readers who look for substance rather than appearance will find Mr. More's verse very flat—the more so just because of the publisher's over-rating. The illustrations, miniatures in black and white in early nineteenth century style, and William Stanley Braithwaite's appreciative foreword heighten the effect of inadequacy in the poet. The seven poems in the book, which we are told in the foreword represent the mysticism and symbolism of numbers, distinctly echo such English classics as Keats' *Eve of St. Agnes*, Poe's lyrics, Tennyson's *Idylls*, and there are notes of Burns and Goldsmith in his measures. This would seem good measure of verse if we desired a medley of other authors, and it might be passable with more modest presentation of this poet. For it is possible that a young poet might honestly and sincerely idealize the atomic theory and join it with the principle of the conservation of energy in verse, and imagine that he rivalled Homer and Milton; and it is also possible that a friendly critic such as Mr. Braithwaite might charitably say the kindest possible things of it in statements which various readers may wrest to their own interpretation. But it does not seem possible that a commercial firm such as a publishing company

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could sincerely, as they say, put their work out as great poetry. Mr. Braithwaite is quite right in saying that the poet has idealized religion and seeks to show that religion "the deepest human need," and that he has tried to include the main creeds in the seven poems—scientific, Christian, pagan and agnostic. That he has "bridged all religions to a principle of Love such as the Christian principle of religion, not clear to Christian readers. In fact, the foreword is almost unintelligible to readers unversed in the ways of thought of agnostic and pagan minds. Therefore the inclusion of The Convent Legend does not, as the poet and his critic hope, fit the work for universal acceptance.

The Beggar's Vision, pictured by the illustrator, represents an angel bearing aloft globes which are dark while near the earth and become illumined as they ascend. The beggar, an aged wretch close to death from cold and exhaustion, gazes enraptured on this vision as he lays the base of a haystack, his refuge from the cold. A paper found on his body when he has perished here describes his creed as a belief that his atoms will rise to immortality and thus perpetuate his life. This throws us back to the illustration which we now understand as atoms borne up in angel's hands. A sympathetic and reflective spirit is necessary at this point to dispel the mixed feelings which this new and daring attempt to put science in verse may produce. Great art produces its effect upon the reader usually without the co-operation of the reader and often in spite of his prejudice. In this respect the poet fails. It is unnecessary, however, to be severely critical of such verses or of the publisher's attempt to float it for what it is not, because it is they defeat their own end.

The Cornhill Publishing Co., Boston, \$2.00.

The Life of St. Francis of Assisi—By Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Those who have read Francis Thompson's Life of St. Ignatius will always be eager to read the biography of other great saints written by a master hand. We are apt to forget

that this master hand was a dying hand, and the soul who gave his vision of the great soldier saint was fighting the great battle for his own soul as he shaped the life-story of Loyola. Father Cuthbert, whose name is welcome to lovers of good literature, has been reaching out towards an adequate life of the Poverello, and to this end has lent his own gifts and scholarship to a biography of St. Francis of Assisi which he hopes will so promote the study and love of the Assisian that he longed for life story may soon be written. Father Cuthbert's modest estimate of his own work is accompanied by the imprint of the third edition of the book since its first publication in July, 1912.

As to a critical estimate of this book, only a scholar in Franciscan lore will be capable of giving a reliable judgment. To the average reader it will appear that the abundant sources of study of the life and times of St. Francis are not yet thoroughly sifted, and the notes and comments of various writers, contemporary and later, give room for differing impressions of certain phases of St. Francis' life and times. Father Cuthberts with the instinct of a scholar has given much attention to these obscure and disputed points, and adds to the text abundant footnotes which will doubtless further stimulate the reader and the student.

The main points in the life,—the conversion of St. Francis and his character in youth before and after conversion, his early work of rebuilding churches, the formation of his Order, the Rule and the pope's approval of it, form the matter of his first book; the second book describes the settlement at Rivo-Torto, near the Porziuncola, the establishment of St. Clare and the Poor Ladies' missions, the Lateran Council and the Porziuncola indulgence; the third book handles the most difficult portion of the saint's life—the change in the Order with its growth, which entailed for St. Francis much suffering and anxiety, which drew his attention of governing cardinals to the two great Orders of Friars Minor and Friars Preachers for the reorganizing and revitalizing of Catholic life. In this book we are

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told how things go wrong in the Franciscan Order during the absence of St. Francis on missions in the East,—“the revolt of the vicars” or the “dissident ministers” of whom Brother Elias, one of the original band, becomes disagreeably prominent. The Third Order is established the First and Second Orders grow beyond their Rule, and the “Trial of St. Francis” in this situation is, as described, a painful one of revising the Rule to meet future conditions and the worldly wisdom of his widened brotherhood. Father Cuthbert carries us through this trying period without loss of the idealism with which the early part of St. Francis’s story invariably inspires the reader. Humbly, steadfastly, Francis the saint yields points of contention to the worldly wise ministers, and so the new Rule is prepared for posterity. The old Rule, made for a few of extraordinary piety, holiness and simplicity, was impossible for large numbers and changing times. The fourth book is rich with the story of Greccio and its first Christmas crib, the stigmata, and the declining days of the saint in which as a modern poet has written: “He went to meet death singing.” The appendices contain the primitive Rule and an analysis of it by the author, a dissertation on the indulgence of the Porziuncola, the Rule of the Third Order—the author’s comment—the sources of our knowledge of St. Francis, and index.

To those who know Father Cuthbert’s literary style it is unnecessary to state that the poetic charm of St. Francis’s character and life-story is made much of, and that notwithstanding the atmosphere of research and scholarly disputation which enwraps the work, the breath of idealism, the charm of knight-hood, the vision of the Lady Poverty are clearly to be seen and followed herein.

Previous biographers have stressed the ideal and most winsome character of St. Francis and of certain of his first disciples, and have fed our fancy with abundant legend. Father Cuthbert’s work makes clearer the economic and political situation of the time, and makes interesting and apprehensible the peculiar relations of Italian cities

such as Perugia and Assisi, the warfare between which played so great a part in St. Francis’s life. He also whets the interest and desire of the reader to clear up misty and disputed points in contemporary legends of St. Francis’s doings—which I clear proof that he has greatly added to the interest of readers and lovers of St. Francis.

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Maria Chapdelaine—Louis Hémon—By W. H. Blake.

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(See page 326)

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Memoir of Rev. R. F. Garrold, S. J.—By C. C. Martindale, S. J.

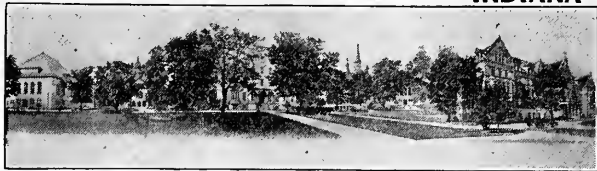
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My Own People—By Rev. Dr. Hugh F. Blunt.

Father Blunt's literary work, both prose and verse, encourages the hope that we shall yet have an American literature worthy of our great country. Here is a true and strong American writer, whose work ever be his theme. His interpretations of Irish character, his ideals of authorship, of a poet, his zeal for religion, his love for nature and all elements in this third volume of poems from his pen. Some of these verses are new and have not appeared before, while many are taken from the Magnificat, Rosary, Ave Maria, Catholic World, Irish Monthly, and Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Father Blunt has constantly improved his poetic work in art and in thought; thinking nothing of fame or of monetary reward; he is recognized as one of the foremost Catholic poets of America, and has a style of expression which has no imitators. For each poem we might name a virtue or a naturally noble trait in the poet, for example: Martyrs by Toil, The Gate, Fallen Angels, The Way of Love, God's Quest, and Poems New and Old to the Blessed Mother illustrate tenderness, sympathy, understanding, aspiration, high courage, and beautiful ideals. His "Irish" poems, our accomplished Irish critics of the present would call rather "American" than "Irish." Yet they represent the Celt who has been long in America. A Song of May is typical of his combination of love of nature and of Mary:

I sought to sing a song of May,
Of apple blossoms burgeoning;
But apple blooms inspired no lay
Save one old song the angels sing—
Hail Mary!
I sought to sing a song of May,
Of violets in secrecy;
The modest flowers had naught to say,
But 'er' and 'er's their rosary—Hail Mary!
I sought to sing a song of May,
But birds and trees and flowers denied,
Why sing of our poor charms? said they.
"When, lo! our Queen is at thy side!"
Hail Mary!"
Magnificat Press, Manchester, N. H.,
\$1.50.

Dante: How to Know Him—By Alfred M. Brooks.

This is not a new book, being several years before the public, but it is one which is likely to remain and grow in favor with the greater number who read or study Dante. It is a popular study, sufficiently scholarly and also simple in plan, successful in presenting, as it aims to do, the beauty, common sense and brevity of the great poem.
The introduction is a sketch of Dante's life, his times and country, including a criticism of the poem, in which he calls the universe its stage, the time is from Good Friday evening to Easter Sunday morning, and the actors are saints, men and women among whom Dante passes with Virgil as a guide.

Then follows the analysis of the poem in its three divisions—Purgatory, Hell and Paradise. The author reads in paraphrased translation with footnotes explanatory of each passage or canto. Some cantos are omitted from Inferno because, the author tells us, less is required of this book to impress the reader than the less familiar and more mystical Paradise and Purgatory. The cornerstone of Dante's belief, he tells us, is Free Will.

At this time when all the world is celebrating the centenary of the death of the greatest poet, the publication and availability of popular works such as Brooks' Dante should be a boon to the average reader and should make an excellent gift. The Catholic reader who remains longer ignorant and indifferent in regard to the Divine Comedy. The facts of Dante's life, Brooks compresses into a paragraph of twelve lines. The footnotes are in connection with the plan of the cantos put before readers a good deal of general history and literature.

Bobbs, Merrill Co., Indianapolis, \$1.25.

The Story of St. John Baptist De La Salle—By Brother Leo; Introduction by Most Rev. Patrick J. Hayes, New York.

It is fitting that Brother Leo whose literary work is so high and varied a character should add to his other volumes this study of the founder of the Society of Christian Brothers. Brother Leo is famous as a story teller, an essayist, and a teacher. He illuminates and gives what is the best of the religious which presentation in his books reveals the character of the skilful and gifted teacher. In his treatment of the life and character of the saint, John Baptist De La Salle, we find a study, using the method of approach for such difficult work. He introduces and sketches the saint as he would the subject of any ordinary biography, not lacking in the respect which should attend the sketching of any life. Without formal literary beatification of his subject, he impresses upon the reader the great thing which the Saint did for modern times, namely, the democratization and its establishment upon a religious basis with teachers fitted for their task by sound religious principle and training. The author analyzes the chief defect in popular education to-day—the inharmonious development and training of the teachers and consequently of the pupils. The story of De La Salle's pioneer work in the United States is told in clear and least honored class in that day is in itself most interesting and is handled sympathetically here.

The chapters of this book are short and crisp and make excellent selections for quotation. Such titles as The First Teachers, The Torch Bearers, On To Paris, The Schools of the People, The Making of a Brother, The Athlete of God and The Gateway to Life, will speak to those familiar with Brother Leo's work what this book holds for the reader.

Saint John Baptist De La Salle, himself of the aristocracy in a time of class distinction, took up the cause of educating the poor teachers of his time taking them into his own house and care. Thus we see the Saint.
J. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York, \$1.60 postpaid.

The Parable Book—By the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur.

The words of our Divine Lord, reset in the language of a family of amiable and intelligent children resident on the Lake Shore of Chicago, make a most attractive and inspiring book for children. The illustrations are by Chicago's best Catholic artists, known through the Church and the world, and there are also reproductions of the masterpieces of great artists. The paper is old gold and the illustrations in tones of sepia. The idea of setting the parables of Our Lord in this form is original and successful.

This is the story of a family consisting of parents and four children and a cousin who has been crippled while serving as a soldier in the army. The children are of various ages of the children range from the new baby and "Ou' lil Davy," as the old servants call the boy of four or five, to Molra and Michael, ten and twelve, and Michael the cousin, fifteen. Just like children in a family such as this share interests in common, understanding more or less of what is said and done, so the author hopes the readers of this book will share in its inspiration, since the youngest reader will gain from it as well as the oldest.

This is a family in which early First Communion is cherished, and Michael prays that David may make his First Communion in his and Our Lady's birthday. As preparation for this, and for other reasons, the children are learning the parables which they sometimes recite for the old pastor who went to school with grandfather and gave mother her First Communion. A map of Palestine is prepared by Michael, James and the author. The parables are learned in connection with the story of Our Lord's life. The story ends with the restoration of Michael's crippled limb by a miracle, following the first Communion of his brother David. Michael is planning to become a priest, and David intends to become a bishop.
Extension Press, Chicago, \$2.00.

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OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of *Franciscan Herald* and friends of our missions: Cleveland, Ohio.—Rel. Bro. Edward Bahlmann, O. F. M.; Santa Barbara, Calif.—Rel. Bro. Damian Baessgens, O. M.; New York City.—Mrs. Mary Duignan; Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mrs. O. Stengle; Rochester, N. Y.—Mr. E. T. Pratt; Seneca, N. Y.—Mrs. M. French; Providence, R. I.—Henry Francis Mulligan; Harrison, N. J.—Mr. G. P. Malady; Malden, Mass.—Miss Annie Daly, Miss Boyle; Philadelphia, Pa.—Mr. & Mrs. Flaherty, Mr. Coyle, John A. Browne; Erie, Pa.—Mrs. Mary V. Greiner; Merion, Pa.—Rev. Mother M. Hildebrand; Hesser; Altoona, Pa.—Mr. Aaron Sedelmeyer, William & Mary Maher; Mr. William Hodapp; Cincinnati, Ohio.—Frederick Kroger; St. Bernard, Ohio.—Frank Murphy, Tiffin, Ohio.—Mrs. Margaret Motry; Garrett, Ind.—James Carlin; Chicago, Ill.—Mr. & Mrs. Ryan, Mr. & Mrs. McGuire, Mrs. Catherine Homer; Wilmette, Ill.—Mrs. Kientz; Geneseo, Ill.—Mrs. M. Hughes; St. Louis, Mo.—Yan Duba, Sr., Yan Yuba, Jr.; Kansas City, Mo.—John Garret, James, Julia, & James Galvin, Edward & Thomas White, Margaret Erwin, John Ahern, Patrick Gilmer, Mr. & Mrs. John O'Brien; St. Joseph, Mo.—James Lundon, Mrs. J. O'Connor; Leavenworth, Kan.—Mrs. Rose King; Beloit, Wis.—Rose Ennis, Mrs. T. Brown; Highland, Wis.—Miss M. Deagan; St. Paul, Minn.—Mrs. A. Stephan; Denver, Col.—Mrs. Gunn; San Francisco, Calif.—Mrs. E. Ahern; Spokane, Wash.—Mrs. G. W. Berg.

LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood.

(Three hundred days each time.)

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers.

For the conversion of two sons. For the cure of a husband from serious stomach trouble and nervous breakdown. For the recovery of health (3). For the conversion of three persons. For a favorable weather. To pay for a home. For relief from wrong. For success of a father of a family in his work and for a better home. For success in a special undertaking. For relief from illness due to school work. For cure of an ulcer. For recovery from heart trouble. For the conversion of a non-Catholic husband. For suitable employment (1). For cure from appendicitis and rheumatism. For the return of near relatives to their religious duties. In thanksgiving to St. Antony for a favor received. For success in a business venture. For a successful operation. For a young man stricken with cancer. For a young man addicted to drink. To secure old position again. In thanksgiving to St. Antony and to St. Rita for a favor received.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Men have pursued false ideals and wrong notions of honor, progress, success and happiness so steadfastly and long, that the spiritual malady has become widespread and deep-seated. No merely human organization or effort can restore contentment, peace and universal charity. A great spiritual awakening, a return to true, sound religious principles is imperative, and this achieved, many of the distressing problems and shocking miseries which beset the world today, will automatically disappear.

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Franciscan News

Rome, Italy.—With the approval of the Sacred Congregation of Rites, given on November 15, 1921, the cause of the beatification of Rev. Leonard Murialdo has been formally introduced. The saintly priest was a member of the Third Order and the founder of the Society of St. Joseph.

During the same month, the Sacred Congregation occupied itself with the eventual beatification of Fr. Innocent de Berzo, O. M. Cap., and of Fr. Lawrence de Villamagna, O. F. M.; and on January 17, this year, the writings of the servant of God, Fr. Luke Belludi, O. F. M., were examined.

Poland.—The Third Order in Poland is again coming into its own. At Warsaw, for instance, there are five very flourishing and active fraternities. Last August, 30,000 Tertiaries attended the national convention held in Cracow. Of these, 12,000 were from Warsaw. A society has recently been founded for the relief of the poor and neglected. Its founder is the well-known painter Chmielowski. From its spiritual Director, Fr. Albert, who died during the world war, the members of the society call themselves The Albertins. The fruits of their efforts among the lower classes became manifest in a recent police report, which showed a remarkable decrease in the number of criminal offenses.

Germany.—The following letter addressed to us by our correspondent in Germany, Fr. Patrick Schlager, O. F. M., will doubtless interest our readers. He writes:

"We were astonished to learn through the pages of FRANCISCAN HERALD with what imposing solemnities the Tertiaries of the United States, with the cooperation of Bishops and Provincials, commemorated the Seventh Centenary of the Founding of the Third Order. We, too, in Germany, celebrated the event, of course, not with such splendor as on the other side of the waters. Still, now at the close of the jubilee year, I presume that you and the readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD will be pleased to hear something of our celebrations. The total number of Tertiaries in Germany is about 375,000. Great enthusiasm was manifested at the various regional conventions in Bavaria, Wuerttemberg, Tyrol, Switzerland, and

the territories of Northern Germany.

"Thus in the course of the past year much good seed has been sown in Germany as well as elsewhere. With renewed fervor the Tertiaries have again been told how great and important the task is they have to perform—to collaborate in the reconstruction of society."

Of modern Franciscan works on matters theological, perhaps none has become so popular as *Der Beichtende Christ* (The Confessing Christian) by Fr. Fructuosus Hockenmeier, O. F. M. The work has been translated into thirteen different languages. During a private audience with the Holy Father, last year, the author presented His Holiness with a complete set of his work in all the languages. The Pope was greatly interested and rewarded the author with a personal letter in which he congratulated him and praised the work for its thoroughness and popularity.

Munich, Bavaria.—Interesting is the following extract from the sermon which His Eminence Cardinal von Faulhaber delivered on the occasion of the Third Order Centenary Convention, which was held in Munich last August: "And now," the distinguished speaker said, "let me give pain to a soul and mention a Tertiary, who is in our midst today, who told me that her father and mother had been buried in the habit of St. Francis and that she herself has long ago made provision to wear this habit as her death shroud: our princess Louise Ferdinand, Infanta of Spain. In Munich it is not publicly known that this princess, a true apostle of charity, visits the houses of the poor; it is not known what consolation she has already brought into the houses of the poor. . . ."

Metz, Alsace-Lorraine.—The Rt. Rev. Bishop of Metz has requested the Franciscans in his episcopal city to direct the newly organized Tertiary Priests' fraternity. So far, ninety priests, the majority of whom were already Tertiaries, have sent in their names for membership in the fraternity. On May 18, they met in the Franciscan friary in Metz for the purpose of electing officers and drawing up statutes commensurate with the particular needs of the diocese.

Bruges, France.—During the Third Order Centenary celebrations, held in Bruges, a Priests' Fraternity was estab-

lished, pursuant to the wish of the bishop, who expressed his desire that a special fraternity be organized in Bruges for the priests of the northern section of the diocese, while the priests of the southern section should affiliate themselves with the one already existing at Iseghem. Forty-one priests were enrolled during the first meeting and a number of others have handed in their application for membership. The new fraternity is under the direction of the Capuchin Friars with His Lordship Msgr. Waffelaert, Bishop of Bruges, and Very Rev. Chrysostom, O. M. Cap., Mirister Provincial, as honorary president.

Santander, Spain.—The university of Seville mourns the death of one of its ablest professors, Don Manuel Sanchez de Castro. Not only in Seville but in the entire Spain he was a leading figure in Catholic circles, consecrating his talent and accomplishments to the service of the Church. Himself a fervent Tertiary, he never missed an occasion to recommend the Third Order as the means of combating the social evils of the present day, and to prove his contention he justly referred to the clear and emphatic pronouncements of the Popes during the last sixty years.

Burgos, Spain.—In compliance with the recent appeal of Pope Benedict XV of blessed memory, many priests of the diocese of Burgos joined the Third Order while others will do the same in the future. The fraternity is under the direction of the Capuchin Friars.

Oviedo, Spain.—The newly appointed bishop of Oviedo, Rt. Rev. John Baptist Louis Perez, is a member of the Third Order.

Numantia, Spain.—In the ancient city of Numantia, Province of Soria, Spain the young people are flocking into the Third Order. At first, their fraternity counted only a few members. But they by the good example they set in every Christian virtue, soon attracted attention and gradually succeeded in getting their friends and companions to join the Macchabees of the New Law, as the like to style themselves. Now, large numbers of young men and ladies gather every month in the Franciscan church of the city to listen to their spiritual Director's discourse on some topic

present day importance and interest. Only recently they organized a literary circle and will soon have a special building at their disposal.

Ajaccio, Isle of Corsica.—Very Rev. Augustine Giustiniani, O. F. M., Minister Provincial of the Franciscans on the Isle of Corsica, has been appointed auxiliary bishop of Ajaccio. The name Giustiniani is famous in history. Among its ancestors, the newly appointed bishop numbers several saints, notably St. Lawrence, Bishop and first Patriarch of Venice (died 1456); three cardinals; one archbishop; and fifteen bishops, of whom six held sees on the Isle of Corsica. Thus, in 1587, Msgr. Julius Giustiniani was Bishop of Ajaccio and erected the cathedral of that city.

Morocco, Africa.—Last January, two Franciscan missionaries of Morocco penetrated for the first time as far as the city of Xauen. The Government Commissary General of Tetuan placed a word at their disposal and also provided them with a letter of introduction to the Baja or Moorish governor of Xauen, instructing him to show every courtesy to the Fathers and to assign to them a military guard who should protect and aid them on their expedition into the interior of the country. The Baja received them very cordially and himself offered to escort them. Having visited the various parts of the city, they returned to the house of the Baja and were treated to a cup of tea. Speaking of the importance of the Franciscan Missions in Morocco, the Baja expressed himself in these terms: "From the traditions of my ancestors and from what I myself have seen in Alcazarquivir, where I was born, I know that you Franciscans were the principal agents of civilization in these villages; and as for me who loves Spain very sincerely, I miss something in not seeing it represented here as it should be, because I do not see you presiding at the prayers of your Christians." The Baja is of noble extraction and calls himself Xerif Sakali.

Punjab, East India.—Last January, the Capuchin Missions in East India suffered a great loss in the death of Fr. Livinus of Grimmingen, O. M. Cap. In 1888, when the Belgian Province took over the Mission of Punjab, Fr. Livinus was among the first to set out for the distant field of labor, and, like so many other Franciscan missionaries of the past, never saw his native land again. Today the Capuchin missions in East India are in so flourishing a condition as to be in great part due to the heroic and untiring zeal of the pioneer missionary,

Fr. Livinus, who has now gone to his eternal reward.

India.—A recent issue of "The Bombay Examiner" speaks in very high terms of the community of Franciscan Tertiary Sisters who are laboring for the faith among the native women of India. The community was founded only six years ago at Ajmar, Rajputana, of which diocese the Rt. Rev. Caumont, O. M. Cap., is bishop. The community of Tertiary Sisters is composed entirely of native Hindoos, except the Mother Superior, who is of English extraction. At present, they are conducting an orphanage and teaching the catechism to the native children and women in Ajmar and the neighboring villages.

The sons of St. Francis are still engaged in missionary work in India where, four centuries ago, they so heartily welcomed St. Francis Xavier, the greatest missionary of the Jesuit Order. Thus the Capuchin Friars, who are in charge of the ancient mission of Sardhana, will open a novitiate there for candidates of their order, in connection with their St. Charles School. Last year, the Sardhana Mission numbered 52 converts, while 300 catechumens were preparing themselves for the reception of Baptism. There is also a steady increase in the number of neophytes at the mission of Khera Khurd. At Agra, too, their mission is in a flourishing condition. Recently, the school at Agra, in charge of the Capuchin Friars, was highly praised by a non-Catholic visitor for what it is achieving among the natives in the way of education.

Montreal, Canada.—A Tertiary of Montreal, Canada, availing herself of the Question Box conducted in *L'Echo de St. Francois*, asked whether the statement often made that St. Ignatius of Loyola was a Tertiary, must be considered a mere pious assertion of a fact. The editor's answer reads: "A pious assertion, if you will, but in conformity with historical truth. Witness among others the declaration of Antony de Sellis, Minister General of the Tertiaries in 1610: 'St. Ignatius of Loyola, the founder of the illustrious Society of Jesus, began the edifice of his sanctity under the Rule of the Third Order. The bull of his canonization says that he departed from Monserrat clothed in an austere tunic, reaching to his knees, girt with a cord, and with a staff in his hand. This being girt with a cord is peculiar to the children of St. Francis. In effect, having made a general confession in the church at Monserrat to a Franciscan Friar, he left in this church his sword and belt, and retired to the hid-

eous grotto of Manresa, where he remained for some time and led the life of our ancient Tertiaries. He had received the habit and made his profession in the hands of his confessor. It was in this retreat that he composed his "Exercises" and practiced astounding austerities while giving himself to contemplation. He was a Tertiary from 1521 to 1535, the year in which he founded his Society and continued to go to confession to the Franciscans till 1541, when his Society was definitely established."

Fiji Islands, Macuata.—Some time since we received a very interesting and edifying letter from a missionary Sister who is sacrificing herself for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Fiji Islanders. The letter shows what untold hardships our good Sisters will undergo for the expansion of God's kingdom on earth. After thanking us for the copy of FRANCISCAN HERALD which we are sending her regularly, and for copies of our pamphlet publications, she continues: "At this station (of Macuata) pretty big sacrifices are asked of me. But the one that hurts me most is to live all alone in the midst of the natives leading their life, so to speak, without even the consolation of the Blessed Sacrament, due to the extended absence of the missionary. During the year 1920, I was deprived of holy Mass and Holy Communion on 158 days; and for the greater part of this time the tabernacle remained without the Blessed Sacrament. This year, 1921, the number of such days is already 127, a little smaller than last year. This being without the Blessed Eucharist makes the soul of a religious feel exceedingly lonesome, doubtless incomprehensible for such as have never experienced it.

"Right now I am in great distress. All this year I was having a nice and well attended school, when the unusual drought, which had lasted for seven months, began to threaten us with famine. Since the month of September, my poor children are going every day to the mountains in search of a sort of wild potato, which is very bitter and fibrous. This was their only nourishment. Besides I have now the misfortune of losing four of the children because the parents have asked for them under the pretext that they can no longer live in circumstances that make them sick.

"And now see! Christmas is at hand, and my anxiety has come to a head: the children are crying from hunger. This evening I have nothing left but a few pounds of rice at the bottom of the sack, and this I am going to give

them. To-morrow it is Sunday and as yet I have nothing to give them. If I lose my children, my school will remain without attendance for a long time to come. What shall I do? In Divine Providence I trust. St. Anthony is here in the church. To him I go for help; he will not turn a deaf ear to my prayers. I shall invoke the Little Flower, Teresa of the Infant Jesus, my patron saint, she must help me.

"Thanking you for sending me your magazine so far, I ask of you the favor of letting the FRANCISCAN HERALD visit me every month. It will surely be a welcome visitor; and I will not forget to pray for you and for all its readers.

"If St. Anthony obtains for me what I am asking of God that I can open my school again in full force and have the means of clothing the children—and one other grace which I can not mention—then I will write an article for the FRANCISCAN HERALD. I promised this to St. Anthony. For fourteen years I was living with a young Sister, of French extraction like myself. She would get everything from St. Anthony; and whenever he delayed longer in answering her than she thought was right, she would turn his statue against the wall, saying: "If I don't pout, he won't pay any attention to me." In this way she would get all that she asked. They were indeed good friends.

"Assuring you, Reverend Father, of my profound respect and sincere gratitude, I am in Christ Jesus,

Sr. Mary Teresa of Jesus."

Chicago, Ill.—On the evening of May 18, about 150 men from various parts of the city gathered in the tertiary hall at St. Peter's Church. The object of this meeting, like of the previous ones, was to acquaint our Catholic men with the nature, scope, and purpose of the Third Order. The speaker for the evening was Mr. Antony Matre, K.S.G. Himself a fervent Tertiary, he dwelt especially on the past glory of the Third Order. After him, Fr. Maximus, O. F. M., a member of the FRANCISCAN HERALD staff, was called upon by the Rev. Director to address the assembly. In a catchy, business-like way, that elicited both laughter and applause, he briefly pointed out why the Third Order should appeal also to our Catholic men and showed that the Rev. Director's and his fraternity's slogan "Our Men for the Third Order" is fully justified.

St. Louis, Mo.—On the occasion of a two week's mission, a Third Order fraternity was established in Holy Trinity

Our Franciscan News Department can be interesting, accurate, and authentic only if our readers collaborate with the Editors by promptly reporting events and activities of general interest to the Franciscan family

Church, by the authority of Very Rev. Provincial and at the request of the Rev. Pastor Joseph F. Lubeley, P. R., who is himself an enthusiastic Tertiary. The parishioners had responded well to the efforts of the three missionaries, FF. Honoratus, John Joseph, and Didacus, during the two weeks of the spiritual exercises. Hence the Rev. Pastor was highly delighted when on Sunday evening, May 14, a class of ninety-two approached the communion railing to receive the Tertiary cord and scapular, while five novices made their profession. The fraternity, which is under the direction of the Rev. Pastor, now numbers 150 members, and there is hope that soon many more names will be added to the roster.

Recently, the beautiful chapel of St. Anthony's Hospital in charge of the Franciscan Sisters, was the scene of very impressive ceremonies. Eight members of the community pronounced their final vows and eleven their first vows, while six young ladies received the religious garb. Rev. H. A. Huckestein, Spiritual Director of the community, officiated at the ceremonies. The preparatory retreat of six days was preached by Fr. Odoric, O.F.M., with whom the readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD are already acquainted.

Oakland, Calif.—On Sunday, May 21, twenty-two new members were received into the Third Order fraternity established in the parish of St. Francis de Sales. Rev. Edward O. Lunney, O.F.M., officiated at the ceremonies of investment. FRANCISCAN HERALD extends hearty congratulations to the members of the fraternity and joins the Rev. Clergy of the parish in their hopes that the fraternity will continue to grow and prosper.

West Park, Ohio.—On Sunday, May 28, a Tertiary fraternity was established at the chapel of St. Mary of the Angels. It being the day of the Eucharistic Congress, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed during the day and in the afternoon was borne in solemn procession through a portion of the grounds of

the friary. A large number of the faithful, including many Tertiaries from Cleveland, took part in the solemnities. After Benediction, Rev. Linus, O.F.M., the Director, announced that the new fraternity had been duly established and appointed its officers for the coming year. Then Fr. Roger, O.F.M., addressed the assembled Tertiaries on "The Third Order and the Christian Home." Reception at profession followed, thirty-three aspirants receiving the cord

and scapular and eleven members making their profession. Former members of the St. Louis fraternity of Cleveland living in West Park, formed the nucleus of the new fraternity, which has ninety-five names of members on its roster.

Quincy, Ill., Quincy College.—On the evening of May 25, the Alpha Kappa Phi fraternity staged the three-act comedy "The Boom of Mudville." It was a decided success, and, as one of the local papers remarked, "the play demonstrated that excellent dramatic work is being done in the college, and it reflects credit on both the director Prof. C. P. MacHugh, and the cast. The college orchestra, under the direction of Fr. Leopold, is doing its bit toward popularizing the college. Thus on May 28, the music for the Knights of Columbus banquet was furnished by the college orchestra. All present enjoyed the music and highly praised the work of the orchestra. Two new members have been added to the college faculty for the next year. They are H. J. Gerweler and Coach Harmon. Mr. Gerweler was for seven years president of Brown's Business College in Decatur, and has had years of practical experience in the business world. Coach Harmon will be in full charge of all athletic affairs next year and in addition will occupy a place on the teaching staff as professor of commercial law and mathematics.

Cornlea, Nebr.—On Pentecost Sunday, June 4, a fraternity of the Third Order was canonically established in the local parish. Fourteen aspirants received the cord and scapular. It was gratifying to see that of their number were two men and six young ladies. May the other members of the parish soon follow the good example. The Rev. Pastor, Fr. Berard, O.F.M., officiated at the ceremonies, assisted by FF. Lucian and Victor, O.F.M., as deacon and sub-deacon. Fr. Lucian preached a very inspiring and instructive sermon taking the encyclical of Pope Benedict XV for his theme.

Franciscan Herald

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Our Mission Picture

MISSION SAN BUENAVENTURA was one of the three mission establishments proposed and named by José de Gálvez, Vicer-General of New Spain, as early as 1768. Serious disturbances, however, that marked the beginnings of the Spanish conquest of California, for fourteen years prevented the founding of this mission, inasmuch that, instead of being the third, it was the last of the nine missions founded by Fr. Junipero Serra. This occurred on Easter Sunday, March 31, 1782. The Apostle of California himself performed the ceremonies and as Don José de Gálvez had instructed, dedicated the mission to St. Buenaventura, the Seraphic Doctor of the Franciscan Order. The first missionary assigned was Fr. Pedro Cambon, who, two months later, was replaced by Fr. Francisco Dumetz and Vicente de Santa Maria. The last-mentioned friar labored here till his death, which occurred on July 15, 1806. The Indians, living in the neighborhood of San Buenaventura, proved very friendly, even helping to erect the church and the various buildings. By the year 1790, the mission numbered 534 baptized Indians. Within the next thirty years, this number rose to 3,547, while, in the year 1820, 1,127 neophytes were enjoying the benefits of Christian civilization. Vancouver, who visited the mission in 1793, declared it to be "in a style very superior to any of the new establishments yet seen" in California. Through the incessant labors of the Indian neophytes and their padres, San Buenaventura in time became one of the wealthiest and most flourishing missions. The present church dates back to the year 1809. It suffered during the earthquake of 1812; but the Indians, urged on by the example of the padres, were not slow in setting to work and restoring it. The decline of this mission began with the fall of Spain's supremacy in Mexico, and it ended with the collapse of Mexico's authority in California.

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Editorials

The Origin of the Porziuncola Indulgence

HIS HOLINESS Pope Benedict XV of blessed memory issued an apostolic brief concerning the Porziuncola Indulgence. To do away with all uncertainty which in the course of time had arisen regarding the conditions for gaining the indulgence in the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, at Assisi, the Holy Father confirms the custom, which from time immemorial has obtained in the inner chapel of the Porziuncola, of gaining the indulgence also on the other days of the year besides the second of August. He reserves this privilege, however, for the shrine of the Porziuncola and expressly states that it is not to be extended to any other church, even of the Order of Friars Minor.

It is interesting to note that his Holiness accepts without hesitation or reservation the ancient tradition of the Franciscan Order that St. Francis obtained the famous indulgence from Christ himself. Enumerating the glories of the little sanctuary, the Pope says, "There originated also the famous Porziuncola indulgence, which Francis obtained from Christ our Lord himself, at the intercession of the Virgin Mother of God, for the spiritual health of the Christian people, in the year of our Lord 1216."

Not so many years ago, a number of Catholic scholars tried to assail the authenticity of the traditional account regarding the origin of the Porziuncola indulgence; but, instead of establishing the legendary character of the story, their efforts only served to confirm the accepted version that St. Francis obtained this altogether unique grace for his favorite shrine from Christ himself, and that, on His injunction, the Saint later sought confirmation of the privilege from Pope Honorius III. At the present time there is scarcely a scholar of note, Catholic or non-Catholic, that does not accept this version of the origin of the famous indulgence. It is not the first time that the hypercritics have overshot their game.

"Cloistered But Great"

SOME months ago H. G. Wells, an English author of little real merit but of great press fame, was asked by a writer for one of our popular magazines to name the six greatest men in history. His answer was disappointing and the reasons he alleged for his choice still more so. Since then similar questions are making the rounds in our metropolitan dailies. The latest that has come to our notice is: Name the twelve greatest women of America. Name after name is being proposed and commented on. As a last resort, Beatrice Fairfax, a column writer of the *Chicago*

Evening American, puts the question to her readers for a settlement. Many letters were received at her desk, but for some reason or the other, as she says, were not considered worthy of publication.

In the issue of July 7, however, she published one of the letters received and at the same time gives her reasons for doing so. Her reasons and the letter follows in full:

The following letter offers an interesting nomination and to support the suggestion gives realistic account of the work of the woman mentioned. It is signed by Alexander Locke (Indian).

"There is one woman in the United States whose influence reaches from Canada to Mexico and from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast.

"Few of the public know of her, and she, consequently has not gained any part of the recognition which her quiet and humble greatness deserves.

"This lady was born of distinguished and wealthy parents. It was estimated that her father was worth fifty million dollars.

"Her sisters married in accordance with their social standing and now rank in the most exclusive set.

"The fulfillment of the same ambition was at her command, but she chose an entirely different life and followed it with the utmost success.

"Her share of her father's estate was approximately \$10,000,000. She took this wealth withdrawn from the world, founded a society of nuns, devoted to the education of Indians and Negroes, using the funds for that noble work.

"She either maintains outright or contributes in great part to the upkeep of more than 128 schools.

"These institutions are in almost every state, particularly where there are large settlements of Indians and Negroes. In this manner she is directly educating thousands and thousands of poor children.

"The work accomplished, the manner in which it is accomplished, and the good resulting therefrom emanate directly from one great soul, and we who have been partakers are proud of the wonderful sacrifice and humble greatness of our benefactor.

"In your article you list one or more women who are at the head of one institution. This lady does not get the attention of the press and therefore has not had the chance of general recognition given to these others. She chooses the cloistered life and her greatness is likewise cloistered.

"I am not certain that she is alive; however, if living I would not consider any list of the twenty greatest women in the United States complete without including the name of Mother Katherine Drexel, for over thirty years head of the convent of the Sacred Heart near Philadelphia."

In complement to this letter we can only add that Miss Katherine Drexel founded the Community of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament in 1889 at Philadelphia, Pa., for missionary work among the Indian

and the Colored people of the United States. The formal approbation of the Holy See was given to the Congregation in July, 1907. (Cath. Ency., Vol II, p. 599.) The mother-house, known as St. Elizabeth's Convent, is located at Cornwells, Pa. The sisterhood now numbers about 200 members. Mother Mary Katherine Drexel, we are pleased to state, is still alive and very active in her wonderful work.

FRANCISCAN HERALD approves in every way of the letter of this grateful Indian, and we can assure Beatrice Fairfax that she is making no mistake in placing Mother Mary Katherine in her list of the twelve greatest women of America. "Cloistered But Great," however, would be much more expressive if it read: "Great But Cloistered."

"Makers of Men"

THE strikes threatening today bring to our mind again the old but ever new question of labor, of the relationship between employee and employer. It is a question that goes deeper than dollars and cents, money alone will never bring a solution. The lives and happiness of millions of human beings are involved in the issue and this places the moral aspect of the issue far above the economic one. It is a question of justice and charity; justice that guarantees a living wage to the worker and conscientious work to the employee; charity that strives to better the working and living conditions of the toilers.

An employer who has no further interest in his employees than the amount of work he can get out of them is shirking his responsibility, he is widening the breach between capital and labor. Christian principles and his own interests demand that he, as far as possible be solicitous for the betterment and the future welfare of his employees. Too much stress upon the right of property and too little regard for the human element is the cause of all our labor troubles.

Mr. Bruce Barton in a Common-sense Editorial of recent issue of the *Red Book Magazine* expresses the duties of the employer very tersely but pregnantly:

A man who has accumulated more than a million dollars in various enterprises was in my office not long ago.

"I understand that Jones is going to leave you to go into business for himself," I said, referring to one of his younger associates. "I hope the venture will be successful."

"It will be," my friend replied positively. "I wouldn't have let him undertake it unless I was sure he could make go. It's a point of pride with me to have my boys successful."

"The biggest satisfaction I get out of business is in picking likely youngsters and helping them up the hill," he continued. "Look at the men who started with me. Here's Mason, vice-president of the best concern of its kind in the country; and Emerson, who has made a fortune in Chicago; and Needham, with a snug little business that gives him fifteen thousand dollars a year; and a dozen others. I held on to them in the face of all sorts of offers until just the right thing came along. Then I said: 'Go it, and I'll help you all I can.'"

"I am prouder of them than I am of my factories," he concluded. "Their success is the best thing in my business."

As he spoke, I thought of another millionaire who died not long ago. Of him it was said that he hired brilliant young men, paid them well, sapped their ideas and energies, and tossed them out like squeezed oranges. He left great wealth when he died, but that is all he did leave. There is no single man anywhere who can say: "I owe my good fortune to the interest which that man took in me. His training and encouragement made me what I am."

I sometimes think that successful businesses should add a line to their letterheads after this fashion: "John Jones and Company, Builders of Automobiles—and of Men."

The College for Your Boy

IN THE month of August the choice of a college for your boy must be definitely made. You have long since decided to give him the advantages of a higher education. The question is, where to send him.

Holy Mother Church claims the right infallibly to pronounce upon the demerits, the evils or dangers of this or that system of education. This right she has jealously exercised from the very beginning. To her mind a system of education that relegates religion into a corner as of secondary importance, that regards the knowledge of earthly things as of primary value, that neglects will-training, must be a false and dangerous system. For that reason she has unflinchingly adhered to the motto: "Every Catholic child in a Catholic school."

It is not our purpose here to write a long dissertation on the dangers and evils of godless education. No, information is often asked from us through the mails about colleges suitable for Catholic boys and young men.

The Franciscan Fathers of the Sacred Heart (St. Louis) province, have two colleges under their charge, that for over sixty years are known for their thoroughly Catholic and efficient system of education.

St. Joseph's College, situated at Teutopolis, Illinois, receives only such students who desire to embrace the religious life and become priests of the great Franciscan Order. The register of alumni of this college comprises the names of over 500 priests. If your boy has a longing for the religious life we know of no better place to send him than St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Illinois. A letter addressed to—The Rev. Rector, St. Joseph's College, Teutopolis, Ill.—will bring you all the necessary information.

Perhaps your boy wishes to serve our dear Lord as a secular priest, or, perhaps, he wishes to be fitted for a position in the world. In either case, he will find Quincy College, Quincy, Illinois, an ideal place. This college, also under the direction of the Franciscan Fathers, holds a high place among Catholic educational institutions both for its classical as well as for its commercial department.

The Rev. President will cheerfully send all details as to requirements.

Address all communications to: The Rev. President, Quincy College, Quincy, Ill.



Fiction



THE LURE OF THE WEST

By L. M. WALLACE

(Author of "The Outlaws of Ravenhurst")

BOOK I

THROUGH THE PORTALS OF THE DAWN

Chapter I—Lure of the West

"S'LONG, Mart."
"S'long, Doc."
"When you
calk'latin' on gettin'
back?"

"I reckon on hit-
tin' the mess wagon by noon-
chawin'. That orter bring me
back here by sun-down,—but
you better look fer me when
you see me comin'. S'long,
Mart."

"S'long, Doc."

The man by the corral flung the gate shut. The horse
began to shuffle the powdered dust of the road-bed, and
Doc whistled "Ya, youpy ya!" as he passed the tents
of old Camp Verde.

So rode Doc with the glowing dawn on his face,—
rode and planned as do you and I; but the thing we
plan, is it the thing we do? "I go to the round-up and
back," willed Doc. "You go on an errand of *Mine*
to return when *I* will," decreed the unseen Guide of his
destiny.

Doc's voice kept the rhythm of his horse's hoofs:

"I'll tell you all my troubles on the ole Chisholm
trail,

Come a ti yi youpy, youpy,
Ya, youpy, ya.
Come a ti yi youpy, youpy, ya."

The adobe walls of the corrals slipped behind a
shoulder of the mesa; a moment longer Old Glory
gleamed in the first red ray. Down the bank by the
jerky trail, under the cottonwoods, through the weep-
ing willows, and out into the shallow water he rode.

"Have a drink, old Pronto boy? Shore you kin; but
what you want to tank up for? You ain't goin' but a
little ways and close to the river all the time. Well,
drinks on me, you Pronto horse; and no harm comin'
of fillin' my own canteen." The Verde rippled its rock-
bred waters about them and laughed up at the new-
born day.

"We better vamose, eh, Pronto boy?" The buck-
skin raised his nose from the water and shook him-
self. Then he splashed over the ford and up the bank
to the road, marking the dust with a muddy trail. "And
my name, it is Joe Bowers," hummed his rider.

My name, it is Joe Bowers;
I have a brother Ike,

"We don't like that song, do we, Pronto boy? We
don't sing about elder brothers.

And we come from ole Missury,
Yep all th' way from Pike."

Pronto sprang to the other side of the road and
snorted.

"Bang yore buck-
skin hide! What you
scared of? You never
did see a jack-rabbit
sky-hop behind a yuca-
ca—never in all yore

born days! It shore am a fear-
some sight!"

Pronto seemed to consider
that the joke was at his own
expense, possibly of his own

making, for he slanted his ears back alternately and
swung into an easy lope.

"What's the matter, Pronto boy? You sets back
yore ears and jumps sideways every twicet in a while,
and I can't keep my memory from runnin' where it
shouldn't orter go. Suthin' is shorely in the air this
day.

Oh, my darlin', oh, my darlin',
Oh, my darlin' Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone fer ever—

"Here, you Pronto horse, this sort o' singing don't
do fer Doc. You know that! Why don't you set up
some other tune with yore heels, you lop-eared cayuse!
It's yore fault, you plumb fool tune beater,—

And I hear the hungry coyote as it slinks
up through the grass
Round the little ole sod shanty on my claim.
Tee de eede deede deede Dee eede oodle dum,
An' that angel, how I'd bless her if this hour
to me she'd come—

"You gotch-eyed foal of a loceod mare, ain't there
no other tune yore hoofs kin make but—

Minnie and home,
Minnie and mother,
Minnie and home."

Doc struck his hand across his eyes,—what could
that avail? The Guide Unseen had flung the picture
there across the dun plain a path lay and the rough re-
ality of the Rim Rocks could not cut through that vis-
ion. It was home, the home that had been in the years
gone by, red and ochre bricks in solemn pattern where
no grass blade dared intrude; a double row of candy
tuft and Sweet William bordering the way and bidding
the lawn stay strictly within bounds; elms, with the
dignity befitting their position, casting shadows across
the immaculate snow of the clapboards and the green
exactitude of the shutters.

Across the years Doc smiled at the boy in the door

way: a narrow rimmed straw hat shaded that indignant face, brave in the manhood begotten of long trousers. Softly Doc scraped his chaps against the saddle leathers. There was a burning in his throat—that bronze column which sprang from his hairy chest where the rift in his shirt met the knotted bandanna.

"You pore little blame fool kid!" he muttered. "You, John Wesley Whitworth, walking out of the parsonage door, is there only ten years bridgin' the gulf between you and Doc on his Pronto horse! Yet if it were to be done again—I'm not takin' anything back, I'm not denyin' anything—if it were to be faced again, I wouldn't change one jot or one tittle."

Even his tongue seemed to follow his dream. The language of the mountains slipped from him—an acquired thing, learned where "evil communication corrupteth good manners;" but it revived again as he thrust the picture from him.

"You, Pronto boy, get a wiggle on you, set up a swifter tune for,

The younger son was a son of a gun,
He was!
He was!
He shuffled the cards and played fer mon,
He did!
He did!"

The song stopped short, and Doc spoke as if addressing a face situated somewhere above Pronto's ears: "No, father!—we'll never sing the song to,

They wetted his neck with the tears they shed
Ki yi!
Ki yi!
He et apple sass with the fatted calf
And pie!
And pie!

"Not that I hold anything against you, father. I'm a little different from that white-hot kid valkin' out o' your door. I am ready to give you my hand and say, 'Shake, father, I can forgive if you can;' but that would not be sufficient. The not-worthy-to-be-called-son act is what you would demand. Lord! if my sin was done, it was you who sinned against my boyhood. No,—that's not just; you did your stern duty, as you saw before God,—bitter to you as to me; but you couldn't keep a colt in three by seven stall every moment that he wasn't hauling a load

and not expect a smashed dashboard. You did know horse-flesh; pity 'tis, you didn't know boy-flesh.

"Yes, I had disgraced you. From Judge Lawrence's beldam to the last asthmatic widow in the Ladies' Aid, the entire village had that Whitworth boy for their daily gossip. Then there was that deeper cut, when you were proposed at conference as a possible bishop, and the presiding elder in his speech set forth your sterling moral rectitude, your learning, earthly and divine; but ended with the injunction to remember the words of Scripture concerning choosing one that 'ruleth well his own house,' and on every face was written 'Brother Whitworth's son is a son of Belial!'

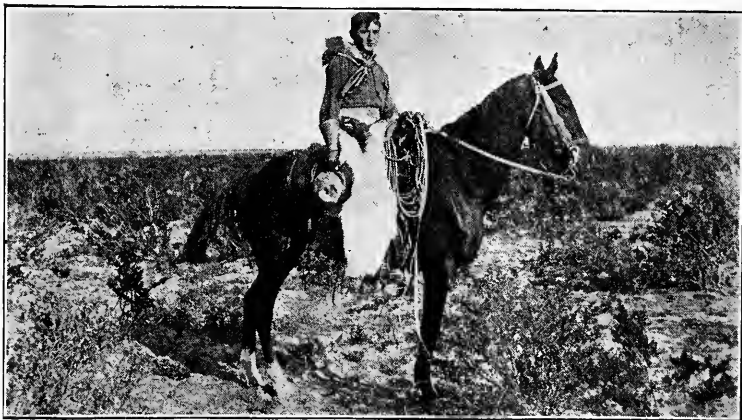
"Oh, there's a lot to be said on your side, father; and hurt pride and bitter ambition was not a tithe of your pain: you had hopes when you christened your son, John Wesley. Oh, Pronto boy!

A forty dollar saddle
On a ten dollar horse,

"Come a ti yi youpy, youpy, ya—christened me John Wesley and I turned out Doc!

"And it was just six weeks after the conference that they kicked me out o' Albert College—say, there wasn't any dignified row in the parsonage that day, oh, no! Pronto boy, you'd drop dead if you knowed what a 'hell for sartin' criminal you are carrying. Hear me, you Pronto horse. That's right, slant back yore off-ear and listen; but don't tell nobody or the sheriff'll git me shore. I slid out o' Alma Mater by the side gate—I did. I watched a baseball game played on Sunday, I did. There she lies, Pronto, the fearsome crime is laid bare.

"An' the day I came home—I paid for my fun that day! Not that I cared for what father said; it hurt, but I had steeled myself to meet his anger; it was your agony, mother, that cut the heart out o' me—yours and Minnie's. You had to pay for my pleasure—poor



Softly Doc scraped his chaps against the saddle leathers. There was a burning in his throat—that bronze column which sprang from his hairy chest where the rift in his shirt met the knotted bandanna

little, frail little, timid little mother. You were to blame for the whole disgrace! You had so often interfered to save me from the parental anger. Yes, you had interfered, for you had seen that chalk-line existence markin' sin where there was no sin, and you had felt the soul of your boy slowly bitterin' against everything that called itself godly. I saw your soul laid bare that day. I heard it dragged across the rip-saw of duty by your love for father and your love for me.

"Then I went out and talked to Minnie, 'way down at the end of the garden where the sweet apple tree shaded the hedge, there I talked to Minnie. Oh, I had done that every time I had been in a scrape since I was old enough to make willow whistles, that she couldn't blow, and bring her blue and speckled bird's eggs.

"Oh, Pronto boy, but she was horrified at my black deed. Thought it was a case of 'Hell from beneath is moved for thee to meet thee at thy comin'; yet, she was joyful in my repentance, and I was sorry—heart-sorry that the lash had fallen on mother.

"Oh, Minnie was sweet through her tears, Pronto boy; and I knew my own soul in that moment and the love of my being rushed toward her. I would have crushed her to my heart, but she sprang from me in fear—in terror; and she ran up the pathway and never came down to the hedge to talk with me any more.

"Oh, Pronto boy, I should have understood her. I thought it was but the pure fear of her maidenhood—the best proof that she loved—and she did love me as a sister loves a wayward brother. That other—it was Matthew's; so she never came down to the hedge to talk with me any more.

Ti eede de de e de dee dedee
And a bury me not on the lone prairie
Where the wild coyote shall howl—dang it."

He slapped his chaps and he laughed.

"Matthew and Doc—brothers—you born trail-swopper, listen to me. In horse-country you run things straight. You are a rough-hided, knotty-muscled buckskin because your mother was a rough-hided, knotty-muscled buckskin. A blue grass racer don't foal one Kentucky thoroughbred and one runty, waupjawed, Navajo pinter; but that's the way things go in a man-country, and I am that pinter.

"Matthew—well he was trained from the beginning to know that he grazed on a plateau of moral rectitude, of nobility, of godliness and all that; and his altitude was some ten thousand feet above mine. It was his bounden duty to run me into the narrow way and strive to drag me up to his level.

"Well, well, old Pronto boy, you see how things lay while Matthew was haulin' down medals in Hebrew and lives of Bishop Richardson in half-calf for general something or other; and Doc—I mean John Wesley, was learnin' Greek and paternal discipline in the parsonage study.

"But all this went smoothly, Pronto boy,—I was holdin' in for mother's sake, and in hopes of bein' good enough to merit a meeting at the hedge—all went smoothly till that day.

"Every man has a date on his soul's calendar marked 'that day'; mine is marked in blood.

"It was next to the last day in June,—that day,—and hot. Matthew had been at home for a week. It was vacation time for him,—deserved vacation. It was not vacation time for John Wesley,—deservedly not.

"At two by the scorchin' dial,—old Pronto boy, are you listenin', you buckskin,—Father was taking his pre-prayer-meetin' nap, and mother—a spineless woman she was 'that day!'—she looked in at the study door. The pity burned in her eyes, Pronto boy,—'darned weakness in a minister's wife!' is that what you say?—but I see her now, old Pronto boy, I hear her now; years haven't dulled the achin' love in her voice. 'John Wesley,' she said, 'if you were to walk under the apple trees you might be brighter at your task. Go outside and study your Greek, son.' That's what she said, Pronto boy. How many thousand times has she been blamed for those words?

"Now why did Spec Armstrong come down the lane at a quarter or so after two 'that day'? Why did he throw a little green apple at me, 'that day'? Was it one of those events decreed from all eternity?

"If Spec hadn't thrown that apple 'that day,' I wouldn't have seen him, for I was wallowin' deep in Greek verbs. If I hadn't seen Spec, he couldn't have told me of his uncle's return from the wild and woolly west. Oh, Pronto boy, and I laid down the Greek and went out to the road just for one minute,—just for a boy's one minute.

"Armstrong had seen, oh, what hadn't he seen? . . . the Bitterroot mountains, the Sierras, the old Santa Fe trail. We walked as he talked,—you listenin', you buckskin? You got Doc started by beatin' your dern fool tune.

Minnie and home,
Minnie and mother,
Minnie and home.

"You started the old memories a-goin'; you gotta hear 'em to the end, Pronto boy.

"We walked as we talked, and we came to a bench and we sat on that bench 'that day.' When the last bolt has rusted in two, when the last oaken plank is dust, I'll be rememberin' that bench, Pronto boy."

Doc's eyes were turned toward the river where the tossing green of cottonwood and willow corded the dur and olive of the plain, but his eyes saw a slim taut bit of boyhood by the table in the study, late in the afternoon of 'that day.'

Through the half-closed door came his mother's voice, low and pleading, and the stern ring of the old minister's words.

"No, Myra, no! Do you comprehend? Do you realize? He was seated, Myra, John Wesley was seated on the bench!—on the bench at the Public House door!"

"But Thomas," the pleading voice burned Doc's soul across the years, "it was more than half my fault."

"Now, Myra, don't feel that I blame you!—though did say that John Wesley was not to leave the study, till he finished his Greek—but I am not laying an blame whatever on you, my dear! This is but one more bitter proof of his utter lack of principle!—of honor

—of character! Trust John Wesley!—place the confidence in him that you might in a seven years child!—and watch him snatch that very opportunity to deceive you!”

Doc watched the taut boy of his memory—coatless with folded arms waiting the paternal rod.

It was not the force of the five blows that sent Brother Whitworth trembling to his chair. It was not pain of body that drew white lines on the face of the boy at his Greek.

Doc whistled softly—the picture had altered. It was half an hour later in the old study, on ‘that day.’ John Wesley was handing that Greek exercise to the minister, his voice with frozen respect. “Is this sufficient for today, Father?”

“Doltish work through the entire morning!—deliberate deception!—disgrace of your parents before the congregation!—the church made a laughing-stock before the rum-peddlers!—sullen impudence under long merited chastisement!—this, if possible, more doltish and slovenly theme as your act of reparation!—yes, John Wesley, it is sufficient for today!”

“Oh, Pronto horse, Pronto horse, have you ever seen the white heat o’ anger in a slim young boy? It was in that fool kid, John Wesley, as he went out of the study door, ‘that day.’”

“Then it was that the worst was added to the evil of ‘that day.’ Why did I go down the garden hoping to see Minnie? There was no reason for hopin’ to see her; but longin’ rose above anger and I went down to the garden hopin’ to see Minnie under the sweet apple tree; and I did see her, Pronto boy,—down by the hedge in a rosebud dress under the sweet apple tree; but her hand was on Matthew’s arm; her face was raised and turned away from me. His lips were almost on her hair, and I heard his deep whisper, ‘For you, Minnie, for you!’”

“Oh, it is better so, Pronto boy. In Matthew’s parsonage,—that is the place where Minnie orter be.

“What’s that you sayin’, Pronto boy? You think Minnie shore would look fine in her rosebud dress slingin’ beans and hog meat in Doc Whitworth’s shanty? Well, I reckon you are right—I reckon you are right, Pronto boy.

“But there is one thing that couldn’t ever have happened if it had gone the other way. I could never have felt myself above her. I could never have said with consummate politeness the dignified words that burn forever. Matthew is his father’s son; is Minnie happy with him now, Pronto boy?

“Could I have stayed to watch that marriage?—to watch the years that followed that marriage?

“Dangerous country for thoughts to go straying in, Doc Whitworth. You, Pronto boy, it’s your fault. Who beat up that tune?

Minnie and home!
Minnie and mother!
Minnie and home!

“But mother, it was you that were hurt by my goin’,—goin’ back up the garden and on through the hall, and out of your door, and never tellin’ you why. I couldn’t bid you good-bye. Don’t you understand it, mother—I couldn’t make you pay my price again?

“I looked at you through the kitchen door. You felt my eyes on you, mother. You didn’t turn. Oh, I know the reason. I saw the tear splash on the lemon pie. For whose comfort were you makin’ lemon pie? Your boy knows; but to this day you are blamin’ yourself, little mother, wise, and tender, and gentle, and always to blame.

“I know where you stand at the end of each day thinkin’ of ‘that day.’ No, it’s not down by the gate; that would be noticeable, more so to father than to the village. I know where you stand to watch; there in the old study where the shutters shade your form and the elm tree shades the shutters; there you stand to watch and pray and watch. The long road runs out to the west; and your eyes are sayin’, ‘Why, my boy, why?’

“What’s into you, Pronto! This is the ‘steenth-hundredth time since sun-up that you’ve set back yore ears, or jumped sideways and snorted. What you smellin’ trouble for? Shore! I see that track back of the mesquites. It’s a squaw’s track heavy-loaded, carryin’ water I reckon. You don’t need to let out an ‘awahoo’ and die of plumb scarification over a three-day ole Apache trail. Get a rustle on you, Pronto. We are aimin’ to hit the mess outfit for noon-chawin’ and you are goin’ to eat Camp Verde alfalfa at sundown.”

CHAPTER II

Under the Noonday Sun

A DRY arroyo cut their way. Pronto would have crossed it in three bounds, but Doc reined in. A dozen steps from him a Mexican lay in the sand.

Doc sprang off and touched the body with his foot. A swarm of flies rose buzzing. The Mexican sighed and opened one hand.

“Got him in the lung,” growled Doc, judicially. “Reckon this proves you had some reason for smellin’ trouble—that what you say, Pronto boy?” Doc was lifting the dead weight as he spoke. “Come here you, Pronto!” The buckskin drew back his ears, but he came.

“Steady, you! Ain’t much use tryin’—mebbe if I kin git him to the river?”

The Mexican’s head fell limp with a scarcely audible sigh. “That’s the end o’ the show,” Doc muttered, laying the corpse on the black-blooded sand.

Pronto pawed restively. “Come on,” his brown eyes urged.

“Not yet, ole boy. Git out from behind them rocks!” Doc’s forty-four covered a rough pile of stone a dozen yards up the arroyo.

An ashen face appeared above them framed in vertical arms. “Water, *señor*, water!” he pleaded with baked and blackened lips.

“River!” Doc jerked his head toward the south. “Rio Verde!”

“Si, *señor*, but— I to find him!” The eyes sought the fly-covered heap. “I no can to pass him. He come two day back, Pronto—*si* *señor*, I know?—is Pablo. Water, *señor*, for God, water!”

Doc lowered the gun. “Water,” he said unstrapping the canteen. The Mexican drank ferociously.

“How?” Doc pointed to the body.

"No, *señor*, for God, no! Mebbe is Apaches?—no tell. Two day back Pablo come for water, *señor*—no to come back, *señor*. I come, *señor*. I—how you call with the feet in the sand?"

"Follered his tracks, eh?"

"Si, *señor*—I to find Pablo. The horse of *señor* make noise of feet. I to hear, *señor*—think is Apaches—I to hide, *señor*."

"*Bien*," said Doc, reassuringly. "Where from?"

"Phoenix, *señor*—long time no water."

"More men?"

"Si, *señor*," he held up one finger. "*Un, señor, un*, who makes? How you say?—one who goes with the feet sore."

"One tenderfoot?"

"Si, *señor*, un tenderfoot—have head of wood. He say, 'Miguel an' Pablo, I pay money—*si, mucho* money—ten dollar! You with mules wagon me to Campo Verde."

"Where did you leave that tenderfoot?"

"Who knows, *señor*—mebbe," he held up his fingers twice and jerked his thumb toward the Rim Rocks.

"How did you git way off yon? You orter kep' the Rio Verde road."

"Si, *señor*, I say to teenderfoot, 'Rio Verde road.' He say, 'No!'—have head of burro, the teenderfoot. He say, 'Go,' point the hand for the Rim Rocks, say 'Go!—my wagon—no pay money.'"

"You must 'a' crossed the Verde."

"No, pass the Rio—how you call?"

"Salt river below Granite Reef, eh?"

"Si, *señor*. Teenderfoot have—how you call it?—like watch *del señor*, but he no tell the hour, he tell north."

"Compass, eh? Shore thought he could run the trip by his lonely—I git you. Didn't need no guide."

"Si, *señor*, I say, 'Go for Rio del Verde—get water!' He say, 'Verde is yon! is in Reem Rocks!' Compass and one paper know all. Pablo and Miguel know nothing! He say, 'Make with mules to go on—no give ten dollar!' We go—no water—mule die—no water! Pablo have mad—he go foot for water."

"When was that?"

"Two day back, *si, señor*. On hill—this sunup—I see trees of Rio Verde!"

"You orter showed them trees to the tenderfoot—or was he too dumb idjit to know willers and cottonwoods?"

"Si, *señor*, I show him—is one mulo! He say, 'Trees yon!' Miguel jerked his thumb toward the scrub oaks on the Rim Rocks. "No tell trees that have water—trees that no have water—un fool teenderfoot!"

"And you left him with one mule somewhere in the Rim Rocks?"

"No, *señor*, no have mule—mule make dead when sun come up—no make wagon to go—teenderfoot he say, 'Go yon!' I say, 'Go to trees del Verde!'—we quit."

"And he went on into the Rim Rocks, eh?"

"Si, *señor*."

"We go to the Verde," said Doc, meditatively. "You ride."

When the sun lacked three hours of noon, Miguel and Doc parted on the Verde side. Miguel to seek the

Armstrong outfit "for noon-chawin'," Doc to search the Rim Rocks for the lost tenderfoot. "So I gain one point," said the unseen Guide of his destiny.

There was something of the occult in the instinct of that buckskin: while danger was afar Pronto seemed to play with every fear as if making a teasing test of his power to overcome it; now that those wide-set soft brown eyes were facing danger he went onward, on ward, onward, his muscles working with the rhythm of a well oiled machine; ears alert, one bent forward attentive to the voices of the desert, one bent back awaiting Doc's command, his mouth heavy against the bit as if his courage hung upon the master hand, the master brain, of his rider.

Doc's songs had died; the only sound was the thud of Pronto's hoofs as the miles slid between them and the river, while the Rim Rocks sprang aloft, cutting the sky nearer and nearer the zenith. They had been climbing all the while, and now Doc drew rein on a mesa point—yet, for wisdom's sake, not out in the open but between a mesquite and an irregular heap of mud and stones, the remnants of a fort built at a spot where the eye could trace afar the prowling enemy—a for built and warred about and crumbled back upon the dust of its own builders, when as yet the first cliff dweller was not; and the cliff-dwellers have not revisited the silent land where still their ruined homes cling since "the last time the Devil-wind came forth from the mountains,"—the Devil-wind, the hurricane of ashes, the torrent of living fire came forth from the breast of the mountains—the pine-clad, snow-crowned San Francisco mountains that, sleeping, guard the Verde Valley and watch again the struggle of race of man against race of man for a foothold on the earth from which man sprang.

The men who make history are seldom conscious of the fact. If Doc Whitworth noticed the prehistoric ruin, it was because it afforded a temporary shelter and a good scouting point. He sat, loose but erect, on his buckskin horse; every muscle atilt for potent action his keen gray eyes alone in motion searching the valley spread below him.

Far out in the blue abyss between the mesa and Squaw Peak, a black speck circled.

"Is that Pablo you got sighted, Señor Vulture?—didn't think he was racy enough for your taster yit! Ain't none of your brethren got a bead on the deamule?"

Slowly Doc's eye made the circuit of the plain "There he is." It was a speck that Doc saw, a dust fleck on the dun earth. "Now that tenderfoot left the mule at sunup," muttered Doc, judicially; "reckon if we keep right along this here mesa, we are going to hit his trail sooner or later. Take a tumble to yourself, Pronto," and the buckskin trotted out from behind the mesquites.

Half an hour later Doc grunted, "Here he goes," and turned his horse toward the heights following the trail of the tenderfoot.

"Now, Miguel said this here tenderfoot had the head of wood, head of burro, head of mule, and so forth what you say, ole Pronto boy?"

"Right over yon is the Beaver creek. If he climbs

any sightin' spot he couldn't help seein' it; but he's got some direction nailed in his noddle, and he ain't goin' to hit Beaver unless he's aimin' to go round by Chini.

"We orter overhaul him any ole time now. Mebe that's a sight worth seein', for accordin' to Miguel he's fearfully and wonderfully dressed.

"Reckon we kin hit the outfit for to git some cold biscuits? Eh, what's that you say, Pronto? Two men on one poor buckskin can't make sich good time? You are right, ole Pronto boy; reckon we don't feed him this nooin'.

"Kinder limpin', are you, Mista Tenderfoot? Your left shoe ain't all it might be, but your right is plumb wore to a frazzle.

"Set down on that rock to git the gravels out, eh? Say, *Señor* Mule-head, you'd be wiser to keep nigher to cover when you sets down in Apache country. It's a wonder some buck didn't get a bead on you. You shore give him the chanst of his life; but God allers takes care of fools and children—reckon you gits in on the front end of that snap."

Doc's left hand gripped the saddle horn, his supple body bent till his right hand touched the ground without Pronto so much as losing a step. As Doc straightened himself again he held up a strip of canvas and the tongue of a shoe.

"Reckon you are learnin' some lessons, Mista Tenderfoot—russet leather'll do for the sportin' hike, but it ain't jist what the doctor ordered when it comes to nooin' it over the Arizona rocks.

"Too bad you didn't fold your little canvas sole inside your shoe, instead of tyin' the whole business round your foot."

Then Doc lapsed into silence, save for an occasional grunt; and when he began to see a dried spot in each right footprint, he muttered, "Pore mule-head—'One hat goes with the feet sore.'"

The "noon chawin'" time—but chawless—saw Doc turning a point of the cliff. He was leading Pronto now, for the way was rugged. "There he is," Doc muttered.

Under a ledge, in a huddle that would have been comical had it not been so pitiful, lay the tenderfoot; and he fierce sun glared down on what once were russet leather hiking shoes, laced puttees, a white canvas outing suit—at present minus the lower half of each leg—and a hat, a Panama sun helmet like a market basket upside down across his face.

The cowboy unstrapped his canteen and hurried forward. Dropping on one knee, he raised the Panama at. The bronze of Doc's neck turned to bleeding red, then paled to ash. The tenderfoot was Matthew Whitworth.

Doc covered that hated death-white face. In a staggering run he caught Pronto and dragged himself to the saddle. "Git out of here, you, Pronto! We ain't tayin' here no longer! Git!"

CHAPTER III

One that Goes with the Feet Sore

UNDER Doc's spur, Pronto panted a half mile at a pace as wildy swift as it had been sudden; then, with a jerk that threw his mount on its haunches, Doc

reined in. The buckskin set his legs wide apart and struggled for breath, but the rider began spurring himself.

"You kin quit that lyin', Doc Whitworth! You ain't said a thing but 'he is dead!' If he was dead, would you been afear'd to handle him jist a little—to make dern shore of it? Would you?

"Wouldn't you been devilish glad to lift his body and tenderly pitch him across't yore Pronto horse?—and fetch him out to meet the men from the Armstrong outfit, eh?

"You could engineer that funeral, couldn't you? You could manage to haul around under the burden of yore grief?

"You could git a little hunk of sandstone, and scratch names on it, and 'sacred to the memory,' and all that, eh?

"You could git pencil-headed Hank to draw you a pretty picture of the mound and the stone with cactus blossoms twined in a wreath of scrub oak and juniper?

"You shore could fix that grave up fine, and take that picture home—Doc Whitworth—for it would be your time to sing:

Minnie and home!
Minnie and mother!
Minnie and home!

"And you would murder for that chance, Doc Whitworth!—don't lie! What else is back of that yellin' in the ears of your soul—that hollerin' you keeps up loud—louder than the roarin' of hell—'he is dead!'

"Keep it up, Doc Whitworth, keep it up till you has on you the mark of Cain!—for he will be dead when the next help comes!—for to-night, when the cold wind comes searchin' down around the boulders and cools his blood till the fire of thirst bursts through the shieldin' mercy of unconsciousness; he'll feel again the red agony of his longin' and he'll wander through the night and the scorchin' day to foller—wander on up—the Rim Rocks—goin' straight from the Beaver—from the water that is so nigh to him now—go on—on—eyes, red burnt up balls—tongue, hangin' swelled and black through that dry blooded crack of a mouth—goin' on—till an Apache arrow gits him, or he steps wrong on the cliff side, or the thirst does its derndest.

"Then you, you, Doc Whitworth—you kin go back home, the way's open!—no blame on you—Matthew was a locoed tenderfoot—too much stewed to know cottonwoods and willers—too blame wise-man from the East to listen to Miguel that would have guided him straight.

"No blame on you, Doc Whitworth; you kin go singin'

Minnie and home!
Minnie and mother!
Minnie and home!

"You kin hold out your filthy paw and press to your heart that pore little mother of yourn. You kin comfort her for the loss of her first-born—pore, little, lovin', all forgivin', all trustin', nothing doubtin' mother of yourn."

"You kin, Doc Whitworth, shore you kin—even walk yore father's narrer path for a year or so. Keep yore eye on your goal, you won't chafe none! Then you

kin open yore murder-leproused heart and beg leave to make Minnie queen there, happy if she kin bring to you the remnants of her love."

Then with a snort Pronto whirled, and the pace set for his return was wilder than that of his coming.

Doc knelt by his brother's body, threw back the Panama sun-helmet, and gazed awhile at that dust-streaked face. "You are older, Matthew," he muttered. "Didn't reckon to see the grey so soon. You don't look over and above ministerial—what was your slip 'twixt cup and lip?"

Then Doc lifted his brother, carried him back into the shadow of the overhanging ledge, and laid him down on the soft dirt within an ancient cliff-dwelling. What were the familiar devils of those walls thinking?

"Reckon Matthew orter have some handkerchiefs—linen's better'n cotton for this job." Doc searched his brother's pockets; they might have been a girl's pockets—the white line of Matthew's life had never crossed the borderland of tobacco.

"Here you are," grunted Doc; then came a grumbling laugh as he held up the handkerchiefs—dainty squares of immaculate linen?—once!—but now?—"Oh, Matthew, the elegant!—oh, Matthew, the sanitary!" muttered Doc as he wet them and wound them about the wrists of the tenderfoot, and chose the best out of the worst to dampen his forehead and sponge out his mouth.

Dampening his wrists, sponging the temples, trickling water down the linen in the open mouth with his right hand, while, with his left, he never ceased to fan with the Panama sun-helmet: so Doc labored.

Once he paused long enough to loosen Pronto's bridle, that the beast might find a little bunch of grass; but the buckskin grazed only a few moments and came back, looking sadly, longingly, questioningly at his master, lifting his soft muzzle to scent the air; so Doc re-adjusted his bridle. "You got to stand guard, Pronto boy," he whispered, and the buckskin rubbed his nose on Doc's arm.

The cowboy bent to his work, but the buckskin's comraderie seemed to evoke confidences; and Doc's muttering voice ran on:

"Right?—right?" and again, "Burn me, if I see the right in it!—sittin' here washin' off that tongue—gittin' it ready to gather venom like a rattlesnake an' turn the fangs on Minnie!—gittin' a fang ready to wound the heart of Minnie—an' I know what I'm doin'!—Matthew is his father's son!—he kin speak—oh, he knows how to do it—how to cut!—to wound!—to bruise!—to run the gentlemanly caustic of his Whitworth tongue!—an' I've got to coax him back to life, so he kin do it!—that's right?—Blast me if it's right!"

"An' it had to be me that found him!—things couldn't a run otherwise—Pablo couldn't a fallen in no other place but jist in that arroyo at jist the spot I was goin' to cross?—Miguel had to be jist there!—couldn't a' took another trail to Rio Verde?—an' Pronto couldn't a' loped a little faster and crossed before Miguel come, or a little slower an' hit it after Miguel was gone!—no!—it had to be jist this one way!—had to be—why?"

"Now, if I was a 'Pache, I'd know the why of the

thing; the devils that set on the heads of tenderfeet they brought Matthew out hunting water where the water is; the devil, that some 'Pache gained to his side he fetched Pablo within reach of that arroyo; the devil that guard dead bodies held up Miguel an' wouldn't let him pass; likewise one from the same bunch of devils took Pronto by the bridle an' brought him across the arroyo, neither above nor below, neither too fast nor too slow, but jist to the right spot at the right minute. Shore, any Indian kid could show the head of this thing; but a poor ignorant white man, he had to ask 'Why?'

"And said Indian wouldn't take two bites to the nose proposition: 'The life of this man stands in my way, git rid of him, then!'—but being a white man, I got to do right! The right I got to do is a hell-burnin' wrong!"

"There, Pronto horse, don't you see why I had to leave home?—why I can't never go back?—can't never let myself listen to the voice of mother callin'?—won't never see her till we both have crossed the Big Divide?—got to keep on hurtin' her because it's right! If I ain't got no more self-control than I have ever after ten year, I could 'a' left him—left my own blood brother—to die of thirst!—was on the point of it!—plumb on the edge of it!—What would I done if I had stayed at home?—Don't you see where right is, hell-invented wrong kind of a right!—eh, Pronto boy?"

Doc jumped as if struck—Matthew's eyes had fallen open, and the dull pupils turned wearily. "Well, you have done it, Doc Whitworth," muttered the cowboy, "Matthew's livin'; he kin hurt Minnie some more; an' you done it!"

Then with a sudden awakening of instinct, the tenderfoot clutched the canteen. "No, you don't, ole boy! Doc jerked the canteen back with one hand and the linen rag from the mouth with the other. A little water gurgled and was spilt; but a moment later Matthew's arms were pinioned under Doc's knees. "Take it slow ole boy, or you don't git none at all. Open your mouth now," and again the water went trickling down the tenderfoot's throat.

Light that was not of fever came at last in Matthew's eyes and he whispered, "Is—anyone—giving water—to Miguel?"

"Got your senses, have you? All right, I'll free your arms—couldn't let you spill the water, see?—you was some loney at first—you go to go slow when you are too dry."

"But—the guide?—did he—"

"Miguel is O. K. I. Thirst didn't plumb addle you noddle, so you are O. K., too, and don't worry."

Doc placed the canteen to his brother's lips. It was a drink this time.

For a while Matthew lay with closed eyes; when he looked up and spoke again his voice was stronger. "It will be wise not to trust me too far, sir; it is apparent that I am slightly delirious even yet."

"I don't think you are. Do you think you're fuddled because you think you see your brother bending over you? If that's what's itchin' you, you got it straight I'm Doc. You ain't fallen dead of surprise on account of findin' me out here in ole Arizonie, are you?"

"It would certainly be less difficult for me to con-

sider myself delirious from thirst, than to comprehend the fact that John Wesley Whitworth has lost the use of his mother tongue."

"Meanin' to remark that I rattle United States instead of spoutin' English."

"Really, John Wesley!—but I presume the use of such barbarisms gives you a cheap notoriety among the poors whom you have chosen as your associates. Yet it occurs to me as possible that John Wesley Whitworth might, without straining his memory, recall a period in life when, as the son of William Henry Whitworth, D.D., he was conversant with Worcester; or, if he choose the Stars and Stripes in preference to the Union Jack, he might renew his acquaintance with Noah Webster."

"Say, Matthew, that shore is some tall speech for a man dyin' of thirst. Your preachin' machine is in good order; I ain't worryin' no more about you; but you are a little warm on your subject; three gulps o' water might wet your whistle," and Doc patted his brother under the canteen. "Now, as to the matter of your stump speech: you kin talk the language of the dead; I choose the one that ain't bound by no rules, that springs up from the nater o' things—I speak the lingo o' the heart. If you don't like it, I ain't askin' you to listen to it but for a mighty short time, during which I'll try not to howl at your gentlemanly caustic. This here is a free country; that's why it makes it my home."

Matthew closed his eyes as if too weary to continue a useless argument; yet, after a time, a smile crossed the stern sadness of his face, and he watched Doc's hand that never ceased fanning.

"It is not necessary now to keep the air in constant motion; powerful as your biceps are, I know that they are aching, John Wesley. Now, I have always maintained that there is a strain of good deep down in your nature: your unselfishness crops up from it like the leadings of an ore vein. Take as an example that very fanning and the fact that, since my having come to your consciousness, you have not taken one drop from the canteen, though your exertion alone would be sufficient to cause great thirst. All this proves that there must be good in your character."

Doc winced. There was a sharp note in his voice as he answered: "Jerusalem slap-jacks! Any Greaser would do as much for a Jap coolie, if he found him knocked out by thirst!"

"Nevertheless, you are in need of water, and I insist—"

"Ain't no need o' it; I tanked up afore I left the Verde. There's a long ways between wantin' a drink an' faintin' for it. Now, jist as soon as you feel able to travel, I'll put you on Pronto an' tote you over to Beaver Creek. It ain't but a mile an' a half to the west of us—"

"Now, that is exactly what I tried to make that Mexican comprehend—"

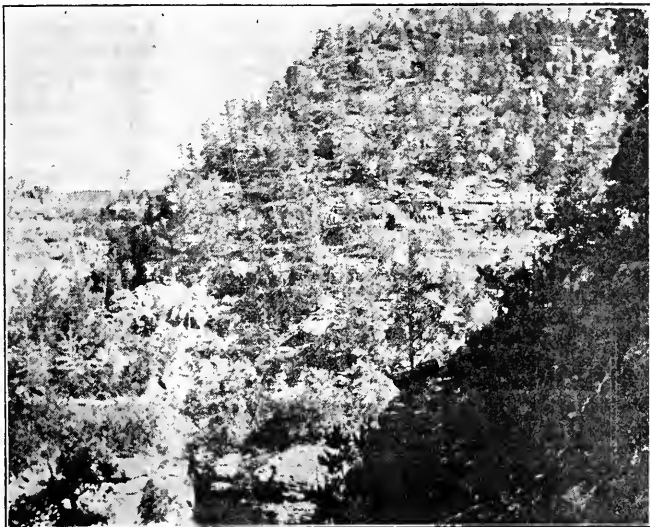
"'Xactly!—you tried to make him think that scrub oak an' juniper are shore signs of water."

"But he was determined to go down into that desert—back to the burning sands from which we had come!"

"Shore!—Miguel saw the willers and cottonwoods of Rio Verde an' made for them. He struck the Verde before nine this mornin'. Where were you aimin' to go, anyhow?"

"But, John Wesley, these snow-capped mountains, just above us, must be the source of whatever water flows through this barren waste."

"Oram - Hamsham's scootable shore! Shore!—do you think the



Rim Rocks are foothills of the San Francisco mountains?"

"And are they not?"

"Well, I ain't taken no oaths on the fact. I jist have an idee that the Rim Rocks are the edge of a big mesa, or bench or plateau—whatever you likes to call it—an' somewheres, twenty or thirty miles back, mebbe the first beginnings of the foothills—oh, jumpin' Jehu!—an' you were aimin' to git to the peaks—"

"What is the distance?"

"Search me—I don't reckon any surveyin' party has got to 'em yit. It's too bristlin' full of Apaches and Navajos up behind the Rim Rocks for most folks to waste time reckonin' up miles."

"In truth, it is a scientific fact that clear air makes distance deceptive. What an excellent example; I really thought myself to be on the lower slopes of those mountains."

"Well, we ain't, not by a long shot.—But to go back to what I was saying: I'll tote you over to Beaver, an' you kin git water both inside an' out; then, as soon as you are able, we'll make it to Camp Verde. After that it's 'adios' between you and Doc."

"You seem to be in decided haste to reach the farewell point, John Wesley; especially since you have not yet had the grace to ask the cause of my visit—"

"I ain't asked because I ain't hankerin' to know; and you don't need to quiz for the reasons of my leavin', for you ain't goin' to git 'em. By the time you're able to quit Camp Verde, there'll be considerable earth between us—too blisterin' much for you to cross agin."

"I know by your face, John Wesley, that you are perfectly aware of the reason for my presence here. Nothing could bring me to this God-forsaken country but—" he paused a moment and stared at the buckskin alert on the narrow ledge of rock before the broken wall of the dwelling; then, as if the sight gave him words, he spoke again, "John Wesley Whitworth, bitter as the disgrace of your ruined life has been to the entire family, I, at least, have always maintained that there is some spark of good in you. Do not force me to believe that my only brother is such a consummate cad that not even ten years can cool his spite over a caning—a just punishment from one whom he must, at least, revere, even if his nature be too base to appreciate filial love."

"You kin think and you kin believe what your angelic soul does please! This here is a free country!"

"Possibly—" Matthew paused, his stern face trembled, perhaps with anger, perhaps with some deeper emotion; but when he did speak, his voice was more calm than before. "John Wesley, you have not seen what I have seen—" again he paused and looked out through the doorway of the tiny ruin, some man's hearth and home in ancient years. "Father is broken and worn and old, John Wesley, the wreck of your life broke his."

"You better spare your strength, Matthew." Doc's face had grown tense, bitter, white. "You may need it afore you reach Camp Verde. You!—Pronto!—quiet, boy!—yes, we're comin'."

"Then you give me your word to come home to him?"

"No!" The old ruin shook with the bellow of Doc's voice. "I told you what my plans are in so far as you are concerned. Reckon you orter know there is too

blasted much Whitworth blood in me to play the mul Steady, you Pronto boy! Now, if you feel any way ready to stand it, we better be gittin' out of this."

"And do you presume that I am going home without you?"

A smile came near to cutting the bitterness of Doc's face. "Your memory seems to be pretty pert and mighty deep on the point of yore elder brothership but you kinder, sorter slightly, forgit that your litt cuss of a younger brother is a speck passed his majority—bein' twenty-seven—; also, he is a full-fledge citizen of the U. S., and you may have some troubr wastlin' out the extradition papers on the case."

"But you must yield to reason, John Wesley, or to—ah—surely, you realize—the—ah—the strange coincidence, to say the least, strange coincidence of your finding me—do you not?—ah—faith can not yet be quite dead in your heart!—can you not see in this the hand of Providence?"

"Providence?—I ain't denyin' some power outside myself is runnin' this day—things are goin' too blind contrary to be my own doin's—that's a dead cinch.—But Providence?—shew! If it ain't the devil's work I'll take the three doucin's from the Dunkard preacher. Whoa! you, Pronto!" but the buckskin, with a piercing shrieking snort, reared at the very edge of the rock.

Doc sprang out of the cliff-dwelling. They seemed to whirl on the slippery edge. Then Doc stumbled into the dwelling and Pronto fell crushing in through the break in the wall. Three arrows quivered just behind the buckskin's shoulder; his eyes rolled up to Doc in an agony of longing.

"Shore I will, ole Pronto boy; I'll end the pain, even if it does mean one cartridge less for the battle," and pressing the forty-four between the kindly brown eyes, Doc fired.

(To be continued)



Doc sprang out of the cliff-dwelling. They seemed to whirl on the slippery edge. Then Doc stumbled into the dwelling and Pronto fell crushing in through the break in the wall

BETH

By JEAN A. MCCARTHY

HER mother called her Lisbeth—and she called rather sharply, as a rule. To the little children who enjoyed her cake and sugar cookies she was Auntie Beth. Albert Vann had several names for her; not that I ever heard him call her anything but Beth; but—well, I remember when Billy and I were courting. As for me, I called her Miss Greatheart, in defiance of all writers who have used that name. For there are as many feminine Greathearts as there are masculine, though I have never read of one.

Beth was a tiny morsel of a girl—in the language of the day, a shrimp. But she was a very attractive shrimp, indeed, with her black, wavy hair, and red cheeks, and sparkling blue eyes. She was vigor personified. One glance at her energetic little figure always made me feel like beginning my spring house-cleaning. How she could work so hard and so steadily, such a mere under-five-foot of girl, was a mystery. But there was work to be done, and duty was the watchword of Beth's life.

She had one sister, a remarkably pretty girl, who was by two years her junior. Beth almost worshipped her. She never complained because Peggy shook all family cares from her own shoulders and sighed with relief when they settled on Beth's.

Their mother was a widow, and an exacting, rather querulous invalid. She depended wholly on Beth for all the care she demanded. Occasionally she would ask Peggy to perform some trifling service for her, but in the end it was always Beth who performed it.

"Go away, Peggy! You are more helpless than I. Lisbeth! Come here and help me. Your sister is absolutely useless; what would I do without you, Lisbeth?"

"Oh, you would manage, mother," laughed Beth. "Peggy would learn."

"Lisbeth!" cried her mother frantically, "you wouldn't leave me?"

"No, mother, of course not."

"Never?"

"Never, never!"

Beth was not as strong as Peggy,

but she possessed infinite patience and sympathy. If her mother was in more pain than usual and peevish because of it, Beth would humor her and lighten her suffering. Not so Peggy; the invalid's crossness would often anger her, and little she tried to hide her feelings.

"Peggy, sometimes I am ashamed of you!" Beth would scold, "mother is so ill. Why can't you be kind to her?"

"But Beth, I do my best. If I try to lift her, she says I hurt her; if I make her toast, it is burnt, or cold, or has too much butter, or too little—always some fault to find with whatever I do for her."

"Peggy, suppose you had to lie there and suffer, day after day. Would you be less fault-finding, less exacting?"

"Oh, I know. But my temper is not as sweet as yours. You better take care of mother, Beth. She is satisfied with you."

"She is *your* mother, too, isn't she?"

But Peggy would run away to a picnic, or a dance, or some amusement, while Beth would remain home with the invalid mother.

"Let her enjoy herself, mother. She is just a child, and naturally wants a good time."

"And how about your good time, my dear? You are only two years older."

"I know, but—I am happy, mother."

Not a word of complaint, not a feeling of envy.

There was one bright spot in the girl's rather dreary existence—Albert Vann. Beth had known him for several years, and he was a regular caller at the Carter home. Theirs was not a very exciting courtship from the modern girl's viewpoint. Occasionally, Beth allowed him to take her to the theatre, but very rarely.

"I can't leave mother," she would explain.

Beth hardly dared believe that he really cared for her.

"Beth," he said one night, as she returned to the sitting room after ministering to her mother, "You are everyone's good angel."

"No, I am not," she said, blushing. "One must do one's duty."

"Surely. But Peggy, for instance, believes in shirking."

"Hush, Al, don't be unkind. Peggy is too young to realize things as you and I do."

"Well, I realize one thing," answered Albert, "and that is, I love you, Beth. Don't you know I love you?" This was the beginning of a serious conversation with this result—before Albert left that evening, Beth had promised to marry him in six months.

Love changed the whole aspect of life for her. Its magic lightened the hardest duty. Singing she went about the house, happy as any engaged girl ever was, planning, dreaming, wondering.

"I must make the place look as 'newly-wed' as I can," she reflected. "I will start right by making new curtains, and things. It will be good for mother at the same time. She must be tired of those same old hangings."

And another time, "Peggy will have to take care of mother for a few days. Al and I will have to take a trip, of course, but—well, I won't start wishing for impossibilities. I hardly dare leave mother a day or two, now."

"Lisbeth, you and Albert will stay with me, won't you?" her mother would ask, anxiously.

"Of course," answered Beth. "You know I shall never leave you, mother."

A day or so later, "You won't let Albert take you away from me, Lisbeth?"

"No, mother," would come back gently.

So the girl went about, making a change here and there in the home, managing to do little personal sewing between work. She was as happy as could be, with no cloud in her sky.

About two months before the date

set for the wedding, Albert confided new plans to her. It was a lovely cool evening, late in August.

"Come with me for a short walk, dear," he coaxed; "you need the air."

"Air?" she rejoined, "I walked three miles to-day. I went out after eggs for mother—a mile and a half beyond the car lines."

"But a stroll—with me," he teased her, "Isn't there a difference?"

"Well—" she hesitated. "Wait till I make mother comfortable. Peggy, take good care of her, and don't be cross and upset her. I will be gone only a few minutes."

"You haven't enough time to yourself," objected Albert, as they strolled along. "Life for you is just a worry after another. I won't have my wife with such pale cheeks."

"I am not your wife—yet," her cheeks flushing.

"Come, that's better, Beth. Now let's turn this corner."

They were but a few blocks from home. "Isn't that an attractive house?" said Albert, pointing to a bungalow which was apparently just completed.

"Wouldn't you like to inspect it? Just for fun?" cried Beth.

"Let's—just for fun," flashed back the man.

Like two children with a doll house, they explored the little bungalow.

"Oh, Al, what a wonderful fireplace!"

"Homelike, isn't it?"

"What ducky stairs!"

"What a dream of a kitchen!"

"Just see this back yard, Beth!"

"Oh, Al, I could hug it. Isn't it just perfect?"

"Sweetheart," Al almost shouted, "I knew you would like it, so—I bought it."

"Bought it!" Beth exclaimed.

"For us! I brought you around purposely. I did not mention it to you before because I wanted to surprise you."

"But—I don't understand. Why did you buy a house for us?"

A cold little fear was gripping Beth's heart.

"Why—to live in, of course."

"But—we will live with mother, Albert."

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Dear—you did not expect me to leave mother?"

"Beth—you did not expect me to live with her?"

"Of course," said Beth, surprised.

"I thought it was—understood."

"I wouldn't, Beth. Now listen to reason, dear. You ought to realize that when you marry, your place is beside your husband."

"Married or single, I have to stay with mother," repeated Beth. "Who would take care of her?"

"Peggy."

Beth shook her head. "Mother would be miserable, and so would Peggy. Peggy just can't take care of her. Albert, I couldn't leave mother. I could not be happy knowing I had left her uncared for," she said pleadingly.

"And I just could not stand seeing my wife nurse, companion and housekeeper to her mother, while I was thrown the scraps of her time."

They who had entered the bungalow all happiness and expectancy, left it with misery in their hearts. Their faces were white and set, as they turned homeward.

"You won't change your mind, Beth?" asked Albert, pausing on the porch.

"I—I can't, Albert," choked Beth. "No happiness would come if I neglected my duty, and my duty is to my mother."

They were silent a moment, and then,—slowly,—Beth drew off her ring and handed it to Albert.

"It's no use, Al. We had better call it ended," she said miserably.

"I am sorry."

Albert stared at the ring.

"Peggy should take her turn," the young man protested; "I want my own home. Don't forget me, dear," and with a heavy heart he left.

Beth stood in the hallway, bewildered.

"Oh, I wish I could!" she whispered. "I do love Al—and what a story-book house that is! My story-book house," she repeated, dreamily.

"Lisbeth," cried her mother, fretfully.

"Yes, mother, I am here,—and will always be here," she added, under her breath.

She found Peggy asleep on the davenport.

"Peggy, couldn't you watch just one hour with mother?"

"Oh, I was so tired. I just lay down for a moment," excused Peggy "I didn't think I'd fall asleep."

Beth turned away.

"After all," she thought. "I am glad it is I, and not Peggy, who must suffer. Peggy will be happy and I will be happy for her. Vicarious joy is better than none."

Beth went about with joyless steps and aching heart. When her mother inquired why Albert stayed away she would give an evasive answer.

"I want more time to think about it. Perhaps I won't marry Albert."

Just the same, she always expected that Albert would change his mind.

He did come once—just once after that evening in August. But he came to plead with her to change her mind.

"I have promised more times than I can remember, never to leave mother," Beth repeated over and over, always adding, "I could not leave her even if I had never promised."

Albert did not return after that one visit. But why they separated, no one ever found out.

* * *

Two years later, Peggy married and went to live in a distant town. She was very happy, and never a pang did her conscience suffer over her sister's loneliness.

"Don't mourn for Al, Sis," she would say. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever."

Then one morning, Beth found her mother wrapped in that last long sleep from which there is no awakening. Beth felt lonelier now than ever. She had no one now to live and labor for.

"I must work," she told herself. "Though not fitted for much, I must work."

One night, as she sat sewing in her lonely little living room, the door bell rang. Wearily she rose to answer it. Somehow, she was more tired than usual. Life seemed hardly worth living; nor was she much agitated when she saw Albert at the door. Indeed, the old love had never died. Nevertheless, in her tired mind tonight there was little welcome for him.

"Good evening, Albert."

"Good evening, Beth."

He followed her into the living

room, but would not be seated. He had come with a definite purpose in mind.

"Beth, five years I have loved you and been true to you. Don't you think that now, the cause of our disagreement being removed, we ought to be sensible? Will you marry me, Beth?"

At this, Beth's gentle temper gave way. All the suffering of the past years turned into bitterness.

"Certainly not," she cried, angrily. "True to me? You may think so, but not I. You left me alone for five years; you refused to help me bear my cross; you were too stubborn and selfish to find a way of solving the problem. Because I did my duty, you left me. Now—that I am free, you want me. You call that love?—loyalty? I call it selfishness. Marry you!" Beth laughed hysterically, and left the room.

* * *

Beth entered a hospital and took up nursing.

"It is what I am best fitted for," she defined herself to Peggy. "I know I am old to start, but it is better to start at twenty-five than never at all."

And many times did Beth thank God for inspiring her to choose this calling. The Great War broke out, and the call for nurses was sent broadcast. Beth was among the first to volunteer, and soon went overseas. It is an old story now—the heroism of the Red Cross nurses on the battlefield. Many a soldier boy, after return home, sang the praises of Beth. But she alone knows for how many souls she paved the way across the Great Divide.

When it was all over, a weary Beth returned home to rest. For weeks she just puttered around among her flowers and books, or called on admiring neighbors, or visited the church to tell her beads at the feet of the Sacred Heart. She resolutely put the war from her mind.

"I will think of the quiet and happy side of life for a while," she would say, "and forget about armless and legless, and shell-shocked soldiers."

But Providence decreed otherwise.

Beth had a frequent caller. Miss Letty was a romantic soul. Nothing

ever interested her quite so much as a young couple engaged or "sweet on each other," or "with an understanding." She loved lovers in all stages. Years before she had smiled and prophesied about Beth and Albert; and when she finally realized that they had parted, she actually shed tears over it! To-day she wondered if she dare tell Beth the latest news. She was eager to see Beth's face on hearing it.

"My dear," she ventured, "did you know that Albert Vann came home last night?"

Beth's heart leaped. Not a word had she heard of him since the night she had so bitterly rebuked him.

"No, I did not know it," she answered calmly enough. "Where has he been?"

"Beth! Didn't you know he was across? Why, he was wounded."

"Albert wounded! Tell me about it."

Miss Letty was in the seventh heaven. Beth seemed so interested.

"Well, my dear," she cackled, sympathetically, "He was gone almost two years. Last night he returned—minus one arm."

Beth's head swam. Albert crippled!

She could not think clearly. Her mind only repeated over and over, "He was wounded, and I never knew."

Two weeks passed and she heard no more of him. They were weeks that seemed longer than all the years since they had parted. Daily she prayed that he might call on her. But in vain.

"I must see him," she cried desperately and wrote him a note—quite friendly in tone:
Dear Albert:

I hear that you just returned from the battlefields. I left six months ago, and I wonder if you perhaps could not bring me news of some of my old friends—yourself included. Won't you come over some afternoon?

Sincerely,

Beth Carter.

She addressed it, stamped it—and tore it up.

During the next few days, a voice kept whispering in her ear "Write him again." Finally she did write. She walked to the corner to drop it in the mail box. She pulled open the slide; then she let it drop back,

tore up the letter, and walked home with the fragments in her hand.

For another week the battle waged between her pride and her love. Then one afternoon while sitting at the front window she happened to glance up from the book and saw a man coming down the street. Immediately she recognized him.

"Albert, Albert!" she almost sobbed, as she saw the empty sleeve.

She hurried to the door to welcome him—but he was not there. She stepped out on the porch—Albert was passing by without stopping! She had been so sure he was coming to see her.

"Albert!" she called without thinking.

The young man turned and came back.

"Why, how are you, Beth?" he exclaimed, as he ascended the steps.

"You were not coming in," she accused him reproachfully, to hide her great joy at seeing him.

"Beth, how could I know you wanted to see me? I heard so much about the skill, and bravery, and goodness you showed over there. How does it feel to be home?"

"Oh, it is wonderful, Al," she said, "Just wonderful. You must be happy, too."

"Yes—to be home. But—I am not much good now."

"Albert! Don't say that. Your sleeve is a badge of honor. I am proud of you.

"You! Why, Beth, you took more chances than any man in the A. E. F., I hear. The whole town is proud of you."

"I was only a nurse," Beth answered him.

"Only a nurse! I know how much we boys owe the girls who were 'only nurses.' I knew many of them."

"Albert, was there any special nurse for you—over there?"

"Yes," answered Albert. "There has always been a special nurse for me. First she nursed her mother, then patients in a hospital and then—the soldiers."

There was no misunderstanding him. Beth felt a great wave of relief and happiness sweep over her.

"I am glad, Al," she said, smiling.

(Continued on page 378)

IMPULSE AND ATONEMENT

By N. P. BABCOCK

(Of the Catholic Writers' Guild)

DIMLY gleamed through the shadowed arcade, the red eyes of an approaching train. Only by leaning perilously forward from the edge of the station platform could any of the waiting throng perceive them. A man past middle age saw them for an instant, as he craned his neck. Then they vanished behind the wide-brimmed, ill-shapen hat of a young woman stationed a few yards down from where he stood. A shabby shopping bag hung from her right hand, which was thrown well back to aid her in maintaining equilibrium. The twist thus given to her rusty skirt disclosed footwear intolerable to any woman save one employed, if at all, in some menial capacity.

The man, whose view of the approaching train had been obscured, was clad in summer tweeds, with russet shoes and a straw hat. Under his arm was the folded copy of an evening newspaper. He had the appearance of one to whom life had been gracious; of one whose homecoming at the close of a business day was anticipated with serenity by those awaiting him.

It was of such a welcome he was thinking at the moment. He knew he would, at the end of his brief subway journey, be met by a car driven either by his son or by his daughter—they were equally competent chauffeurs. He hoped it would today be the daughter. She would evince, with more spontaneity than the other, her gladness at the good news he was bringing.

Why, he mused, were not all American girls as competent and delightfully satisfying as this girl of his? But ought he still to regard her as a girl? Thirty? Yes, quite that; fully as old, he would venture to say, as the slovenly creature there balancing herself on the subway platform.

"A most dangerous pose," he said to himself. "The least touch would send her forward upon the tracks!"

Although thickly peopled by waiting passengers for most of its length, the platform was comparatively bare at its far end, where he and this incautious young woman were standing. A boy with a large

basket was the nearest person to them. A girl in white, leaning listlessly upon a long parasol, with her head turned away from them, was the next nearest. Just beyond her began the fringe of one of those compact little mobs which so quickly form along New York subway stations at intervals where the gates of trains seem most likely to halt.

"The merest touch would send that woman down upon the track!" repeated the man, whose daughter was at that moment preparing to drive to the point at which her father gaily emerged at about this hour each afternoon. He would be there in advance of her today, for the station at which he was now awaiting a train was well uptown, business having taken him to that locality earlier in the afternoon.

"Doesn't the creature know better than to balance on the edge of a railway like that?" The sight was having an unpleasant effect upon his nerves.

As if the man's thought had reached her, the young woman leaned still more perilously forward. The toes of her shabby boots projected over the edge.

Meantime the two red eyes of the train were coming into view of those at the southern end of the station. There was a general giving-away along the front; a curved receding of the human tide, that presently exposed as a marginal belt of safety, a strip perhaps a foot or possibly eighteen inches wide, of the outer edge of the concrete platform.

The attitude of the young woman on the brink, although obviously rendered more conspicuous by this backward movement of the waiting throng, was not a matter of general note, because faces were turned in the direction of the incoming train. But to the man a few steps further along the platform it occasioned a feeling of irritation.

"She ought to know better," he said half-savagely to himself, his nervousness increasing. "The slightest jostle would throw her off." In his subconsciousness the idea

formed that such a fate would not be wholly undeserved.

There flashed then upon his mind a still more tragic thought: "Was the creature contemplating suicide?" He edged in her direction.

The altered noise of the train emerging from the narrow tube into the wider space of the station reached him. He was close upon the woman. He could not see her face, but his imagination pictured upon it an expression of awful woe—the frigid horror that must depict itself in the eyes of a self-murderer.

He was within touching distance now. At that instant she turned upon him the smirking, foolishly grinning features of an inebriate. He had meant to grasp her by the shoulder and pull her to safety. Instead, his hand gave a sudden, violent, contemptuous push, and she fell face-forward across the track.

From the maze of dreadful happenings that filled the next few moments, nothing stood out so commanding in the consciousness of the man as a vision of two red eyes slowly passing where he stood and then suddenly multiplying themselves into a myriad of lurid discs. These still remained visible. He saw them everywhere—on the legs and arms of shouting men who ran hither and thither; on the backs of men who peered over the platform's edge; on the startled faces of passengers who leaned from the windows of the train that had stopped.

After a time, amid the babel of confused sounds, there reached his ears a shrill voice, shouting:

"I seen him push her!"

A boy with a large basket was gesticulating wildly.

The man was not conscious of having made any movement since the one which had caused all this commotion. He seemed to himself like one stricken by paralysis. Here he was, fully ten yards from where he had been standing, and directly in his pathway was the accusing lad, pointing toward him.

The train had backed slowly, and at the spot where the two red lights had burst into that multitude of haunting eyes a large number of persons were assembled. Those in

The Assumption

DEEP thrilled my
soul, those high
words pondering,

By Prophets uttered in
the days agone;

Of Him, Desired of the
Eternal hills,

How yearned my soul
His face to look
upon.

Then to these arms my
God entrusted Him,

(Sing, O My Soul, His
fa v o r s day and
night!)

What deeps of joy and
love this heart hath
known

Bethlehem's manger
Calvary's grim
height.

Slow tread of years
since angels bore
Him far,

Again my being yearns
to see His face;

Shorten mine exile, bid
me fly to Thee,

Thou Gift of God, Thou
Saviour of our race.

And yet, the handmaid of the Lord, behold!
Thy Will, not mine, — my soul, exalt His
Name;

Content to do His bidding, lo! I wait,—
The dark will pass, the morn effulgent
flame.



What sudden glory round as shone the day
When Gabriel spoke? Thy Face, my blessed
Son!

The Voice of my Beloved in my ear:
"Arise, make haste, my love, my spotless
one!"

—Catherine M. Hayes

the rear were standing on tiptoe to see over the shoulders of persons in front.

Women joined the throng, with handkerchiefs crumpled in their fists. Occasionally a man or woman turned away as though fearful of too close a view. The group to which the boy with the basket was speaking increased in size, until the man to whom the boy had pointed found himself surrounded.

The folded newspaper he had been carrying under his arm fell to the ground, and he stopped mechanically and recovered it.

"What have you to say? This boy says you pushed the woman in front of the cars!"

The speaker wore the olive suit and stiff-crowned cap of an army officer. Clearly he was the self-appointed spokesman of a demand that was in the minds of all the others.

"Does not that strike you as a posterous charge?" replied the man.

The number of his detainers increased. Down the platform from the most northerly entrance three policemen were hurrying. Two of them pressed forward to where a bundle was being lifted from the track. The third, at beck of the army officer, joined the accusing group.

"What's wrong here?" he asked.

"This gentleman is accused of having pushed the woman yonder from the platform." He pointed to where the other two bluecoats had halted with their burden.

The policeman scanned the eminently respectable figure of the accused.

"Who says so?" he asked.

"This boy," replied the army officer, "insists he saw the act."

But the lad with the basket was no longer insisting. "Perhaps he didn't mean to push her; perhaps it was an accident," he faltered.

"You know very well it was not an accident. You were standing quite close to me. We both saw the woman pushed violently down upon the track. You caught at my skirt as she fell. You saw it as plainly as I did."

The speaker was a tall girl clad in white, carrying a long parasol.

The policeman looked at her. She met his gaze unflinchingly.

"Do you charge this man with

homicide?" he asked. "If so, I must arrest him."

"Ask him why he did it?" said the girl.

The man had taken a cardcase from his pocket. "Here is my business address. I am, and have all my life, been a resident of this city. If it is your duty to take me to the station-house upon an accusation of this sort, take me at once; I am ready to go."

"It's a very serious charge you are making, miss," said the policeman.

"It is a still more serious thing to push a woman to her death," the girl replied. "The man has not even denied he did it. He cannot. He knows I am telling the truth."

Her eyes were flashing, but the hand holding the slender sunshade did not tremble. There was much about her that reminded the man of his daughter. "I am sure you think you are telling the truth," he said.

"Hi! there now! none of that!" A police hand closed upon the collar of the boy with the basket, who was attempting to slink out of sight.

"The station is but a short distance away, miss. If you insist upon pressing the charge against this gentleman, you must go there with us, and so must this boy."

Trackway had by now been cleared for the stalled train, and the crowd on the platform thinned out as persons hurried into the cars.

The station-house was in truth close by. It seemed to the man but a moment between the time they came out into the open air of the street and the closing of a heavy door against the throng that had followed at their heels.

Lined up against the rail, which impartially keeps all visitors, good or bad, from too near an approach to the desk-sergeant, were the man, the arresting officer, the young woman in white, the boy and the army officer.

If the desk-sergeant felt any surprise at the thoroughly genteel appearance of the prisoner, he concealed it.

"What is the charge, officer?"

"Homicide," was the reply.

"Your name?" He addressed the man. It was written down with a painful deliberation in a large book, as were other details as the prisoner chose to offer.

The policeman who made the arrest having explained the circumstances under which it was made the young woman in white was bidden to tell exactly what she had seen.

"I had noticed the woman on the edge of the platform," she said "and was deliberating whether ought not to go and tell her how dangerous it is to stand there in the subway, when I noticed that this man, who was nearer to her than I was observing her intently, evidently feeling the same way in regard to her danger as myself.

did not know at this moment that the train was entering the lower end of the station, otherwise I might have shouted to the young woman

"But the prisoner seemed very deliberate in his movements. He moved towards the woman in a curious, hesitating way. I advanced toward her at the same time; and although I had been at a greater distance, I was almost as near to her as this man was, when she turned sidewise and stared in his face. He could scarcely have seen me, for he too, was staring at her. And there he gave her a push, like this"—she turned the palm of her hand outward and imitated a violent shove

"How do you know he was not attempting to grasp her and draw her out of danger?" asked the sergeant.

"If I had the slightest doubt that such was not the case, I would not be here," the witness replied. "I don't know who the woman is that was killed, or what was the motive of this man; but one must believe one's own eyes, and I as plainly saw him push, and not try to seize her, as I see you. This boy was close beside me. Why, if he was not positive that it was a push, did he raise the outcry immediately afterwards?"

The boy was next questioned, but all he would now say was that it looked like a push.

"Madam," said the sergeant, "upon your accusation, I have no option but to lock this man up. You have given your name and address. Verification of them will be sought at once, as also the address and place of employment of this boy, who seems to have been the first to raise the alarm of murder."

The army officer, who had no testimony to offer, turned to the girl as they were about to leave the station-house and asked:

"Are you quite prepared for the consequences of all this?"

"And you, an officer of the United States Army, ask me that?" she retorted in a voice of ill-concealed contempt. "Would you see murder committed and keep silent about it?"

Her words reached the man still standing at the rail; and not only the duty-obeying tone of her voice, but the entire manner of her bearing, again brought before him a painfully vivid picture of his daughter.

He was told by the sergeant, who apparently was not impressed by the strength of the case, that any telephone message he wished to send to his counsel would be promptly sent. But the man explained that it would be quite impossible to reach his lawyer at so late an hour of the day; he preferred to let matters take their course for the present, desiring only that a district messenger be called.

To the messenger, who promptly appeared, the man described the automobile which would be waiting near the exit of a subway station he named. To the occupant the messenger should simply say: "Your father sent me to tell you not to wait longer for him. He is unexpectedly detained; he cannot say just how soon he will be able to reach home."

The boy departed with the message, and its sender sat behind the bars of a cell.

His head lay in the palms of his hands; his elbows rested on his knees. His lips moved incessantly.

"Am I mad?" he kept repeating to himself.

During the inquiry at the sergeant's desk he had been spared the vision of two remorseless, fiery-red eyes. But now they returned to haunt him—to penetrate his soul in search of the truth.

The Truth! To him it was now a monster; a thing to shrink from; a hideous ape, grinning over the shoulder of that girl in white! Without acknowledging a belief in God, he had always felt confident to meet unflinchingly whatever fate might have in store. But now?—a groan of anguish escaped him.



The Dream of St. Clare

Clare of Assisi looked her out
Upon God's world, so fair
about.

"How bright Thy sun, O Lord,
how sweet

Thy flowers, that blossom at
my feet!

"How soft Thine airs that
brush my brow—

The rustle of Thy trees that
bow

And wave their leaflets' living
green

Towards angels, hovering all
unseen!

"How cool and fresh Thy
waters flow,

Praising and singing as they
go!

"How wonderful, O Lord,
Thine earth

With mystery of Death and
Birth!

"How marvellous, surpassing
all,

That Thou to me shouldst
stoop and call,

Who am of Thy creation best
Forgot, unworthy, lowliest!"

Lo! 'twas an angel standing
there—

"To God more bright, more
dear, more fair,

Thy soul is worth them all, O
Clare!"

—Mary J. Malloy.

Presently he grew calmer—even as his thoughts turned to the woman who lay dead somewhere in the great city. It was less torture to think of her than of himself. Who was she? Could any living creature have been dependent upon her? Some child that would never know its father? Some old, decrepit mother? Ah, well! they should not suffer; his daughter could be the agent of administered bounty.

The fiery eyes no longer seemed to pierce his soul. He found himself taking account of all the weaknesses in the charge that had been lodged against him. "Preposterous" was the word he had used. And was it not preposterous? Could any jury, if the matter ever went that far, regard it as aught but preposterous? He, a man of unblemished reputation, and of rather more than moderate wealth, accused of killing a woman whom, it could be proved, he had never seen before! What motive could be alleged? What could have caused such a man to commit such a crime?

The two red eyes again flashed before his consciousness, and beyond stood the figure of Truth—stern, silent, ominous. What had caused him to commit the deed?

He remembered having once stood on a ledge overlooking a precipice of many hundred feet. Now he recalled how he had found it wise to leave the spot and seat himself beneath a tree. With what answer could he explain his having acted thus at that time? It had seemed weak, childish. He had felt an impulse and had feared it. Precaution had followed as an aid to weak resistance.

He had given no credit to himself at the time. Now, however, as the memory of the compelling power of that impulse arose in his mind, he realized the narrowness of his escape. But for the precaution taken, he would have been guilty of suicide then, as he was unquestionably guilty of homicide now.

Surely, there could be no escape were the plain facts admitted. To accept "sudden impulse" in extenuation of crime would be to undermine all security of law.

But there was a path to freedom, if he chose to take it. With no mo-

tive for crime apparent, what jury would esteem the unsupported testimony of this girl above the solemnity of his sworn denial?

Yes, he would have to declare his innocence. Over and over he would have to strangle Truth and witness the triumph of Falsehood in a court of justice. More, he might—most likely would—be called upon to enact this lie; would be asked to advance toward some court attendant and show precisely the safeguarding manner in which he had laid his hand upon the shoulder of that unfortunate woman.

He, an unbeliever in the existence of a Divine Power, a scoffer at the idea that anything beyond self-respect insures righteous action, must not only scorn but mimic Truth to overwhelm it.

But to confess! To be torn from those he loved!

The thought brought sudden recollection of all this day, but an hour since, had promised to be to them and to him. The news which was to have made this after-noon's home-coming so joyful; the long-wished-for result attained, only to become a mockery if he—

There was the sound of a key in the lock of his cell, and the next moment the gray-haired sergeant was standing in the doorway.

"This is against all the rules," said the official, "but I take the responsibility. A young woman entered the station-house a few moments ago. I thought she was the girl who accused you, come to make a retraction. She looked mightily like the other. She's your daughter and wishes to see you. The rules forbid a person charged with a felony to see any other than his counsel or to leave his cell. I am breaking both these rules—I don't know why. Come with me."

"Father!" cried the best loved voice in all the world. "Why are you here? What does it mean? The messenger boy would not tell where he had seen you, but I forced him to."

Once more those haunting discs of red appeared. The man saw them on the skirt of his daughter's gown. He raised his eyes to hers and said, calmly: "A woman fell from a subway platform in front of

a train. I am accused of causing her death."

"Father! Oh, Father! how dare they?" Her arms were around his neck. "Why did you not send word? Tell me all about it, Father. Tell me the whole truth."

Disengaging himself from her embrace, he took her right hand between his own, looked into her mute, appealing eyes, and said in a voice that sounded strangely unfamiliar:

"The truth is, my child, that an innocent man has been charged with an atrocious crime."

II

"Not guilty!"

The verdict followed a brief, whispered conference between the twelve men in the jury box.

A ray of sunlight piercing in through a southern window apparently was too dazzling for the defendant; he was shading his eyes with both hands when the verdict was announced; nor did he remove them as he resumed his seat amid a clatter of applause, which the court attendants found difficult to suppress.

The judge on the bench seemed pleased with the demonstration, and when it ceased he said:

"The court, gentlemen, before dismissing you with its thanks, can not refrain from congratulating you upon your action. There is such a thing as overzeal in the pursuit of justice. Clearly, the accusing witness in this case was animated at the outset only by a desire to see justice wrought upon the perpetrator of a wanton homicide. Her eyes had convinced her that the defendant, whom you have just acquitted, deliberately pushed an unfortunate woman to her death; but, as I announced in the course of my instruction to you, direct, positive, eyesight evidence must not blind us to all other considerations in dealing with a question of fact.

"As was testified to by several of those who knew the complaining witness during her college career, she has always been over-positive in her convictions and extremely averse to yielding any tittle of them. One of the witnesses, you will recall, speaking of her, said she once preferred to bear the ridicule of her entire class until the close of the

term, rather than admit she could have been mistaken in believing that a muff, thrown across the room, was a cat which had entered by way of the window. Doubtless she would have been willing to go into court and swear she had seen a cat; and doubtless she would believe it as well.

"I enter into these particulars, gentlemen, because I can not help feeling, as I know you all do, that the defendant—this sterling man of business, with a hitherto unblemished name and with a reputation for unbounded charity—is entitled not only to an acquittal, but to the fullest sort of public vindication. I feel, also, that I am not overstepping the bounds of propriety in saying the sole witness, upon whose sworn accusation he was subjected to a trial—the grocer's boy was positive of nothing—should hereafter believe that there can be something more convincing of a 'fact' than one's own eyesight, namely, the impossibility of its being what it seems. Gentlemen, the court thanks and dismisses you."

Escaping with difficulty from the group of friends and business acquaintances by whom they were surrounded, father and daughter slipped into a taxicab and drove off. For some time no word was spoken. At last the man said:

"Do you know, Helen, I would like to call upon that poor woman. Her home can not be far from here."

"I am sure, Father, no one will more sincerely congratulate us upon the verdict," replied his daughter. "A person more grateful for the help we have been able to give, you can not possibly imagine. She's a quaint old creature. She said to me the last time I saw her: 'Tell your good father that whin th' jury elects him to shtep free, it will be like draggin' the pain out of me sore legs, it will—only better.' Her brogue is delicious. You must meet her. It will take only a few minutes."

Directions were given and presently the cab halted at the entrance of a tenement, not far from the 'Approach' to one of the East River bridges.

A little old woman sat in a wheelchair by a window that looked out upon acres of clotheslines and

clothes. On one side of the room was a gas cook-stove, obviously new. A table, freshly covered with blue and white checkered oilcloth, was a conspicuous item of the apartment's furnishings. Curtains, hanging from a shiny brass rod, concealed a bed.

"Is it yerself, Mrs. Smith? Shtep in!" called out the occupant of the room, as a tap fell upon the door. Then followed a gasp of amazement, and the woman strove to rise from the chair.

"Sit still, Mrs. Fahey. This is my father."

"Th' blessin' of God on ye, sir," said the woman, who attempted to arise, but who was gently restrained by the hand of the man's daughter.

"And has some of the soreness been dragged from your legs, as you said it would be? You see, the jury has set my father free." There was a note of uncontrollable gaiety in the girl's voice.

"'Tis one ye have room to be proud of, Mr. Wintwuth, is a dau'ther like yer own. She's been to me like one o' th' angels thimselves, she with all th' trouble on her mind by th' mishthakes of th' law wrought upon ye. 'Tis this rollin'-chair an' th' gas-stove she bought me, an' 'tis herself showed me how to wur'rk th' wheels, so that I'm able to draw nigh to any part of th' room without shtandin', which I can't well do on account of me legs. 'Tis a dau'ther to be well pleased at, God in heaven knows, and not one—" She paused.

"Tell father about your daughter, Mrs. Fahey." Miss Wentworth's tone was full of sympathy.

"'Tis the trouble she brought upon you, sir," said the woman, "that I have to add to th' dis'thres of me own, but sthll I can't avoid seein' her, now that she's gone, as she was afore th' thirst came upon

her that desthroyed her. A beth'er dau'ther, barrin' yer own, you'd not discover than was Nellie whin she was at wur'rk in th' mill. Then comes th' day whin we must move to th' city because she could make double th' wage, she sez, in waitin' upon customers in a sthore, she sez. 'Tis well I remember how th' hours grew later an' later, till she'd not be home till near th' middle o' th' night, an' me draggin' meself one evenin' to th' sthore, an' learnin' she'd not put foot in th' place for a month or more."

The woman studied her own wrinkled hands as they lay in her lap. She continually moved one over the back of the other. But no tears came.

Horace Wentworth, gazing idly at the multitude of clothes swinging from a criss-cross of lines beyond the window, suddenly felt they were

LITTLE NORRY SULLIVAN

LITTLE Norry Sullivan, she's gone to join the nuns!
L'Ain't it sthrange, the convent often gets the wild-
est ones?

Makin' fun and frolickin', you'll see them here
to-day,

Look around to-morrow, an', bedad, they're gone
away!

Gone away to be a nun,

Gone away from all the fun,

Faith, 'tis queer an' sthrange it is, a chara, as you
say!

Sure, 'twas she was just like that—a wilder never
stept!

Do you mind how fast she ran, how fearlessly she
leapt?

Everything her brothers did, 'twas she could do the
same

(As for quiet Kevin, sure, she put the lad to shame).

Out she was from morn till night,

Playin' ball was her delight,

Norry's side was sure to win when she was in the
game!

Man alive, but 'twas herself that was the lively lass,
Hardly could keep still while Father Toole was say-
ing Mass.

Thrying hard to keep her mind upon her little
book,

But the open window oft would lure her longing
look.

Then you'd know her mind had slipped

From her prayin' and had skipped

Out among the meadows in the softly-growin' grass.

Sure, it seems like yestherday I saw her up an' down,
Runnin' like a red-shank through the sthreeets o'

Carrick town,

Double-knockin' people's doors an' ringin' people's
bells,

Makin' people nervous with her screamin's and her
yells.

But—she's all grown up today,

An' she's left an' gone away,

Gone to be a Sister in the convent down at Kells!

Wondher what came over her! Ah, sure, 'tis hard
to know,

All that I can say is, no one wanted her to go.

Naither of her parents liked the step she took
at all,

And there was one boy who felt that he'd just like
to bawl!

But 'twas Norry didn't mind;

All their talk was only wind;

Said she had it in her heart, an' that she must obey
the call.

Little Norry Sullivan, God mark your soul to grace!
Here's my blessin' on your heart an' on your happy
face!

Here's my blessin' on your work, and on your
prayin' too,

On whatever task the Lord may give your hand
to do!

An' whatever be His will,

May your heart be merry still,

Little Norry Sullivan, sure, that's my wish for you!

wig-wagging a message too horrible to be read, and closed his eyes.

"I beat her when she came home that night. Beat her with these two hands you see, a'though she was near twice the size o' me."

"Never mind, Mrs. Fahey, don't tell us any more. Your poor Nellie—do you know that is what many of my friends call me, for my name is Helen—your daughter, you know, is where no harm can come to her, and I am going to take her place."

Then, for the first time, the woman in the wheel-chair broke down. Tears streamed across her thin, creased cheeks, and her moaning was like that of some wounded creature of the wilds. From somewhere amid the folds of her dress, she produced a string of beads, and these her fingers were twisting when she next spoke.

"God's blessin' on ye for yer dear, innocent heart, me young lady. What can ye know of sin, or th' punishmint for sin?"

"But the kind God knows, Mrs. Fahey, and there is nothing He cannot forgive in His weak creatures."

"Indeed there is that!"

"I mus' tell ye," she went on after a pause, "it was only after I beat her I learned th' habit of drink had taken that grip on her she could not break. One job after anither she lost because of th' same, till at last she was rejeoods'd to scrubbin', an' me becomin' a worse burthen all th' time. On th' day that brought her death, an th' cruel deal to you, sir, she had gone to see, could she get a stiddy job in helpin' to clean one of th' buildin's th' city do own. If luck bided with her or no, I can't say, but I fear she was discouraged an' took her own life under th' wheels of that train."

Again the woman's hands passed frantically over each other, and she murmured, "That is th' sin God in Hiven will not forgive."

Horace Wentworth opened his eyes. The city breeze had fallen, and bits of cloth no longer wig-wagged, but hung limply from the lines.

His daughter arose. "You must try not to dwell on that thought, Mrs. Fahey. Father and I mean to see if we can not find a nice little place in the country for you, where

you can get strong and be able to use your legs again, don't we father?"

Her father had spoken scarcely a dozen words since entering the room, and all he now said was: "Good-by, I hope you will soon be better."

"Isn't it perfectly horrible, daddy," said the girl as they re-entered the cab, "for that poor creature to have, added to her own physical suffering, the thought of her daughter undergoing an eternity of woe for an unforgivable sin?"

"Yes," he replied, and then added as though speaking to himself, "It seems to have taken a deep hold upon her imagination, poor woman."

His daughter patted the hand that lay on his knee. "Let's think of something more cheerful, daddy dear. I'm sorry we stayed so long; it has made you sad, when this day ought to have brought nothing but gladness. I only wanted you to see I had carried out your instructions to make the poor woman as comfortable as I could; you are such a generous, kind-hearted father."

"Had she," he asked, "ever spoken to you before of this belief that her daughter was a suicide?"

"Yes, daddy, and I have tried to make her see there is no reason to think the girl's death was other than accidental. She can not be convinced. But I had no idea, until just now, that she believed suicide was an unforgivable sin, and that she could never rejoin her daughter in another life."

"Poor creature," sighed Horace Wentworth.

On the morning of the second day after this visit, the widow Fahey again said "Come in," in response to a knock at her door, and again was told to keep her seat, this time by Horace Wentworth himself.

"I trust the medicine my daughter sent has been doing you some good," he said.

"Blessin's on that shweet young lady," she replied. "Shure just th' thought that it comes from herself is healin'."

"You place a good deal of stress upon thoughts, do you not?"

"They do be things we can't help comin', sir, no more than pain."

"But they need not be painful," replied the man; "that is, I mean, there are pleasant thoughts as well as painful ones. It was a very dreadful thought you had in mind when my daughter and I were here the other day. It would make her glad to know you had got rid of it."

"You mean, sir, the fear that my gur-rl took her own life?"

"Yes; why have such a fear?"

"Because, sir, God help us, she had more than once said she might do it; an' that mornin' when she went away, me legs was that bad I lost me temper an' naught I say to her that might make her plased to go on livin'."

"But it was shown at the inquest—by the doctors, you know—that she had been drinking. Do you think she would have been more likely to carry out her threat of suicide, when under the influence of liquor?"

"I have no knowledge as to that, sir, th' Saints preserve me."

"Suppose drink had so disordered her brain that she scarcely knew what she was doing, that would make a difference in her sin, don't you think?"

The woman looked squarely into the eyes of her questioner. "I am a poor, ignorant woman, Mr. Wentworth, but I have th' thrue knowin' that comes from th' fear of God. If me dau'ther took her own life, dhrunk or sober, I can niver hope to meet her in th' wor-ld to come. Oh! sir, if you could have seen Nellie whin she was a little maid; if ye could have seen her in her confirmation dress, an' th' look in Michael's eyes—he was her father, God rest him—ye'd know full well th' pain in me heart at th' thought of niver seein' her again, and her father waitin' for her these twelve years gone."

Past the window, though dimmed by the morning light, moved two red discs.

"You must not think of it," said Horace Wentworth, leaning forward with sympathy.

"I can think of naught else, sir, whin I do be alone," the woman answered, again stroking one worn hand over the other.

"And do you believe in endless

(Continued on page 381)



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

Address communications to Grace Keon, Franciscan Herald, Corona, N. Y.

WALKING WARILY

FIRST, I must explain to several who have written to me, that the word LUXURY in the July issue, first column of page 312, twenty-seventh line from the bottom, should be LAXITY. This will give another meaning to the sentence. Corrected it reads: "I, for one, feel that much of the present-day LAXITY found its origin in early severity." I am quite sure this correction will satisfy those who have taken exception to the statement. Luxury and laxity are often interchangeable, but hardly in this instance.

Risking the danger of being accused of egotism, I know that many of the things written "IN THE INTEREST OF WOMEN" are finding echo in other hearts and minds, for people are kind enough to tell me so. I also know these opinions may annoy some, who write that they do not agree with me. I suppose I am aggressively Catholic. One good little lady has called me that. But why shouldn't we be "aggressively Catholic" when it is necessary? I read an excellent article on this topic a short while ago. It spoke in no unmeasured terms of the HATRED that should be extended to ALL BIGOTRY—Catholic bigotry and non-Catholic bigotry. A good sentiment, that. But an aggressive Catholic is not a bigot. We have been too long satisfied to give the soft answer. It has not turned away wrath. It is well for us to remember, just as this article on bigotry stated, that there is no body of Catholics organized to make war on any sect or denomination. We know that there are a great many outside our communion organized to do that very thing to us. Do you ever find a Catholic who is not woefully ignorant interfering with the religious practices of others or vilifying the members of

a non-Catholic church because of their belief? And yet presumably well-educated people, men and women, seem to take a frantic sort of pleasure in condemning anything that is Catholic. I was assigned at one time to cover for the purpose of investigation, a "lecture" or "talk" given by one of those pseudo ex-monks who sprout up occasionally in different sections of the land. I was not there to protest or to dissent—just to make an exact copy of his utterances. It was dreadful rot—there wasn't a word in the man's talk, of course, that a sensible person could agree with. I was, how-

Look at the End
Before the Beginning—
And Walk Warily!

ever, most interested in the people around me. They were intent on every word. A woman seated at a little organ played beautifully and sang in a rich contralto voice that could touch your very soul. She sang hymns of the love of God and His mercy, and the man on the wooden platform followed that by his diatribes against the Church of Christ—and the four or five hundred people present nodded and sighed and listened and laughed or even commiserated him aloud in the sufferings he had had to undergo at the hands of Catholics! And this very man, as is usual with such creatures, has since been driven from two or three towns because of his evil life. It should have been done then for his presumption and un-Americanism. It was decidedly un-American to hiss forth so many venomous untruths about a body of American Catholics.

You see, I AM aggressively Catholic, and proud of it: *We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all*

*men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights, that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness * * * and for the support of this declaration with a firm reliance on the protection of divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor.* To this magnificent epistle Catholic as well as non-Catholic appended their names, and any American worthy the title holds this declaration in honor first after the Sacred Scriptures. If we, as Catholics, went to the polls protesting against the system of education which eliminates God from the curriculum of the public schools we should be taken to task for our interference. But in the State of Oregon there is a public protest against our parochial schools, and the very fact that any body of people in the United States has attempted this should be warning sufficient to put us on our guard, and make us at least aggressive enough to defend our rights as citizens and believers in the Constitution!

Yes, when I read the letters that come to my desk from our Catholic women, and as I look about me at the haphazard way in which some people regard their religion, I am constrained to remember a word of advice given many years ago by a good priest, director of The Sodality of which I was a member. "Look at the end," he would say, sometimes with a smile, and sometimes very gravely, "before the beginning, and WALK WARILY."

I thought of that when I read the letter of which the following is an extract: "I am very close to a non-Catholic friend, and she has waxed indignant over your ON BEING NARROW. We are fond of each other and she says your remarks on

a different spiritual language or atmosphere are all wrong. She is, indeed, firm in her belief that since we have God for our common Father, there is a spiritual kinship between us. I am enclosing her comment on your attitude."

I must sincerely hope that in any of these talks of mine—intended as they are, primarily for Catholic women—I have not seemed hard when speaking of those who do not believe as we do. That has never been my intention. But what I do wish to assert, however, is the common belief of all Catholics: That one who is worthy of the name KNOWS that she possesses the most precious gift in the world: THE GIFT OF FAITH. We surround our earthly treasures with all sorts of safeguards. Should we not do the same with this, a greater treasure than anything on earth? And how can any one but a Catholic realize what our faith means to us? What confession is? Our reverence for the Blessed Sacrament? There are three attitudes held by those who do not belong to us. The first is violent dislike, animosity. This need not bother us unless it strive to INTERFERE WITH OUR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY. The second is the sneering one, which disapproves and argues constantly. Now, while the first defeats itself by its own hatred, the second is dangerous to a Catholic who is not well-informed, ready to meet and refute whatever may be brought forward by one ignorant of our history or doctrine. The third attitude is one of indifference—accompanied at times by expressed wonder that a Catholic should be so "rule-bound." Human nature inclines to the easiest way and unless the association is undertaken for an expressed purpose it is better to avoid it. One can not associate with a person who has no belief in God without losing a certain sense of values. You will very quickly understand the danger, and if there is danger you must avoid it.

What is a source of danger to one person may be no temptation to another. Each must safeguard herself. Perhaps I can explain this best by an example. I could safely take an assignment, in the course of my daily duties, to hear the

pseudo-priest spoken of above. I could not and would not take an assignment to attend a spiritualistic seance—not even for the purpose of investigation. There are people who can do this without a qualm, and whose duty it is to ferret out facts in order to expose those engaged in such things, but even though positive of its clap-trappery I would not do it. And if any one wishes to fully understand just what I fear, let her read Benson's

day are going to say to the Giver of all good when they stand before Him at His judgment-seat.

But I am coming back to libraries—and books—in a later issue. I do not want to go into the question now, save as it behooves us to "walk warily" in regard to them. "It is all very well to quote your Father John to us," said a young girl once, "but if we kept our eyes fastened on eternity all the time we would not accomplish anything. I am sure that we people in the world and of the world must do the work of the world, and would do nothing; if we kept our eyes fastened forever on our Last End."

"But Father John did not mean that," I answered. "He wants us to go only ONE DAY at a time. Look at the end of the day before the beginning. When I see this poor old world trying so hard to "get the best out of life" I often think of Father John and his counsels. New positions, new friends, new ideas * * * all could be judged by the word he has given. "Now I know where you learned to be so cautious," again said my little friend. Well—if it is caution, it has helped me often, and I am sure it has helped others. I give it to the girl who writes of the friend who is so dear to her and is yet not of her communion. I do hope that some day they will attain real spiritual kinship in the bosom of Mother Church. I give it to the high school girl, making new friends, and meeting so many new companions; to the girl going to business, in contact with all sorts and conditions of men and women; to the young lady who sees one not of her faith becoming interested in her; to the mother who does not exercise proper supervision over her children's companions; to the mother who does not instantly correct the first disobedience, the first indifference toward religious duties; who does not know where her children are EVERY MOMENT of the day and night. To all I pass on good Father John's remark:

LOOK AT THE END BEFORE
THE BEGINNING—AND WALK
WARILY.

My Dream Garden

I know where deep blue violets
 blov,
Where green vines creep, and
 lilies grow;
Where all day long, in summer
 time,
One hears the river's drowsy
 rime.
Where perfumed flowers their
 incense bring,
And every leaf's an emerald
 wing!
And where at night, through
 silver bars
Of moonlight fair, peep baby
 stars.
So calm, so still, the gentle air,
As if soft dreams were throng-
 ing there,
And waiting but for Memory's
 kiss
To live again their hour of
 bliss!

—Nancy Buckley.

"Necromancers." I consider this the finest arraignment of spiritualism I have ever read. I look at the end before the beginning—and I walk warily. Others, again, must discriminate in their reading—but with me book-criticism is a duty. I am often asked to read and criticize some of the books going into a large public library, and it has been my good fortune to be able to keep many immoral and degrading volumes from the shelves in this particular system. Who buys or borrows a bad book, buys or borrows just that much filth tidily enclosed between pleasant-seeming covers. Bad books can do a dreadful amount of harm, as we all know, and I can't for the life of me imagine what some writers of the present

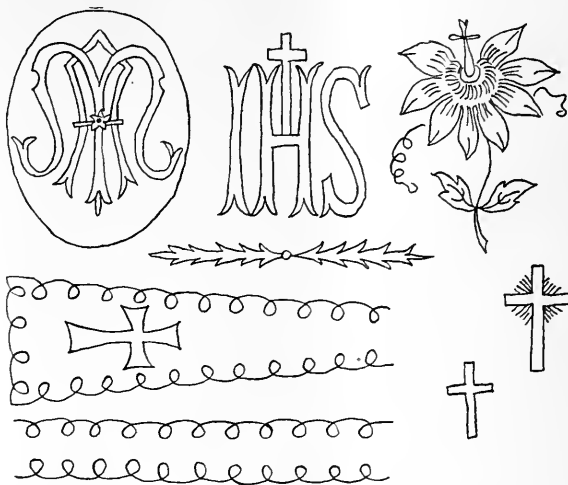


Home Handicraft

Address all orders: *Franciscan Herald Service Department, Corona, N. Y.*

WE hope we have been able, this month, to give something that will please many of our readers in the transfer designs—No. 100, for ecclesiastical embroidery. The stole design needs no explanation; the I. H. S. or MARY monograms, each 4½ inches high, may be used on the center of the High Altar cloth and on the cloth for Our Lady's altar, while the lily would be suitable for St. Joseph's. The two little crosses may be put to many uses. The scallop designs—No. 762—which come in assorted sizes, are used as edgings. The larger sizes used with any of our monograms would make handsome altar cloths or credence table covers. I. H. S. monogram embroidered in white floss would make a really beautiful design for palls. These designs have been made for us exclusively and each sheet of patterns measures 15x19 inches.

If you are interested in mission altar linens we will gladly send you the sizes and number of pieces necessary, also we will send the directions for cutting the linen, etc. These sizes are the smallest in which altar linens are made, for convenience in handling. They were



No. 100. Perforated pattern. Size of sheet 17x19 inches, 35 cents. Rub brush and powder in blue or yellow, 10 cents. Send all orders as above.

only an all linen material may be employed in the altar service and it should be of a medium grade, neither too light nor too heavy. Also that as many as a dozen finger towels can be used, with six purificators, three corporals, three palls and two amices to the set. Altar linens are a highly appreciated gift, either at home or abroad, and three large upper altar cloths will be none too many. I am sure there are members of sewing circles who read the HERALD who could very easily furnish a set of this sort as a gift to a missionary or to their own pastor.

Now I would call our readers' attention to the following in order to avoid mistakes when sending for any of these transfers.

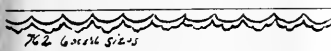
Number 100 is the perforated pattern sheet of ecclesiastical designs. This is sent you with complete directions for using, for 35 cents. These transfers do not wear out and may be used repeatedly.

Number 762, perforated pattern, consists of six assorted sizes of scal-

lops for finishing the edges of altar cloths, pillow slips, towels, etc., with complete directions for using. This costs 35 cents.

We also furnish the Rub-brush and powder, a new transfer powder—which may be used on any material. If you do not like the design on your cloth or have a mistake in position, you may brush it off. If it is correct and you wish to embroider it, you set it with a hot iron. This powder comes in two colors—blue or yellow—and costs ten cents extra. Please state which COLOR you desire. If you have no other powder at hand, the Rub-brush will be necessary to transfer the above designs.

Once more—do not fail to note these instructions. Remember, we want to avoid useless correspondence and delay. No. 100 costs 35 cents; No. 762 costs 35 cents, Rub-brush and powder, one color, blue or yellow, costs ten cents. Send all orders to the Franciscan Herald Pattern Service, Corona, N. Y.



Number 762, perforated pattern, consists of six assorted sizes of scallops, 35 cents. Rub brush and powder in blue or yellow, 10 cents. Send all orders as above.

made in this way for the Army chaplains' Mass boxes during the war, and many of the missionaries who have received them since have praised their utility. If, on the contrary, you want to make linens for your local church, you will probably be able to measure the altars. You will remember, of course, that

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS:
Write your NAME and ADDRESS PLAINLY on any piece of paper. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FRANCISCAN HERALD PAT-
TERN SERVICE, Corona, N. Y.



40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with 11 yards ribbon for skirt rosettes, 2 yards ribbon for girdle and 5 yards edging. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1478. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1474. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1469. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1488. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting for trimming. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1501. Child's Dress with Pantalettes. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 24-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 602—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1505. Child's Set of Hats. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires for the hat illustrated $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 27-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards ruffling and 1 yard ribbon. There are three styles included in the pattern. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1489. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{7}{8}$ yard 40-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1497. Child's Bloomer Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch mate-

No. 1495. Ladies' Porch Dress. 32-inch material for trimming Cut in sizes small, medium and bands. Pattern, 15c. The small size requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{8}$ yard Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38,

rial, with 2½ yards lace edging. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer pattern No. 622—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1503. Child's Set of Hats. Cut in sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires for the hat illustrated ¾ yard 36-inch material with 1¼ yards ribbon. There are three styles included in this pattern. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1374. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 32-inch contrasting, 2½ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1491. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material for the dress with 2¾ yards 30- or 40-inch material for slip. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 616—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1393. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1472. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch contrasting and 6¼ yards ruffling. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1476. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer pattern No. 622—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1479. Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 16 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material with 1¼ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1477. Ladies' House or Morning Dress. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch material for trimming bands. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1360. Child's Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c. Transfer design is included in the pattern.



No. 1350. Child's Dress with Pantalettes. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 36-inch lining. Pattern, 15c.

Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 1½ yards 32-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1496. Ladies' and Misses'

If You Want to Be Liked

PLEASE remember there are more ways than one of doing things, and doing them well, too. When I make a suggestion of any sort, you generally raise an objection or offer another plan, that doesn't, as a rule, strike one as being really better; but you are dreadfully offended if it isn't at once carried out. Mrs. B., now, isn't a bit like that. She herself is a most helpful person, full of brilliant ideas; but she is ALWAYS willing to see that other people's ways may be as good as hers. You really must learn to be not quite so self-satisfied "if you want to be liked."

Don't be mean. There is a distinct line to be drawn between carelessness and meanness, and outsiders, will, as a rule, at once detect this, and not accuse you of the one when it is really the other. The mean woman, more often than not, is the one who has no need to be careful. Thrift is one thing, meanness another. The woman who gives her poor friend a cheap gift because she knows she can only afford a small offering in return, and her rich friend something "really nice" in the hope of benefits to come, is rarely popular.

Please learn to talk a little less loudly in the street, and other public places. I'm really very fond of you, but when I am at a concert or theatre with you, and you insist on making remarks about our neighbors in a very loud voice, I'm really almost ashamed to be seen with you. Another little "fault" of yours is to mention friends and other people loudly by name, in public places. This is a very dangerous thing to do.

I do wish you would give me a definite invitation next time you ask me to come to see you, instead of saying "Why don't you drop in some evening?" in a casual sort of manner. It places me in a very awkward position, for, much as I should like to take you at your word, I do not feel that such an invitation is really sincere. Do try and consider my feelings in the matter, "if you want to be liked."

How Others Do It

TO clean paint brushes take some vinegar, put it into any old tin can that does not leak, put in paint brushes, boil for fifteen or twenty minutes, and no matter how hard or old they are, the brushes will become soft and pliable.

Take an ordinary iron-toothed rake, slip spools over the two end teeth and the grass or leaves can easily be raked off without pulling the sod.

White netting, tacked on an old screen, makes a splendid ventilator for baby at night.

A delicious flavor is given a roasting ham by basting it with a few tablespoonfuls of grape juice.

Dried potato peelings make excellent material for kindling a fire.

A little bacon fried with ham will increase the amount of the gravy.

A delicious flavor is given to cakes when two or more extracts are blended.

A box of correspondence cards makes an excellent receipt file for the kitchen.

Half a glass of ammonia in two quarts of water will remove stains from white paint.

Chop parsley very fine, then screw it up in the corner of a clean cloth; hold it under cold water for a few seconds, than squeeze it as tightly as possible. Shake it out of the cloth, and it will fall like a green powder. Unless you do it in this way the parsley will be clogged together in little lumps.

Try boiled linseed oil for cleaning old oak bedsteads. It gives a fine polish. A very little should be applied on a clean rag, and rubbed thoroughly into the wood. If this is repeated every now and again the oak will never look dull, but will always have a highly polished surface.

Stains may be removed from copper or brass ash trays by applying a little denatured alcohol with a brush.

Lemon juice well rubbed into the kitchen table will absorb all the grease and whiten the wood.

Paint the inside of your linen closet with a deep blue enamel to keep your linens from turning yellow.

Franciscan Herald Book of Fashions

FROM the middle of this month on, school-sewing begins in earnest. There are blouses and shirts, dresses and aprons to make for the children, and our Book of Fashions should be in the hands of every one so engaged as soon as possible, in order that one may make her selections in time. This little book, however, is not alone salable for its dress patterns. There are any number of embroidery designs for use on garments or on home furnishings, while the lessons will be found invaluable. There may be something one would like to know about stitchings and furnishings, as described in Lesson I. Or one may want explicit directions on how to make a one-piece dress (Lesson II), or a slip-on dress (Lesson III), or a one-piece slip-on (Lesson IV), or a housedress (Lesson V), or a child's one-piece dress with bloomers (Lesson VI), or a boy's suit (Lesson VII). All these are complete in this one issue of the book of fashions. When ordering it please enclose ten cents in coin or two-cent stamps to Franciscan Herald Pattern Service, Corona, N. Y. Please, also, write your name *plainly*, and be sure to give your *address*.



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THE OUTER CIRCLE is in blue jeweler's enamel, the inscription in gold. Embedded in a gold field are two crossed arms, white and brown enamel, supported by a small, red T cross. The emblem is an embodiment of the Third Order Rule, and a fine piece of jewelry. Screw-back for men; pin-back with safety catch for women.

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Franciscan Herald Press
1434 West 51st Street, Chicago, Ill.

Order Is Heaven's First Law

From time to time new plans and new methods for raising church funds are invented, and invariably, the Reverend Pastor would be pleased to hear from his people on such subjects.

FRANCISCAN HERALD takes pleasure in calling attention to the "Church Maintenance System," which has been patented by Mr. P. F. Denning, a Catholic, whose address is 1777 East 87th Street, Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Denning is manufacturing a "Combination Name-Card and Hat Holder" that will work wonders in churches where the Pew Rent System is in vogue. The device is not only a Purse Holder or Hat Holder, but is, at the same time, equipped with a "Seat Name Frame," which indicates, when the card is filled out with the name of the proper person, that the seat has been rented to So and So. Every person, therefore, has his or her individual seat.

The blue "Pew Rent Due" and the "For Rent" cards will get the revenue much more effectively than any amount of talk.

Seat or pew rents are always payable in advance, and should John Doe or Jane Roe fail to pay his or her rent within one month from the date it falls due, he or she is in arrears, and the card in the frame attached to the pew is turned over, showing the blue "Pew Rent Due" card as a reminder.

Mr. Denning has also patented a number of other conveniences, and one that will particularly interest church-goers is an "Envelope Holder" which can be attached to the pews.

Mr. Denning has also perfected a "Hymn-Card Holder" which will appeal to the Clergy and laity alike. The children will learn to put the "Hymn-Cards" back in the holders and the cards will not be strewn along the benches and all over the floor.

Mr. Denning is doing constructive work, and FRANCISCAN HERALD wishes him success in his undertakings.

Individual members and societies often are in a quandary what to buy for the Reverend Pastor for his feast-day or his jubilee. We offer this system or any part of it as a solution. Of course the Pastor must be consulted before buying.

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G 672

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Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

CRANKY ISLANDS

THERE are lots of cranky things in this world of ours. There are cranky birds, and beasts, and plants, and flowers, and cities, and towns, and rivers, with the fish that dwell within them, and, most of all, human beings—the very worst form of cranks and the hardest to get away from. Why shouldn't islands be cranky, too, if they get a chance? Here are a few that are decidedly on that line. Get out your geographies—you will need them.

The principal island of the Terra del Fuego group, near Patagonia, is always pushing up higher and higher out of the ocean and widening its coast belt. On this island, winds start in to blow every day at sunrise and keep it up, getting worse and worse, until sunset. Then suddenly they die away, and the night is as placid and calm as if there had never been a sound. Half of this two-faced island belongs to Chile, the other half to Argentina. December, January and February are the summer months, while we are putting all our spare money in coal bills.

Look at Jan Meyen over there in the Arctic Ocean, with its veil of fog down so tight over its face that only once or twice in fifty years, it is said, can it be distinctly seen. Now isn't that a freak! If it were Jane Meyen who wore the veil—but Jan (John)!

Do you see that tremendous cloud lying out on the broad Atlantic off the northwest coast of Africa? It is not cloud or smoke at all—it is the shadow of the tremendous Peak of Teneriffe, one of the Canary Islands, and it extends miles out upon the waters, and hides from view several of the smaller islands of the group. Some shadow, isn't it?

Here is an island certainly going

under a false name, White Island, for it is composed almost entirely of green and yellow sulphur. It is a rock that rises 370 feet out of the sea, about thirty miles from New Zealand. It is the most unsocial island that ever was. It not only puts a veil on like our friend Jan Meyen, but it wraps itself up so closely in it that it looks like nothing but smoke and vapor—a big blot on the ocean, like a huge ink-spot, over 100 miles away. If it wants to avoid being seen, it certainly goes to work the wrong way about it; its very exclusiveness draws all the more attention to it. These clouds and smoke come from a large boiling lake right in its heart—a nice place to live in winter.

Let me introduce you to the Bo-

The High Cost of Living

By Annette S. Driscoll

*A little boy went to a store one day
And laying a nickel down
He said to the man who was tend-
ing there,*

*"Give me an ice-cream cone."
"Seven cents," said the man in a
business way,
And then the little boy said,
"I've only a nickel and so I will
have*

*An ice-cream soda instead."
"Six cents," said the man. "Well,
then," said the boy,*

*"Have you tonic or root-beer?"
"Six cents," again, and the poor lad
saw*

*That everything was too dear.
So he sadly started to leave the
store*

*But the man called out, "Come
here!"*

*Then added in somewhat milder
tone,*

*"You've left your nickel, my
dear."*

*"O, that's all right," said the poor
little chap,*

*Giving his head a fling,
"It isn't of any use to ME,
IT WON'T BUY ANY-
THING!"*

goslof Triplets, the oddest triplets that ever were born, for one of them is 87 years older than the next brother, and he, in turn, is 23 years older than the third. Quite a difference in their ages.

These are volcanic islands, and many like them come and go, putting themselves "on the map" for a time, then retiring out of sight, without a word to the puzzled map-maker.

There is a certain island in Puget Sound, up in the state of Washington, that shows every sign of being tired of living. It is noted for its woods of fir and cedar, a rich property; but no one has lived on it for a long time past, as its ownership is disputed and in the courts. Whether this has made the island resentful or simply blue, nobody knows, but it seems to have made up its mind to stop being an island. Nothing grows on it any more; not a bird flies to it, for the grass is all dead; not a sound is heard from it but the steady fall of tree after tree. It just "won't play," and that's all there is to it. The reason of this peculiar conduct is not clear; some people think the salt waters of the Sound have burnt up the fertilizing qualities of the earth, others that things have outgrown their strength upon it from too rich a soil. Anyway they fix it, the poor island is in a bad way.

In Lake Orion, Michigan, there is an island which bobs up every summer and goes down again in winter, while in Henry's Lake, in the Rocky Mountains, a little islet goes floating all about, sometimes close to shore, again five miles away, and both in 24 hours. It has a charming miniature willow thicket upon it. I imagine the fairies must live there; or, at least, have something to do with it.

We have sailed so far and in so

many directions that we had best be turning homeward now; but before we close our trip let us peep at the Island of Lomen. A cruel and dreadful crank is this, that has taken hold with a grasp never known to relax on many a treasure and many a life. It no longer goes by the name of Lomen Island—it, or what remains of it, is known as the famous Goodwin Sands, at the head of the Strait of Dover, off the coast of England. Once it rested on the waters of the Strait; but suddenly it took it into its head to turn into sand, and sank below the surface just far enough to wreck the un-ary incoming ships. Once in that terrible quicksand below, there was no hope. Many efforts have been made from time to time to render its neighborhood safer; but, as with bad companions, the only path to safety is to keep away. The crankiness of Lomen in converting itself into a quicksand has proved fatal to

more than itself. But that is the way with crankiness—somebody else always has to suffer.

Dear me, it will never do to finish up with such a horror! Come down the coast of California, in the neighborhood of Los Angeles, and let us take a walk on beautiful Santa Catalina Island, the cheerfulness and loveliest of cranks. The way she shows *her* oddity is by producing fifteen specimens of plant life that grow nowhere else in the world, so far as known. And you are free to take what you please of her store, for everything grows with the greatest luxuriance in her rich soil. Such flowers and fruits and sunshine—oh, that all cranks were like Catalina! If any of our Young Folks feel the necessity of becoming cranky at any time, be Catalina's kind—give the rest of us fifteen (or more) distinct kinds of pleasant things, and so make a crank of the most desirable pattern.

A WONDERFUL STREAM

GET out your maps and hunt up Bear Creek, in the State of Washington, running away from the glaciers of Mt. Adam. It is a most enterprising stream, wandering about through woods and plains, sometimes the narrowest bit of water ribbon, sometimes quite an eight-grader, ready to rise even higher in the river scale. One of its peculiarities is a bed (on which its waters, be sure, never take a nap) of ice for the greater part of the year. Over this frozen couch they flow as placidly and undisturbedly as do streams of more genial temperature, and they give you no idea of how cold their greeting can be if you unexpectedly cast yourself into their bosom. The bottom of Bear Creek freezes before its surface, unlike most streams. Another peculiarity, to which you may add its remarkable variations of color as a third: as it flows down from its glacier home, its waters are bright yellow; further on, where it hurries by a number of red clay cliffs, the ruddy earth at the bottom of them slips into its waters and tinges them quite a decided shade of the same color. Then again, you will see it a stream of pale blue, where it has perseveringly eaten its

way, in several places, through an obstructing vein of copper quartz. Our Bear friend can turn himself into all kinds of shapes; he can make himself little more than a narrow canal, or he can assume the proportions of a very respectably-sized rivulet. He is a law unto himself, and if creeks can do any thinking, no doubt holds himself considerably above those common every-day creeks that flow across ordinary beds and in ordinary channels and are the same when they are swallowed up by a larger stream as when they started on their career. Not so Bear Creek; he proudly flaunts his yellow, red and blue, and doesn't mind his cold bed at all. On he flows, and finally takes a leap into the Columbia River, content to have run his course as he was meant to do.

Did it ever occur to you that now is the future you have been longing for so long?


The blessing of a house is goodness. The honor of a house is hospitality. The ornament of a house is cleanliness. The happiness of a house is contentment.

Do not forget to say: "I saw your ad in FRANCISCAN HERALD"



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ST. PETER'S CHAIR AT ROME

IF some of our Young Folks have the good luck to visit Rome one of these days, they will see in St. Peter's, that most magnificent of churches, which has been called "Man's highest tribute to his Maker," a wooden chair at one side of the main altar. This chair has a high back, and is almost sheathed in ivory. It is beautifully ornamented. The solid front of it is cut into eighteen divisions, in each of which is a lovely ivory carving with trimmings of gold. These carvings portray scenes in the life of—not Our Lord, not His Blessed Mother, nor one of His chosen saints—you will be astonished to find out—a pagan hero and half-deity, a fictitious character, called Hercules! Now what in the world (we certainly must think to ourselves) is such a chair, with such pagan memorials, doing in the sanctuary of St. Peter's Church, near the tomb where lie the remains of the "Rock of the Church?" It is a very natural thought, and a story belongs to this chair and explains its position. When St. Peter came to Rome and there preached the true God, he lodged in the house of a certain Roman Senator named Pudens, who, with all his family, became Christians. This very chair we see now belonged to this Senator, and as it was very handsome and used by him for official purposes, he thought it a fit present for St. Peter's use when he conferred with his disciples as Bishop of Rome. You know he was Rome's first bishop, and that the Popes, his successors, are still called "Bishops of Rome." That city was then the most important in the world, and its conversion to the true faith meant more than the conversion of an entire country would in these days. As Peter used it, it remains; unchanged in form as when first Pudens asked him to honor him by its use. Protestants have more than once tried to cast a doubt upon its reality, but unsuccessfully; the tradition of the centuries is against them.

Now for a funny bit (that funny bit that is always peeping in everywhere and in everything in this world!).

A protestant magazine some

years ago, writing up this Chair of St. Peter, put this astonishing comment into print:

"This chair has for centuries been an object of particular veneration in the Catholic Church; so much so that on January 18 of each year a special service is performed in its honor, the day being called the Festival of the Holy Chair." Now what do you think of that? Special services performed in honor of a wooden chair! Why, any of our Young Folks could have told the editor better than that, I am sure. The writer was, of course, entirely ignorant of the fact that in the Catholic Church the Festival of St. Peter's Chair at Rome (or any other place) means simply the celebration of the establishment of the Church in Rome, with St. Peter as its acknowledged Bishop. Surely, if he was a college man, he must have remembered the "Chair" of law, medicine, music, literature, etc., as being not a literal, "real-righty" chair, but the position of the learned man who headed these departments.

CAN YOU DO THIS?

CAN you walk across water apparently on nothing? The Jacana, a long-legged bird of South America, Africa and Asia, can. He never falls in, but steps out on top of the weeds and plants that lie right below the surface of his streams, not a bit afraid; and as these do not show, yielding to his pressure, he has all the appearance of walking on water as on land.

Can you go to sleep comfortably, and all day at that, hanging to the branch of a tree with both arms and legs, the rest of your body doubled up between? Mr. Potto, of Africa, does it, and wakes up fresh as a lark when darkness falls, ready to make a night of it.

Can you get the name of "double-tongued" without deserved disgrace to yourself? The lovely little Humming-bird is literally double-tongued, yet nobody thinks a bit of harm of him!

Can you sleep on one foot as do storks and gulls, or put your nose to the soles of your feet as foxes do?

Do you jump with your legs or

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with your nose, as does the Lantern Fly of the Malay Peninsula? When he feels like taking a big leap (and he doesn't care about any other kind), he bends under his stomach a funny little knob he wears on his head, "like a nose with a crease in it," somebody called it, and then as he jerks it back to place again, he finds himself just where he wants to go. That's certainly a feat. If we could do that now when we were in a hurry and the cars tied up!

You have to buy your rubber heels, but Nature gives them to the grasshopper free of charge. It is provided with an "air cushion" that allows it to jump without any jar to itself. It likewise wears its ears on its front legs—a curious arrangement, shared by a few other insects. When you whisper your secrets to the breeze, be sure no Grasshopper is standing by.

Locusts, by the way, prefer to wear their ears on the side of their abdomens—if they are satisfied, it is not for us to make remarks.

Could you throw off an arm or leg seized by some unfriendly person who wanted to do you harm, and grow another one to take its place without the least trouble? A crab can do it.

Wouldn't many of us like to have the power of the Serpula, a worm that lives in the water, to get rid of unpleasant persons or things? His body is so soft and frail that he has to live in a tube all the time to pro-

tect it, merely sticking out his head from time to time, or as occasion requires. His gills are like open fans, and each set has a bright red skin hanging to it. When friend Serpula gets frightened or weary of his company, he simply gets way down in his tube and pulls this scarlet hanging after him into the door of his house. There it wedges itself so tightly that it acts like a stopper to a bottle, and nothing can get in until Serpula himself pushes it out again. That's a grand invention. I am sure Serpula could make money on the patent. Lots of people would be only too glad to carry around a "stopper" with them to keep away disagreeables.

Could you live under water and never get wet? There is a Water Spider who can. He has a big fur coat on that protects his whole body and a coat that water can not penetrate. He is a wonderful fellow. He fashions a kind of cradle in which to shelter his little ones under water, comes up to the surface, catches a bubble of air, which he holds firmly between his hind legs, forces the bubble into the "cradle" and returns for another, keeping this up until half of the nest is filled with air for the babies that Mrs. Water Spider will later on place within. You see, with air inside the water cannot swallow them up—but how did he know that?

The Portuguese Man of War is a beautiful jellyfish that looks like a transparent leaf with long roots beneath, hanging down into the water. Do you know that more than one of these roots are really mouths and can bite? Isn't that unfair—to give no warning and suddenly close minute sharp teeth on the hand of a person picking up a lovely floating ribbon out of the water? I am sure you wouldn't do anything as treacherous as that! Nor would you wear your only mouth right in the middle of your body, as does the Venus' Girdle, another jellyfish that looks like a girl's sash—that is, if you could help it. After all, these things are not a matter of choice, you see; if you are made a wonderful queer fish or animal, that you have to be. But if you happen to be a Herald Young Folk, why ever so much the better!

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THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:

Who do you think is answering your invitation to drop in for a chat? Guess! I know you can not, therefore I will introduce myself. I am the granddaughter of the only chief of the Indian Chippewa Tribe, who is known as Chief Buffalo. This does not make me feel big, as it does not mean anything nowadays. My grandfather owns a grocery store and a large farm. We are all busy planting now.

I attend the St. Francis School at Red Cliff. It is taught by the Franciscan Sisters of Joliet, Ill. My teacher's name is Sister Mary Seraphica. She has been teaching this school for over thirty years. Our school closes on June 2nd, and I will graduate from the 8th grade. Our pastor, Father Clarence, O. F. M., who subscribes for the Herald, passes it around to the people. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close. I am

Your little friend,
MARY BUFFALO,
Bayfield, Wisconsin.

Dear Letter Box:

Will you take another "experience" from me, a funny one that my sister had while visiting some friends?

One June day my sister Gertrude, my aunt and I went to visit a friend in Utica. We went in the afternoon, and accepted an invitation from our hostess to stay for supper.

About 5:30, Nan, our hostess, discovered that she had forgotten to order meat for supper. As Utica is a very small town, Auntie said that Gertrude could go to the meat-shop for some boiled meat and steak. Gertrude was glad to go and started off. The rest of this story is as she told it on her return.

Well, she bought the meat and started home in the dark, knowing the way perfectly well. Gaily she ran into a house and out into the kitchen, where supper was being prepared.

"Here, Nan," she began—when a woman appeared from somewhere brandishing a broom and yelling "Scat, burglar!" Gertrude "scat-

ted" pretty quick, and when outside discovered that she had entered the house next door to Nan's!

HELEN LASCHEID,
La Salle, Ill.

The Letter Box says:

Mary Buffalo, most welcome. If you send me such good food often, I will no longer be a hungry Letter Box, except for plenty more stuff from Bayfield. Good Sister Seraphica is to be congratulated on her eighth grade Young Folk. I wonder if she feels a bit proud of the honor of having a young Chieftainess in her class? I am sure the Fireside is delighted to have her!

Helen Lascheid, your sister's adventure was certainly funny, and just goes to show a person isn't always certain of what she is sure! Next time, make no mistake, Gertrude—you may "scat" too late!

N. B.—The Letter Box must again ask some of the Young Folks whose letters have not yet been published to be patient a bit, and not think they have been put on the shelf. Just watch out, and all of a sudden you will say "Why, how do you do? I thought you were lost!" to a letter sent in some time before.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Behadings

- 1—Behead to walk and leave a play-ing-card.
- 2—Behead single and leave a Ger-man interjection.
- 3—Behead the name of a typewriter and leave a part of the body.
- 4—Behead close and leave a part of the ear.
- 5—Behead to long for and leave to acquire by toil.

The beheaded letters spell the name of a beautiful flower.

—Helen Lascheid, Ill.

Jumbled Capitals

- | | |
|----------|-----------|
| 1—Eervnd | 6—Lrenib |
| 2—Ndlnoo | 7—Pktao |
| 3—Bldnu | 8—Lenaoh |
| 4—Haestn | 9—Blyana |
| 5—Arddim | 10—Tsonob |

—Agnes Wall, N. Y.

What Am I?

Two ends have I and no beginning;
Know not of virtue or of sinning;
Sometimes I'm strong, sometimes
I'm weak;
I am not proud, I am not meek;
On me a mortal may depend
Yet look not on me as a friend;
No tie on earth's so strong as mine,
Yet all this constancy decline.
I can not speak, though I can whistle;
I'm harmless, yet I'm quite a missile;
I can not walk, but I can fly
Through air when others bid me try;
I'm known to all, yet have no fame—
Pray, can you tell me now my name?
—Harry Carr, Georgia.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

Isabelle Baker, Bowling Green, Ky.;
Gertrude Le Clac, New Orleans, La.;
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Rose E. Magglo, New Roads, La.;
Josephine Lawrie, Indianapolis, Ind.;
Patricia Hickey, Junction City, Kans.;
Mary E. Abel, Pittsburgh, Pa.;
Rhoda; Mary Gonzalez, Pensacola, Fla.;
Helen Lashied, La Salle, Ill.

N. E.—Elizabeth Rose invites all her young readers to send in new puzzles under their own names for the "Puzzle Corner." All are welcome.

Obituary

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions:

- Cleveland, Ohio—Rev. Christopher Guithoyce;
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Sarah A. Conroy;
Peru, Ind.—Elizabeth McAllister;
Indianapolis, Ind.—John T. Borgeman;
Bridget Naughton;
Terra Haute, Ind.—Mrs. Kelly;
New Haven, Ky.—James E. Rapier;
New Hope, Ky.—A. Boone;
Princeton, Ky.—Mrs. Harlan;
Louisville, Ky.—Frank Bunn;
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Michael J. Murphy;
Cincinnati, Ohio—Mrs. Lawrence Frisch;
Mrs. R. Gatz;
East Syracuse, N. Y.—Stephan and Margaret Hoy;
Anna and James Mack;
Mary Martin;
Buffalo, N. Y.—Mrs. M. Daeger;
Mrs. Herd;
Alhany, N. Y.—Ruth Kicker;
Camden, N. J.—Wm. Pilkington;
Jersey N. J.—James and Bridget Nugent;
Newark, N. J.—Mary E. McDonald;
Everett, Mass.—James T. Cooper;
Springfield, Mass.—Mary Connor;
Lowell, Mass.—Andrew Cyr;
W. Philadelphia, Pa.—John A. Browne;
Wilkes Barre, Pa.—Patrick Kelley;
Philadelphia, Pa.—Mr. A. Leim;
Milwaukee, Wis.—Frank Maderski;
Nebraska, Wis.—Mrs. J. Zimmerman;
Hartford, Wis.—Mrs. F. Wolf;
Manistee, Mich.—Mary Koch;
Muskegon, Mich.—Mrs. Charles Spira;
Stockton, Rae.—Mr. Reed;
Lansing, Iowa.—John Eakewell;
San Francisco, Cal.—Margaret J. Hussey;
Mr. Burkhardt;
Mrs. Sinnott;
Berkeley, Calif.—Mrs. S. Melbourne;
Spokane, Wash.—J. J. Hennessy;
St. Louis, Mo.—Mrs. Trentman;
Mary Gallagher;
Jillia Winkler;
Sr. Gordon;
Celestine Were;
La Salle, Ill.—John Frank, Agnes Kowalski;
Leo Jodginski;
Raymond, Ill.—Mr. Meisner;
Miss Meisner;
Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. Eckerle;
Joseph F. Quinn;
Cleveland, Ohio—Martha Schmidt;
Rochester, N. Y.—Mrs. M. V. Roomann;
Fort Wayne, Ind.—Grace J. Golden;
E. G. Parks;
Logansport, Ind.—P. J. Farrell;
Chicago, Ill.—Mac Gustafson;
Mr. E. Meehan;
Minneapolis, Minn.—Miss M. Allick;
New York, N. Y.—J. Coughlin;
Reading, Pa.—Sr. M. Maura Baer;
O. S. F.;
Buffalo, N. Y.—Miss M. Sullivan;
Pittsburgh, Pa.—John Joseph and Katherine Wutkowski;
John, Frank, Michael and Eva Manski;
St. Louis, Mo.—Rev. Fr. Ambrose Jansen;
O. F. M.;
Mr. Guenther;
Binghamton, N. Y.—Mr. Graziano;
New London, Conn.—Mr. Spelman;
Salerno, N. J.—Mr. and Mrs. Fred Schlager;
Henry Kelly;
James Clark;
Caroline Collins.

highon duties (25). For the prevention of a mixed marriage (3). For a happy marriage (5). For good tenants. For the sale of property (5). For success in work (15). For success in a new position (5). For peace in a family (10). For the conversion of a brother (5). For the conversion of a sister (6). For a cure from the drink habit (10). For a cure from blindness. For a cure from various ailments (30). For the happy settlement of an estate. For a cure from a lingering sickness (2). For a cure from lameness. For a cure from mental trouble. For a safe confinement (5). For the Poor Souls in Purgatory (30). For the spread of the Third Order. For our holy Father, the Pope. In thanksgiving for favors received (30). For complete recovery from paralysis. For the recovery of lost position or for a new position. For relief from financial worries. For successful examination in studies. For recovery of a candidate for the priesthood. For the grace to learn one's vocation (10). For light to know and do God's holy will. For a home for motherless children. For an early and equitable settlement of the great strikes. For special intentions (55).

Hurry Up With My Grocery Order

- 1—A pound of -c-d-a-e-
2—4 cans of c-r-
3—Bottle of -x-r-c-o- v-n-ll-a
4—Pound of c-t-o-
5—Pound of i-e
6—Can of e-g-e-r-n-m-l-
7—Half bushel of -p-l-s
8—Gallon of m-l-s-e-

The first letters of articles, in the order given, will spell something awfully good to eat.
—Isabelle Baker, Kentucky.

ANSWERS TO JULY PUZZLES

Great Men of Olden Times

- 1—Homer
6—Alexander
2—Cyrus
7—Hannibal
3—Xerxes
8—Aristotle
4—Darius
9—Socrates
5—Julius Caesar
10—Herodotus

What City Am I?

Paris.

Dropped Vowels

Too much of joy is sorrowful,
Too cares must need abound;
The vine that has too many flowers
Must trail upon the ground.

Mix-up in the Schoolroom

- 1—Teacher
5—Book
2—Desk
6—Blackboard
3—Bookcase
7—Chalk
4—Window
8—Pupils

Intentions

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the return of relatives to their re-

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SPECIAL SERVICE BUREAU

Frequently mail comes to this Special Service Bureau asking information about things that we are not in a position to decide. In such cases we always consult experts in order to give our readers the best service. Lately we have had questions put to us on bond investments, on money matters and concerning the lowering of the rates of interest on bonds. We have referred these questions to a man who is well versed in financial matters and we know that our readers will welcome his opinion.

Since the gradual return toward prosperity in this country and the decline of high interest rates, many investors seem to misunderstand why they can not continue receiving this high interest. This can be easily explained, for during the world war money was in great demand, not only by our foreign borrowers, but by our own enterprises that needed funds for business and of these a large number engaged in war contracts that called for expansion, which, in turn, required large loans, in order to insure success. This condition created an abnormal demand. Those, who had money naturally asked a good price for it, just as the merchant will ask you a higher price for goods when he is confronted by an unusual demand. Concerns or individuals, who borrowed money during this period through bond issues as securities for loans, had to pay the prevailing price for money, or, in other words—a high interest.

The war over, this country had to meet the unusual conditions arising from the aftermath of the world's struggle. Banks demanded the re-payment of loans. A large percentage of such loans were on raw materials and supplies in store-houses. Declining prices faced them, which, in turn lowered the value of the security. Banks refused to make additional loans. Manufacturers had to readjust themselves through large losses to the pre-war basis and in order to secure money were obliged to sell their own securities, which flooded the market, forcing in turn the value of securities to the lowest point ever reached on the Exchanges, as of June 16th, 1921.

Although the trend toward normalcy slightly turned after that date, interest rates were still high and not until March of this year were there any general manifestations of lower interest rates. Money borrowed during February through bond issues still maintained a high interest rate. The average investor having acquired the habit of seeing his money earn high interest is making every effort to secure such investments, providing that he can do so with safety. Others of these, in their eagerness for high rates, fall prey to recent issues bearing high interest, not realizing that the price of money is cheaper and were the security back of these issues absolutely sound there would be no need

for the high rates. Bond interest is governed by the price of money at the time the issue is made.

There are still some good bonds to be obtained that were issued at the time money was high, but they are rapidly dropping into the strong boxes of investors and among these are first mortgage real estate bonds.

History points to the fact that after great financial disturbances, the tendency of the investor is toward first mortgage real estate bonds. This inclination might be called hereditary for the first bond issue of our present day pattern was made in Europe and secured by homes and buildings in which people lived, but people then as they do now, liked to see their securities, which were usually safe as long as their country was safe and prosperous. Prosperity in a community means growth—growth means more people, which, in turn, means more places in which to live. Most people can see more tangible security in a conservative first mortgage real estate bond secured by land and buildings in a prosperous city, than they can in other investments.

Another reason is that the par value never fluctuates in price, but remains the same until maturity. On account of this they are accepted in Probate Courts and are legal for trust estates and other institutions where the greatest precaution is necessary to safeguard against any semblance of speculation.

Investors, knowing that they can place their bonds in their strong boxes or safety deposit vaults without any worry in variance in price, naturally feel more comfortable. Most people buy bonds for income, holding them until maturity in order to receive the full measure of interest.

The marketability of bonds is more usually desired by corporations which invest part of their reserve funds which must quickly be drawn on when such conditions arise.

The market for real estate bonds is created similarly to the industrial, utility, and municipal bonds—that is, through the large clientele of the investment house, there always being some one who wants more of something good.

Yes, the price of money, like merchandise is governed by the laws of supply and demand. There are still some safe bonds, bearing high interest left for investors, but investors should be wary of such issued after February of this year.

The Special Service Bureau initiated in the pages of the HERALD some months ago has proved very useful and practical, as all those will attest who have received information through it. This department is at the service of all our readers.

Special Service Bureau,
Attention of Mr. J. H. Meier
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THE BIG SHOW

By MARY J. CARR

"ALL is now ready for the Big Show! This afternoon at 2:30 in Hamilton Ewin's basement! Five cents admission. Box seats seven cents. People under two admitted free!"

Jimmy made this announcement at the top of his lungs, through a megaphone, as he paraded up and down the streets in the vicinity of where the Big Show was to be held. Behind him marched Hamilton, owner of the basement, beating a drum and sporting his Boy Scout uniform, liberally draped with the Stars and Stripes and further embellished by a sword and a German helmet dangling from his belt.

The big folk of the block received the announcement in various manners, according to their various moods and dispositions.

"Goodness, what a noise," groaned Mrs. Brown. "Something should be done to those boys."

"Well, well," laughed Mrs. White. "If the show is anything like the noise, it will be big, surely."

But the little folk of the block were one in their reception of the announcement. They had known of the preparation for several days, and with eager eyes had watched the door of Hamilton's basement while rehearsals were in progress. Some of the enviously inclined had jeered, to be sure. What great project has not its discouragers? But each saw to it that he had a nickel safely tucked away.

Two-thirty found Hamilton's basement well crowded, save for the seven-cent box seats—ten apple boxes arranged in a semicircle about the "stage." What was the use of spending seven cents for a box seat, when you could get a perfectly good bench seat for five? The children gave further proof of their practicality by bringing in every person under two they could find in the neighborhood.

Vivian brought her brother, who, at the age of seventeen months, according to her proud boast, could "hold his breath longer'n anybody his age in the world" when he got mad.

Johnny Boyle brought his twenty-two-months old cousin Billy, who

immediately fell to his favorite occupation of hair-pulling by delightfully grasping the long yellow curls of dignified Virginia, sole occupant of the box seat row, who cried for the manager to make Johnny take that horrible baby away from in back of her—and, it was a pity that, when she had gone and paid seven cents for a box seat, she couldn't sit in it in peace! To which Johnny inquired hotly why she wanted to wear her hair down in curls when she knew there were going to be people under two?

When Maude Wringer applied for admission with the Nelson twins, renowned far and wide in the neighborhood for their vocal power, the doorkeeper objected: "Twins are no fair. Put their ages together and it makes nearly four whole years." But Maude held her ground on the claim that it had been advertised, people under two would be admitted free, and the Nelson twins were one month under two and were separate and distinct personalities even to the extent that one had brown eyes and the other blue. So she and the twins were reluctantly admitted.

"The first on the program will be a song by Jimmy King, 'The Black-eyed Susans,'" announced Hamilton, as the curtain was pulled back. "Who was fighting with them?" shouted Johnny, the neighborhood wit. The laughter that followed was rather disquieting to Jimmy; but he did his best.

"The next on the program will be tableaux, presented by Helen and Jake." Hamilton pronounced it "table-ox," and the children who were expecting to see some wonder of the animal kingdom, probably brought home from France by Vivian's young uncle, who, she declared, had gotten something of everything going, even a button from the Kaiser's coat, were astonished when the curtain was drawn to see Jake, deathly white, lying on the stage, with a red-stained handkerchief tied about his blond head, while Vivian knelt beside him and sang "The Rose of No Man's Land." The audience failed to see any connection between the title and the

subject, but applauded liberally. The wounded Jake leaped to his feet and bowed graciously to them. This incensed Helen, who declared Jake's place was on the floor until the curtain "went down"; and, anyway, the applause was meant for her, 'cause she did all the work. Jake, intoxicated with the applause that greeted his first public appearance, made the "stage hands" pull the curtain back and forth three times, while he bowed and smiled, and "The Rose of No Man's Land" stood glowering in the background. But the spectators, especially those under two, were growing weary of Jake's bows and called for a change. "A little more action!" shouted Johnny.

"The next on the program will be a play with explanations entitled 'The Kidnapped Heir,' originally made up by Katie Lee, who will play the part of the mother, and Mrs. Thompson's baby, which she has kindly loaned us, as the heir, and Georgie Brown, the well-known robber, which abstracts the infant which is heir to a million dollars, owing to his grandfather's being so good as to die, in the Orient."

Jimmie's slightly mixed explanation was received with a stir of interest by the audience. The people under two, who were causing more or less disturbance, each in his own way, were thrilled into silence by their keepers.

The curtain went back to reveal Katie Lee, as the mother, most gorgeously attired, standing by a cradle, in which, she announced, her dear child of two months was peacefully slumbering.

How could the audience know that Mrs. Thompson had withdrawn her sanction of the use of her child, at the last moment, and that the capricious Katie Lee had firmly refused to play the part of the mother unless her cat, Boots, who was trained to lie "perfectly still" at her command, and who looked just like a baby when dressed in a long robe and bonnet, would play the part of the heir?

Ah, but Duke, Hamilton's big bird dog, knew! No sooner had the mother announced that her dear child of two months was peacefully slumbering, than Duke decided to investigate. "Boots," arrayed in

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the long gown and bonnet, sprang from the cradle and made a wild dash for the exit, followed closely by Duke. The spectators, after their first breathless amazement over this entirely unlooked-for action of Mrs. Thompson's baby, leaped up, screaming wildly.

"Boots," heavily encumbered and unacquainted with the confines of Hamilton's basement, had decidedly the worse part of the situation, but he managed quite well. First he tried the curtain; but not having been prepared for such an emergency, it fell, completely hiding for a time the howling fugitive and his yelping pursuer. They were not long under cover. Over the box seats they went, upsetting Virginia, who had taken leave of her dignity and, true to the instincts of her sex, had climbed up onto the box seat.

Vivian's brother, the seventeen-months' champion breath-holder, was giving a wonderful demonstration of his talent with no one to pay any heed to it. The Nelson twins, forgotten by their erstwhile champion, had slipped under the bench, where they added their voices to the uproar.

Hamilton and Jimmie, armed with brooms, ran after Boots and Duke, beating the air and everything that came in their path, members of the audience included, while Katie Lee hopped up and down on the stage, wringing her hands and bewailing the predicament of poor "Boots."

But the logical Johnny saw the light. With his hair-pulling cousin clasped safely in his arms, he strode to the basement door and flung it wide. "Boots" then saw the light and made for it; and in an instant he was safely up a tree, while Duke was giving vent to his ire below.

Highly indignant, the audience departed. Some made demands for the refund of their money, but got no further.

"What?" shrieked Hamilton. "After all that damage that's been done to my basement and to the sheet my mother loaned us for the curtain?"

"And the damage to my poor cat's nerves?" put in Katie Lee. But at this even the management turned on her with withering scorn.

A few moments after the disper-

sal of the audience, the actors of the Big Show could be seen emerging from the neighborhood drug store, each lost in the enjoyment of an ice cream cone. Thus the Big Show passed into history.

BETH

(Continued from page 355)

She waited for him to continue. But Albert said no more.

"What are you going to do now?" she asked, in vain trying to hide her anxiety.

"I am going west."

"West—for good?"

Albert nodded assent.

"Alone?"

"Yes, alone."

So it was true what she dreaded—he was not going to ask her to marry him.

"When do you leave, Albert?"

"In about ten days, I think. It depends on a few deals I must finish up here."

A feeling of desolation came over Beth. Albert was going away—without her. Somehow she had hoped that when they met, all differences would be forgotten—that his heart would reach out to hers and understand. Now she found him—unable, perhaps unwilling, to see that she loved him more because of that empty coat sleeve.

Days dragged on—only four more and Albert would leave for the west. More and more her heart gave way in the struggle that was waging within her.

"I won't," she finally resolved. "I won't see my life and his made miserable because of our pride."

A half hour later, she dropped a letter into the mail box.

That evening Albert came. Beth ushered him into her living room. Once before he had come into that same room, purposeful and unhesitating. This time, however, it was Beth who went right to the point.

"Albert, will you marry me?"

Albert looked up in surprise.

"Beth—no."

"And why not?"

"Beth, you don't love me. You refused me when I asked you. Now you are sorry for me, because I am crippled. I wouldn't offer myself to any girl. I will not be married out of pity."

"But suppose it is not pity?" she asked, softly.

"Beth—don't deceive yourself—it is pity, not love, that you feel for me. And I—I love you too much, Beth, to see you disillusioned."

Then Beth, fighting for her happiness, humbled her pride in the dust.

"Albert, I have never ceased loving you. I loved you the day we broke our engagement; I loved you the day I rebuked you five years ago. Ever since I have been praying that you might ask me again. But you would not, and so I made bold to ask you. It was not easy, Al, which ought to be proof of my love," she ended tremulously.

"But Beth, I have already caused you enough unhappiness."

"Then don't you think you ought to begin causing me—happiness?"

"Would it really be your happiness?" he asked.

"Al, it would." Here Beth's courage failed her—she could not say another word. But Albert's was by now all aglow, so it really did not matter.

"I have just begun to realize—lately—how mean I acted—concerning your mother. I want you to know I am sorry, Beth."

"Hush, Al, we both made mistakes, but we were young, and there's the excuse. Let's say no more about it. Let everything be forgiven and forgotten. We will be the happier now for having waited and suffered. God rewards sacrifice."

"Beth, you are still my little good angel," and Beth caught her in his one arm.

"I am waiting for an answer to my question," and Beth hid her face in his dangling sleeve.

Silence gave consent.

An American judge who had the reputation of never saying an ill word of anyone was once tackled by a lawyer friend who hoped to get him to admit wrong in somebody. He tried every conceivable subject in vain, and then, coming to a notoriously troublesome character, he inquired: "By the way, judge, what do you think of this man Blank, anyhow?" The judge considered for a moment. "I think he has the finest whiskers I ever saw grown in Missouri," he finally declared with so much animation that his interrogator was utterly baffled.

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6. Transfiguration of Our Lord. (Plen. Ind.)
7. BB. Agathangel and Cassian, Martyrs of the I Order.
9. BB. John of Alvernia, John Baptist Vianney (Curé d'Ars), Novellonis, Confessors of the I and III Orders.
11. Bl. Louise of Savoy, Widow of the Third Order.
12. St. Clare, Foundress of the II Order. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
13. BB. Vincent of Aquila and Francis of Pisa. Confessors of the I and III Orders.
14. Bl. Sanctes, Confessor of the I O.
15. The Assumption of the B. V. M. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
17. St. Roch, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
18. Bl. Paula, Virgin of the II O.
19. St. Louis, Bishop of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
22. Seven Joys of Our Lady. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
25. St. Louis, King, Patron of the III Order. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
26. BB. Timothy and Bernard, Confession of the I Order.

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By JOSH WINK

THAT INCOME TAX

Ma's indulging in her tantrums
In a fury of self-pity,
As she won't be a gay visit
Spending at Atlantic City.
Brother's mad as fifty hornets
Since his ear he cannot take
And trade in with losing money
For a more expensive make.

Sister vows *she's* the real victim
Since she can't import more dresses,
And her summer trips of triumphs
Are reduced to hopes and guesses.
Buddy at the college rages
That he cannot make the noise
He expected, rattling coinage
Among the rah-rah boys.

Why this sacrifice and anguish?
Why this family ebullition?
What has caused its peace to dwindle
To this painful proposition?
Pa is cutting down expenses
With a vim that won't relax
To save up on the installments
When he pays his income tax.

THE LOGICAL WAY

Jones—"How did Brown break into
the conversation?"

Smith—"Oh, by dropping a few re-
marks."

JUST THE QUALIFICATION

"Where would you advise a young
man to apply for work who has a great
deal of address in his manner?"

"Let him get a job on the city direc-
tory."

TAKING PRECAUTIONS

A plain village maiden named Kitty,
Kept worrying herself, more'a the pity;
For she was afraid

She would be an old maid,
So she moved to a populous city.

PROFESSIONALLY EMOTIONAL

"That teacher is grammatically tem-
peramental."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You generally find her in a tense
mood."

IN MANY WAYS

"The times have greatly changed,
haven't they?"

"Yes; people no longer think it such
a fortunate thing to have a dry cellar."

ITS FINANCIAL STATUS

"Pop, what's alimony?"

"A mortgage on investment in
wedded bliss, my son."

ITS DRAWBACK

"What a volume of voice that woman
has!"

"Yes, but it's the sort of volume you
can't shut up."

THEIR SPECIES

The birds we now are gunning for,
Though we have to keep it dark;
For they're out of season by the law—
Are some swallows with a lark.

IMPULSE AND ATONEMENT

(Continued from page 360)

suffering for one who dies in sin?"

The widow Fahey turned a pair of eyes, keen now, after their faint blur of tears, upon her questioner.

"Is it do I belave in hell?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Faith, I do," replied the woman. "How else would I belave in hiven? It's not like dogs we be, Mr. Wintwuth, to have naught happen to us once we're dead."

"Don't you believe in a merciful God? How can you think of a God of mercy sending any one to an everlasting hell?" As he ceased speaking, he was conscious that his vision had forsaken the conversational, for the controversial tone.

The woman's voice was still natural. "Listen, Mr. Wintwuth, there can be none in hell, that Almighty God has a chance to save from goin' there. But whin a soul gives Him no chance; whin a soul won't wait; whin, like me dau'ther, a soul—"

She ended in a burst of grief terrible to witness. Her head was bent

to the arm of her chair, while her thin, gray hair fell, unloosened, upon her shoulders.

Unreasonable, untenable as seemed the belief of this heart-broken woman to the man of no faith, he could not question its genuineness; and as her moaning continued, it brought to him the memory of a stifled scream his ears alone perhaps had heard at that dreadful moment in the subway. Again, as countless times since then, he sought an explanation from his normal mind for its instant of abnormality. Why had it betrayed him? Why had it failed to assert command over his hand?

Once more he was conscious, as in a vivid dream, of the impulse upon which he had then acted—a sudden, unaccountable disgust for all created things; an emotion of contempt toward life and its Creator. He had experienced a similar feeling while standing on the edge of a cliff where his tiny personality had seemed a mere mockery of the vastness beyond, but the natural force of self-preservation had pre-

vented its mastery over his actions. Would this madness again assail him? Could he hereafter ever count upon the power of will? Were there, in truth, powers of darkness against which he, a life-long disbeliever in divine assistance, was unable to resist?

He extended a hand to comfort and then withdrew it. Suddenly, he leaned forward and said, slowly, distinctly:

"Your-child-did-not-commit-sui-cide!"

The woman's moans ceased. She sat upright. "It's th' kind heart ye have to tell me that," she said, "but ye can not know th' thruth of it any more than meself."

No glimmer of suspicion that her visitor might know more concerning the death of her daughter than he had divulged, had entered the mind of this naturally shrewd woman. This was apparent; and again, as during those first hours in the police cell, his whole being revolted at the thought of confessing. The utter cruelty of the position in which a

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sudden impulse had placed him, was revealed anew.

He had denied his guilt during the trial, and felt the full measure of self-contempt while doing so. Now, however, his recollection went back to the moment of the tragedy. He recalled the joy with which he had, on the morning of that day, received news that a year of litigation involving the welfare of his family had ended in a decision meeting his fullest hopes. This was the glad news he had been ready to impart on reaching home. Had he not been sufficiently punished? Could a greater cruelty be conceived than had been inflicted upon himself by his own hand?

And it was upon this hand the old woman now ventured to lay her own, wrinkled and toil-worn, as she said:

"I know not why ye have been so kind to me. But for ye bein' present an' gettin' knowledge of what th' death of th' gur-rl mint to her old mother, I'd have no one to do for me what yer own sheeet dau'ter has done. I believe it was th' good God in Hiven sint ye that day."

"Don't! Don't!" said the man, struggling with mental nausea, "I have done nothing for which you need thank me."

"Is it nothin', Mr. Wintwuth, to care for th' poor and th' afflicted? Is it naught to comfort an old woman as ye are sthrivin' to do, whose dau'ter took her own life? Ye can not take th' pain of that thought from me breast, but I know from th' love yer own dau'ther bears ye, th' heart of ye is that kind ye'd not let a body suffer could ye prevent."

The woman's wistful eyes engaged his own, and then, like a curtain between himself and her, appeared two discs of red that burned into his tortured soul. He was unable to endure it. Unburdening his secret no longer appeared merely a debatable duty. It was a necessity. For the first time in his life, Horace Wentworth realized the limitation of human guidance, and perhaps for the first time since childhood, uttered a prayer. Then he said:

"I am certain your daughter did not commit suicide. She did not jump in front of that train. I know she did not, because—because I—pushed her. There is no reason. I

can not explain it." His words hurried upon one another. "She had done me no harm. I had never seen her before. I may have been crazy, but I did it."

"Ye pushed her? Ye—ye pushed her to the track?"

The woman's gnarled, misshapen hands went straight up over her head and remained motionless. Her penetrating eyes were like a sword. Horace Wentworth felt his body grow limp; he could no longer look at her.

The sound of a woman scolding a child in the adjoining flat, broke the silence that fell upon the occupants of the widow Fahey's room—a silence, the man felt, would never end.

It was the mother of the slain creature who spoke first. Her voice was low, as though speaking to someone who lay ill.

"Ye thrust me child before th' train? Why?"

There were no tears in the woman's eyes; no tone of anger in her voice. Instead of a vengeful mother railing at the slayer of a daughter, instead of a fury denouncing him and demanding atonement, the figure in the chair seemed enveloped by a calm that appalled Horace Wentworth. His mind sought vainly for words through which to convey to this woman the force of the impulse that had mastered him.

"My hand acted without my control," he began. "Some force I can not explain took possession of me; some—" he hesitated.

"Then th' young woman that swore she saw you do it, did not lie?"

"She told the truth."

"Does yer dau'ther know it?"

"She does not."

Twisting her wheeled chair so that she was brought face to face with her visitor, the woman laid a wrinkled hand upon his knee. "Plase God," she said, "yer dau'ther must niver know it. They may call ye what they plase, did they know it; but in me breast is th' knowin' that howiver th' hand that cast me dau'ther before th' car-rs belongs to ye, it is no thrupe part o' ye. If ye feared anger would arise in me at the knowin' of this, ye had no need, plase God, to fear it." Her voice seemed like the answer to his

murmured prayer. Tears that were barren to the woman's eyes, were filled his own.

"'Tis the heart within ye," she continued, "and not the sthray hand I do be seein' now an' will be minkin' to th' ind of me days. I asked me did I believe in hell? Do not believe 'twas from that same place th' temptation to th' sthrayin' come? Shure it couldn't come from Hiven or yer own kind heart; a whence then did it come? 'Twas from th' dau'ther an' thim that's dear, lied; an' it's for th' pity of me ye tell th' thruth. I forgive ye, as I believe th' good Lord might do."

There was a tap upon the door followed almost immediately by the entrance of Helen Wentworth, who paused suddenly at the unexpected presence of her father. He seemed unconscious of his daughter's arrival. His glance was directed at a ray of sunlight creeping across the floor. The widow Fahey was the first to speak.

"Shure yer father is like yersilf, Miss Wintwuth, not spharin' himsilf trouble for th' comfort of an old woman. 'Tis a good father ye have an' happy ye should be for th' like o' him."

Horace Wentworth raised his eyes, and the wrinkled face he beheld, seemed bathed in a wondrous light. He smiled at his daughter, who approached the widow and said:

"Here is the yarn I promised to bring to you, Mrs. Fahey," and laid a parcel on the table. "Were you or your way to the office, father?"

"Yes," he replied.

"What brought you here, daddy?" asked the girl, when they left the house. "God," he replied; "and I have seen a miracle—a plain, humble, and, as we would say, ignorant woman becoming inspired with the spirit of an angel."

"I know she is a very devout Catholic, father; but what has she done?"

Taking both hands of his daughter in his own, and looking gravely into her eyes, Horace Wentworth replied: "Made me most earnestly desire to reach the heights of charity, and of the knowledge to which Catholicism has lifted her."

Franciscan Herald

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Our Mission Picture

SANTA BARBARA MISSION—the Mecca of California—is the best known of the twenty-one established on the Pacific coast, between 1769 and 1823, by the Spanish Franciscans. It was founded during the presidency of Fr. Fermín Francisco de Lasuén, on December 4, 1786. Only for Governor Neve, who was little in sympathy with the friars and their work for the Indians, Santa Barbara Mission would have been founded four years earlier, when the neighboring presidio was established, and could now claim the distinction of having as its founder the Apostle of California himself, Fr. Junipero Serra. The original church of adobe and brushwood was replaced, in 1789, by a more substantial one. But after seven years this also became too small for the ever increasing neophyte population. Hence the third church was erected, in 1794, which, during the series of earthquakes in 1812, was so badly damaged that it was ultimately replaced by the imposing structure which to the present excites the admiration of the thousands of tourists that visit Santa Barbara every year. Fr. Antonio Paterna, the first missionary assigned, died at this mission on February 13, 1793, and received burial in the sanctuary of the church. Nowhere in the old records, however, is there mention of having removed his remains from the old to the new church, an event that the friars at the other missions never failed to record. From this it seems quite probable that all three churches, excepting the first temporary edifice, occupied one and the same site, the new one being erected in each case around and over the old one. By the end of 1803, Santa Barbara numbered 1,792 baptized Indians, the highest number ever reached, while the records showed that by then 3,082 natives had received the Sacrament of Baptism.

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Editorials

Why Must I Suffer?

SUFFERING is the common lot of all; we must all suffer in this life, whether we will or not. Some have a greater share of trials to endure than others, but each and everyone of us will meet with some suffering in some form or other. We cannot escape it. In this we are all alike. We differ in the manner of accepting suffering from the hand of God. Some squirm and complain under suffering; they hold themselves to be the most unhappy of creatures. Others are calm and resigned; no word of complaint escapes their lips. There are others who amidst the greatest pain are happy and cheerful, so much so as to deceive those not acquainted with their sad lot.

Whence this difference? Whence this power to be contented and resigned, yes even cheerful in trials and tribulations? Whence the gracious charm, which we all admire in persons who are happy under suffering? Whence the wonderful sympathy often displayed by persons who are sorely tried and afflicted?

To suffer patiently and with resignation, to gain merit and grace from suffering is a virtue, a difficult and rare virtue. It can be learned and acquired by all, but it requires a knowledge of suffering, its cause and purpose, its place in the Providence of God. To be resigned and happy under suffering we must have clear ideas as to why we must suffer and what means we must use during the time of probation.

The real stumbling block in our suffering is very often the wrong idea that we have as to the relationship of our tribulations to God. We are ready and willing to believe that God is infinitely kind and merciful, but we cannot reconcile this belief with our suffering. On account of wrong ideas in this matter we often ascribe the cause of our suffering to God when it is to be found within ourselves.

Surely a book that will help to clear up all our hazy ideas on this subject, that will give us definite and solid knowledge as to the purpose, the causes of suffering, that will present us with practical and efficient means to gain merit, must be welcome to all of us.

Such a book FRANCISCAN HERALD has been fortunate enough to procure for its readers. It is from the pen of Rev. F. J. Remler, C. M., of Kenrick Seminary, Webster Groves, Mo. Father Remler is the author also of "Supernatural Merit" and of other works. His latest work, "Why Must I suffer?" appears now for the first time in print and will run serially in the FRANCISCAN HERALD, beginning with the September issue. Month for month, in good instalments, the author will acquaint us with the common but often misunderstood subject of "Suffering," and this knowledge will prove of great benefit to all.

Our Schools and Our Faith

IN HIS second letter to Timothy (4, 2), St. Paul admonishes him and us: "Preach the word; be instant, in season, out of season: reprove, entreat, rebuke in all patience and doctrine." These words find their full weight and significance concerning the topic of Catholic education. This subject is so important, so opportune at all times, that we can never refer to it too often or too insistently.

During the last decades our Catholic schools have made such progress that Catholic parents no longer have any excuse for sending their children to non-Catholic institutions. Our schools are now second to none, both in equipment and methods of education. Our graduates are able successfully to compete with those of other schools, and in most cases carry off the first prizes. Business men to-day often go out of their way to seek their employees from the ranks of parochial schools. And why? Because they are now more than ever convinced that religion and morality, as taught in our Catholic schools, are vital factors for good business and good citizenship.

Catholic parents, who are solicitous for the eternal welfare of their children, know that Catholic schools alone are alive to the fact "that education without religion is dangerous and unwholesome; that the growing boy or girl needs the support and safeguard of religion; that these are obtained only in Catholic schools and colleges; that in these schools companionship is clean and inspiring; that in these recreation and athletics are kept within reasonable bounds and, therefore, are never a hindrance to the acquisition of knowledge."

Cardinal La Fontaine, Patriarch of Venice, recently addressed a letter to the Catholic parents of his diocese, in which he warns the parents of their God-given duty to send their children to Catholic schools and colleges.

Alas! how many parents who call themselves Christians shall be obliged to render a most strict account of their negligence before the tribunal of God! How many parents persist in sending their children to promiscuous institutions where God is not mentioned nor are the duties of Christian Faith recalled. I say to you that if you are eager to promote the physical education of your children, you should be much more solicitous about their eternal salvation. I am not averse to the teaching of gymnastics or physical exercises in the schools together with the study of intellectual things. But I speak from experience when I say that the Christian education of your children is above all important. When you are about to consider sending your children to this or that institution consult your parish priest and find out whether the principles of such institutions are solid and profoundly Catholic, if the things of the spirit are given first place, and afterwards the things of the mind and the body. Otherwise education for your children will mean nothing but disorder, and, perchance, loss of faith.

The *Pilot* of Boston expresses the same idea very forcibly in an editorial of August 5:

Catholic parents have every reason for sending their children to Catholic colleges. The world today needs as perhaps never before the stabilizing influence of sound religious and moral principles in its rising generation. It does not require much observation and experience to show that the world today is in an anxious if not a critical state. Physically mankind has reached a condition of comfort, convenience, and luxury almost unparalleled. Mentally however as a result is shrieking for freedom from responsibility, duty, and obligation. There is no cure in materialistic philosophy. Spiritually the world outside the Catholic Church is bankrupt. The upheaval of standards, the adulteration of the moral code, and the disquieting aberrations of the young men and women of today have impressed thoughtful observers with the necessity of scrapping the new materialism and of turning back for the remedy in the old principle from which Catholic education has never deviated one hair's breadth, of religion in education.

Grace Keon in her very popular and instructive department of the *FRANCISCAN HERALD* "In the Innermost of Women" brings a most timely article this month: "Our Schools and Our Faith." We recommend it most earnestly to all our readers. Written by a woman, who is the mother of a happy and large family, his article goes straight to its mark. To read it means to be convinced of the necessity, the value of a good Catholic education for all Catholic children.

The Index of Forbidden Books

RECENTLY, when the Holy Office of the Church placed the works of Anatole France on the Index of Forbidden Books, sneering and derogatory comments were made by the editors of various secular journals. They professed to see in this act another proof of the intolerant spirit of the Catholic Church. Some even went to far as to prophesy that it would serve only to advertise the author's condemned works. Anatole France is one of the modern writers exploited by our metropolitan dailies and secular magazines. He is of the French school of journalism and he is little known or read outside the spectacular and sensational Sunday Editions of our metropolitan dailies. He is a rationalist and in all his writings inimical to the Church. Now that the Church has declared his productions dangerous for her children, all Catholics are forbidden to read them. The Church is very cautious in condemning a book and never does so hastily or before a thorough investigation. The only object she has in view is to safeguard the faith and morals of her children. Anatole France's works, containing so many false and irreligious statements, are dangerous to faith and morals, and therefore they stand condemned and forbidden. Financial returns or losses never enter into consideration. The Church, herself the final judge in all matters of faith and morals, places a book on the Index and thereby all are forbidden to publish, sell, or read that book. And all her children, knowing the wisdom and foresight of the Church in such matters, readily obey her.

The daily papers are now bringing a lively controversy between John S. Sumner, secretary of the Society for Suppression of Vice, and various publishers. Mr. Sumner, urged on by the appointment of Mr.

William Hays as censor of the "movies" and Mr. Augustus Thomas as censor of the stage, is trying to put forward a plan for the voluntary censorship of manuscripts. He says:

"A plan has been discussed in a limited way to cover the field of book publications. It is proposed that a committee be appointed which would have the support and respect of authors and publishers to pass upon manuscripts prior to their publication when there existed doubt of their propriety.

"This plan would cover also books dealing with sex, medical, scientific, and pseudo-scientific subjects, intended for indiscriminate circulation and regarding which there is a pronounced opinion as to their harmfulness to the average lay reader."

His plan is arousing much opposition from publishers. One calls it "preposterous"; another says, "The proposed literary censorship would result in driving American literature underground." The secretary of the Authors' League of America says "that the league has been unalterably opposed to pre-publication censorship in any form." Other publishers, however, favor the plan. We venture to say that nothing will result from the plan. And why not? Because it is based only on financial returns. Immoral books are to be forbidden not because they do harm to morals and religion, but merely because they bring disrepute on the publishers and eventually prove a financial loss to them. Not one publisher will feel himself obliged to regard this new censorship, but will revert to present laws and courts and claim that they offer ample opportunity to bar distribution of books whenever it may be in the interest of the public welfare.

Here we have another proof of the necessity, the practicability, and the authority of the Catholic Church and her Index of Forbidden Books. She has but to pass judgment and all is clear for Catholics, readers as well as publishers. Her stand as regards dangerous books and writings is so solid, so authoritative, so widely admitted and recognized even by her enemies, that to-day very few editors are found who will attempt to criticize her for the prudent restriction she lays and the final judgment she passes on all books and writings.

Directory of Catholic Charities

THE compilers of the Directory have spared no pains to make the work not only complete and comprehensive, but also convenient. Therefore, in the text of the Directory, a detailed description of each of the agencies and institutions included, has been arranged alphabetically according to States and Dioceses within the States. In each Diocese the Charitable works are arranged under certain general headings and alphabetically by the cities in which they are located. As a result, there is a national Directory and also a collection of separate state and diocesan directories, an arrangement which enables the user to ascertain at a glance the extent of charitable activities in any specific locality. It has been decided to place the book on sale for the nominal price of two dollars and fifty cents, plus postage. Orders are received at the Business Office of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, 700 Eleventh St., Washington, D. C.



Third Order of St. Francis

ON LOVE—DIVINE AND HUMAN

BY AGNES MODESTA

WHAT shall we say of love? If, as I stated last time, friendship is love, is the sentiment we know as love an interloper, or is love itself a misguiding term? Not at all. Love is a bigger word than friendship, for it covers friendship and every other form of love. At the same time, friendship is none the less real love because it chances to be a special kind. Love itself is all-embracing; and to know what it is, it is necessary only to read what St. Paul has to say of it in his world-famous epistle on Charity which is only another name for love. But just now let us try to see the connection between love that is human and love that is divine—for connection there must be, else neither is complete.

"All the world loves a lover." This saying is so familiar that it has become bromidic. Still, there is that about it which rings true, no matter how often we hear it. Merely to speak of love sends a responsive glow to the cheeks, a warmth to the hearts, and a smile to the lips of all of us. For love, just as love, suggests things that are beautiful, noble, and true. So at least does love that is worthy the name. But unfortunately, the word has suffered rude handling during the centuries of human life, and it does not always convey the depths of its meaning to the minds of those who use it. True it is, the world loves a lover; but the lover must see to it that Heaven loves him, too.

It is interesting to follow the word "love" from its beginnings, in order to arrive at a working definition. Swinging my big dictionary around on its pivot, I turn to the L's and soon find *Love*, standing frank and open on the page before me.

From the Anglo-Saxon *lufu*, which is akin to the English *lieve*, *believe*, comes the word *love* or *luve*, through the Middle English period down to us. It is, Webster informs us, related to the Latin *lubet*, *libet*: *it pleases*.

Now, there is a queer thing about this searching into the ancestry of words, something strangely like the tracing of a person's genealogy. We are at any moment likely to come upon a "skeleton in the closet," a sheep-stealing forebear, that we would fain relegate to the dust heaps of oblivion. So in the family tree of this word, which up to this moment stands so proudly, there appears a branch that rears its black length unashamed in the midst of the green leaves of its fellows. For back in the Sanskrit tongue is the wearer of the mark of disgrace. And we cannot repudiate it, for it is truly one of the family which produced the beautiful word, *love*. It is *lubh*: *to be lustful*.

Even as I mourn over this blot on a fair name, I am caught by a remarkable idea. Can it be—that thing which seems likely? Have our present-day writers and speakers taken to digging out the Sanskrit roots of words in current use and applied the meanings gleaned from that ancient tongue instead of the long-accepted signification? I should never have suspected them of such erudition. Yet, it must be the explanation of the reason why the greater part of the secular press and the majority of best-selling novels attribute that one meaning to the word, *love*; *to be lustful*. Queer!

I am forced to stop for a moment to trim the frayed edges of my temper before going on in my invest-

igation of the meaning of the word I am examining. This sort of thing does stir one up so.

Ah, here it is: "The manifestation of, desire for, and earnest effort to promote the welfare of a person. This is seen, Webster amplifies "esp. in God's solicitude for me and in men's due gratitude and reverence to God." This is more pleasant—Webster does not seem to stress the Sanskrit meaning in any of his list of definitions. And the meaning above seems to accord rather well with our Christian ideas.

Briefly, then, love is a *well-wishing*; a desire that all good may come to the object of one's regard and the earnest effort to see that this good is brought about, if such is within our power. It is a pitiful sight to see the God-given meaning of love dragged in the dust, when the word is applied to unrestrained animal passion. We know that such is not the Christian sense, for Christ Himself sums up God's rule of conduct for the human race, in these terms:

"Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with thy whole heart and thy whole strength and thy whole mind.—And thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

So it must be clear to us all, that to a Christian, love should not signify *lubh*. The Christian of today must be constantly on guard lest such a perversion of the meaning of a beautiful term find a place in his own vocabulary. It is so easy to be misled by those skillful and immoral jugglers of words, whose whole aim in life seems to "make the worse appear the better reason." And it ought to be our care to see that the

correct and Christian sense of the words we know to be important, is neatly filed away on the pages of our own mind. Let us know and insist that love is *not* that unrestrained passion that leads so many of our sex to-day to cast aside the sacred bonds of wedlock and turn to the "other man," all the while exaltedly declaiming on the "beauty and truth of this new freedom which is love." O Love, what sins are daily committed in thy name!

Love in its most perfect form is that which is given to man by his Creator. It is the highest example of well-wishing; for it is so great that the Almighty Maker of the Universe paused to create us, to place us in his beautiful earth for a brief probation, to redeem us when we proved unfaithful to our trust, and to make us holy, for the sole purpose of permitting us to enjoy Him who is the realization of all love.

Love, being reciprocal, it is easy to understand why the greatest love that we can conceive must go back to the Giver of Greatest Love. The love of man for God is therefore the highest kind of love of which a human being is capable.

Robert Hugh Benson wrote, even before his entrance into the Catholic Church: "Heavenly love is not a colorless thing, but it has all the passion of human love intensified." And, while realizing the fullness of this "human love intensified," during his glowing career as a Catholic, he amplified this idea in every act of his loyal, impulsive, and generous soul. And in speaking of the virtue of chastity, he insists that it means not that you love so little as to lead an unmarried life, but that you love God so ardently that the squandering of self in passions becomes unthinkable.

I can add nothing to this conception of the greatest love of man for God. It is not that we may not love both God and man; we *must* love both God and man. But in the highest form of our love for God, we have no room for the love of one man which would mean a distribution of our love for God. Such love would have no place in the vocabularies of those who cling to the Sanskrit root.

But the love of our neighbor is a

very definite command. We must wish our neighbor well if we are worthy the name of Christian. This is the general love which we must hold for all mankind. There are, however, other forms of lawful love of our neighbor, such as love for kinsmen, especially for our children, our parents, and for brothers and sisters. Then there is that holy and beautiful love that builds nations and holds society together—the love between husband and wife.

It is a blessed thing, this love; and it is not more than one degree removed from the pure love of God. But to realize its beauty in their lives, those who give it, must take care that they know it to be a thing of the spirit, and that the physical consequences of it are not to be considered as the thing itself, but as one of the animal acts that have been given a supernatural dignity through love and the grace of God.

True love, both divine and human, is ennobling. Divine, it carries us upon the white-hot blaze of its own power up to heaven—human, it mounts the stairs of things material to reach the same goal. Our view of the Ideal Modern Catholic Woman showed that her love is given to her fellow mortals filtered through the gauze of heavenly love. And so she showed us the standard to which we must hold ourselves, and which we must make the standard of our children. Let no one debase for you the beautiful meaning of true love. For love, whether it be for God alone, or for God and man, is good; but to be wholly good, the human love must spring from the crystal-pure source of the River of Love Divine.

All things being equal, by patronizing our advertisers, you are not only doing good business, but at the same time are satisfying yourself and rendering us a real service. We would ask you, however, as a personal favor, to tell the advertiser that you saw his message in FRANCISCAN HERALD.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. BB. John and Peter, Martyrs of the I Order.
4. St. Rose of Viterbo, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
5. Bl. Gentil, Martyr of the I Order.
6. BB. Liberatus and Peregrine, Confessors of the I Order.
8. The Nativity of the B. V. M. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
9. Bl. Seraphina, Widow of the II Order.
10. BB. Apollinaris and Companions, Martyrs of the I and III Orders.
11. Bl. Bonaventure, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
12. The Holy Name of the B. V. M.
13. Bl. Francis, Confessor of the I Order.
14. The Exaltation of the Holy Cross.
15. The Seven Sorrows of the B. V. M.
17. The Stigmata of Our Holy Father St. Francis. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
18. St. Joseph of Cupertino, Con-
23. Finding of the Body of St. Clare.
24. St. Pacificus, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
26. Bl. Lucy, Virgin of the III Order.
27. St. Elzear, Confessor of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
28. Bl. Bernardine of Feltre, Confessor of the I Order Conv. (Plen. Ind.)
29. St. Michael the Archangel. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.
2. Once every month, on any suitable day. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.
3. On the day of the monthly meeting. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers for the intention of the Pope.
4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulged Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on September 8 and 17. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confession on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.

WHY MUST I SUFFER?

By F. J. REMILER, C. M.

SUFFERING! Is anything more commonly man's lot? Is anything harder to bear? Is there not, even for the most perfect men, one form or other in the range of suffering which would be found a trial? Who then among us but needs consolation? Who but needs at least to be forearmed?

In the following fifteen reasons why God permits suffering, we trust the earnest reader will find strength and consolation, which under God's grace will disarm suffering of some of its bitterness, and make a blessing of what is often enough a stumbling block.

Reasons Why You Must Suffer.

First Reason: SHARING THE CONSEQUENCES OF ORIGINAL SIN.

Of the many reasons why you must suffer, the first and principal one is this: *As a child of Adam and a member of the great human family you must, like all the rest of men, endure your share of the painful consequence of original sin.*

Man's Original Endowments.

If there were no original sin, suffering would be unknown among the children of men. Conditions of life would be entirely different than they are now, for we would be living in that state of marvelous perfection in which Adam was created, a perfection which would exclude every physical and moral evil more effectually than the bright rays of the rising sun banish from the earth the darkness of night.

But in what would this perfection consist? It would consist in the first place in the endowments of what is called *Pure Human Nature*. By this is meant that we would possess the faculties of our soul—memory, understanding, and free will—and the members, organs and senses of our body, in that degree of completeness which would be required to make us what we were designed to be—rational beings—composed of a spiritual soul and an animal body. We would possess, without any defect or deficiency, all the qualities necessary to make us perfect in our order of being, namely a keen mind, a faithful memory, a strong will, and the perfection of bodily form, beauty, health, and vigor. There would be an entire absence of those numerous defects of soul and body which we now labor under because of the deterioration brought on by sin.

In the second place, we would be enriched with the endowments of what is known as the *Perfection of Supernature*. At our entrance into the world the gift of supernatural grace would be conferred on us, by which we would be elevated high above the plane of pure nature and adopted by God as His most dear children, with the right and title to the endless enjoyment of the glory of heaven. After having lived in bliss and happiness on this earth for the length of time decreed by God we would be translated, without tasting the bitterness of death, into "the kingdom

prepared for us from before the foundation of the world" (Matt. 25, 37).

In the third place, this elevation to the state of supernatural would include the bestowal of a number of extraordinary endowments which constitute what is called the *Perfection of Preternature*. We would possess an extensive knowledge of natural and supernatural truths; we would be free from ignorance and from liability to error in the acquisition of new knowledge; we would also be free from evil concupiscence because our inclinations and the so-called passions would be so perfectly at the command of the will that they could not become rebellious nor impel us to commit sin. In addition we would possess two very remarkable endowments, the one of *Impassibility* or freedom from every form of suffering, and the other of *Immortality* or freedom from the painful ordeal of death. God created man incorruptible and immortal. Death was not meant for him.

In a word we would all be the happy heirs of that vast assemblage of wonderful gifts which Adam received in his creation and which he possessed up to the moment of his fall from grace.

The Effects of Our Disinheritance.

The effects produced by our disinheritance are the following:

First, we were completely stripped of *all the endowments of supernature*. We lost sanctifying grace and with it the sonship of children of God and the right and title to heaven. No longer well beloved children of God, we were children of wrath and outcasts from our home in heaven. Only for the redeeming grace of Jesus Christ heaven would have remained closed against us forever.

Second, we also completely lost *all the endowments of preternature*—our freedom from ignorance, concupiscence, sufferings and death. Our intellect has become clouded; our will greatly weakened, and our passions have grown turbulent and rebellious; we suffer much from sickness and disease, from the elements, from accidents and catastrophes, from famines and wars; we must endure the natural results of our own sins and of the sins of others, such as unkindness, hatred, deceit, injustice, oppression, cruelty and the like. And finally, we must undergo the penalty of death. "It is appointed unto all men once to die" (Heb. 9, 27).

Third, while we did *not incur the loss of the gifts of pure nature*, since these are essential for our existence as human beings, we nevertheless suffered a great deterioration in them. Our natural faculties were much impaired. Our intellect lost its former keenness and wide range of perception; the reason became clouded and liable to every kind of error; the will was so weakened that it became the plaything of the passions, which, like rebellious slaves, usurped the dominion

(which was) exercised by the reason and the will. As a consequence we find that they keep impelling us into the commission of all kinds of sinful excesses.

The final outcome of our disinheritance can be summed up as follows: Left to ourselves and unaided by grace we tend towards sin as naturally as a stone is drawn to the earth by gravity, as readily as a boat (that is) caught in a strong current is carried down stream. Sin is a deadly poison to soul and body alike. It invariably produces spiritual and physical deterioration. Of course with the help of grace it is possible to resist the allurements of sin; but as the greater number of men reject this God-given help, vice and crime inevitably abound, directly producing the distressing conditions we witness on every side. In the words of the prophet Osee: "There is no truth, there is no mercy, there is no knowledge of God in the land; cursing and lying and killing and theft and adultery have overflowed, and blood hath touched blood" (Osee 4, 1).

Thus were all the evils that afflict mankind introduced into the world by original sin.

An illustration taken from life will serve to make the truth of original sin and its effects more easily understood. Imagine a multi-millionaire, the father of a happy family of several children. As long as he administers his affairs carefully his children have everything they can desire to make them happy. They know nothing of poverty, want, destitution, hunger or starvation. Their needs are looked after, their health is tenderly cared for, and no pains are spared to give them a good education. When their father dies, each one will receive a fixed share of the paternal wealth, in virtue of the right of inheritance.

But the man becomes a drunkard and a reckless gambler. In a short time he loses all he owns, even his house and home,—he is a ruined man, reduced to beggary and want, forced to live in the poor-house.

However, his criminal conduct involves not only himself, who alone bears the guilt, but also his children, who are entirely innocent of their father's wrongdoing. Once they were happy in the possession of everything apt to make their life pleasant, and above all, they held the full right of one day inheriting their father's immense wealth together with his good name and social prestige; now they are reduced to wretchedness and misery, their hopes of a bright future are rudely shattered, and in place of a large fortune they are doomed to poverty, destitution and other sufferings. Though innocent of any wrongdoing, they are nevertheless affected in a most intimate and painful manner by the inexcusable folly of their father. The law of cause and effect is at work, and it is pitiless in its operation. It makes no allowance for the children's innocence. Though they are in no way implicated in their father's sinful conduct, they must suffer as much as if they, and not he, had been guilty of squandering their fortune and wrecking their home.

In much the same way are we now subjected to the sad consequences of the loss of our supernatural inheritance in which Adam involved us by his sin of disobedience. We are born into this world in a state of disinheritance, deprived of those wonderful gifts and endowments which were set aside for us from the

beginning. Like the unfortunate children of a ruined millionaire, we bear the miseries of life as though we, and not our first parent, were the real transgressors.

This is the first and principal reason why sufferings of every kind come thick and fast into our lives. "O Happy Sin of Adam!"

But here we must add a reflection that will serve for our consolation in the midst of our trials. Thanks to the infinite wisdom and goodness of God, our present lot, sad though it undoubtedly is, is by no means as hopeless as it would seem to be at first sight. In the light which our holy Faith sheds on this subject, the state of suffering is seen to be a state of great blessedness and of unlimited possibilities of increase of glory in heaven. Divine Wisdom has contrived in a most wonderful way to draw immense good out of so great an evil. "O felix culpa!"—"O happy sin of Adam, which has merited for us so great a Redeemer!" is the jubilant hymn of gratitude and gladness which echoes in our churches on Holy Saturday. And why? Because Jesus Christ has made adequate atonement for Adam's sin and now offers us a copious supply of His redeeming and saving grace which more than compensates for the loss of our original inheritance. True, this grace does not restore the paradise which once existed on earth, nor does it remove from our lives the evils and miseries which spring from original sin; but it does what is infinitely better and more profitable to us in the end,—it enables us to endure all sufferings with patience and resignation, to sanctify them by uniting them with the bitter Passion and Death of our Lord, converting them into sources of rich supernatural merits, which in turn will procure for us in heaven a throne far more glorious and exalted than we would obtain if we had not fallen in Adam from the state of our original perfection.

But it is objected: "If God foreknew the fatal consequences of original sin, why did He not prevent Adam from committing that sin?" or: "Why does God not hinder the commission of sin now?" or again: "Why does He not hinder wicked persons from doing what brings sufferings to the innocent?" To these objections the only answer is this: God has created man a *free agent*. The noblest faculty man possesses is his *free will*. With the exercise of this faculty God does not interfere in any way. Any interference would mean a limitation, a deprivation of free will, at least partially. This would in turn mean that man is not responsible for his moral actions. Interference with his free will would also do away with merit and demerit; reward for good deeds and punishment for evil acts.

Man is left entirely to his own counsel—perfectly free to choose between good and evil, obedience and disobedience, virtue and vice, heaven and hell. Whichever he chooses shall be his inheritance. In the lifelong struggle against the forces of evil,—the devil, the world and the flesh—man has at his disposal the powerful aids of divine grace, by the right use of which he can avoid sin and do good; but God will not in any way *compel* him to use this grace, or to act one way rather than another.



Missions

MY FIRST TRIP TO BASHAW

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M., Missionary

HAVING learned that also other Indians at Shell Lake, on the Omaha railroad, were without a shepherd, I resolved to visit them and bring them into Christ's fold. Accordingly, on May 7, 1883, I set out to find them. I arrived at Shell Lake in the forenoon and went to the residence of Moses Thibedeaux, where the missionaries had been wont to hold service whenever they passed that way. Anxious to get to Bashaw as soon as possible, I sent Oliver Thibedeaux in search of a conveyance to take me to that settlement. Oliver was gone all afternoon. Toward evening he returned, saying:

"No team can be had to-day, Father, but to-morrow a farmer will take you to Bashaw." I remained over night, said holy Mass the next morning, and waited anxiously for the promised farmer and his conveyance. At last, at ten o'clock, a man drove up with two mighty horses and a clumsy, heavy vehicle which he called a wagon. It was very good, however, to have such a stoutly built wagon, for a light vehicle would have been dashed to pieces on the rocks and stumps that graced our road through the forest. I placed my feet well against the dashboard and held myself down on the seat with both hands, thus happily preventing myself from being thrown overboard. After a drive of about six miles, we came to a few scattered houses. The teamster asked where I wanted to

go, and he was nonplussed when I gave the rather indefinite answer:

"I don't know—that is, I believe the place is called Bashaw; but that's all I know."

"Well," he replied, "this is what we call Bashaw."

Getting down from the wagon, I stepped up to one of the houses on the roadside to make inquiries. A man was just placing the dinner on the table when I entered. I asked him politely whether there were any Catholics at Bashaw.

"I don't know of any," he replied. "Sometimes I am a Catholic myself, sometimes I am a pagan, or an infidel, or something else. Rather bad, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it is bad indeed," I granted, kindly. "Are there any In-

dians in this part of the country?"

"Yes, sir, lots of them."

"Where do they live?"

"All over."

"Are they Catholics?"

"No."

"Do you know Mrs. McMullen?"

"Yes, sir."

"Isn't she a Catholic?"

"Yes, sir, she's a big Catholic."

"Where does she live?"

"Down the road."

Overjoyed on hearing that there was at least one "big" Catholic in the whole country, I started out to find her. Returning to my kind teamster, I paid him for his services and then, armed with my two clumsy satchels, I walked down the road in search of Mrs. McMullen.

After trudging for some yards, I came to a house which I was told belonged to this worthy woman. I rapped at the door; but no answer. All doors locked, nobody home but the chickens.

What now? I took up my two faithful but silent partners again and con- quered rather crestfallen down the road. Coming to a small house, I knocked at the door. It opened and behold, there stood a shy but kindly looking woman—an Indian squaw.

"Bojo," said I, trying to look pleasant.

"Bojo," she replied, non-committal.

"Kid anamia na (Are you a Catholic)?"

"Kawin mind anamiassi (No, I am not a Catholic, but my husband is)."

"Ah, that's good news;



From left to right: Catherine Chisholm, Catherine Thayer, Sophia and Mary Rivoi

where is he?"

"He works for Mr. Baker."

"And where is Mrs. McMullen?"

"She works for Mr. Baker, too. She is the cook."

"How lovely!" said I. "Mrs. McMullen, a 'big Catholic' and a cook," and a vision arose before my eyes of a bounteous repast spread before poor tired me by this good soul. I now took up my heavy satchels with more zest than before and crossed over the farm of Mr. Baker to make the acquaintance of his "big Catholic" cook. I knocked at the kitchen door and a stout woman in her kitchen uniform appeared. A look of bewilderment spread over her features as she eyed the oddly dressed stranger with his two clumsy satchels. Noticing her surprise, I began with a smile:

"I am Fr. Odoric, a Catholic priest from Superior, and I think I have the honor of speaking to Mrs. McMullen."

"Yes, sir, I am Mrs. McMullen."

"Of course, you are a Catholic?"

"No, sir, I am not a Catholic."

"Not a Catholic and your name McMullen!" I gasped.

"Sir, I am not a Catholic."

"Are you Irish, then?" I asked.

"No, sir, I am Scotch."

Oh, dear, what a disillusion! She was indeed "big," but not a Catholic. Instinctively, for want of something better to do, I sat down at the kitchen table on an old rustic bench. My lips remained silent, but my poor empty stomach was beyond my control and made itself heard by repeated grumbings.

"Want something to eat?" asked my hostess, kindly.

"I rather believe I do," I replied with a smile; and soon my vision of Mrs. McMullen and her generous repast was a reality. After the cravings of the inner man were stilled, just to say something, I remarked:

"May I have a drink of water?"

"Why, certainly, here's the dipper and outside is a barrel of water."

I took a hearty drink and looked out with an aching heart over the surrounding country; the world is so big and here I stand a lonely stranger, not knowing what to do or whither to turn. Suddenly two little boys passed by. I recognized them at once as half-breed Indians.

"Hello, boys," I said cheerily.

"Where are you going?"

"Home."

"Where is your home?"

"Over there."

"May I go along?"

"Yes, if you want to."

I took leave of my hostess, Mrs. McMullen, with a profusion of thanks for her kind hospitality. She then informed me that Mr. Baker, the landlord, had given her orders to extend the hospitality of his house to me whenever I happened to call that way again. Unfortunately, I never had the happiness of availing myself of this cordial invitation. I accompanied the lads to their home. As we trudged along, I asked:

"Of what nationality are your parents?"



Catherine Thayer

Now Sr. Mary Magdalen, at Bay Settlement, Wisconsin

"Our father is a Yankee and our mother is a squaw," one of the boys replied.

"Are you Catholics," I asked.

"What's that?"

"Can you tell me who made the world?"

"Don't know," was the brief response.

Soon we arrived at the home of Joseph Thayer, who welcomed me heartily and invited me to step into the house. Thereupon the whole family assembled, everybody smiling and greeting me as if we were old-time friends. My "blues" disappeared as if by magic and I felt at home at once with these good people. We soon became fast friends and later on I always found a warm welcome when I came to this settlement, on my missionary trips. It

seems that Mrs. Murdock Chisholm, the Indian woman who directed me to Mr. Baker, had communicated to the Thayers the happy news that a black robe was coming. Hence they were expecting me. The mother and her seven children were still pagans, while Mr. Thayer, a white man, had been baptized in the Episcopal Church. The children were not afraid of me at all and soon clustered around me to hear the stories I had to tell. I spoke to them of the Great Spirit who made everything; told them of Adam and Eve who ate the forbidden fruit in the Garden of Paradise; described the Great Flood in which all the wicked people were drowned; and so on through the bible history. All listened attentively, even Mr. Thayer, who remarked wisely every now and then, "What you say is true, sir, it stands in the bible."

Next morning I said holy Mass at Mr. Thayer's and all the members of the family were present. It rained all the forenoon and I had nothing else to do but continue my bible stories and catechetical instructions. When the rain ceased, I expressed the desire to call on the Chisholms again, in an effort to induce them to attend the instructions. The Thayer boys hitched up their team and drove me to the Chisholm cabin. Mr. Thayer was anxious to have all his children baptized in the Catholic church and Mrs. Chisholm also was willing to have her children join the religion of their Catholic father. Hence, one evening, all the smaller children of both families were lined up for Baptism. I was surprised to notice only six; where was the seventh? Overpowered by her pagan impulses Mrs. Chisholm refused to have her baby,— her darling baby—baptized. "One shall be like me, the rest may follow their father," she said, with real Indian decisiveness, and nothing could persuade her to change her mind. In after years, however, all her children were baptized. Mrs. Chisholm, now a widow, lives with her daughters, Lizzie and Catherine, at Spooner. She always had a great love for the Catholic Church and a deep reverence for the missionaries. Even as a pagan she raised her children and grandchildren in the

Catholic faith. She always made her children kneel down to receive the priest's blessing, whenever he called at her home. What a beautiful example this pagan mother gives to our Catholic parents. And this devotion to the priest and love for our holy Catholic faith is deeply rooted in her daughters and numerous grandchildren, all of whom are proud of their holy religion. One of the latter, a lad of about seven years, is known in Spooner as "Fr. O." One day, a non-Catholic lady met the little fellow and said to him teasingly:

"Fr. O., may I go to confession to you?"

"Yes," he replied with great ser-

iousness, "you need confession very much."

Why then is good Mrs. Chisholm (or Nawogwekgabawikwe), the only black sheep in her family? It is not malice nor hatred that keeps her out of the Church, but ignorance. One day, I asked her why she was not yet a Catholic.

"All your children are members of the Church and you seem to love our holy religion very much; why then do you not join?"

"Father," she replied, very feelingly, "I love the Church and I love you. I also would join the Church gladly; but listen. When I was a little girl, my mother admonished me always to remain a pagan, to cling faithfully to the Indian religion (medewiwin). I always

obeyed my mother and I would feel sorry to disobey her now. This is the only reason why I am not Catholic."

Poor creature, may God's grace enlighten her and bring her at last into the Fold.

In the course of time all the Thawers, parents and children, were baptized and received into the Catholic Church. The parents and four of their children have since been peacefully laid to rest, while one of the girls has consecrated herself to God in religion. As Sr. Mary Madalen, at Bay settlement, near Gree Bay, the little half-breed Indian girl of Bashaw, is now instructing her white brothers and sisters in the religion she learned from the black robe many years ago.

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

ACROSS THE GILA TO SANTA CRUZ

By FR. VINCENT, O. F. M., Missionary in Arizona

NATURALLY, we Franciscan missionaries in Arizona as also the dusky people among whom we have cast our lot are diligent readers of FRANCISCAN HERALD. This for more than one reason, but especially because this magazine is published by our fellow missionaries in Chicago. I say "fellow missionaries" advisedly, since they are laboring day after day to supply us here in the Arizona desert with a goodly portion of what we need to keep the wolf from the mission doors. Moreover, it is always gratifying to learn from the HERALD'S pages what is stirring in the other sections of "the Country of Unbelievable Distances." And when articles evoke friendly comment from HERALD readers, such as the one by Fr. Bonaventure did in the June issue, we others feel encouraged to stage an attempt in the same direction.

The mission story I am going to tell you, dear reader, will be anything but a dry one, as the place where it is enacted is the famous

Gila river. This treacherous stream cuts the Sacaton Pima Indian Reservation in two. Its bed ranges from half a mile to almost two miles in width. Though without water for the greater part of the year, the Gila is a wild and turbulent mass of water during the flood seasons. Alas for the missionary at St. John's when at such times duty calls from the opposite shore and he must brave the torrent to answer the call.

Two miles north of this river lies St. John's Mission with the Indian village known as Gila Crossing, while Santa Cruz, another Indian village, borders on the Gila's southern bank.

The people of Santa Cruz, as experience has taught us, have the remarkable aptitude of taking sick just when the time to reach them is most unfavorable. Hence it is that we are always on the alert for sick calls from Santa Cruz when the Gila runs high and fording it is out of the question. It is true, the village is only four miles distant from St. John's; but in flood seasons these

four miles become thirty times that many, namely 126 miles. How so? Well, the nearest bridge spanning the river is at Florence, and this is sixty-three miles due east of our mission.

The incident I am about to relate dates back to "the days of recreation," when we missionaries in Arizona had as yet neither made the acquaintance of "Dodge Bros." nor were in a position to "let Henry do it"; when our transportation terminology were still "get up!" or "gee!" or "whoa!" and we knew nothing about "step on the gas" or "speed'er up." But to begin. It was one of the 364 cloudless Arizona days (one day each year, they say, is cloudy). I was busy at St. John's hauling adobes for a new addition we were making to the boys' dormitory. Adobes, the reader will remember, are the native bricks—made of pure mud, fashioned in frames of wood 11x16 inches in size, and baked hard in the sun. Each adobe weighs about twenty pounds. Only an initiated Indian could have



The Gila River in Flood Seasons

approached and asked me to bring the consolations of our holy religion to his dying wife. Why? For the simple reason that, in overalls and rusty brown shirt, both generously coated with mud, I little resembled a doctor and much less a priest. What I was looking for least of all at that particular moment was a sick call from Santa Cruz. But a glance at John, dripping wet from head to foot, told me all: he had crossed the river.

"Someone sick, John?"

"Yes, Father, my wife." He hesitated. "Father, the river is very high; I don't think you can get across."

"You don't? John"—jumping down from the wagon—"I'll beat you in a swim any day." John laughed, despite the sad message he was bearing. "Here, drive this team over to the boys' building and tell Joe to haul the adobes."

Distinctly I could hear the roaring of the Gila, although it was two miles distant; and to be candid, I really did wonder how in the world I should get across. Water rat though I am, I could not for the life of me imagine myself pulling up on the opposite bank. John was waiting for me at the front door of the missionaries' apartments, when I came out equipped for the thrill: my apparel—a newly laundered shirt, clean overalls, a pair of old shoes, and a Mexican sombrero; my sick call outfit—reduced to a minimum

and tightly wrapped in a piece of rubber cloth.

John took the lead and I followed, both ominously silent. My brains were working rapidly in anticipation of what was to come. My thoughts were anything but collected in prayer, as a priest's should be when he is carrying the Blessed Sacrament with him. At last, an abrupt turn in the road brought the river in full view—a dark yellow mass of liquid mud, more than a half mile wide, seething and whirling past us. Now we were trudging along the bank westward. Seeing that John made no move to cross, I asked:

"Well, when are we going in?"

"We'll have to go up the river a mile or so, where the slough begins; the river isn't so deep there."

To John it all appeared quite self-understood. A mile more or less is of little consequence in the "Land of Unbelievable Distances." Around mesquite trees and sage bushes we zigzagged our way, frightening up here and there a covey of quail or scaring a cottontail from his hiding place. When we finally came to the slough, my guide seized a dry branch of a poplar tree, about seven feet long and two inches thick. Extending one end to me, he said I should take hold and hang on. Tying the sick call outfit around my neck, I did as John directed and followed him into the water. At first the stream was only some two feet deep.

But before long all but the head disappeared beneath the torrent. John proved indeed a real pathfinder and everything went nicely until all of a sudden I felt John releasing his hold on the pole and saw him sink beneath the surging mass. As I learned later, he had stepped on quicksand and fearing he would drag me after him he let go his hold on the pole. The reader can imagine how glad I felt when my guide reappeared on the surface about twenty feet ahead of me and beckoned me to go more to the left and thus avoid the quicksand. Following orders, I threw myself into the current and swam to where John was waiting for me.

From now on we were completely at the mercy of the turbulent waters and before we realized it found ourselves again close to the bank. Here the water was very deep and swift. It carried us about half a mile down stream until we came to a sand bar that deflected the river's course to the opposite bank. Into this we plunged and continued to steal our free ride, the current hurrying us along until we were within a hundred feet of the Santa Cruz bank. We fought hard to gain a footing in the shallow water and in the end succeeded only with the aid of a log that had joined our company out in



A Typical Indian Hut in Arizona

the deep and now proved a real friend in need.

"Too bad," John exclaimed, as he stepped on dry land and began shaking off the water. And what was it that troubled him? Not the drenching we both had gotten, but the fact that we had "sailed" a mile farther west than we had intended and in consequence had now three miles to walk instead of two. Needless to say, my idea of "bad" at that moment was of a different shade—the Blessed Sacrament that I, unworthy custodian, was carrying with me. What indignities, I reflected, the Divine Shepherd will suffer for the eternal welfare of His flock!

Over a perfect network of roads we were now trudging along. John knew every turn, however, in the wild region where he had spent so many a day rounding up his cows and ponies. The scenery all around presented a most charming picture. The evening sun, softened by a thin gray mist that enveloped the lofty Estrellas to our left, had already disappeared behind the mountains and was now turning their rugged ridges into a thousand minarets of a molten gold. Overhead, the sky, blue and serene, reflected the quiet and peace of the limitless desert and reminded me of God's greatness and my own nothingness. A cool, refreshing breeze played on my wet head (the Gila had claimed my som-

brero) and on my dripping bathing suit, this affording me what pleasure can be derived under such circumstances in the heat of an Arizona summer. The nimble grayish-green lizards that every now and then would dart from the crevices along the rocky roadside, and the timid little cottontails that would bob up at intervals and dash off to a safer distance—these added their share to rouse whatever poetic feelings are possible or admissible, if you will, in the soul of an Arizona missionary. As part and parcel of this scene, I felt how small I was and at the same time how mighty—for was I not carrying on my person the Creator Himself of all this vastness and grandeur?

Poor John's wife was indeed sick—sick unto death. Consumption had eaten away her vitality; her once robust frame was reduced to a mere shadow. Evidently she had but a few days to live. Indeed, she had no reason to fear death, for she had been a model wife and mother; and barring the love of a faithful husband, she had nothing to part with. Her three children were already in a better land, while of earthly goods she possessed next to nothing. Her home was a mud-roofed hut of brushwood, the furniture a few rough boxes and rickety chairs, her bed the bare ground; but, and this in her eyes counted most, the por-

tion that was awaiting her in the other world was heaven and Him Whom she had served so faithfully in life.

While I was busy administering to her the Last Sacraments, John went over to the village chief to order a supper "a la carte" and bed "a la 'ground'." Leaving me patient in the care of her husband I went to get my supper. That the arduous "pull" (swim is not an adequate term) across the Gila had furnished me with a good appetite goes without saying. Hence the beans proved as soft and savory a creamery butter and the tortillas a delicious as angel cake, while the coffee was as black as the ace of spades and shot through my system like an electric battery. An hour or so beside the fire to let my clothes dry and a smoke to make the comfort complete—and I was ready for a night's rest "a la 'ground'." Slipping on, in lieu of something better the chief's shirt and trousers, I was soon between the blankets that lay spread on the ground and sauntered off beneath the open sky into the land of dreams.

How I got back to St. John's the next day, again braving the clutches of the Gila monster, shall be told in the next issue of FRANCISCAN HERALD. Till then, dear reader, *á Diós* (God be with you).

"THE DAY OF HIS COMING"

Have you seen Him stand where the serried ranks of the centuries march away?

Have you seen Him stand on the edge of the world as the ruined stars go by?

Have you seen His Hand divide the dark from the fair awakening day?

Have you heard the silver trumpets and the angels' battle-cry?

Have you seen Him at the Open Gates, where round about His Feet

Rolls up a sea of blood and tears, leaps up a storm of sin:

The while behind Him lies far-flung the glowing golden street

That leads to the King's Palace, where the joys of heaven begin?

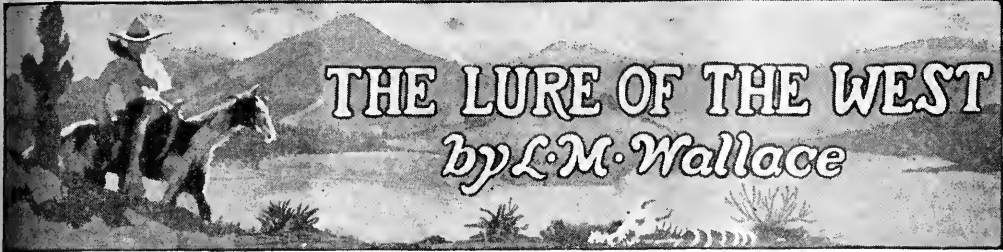
O heart of me! Have you seen the Lord? Can you beat unbroken still?

Above the reek and wreck of hell, and the travail of suns He waits:

He has left the gardens of the King, and the Palace on the hill—

O soul of me! Have you known His love, Who stands at the Open Gates?

—Blanche Weittbre



THE LURE OF THE WEST

by L. M. Wallace

Chapter IV
By the Bond of Blood

(Author of "The Outlaws of Ravenhurst")

BOOK I

THROUGH THE PORTALS OF THE DAWN

(Continued)

The Story Thus Far

"Doc" (John Wesley) Whitworth, an Arizona cowboy, is off for the round-up. He tells his Pronto horse the thoughts that depress him of home and kindred in the East. Suddenly he falls in with a Mexican and through him with the cause of his self-imposed exile—the tenderfoot, Matthew, his brother, whom he rescues from a slow death by thirst. With the more cruel death that thereupon threatens both, the story continues.

THE cliff-dwelling, which served the Whitworth brothers as a refuge, was one of a dozen similar abodes snuggled under the overhanging ledge of the mesa. The outer cells of the group, well crumbled by the grinding mill of time, had fallen in or fallen out as the front or end wall gave way. Their ruins lay cluttered against the sides of the central dwelling which, being less exposed to the elements, was still intact, save for one rift in the front wall. Through this rift Doc had pulled Pronto that the carcass might serve as further barricade. The dwelling, after the fashion of its kind, was low and small,—a fourteen years lad could scarcely stand erect in it, nor lie down at ease except he stretched his body lengthwise with the cell. So much of the fort,—for fort it was in the days long past when each man's hearth was defended by each man's right arm and the words "my brother" meant my comrade in war. Now the wise old walls looked once more on the sons of one mother preparing for battle.

Doc stretched behind the humped up carcass of Pronto, the steel of his forty-four grooved into the buckskin's back; while Matthew crawled forward and lay peering out of the crack between the horse's head and the stone wall. Below them the bluff fell away in sharp ledges and long slides of bare rock studded with low cactus; not a mesquite was near fit to hide behind.

"You will have an excellent shot at the Apaches as they cross the open—"

"Which they won't do, unless they're born fools," muttered Doc in answer.

Whang!—and an arrow quivered in the lifeless flesh of the horse.

"Keep your head out of sight!" growled Doc. "They're back of that rock pile on the point of the mesa,—no, not down in front, but 'way over yon; I mean, the feller what winged this one, he's over yon."

"An excellent shot for such a distance—"

Whang!

"From above, that time."—Doc scrutinized the bobbing arrow. "Reckon we don't git out of this for a while."

"No food."

"And about as much water."

A deafening roar—falling stones—a body landed on the open space below the dwelling, crumpled up, rolled over a time or two and stopped in a huddled mass against a cactus.

"Soft bed to you!" muttered Doc.

"Did you discover him? Where was he uncovered?"

"Popping his head over the ledge for a shot at me," chuckled Doc, slipping out

the smoking shell to replace it with a fresh one. "God! what's that?"

"What?"

"Some fool, me, for shaking up the old dwelling!"

"But the cause of the alarm?"

"Whistling Beelzebub! Don't you hear them rattlers?"

"Snakes?"

"Shore; must be a nest in the next dwelling!"

"Oh, well, then, they cannot injure us. It is impossible for them to come through the wall."

"Depends on how big the cracks are. Pronto shook that wall."

"Cracks?—ah, from the fall of the horse—ah, it had not occurred to me.—But if you have a match,—"

"Hip pocket—nighest you!"

"Thank you."

Doc grinned, as with one eye he watched his brother's explorations.

"Matthew would talk queen's English if he was walking a tight rope acrost hell," he chuckled.

"Pardon me, John Wesley, I did not hear your remark."

"Nothing,—jist cussin' to myself,—any cracks?"

"Three; but only one is of any consequence; there is a rift a good four and one-half inches in width near the juncture of the side wall with the cliff; yet there is no need for alarm, as a rattlesnake cannot spring to such a height."

"Count on the trash pile t'other side of the wall!"

The next moment, Matthew sprang back to his point

of vision. An Indian lay crumpled up on the ledge by the first dwelling, a flaming torch clutched in his hand.

"No, you don't, ole boy!" growled Doc, as a lean red hand came up around the lower ledge, groping for a torch. The forty-four roared; the hand spurted blood and slid out of sight, but the torch rolled after it. A rattle of rocks under the lower ledge—the Apache had lost his footing on his precarious perch and tumbled headlong down the slope till stopped by a boulder and a shot from Doc. The brave writhed; yet, with a last supreme effort, he staggered to his feet, whirled the torch with his left arm, and threw it; then he fell to harm white men no more.

The torch struck the nearest dwelling, but not at the opening, and rolled down the ledge smoking with fitful blaze.

"A hex of a trick to rile up them rattlers! what's the next move to yore game?"—Doc passed his smoking gun to Matthew. "Load,—kin you?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what's that?"

"The snakes?"

"Naw, they're quietin';—but that pole?"

"The one they are thrusting over the upper ledge?—What of it?"

"Jist what's itchin'—don't know 'what of it?'"

The pole slid back again out of sight. "Measurin', eh?" growled Doc.

There was quiet for full fifteen minutes, save for an occasional rattle of stones over the upper ledge. Then a little smoke came drifting down and a yell of triumph. The pole slid out again over the edge. A second pole was fastened to the first, forming a big V with one short arm, to which was tied a burning bundle of pitch pine. The unseen hands turned the pole, bringing the short arm with its flaming torch under the cliff.

"No, you don't run that in among them rattlers!" Doc sprang out over Pronto's body and seized the corpse of the Indian on the ledge. Matthew, sensing his intention, also sprang out. Catching the body by the legs and arms, the brothers swung it upward—a rattle of arrows peppered the ledge under their feet—they swung the body out over the blazing bundle and flung it full weight against the crotch of the poles. With a shower of earth and stones the big V fell rumbling down the cliff, dragging a couple of Indians with it in its descent.

"Git to cover!" growled Doc. Matthew stumbled forward, the cowboy caught him with one powerful fist, and plunged backwards into the dwelling.

"Do not be concerned," said Matthew, his slow voice sounding strangely through the discord of Apache yells, "It is only a flesh wound. I should not have stumbled, but that—"

Doc tore open his brother's shirt. "Take my gun!" he ordered. "You guard!—Them arrows are poisoned!" and he set his lips to the wound under Matthew's shoulder blade.

"It would be better to leave the care of the wound—"

"Shut up!"

The tenderfoot lay crouched behind Pronto, his lean,

calm face close to the smoking forty-four, while Doc, astride his brother's back, sucked and spat fiercely.

An Apache slid out on the ledge, bearing another torch. Matthew shot,—shot coolly as if performing an experiment—and came nearer his mark than might have been expected, for the brave twisted to one side. Yet he managed to thrust his torch into the ruined dwelling, ram in the old one left there by the first Indian, and poked his blanket into the hole to prevent smoke or rattlers from coming out on the ledge, but he paid the deed with his blood, for Matthew's third bullet made him settle down in a writhing lump, close against the opening of the ruin.

From within the adjoining cell came the tumultuous hissing of the rattlers. Doc whirled to face the crack in the wall. They were coming, that second enemy; eyes and fangs gleamed through the dark opening. Bang!—a snake head spun by a thread of skin—Crank!—roar!—a bit of loosened wall tumbled!—hum of rattlers!—smoke of powder and of pitch pine!—Matthew felt and heard it; yet, with that strange impassiveness of his nature, fought coolly on. Six times he looked down the short barrel at some red body he descried mistily through the smoke; six times he pulled the iron finger, and six times he heard the howl of death. A cold coil crossed his naked foot,—but the rattler struck with his fangs in the dead horse. A red hand clawed at him from behind the buckskin's flank. A face gleamed,—a face in war-paint framing diabolical laughing eyes. Matthew struck with the butt end of his pistol; but it was jerked from him. The lean hands were everywhere. A wild hissing of rattles!—cold passage of a snake across his neck!—it was an Apache who stumbled backwards over the ledge with the rattlesnake hanging to his naked shoulder. The tenderfoot felt himself dragged out of the smoke amid unnumbered pounding heels and fists. His hands were wrenched out and back, and then bound to his feet; whereupon, throwing him face down over a cactus, they left him.

Slowly Matthew turned his head,—the cactus thorns caught in his face like ten thousand stinging gnats. One eye was free—he opened it. The Apaches were bringing Doc over the ledge; if blood was flowing from the cowboy, it was pouring from the braves. A blow under the chin from Doc's fist,—a brave spun headlong down the cliff. Another he had flung over his head and caught a third by the throat. Then a dozen Apaches sprang upon him, behind, beside, in front; and a rattler, coiled on the ledge, sprang with them, and again buried his fangs in an Apache.

Matthew could scarcely follow events. A horse was brought to that wild tangle of yelling fiends. He saw Doc's plunging spurs,—saw an Indian buck stagger away, spitting out his broken teeth;—then Doc was bound back downward over a frightened pony,—heels lashed to wrists.

"Howdy, Matthew!" called the cowboy in a loud, good-humored voice. "Keep the upper lip stiff! Get me? You shore done well for yore first time under fire."

The Apaches drew off a few paces, some throwing

stones at the snakes that still came hissing from the dwellings, others talking with many wild gesticulations, while the wounded cared for themselves as best they might.

"Now they'll have some pow-wow," grinned Doc, his voice even more loudly good-humored than before, though the strain on his back was a test of endurance not easily borne. "They're figgerin' out how we hocus-pocussed the devils to git the rattlers to side with us,—every dang-busted one of 'em run his fangs into the pore ole dead horse or into one of them red gents what started the nest a-fightin'. Feast of the dish you set for others, you red-handed sons of hell!"

The consultation was soon over. Though the consent of some was apparently not fully given, one alert brave uttered a low, growling grunt which seemed to settle matters.

"That there is Geronimo," remarked Doc. "He's chief in these parts,—thinks himself some captain, and then a few."

Down the gulch came a dozen squaws, driving a little herd of ponies. Matthew was hauled up and bound over one of the ponies, in the same fashion as his brother. Then the cavalcade departed up the cañon at a short, jerky trot that sent burning lines of agony along the taut muscles of the white captives. Doc watched Matthew's head as it hung, purpled by the swift down-rushing blood, saw the stern lines of that face as it quietly turned to avoid the whipping of the mesquites.

"Burning hard on him," Doc muttered. "Reckon he wasn't bankin' on no such reception when he hiked it for ole Arizonie in russet shoes and Panama sun-helmet. But ole Arizonie don't allers give you what you's expectin'; I was goin' to eat at Armstrong's outfit this noon,—don't look much like it; I was goin' to feed Pronto Camp Verde alfalfa at sundown,—pore old buckskin!—and he shore did try to warn me!"

"John Wesley?"

"Let her loose, I hear you!—more talkin' we do the better—don't let 'em think they've scared us none."

"That is not the reason for my speaking, John Wesley. It is probable we are approaching death."

"Mebbe so, yes;—and again mebbe so Armstrong's outfit comes upon our trail and rescues us;—and again mebbe so Geronimo hits us in the head, if he loses his chanst to do worse: I ain't bettin' on comin' events."

"There is sufficient danger to cause serious thinkin'—"

"If so be, you kin think for the poundin' of the blood in yore lungs."

"John Wesley, do not by light words seek to turn me from my purpose. This is no place for mirth."

"Best place on earth to joke, and by so doing keep a stiff upper lip. But I reckon whatever you has in yore head, has to come out for an airin'; so cut her loose!"

"It is not an easy thing to say after you have twice in one day saved my life. But, John Wesley, are you dyin' my brother?"

"Accordin' to blood, I ain't doubtin' the fact."

"I am not speaking of mere relationship."

"Well, if you mean have I, Doc Whitworth, one drop of brotherly feeling for you,—I ain't got one blasted, dried-up blot! Is that satisfactory?"

A look passed over the face of Matthew; it might have been anger, or some deeper emotion mastering anger.

"If I could loosen my hand and hold it out to you, here at the edge of the grave, would you refuse to grasp it? What have you against your father's son?"

"Nothin', I reckon, that you has sense to know of,—" Doc's words broke off short. Matthew waited. When Doc spoke again, there was a queer deep note in his voice.

"You would done better to remind me that you are my mother's son. For her sake, I will shake hands with you in spirit before we start down Death Valley; but even that is on one condition——"

"And that is?"

"The condition is that you swear, as God that burns liars sees you; if you pulls through this thing alive, you won't never say or do one thing that hurts the feelings of Minnie."

"Of Minnie!—of Minnie!—What man on the face of the earth would be brute enough to hurt Minnie?—frail, gentle, timid, little Minnie!"

CHAPTER V

The Gates of Evening

Up toward the head of Beaver Creek is a spot where that noisy, silver mountain carver has cut into the cliff, undermining a gnarled cottonwood till its roots span half the stream. To these whitened bars the Apaches bound the Whitworth brothers. Clearly divining the thirst that consumed the white men, the gentle sons of nature could scarcely let so excellent a chance for torture pass. They fastened the victims to the roots in such a manner that the cool running water must gurgle under their very eyes, almost within touch of their unbound outstretched hands.

"Right nice little annex of hell, eh, Matthew?" called Doc in a loud and merry tone, moistening his parched lips with his dry tongue. "Some restful swingin' after that rollickin' horseback ride, eh?" But Matthew's eyes were dull. The unconsciousness that Doc had driven off an hour before was mercifully settling down again. "That's good," muttered Doc reflectively. "Ole Arizonie has knocked the pore tenderfoot mighty hard." Then, perhaps to rouse his own flagging spirits, perhaps to show his tormentors that they had not weakened his courage, he bawled out:

"Ti yi, youpy!
On the ole Chisholm trail.
Ti yi, youpy!
Youpy ya! youpy ya! ya!"

There was a sound far up the Beaver, faint as yet from a distance. But Doc knew it well; and he lifted up his voice again:

"O-a tee diddy ad! an' a toe diddy addle
And I'm goin' t' punchin' Texas cattle,
Come-a ti yi youpy, youpy ya!"

The sound grew, far up toward the Beaver Head. Geronimo came down to the bank and listened with his

hand behind his ear, the war-paint on his scowling face almost touching the water. Doc burst into a wilder song, though his parched throat made his voice crack horribly:

"An' I fetch out my fiddle an' I rosin up my bow,
Tee-i-diddle-diddle an-a-addle diddle doe."

Perhaps it was the unearthly discords in Doc's voice, something pierced Matthew's dull ears. "What?—O John Wesley, have you gone mad?"

"Naw!—Cut it and sing with me,—love song, or hymn tune, or Rule Britannia, anything so you hoop her up. The creek is rising and ole Geronimo thinks my 'niver' is doin' the job;—join the chorus, or wave yore hands hocus pocus; come ahead:

"Git a cinch on yore whistle
For it's my night to howl!
How-wow, wow-wow!
Wow-wow-wow!
I'm an Arizona Kicker
And it's my night to howl!"

which Doc certainly did, while Matthew, seeing the opportunity to be of assistance, waved his hands sol-

emnly to the music; and when Doc's solo paused, the tenderfoot went so far as to essay:

"In days of yore
From Britain's shore,"

for the edification of Geronimo and his braves.

Those who live near mountain streams know how swiftly a dry water-way can become a torrent. But the Indian is not as other men; he reasons the course of events along other lines; and Doc knew the Apaches.

"Listen to 'em gittin' ole Medicine Joe to raise contrary spirits," he laughed; "but by the thunder heads I saw 'round the peaks this mornin', I bet the Beaver raises for us to drink from, wow! I kin touch the water now. Wet the tips of yore fingers and wash off yore tongue! All right, hit up the music agin!" and Doc did, his voice swelled in a mighty hocus-pocus: "Pharoal-sho ho!—Come along, Reuben! Hanock, Panoch, Pally, Hezron! Wake 'em up, Carmi! Jemuel, Jamin! Ohad-Hadad! Waltz around Jackin! Whoop 'em up! Coop 'em up! Awaah-whooh!" till it drowned the wailing of Medicine Joe. Even Matthew was moved to smile, though protestingly, being scandalized at his brother's choice of sources for his doggerel.

HAVE CHARITY ALSO FOR THE POOR CHINESE HEATHEN!

OWING to the great war and the floods and ensuing famine in North Shantung, Rt. Rev. Adalbert Schmuecker, O. F. M. Vicar Apostolic of the stricken Province, has found it necessary to send out an urgent appeal to the generosity of American Catholics. For this purpose he has commissioned Rev. Father Alphonse, O. F. M., to collect funds here in America for the needy Mission. The accompanying letter will more fully explain the pressing need of the Franciscan Mission of North Shantung. The Rt. Rev. Bishop writes:

"Owing to the awful world war our Mission has incurred the greatest financial difficulties. Here in China we have only a few fixed revenues. We are, therefore, dependent on the alms of Catholics abroad. Before the war Catholics in Europe most nobly came to our assistance. This source of help has now been cut off. In order to preserve the work of three centuries the Vicariate was obliged to loan money to the extent of \$150,000. This huge sum, together with the interest, which is almost \$12,000, places the Mission in a precarious condition; in fact, utter ruin is staring us in the face. In addition to this great debt we have still to meet the current expenses for the support of the Missionaries, teachers, catechists, not to speak of the church, chapels, semin-

aries, schools, catechumenates and orphanages. The most necessary annual expenses for all this amounts to \$60,000. The Mission can bear only about one-third of the current expenses by Mass stipends and by the fixed revenues.

"All the tribulations mentioned above have been increased a hundredfold by the flood and famine of last year. For nearly 300 years the Franciscan Fathers have labored in Shantung under the greatest difficulties and amid untold hardships. They have toiled and suffered, they have borne the heat of the day. Shall the Catholics of America, who can help, now permit the abandonment of the Mission which now seems imminent? After the storm of persecution which has lasted nigh 300 years better times are dawning in China for the Catholic Faith. China has become a Mission Field of the richest prospects.

"Last year, amid the sufferings of the widespread famine, our Missionaries witnessed so to speak the miracle of the first Pentecost. Entire villages begged admittance into the Faith. The number of those who desire the grace of Baptism has grown into the thousands.

"Shall the 63 Franciscan Missionaries laboring so zealously in North Shantung be forced to leave the Mission on

account of the lack of funds? Shall they permit them to revert to paganism or fall into the hands of Protestant missionaries who are working with might and main to win them to their cause? Shall they be permitted to let the wolf scatter the sheep they have gathered into the fold of Christ?

"For this reason I have sent Father Alphonse, O. F. M., to America to save the Vicariate of North Shantung to the Catholic Faith. In the name of 42,000 Baptized Chinese, and in the name of 40,000 Catechumens, I ask the Catholics of America to take pity on us in our dire distress. For the love of God and of immortal souls I beg you humbly for help.

"May you lend a kindly ear to his request in remembrance of Christ's words: 'As long as you did it to one of these My least brethren you did it to me.' Math.25.40.

I remain yours faithfully,
ADALBERT SCHMUECKER, O. F. M.,
Vicar Apostolic of North Shantung."

F. S.—Alms for the stricken Mission may be sent to,

REV. FATHER ALPHONSE, O. F. M.,

St. Peter's Church,
816 S. Clark St.,
Chicago, Ill.

The sullen roaring up in the Beaver cañon continued and the creek rose almost in bounds. The brothers tipped their hands in the water and drank, splashed it upon each other till they were drenched. Then after a rise of some eighteen inches in less than an hour's time, the little stream fell as rapidly down toward normal.

"She'll be runnin' jist as usual by sundown," laughed Doc, dabbling his hands in the cool water for another splashing. "Say, looky over yon! They are all 'round Geronimo havin' a pow-wow. Pore ole Medicine Joe, we'll catch a beatin' for not winnin' out agin us. Say, hey think we shore have some strong flim-flam on the spirits; rattlesnake devils and water devils all our way!"

"Now, John Wesley, laying aside the scientific cause of a sudden rise in a mountain stream, which is certainly nothing extraordinary; yet I say that the coincidence of such a rise at this opportune moment is providential."

"Ain't denyin' it may be!—yet it 'pears to me the dull shebang is more 'an likely devidental. Howsome-ever that may be, it's two points to us on a three ip game, and it's my night to how-wow wow-wow-wowl!" which he did to the evident discomfort of poor beaten Medicine Joe.

When the Apaches had vented their spire against the devil charmer who had failed in his sorcery, Geronimo grunted an order and three braves came over to the cottonwood. They unboud Matthew and, after throwing him half a dozen times into the creek and dragging him out again, they flung him up against a mud bank and sat down on guard. Then came an old squaw to regale the tenderfoot with food,—mesquite beans parched and crushed between stones, and jerkie, a sort of dried meat which would be as hard as the rocks were it not for a certain leathery toughness which it possesses.

"Better eat," counseled Doc. "The grub is all right, even if it is rough, and you need all the strength you kin gather."

"What do you suppose is the reason for their bringin' me this food?"

"Search me!" replied Doc, though well he knew that Geronimo had noticed the unconsciousness stealing over Matthew before the noise and the water had roused him. There is little fun in torturing an unconscious man; wherefore the gentle redskin fed his pale-faced brother.

For half an hour Matthew was left to rest and lie back against the cool mud. If Doc suffered from his cramped position on the cottonwood roots, he gave no sign but kept up a continual drumming with his spurs upon the wood and occasionally lifted his bellowing voice in song for the benefit of Geronimo and his braves, squatted in solemn powwow under a shady aspen tree.

Doc's day was drawing to a close.—"It is time for Camp Verde alfalfa," he muttered. Words had floated to him from the council. He knew what his fate was to be and steeled himself to meet it; yet he waited, deferring to warn Matthew. "Pore 'one that goes with

the feet sore," he whispered. "But there ain't no kindness in lettin' him be surprised before he gits his will set." Doc raised his voice. "Reckon the rest of this shindig begins in a minute or so!"

"And what are they contemplating?"

"Hard tellin'!—Reckon we'll find out soon enough!—Jest keep the upper lip stiff, ole man."

Matthew looked up quickly. That "ole man" had in it kindness or pity, perhaps both; but it was the first brotherly word Doc had spoken.

Suddenly the braves of the council circle rose and began to dance, uttering guttural yells that set the echoes of the Beaver cliffs howling. Matthew looked at his brother questioningly; but Doc had begun his loud singing as if to drown the voices of those red wolves.

On a clear knoll, close to the cliff, were two young aspens. Around these the dancing braves circled and prepared for the spectacle. A half dozen divided from the rest and surrounded Matthew, who, drawing up his mental reserves for the battle, merely stared at them with calm, stern eyes. He made no effort to escape, but walked with Whitworth dignity; he was bound to the aspen.

The handling of Doc was another affair. Weary and stiff as the cowboy must have been, he yet gave a dozen bucks a hard tussle, before they could strip and bind him to his tree.

As the gourd rattlers struck up their infernal racket, Doc called to Matthew:

"If they begin on me,—reckon they will hopin' to shake yore nerve,—don't look at me if you feel you are gittin' sick,—got the ropes?—eh?—look the other way, and upper lip stiff—get me? You'll find bearin' pain is easier if you let out in a racket, sing or something of the sort!—No?—Well, take it quiet if sich is yore nater—this here's a free country;—but as for me," and Doc's voice rose in his wild old rollicking favorite:

"Ti de yi in the mornin' on the ole Chisholm Trail,
Rope in my hand an' a cow by the tail,
Feet in the stirrups, didy yi, diddy addle,
I shor kin wrastle with them long horn cattle."

In the center of the ring, those who beat on the discordant Indian drums were seated, keeping a weird undertone through the noise of the rattle shakers and the howls of the dancers; while clear above it all sounded the cowboy's wind-tuned songs. Then came forward a lean brave with two sharp flints in each hand, leaping to the wild music, advancing, retreating, menacing, feigning; then with a sudden ferocious scream he struck the flints across Doc's body with swift short strokes that left a bleeding trail of small bruised gashes down each limb, and all over the trunk. Backward he danced eyeing his handiwork and the others of the circle howled in chorus. Only in Matthew's eyes shone pity, as he watched the streams of red run down the flesh of the singing cowboy.

Then came another dancer with red peppers, howling in diabolical laughter, rubbing the peppers on

the open wounds; and a third took long slivers of pitch pine, forced dozens of them into the fretted gashes, and heaped dry leaves and branches around Doc's feet.

"Stiff lips, old man!" the cowboy called, winking back the blood drops that he might see his brother. "Stiff or sing! It's yore turn now!"

Up at the head of the Beaver a little cloud hung, a gray bar across the evening glory; perhaps the tortured saw the light, but the torturers howled on.

It was Matthew's turn. A human being they found the tenderfoot, a red porcupine they left him; but never did they draw from him any sound save a slow deep breathing. Above it and through it and over it all sounded Doc's wild ballads.

"John Wesley," said Matthew during one of his brother's breath pauses, "John Wesley, now do not misunderstand me, if this singing is a relief to you, sing on; but it seems to me serious thoughts are more fitting here,—here on the edge of the grave; and they would be more comforting to you, my brother!"

"Say, but what if I happen to have a reason for singing,—let that pass though; even if I hadn't, I'd return yore question; why shouldn't I go to God singin' laughin' songs? I don't say my soul's a lily-white proposition; but the deeds I expect to be hauled into account for, are them that I done when I wasn't laughin', not when I was; but that's not a countin' right now; this doggerel grates on you and I would a dropped it long ago, if I hadn't good reason for keepin' it up. Take a squint at the little cloud that barred the sunset a while back!"

Matthew looked upward; a gray mass tumbled where the lone bar had been and seemed almost touching the castellated crags of Beaver Head. Other eyes followed the glances of the whitemen and a yell of baffled fury burst from the Apaches.

Two braves sprang forward and, squatting before the victims, set to work in a mad haste striking flints above the dry leaves, while the noise of the rattles, drums, and dancers burst forth a-fresh.

"It's a race between the fire makers and the water devils. I was singin', hopin' to make 'em think I kin flim-flam the rain,—and also hopin' some that the rain may come in time, for it shore is comin'!"

"And what will be gained by the coming of the rain?" asked the tenderfoot wearily. "An easier death perhaps." Matthew looked down at the redskin at his feet, with his cheeks puffed out like a bellow blowing a faint spark among the leaves. Then Matthew spoke on: "Death by being made a target for arrows or by having our heads crushed with stones instead of death by fire; the last might be the swifter end, when once the blaze strikes these inflammable slivers,——"

"It will be up with the Whitworth brothers in less than a quarter of an hour."

"Will it take so long?—The flames must run swiftly up these bits of pitch and the smoke——"

"You are forgettin', yore kindlin' slivers ain't dry no more;—blood wets as good as water;—take notice!

—the bucks ain't got no fire yit,—rain may beat 'em;—rattle up yore spirits,—we ain't said 'die' yet."

"Cice for the stunning lingo. Yippy-oh-for a slingo!
O tempora-um-ibus-rustle up a bitus! O mores Apach
orum!
Sentatus haec intellegit. Apache Joe ain't knowing it
Huic-huic-huic! Hunc, hanc, hoc; Hic tamen vivit!
Whoop-er-up-it!"

With the familiar words a flood of schoolboy memories welled up in Matthew's weary brain. He noted Doc's change of source. It might have been an act of deference to his brother's ideals, or mere pity for a fellow man—even a hated fellow man—in pair. Matthew's voice dragged wearily:

"And if the rain should come, of what avail——"

"Knock the blue outen yore talk;—don't let 'em think you are weakenin' now! What will rain amount to?—Kain't you see that? Three times won the hocus pocus,—that's what it amounts to. Ole Geronimo is bound to let us go. He wouldn't risk his luck agin the devils, after a three times flim-flam plumb agin him. Three times is out for white man or heathen!"

"I really do not comprehend your meaning, John Wesley. Is it that Geronimo is too superstitious to make a fourth attempt——"

"You've cinched it; and facts are, I never seen anything so blistering near to spirit workin's. Rattle snakes didn't bite us. Beaver Creek rized for us to drink from. Now this rain,—for she shore is comin'—night rain at that!"

"Night rain?" queried Matthew.

"Shore!—Arizonie don't put up night rains in June. That there storm on the peaks was a little off ordinary,—season ain't due yit;—but for this to come just now, bust me, if I don't think Geronimo has the straight of it. The hull day's been spirit-run!—shore has! So, here goes for more hocus-pocus singin'! Race is on!—fire kindlers agin rain charmers!" and once more the cowboy's voice rose above the noise of rattle-gourds and drums:

"Ti yi youpy, youpy! and I gave a little yell,
Tail cattle broke, and the leaders went to hell!
I don't give a slam if they never do stop
I kin hold out as long as an eight day clock!"

Down among the leaves and grass at Matthew's feet a tiny flame began to curl. The Indian bent double, shielding it with his hands. Doc's fire maker was succeeding also, though there was, as yet, but a line of sparks dancing on the edge of a leaf. Down the cañon came a little whirligig of wind,—a tiny trumpet herald of the storm. Right across the aspen saplings the whirl-wind passed and the leaves rose in a scurry to follow it. The feeble bits of fire had fled on the wings of the wind. The rattle-gourds and drums beat madly. Above them floated the mocking sound of Doc's singing:

"Last time I seen 'em goin' acrost the level
Kicking toddle doodle an' a-flyin' like the devil.
Come a ti yi youpy, youpy ya ya!"

With maddened howls the Apaches circled nearer,

making a living wall about the sapling, as if to call down the fire. Three braves crouched at each white man's feet, coaxing the sparks to flame. A rain drop splashed against Doc's upturned face. The tiny red tongues had come at last and trembling they licked up the grass. A drop struck; it hissed and the flame flickered. The red hands arched to guard it.

Then the first pitch sliver caught the blaze. A simultaneous howl of triumph came from the figures crouched about the saplings, but the cowboy sang on. The rising wind caught the fiery tongues,—strong flames now. They sprang over the leaves and crackling twigs and ran up the pitch pine slivers. A mantle of agony swathed the brothers.

The storm burst; rain howled to the lashing of the wind; lightning pierced through the crash of thunder. The cottonwood plunged into Beaver Creek, carrying half the bank with it. Then, with a slow sobbing growl, the storm passed on down the cañon.

Slowly Doc opened one eye, his right was sealed by the blisters that covered his body with burning leprosy; but he twisted his seared mouth till it opened, and a mocking triumphant voice poured forth:

"Ti yi youpy! youpy ya! ya!"

Geronimo and his braves were huddled under a ledge. Now that the danger was past they fell to wild jabbering accompanied by wilder gesticulations.

Matthew hung against the thongs that held him, the smoke stains streaking his rain soaked blisters. He uttered a low moan and twisted his head slowly, as if in search of a less agonizing position.

"Oh, Matthew, ole boy!" called Doc, "Say?—conscious yet, brother?"

"Yes," came the tenderfoot's low voice.

"Brace up then!"

"Was I losing self-control?"

"Nothin' but a little moan, they never heard it. You shore done fine! Don't let 'em think you are weakenin' now that we have won. If you kain't sing, you better talk. Shore guns!—It's easier to stand pain when you makes a jolly racket."

"When will they cut our thongs?"

"Soon as the pow-wow is over. An' we'll wish ourselves in Halifax a few times before these burns heal, I reckon; but we ain't vital hurt, neither of us. Come off better than Pinto Pete. Poor Devil, he was lots worse off than we are. Our backs were to the tree, so we got a place to lay down on; he was burned all over. How he did holler them two days and nights before he caved in. Didn't have no woman nursing neither, and you are going to have that. I just heard what is to be done with you. Six of the redskins is to take you within yellin' distance of Del Rio ranch. That's not so far out from Prescott; sets you right on the road home. There's a woman at Del Rio; you's goin' to have gentle handlin' of your burns. Jist buck it up a few more hours, ole man."

"And what about you, John Wesley, planning for others always—that is to be your fate?"

"Not so worse; I'm to stay in the tribe and marry a squaw,—child of Geronimo himself, if I heard rightly."

"By no means!—You are sacrificing yourself to buy

my freedom, John Wesley, I am not so blind but that I see——"

"The one that stays marries into the tribe. I'm the only one that can. There's a wife of yorn and yore children——"

"My what?" Matthew's voice was startled out of its Whitworth calm—"You mean?" a light of understanding gleamed in his eyes—"You—you are under the impression——"

"If you ain't married to Minnie, why ain't you?"

"For the one reason that makes marriage impossible. Can it be that you did not know?—that—that—why, John Wesley, Minnie has loved you since she was a child. Minnie is not the sort of girl who forgets; she is waiting for you now—that—that—is why I came, my brother."

"God!" muttered Doc, and again, "God!—but I saw you two that day, down in the shade of the sweet apple tree; her hand was on your arm, her face was raised and turned away from me, your lips were almost on her hair, and I heard——"

"Yes—I suppose—no, it is a fact—I had not the self-control I should have had that day; but, remember it was 'almost'. My lips never touched her hair and they never will; and you—did you not comprehend?—not understand a maiden's nature?—not realize why she was shy of you, yet came to me in her trouble, swiftly, trustingly as to an elder brother,—that is the word, as to an elder brother; and her trouble?—John Wesley, have you forgotten her little room in the house across the lane. Her window is just opposite the window of the study. Minnie had seen all and she came to me hoping that I could intercede——"

"And you promised you would for her sake. Matthew, my hands are tied, but I am reachin' out to you the right hand of my spirit. God! If I could get at you, I'd wring the hand offen yores!—but I've held ill will——"

"If wrong was done, I wronged you more, call it misunderstanding, but——"

"Lord! I can't let you do this thing for me!—walk rough shod over yore soul, seeking my own happiness!—not by——"

"Do not look at it in that light, John Wesley. Remember this one thing—I—it is not easy to put in words—I—but—this is no sacrifice for me—or if it be, the gain is more—I—I—have made so few friends in life—yet—I—I—no man ever longed more for human love—and—oh, anything that may come is worth the joy of knowing we two are no longer merely the sons of common parents. John Wesley, I have won a brother this day."

"Blasted fine kind of a brother, that would buy joy at such a price to you——"

"That is not the side at which to look. As I said to you up there in the dwelling, there are things that I have seen—oh—things that cannot be put into words—father walking up and down in the little hall outside the study—every twilight he does it—and the years—they have cut their furrows—he has grown bent and feeble—old, John Wesley, aged is the better term.

Every time he passes the study door, he pauses and shakes his white head and walks slowly on. He wants to go in and comfort mother, but he does not know what to say,—and she stands—”

“By the old window in the study, where the elm tree shades the shutters and the shutters shade her form—”

“Their forms, John Wesley; Minnie is always with her and they watch the long road leading out to the west. Do not misunderstand Minnie. I do not mean that—that she has ever said—she is not the woman to speak her heart's secrets. I doubt if she has ever told mother—at least not in words, but—I—there are things that cannot be spoken—I have watched—”

“Till their agony drove you to go in search of yore cuss of a blame fool brother, even at the cost—the cost of yore last hope of winnin' the dearest wish of yore own heart. Oh, you Matthew, you man, you brother, that I named a cad!”

“But—there—there is another side to my remaining here among the Apaches—”

“Shore there is!—you don't know—”

“Yes, I do know the filth—”

“Lord! you the elegant!—the refined!—you, Matthew Whitworth, living in an Apache hogong with a squaw for a wife!”

“But—I am endeavoring to show you the other side, John Wesley. The sacrifice is not so great after all. I—I—the greatest ambition of my soul has always been to spend my life in the service of my fellow men. I gave up the study for the ministry,—the reasons are too many for present discussion,—suffice it to say that, after mature deliberation, I determined to serve humanity as a skilled physician of the body, rather than as a bungling guide of souls. Here is my great opportunity.”

“Oh, don't deceive yourself, Matthew, ‘Lo, the poor Indian' has no longing to be uplifted!”

“What savage race ever has? Those who endeavor to lift humanity are usually crushed by its weight. I am not walking blindfolded. Stop thinking of my side!—Remember the two who are waiting by the old study window for you. My brother, you will go home to them now?”

“What else?—just accept the gift bought by the heart's blood of my brother—I can't stand out against powers above me. Even old Geronimo knows something past human is running this day. If it's them two by the window that's doing it, I don't wonder no more which Spirit they call to their aid. If only I could see some way to save you—”

“Geronimo is coming, my brother,” warned Matthew. His lips seemed to cling to the words “my brother” as if they contained some wondrous sweetness. “The chief will expect to find his hocus-pocus cowboy laughing or singing a wild ballad.”

“Reckon that's the girl,” said Doc grimly, “that slim young one the old squaw is dragging along—can't be more than twelve or thirteen years old—say, ain't she some good looker for an Apache?”

“Perhaps she has some drops of Spanish blood?”

“Wouldn't wonder—that would account for her slim shape and pretty face, but—”

“Poor wild little child, see how frightened she is!”

The braves came forward. Doc acted as interpreter. The majority had wished to take the cowboy into the tribe and set the tenderfoot free, but Medicine Joe loudly protested that Doc's devil charming was of but a common kind, no whit more powerful than his own. It was the white man, with the still cold eye, that had subdued and controlled the spirits.

The fact that the tenderfoot was a surgeon like the one down at the fort was a deep point with Geronimo, and he grinned his satisfaction over the transaction.

When matters were adjusted, the thongs that bound the white men were cut and they were free; though only the burned could imagine the agonies which had to be born with unflinching stoicism.

Geronimo gave a grunt. An old squaw came forward dragging the Indian girl, whose deep eyes looked at the white man half in terror, half in hatred. The chief's grinning face darkened to a fiend's scowl. He turned with a low guttural mutter, his red fist clenched. With a howl of terror, the girl sprang forward and thrust her hand in Matthew's, as if she were touching a snake.

“Poor little frightened child!” Pity burned in the white man's eyes; and a strange cunning came into the look of the girl. Slowly her eyes traced the course of the blisters over his seared flesh; then she grunted.

“She says,” interpreted Doc, “that you bear pain well, and are some brave, even if you are a tenderfoot.”

“The poor little child!” said Matthew once more. “So this is marriage among the Apaches.”

The Indian seemed to read the tenderness in Matthew's face. Her eyes lost their terror and in its place came admiration and a dawning trust, like the look of a dog accepting a new master.

“Do you see that, John Wesley? Already she trusts me. I do not know how father will look on this tribal marriage, but this is my wedding vow.” Matthew slipped the girl's hand from his right to his left palm, placed his right hand on her shaggy black head, gently as if soothing a startled child; then he raised his right hand heavenward, “John Wesley, my brother, I call you to witness, as I stand before Almighty God, that I vow never to do this little Indian girl wrong; for, see she trusts in me.”

To a Sea Shell

Fair curled sea flower, what incessant song

Pourest thou to my ever questioning soul?
Wilt give me answer? I have pondered long.

When Time's sharp scythe the chain of life shall sever

And Death demand of me his bitter toll,
What lot awaits me in the veiled forever?

Thy ceaseless murmuring waxeth loud and strong

And mingling with the ocean's changeless roll
It answers: Hope! God is, and shall be ever!

Eleanor Brooks Perry.



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

Address communications to Grace Keon, *Franciscan Herald*, Corona, N. Y.

OUR SCHOOLS AND OUR FAITH

TO INTRODUCE the Catholic schools as a topic in these pages to women readers of the **FRANCISCAN HERALD**, is almost like carrying coals to Newcastle. I hesitated to do it. After all, who can plead the cause of the Catholic schools better than they plead it themselves? All our editors handle the topic; every pastor who has a school talks about it constantly; and certainly every woman who has a child is aware of her duty in regard to its education. Catholic women who read and think know just where the parochial school stands to-day. In pagan China, in fetich-filled Africa, amid the aborigines of the South Seas, the cry of the missionary is for the **CATHOLIC SCHOOL**. In the Philippines, with its elaborate public school system, every Father who is working makes the burden of his letters, "My school! My school! I must keep my school going. Without my school, no Catholics!"

As a mother, a thinking Catholic woman, and a patriotic citizen, I assert, positively and without any quibbling, that every Catholic child's birthright is a Catholic education. First, in the home; then in the Catholic elementary school; then on through the Catholic High School; and Catholic College whenever this is possible. So, since I feel it superfluous to speak in defense or praise of our schools—does one defend the air one breathes?—or praise the wheat that feeds us for growing?—why should the Catholic school be taken up in our monthly chat?

The "why" is answered in the following summary of a letter which has just reached me.

I wonder what your subject will be for September? I sincerely hope it will be something on our duty to the school. I was talking to a lady about her children attending the public school, and she

said, "Well, the children get along so well in school and with the teachers that I'll keep on sending them.

Two or three years ago, one of my children—a boy of twelve—took a violent dislike for school. Every day there was some complaint—until at last conditions became unbearable and his father consented to allow him to go to another school after I had interviewed Sister. When I had seen his teacher I found that the boy was neglecting his studies, failed to get his lessons, etc.

That evening I spoke to my boy. I told him why I was sending him to the Catholic school—told him that it was up to him to do his part. Also, that he could go right ahead with his studies and graduate in due season, or he could drag along and lag behind—but if it took him until he was twenty-one years old he would graduate from that school. There never has been any more trouble

Two years ago, when it was put to the people in Michigan to cast a vote in regard to the parochial school our pastor said: If every Catholic **EXPLAINED OUR RIGHTS TO OUR SCHOOL** to one non-Catholic, we need have no fear. This ought surely to be applied to all our Catholics—especially our Tertiaries—who are personally acquainted with people whose children are attending public school. A Catholic neighbor can do so much along this line

There it is. A **CATHOLIC NEIGHBOR CAN DO SO MUCH ALONG THIS LINE**. All right, I'm **YOUR CATHOLIC NEIGHBOR**—and **YOU'RE** sending your children to public schools. What are you doing to your children? What are you doing to your Church? What are you doing to your country? The Catholic schools are big assets of our Church and our country. They are **CHRISTIAN INCUBATORS**. Not for me to take up here the question of religious differences; nor the laws that are being framed by so-called "saviors" of our country against our schools; nor for me to enter into any political controversy. Rather, we shall have the talk of two Catholic women, sitting together at the sewing table or over the tea-cups.

Some of our Catholic women and mothers speak disparagingly of the parochial school. The pastor's conduct dissatisfies them, the Sisters are over-bearing and show favoritism, the discipline is poor. Once in a while those in authority may be to blame. Not every pastor nor every Sister Principal rules according to the maxims laid down by St. Francis de Sales.

Yet no woman who has raised a family thinks that her children are angels. She may be endowed with the greatest love, the most wonderful patience, the most sacrificing devotion—but **SHE NEEDS THEM ALL IN DEALING WITH HER OWN CHILDREN**. Though she tries to believe that hers are **PERFECT CHILDREN**—even that their faults are **PERFECT FAULTS**, no woman who has brains where her brains ought to be but must acknowledge that the very fact of being human excludes perfection. For pure cussedness and mischief commend me to the healthy, lusty, able-bodied and lovable boy between ten and sixteen years of age—but even this "cussedness" must be trained, so that the boy will know he cannot overstep the mark, or let "cussedness" descend to disobedience or mischief to malice. "We do not bring children into the world," says a grandmother of my acquaintance, "but men and women." Granted! But when that man or woman has reached his or her estate, what do you, the mother, most desire for your child? **GOODNESS**, first. **PROBITY, HONOR, DECENCY**—all four meaning, after all the same thing. Wealth . . . position . . . desirable, these, but not really necessary. And what are those good things built on? **THE FAITH**. For you, Catholic parents, the **CATHOLIC FAITH**. Catholic education, built on the **CATHOLIC FAITH**.

Teachers, professors, priests, bishops, cardinals, the Pope himself—all want to attain the highest GOODNESS—the greatest PROBITY—the finest sense of HONOR—clean DECENCY—built on the Catholic Faith. You keep your little boy or girl beside you for six years—and then you send it on to school. Why? It must be educated. EDUCATED! Are you, then, after teaching it its prayers, teaching it to love God and honor the saints—reverence all holy things—are you satisfied, then, that it shall learn to read without ever reading of God? Are you willing that it shall learn to write without ever forming the letters of the sweet names of Jesus and Mary? Are you willing that it shall build up a purely secular education, that it shall become proficient in the three Rs and know nothing of the fourth R—the greatest one? Reading, 'Riting and 'Rithmetic, say the public schools. But the parochial schools say WE HAVE THE FOUR RS—AND RELIGION IS THE FIRST.

But you believe all this? You agree with all this? Only—there is something the matter with your school? The public school better prepare its pupils to face the world—it gives better training, more subjects, more attention. The teachers are better. Yes, I have heard all these things—but, of course, if all these things are or any one of these things is true of YOUR school, you are willing to share the blame? If YOUR school lacks the up-to-date appliances of the public school you are quite willing to make sacrifices in order to install them? If there are a greater number of "courses" in the public school, you are in favor of any scheme proposed to introduce these courses?—or you are willing to listen to your pastor when he tells you that there are many USELESS FADS being brought into the school-room, which have no bearing at all on education? If your teachers are not well-trained you are quite satisfied to find that out for yourself before you assert it or complain of it? Generally, too, there are these complaints: "The teacher has favorites; the teacher is unjust; the teacher is neglectful." Now, then, the best way to crystal-

ize one's thoughts is to write them down. So take your pen in hand and write down the instances: When did the teacher show favoritism? When was she unjust? When was she neglectful? Yes, teachers are all three—I am not talking generalities now—I am talking truth. I know teachers who are all three. I have known a teacher—not a Sister—in a Catholic school who would throw books or rulers at children in a fit of temper, and often she struck them and hurt them. Of course, "she would not dare to do this in a public school!" Why did it happen in a Catholic school? Do you think the principal of that school permitted it? Would you hesitate to go to the principal of a public school? Then . . . WHOSE FAULT IS IT THAT ABUSES—IF THERE ARE ANY—CONTINUE? Remember, this chat is being held to give the two sides of the story, and there are two sides to every story. If your child comes home to you with tales that seem trivial, dismiss them. If they are of any importance, investigate. Do you realize the terrific wrong you are doing to your child and yourself when you criticize his teacher? You are preparing him to criticize you later on. At some future time your actions will not please him—and when you restrain or punish he will resent it just as he now resents the teacher's curb. HE MUST BE TAUGHT RESPECT FOR AUTHORITY. He must not cringe or fawn or act from worldly respect—is there anything more despicable than the toady? But he must completely, adequately understand that GOD GOVERNS THE WORLD THROUGH HIS REPRESENTATIVES, and His representatives, to the growing child, are his father, his mother, his teachers. Love between child and parent, brother and sister—but after Love and equal to it is Law—and Justice. Be just yourself. Teach the child that it is not just to shirk work, to be disobedient, to be disrespectful. For these things a certain punishment is due, and when given it must be accepted. Boys and girls must be taught to stand on their own feet. Where? First, in the home. And when you send it out are you confident that it will obey teachers,

study lessons, conform to rules? Or if it does not do these things—since unruliness and mischief are the chief characteristics of the growing child—are you not satisfied that it shall pay the penalty?

How trivial all this seems! Yet it is far from that. Around our great and glorious Church, guardian of the Faith of Christ, are set the priests who maintain our moral government, the religious—men and women—who teach us and care for us. And massed, row on row, about them, are the Catholic people—our Catholic men, women and children—maintaining the sanctity of the Sacraments, the dignity of marriage, the necessity of the home. Can anything we do be thought too good for our priests and sisters dedicated to God? Do not lose sight of the fact that while they are men and women—while some of them are irascible, cross, impatient, petty, fault-finding—apt to annoy us at times, and even hurt us—they still honestly and truly desire that your children be lovers of Christ. If you have complaints to make, it is your absolute duty to make them to the proper people. IT IS ALSO YOUR ABSOLUTE DUTY TO LISTEN TO REASON. Your school represents you. Nothing under God's sun should be allowed to interfere with the religious education of your children, and YOU KNOW IT. The day has gone by when the Catholic mother can send her child to school, with the notion that she has then washed her hands of its training. Your child reflects your home-life, and you, being interested above all other things in the soul that is yours, must know your child's teachers—must know what its studies are—what progress it is making—how it is developing or maturing under the influence of the school. You must know what lessons are to be prepared, and how much time will be necessary to prepare them properly. Your rug may lie unbeaten, the curtains hang dingy, the dishes stand unwashed, the pantry shelves uncleaned—but when your son is a man who will remember that?

(Continued on page 411)

Home Handicraft

Address all orders: *Franciscan Herald Service Department, Corona, N. Y.*

YOUR GIFTS IN ORDER

THIS is the very month to begin to make your leisure moments work for you and on these pages of Home Handicraft you will see several suggestions for CHRISTMAS GIFTS. It is none too early, as the forehanded woman realizes. And, generally, the forehanded woman is the busy woman, who can make sixty seconds look exactly like fifteen minutes when she puts her mind to anything. A popular advertisement tells us that ten minutes' study a day for a few years will make one a well-educated man or woman—and the time that hangs around the fringes of the big job gives opportunity for the little one. But women have learned this lesson long ago and are improving on it. On this page and on page — we are giving seven ideas for Christmas gifts to suit the purse and the taste of every reader. In No. 2117 we show a totally new design for an applique house apron, with golden rod and butterfly decoration. This apron costs \$1.00. It is ready-made, of unbleached muslin of very fine quality, coming only in one



No. 2117. Ladies' Patchwork Apron. Comes in one size only; \$1.00. Ready made of unbleached muslin with blue patches for appliqueing. Cotton and complete directions for embroidering. Address all orders as above.

size, and there are blue patches for appliqueing, cotton for working the design and full directions of the embroidery stitches to finish the apron, sent in every package. In ordering it would be well to remember that the size is not an extra large one. It will fit up to 38 or 40 bust measure.

No. 2129 is a patchwork bloomer dress, sizes two and three years. It is ready-made, of fine quality of black sateen. There are rose and blue patches for appliqueing and cotton for embroidering in blue, pink and gold. A more charming or more serviceable Christmas gift to the little fairy of from two to three cannot be imagined. It costs \$2.25 complete.

No. 2142 is a little patchwork apron, in sizes two, four and six years. It is ready-made of a fine quality of unbleached muslin, with patches in pink for appliqueing and embroidery in blue, black and gold. The small lady of the house in this dainty apron will feel most important and quite up-to-date. Complete, it costs 75 cents.

The baby who is to be remembered at the gift season will be interested in the little Tommy Tucker bib. Perhaps the mother can persuade him or her to sing for supper while she is preparing it. The bib is of white huck, with patches in yellow and blue for appliqueing. Cotton and directions for embroidering are furnished, and the article complete is 50 cents.

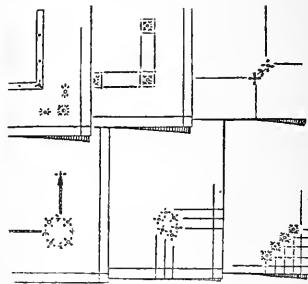
(Continued on page 412)



No. 2142. Child's Patchwork Apron, sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Seventy-five cents. Sent ready made of unbleached muslin with patches in pink for appliqueing, and embroidery in blue, black and gold. Cotton and complete directions for embroidering. Address all orders as above.



No. 2129. Patchwork Bloomer Dress, sizes 2 and 3 years, \$2.25. Ready made of Black Sateen, with rose and blue patches for appliqueing and embroidery in blue, pink and gold. Cotton and complete directions for embroidering. Address all orders as above.



No. 1093. Six handkerchief corners. This would make an appropriate Christmas gift and the perforated pattern may be used any number of times. Perforated pattern, 35 cents. Rub brush in blue or white, 10 cents. In all, 45 cents. Address as at top of page.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS:
 Write your NAME and ADDRESS PLAINLY on any piece of paper. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FRANCISCAN HERALD PATTERN SERVICE, Corona, N. Y.



No. 1102. Ladies' Skirt. Cut in sizes 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1457. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38 and 40 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting and 3 yards ruffling. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 616—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 9979. Stout Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting and 5 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1435. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with 6 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 622—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1513. Girls' Bloomer Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1517. Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 604—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 9875. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yards edging. Pattern, 15c.

All Patterns 15c, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

No. 1358. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 608—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1374. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 32-inch contrasting and 2¾ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1378. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch material with 3 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1521. Ladies' and Misses' Coat. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

1378

1457
Vest
Trans.
616

COAT
1521
SKIRT
1102

9979

9875

1517
Trans.
604

1435
Trans.
622

1513

No. 1516. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch material with 4 1/4 yards binding. Price, 15c.

No. 1062. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch material with 4 1/4 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1495. Ladies' Apron or Morning Dress. Cut in sizes small, medium and large. The small size requires 3 1/4 yards 36-inch material with 3/4 yards 32-inch material for trimming bands. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1511. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 36-inch material with 1 1/4 yards 21-inch contrasting, 2 1/4 yards binding and 4 yards ribbon for sash. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1256. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.



OUR SCHOOLS AND OUR FAITH

(Continued from page 408)

CO-OPERATION IS THE WORD.

Should it be individual co-operation? Decidedly not! In every parochial school there ought to be a Mother's Aid Association. Call it what you like—Christian Family, St. Ann's Guild, Holy Family Society, School Guild—but the parents of the children who attend the school should come together one certain day of the week, should meet the children's teachers, should listen to talks by educators and physicians on topics of interest, should discuss in a perfectly frank and fearless way whatever they do not like; should listen, in turn, to explanations; should present their own particular problems for the discussion of other mothers and teachers. An open forum—a common ground—where all may meet in love and justice, anything that will draw home and school together the ultimate goal. What is the first thing necessary, then? **PRIDE**—a lawful and just pride in the continuation of the work you, as a mother, have already begun in the first years of your child's life—to make it **GOOD**, to make it **DEPENDABLE**, to make it **HONEST**, to make it **DECENT**—**FOR THE FAITH!**



Should you decide to do some of your own wall-papering, lay the rolls of paper on the basement floor for a few days before using. It will absorb enough moisture to make it less brittle and will be much easier applied.

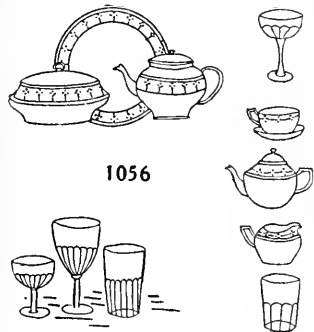
Sprinkle baking soda on a white stain caused by a hot dish on mahogany and hold a warm iron near enough to have a heating effect, but not close enough to burn. Repeat and polish with oil.

HOME HANDICRAFT

(Continued from page 409)

So much for things ready-made. The quality of the material in every one of the four items we have mentioned is excellent. There is nothing cheap or shoddy about it, and when you have finished your gift you will be very much pleased. In every instance it will show your good taste and give long service.

There are others of our readers, however, who prefer to do their embroidering on their own material, and for these we are furnishing three transfer patterns. The first, No. 1093, is a set of handkerchief designs—six in all. Handkerchiefs are always a welcome gift—and hand-embroidered ones the last word in luxury. The pattern furnished is perforated and may be used any number of times. It costs 35 cents, with rub-brush in either blue or white, 10 cents extra—45 cents in all.



1056

No. 1056. Designs for tea cloth and napkins and glass towel borders. Perforated pattern, 35 cents. Rub brush in blue or white, 10 cents. In all, 45 cents. Address as at top of Home Handicraft page.

No. 1056 shows us designs for a tea cloth, napkins and glass-towel borders. Just a glance will indicate how the needlewoman will be able to make use of this for gifts. Towel-ends will be handsome when embroidered in red or blue to match the checks of the toweling. The glasses can be used singly or together. The perforated pattern for this costs 35 cents, with rub-brush in either blue or white, 10 cents extra—45 cents in all.

We include No. 1103 because, just now, applique work on unbleached muslin is so very fashionable. The basket of fruit comes in two sizes, and the perforated pattern for the applique pieces is also given. The smaller size would be appropriate for buffet scarf ends or on unbleached muslin aprons, and the larger ones, stamped and applied on unbleached muslin, could be used for bedspreads, etc. The perforated pattern costs 35 cents, with rub-brush either in blue or white, 10 cents extra—45 cents in all.

It is understood, of course, that lightly with one-half cup of milk. Good substitute for cream. An extra amount of cream may be obtained from milk by first heating the milk until lukewarm, and then immediately chilling it. Every particle of cream will rise to the surface.

If tough steak is placed for a few minutes in vinegar it will become much more tender.

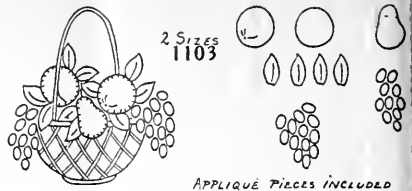
When boiling old potatoes, add a few tablespoonfuls of milk to the water in which they are cooked and see how mealy and white they get. Onions are delicious creamed with sliced hard-boiled eggs, and served around a mound of mashed potatoes.

If molasses in a pitcher has turned to sugar, set the pitcher in hot water for a few minutes and it will soon be restored to its former consistency.

Try this for the light supper: Grate cheese thickly over slices of bread and cover with thin slices of bacon. Put the bread in rows on your broiler and broil until the cheese melts and the bacon is curled and brown.

Resole your bedroom slippers with soles cut the right shape and size from an old felt hat.

When crocheting an edge on closely woven material, your crochet needle will pierce better if the material is first run through the sewing machine, stitching along the line desired with the machine unthreaded. The same perforations can then be followed with the crochet needle.



APPLIQUE PIECES INCLUDED

No. 1103. Perforated Transfer Pattern. Basket of fruit in applique work. This basket pattern comes in two sizes. The perforated pattern for the applique pieces is also given. The smaller size would be appropriate for buffet scarf ends, etc., and the larger ones stamped and applied on unbleached muslin could be used for bedspreads, etc. Price of pattern 35 cents. Rub brush in blue or white, 10 cents. In all, 45 cents. Address as at top of Home Handicraft page.



No. 2126. Patchwork Bib, \$0.50. Stamped on white huck with patches in yellow and blue for appliqueing. Cotton and complete directions for embroidering. Address all orders as at top of Home Handicraft page.

How Others Do It

TO ONE cupful of boiled dressing add one tablespoonful each of hard-boiled egg chopped fine, minced onion, green pepper, pimento, paprika, and salt to taste. This is a change in salad dressings. Boil one cup of milk, add to it the yolk of one egg beaten very

You Can Make This \$40 Dress For Only \$9

THE smart coat dress of fine navy serge shown here, with the new circular skirt effect, would cost you at least \$40 in the shops. Yet you can make it yourself for only \$9. Here is the exact cost of the materials:—

3 3/4 yards of serge at \$2 per yard.....	\$6.50
Lining.....	.75
Georgette for vest.....	.25
Embroidery floss for sleeves.....	.90
Findings.....	.60
Total.....	\$9.00

This is just one example of what you can save on all your clothes by making them yourself. You can have three or four times as many pretty things as the woman who pays high prices at the shops, or you can save half or more of what you have been spending for clothes each season.

Does it sound almost too good to be true? Then let us tell you about the Woman's Institute—this great school which is bringing the happiness of pretty clothes to women and girls all over the world.

Through the Institute's wonderful new method of teaching dress-making you can learn easily and quickly, in spare time at home, to make blouses, dresses, skirts, suits, coats, lingerie, hats, children's clothes—everything you desire for yourself, your family or others.

The plan is so simple that you start making garments at once; so thorough that without previous experience you can acquire in a few months the skill of a professional dressmaker.

You will not only learn how to make clothes, but to make them as they are made in the best shops. You will learn the secrets of distinctive dress—what colors and fabrics are most appropriate for different types of women—how to design and create original and becoming costumes.

There is not the slightest doubt about your ability to learn. More than 150,000 women and girls, in city, town and country, in all circumstances and of all ages, have proved by the garments they have made and the dollars they have saved the success of the Institute's methods.

Miss Clorinda B. Ramsey writes: "I've been preparing my wardrobe for the winter season and the results certainly are satisfactory.

"Just think of having a wardrobe of



lovely dresses after having spent barely fifty dollars! Counting in the cost of the lessons, my clothes have cost less this year than ever before."

Read this fine letter from Mrs. J. C. Miller.

"When I began your course I intended completing it before starting in business, but when about half way through, a friend asked me to make her two dresses as a favor, and since then work has come in faster than I can do it, and competent help is so hard to obtain. Last month I earned \$68."

Mrs. Dora E. Gray writes: "Since I began to sew for others, my work has brought me \$465, or an average of a little better than \$50 a month. And I have done all the sewing for myself and my boy and girl. Before taking the course I wouldn't think of making anything but house dresses; now I am not afraid to attempt anything."

Mrs. Herbert Seavy writes: "I am having wonderful success. After completing only a few lessons I copied a voile dress from a magazine. I have also just finished

a pongee blouse, and if I do say so, it is the prettiest blouse I have seen this year.

"No one else has dresses like mine, for I can take all the parts of different blouses or dresses I like and combine them in one blouse or dress.

"My husband says I have more than paid for my course now, for I have made countless things for the kiddies this summer besides my own clothes."

What these women have done, you can do, too. The courses of the Woman's Institute are practical, fascinating and complete. They begin with simple stitches and seams and proceed by easy, logical steps until you can design and make even the most elaborate coats and suits.

It makes no difference where you live, because all the instruction is carried on by mail. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that occupy most of your time, because you can devote as much or as little time to the course as you desire, and whenever it is convenient.

You cannot afford to let another day pass without finding out all about this new plan. Simply send

the coupon below or a letter or postal to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 88-J, Scranton, Penna., for a copy of the Institute's 64-page book, "Dressmaking Made Easy." Your request will not obligate you in any way, but it will bring you—free—the full story of how you can dress better at less cost or prepare for success in dressmaking or millinery as a profession.

----- TEAR OUT HERE -----

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Dept. 88-J, Scranton, Penna.

Without cost or obligation, please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject which I have marked:

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- Millinery
- Professional Dressmaking
- Cooking

Name.....
(Please specify whether Mrs. or Miss)

Street
Address.....

City.....State.....



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

THE EMPEROR'S SCHOOL

CHARLES the Great—Charlemagne, as he will always be known—was not only one of the greatest and finest monarchs of the Franks (who later made the kingdom of France), but a man whose mind craved higher things than crowns and kingly power. He loved learning, and left nothing undone to obtain it for himself and others. Few people were "learned" in his day; the art of printing was still undiscovered, books were all in handwriting and but a few privileged persons could get them. It was to the priests, monks and nuns that Charlemagne had to turn for help when he founded a school in his own palace at Aix-la-Chapelle, where you can still see the marvellous church he built and in which he was buried in a deep vault beneath the altar, seated upon a white marble throne, his sword at his side and a copy of the Gospels upon his knees. This school, the Palace School it was called, was for the sons of his nobles principally, but the children of the middle class of his subjects likewise shared its benefits. And the children of his poor peasants were not forgotten. For them he wanted learning, too; an education that would in time raise them to a higher position in life and train mind and heart. So he issued an order in the year 792 that, attached to the diocese of every bishop in his kingdom and to every monastery and convent, there should be schools in which every class might obtain all the knowledge suitable to its needs and even more. His Palace School was his particular pride and delight. He assembled learned men from all parts of Europe for its teachers, placing Alcuin, an English monk of great fame, at its head. Not satisfied with having his young people, including his own sons, taught at his "academy," he

How She Lost Her Scholars

THE Bell Bird rang his summons out,

*And into school they came
To meet Miss Owl, a teacher new,
And very serious dame.*

*Beside the door she stood, quite grim,
And observation took
Of all her pupils great and small
To put them in her book.*

*The Swift, he darted in in haste—
Breathless, for anxious flurry
That he might a late-comer be.
"Why this unseemly hurry?"*

*Said Mistress Owl, rebukingly,
"See Squirrel over there;
Although he scurries down the road
He never turns a Hare!"*

*And see your fellow-pupil come—
No feather flies astray;
HIS bearing shows the city stomp,
Although he's but a Jay.*

*YOUR manners are quite too abrupt:
Were you a Night-in-gale
One might excuse your upset nerves—
'T would turn a Blackbird pale*

*To pass through such experience.
'T is truly not a Lark
To be the sport of elements,
Especially in the dark.*

*But you've no plea like this to urge:
Your Cardinal defect
Is e'er the same—you're quite too fast—
"My sakes, I'm getting pecked!"*

*Spake Swift in angry undertone
To feeling Jenny Wren,
"I'll listen to no more—goodbye."
His wings he spread again.*

*"Farewell, O Mistress Owl," he cried—
"Stop! there is more to follow—"
"Then send it after me," he sang,
"Tis more than I can Swallow."*

*Straight up into the fields of blue
He soared, beyond her words,
And don't you think! they all took flight
With him, those other birds.*

went to school there himself and brought the nobles of his court along with him, whether they wanted to come or not. He drew up a list of what he wanted taught; here it is—what would you like to add?

"Theology, law, arithmetic, astronomy, dialectics, cosmogony, chronology (better look those last three up) history, rhetoric, music, natural science" (as far as then known) "reading, writing, grammar" and last, but not least—spelling. That is a pretty good list, isn't it, even now? And when you hear, as you often will, of how ignorant people were in those Dark Ages, just try to rattle off these names as you all do "If Peter Piper Picked A Peck of Pickled Peppers," and see how far you get before you are hopelessly stuck!

One thing Charlemagne did about his school was perhaps not so pleasing to his scholars as to himself. He would come in among them and ask questions, which, we all know, is rather disconcerting, and he would take a hand in the examinations. There is a funny story of how he once got angry—really and truly angry—when, on taking the boys unawares, he found out that the sons of the nobles didn't know their lessons half as well as the sons of his middle class subjects. To the latter he gave lots of praise; his remarks to the former, still to be read, must have been decidedly unpleasing.

Nevertheless he had his own little weak spot—I wonder if the boys discovered it? He never could learn to write a good hand, which worried him very much. He couldn't puzzle out to himself why he, who had conquered so many of his fellow-men, couldn't control his own muscles.

But so it was; and it just shows that no one man can do everything.

A BASKET OF FRUIT

WHAT will you have, Young Folks? A BROMELIA, perhaps? It is the oddest fruit in our basket, because you eat the flower and fruit in one, which is not the case in any other fruit. You see, the spike of flowers that grows right up in the middle of the plant does not dry up and fall off, letting the fruit appear in its place, as is the general rule; it actually turns into the fine "eatings" itself. And so generous is it of its treasure that it has been known to grow to the weight of 17 pounds—what a good bite! Plenty of spikes and thorny leaves defend our *Bromelia*, it is true, but that's the law of Nature. The best things in this world are always those that cost something to get. If you feel like selecting the *Bromelia*, you will certainly get a good thing, for it is no "specialist"—good only for eating. If you care about making use of it in other ways, you can get from its thready leaves a fine fibre called "*pina*," which will make you beautiful blouses (if you happen to be a Girl Young Folk), or bags, nets, even ropes and cords, if you are a boy. Why it is called "*pina*" cloth when it is taken from a *Bromelia*? Of course, you have guessed—our *Bromelia* is simply that great big luscious PINEAPPLE in the middle of the basket.

Perhaps you prefer this MALUM PERSICUM? It has its own little way of doing things, too—sometimes it grows one-half perfectly bare, the other covered with fine fuzz, like a person with half-shaven hair. But, however it looks, it is delicious within all the same. Once, long ago, people very queerly got the notion that it was poisonous, and a story is told of a Persian king who sent an enemy a gift of *Malum P.* in the hopes of ending his obnoxious life. He certainly missed it, didn't he? M. P. answers to various names, just as good under one as another. In Italy, they call it *Persica*, in China *To* or *Tao*, in France, *Peche*—now you know. Your choice is, in spite of its Latin, French, Italian and Chinese names, nothing else than our splendid American PEACH.

Try another—here's an ARIENA,

whose leaves are occasionally the length of a man! It is the most satisfactory fruit that ever was raised. It never gets any plant disease, as do the others. It is so much thought of that a whole island in the Congo River, Africa, has been named for it, as has a town in the Congo Free State—it is a very important article of food in those localities. A beautiful yellow and white bird also bears its name. Some record, isn't that? Yet once it was grown simply to shield the low coffee-shrub that cuddles under its leaves! All of a sudden, some enterprising person discovered that there was more use in the *Ariena* for such a purpose, so now in a place of honor in our basket stands up—the BANANA.

Will you take a CITRUS? No, you won't get a "lemon," but something far nicer. It is really hard to say which is the leader among all these fine fruits, but none have the record that *Citrus* proudly displays, of having an English queen, in the year 1290, buy seven of its kind from a Spanish ship, proclaiming herself in great luck. Seven! They couldn't have got far among the court people, could they, yet we hardly like to think she ate them all. He has the finest taste! He gives us more than that, however. Apart from his pleasant flavor, there is an oil, *bergamot*, extracted from his "insides," which is held only second to attar of roses, the most valued of perfumes. The wood of his tree is sought for by carvers for their artistic works. The flower of *Citrus* does not turn into fruit as does that of our friend *Bromelia*, but it grows at the same time, a most unusual thing in the fruit world. The fruit is so much thought of that, to avoid the slightest injury to it, it is picked with gloved hands, actually "handled with gloves." *Citrus* once had another name—it was *Aurasio*. We call it—ORANGE.

Don't overlook that MALUM over there, the first fruit of which we have any record, much to our sorrow! While other fruits grow in certain climes only, *Malum* flourishes everywhere. It gives us pleasure, health, wealth—yet it has upset the whole world for us. Will you have an—APPLE?

THE "CORPOSANT"

HOW many of our Young Folks know who St. Elmo was? To begin with, he has another name, St. Erasmus, and is better known in Spain than elsewhere. He was martyred for the faith in Spain in the early Christian days, and from so far back that nobody remembers has been considered the special patron of Spanish sailors. When his name was changed to Elmo is another thing that has been forgotten, but St. Elmo he is now, and famous for his "Fire." This St. Elmo's Fire is likewise called "The Corposant," which means "the holy body," and is a source of great comfort to the unfortunate seamen caught in tremendous storms in southern countries, where often, either just before the storm breaks or during its progress, the "Corposant" suddenly appears on the tops of the high masts of the vessels, either in the form of a round ball of light or in streaming flames of electricity. The Italian sailors, who frequently see this phenomenon in the guise of two balls instead of one, call them the "Fires of St. Peter and St. Nicholas." In pagan times "Helen's Fire" was the name of one ball only, and the "Fires of Castor and Pollux" the electric current split into two round shapes. Nobody has ever claimed to see more than two lights (generally but one), except a certain Frenchman, about two centuries ago, who declared he saw thirty at one time on the mast of his vessel; but we can't prove it now by him, as he has been so long out of the world.

A curious variation of this electric display, peculiar to warm countries, is seen in one place only, in cold Canada, on Chaleur Bay, New Brunswick. This is known as the "Fireship of Chaleur Bay," and stands out suddenly on the waters in a storm, sometimes in a very fair resemblance of a vessel, sometimes looking like nothing but a mass of flaming rigging, whence its name. This masquerading St. Elmo's Fire is seen in this bay alone, and nobody knows why. How many strange things there are in this strange world, and how very particularly strange that we who, the brightest of us, really know so little, imagine we know so much!

SOME MORE QUEER FISH

SOME months ago, if you remember, we were studying up queer fish to be found in the sea—the lung-fish, for instance, that can use his voice to chirp or growl, as he thinks best; the maltha, that lives in the water but don't know how to swim; the cephalopode, with his two electric lamps that make him like a water automobile driving at you; the "lighthouse" fish, with his revolving green light; the phronima, that wears his bones outside of his body; the starfish, that runs a poor oyster out of his shell and then impudently eats him up; the seahorse, that can look two ways at once. They are queer enough, these sea-folk, but by no means the only queer people of the waters. Here are a few more oddities:

Did you ever hear of the Barbel, which has four beards, two growing on his nose, the other two hanging from the corners of his mouth? He burrows with that bearded nose deep down in the mud for the water insects on which he feeds, and from this rooting about gets the plain English name of Freshwater Pig.

Then there's the Sole, with both eyes on the same side. There's good reason for that arrangement; he slides through the water on his side instead of holding himself up as other fish do, and as one side, therefore, never comes up, nature doesn't waste time on him—simply puts his organs of sight where he can best use them. He is a lazy floater, as a rule; but frighten him once and you will find he can run a Marathon!

Then there's the Beaked Chæton (hair-tooth), so called because he has two or three tiny rows of tiny teeth—hardly anything but bristles, in fact. The principal thing in his make-up is his remarkably long nose, by which he gets his living. It holds water as a gun holds shot. When he feels it ought to be dinner-time, he steals softly up to some twig that dips in the stream with an unfortunate fly or water-bug on it, and shoots with unerring aim a drop of water from that nose-gun at his victim. The poor thing topples off every time right into his gaping mouth.

Fishing Frog, Esq., is provided with three long fishing-rods (I sup-

pose that is the proper name for them), tipped with shining silver, that shoot out above his hidden head and back. Fish, you know, are very curious things, especially about anything bright, so up they come to investigate—goodbye, little fish!

The Climbing Perch actually gets out of water and climbs a tree to find his prey. The little Sticklebat is the water prizefighter. When his young are in the nest he builds for them on the surface of the stream; not another stickleback dares go by. Out darts Papa Stickleback, ready for fight, and fight he does until he or his opponent goes under. If he is victor, driving the passer-by away, the most beautiful color come out all over him—red, gold, green and silver; the loser gets away as quickly as he can, dark and dismal looking.

Queerest of "queer fish" is the Lancelet. The Sunfish has apparently only head and shoulders; but the Lancelet has neither head nor brain, nor heart, nor bones, nor scales, nor eyes, nor ears, nor mouth, nor paws, nor teeth—think of that! What has he? Well, he's alive just the same—a wonderful transparent frame with pulpy skin drawn over it.

THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:

I heard you say you were hungry, so I baked a cake for you. I am very interested in the Puzzle Corner and Letter Box.

I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. Next year I'll be in High School. We do not have a Sisters' school here, so I have to go to the public school.

I wouldn't like to have the experience Helen Lascheid had on the Wild Cat Canyon. I'm afraid I'd be pretty scared, but I had nearly that kind of experience too.

While our family sat on the Jersey sands along the beach, watching the launching of the Quisconck, at Hog Island, I felt something creeping up my arm. I looked and what was it but a water snake! I was scared, but Mother hit it on the head and killed it.

I smell your cake burning, now I must take a look at it.

Your little friend,
ELEANOR ROONOE,

Paulston, N. J.

P. S.—I hope this will escape the waste basket.

Dear Letter Box:

I also will try to feed our Letter Box. I have not travelled in far lands, nor can tell of many adventures, but I will tell you the history of this town. Fort Atkinson is named after General Atkinson, who gained fame in the Black Hawk War. The old fort was built in 1840 for the protection of the Winnebago Indians from hostile bands of other tribes. It is situated on a bluff, overlooking the town. We are going to have a state park on that place.

ANNE HLUBEK,
Fort Atkinson, Ia.

Dear Letter Box:

We have taken the Franciscan Herald quite a while and I have tried hard to work some puzzles, but could not do it. I admire your stories and book, so with love to you and the Herald, I remain,

MONICA HOCHSTEIN,
Hubbell, Mich.

The Letter Box Says:

Eleanor Roonoe, you are the kind of Young Folk I like! I can hardly wait for that cake, I am sure it is so good. And so is your letter. I am sorry you cannot go to the Sisters to school; maybe some day you will get the chance. What a fine chance you have to show the other girls what a good student a Franciscan Herald girl makes! I wonder if that poor little water snake wasn't just as scared as you? Don't let my cake burn, whatever you do.

Anne Hlubeck, you would rather live at Fort Atkinson now than in those old days when Indians were always peeping around the corner, wouldn't you? I'm sure I would be.

Try again, Monica. Perhaps you will turn out the best Puzzler of the Corner some day. You can guess the puzzles all right, so I think you could make them up, too. Sometimes, often, in fact, one tries and tries and gets disheartened and gives up, and perhaps the very next time would have been the successful one, just waiting to be found out.

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THE PUZZLE CORNER

Hidden Colors

His sister Edna is older than he. The pin kept coming unfastened. The child screamed from fright or anger.

The larkspur pleased her very much.

His degree never helped him in his career.

—Katherine Murphy, Baltimore, Md.

Divided Words

Divide a flower into a vehicle and the inhabitants of one country.

Divide a kind of candy into grey with age and a species of dog.

Divide a wild animal into an insect and one who eats.

Divide besides into a greater number and above.

Divide to put off into the mail and a kind of hot bread.

Divide a kind of cotton cloth into not short and dress material.

Divide a small arm of the sea into a part of the body and to allow.

Divide a kind of warship into a metal and dressed.

Divide a small cloth for drying the fingers into a short slumber and relations.

The initials of the first small words will spell the name of a famous lake.

—Katherine Murphy,
Baltimore, Md.

An Island Trip

1—What island in the Gulf of Mexico is a great feast day?

2—What islands in the Caribbean Sea are important grains?

3—What island in the Atlantic Ocean is an animal?

4—What islands of the Shetland group do we often use when in danger?

5—What island of the same group is used in football?

—Agnes Wall, Albany, N. Y.

A River Trip

1—What river in France can you go fishing with?

2—What river in Italy is a poet?

3—What river in Scotland will make you a suit of clothes?

4—What river in Germany will give you a merry frolic?

5—What river in England is sought for by criminals?

6—What river in Ireland ought to be of hot water?

—Charlie Anseker,
Annapolis, Md.

ANSWERS TO AUGUST PUZZLES

Beheadings

- 1—P ace-ace
 - 2—E ach-ach!
 - 3—O liver-liver
 - 4—N ear-ear
 - 5—Y earn-earn
- PEONY

Hurry Up With My Grocery Order

- 1—I ed cakes
- 2—C orn
- 3—E xtract of vanilla
- 4—C itron
- 5—R ice
- 6—E agle brand milk
- 7—A pples
- 8—M olasses

ICE CREAM

Jumbled Capitals

- 1—Denver
- 2—London
- 3—Dublin
- 4—Athens
- 5—Madrid
- 6—Berlin
- 7—Topeka
- 8—Helena
- 9—Albany
- 10—Boston

What Am I?

A piece of rope.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

Mary Roltner, Cincinnati, Ohio; Stella Brown, New Orleans, La.; Mary A. Sweeney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Helen Roth, Los Angeles, Calif.; May N. Glynn, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary M. Staub, Omaha, Neb.; John P. Deerty, New Bedford, Mass.; Agnes Riley, New London, Conn.; Mary C. Abel, Pittsburgh, Pa.

N. B.—Elizabeth Rose invites all her young readers to send in new puzzles under their own names for the "Puzzle Corner." All are welcome.

Miscellaneous

SOME THOUGHTS FOR OUR LADY'S BIRTHDAY

BY MARIAN NESBITT

OUR Lady's Birthday—the day of our Life, our Sweetness and our Hope,” the “Cause of our joy, the Gate of Heaven, the Help of Christians” appeared in this world. It is a feast, moreover, which cannot fail to recall to our minds that from the very dawn of Christianity the name of “Holy Mary, the Mother of Jesus” and our Mother has been held in the highest veneration; although it is interesting to note that this veneration has differed widely in its expression in different ages; for example, at one period, authorities tell us that “the name of Mary was refused even to queens”; at another it was to be found in practically every family; and nowhere is the change just mentioned more evident than in Ireland—that country in which, all unprejudiced students of Church history must admit, love of, and reverence for, the Virgin Mother of Christ have ever been most conspicuously and constantly shown. As a matter of fact, so great was this love and so deep this reverence that for many centuries Irish men and women, influenced by the profoundest feelings of humility

and respect, never gave to their children the name of Mary nor even the names of Saints. Instead with a charmingly ingenuous self-effacement and pious abjection, they adopted the prefix *Mael* or *Maol*. This prefix so constantly found in

Irish names signifies servant. For instance, *Malisa* means servant of Jesus; *Maolmuira*, servant of Mary; *Maelpatrick*, servant of Patrick.

A reference to ancient documents proves beyond question that the name *Maolmuira* was given indiscriminately to children of either sex. But a learned authority on this subject—Edmund Waterton, F. S. A.—has truly said: “No translation can give the full beauty of this unique and happy combination, and few would guess that the real name of the celebrated monk of Ratisbon—known under the Latinized form of *Marianus Scotus*—was in reality *Maolmuira*.”

Again, in the prefix *Giolla* or *Gilla*, a servant, whence the term *gilly* is derived, is found in the name of *Gillanmuira*, and in old chronicles we discover such references as the following: “A. D. 1159: *Gillamuira*, Ankorite of *Ard-macha*, died.” It will be remembered, too, that this prefix still survives in the family names of *Gilchrist* (servant of Christ), and *Gilmurray* (servant of Mary). In truth, many centuries elapsed before the name of God's holy Mother was habitually



THE Communion Prayer Book

BY A SISTER OF ST. JOSEPH



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conferred, and this out of reverence, as we see from the words of Pope Benedict XIV. "The Church," he tells us, "always had a great veneration for it; so much so, indeed, that women—even queens—were not allowed to bear it."

It is not possible to say at what period the name of Our Lady began to be habitually conferred. As regards England, Waterton remarks that he will not venture to make any assertions on the subject; "but I do not remember," he adds, "to have found an instance of it in the Saxon Chronicle or the Codex."

It may be mentioned, however, in this connection that there lived in Anglo-Saxon times a maiden of the name of Mary who was the owner of a ferry-boat, or a Cross-ferry, as Stow calls it, where London Bridge now stands. "With the goods left by her parents as also with the profits rising out of the said ferry," continues the Chronicler just quoted, "she builded a house of Sisters" (i. e. Nuns) "in place whereof now standeth the east part of St. Mary Overies Church . . . unto which house she gave the oversight and profits of the ferry." It may be mentioned in passing that St. Mary Overies or Overy really means Over the Rie, that is across the river; in course of years this same church became known as St. Saviors. From old records we see that Joan de Cobham, widow of Reginald Lord Cobham and daughter of Sir Thomas de Berkeley, desired to be buried "in the churchyard of St. Mary Overies, in Southward, before the church door, where the image of the Blessed Virgin sitteth on high over that door;" nor must it be forgotten that she left "seven thousand masses" to be said for her soul.

There is a curious fact noted in the life of St. Godric, by Reginald of Durham, his contemporary. The latter tells us that a certain maiden, called Julian, was miraculously cured at the tomb of the holy hermit, and that she changed her name into that of Mary. From this it would appear that, having been chosen by God as an object for the singular manifestation of His Divine power, she was thenceforth considered worthy to bear the sweet name of the Mother of God.

The years rolled on and in those

centuries familiar to us now as "the Ages of Faith," not only cities and towns but many villages and hamlets began to be called after the Queen of Angels and of men. In England we find among numbers of others Ottery St. Mary, St. Mary Bourne, St. Mary's Crag, etc., etc. In Scotland, Marykirk, Maryburgh, and Maryhill; and in Wales, the ever recurring Llanvair (Church of Mary); while in Ireland and throughout the countries of Catholic Europe, towns and cities were called by her name, or specially dedicated to her, just as Siena was consecrated to her in thanksgiving after the battle of Arbia, and Lincoln after the victory of the citizens over the Earl of Chester.

Town gates were frequently named Marygate in honor of her who is *Porta Manes*. Images of her stand above the Porte de Calais, and the Porte des Dunes at Boulogne-sur-Mer. At Arundel, in England, there was a gate called the Marygate; and images of Our Lady were placed over many gates throughout the land. Other celebrated images must have been erected in house-corners and in walls, as they are yet to be seen in Catholic countries. Thus there was Our Lady of Grace in the Rock, at Dover; Our Lady in the Tower, at Coventry; Our Lady of Grace in the Wall, at Northampton; and Our Lady at the Cross, in West Cheap, London. Then we have almost countless bridges called by her name, bridges being a most fitting site for a chapel or for an image of her who is the guide of all true pilgrims and wanderers here below. At Wakefield, the chapel of Our Lady on the bridge is one of the gems of Yorkshire. We have Lady's Bridge, in Banpf; and at Aberdeen, Our Lady at the Brig of Dec and Our Lady on the Brig. Again, as Dr. Roch truly remarks: "If every large town has yet its St. Mary's Church; if every parish, however small, once had its St. Mary's Altar, almost every district had its Lady grove, its Maryfield; the lovely Cathedral at Salisbury was built on a piece of ground originally called Maryfield—"its Mary-well, its Lady-mead," there were innumerable spots by wood and stream and valley, like one in Glamorgan called

Vallis Mariae, because the church is dedicated to Our Lady and lies at the bottom.

We read, too, that "the images of the Blessed Virgin in many of her great sanctuaries, such as at Montaignu, in Brabant, have been found attached to trees." Many instances of this might be cited in connection with famous shrines in the Pyrenees and elsewhere. In medieval times, there used to be Our Lady of the Oak, Islington; and Our Lady at the Oke—a large tree which stood in the churchyard of St. Martin Coslany, Norwich, and contained the famous image of God's Blessed Mother, so placed that it was seen by all who passed in the street. Hence the name of the church took the name of St. Martin at the Oak, though "before," Bloomfield tells us in his History of Norfolk, "it had already been called St. Martin in Coste Lane, near the side of the river, or St. Martin in Coslany." The image was very much visited by the populace, who left," he adds, "many gifts in their wills," to paint and decorate and repair it.

Old Inns bore signs in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, as it is still easy to trace from the names now existing. The Angel, which is of frequent occurrence; and the Salutation, which to-day is represented by two persons in the act of shaking hands, are both the remains of the Catholic representation of the Annunciation.

"New Inne," we are told by Stow, "was a guests Inne, the sign whereof was a picture of Our Lady; and thereupon it was called Our Lady's Inne. Cups and Mazer-bowls, silver dishes and spoons of value were engraved with her image, as also were rings inscribed with her dear name or the words "Ave Maria, gratia plena" or Mater Dei memento mei."

It was the same with bells. Even cakes at great banquets were adorned with her image; and thus we see how her name was associated with almost every detail of common life, and how the influence of the Virgin Mother made itself felt in the minds and hearts of a people like the English, long after her Ave Bell had ceased to sound from cathedral towers and humble steeples; long after the time when

to invoke her was considered "a monster superstition."

For us, children of the true Church, her name should ever be held in the greatest reverence.

OBITUARY


The charity of our readers is asked for the following obituary notices of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions: Camden, N. J.—Edward O'Brien; Jersey City, N. J.—Mr. Enright; South Boston, Mass.—Mrs. E. J. Coyne; Lowell, Mass.—Mrs. R. Ward; Worcester, Mass.—Miss Rose Burnear; Randolph, Mass.—John De Neill; Wilkesbarre, Pa.—Mrs. John C. Sweeney; Mrs. J. S. Blauw; Harrisburg, Pa.—Louis Delone; Pittsburgh, Pa.—Mrs. Hilda Remlinger; Philadelphia, Pa.—Helen Ward; New York, N. Y.—Michael Costello; Canandaigua, N. Y.—James Beeman; Penn Yan, N. Y.—Catherine Dewan; Saugerties, N. Y.—Thomas Cronin; Sellersburg, Pa.—Mr. Peters; Albany, N. Y.—Timothy Mangsan; Henry J. Brown; Binghamton, N. Y.—John Egan; Brooklyn, N. Y.—Mary Sendtner; Ithaca, N. Y.—Mary Hack; Sea Breeze, N. Y.—Julia Horton; Hamilton, Ohio—Mary Groeyer; Detroit, Mich.—Mr. Warren; Anna Meyers; Lenox, Mich.—Daniel J. Sullivan; Indianapolis, Ind.—Mary Koschelder; South Bend, Ind.—Rosetta Widman; Covington, Ky.—Mr. Hanneken; Louisville, Ky.—Miss Arnold; Aloisia Hagel; Mr. Drury; Davenport, Iowa.—Mr. and Mrs. M. Cardak; Genesee, Idaho—Catherine Herrick; Hewitson, Idaho—Mary Optenberg; Colorado Springs, Colo.—Miss A. Diethelin; St. Paul, Minn.—Miss E. C. Miller; San Francisco, Calif.—Mr. Jennings; Spokane, Wash.—Charles A. Berg; Rapid City, S. Dak.—Frances C. Centilore; New Orleans, La.—Andrew Crocchiolo; Chicago, Ill.—Lillian O'Donovan; Josephine Haljowed; Mr. O'Connor; John Aally; Mrs. Stephan; Mr. J. Connor; Peter Deegan; Marie K. Ryan; Santa Barbara, Calif.—Bro. Placidus Dehm, O. F. M.; Johnston, Pa.—Thos. P. and Margaret Cosgrove; New Haven, Conn.—Mr. M. J. Meyer; New York, N. Y.—Mrs. Grace Clements; Kewanee, Wis.—Mr. Joseph Gabell; Chicago, Ill.—Mrs. J. Denny; Rochester, N. Y.—Mr. C. Bieber; New Orleans, La.—James Priban; Milwaukee, Wis.—Mr. Meyer; Martins Ferry, Ohio—F. H. Eick; Mrs. Dobbins; Syna, Va.—Wonyd and Louis Maroon; Triadelphia, W. Va.—Clara Klug; Muskegon, Mich.—Mrs. Philemon Lando; Philadelphia, Pa.—Ven. Sr. M. R. O'Toole, O. S. F.

LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. (Three hundred days each time.)

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers: For the return of friends and relatives to their religious duties. For recovery from sickness and injury (45). For peace in families (19). For success in a civil suit. For a profitable sale of property (6). For a suitable home (12). For steady employment (25). For escape from vice and temptations (18). For strength and health to work (10). For an early conversion. For perseverance. For a Catholic education of children (15). For special intentions (60). In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart. In thanksgiving to the Blessed Virgin. In thanksgiving to St. Anthony. For the Poor Souls in Purgatory. For the spread of the Third Order. For our holy Father, the Pope.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

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ROME AND ITS EUCHARISTIC TRIUMPH

BY MARY DONEGAN WALSH

I.

Cortile Di Belvedere

SEEN in the glory of a Roman May afternoon, it is one of the most imposing courtyards of Bramante's genius. Today, on this opening of the Eucharistic Congress, the noble court is crowded to its capacious limits by an amazing multitude—"the friends of Jesus from all over the world, come to do Him honor." Thus the Holy Father so beautifully expressed it in one of his Congress discourses. Yet it is a quiet multitude, gathered there to listen to the burning words with which Pius XI welcomed them to the Eucharistic meeting in the City of the Martyrs.

The pontifical throne with its crimson velvet canopy, flanked by two priceless tapestries, representing the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, was erected on a high platform, against the Library wall, so that all the serried thousands could see the Pope, whose white figure, stood out clear-cut, in its marble whiteness, against the crimson background, and the gorgeous scarlet and purple, of the cardinals and prelates of the papal court. The setting was marvellous from the pontifical group, in high relief to the sea of faces beneath. From where he stood speaking, the Pope looked on to the windows of his former domain—the Vatican Library. One could imagine how his thoughts must have gone back with longing to those days spent in his—"Temple of Peace"—among his beloved books! Yet, as his clear ringing voice resounded, bringing to the world the greeting of the Prince of Peace, his gracious fatherly welcome, his prayerful prophecy for the magnificent success of the grand Eucharistic Procession through Rome (in which he alone, was not to take part), there was diffused around him such an atmosphere of restfulness, that world-worn faces relaxed, and cold hearts warmed to him.

II.

Tu Es Petrus

ON ASCENSION Day the mighty gates of the "World's Basilica" were thrown open wide to admit the eagerly waiting throng, waiting, as only the Pope can be waited for! Wonderfully impressive, always, is the spectacle of the Sovereign Pontiff among his people, more especially so in this solemn Eucharistic gathering, awaiting the inauguration of the Congress by the papal Mass. Slowly and majestically the procession entered the Basilica; the Chapter of St. Peter's, the Chapters of St. John Lateran and Saint Mary Major, the long file of the religious orders, the parish-priests of Rome, the interminable passage of more than three hundred bishops from all lands, in their white mitres, the Oriental prelates, in their curiously vivid colors and striking headdress, then the papal court with its escort of magnificent Swiss Guards bearing flame-shaped halberds, and finally the Sacred College of Cardinals. So far the procession had moved to the chant of the liturgy; then came a pause, like an indrawing of breath and choristers' high voices intoned—"Tu es Petrus"—to be instantly drowned by a triumphant blast of silver trumpets, which, for a short minute, swept over the church with their curiously magnetic sweetness, till the crowds realized that the Pope was in St. Peter's! Then, as the white figure on the "Sedia Gestatoria" was raised high aloft, with the white peacock-feather screens waving behind him, an outburst of enthusiasm and hand-clapping arose; booming and re-echoing, drowning both trumpets and voices alike. As the Pope passed up the nave, borne along in magnificent state, the heart of the crowd went out, in that great shout of loyalty, to the kindly tired figure, blessing them so constantly.

After the office of Tierce and the Cardinals' Obedience or homage, took place the vesting of the Pope,

and pontifical Mass began. Watching the pontiff at the papal altar, pontificating in the highest solemnity of that most splendid ritual, yet so quiet and unobtrusive in his bearing and so full of humblest devotion, from the rapt stillness of the Consecration, only broken by the trumpet-harmony in the Dome, to the inexpressibly solemn kneeling Communion at the throne, carried to the Pontiff by the Cardinal-Deacon, there recurs insistently to the minds of those present Cardinal Wiseman's wonderful saying: "That St. Peter's is only itself when the Pope is at the papal altar."

III.

The Garden of the Martyrs

MEMORABLY-beautiful, among many striking pictures, was the meeting at the Catacombs of St. Calixtus, out on the "Queen of Highways"—Rome's ancient "Applan Way"—where the Church of the Catacombs and of today meets and mingles; in the still atmosphere of that "Roman Garden of the Martyrs," which is like no other garden on earth! Even in winter, pale roses bloom in its hedges; but today, summer roses in rich profusion, jasmine and oleander perfume the air in a very riot of color and scent. Far beneath, from the twilight peace of the Catacombs, the "Cloud of Witnesses" arises, to join in the triumph of our Eucharistic King—they who sowed for this triumph in pain and darkness, that we might reap in light! Surely, in no other Eucharistic procession could the Sacramental King have had spread for His progress a more royal carpet than the hallowed resting place of His martyr saints! All through the heat of the early afternoon, the Blessed Sacrament was exposed in the Basilica near the entrance-stair of the Catacombs; the Boys and Youth's Confraternities and Societies of Rome took turns in the vigil adoration. Then came the inaugural address of the Cardinal-Vicar and discourses by the Presidents and other orators, all in the open air, and attended by vast crowds. At the conclusion of the meeting they carried the Blessed Sacrament in solemn procession to "St. Pauls' outside the Walls"—

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across the country-lands of the "Via Ardeatina" — through the leafy hedge-rows into the very heart of nature, who spread all her summer glory at her Maker's feet. The wild-roses made triumphal arches of blossom for the Lord to pass under, honey-suckle twined garlands to cast before Him, and the "genista" carpeted Fields of the Cloth of Gold" for the "Royal Passing," till at last, from the hot summer air, the great procession swept into the cool marble vastness of the Basilica of the "Apostle of the Eucharist."

And those Gentiles whom he had so "desired after in Christ," those Romans to whose faith he paid such a tribute, thronged reverently about St. Paul's last resting-place, where he had fought the good fight and finished his course, and where even now his Tomb is redolent of his vivid and living personality.

IV.

The House of Bread

FROM THE radiant sunlight splendors of the catacomb-garden and St. Paul's to the midnight vigil of prayer in St. Peter's is an abrupt transition; but the scene was, perhaps, the most striking of the Congress-pictures,—a nocturne of mystic light and shadow—an embodied act of adoration.

Thousands of men knelt around the Sovereign Pontiff—the "Sweet Christ on Earth"—of Dante's invocation, quoted by Archbishop Bartolomasi, when, in the eloquent discourse addresses to his august hearer and to the multitude gathered

about him, he spoke burning words of zeal and love for the Eucharistic Master, likening this Eucharistic vigil to the vigil of Bethlehem—"The House of Bread." Those who took part in it (only men were present) relate, that the scene was absolutely unearthly when the Holy Father celebrated Mass at the papal altar, amid the most awe-inspiring of all silence; the hush of a mighty gathering of humanity, in the hour when earth is sleeping. Beyond the circle of lambent radiance from the monstrose the great shadowy spaces of St. Peter's stretched vast and infinite and mysterious, while the Dome was lost in brooding shadow.

For over an hour the holy Father gave Communion constantly, then several archbishops assisted him; for all communicated—the unforgettable vigil ending with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament given in the small hours.

Most assuredly all these massed prayers of multitudes brought a blessing on Rome and rendered the Eucharistic Triumph of Jesus "Our dear Jesus," as the Holy Father constantly says, through the streets of Rome an absolute revelation, even to those who had hoped and expected great things!

V.

The Flowers of the Martyrs

THIS GREAT day began with the "Children's Communion"—in the Colosseum, when Msgr. Bartolomasi (the Bishop-Chaplain-in-



General to the Troops during the war) said Mass at an altar erected in the center of the Flavian Amphitheatre. Every available central space was crowded with children; the girls white-veiled and the boys in sailor suits, while their relatives filled every tier and step and gallery of the Colosseum up to the skyline! The grand old building witnessed a more potent Roman triumph than its mighty Emperors ever could have provided! The archbishop with his calm earnest face and musical voice, clear as a clarion-call, stood at the Colosseum-altar, and addressed his child-hearers, "Hail! Flowers of the Martyr's!" For surely, it was by the merits of the blood of countless martyrs, shed on this very spot of hallowed earth, that these modern children knelt to receive the self-same Lord who had come to those other Roman children, twenty centuries ago, to be their strength! Looking up at the blue Roman sky, translucent through the Colosseum arches, in the morning freshness, one's thoughts went back instinctively, to Tarcisius and Pancratius, Sebastian and Agnes, unseen but present witnesses, to the Triumph for which they died.

The Archbishop and forty priests gave Communion to the children and constant Masses and Communions followed, till after 10 o'clock—a truly memorable sight, in a more than impressive setting,—the children's tribute to our Eucharistic Lord!

(To be continued)

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SO MUCH has been said in praise of books and reading that it is really refreshing to find a few points made against it, as does Jules Payot, the famous French scholar, in his latest book on the will—*Will Power and Work*. He says:

"Reading is the most dangerous form of idleness, because an idle person who does nothing at all, may suffer remorse for his idleness and resolve to rid himself of it. But if he is an idle reader he believes that he is working and then his idleness is beyond cure. The passion for reading may degenerate into a mania comparable to gluttony . . . When Cervantes wants to drive *Don Quixote* crazy, he makes him indulge in excessive reading . . . Many young people of bright promise have suffered their minds to become heavy and dull through the abuse of reading."

Is not this something to think of? The full discussion by Dr. Payot is rousing. He tells what idle reading is, its causes, its motives, its effects. Of course, in a book of this title, we may guess that the will—its use or abuse—is the underlying theme in such discussion. Continuing:

"In the constant succession of impressions encountered in rapid reading our attention is weakened and disorganized. A certain amount of nervous energy is consumed in the simple comprehension of words and of propositions, with the result that in rapid reading fatigue much greater than we imagine piles up in our brain . . . Rapid reading unfits one for work and gives one a disgust for it. An idea presents itself, an emotion is aroused, but no regular development is possible because each new impression puts to rout the impression that preceded it."

This goes deeper than the psychology of reading which J. B. Kerfoot gives us in *How to Read*, a breezy and up-to-the-minute book of several years ago. Brother Azarius, in *Books and Reading* and *The Culture of the Spiritual Sense*, goes

into another aspect of reading, a more positive guidance. Brother Leo is adding to this literature of analysis of reading. With it all we may well take stock of our own habit in reading.

"The waste of mental energy in a days' reading is staggering," says Payot. "Rapid reading unfits one for work."

A good book for a reviewer to read! A reviewer learns to skim, which is usually rapid reading. A reviewer reads a good deal in a day. What if we were to take note of the work involved in reading while rushing through book after book presented by the ever-flowing stream from the publishers. No chance to cull and choose and picturesquely to arrange our "reading hour" with its comfortable or ascetic setting—though the latter is easily managed. How much time for "rumination," for meditation, for reflection, absorption of the contents of a book! It is evident that a reviewer with the rudiments of a will and with a vestige of orderliness of memory, judgment, and scholarship, will have formed certain rules of his own, and will discover certain principles which make for labor-saving, which bar idle reading and reduce fatigue to a minimum. Books can become to a reviewer much like the piano to a musical performer, or the pencil and brush to an artist. Mr. Kerfoot, evidently, has attained the principles of minimum of effort in reading—and he is a reviewer, or was. Hence there is a future for reviewers.

Books come to the reviewers' hands which Dr. Payot would surely class with idle reading matter, waste, and even harmful material. What shall be done, encountering such books? Take one of the new and sensational books—*My Own Affairs*, by the Princess Louise of Belgium (\$4.00 net). Rubbish, some furious critics will cry—yet, the reviewer must read it, and for the conservation of mental energy and the orderliness of mind, should get

some good from it. It is, in fact, an appeal to the sympathies of a highly educated world, a world of lowered standards, a still half-demoralized world—an appeal for justice, also, by a woman who claims life has wronged her, despite her rank, talent and beauty. Passionately she states the most amazing bits of feminine philosophy of life. She had been imprisoned in an insane asylum for reasons of state and of finance. Vehemently she urged us not to believe that she ever was insane. We do not believe it; we give her our sympathy; we shield ourselves with it, as we skim through the vigorously written volume, against her bitterness, passion, and peculiar standards of thought and action. Sympathy, however, is a good deal to gain from a book, especially when we give it. And then, also, we have gained the knowledge to direct others in reading.

Another new book, then, in the class of *My Own Affairs*, is Mr. Edward Eagle's *The Hope of the Future*. It is not a useless book, because if one knows how to read, one may get something from it. But it should not be on the list of those who "can not read everything." Briefly, it is a plea for avoidance of future wars for commercial reasons. When the author states in his introduction:

"Writing books is not my business; international commerce is my business"—he exculpates himself for many things he states, which many of us would otherwise call falsehood, untruth and similar terms. It is a discussion of the political and economic situation of the world from a commercial standpoint.

Great Penitents and *American Catholics in the War* are two of the new books to be recommended. They are worth reading slowly, and re-reading. *Great Penitents*, by Rev. Dr. H. F. Blunt, is a book to make one's own, a favorite, a spiritual treasure as well as a literary study. *American Catholics in the War* is Mr. Michael Williams' obedient response to a demand for the history of the part taken by the Catholic Church and her children, not only in the last war but in each war since our United States history be-

gan. There are more than facts to be grasped and placed in their proper places in our memories; reflection goes very well with the letters and documents, which passed between members of the National Catholic War Council, Cardinal Gibbons, Woodrow Wilson, chaplains in the war, and other personages. Of this book we can make a valuable study of our war-impressions and our reactions. This book is a good example of the need for time for reflection as we read, of which Dr. Payot has spoken in the book here quoted. It is possible that one's judgment of a book depends much upon conditions under which it is read. Yet seldom does an experienced reader fail to note whether a book is one which can be skimmed or one which should be pondered.

Work, Wealth and Wages, by Joseph Husslein, S. J., is a book in which we shall expend effort mainly in grasping the exact meanings of the words, and propositions, rather than in pondering and in thought-excursions of our own. Assuming that we know from study the meanings of these, our main work is simply to absorb the ideas the author puts forth.

Thus we need not be afraid of the field of reading, however perilous it may be and however frightening the warnings and directions given us by specialists.

BOOK REVIEWS


The Life of Patrick Augustine Feehan—By Rev. Cornelius J. Kirkfleet, Ord. Praem., is a volume of 381 pages, with an introduction by Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, Bishop of Rockford. It is a compilation of the simpler surface facts in the life of the first archbishop of Chicago, together with an appendix of eight documents and sixteen illustrations incidental to his life. The facts especially of the latter half of the book are related with an elaborate attention to minutiae, much in the fashion of newspaper reports. Biographically, the first part of the book is most to the point, giving the best insight to the quiet, self-possessed and self-sacrificing character of the subject. Greater accuracy in certain details of names and facts are desirable, especially where the data are so easily available, as in the matter of the heroes of the yellow fever epidemic in Memphis, or of the churches erected during Archbishop Feehan's administration.

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His Reverence; His Day's Work—
By Rev. Cornelius J. Holland, S. T.
L.

Like "Pastor Halloff" and the books of Fr. Arthur O'Neill, this volume may be looked upon as a popular supplement to pastoral theology. Though it is addressed avowedly to the laity (being in the form of letters to a "Prudenzia"), it is so full of helpful hints for the clergy, and so occupied with topics of interest to the clergy, that we half suspect the clergy was meant to be his chief beneficiary. At any rate, clergy as well as laity will, we feel sure, enjoy these snapshots of the routine life of the ideal priest. Blase Benziger, New York, \$1.60 postpaid.

Saint Jerome—His Fifteenth Centenary. By Very Rev. Thos. F. Burke, C.S.P.

In the series of booklets by the Paulist Press, New York, this of Father Burke will be interesting as presenting in the brief space of fifteen pages a full sketch of St. Jerome, his awakening, his molding, his work at Rome and at Bethlehem and in our day, and the inspiration which he drew from two notable women saints and scholars of his time, Paula and Eustochium, mother and daughter, who followed him from Bethlehem and built a convent near his cell, sharing his studies, his plans, his labors and his celestial honors.

Paulist Press, New York, 5 cents, \$3.50 a hundred.

Educational Ideals of Blessed Julie Billiart. By a Member of her Congregation.

The origin and history of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur are told in this short life of Blessed Julie Billiart (with bibliography). The book of 61 pages is for Catholic teachers, containing the inspiring words and story of one who became a teacher herself and the foundress of a great teaching Order. Marked from childhood as a saint, her life depicts the sacrifice, mortification and heroism of a great saint. A devotion to the teaching of catechism to children was the first distinct evidence of her vocation. As instructress of her teaching sisters, she is pictured as having a heavenly gaiety, a sound common sense, wisdom, sympathy, zeal. Her ideal of a teacher, and many of her sayings, are quoted by her biographer:

"We should let our thoughts cool down before we express them," was her counsel to the energetic and zealous who might think they were "wrecking wonders." Her constant trust was in "the good God."

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$.75 net.

A Child's Prayers to Jesus. By Father W. Roche, S.J.

One of the penny pamphlets issued by Longmans, Green & Co., London and New York, this little booklet presents in pleasing rhythmic form the aspirations and reflections suited for children's prayers; the expression is so simple and

so forcible that the prayers are self-educative to the child and an exercise in self-expression and understanding. Their simple fervor needs no comment. Price, 35 cents a dozen.

Helps for Students of History—A Guide to Franciscan Students. By A. G. Little.

In sixty-three pages the author enumerates the sources of study of Franciscan history, chiefly the lives of St. Francis of Assisi, the original sources of these lives, the early friars, chronicles, documents, controversial writings, sermons, missions and travels, learning, art and poetry and St. Clare and her order. This is a booklet of interest almost solely to students and scholars.

Macmillan Co., New York, price 50 cents.

The American Spirit. By George N. Shuster.

Another of the Paulist Press pamphlet series, in a summary of American literature, Mr. Shuster says some interesting and inspiring things, including some remarks on democracy and its trend and future. Its upshot, he declares, was cynicism. Our journalism, succeeding Puritanism, is notable for its uselessness, having no understanding of America's original ideals, and is now the tool of the commercial classes:

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Franciscan News

Italy.—In one of its recent sessions, the Sacred Congregation of Rites occupied itself with the writings of Ven. Luke Belludi, the companion and secretary of St. Anthony of Padua. Franciscan martyrologies commemorate him on February 17, while in Padua his tomb is to this day an object of public veneration. His cause of beatification was introduced twelve years ago by the Order of Friars Minor Conventual.—

In 1920, Ven. Sr. Mary de Castellazara founded what is known as The Institute of Franciscan Tertiaries of Divine Providence. Besides the three ordinary vows of obedience, chastity, and poverty, the members of the new congregation take a fourth one: self-immolation for the welfare of humanity. The congregation is increasing rapidly and widening its sphere of activity and influence.—

According to the latest reports, the following missions, subject to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda, are in charge of the Order of Friars Minor: China (ten vicariates); Japan (the prefecture apostolic of Sapporo and the district of Kakoshima); Holy Land (including Phoenicia, Syria, Lesser Armenia, Lower Egypt, Isle of Cyprus, and a friary in Constantinople); America (Bolivia with two vicariates and sections of Brazil, Paraguay, Argentine, Ecuador and Central Peru).—

The Order of Friars Minor Capuchin has forty-two different mission centers in pagan lands, the total number of their missionaries (priests and lay brothers) being 1,087. In 1921, seventy-six Capuchin Friars were sent into this vast vineyard of the Order, where the pagan population still numbers 124,000,000 souls. The total number of Baptisms conferred in 1921 was 52,000, of which 4,646 were cases of adults. We may add that in all the Friars conduct 584 schools and 448 hospitals and asylums.—

Fr. Leonard Lemmens, O. F. M., has been placed in charge of the official archives of the Franciscan Order preserved in the International College of St. Antony, Rome. The distinguished writer on the mission history of the Order has just published the first volume of *Biblioteca Bio-bibliographica* of invaluable documents on the history of the Holy Land from 1622 to 1720.—

Like his two predecessors, the new Archbishop of Milan, Most Rev. Eugene

Tosi, is a member of the Third Order. He was vested with the cord and scapular on October 4, 1883.—

In the province of Lombardy there are at present 1,411 fraternities of the Third Order, whereas a year ago the official report showed only 874. Hence almost six hundred new fraternities were founded within the past year. This remarkable increase is due both to the zeal of the bishops and priests in responding to the earnest appeal of the lamented Pope Benedict XV and to the propaganda organized and inaugurated at the national centenary convention held in Milan last fall. How many members belong to these 1,411 fraternities the latest statistics do not report. But last year, when there was some six hundred less fraternities, the total membership was 169,475.—

"The Italian Tertiaries," one of our French exchanges informs its readers, "are differently organized and fitted for action than our brethren in France. Few Frenchmen are aware of the fact that our Latin sister owes her escape from Bolshevism partly to the power of these organizations. The Popular Party of Italy, which has so successfully kept down the revolution, in part recruited its best champions from the numberless Franciscan Tertiaries. These, on their part, had but to follow the example of the politicians—directing the counter-revolution—their brothers in St. Francis. . . . Who will venture to reproach them for this salutary activity? Are they not the worthy continuers of those Franciscan Tertiaries who, in the days of their blessed founder, helped to wrest Italy from ruin and civil war? In short, despite their activity, the Italian Tertiaries are not forgetting the great principles of which the Sovereign Pontiffs have so often reminded them: the reform of society must be brought about by the reform of the individual."

Holy Land.—The Franciscan Mission of the Holy Land extends over Galilee and Judea, Phoenicia, Syria, Lesser Armenia, Isle of Cyprus, and Lower Egypt. There are nine friaries and sixty residences and hospices. Besides a seraphic college and novitiate at Aleppo, the friars have several houses of studies where the oriental languages are taught. They are in charge of seventy sanctuaries and forty-nine par-

ishes with churches and chapels. The personnel of the Holy Land Mission, including student clerics and lay brothers, numbers nearly five hundred. All told, the Catholics under the jurisdiction of the Franciscans number 103,478 of the Latin and 140,742 of the oriental rite. Their 59 parish schools have an enrollment of five thousand children, while the needy are cared for in five hundred poorhouses and the orphans in 350 orphanages. Besides a large number of dispensaries for the poor, the friars conduct nine so-called hospices in which during the past five years about 90,000 pilgrims obtained board and lodging. These figures are gathered from the latest official report, dated December, 1921.

France.—An important treatise on "The Etruscan Tongue: Dialect of Ancient Egyptians," written and recently published by Fr. Hilary de Barenton, O.M.Cap., has been presented to the French Academy of Inscriptions and Letters. "This work," says the Bombay *Examiner*, "throws much light on a problem which has always been so obscure that many specialists had declared it to be absolutely insoluble. The Etruscans, whose idiom has survived in only a few short inscriptions, and whose history is scarcely known, have remained an enigma to linguists and ethnographers. Father Hilary proves, by some decisive analogies, that the Etruscan language is a dialect of Coptic and hieroglyphics. By means of a new method inspired by this discovery, he has been able to give a satisfactory translation of texts which had hitherto been interpreted in an incomplete and doubtful manner. At the same time he has thrown light on the origin of this people, who, according to him, came originally from the banks of the Euphrates, and after a long sojourn in Egypt settled on the peninsula which was eventually to be known as Italy. The translations made by the Capuchin scholars are of great importance on account of the light they throw on the origin of the Italian people."—

Recently, the French Academy honored M. Georges Goyau with a certificate of membership. The distinguished historian is an enthusiastic admirer of St. Francis and belongs to the Third Order. Besides "Franciscan Types," a series of critical life sketches of Fran-

ciscan Saints, he wrote "A Religious History of the French Nation," favorable reviews of which are now appearing in various French publications. M. Goyau is an earnest and competent student of Franciscan history, and *La Vie Franciscaine* is in hopes that the eminent historian will eventually get out a critical Life of St. Francis.

Columbia.—The following item culled from *El Plata Serafica* of Buenos Aires, Argentina, will doubtless interest our readers: "Perija is a mountain in Columbia that serves as a border between this republic and that of Venezuela. Almost on its summit and approximately at equal distance from the Caribbean Sea and Lake Maracaibo there is a place in which until recently no white man had set foot. There are no beaten tracks on which to travel to this place; but rumors that it was the home of cannibals and a race of dwarfs induced a Spanish Franciscan, Fr. Camillus, to go in search of these people in order to civilize them and teach them Christianity. Tall, robust, with black and penetrating eyes, and gifted with great energy and will-power, Fr. Camillus went to where no one had yet gone and pitched camp there in a place on the mountain, more than three thousand feet above sea level and in the depth of a thick forest. Instantly Fr. Camillus found himself surrounded by dwarfs of a redish complexion. All were entirely nude and the tallest measured hardly four feet in height. They manifested neither fear nor hostility. Among these people Fr. Camillus made his home, civilizing and instructing them. He was the only white man who knew these people, until a short time ago, when, the Franciscan being in Cartagena de Indias, some Americans (*yanquis* is the term in *El Plata*) arrived who wished to visit the mountain of Perija. Fr. Camillus served as their guide and made them acquainted with the strange people."

Bolivia.—In his official *Memorial* for the year 1921, the Minister of War and Colonization spoke in high terms of the cultural influence of the Franciscan missionaries. He proves conclusively that entire sections of the country had become demoralized and ungovernable after the secularization of the Franciscan friaries, a state of affairs that the secular clergy were not able to cope with; that in recent years, however, social conditions in those regions have improved wonderfully where the Franciscan missionary colleges have once more begun to exert their influence. The Minister refers to the colleges at La Paz, Potosi, Tarja, and Tarata. His

testimony is of especial weight on account of its official character.

Ontario, Canada.—Through the initiative of the Knights of Columbus a magnificent monument has been erected in the province of Ontario to commemorate the first holy Mass celebrated in Canada on August 12, 1615, by Fr. Joseph de Capon, O. F. M. This saintly and intrepid missionary was also the first white man to penetrate westward into the Huron country and preach the Gospel to the savages; wherefore he is justly styled the Apostle of the Hurons.

Pulaski, Wis.—On July 9, at the Franciscan friary in Pulaski, Wisconsin, the Rev. Jerome Schneider, O. F. M., observed the diamond jubilee of his entrance in the Franciscan Order and the golden jubilee of his ordination to the holy priesthood. Rt. Rev. Paul Rhode, D. D., Bishop of Green Bay, delivered a very impressive sermon, in which he congratulated the venerable jubilarian on the completion of so many fruitful years of service in the vineyard of the Lord. Thirty-two years ago, Fr. Jerome came from Poland and laid the foundation of the present Franciscan Commissariat of Pulaski. "God alone," says one of our exchanges, "knows all his good works we now behold ever more prospering for God's honor and the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Polish people.

Evansville, Ind.—On the feast of St. Anthony, the local chapel of the Poor Clares was the scene of impressive ceremonies. Ven. Sister Annetta pronounced her solemn vows, while Ven. Sisters Louis and Fidelis were admitted to their simple vows. The solemn high Mass was celebrated by Very Rev. Martin Strub, O. F. M., Minister Provincial of the Sacred Heart Province. He also preached a very impressive sermon, showing how pleasing in the sight of God is the sacrifice which one makes by consecrating one's self entirely to God through the three religious vows.

Washington, Mo.—On Wednesday, June 28, our parish witnessed what might well be styled a Tertiary Silver Jubilee. On that day, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Hillermann observed the 25th anniversary of their wedding by a solemn High Mass, which was celebrated by Rev. Donulus Evers, O. F. M., former pastor of the parish. The jubilarians were surrounded by their ten children, five of whom belong to the Third Order and the rest of whom will belong to it as soon as they are old enough. One son, Leander, is preparing himself for the holy priesthood in the Franciscan Order. Nearly all the near relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Hillermann are Tertiaries.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—The Feast of Porziuncola was solemnly observed in the local Franciscan Church of Our Lady of Peace. In large numbers the faithful flocked to the church to gain the great indulgence. It is interesting and perhaps also illuminating for Third Order directors to note that after the solemn afternoon services, there was solemn reception and profession in the Third Order.

Oakland, Calif.—On July 1, four young ladies from San Francisco were received into the Order of Poor Clares. While Very Rev. Hugolinus Stoff, O. F. M., celebrated the solemn High Mass, it was none other than their esteemed Tertiary Archbishop of San Francisco Most Rev. Edward J. Hanna, D. D., who after holy Mass delivered an appropriate and eloquent sermon and then officiated at the solemn investment of the young ladies in the habit of the Poor Clares. To him as also to the Rev. Fathers and members of the parish the newly established community of Sisters extends their heartfelt thanks.

Teutopolis, Ill.—On July 1, during the conventional Mass Rev. Bro. Henry Dreixler made his solemn profession and on the next day the following young men were received into the Franciscan Order: Joseph Thiel (Fr. Otto), Herbert Bachmann (Fr. Elmer), Edward Haven (Fr. Donald), Henry Henninger (Fr. Cornelius), Cyril Futterer (Fr. Andrew), Harold Fochman (Fr. David), Joseph Rascher (Fr. Oscar), Joseph Blankemeyer (Fr. Fulgence), August Rehwinkel (Fr. Christopher), John Kunkel (Fr. Herminigild), Louis Krenpel (Fr. Sebastian), Thomas Tushaus (Fr. Benno), Joseph Ritter (Fr. Servatius). On the same occasion the following who had completed their year of novitiate were admitted to their simple profession: Fr. Edmund Patterson, Fr. Heribert Diethelm, Fr. Bertrand Kock, Fr. Bernard Koebele, Fr. Augustus Reyling, Fr. Norbert Schmalz, Fr. Antonellus Paull, Fr. Alban Schwartz, and Bro. Antony Mertz.

Oakland, Calif.—On July 28, the following young men entered the Franciscan Order: Joseph Halter (Fr. Clarence), Fred Liebrez (Fr. Arthur), Emmet Roddy (Fr. Patrick), James Ryan (Fr. Gerald), Joseph Klose (Fr. Norbert), Max Wieland (Fr. Claude). On August 2, seven novices who had completed their year of probation in the Franciscan Order pronounced their simple vows. They were: Fr. Richard Hodge, Fr. Cyril Marthaller, Fr. Roger Agostinelli, Fr. Edmund Austin, Fr. Alfred Boeddeker, Fr. Cornelius Snyder, and Bel. Bro. Francis Jaeger.

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Our Mission Picture

SANTA INEZ MISSION, the eighteenth in the order of founding, was the first to be established in the nineteenth century. It was solemnly blessed and dedicated to St. Agnes, Virgin and Martyr, on September 17, 1804. The successor of Fr. Fermin de Lasuén as Presidente of the California Missions, Fr. Estevan Tapis, performed the ceremonies on that occasion and preached an appropriate sermon to the large number of Indian neophytes who had come from Missions Santa Barbara and La Purissima to take part in the celebrations. In December, 1812, the original church was seriously damaged by the earthquakes that played havoc with a number of the other mission establishments in southern California. Setting aside the granary for divine services, the friars and their willing neophytes soon set to work and erected the church and adjoining buildings that are still in use. The blessing of this church took place on July 4, 1817. On the same day, in the afternoon, the remains of Fr. Antonio Calzada, who was the first missionary assigned to Santa Inez and who departed this life there on December 23, 1814, were transferred to the new church, as the friars were careful to note in the mission records. The neophyte population at Santa Inez reached its highest number in 1816, when 768 baptized Indians were living there, happy and contented under the kind and benevolent care of the friars. During the thirty years that this mission was in undisputed control of the Franciscans, 1,323 natives received the sacrament of Baptism, while materially the mission reached a comparatively high state of prosperity. Peace and prosperity came to an end, however, when Mexico's representatives in California, who had little understanding and less appreciation of what the friars had till then achieved, declared the Indians emancipated from mission tutelage and legislated all temporalities into the hands of unscrupulous land-grabbers.

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Do You Know Such a Young Man?

HE HAD just turned twenty. He was the son of a well-to-do business man, accomplished and liberally educated. A career awaited him in any profession he would choose. Wife and home of the best awaited him when he chose to make up his mind. He was generous with his money and was furnished with plenty of it. He was popular—naturally would be—and made the best of it, being the lion of the younger set. His future was bright with promise. You may know of young men similarly situated.

Another picture: A youth without friends and home, much to himself, generally made sport of, poorly dressed, in prospects the reverse of the former, a peniless beggar. And this youth is not perceptibly older than the former,—in fact, he is the same person! What misfortune overtook him? None. Only, he chose of his free will to surrender his prospects, and the rest followed as a matter of course. Do you know such a young man? Or do you think there is none, and never was one?

I will admit, you might look far and wide to find one. But you will admit that a young man of wealthy connections renouncing every cent would create a sensation. People would want to know what on earth was the matter. The general verdict might be, weakening mentality. Yet, why just that verdict? Is there anything new in finding people discontented in the midst of plenty? Within the last year we have seen scions of wealthy families, one snubbing a brilliant match, another wedding far beneath her station, one giving up society for a profession, a few in downright scandals, several actually turning bandit. Of course there are motives and motives. It may be done to get oneself talked about, or it may be done to have a fling and secure a thrill, or it may be out of restiveness at tiresome conventions, or just from a sincere wish to get away from emptiness into something worth while. Also, there are outlooks and outlooks. One may not be confronted with the loss of social standing and prospects,—even acquire popularity; or again, one may not foresee the sacrifice, or, out of sheer doggedness, one may not care.

Now, about the young of whom I am speaking,—was there such a young man? Yes. Then, what were his motives and his disposition in taking the strange step? With open eyes, foreseeing the loss of home, friends, popularity, and prospects, all of which he keenly relished, with poverty and ridicule grinning him in the face, he freely relinquished the comforts and resigned himself to the suffering,—because there was no other way to do God's will! Cause a sensation? Yes, a profound sensation. Why, it was the act of a self-

indulgent, though pure, youth, amid a world and a circle of self-indulgence. Mostly it was ridiculous significant tappings of the forehead, that greeted the step. There was an undercurrent of pity, but the world was also an irate parent who disowned the boy. I one remained indifferent. It was the talk of the count. But strange! After sounding for a time the depth of abasement, there was a change, not in the fortune of the youth, but in the attitude of the public. I found imitators! Pity turned to admiration. He became the hub of a movement which proved the salvation of his day! Yes, he stands before the world today acclaimed by pope and scholar as the hope and the example of our age—Francis of Assisi!

Do you know of young men confronted with a similar alternative and ready for the same sacrifice? We there are many confronted by the alternative. The call of the Master to "go, sell all thou hast, and come follow me," is there, not with the same meaning for all, yet with an application for all, and the grace of God is ready to carry them through. What we need is a world of Francises ready to meet the call as it applies to them, some to follow Francis in the religious life—priests and brothers, all to set aside likes and feelings, and earthly considerations to obey God's commandments. We need men and women generous enough to choose what is right, cost what it may, willing to make liberal sacrifices for what pleases God. The sensation they would create in our self-indulgent, utilitarian world would be phenomenal,—and wholesome! They would save the day.

The Third Order of St. Francis seeks to train such men and women and by their example to change the face of the world. Be a member!

Fly Your Colors!

IT IS just a year ago. Were you there? At least you were interested and you took intense pleasure in the recital. In compliance with the wishes of the Holy Father, the children of St. Francis from all over the country gathered in Chicago to commemorate the seven-hundredth anniversary of the founding of the Third Order, and incidentally to renew their fervor and put the cause before the public. An astonishing gathering it proved to be. The numbers, the distinguished personages, the feeling of brotherhood between bishop, priests, and laymen of every condition and occupation, nationality and color! How edified we were to find many of the best known prelates, public men, scholars, professional men and women of the country among the brethren. The *Report* of the convention, now before us, shows better than eye and ear could take in at the time what a mighty occasion it was.

But, if there was a purpose to that gathering, it was to spread the Tertiary movement. The wishes of the popes for scores of years past will not be fulfilled until the Third Order is the most influential society in the country, as it is even now the widest spread organization in the Catholic world. You have a duty to help the movement along. There is a simple means,—wear your Tertiary emblem always and everywhere, not in a spirit of boastfulness, but from a spirit of loyalty to convictions, like that which prompts you to tip your hat when you pass the church, or to make the sign of the Cross. Wear an emblem that is representative of the value you attach to the order—there are beautiful ones in the market. It will give you occasions to speak of the order. Its very appearance with ever growing frequency will attract attention to what is the most highly recommended society of Mother Church.

To be sure, membership is not everything,—it is far from being the main thing. Says *Seraphic Chronicle*: "The important, nay essential, feature of the Franciscan movement . . . is this, that every individual member of the order be touched in the innermost soul; else the movement will remain external and transitory, a thing which cannot produce lasting results." Observe your rule and its spirit. Go about the business of being a Tertiary with deliberation, firmly bent on cutting your character to pattern, lopping off your bad habits, ingrafting the Franciscan virtues of prayer, charity, self-denial, detachment. There is more attraction in that than in emblems. If the great convention serves to harden in every Tertiary this determination, it will prove an epoch-making event.

Mother's Roses

EAGERLY she looked for their coming and greeted the first green sprouts, her heart leaped as the buds appeared, and she felt fully rewarded for the pains she had taken. With such tender love our Blessed Mother watched the rose of our redemption put forth its promise in the advent and childhood of our Savior, timed her pains and sufferings with those of her divine Son while the work was consummated, and exulted when the work was perfected in the resurrection and glory of Christ. With the same sentiments she continues to mother the great garden of roses—our souls. There is joyful hope at the graces extended to us, sympathy and sorrow at our struggles and our backsliding, exultation at the triumph of grace in the conversion, sanctification, and heavenly glory of millions.

The green leaf of hope, the thorns of sorrow, the flower of blessedness; the grace and resolution to do better, the earnest effort to be rid of sin, a good end; the joyful mysteries, the sorrowful mysteries, the glorious mysteries,—that is the course of every human life, as well as the epitome of our redemption, the care and joy of our Blessed Mother.

During October let us twine wreaths of roses to gladden our Mother's heart by gratefully reciting the Rosary. A devotion specially pleasing to the Queen of the Holy Rosary is the Franciscan rosary of the Seven Joys of Mary. There are seven decades of Hail Marys to commemorate the Annunciation, the Visitation, the Nativity of our Lord, the Adoration of the

Magi, the Finding of Jesus in the Temple, the Resurrection and the Assumption. The indulgences that can be gained by reciting this rosary, known as the Franciscan Crown, are the most abundant granted to any rosary.

How Long Can It Be Done With Impunity?

IT IS characteristic of insincerity that it overdoes. The public press has overdone the Herrin affair. That the fact is there, and that it is execrable, no one wishes to deny. But things of that sort have underlying causes. Of course, mobs are liable to terrible impulses—what individual is not?—and in the case before us there was no little immediate provocation, in spite of maudlin press reports to the contrary. But, beyond that, such brutality creates a suspicion of brutalizing living conditions. House and herd men like beasts, atrophy the higher and better impulses, in particular, persistently refuse men the most elementary justice as if they were no more than beasts, and do not be surprised if the beast dormant in the best of men breaks his cage. If the Herrin affair is to be sifted to the bottom and the guilty parties brought to justice with a view to prevent a similar shame, why not have an impartial investigation of living conditions and act accordingly? Justice is a law of nature; injustice, therefore, prepares its own punishment. Some day, perhaps, employers all will tumble to the truth that it is a wise measure of self-preservation to pay a living wage, meaning that, if they take up a man's time, they must give him enough not merely to fill a brute stomach but to satisfy other legitimate human aspirations. Riding down just human demands by purchasing favorable legislation and press comment is as efficient a preventive of disturbances as closing one's ears and yelling to offset the menace of a breaking storm.

Apostles of the Press

JUST saw it again the other day. A magazine with over a million and a half of subscribers. A Catholic magazine? No, one of the sensational kind, but nicely gotten up with everything that is apt to catch the eye,—bright colors, beautiful cuts, the best authors.

You may have wondered whether Catholic magazines cannot be gotten up as attractively, promoting the propagation of healthful reading. Yes. But it takes money, ever so much of it. And the money must come from—well, as with our churches, schools, and charitable institutions, so with the Catholic press,—it depends for support on the Catholic public.

Now, it is unnecessary to ask you to help,—you are willing, with reasonable consideration for a hard-taxed purse. But there is another way. Do you know the secret of success of most great secular magazines? It is the advertising they carry. The astounding sums netted by it enable them to offer the public just what attracts the eye. How does this affect you? Thus: Patronize the dealers who advertise in Catholic magazines, being careful to mention the magazine, and you will encourage them to advertise in Catholic magazines, which in turn will go farther than almost anything else to assure the improvement of our magazines. An inexpensive apostleship for the Catholic press.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

BY FR. GILES, O. F. M.

NO DOUBT, a large number of my readers, noticing the absence of my monthly *Chat* in the August and September issues of the *HERALD*, thought to themselves: "Fr. Giles is taking it easy during the hot summer months and is enjoying the cool breezes in some northern State or the bracing mountain air out West,"—and perhaps one or the other whispered under their breath, "while we poor mortals must stay at home tied to our post by the routine drudgery of everyday life." Well, friends, I really wish I could say that I had been away from the office enjoying the delights of a summer vacation and that each and every one of you had been similarly favored, but I must confess that, like many of you, I, too, have been tied tighter than usual to my post all during the summer months by special work that could not be postponed, and the only lake breezes I felt were those of Lake Michigan, greatly tempered at times by southern heat waves, and the bracing air that I inhaled was our ordinary Chicago atmosphere made odorous now and then by—well, you know that our city is world-famed for something else than its magnificent system of boulevards and stately skyscrapers.

Thus you see the most of us, at least, have been in the same boat all summer, trying our best to live up to our name as Brothers and Sisters of the Third Order of Penance—and surely the weather man gave us ample opportunity to practice what we preach! But now that the balmy month of October is here and we are relishing the fruits made luscious by the summer sun, and we feel also that the Recording Angel is garnering a goodly harvest of merits for us in the heavenly granary—the fruits of pen-

ance and other good works performed during the past months—we look back upon July, August, and September with a great deal more satisfaction than we passed through them.

Talking about the heat—I wonder just how many of my good brothers and sisters in St. Francis laid aside their Tertiary cord and scapular during the past months, since they found them rather more penitential than during the cooler seasons of the year. I readily grant that at times it is a source of mortification to wear the Third Order cord and scapular, but surely Dame Fashion demands far more self-denial from her clients than St. Francis ever dreamed of asking of his followers. I need but refer to the ridiculous custom of wearing the so-called "summer furs," not to mention a thousand and one other customs equally silly and uncomfortable. As the strings on the scapular may be of any material desired and the brown pendicles may be enclosed in linen or silk cases, the inconvenience of wearing the scapular may be reduced to a minimum. Moreover, neither the cord nor the scapular need be worn directly on the skin but may be, and usually are, worn over the underwear. I may mention in passing that even should a Tertiary lay aside the cord and scapular without sufficient reason for some days or weeks, he would not thereby incur the guilt of sin but merely deprive himself for the time of the usual graces and privileges.

As many new members will be received into the Third Order during the month of October, especially on the feast of our holy Father St. Francis, which is celebrated on October 4, I think it opportune to chat a bit today with you on the ceremony of investment of novices. I am confident

that what I shall have to say will serve as an incentive for the Tertiaries to prize their Third Order cord and scapular more than ever, and on the other hand will prove enlightening and interesting to my many non-Tertiary readers and may serve them as another stepping stone to their own entry into the ranks of St. Francis' children.

Although a person may be enrolled in the Third Order with little external pomp, Holy Church desires that the investment of novices should be attended ordinarily with as much splendor as possible, the better to impress on the new members the great importance of the step they are taking in donning the habit of St. Francis. But no matter whether the ceremony of investment is solemn or not, the prayers used are always the same. The officiating priest begins by calling on the Bl. Mother of God and St. Francis to aid us with their powerful intercession at the throne of Jesus, whereupon he blesses the scapular, saying the following beautiful prayer:

O Lord Jesus Christ, Who hast deigned to put on the garb of our mortality, and to be wrapped in swaddling clothes in the manger, and Who hast graciously inspired Thy glorious Confessor, our blessed Father Francis, to institute three orders, and the Supreme Pontiffs of the Church, Thy Vicars, to approve them, we humbly beseech the abundance of Thy clemency, that Thou wouldst deign to bless and sanctify this garment, which the same blessed Francis enjoined his fellow soldiers, the Brothers of Penance, to wear as a badge of penance, and as a strong armor against the world, the flesh and the devil: that this Thy servant, devoutly receiving it, may so clothe himself with Thee that he may, in the spirit of humility, faithfully walk in the way of Thy commandments until death. Who livest and reignest world without end. Amen.

Then the priest proceeds to bless the cord, saying:

O God, Who, in order that the slave be set free, wouldest have Thy Son to be bound by the hands of impious men, bless, we beseech Thee, this girdle, and grant that Thy servant, who is girded with this tincture of penance, may be always mindful of the cords of our Lord Jesus Christ, and ever acknowledge himself bound to Thy service, through the same Jesus Christ our Lord Thy Son, Who with Thee liveth and reigneth in the unity of the Holy Ghost world without end. Amen.

When this prayer has been recited and the cord and scapular blessed with holy water, the priest chants the *Veni Creator*, that the Holy Ghost may enlighten the candidates with His heavenly grace and make them truly wise that, laying aside and despising the perishable things of this world, they may put on the livery of the children of God and follow St. Francis on the path of virtue and penance. Hereupon, the priest invests each candidate with the scapular and cord, saying the while:

May the Lord divest thee of the old man with his acts, and turn away thy heart from the pomps of the world, which thou has renounced when receiving Baptism. Amen.

May the Lord clothe thee with the new man, who according to God is created in justice and the holiness of truth. Amen.

May the Lord gird thee with the cincture of purity, and extinguish in thy veins the passion of lust, that the virtue of continency and chastity may dwell in thee. Amen.

Finally, the priest gives to each candidate a lighted candle with the words:

Receive, dearest brother (sister), the light of Christ as a sign of thy immortality, that being dead to the world thou mayest live to God, shunning the works of darkness. Arise from the dead, and Christ will enlighten thee. Amen.

A hymn of praise is then sung and the priest again calls on the Bl. Virgin and St. Francis, as also the two special patrons of the Third Order, St. Louis of France and St. Elizabeth of Hungary, to intercede with God for the newly invested novices that He may strengthen them in their determination to remain true to their holy vocation until death. As in Baptism and Confirmation, so also at our investment as novices in the Third Order, Holy Church gives us a special name and entrusts us to the pro-

tection of one of God's saints. The patrons chosen on this occasion are usually taken from one of the three orders of St. Francis, though this is not necessary, and we should endeavor to do honor to their name by imitating, as well as we can, the special virtues that adorned them while on earth.

From the foregoing, you can readily understand how highly Holy Church esteems the Tertiary scapular and cord since she invests her children with them in so solemn a manner. And she has all reason for doing so, since they are but the outward symbols of the life and spirit that should characterize every son and daughter of St. Francis. Listen to what the renowned Cardinal-Archbishop of Salerno, Ven. Gabriel of Trejo, has to say about the Tertiary habit. On July 3, 1621, he was clothed with the garb of the Third Order of Penance and when he received a letter of congratulation from Friar Luke Wadding, the famous Irish Franciscan historian, he replied as follows:

You say that you are surprised that I, after being elevated to the cardinalial purple, should assume the humble garb of penance and publicly profess myself a member of the Third Order of St. Francis. But how could I better prove that I have consecrated myself and all I have to St. Francis than by adopting his rule and habit? Or is perchance the cord of St. Francis too coarse to serve as a girdle for a cardinal's purple robe? It girded a St. Louis IX of France and a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, both of whom are now numbered among the saints, not to mention many other kings and princes. This very year King Philip III of Spain died clothed in the habit of St. Francis, and Queen Isabella, wife of the present reigning monarch, Philip IV, and his royal sister, the Princess Mary, have both publicly taken the habit of the Third Order.

Or is a garb of penance unbecoming to those who wear a crown? It certainly is not, for even in the days of the Prophet Eliseus, Joram, the king of Israel, wore a hairshirt. Ah, indeed, the poor habit of St. Francis is a purple robe of which even crowned heads and cardinals may well be proud. It is an ornament steeped in the Blood of Jesus Christ and in the blood that flowed from the sacred wounds of His servant, St. Francis. This humble garb, worn in the service of Christ, becomes the proud livery of the King of kings. In this way, I am clothed with two purple robes,

the purple of the King over that of the cardinal, and far from degrading myself by doing this, I am afraid that I have taken altogether too much honor to myself. To prove to the world my deep devotion to St. Francis and his order I have publicly donned his habit, for which I had longed these many years and I have at last taken my place in the ranks of his spiritual sons. May God give me the grace to prove worthy of such a father in all my ways and deeds!

Nine years after writing this letter, in 1630, Cardinal Gabriel died a most holy and edifying death, leaving to his Tertiary brothers and sisters the illustrious example of a truly Franciscan life.

Friends, through no merit of your own you also stand before the world as Tertiary sons and daughters of the great St. Francis. Ah, treasure your holy scapular and cord as a most precious robe and never lay them carelessly aside. Your Third Order habit has been worn by popes, cardinals, emperors, kings, queens, and nobles of every rank, and they considered themselves honored in being permitted to appear in it, and you should consider it of little value and even strive to keep your membership in the order secret from the world! Ah, no, my friends! Out with it. Proclaim to the four winds that you are a Tertiary and that you are proud of it. Since you are not permitted to wear your scapular and cord publicly, wear your Tertiary emblem* and thus show that beneath your clothing you bear on your heart the coarse brown garb of the humble St. Francis and that your body is girded with his knotted cord of penance and chastity. In this way your very appearance in public will be a constant sermon to your fellow men, and rest assured its message will not go entirely unheeded.

*The reader will recall that in the July Issue of the HERALD, Fr. Giles treated extensively the meaning and uses of the Third Order emblem. A new and inexpensive variety of this emblem has been produced in gold plate finish, which now brings it within the reach of all. In reply to the many inquiries that came in asking where such an emblem could be procured, we take pleasure in referring you to the advertisement of the Tertiary Emblem that appears on page 469 of this issue.—THE EDITOR.

WHY MUST I SUFFER?

By F. J. REMLER, C. M.

Second Reason

Expiation of Public and National Sins

THE second reason why you must suffer, especially in times of general calamities, is this: *As a member of society and a citizen of your country you must unite with the rest in making the atonement and reparation which Divine Justice requires for the public and national sins committed in the community in which you live.*

By public and national sins we understand certain sins of a graver nature which are committed on so large a scale and by so many persons in a community, be it a city, or a province, or an entire nation, that they are attributed to the community as a body and not merely to this or that individual. Sins of this kind are: Apostasy from the faith, irreligion and forgetfulness of God; godless education of the young; profanation of God's holy Name, cursing, blasphemy and perjury; the desecration of the Lord's day; immodest and scandalous fashions; immoral art, literature and amusements; divorce and adultery sanctioned by iniquitous state laws; dishonesty, injustice and oppression of the poor; murder and race-suicide; and finally, those wild orgies of gross immorality and unrestrained license which periodically disgrace public festivities and celebrations, or occur in connection with balls, dances, banquets and the like.

God is exceedingly patient and long-suffering and does not willingly inflict general chastisements, however richly they may be deserved by a community. He rather desires that His offending children seek His pardon by means of a timely repentance and conversion. He waited a hundred years before He sent the deluge which He had commissioned Noe to announce; He allowed forty years to elapse between the prediction made by our Lord of the coming destruction of Jerusalem and the fulfilment of that prediction by the Romans in the year 70; and He spared the city of Nineve altogether because its inhabitants immediately left off sinning and hastened to do penance at the preaching of Jonas.

God acts in this way still. He often waits a long time before He inflicts on sinful cities and nations those more extensive chastisements which their multiplied iniquities call for. He desires to spare them and therefore tries first in every possible way to recall them to a sense of their duty and a timely repentance and conversion. But if in spite of these delays they obstinately refuse to enter into themselves and to leave off sinning; if they continue in their wickedness, sometimes even to the extent of sinning more boldly because their evil deeds are not punished at once, then the hour must come in which the measure of their iniquity is filled to overflowing. That hour will mark the beginning of some general visitation which will fall heavily on the guilty community as a just punish-

ment of its long continued transgressions of God's holy law,—destructive floods or storms, conflagrations, earthquakes; seasons of scarcity and famine; epidemics and pestilences; and especially the horrors of rebellions and revolutions, and of civil and international wars. Divine Justice makes use of these evils for the punishment and correction of a sinful people much the same as a wise father uses the rod for the chastisement and betterment of a wayward child.

Nor is it always necessary that God send such chastisement for the public sins as He sent the deluge or the destruction of Jerusalem. There are many sins which contain in themselves the seeds of future public suffering just as the acorn contains the gigantic oak. If such sins prevail for a sufficiently long time, unchecked and unrepented of, they are bound to produce such conditions in the social order as make certain calamities unavoidable. Take for example the sin of *godless education*, that is, education of youth without religion. Where such a system has been adopted, the necessary results must be the following: After two or three generations the knowledge of God will disappear more or less completely from the people; the sense of right and wrong will be lost; good will be called evil, and evil good; there will be no respect for the moral law; the depravity of youth will grow worse and worse; dishonesty and corruption will prevail in business, in the courts, in the legislature, and in the government itself; taxes will be misappropriated or disappear in the pockets of "grafters"; heavy expenses will be necessary to maintain the growing number of asylums, juvenile courts, reform-schools and prisons; there will be no security to honor, property and life; the relations between capital and labor will be strained to the breaking point so that violence and bloodshed will become inevitable; family life will be disrupted by adultery, divorce and free love; national rivalries, jealousies and hatreds, provoked by commercial greed, grow more and more intense, until they lead to international wars with their unspeakable misery to millions. Nations that sow the whirlwind must reap the storm.

Public and national sins must be expiated in this world for the very simple reason that they can not be expiated in the next. In the world to come families, cities, provinces and nations will have no continuance of corporate existence. There men and women will exist merely as individuals, without being united by those social, civil, political and national bonds which are necessary in this life for the welfare and preservation of the human race. In eternity, they will individually enjoy the fruits of their life on earth—the good will possess the kingdom of God in heaven, while the wicked shall suffer for their evil deeds in the unquenchable fire of hell. But as public sins require public expiation, and as this expiation can not be made in this next life, it is clear that it must be made on this side of the grave.

Why Must the Innocent Suffer?

A question which proves a sore temptation to many persons whose faith is weak and unenlightened suggests itself in this connection: Why is it that the good and virtuous are not exempt at such times, but compelled to suffer like the rest? If God is just, how can He allow the innocent to be afflicted with the guilty?

There are several reasons why God permits the good to suffer in times of public chastisement:

1. It is but right and just that the good should lend a willing hand in offering to God the atonement made necessary by public sins, because in normal times they enjoy in common with their fellow-citizens the blessings of peace, tranquillity, national prosperity. Their temporal interests are in common, both in times of prosperity and in times of affliction.

2. Those who are innocent of actually taking part in public sins are not for that reason always wholly free from guilt in the sight of God. Very often they are guilty of these sins in an indirect manner—accessory to them, as it is called. Thus they may have connived at some form of immorality; they may not have protested against it; they may have neglected to use their authority, or influence, or right to vote, to hinder its introduction, or to procure its removal when already introduced, and all this from indifference, human respect, fear of persecution, of loss of business and similar unworthy reasons.

3. The sufferings endured by the good have a much greater atoning value than those endured by the wicked. Hence the more good persons there are to join in making the required atonement, the more quickly will it be made. Besides, God is easily moved, out of consideration for the sufferings of the good, to greatly mitigate His punishments, even to cancel them altogether.

4. The sight of the good suffering for sins which they did not commit is apt to promote the conversion and salvation of the wicked, by vividly reminding them of the more rigorous chastisements inflicted for sin in the next life. If sin is punished so severely upon the good here on earth, how much more severely will it be punished upon unrepentant sinners in eternity!

5. Such sufferings afford the good an opportunity or making full atonement for their personal sins. For there is no one so holy and so confirmed in grace that he has not committed some sins, such at least as are venial. "Even the just man shall fall seven times," etc., frequently. But it is an unchanging law that every sin, even the smallest, must be fully expiated either here or hereafter in purgatory. But expiation made here is vastly more profitable than that which is made after death.

6. The patient endurance of undeserved sufferings makes the good resemble Jesus Christ, who, though perfectly innocent, took upon Himself the task of making atonement for our sins and thereby opening heaven to us. If He had not made this atonement, we could not be saved. Besides, innocent sufferings enable the good to reach the highest degrees of grace and virtue here, which will produce for them a correspondingly high degree of endless glory in the kingdom of heaven.

(To be continued)

AN AUTUMN REVERIE

While strolling around my garden
Fast falling to decay,
A feeling of sadness tempers
The peace of an autumn day.

For only in scattered places
Are brilliant colors seen,
And brown that is dull and dingy
Displaces the summer's green.

The seeds have ripened and fallen;
But comfort is in the thought
That out of their ugly substance
Shall beauty again be wrought.

For after the autumn is winter,
And after winter the spring.
And spring shall bring the awakening
Of every lovely thing.

But weeds are in my garden
If I uproot them not,
They'll rob of all its beauty
This one-time beauty spot.

All life is like a garden,
Our actions are the seeds
Of rare and lovely flowers
Or course and ugly weeds.

But ere the seeds are planted,
The soil we must prepare
With fervent prayers for dressing
And unremitting care.

Then sun of right intention
And dew of contrite tear
Can make each earthly garden
A Paradise appear.

—Annette S. Driscoll.

ON SIMPLICITY

BY AGNES MODESTA

MY NEIGHBOR crossed the lawn and dropped wearily down on the step of my French door.

"I am so tired!" she mourned. "We've been having an orgy of house-cleaning. Bric-a-brac, pictures, books, furniture — millions — yes, literally millions of things to be moved, dusted, and then put back to collect more dust. And the dressmaker is coming tomorrow to begin our fall and winter sewing—millions of scraps on the floor; dozens of suffocating clothes to be saved from the moths—millions—" She paused in her dissertation long enough to shake her head hopelessly and sigh. "Yes—millions," she concluded pessimistically. Then a new thought struck her; a new woe that had temporarily slipped into the background of her thoughts. "And I've got to pull myself together for the Bloomfields' *Thé Dansant* tomorrow afternoon, and tell a million lies about how I'm enjoying myself, and the car is in the shop and we'll have to hire a taxi, and—oh, I wish I could run away from everything and be just myself for one day!"

She did look thoroughly worn out, and I found it in me to pity her as she sent forth volley after volley of complaints into my attentive ear. I did wish I could help her. I essayed a query.

"Why *don't* you run away from it?"

Her tired eyes took on a shocked expression.

"Oh, I couldn't—with everything to look after, and that *Dansant*. We've got to be nice to the Bloomfields—but I loathe them!" she finished venomously.

"But I don't mean just leave this present mix-up," I persisted. "Why can't you dispose of all that useless stuff; get just what clothes you really must have, and tell your friends that you aren't going out to social affairs this year, and then set about enjoying your uncluttered home and your own family?"

"Oh—but I couldn't. What would people say?"

"What does it matter; do you live for the approbation of the public? And just getting down to the present

instance, why do you have to hire a taxi tomorrow? It isn't far to the Bloomfields; couldn't you walk?"

My neighbor cast upon me the tolerant glance of a mother who listens to the romancing of an imaginative offspring.

"Walk?—It would be all over town that we couldn't afford to have a car."

A loud crash came from the direction of her house. She got up resignedly.

"It sounded like that Ming vase," she said. "Sometimes I wish that there might be an obliging earthquake to break all our things—only a real disaster could manage it. Now I'll have to go over and pretend to be furious over whatever has been broken."

But as she started off she cast a longing backward glance toward the clean, bare spaces in my study.

"I'll admit, though," she smiled wryly, "that I wish I could be strong-minded like you. Simplicity is such an appealing word."

I permitted myself a little sigh of sympathy and thanksgiving as she disappeared from my sight. Sympathy, because she was so typical of the world-worn women of the *genus* "social-climber," and thanksgiving, because my own roof-tree sheltered no conglomeration of superfluous gim-cracks. I can at least visit my friends without the formality of a taxicab; and I can welcome my friends at tea whenever they happen to feel like dropping in. And this blessed freedom from stiff conventionality, my harassed neighbor attributes to my "strong-mindedness."

But her wistful look haunts me, and her parting words ring in my ears. "*Simplicity is such an appealing word.*"

It is. And simplicity itself is even more appealing than the word. There is something so artificial, breathless, hurried and confused in the life of most Americans today. It is an unnatural condition, to which one longs to apply the healing remedy of simplicity.

For no one will deny that simplicity is the parent of peace. Jesus of Nazareth lived in the utmost simplic-

ity for thirty-three years upon luxury-steeped earth in order to make that fact clear. And that very mirror of the Christ-life, Francis Bonadone, the Poor Man of Assisi, reformed the society of his own day by his life and maxims of simplicity. Society today needs return to the principles of Christ—a return that can be made in no easier way than by a turning to the rule laid down by St. Francis—for the very key-note of life Franciscan is simplicity.

Simplicity of living, simplicity of dress, simplicity of manner, are above all and including all, that simplicity of heart which is divine, with the outstanding qualities of Francis the spreader of light and sweetener in a form-clogged world.

And still there are so pitiful many who find the complicated scheme of existence of the day vital, necessary to their pleasure. Person of moderate means will scramble and claw in a mad attempt to scale the swaying curtain of social position; and in so doing will wreck their own happiness and the happiness of a about them. Can they not see that the refreshing calm of truly simplifying they would find a charm which all their efforts fail to produce? Home within their means; space to breathe pure air; fewer meals and simple, nourishing fare; wholehearted sharing of their best with their neighbor, poor or rich; time usefully occupied, and lawful pleasures regulated but enjoyed so much the more as means of refreshment to the body and mind—ah, but it is a attractive picture.

There is the little matter of wearing apparel—anything but a *little* matter in the lives of so many. Why must a woman possess closets full of garments, shelves laden with accessories, boxes full of hats, all of which must—she thinks—be renewed at least quarterly? A few well-chosen well-cut garments, worn with grace and modesty, would fulfill the purpose of clothing, and could be remodeled for further use the second season, or if the owner were possessed of sufficient means, given away while there is yet virtue in them. Far from ap-

earing "dowdy" in them, most women would find that the elimination would work wonders, and that with the decrease of number would come in direct ratio an increase in instinct.

Again, there is that pleasing simplicity which is always a joy. Surrounding so many votaries of the world is such an elaborate network of polite fictions, equivocations, and black "social lies," that even to insert one's head for an instant brings on a feeling of suffocation. It is utterly impossible for the trapped ones to extricate themselves gently. One polite falsehood begets another, and to entangle oneself would mean disaster. But there is no reason why the fabric should not be cut. I should be one of the last to advocate that brutal habit of mind sometimes called "frankness," but there is no brutality in that naive and direct truthfulness that springs from a charitable heart. Where there is a Christian love of neighbor, there is small fear that one's words will sting or hurt.

But the real foundation stone of all the rest is that simplicity of heart that springs from a divine source. The heart that clings fast to God, and finds Him in every creature, must love every human being because of God's image stamped in it. And did you ever notice that there is no simplicity greater than that of the truly great and noble of heart? It is only mediocre souls that are beset with countless worries and complications, for with a rising to the heights comes in true perspective that clear and unobstructed view of all beneath. The man on the mountain-top sees the vastness of the scene, while the one who is a part of the swarming crowd below is apt to find his outlook bounded on the north by his neighbor's collar-button, on the east by a flat wall, on the west by the teeming, sweating traffic, and on the south—out of course three sides is his limit. So it is that with bigness comes simplicity, and God, the supremely vast, is the Being of perfect simplicity.

All of which sounds rather abstruse and metaphysical, I suppose; but after all, it isn't hard to bring it down to practical understanding. And it is important that it be so brought down. For simplicity is one of the crying needs of the age. It is the cooling breeze that alone can blow

THE ROSARY

*Mother of God, I bring to thee
The white rose of glad mystery;
White as the white of Gabriel's
wings
As thy first Ave-song he sings;
White as the wimple on thy head
When thy Magnificat was said;
White as the wondrous heavenly light
Upon the snows of Christmas night;
White as the temple's marbled stair
The day thou broughtest Jesus there;
White as the light that filled thy
door
When thy last Boy was home once
more.*

*Mother of God, I bring to thee
The red rose of sad mystery;—
Red as the blood that flowed so free
Beneath the olive-garden tree;
Red as the blood of many a pain
Beneath the scourging whip and
chain;
Red as the blood that streamed
down
Upon His face from thorny crown;
Red as the blood that ceaseless
flowed
Along the Cross's dolorous road;
Red as the blood a God's love gave
On Calvary's hill a world to save.*

*Mother of God, I bring to thee
The gold rose—glorious mystery;—
Gold as the blaze of Easter sun
When victory o'er death was won;
Gold as the pathway through the
skies
When Jesus claimed His Paradise;
Gold as the Pentecostal flame
When forth the Holy Spirit came;
Gold as the chariot bearing thee
Unto thy dwelling heavenly;
Gold as the rosary coronal
That crowned thee glorious Queen of
all.*

—HUGH F. BLUNT, LL.D.
(IN MY OWN PEOPLE)

away the cobwebs of artificiality and still our unquiet hearts. If we go back to that unincumbered directness that was the charm of Assisi's Poverello, we shall, even as did his immediate followers, bring new strength and joy and peace to our own lives.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. BB. John and Nicholas, Confessors of the I and III Orders.
 2. The Holy Guardian Angels. (Plen. Ind.)
 3. Vigil of St. Francis—Bl. Felix, Virgin of the II Order. (Day of Fast.)
 4. Our Seraphic Father, St. Francis, Founder of the Three Franciscan Orders. (Gen. Absol.—Plen. Ind.)
 6. St. Mary Francis, Virgin of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
 7. The Most Holy Rosary of our Lady.
 8. St. Bridget, Widow of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)
 10. SS. Daniel and Companions, Martyrs of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
 11. Octave of St. Francis. (Plen. Ind.)
 12. St. Seraphin, Confessor of the I Order Cap. (Plen. Ind.)
 19. St. Peter of Alcantara, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
 21. Bl. James, Confessor of the I Order.
 22. Dedication of All Consecrated Churches of the Three Orders of St. Francis. (Plen. Ind.)
 23. Bl. Josephine, Virgin Martyr of the II Order.
 24. St. Raphael, Archangel.
 26. Bl. Bonaventure, Confessor of the I Order. (Plen. Ind.)
 30. Bl. Angelus, Confessor of the I Order.
 31. BB. Christopher and Thomas, Confessors of the I Order.
- Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:
1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.
 2. Once every month, on any suitable day.
 3. On the day of the monthly meeting.
 4. On the first Saturday of every month.
- General Absolution, also called Indulged Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on October 4.



Missions

SOUL-HUNTING IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M., Missionary

THERE were still some other Indians in the Bashaw country who were kindly disposed toward our holy religion, especially Mrs. Edward Heart, an Indian, married to a white man. Her husband, an infidel and a real church-hater, soon put these sentiments out of her mind and filled her heart with bitterness toward the Catholics. Many years ago when a sister of hers wished to have the priest during her illness, Mrs. Heart remained at the bedside, like a grim sentinel, and I had to return home without receiving her dying sister into the church. The many children and grandchildren of Mrs. Heart would now also be sheep of the Fold of Christ if she had not persistently kept them away. Bad example is a leaven that permeates the whole meal, infecting generations with hatred and infidelity. After I had scattered the good seed of faith in the new soil of the Bashaw region, which promised an abundant crop, I directed my steps on June 10, 1883, northward, to more uncultivated fields around Rice Lake, or Manomnikaning, as the Indians called it. The Thayer boys were just then going to that neighborhood to do some farming and I accompanied them. They started out for *Achitomo* (squirrel), while I and my Indian guide set out on our hunting expedition for souls. Indian houses were scattered all around the beautiful lake. Entering the hovel of Nibawikwe, we questioned her if she were perhaps a Catholic. She replied in the negative but soon confessed that years ago she and her daughter had been baptized Catholics. They still knew their prayers. I was very anxious to call on all the families in the neighborhood so I could not tarry long with her and her daughter, and

set out for the next hut, Odeshkawa (Humpback) carrying one of my heavy satchels. The wind was blowing fiercely, and for some reason or other I surmised this to be a bad omen, that a spiritual storm was awaiting me. I soon stopped at a log hut where an old Indian woman, Gagons (Little Porcupine) by name, was sitting near the cook stove with one of her grandchildren on her lap. I greeted her kindly, but she gazed at me with a sullen, angry look. I spoke of the weather and other indifferent topics, but she remained motionless and silent. Finally, I turned the conversation to religion. "I am a black-gown, a priest," I remarked; "I suppose you never saw one before."

"No, I never saw one but I have heard how bad they are."

"Oh, no, my friend, priests are not bad men; they love the Indians."

"No, they do not love them," she replied vigorously.

"Most certainly they do love the Indians and they do good to them," I replied no less staunchly.

"Indians have no priests."

"Oh, yes, the Indians, too, have priests," I replied. "At Waiekwakitchigaming (Superior), where I came from, there are many Indians and they all have priests."

"Never mind, here we have a different religion; we need no priests, and therefore I say to you, *madjan* (Get out of here)."

"What, you say *madjan*?"

"Yes, I say *madjan, wewib madjan* (Get out of here and very quickly, too)." Her eyes were shooting fire and I knew she meant what she said, so I determined to remain as cool as I possibly could.

"Ah," I retorted suavely, "you say *madjan, wewib madjan*. That is a

bad word. I never yet said such a word to an Indian, and you say that to me—a priest, a black-gown—whom was sent here by the Great Spirit."

"The Great Spirit did not send you," she replied fiercely.

"He did. He said to his first black gowns, or Apostles, 'Go into the whole world and preach to all the people, also to the Indians.' This is what I am now doing, and you get angry with me and say *madjan*, and I wanted to be good to you. My heart loves the Indians; they are so poor in the things of the world, so I want to make them rich in the next world. I want to teach them how they can get to heaven and be rich and happy for all eternity. That is the reason why I came here, and you must not get angry at me. Of course you have never seen a priest before and you do not know how good they are, so I will not blame you for treating me so harshly, but the time will come when you also will love the black-gown. Now I will go but I will not say *madjan* to you, but *bojo* (Good-bye God be with you)."

As time passed I frequently met my old friend, Gagons, but the "Little Porcupine" did not spread out her angry quills toward me as she had of that stormy morning when first we met in her little log cabin; indeed, she became a veritable lamb, affectionate and loving. Some years ago I was riding in my buggy from Hayward to Reserve, when whom should I meet but "Little Porcupine" trudging along with a heavy pack on her shoulder. I recognized her at once.

"Where are you going?" I questioned kindly.

"This way," she motioned, "Bosin."

"Come, have a ride," I said and began to make room for her in the

buggy. The venerable old "porcupine," her head covered with silvery hair, was only too glad to accept my invitation, and I was glad to practice a little holy revenge on her who, some years before, had sought to drive me so unceremoniously from her hovel, with her uncivil *madjan*. I would have enjoyed the

ride all the more if she had gone with me to Reserve and I would have told her more of the black-gown's religion; but we soon arrived at the parting of our ways, she proceeding to Round Lake, while I drove on to Courtes Oreilles. Before we parted, however, she asked a favor of me. "Ki da mij ina pangijonians (Will you please give me a little money?)" The favor was readily granted. How happy I would have been could I have granted her the much greater favor, the grace of our holy Faith; but she remained what she was, a poor pagan. When her relative, Mrs. Thayer, was about to die, Gagons was also present at her deathbed. I had compassion on the dear old woman with her silver hair and deeply furrowed cheeks, likewise standing at the threshold of eternity, and I tried again to bring her into the fold. She listened attentively and with evident pleasure to what I had to say, and then replied, sorrowfully: "Nosse, my Father, I love you and your holy religion. You may have all my children in your church, but I am too old to change now. I vowed years ago always to be faithful to the *mide yovin* (my Indian religion), and it would not be right for me to give it up now in my old age." I had hopes that I could enlighten her on this point if she would but move to Reserve, where she had Catholic friends, but this she did not do, and now the dear old soul is gone, gone to her grave. God rest her soul in peace, for, indeed, she served Him well, according to her own faith.

After parting from Gagons, as



Picturesque Courtes Oreilles

stated above, I continued on my way to Courtes Oreilles in my search for Indian souls. I soon came to a house where a number of pagans were chatting and smoking. Among them was one whose brothers had already been received into the church by Fr. John Gafron, O.F.M. After a short conversation, I expressed my desire to visit James Benoit, nearby, where some Catholics were reported to be. I was put across the stream in a boat and soon reached a dwelling where some Indian women were sitting. They stated that none of them were Catholics. When I questioned the truth of this assertion they put their heads together and whispered for a few minutes. Then one of them said, "That woman over there is a Catholic." "Good," thought I to myself, "one more lost sheep found for the good Shepherd." After I had visited all the scattered sheep in and out of the Fold in this neighborhood, I wished to return to Atchitamo's place, where I had left the Thayer boys and where I intended to put up for the night, in order to say Mass there the following morning. I had to return the way I came. When I reached the stream there was no boat in sight, and I had to wait patiently or impatiently for hours until some one spied me. I then called again at the house where the group of Indian men were chatting and smoking, and I asked if any one would be so kind as to carry one of my satchels. Not one of them volunteered, but an old pagan sarcastically remarked, "Maybe that young woman will be pleased to go along with you."

that night after all the tramping I had done, and a cozy cot gave rest to my tired and wornout body.

From Rice Lake I had planned to visit for the first time a settlement of Indians called *Nemekagon* via Gordon, not knowing the country very well at that time. An unforeseen event, however, happily changed my route. Two young Indian women from *Nemekagon*, or Dogtown as it was called, were visiting the Atchitamos. One of them was a Catholic and she informed me that there was a sick Indian at her home who earnestly desired to see a priest. I proposed therefore to return home with a them. The two robust Indian maidens very kindly agreed to carry my heaviest satchel alternately, and after a brisk walk of about eighteen miles we arrived at *Nemekagon*, just the place I had intended to visit. I had unknowingly made a short cut of about seventy miles and I was certainly glad that I had not gone by way of Gordon.

Arriving at *Nemekagon*, I lost no time in visiting the sick Indian. He was lying on the bare ground in a wigwam or tepee with only a blanket under him; a smoky coal fire was burning nearby. When the poor Indian saw me he was overjoyed and tears started to his eyes. Covering my crucifix with fervent kisses he told me how glad he was that I had come. As there was no chair, not even a box at hand, I sat down on the ground to hear his confession. Then I administered Extreme Unction. The good man was very ill with tuberculosis. I had not had time to recite my

"I need no young woman to go with me," I replied sternly, and off I went alone to Atchitamo's place, lugging a heavy satchel in each hand. Toward evening, Mrs. Atchitamo, who had been baptized years before at Bayfield, was at home and bade me a hearty welcome. My supper was greatly relished



Primitive Chapel at Mouth of Yellow River

breviary that day. So I began late in the evening with my prayers, right there in the tepee, opposite the dying man. Cinders and ashes were flying merrily about in the wigwam and the smoke almost blinded my eyes. Although I was constantly kept busy drying my unwelcome tears, I managed to get through with my breviary. Supper was then served, consisting of biscuits, wild rice and tea. It tasted very good for I was hungry. Afterwards I heard a few confessions and then prepared to retire for the night. The Indians spread a blanket on the ground in one corner of the hut, placed a pillow at one end, and presto, my cozy bed was ready. The Indians wrapped themselves in their shawls or blankets and lay down on the ground about me; before long we were all in happy dreamland.

The next morning, May 12, the Vigil of Pentecost Sunday, I said Mass in the wigwam. The fire in the middle of the room was removed and a small table was placed there. Here I offered the august Sacrifice of the Mass, the mystical reproduction of Christ sacrificed on Calvary.

I mentioned above that two Indian maidens of about eighteen years had accompanied me on my trip from Rice Lake to Nemekagon. I trust that none of my readers will be scandalized on seeing me in the company

of these same Indian girls as I sailed from Nemekagon, down the St. Croix river to Mouth of Yellow River. A missionary in the wilderness, unacquainted with roads and towns and people, must make the best of everything. I had refused the aid of the Indian maiden when an aged pagan Indian had sarcastically suggested that I engage her to carry one of my satchels. Circumstances here altered the case, and I was very glad to avail myself of the kindness of these two good girls. The trip on this beautiful river with its wonderful scenery was an unmitigated pleasure, it being my first trip down the stream. Toward evening we arrived at the settlement where about twenty Indian families resided. I was very kindly received by them and felt happy to be in their midst. As there was no church or parsonage awaiting me, I was obliged to stay with the Indians and hold divine service again in one of their miserable huts on the banks of the St. Croix. Everywhere and anywhere I was forced to put up my church and dwelling—in the jolly camps of the lumber jacks, in the smoky wigwam of the Indian, and often under God's own beautiful canopy of heaven.

It was the glorious Feast of Pentecost—the birthday of the Catholic church. "May this day also be the spiritual birthday of these pagan In-

dians, and may the Holy Spirit also come down upon them, illuminating their minds and inflaming their hearts with His divine love!" This was the prayer that ascended from my heart to high Heaven, as I celebrated holy Mass on that never-to-be forgotten Pentecost Sunday on the banks of the St. Croix river, May 13, 1883. I was not so fortunate as to baptize three thousand people, as did the Apostles on that first Pentecost day, but I was happy to baptize at least one. It was cross-eyed Ajitegijig, who felt happier than a king, and he had all reason to be happy. A king is happy because he is rich and honored and may enjoy all pleasure of this earth to his heart's content. More favored, however, is he who is baptized. He is immensely rich, for though he does not possess an earthly kingdom, which will soon pass away he has been made an heir to the kingdom of heaven which will last forever. He is honored not by men, but by all the glorious inhabitants of heaven as one of their future companions;—yes, he is honored by God Himself, Who looks down upon him with complacency and says, "Thy art My beloved son in whom I am well pleased." He enjoys interior peace on earth which is but a foretaste of the eternal peace and happiness that will be his in the heavenly kingdom. Hence it was that St. Louis IX, of France, held the little church at Poissy, where he had been baptized, in greater honor than the great cathedral at Rheims, where he had been crowned King of France. He was wont to say to his friends: "I esteem the grace of holy Baptism, which I received in the little chapel at Poissy, above all the honors and riches of the world. At Rheims I was made King of France, at Poissy I was made heir to the kingdom of heaven." You will realize now why poor Ajitegijig had a right to be happy on the day of his Baptism, happier, even, than a king.

Another Indian in that village, whose relatives were all Catholics, was also invited to be baptized, but he always excused himself by saying, "Panima (later on)." Unfortunately, this *Panima* was never granted him. The poor man was killed "later on" by a train near Spooner. Well does the Prophet warn us when he says, "Today, when you hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

ACROSS THE GILA TO SANTA CRUZ

BY FR. VINCENT, O. F. M., Missionary in Arizona

(Concluded)

NEEDLESS to say, after that eventful swim across the Gila river to the Indian village of Santa Cruz, I was a most willing prey to the irresistible embrace of sleep, "sore labor's bath," as the poet styles man's daily sojourn in the land of reams. Only one thing was bent on disturbing my much-needed rest. No Indian home is complete without a half-dozen hungry looking dogs on their desert estate. Like the pony, the dog is a necessary complement to Indian life in the Southwest. Now, instead of reading, imagine yourself snugly tucked between two blankets, nesting soft and warm on the bosom of another earth, with fresh night breezes wafting across the plains and myriad stars twinkling on the cloudless sky overhead. Peaceful and comfortable do not adequately describe our night's lodging under the open sky until all of a sudden a pack of amished dogs begin yelping and finally come sniffing at the object between the blankets. What would you do under such circumstances? Tremble with fear, no doubt. But luckily I knew the calibre of an Indian dog. Leaping to my feet, I let out a war-whoop; whereupon, like a hawk before the wind, my nocturnal visitors scampered off in all directions.

The first streaks of morning were purpling the eastern horizon when I awoke. More and more the purple brightened into a crimson and gold, until finally the glorious orb of day appeared in full splendor. Not a sound stirred the solemn stillness that enveloped the limitless expanse of the desert. Were I blessed with a poet's soul, scenes like this would surely "unnerve" me. But happily (I say happily, because we missionaries have no time for poetry) I am extremely prosaic, therefore, instead of going into poetical ecstasies over the gorgeous sunrise, I simply

crawled out of my desert lodging, breathed a prayer to my Creator, and made for the neighboring creek to wash. When on the road, the Arizona missionary is soon finished with his morning toilet. All those dainty comforts of modern civilization, like nail file, knuckle brush, tooth powder, and perfumed soap are things he can

ing more than six feet in his shoes, he lacks but a half-inch to measure up with the padre. Still, if I excel him in the direction of north and south, he has certainly a very decided advantage over me in the direction of east and west. Henry is an "all round" man and tilts the scale at 250. He could not help smiling when he saw me in his togs—there was so much room for rent on the waist line. Divining what I had on my mind, he pointed toward his little house and said:

"Oe nankya amai ki wögöcöc—they are hanging over there back of the house."

When I came to the house I met Henry's wife. She answered my greeting with a broad smile, amused at the "waste" room I was displaying. She was sitting under a "vatta" and slapping lustily at a dough dumpling that was to be a tortilla. The Indian tortilla, the staple food of the natives in the Southwest, is simple in its component parts—flour and water thoroughly kneaded into dough—but by no means simple in the art of its making. Great skill is needed to make a tortilla as it should be made. After forming a portion of the dough into what resembles a gold ball in form and size, this is tossed dexterously from hand to hand until it flattens out into a perfect full moon. The skill begins, of course, when the flat round mass becomes larger than the hand and, in order to continue the constant tossing from right and left and back again until it is not more than about an eighth of an inch in thickness, it is necessary to bring also the forearms into play without tearing the thin sheet of dough. I tried my luck at making a tortilla but never succeeded in getting anything better than what looked like the western hemisphere. When sufficiently flattened, the dough is placed on a heated iron or stone, turned once

Watch your mail toward the end of this month for an important message. You will receive a personal letter from us and a beautiful novena picture of St. Francis and St. Antony. Write if you do not get our letter, or if you want some of these pictures for your friends.

—The Editor

readily dispense with. Sand makes an excellent soap, if used sparingly, while in the Santa Cruz river or creek there was plenty of clear and cool water. As for the luxury of a towel—the missionary must fit in with his surroundings and take an object lesson from brute creation. A thorough shaking of head and hands—and lo and behold! the wonders of the towel are realized, to say nothing of the laundry bill that has been saved. Then a brisk running of the fingers through the hair—and the comb, too, is dispensed with.

Now first, while returning to roll up my bed, did I notice what a sight I was in the chief's apparel. Henry, that is the chief's name, a man of somewhat more than two score years, is indeed a handsome Indian. Stand-

or twice till well baked and blistered, and then served generally with syrup.

But why stand there and tease my appetite? There was to be no breakfast for me till much later and on the other side of the river at St. John's, where alone it was possible for me to celebrate holy Mass. Turning to the chief, I told him that I would now visit the sick woman and then strike out for home.

"Oh, no," he replied, "we are going to take you across the river. It is very high this morning. Go and visit the sick person. By the time you return, we'll be ready for the trip."

An hour later I came back and found the chief with a number of Indians waiting for me.

"Sho nato—all ready?" cried the chief.

"Pöge—all right," I replied, and climbed into the sand wagon. The chief took the reins and his companions, six in number, scrambled into the wagon box. The road that the chief took was as crooked as a gimlet—into narrow lanes, through mud puddles and blotches of slippery alkali—the ponies, constantly urged on by stern exhortations and vigorous applications of the whip. Poor beasts! Only the Indian pony will suffer it all with such composure. At last we came to the river—a mighty, forbidding sweep of turbulent water. "Who is going to get me across this river?" I thought, when the men leapt from the wagon and I followed suit.

But soon I was to learn a new mode of transportation. If anything, the Indian is ingenious; no difficulty so great but he knows a way out of it. The chief stood at the river's edge, silent and thoughtful, as if sizing up the situation, while the others unhitched the ponies and fastened a rope around the wagon box, tying it firmly to the reach pole. This done, the chief advanced, almost solemnly, and bade me be seated in the wagon box. Thereupon four of the men stationed themselves at the wheels and the chief with two others took hold of the wagon tongue. Now it dawned on me—the wagon was to serve as a boat.

How we managed to get across the Gila and what we experienced in doing so, can more easily be imagined than described. Before I knew it we

were in the stream, the wagon bobbing up and down on the writhing surface. Seated in the box with the water over my hips and clinging desperately to the rope in front of me, I must have been a ridiculous sight. Only the great "kick" which the Indians were apparently getting out of the maneuver reassured me. With them around I felt sure all would end well. The "boat" rose and sank, the billows splashed high up against me. Sensations of a king I had, seated on his throne, newly won but none too secure. Now and then the chief, who was guiding us over the watery path, disappeared entirely beneath the muddy surface. At times, when a shallow spot was reached, the "boat" again became a chariot with its wheels in three feet of soft mud. Then it was that the men at the wheels came in for their share of hard work, forcing the conveyance

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through the slimy mass. Each time they succeeded, but each time with a thrill; for the river bed deepening again, the front wheels would lose bottom and plunge forward into the surge, throwing the "king" on his back, if perchance he had let go his hold on the rope.

The reader can picture to himself how I felt and how I looked when finally we reached the shore. But looks count little down here in the Arizona desert. When an hour later, at holy Mass, I thanked God for my safe deliverance from the clutches of the Gila "monster," I could not but make a special memento for those who had been His instruments. How brave and devoted are these dusky children of the sun! How brave in the face of difficulties, how devoted to the missionaries, for whose welfare and comfort nothing is too much. God bless them and our benefactors a thousand times!

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions

Indianapolis, Ind.—Mary Fahle; Margaret Taylor; Fort Wayne, Ind.—Christophe Jane and Francis Dougherty; Poplar Bluff Mo.—S. Carrigan; St. Louis, Mo.—Helen Rounds; Perryville, Mo.—Mr. Montgomery Kewane, Ill.—Josephine Schneider; Harvard, Ill.—Fannie Donovan; Quincy, Ill.—Rome Bockhold; Bellaire, Ohio—Clemens Ludwig; Edward Schaub; Louis and Margaret Woll; F. Steger; Mr. and Mrs. J. Thomas; Herman Gocke; Louisa Glaser J. W. Murphy; Elizabeth Fitzpatrick; Herman, Henry and Louisa Hartenstein; Jacob Fralinger; P. Maloney; Ellen Glynn; Everett, Mass.—Sarah J. Bright; Miltinegrus Mass.—Daniel Cavanaugh; Boston, Mass.—Mrs. Bary; Mary J. Merrill; Manchester N. H.—Mrs. J. Peters; Pawtucket, R. I.—Daniel Gallagher; Hawthorne, N. Y.—Marcella Vehnsted; Le Roy, N. Y.—Miss F. Hynes; Rome, N. Y.—Mary Smith; Bronx N. Y.—Mary Gulon; Buffalo, N. Y.—Mr. Melvin; Danbury, Conn.—Carl and Leon I. Horch; Wilmington, Del.—Edward G. Poppa; Trenton, N. J.—Mary Colligan; Pittsburgh, Pa.—E. J. Kurtz; Ishpeming, Mich.—John Sullivan; Berlin, Wis.—Julia Hopf; New Orleans, La.—Mary Pigoux; Sioux City, Iowa—Cecilia Barrett; Spokane Wash.—Thomas Howard; Untonow Wash.—Harold Mosman; Sausalito, Calif.—Mrs. G. Nelson; San Francisco, Calif.—Miss B. Jordan; Sarah J. Cassidy; Mar O'Connor; Edward Roddy; Chicago, Ill.—Mary Ryan; Anna Rodgers.

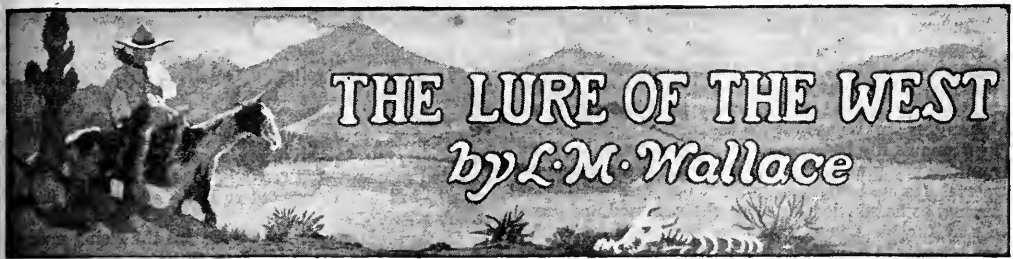
LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee, therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. (Three hundred days each time.)

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers

For the return of friends and relative to their religious duties (26). For the conversion of certain persons (30). For relief from scrupulosity (10). For relief and cure from sickness and injury (30). For help for ex-soldiers (5). For the recovery of lost or stolen money. For means to pay a heavy debt. For the settlement of a controversy. For better steady employment (24). For choice of state of life (12). For recovery of loan. For successful sale of property (5). For the return of a lost brother. Thanks giving to the Sacred Heart (10). Thanks giving to the Blessed Virgin (5). Thanks giving to St. Anthony (5). Thanksgiving to St. Rita. For the Poor Souls in Purgatory and the Dying. For the spread of the Third Order. For our holy Father the Pope.

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy Mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them as such things as please Thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.



THE LURE OF THE WEST

by L. M. Wallace

Chapter I

Señor Mateo

(Author of "The Outlaws of Ravenhurst")

BOOK II

CHILD OF THE WESTERN LURE

(Continued)

The Story Thus Far

IN THE doorway of the quaint, adobe depot at Santa Ines stood J. W. Whitworth. Ten years had wrought their changes on Doc, the cowboy; his face, though scarred was not unsightly; in bearing he was eastern, thoroughly Canadian; and yet there was that in his eyes, in his deep breezy voice which whispered of the old time west, and seemed to say, "The boy's laugh still rings through the deep soul of the man."

He drew a slender hand to its place of rest on his arm; his very act asserted, "Behold I guard my treasure," and Minnie looked up at him and smiled.

Minnie Whitworth, there is never a word to bid her be known to you save the one old English term, "my lady."

Across the tracks came a cowboy; he was lean, hang shouldered, weary, like the pinto horse he rode; but, catching sight of the scarred face of the man in the doorway, he swung off his mount, and running up, greeted the Canadian, "You blank ole blankety blank blank! Doc Whitworth! where did you land from?" Then he saw the slight form by Doc's side, his mouth dropped, his face and neck rivaled a gobbler's wattles—"I-er!" he stammered.

"Allow me to introduce you to my wife," remarked Doc, his eyes twinkling, "Mrs. Whitworth, this is Martin Carney, my old partner from Camp Verde."

"How pleased I am to meet you, Mr. Carney," was all she said and offered her dainty hand for his hairy fist to grasp, but her tone inferred "My husband's old time friend is mine also."

Not so easily was Mart put at ease, he had "cussed" before a lady and no power could make him forget the fact; yet he lingered a moment and to cover his embarrassment twitted Doc on his far-off promise to return to Camp Verde at sundown. "May be I shall, some day. Who knows?" Doc answered with a note

of whimsical sadness in his voice. "I left you in the morning of 'that day,' the second date on 'that day's' calendar marked 'that day!' The first date was marked with my heart's blood, the second was marked with Matthew's, and the third—will there be a third?—if so, maybe I shall go to old Camp Verde in the evening of 'that day!'"

"So-long, Doc."

"So-long, Mart."

The cowboy swung up on his horse and trotted out over the tracks. His voice drifted back to humming,

"Ti yi youpy on the old Chisholm trail!"

Doc watched till Mart had passed beyond the first line of new buildings in Arizona's rising capital, then he smiled down at Minnie, "And now to find the little Rafaela," he said.

"Poor Matthew," she answered. "And this is all that we can do for him! Dear little fatherless, motherless one,—only seven."

"Well, I guess she is along about six or seven,—never mind, she will not be motherless and fatherless now,—but I was thinking Minnie, you are scarcely strong enough for a long tramp this morning—now don't say you are; for I know you are not, dear—and I think it would be better to leave you in Mrs. Armstrong's care while I go for Rafaela."

"Most certainly, sir lord and master of the house," she answered, "but remember I never took the promise to serve and obey, so if you are too long in coming with my little Rafaela I shall call out the hounds and come in search of you both."

"So! you have caught the spirit of the west—"

"Not so much as to follow the western lure, I fear it will draw you away again."

"Hardly, unless my anchor fastens herself in the western sands."

"But you love the west, John Wesley."

"But I love you more, little woman."

An hour later J. W. Whitworth and J. R. Armstrong walked through the latter's department store and up toward the private office. It would not occur to one that the prosperous western merchant, cattle dealer, land owner and what not was ever called Speck or Johnny, or that he had turned the current of the former gentleman's life by throwing a garbled green apple at him one hot June afternoon, still such is the course of mortal life, and the memory of it was full upon Armstrong, as he whirled his office chair around and drew a seat for his friend. "Smoke, Doc?—it won't take ten minutes to walk down to old Rita's for Rafaela, and I want a little talk.

"Well, as to the business side, Matthew left a small adobe over in Mexican town and no debts—that is all. I always wished I could do more for him—throwing practice in his way, and all that,—but, oh, he was such an odd fellow,—I understood him, you know; never was a better surgeon in Arizona,—but that stand-offish way of his, the Indian wife and all that—Right? of course he did right to stay with her,—but you know how people are—law wouldn't have forced him to hold that tribal marriage as valid, and people felt—oh, you know what is thought of a squaw-man. Then he could have forced men to take off their hats to him as a surgeon; he was A 1 there, no disputing it; but, you know how he acted,—odd always,—not his way to forge ahead,—had a big practice, sure!—but all among the Mexies; no pay, you understand? Of course, he was a dead failure,—I'm talking flat facts, Doc, you know me; I hated to see his child running bare-legged with old Rita's children; I figured you hadn't heard, that's why I wrote you."

"You had reason to blame me; I blame myself for the whole thing—for letting correspondence drop—I don't mean we ever stopped writing letters, or that he failed to answer, but—"

"All the information you got from his epistles wasn't much—isn't that the straight of it?"

"You have it!"

"Queer old oyster was Matthew!"

"And you see what a shock your letter was to us at home,—Matthew dead three months, and his orphan living on charity! If I had only known how things were going with him—"

"What could you have done? It often occurred to me to try to lend him a little. Whew! kindly strike a match on the iceberg! The only way not to insult him was to be oblivious of his needs. He didn't want help—that's why he kept you from finding out—and do you know, it would have been funny, if it was not so burn-eyed pitiful, he never got to the run-down-at-the-heel stage,—no, sir!—let his hat and shoes be fit for the ash-dump, they'd be brushed and polished to the taste of Prince Albert."

Doc stared out through the blue haze of his cigar smoke while Armstrong looked on, dumbly conscious of the narrow band of crape on the Canadian's sleeve. "For Matthew?" he queried. "Why must we prate when the sufferer longs for silence?"

"I suppose so,—that is in future—the mourning year for mother was not yet out when your letter came."

"Pardon,—I—"

"I am glad she went first—"

"Doc, you are going to feel like—yes, I know I'm going past all bounds—but, oh, since my own little sons stand by their mother's knee, I have realized more,—the sorrow I brought on your mother,—when uncle and I helped you to run away from home—and I have wanted to know—tell me it is none of my blame business!—but I have wanted to know about your home-coming."

Doc smiled; it was old Speck, not the rising man of the rising city,—just the boy, Speck, that looked out of Armstrong's eyes.

"There is no reason why I shouldn't tell you, only there is little to tell—I mean,—the deep things of life don't fit into words—"

"I went in through the garden gate and found them in the study. They nearly died of horror over my half-healed burns, and mother kept me wrapped up in sweet-oil and old linen for a blessed six months.

"A man seldom learns what his mother is to him till the day when he stands on the frozen clay with the snowflakes sifting to the tune of the wind, and sees the casket sliding over the straps; but I had a chance given to few men in life; I learned the lesson out there in the Verde valley with the Rim Rocks for my teacher; and I had nine years to do the things which, in that hour, a man longs to have done."

But of Minnie, Doc said nothing: there are things deep and unspeakably holy which should never be forced up from the shielding silence.

The smoke of the cigar coiled softly, grew faint and failed, the light died, the hot ash fell over Doc's fingers; he jerked his shoulders and straightened himself. "Now as to Rafaela—let's see—have you a right pretty little, very red, red dress in this establishment?"

Armstrong grinned—no, he did not smile—he grinned. "You've struck the article, Doc, old boy, and there are sundry other much bediamonded side-combs and rings, et cetera, with which to win the heart of Rafaela."

"Old Rita? who is she, anyway?"

"You remember Miguel who with Pablo wagoned 'One-that-goes-with-the-feet-sore' to Camp Verde,—well, Rita is his wife; but it won't do to go to her straight; you better hunt up old Padre Santangel—he is some sort of guardian—"

"Santangel?"

"Don't you remember him?—"

"Did I ever forget?" Doc's eyes twinkled as if memory were at play.

"Queer, wizened old father of the desert. Well, well! but how did Matthew come to make Santangel Rafaela's guardian?"

"Maybe Matthew didn't! Isn't Santangel self-appointed guardian to every orphan, or widow, or down-on-his-luck man that crosses his path?—besides old Padre was one of the few friends (I mean white friends) that Matthew had."

"Friends?"

"Why not?—if birds of a feather flock, what about odd men?"

"But Matthew, an intimate friend of a Franciscan

friar—say, remember how we were brought up on the monk subject—ti, yi, youpy? life's a funny journey down the ole Chisholm trail!"

A half hour later Doc was standing in the doorway of the Padre's little adobe, looking down at the wide, rough boards beneath his feet and wondering if his shoes were soiling the whiteness of that scoured spot. A bare foot patted somewhere in the silence; around the corner came an Indian boy.

"Padre Santangel?—Si, Señor!—Will Señor step within?" and Doc followed, feeling as if he trod his mother's kitchen table.

Seated in a silent room, Whitworth waited, his eye traversing the clean poverty of its furniture,—"And I used to hear much about rich and lazy monks," he soliloquized.

A faint, distant clacking, the door opened, and the padre had come. His old eyes lighted up with recognition. "It is the Señor Mateo's brother! You are most welcome, Señor Wheethworth."

"You do not remember me?"

"And how could Padre forget the gentleman? It is the Señor Mateo's beloved brother." There was a touch of reproach in the gentle old voice, a look of wondrous love in the faded eyes.

"You were Matthew's friend," began Doc.

"Si, Señor—" Padre tapped his lean fingers gently together and his eyes had in them the look of one who sees the pictured land of memory. "It was in Tucson that first I saw Señor Mateo. So—it might be as if he came through that door yonder. By the hand he led an Indian woman, in his arms there slept a child. 'Mr. Santangel,' he said, 'and I liked not his voice; it was as if he would say, 'I respect the man, Santangel, but despise his priesthood and yet must make use of it!' Now, I do not mean he said those words; it was but the manner, the tone of his voice; yet this angered me, so!—Padre should not have been angered?—Eh? Señor Mateo was a soul of good will,—a saint with a disagreeable halo—no?" the friar threw out his lean hands in that expressive old Spanish gesture and fell to tapping his finger-tips once more. "So, stands Señor Mateo and says to me, 'Mr. Santangel, I was married to this Indian woman two years ago, in accord with the customs of the Apache tribe. I considered this marriage to be just before God and man under the contingent circumstances. With the fall of Geronimo and my consequent freedom from captivity, these circumstances no longer exist, therefore I have taken all necessary steps to legalize my marriage. I wish to Christianize it also. There is no minister of my own denomination here, or in fact of any other Protestant church,—but you are a clergyman, and under the circumstances I am obliged to ask Christian marriage of you.' So!—so!—since there was neither a parson, nor an itinerant preacher to be found he will stoop to ask a priest of holy Mother Church!"

Far back in Doc's memory a picture kept protruding itself,—the Reverend William Henry Whitworth, D.D., grown eloquent to the point of striking a Sacred Volume with his clenched though learned fist: text of the sermon—"Friars past, present and to come." Within

Doc's heart rose an ungodly longing to set the two good old men face to face and be a mouse in the corner whilst they had it out.

Regardless of thoughts, J. W. Whitworth's countenance was duly grave, yet Padre, to his eyes gleaming bright among the wrinkles, seemed to read his thought. "So!—and Señor Wheethworth thinks the old friar over-tough, over-fearful lest one step on the corns of his dignity—no?—but he does not comprehend how sacred to the priest is God's great gift of the priestly powers," and for a moment the old fingers tapped in the silence.

"But,—well—it may be, Padre was over-quick to anger and to dislike the Señor Mateo. The tough and bitter rind encloses the goodly fruit of the pomegranate. Now, and now, here and again, in Tucson first and then in Santa Inés floated to Padre's ears the deeds of Señor Mateo. Deeds are the fruitage of the man—no?—by them should we judge him. Ah—ah—ah" (the lean fingers tapped with the words)—"ah, Señor Wheethworth, noble were the deeds of your brother,—never a door so low, that he did not enter it,—never a hovel so filthy, that he must turn aside,—never an outcast so forlorn, that his hand did not aid him,—for the gold that makes cruel, no longing! a little! sufficient for the daily need! no more! So!—a record! who has done better?—Fame,—no?—in the heart of the poor Mexican is written forever the name of Señor Mateo!

"But even in the first years, though Padre knew these things, yet Señor Mateo and he were not friends,—no!—not at enmity!—far from it!—often meeting over the same sick-bed!—but not friends!

"Then moves to Santa Inés from Tucson, Miguel and his good wife, Rita, and the little Apache wife of Señor Mateo makes friends with good Rita, and the Apache would have her little Rafaela to be as the daughter of Rita, dressed in the wee white dress to carry the roses in the procession on the feast of Our Lady of Guadalupe—but this cannot be since the mother is pagan. So—and-so!—comes Rita again, saying that the Apache wishes much to be as her friend, buen Catolica; but fears to displease Señor Mateo.

"Then on the morrow, we meet by the way and I speak to Señor Mateo of this matter,—not harshly—no—but with great gentleness. You have in your time seen your brother, el doctor, angry? As a rope over wet grows stiff in the frost, so stiffens the body of Señor Mateo, and with the eye of glass he looks at me. 'Mr. Santangel,' says he, 'I prefer not to discuss my private affairs with strangers.'

"Twice passes the feast-day and the processions. The little Apache watches the child of Rita but says nothing; then comes Señor Mateo. 'Mr. Santangel,' says he, 'after mature deliberation I have come to the conclusion that my wife can never become a Christian in the sense that I am. She has not sufficient intellect to comprehend reasoning; but the bright lights and flowers, the procession and colored vestments of your service attract her. In the bushel of chaff there is a little wheat; so, since I cannot bring to her the faith of Christ in its entirety, it would be best for her to



Francis

of Assisi

Francis of Assisi: Thy youth held forth to thee
 A life devoid of care, replete with joyous days,
 A roseate pathway, from all evil clouds quite free.
 With pleasure constantly the comrade of thy ways.
 Great wealth was at thy least command. Thy doting sire
 Deemed it befitting that his eldest son should shine
 Brighter than all Assisi—didst thou but desire,
 Though great or slight thy wish—straightway the thing was thine.

Yet, all unblinded by the luring, golden blaze,
 Deep in thy heart thou dreamed of noble, knightly deeds:
 Quick thy response to acts of chivalry, thy praise
 Fell on the paladin who served the beggar's needs.
 Within thy dreams thou wert thyself a valiant knight,
 Riding the world to render succor to the weak;
 Thy sword devoted to the sacred cause of Right,
 Thy name revered and blessed as champion of the meek.

Francis of Assisi, that stirring in thy soul,
 Destined so soon to burst its bonds in gushing flood,
 Truly was God's Voice, urging thee to seek thy Goal,
 The echo of the dripping of Christ's precious Blood.
 Thy mother read aright thy yearning—great her pride.
 And great her glory that thou, Francis, would be one
 To carry on the work for which the Master died,
 To witness not in vain God gave the world His Son.

Where, though, the leader to whose glorious ideal,
 The consecration of thy life would satisfy
 The craving for perfection thou didst always feel,
 The leader in whose cause it would be great to die?
 Fruitless thy search, till, low as vesper bell, the call
 Fell on thy heart, flooding thy soul with long-sought Light:
 "Francis, serve thou no servant—thou canst render all
 Only to God—enroll beneath the Cross to fight!"

How eagerly the torch the Master threw to thee
 Was held aloft—there in its first soft gleam
 Revealed in splendor stood thy Lady Poverty,
 The perfect form and fashion of thy dearest dream.
 Then did the gold thy father freely showered on thee
 Forever lose its luster in thy wakened eyes,
 The precious jewels of meekness and humility
 Became to thee the coin to purchase Paradise.

With joyous heart, and speech with faint and love a-throng,
 Truly, God's troubadour, thou set about thy quest,
 Christ's love for man the ringing burden of thy song;
 The Thorns, the Nails and Cross, these formed thy knightly crest.
 Forever brilliant raiment thou didst put away,
 Thine only vestments were a simple gown and cord;
 No sandals, no, nor staff—what need of more array
 Than worn in sweet humility by Christ, thy Lord?

Francis of Assisi! Thou won the smile of God,
 Because thou taught His Word, as Christ Himself would teach,
 By utmost sacrifice, the lowly ways thou trod,
 Thy life a sermon far more eloquent than speech.
 Thy meek example breathed such deep sincerity
 That men were ever led to put the world aside,
 To follow humbly and to labor hard with thee,
 In that great cause for which thy Lord was crucified.

Saint Francis! All thy youthful dreams are realized,
 Men hold thy name in reverence throughout the earth;
 The humbleness and poverty thou dearly prized,
 Thy brethren carry on in lives of simple worth.
 Thy followers beyond frontiers have pressed their way,
 Bringing to untaught peoples God's eternal Light;
 By their great work the heathen has been taught to pray,
 And led along the paths of holiness and right.

Quaint chapels mark the passage of thy brown-robed knights,
 Wherein the Holy Sacrifice is daily made,
 These are the monuments in which thy soul delights,
 The glorious results in which thou art repaid.
 The fragrance of thy spirit was God's very breath,
 Streaming in soothing potency on sin-sick men,
 Bidding them break the clutch of everlasting Death,
 And turn their faces toward the saving Cross again.

The Master's uttermost approval thou didst meet,
 For in thine every act His Name was glorified;
 He blessed thee with the Nail Marks on thy hands and feet,
 And scarred the sacred Lance Thrust on thy worthy side.
 Saint Francis! As we read thy life, we kneel to pray,
 That we in spirit may put on thy simple gown
 And let humility enrich our worldly way,
 The surest means to God as thou so well hast shown.

—GEORGE CHURCHILL PATERSON In THE MONITOR, San Francisco

accept your semi-paganized Roman Christianity!" So—and so and so! this to me—a priest of Holy Mother Church!

"But this time, Padre felt no anger—no! Why?—ah, in the two years I had seen, as it were, through chinks in his silent armor, I had seen the lonely soul of Señor Mateo. Can we feel anger toward him who suffers?—by white men called a 'failure!'—the justice to the Apache woman misunderstood!—much bitterness in this! no?—but more, in his very home he was alone. True the Apache woman loved him, else she would never have left the wild, roving life to live in the adobe. To sweep the floor, to wash the clothes, to sew with the needle, all these the savage woman hates. Was it hard for Señor Mateo to bend down to the Apache?—so hard was it for the Apache to rise up to Señor Mateo; but she loved him, for she said to me, 'More than this would I do for my buck, the great Medicine man. Let the stars of the sky drop if I speak a lie—never in all these moons has he once beaten me!' So, now! and you laugh?—but the poor little squaw knew the customs of other bucks, sharp and many were the blows of her former life.

"Yes, the Apache loved Señor Mateo, but not as the wife, more as the slave loves the kind master; no companionship, you comprehend?—and the soul of the man was alone.

Then the silent nature of the white man was a thing of awe to the Indian. When the grave, stern eye of Señor Mateo turned toward her she feared more than if she saw the spirit

dance of all the dead braves of her race. So with the wife—so with the children; all reverence him to the point of worship; all obey even during his absence; but in fear, in fear always: and Señor Mateo sees all this but sees not the cause; and the pain of his loneliness grows more bitter with the years.

"Now to padre comes the great opportunity," over his finger tips the old friar looked at Whitworth, deep in his eyes shone the light of those who know the joy of being kind. "Rita, good Rita, was my ally. She had served in the house of the great Señor Armstrong,—sometimes to wash, a few days to cook. So! and Rita teaches the little Apache the cooking of the white men;—no longer the endless round of tortillas with beans and chili, and beans with tortillas and chili; but the potato of the Americano, boiled and beaten soft with the milk and the butter; also the beef-steak that is fried, and the pie——"

Suddenly far back in their little cave of wrinkles

the eyes of the friar danced with fun. "Oh, Señor Wheatworth, the pie of the Americano! To that feast was padre invited—so? Si! by this time were we friends—ah, lonely Señor Mateo when for one moment he sees old padre trying to do him one little kindness, one poor effort to sweeten his bitter cup, then the great love in his heart leaps up, padre and Señor clasp the right hand and are friends. But, old men wander in their talk—no? the matter in hand is the feast of the pie of Americano.

"Make the picture in your mind, Señor Wheatworth,—the kitchen in the adobe,—a table? Si! and



The Apache Woman Maker of the Pie

covered with a red cloth—the little Apache with broad smile, yet eyes somewhat doubtful of results,—the five children, clean? Si! heads wet from much combing,—el doctor, smiling? for once that English man sees a joke! Then to the guest of honor is shown the pie del Americano. Señor Mateo lifts up the great butcher knife and beats a hole through the crust. So and so and so!—but the interior is sweet, if somewhat brown and dry,—the later internal pains of indigestion, not so severe;—the love that labored at its making, great,—Señor and the guest of honor praise highly

the little Apache; joy overflows to the children, the little Rafaela forgets the fear of her father and climbs upon his chair, puts the sticky baby hands about his neck and kisses many times. Laugh not! laugh not! Señor Wheatworth, a home was made on the day of the 'feast of the pie Americano.'

"And now, what is it you think? Old men have longer tongues than old women, no? Señor Wheatworth would go to the point of the business, he would ask for the little Rafaela, no?"

Doc's voice was sharp and husky. "I came to do for the little Rafaela—what—what I did not do for my brother."—But Padre cut him short, and leaning forward, stretched out his lean old hands as a mother might to a troubled child. "Ah, now, Señor Wheatworth, too deep is the sorrow over your brother's death, no?"

"Not over his death, Padre Santangel; death is a thing that has to come some day,—but that he should

die in poverty and loneliness while his hound of a brother for whom he sacrificed——”

“No, no, no, no, now, Señor Wheetwoorth, you make great sorrow for yourself over a misunderstanding. I wish you could but once have looked upon the face of Señor Mateo when he said, ‘My brother, your letters were as wine to cheer as——’”

“A bushel of letters do not make one act: Matthew struggling under the nagging lash of poverty and I—oh, I’m no bloated bondholder—but I could at least——”

“He would not have accepted it; fear that Señor Armstrong would offer him money made him avoid——”

“But from me——”

“Señor Wheetwoorth, your brother did not want money; he wanted human sympathy, understanding of his ideals and of his motives, the right hand of brotherhood: these he wanted: these he gave. You have heard how Señor Mateo died, no?”

“I know that he attended Mexicans and Indians sick of the small-pox and died of it himself, three months ago.”

“Well, and well, what nobler end could a physician make?—to tend in their misery the poor, the outcast, the pest-ridden; and die, the man who stayed at his post when others fled? I say it with all reverence, but did not Señor Mateo die for man also?—so did that other Physician that went about doing good.

“Now about the little Rafaela,” continued Padre.

“I would rather hear the particulars of Matthew’s end, that is if you——”

“Oh, si, Señor Wheetwoorth, but there is little to tell. The Indians brought the smallpox, it spread among the Mexicans; many died. Señor Mateo was nurse and doctor also: he worked both night and day. The scourge seemed abating: I passed his adobe one morning: no one was stirring. Ah, Señor, that is a sign of which padre knows the sad meaning: all were in the grip of the disease.

“No, not all—the little Rafaela—now surely was the Hand of Providence in this—the little Rafaela had gone with old Rita out to the ranch of Miguel’s brother. When came the smallpox, Señor Mateo sent word that she should stay, and it was his wish that his wife should go also and take the children: but the Apache only grunted. ‘My buck stay, I stay! My buck die, I die!’

First died the Apache and the children one by one, only Juan lived still—Juan—the boy born in the tribe and named for you, Señor Wheetwoorth; and el doctor, he knows himself near to the unconsciousness, from which none wake, ‘He will follow soon,’ said Señor Mateo, looking at the boy, and John Wesley will come. If people tell him all my children are dead, let it pass; if he knows of Rafaela and asks for her, tell him what I wish and why? Tell him I am reaching out the right hand of my spirit to my brother so, and his voice failed and unconsciousness sucked up his senses.”

“And this wish of his?” Doc leaned forward like an eager boy. “Did Matthew trust his little girl to me?”

“Yes, Señor Wheetwoorth; and no, Señor Wheetwoorth. Your brother trusted that you would see to it that Rafaela is left where she is,—even with old

Rita——”

“Aye, what?”

“Si, Señor Wheetwoorth. All these days I have been wondering how to make explanation of this thing to you.”

“Don’t trouble yourself! Matthew must have been delirious, padre, that’s all!”

“No—no! many times before had we talked of these things. It is best for little Rafaela to stay as she is.” Padre sat tapping his finger tips as if in search of words to convey his meaning, then he spoke again. “Señor Wheetwoorth, seven hundred years and more have the Friars Minor labored to civilize and make Christian the savage tribes: some information have we gathered during that time, no? Step by step, generation by generation, a little and a little and a little, so have they been raised, so alone can it be done again. Comes the impatient white man; he will make in one or in two generations civilized men from savage: forced growth,—no? Then, when with high hand he has ruined the work of the friars, stands the white man aside, saying, ‘Look at the drunkenness, the vice of the Indian!—the crimes of these half-breeds!—such is the work of the friars.’”

“Well, padre, the men that talk so are born fools, that’s all; don’t let it worry you,” Doc remarked good humoredly; “but now about Rafaela——”

“Si, Señor, let the thing be done again; force the growth and ruin of the little Rafaela! From the wild child of Geronimo to the little Apache maker of the ‘pie Americano,’ is one great step, no? From the squaw wife to such a señora as Rita, is one great step, no? The mother makes this: little Rafaela makes that. God bless well enough and let it alone!

“Think not, Señor Wheetwoorth, that your brother would leave his child with a low family, no? They are Indian—a few drops of Spanish blood, si!—but no more. The forefathers of Miguel three hundred years ago dragged the victims caught in battle to the high stone of sacrifice, tore out the living heart as a gift to Huitzel and afterward ate the roasted body! cannibal?—below the Apache?—si! but, now—Miguel, he is good hombre,—lazy?—a little!—si—yet he makes one or two pesos the day—steady—never drunk—kind to the family—si!—Miguel is good hombre: and Rita?—she has not much intellect, no! but she is a virtuous wife, a kind mother, a good Christian——”

“And a good sample of the product you friars would have made of the whole lot if your work had not been so often ruined for you,” laughed Doc. “But on the honest, Padre Santangel, don’t you think my wife and I measure up, fair to middling well, with Miguel and Rita? Couldn’t you trust us with the rearing of Rafaela and hope to see her rise at least to the exalted height of the good señora?”

The old man’s eyes twinkled. “Sir—I make no doubt Señor Doc Wheetwoorth is good hombre, especially of late years. No more he plays with the poker-chips! No more he sings ‘Ti yi youpy’ in the dance hall! Si, si, very good hombre is Señor Doc, now!”

“You know too much past history, Padre,” chuckled the ex-cowboy. “Is that why you won’t trust me?—all right! trust my wife!”

"The wife, yes, I have thought of her. The wife is the gentle Minnie——"

Doc looked up, wondering if there was one corner in Matthew's sore heart where the gentle spirit of the padre had not entered to soothe if it could not heal: but the old friar was speaking: "Señor Doc, if you and your good wife, Minnie, lived upon a ranch in a far-off island, then would I say take the child. It is not you, it is the world into which you take Rafaela that I fear. Other beautiful half-breed girls have I seen, Señor Wheetwoorth, and afterwards I have tried to heal their broken hearts, and raise their ruined lives."

It was Doc's turn to sit looking out into space; at last he spoke. "I know, Padre, I know. This old world hasn't wagged itself under my eyes for thirty-seven years without burning home a few facts. It's just because Rafaela is a half-breed and pretty, that I want to keep her close—I may not be able to do much myself—but if I can keep her close to Minnie——"

"How long will Minnie live to guard her?"

"God!—don't—that's the one thought I can't stand."

"So and so and so," whispered the old man soothingly. "But in Rafaela, herself, lies the greatest difficulty. Now if Juan had lived instead, it would matter little. He was strong of body, dull of mind, and very lazy. Put him in any place in life, Juan would slouch into some shady rut and doze until he fell asleep in death; but Rafaela, mark you, she was born when the mind of the Apache mother was awakening. Let anger or cruelty rouse in that child: old Geronimo speaks from her eyes. The blood of the Apache leader throbs in her: already she beats the children if their play is not according to her will: yet must the grandchild of Geronimo be bent to the strait conventionalities of the cold northern society. Rafaela has a Spanish strain, si, I have traced her back—from one of the old conquistadores she comes, a certain wild blade called Martin Sanduval. The strain of adventure is strong in that child. Last week Miguel finds her one good mile from home in the shaft of a prospector. Yesterday I spied her atop the high windmill with a half dozen babies following up the ladder—leader always is that Rafaela! She has the high spirit, the keen sensitiveness to insult that haunt the Spanish race, yet must she know the gall of being the half-breed poor relation. Rafaela has the alert mind, gift of her mother's mental awakening and of the keen intellect of Señor Mateo; but she will not have her father's strong reason—at least I think not—and in the north will she be considered shallow minded, no?"

"So and so and so, is the little Rafaela. Let her live the free life of the west: let her marry early. Already she likes well Miguel's little Ramon. I pian far ahead!—you laugh! if not Ramon, some other; but Ramon is the mate for Rafaela. His good nature will offset her high temper; she will rouse him and make the lazy rascal work. They will have the adobe, the good garden, si, they will be well to do, no? The home and the children, the prodding along of Ramon will keep Rafaela very busy—which is good—no? Then that tendency to lead—si! the rub is there, Señor, she will lead. Bien! among the poor Mexicans she can—she has better intellect than they, the spirit of the

leader—bien! let her lead, no? Let her form the procession of our Lady of Guadalupe, and put the flowers on the heads of the First Communicants, and have in her house the feast on the night of Santa Rita,—si, si, in all things let her be the great señora of the little place; so shall Rafaela be happy; such was the dying will of Señor Mateo. Is it not a will of wisdom?"

Doc sprang up and began to pace the room: up and down, up and down he strode while the friar sat tapping his lean old fingers and waiting the result of his words. At last Doc stopped short. "Padre Santangel," he said, "you are right and Matthew was sure sane, delirious or not; but I'm not the only party in this case,—there are the folks back east,—have you this will of Matthew's in writing?"

"No, Señor," the friar looked mildly surprised.

"Matthew shows the fever in his brain there!"

"Why? and what need of paper—you Americanos are ever mad for signed papers! Is not the word of a dying man to the padre sufficient?"

"To me it is: and with a little talk I can make Minnie see the point, I think——"

"Well—and that is sufficient——"

"Not by a long shot! there is the whole Whitworth family connection to take into account. Even if you had a written, signed, and witnessed statement, my father could bring a strong action against you and Miguel. They could, I fear, get a court decision breaking the will on the plea that Matthew must have been delirious; but the unwitnessed word of one man—no use, Padre, the court would give them Rafaela and I would lose my chance to help her——"

A cry burst from the old friar, that of a mother who sees her child on the brink of a chasm. "Ah, Señor, since you must lead my bird-eyed Rafaela to walk the perilous ways of the white man—one thing, Señor, one thing you shall pledge to old padre. She shall not be reared in the heretical creed of the Wheetwoorths—she shall be—pledge me on the body of Christ Crucified, Señor Doc, pledge me she shall be reared 'bien Catholic.' Such were the words of her Apache mother's last prayer, such was the last thought of Señor Mateo." The old voice quavered as he read the incredulity in the Canadian's face. "But Señor Doc will never believe this. Señor Armstrong would not. They buried el doctor not in the ground consecrated, but in the field Masonic because of one queer trinket on the coat of Señor Mateo. The light in dying eyes after speech is gone, the dumb cry of souls for God's priest, while the barred gates of eternity slowly unfold, the hurried grace-bearing words, gratitude of hand clasps as fingers relax in death, of all these the padre knows well the meaning; but they are nothing to los Americanos, nothing! Señor Doc will make no pledges! Si! si! an old man's eyes read some things. Señor Wheetwoorth pities the padre, he would find soothing words to say; but he makes no pledges that cannot be kept.

"Bien! Padre can do no more,—with the Americanos it is always the written paper,—the will of the dying is nothing; yet if Rafaela must be taken to the world that has broken other half-breeds, it is well she goes with Señor Doc and gentle Minnie: let come what may, they will love the child of Señor Mateo."



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

Address communications to Grace Keon, Franciscan Herald, Corona, N. Y.

THE GIFTS OF THE CATHOLIC GIRL

THEY ARE so numerous, these gifts, some one has said, that she can't begin to count them all! And there are "so many of her," thank God! In the convent, the church, the home, the school, the business world, the professions, the arts, the hospitals, the libraries. Take our Catholic girls out of our everyday life, and we wouldn't have any everyday life. Only God Himself knows how many heroines we have among them, doing their duty, not resentfully, not questioning why—just going ahead—satisfied that reward is sure: if not here, hereafter. I have the warmest affection for all girls, from the one-day-old girl baby, to the oldest and merriest girl I know—and she's seventy-seven, with snow-white hair. And along the path she treads, from the hour of her taking up life's burden until she lays it down, the true Catholic girl is the embodiment of God's royal gifts to mankind—**FAITH** and **HOPE** and **CHARITY**.

I think I am safe in saying that I know quite a good deal about our Catholic girls. I number scores of friends among them, big and little. I have been with them in sorrow and in joy, have laughed with them and at them—and just as I come in contact with these, so I would like to meet my FRANCISCAN HERALD girls. I know if you were in my study, sitting opposite to me, you would listen to me and ask me questions. So it won't take much stretch of my imagination to bring you here to have our little chat together.

It isn't going to be about short dresses or low-necked dresses or "paper" dresses. There is a change due in the fashions just now—signs of it are already on the horizon; so, soon these "present evils" will come under the "out-of-fashion" ban. And it isn't going to be about paint or rouging or any of those flimsy artifices by which our gay little girls try

to disguise their real worth in a world that, if it took all things at its face value, must echo Jerry's valentine to his sister: "Backward, turn backward, O Time, in thy flight: Once she was pretty, but now she's a sight!" It won't be about questionable dances, because our girls know quite well that the questionable dance must be brought to the confessional, and it is a hardened criminal indeed who can bring that sin twice to the feet of our most pure Lord. No, this chat is just to be on the gifts of the Catholic girl—and their effect

The world says:

"Live for yourself."

The Gospel says:

"Live for others."

on her position, her attitude toward, and her influence in the world.

If you have been fortunate enough, dear Catholic girl (and most of you have), to go to a Catholic school, and then on to the higher school under the care of your own teachers, you will have had brought home to you the great value of—Faith. You will have been taught that there is no greater possession in this world than firm Faith, and the great reward after a life of selflessness will be accorded to those who can say: "I have kept the Faith." The world says "Live for yourself." The Gospel says "Live for others." Devotion is not an inert thing—it is but another name for devotedness. And devotedness is the secret of the gift of Faith. We could begin at the very beginning of the day, from that moment, when awakening, we raise our hands to our foreheads and make the sign of the cross in the name of Him who has given us another day to work for Him—but such a chat would occupy too much space. Rather let us take

up the little occurrences of the week or the month. *We are going to calendar our Faith.* Business men keep their affairs in order by marking off dates on the calendar. No business could succeed if it were not carefully mapped out. A magazine such as the FRANCISCAN HERALD must be produced according to date. The pictures which you see in its pages had to be made early in the month; the printer must get his stories or articles a certain day of the month, and on another certain day of the month he begins to print, so that your magazine will be in the mail and reach you in good order and on good time.

So with the Catholic girl. She should run her life as if it were a business—and so, indeed, it is, the biggest business in the world. Don't misunderstand me now—I am not saying she should treat it as if it were a perfunctory thing, or often an annoying thing, or that at any time of the year or at any time in her life she can afford to lay it aside and not think of it—as one does with business. No. But I am trying to say that she should give the Faith that is her spiritual life equal attention with the things that make her physical life. Her Faith is her capital. What is she going to do with her capital? Let it lie idle? Our Lord has said something about the man who buried his talents in the earth and did nothing to increase them. The Catholic girl isn't going to bury her capital. She is going to invest it. In what? In life. She will regulate her day, so that her capital of Faith will bring her sure and swift returns. A living Faith is one in which its owner is **INTERESTED**. If she is indifferent or perfunctory she is neglecting her capital, and it will bring no return.

Does this sound—commercial? Or does it sound like common sense? Most of our girls are monthly com-

municants—and those who are, and to those who are not, I would say it is the first investment for your soul's good. You should belong to a sodality in your parish and go to communion in a body. If you do not belong to a sodality—circumstances preventing—you should mark your date in your calendar and let nothing interfere with your engagement with God. This is unnecessary, perhaps, but the fact that I know some who need the reminder impels me to mention it here. Sunday Mass is never forgotten; morning and evening prayers—well, perhaps occasionally, and it is easy to slip into carelessness and let the second and third month go by without taking care to attend to this great duty. Your Faith can't keep actively alive without Our Lord's help. I do not say that any one who does not receive holy communion for three months may lose the Faith—God forbid! But I do say she will lose that spirit of happy familiarity which comes to us when we communicate often. Once a week is better still than once a month, and every day should be the objective. The very ones who feel themselves unworthy to do this should ask their confessor about it. He will guide them carefully. I heard a story once from the lips of a splendid mother who had brought up twelve children. One of her boys had a violent temper, and when he was about fourteen years old, he had a terrific quarrel with a younger brother and seriously injured him. The younger lad was confined to bed for some time, and the older one was almost desperate with shame and sorrow. His mother, though filled with anxiety for the sufferer, did not lose sight of the fact that the older boy needed her entire sympathy. "You can't depend on yourself, Mark," she told him, when he promised future amendment. "You can't conquer yourself. You have to have God with you."

The injured boy completely recovered. The older lad, from that day on, went to Mass every morning and received holy communion many times during the week. And I happened to hear this story because I noticed the mother looking anxious and worried. "Why?" I asked her. "Because," she added, after telling me the above, "because his wife thinks it silly and pious for him to go to

Mass every day. And if Mark ever stops it—"

But Mark has never stopped it—and that is five years ago.

Again, dear Catholic girl, for your Faith, there is one evening in the week that ought to be kept free from engagement or amusement of any kind—and that evening is Saturday. A Saturday night dance or theatre party is not a good preparation for Sunday Mass. We have to sanctify Sunday—God's day—and we can't do that with numb brain and tired limbs. I think the choosing of Saturday night as one on which to run all sorts of affairs is due to the fact that most people feel they can sleep Sunday morning. There are millions in this United States of ours who never

A living faith is one in which its owner is interested.

go to church, and to whom the church bells on Sunday say nothing of God. For such as these a Saturday night "affair" means rising in time for a two o'clock Sunday dinner. Catholics can't afford to get into any attitude that would create an indifferent assistance at Sunday Mass. It doesn't matter what other people are doing—they may find it feasible to worship God some time in the late afternoon, going for a walk along a leafy road—but we, who have Christ Himself on our altars, kneel before Him sanctifying the day He has reserved for His own worship by the Great Sacrifice. To go to church too tired through our own enjoyment to worship Him properly is an insult.

In most of the Catholic homes I know after midday on Saturday is given to confession—the afternoon for the children and the later hours for the grown-ups. It is a habit that will become part of our Faith. And if life insurance and fire insurance are very necessary to us, and we are careful to keep our premiums paid, surely soul insurance, with its weekly premium in the form of a good confession, is just as necessary to our Catholic girls as for all other Catholics. The Catholic girl is facing a world full of temptation. She has to run a gauntlet, as it were, carrying the precious treasure of her Faith; guarding it as she walks beneath the

cold eyes of dislike, or sneering contempt, or actual hatred. And in addition to the every day, every week, or every month practice of her Faith she should employ another help—the yearly retreat. If it is possible to make a retreat under capable direction, she should give the time necessary. If she is so placed that she cannot leave, or there is no retreat house near her, she should make this retreat at home. There are many spiritual books which will help her in this yearly inventory.

For her second gift the Catholic girl has HOPE. Hope looks over and around all obstacles. It recognizes circumstances, but will not allow circumstances to control it. Hope is persistent, and persistency means success. No matter how evil things appear, she can always hope to make them better. No matter how discouraging the attitude of others, she can always hope to improve them. Hope shows her that FAITH can prevail, and with prayer as a lever, can work miracles. FAITH is the priceless gem, the setting HOPE, and CHARITY is the golden band that holds them both together.

Yes, for her third gift the Catholic girl has, in all its perfection, sweetest CHARITY. There is, I know, many a Catholic girl who abuses this gift. The worldly one who thinks of her own pleasures; the one who carries out, with haste and thoughtlessness, the barest outlines of her sacred obligations, giving every moment to foolish enjoyment—she is abusing it. There is so much TO BE DONE that only charity can accomplish. Of course one cannot do it all, but one can do one's share.

So much time for our daily labors; so much time for enjoyment, with God the beginning and the end of it all. So much time for Catholic reading—though it be but one short Psalm . . . or a chapter from the New Testament; so much time for the study of our Catholic belief and our Catholic liturgy; so much time in giving charity to our neighbor, for, that some part of every day belongs to our neighbor, is the lesson taught by Catholic charity.

And how can I give charity to my neighbor? The corporal works of mercy may not be within my power. Are there no Catholic girls younger

(Continued on page 461)

Home Handicraft

Address all orders: *Franciscan Herald Service Department, Corona, N. Y.*

FOREHANDED GIFTS

WE KNOW that during this month and next the real Christmas preparations will be made by our women readers. Because of the success of our gift pages last month, we are giving herewith seven examples of handicraft that will serve to cover many needs—from the Baby to Big Little Sister and Big Sister and Mother, and the all-important House Itself.



2143

No. 2143—Patchwork Apron—\$1.20. In sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Made of unbleached muslin with red and blue patches for appliqueing. Complete with cotton and directions for embroidering. Address all orders as at top of page.

Before beginning a description of these items, it would perhaps be well to add that the materials furnished are of the best of their kind. The Gown (No. 2115) is of nainsook of fine quality, the unbleached muslin in the aprons is of smooth, good texture. You need not hesitate to order, imagining that perhaps the little dresses and gown are flimsy or cheap in appearance. Each of these ready-made garments has been inspected by the editor of this department, and

all are really of excellent quality. Take the dress 2141, for example—the price, \$2.25, is not expensive for a dress, ready made, all but the finishing and personal touch, for a girl of twelve years old. The chambray



No. 2115—Gown, price \$1.50. Ready made of fine quality nainsook in sizes 15, 16 and 17. Complete with cotton and directions for embroidering. Address all orders as at top of page.

is good, and the dress, when complete, will make a pretty gift.

The first we offer is No. 2143 (price \$1.20), a patchwork apron for baby two, or four, or six years old. You receive this apron all ready made,



2122

No. 2122—Booties, price 75 cents. Made up of fleeced lined pique. Complete with cotton and directions for embroidering. Address all orders as at top of page.

and then go ahead and finish it with the patches and embroidery. An illustration of the stitches used is included in each package.

If there is a new baby, the little booties, No. 2122 (price 75 cents), are made up in fleece-lined pique. They are warm and soft—a nice Christmas gift for the little one.

In the gown, No. 2115 (price \$1.50), we have a gift that every woman, young or old, appreciates highly. The sizes are for small women as well as women of larger proportions.



2119

No. 2119—Patchwork Apron, price \$1.00. Ready made of unbleached muslin, with rose and green patches for appliqueing. This comes in one size only. Complete with cotton and directions for making. Address as at top of page.

The patchwork apron, No. 2119 (price \$1.00), is sure to please many during the gift season. It comes in one size only, about 38-40 inches. One is always safe in making a gift of an apron. They are, like handkerchiefs, the thing of which one cannot have too many.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS:
Write your NAME and ADDRESS PLAINLY on any piece of paper. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FRANCISCAN HERALD, PATTERN SERVICE, Corona, N. Y.



1438



1453



1425



1422



1302



9929



9612

1515
Trans
616

No. 1425. Stout Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52 inches bust measure. Size 46 requires 4½ yards 36-inch material with 1½ yards 18-inch or wider contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1302. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material with ½ yard 30-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1422. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1515. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material with ½ yard 40-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 616—in yellow only—15c extra.

No. 9929. Girls' and Child's Romper Dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9612. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 1 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1420. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material with ¾ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1507. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 40-inch material with 1½ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1427. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1518. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1520. Ladies' Apron. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material with 5½ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1438. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch light material with 2½ yards 36-inch dark material.

No. 1453. Men's and Boys' Shirt. Cut in sizes 12½, 13, 13½, 14, 14½, 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, 18, 18½ and 19 inches neck measure. Size 14½ requires 3 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

THE GIFTS OF THE CATHOLIC GIRL

(Continued from page 458)

or older than you who may need sympathy and encouragement? What do they require most—spiritually, physically, mentally? Is there no lonely girl within your ken who needs a friend? Are there no Catholic clubs which you can join in order to make yourself acquainted with your fellows? Did you ever hear of the Catholic Goodfellowship Club? And did you know that there is a Catholic Shut-in Society—the Confraternity of St. Gabriel—whose object is to put Catholics in touch with converts and other Catholics in lonely places, writing letters to them occasionally in order to let them see that they are not forgotten? There is the St. Francis Solano Association which was established by the Franciscan Fathers for the purpose of arousing interest in their missions. Do you belong to that? There are missions in our own country in which the work of your fingers with needle and thread will add honor and beauty to God's house. There are souls all over the world that are waiting for the Christian and Catholic souls of this country, and particularly our Catholic girls and women, to send them salvation through the interest and the aid extended to our missionaries.

The Catholic girl's gift of FAITH bids her to be up and doing at this time. No matter where she lives, this is HER DAY. She is a factor in the political situation; she is a factor for clean living and decent morals in every town or city where there is a school, a dance hall, or a moving picture show house. What she does as an individual will react on the mass. The Catholic girl's gift of HOPE will help her surmount obstacles. The Catholic girl's gift of CHARITY will fill her heart with affection for her fellow-Catholics. Her charity, which recognizes that the weak are to be pitied, will supply for the defects of others, will extend a helping word and a helping hand, will despise gossip and hate calumny, will not excuse wrong-doing.

And if you, as a Catholic girl, can honestly say, "I do not know how to do any of these things for others," then write to me, and let me tell you how.



9442

1075



1420

1436



1507

1427

1518

1520

No. 9442. Boys' Blouse. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 32-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1075. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure.

No. 1436. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1 3/4 yards 36-inch dark material with 1 1/2 yards 36-inch plaid material and 1/2 yard 27-inch white material. Pattern, 15c.

MANNERS AT MEALS

WE ARE quite well aware that in many homes too little attention is given to the proper serving of meals—and the reason of it is generally given: "It's hard enough to have to cook the food without having to serve it except in the simplest way." That's true. Food should be served in the simplest way. But if children are at the table, it is essential that they are taught to eat correctly, that the food is served correctly and that they behave in proper fashion. There should be no such thing as "company" manners. Manners are part of one's daily life.

A certain amount of ceremony is desirable. It will keep the grown-ups in order and the children will absorb it. Every boy and girl should know how to serve at table. It will come in very handy all their lives long.

Supposing, now, we are to have company to dinner, and mother, who is cook, has had to prepare it. Let us see what we shall give our friends to eat. A good menu will be roast chicken, olives, mashed potatoes, green peas, jelly, bread, butter, fruit salad, gelatine dessert, cake and coffee. When the guests are seated, the water, butter, jelly, bread, salad, chicken and vegetables will be on the table. There should be a serving-table at mother's right, on the top shelf of which are the pitcher of water, the coffee percolator, cups, saucers, sugar and cream. On the lower shelf are the cake and dessert. The guests, at the end of the course, pass the coffee and the various dishes, and the soiled dishes, to the hostess. She places these on the lower shelf of the serving table and transfers the dessert and cake to the dining-table.

A menu so planned may be served easily, quickly, and without the necessity of mother leaving the table at all during the meal.

To begin with, the dining-room should be scrupulously clean and neat.

First lay the silence cloth, which may be made of canton flannel, an old blanket or the regular padding sold for the purpose. The silence cloth is used to prevent noise, to protect the table and to make the tablecloth lie smooth.

The cloth should be large enough to cover the table and fall from ten

to twelve inches below the table. Lay straight and smooth with the middle fold lengthwise down the center. When laundered, table cloths are often rolled on a round stick made for this purpose, which does away with all creases.

No table is complete without some decoration. In the country, each season of the year brings new offerings. In winter, bulbs may be bought for a few cents and grown with little trouble. Even this small cost can be avoided by bringing a few carrots or parsnips from the vegetable cellar, splitting lengthwise and putting them in water in a warm room. In a short time they will grow into a feathery green centerpiece for the table. In using any sort of decoration on the table, it should be low enough so that everybody can see over it.

The term "cover" means the space with the china, silver and glassware allowed for each person. Allow two or two and a half feet for a cover. Place each piece of silver so that the end is one inch from the edge of the table. Let each piece be parallel with the others. Place the knife on the right side with the cutting edge toward the plate, and the spoons to the right of the knife. The forks, with the tines up, are placed at the left. There should be room between the knife and fork for any plate used during the meal.

The water glass is set at the point of the knife, the bread and butter plate at the tip of the fork. If butter spreaders are used, they lie across the edge of the bread and butter plate with the edge toward the edge of the table. If the salad is to be served with the main course of the meal, the salad plate is placed at the left of the dinner plate. The napkin is laid at the left of the plate with the fold on the upper and left sides. The cup and saucer stands at the right of the plate.

Glasses may be filled as they stand in place, or if this is inconvenient, draw the glass by the lower part to the edge of the table, using the left hand, and fill.

Remember that all rules for serving should be adapted to circumstances.

HOW OTHERS DO IT

FOR a good icing, put one egg-white, one cup of granulated sugar and three tablespoons of cold water into the top of a double-boiler (be sure the water in the bottom is boiling every minute), and beat with an egg-beater for seven minutes.

Drop the white of an egg in the kettle of soup. It will gather to it all the impurities and when curdled can be removed with a spoon.

Potatoes should never be served in a covered dish, as they will absorb their own moisture and become soggy.

When in a hurry to get the dinner started, time can be saved by peeling just a narrow strip entirely around the potato instead of the entire surface. The two ends will slip off easily after the potato is boiled.

Keep the cords of your electric iron free from kinks which wear upon the insulation and finally result in breaking.

Let the oven heat with the pudding that is made of milk. If put into a hot oven, the intense heat is apt to curdle it.

When making lemonade, mix the sugar and water together before adding the lemon juice. Less sugar will be required.

Try using salad oil instead of egg when frying fish. Dip the fish lightly in the oil and then into the bread-crumbs. It will give the fish a rich brown color.

When making frozen custard, pour the mixture hot into the freezer. The contact of the heat and cold will cause it to freeze in half the time.

Put a small box of lime on the shelf in the damp pantry and the air will soon become dry and pure.

Damp matches that refuse to light can be used after having been rubbed back and forth through the bristles of a clothes brush.

A substitute for putty can be made from flour and oil mixed to proper consistency.

Use an asbestos mat when cooking preserves on the gas stove. Then you are insured against scorching or sticking.

If the rag rugs are stretched a little the next time they are washed, it will prevent them from curling at the corners and cause them to lie flat.

Do You Want to Earn Some Money at Home?

Then read this story of a woman who not only solved her clothes problem, but found more happiness than she ever dreamed possible.

By MRS. LOUISE ROBERTS

SOMETIMES when I look back over the events of the last few months, I feel almost as if I had been born again. For these few months have brought me more happiness than I ever dreamed possible.

Why, it seems only yesterday that I was so worried over the clothes problem that I hardly knew which way to turn. And yet to-day I not only have prettier and more becoming clothes than any other woman I know, but in addition I am earning considerable money each week designing and making clothes for others.

Just the other day my husband's aunt—and where can you find a more critical person than a "husband's aunt"?—said to me:—"I don't know why it is, Louise, but you look much prettier now than when you were first married."

And the best of it is, I really believe I am!

Oh, if every woman would only learn, as I did, the happiness of pretty clothes—the admiration they kindle in the eyes of one's husband and friends—how proud it makes even the children to know that "mother is as well dressed as Billy's mother or Mary's mother."

Truly, my husband and I have been closer these last few months than in a long, long time. We visit so much more together and I know he is proud of me.

And the money I am earning helps so much to buy the things we always wanted, but could not afford—an occasional piece of new furniture—little trips together—the joy and independence that come from having a bank account and watching it grow from week to week.

I AM telling you all this because what I have done you can do, too. I am sure you can, because when I first found the way to solve the clothes problem I hardly knew how to sew at all, and I didn't see how I could ever afford to buy even one pretty dress at the prices the shops were asking.

I remember the day that was to change my entire life as clearly as though it were yesterday. Everything seemed to have gone wrong. I was feeling tired, nervous and discouraged. Somehow it didn't seem fair that I should have to go through life always worrying about money and without pretty clothes just because I wasn't as fortunate financially as some other women.

I picked up a magazine and began to read—just as you are reading this magazine to-day. Then suddenly a picture caught my eye and I stopped and read every word of the story beneath it. It was intensely



interesting. I don't know when anything fascinated me so strangely. For here was the story of a woman just like myself who had found a way to have pretty, becoming clothes by studying dressmaking at home through the Woman's Institute.

Of course, I had heard of the Woman's Institute before—every woman has, I guess—and yet even though I had read about it so often and had more than half resolved many times to find out more about it, I had always put it off.

But this time I made my decision promptly. "If all these other women can learn to make pretty clothes so easily," I said to myself, "I believe I can learn, too." So I sat right down and sent that familiar coupon to Scranton.

In just a few days the postman brought me a friendly letter from the Institute and a booklet describing the perfectly wonderful success of women and girls in just my circumstances. These actual experiences impressed me more than anything I had ever read, so I enrolled.

I thought I might have some trouble with the lessons, but everything is made so simple and is so clearly explained that I believe a child could understand it. And most wonderful of all to me was the fact that you start right in with the very first lesson to make actual garments.

It was surprising how quickly I went ahead. I soon learned to copy models I saw in the shop windows, on the street, and in magazines and work in the little individual touches just suited to my particular type.

Soon the neighbors began admiring my clothes, and when I told them how little they cost, they could scarcely believe it. And then, almost before I knew it, I had begun to make dresses for my friends.

I WAS astonished at the great number of women who were looking for a really capable dressmaker. Everything I made turned out so fine and fitted so well that I soon had quite a reputation.

For four months now I have deposited a substantial sum in the bank each week—some weeks as much as \$25. Best of all, I have that precious feeling of independence that I have always wanted. And I'm so happy! As I said in the beginning, I feel almost as if I had been born again.

WHAT Louise Roberts did, you can do too. There is not the slightest doubt about it. For among the 150,000 members of the Woman's Institute are housewives, mothers, business women, school teachers, girls at home and in school, and girls in stores, shops and offices—all learning dressmaking and millinery at home as successfully as if they were together in a classroom.

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Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

A FAMOUS "FIVE-IN-HAND"

IT WOULDN'T do to have too many fine horses prancing on our page—they might run away with it!—but we certainly must have a look at this fine team bearing down on us, headed by the horse that made a king. And to think he never knew it, and yet played so important a part in history! We do not know his name even, though his master's has been preserved—it was not one to be forgotten, Darius, King of Persia, about 500 years before the birth of Our Lord. At the death of Smerdis, the king or supposed king of the country, for many people believed the real king dead and Smerdis an impostor, Darius and other nobles of the kingdom had a dispute among themselves as to who should be named his successor. There wasn't one of them who would not have willingly accepted the position himself, so there was quite an amount of quarreling over the matter. Finally, all agreed to meet at dawn the next day on the top of a high hill. Each was to be on horseback, and he whose horse first neighed was to be king.

They met as agreed; the horse of Darius (possibly Darius whispered in his ear) neighed first, and Darius was king. As he really made a very good one in the end, wouldn't you say the method of choice was a case of "horse sense?"

Next our nameless leader stands Bucephalus, the famous horse of Alexander the Great, King of Macedonia, 300 years before Christ. His master loved him like a friend, and Bucephalus returned his affection. No other human being would be allowed to mount him; but when Alexander wanted to ride, down went proud Bucephalus on his knees that his master might get into the saddle the easier.

He lived to be 30 years old, and when he died Alexander built him

What Happened in the Woods

A WIND blew down the woodland path

And sang in boisterous glee,
"October's here!" The Squirrel
laughed—

"Good news! that's nuts to me!"

"Nuts to a nut," the Rabbit cried,
With just a tiny sneer.

"Who cares for nuts when one can
see

A cabbage-stalk a-neighbor?"

"Pray don't forget," the Squirrel said,
"The hunters stalk a-far!

You may perhaps find things much
worse

Than even chestnuts are!

A random fire or one well made

May, either, cook your hash—

So do not be so uppish, friend,

Nor break out in a rash

Attempt at feeble pleasantries;

They do not turn a hair

With me—my nuts I'll safely get,

But you may get a scare

You don't anticipate. A game

Of ball, perhaps; and winner

You may not be upon the 'plate,'

Unless a plate at dinner!"

Just then a Shot came whistling up,

And Squirrel and Rabbit "beat" it,

For Squirrel wouldn't stop to speak

And Rabbit wouldn't meet it.

"I'm a bad shot!" the Bullet
mourned;

"Why won't you creatures stay?"

"Why? Not for any offer made

Would we stand in your way!

It certainly would be quite rude

To stop you without warning:

Me to my nuts—my cabbage, I—

Good morning, friend, good morn-
ing!"

a fine tomb and founded a city around it called Bucephala after him, that his name might never be forgotten.

Here is Celer, the favorite steed of the Roman Emperor Verus, who showed to his horse a more human side than he did to many of his fellow-men, for he was one of the persecutors of the early Christian Church. I don't know whether Celer appreciated Verus as much as Verus appreciated him, for he had, in consequence of the Emperor's affection, to submit to being covered up in royal purple, and have his stall in a marble palace and be fed on almonds and raisins. I feel sure he would have greatly preferred an ordinary stable and plain, everyday corn, oats and hay!

That is Incitatus pushing ahead over there, as he did in the days when he belonged to Caligula, and had to try to keep up with the very rapid pace of his master. Caligula had more respect for Incitatus than Incitatus would have had for him had he been a human being like his master, for Caligula was one of the worst of the Roman Emperors. His admiration for his steed was such that he caused Incitatus to be proclaimed a member of the College of Priests of the Gods, and of the Consuls, one of the highest offices in the empire. He gave him a house to live in and a servant to attend upon him and a golden basin from which to drink the wine that was offered him daily. I do not know which died the first, but I think that if it was Caligula, poor Incitatus must have been highly delighted.

Look at that magnificent creature, a very monarch among horses! It is Babieca, the horse of Don Rodrigo (Ruy) Diaz; Count of Bivar, the famous Cid and Campeador (lord and champion) of the 11th century, the "flower of Spanish chivalry" and its greatest warrior. As he towered

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amidst his compeers, so did Babieca amongst his fellows. Never were pair better mated. When at last the Cid died and was buried in the convent of San Pedro at Cardena, his faithful steed lingered but a short while behind, and was laid at the gate of the cloister where his master was sleeping his last long sleep.

The last but not least of our distinguished team lived in our own days. He was the most remarkable of the five, for he was gifted with an intelligence beyond that of animals ordinarily, and was known throughout the world, as people of all nations came to visit and puzzle over him. He was called "The Thinking Horse of Elberfeld," and was owned by a Herr Krall. A famous Belgian writer said of him: "His powers of reasoning are so great that I could not be more surprised if I heard the dead speak." He apparently could put figures together and solve problems in arithmetic; he could spell to some extent, and showed powers of reasoning in general that were really astounding. Of course a great deal of this may have been the results of training, but all who saw him agree that there was more than training in his mental make-up; he really had powers that do not belong to the animal brain. Poor Solomon of horse-kind! The cruelty of his human brothers laid him low on a French battlefield during the late Great War.

THE SPIDER MONKEY

THERE are monkeys and monkeys, just as there are men and men—but of the former none more attractive, perhaps, than the little Coaita or Quata, known to us as the Spider Monkey. His name is quite an appropriate one, for with his little head, his short body, and his thin, sprawling legs, all covered with shiny black hair, he looks very much like an enlarged spider. But there is one thing he owns to which no spider can lay claim—a slim, flexible tail, about two feet long, with which he can do very unexpected things. For instance, he can hang down from a tree, looking for something to eat, so long and so movelessly, held in position by his own little rope alone, that you feel

he certainly will die of apoplexy; then suddenly up he jumps, pokes into a crevice with his hand, fails to get it far enough in and calmly inserts the end of that tail instead, invariably hooking his prey with it. It serves him better than an eye. Its sense of touch is something wonderful, and as for its holding-on powers—! He isn't always so active, though. He will lie for hours at a time, his head thrown back, his eyes turned up to the skies, his long, thin arms clasped over his head. Is he thinking? If so, it is only of mischief, be sure, for he goes ahead of all the other monkey tribes in tricks. But he is much more good-natured than some of his kind—he loves to be petted, grows very fond of anybody who takes notice of him, and reveals considerable vanity in trying to show off to the best advantage to his friend. A favorite amusement of his is to jump suddenly from the bough of a tree, where he is hanging by his tail apparently asleep, upon the back of some wild pig of the forest as it passes beneath him. Then you should hear the squealing! The pig squeals with terror, the monkey with delight. The pig, scared out of his few poor wits, dashes off, plunging and squirming, trying, but in vain, to dislodge his tormentor. Spider Monkey holds on with paws and tail, chattering and grinning, and refuses to quit his hold until he has seen his pleasure through.

Perhaps he wouldn't enjoy himself as well if he saw you laughing at him when he is trying to walk—that's when poor Piggy should be around to turn the tables on him! He has the worst walk you ever saw. It is funnier than any of his antics. Swinging from tree to tree, he is graceful enough, because so agile, and his velvety covering shows well in the green branches; but down on the ground he makes quite a different showing. He doesn't know how to walk. As a matter of fact, he turns his hind paws in and walks on their outer sides and his front ones out, his weight falling on their inner sides. It is a case of not doing what one should, and doing all one shouldn't. And that tail! He makes it into a big S to keep his balance.

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THE ROSES OF HILDESHEIM

ON A beautiful summer day, centuries ago, King Louis the Pious of France was hunting in his forest of Wohl. The king had but little inclination for the sport, being a good and gentle man who would not willingly put any poor animal to torture, and he was only engaged in it now because of a wild boar that was roaming the forest, killing man and beast as it met them. By his side rode his chaplain, who always accompanied him, and the two spoke together of many other things than the chase. So absorbed were they as they rode along that it was some time before they perceived they were upon an unfamiliar path—in fact, they had entirely lost their way and saw or heard nothing of the huntsmen and courtiers who formed the train of the king. This they minded but little; they were confident of being speedily sought out, and the repose and peace of the summer woods was very grateful to the king.

They sat down beneath the shade of a splendid oak.

"It is the color of Our Lady's mantle, father," said King Louis, raising his eyes to the beautiful heavens above them, the thought coming to his mind because he was a devoted servant of Mary's. "Shall we say her rosary together in this moment of quiet? Some day I will raise her a chapel in this spot." And with that, he took from his pocket a small image of the Blessed Virgin that he always carried about him and handed to his chaplain, who rising, attached it to the oak, before which they knelt, reciting their chaplet. They had scarcely finished when they heard at some distance the horns of the hunting-party calling them. Louis answered with his own, and made haste to follow the sounds to where the hunters were searching anxiously for him. In his hurry, the little image was forgotten.

Next morning the thought of it came to the chaplain as he finished his Mass, and knowing how the king prized it, he hastened to find the spot and the oak where the treasure had been left. All was as yesterday when he finally discovered it except—the image was gone. Distressed, the good chaplain searched all about on the ground, thinking it had fallen from the trunk of the tree, but in

vain. All at once, a waft of delicious perfume stole across the air; and looking up to trace it, saw in the branches of a wild-rose near by the missing statue. Roses, lovely wild roses, clustered all about the figure of Our Lady, and reached up to her feet and to her outstretched hands above, and as he looked, their perfume filled all the place. In vain he tried to dislodge the image from its new resting-place. The delicate roses held it back in a grasp he could not break.

Hurrying to the king, it was not long before Louis and his courtiers followed him to the spot again; but none could remove the image.



"Here, then shall be the church I promised her," said King Louis. And there he built her not a church but a magnificent cathedral, ordering that the rosebush be not disturbed. So when it was finished and first a town, then a city gathered about it, the roses, untouched and undisturbed, leaned against one wall and climbed about it till the whole was covered. And there it still grows and flourishes although 1,000 years have passed since good Father Albert and King Louis first saw it in the forest.

The wonderful rosebush of which this legend is told is at Hildesheim, in Hanover, Germany. It is now 26 feet high, spreads over 32 feet of wall, and every year breaks forth again in fresh leaf and flower.

THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:

Here's a bite for you. I'm afraid you'll find it very tough, for it is not well done enough to be tender. My little brother thought he'd be smart. He wants to be well red (read). I sure got the blues when I saw it. I am sending you the puzzles I have solved, but the last one (Grocery Order Isabelle Baker sent in) made me yellow. I was in a brown study before I got it. I guess you'll think I'm pretty green when you read this, but I'll be tickled pink if I come out with flying colors. This is my first letter to the box, but I will remain true blue. JAMES DUFFY,

Sharon, Pa.

P. S. Jacob's coat of many colors had nothing on me!

Dear Letter Box:

I am a little girl eleven years old of Maynard, New York. I go to the grades of the Utica Academy. My aunt, of Maynard, takes the FRANCISCAN HERALD, and I have read every number she has in her possession. I am very much interested in the Children's Department, and have worked out all the puzzles I understood in the past numbers. I sent you one myself, "Flowers in the Garden," you know. Excuse my bad writing, as I have not written often during the summer; I am unaccustomed to writing. Wishing you success in getting all you want to eat so you won't be so hungry any more, and success in the work of the HERALD I remain,

Your interested reader,
BERTHA ALICE VAN GORDER.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Jumbled Capitals

- 1—Ontmyremog
- 2—Vilnasleh
- 3—Moer
- 4—Irdamd
- 5—Hiled
- 6—Mail
- 7—Ontnret
- 8—Asrcmaotne
- 9—Xinoehp
- 10—Tasuagu

—Florence Petry,
Jersey City, N. J.

Enigma

I am composed of 9 letters:
 My 4 2 9 3 is a theme
 My 7 8 6 2 is a wearisome person
 My 6 8 1 5 is a part in a play
 My 6 2 7 5 1 is one who defies
 My 8 3 4 2 6 is an animal that can live both on land and in water
 My 7 1 8 3 is a spot or stain
 My 7 8 4 3 1 5 is a receptacle for fluid
 My 6 2 9 is Latin for king
 My whole is always open to our Young Folks.

Do You Know This Word?

I am a word of 5 letters:
 If you take away my first from me, you do not leave me short.
 If you take away my first and second, I lose nothing—I have still everything.
 If you take away my first, second and third, I become double.
 If you divide this double, I remain 45 times larger than I was at first.
 —Martin Miller, Baltimore, Md.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLES

Hidden Colors

- 1.—Red.
- 2.—Pink.
- 3.—Orange.
- 4.—Purple.
- 5.—Green.

Divided Words

- Car-nation
- Hoar-hound
- Ant-eater
- More-over
- Post-pone
- Long-cloth
- Arm-let
- Iron-clad
- Nap-kin
- Lake Champlain

An Island Trip

- 1—Corpus Christi
- 2—Little Corn and Great Corn
- 3—Cat Island
- 4—Yell Islands
- 5—Foul-a Island

A River Trip

- 1—Seine
- 2—Po (e)
- 3—Tweed
- 4—Spree
- 5—Mersey (mercy)
- 6—Boyle (boil)

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

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Miscellaneous

ROME AND ITS EUCHARISTIC TRIUMPH

BY MARY DONEGAN WALSH

(Continued from last month)

VI.

The World's Procession

OF ALL THESE kaleidoscopic pictures of purest ideality and worship—our Eucharistic Savior's Progress through the streets of Rome—(fuller in its reality of public Pontiff had prayed for)—stood out like a search-light from the rest! By two o'clock, under the burning rays of an almost August-like sun all Rome was afoot, hastening to every vantage point where the procession was to pass. The people flowed in like a river from every part of the city, till the vast spaces around St. John Lateran, and the noble tree-lined Boulevard between it and Saint Mary Major were densely crowded. Garlands of flags and lanterns hung from tree to tree, while every window and balcony along the route was gay with bright colored hangings, in true Roman fashion. The Church of St. Alphonsus (Our Lady of Perpetual Help) was the first on the route where Benediction was given; the great nucleus of massed humanity was, around the Basilica of St. Mary Major (Our Lady of the Snow), so dear to the Roman heart, where Cardinal Vanutelli was to give Benediction, first from the papal loggia on the front, and then from the great flight of steps, at the back of the apse—a magnificently chosen spot. Every roof,

terrace and window showed black with people, as was the Square. A pretty interlude in the waiting was the passing of five little white clad girls, representing the "Five Continents," who scattered flowers before the Blessed Sacrament at Benediction, and twenty-six boys who represented the cities where Eucharistic Congresses have been held. Those five little girls were the only feminine representatives in that monster gathering. Five o'clock had rung from the campanile when a flight of aeroplanes scattering Eucharistic leaflets, rose into the air from the Roman Campagna, accompanied by flocks of white doves, to announce to Rome that the procession had left St. John Lateran!

. . . The Boy-Scouts cleared the way, followed by a line of manhood, of every class which lasted for more than an hour—boys, youths, men, young and old, in tens of thousands, university-students in their velvet caps, workmen's clubs, workmen's

retreats, professional men, deputies, cabinet-ministers, the Roman patriciate, the Pope's "Noble Guard" in civilian clothes, and representatives of the historic Roman princely houses, Altieri, Aldobrandini, Sacchetti, Serlupi, who carried the canopy in turns.

Lay delegates and societies from every nation joined the ranks of this "Men's Escort" for Our Lord, lustily singing the "Pange Lingua" or reciting the rosary.

The university-students were cheered to the echo, as they rounded the largest Church of Our Lady in the world, chanting the *Ae maris Stella*. Then came the religious orders; seminarists of every nation, race and tongue, the parish-priests of Rome, the Roman confraternities (like flower-beds of bright color, in their quaintly-picturesque habits), the three Chapters of the Patriarchal Basilicas, bearing their great umbrella-like standards and medieval processional-crosses, the

prelates and dignitaries, then the long white meandering ribbon of the three hundred episcopal mitres, and finally the great golden canopy, with its close escort of cardinals and archbishops—a concentration of splendid color—accentuating the starry whiteness of the White Host in the flashingly jewelled monstrance, borne by the aged Cardinal Vanutelli. The procession swept into



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the Basilica, and a moment later a clash of arms resounded through the square, as the soldiers presented arms to the Lord of Hosts, lifted high above the crowds in an impressive silence, followed by the roar of the "Magnificat"—from all that vast assemblage. This solemn Benediction was repeated from the back of the outside of the apse from an altar erected against it; as many of the colossal procession as it could contain being drawn up in the "Piazza Esquilino," while the hierarchy were grouped on the massive flight of steps, which makes St. Mary Major one of the most striking architectural features of Rome. Then Cardinal Merry del Val took up the monstrosity and the procession moved towards the Colosseum.

VII.

Thou Hast Conquered! O Galilean!

SAVE FOR the last picture of all, this was perhaps the most marvellous, on account of its setting—the still-standing glorious ruins, of the heart of imperial Rome!

From the "Via Sacra," and the "Arch of Titus," from the Forum to the Palatine hill, down to the ruins of the "Temple of Venus of Bene-Rome," overlooking the Colosseum, every space and arch and column was densely peopled. Far as the eye could reach, across the grassy slopes of the "Coelian hill," and from the arches and open galleries

of the Colosseum above, stretched a sea of faces! Only around the noble sweep, from the "Meta Sudans" Fountain to the Arch of Constantine, was the space kept free for the interminable procession, now descending the slopes, like a human river, flowing steadily onward to its goal. Looking out over the classic ruins of this theatre of the world's history, old Rome was repopulated as it had not been for centuries! On and on the gigantic procession came, pausing to group itself in ever widening circles around the Triumphal Arch, till the canopy with its soft misty clouds of rising incense and its starry lights stood before the Arch! A group of patrician boys, the little "Pages of St. Aloysius," in picturesque pages' costumes of velvet and lace, spread a carpet of fragrant blossoms, while the very ruins seemed to rain flowers from all sides! Cardinal Merry del Val carrying his Precious Burden, ascended the steps of the altar, erected immediately under the Arch of Constantine and lifted the monstrosity high above the "kneeling crowds, to the north, south, east and west, in deathlike silence and unspeakable majesty of Benediction! . . . And Jesus blessed them all, from the shadow of the first mighty monument erected to His honor, by the first Christian Emperor, in the heart of that pagan Rome which was to become His In-

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heritance! Yes! All seemed to be there, crowding upon us in this curious psychological atmosphere, the myriad Martyrs who had witnessed to Him, the pagans who had scorned Him, the emperors who had usurped His power, or groped after Him in the darkness, or honored Him openly in this spot for all ages, as did Constantine, in raising a marvel of architecture, to be a fitting canopy twenty centuries after for the Manifestation of His World-Dominion. . . . Willingly or unwillingly they are all here, to acknowledge Christ's domination! Fancifully, one seems to hear, borne on the breeze, that exceedingly bitter cry, wrung from the heart of an Apostate emperor and reluctantly echoed by the modern enemies of the God-made Man, "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" And so indeed "He conquered," in Rome that sunlit afternoon as the "Golden House of Nero" resounded to a "World's Magnificat," from the countless voices, thundering and reverberating amid the Arches and the Colosseum "My Soul hath magnified the Lord, and my Spirit hath rejoiced in God my Savior!" followed by an outburst of hand-clapping and a roar of "Eviva Gesu!" that tenderly-familiar greeting to the "Living Jesus," so dear to the Roman heart, and embodying the solid Roman faith, which no effort of the powers of darkness can wrench from it! . . . As the evening sunshine slanted over that impressive scene of mighty ruins, clad in a new majesty today, and painted with the roseate sunset-glow of Rome, the procession re-formed to pass to its final triumph. Another Prince of the Church, Cardinal Bourne—reverently took up the Monstrance and carried it away from the classic Rome, through the meaner streets which had been deemed strongholds of communism and unbelief, but on this day of revelations were decorated with gay hangings and paper flowers and lights, and second to none in enthusiasm.

VIII.

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at the Obelisk reached the principal facade of St. John Lateran—the "Alma Mater"—from which the World's procession had fittingly started and where it must appropriately end! I viewed the scene from the terrace of a high palazzo facing the Basilica, so that it was spread beneath like a living panorama, from the innumerable human units, to the glorious background of eternal Rome, where every spire and campanile stands out distinct, as if painted, against an opalescent evening sky, while the infinite misty spaces of the Roman Campagna stretch out to meet the Sabine and Alban hills—glowing as if nature

spaces on the steps and the wide platform outside the Basilica filled to overflowing by the procession, leaving a central pathway for the Blessed Sacrament to pass. Once more that soul inspiring "Magnificat" was entoned and caught up by the multitudes, as Jesus in His Triumph passed through the ranks of His people! The ball of light on St. Peter's far off Cupola illuminated the distant sky-line, and we gazed on the marvellous scene with almost awestruck wonder. Close by me, one Roman said to another: "Rome has never witnessed such a sight before!" "Perhaps, in the old papal days!" rejoined the other.



had rivaled herself to give the final greeting to Her Lord and Creator. Illuminations twinkled out from every part of Rome! "Santa Croce in Jerusalemme" shot up a fiery cross into the sky from its campanile, and lines of light ran across the facade of "San Giovanni"—till each one of its perfect architectural lines stood out defined—forming an aerial Basilica of glittering light, rising out of the night in peerless symmetry! Below us, in the broad magnificent piazza, stretching to the gate and walls, lay a sea of white dots—upturned faces—and from the distant "Via del Colosseo" came the notes of the "Pange Lingua" clearly distinct on the still air, as the long wavering serpentine line of torches marked the procession's course as it wound up the end of the piazza. Gradually the

"No," said the first speaker, "for in those days there were no Eucharistic Congresses nor these countless thousands!" As we endeavoured to drink in the wonderful pageant to fix it indelibly in our minds, we saw the Blessed Sacrament procession reaching the level of the Papal Loggia. Then the miracle happened! The graceful aerial lines of light faded from the facade and in their place arose a vision of a "White Dream Basilica" against which one was fain to shade the eyes!

"Mother and head of all the churches in the world!" She stood revealed, Queen and Mistress in her Cathedral city, decked like a bride for the coming of her bridegroom, all fit for the earthly dwelling of the "Fairest of the Children of Men." In the center of the radiance, framed in the Arch of the Loggia,

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the gold-clad figure of the Cardinal-Vicar appeared, silhouetted, bearing the Monstrance, and the crowds fell on their knees, to sing a Tantum Ergo more like the Hosanna before the Great White Throne!—a Tantum Ergo which resounded through Rome, as it was heard at San Lorenzo. Then, between eleven kneeling cardinals, the Cardinal-Vicar raised the Monstrance in the last solemn Benediction, slowly and lingeringly. When it was over people still knelt there, dazed with the glory of that earthly triumph of the "King of Kings," who, in this unbelieving generation deigned to manifest Himself so wonderfully to His people. Once again, as at the Colosseum, the night-wind seemed to murmur "Thou hast conquered, O Galilean!" . . . It was difficult indeed, to pick up the scattered threads of daily life when poor humanity came down to earth again after that moment of Thabor—like revelation; and to fight one's way homewards through densely crowded streets.

IX.

In Hoc Signo Vinces

ONE MORE picture, to Romans and pilgrims alike, weary as they were, still remained, to complete that "day of days"—that of their beloved St. Peter's, illuminated by the identical scheme of illumination designed by the great Roman architect Bernini, in the 17th century, on the occasion of the festival of "Corpus Domini." Seen from a distance, the Cross on the Lantern of St. Peter's (lighted for the first time in fifty years), seemed only like a ball of translucent light; but to those near to Bernini's peerless fountains, the Cross stood out, magnificently defined, limpid and serene. Truly, the cross of Constantine's inspired vision! It rose, high-flung and isolated, floating in the heavens, framed in a circle of white radiance, whose soft pale rays fell full on the violet and blue halftones of the unilluminated cupola, in steady gentle streams of light, unearthly and visionary! . . . In the central niche above the Basilica door, flooded with gold radiance from behind and above, was placed

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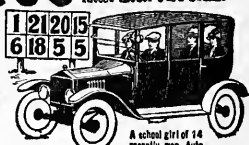
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the wonderfully designed gilded "Repository" also of Bernini's workmanship, and in the other lighted niches above the Atrium hung magnificent tapestries. Between each column of the great colonnade, and upon them, were suspended circular discs of white light, almost in the form of Hosts, their effect ineffably mystic in its startling purity! . . . The whole scene was one that Dante might have pictured, in a medieval dream of mysticism—a fitting "Envoi" to a day which had been veritably a "Sursum Corda!"

When the lights receded hid by the distance, and only the great starry Cross remained, seeming to rise and mount, like a full moon in the heavens over all the city—an ensign of "The Victory over the world—Our Faith"—it stood for an eternal symbol and a portent for the weak and the brave alike. "In hoc signo vinces!" "In this sign shalt thou conquer!" Pilgrims and Romans felt with surest trust, that on this Eucharistic Day of Days in Rome, they had found once more the "True Rome" of their hearts—the "City of their Souls!"

Note. Since then such a strong desire has been manifested universally that the starry Cross over St. Peter's may be retained, as a permanent memorial of the Eucharistic Congress; an anchorage and resting-place, of thought and inspiration to the center of all that Rome represents to her world's children; there is every probability that the proposal may be effectuated, and add one more gem to Rome's imperishable crown of beauty." Thanks to the Eucharistic Congress of 1922, in journeying to Rome the Catholic pilgrim, while still miles away from the Eternal City, will see St. Peter's welcome, stretching out to him, to call him home through the darkness; and those who live under the shadow of the Dome, and who learned to love and look for that "Cross of Light" during the seven brief nights it shone, will be glad of its hope and promise in hours of inevitable discouragement . . .

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IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

THE "charmed circle" of the Beanrow Publishing Company has thrown off a new volume of verse, which, in three brief paragraphs on the wrapper, the company claims is one of the few books of verse, of those which appear every little while, destined for immortality, and "it is in no light spirit but with a sincere conviction that *The Traveler's Dream* is such a book, that it is offered by its publishers.

Mr. Algernon Percival writes a foreword to the volume. That is not his real name. He is a staunch friend of Mr. Some Rivers, author of *The Traveler's Dream*, and he sets an example in appreciative criticism by saying the kindest, the most inclusive, and the most dubious or many-sided things that can be imagined. The reader begins with Mr. Algernon Percival's foreword and ends with it, in a "charmed circle." When we read it first we do not know the lines he is appraising. When we have read them we wish to hear again what he said about them. Mr. Algernon Percival is a prolific writer of literary criticism and a fosterer of modern verse. Our second reading of this foreword causes mixed feelings. And yet, in the main he has said the only things a good friend could say under the circumstances and he says them in the smoothest way. For example, he says the seven poems in the volume have unity in that they show that "religion is the deepest human need." These seven poems cover various creeds from scientific agnosticism to idealized paganism, including a Christian legend sweetly sung.

With exquisite commercial art, the Beanrow company devised for *The Traveler's Dream* a set of illustrations which could not fail to give it distinction. They are small, in black and white, and in design similar to those which adorned early nineteenth century editions of Don Quixote, Lalla Rookh, and other of Moore's poems. There is in them a reminiscence of the older English classics as there is in the poems an echo of Keats, Tennyson, Pope, Poe, and others. Either would be better without

the other. It is in co-operation that they indict the publishers.

Have you ever read anything like the following, descriptive of a very cold night?

"The cock forgot to cheer his drooping hens,
The owls were moping in their leafy dens,
The moonstruck frog forgot to croak and sing."

Guess what English poet this style recalls.

Again, note these verses from the poem entitled *The Bad People*, a group of crusader's ghosts:

"The Brahmin priesthood cursed my life and death;

The Roman Pontiff banned me to unrest;—

Yet here I've wandered as the winter's breath,

No sadder than the saints whom they have blest.

"So the bad ghost of Timmie Link proclaimed

The weak futility of church and saint;

And as he finished many more exclaimed

Strong approbation in weird accents faint.

"And all the while this offspring of the tomb

Thus whispered, they were 'neath St. Peter's Dome,

Where Pope and Cardinals in that sacred room,

Conferred for glory and success of Rome."

Let us note now some of Mr. Algernon Percival's critical observations: "Man will always drift toward a crisis; it is the crisis that precipitates his character of conduct. In consequence, religion mixes very little with the externals of human life; it is nature alone that reacts upon them. But ever just beneath the surface of human consciousness the reflexes of remote religious traditions in the blood are eternally on guard to meet and combat the external influences accompanying every crisis. *The Traveler's Dream* con-

lenses this immense array of moods, and the poet with a deft imagination leaves the solution open to each man's care."

Consider the text of this paragraph: "Man will always drift towards a crisis." Is this statement true? Is there not a familiar high school motto, *Rowing, Not Drifting*? What shall those so fortunate as to have chosen so inspiring a motto in youth think of this progressive critic who says we *always* drift toward a crisis? When a doubtful statement such as this is made, it provokes opposition and speculation as to just how far there may be truth in it, or in the author's meaning, despite his bald statement. Did St. Francis of Assisi drift toward a crisis in his choice of poverty and holiness? Did Columbus *drift* toward the New World? Did the Fathers of our Republic drift towards the making of a free nation? Truly has this critic said the poet has "with deft imagination left the solution open to every man's care." It is our care to interpret this statement about drifting to a crisis.

May we, as Cowper essayed to "chase a panting syllable through space," hunt down the author's meaning in this important critical observation? Consider with this troublesome observation his deduction, "religion mixes very little with the externals of human life; it is nature alone that reacts upon them." What has the critic said here? Something flexible, fertile for fancies. He could not have said this of St. Francis, and had he observed how continually religion entered into the ordinary motions of the Poverello his text would have been wafted from him by waves of light. But of most of us, it is apparently only too true, "religion mixes very little with the externals of human life." If we blessed ourselves at the beginning of each action, and as the children in the parochial schools "blessed the hour" with ejaculatory prayer, Algernon Percival's good thing could not be said of us. But take with these two clever observations his conclusion as to "remote religious traditions in the blood," and we have dissected his paragraph as merely a statement in terms of biology and psychology of observed phenomena of which we speak in terms of Guardian angels,

whisperings of grace, providence, conscience, religious training, character and similar terms. Thus our difficulty with Algernon Percival is merely that he assumes we have his point of view to begin with.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Boy Who Came Back. By Rev. John Talbot Smith.

Under its original title, *The Art of Disappearing*, this novel of the celebrated writer and scholar, Dr. John Talbot Smith, has had a history which adds to the interest of the story. In a series of papers on Catholic writers, Father Smith has told of the criticisms with which the book was first received. He has in certain particulars, besides the title, changed the story, eliminating some of the features which made it objectionable to its first readers. As a first novel, it is possible that it may be dearer to the heart of its author than his later and more successful novels. Yet it must be said that there is still something about the story which is liable to arouse antagonism. This feature is his character painting of the women, Sonia in particular, and her companion adventuress, Edith or "Sister Clare." He has drawn these characters with power and truth, from the viewpoint of the priest. He has not spared them for their sex, in his drive against the sins they embody. Sonia appears an unnatural monster. The author describes her great physical beauty, her apparently innocent face. This and the extreme effect which her unfaithfulness wrought upon her husband make the woman repulsive, and one almost wishes such character had not been sketched. For much of the rest, the story is on the order of the historical novel, dealing with a now obscure period of American politics, in which he paints in lifelike and entertaining style the "politician Irish" of New York. Readers of *The Black Cardinal*, however, will agree that his choice in the latter novel was more happy from every angle of view.

Blase Benziger Co., New York, \$1.75, postage 15c.

Notes of a Catholic Biologist. By Rev. George A. Kreidel.

The title of this excellent book would indicate that it is not intended as a text book, yet as a summary of natural science from the Catholic standpoint it is a fitting book to put in the hands of students. The author is a member of the leading American scientific societies and is professor of biological sciences in St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, New York. The volume is dedicated to the Most Rev. Archbishop Hayes of New York and contains a bibliographical index. In a prefatory note the author states that this book is intended for the many readers' interest in science, who have not had the advantage of a scientific education. It also serves to place before the public mind today the Cath-



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olic position in regard to biology, at a time when the evil effects of the Darwinian theory are seen and felt in the world. Through the trend of secular education, large numbers are led to believe that the theory of Evolution as stated by Darwin, Huxley and Tyndall is "an accepted fact," as the recent controversy between the Honorable Mr. W. J. Bryan and college professors in Kentucky and elsewhere has informed us.

The chapters of this most interesting and effective exposition are Introduction—The Point of View, II God in Nature, III The Beginning and End of the World, IV The Origin of Life, V Pollen and Flower, VI Distribution of Plants and Seeds, VII Wonders of Instinct, VIII Animal Camouflage, IX How Nature Restores, X The Locust in Ancient and Modern Times, XI The Salt of the Earth, glossary, time table and index. The author, of course, makes the point that Mr. Darwin and his co-workers never proved the celebrated theory of the Origin of Species, natural selection, or the "descent of man" from the ape.

B. Herder, Publisher, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.50 net.

Ortus Christi—Meditations for Advent. By Mother St. Paul.

This is the fifth in a series written by Mother St. Paul, her previous books being Sponsa Christi, Passio Christi, Mater Christi, Dona Christi, books of meditation on the seasons and on special devotions. She is a religious of the Retreat of the Sacred Heart, House

of Retreats, Birmingham. Rev. Joseph Rickaby, S.J., writes the brief preface.

The keynote of these heart-searching meditations, suited for daily spiritual reading before Christmas, is courage—a courage which brings joy. Most of the chapters are short; two of the divisions—on St. John the Baptist and on The Interior Life extend to about twenty pages. Every theme is illuminated by the deep faith of the author and her ripe experience, and awakes at once compunction, fear and hope. Her handling is in vivid and brilliant literary style, the while her sayings are most simple. Prayers, Scriptural verses and her own devotions are her foundations for these readings. The style is that of a teacher of things spiritual. The latter chapters of the volume approach poetry in their exalted fervor and vision. This is a book one may re-read, scarcely recognizing that one has read it before, so full is it of inspiration to which our differing needs and moods may respond. An admirable gift for the Christmas season and for advent.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York; \$1.75 net.

The Anti-Catholic Motive. By Dominic Francis. Judas, A Study of Possibilities. By Michael Andrew Chapman. Defamers of the Church,—Their Character.

These three pamphlets prepared by Our Sunday Visitor Press are, especially the first and third, able expositions of the problems relating to bigotry as at

present revived and seething in the United States. In the first booklet of forty-six pages, the author analyzes the causes of organized hatred of the Catholic Church, naming these as the money motive, the sectarian, the patriotic (pseudo), the socialistic, the masonic and anti-Christian motive. His proofs are cited from the publications and the other activities of the various anti-Catholic societies and new organizations recently come before us. It is a timely and effective refutation of false reasoning and insincere professions.

The study of Judas is interesting because the inquiring mind of the present generation and the prevalence of unfaith, of suicidal philosophy and destructive criticism make it important to realize the truth God intends us to gain from the example of Judas. The author makes the point that there was no necessity for Judas' treachery, that the possibility of sainthood was his and he failed of attaining it, as we may do.

Why Priests Do Not Marry. By Bertrand L. Conway, C.S.P.

The well-known author of *The Question Box* and other books presents briefly and clearly the origin of the celibacy of the clergy, the reasons for it, and its evident expediency.

The Paulist Press, New York, 5 cents, \$3.50 a hundred.

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Franciscan News

Italy.—We were surprised to learn from Supplement to the Catholic Encyclopedia that Father Agostino Gemelli, the famous scientist and first rector of Sacred Heart University, of Milan, is among Franciscans recently deceased. Fortunately, this is not true. Though at one time his health was quite despaired of, he has been spared to his brilliant work. Perhaps Father Agostino da Montefeltro is meant.

Spain.—The following is an extract from a report made by Very Rev. Carriere, S.J., Minister Provincial of the Jesuits, on October 5, 1915: "Every good pupil does credit to his school. So also the Tertiary who has modeled his soul after St. Francis and allowed him to elevate and establish it above the things of this world. A striking instance in proof of my assumption here occurs to me. I have a thousand reasons for not omitting it. It is the example of St. Ignatius of Loyola. He, too, the founder of the Society of Jesus, was a Tertiary. As one of the illustrious members of the Third Order, he is indebted to it for potent means unto self-sanctification. . . . He found in the Third Order an atmosphere where his soul felt at home. There he was the pupil who, though graduated, found still more to learn; the master who, after instructing others, yet had himself instructed. . . . Here I take pleasure in saying a few things in favor of the Third Order. I do it with increased conviction, maintaining that the Third Order knows how to fashion saints, that is, perfect Christians."—

In the diocese of Tarragone, Spain, the ecclesiastical authorities are gathering the necessary information regarding the sanctity of Carmen de Sojo y Ballester. She was a Tertiary and died in the odor of sanctity on August 16, 1890.

One of the first acts of the recently appointed Vicar General of the Franciscans in Spain was to fuse all the smaller Tertiary publications into one, which has official character and which is known as *El Tertiario Franciscano* (*The Franciscan Tertiary*). It is published in Madrid.

Germany.—The Franciscan Province of the Holy Cross in Saxony, Germany, will make the Third Order a subject of study and examination in their theological course. Diocesan directors are to be chosen who will co-operate with the Provincial Commissary for the extension and organization of the Third Order. During the jubilee year, the Province of the Holy Cross distributed more than 30,000 pamphlets and brochures on Third Order matters.—

We are further informed by our correspondent in Germany under date of July 16, that "in a few weeks lecturers (professors) of the Province of the Holy Cross will set sail for California and that they will be engaged to teach the clerics at Santa Barbara.—

This year it was the first time that the Third Order was officially represented at the Catholic Congress which was held in Munich, in August. The Third Order Commissaries of all the Provinces in Germany (including the three branches of the Franciscan Order) held a special meeting similar to the one that gathered in Rome last October on the occasion of the International Tertiary Congress.—

The various Third Order fraternities existing in Berlin and its suburbs now number about 1,300 members. "Those who gather for the monthly meetings and instructions," the spiritual director Fr. Joseph Kiera, O. F. M., writes, "represent every class of society. There are seated an erstwhile lieutenant-captain and his wife, who were formerly Protestants; yonder is a circuit judge with his wife, who once remarked to me: 'The revolution has made a Catholic of me.' Her husband, too, joined the Church, and as both are now practical Catholics they want also to be practical Tertiaries. It is remarkable how many converts are to be found present at our meetings."—

Holland.—The Third Order in Holland is making rapid progress in the way of membership and activity. To cite only one instance. In the course of three months (April, May, and July, 1922) not less than 725 new members were received into the Order, while in the past year many new fraternities were established.

Copenhagen, Denmark. — The late Apostolic Vicar of Denmark and Ice-

land, Rt. Rev. John von Euch, was a very enthusiastic and zealous promoter of the Third Order. Himself a Tertiary, he personally for seventeen years directed the fraternity in Copenhagen. In his annual pastoral letters he was wont to remind his flock of the Third Order Rule as the surest and quickest remedy for the ills of modern society. Several times a year the directors of the various fraternities had to give him a detailed report on the status of the Third Order in their respective district.

Calcutta, India.—The Superiors of the Bengal Missions in India have decided to establish in the vicinity of Calcutta a school for catechists. The missionaries active in the district of Chota Nagpur are instructed to send such of their neophytes to the school as manifest an aptitude for work in the classroom. The course of studies, which extends over two years, comprises catechism, Bible history, Church history, Catholic apologetics, the elements of practical medicine, and the agricultural arts. The candidates at the school will be organized into a fraternity under the Rule of the Third Order adapted to their circumstances and later, when actually engaged in catechetical work, they will be expected to return to the school for a month in order to take part in a spiritual retreat and the regular exercises of the community.

Sardhana, India.—Rt. Rev. Msgr. Bernachiani, O. M. Cap, Archbishop of Agra, recently blessed the new friary and novitiate which had been erected for the Capuchins, in Sardhana. Adjoining the friary is an imposing church, the erection of which was made possible especially through the munificence of Princess Begum Sumroo, who sometime since renounced Hinduism and embraced the Catholic faith.

China.—We have it on very reliable authority that in the ten vicariates under the jurisdiction of the Franciscans there are at least 50,000 Chinese Christians who belong to the Third Order.

Venezuela.—Last March, the Holy See consolidated the district of Coronense, a part of the diocese of Guayana, into an independent vicariate. It is subject to the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda and placed in charge of the Capuchin Friars.

China.—The almost endless appeals from European War sufferers to the United States are accountable for the poverty stricken missionaries in China being pushed to the background—they are almost forgotten! Much is done for the sufferers in Central Europe, but hardly anyone remembers the poor Franciscans in North Shantung. Therefore, there is actually nothing left to do for the missionaries, but to give up this flourishing Mission field, unless help is offered to enable them to continue the work of christianizing these poor heathens.

The present is an incomparable, favorable time for a great harvest of souls among the millions of people in China. Thousands were led to the religion of Love and Mercy by the example of charity shown them during the great famine.

Over 40,000 well-disposed heathens, knock at our doors, begging admittance into the fold of Christ. It would not be difficult to win these souls for Christ if means were at our disposal to engage teachers and catechists to instruct and to prepare them for baptism!

In my own and also my neighboring districts are many hundred communities begging for catechists. Have charity on these poor heathens! Don't let them perish in heathenism.

To save an immortal soul is the most sublime of all good works. It is incomparably more important than to save lives! The gratitude and the prayers of generations, here on earth and in eternity, will be yours if you help them to the Catholic faith and to heaven!

Kindly send donations (banknotes or drafts in registered letter).

Rev. Albert Klaus. O. F. M. Tchow.

Shantung Prov.

China, Catholic Mission.

Lyon, France.—Universal attention is being drawn this year to the work of a humble Tertiary. It is the work of the Propagation of the Faith, recently officially recognized by the Church and incorporated in the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. The Tertiary is Pauline Jaricot, who founded the work of the Propagation on May 3, one hundred years ago. She herself relates how she got the idea. One evening as she sat by the fire it occurred to her how easy it would be for each of her acquaintances to find associates who would every week give a sou toward the propagation of the Faith, how they could be distributed into groups of ten, and the tens into bands of a

hundred, each with a reliable person at the head to collect the mites and turn them in to a common center. The work soon grew to such dimensions that it could aspire to be the almoner of the missionaries of two worlds. Patiently, drop by drop, in the course of a hundred years it grew into a mighty river of gold. All the nations in communion with Rome contributed, totaling to date a sum of 500,000,000 francs.

On the same principle of uniting little efforts to achieve great results, Mlle. Jaricot set about to organize her associates into groups of fifteen, each member of these groups to say a decade of the Rosary each day in such rotation that the series of fifteen mysteries would be completed daily throughout the year. The practice grew immensely popular in a very short time and under the name of the Living Rosary it has remained as a source of edification to our day.

The Propagation of the Faith and the Living Rosary! Glory enough for a single person, and a monument to humble efforts.

Harbor Springs, Mich.—A pretty spot overlooking Lake Michigan and commonly known as Five Mile Creek, five miles north of Harbor Springs, was recently the scene of an interesting ceremony. A beautiful little church, perched on the hills where it draws the eye of passengers on the lake steamers, was dedicated there on Aug. 15, by Bishop Kelly of Grand Rapids. The peculiarity about the little church is that it was built by the Indians of the neighborhood and built for them. The care of the little parish is in the hands of Fr. Dorotheus, a Franciscan, who has charge of practically all the Indians on the west shore of Michigan, and has for years discharged his duty to his flock amid great and trying difficulties and with little encouragement, financial and otherwise, from without. Indians—sheep of Father Dorotheus' flock, for many miles around were present, also resorters from St. Louis, Louisville, and points in Ohio and Indiana. The bishop confirmed a class of Indians who had been instructed by Father Dorotheus. There was a sermon in English by the bishop, and in Ottawa by Father Dorotheus.

Cincinnati, O.—Rev. Father Claude Mindorff, O. F. M., of the Cincinnati province of Friars Minor, has been called to Rome to occupy the chair of philosophy at the Antonianum, the international college of the Franciscans. He is a graduate of the college, and has for years taught philosophy at the seminary of his home province.

Pateron, N. J.—On the feast of St. Joachim, Aug. 16, 27 young men received the habit as novices in the First Order, three others were admitted to the habit as Tertiary brothers, and 16 made their profession in the First Order, a total of 46 young men devoting themselves at one time to the following of the Poor Man of Assisi, all in the convent of the Friars Minor of Pateron, N. J.

Hawkesbury, Ont.—The beautiful and populous parish of Hawkesbury now also possesses a fraternity of the Third Order. Availing himself of a mission preached at Easter of this year by Fathers Ferdinand and Casimir, O. M. Cap., the parish priest had the fathers speak of the Third Order. The fraternity was erected in the course of the triduum in honor of St. Anne, July 25. The nucleus of the fraternity, consisting of 15 isolated Tertiaries, was augmented on the occasion by 208 new members, 147 women and 61 men. Similar astounding increases in membership are being reported from every quarter since the septicentenary celebrations. A fraternity of 20 members at Petoskey, Michigan, was increased this summer by a membership of 105 novices, 46 being men.

San Francisco, Cal.—The erection of a statue of a Franciscan, to exceed in size the Statue of Liberty in New York, has been suggested for Verba Buena Island in San Francisco Bay by Frank W. Hunter in *Business*, the weekly publication of the Chamber of Commerce. Such a statue, according to Hunter, would be symbolical of the city and the early history of California. It would invest the harbor with a prominent characteristic that would be broadcasted throughout the world. The statue would be 350 feet high and would rise about 700 feet above the sea level.

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Our Mission Picture

MISSION la Purisima Concepcion, the westernmost of the four on the Santa Barbara Channel, was blessed by Fr. Presidente Lasuen on December 8, 1787, and for the feast of that date was dedicated to the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin. Owing to heavy and continuous rains, work on the buildings was deferred till the following spring. By 1795, the original church became unserviceable. A new one was begun in that year but was not completed till 1802. The annual report of 1810 shows how greatly the mission was flourishing, both spiritually and materially. With the aid of interpreters, the indefatigable Fr. Mariano Payeras composed a catechism in the Indian language, a fact which in part explains why here as elsewhere in California the natives responded so well to the heroic efforts of the friars. By the end of 1790, as we learn from the records, 301 Indians had been baptized at this mission, which number increased to 3,046 by the end of 1821. La Purisima had just commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of its founding when, on December 21, 1812, a series of violent earthquakes completely ruined the church and nearly all the buildings. Subsequent floods finished the work of destruction, inasmuch that the following year saw the friars removing their establishment to the other side of the river. Here, in 1824, occurred that deplorable revolt of the Indians, during which the new church and buildings were seriously damaged. When peace was restored through the influence and zeal of the friars, a second church was erected and dedicated on October 4, 1825. The mission was abandoned in 1845, after an epidemic of smallpox carried away most of the neophytes and after the government heads of California had wantonly sold the buildings.

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Editorials

Remember!

BLEAK, cheerless November! The earth stripped of its glory, early nights and late and murky days, the wantonness of summer to be followed by the castigating blasts of winter. After that the happy awakening in spring to new and purer life.

They went their way of life, carelessly smiling, plucking the flowers by the wayside, and ere they were well prepared for it, the shades of death closed in upon them. In the desolation of purgatory they are abiding the chastening hand of God. Only through that winter comes the blessed spring when they shall open their eyes to the blissful sight of God.

Let our prayers for them be rays of sunlight to cheer the winter of their desolation, soothing comfort for the sting of chastisement. When our winter comes, shall we not sigh for light and cheery days?

For the Reward of the Apostles

FRANCISCAN HERALD has issued its annual appeal for the Indian missions under its patronage. How many people know that right here in our own country there is still among the Indians much work attended by the hardships of primitive missionary activity? Yet this is true of the work of Fr. Dorotheus in northern Michigan, of several missions in northern Wisconsin, and especially of the wild and arid wastes of Arizona and New Mexico. Our fathers and brothers in these southwestern missions live and labor among the Indians, and largely, like them, in the effort to bring them the blessings of Christianity and civilization, heroically foregoing the comforts of civilization while they see affluence and luxury almost at their door in this prosperous land of ours. Missionaries from abroad are astounded and edified at the hardships they endure, while at the general elections of our order in 1921 our former Father General, Seraphine Cimino, who during the years of his administration had learned to know the hardships of other missions, felt called upon to make special mention of the self-sacrifice which he found on a visit to our missions of the Southwest. These missions, their wards and custodians, depend for their support almost entirely on the charity of the faithful back home, and vast sums are consumed annually in the maintenance of churches, schools and homes for them. The subscribers of FRANCISCAN HERALD, all of whom are at the same time members of St. Francis Solano Mission Association, organized by FRANCISCAN HERALD for the benefit of these missions, have a splendid opportunity to gain the reward of apostles by aiding the missions with their subscriptions for the HERALD and other alms.

A feature of the appeal this year are the twelve weeks of prayer and self-denial for the missions. Families as well as individuals are asked to observe these weeks by offering special devotions for the missions, meantime laying aside for them the savings made by doing without certain comforts and superfluities, such as walking instead of riding, taking a street-car instead of a taxi, foregoing a show, or a smoke, and so forth. Similar practices are being quite universally observed this year, which is the third centenary of the founding of Propaganda and the first centenary of the founding of the Work of the Propagation of the Faith. The weeks of self-denial will help us all to appreciate the privations which the missionaries must endure, while the mites accumulated will speak for themselves. Are those mites worth while? Chewing gum is five cents a package, cigarettes come as cheap as a penny apiece, yet the sum annually spent on each of these articles amounts to hundreds of thousands. On the other hand, is not 1,272,000 a mighty figure? Yet, so many dollars were gathered for the missions last year by the Association of the Holy Childhood, the child members of which pay the diminutive dues of a penny a month! Yes, each little bit helps.

Tertiaries and the Missions

THERE is an especial appeal to the children of St. Francis in self-denial and prayers for the missions. It was a Tertiary, Mlle. Pauline Jaricot of Lyon, who with her associates one hundred years ago began the practice of offering one sou a week for the missions, thus inaugurating the great Work of the Propagation of the Faith, which in the century of its existence has disbursed almost a hundred million dollars to the missions. Prayer and self-denial are outstanding traits of the character of St. Francis, whose aim it was to spend life and comfort to make known and loved his One Beloved. His missionary spirit carried him repeatedly into the land of the Saracens, and while he himself did not meet the much coveted death of martyrdom for the Faith, he deemed himself singularly blessed in the martyrdom of St. Berard and his companions in 1220. Many a son of St. Francis has since met the death of these early brethren of the order. China, Japan, the Holy Land, Africa, Europe, all have given their quota. The first missionary to shed his blood in the United States was a son of St. Francis, Fr. Juan Padilla. The chapter of the rule of the First Order which was written for "those who would go among the Saracens and other infidels" is just now finding application to nearly four thousand members. With such incentives before them the children of St. Francis' Third Order will not fail to catch the spirit of these weeks of self-denial,

generously responding to FRANCISCAN HERALD's appeal for our American Indian missions. Have you missed the appeal in your mail? Then write to FRANCISCAN HERALD.

Lay the Ax at the Root

AT THE present writing we have the Turk dictating terms of peace to our proud European peoples. Much as this may offend our sensibilities, let us beware lest some day we have the Turk dictating to us terms of morality. Our looseness is becoming a scandal to the followers of Mohammed. At least, that appears from an article recently contributed to one of our American magazines by a Mohammedan student at Oxford. Speaking of divorce in the United States, his words were to the effect that certain tenets of Mohammed which we affect to detest are nonetheless dear to us in practice, and that what Mohammedans can afford only to believe in, we are liberally indulging. He finds divorces granted so freely that marriage conditions amount almost to promiscuity.

Is he right? Instances of divorcees from two, three or more partners proceeding to add to their list of cast-offs are certainly no longer as "rare as a day in June." And however sharp the warning cries that the condition is hastening the doom of our civilization, however glaring the proofs of impending disintegration, there is no change for the better.

Perhaps we shall have stringent laws against divorce; authorities not a few, nor slight, are advocating sweeping measures to curb the evil. To what purpose? The laws we have are so easily evaded, so lightly taken. Cases of cruelty, desertion, adultery and what not are so readily framed by one party or the other, often enough by both in collusion. It is so much a matter of public consciousness that the divorcee's new consort is at the court door calmly awaiting the outcome of the proceedings, that one wonders, Why all the troublesome mockery of the trial? If there were no property rights involved, and no love of notoriety, perhaps most of the candid dates would dispense with the legal formality. So wherefore laws? Punishing with imprisonment the party found guilty of giving cause for divorce might help. Absolute prohibition of the right to remarry, as the Church insists in keeping with the will of Christ, would help still more.

But legislation is merely fighting the symptoms and overlooking the radical cause. Were legislation a cure for the evils of mankind, there would today be no Protestantism, no false philosophy, no blatant infidelity. The Church has long ago received from the Son of God himself the laws that will safeguard man's temporal and eternal happiness. But, they sometimes prove momentarily irksome! Most aberrations of modern thought and all perversions of morality are fruits of the tendency to enthrone careless self-indulgence in the seat of stern Faith and Duty. Passion is god and guide. Duty, where unpleasant, is outlawed, and Faith, where it shows a glimpse of the Cross, is folly.

We must learn again that in the Cross is salvation, and God grant we learn it before we learn it by the

extreme of the opposite experience. His law we must be induced to apply to ourselves—first and foremost the law of bearing and forbearing for Christ's sweet sake. Each begin with himself, and with a humble and devout appeal to the grace of God in sacrament and prayer, let him take up the struggle against inordinate nature, keeping his likes and loves where God wants them, toes resolutely to the mark of the Commandments and the Faith, bearing with the courage born of grace what cannot be avoided without breaking God's will, forbearing what cannot be gained but by offending him. This will cure our ills. This will settle the worst aspects of the problem of divorce. That supposed inexorable love which is pleaded as a justification of the transfer of marital affections, what is it but blind passion that has momentarily found a new object, passion which indulged grows, which if repressed ordinarily dies, which at its worst can be kept in submission, and prove, all ravings of novelistic philosophy notwithstanding, a source of individual happiness and a social blessing?

Self-denial, then, let us have, and welcome back the spirit of St. Francis. Incidentally, spouse never was so true to spouse as Francis was to his Lady Poverty.

Pleas, Empty Pleas!

THE mayors of fifty or so cities and towns recently gave their opinion as to the four greatest evils of the day. Almost unanimous was the vote on the immoral movie, the other three being the lack of parental control of the children, the abuse of the auto, and the modern dance. As for the movie, an American movie censor has said: "Mammon usually travels with Bacchus and Venus, and today Mammon dominates the moving picture industry. A good part of the business is in the hands of men who would exploit their old mothers if there were money in it." That is the root of the trouble—money! There is no more hypocritical plea than the one that the people want it. A great deal they care for the people! Besides, it is not even true. Our people are not yet so degenerate that they will go out of their way to revel in smut when good plays are offered, while hundreds are daily going out of their way to witness good plays, just as certain excellent books lately held the public interested and charmed. Perhaps good plays require better talent and a greater outlay; perhaps there is a more expeditious road to the attention of a certain element. Then let the producers honestly admit, We make more on it. And as to those who want such filth—does it follow that they may and should have it—in our puritanical country above all? Are there not those who want drink and cannot have it? Are there not those who want other men's wives and property, and should they have their way? And above all, to whom are men accountable—to the public or to God, who is outraged by such indecency? But, why the heavy artillery? There is no sincerity in the plea. The people are not insisting on filth, but certain unscrupulous backguards are insisting on "returns," and they are prostituting the public taste to get them. It is like the plea of certain artists of the brush and the dance who plead art for art's sake, and then proceed to give us art for lust's sake.



Third Order of St. Francis

CHATS WITH TERTIARIES

BY FR. GILES, O. F. M.

I SHALL never forget a retreat that I gave some few years ago to a very flourishing Tertiary fraternity of some five hundred members. All the Tertiaries seemed thoroughly imbued with the spirit of St. Francis, and they spared no endeavor to induce as many of their friends as possible to attend the exercises. The result, naturally, was most gratifying, and on the last day of the retreat one hundred persons, most of them in the very prime of life, were invested as novices with the Third Order cord and scapular. The fervor exhibited by these novices on that occasion would have fired the coldest heart with enthusiasm for the cause of St. Francis. However, it is not sufficient to show fervor only on the day of investment or on certain solemn occasions. This should be the daily companion of every true child of St. Francis. The better to insure this, the Rule prescribes that every new member should pass through a period of probation, lasting a full year, well aware that we poor mortals will be more zealous in living up to our obligations if we are put on trial than if we at once become full-fledged members.

The purpose, therefore, of the year of probation, usually styled the novitiate, is twofold: it gives the novice ample time to become better acquainted with the Third Order and his obligations as a Tertiary, and on the other hand enables the order to study the novice and learn whether he or she will be able to live up to the Rule and eventually prove a credit to the order.

As in every religious order, so also in the Third Order of St. Francis, the new members must receive special instructions relative to the new duties they are expected to fulfill,

and opportunity must be given them to carry out the various regulations of the Rule in order to test the motive that prompted them to become Tertiaries. Before receiving the Third Order scapular and cord, the novice is given, indeed, a general idea of what the order is and what is expected of him in case he joins it. The novices, however, should be given a thorough explanation of every item of the Rule and the nature of the obligations they will permanently assume by their profession, so that they can not say later on that they were not aware of this or that phase of the order, of this or that regulation. There are no degrees in the Third Order, as, for instance, in the Knights of Columbus or in Masonry. All that a Tertiary will ever learn about the order can be learned during the twelve months of the novitiate and the only progress that should be made after holy profession is a more thorough understanding of the spirit of the Rule and a more perfect and zealous fulfilling of its various regulations.

It is customary, therefore, in well regulated fraternities for either the reverend director, or the so-called master or mistress of novices, to gather the novices at stated times and give them the needed instruction and explanation of the Rule, and only a serious impediment should prevent a novice from attending these meetings. Novices who for some reason or other are unable to attend these instructions, should earnestly endeavor to acquire the same knowledge by reading some good explanation of the Rule at home and by discussing points that are unclear with a professed member if possible. Books available for home reading are, for instance, *The Third Order Catechism*,

A Call and the Answer, Readings on the Rule, The Spirit of the Third Order, Franciscan Tertiaries, The Great Reform, and the various Third Order magazines published throughout the country.

A novice must not be satisfied with acquiring merely a full knowledge and understanding of the Rule, but he must endeavor also most earnestly to put the various regulations into practice and thus perform voluntarily what later on as a professed member he will be obliged to do in virtue of his holy profession. From the very moment that he assumes the Third Order cord and scapular and thus steps into the recruiting ranks of the Tertiary children of St. Francis, the novice must convince himself of the truth that he should now more than ever acquire the spirit of the Gospel by following St. Francis in a plain life with few needs and simple pleasures, for the love of Christ and the edification of his fellow men. He should endeavor to realize that he must explicitly resolve to attain Christian perfection, using as his model the great St. Francis, the most perfect imitator of Christ since the days of the Apostles. Once he is convinced of this obligation assumed with the Tertiary cord and scapular, he will have no difficulty in grasping the purpose of the various regulations of the Rule and in telling others why he is a Tertiary.

While the novices are doing their utmost to observe the Rule in all its purity and rigor, the professed members must be careful not to cool their ardor by their own laxity in this same respect. On the contrary, the zeal evidenced by the novices should prove an incentive for the professed to renew their fervor in case they have become somewhat lax in their

observance of the Rule, or to make even greater strides on the road to Christian perfection, well aware that "he who is just, should become more just, and he who is holy, should become more holy," as the Holy Writ urges. It is a sad fact that not infrequently novices lose all interest in the Third Order and finally fail to make their profession on account of the bad example given by older members. The principal cause of laxity in the professed members of the Third Order is a poorly conducted novitiate. If a novice, during the time of probation, receives but a vague idea of the obligations of a Tertiary and seldom if ever endeavors to exercise himself in his new duties, and is then, nevertheless, admitted to holy profession, we need not be surprised if he never measures up to the standard set for fervent Tertiaries. Such members do the order more harm than good and if a reverend director realizes that he will not be able to give his novices a thorough training in the duties of a Tertiary, it would be best to defer their investment until such a time when this will be possible. I mentioned above that the master or mistress of novices can aid the reverend director in instructing the novices, but no novice should ever be admitted to profession without attending one or the

other instruction given by the director himself, since there are many phases of the Rule that only a priest can properly explain.

It is very consoling to know that, although in ordinary cases, the year of the novitiate must be complete to the day, so that a novice can not validly make his or her profession until the day after the completed year, Holy Church permits novices to make their profession before the end of the novitiate should they be in danger of death. In case they recover, this profession does not hold good and they must make their profession again at the close of the novitiate, just as if they had not made it at all.

The year of the novitiate, friends, is the springtime of the Third Order, the time of preparation for the great harvest that is to be garnered during the years following holy profession. As the farmer knows well that he need not expect a bountiful harvest unless he uses the time of spring to best advantage, so we, too, must be convinced that our endeavors to follow St. Francis faithfully on the path of penance and piety all the days of our life will not be crowned with success unless we strive from the very beginning to imbue ourselves with his spirit.

listening meanwhile for the familiar footfall that spelled disaster to our fleeting triumph. We may, on the other hand, agree that those who claim pleasure in the crackling folds are sincere, and that they are earnest in their desire to do their best to make it an outward sign of a really ennobling power. But it is those who, for one or all of a number of reasons, carry their disapproval of this new fashion to the length of stubbornly insisting that they will have none of it, that I wish to engage in a few moments of confidential intercourse.

First of all there are the selfish objectors. "It is too much bother; I will not vote." "It is unnecessary; the proportion will be about the same anyway; I will not vote." "I know nothing about politics; I will not vote."

Indolence, indifference, ignorance! These are objections that would not stand in any court of earth or of heaven. It is easy to answer them,—and perhaps vain. Selfish persons are rarely moved by words. But there may be those who are unconsciously selfish in this matter, and for them it may be worth while.

Those who consider the act of voting too much bother, should reflect that the taking of a little trouble now, may save much serious bother later. Also, that the vote of each and every good person is needed to counterbalance the evil of those who are willing to go to any amount of trouble to have things their own way. Bother, as such, simply cannot be avoided, especially by a Christian, for when one considers it, there is nothing much more genuinely bothersome than the process of saving our immortal souls.

Then, to the placid ones who beam comfortably upon us and remark that it really doesn't matter in the least whether they vote or not, because the only difference the enfranchisement of women has made, is in the bulk of the votes cast; and so, "It's all right, anyway, thank you, and they'll just stay quietly at home on election days," I must scream—yes, positively and in a most unladylike manner shriek: "Dear women, can't you see that the very fact you are using for your comfort is the chief reason why you should vote? Because, for every vote that is withheld there are two, on the opposite side of the question, cast;

WE AND THE BALLOT

By AGNES MODESTA

WITHIN a comparatively short space of time, a brand new mantle has settled upon the shoulders of us women of America. It is rather a stiff, crackling thing, fashioned as it is of paper,—a great sheet of it, covered with row upon row of names or tightly printed paragraphs titled variously and unilluminatively as "Article Such-and-such," or "Amendment So-and-so." The wearing of this uncompromising garment has been the cause of much strife; not only between the two sexes, but in the sex most involved. For though our enfranchisement has been added as an amendment to our Constitution, it by no means follows that all the women of the nation agree as to the necessity or the becomingness of the new piece of apparel. But whether we like it or not,

or whether we believe it to be proper or not, or whether we consider it suited to our type of beauty or not, the fact remains that the mantle of the ballot has dropped upon us, and that for the proper service of God, for the love of our country, and for the good of our homes, *we must wear it.*

It is not my purpose to address those who fondly declare the new garment to be both becoming and comfortable. We may believe, if we wish, that the enjoyment they profess is akin to that which we have all felt, back in the days of our early youth when by some glorious stroke of fortune we were able to secure certain articles of grown-up garb from mother's closet, and thereupon strutted in fearful and glorious guilt back and forth before the mirror,

and if the voting of the women simply increases the bulk instead of changing the character of the total vote, it must be the voting of *all* women. Therefore, do not tell me that it is unnecessary for you to cast your ballot because 'it is all the same anyway.' I will answer that a few seconds of thought would convince you that your very statement argues against your conduct."

To the third of the list of selfish objections—the plea of ignorance, I appeal the duty of overcoming that ignorance. The modern Catholic woman who does not vote because she "does not know about politics," should make a point of getting, and reading *carefully and regularly*, some of the innumerable pamphlets and reviews which set forth the Catholic principles of political science in a popular style. Do not fear that such study will rob you of 'your own mind.' Far from it. It will simply place within your grasp some of the principles of right action, through which you can more clearly think your own thoughts in a logical, reasonable manner.

But all who object to the use of the ballot by women are not of the selfish type. There are many women who hold off from the use of their new power from reasons of principle. They have given the subject careful thought; they are desirous of doing right, and anxious about the welfare of their country; but they will not approach the polls.

"It is unwomanly; I will not vote." "The family is the true unit of the state, and man as the head of the family should cast the vote for that unit; I will not vote." "I worked against it; I should be untrue to my principles if I should give in; I will not vote."

And so it happens that many conscientious women, in refusing to make use of a prerogative which they feel has been thrust upon them, are turning aside and allowing the things for which they stand to be pushed aside with the tide of opposition votes. I appeal to those women, who believe they are acting from the best of mo-

tives, to begin to burrow down to the roots of Catholic principles. So far from narrowing their viewpoint, the study of Christian philosophy, the reading of scholarly Catholic reviews, and the patronizing of Catholic book-racks, all according to the needs of individual talent and ability, will mean a widening vista of life and service; a clearer understanding of God's designs for men.

Beginning with the first of the last set of objections, I would ask just what there is about the casting of a vote, that is unwomanly? When a woman for the purpose of placing on record her sincere approval of a pro-

fusal to accept facts as they are. That principle is not in itself a sufficient reason against the enfranchisement of women, and it cannot be stretched to cover the whole question as it stands. For if it were carried out, the franchise would be confined only to those persons, men or women, who are at the head of a family group—not a bad idea for the just franchise—but as that is not up for consideration, it can not have a place in our discussions. Our women must not forget that the question is not "Shall women have the ballot?" but "What shall women do with the ballot?"

The third of this last group of objections—that she should be denying her principles were she to make use of the vote after having worked against the Nineteenth Amendment—is in no way water-tight. It merely indicates that the one who makes use of it is not a "good loser." She has fought and lost. The matter does not involve the doing of a moral wrong, and so it would be a much finer thing, I am sure, for her to accept defeat gracefully, and having lost her own weapons, try to make good use of those provided by her opponents.

Remember that this is not a brief for or against votes for women. The issue is a dead one. We have the vote whether we want it or

not; and the only live question is

"What shall we do with it?"

How the ballot will work out in the hands of the members of our sex, no one can as yet prophesy. In another hundred years—perhaps; but for those of us who live on earth to-day, the results must be shrouded in the fog of uncertainty. But one thing is sure: If the ballot is ours, it is also every one's else. And if the Catholic viewpoint is to be consistently maintained in this country of ours, the modern Catholic woman must adjust her new mantle to its most becoming angle, and wear it bravely forth as a garment of virtue and protection before the critical gaze of the world.

SAINT CATHERINE OF ALEXANDRIA

O Jesus, Master, Lord of heaven's realm,
My All, and shall I lend a listening ear
To those that seek my soul? Eternal Light,
Shall I unmindful be of that blest hour,—
Thou didst my way illumine, my steps to lure
From Error's maze to Truth's refulgent height,
There God I found—the One, Eternal, True.
As naught my cherished wisdom, vaunted lore
Of deathless ages, when my wakened soul
Beheld Eternal Wisdom earthward bend
With fools reputed—hearkened to the tale
Of Love unspeakable, death-conquering,
A Love that prisoned the Omnipotent
Within the Host's white circlet.—Oh, my soul,
Though all about encamp the infernal foe,
Why should I fear whom God hath stooped to save,
Wooded with His sweet embraces—'e'en to press
Upon my finger His espousal ring?
Come, searing flame or rack or gleaming steel,
Haste! to the heavenly nuptials speed me on;
Wide roll the gates—earthward bright angel's wing—
A moment's pain—O Lamb of God, I come.

Catherine M. Hayes.

posed law, law-maker, or law-enforcer, goes out from her home for a few minutes to a certain place in her immediate neighborhood, in order to take up a little rubber stamp and press it upon certain portions of a ballot which she has previously studied in the privacy of her own home, with the result that another effective vote is placed for a measure or a person she believes to be good, or against a measure or a person that she has decided is less good, how can anyone say that that simple act in any way affects her claim to womanliness?

The woman who refuses to cast her ballot because the family, rather than the individual, is the unit of government, is right in her acknowledgment of a principle, but wrong in her re-



WHY MUST I SUFFER?

By F. J. REMLER, C. M.

(Continued)

Third Reason

Natural Results of Indiscretions

IN VINDICATION of God's goodness and love and of His dealings with men, it must be said with clearness and emphasis, that He is by no means to be held responsible for all the evil there is in the world. A very large amount of human suffering is not at all of God's sending, but entirely of man's own making.

We do not hesitate to assert that probably half, if not more, of present-day miseries would quickly disappear from the face of the earth if people could be universally induced to fulfill faithfully just two conditions, and they are, that they live according to the dictates of right reason and common sense, observing the fundamental laws of health and well-being, and that they make an honest effort to shape their moral conduct according to the Ten Commandments and the maxims of the Gospel.

In this chapter we will consider the first of these two points and study how *sins against right reason*, as we shall call them, are the direct and necessary cause of much unnecessary suffering. Sins against the Commandments as necessary causes of suffering we shall treat in the next chapter.

Sickness and Disease.

No one can question the evident truth that our life, health and temporal happiness are controlled by well defined laws, which cannot be changed or abolished by the will of man. They can indeed be disregarded and violated, but never with impunity. Their observance is generally rewarded with the enjoyment of health and freedom from many forms of sickness and other evils; while no man can violate these laws with impunity, any more than he can hold his hand in the fire and sustain no injury. In fact, so close and necessary is the connection between cause and effect, that nothing but a miracle can save a man from the consequences of violating one of these laws. Let us give a few examples by way of illustration.

There are people who in their advanced years are sorely tried by chronic ailments which make their life one of prolonged misery. Can it be true that in every case these ailments were sent by God? By no means. Very often they are the necessary results of the indiscretions which these persons committed times without number in their younger days. The stern laws of health were violated, and here is the punishment. People who recklessly expose themselves to the inclemency of the weather; who have the injurious habit of eating in a hurry and of not taking the time to masticate their food properly; who neglect to take a sufficient amount of outdoor exercise; who habitually breathe incorrectly; who indulge immoder-

ately in innutritious delicacies to the exclusion of plain but wholesome and nutritious food; women who by the foolish use of tight or otherwise incorrect clothing inflict permanent injuries on certain members and organs whose proper functioning is indispensable for good health,—these people in later life pay dearly for the sins against good sense which they committed by violating the unchangeable laws which control life and health. Outraged nature knows no mercy and grants no pardon. Sooner or later she wreaks a terrible vengeance, exacting full payment of the penalty.

These ills must therefore not be considered as being of God's sending but of man's own making.

Others there are who are afflicted with very painful diseases of the heart, stomach, liver, kidneys, or other organs, which render them invalids for life. Does God always send these diseases? No. Very often they are only the necessary results of irrational and intemperate living, of gluttony, or long continued indulgence in alcoholic drinks, or in opiates, or other injurious drugs,—self-caused ailments, everyone of them, for which God must not be blamed. Habits of life regulated by common sense, self-control, and the cardinal virtue of temperance would have been rewarded with complete freedom from these painful afflictions.

Then again there are many victims of what is called nervous breakdown. What is the cause of it? In very many cases it is a mode of life which tramples under foot every known law of health. During the day the victims are shut up in close, stuffy, unsanitary shops, mills, factories, stores or offices; their meals are usually taken in a hurry, they consist mostly of articles that merely stimulate or gratify the taste, but do not nourish the body, being void of those elements which are necessary to repair wasted tissue, to build up new tissue, and to produce the required heat of the body. Many of the products sold in our confectioneries, drug stores, and refreshment parlors have very little nutritive value, not to mention the fact that they are often adulterated by unscrupulous makers and dealers who are more interested in making big profits than in maintaining the health of their patrons. As well might we try to keep up a good fire with a low grade of coal as try to keep up health and vigor with food that lacks the elements necessary for proper nutrition.

But this is not all. Frequently a weakened constitution is still more taxed by spending the greater part of the night in exhausting and nerve-wrecking excitements, at theatres, parties, socials, dances, and the like, thus depriving it of the sleep and rest essential to good health. And finally, there is often enough a reckless indulgence in sins of impurity, which by themselves and apart from all other causes, are destruc-

tive to the nervous system and often ruin it beyond the hope of repair.

Can it be a surprise, then, if after several years of such an irrational mode of living there comes at last a collapse from which there is no recovery? The surprise would be if it did not come. Only a miracle could avert it. That nervous breakdown with its attendant misery, let it be well understood, is not of God's sending, but the necessary result of indiscretions,—it is of the sufferer's own making.

Domestic Troubles

Let us consider another class of sufferings. There are those who have no end of domestic troubles. But why? Often because they are reaping the harvest of their past folly. "What a man sows, that also shall he reap." They may have married thoughtlessly and at sight, without sufficient deliberation and in open violation of the laws of God and of the Church, and therefore without the blessing of heaven. Instead of preparing for marriage by prayer, the reception of the Sacraments and a virtuous life, they gave themselves up to sinful indulgence, and God's curse followed them into their newly established home. The young man married a woman of whom he knew that she was a flighty creature, giddy and vain, without character, unable or unwilling to attend to household duties, extravagant, a slave of fashion, unwilling to bring up children, not ready for any sacrifice. He married her face, as the saying is, or her money, or social standing. Now he must put up with the results of his foolish choice. Or, the young woman gave her affections to a man whom she knew to be unsteady in his habits, unreliable, dishonest and lazy, unable to hold a position, addicted to drink or to drugs, who did not respect her virtue during their courtship, and even at that time showed signs of future infidelity. Though aware of all this and often warned of her danger, she took no heed, but in her infatuation for him flattered herself that she would convert him. Now she is painfully undeceived, but it is too late. She is condemned to repent at leisure.

Or, it is a mixed marriage. The Catholic wife suffers much from her non-Catholic relatives, who ridicule her Church and her Faith; her husband makes life miserable for her by compelling her to do things which her conscience tells her are mortally sinful before God; or, she has the sorrow of seeing her children one by one give up the religion of their childhood to imitate the easy-going ways of their non-Catholic father.

Is it any wonder that in such homes there are frequent bickerings, quarrels, family scenes, desertions, leading up to the disgraceful proceedings of the divorce court, perhaps even to cruel murder? And will anyone have the hardihood to assert that sufferings springing from causes of this kind are sent by God? Thoughtfulness before marriage, a life of prayer and observance of the Commandments, and a faithful compliance with the wise laws by which the Church regulates the marriages of her children, would, we do not hesitate to affirm, do away with perhaps

nine-tenths of the unhappy marriages that we meet with in these days of reckless disregard for the sanctity of the holy state of matrimony.

Then again there are parents who suffer much from their grown children, who are unruly and wayward, and bring disgrace on their family by immorality and crime. Very commonly this is the natural outcome of a perverted or neglected education. Perhaps the parents gave their sons and daughters no religious training; they neglected to instill the knowledge, fear and love of God into their minds and hearts. Or, if they sent them to a Catholic school, they failed to set them a good example at home, thus neutralizing the efforts of pastors and teachers to make them god-fearing boys and girls. Then, there are parents who are over-indulgent towards their children, allowing them to have their way in everything, wilfully blind to their failings, not correcting, much less punishing them, even when they commit very serious faults. They "spare the rod and spoil the child." The day will come when their petted and spoiled sons and daughters will be the cause of great grief and sorrow to them by their ingratitude, neglect, ill-treatment, even cruelty, or through the shame and disgrace which they bring upon their families. "Bow down the neck of thy son while he is young, and beat his sides while he is a child, lest he grow stubborn and regard thee not, and so be a sorrow of heart to thee." (Eccles. 30, 12.)

When such fathers and mothers find their old age full of grief and sorrow caused by wayward sons and daughters, who is responsible? Surely they must not put the blame upon almighty God. They themselves are the authors of their unhappiness. If they had trained their children along the lines traced by right reason, common sense and the light of Faith, they would have found in their children a support in their old age and an unfailing source of happiness in their declining years. As it is, they are reaping the natural fruits of their past folly.

Other Troubles

Finally, there are many who for their indiscretions are reduced to great poverty. Either they did not practice thrift and economy in the management of their domestic affairs; or they were discontented with their humble station and tried to appear more wealthy than their neighbors; or their great ambition was to move in society. Living above their means made it necessary for them to contract large debts which they could not pay; a foreclosure of mortgages followed, and their ruin was complete. Sufferings, again, not God-sent but man-made.

These are but a few of the many examples that could be cited in support of our statement that sins against right reason and common sense are directly responsible for a large percentage of human sufferings, for which it would not be fair to blame God as the author.

(To be continued)



Missions

SOUL-HUNTING IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN

By FR. ODORIC, O. F. M., Missionary

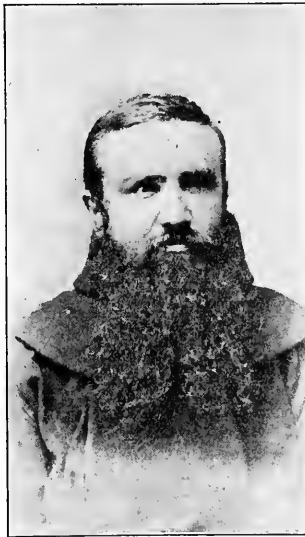
Trip to Eau Claire Lakes

ABOUT fifteen miles from Gordon lie the beautiful Eau Claire lakes. The Indians of this neighborhood had not been visited by a Catholic priest for many years. In consequence they had grown lax and indifferent to their religious duties; many were not even baptized. I determined, therefore, to pay them a visit. John Cloud and J. B. Gordon graciously acted as my escorts.

Blueberries, always plentiful in this northern region, were at their best this season, and the temptation to linger in their midst proved too strong. This and the tardy start we made in the afternoon accounted for our very late arrival at the Indian settlement. The inhabitants had all retired; we also felt the need of a refreshing sleep. But where to procure lodging for the night? We inquired at several houses only to receive the curt but definite answer: "No room here." The Indian houses are small and the families large and the wandering visitors many and therefore all available space is soon occupied for the night. Two tents, temporarily abandoned by campers, were located in the woods and offered to us. How my two guides passed the remainder of the night, I do not know, but how I spent it I will never forget. My bed, the hard ground, was damp and cold, and the blankets were wet from the heavy dew. To make the comforts of the night complete a penetrating offensive odor perfumed the air. Whence it came I never did learn. Sleep was heavy in our eyes, but was out of question, and so the early rising sun came in as a relief.

In July, 1883, the provincial coun-

cil was to meet at St. Louis, Mo., at the mother-house of the Sacred Heart Province. Even in the far-off backwoods of Wisconsin the question was repeated amongst the fathers: "Will



Rev. John Gafron, O.F.M.
Anamiegabaw (Bowed in prayer)

there be any changes this year?" Good Fr. Servatius, the superior of our mission at Superior, Wisconsin, must have had some presentiment of a change. A letter to that effect was daily feared by him.

"Oh, there it is, Mr. Cournoyer is bringing it.

"It is a large letter and will have some news of the recent council."

These words proved prophetic.

Fr. Servatius accepted the letter

from the messenger, opened it and turned pale at the contents. With a deep sigh and tears welling in his eyes, he said: "I have to go." A few words but enough to reveal the deep emotions that stirred his heart. He was ordered to the mother-house at St. Louis, Mo., there to fill the professor's chair in the theological seminary. Obedience in religious life is not always sweet and easy, especially not when it calls one away from work to which one has become endeared. Fr. Servatius loved the poor and lowly Indians and felt it very keenly to have to tear himself away from his mission activity. When in 1879 the Province of the Sacred Heart was erected he was the one who pleaded for missionaries to the Indians. "And, if you do not know whom to send," he said to Very Rev. Vincent Halfbass, the Provincial, "behold, here I am, send me." In 1880 he began a mission among the Menominee Indians in Shawano County, Wisconsin, and two years later in 1882 another one amongst the Chippewas at Superior, Wisconsin. Aflame with apostolic zeal, he labored diligently amongst the Indians and was in turn loved and revered by them.

With the Holmes Family at Trade Lake

When the sad news of Fr. Servatius' transfer arrived I was not at home, having left a few days previously for an extended trip to the Trade River district. A telegram despatched to me, calling me home, could not be delivered. This gave me plenty of time properly to instruct the people. Three whites and one Indian maid were baptized; the latter received the name Anne, it being the feast day of that great saint.

Anne Cloud later married Isaac Stone and resides with her family at Odanah, Wisconsin.

Some of the Indians living in this territory had been baptized by Fr. John Gafron, and now welcomed the chance to receive further instruction and to be prepared for their first holy communion. They remained zealous and pious Catholics ever after.

Missionary life is not all difficulties. At times the heart of the missionary is gladdened by the wonderful ways of divine grace.

To my great surprise the services at Trade Lake were attended by many non-Catholic Indians of Wood Lake, a little settlement some fifteen miles distant. But what induced them to come? Who had urged and invited them? After some investigation I found out that a certain George Holmes had not only invited them but had also rounded them up for the services. Like Nicodemus of old, he was an honest, charitable man and was awaiting the redemption of Israel, the true faith. "There must be a true religion," said that never quiet inner voice, "but where to find it?" A visit to the neighboring Protestant churches would leave him dissatisfied and unconvinced. "No, here is not the true religion." The Catholic Church was not known to him, as there was none in the vicinity. But God, the lover of all truth, will always reward those who earnestly seek the truth. As he led and directed the Centurion to St. Peter, so He guided Mr. Holmes to the path of salvation.

The saintly Bishop Baraga had written an explanation of the Catholic religion in the Chippewa dialect. A copy of this book came into the hands of Mr. Holmes. He read it carefully, pondered well over its contents, and enlightened by the grace of God, drew the conclusion: "This must be the religion that I am seeking. Now, where will I find it, who will lead me to it?" Again the mercy and goodness of God were revealed to him.

It happened that Fr. John passed through his neighborhood in his quest for souls. At Trade Lake he stopped for lodging and was received by the Holmes family as an angel from heaven. Upon request the good



Bishop Baraga

father explained the tenets of the Catholic religion to the assembled household. All listened with rapt attention. The ever increasing light from above convinced them that the religion taught by this black-gown must be the long sought true religion, and they all expressed the earnest desire to be received into this *one true Church*. With joyful gratitude to God Fr. John complied with this request and administered the Sacrament of Baptism to Mr. Holmes and his family. The mustard seed, small indeed, was planted in fruitful soil, and it grew to be a beautiful tree, its fruit-laden branches spreading out in all directions.

Mr. Holmes, grateful for the gift of faith, became a true evangelist amongst his fellow Indians. He wished his fellow man to partake of the same inward joy and happiness that was granted to him. From place to place he went, visiting all the Indian settlements and taught the poor ignorant natives. He explained all that he had learned from the black-gown and from the *good book*. His instructions were enlivened by beautiful Chippewa hymns from his prayer book. To arouse the lagging interest of his hearers he made use of droll and amusing anecdotes.

Little wonder that "Our George,"

or "Bodie," as he was styled by the Indians, was an ever welcome guest wherever he went. The wonderful zeal and charity of this man was an incentive to me to persevere in my missionary activity in spite of the many hindrances and obstacles. What a beautiful lesson to all! To receive the true faith is the greatest blessing of heaven, to help others receive it is the best way to show our gratitude. Surely this apostle at Trade Lake was a "light for the illumination of the gentiles."

The mother of George Holmes was also a most devout Catholic. To listen to the instructions of the visiting priests always brought happiness to her.

"Father," she remarked one day, "when you come to us our hearts are filled with joy and gladness, but when you leave us we are sad, very sad."

On taking my departure from this region, it often happened that the whole tribe accompanied me for some distance. On one of these occasions they marched along for miles without showing any intention of returning to their homes. Finally I said to them: "My dear children, you must be tired, and you must return to your homes." Grandma Holmes gave the startling reply: "Father, you told us this morning that the people in the desert followed our Lord three days—well, allow us at least to accompany you as far as we can; you come to us so very, very seldom." What could I say to this outburst of true faith and loyalty? I had to give in to them. Mother Holmes has since made her last journey and we are confident that it led her to the haven of peace and happiness.

IN VITAM AETERNAM

Oh, why should I afflictied be
For that the winter snow
Begins to lie full heavily
On all the friends I know?

Begins to lie full heavily
On locks of brown and gold;
Oh, why should I afflictied be
That we are growing old?

Age is of earth, and whitened head,
And limbs that feeble be,
Conduct us to the holy dead,
Who wait the mystery

Of life and love that shall not know
Earth's sad remembering,
Not for beneath the winter's snow
Lies our eternal spring.

—Emily Logue.

St. Francis Solano Mission Association

SILENT PARTNERS

By FR. VINCENT, O. F. M., Missionary in Arizona

WE ALL, no doubt, have read time and time again of the proverbially "silent Indian." How well the adjective is placed, the Indian missionary soon realizes. That I have realized the deepest and fullest meaning of the phrase, is clearly seen from the following.

It is passing strange, but it is always a sick call that either puts the missionary's life in jeopardy or brings forth the humorous element.

The day on which this particular call came for me was not one of the 364 cloudless days of Arizona's boast, but the lone exception. I was watching the leaking gutters on the boys' dormitory, wondering whether I should repair the gutter or defy the rain. But why hurry? To fix the gutter when the sky was rainless was love's labor lost, and to repair it when it rained was useless. Satisfied that my logic was correct, I turned to call in the children from their picnic—for our children a rainy day is always a picnic day—when a middle-aged Indian shyly stepped up to me and proffered his hand.

"Höbai amejit him?" (Where do you hail from?) I began, just like an Indian veteran.

"Si mumko n'jüe" (my mother is very sick), was the laconic answer. However, these few words told me my full duty. I must leave at once and take with me his two sisters, from the boarding school, Cecilia and Elistiana Peterson.

I was the proud owner of a "Detroit pride," and what was the small distance of seventeen miles for a Ford? It had stopped raining and large rifts in the clouds augured well for a fair trip. My destination was Wetcamp, an Indian village of about twenty-five families, situated on the south side of the Gila River. Elistiana and her sister were soon comfortably seated in the box of the runabout, their brother having decided to linger behind in order to rest up his pony.

Our road led through the east end of our village, past the cemetery, and then lost its way in the barren desert. No stop signs, no traffic regulations and none of those wilful speed officers, who are always trailing me when I venture into the hamlet of Phoenix. The desert has fascinations and liberties all its own. One can go as fast as he dares, but dares not go as fast as he wants; not that he need fear the hidden motorcycle will halt his progress, but the roads themselves are so serpentine, so narrow and difficult to trace, that the better part of valor is prudence, and safety first. I would not leave the readers to believe that there is only one road through the desert. No, you may lose your road and find several dozen others, but none to replace the one you strayed from. All the more reason to be very choice in your selection, as danger always lurks where there is too much liberty.

Confident of being on the right road I stepped lustily on the gas, there being nothing but barren wastes on both sides. The desert once attracted me, but familiarity breeds contempt, and now I was thinking only of the many bumps and chuck holes, which I was trying to avoid. And surely our divine Lord was anxious to be with His sick child—so, why tarry? The fifteen miles to the river were quickly covered. The descent into the river-bed was steep and full of ruts. A bit over-anxious, I gave the machine too much leeway. It jumped and floundered like a frightened colt. For the moment I felt the sensations of an ace in the airy realms above. The river-bed being dry, we soon reached the other bank and stopped at a pitchfork road. Which of the four roads was I to take? It soon dawned on me that I had two passengers with me who should be well acquainted with these roads.

Turning to them, I noticed to my

great surprise that one seat was empty.

"Cecilia! Cecilia! Where is your sister?" A drowsy but broad smile was the answer I got.

"Cecilia, where is Elistiana?" I shouted, somewhat peevish at her smiling silence. The smile grew broader, displaying a beautiful set of white teeth, but still no answer. Then with the calm dignity of a queen, Cecilia raised her right hand, pointed to the other bank of the river and silently smiled some more.

Sure enough! In one of the ruts on the farther bank of the river the prostrate figure of the girl was dimly visible. It took me but a few minutes to be at her side. Flat on her face, her nose deep in the sand, Elistiana would have died of suffocation had I not found her as soon as I did. All my efforts to revive her were fruitless. I was frantic with fear and with the thought of her dying mother. In desperation I threw her across my shoulders and started for the car. En route I looked up at her and she was smiling as complacently as ever. To all my questions, I got the same answer, a broad anger-provoking smile. And when both of them resorted to the same method of self-defense, I admitted myself conquered. The solution of the whole mystery came to me before I reached my destination. Elistiana had fallen asleep and when my Ford chose to leave mother earth to travel the air route, she was thrown out. Smiles and silence are both golden at times, at times they test the patience of a saint.

OPPORTUNITY

Fortune came and loudly knocked

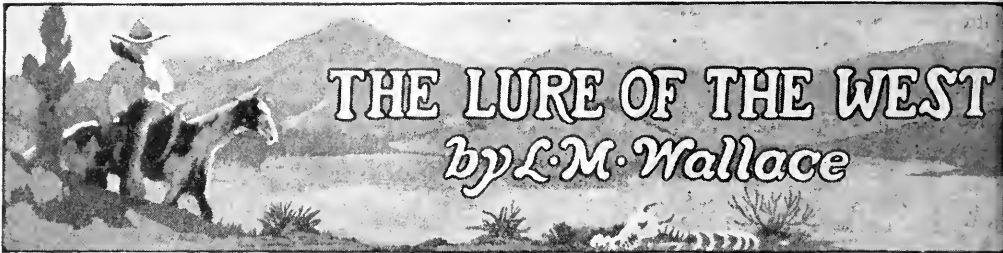
At my door with cheery hail;

But alas for fortune's labors!

I was over at my neighbor's

Pouring out a hard luck tale.

—J. K.



THE LURE OF THE WEST

by L. M. Wallace

Chapter II Rafaela

IT WAS fully midnight. Minnie sat with her tating in a low swinging chair; and Rafaela, glorious in her "diamonds" and the very red little red dress, perched upon Whitworth's knee. Like a round-eyed owl she sat, with never a wink of sleep; but a deep wonder gleaming far down in her lustrous eyes, and a sort of restless fear that should she doze a moment the rich Uncle Doc and the beautiful Aunt Minnie might fade off into some fairy tale and leave her to awake back in the old adobe.

For a whole day there had been talking in Spanish, and talking in English; and, saving that Rafaela knew well she was the loved, wept-over, and petted center of it all, she had scarce an idea what the Spanish talk had been about, let alone the English.

Uncle Doc had done most of it, and even now his heavy whispering voice sounded like a bumble-bee in her ear. "I'm beginning to be sorry I told you all Santangel said. I've turned you against the poor old padre, and—"

"No, John, you misunderstand me. No doubt, the old monk meant well, yet, I own, I am hurt. He knew where we were, still he kept Matthew's orphan in that miserable hovel."

"It was the future."

"But, John, surely we would have more care for her future than those poor ignorant creatures?"

"Santangel was not fearing us. It is the outer world, the family pride of the Whitworths, the wild high spirit

(Author of "The Outlaws of Ravenhurst")

BOOK II

CHILD OF THE WESTERN LURE

(Continued)

The Story Thus Far

Among the Apache Indians, John Wesley Whitworth—"Doc"—son of a Canadian minister, is found by his stern brother, Matthew, and learns that the latter has never supplanted him in the affections of Minnie—the imaginary wrong which has embittered gentle Doc and driven him west. Matthew generously takes Doc's place and marries Chief Geronimo's daughter, so Doc can return to Minnie and home. Some years later, Doc and Minnie return west to take home Rafaela, Matthew's orphaned daughter. Padre Santangel tells Doc of Matthew's heroic labors among the Indians, of the erstwhile bitter Protestant's change of sentiments toward Catholicism, and of his wishes regarding Rafaela. Still, for family reasons, Doc does not find that he may leave Rafaela in Arizona or pledge himself to rear her as a Catholic. He and Minnie with little Rafaela are now on the train to Canada.

of Rafaela, and the fact that she has to start life as a half-breed, poor relation. I-er—"

Doc played a moment with the child's long braids. "Minnie," he began again, "I'm going to shock you a little bit—"

His wife looked up inquiringly. "I do not think so, say what ever is in your mind, John."

"It is not in my mind, it's in Rafaela's. I'm going to let her tell you what English she knows." Doc whispered in the child's ear. She answered in Spanish with an owlish look and a wise nod; then much as if she were saying a piece, she rattled off five sounding oaths, the least of which is unprintable.

"Oh, John Wesley!" gasped Minnie. Doc grinned and stroked Rafaela's

hair. "Buena muchachita," he whispered.

"But you mustn't pet her for that! Oh John Wesley, tell her—"

"Patience, in time I shall; but she is a good little girl, Minnie. Like a poll-parrot she heard those words as the teamsters passed Miguel's door, and like a poll-parrot she repeated them; and she is Uncle Doc's *carita chieatita* all the same." He kissed the child's full red lips as he spoke and she cuddled down in his arms with the contented smile of one who having displayed great learning, receives the just meed of praise.

"But, John Wesley," there were tears in Minnie's eyes, "to think that childish old friar left Matthew's orphan among such wicked people! And I cannot understand how you—"

"It was not Rita and Miguel who taught Rafaela that. To them as to her, those oaths are merely phrases of an unknown language. But, to come to the point I was aiming at when I told her to say her little piece. Notice one thing, Minnie: When Mart Carney cussed before you this morning, he wished there was someone standing by to shoot him; it ain't white to cuss before a lady. Yet just such men as Carney have used rough language before this child so often that she has learned it off by rote. Don't you see the point? A half-breed isn't respected by the whites. Minnie, respect is just the one thing a little girl has to have when she is starting out in life; it ought to be her birthright, as it was yours. Leave Rafaela where she was, that respect would be hers as

the daughter of the revered Señor Matteo, as the ward of Señor Miguel and his good señora. But lift her up to our class, she must start life as the half-breed poor relation in the conventionally rigid, Puritanically moral, proud old Whitworth family. Don't you see old Padre had the right of it; and we, though matters are so shaped that we cannot do otherwise, yet we are going against Matthew's will and doing the worst thing for his child."

Minnie rocked slowly in the little low chair. Her shuttle caught the thread with a determined jerk that Doc knew well and he leaned back, feeding chocolates to Rafaela and awaiting results.

"John Wesley," said Minnie, after a dozen minutes' assiduous tating, "you men are so queer. I suspect you would take a sword, three revolvers and a rifle if you were going into battle with an ant."

"Don't doubt it," chuckled Doc. "What idea did you jerk out of that tating?"

"Well, of course, if you are planning on taking a sensitive, high-spirited girl and humiliating the life out of her by calling her a half-breed, and—and—stinging her by drawing attention to her poverty, and—and simply making life miserable for her—well, of course, you may expect to have her go wild, and run off to the stage, and marry an actor, to the disgrace of herself and the whole family. But who has any intention of taking Rafaela home labeled, 'This is our half-breed poor relation?'"

"Of course, the child must begin life respected by people; but everyone loves and respects well-bred little girls, and Rafaela is the sweetest tempered little darling."

"Ye—ye—ye—yu," chuckled Doc, bringing forth another caramel for his pet. "Ye—ye—ye—yes, Rafaela is very sweet-tempered while she is eating candy. But—but—I fear, my dear Minnie, sometimes old Geronimo wakes up in this little girl."

"That is to be expected, John, and of course we must teach her to be a lady always, but she is such a docile little darling—"

"Rather, she is easily led by those she loves."

"Very well, we two shall be the persons she most loves, even if I

have to let her wear that lurid red dress and the glass diamonds all the way to Chicago!"

"You've struck the idea, Minnie, that's the key to her heart."

"Now as to the Indian blood,—of course, there is no denying the fact, but I do not see any reason for parading it. Rafaela looks Spanish rather than Indian. Really, John Wesley, she is beautiful. That perfect oval face, the warm red gleaming through her clear olive skin, those deep, dark, soulful eyes,—oh, she is just the child one dreams that some old Spanish master might have chosen as his model for an angel. The only thing is—is that hair,—the color is good—well kept black hair is elegant,—but if—if it were not so straight."

"Can the leopard change his spots, or the Indian maiden curl her hair?" teased Doc.

"Well, Rafaela is going to have curls if I have to put them up in rags three times a day till we get home."

"Good! I knew you didn't jerk that tating without obtaining results."

"Tut, tut, John Wesley! Now about clothes,—um—you see, she will have to wear mourning and red is her color—"

"Youpy ya! I thought this red dress of my choice had been torturing your beauty-loving eyes since—"

"Just like a man! Because red is a little girl's color, it does not follow that she should be dressed in forked lightning! Now, we must stop over in Chicago a few days, and if I can find,—no I'll just get black silk velvet and make a dove of a little poke bonnet, and a wee belted coat; and furs,—no one carries out mourning in a little girl's furs. I'll get her a set of red sables the minute we cross the line; and—and—well now, of course, if you think the deception would be sinful, John Wesley—"

"Speak out your mind, Minnie, it goes without saying that any plan you jerked out of your tating must be dyed crimson with crime."

"Oh, you, John Wesley! Now—I was thinking—that is, if you are sure it is not sinful deception—the poverty side of the affair—um—you see, isn't there an adobe that belongs to Rafaela?"

"There surely is."

"Well,—well, if we should call that adobe, property in the Southwest; that wouldn't be a story, would it?"

"It would be the gospel truth, Minnie."

"And—and you could sell it and take some of what we've saved,—leave enough to tide us through if sickness came along or anything,—but maybe you could take out, say, three thousand—could we?—and you put that with what you get for the adobe and invest it in a gold mine—and we could say that, as her guardian, you sold her property in the Southwest and invested it in mines. Now that wouldn't be a story, would it, John Wesley?"

"You could take your oath on it without fear even in a court of justice!"

"Oh, you tease! But truly, John, couldn't we do that? And little by little—we'll be careful and saving—couldn't we add to it without anyone knowing, and then when Rafaela is of marriageable age, perhaps she would have even as much as Uncle David's Helen; anyway she'd have something, and none of the Whitworths the wiser."

"I always knew you had more sense than twenty men," chuckled Doc. "What makes you so wise, little woman? Never mind, I'm going over to see old Padre in the morning and tell him the difficulty has been settled over night. We are not taking home Rafaela, the half-breed poor relation; but Rafaela, the beautiful Spanish heiress."

(To be continued)

THANKSGIVING DAY

For every blessing life has held,

Or yet may hold, we humbly pray,

Lord, make us thankful in our hearts

On this Thanksgiving Day.

"THE FAITH" AND "THE PILGRIM"

By WILL W. WHALEN

A COMMUNITY of nuns came to the town and rented a house for a temporary convent two squares from the school. Many times in the day the Sisters passed by the large grocery store of John Doran. He was often at the window when they went by, and his eyes held an ominous look whenever he saw their black veils.

"Foul witches! Sneaks!" his young son, Charles, often heard the nuns dubbed by his father. The boy thought the Sisters were too young to know much about witchcraft. He believed all witches were aged, having his opinion based on the Hal-low'e'en ancient dames with the cone hat, the out-of-date broom, and the ugly big-eyed cat on their shoulder. The easiest way to make a thing attractive to a boy is to pelt it often in his view.

It had been raining, and the road was a mass of deep mud. John Doran's wagon blocked the sidewalk, for he was loading it from his cellar with vegetables. His son, Charles, now a lad of eleven helped him. A nun with a little blonde girl was coming along.

"This is Mother Pius," said the boy.

"Where did you learn her name? Pious! hum!" sneered his father.

"We must pull our wagon away, dad, to let her pass."

"Just let that wagon where it is," was the father's stern command.

The nun had paused nervously, for she was in a hurry. She overheard his words. Without replying, she and the little girl quietly circled about the wagon, which had not the slightest right on the sidewalk, and sank over their shoetops in the mud. The Sister just managed to save her habit from dragging. The little girl worked one foot and then the other, going down only the deeper.

Her small face blazed with righteous anger.

"You're nothing but an old beast, Mr. Doran! If my papa was here, he'd take you and your boy and your

blamed old horses and rickety old wagon and pitch—"

"Margaret!" cried the Sister gently, but firmly.

A burning flush came into Charles Doran's cheeks. What a beautiful little spitfire she was; how nobly she was trying to fight for the wronged nun. If that little soldier maid could do it, he himself ("your boy!" she had said) and his father would be pitched somewhere by her papa. Charles felt they deserved to be chucked anywhere, for his father had acted in beastly fashion. John saw the changes in the boy's countenance.

"How did you know that woman's name?" he demanded.

"I've heard the kids speaking of her. She's the superior."

"Well, dread her and all like her. She and her kind are in league with the evil one."

"She could have us arrested for making her step out into those puddles, dad. We don't own the sidewalk, you know."

His father shot him a look which hushed his tongue. Charles' small head was crowded with thoughts at that moment. He knew that his father had behaved like a brute in letting the delicate woman pick her way through the mud. Try as he might, he could not excuse the action. It was wrong to the roots.

He remembered the blazing eyes of the little Margaret, eyes that were aching with desire to get even with the big man. He had a suspicion that if the nun had not been there, Margaret would have lifted a fistful of mud and smacked his dad in the face with it. At this thought he unleashed a giggle. That would have been really funny. His father roared at him, and told him there was nothing to laugh at, but there would be something to cry about if he dropped any more onions on the floor.

But Charles couldn't help pondering on the spirit of Margaret, and the more he thought the better he admired her. Oh, if she only had time to finish that sentence about

pitching! He wondered just where he and his father and the horses would have been flung.

He noticed that the Catholic children of his acquaintance were much better behaved since the arrival of the teaching nuns. The girls were not so bold and the boys not so fond of disobeying. But the same old Adam—or Eve—was still strong in many of them, and they hankered to break out just once and do things. This young Margaret he had never seen before, but he meant to see her again. She was as pretty as Cinderella coming from the ball at midnight in the highly colored old story book. Charles was frankly puzzled. Surely, ministers of Satan would not be accomplishing such good work.

Aunt Sarah Jane, the housekeeper, sneered under her breath to Charles that if the devil were divided against himself, how could his kingdom stand. He did come sometimes as an angel of light, but never as a black-robed nun. She had read enough to know a thing or two; and about one matter she was positive, that her brother John was a goose in lots of ways. Was the "old Harry" going to send out bad agents to do God's work and pull down the temple of sin that he himself and his imps were building? The house at war with itself, she argued, would punch its own stomach, and windless, it would tumble on its nose, that's all.

Charles, alert disciple of aunt Sarah Jane, saw the force of her argument, and he went over unreservedly to the side of the nuns. Often he would stand at the large window of the store, and peep at them as they passed; but that was when his father was not looking. Every day he got to like them better, for their faces were mild and kind and sweet; and every day he understood more and more clearly that his father was wrong. The picture grew bolder, like the "movie" on the white screen when the electric current flows stronger.

One evening, from the window, Charles descried Margaret and a

freckled-faced boy standing on the other side of the street. From her graphic gestures, he understood that she was recounting the incident of the nun's muddy travel. Charles flushed with mortification. He could see them in the twilight, but they couldn't see him in the gloom of the store's interior. A swaying bunch of bananas and a stack of brooms, too, kept him in abeyance. His father's entrance distracted him from the pair, and just then a stone came smashing through the window, struck the bananas in their middle, and knocked some of the ripest on the floor.

"Those Catholic brats again!" fumed his father, darting out to lay hands on the culprits. "I guess a baseball."

"Nobody plays ball at this hour," corrected Charles.

"Did you see anything?" demanded Mr. Doran, returning to the broken window.

Charles was glad he did not say "anybody," for then he would have had to tell.

"I see a stone in this corner," he temporized.

His father picked it up and ran out, which gave Charles a chance to fly back into the kitchen to tell the whole truth to his aunt Sarah Jane. He felt this was a well deserved reprisal, and he knew his aunt would not breathe a word about it. He wondered which of the two had pelted the stone; he hoped it had been Margaret. But he feared not, for he knew from experience that a girl never hit a thing at which she threw.

The impressions that find their way to a child's brain remain there forever. They come back, like angels, from the days of our innocence, and sing, like spring robins, into our ears before we get out to the land of the Eternal Sunrise. So it was with motherless, lonely, little Charles Doran. He never got loose from the influence of the nuns. In the years after, when he read the life of St. Francis of Assisi, he encountered the anecdote of the Saint and the brother who complained they both had done nothing that day but walk the street. "But our demeanor, dear son, influenced those who saw us unto good," re-

Co-operation

One of the outstanding features of FRANCISCAN HERALD during the last year have been its columns of clean, honest advertising. We take the greatest pride in our advertisers and we want them to take pride in us. It is our aim, not merely to gain their friendship, but, above all, to hold it. To do this we must produce results, and to show results we need the good-will, the personal help and the active co-operation of all of our readers.

Our advertisers consider our subscribers also their subscribers, and protect their interests at all times. They do so by offering only high-grade goods, and every article advertised is guaranteed by the advertiser.

Our advertisers have always made good; in fact, in the few cases which have come to our knowledge, where readers did not receive exactly what they bargained for, or where the parcels had gone astray in the mails, the advertisers in question, at our suggestion, adjusted the complaints to the complete satisfaction of everyone concerned.

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The Christmas season, with its gift-giving spirit, will soon be here, and if you are thinking of making a gift to your Church, to some institution, to your Pastor, to a Religion, or to your relatives or friends, you will find something for that purpose advertised in our pages. Patronize our advertisers. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed.

Co-operation is our motto; co-operation will be our success; co-operation will be your gain and the gain of the Missions.

—The Editor.

monstrated the little father of the birds and the fishes.

Once when he spoke of the nuns to his maiden aunt who kept the house she said:

"I like them, too, but I don't tell your father that." This prudent virgin was ever dancing as her brother John piped, but she stepped differently when he and his tongue-music were out of sight and hearing. "Like the nuns if you will, like them as much as you will, but don't let your father hear you say so."

Charles Doran was sixteen, and quite a husky man for his age, more matured than most boys in their teens. The nuns no longer passed the Doran store. Charles looked in vain for them. He often stood thoughtlessly at the once broken window, wherein dangled the perennial bunch of bananas and the stack of ever-renewed brooms, hoping the nuns would pass again, just once, and that Margaret Quinn (he knew her name now) would be with them. A convent had been built adjoining the school, and the Sisters had removed from the rented house. Charles remembered how lonely he felt on the day of their departure when the two pianos went jouncing past, one an upright, the other a grand. A lot of melody was going out of his days, when the nuns would pass by no more. He thought of the line from Whittier about the woman whose "garment to the sick man's ear has music in its trailing." He was sick, sick, sick—about what?

Charles was a bright boy, though no better educated than he should be. He was an omnivorous reader. When a Catholic friend gave him "The Faith of Our Fathers," he plowed through the book with a sort of brute strength in his method that printed pages on his retentive memory. His father had no intention of sending Charles to college, though he could well afford it; much education, in his opinion, spoiled more men than it made, and taught them as many bad habits as it did book-lore.

He had before him the sad experience of his neighbor, the captain of the Salvation Army, who placed his own son David in college. David came out his freshman year and sneered at the Bible as a string of fables, to the horror of his

parents—of his father and mother who had suffered for their belief so long and so much. The captain then put his boy to work, saying it were better for David to enter eternal life without a sheepskin than to be lost with one.

"I'd rather have my son an ignominious up in heaven," he said solemnly, "than have him writing Greek verbs down in the pit with the devil."

Anyhow, Mr. Doran had a slight suspicion that Charles already knew too much, for the boy conquered him in every argument. He was very proud of this handsome, well-made son of his, and declared he could die easy leaving his business in Charles' hands; though from the look of things and Mr. Doran's physique, he would not "go West" for many years to come unless his bad automobile driving brought him to bed.

One evening, Mr. Doran burst into his house in a towering rage. Sarah Jane, whose maiden charms inclined to "the sere and yellow leaf," was finishing her coiffure, preparatory for the movies. For a lady of her evident years, that hair was too blatantly black, not even a trace of silver. Sarah Jane's vanity might run to dyes, but she stopped in horror at the rouge pot and powder puff. No, she had not yet fallen to those youth-fakers. The complacent smile faded from her face in the mirror, as she saw the reflection therein of her angry brother. He flung himself down into a smoky-hollow chair and exploded. So did Sarah Jane—almost, for he had landed on her toque, which she shuddered to picture under his broad weight.

"Sarah Jane, I've been wronged, cheated up to my chin by that boy of mine! My own flesh and blood to scourge me! He'll bring my head to the dust with shame. He'll drive me to destruction, to do something desperate."

"Well, before I go mad and desperate, please get off my bonnet."

Sarah Jane was accustomed to her brother's fits of cholera, having weathered the storms of his temper for a good many years. She was rather frosty of aspect and had sour corners in her mouth, when she saw

her hat crushed beyond redemption. But anxiety about her nephew and curiosity to know just what he had done dealt her vanity a stunning blow. She forgot about her coiffure, entirely.

"Why, old Mrs. Haas, who lives near that convent of nuns, has told me that Charles goes in there repeatedly—that he left there this evening. Those soul-thieves will be his ruination."

"His soul's his own, John," she countered as meekly as her indignation allowed.

Sarah Jane was breathing a long sigh of relief. After all, the boy had not done any wrong she would have to be ashamed of.

John Doran, too, was breathing heavily with surprise and rage at his sister. Lately, Sarah Jane had been having too much of an opinion of her own, had been disagreeing far too often with him, the great John Doran. He didn't know that thoughts, long unspoken, were finding their way to the tip of her tongue. Well for him and perhaps well for her that in the past he did not see what was passing in that befuddled head of hers. He used to consider Sarah Jane one of the wise virgins who had light enough to appreciate the strong mind of her brother. That is why he was always so pleased with her, and talked of Sarah Jane as a model sister. She was so quick and prompt to obey him that he felt his thoughts must be law to her.

But even the great war horses, like Achilles and Napoleon, were not heroes to the valets who groomed them. How often the slaves that wait on us, hand and foot, are raising rebellion in their brains! How often, as they seem bent, heart and body, on humoring us, they are really laughing behind the door at our whims and caprices and tyranny—like that other Sarah for whom Miss Doran was named!

This recalcitrant sister was too much for John's mental digestion. He threw himself on the settee and looked her over, and Sarah Jane stared back at him with a daring smile trying to twist up the sour corners of her mouth. That shadow of a smile turned up his eyebrows

in surprise, and then brought them down in a frown.

"That boy is mine, Sarah Jane Doran!"

"He was. His soul belongs to him and God, though, John. You didn't give him his soul, you know."

"If I didn't, who did?"

"God alone could give something that will live long after the poor flesh has turned to dust."

This conversation might have become hotter, would have in fact, only in sails Charles. He did not notice his father immediately, but addressed himself to his aunt.

"We've fifteen minutes to get the start-off of the first reel."

"There'll be no movies tonight, thundered his father, "at least not right away. Where have you been this evening?"

Charles paused and looked at him. The truth, he felt, had leaked out. His father knew all. Perhaps it was for the best. It had to come sooner or later, anyway.

"I'd better tell you first where I was this morning, dad."

"I'm listening; but it's this evening that interests me most."

"This morning I received my first Holy Communion in the Catholic Church. I've been under instructions for some time with the nuns. The priest would have given me the lessons, only he's been in bad health, so the Sisters relieved him. I got through a stiff examination with him last night and went to the altar rail this morning. Tonight I ran in to bid Mother Pius good-bye—"

"Pious!" There was a bitter sneer on the father's face.

"Yes. You remember the nun you compelled to walk out into the deep mud that day. She's going away tomorrow morning, perhaps never to come back. So I wanted to say good-bye, and ask—ask her blessing."

"Her blessing?" The father leapt to his feet. "Do you know whom you're talking to? Do you remember you're my son? Do you see you've disobeyed me in the most flagrant fashion?"

Charles remained silent, hoping the storm would bluster itself out. But it did not. It rose higher and

higher. Waving arms, tossing head, stamping feet—no oak in the grip of a hurricane was ever more shaken to its roots.

"Where did you learn your bad habits?"

"John! You know he has none."

It was the erstwhile meek Sarah Jane speaking. Even she had turned Jezebel! Her light as a wise virgin flickered and was snuffed out in the esteem of her brother.

"Shut up! Sarah Jane, you'd better leave the room."

She did, reluctantly.

"Who dragged you into that convent?"

"God's grace."

"You sit there and brazen it out and say that to me—to me?"

"Dad, you made me read 'The Pilgrim's Progress' so often that I know it by heart."

"And that told you what the Pope of this Catholicity is?"

"Bunyan pictured the Pope as old and feeble; but John's is a dead one, and Pope Pius, dad, is very much alive."

"Speak with more reverence of John Bunyan, for your father's named after him."

"Well, according to the 'Pilgrim,' a man in earnest 'esteemeth iron as straw, and brass as rotten wood.'"

"That's me, I guess—made of straw and rotten wood."

"I didn't mean that. But the 'Pilgrim' says, 'Ring a peal on the doctrine of grace, and many will chime in with you.' I thought you'd understand."

"Understand? I do! I understand that you've defied me, set my authority at naught, made me a laughing stock in this town, where everybody knows how I hate the Catholic Church."

"You're not a laughing stock. Dad, don't think"—the boy's head went low—"it didn't hurt me to hurt you."

"And you mean to say you'll continue a Catholic?"

There was a stiff, stubborn lift of the young Doran head—that of a soldier of the Cross who'll never surrender.

"As God permits me, I will."

"Leave my house!"

Charles rose to his feet, surprised, wounded almost to death.

"Don't stare at me. You're no longer my son. My property goes to Sarah Jane.—No, not to her. That fool would give it to you. —to the Chinese missions, do you hear? to the Chinese. You're yellow, so I may as well give my hard-earned wealth to those less yellow than you."

"I don't care about the property. I do care about you."

"You don't. You lie. If you thought a row of pins about me, you wouldn't have shamed me before my own soul as well as before the world. Go out and starve. If you rot in the gutter, don't call on me."

The father led the way down to the kitchen, as he said these words, his fury bubbling and boiling out like vocal lava. A look of stubbornness, the spirit he inherited, flashed from the boy's face.

"All right, dad. But I won't starve, you know. I'm not afraid to work and a fellow with a good head won't be stuck for a hat."

This sounded too pert for the tyrant's mood.

"Take off your coat!" he commanded. Charles obeyed. "Pull off your shirts!" Again obedience. A little scapular medal showed silver against the naked chest. "That cursed charm won't save your skin, believe me."

Then from behind the door swished a big black snake whip that was used for the horses. A demon seemed to inhabit that terrible coil of leather. It hissed about the boy's body, leaving its scarlet trail all over the white surface, drawing red trickles along the arms, raising small mountain ridges and valleys on the stout, muscular back; it wound its fiery way about the throat, slashing a knife-cut down at the hollow of the boy's neck.

"Ask for mercy, and I'll stop. Say you're sorry for disobeying."

"I won't!"

Blood was oozing from the lad's lips where he had bitten them through to keep back the screams of agony.

Sarah Jane, at the noise, had darted down stairs to find the door

locked. She beat with her hands madly on the panels. Then came her voice, tense with emotion:

"John, if you don't open this door, I'll run into the streets and scream murder. I will! I will! So open!"

John hardly doubted that this new Sarah Jane would keep her word; so he admitted her. The boy modestly slipped his torso into his coat, got to his feet, and staggered into a chair. Aunt Sarah did not see the wounded body, and he did not lift his head to show her his bleeding mouth.

"Please, aunt, go to your room. It's all right," he mumbled.

She didn't have time to vacillate, for her brother pushed her back into the hall, and turned the key. She blundered stupidly up the stairs, listening at the landing for a repetition of the blows; but the whip, satisfied with its work and proud of the vermilion drops on its black hide, retired to the nail behind the door.

"Get on your shirts!"

In taking off his coat, Charles felt the lining had stuck to the broken skin. The pains were intense. But, while putting his head through the shirts, a sudden joy crept into his heart, and the Second Sorrowful Mystery of the Scourging visualized before him. He said those five decades in the convent chapel an hour before. He had stood the test. He could not have done better. Mingled with the grief that he had lost his father was the knowledge that he had met with his cross-bearing Redeemer.

"Hurry up! Get out of this house!"

Charles put his cap on backwards. The pain of his body hardly equaled the stab in his heart.

"Now what have you got to say for yourself?"

A blaze of anger swept the Doran blood in the lad from head to foot. He turned a set face on his father, with eyes that had narrowed to mere slits of fire.

"Nothing, except that I'd do it all over again."

John Doran threw open the door, and grabbed his son by the collar. Charles thought he meant to fling him down the steps, and resisted.

He judged he had taken more than enough. He pushed his father and pulled away from the clutching hand. That fed fuel to the parental anger. He slapped his son in the face, the one spot the whip had missed, till the boy was blinded, dragged him about by the throat, shook him as a terrier would a rat, and shoved him out on the porch, slamming the door. Charles stumbled, and fell down the steps to the pavement.

The moon cautiously lifted her forehead over a fence of clouds, peeped maternally at the boy seated on the curb stone, and then retired. A mist was in the air, as if she wept secretly. Charles raised his head to the dark canopy starred with gold. What a fool man were to look only at those lowering clouds, and not at the golden points behind them!

Round about him through window blinds flickered tantalizing home lights, like stars Adam stole from the lost paradise. A clock somewhere chimed out the hour, a message of good night peace. With a great human ache in his heart, the boy found himself drifted far away from the old home moorings, a prodigal son who was going about his eternal Father's business, and lost forever the earthly parent who did not and would not understand.

But there was peace in it all. He was not an aimless wanderer. The star that guided the Three Kings was lighting also his road.

Sleep prodded the boy, and bade him find a place to lie down. He had not money sufficient to go to a hotel; anyhow he did not feel like going there. He had never slept in a hotel in his life. An empty box-car yawned pleasantly at him, and he accepted its wordless invitation to enter. Some blessed wight had left straw in the corner, and there Charles doubled up, after thanking God for his mighty graces.

The dawn laughed into his face for hours before the stiffened limbs stretched themselves out painfully, every welt now taking its toll. Charles sat up and smiled at the radiant morning.

To-day was the beginning of his own life. He had been living in the shadow of his father, protected by

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. Feast of All Saints. (Gen. Absol.-Plen. Ind.)

N. B.—A Plenary Indulgence applicable to the poor souls may be gained for each visit to a church from noon today until midnight tomorrow. Confession and communion are required.

2. All Souls' Day. (Plen. Ind.)

3. Bl. Raynerius, Confessor of The I Order.

5. Holy Relics preserved in the Churches of the Franciscan Order.

6. Bl. Helen, Virgin of The II Order.

12. BB. Gabriel and John, Confessors of The I and III Orders.

13. St. Didaeus, Confessor of The I Order. (Plen. Ind.)

16. St. Agnes of Assisi, Virgin of The II Order.

17. BB. Salome and Jane, Virgins of The II and III Orders.

19. St. Elizabeth, Widow of The III Order. Patroness of The Third Order. (Gen. Absol.-Plen. Ind.)

21. The Presentation of The B. V. M. (Gen. Absol.)

25. St. Catherine, Virgin, Martyr. (Gen. Absol.)

26. St. Leonard, Confessor of The I Order. (Plen. Ind.)

27. BB. Bernadine and Humilis, Confessors of The I Order.

28. St. James of The Marches, Confessor of The I Order. (Plen. Ind.)

29. All Saints of The Franciscan Orders. (Plen. Ind.)

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting.

4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgence Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on November 1, 19, 21, 25. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.

it, fed by it, absorbed in it. To-day he must walk out into this sunlight, find his own road, and tramp it to the end. The eastern sky was a great mass of waves tipped with gold, a very sea of fire. That ocean called to him, as it did to the Greek sailing man. It was beautiful, but dangerous. He was young, strong, not stupid, handsome. He must avoid the rocks, the songs of the sweet, but cruel voices that would lure him to them. He took out his little rosary, and the minute crucifix said to him, as it did to the Roman emperor: "In this sign shalt thou conquer."

Getting out of the car, almost with a salute of thanks, Charles journeyed along the railroad tracks to the eastern end of the town, away from his father's house. He wanted the sun in his eyes. It seemed like a warm-hearted friend, a good Samaritan that laid healing hands on the wounds of his body and heart.

A shadow came toward him, long and attenuated. The sun was so bright that he pulled his cap down in his eyes, and would have walked right into the young lady coming toward him. But she stepped aside and swung her large basket at his head.

"Stand back, sir!" she said in a melodramatic tone.

Charles raised his cap and eyes to see Margaret Quinn there, smiling bright and cheerful, as if a sunbeam took the form of a girl. How she had grown since the day he had first seen her with the nun.

"You're out early, Charles."

"I was going to say that to you," he answered.

"This isn't early for me. I've been up for hours. You see, I'm quite a workaday old woman now; school days gone, and dad being in bad health, I'm helping mother to run her boarding house. I'm off now to your father's store to lay in a supply of 'eats' for our hungry miners."

"Have you room for another boarder?"

"Could take two."

So the sunlight had not flashed false signals to Charles. He found a real home with Paddy Quinn. Aunt Sarah Jane slipped his clothes to him, and the boy's name was

never again spoken in his father's house; much less was he ever again seen there. He became friends with Jim, Margaret's brother, the freckled-faced bodyguard she had with her the day the stone shattered John Doran's window and knocked the wind out of the banana stalk. Margaret admitted it was she who had hurled it.

"You see," she laughed, "brother Jim stood across the street, ready to take the blame if your father caught me. I walked directly under the window and put the rock right home. Then I got back to the alley and hid between the stable and coal shed. Jim ran when he saw I was safe. I know it was just an awful thing to do, but I never could forgive your father for making Mother Pius tramp through that mud. She just then had a bad cold, and because of her wet feet, she got bronchitis and couldn't speak above a whisper. She narrowly missed pneumonia."

Charles went to work at the coal breaker. There was better money in that than clerking in a store. It was the usual dusty grind of the men and boys who give the world its fuel, and it cut into his hands and left blue mourning scars to show that once the coal barons owned his strength.

He had but one near-accident in this coal land of so many disasters. He decided to save time one noon hour, going for lunch, by taking a trip along a high trough, through which ran the sulphur water and culm, the waste from the coal. At a good height, he stumbled over a strip of board that held the chute's sides together, and fell to the ground below. Fortunately, he landed in a bed of soft black mud, and went down up to his knees. He might have been able to get out of it but as Jim Quinn laughingly jibed, Charles went in head first, and only two No. 10's were kicking on the horizon. Charles was rescued, looking very much like a Hottentot. His hurts were only a partial suffocation and a cut in the forehead.

Margaret dressed the slash, and when Charles smilingly looked up into her face, he found that she blushed with a lovely confusion. Her anxiety about him gave him a

peephole through the curtain of her feelings.

Margaret sang in the choir, and Jim and Charles were quite ravished with her solo, "*Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi!*" the words echoed in golden notes in Charles' memory. But his songbird displayed her claws and sharp beak one day when she came home to dinner.

"I'll sing with that bunch no more," was her decision.

"Why not?" asked her mother.

"Oh, Mary Jane McAndrews made remarks about me, and the organist tittered, so they'll have to get along without me in time to come."

"You've the best voice of them all," said Charles with honest approval, and yet with disappointment at finding the clay humanity in his little twentieth century saint.

"What do they care for that? Some of them are old jealous heads, and would be better pleased if I didn't sing at all."

"You're not singing for—them," remarked her mother earnestly, with a look at Charles from under her lowered lids.

She sensed that this convert boy loved her daughter and that he was now disappointed at her display of pique.

"What an honor," said he, with his bright eyes fastened on the pink angry face, "to influence souls and lift them to God as your voice does! It's a sort of a priestess part, you to have the words of the wonderful Mass. I wish I could sing."

"The trouble is," admitted Margaret, looking at him contritely, "I don't always think of what I'm singing, but of the people below; I wonder if there are strangers present to hear me and get distracted from God by wondering who the singer is."

Charles bit his lips, and went on with the raisin pie. Then:

"I was at the vaudeville last night," he confessed, "and a bold, rough woman sang in a glorious voice a song that made me feel as slimy as a dead fish. I couldn't get her out of my ears till you sang this morning that *Agnus Dei*. Your voice chased her and her jazz melody out somehow—somewhere."

"You're not sorry for the step

you took?" said motherly Mrs. Quinn, looking at the handsome big boy, who had begun to be such a part of her life.

"You mean my conversion? Oh, dear heaven, no! It's all so grand to me. One Mass is worth it all."

"God keep it ever that way!" Mrs. Quinn brushed a tiny tear from the corner of her eye. "Son, you see God didn't do as much for you as He did for us. We were born to the inheritance, and we take it too much as our right."

Charles saw that a lump was in Margaret's throat and that she was doing her best to hide tears; so he held up his cup for coffee, and she stayed a long time back at the stove.

They walked together that night, by the old mule stable, wherein the strong, tired beasts were kicking and biting each other; up the steep hill, Charles dragging Margaret after him by the hand; and then they sat on the old log, side by side, with the whispering laurels for a background.

"Charles, I'm a little beast," said Margaret, when she found her breath. "I know I've scandalized you about the choir, and I fear about other things also. You see there's the girl in me that smashed the window. I'm not a saint, old man, as you are. God's made the road too easy for me to be anything big. Unfortunately too many of us Catholics just take God too much for granted. He's always given us generously of His spiritual gifts, and we never even suppose the supply will stop, no matter how unworthy we be. You that found our Lord transfigured after you climbed Calvary's hill, you love Him more than we do. I'm humbled to the dirt to admit it."

This frank, boyish girl, with her big simplicity and humility, had taken him by storm. He knew that he would never love any other woman; that he could not. He did not see why things could not go on forever, just as they were doing, with him a part of the Quinn family, only with this change that Margaret should become his wife. He didn't believe in long courtships, any more than his business-like father before him did. He knew Margaret as well as he would ever know her; and she was willing to take a chance on him,

he felt. So tonight he put his long-harbored thoughts into speech.

"You know my answer, Charles," she said, pressing her lips on the knuckles of his hard right hand. "Let's run down to dad and mother, and have it out with them before bedtime. Dad goes so early these days. One can see him sinking," with a catch in her voice, "just because of that terrible miner's asthma. If only he could live in the farming country where the air's better!"

Paddy Quinn and his wife, Lizzie, received their new son-elect with open arms.

"A girl should be married young," said that practical mother. "I hate to see nice women slaving themselves away in factories and shops when they might better be serving a husband."

"I don't blame the girls, but pity them," chimed in the happy daughter. "They're always ready to change masters, if the right fellow only asks 'em."

"And your father?" said anxious Paddy.

"I'll go tomorrow and tell him," Charles replied.

So he did. It was the first time he approached his home since the night he was stripped and striped and flung out; but Sarah Jane brought the news that his father wouldn't see him—no, never again unless—which Charles said firmly, the Doran frown coming to his brows, would never happen. He was in the Catholic Church forever and ever, Amen. Sarah Jane kissed him, mothered him, cried over him, promised to steal by night to hug his little bride, vowed she would be as close to the altar rails as the law allowed, the morning of the marriage. And so she did. Now in the tensy of her excitement, her coiffure, always elaborate, got dislocated and fell—some of it came off.

Mrs. Quinn watched the lean figure of Charles' aunt go off in the moonlight.

"What good Protestants there are!" said she.

"And what pikers of Catholics!" lamented Paddy with a grimace.

Charles never saw his father again until he looked at the stern

face dead. A lot of the Doran frown was gone; but even death, that renewer of youth, did not hide how the man aged since the separation from his son. Only Sarah Jane saw the bitter grief of the young man. He had not been there when his father died, nor had any one else. The black horseman who rides alone, galloped in at midnight with muffled hoofs, and poor obstinate John Doran yielded up his soul without protest or struggle.

"Apoplexy," the doctor diagnosed. "His heart broke," corrected Sarah Jane.

Charles went down the railroad to his home at Quinn's in the early morning, as he had gone the first time. Margaret was not with him, however. His son had been born in the midnight that stole away his father. The Angels of Life and Death saluted each other as they passed.

"Don't weep so, darling," said Margaret, gathering her big boy husband into her arms. "God's good. Look what He did for you. Don't you think He did something for that poor stubborn dad of yours? Why, Charles, think of it! Our little lad met your father going out. Deny, if you can, that this heir of the house of Doran has your father's forehead—and yours. Oh!" with pride, "I know he'll be a stubborn one like his grandfather Doran and like his daddy, too. You must admit you are a stubborn fellow, or you'd never have been able to resist the love you bore your father."

Charles listened to his wife and treasured up her words. She was his best apostle, to him more sacred now than ever, as the wife-mother is always dearer to the normal man. A man may merely love the beautiful young virgin, but his love approaches adoration when she becomes the madonna of his heart. All the tongues of angels and men could not influence Charles more than her low, sweet voice with its quaver of jubilee and satisfaction.

"I must learn the songs your mother sang to you, and give this young chap the benefit of them."

Sarah Jane found an envelope addressed to her nephew in the old private desk that her brother had in his bedroom. She suspected it con-

tained the will, for no trace of that document could be found.

"My dear son: It's so much easier for you hard-boiled old dad to write love to you than say it, face to face. I worship you as much tonight, in your complete manhood, as I did the moment you were laid against my heart after your birth. Forgive me for the one terrible beating I gave you. I won't speak of it now, for it kills me to remember it. I'd love to see you tonight, love to have you with me, but it will never be. I've been all wrong, I know it now, but I'll never admit it till I'm dead. I read your 'Faith of Our Fathers.' That's why you'll find it, cheek by jowl, in my desk with 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' only this latter is torn to pieces. Cardinal Gibbons' book has said to me, 'Let there be light!' The good old man is dead, but his book will preach always.

"In my will I'm leaving Sarah Jane a comfortable sum to keep her till—till she dies or finds a husband. There's enough for her and him, only I suspect there'll never be a him. I know she'll fly to your fireside just as soon as my ashes are laid away. Won't you, son, forgive and forget, and come back to the spot that was mine? Everything's yours, even to the old farm your mother owned out beyond the hills.

I've seen you and your wife passing by on the street. I hid, and peeked through the blinds, and blessed you both. May Margaret be spared to you longer than your mother was to me!

"Oh, I can't write any further, or the agony will kill me. God bless you, boy, son of my love, light of my life, heart of my heart! Pray for—when—I am—gone. Ask our heavenly Father to be more merciful to me than I was to you.

"DAD.

"P. S.—Have no minister at my funeral. You say prayers over me."

That letter was written two days before they found John Doran stiff and cold in his bed.

There were two flittings from the east end of the town. Paddy Quinn and his wife, Lizzie, with Jim, went out to the farm beyond the hills, and sent their produce in to the store of their son-in-law, where Sarah Jane and young Mrs. Charles took turns at waiting on customers and nursing Master John Patrick Quinn Doran.

"He's such a stubborn little villain. He's showing who's boss around here," complained Margaret gayly, as she darted to his cradle. "A very chip of the old block."



In the Interest of Women

Edited by Grace Keon

Address communications to Grace Keon, Franciscan Herald, Corona, N. Y.

THE CATHOLIC GIRL'S DUTY TO HER RELIGION

I MIGHT entitle this article "The Catholic Girl's Religious Duty," and you would know just exactly what I meant. Or, if it were called "The Catholic Girl and Her Religion," it would convey different ideas to different people. But this is a plain talk on a girl's duty to her religion—perhaps, too, her service to her religion. Simmered down, it is a plea to abolish wilful ignorance.

If there is any thing more than another—and I am sure the majority of Catholics will agree with me—that those outside the Fold envy us, it is our absolute confidence in our Faith. We are not harassed or bothered because such and such a person interprets such and such a passage of the Bible according to his ideas and not ours. We are not worried, nor do we haggle, over the meaning of an obscure word. We believe all that the Church teaches, our Church is our authority and our guide, and our faith is absolute and supreme, because we know that the Invisible Head of the Church is Christ Himself, who delegated His authority on earth to its visible head, the Holy Father. And we are sane enough and sensible enough, in view of the unrest that surrounds us, and the rebellion that bursts forth every now and then even in the professed ministers of other religions, to know no proof as to why such an authority must exist—that there must be a law and lawgiver.

Our faith is a sublime and a supreme gift. Try to talk, as I did, to one who has no faith, and find out what its lack really means. One such experience is fixed indelibly in my mind. I was trying—unsolicited, I must confess—to explain a certain article of the Faith to an elderly lady, for whom I had great respect. In my own way I was curious to discover on what her really fine character was founded, for she was both

generous and broad-minded. But my word-painting of that word faith was met with such blandness, such incredulity, that I felt I had opened a door and that she could not see over its threshold. To her all was darkness. At that instant my reverence and my gratitude for being the possessor of a gift so precious, through no virtue of my own, became so intense that the time is marked as an epoch in my life. She could not understand what even the little first communicant at the Holy Table firmly believes!

Again, I had business dealing with a young and clever woman who became rather confidential, and in the course of our conversation she told me something of her upbringing. Her grandmother was a Quaker, her grandfather an atheist. Her father had been a theosophist, her mother was a Baptist.

"So you see I have lived in a curious atmosphere," she said, "with first-hand information on many religions, as well as the lack of all religions. And where do you think it has led me? To the Catholic Church!" She looked at me as if waiting for my challenge. But I said, quietly: "Well, it's the only true one. This time you can be sure you're right. I'm a Catholic, so I know."

Her expression was a revelation. I imagine that she had heard a few protesting voices on her way to the One True Church.

"Well," she said, "that's it. That's the Catholic faith—its *sureness*." And then she went on to explain what had induced her first to consider our religion, and that was the work of a Catholic priest in a factory town where she had been sent for purposes of investigation. She had never before, she told me, come face to face with the true spirit of Christ. And to all her doubts, all her in-

quiries, all her objections he had such sane advice, such sound solution, such sensible replies. "And you know—if you are honest—how hard it is to get anything out of a Catholic! I often remarked that it must be some sort of secret society!"

Our first duty to our religion is to reverence it, cherish it, respect it. The second is, to show, as far as we can, *the true spirit of Christ*; the third to fortify ourselves with an everyday, common, working knowledge of our practices and beliefs. These things are not prerogatives of the priest. We must show them at home and abroad, in workshop and dwelling. And forgive me if I dwell at some length on our deplorable lack of acquaintance with our own liturgy and ceremonies. We should know the meaning of every movement of the priest at the altar, the meaning of the vestments he wears; the meaning of all that takes place at Baptism, at Confirmation, at all the Sacraments. This is not a new subject to the readers of these pages. Catholic ignorance is to be deplored, and it humiliates us. The reticence of the average Catholic has been classified by the convert above. You see, the questioning non-Catholic cannot understand that you are firm as a rock where your faith is concerned. He or she will say: "Why, that Catholic doesn't know the first thing about her belief! She is like one of a flock of geese, who walk in certain lines because others show her the way!" How unfair and how lacking you are, if you fail because you are too lazy to spend a few moments of the week in reading or studying, so that you may hold your head high when questions come your way.

We must know our religion in order to do our duty by it. We must know what we believe and why we believe it, be willing and able to explain what takes place on our altars

or in the conferring of the Sacraments, for the non-Catholic was right who said to me: "Catholics themselves are to blame for the curious notions we have about them. They don't seem to know why they believe in anything, and they can't explain—or won't."

I'm afraid "can't" is the proper word in many cases, for our silence is often due to ignorance. What a shame! How beautifully simple are all our customs! "I don't understand your elaborate ritual," exclaimed a certain intelligent woman. "Why are your altars of such rich marbles, your vessels of gold, and some of the embroidered vestments worn by your priests seem almost priceless. The reason for this is hard for us to understand."

And the answer, made in my hearing, was worthy of the remark. "But you must take into consideration, dear madam, what we believe. If I say to you 'There, on that rich marble, in that golden cup, upheld by the anointed hands of a priest in the symbolic robes of his office, we Catholics firmly believe that Christ Himself, God, the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity, is as truly present as He is present in heaven. If you believed that, would not you, too, wish to surround Him with all the treasures of this poor earth of ours?'"

And being consistent, she did acknowledge that, since this was our belief, we had every right to give to God all the riches and beauty of the world.

I know that many of our girls want to know, as they express it. We are not worried so much as annoyed about it. We have the faith, we believe, and because our belief is founded on a rock, nothing else really matters. But, as I have said, that firm confidence of ours is the very thing that makes its appeal, attracts others, and calls forth inquiries, especially from those who are not "just exactly satisfied," to use the expression of one of them. And you ought to acquaint yourselves with Holy Scripture. Non-Catholics found their religion on the Bible, and since each is his own interpreter, no one can quarrel with another for holding entirely different views in regard to what is necessary for salvation. Personally, I have grown a wee bit

Martha Prays

I rose with the greeting dawn,
For I would invite a Guest.

And I must make ready, as
best I knew;
Be clean, and drest!

I prayed, and my prayer was
a cloth
To wipe all the dust away;
To set every chair in its proper
place;
And windows wide to the
day.

Now the room is garnished and
bright,
I have labored with heart
and hand

To give what I have (Oh, how
poor, how poor!)
But my Guest will under-
stand!.

Then I begged three others to
come,
And they were of high de-
gree:

Our Lady of Love, and St.
Joseph of Faith,
And St. John of sweet Pur-
ity.

And I said, "Please attend, and
wait—
Oh, wait here to greet the
King.

For my house is so small and
I have no good,
Or any worthy thing!"

Now, I was in sorest need,
For man never gives but
takes!

But I knew when He saw the
gracious Three,
He would grant all for their
sakes!

Then sounded the warning
bell,
And my Guest was at the
door:

Oh, give me the perfect gift
To love Thee evermore!

And let me warily walk,
Lest the flame of love be
lost;

My soul be the fagots to burn,
My heart be the holocaust!

No friend or kin have I?
Why, all who have knelt to
share

My Guest with me, in the
morning hour,
Are kindred of mine fore'er!

—GRACE KEON

sceptical of the prevalent opinion that all non-Catholics read the Bible. I have met quite a number who don't, and I have had to prove to several that certain passages in the New Testament are really there! One man was shocked to discover that our Angelical Salutation was in the Holy Book! Again and again my attention has been called to Our Lord's manner of speaking to His Mother. "Didst thou not know I must be about my Father's business?" How blind one must be not to read the sweet consolation, the tender warning in that phrase for the aching Mother-heart. Or, "Woman, what is it to me or to thee? My hour is not yet come!" I can't find anything more modern than that scene at Cana, proving the kinship of our sweet Lady to all mothers. She does not shrink abashed as before a reprimand, but, without word or plea, serenely confident, gives instruction to the waiters. Is not this a glorious example of the power of the Mother of Christ?

It chanced often that a girl is much upset by some small incident, some action of hers which is out of accord with Catholic custom. One dear little Sodality girl came to me most abjectly one Sunday afternoon: "O dear! I feel so horrid! I went to holy communion this morning wearing my gloves! And Mary R. was so snippy about it afterward! I didn't know I should have removed my gloves!" "Well," I said, laughing at her, "you know it now, don't you? And isn't it worth while being uncomfortable for a second or two if you've learned something? Only, when some one else makes that mistake, don't you make Mary R.'s."

"Indeed I won't," she said, and actually smiled.

You mustn't be afraid, dear girls, to confess your ignorance. Some one else is just as ignorant as you are, and maybe more so. A charming woman I know is always asking questions. "Other people may be wiser than I. If they are, they can teach me. If they're not, then both of us can learn from some one else who knows more than either of us." I've known her to go out of her way to impart such information. "Oh! You remember that question we discussed the other evening? Well, I asked So-and-so about it, and I've been

told—." And she tells her tale and goes on. It is refreshing. Many of us hate to ask questions because we think that people feel we ought to know what they are talking about, and we are ashamed to confess that we don't. Sometimes we try to look very wise, as if that makes us so. I was quite a young lady before I realized that the priest distributes holy Communion from the ciborium and not from the chalice. With the— shall I call it false pride of youth, I had also been ashamed to ask questions. But after that I never hesitated, and though that is some years ago, I have learned a great deal since. I am still asking questions and expect to ask them until I die. After that, we'll know everything.

Now supposing, at this very moment, you were approached by a non-Catholic, requesting you to take her into your church, and describe the details of the building? The high altar, the tabernacle, the altar linens and their symbolism, to point out the prie-dieu, the predella, the credence table. Could you do it? Everything we know adds to our own pleasure and interest. To understand the Mass from beginning to end makes us but the more reverent. The very color of the priest's vestments will indicate the solemnity of the day.

It is with this idea in mind that I have begun the PLEASE TELL ME column, which you will find to be very interesting. Some of these questions have already been asked me, and I am glad to answer them. It is not a Question Box in the regular acceptance of the term, but I shall make it whatever, you please. You understand, of course, that there are very good books published explaining our liturgy and our ceremonies. I recommend the use of them to all our Catholic girls.

PLEASE TELL ME

What is meant by the Liturgy of the Church?

The Liturgy of the Church is an explanation of the public worship rendered to God by the Church in the course of the ecclesiastical year. The ecclesiastical year begins with Advent.

What is meant by the Liturgical Books?

The principal Liturgical Books are the *Breviary*, or the Book of the

Divine Office, which is recited by priests, religious, and sisters; the *Missal*, the book containing the complete service for Mass throughout the year; the *Ritual*, the book containing the forms to be used by priests in the administration of the Sacraments; the *Ceremonial*, or book used by the bishops and priests in following the ceremonies.

Do the faithful make use of the Liturgical Books?

For the convenience of the faithful, prayerbooks have been compiled, consisting of extracts from the *Breviary* and *Missal*, for use during Mass, Benediction, and other services. An abridgment of the ceremonies of Holy Mass, etc., may also be found therein.

What is the principal Liturgical action?

The principal Liturgical action is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, where Jesus Christ, Priest and Victim, offers to God His Father the most perfect act of adoration, thanksgiving, satisfaction, and petition. The Holy Mass is in reality the center around which are grouped the canonical hours.

Why a. d how did the Church institute the Liturgy?

As the essence of the Christian religion is contained in the Mass and the Sacraments, which were unknown to the Jewish faith, it was necessary to create a new Liturgy. This was done by the Church, and very slowly.

Did our Lord make any rules for the administering of the Sacraments?

Although our Lord Himself instituted the essentials of the Holy Sacrifice and the Seven Sacraments, He did not make any rules about other accompanying ceremonies. The authority for making all these rules is contained in the power "to bind and to loose" given to the Church.

How long has our Missal been in use?

Our Missal, in its present form, is the result of centuries of development. From the earliest times the essential parts of it were in use in the Church. In the early Middle Ages a portion of the prayers was found in one book, another portion in another. A uniform Missal was made in the sixteenth century.

IF YOU WANT TO BE LIKED

DO TRY to get out of the way of thinking that anyone who doesn't hold your own particular views on any subject must necessarily be silly. I don't like the condescending way in which you lay down the law, and assert that you are in the right, and that every one else must be wrong. You must really try and look at things from the other person's standpoint, as well as your own, if you want to be liked.

* * *

Please remember that although they say "Imitation is the sincerest flattery," when I have a pretty new gown that suits me exactly, I don't want you to appear a short time later in one that is the exact counterpart of it. I'm pleased if you copy my blouses, my hats and my hair-dressing just once in a while, but when you are continually doing it, and I meet you at other friends' houses, it's really more than a saint can be asked to stand, and I'm anything but a saint.

* * *

Accept kindness in the spirit in which it is offered, and don't adopt the "please don't patronize me" manner, that is a sure road to unpopularity. No one likes to have a kindness mistaken for a condescension.

* * *

Don't be continually finding fault. It is an easy matter to pick flaws in almost everybody and everything. But the woman who is constantly doing so, runs a very small chance of being liked.

Constant reader of the HERALD: From the time of the great Apostle St. Paul, there is a pious tradition that women should cover their heads in church, just as men uncover their heads, out of respect for God's presence, and the holy spirits there adorning Him. The Church does not say it is a sin to enter the sacred edifice without a hat. One authority on the subject says: "When passing a church, you may slip in for a visit although you are hatless, or you might place a handkerchief on your head." The article "In the Interest of Women" this month gives various examples of little breaches of Catholic courtesy. Don't worry about the matter any longer.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



No. 1301. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS: Write your NAME and ADDRESS PLAINLY on any piece of paper. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FRANCISCAN HERALD, PATTERN SERVICE, Corona, N. Y.

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No. 1445. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 12-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

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No. 1540. Boys' Suit. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 22-inch contrasting and $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards braid. Pattern, 15c.

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No. 1474. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1549. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 608—in yellow only—15c extra.

No. 1535. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1075. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1536. Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material with $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1551. Misses' and Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 36-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch contrasting and $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1130. Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

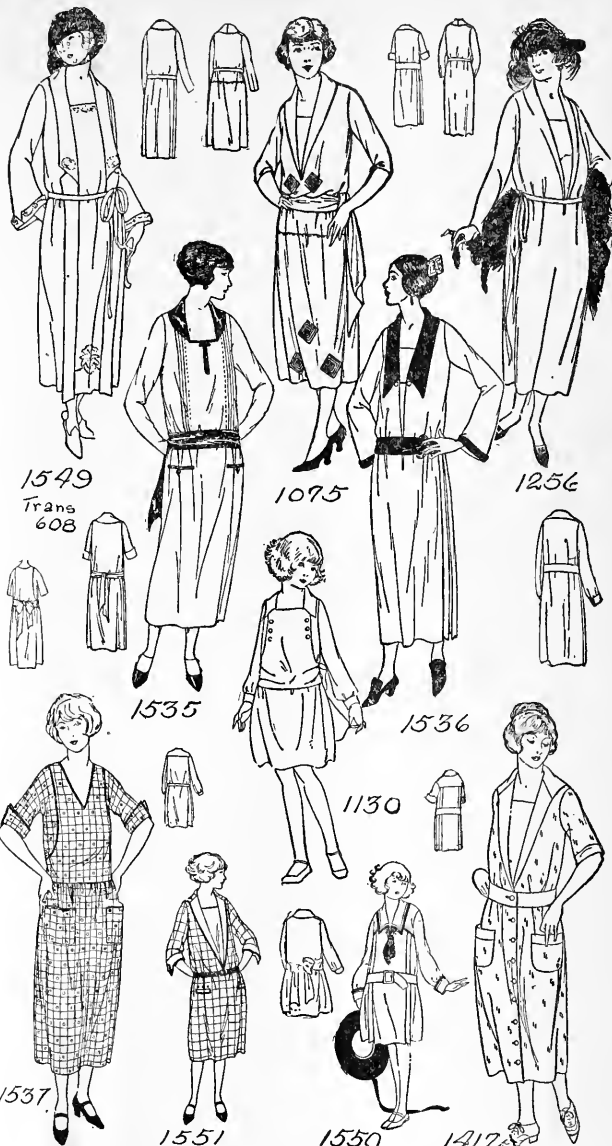
No. 1550. Misses' and Girls' Dress. Cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards braid. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1417. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

When the little girl's petticoat grows too short and there are no tucks to let down, open the seams at the shoulders and insert pieces of muslin or elastic.

An unusual cover for a card table is made of black oilcloth with a bright design painted in one corner.

Place a small cake of soap in back of the linen to be pierced for eyelets and run the stiletto through both the linen and the soap. It will make an even perforation and the material will



No. 1537. Ladies' House Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch material with $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1256. Ladies' Dress. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54 and 56 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

be softened so that the needle can pass through readily.

Home Handicraft

Address all orders: *Franciscan Herald Service Department, Corona, N. Y.*

THREE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS

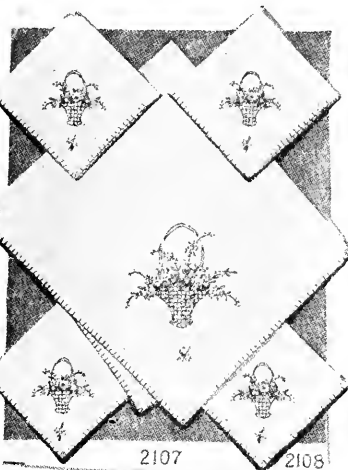
In the dress, No. 2141 (price \$2.25), we have one for the girl of six, eight, ten and twelve years. It is an excellent quality of brown chambray, and the patchwork in yellow for your appliqueing, and the embroidery in light and dark brown sets off the entire garment, and makes it a thing of beauty.

For the House Itself, we show a luncheon cloth, No. 2107 (price \$1.30), most appropriate for Christmas Gifts, and in No. 2108 (price 90 cents), four twelve-inch napkins to match. They are stamped on heavy white beach cloth and cotton and full directions of stitches, etc., are included.

In the scarf, No. 2104 (price 95 cents), we have another gift, stamped and tinted prettily on Egyptian lawn with pink patch for appliqueing. The pin cushion to match, No. 2144 (price 45 cents). We do not furnish the lace edging for either of these designs.



No. 2141—Patchwork Dress, price \$2.25. In sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12. Ready made of brown chambray, with patches in yellow for appliqueing and embroidery in light and dark brown. Complete with cotton and directions for embroidering. Address all orders as at top of Home Handicraft Page.

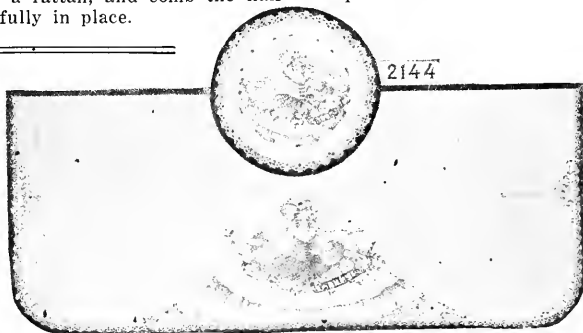


No. 2107—Luncheon Cloth, price \$1.30. No. 2108—Four twelve-inch napkins, price 90 cents. Stamped on heavy white beach cloth for embroidery in pink, blue, green and brown. Complete with cotton and directions. Address all orders as at top of Home Handicraft Page.

Furs are made to look like new by wetting them with a hairbrush and brushing against the nap. Hang the furs in the air until dry, then beat them well on the right side with a rattan, and comb the hair carefully in place.

HOW OTHERS DO IT

Cover the vessel containing starch immediately after removing from the fire. No scum will form on top of the starch.



No. 2104—Scarf, price, 95 cents. No. 2144—Pin Cushion, price, 45 cents. Stamped and tinted on Egyptian lawn, with pink patch for appliqueing. Complete with cotton and directions for embroidering. We do not furnish lace edging. Address as at top of Home Handicraft Page.

Before putting a garment with snap fasteners through the wringer, snap the fasteners together. This will prevent the little knob from becoming crushed and broken.

That rusty screw can be removed by placing a hot iron to its head and using the screwdriver while the head is still hot. The screw will then come out easily.

Straw or excelsior that has been slightly dampened is best for packing glass or china. The moisture causes both of these filling materials to swell, thus wedging the packing in between the breakable articles much tighter than it can be done by hand.

TO OUR BENEFACTORS IN AMERICA!

Dear Friends

The wonderful spirit of liberality of the American people, quite unparalleled in the history of mankind, has enabled us for the past three years to maintain our charitable institutions in Austria. Had it not been for America's generous help, all these institutions, and our people as a whole, would have inevitably perished long ago.

The readiness with which charitable America has responded to my appeal of the last few years, has been a source of supreme satisfaction and gratitude to me, urging me to express to our benefactors my most heartfelt thanks for their benevolence and helpfulness.

As you may have learned from the daily reports in the newspapers, conditions in Austria continue to be most deplorable; indeed, they have of late become simply desperate; and still, I fear, we have not as yet reached the limit of our distress. Our currency has become utterly worthless; it now requires 83,000 Kronen (the normal exchange being 5 Kronen) to buy one American dollar, or one dollar's worth of foodstuff. One pound of inferior bread costs 6,000 Kronen; one pound of lard, 30,000, and one egg, 1,000 Kronen. To make matters worse, this year's crops have failed through excessive heat and dryness.

Pardon me, dear friends, if I dwell upon these annoying details, but their eloquence, being the most convincing proof of the fearful conditions now prevailing in stricken Austria, shows how urgently we are still in need of your charity for the immediate future.

As in the previous two years, I now again, in the third and apparently most terrible year of our distress, beg to address you by the present humble appeal, requesting you kindly to assist my delegates, Rev. John Egger and Baroness Elise von Rast, in their blessed work, by your continued good will toward the cause they represent. The future of all our institutions is dependent on the success of their endeavors.

Once more, dear friends, I thank

Rich Silk Seal Plush Coat

\$1 Down

Real Fur Collar and Cuffs

Be dressed in the very latest style! Send the coupon below and only \$1 for this handsome black silk plush coat with real fur collar and cuffs. A wonderful bargain; lined throughout with fancy pattern venetian of excellent wearing quality. Shapely collar as well as cuffs are of beautiful dark brown Coney fur, all of fine selected pelts. Can be worn loose back or full-belted all-around with self belt tying in sash effect in front. Sizes 34 to 44. Length, 40 inches. Order by No. F-44. Terms \$1, with coupon, \$4.35 monthly. Total price \$26.95.

Six Months to Pay!

Use the credit we offer as thousands do and save money. Send only \$1 with the coupon below for this latest style silk seal plush coat. Money back if you ask for it. If you are delighted with the coat and wish to keep it, you may pay the balance in small monthly sums so small you will scarcely miss the money. Only \$4.35 a month pays for this coat. An easy and delightful way to secure a plush coat with real fur collar and cuffs. Buy the Elmer Richards way, just send the coupon today.

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If I am not delighted with the coat, I can return it and get my \$1 back. Otherwise, I will pay easy terms, \$1 with coupon, \$4.35 monthly, total price, \$26.95.

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you from the depth of my heart for your helpfulness and urgently beseech you, for God's sake, to work for our cause. America alone can save Austria.

May the dear Lord grant that there be a dawn after the nine dark and sad years I have been spending as Archbishop of Vienna.

God's will be done. May the Al-

mighty God bestow His richest blessings upon all of you.

In deep gratitude,
Yours most faithfully in Christ,
(Signed) †Friderich G. Piff, Cardinal-Archbishop of Vienna.

P. S.—Kindly send donations to my delegates, Rev. John Egger or Baroness Elise von Rast, 165 East 88th Street, New York.



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

"IT'S NOT WORTH A STRAW"

MANY of us make use of the expression very often, and haven't an idea of what it really means. Not so much nowadays; but in olden times it meant a great deal. A straw seems about as trivial a thing as there is in creation. In those days, when Greece and Rome owned about as much of the earth as could be gotten hold of, and even for several centuries after the Christian era began, a straw meant all that was most valuable in the way of possessions. No one could receive or acquire a piece of property or enter into his lawful inheritance unless a straw accompanied the transfer. If some generous soul wished to renounce his claim in favor of a relative or friend, he was obliged, as he pronounced the words of renunciation on his own part, to throw a straw upon the ground. Without this formality, he couldn't give away his own property! A memorable instance of this renunciation of property by casting a straw upon the ground is preserved in Church history, where we read that the nobles of the court of Charlemagne, one of the greatest monarchs that ever reigned, met and declared that they would never deprive the bishops (who, at that time, were lords of domains as well as spiritual rulers) of their lands by laying claim to them. In pledge of their truth, they each threw a straw upon the ground in front of the Emperor and his council, thus proclaiming before the world that they had no rights whatever in the property of the Church. If the owner of a house or piece of land wanted to get rid of an undesirable tenant, he went to the threshold of the tenant's abode and, standing there, broke a wisp of

straw in presence of witnesses, saying as he did so: "As I break this straw, so break I my contract with thee." The poor tenant had to go, after that, which doesn't seem altogether fair—the contract appears

to us rather one-sided. Nowadays he could say, in perfect security, "I don't care a straw!"

Then, too, it was long a custom in the Middle Ages to place straw between the ears of horses that were meant for sale, and in the mouths of slaves, or even those who voluntarily wished to "hire out." So you see straw meant purchase and possession of property. No such value or significance belongs to it in our day; yet, only a few months ago, a young princess of Rumania went to the altar with two long wisps of straw hanging down on either side from her bridal wreath to the hem of her dress, an odd but pretty reminder of the days when this would have meant that something very precious was about to be delivered to stranger hands.

The Tale of a Tiny Trouble

*THERE was a Tiny Trouble
that took so little room,
One scarcely could perceive it,—
and yet it could assume
The pose of a six-footer. It gave
itself such airs,
An indignation meeting was called
by other Cares.*

*"What nerve!" a Medium Trouble
rasped out, all irritated.
"The miserable creature! Not
even sixth rate rated!
It thinks itself somebody, and
wants us to believe it—
Why, one might walk right over
and, never seeing, leave it!"*

*"That's true," another joined in;
"it is so very small,
I really cannot credit a Trouble
'tis at all!
Now take MY case. There's for
you!"—"Of what, pray, do
you brag?"
Spoke a Big Care, contemptuous.
"Tis I who bear the flag!"*

*And now began a wrangle, for
none would be outdone.
The little Tiny Trouble, he found
it lots of fun!
So interested grew he, his own
claim he ignored,
Watching the other Troubles each
fighting to be lord.*

*"Dear me!" he cried, delighted,
"how pride does get a fall!
These lofty Tip Top Troubles
don't ME a brother call.
Well, all the better for me. The
future don't appal—
I'm such a Tiny Trouble, I am
just none at all!"*

THE FIRST PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

WHO WAS HE? George Washington.

Another little mistake of History's. The first President of the United States, that is, of the United Colonies,—thirteen joined in one and made a single government, was John Hanson, who held the office of "First President of the United States in Congress Assembled" from November 1781 to the same date the following year. The title given him by Congress was "First Citizen of the Colonies."

He was a native of Maryland, and it was through his influence that that state, unwilling at the beginning of the Revolution to break away altogether from English rule, as were others of the colonies, finally consented to come into the Union. It was the last of the colonies to do so, thus making the union of the original thirteen complete. It was he, likewise, who insisted that the

states now known as Michigan, Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Wisconsin, then unsettled, with but a few spots of ground owned by the different colonies, should be held the property of the states in union, thus practically making one of the thirteen independent units. His work, crowned with success, was so much appreciated that on the final resolution of unity as a country, he was made the United States' "First President." This office he held for but a year, dying shortly after; but before his death he presented Washington to Congress at Philadelphia, when he came to confer on the best method of finishing up the Revolutionary War, and it was he who appointed the first public Thanksgiving Day ever observed in the United States, on the occasion of Cornwallis' defeat at Yorktown, which, as you all know, practically gave us a country.

After his death there were still some years of dispute in Congress about the constitution to be adopted for the United States, which was not finally settled until 1789, when Washington was made president; but to John Hanson the Union is really due, and his statue, today in the Hall of Fame at Washington, shows the appreciation of his fellow-countrymen for the "First President of the United States in Congress Assembled."

A NUN WHO WROTE PLAYS

IN THE latter half of the tenth century, nearly 1,000 years ago, there lived in the convent of Gandersheim, Saxony, a young nun whose name was Horsvitha (sometimes written Horsvita) or Roswitha. This convent was a very celebrated one in its day. Many noble ladies, even princesses of the German royal houses, received their education within its walls—an education which would be considered a good one even now. More than one of its nun-teachers had a name for learning, one in particular, who wrote a treatise on logic that was held in high esteem by the scholars of the time.

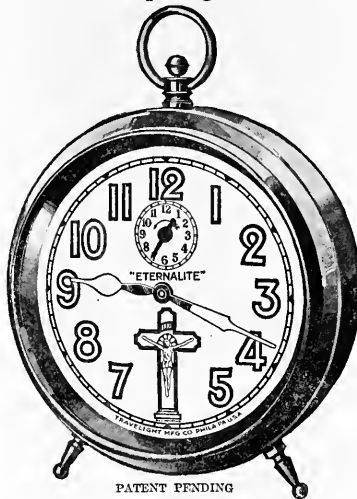
Roswitha, our young nun, was brought up in this convent. Among her studies were Greek, Latin, philosophy, astronomy, music, poetry, grammar, rhetoric, arithmetic, geometry and dialectics (the art of reasoning, logic). Isn't that a pretty good

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list? How many of you study all these? Don't forget, too, that hers were the days Protestant writers are so fond of calling the Dark Ages!

After she became a nun, she wrote many Latin poems, pronounced by a modern critic to be marvels of taste and poetic genius. The world has thought so much of them that they have been preserved among its literary treasures. Next she tried her hand at play writing. She wrote a play which pleased everybody so much

that she added six more to her list. These plays were all on religious subjects, and they were staged and acted by the other nuns in the privacy of the convent. Wouldn't people nowadays flock to see such a cast! These dramas brought her fame outside the walls. They are still in print, and not more than nine or ten years ago they were republished in Germany and made a stir in the world of authors. Roswitha's plays were among the first ever put in type.

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WORDS WHICH DON'T MEAN WHAT THEY SAY

HAVE any of our girls an alto voice? Then they must go over on the soprano side, for "alto" means "high." That sounds rather ridiculous, but it's true. How then did the low voice come to be called a high one? A piece of careless English handling of Latin. In ancient times, the high voice was always called "alto," and the lower voice, as opposed to it, was called "counter-alto," *counter* meaning the same as *contra*, against. From this, you see, it was an easy step to "contralto," and an even easier one to the short "alto," whose place had been supplied with "soprano" in the meantime. A slightly silly proceeding, wasn't it, but so it was and is and what are you going to do about it?

Did you know that when you go "down" you really mean you are going "up"? The Saxon name for a hill or anything stretching in an upward direction was "*dun*." Early English was largely made up of Saxon words, you know, and when later on the land formed a language of its own to suit itself (as it still does about everything when it has the chance) it dropped the *a* from "*a-dun*" meaning "down" as opposite to "dun," and called "up"—"down."

"Liege" is another word that doesn't tell the truth about itself. Liege really means a lord or king; yet in the course of time, although his subjects said "my liege" to the king, he in return called his subjects "my lieges." There was some show of reason in this, however, as more than one unfortunate king in history found out, notably Charles I of England and Louis XVI of France, whose heads were cut off by their loving "lieges."

In the days of Chivalry, of which many of you have studied, a "cavalier" was a knight full of courtesy and gentleness as well as courage, and to treat a person "cavalierly" was to treat him very finely indeed. Nowadays, the expression means just the opposite, a treatment rude and rough to the extreme. I wonder how some of those "cavaliers" could have behaved that their beautiful name got so twisted?

A Slav was once the aristocrat of Europe. His race was one of nobles only. He was dreaded and feared in war, and considered a great prize when taken captive—and when captured, he was so used that our word "slave" is the remembrance of his unhappy condition.

A titmouse isn't a mouse at all, he is a beautiful bird, first cousin to the Starlings.

Strawberries haven't the least connection with straw—they are in reality "stray-berries," because they are the "hikers" of the fruit family. You all know how their tendrils catch and wander along the ground, as far as they can reach.

Whalebone isn't bone, it is the inner covering or skin, as it were, of the whale's mouth—no dog could pick such a "bone."

Here's something funny — our word "white" comes from the Saxon word "blac" which certainly suggests the opposite color. "*Blac*" really meant "to bleach," which of course was to whiten.

Here are some cranky doings of words:

Annul and dis-annul mean exactly the same thing, to do away with. Now in every other case, "*dis*" means the opposite of the word to which it is prefixed. So does "*un*," yet "loosen" and "un-loosen" are exactly the same. But if these are odd cases, what do you think of this? "Cleave" means to adhere, to stick together as closely as possible; the very same word means to divide or part so evenly that there is the cleanest kind of a break!

An odd language of ours, isn't it? Yet I don't know that we are in any worse fix with it than our French relations, who use the same word "*hôte*" for both host and guest (leaving you to puzzle out which is meant), and who by putting an arm in a "*manche*" can thrust it either in a sleeve or in the whole English Channel!

WARS OF STRANGE NAME

ATERRIBLE war in England in the fifteenth century was called the War of the Roses—beautiful red and white roses, each a badge of the opposing sides. A civil war it was, the most uncivil kind of

a war, where brother fought brother, and father son. No, it was not a pretty war, in spite of its pretty name.

A "Grasshopper War" took place in our own country about the year 1620. It was serious enough, in spite of its name, for it ended in the almost complete extermination of one of the Indian tribes taking part in it. What became of the unfortunate grasshopper that was the cause of it is not told in the story that runs thus:

An Indian mother of a certain tribe went to visit a friend of another. She took her little son along, I suppose just as an American mother often has to do, to keep the peace. As they neared the camp of the other Indians, her friend, the possessor of another little son, came out to meet her. Our first young Redskin had picked up on the way a particularly big and fine grasshopper. His young host demanded and took it. Result: A fight between the boys, extended to their mothers. Their respective fathers were drawn in, of course took sides, and a regular war began between the two tribes that ended in one being destroyed. This is a striking instance of what results may come from a very insignificant cause.

The "Black Hawk War" of 1832, named for the Indian chief who set out to scare all the whites out of the United States, lasted three months only, and was not as formidable as its name would seem to imply. Black Hawk, its head, carried off no prey, in the style of the bird whose name he assumed; on the contrary, he was swept off the scene himself very effectually.

Two little speers in American history dignify themselves by the name of "wars," though hardly big enough for the name. One was the Whiskey Insurrection, caused by the tax laid by Congress on spirits in the year 1794. This tax was for certain reasons particularly disagreeable to the people of Pennsylvania and they wouldn't stand for it. President Washington made them two proclamations on the subject, to neither of which did they pay the slightest attention, so Gen. Henry Lee was commissioned to pay them an unfriendly visit about the matter and

put an end to further troubles. This he successfully accomplished in the end, though after some hard fights, and everybody made friends again—for a time. Three years after, in 1797, the bad feeling broke out once more over a new tax on houses, and Pennsylvania showed fight afresh. When officials came to survey the property to be taxed, they were met by a brigade of women armed with buckets of hot water. This reception was entirely too warm a one for the servants of the government, who fled, a good deal the worse for their encounter with the daughters of William Penn. The victory won by the latter was not satisfactory to the Government, as you may imagine, and the trouble continued for some time longer. Finally it simmered down, peace was restored and all was forgiven and forgotten except, possibly, by the scalded victims of the "Hot Water War."

The war of 1812, which gave us our "Star Spangled Banner," was known to many who didn't approve of it at the time by the name of the "Terrapin War." They thought the country was too slow in making up its mind to go to war under the provocation the English were giving, and they said Government was like a terrapin, poking out its head and making a show of itself, then drawing back in alarm, for fear something might happen, into its shell again. If all wars were "Terrapin Wars," shut up securely in a shell from which they couldn't get out, what a different place this earth would be!

HOW THE KATYDIDS WENT TO THE PARTY

FROM New York comes the story of how 10 katydids, not long ago, not only went to a party uninvited but actually broke it up. It seems that the wife of a well-known naturalist of that city sent out invitations to a dinner at her apartments. Just at the time her husband was out of the city, on a hunt for katydids. These little destroyers of the peace had, for some unknown reason, made themselves very scarce for a couple of seasons, and with the zest of the

born naturalist, who just revels in insects and bugs of all kinds, the gentleman in question started out to find what was the matter. A friend sent him word that in a certain corner of a neighboring county the katydids were as numerous and lively as ever; so when he returned, just as the dinner-party "came in," he brought with him a box containing ten very quiet, very subdued specimens. He hadn't time to say anything about his find, for he had been delayed on the way home, and there was but little time in which to meet his wife's guests. Trusting to the stillness and inactivity of his treasure-box, he left it in an adjoining room and hurried to join the company in the dining-room.

Everybody was glad to see him, and he, being a sociable man as well as a katydid hunter, was glad to see everybody. Things were going finely when all at once an indignant prisoner, coming suddenly to life, started up a protest at being cut off from the fun—in a minute, the other nine were in it too. They told each other what they thought about the humans, especially that particular human who had shut them up in a box. Their voices were loud and strong. Katy Did! and Katy Didn't! no longer took turns in answering each other, they chirped and contradicted and shrilled all at the same time. The dinner-party was demoralized. The more the astounded members of it expostulated, the more did the katydids keep on. In vain did their distracted owner strive to quell the tumult. Removed to a more distant apartment, their penetrating chirp still filled the air, and neighbors began to inquire about the racket and what was going to be done about it? The poor naturalist didn't of course wish to lose his treasures—there was no place where they could be put until the next morning, however, so all through the night did the triumphant katydids hold the fort and cause those nearest them in the apartment house to look on life and living with an embittered eye. You may be sure, however, that they departed, very much unlamented, at the first peep of dawn.



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For catalog and prospectus write to The Rev. Rector.

Franciscan Herald Catholic Art Calendar for 1923

Our Art Calendar for 1923 has fourteen pages, size 9x17 inches, reproduced in the four color process. The head piece for each month is a reproduction of some famous masterpiece beautifully colored. On feasts of special Catholic devotion the subject is appropriately illustrated. A red fish indicates a fast day.

In this calendar the ecclesiastical year is visualized through the masterpieces of Christian art.

The calendar is mailed in a stiff tube, and may be put away assuring cleanliness and freshness for Christmas giving. We include with each calendar a beautiful presentation card in colors with a place for your name and the name of the recipient.

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To meet the demand for Christmas post cards with a religious atmosphere, this card will appeal to the most fastidious taste. "St. Francis' Christmas" painted by Bachlechner is reproduced on this card on velvet cameo paper. The obverse side has a place for the address; the words "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" and space for your message.

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Franciscan Herald Press

1434 W. 51st St., Chicago, Ill.

THE LETTER BOX

Dear Letter Box:

I just dropped in for a chat with you and to give you some of the apple sauce I made to-day, it will be nice on your bread.

I read Helen Lascheid's letter about the experience her sister had when she was taken for a burglar, which I thought was very funny.

I will tell you of my experience with the same thing. One night my father and another man went to the river to set a trout line. As they thought they were going to be gone all night, they left all the ladies together at our house, there being three ladies besides my grandmother, mother and myself.

As we all sat on the porch telling stories and laughing, I heard something in the back yard. It sounded like a person walking on the boardwalk. In a moment everybody was quiet. The rear screen door was not hooked, making it easy for anyone to walk in. We were all too frightened to get up and go in the house. Then it sounded as if someone was at the silver in the cabinet. At last one lady said, "We had better go in and see what is the matter." So we all went in, very quietly, and everybody looked under the beds and back of the chairs and piano and under the tables, even back of the stove. Then one lady said: "Perhaps he's hiding in the refrigerator!" Well, we all had to laugh. Then we had to go upstairs, which we all dreaded; but mother and another lady and I started up. "Suppose he should jump from behind a door and throw us downstairs!" Not a trace did we find of anybody. As it was near bedtime, the other two ladies felt they must go home. The third lady was visiting us. We got ready to go to bed, and to our delight Daddy walked in. Then we felt safe. When we told him all about it he laughed at us and teased us. "It was a little mouse," he said. But it wasn't a bit funny to us who had the experience.

Your little friend,
ISABELLE BAKER,
Bowling Green, Ky.

Dear Letter Box:

Are you hungry yet? My, you have some appetite, I'll say. My cousin says you can't beat mine, but I'll tell you she has got some herself. I bet Eleanor Roonoe was scared when that snake went up her arm. That's girls all the time. Monica, I guess you could write puzzles if you tried hard enough. I'm going to send the Editor some some day when I learn to make them. My cousin says my head's not hard enough yet to make them—I don't know what she means, do you? I want to see my name in print again, to show that I am an editor as it did before. So don't eat me up, Letter Box.

Your good friend,

BILLY MORTON,
Washington, D. C.

The Letter Box Says:

Isabelle Baker, you were certainly a brave little girl to go upstairs after a burglar who wasn't there. But then you didn't know that. I will tell you something nice: That apple sauce was the finest ever. Make me some more.

Billy, there's nothing the matter with your head; I think "Cousin" is something of a tease. But never mind, Billy—send me a puzzle, and I promise you I will not eat it but send it to the Puzzle Corner instead, and then we'll see whether "Cousin" can guess it!

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Queer Arithmetic

- 1—Take ten from forty and leave fifty; yet ten from sixty leaves fifty, too.
- 2—Take one from four and leave five; yet one from six leaves five.
- 3—Take ten from nineteen and leave eleven.
- 4—Take one from nineteen and leave twenty.
- 5—Take ten from ninety and leave one hundred.
- 6—Add ten to one hundred and find ninety.
- 7—Take one from nine and leave ten.
- 8—Take one from fourteen and leave fifteen.

—Clement Lane,
Baltimore, Md.

A Gulf Trip

- 1—What gulf of the Mediterranean Sea is an animal?
- 2—What gulf of the Atlantic Ocean is a country of North America?
- 3—What gulf of the White Sea is a river of Russia?
- 4—What gulf of the Atlantic Ocean is the name of certain pigs?
- 5—What gulf of the Adriatic Sea is a city of Italy?
- 6—What gulf of the Atlantic Ocean is a river of Canada?

—Clara Glaser, Ohio.

Well Known Books

- 1—Niwohtlekr
- 2—Het Baamlnhr
- 3—Altnsmal
- 4—Mto Syaerw
- 5—Viloer Witts
- 6—Lepeys Lloowh

—J. E. Ziegler,
San Francisco.

Hidden Poets

(Words in italics mean the name.)
The *tall man* (1) looked from his window. "Great *Wizard of the North*" (2), he exclaimed, "how *hoary* (3) the sky is! Still the fire *scorches* (4) well. I must *peruse* written or printed matter (5) no longer. I must journey down a *river in Italy* (6) and visit the *Pontifex Maximus* (7), then hasten to *Dyke-land* (8). He put on his cape and *cowl* (9), and taking his lath *solution* (10) from the *head of the servants* (11), he departed.

—Jean Spangelberger,
Denver.

ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES

Jumbled Capitals

- 1—M ontgomery
- 2—N ashville
- 3—R ome
- 4—M adrid
- 5—D elhi
- 6—L ima

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Enigma

Letter Box.
Do You Know This Word?
Stall—tall—all—ll—L (50)

N. B.—Elizabeth Rose invites all her young readers to send in new puzzles under their own names for the "Fuzzle Corner." All are welcome.

Miscellaneous

THE OLD HOUSE IN COLLEGE GREEN

By TERENCE O'HANLON

WITH the re-birth of Ireland's legislative independence a new chapter opens in the long and stirring story of the Irish Parliament buildings in Dublin, famous far and wide as "The Old House in College Green." It is taken for granted that the Bank of Ireland, which has had its headquarters here for well over a century, will duly vacate the premises to make way for the Free State Parliament.

The most beautiful piece of architecture in a capital noted for its many examples of architectural beauty, the Irish House of Parliament was erected upwards of 200 years ago on the site of the town mansion of Sir Arthur Chichester, who was one of the chief agents employed by James I. in his fateful scheme for the Plantation of Ulster, and who was the founder of the family of which the Marquis of Donegall is the present head. While still the seat of the Irish Government, this truly classic pile was described as "the grandest, most convenient, and most extensive building of its kind in Europe." Strange to say, however, the name of its architect, like that of the builder of the Round Towers of Ireland, is now something of a mystery.

The exterior is semi-circular, and covers an acre and a half. Facing College Green, the principal front consists of a grand Ionic colonnade occupying three sides of a courtyard, where are the entrances under two lofty archways. The columns rest on a flight of steps carried round the courtyard, the four central columns supporting a pediment with figures of Hibernia, Fidelity, and Commerce. The east front consists

of a large gateway and beside it is a noble portico of six Corinthian columns with Fortitude, Justice, and Liberty in the apex, right, and left respectively. The west front consists of an Ionic portico with four columns supporting a pediment, and of a large gateway, containing quarters for a military guard. Commenced in 1728, the building was not completed till 1739. It cost the nation £30,000,—a lot less than it would cost to-day.

Originally the Irish House of Parliament did not include the east and west porticos nor the circular wall connecting them with the main entrance. These additions were erected half a century later from the designs of James Gandon, the eminent architect of several of Dublin's most stately public buildings. The work was perhaps the most remarkable triumph of Gandon's genius. For it was found that the edifice on the east side stood on ground with declivities so hidden and so great as to make it difficult to bring the line of cornices, windows, and rustic basement of the new portico into harmony with the lines of the original building. After other architects had failed to overcome the difficulty, Gandon was consulted. He solved the puzzle straight off by proposing a portico of the Corinthian order. Some of the purists of the time raised a hubbub about the incongruity of erecting a Corinthian portico to a building of the Ionic order. Once when the great architect was inspecting the graceful addition, he was accosted by one of these superior persons, who enquired as to exactly what order it belonged. "A very substantial order," snapped Gan-

don; "the order of the House of Lords."

In the closing decade of the eighteenth century, the House of Commons was destroyed by fire and rebuilt in circular form, with roof in the shape of a wagon-head. Altogether, the old house cost £95,000.

The interior arrangement and appearance of this noble building are quite in keeping with the exterior, although, sad to tell, an attempt was made after the extinction by the Act of Union of the Irish Parliament to deliberately rob the interior of much of its original magnificence. James Malton, an eminent artist, writing towards the close of the eighteenth century, thus describes the Commons' Chamber:

The Commons' Room is circular, 55 feet in diameter, inscribed in a square, and the seats whereon the members sit are disposed around the center in concentric circles, one rising above the other. About 15 feet above the level of the floor, in a cylindrical basement, are disposed sixteen Corinthian columns, supporting a rich hemispherical dome. A narrow gallery is fitted up for the public between the pillars. All round the Commons' Room is a beautiful portico, which communicates by three doors with the House and to all the departments attendant thereon.

Would it be believed that after the Union the English Government secretly caused this magnificent Chamber to be destroyed? Says Mr. Swifter MacNeill, K. C., in his *Constitutional History*: "It is a curious and significant fact that the Government, in consenting to the sale of

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the Irish Parliament House to the Bank of Ireland, made a secret stipulation that the purchasers should sub-divide and alter the Chambers in which the two Houses had met so as to destroy as much as possible their old appearance. Among the Colchester papers there is a draft dispatch to Lord Pelham on the proposal of the Bank of Ireland to buy the Parliament House. At the end there is added:

"Private—I am given to understand confidentially that the Bank of Ireland would in such case sub-divide what was the former House of Commons into several rooms for the check offices, and would apply what was the House of Lords to some other use which would leave nothing of its former appearance."

This unworthy underhand stipulation in reference to the Commons' Chamber was duly observed by the Bank authorities, who employed Johnstone, a famous Irish architect of the time, to alter and sub-divide the great room out of all recognition. But the secret stipulation regarding the House of Lords was not observed, and accordingly it remains today—the Board Room of the Bank—pretty much as it was at the time of the Union.

Lecky, commenting in his history upon this secret Government conspiracy to obliterate the things that might awaken thoughts of Ireland's faded glories, says it was feared that disquieting ghosts would still haunt the scenes that were consecrated by so many memories. In this connection an anecdote is told. Soon after the passing of the Act of Union, Curran, the great parliamentary and forensic orator, unpurchasable patriot, and noted master of repartee, was setting his watch outside College Green Post Office when he was accosted by a member of the House of Lords—a renegade Irish nobleman who for a weighty bribe had sold his vote on the Union.

"Tell me, Curran," said he, pointing to the then deserted Parliament House, "what do they intend to do with that useless building? For my part, I hate the very sight of it."

"I don't wonder, my lord," retorted Curran with withering scorn;

"whoever yet heard of a murderer who was not afraid of a ghost?"

Many relics of the Old House are still preserved in safe keeping. At the extinction of the Irish Parliament, the Government demanded the Mace from Speaker Foster, who had been one of the sturdiest opponents of the Union and had resisted the measure to the wild and bitter end. He refused point blank to surrender the bauble to any but the constituted authority by whom it had been entrusted to his keeping. "Until that body demands it," he manfully exclaimed, "I shall continue to preserve it for them."

And so the Irish Mace, together with the Speaker's Chair, was taken home by Foster at the close of the final session of the doomed Parliament; and both have been preserved as family heirlooms by his descendants, of whom Lord Massereene and Ferrard is the living representative. By the latter nobleman they were deposited on loan some years ago in the National Museum, Dublin, where they have since remained on exhibition. The table and chairs at present in use in the Board Room of the Bank of Ireland belonged originally to the Irish House of Lords; and the Presidential Chair of the Royal Irish Academy was originally the Woolsack of the Lord Chancellor. Further relics preserved in the Academy to-day are the benches once occupied by members of the Irish House of Commons.

Of the other links with the Irish House of Commons which are still preserved, two have had a somewhat curious history. The gorgeous candelabrum which hung from the centre of the ceiling of the Commons' Chamber was transferred after the Union to St. Andrew's Church over the way. Some years later this sacred building was destroyed by fire, but fortunately the precious candelabrum was saved. It was then entrusted to the keeping of the Governing Body of Trinity College, in the Examination Hall of which it is still suspended. The other relic of the Old House in College Green to which I refer is the division bell. This is said to have been a beautiful specimen, a large bell made of silver, and having a tone at once singularly sweet and

penetrating. Strange was its lot. Into the Theater Royal in Hawkins' Street it found its way, and here it was used for many years to direct the work of the scene-shifters. When that theater was burned down, the silver bell melted in the flames. But the molten metal was partially salvaged and re-cast into a new bell, which is still in nightly use behind the scenes on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin.

As already stated, the Irish Parliament House, as it stands today, cost the nation £95,000. The Bank of Ireland secured absolute ownership of it, early in the last century, for £46,000—an absurdly small sum, considering the change in money value. It was an open secret, at the time of the passing of the Home Rule Act of 1914, that the Bank authorities were willing to negotiate with the representatives of the Irish people for the transfer of the Old House to its original purpose. And it is reasonable to expect that the question will be one of the first to engage the attention of the present Government of the Irish Free State.

Science Questioned

We have frequently heard of the seven-league boots with which falsehood is shod, and the leaden-footed gait of truth. The late Judge Torrence, of Derby, Conn., uttered many an epigram from the bench. A scientist, who was a witness, testified that sound travels at the rate of 400 yards a second.

"All sound?" asked Judge Torrence.

"All," replied the scientist.

The judge smiled.

"I'm sure you're wrong," he said.

"I have noticed a great difference between the speed of certain kinds of sound. Thus, slander travels at the rate of quite 1,000 yards a second, flattery 800 yards, while truth makes only a few feet a second and, slow as its progress is, truth often fails to reach the goal, no matter how short the distance."

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IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS

By PAUL H. RICHARDS

Is it a world within the world of action, Is it a shrine where men may pause and pray,—

A playground from life's cares to find distraction,—

This world of books, Lord, where Thou bidst me stay?

Be it for me, Lord, a good field of labor, Reaping of thoughts and threshing out the grain,—

A steep that leads to Calvary and Thabor,

A day of toil that shall not be in vain.

PEOPLE whose work lies in professional activity, business, or manual labor, usually take their reading for recreation, rest, information, and culture. Such readers have not often a notion of what it would be like to speed through a half-dozen or more volumes a day picked from a box full, which have been sent from a publishing house for review, and to continue thus attacking books, not of one's own selection, perhaps fifty a week, through a number of years. With such experience, one's attitude toward books must undergo a change. Nothing, however, need necessarily be lost, except the novelty of reading books. Knowledge and judgment of books are a compensation for loss of novelty and its recreative effects. Students of books are liable to be and to feel remote from life, from the world of action, especially if the books concentrate in a certain field of thought. A book reviewer distractingly whirls through all the moods and tenses, the variations of intellectual weather,—from grave philosophical works to light, flippant essays at humor and style, playful or serious efforts towards fame, commercial ventures, political discussion, poetic flights, and propaganda.

To survive these combined influences, it would seem one should become superior to books, and immune from their influence. Otherwise one might be played upon as a musical instrument, and subject to all the jazz at present abounding, with reaction to funeral marches, war books, and all the curious medley of our still excited times.

The most striking contrast coming before a reviewer is that between

books of thirty or forty years ago, or longer, and the new books,—some of them. In a new text book, a geographical reader, a curious statement is made: the author, describing the Christ of the Andes,—the heroic statue placed on a height between Chile and Argentina, notes that this pledge of peace between the two South American countries was erected fifteen years before the world war. "So long ago even, did men's minds turn to thoughts of peace!" These are not the author's exact words, but his surprise is genuine that the tenets of Christianity should appear in actuality, *before* instead of *after* the war. To grasp quickly the viewpoint of an author who has reacted in such a way to the world war requires some balance or poise.

A Nineteen-twenty-one book by Christopher Morley is called *Plum Pudding*. He is an American humorist, so-called. He would like to be an Elizabethan, and also a Dickensian author, if only we were ready for humor and thought of those types. However, if we prefer New York life to-day, and Philadelphia, and "fooling around" on such subjects as journalists, commuters, the American home, and many other light topics, he has only to be a natural American with a few peculiarities of old-fashioned spelling to make his work Elizabethan. Mr. Morley says many things in this volume about books for example:

"Great writing comes from great stress of mind—which even a journalist may suffer—but it also requires strictness of seclusion and isolation."

Here he admits indirectly that his writing is not great,—for there is no trace of seclusion and isolation in Mr. Morley's life as it appears in this volume. Like Joyce Kilmer and his literary mates, he seeks to get the fun out of life, and "fooling around" or "adventuring," as Kilmer calls it, he gets a good deal of the color of American mirth, liveliness, flippancy, cheer, and philosophy. To hear Mr. Morley skip from a remark upon Ben Jonson's and Shakespeare's works to those of several intervening

periods and modern times, one wonders where he gets time to do his reading, especially since he and his friends belong to a Three-Hours-For-Lunch Club.

The saddest thing about reviewing books is that one must part so soon from an interesting volume, with no hope of leisure to return to such a volume, re-read it, ponder it and make it a life companion. With a steady flow of good new books from the press, such event is impossible. One may only harbor the half pleasing thought that this privilege will fall to the lot of others,—and then, on with the next.

Rev. Francis X. Doyle, whose poetry is limited mostly to the *Sacred Heart Messenger*, has published a paper-bound volume of his delightful essays,—*The Home World*, some of which also appeared in the *Messenger*. He too says a few things about books and reading, and in the poet's rather than the humorist's mood he rambles around amid old things, quaint things and the peculiarities of human nature. He too speaks of Philadelphia,—of Faneuil Hall and St. Joseph's Church. The chief literary charm of this book is that all its wealth of grace is centered on one universally popular theme—the home. Through the variety of his themes and chapters he holds to this central point. It makes the book restful, despite its force and its spiritual urge.

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reviewer's dispatch is Father Garesche's volume of essays,—*Life's Lessons*. It is an entirely serious book, of course, in which the author has evidently forgotten that he is also a poet, and speaks as a spiritual physician and teacher. One feels, however, that this book is certain to become a treasured possession of many readers, and one feels that it may profitably be re-read, and memorized. Take the passage:

"Nothing is slight or without meaning when it comes to us directly and of eternal purpose from the hand of an all-wise and all-kind God. The moments are ambassadors, which run to us from Him, each with its hands full of opportunities. They

are teachers that come, every one with its particular lesson, which it repeats to us clearly enough if only we are willing to learn."

It is probable that many readers will place this book and others of its series beside some of the little books revealing the mind of Cardinal Newman, Father Faber, Father Sebastian Bowden, and similar spiritual teachers. Perhaps some of the power of Father Garesche's books comes from the large number of them which he has written, thus impressing even a reviewer with his personality, so that he seems like a familiar teacher and friend whose words have greater weight from custom.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Seven-Fold Gift. By William F. Robison, S.J., Ph.D.

These chapters were delivered first as Lenten lectures in St. Francis Xavier's Church, St. Louis University, and taken together form a treatise on the Seven Sacraments. A summary of contents precedes the lectures, and each of these lectures again is preceded by an analysis in the form of notes for students. These with the clear and attractive style of the author make this a valuable treatise on the Sacraments and a profitable book for general reading. Dr. Robison has succeeded in making this venerable subject of the Sacraments as fresh and appealing as any modern theme. Thus, passages may be quoted from the section on the Holy Eucharist and Mass, which will add to the beauty of literature on these themes. Take this from Health and Help (Extreme Unction) as an example:

"Our whole life is a warfare on earth. As we have had so often recalled to us by the warnings of heaven and by our own experiences, it is not a peaceful journey to another world; it is not a calm drifting down life's stream, flowing between flowering banks until it loses itself in the wide ocean of eternity. It is a march through the enemy's country, with watchful, hating foes skulking on every side, with ambuscades here and open attacks there, with never a truce through the passing years, with no armistice through our waking moments, day or night."

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo., \$1.50 net.

The Boy Who Came Back. By Rev. John Talbot Smith.

Probably the best story yet written by this distinguished writer is this of the Lawton family, introduced in chapter I as "A Queer Family." There is humor as well as pathos and tragedy (almost) in this book. The plot and incident,

conversation and character-drawing are deftly done, so that the story is crisply original without the effect of a straining for such perfection. Father Smith seems to take his "boys" from life, to know their story and how to tell it to the world. The fact that he teaches a moral lesson takes nothing from the interest and charm of the story, but rather forms its main strength and unity.

La Fayette Lawton, with a wandering father, a shiftless, weak but amiable mother, a sterling older sister, Regina; a wicked younger brother and a vain and foolish younger sister, goes the downward road of waywardness, which lands him in a reformatory home. Meanwhile, Regina supports her mother and the idle, selfish younger brother and sister until La Fayette, escaping from the home returns as in answer to her prayers to shoulder part of the family burden. Accepted "on trial" by the stern Regina, the boy who despite his wildness has real goodness of heart and strength of will, begins to work wonders for his mother's family by bringing the two younger members to justice by methods as amusing as ingenious. The first Sunday at home he marshals the family to church, having persuaded his mother to "dress up" once more.

La Fayette perseveres on his upward way through real difficulties and severe trials; his brother "Beau" wins the grace of a happy death; his silly sister reforms; his deserting father returns prosperous and virtuous to find a successful and happy family awaiting him. Father Smith's rollicking humor in description holds through tender and turbulent scenes, yet does not miss the solemnity befitting the return of the sinful brother to God's grace.

Blase Benziger and Co., New York; \$1.25, postage 10 cents.

Jock, Jack, And The Corporal, and Mr. Francis Newnes—By C. C. Martin-dale.

Perhaps it is too bad, but nonetheless it is so. People do not like serious reading, and religious reading is for many doubly a bore, because of the demand it makes upon their thinking faculties and because of its distastefulness to their wordliness. For that matter, we all like to have things interestingly presented. Religion in interesting form is welcomed by us all. Fr. Martindale seeks to meet the demand in the two books before us, the latter a sequel and complement to the former. The first is Catholic apologetics, the other Catholic sociology, in story form,—both so interestingly done, with an absorbing plot, that the "preaching," while clearly and effectually making its point, does not create aversion. There is no reason to disagree with the sentiments which Fr. Martindale expresses in the dedication of *Mr. Francis Newnes*, when he says: "I know that you won't condemn it, spiritually, as vulgarized 'propaganda,' nor artistically, as a novel 'with a purpose.' The Creator had a purpose in His great Poem; I have no wish to write just novels; but neither do I fear to incarnate in a measure God's Catholic Truth."

Matre & Co., Chicago, \$1.50 net each.

Matre and Co. is likewise offering a paper copy of Fr. Husslein's *Work, Wealth and Wages*, at 25c the copy, \$18.00 per hundred. This is done to accede to the demand to bring the cloth bound copy at \$1.00 within easier reach of the laboringman, for whom it was intended, and of the bookrack.

On The Run—By Francis J. Finn, S. J.

Father Finn's heroes are enthroned in the hearts of America's boys. Joe Ranly, the hero of this new story, the great quarterback of St. Xavier's, Cincinnati, is going to find a place with the best of them. But he is not playing football in the story; indeed, he is not even in the United States, but he is "on the run," in Ireland, in the days of the Black-and-Tans. We find him in many predicaments, some pleasant and funny and some quite dangerous. The book is in Father Finn's best vein. His pleasant humor holds the reader's sympathies, while his graphic presentation of those trying days will make the book absorbingly interesting to the old as well as the young. 222 pages.

Benziger Bros., New York, \$1.00, postage 10c.

South Sea Sketches—By B. A. Erdland.

Twenty brief and interesting chapters on certain South Sea Islands, neighbors to Yap of recent notoriety, and them-

selves the objects of international attentions. The information is first-hand, resting on observation of the culture and customs of the natives made by the author during a twelve year stay on the islands. There is a vivid color to his portrayal of the natives and their picturesque home. 106 pages, many illustrations of types and scenes, a neat book.

The Stratford Co., Boston, \$1.75.

Saint Bonaventure on the Religious Life. Translated by Dominic Devas, O.F.M.

Here the author has placed in English three treatises of St. Bonaventure, with a biographical note. The treatises are the introduction, the Six Wings of the Seraphim, with prologue and epilogue, and the Twenty-five Injunctions and conclusion. These make a brief outline of the history and spirit of the Franciscan order, discussing from the saint's viewpoint the origin, the value of monastic orders, the cause of decline, superiors, virtues and counsels or injunctions to the brethren. St. Bonaventure's remarkable beauty and clearness of style may be seen in this translation, and the value of his deep insight into religious life recalls such other spiritual works as the Imitation of Christ by a Kempis, and Father Faber's writings. Readers of the Life of St. Francis of Assisi and students of Franciscan and general religious literature are familiar with St. Bonaventure as poet and the inspiration of the Angelus, and as a Doctor of the Church and one of the glories of the Franciscan Order. The main treatise in this book, the Wings of the Seraphim, discuss the virtues of zeal for justice, devotedness, patience, an exemplary life, circumspect discretion, and devotion to the things of God—these being the "wings" by which the brethren are to mount toward God, and the particular virtues which superiors should possess.

Benziger Bros., New York; \$1.50 net.

Holy Souls Book. By Father Lasance.

A prayerbook designed to awaken new and fervent devotion to the Holy Souls, this beautiful little volume may be placed beside the Blessed Sacrament Book and other prayer books of special devotions. The first part is a reading section and relates much interesting matter gleaned from the revelations of saints concerning Purgatory and the suffering souls. Far from being painful or repulsive, Purgatory appears, through this little book, a consolatory and inspiring thought. Perhaps in no other way can the supernatural be brought before the minds of average persons more readily than by consideration of death and the Beyond, the fate of those we knew who have passed, and of our own destiny following death, assuming that our hope of salvation be justified.

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and Doctors of the Church, and analysis of what is common to both views, are arranged suitable prayers for the dead, litanies, offices and ejaculatory indulgenced prayers. Everyone will prize this prayer book and appreciate and treasure it as a gift.

Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, \$1.50 to \$3.50.

Projects of Christian Union. By J. W. Poynter.

This booklet of thirty-one pages reviews some attempts and projects at reunion of Christendom since the Protestant Revolution, in which, of course, it becomes necessary to point out the futility of plans for reunion of Christians or for a League of Churches which does not recognize the communion of Rome as Christian and as authoritative.

The Paulist Press, New York, 5 cents, \$3.50 a hundred.

Intentions

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the recovery of health (35). For recovery from injury (25). For the conversion of relatives and friends (20). For a suitable home (5). For a profitable sale of some houses (5). For a safe investment (5). For peace and reconciliation at home (18). For relief from the drink habit (17). For the recovery of valuable

papers. For recovery from nervousness and insanity (8). For the return of a sister. For success in studies (10). For steady work (10). For a better position (15). For the renewal of a business contract. For success in various undertakings (10). For literary success. For relief from undesirable tenant. For extra home work. In thanksgiving to St. Rita. In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart and St. Antony. For special intentions (55). For the spread of the Third Order. For protection of all letters. For the holy Father, the Pope. For the Poor Souls. For a safe delivery (10).

LET US PRAY—Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy supplicants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Obituary

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of *Franciscan Herald* and friends of our missions: Santa Barbara, Calif.—Bro. Hdephonse, O. F. M.; Seattle, Wash.—Nellie Crowley; Nellie Silberhorn; Margaret Fraser; M. Etcheby; Los Angeles, Calif.—James Mahoney; San Francisco, Calif.—Anna Berg; Mr. H. J. Schober; Mrs. T. A. McCormick; Spokane, Wash.—Catherine Manetch; Oakland, Calif.—Mrs. Reynolds; Renton, Wash.—Mrs. K. O'Brien; Denver, Colo.—T. M. Dillon; Marengo, Iowa.—Mr. S. B. Colson; St. Paul, Minn.—Margaret McCarthy; Mr. Brickley; Holliston, Calif.—Mr. Sanchez; Rockford, Ill.—Thos. Czyzewski; Springfield, Ill.—Frank Sommer; Mrs. M. Link; Aviston, Ill.—Fred Luecke; Clara and John Tewes; Mr. and Mrs. Wollen; Mr and Mrs. Lueke; Bloomington, Ill.—Sarah Lyons; Belvidere, Ill.—Patrick J. Sullivan; Heppner, Oregon—E. F. Doherty; Mobile, Ala.—Mrs. P. M. Aubert; New Orleans, La.—Mrs. J. H. McLin; Mr. L. A.

Guizon; Detroit, Mich.—Anna Meyer; Oak Forest, Ill.—Mrs. Johnson; Kansas, Mo., Mich.—James and Wm. Madden; Jackson, Mich.—Antony and Joseph Kelly; Kathryn Spreen; Andrew and Kathryn Navitskie; Dollar Bay, Mich.—Mrs. Casper Bruder; Houghton, Mich.—Mr. Schmitz; Cincinnati, Ohio.—Elizabeth Meier; Mrs. Stoffey; Fostoria, Ohio.—Nicholas Brickner; Cleveland, Ohio.—Harold J. Small; Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Corrigan; Thos. E. Corrigan; Pittsburgh, Pa.—Mrs. J. Mitsch; Miss Reed; Pottsville, Pa.—Mrs. Monaghan; Sharpsburgh, Pa.—Arthur Kelly; Frank, Philip, Jacob, Daniel, William and Elizabeth Miller; Catherine Emerson; Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Miller; Rochester, N. Y.—Mrs. Frances Schoen; Buffalo, N. Y.—Bridget O'Neill; Kingston, N. Y.—Michael J. Green; Katherine Carroll; John Flanney, Sr. and Jr.; Bridget and Michael Flanney; Harriet Madden; Trenton, N. J.—Anne Hagan; New Haven, Conn.—Martin Varley; Fall River, Mass.—Hugh, Martha and Andrew Mevey; Marsha Coyne; Roxbury Mass.—Mrs. Clifford; Mary and Michael Collins; Bridget O'Brien; Fall River Mass.—James and Bridget Flynn; Charleston, Mass.—James Magner; New Bedford Mass.—Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and son Newburyport, Mass.—Mr. and Mrs. Rochette; Edward Wright; Chicago, Ill.—Nora and James O'Shaughnessy; W. J. Bryan Thos. Keogh; Rosa Boff; Thos. J. Dooley; Bessie Padden; Mary Powers; Richard J. Gaul; Margaret Smith; Anne Lucas Patrick Dowd; Leonard Kunka; St. Louis Mo.—Mary Herbert; Hanna Heager; Caroline Ludwig; Mary Niehaus.

LET US PRAY—We beseech Thee therefore, assist the souls still suffering in purgatory, whom Thou hast redeemed with Thy Precious Blood. (Three hundred days every time.)

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Franciscan News

Italy.—The *Summa Theologica* of Alexander of Hales, who, together with Bl. Albertus Magnus, St. Thomas, and St. Bonaventure, is one of the four great theologians of the thirteenth century, is soon to leave the press, just three hundred years after the last edition, that of Cologne in 1622. The preparation of the edition, announced since 1907 in the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, has required immense labor, over 200 manuscript volumes of the author being unearthed and studied in the effort to get out a correct text. The sources of the *Summa* and of Alexander's hitherto unpublished works have been carefully traced. A final volume of the present edition will treat of the life, writings and sources of the author, the latter being treated up to the times of Peter Lombard and forming, with the discussion of sources contained in the Quaracchi editions of Peter Lombard's *Sentences* and St. Bonaventure, a complete conspectus of medieval sources. In view of the difficulties that had and have to be met on account of economic conditions, the reverend editors are asking encouragement in the form of advance orders, offering a discount of 20 per cent on orders placed before January, 1923, on the price they shall then be able to offer. Address Collegio di S. Bonaventura, Quaracchi, Firenze.—Fr. Alexander of Hales, a native of Gloucestershire, England, taught at the great University of Paris, and died in that city in 1245. Gerson says he was the favorite teacher of St. Thomas. The *Catholic Encyclopedia* says of him: "Being the first of the great thirteenth century schoolmen in point of time, he naturally exercised considerable influence on all those great leaders who made the thirteenth century the golden age of scholasticism." He entered the Franciscan order in consequence of a vow he had made never to refuse anything asked of him for the love of Mary. A lay brother one day asking him for the love of Mary to join the Franciscans, who were then creating a great sensation by their wonderful lives, he considered the request a sign from God and complied.

The vast influence exercised by St. Francis on Christian art is apparent

from the Franciscan Art Exposition in progress at the church of St. Mary of the Angels, Assisi. There is on exhibition a profusion of exquisite oil paintings, water colors, miniatures, and other masterpieces.

The remains of little St. Rose of Viterbo were recently taken from their repository, where they have rested, incorrupt, for seven centuries, for the purpose of authenticating the relics. There was a general demand that the occasion be made a public demonstration in honor of the youthful Tertiary champion of the people against Frederick II. The relics were opened in presence of a vast concourse, Cardinal LaFontaine of Venice presiding. All the civil, military, and religious authorities of the vicinity witnessed the ceremony of re-sealing the casket, whereupon, amid general emotion, the Cardinal blessed the throng with the relics.

One of the principal treasures of the Royal Palace of Genoa, in which the historical peace conference of 1921 was held, is a painting of St. Francis by Ribera. The designing "diplomats" who met there might have taken a very profitable lesson from the Christ-like apostle of the thirteenth century as to the ways and means of establishing social and political peace.

In session August 8, the Sacred Congregation of Rites discussed the virtues of the venerable servant of God Bernadette Soubirous, who was favored by the appearance of the Immaculate Conception at Lourdes. Bernadette is linked inseparably with the children of St. Francis, having received the cord on Dec. 8, 1878. She died April 13, 1879.—Steps towards the beatification of Cardinal Richard of Paris, begun by his immediate successor in office, Cardinal Amette, were recently completed by the present archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Dubois, his second successor. A tribunal has been formed under the presidency of Msgr. Roland-Gosselin, and committees have been sent to Nantes, Rome and elsewhere to take testimony. Cardinal Richard will be remembered for his fearless stand for the rights of the Church and his consequent expulsion from his episcopal residence, in 1906.

He was a devout Tertiary, deeply interested in the prosperity of the order in his diocese.

Much attention has been given lately to Fr. Pius of Foggia, a Capuchin father, who has received the sacred stigmata of our Lord. A correspondent of the *Simla Times*, quoted in the *London Universe*, tells what he learned of the phenomenon from close association with the good father. The stigmata came all at once, during the father's thanksgiving after Mass. The marks in the hands are like dried blood, circular in form, looking as if a big nail had been driven into the palm up to the head of the nail, the point coming out on the other side, where an apparent hole is covered with pink skin. The marks on his feet are similar. Being pressed to show the wound in his side, Fr. Pius put off the inquiry "with indescribable meekness and dignity."—*Franciscan Annals*, of England, recalls in this connection the studies of stigmatization made by Dr. Imbert. No stigmatic is known prior to the thirteenth century, when the sacred marks were impressed upon St. Francis, in the peculiar way that his hands and feet showed excrescences of flesh in the shape of nails. Among the stigmatics mentioned by Dr. Imbert are the following saintly children of St. Francis: St. Margaret of Cortona, Bl. Angela of Foligno, St. Colette, St. Catherine of Genoa, Bl. Baptista Varani, Bl. Mary Anne of Jesus, Bl. Charles of Sezze, St. Veronica Giuliani and St. Mary Frances of the Five Wounds. Twenty-nine stigmatics are known to have lived in the nineteenth century, among them two very celebrated Tertiaries, Maria von Moerl and Louise Lateau.

The Tertiaries of Brescia this year commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of Joseph Tovini, a Tertiary and a mighty lay apostle. Besides being the editor of a Catholic daily, the *Cittadino di Brescia*, of three weeklies and two monthly periodicals, he founded a laboringmen's society, a Catholic teacher's union, an asylum for children, two boarding schools, another school for girls, two savings banks, and several other social and religious institutions. *Annali Francescani* says of

him: "Of the 750,000 Tertiaries of Italy perhaps none equaled him in Franciscan spirit and zeal."

The Franciscan Missions.—A statement accompanying *Acta Minorum* of September shows that in December, 1921, there were 2,549 Franciscans engaged in the work of foreign or pagan missions, 1,339 in the missions subject to Propaganda, and 1,210 in other countries. The missions are in every quarter of the globe—China, Japan, Mohammedan and Orthodox countries, Africa, and among the Indians of North and South America.

What an immense amount of labor is represented by these missions may be seen from a detailed report of the mission of North Shantung, China, dated July 1, 1922. The mission has 44 central stations, 2,692 stations which are visited periodically, 2 clerical seminaries, 2 normal schools, 311 elementary schools, 2 manual training schools, 2 dispensaries, 2 old folks' homes, and 5 orphanages. The clergy consists of 34 Chinese priests, belonging to the Third Order, and 28 European Franciscans. They are assisted by 852 teachers and catechists, besides 31 lay brothers and sisters. There are 1,643 Tertiaries in the mission. Last year's report shows 3,714 adult baptisms and an increase of 16,300 catechumens or converts. One can understand the cry of the missions for vocations and funds.

L'Etendard Franciscain of Belgium is publishing serially a history of the Franciscan missions in Congo. The apostolate, exercised with varying fortunes by the Franciscans and Capuchins for many centuries, began with the earliest explorations of the Congo in 1482. Last year the Franciscans opened a new mission at Lulua Katanga, with eight fathers and four lay brothers.

France.—The Star Film Company of Paris has issued a film on the life of St. Francis, in three parts, representing the three periods of the saint's life. *La Vie Franciscaine*, which carries the news, sets it down as deeply edifying and true to the history and the spirit of the man and the day. Certain scenes, as the encounter with the leper, the appearance of Francis before the Bishop of Assisi, the vesting of St. Clare, and the Chapter of the Mats, are very impressive.

Belgium.—Flemish Tertiaries are mourning the loss of M. Alphonse Fierens-Wilmet, doctor in philosophy and letters of the University of Louvain, member of the Belgian Institute of History at Rome, and professor at the Royal Athenaeum of Brussels. Dr. Fierens-Wilmet is an example of the realization

of the pope's wishes that the spirit of St. Francis may permeate all walks of life. Not only is he known as the author of many French and Flemish papers on Franciscan topics and as a faithful collaborator of *Franciscana*, a French-Flemish historical review, but the saint whom his writings glorified, exercised a deep influence upon his character, as the following beautiful sentiments show: "I ask of God, through the intercession of our seraphic father, whom I love and revere with childlike tenderness, that my life be spent in humble efforts at doing good in a modest way. I pray God to bless that life and enrich it with sanctifying grace."

Travancore, S. India.—"The Third Order has been started here of late," writes Fr. Zacharias of the Carmelite Monastery in Chethipushay, "and our former monastery chapel dedicated to St. Francis, situated on a small plot of ground within the premises of our monastery is frequented by the Tertiaries, where they hold their monthly meetings, receive their instructions, meet for their spiritual functions, etc. St. Francis is very popular here. It is no wonder then that many are attracted to lead a life after the model marked out by the Seraphic Father. The feast of St. Francis is annually celebrated in our monastery church. The popularity of the great Saint may be easily understood from the immense crowds that take part in the celebrations.

"The Third Order is steadily making progress here; and wonderful changes have been brought about in the society. It has proved instrumental in reviving the spirit of penance and holy charity. There are seventy-five centers where the Third Order is carefully fostered here in Malabar. Wonderful to say, the Third Order is considered a heaven, which continues to leaven the whole Christian community."

Washington, D. C.—The project is being revived to erect a mausoleum for the remains of Columbus, Tertiary discoverer of America, on the island of Santo Domingo, whither the body of the discoverer was brought from Spain in 1540. The governments of North and South America are to be interested. The interior is to resemble the Hotel des Invalides in Paris and the exterior, Grant's tomb in New York. A beacon tower, 300 feet high, will serve as a light for navigation. The resolution to make Columbus Day a national holiday was again brought before Congress in a bill by Congressman W. F. James of Michigan. Recently the national archives of the Knights of Columbus received from the Archbishop of Santo Domingo a part of the cross which

Columbus bore in the battle of La Vega Real.

After a thorough investigation of the matter, the Department of Agriculture announces its conclusion that the Franciscan missionaries of California are entitled to the credit for the introduction of the olive to American soil. The fathers brought the olive to America 150 years ago, planting the first ones at San Diego mission, near the present city of San Diego.

Crusader's Almanac for 1923 introduces its readers to the new Commissary of the Holy Land at Mount St. Sepulchre. In February this year Fr. John Forest Donegan, O. F. M., was appointed by headquarters at Rome to succeed Fr. Godfrey Schilling, who found it necessary to resign on account of growing infirmity. Fr. John Forest was born in Scotland of Irish parents. About three years ago he was sent to Jerusalem, where not long after he was made the first English Discreet of the Custody of the Holy Land. *Ad multos annos!*

Graymoor, N. Y.—It is gratifying to learn of the progress of the Graymoor communities. St. John's Atonement College opened this year with a house full of students. The Sisters of the Atonement are much in demand for the record they are making in their special field of settlement work. Five branch houses previously established have been increased by Settlement Houses in St. Peter's, the largest Italian parish of Pittsburgh, in charge of the Franciscans, and in St. Cecilia's, New York. "It only needs plenty of vocations to establish seven more in the near future," says *The Lamp*. Godspeed!

St. Louis, Mo.—St. Theresa's parish was saddened September 30 by the death of its pastor, Msgr. J. A. Connolly, Vicar General of the diocese, Tertiary and director of a Tertiary fraternity. He was a worthy priest, and adorned the holy habit that graced him. He took pleasure in his membership in the family of St. Francis and often added the designation of Tertiary to his signature. The writer remembers him saying some ten years ago that in all his years in the ministry he had not for any reason missed a single hour of his Divine Office. God rest his soul!

Cornlea, Neb.—A very successful mission in our little parish, preached by Fr. Hilariou Duerk, O. F. M., closed with the reception of 44 members into the Third Order, 25 of them being men and young men.

Franciscan Herald

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Christmas



David's City wrapped in sleep,
Shepherds watch the huddled sheep,
On Judea's plain;

Sudden thru the midnight hush,
Earthward gleaming pinions rush,
'Mid a gladsome strain.

Down a stairway scintillate,
Thru the heavens constellate,
Shimmering ranks appear;

Awesome shepherds skyward gaze,
Then a voice from out the blaze
Drifting: "Do not fear!"

Sweetest story ever told,
Rings around the world: "Behold,
Tidings glad I bring;

"For the promised Lord is born
In the royal town this morn,
Christ, the Savior King!"

Gladness speeds their winging feet,
Thru the hushed and list'ning street,
Shepherds questing go.

Ah! doth king such dwelling own?
Dismal stable, mean and lone,
Touched by dawning's glow.

Thru the lowly beck'ning door—
Now their wond'rous quest is o'er—
Eager-eyed they steal;

Sweet the vision to behold,
Heedless of the wintry cold,
Reverent they kneel.

Only Joseph, manly, true,
Tender Maid in mantle blue,
Wraps her Infant fair;

Humble group of Heaven's lending—
With their presence grace descending—
Earth is changed fore'er.

—Catherine M. Hayes

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Editorials

The Spirit of Christmas

GOD, OUR Father, has set the example. He gave to us. No one could give more generously, not God himself—for he gave us his only Son. He gave in the most endearing way, and for a purpose that should endear him to us—a Child, to suffer what it was our place to suffer. He gave where he knew there would be no return.

If there is opposition toward the custom of Christmas giving, let the opposition be extended to the manner, not to the giving. Let us remember each other. But let no one believe he is giving a Christmas gift unless he gives only where he seeks to give benefit or pleasure to others—as God gave. Shame to him who waits with bated breath and glistening eye to see what will return. God gave not so on Christmas day. He gives a pure Christmas gift who gives where he can expect no return—who gives to charity. Remember those who cannot help themselves—as God did. There are the poor and the sick; there are the spiritually needy, the missions.

You have naught to give? Yet, you can pray, and deny yourself. Yes, is it not possible, God willing, that you can give yourself to a life of prayer and self-denial for others, as Christ was given? Aye, that you can consecrate your life to God's service as a priest or a religious brother or sister, as Christ gave his life for your service?

Our Self-Denial Campaign

THOUGH STILL a month from its term of expiration, the self-denial campaign conducted by FRANCISCAN HERALD for the Southwest missions is meeting with encouraging response. An associate wrote: "I will send more later on, the cause is too good to wait." Another, enclosing a liberal donation, declared: "For years I have helped the Indians in Arizona and other parts of the West, for I feel that our people drove them from ocean to ocean, grabbed their land, and gave them but little in return." Ever so many have written for more self-denial cards for their use and for distribution among friends. If the prayers and acts of self-denial are as bounteous as the offerings are proving to be, we shall be able to make a handsome Christmas present to God's poor in the desert, preparing in their land and in their hearts a place for the Eucharistic Savior.

The tercentenary year of Propaganda, the centenary year of the Propagation of the Faith, is drawing to a close. Let not the double anniversary pass without a generous effort at gratitude for the Faith which

the sacrifice of others brought to you or to your forbears. You may have read the verse,

"And must I be giving again and again?"
"Oh no!" said the angel—his glance pierced me through;
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you!"

Do not be impatient if the gift implies money. With all the appeals to your charity, no one should give what he cannot afford. At that, we lay greater stress on prayer and self-denial, as they reach further and they are in everybody's power.

Have you missed the appeal in your mail? Or, have you mislaid your self-denial card? Or, do you know of acquaintances who would be interested? Then write to FRANCISCAN HERALD.

The National Tertiary Organization

AS ELSEWHERE set forth, the Tertiaries of the country have been treated to a Christmas present in the form of a national constitution as a basis for uniting into a mighty body the sporadic efforts of Tertiary fraternities. True, the organization will be rather an association of good will than of dependence upon authority. But its influence will be none the less paramount, as we may expect the Franciscan spirit of brotherhood and zeal for God's glory to supply firm-knit terms of union. The humble spirit of St. Francis, which it is our duty to instill into society, will doubtlessly prevail to bring all the scattered units within the terms of the constitution and induce them, no consideration to the contrary, to throw their added influence in with the great body. Standing thus united before the country, in the light of the repeated insistent appeals of the Sovereign Pontiffs, who can doubt that a glorious future is before the order in America?

National Third Order organization is nothing new. As Fr. Cuthbert reminds us in the supplement to the *Catholic Encyclopedia*, it obtained in times past in Italy, with astounding results. It was recommended by Pius X. It has been awakened in leading countries of Europe. The Seventh Centenary called it into being among our brethren in England, where the Joint Council of the three Franciscan families recently held its second session, a third being set for Low Week. And if it were something new, it should be eagerly resorted to. It is the one thing that in this far-flung country can give to the Third Order a measure of the prominence the Sovereign Pontiffs desire for it. Benedict XV expressed the wish that every city, town and village have its fraternity. Nothing but organization can create the sentiment necessary to reduce that wish to fact, and nothing but touch with an organization

can keep the sentiment, once created, in healthy operation. The country is too wide, and Franciscans are too few.

Well, we have the organization. Confidently we hope that its cooperative forward movement will prove the most powerful factor in the spiritual development of our beloved country. To date there has been only one concerted movement of the Third Order in America—the Chicago convention of 1921. Yet, how all-penetrating was not its influence? Every section of the country was touched. Doubt it not: The life blood coursing in the veins of the Third Order is the life blood of perennial youth; it quickens to life and health every member it touches. It is for directors and members everywhere to get in touch with its great heart, which God grant they may promptly do.

A Lost Virtue

MOTION picture men were recently denied permission to film the interior of the Canadian House of Commons, because it was felt that the procedure would not be in keeping with the dignity of the parliament. Snobbish? On the contrary, if the instance may be taken as evidence of an awakening spirit, congratulations to the world are in order. Outward respect for certain sacred human institutions has almost become a thing of the past, with the result that there is also little interior respect for the law, in the makers of it as well as in those who should obey it. That is the law of the relation between body and soul that the outward act stimulates the interior consciousness of the corresponding duty. Where there is a bountiful reserve of respect for the law, it may seem for the time being all right to dispense with formality and affect what is indulgently called a democratic attitude. But experience has proved that in proportion as outward reverence fell away also interior respect dwindled. Certain it is: If we were to enter the polls bare-headed rather than with hat thoughtlessly set on head and cigar in mouth or hand; if we entered the precincts of city and federal offices thus; if respectful reserve in speech and attitude were observed by participants and spectators during official deliberations; if a certain dignity of manner and appearance prevailed in the halls where justice is dispensed, down to the very last precinct police station: the heart would be favorably impressed, reacting on public sentiment toward the law. The same is true of putting the machinery of the government to commercial uses, as in the case before us. We shall never forget the shock we experienced at seeing in a famous film the heads of certain governments posed in the act of signing the declaration of the Great War! In the light of the awful calamity in progress at the time, that seemed the last scene in the world which should be exploited for effect or capitalized. Granted the scene was merely "labeled": it could produce no wholesome impression to represent men posing in a business so serious, especially nowadays when there is too much readiness to scent venality in such a transaction. No wonder respect for the sacred functions of government suffers. The act of the Canadian authorities is

a very good object lesson of respect for sacred institutions—a lesson emphasized by the plain folk of Oberammergau, who spurned mints of money in the determination to shield their Passion Play from profanation. May it be a sign that the world generally is coming to realize that some things have a place of their own beyond the range of familiarity and commercialism, and that it is well to keep them in that place.—By the way, is there not in these observations food for thought for our Tertiary men upon whom Pius X calls to be models for their fellow citizens?

In Perspective

Says *Franciscan Review* (Montreal): "Enter the Third Order and join the glorious company of Franciscan saints of seven centuries. Your pope wills it, your bishop wills it, your Church wills it." Five successive Tertiary popes and hosts of pronouncements leave no doubt of the wish of pope and Church. Does your bishop wish it? You could not doubt it if you saw the wreath of glory twined for the Third Order by the bishops of America in the great Chicago Convention Report. Enter the Third Order! A good New Year's resolution.

Welcome home to Mr. G. K. Chesterton. We do not forget his kindly sentiments toward St. Francis. And for his sake, and for all converts' sake, we will not forget a favorite prayer of Mother Church that God may strengthen what He hath done among us.

From the autobiography of Countess Sophie Tolstoi, recently translated into English, it appears that Count Tolstoi wrote and labored in a state of mental tension bordering on derangement for many years before his death. Yet what he wrote was treated like a gospel by many. Anything but God's sometimes unpleasant truth!

Shall we see England humiliated by Turkey? Perhaps proud Prussia's greatest crime before the bar of history was her support of Luther and the rebellion for which he stood. And we saw Prussia sign the Armistice hot upon Luther's birthday. Wherein we sin, therein we are punished.

Autolycus says that billions are invested yearly in the effort to defeat dishonesty in business. May be not so much—yet enough. Who pays? The public, against which the measures are taken. Honesty is part of God's natural law; dishonesty brings its own penalty.

Mme. Emma Calvé, the noted singer, writes in the *Saturday Evening Post* that it is necessary to be deeply religious, "to keep the Faith pure and strong," in order to attain more than average skill in singing. As she says, the strength, the fire, the flame, which transform mere work into a transcendent moving force, come to us from a higher power. That is perhaps another way of saying that our work is in vain without the blessing of God, which a religious person may expect sooner than one who forgets God.



Third Order of St. Francis

LONG LIVE THE NATIONAL ORGANIZATION

WE HAVE glad Christmas tidings for all the Tertiaries of the United States. The much needed, long sought organization of the Tertiary bodies of the country has been effected by the formal approval at the hands of the ministers provincial of a constitution for such an organization.

To effect a national organization of our Tertiary fraternities was one of the main objects of the First National Tertiary Convention held at Chicago, Oct. 2, 3 and 4, 1921. Acting on a resolution presented to the convention, a committee on a national constitution was appointed, the respective ministers provincial designating as members Fathers Roger Middendorf, O. F. M., Dennis Engelhard, O. F. M., Bernard Spiegelberg, O. F. M., Alphonse Parziale, O. F. M., Aloys Fish, O. M. C., and Sebastian Schaff, O. M. Cap. These fathers met at Carey, Ohio, Jan. 24-26, 1922, to discuss the suggestions presented to them, and drafted a constitution, which was submitted for approval to the ministers provincial. The ministers provincial in turn agreed to meet at St. Bonaventure's Seminary, Allegany, N. Y., on Aug. 22, but on account of the railroad situation the meeting was postponed and did not assemble till Oct. 25. On that day the following fathers met at Allegany: Matthias Faust, O. F. M. (New York); Edmund Klein, O. F. M. (Cincinnati); Martin Strub, O. F. M. (St. Louis); Turibius Deaver, O. F. M. (San Francisco); Fridolin Stauble, O. M. C. (Syracuse); Benno Aichinger, O. M. Cap. (Detroit); Henry Kluepfel, O. M. Cap. (Pittsburgh), and Paul James Francis, S. A. (Graymoor). The national constitution was carefully considered and finally approved, with some corrections and additions.

The national constitution is therefore an accomplished fact, and with it the national organization of the Tertiary fraternities of the country; for by the wish of the ministers provincial the provisions of the constitution go immediately into effect.

Those articles of the constitution which required immediate attention were immediately carried out by the provincial ministers. The National Executive Board called for by Article Fifth was appointed, and consists of Fr. Aloys Fish, O. M. C. (Carey, O.), chairman; Fr. Cyprian Ablor, O. M. Cap. (Detroit), vice chairman; Fr. Dennis Engelhard, O. F. M. (Cincinnati), secretary; Fr. James Paul Francis, S. A. (Graymoor); Rt. Rev. Msgr. D. J. Gercke (Philadelphia), Hon. Anthony Matre, K. S. G. (Chicago), and Mr. J. J. O'Neill (Woodside, L. I., N. Y.), consultants. These officers are respectfully requested to accept the office assigned to them and to lend their best efforts to promote the interests of the Third Order. They are to hold office until the next national Tertiary convention.

The next national convention, according to the constitution, will be held in 1926. It will be in charge of the Capuchin fathers of the Detroit province, the choice of the city to be published later.

The following is the text of the constitution.

National Constitution of the Third Order of St. Francis in the U. S.

Article 1. Name

This National Tertiary Organization shall be known as the Third Order of St. Francis in the United States. For brevity sake, it is in this constitution also called the "National Organization."

Article 2. Objects

The objects of this National Organization are to further the full observance of the Third Order Rule, i. e. to promote a truly Christian life according to the spirit of St. Francis, notably:

1. To foster national union and cooperation among all Fraternities, Directors and Members of the Third Order.
2. To co-operate in augmenting religious, charitable and social work of the fraternities.

Article 3. Government

The National Organization shall be presided over by two boards of officers, called the National Directive Board and the National Executive Board.

Article 4

The National Directive Board

All Provincials and Commissaries of the three branches of the First Order and of the Third Order Regular constitute the National Directive Board.

No new measure of concerted action of the National Organization shall be adopted without the previous approval of the National Directive Board.

Article 5

The National Executive Board

The members of the National Executive Board shall be as follows:

1. Three members of the First Order, namely one Friar Minor, one Friar Minor Conventual, one Friar Capuchin, and one member of the Third Order Regular, of whom one shall receive appointment as chairman, one as vice chairman, and one as secretary, by the National Directive Board.
2. Three Consultors, namely one secular Tertiary Priest and two Tertiary laymen, who shall be elected at each National Convention.

3. At the first session of the Board thus elected one of the number of Consultors will be elected National Treasurer.

Article 6. Duties of the Executive Board and Its Officers

It shall be the duty of the National Executive Board to promote the good and welfare of the National Third Order Organization, to guide the National Convention and to cooperate in carrying out the program of action that will be adopted at such National Convention.

The Executive Board shall also attend to all business that may arise when the National Convention is not in session.

The Chairman shall call the meetings of the National Executive Board and preside thereat.

The Vice Chairman shall preside in the absence of the Chairman.

The Secretary shall

1. Keep minutes of the meetings of the Board;

2. Keep records and statistics of all fraternities belonging to the National Organization;

3. Urge other fraternities by correspondence to enter the National Organization;

4. Send reports of the meetings of the National Executive Board to all Provincials, Commissaries and Directors of the Third Order;

5. At the expiration of his term of office transfer to his successor all records, books, documents and official correspondence.

The Treasurer shall receive all monies belonging to the National Organization, giving a receipt therefor. He shall keep an account of all monies received and disbursed.

He shall annually or whenever called upon by the Executive Board submit a detailed financial statement.

He shall give such security as the Directive Board may require and at the expiration of his term of office deliver to his successor all monies and property belonging to the National Organization.

The Consultors will co-operate with the other officers in carrying out the purpose of the National Organization.

Article 7. Meetings of the National Executive Board

A meeting of the National Executive Board must be held at least once

a year. In case of inability of one of the board to attend the meeting, the respective Provincial shall appoint a substitute.

Article 8. Vacancies

A vacancy in any office, caused by death, resignation or otherwise, among the members of the Executive Board of the First and Third Order, shall be filled by the respective Provincial; a vacancy among the Consultors shall be filled by the Executive Board at their next meeting.

Article 9. Membership

All Third Order Fraternities in the United States willing to accept this Constitution and in good standing, are eligible to membership. A fraternity is in good standing if it is canonically erected, regularly has its meetings and its canonical visitation.

Admission to membership in the organization shall be made by diploma issued by the National Executive Board.

Article 10. National Meetings

Every five years a National Convention of the Third Order of St. Francis in the United States shall be held at the time and place designated by the last National Third Order Convention.

If the National Directive Board finds it advisable to change the time and place of the Convention, such change shall be announced at least one year in advance of the time previously designated.

A National Convention shall not be called in a city without the previously obtained consent of the Ordinary of the city and the Provincials concerned.

After consultation with the respective Provincials, the National Executive Board selects the Reverend Chairman, Vice Chairman and at least three members of the local Convention Board.

The National Executive Board shall arrange the general plan, select subjects and speakers, supervise the meetings and determine the number of votes to which each confraternity represented in the convention is entitled.

The Local Convention Board shall attend to all local arrangements according to instructions given by the National Executive Board.

Article 11. Sectional Meetings

Annual conventions in various local centers and sectional meetings of members of the Third Order at frequent intervals are strongly recommended and the Executive Board shall co-operate with the various Provincials to foster and systematize such meetings.

Article 12. Autonomy

In furthering the objects of the Third Order of St. Francis in the United States, the National Organization shall not in any way interfere with the government, or disturb the autonomy of any Third Order Fraternity, or group of Fraternities.

Article 13. Local Fraternities

Since the Local Fraternity is the fundamental unit of the National Organization, care shall be taken that Fraternities be established only in places where the observance of the Third Order Rule is guaranteed.

Article 14

Tertiary Priests' Fraternities

Tertiary Priests are invited to organize themselves into Priests' Fraternities, with the consent of the respective Ordinary.

Article 15. Tertiary Provinces

All Third Order Fraternities under the jurisdiction of any Province of the First Order or Third Order Regular will constitute a Tertiary Province.

The Father Provincial, having independent and full jurisdiction over said Province, exercises his power through a Provincial Commissary.

Article 16. National Finances

In order to carry on its work, the National Organization shall receive an annual contribution of two per cent of the ordinary income of each Fraternity.

After every National Third Order Convention, the monies not expended shall go to the National Third Order Treasury.

Extraordinary expenses shall not be made without the consent of the National Directive Board.

On travel to and from meetings of the National Executive Board mileage only will be refunded from the National Third Order Treasury.

Article 17. Emergencies

In case of any financial or other emergency, the National Executive Board shall apply for instructions to the National Directive Board.

Article 18. Change of Constitution

Any proposed amendment to this Constitution must first be submitted in writing to the National Executive Board at least six months before a National Convention.

After due consideration, the National Executive Board shall report on the proposed amendment to the National Directive Board at least three months before said Convention.

If the National Directive Board approve thereof, the amendment shall be submitted to the National Convention for final decision.

By-Laws

Article 1.

The National Tertiary Organization is placed under the special protectorate of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of Mary Immaculate.

Each year within the month of the Sacred Heart, the Reverend Third Order Directors will have their Tertiaries publicly renew their consecration to the Sacred Heart.

Article 2

The order of the meetings of the National Executive Board shall be as follows:

1. Call to order and prayer;
2. Roll call;
3. Reading of the minutes;
4. Remarks by the Chairman;
5. Report of the Secretary;
6. Financial report;
7. Reports of the Fraternities;
8. Reports of Committees;
9. Reports of instructions from the National Directive Board;
10. The good and welfare of the National Tertiary Organization;
11. Recommendations of Commissioners and Directors;
12. Unfinished business;
13. New business;
14. Appointments of Committees to report at the next meeting;
15. Closing prayer and adjournment.

THE Christmas season, with its gift-giving spirit, is here. When you are making your selection, why not arrange to give suitable gifts to your Catholic relatives and friends?

It is, unfortunately, true that nearly one-half of our Catholic homes are not supplied with religious or devotional articles. Make it a point to purchase and present articles which have some religious significance. Your relatives and friends will appreciate a beautiful rosary, a prayer book, an artistic statue, a medallion, a pair of candlesticks, a Christmas Crib set, a sick-call outfit or a religious picture.

Who among your friends would not appreciate a good book? There is a wide selection to be made in Catholic books, and books, as everyone knows, make ideal gifts. No family can have too many good books in these days when so much trash is turned out by the secular publishers.

Then, too, you know that blessed candles should be in every home, and you can spread that custom by supplying someone with pure beeswax candles.

There are a hundred and one articles you can select from at Christmas time, and if you will give your friends something with a religious significance, you will surely please the recipient and at the same time be doing a meritorious deed.

It is safest, of course, to buy such articles from Catholic supply houses, or Catholic book stores. They are in a position to serve you. You will find a selection of reliable supply houses in our advertising pages.

Article 3

The Directors of the Fraternities shall annually fill out a report blank furnished them by the Secretary of the National Executive Board.

Article 4

A bond of at least \$5,000 shall be furnished by the Treasurer of the National Executive Board and the premium shall be paid out of the National Treasury.

Article 5

Any amendment, change or revision of the by-laws shall be subject to the requirements of Article 18 of this Constitution.

THIRD ORDER CALENDAR

1. Bl. Antony, Confessor of the I Order. Commemoration of All Souls of Franciscan Order.

5. Bl. Nicholas, Martyr of the I Order.

7. Vigil of The Immaculate Conception. Day of Fast and Abstinence for Tertiaries.

8. Immaculate Conception of the B. V. M., Patroness of the United States and The Franciscan Order. (Gen. Absol. —Plen. Ind.)

9. BB. Elizabeth and Delphina, Virgins of the III Order. (Plen. Ind.)

10. Bl. Peter, Confessor of the III Order.

11. Bl. Hugolinus, Confessor of the III Order.

12. The Finding of the Body of St. Francis. (Plen. Ind.)

14. BB. Conrad and Bartholus, Confessors of the I and III Orders.

23. Bl. Nicholas, Confessor of the I Order.

25. The Birth of Our Lord. (Gen. Absol.)

30. BB. Margaret and Matthia, Virgins of the II Order.

Besides the days indicated above, Tertiaries can gain a Plenary Indulgence:

1. Every Tuesday, if, after Confession and Holy Communion, they visit a church of the First or the Second Order or of the Third Order Regular of St. Francis while the Bl. Sacrament is exposed and there pray for the intention of the Pope. If Tertiaries live at a great distance from a Franciscan church, they may visit their own parish church.

2. Once every month, on any suitable day. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

3. On the day of the monthly meeting. Conditions: Confession, Communion, visit to any church, and some prayers there for the intention of the Pope.

4. On the first Saturday of every month. Conditions: Confession, Communion, some prayers for the intention of the Pope, and besides some prayers in honor of the Immaculate Conception of the Bl. Virgin Mary.

General Absolution, also called Indulgent Blessing, can be received by Tertiaries on December 8, 25. This absolution may be imparted to Tertiaries in the confessional on the day preceding these feasts or on the feasts themselves or on any day during the week following.

WHY MUST I SUFFER?

By F. J. REMLER, C. M.

(Continued)

Fourth Reason

Natural Results of Sins Against the Ten Commandments

IF SINS against right reason are productive of much suffering, sins against the Ten Commandments are still more so. It is no exaggeration to say that violation of the Commandments is directly responsible for the greatest portion of the misery that scourges the human race. In proof of this let us single out just a few sins, which, as experience and observation show, are a common and fruitful source of much self-inflicted suffering.

Nothing has worked so much detriment to the health of mankind for many centuries as the habits that may be generalized under the term of impurity. The ravages of venereal diseases have increased just in proportion to the gradual diminution of the influence of religion during the past few generations. (James J. Walsh, "Health and Religion," p. 185.) In countless slaves to the vice impurity the words of Sacred Scripture are literally verified: "He that sinneth in the sight of his Maker, shall fall into the hands of the physician" (Ecclus. 38, 15). "If thou givest thy soul her desires, she will make thee a joy to thy enemies" (Ecclus. 18, 31). "He that joineth himself to harlots, shall be wicked; Rottenness and worms shall inherit him" (Ecclus. 19, 3). "His bones shall be filled with the vices of his youth; they shall sleep with him in the dust" (Job 20, 11). The life of many a man and woman is embittered by a disease so loathsome that it makes its victims a grievous torment to themselves and to their surroundings, and often tempts them to seek relief from their misery in a suicide's death. But how did they contract it? Very commonly by sinful indulgence of the passion of lust, either on their part or on the part of those with whom they are associated. A life of purity and chastity would have preserved them from the ravages of this dreadful scourge.

To understand how much misery is caused by the vice of impurity, we need only visit some general hospital or asylum. Persons of every age and rank, young and old, rich and poor, are there reaping the harvest of iniquity and sin. Decay of the body, and often, too, of the mind, is apparent in their wretched forms. They are dying a living death. How dearly they are paying for having tasted the poison-cup of forbidden pleasures! And what an unequal bargain they struck! For a few brief and fleeting moments of sensual delight they are enduring the ravages of a disease which causes them unceasing pain and defies the skill of the best physicians.

But it is not in hospitals and asylums only that we see the havoc impurity creates among its slaves. There

are many persons living in their homes, both in stately mansions and in lowly hovels, who must pay dearly for their sinful excesses. Some are suffering from painful disorders which are directly traceable to their past sins; while others are punished in their children, who are afflicted in mind or body. The lot of these innocent victims is pitiable in the extreme. Who bears the blame? In a large number of cases, none other than their parents. By indulgence in unlawful pleasures before or after marriage they became infected with the virulent poison, which they in turn transmitted to their unfortunate offspring.

It was a very natural process, a blind working out of the stern law of cause and effect. Had the parents lived in the fear of God and kept His law, their marital happiness would have been insured; but having trampled on the law, the consequences of their sin involve not only themselves but also their posterity down to the third and fourth generation. There was no need on the part of God to send them a special punishment. These afflictions are so intimately bound up with certain forms of sin, and so necessarily promoted by them, that nothing but a miraculous interference with the laws of nature could save the transgressors from the penalty of their immoral actions. Not only is death a consequence of these diseases, but they are also frequent causes of long years of suffering and crippling, of the blinding of children and the birth of dead or idiotic children, or of little ones who grow up to be epileptic or to become insane in early adult life, or to exhibit other sad marks of the diseases of their parents. (Idem, p. 186.)

The same is true of the victims of alcoholism or of the drug-habit. They are guilty of a species of suicide. They wreck their manhood, degrade their reason, and bring on themselves all kinds of domestic trouble, poverty, disease and an untimely death. In addition to this they are usually guilty of grave injustice to their offspring, to whom they transmit their evil propensities, or bequeath bodily or mental infirmities. Great indeed is the number of those persons who owe their defects of mind and body to the fact that the one or the other of their parents was a slave to alcoholism or to the drug-habit.

Finally, to take a case which occurs with increasing frequency in these days of neo-pagan ideals in regard to the duties of the married state: A surprisingly large number of women is suffering from no other cause than cold-blooded interference with the order established by God for the procreation of human life. Extremely painful diseases, such as cancer, blood-poison, serious mental or nervous disorders which sometimes end in insanity, are making their life prolonged agony. Once they may have gloried in it that they succeeded in frustrating God's will and designs; they may have rejoiced over the fact that they

escaped the burden of bringing up children; they may have succeeded in quieting the reproaches of their conscience by adopting the pagan maxims of the modern world which pronounces even the grossest forms of immorality something innocent and harmless; but there is one thing they could not succeed in doing, and that is to abrogate or change the immutable law of God, the law of nature. They were free to violate the law by committing sins which cry to heaven for vengeance; but they were not free to escape the natural penalties of these sins. Outraged nature knows no pity and grants no pardon. Their present painful lot is purely the wages of sin—not God's suffering, therefore, but entirely their own making.

Converting Evil Into Good.

We have seen how people bring upon themselves much suffering through failure to live according to the laws of good sense and to keep the Ten Commandments. Now the question arises: Is it possible to derive any advantages from such self-caused and self-inflicted sufferings, or is there nothing to do but to resign one's self to the inevitable and stoically put up with the results of one's folly, much the same as a pagan or a fatalist might do, who claims that blind chance controls all human affairs? To this we must answer: As in His infinite wisdom and goodness God contrived to turn Adam's sin into a source of immense spiritual blessings to the world through the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ, so has he made it possible for us to convert all our afflictions—not only those which are unavoidable, but also those which are self-inflicted—into a source of everlasting benefit.

It remains for you, therefore, dear reader, in case you are a victim of sufferings which you have brought on yourself in any way, to learn the secret of turning these to good account. It is true, it was not God's will that you should be thus afflicted. But now that you have failed and thereby brought this evil on yourself, it is God's will that you derive from it all the good that He has made it possible for you to obtain.

For this purpose carefully attend to the following important conditions:

1. Imitate the Prodigal Son and return to God with sincere sorrow for your sins, securing the fullness of His pardon by a contrite confession. You must be in the state of grace before your sufferings can be made meritorious for heaven.
2. Humbly acknowledge that you have fully deserved your sufferings—nay, more—even the eternal pains of hell—by mortal sin. If you have not been condemned, it is solely because God's mercy has spared you and given you time for repentance.
3. In the spirit of an abiding sorrow for your sins, make sure to unite all your sufferings with those of our Lord dying on the cross, and make a frequent offering of them thus united, to the Divine Justice in atonement for the wrong you have done.

By acting in conformity with these suggestions you will reap a threefold benefit: You will insure the complete pardon of all your sins; you will quickly cancel the debt of temporal punishment contracted by them and thus shorten your purgatory hereafter; your penitent dispositions will win for you a much higher place in heaven than you might obtain if you had never fallen into serious sins of any kind.

If therefore you are suffering from self-inflicted sickness, poverty, domestic troubles and the like, do not fail to sanctify them and to beg of God to accept them in payment of the temporal punishment due to your sins. Or, if there is some one in your family, a child or other relative, that needs your constant care and attention, know that this affords you an excellent opportunity for practising the most perfect kind of Christ-like charity. Lavish upon the sufferer all the kindness you can command, for it is not so much to him that you are ministering as to our Lord Himself. Never lose sight of His words in this connection: "Amen, I say to you, as long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me" (Matt. 25, 40).

See then how mercifully God has contrived to make it possible for you to derive endless benefits from your folly.

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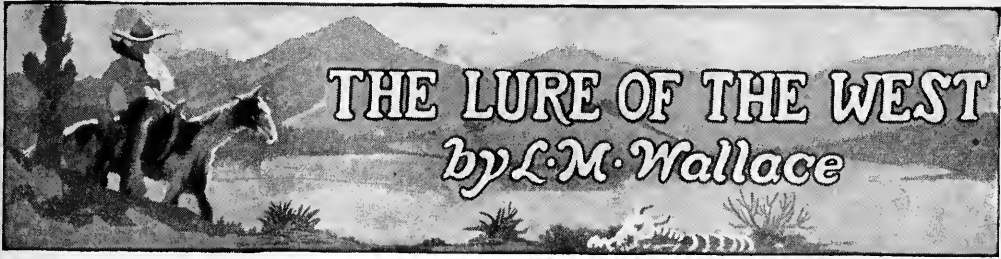
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THE LURE OF THE WEST

by L. M. Wallace

Chapter III

When Geronimo Awoke

THERE were times when J. W. Whitworth was very much lord and master in his own house. Such a time was the morning after their arrival at Newburton within the domain of Our Lady of the Snows.

Doc stood in his shirt sleeves with his hands thrust in his pockets and gave forth his ultimatum: "Now, Minnie, you are going to stay right where you are till I bring you your egg and toast. Then, I'm going to pull down the blinds and you are to sleep till noon—"

"And in the mean time—"

"You know how well I can keep house."

"You are an egg-and-toast specialist."

"And a first class ham-burner. Don't forget that fact."

"But how about Rafaela?"

"The young lady has just informed me that she always dressed herself before Aunt Minnie gleamed upon the horizon of her life; and that she can perform the feat now provided Uncle Doc catches the things in the middle of her back that she can't reach."

"I see you curling her hair, John Wesley!"

"No you don't! Let her hair stay up in its wobble-gobble-bobs till noon. Who's going to be the wiser?"

"There's a rap at the side door, John. No doubt it is cousin Martha."

"Shoot!" growled Doc, sliding into his coat and starting for the hall followed by Rafaela holding her flannelette nightie out of the way of her slippers in front while the end trailed a yard behind her on the floor.

Now Cousin Martha, be it known, was a second cousin one degree removed, of the Reverend William Henry Whitworth, D. D. Her maiden head had been silvered since the days when John Wesley's pranks had worn her patience into shreds. It was but natural that she should be home keeper in the parsonage after

(Author of "The Outlaws of Ravenhurst")

BOOK II

CHILD OF THE WESTERN LURE

(Continued)

The Story Thus Far

Among the Apache Indians, John Wesley or Doc Whitworth, son of a Canadian minister, is found by Matthew, his stern brother, and learns that the latter has never supplanted him in the affections of Minnie—the imaginary wrong which had embittered the genial Doc and driven him west. Matthew even takes Doc's place and marries Chief Geronimo's daughter, so Doc can return to Minnie. Some years later, Doc and Minnie return west to take home tiny Rafaela, Matthew's orphaned daughter. Doc's friend, good Padre Santangel, warns him against the step, tells him of Matthew's quite different wishes regarding the Catholic Rafaela. For family reasons Doc persists. But, as we shall see, Padre Santangel's fears are borne out the very day after the Whitworths return home.

the gentle Myra Whitworth passed away, also natural that she felt it her duty to play the role of mother-in-law in the house across the lane.

Cousin Martha had taken a relative's privilege, and was at the foot of the stair when Doc reached the head.

"I just ran over to see how you are this morning, my dears. Can't stay a minute; my muffins are in the oven, but—"

"Well," drawled Doc, "Minnie has a beast of a sick headache this morning. I couldn't think of letting her get up till noon, and if I go out, the fires will go down. She can't stand a cold house after being in a warm country. So you see, Cousin Martha, this end of the Whitworth family can't go to

church today."

"Dear me, and isn't that too bad. Yet you're right about Minnie's not going out, the wind is right sharp this morning; but you could bank the fire and get down to church in time for the sermon, and I'll take Rafaela to Sunday school with Helen."

Now at the name of Helen, Rafaela became alert; a triumphant twinkle glinted deep down in her eyes; and Uncle Doc, seeing it, laughed. Be it known that Helen was the only daughter of David Whitworth, M. D., prosperous physician of Canada's most prudent little city, London on the Thames. The doctor was the minister's youngest brother; also, the doctor's wife was Martha's fourth cousin, not on the Whitworth but on the maternal side. Considering all this, it was merely natural that the *Newburton Courier* frequently announced a visit of Mrs. David Whitworth and daughter to the Reverend W. H. Whitworth, D. D.

Such a visit was in progress when Doc's party arrived, and to Helen had come a bitter awakening. Being the youngest of the generation, and a sweet and silky blonde, Helen had enjoyed the post of family pet for nine summers. It was no small grief to see a wee brunette perched on a knee which she had always

considered her especial throne and to learn that the dark one was Cousin Doc's little girl now.

Doc had tried to reconcile Helen to Rafaela in his good-humored, teasing way, though in spite of himself the small rivals were a source of keen amusement to him; and now he felt it might not be wise to let the



pair go out together, lest a child's quarrel bring on a family unpleasantness. But we cannot always state our real reasons, so Doc merely remarked in answer to Cousin Martha's suggestion: "Perhaps I can get over to church later on this morning, but there is no use in sending Rafaela to Sunday school, the child scarcely knows a word of English."

Cousin Martha squared her shoulders as if lifting a burden—the mothering of wayward John Wesley had always been a heavy responsibility. Now she put on her duty-to-be-done smile and began: "My dear boy, you know I always long to take the place of your saintly and departed mother and I feel sure you will accept anything I say in the spirit in which it is meant. Now, John Wesley, you are perfectly right about Minnie. I admire your noble little wife. But, John Wesley, you know you are inclined to be lax. You know that is a fact, John Wesley. Now don't feel hurt; I know you have improved greatly since your marriage, but it is a fact. Now that you are responsible for the rearing of Matthew's child, you must realize that 'as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined.' You must not bequeath that laxity to the little darling. Besides, John Wesley, all the village will be talking if you

don't at least send Rafaela to Sunday school and—"

Doc's voice took possession of one of Cousin Martha's breath pauses. There was an ominous quiet in his tone. "The village can learn today as well as any other day that I, and not the Ladies Aid, am bringing up this child. If they make any remarks, you can tell them for me that I don't give a ham-strung colt what they think; and Rafaela is not—"

"John Wesley," came Minnie's low voice. "The opinion of the village is nothing; but if Rafaela does not go, it may hurt Grandfather Whitworth's feelings."

And so at a quarter of ten by the town clock, Miss Martha Whitworth came out of the door with a blond beauty by one hand, and a brunette by the other. The October wind blew the maple leaves in a crimson and gold flutter about them. The aged minister laid his glasses across the sacred page and smiled at both through the windowpane, yet his eyes dwelt more on the glowing face of the new found grandchild than upon the old favorite, and Helen's lips grew sulky.

Nor was this all; each little group that met or passed them on the way, must needs stop and ask Miss Martha a dozen questions.

From every side whispers drifted toward them—

"Matthew Whitworth's little daughter."

"You remember? He went West ten years ago."

"Married the heiress of an old Spanish grandee."

"Yes, didn't you hear it at the time?"

"Why I remember it as if it were yesterday!"

"Immensely wealthy?"

"Should say so! Notice the sables and that old Spanish lace on the silk velvet?"

"My, you don't tell!"

"They've sold all her property in the Southwest."

"And invested in gold mines!"

"No, you're wrong! I have it straight from Miss Martha herself; it was the old grandee that left Rafaela the gold mines."

"And John Wesley Whitworth is guardian of the whole income."

"He'll play ducks and drakes with her fortune!"

"Wonder Matthew trusted it to him!"

"I don't know about that! J. W. is canny enough on money matters, if he isn't overly blessed with piety."

Now, even if but partially understood, these rumors filled Helen's soul with bitterness. She used to be the rich little girl who came to Newburton, and now—alas for the fickleness of earthly greatness—she was the center of centers no more.

Also, a silky blonde in a sulky mood is not a beautiful object—sky blue hat and long yellow curls naught to the contrary. Cousin Martha, out of patience at her surly answers, had thrice threatened a spanking on the return home, and bade her a dozen times to notice how nicely behaved was the dear little Rafaela.

As to the brunette, highly pleased with the triumphant procession, well coached as to conduct—Aunt Minnie had used Uncle Doc as interpreter—Rafaela held

out her tiny hand to each new speaker, and looking from under her long eyelashes with a grave sweet bashfulness said "Good morning. I am pleased to meet you," in a quaint, drawling Spanish lisp that made a round twenty ladies pick her up bodily to cuddle.

Arrived at the church door, they were met by a great personage. Rafaela was sure of this and did her best in speech and smile. The gentlemen wore a long coat like Grandfather Whitworth's and patted her head with fatherly dignity.

Then the party passed up the center aisle. So slow had been the church-going that the children were all in their pews and stared in worshipful admiration at the little girl whom the minister himself was leading by the hand. A pace or two behind Miss Martha, trailed Helen. Her jealousy had passed the limit of her endurance, and she caught one of Rafaela's long black ringlets and twisted it savagely.

"Ii-yow!" squealed Rafaela; but Miss Martha had seen the act. "Helen Whitworth!" she gasped. "Whatever possesses you today?" And there—yes, right there in the church, before minister and everybody, Cousin Martha gave Helen a shake and two spanks, and walked her up the aisle to the family pew.

Placing the blonde and brunette at opposite ends of the bench, Cousin Martha seated herself between them and drew a long breath.

Rafaela was keenly alive to the situation. She sat very straight with hands folded in exact imitation of Cousin Martha and watched the course of events, through Sunday school and church to sermon time. When the minister mounted the pulpit, Helen folded her handkerchief with exceeding deliberation, laid it in the corner of the seat, put her gloves upon it, and her Sunday school paper, journal, and bible upon them; then making a pillow of her woolly white muff, she went to sleep.

Rafaela watched her curiously. Cousin Martha began to nod. Now, Brother Henderson's sermon was not to blame for this; in fact, it was well prepared and eloquently delivered. But Cousin Martha was up in years, also up in the late hours—it was fully half after ten on the previous evening before she sought her pillow—so for once the prudent virgin slept.

But the brunette cherub did not sleep. Her eyes went on a tour of investigation. She was next to the side aisle, and the pew across the way was vacant. It took not three silent seconds to slide off the seat and slip across the aisle.

From her place under the pew, she began to explore. In the seat behind was a boy, a boy with large ears and a red face agonizing on the ragged points of a frayed standing collar. He put his hand in his pocket,

drew out a peppermint heart labeled "I love you, dearest," and passed it down to her, keeping one eye on his nearest relative and one on the minister all the while; and that eye was bright with the cunning of vacant minds. Rafaela looked up from under the seat like an owl and gobbled the candy, and the boy managed not to grin. Poor Gloccky, a wonderful kindness dwelt within that witless head.

In the next pew the naughty midget saw a little Faunterloy of a lad stretched out in sleep with his head on his grandmother's knee. Rafaela paused a long minute staring at him. Did any childish premonition hold the half-breed there watching tiny Lawrence Cairncross as he slept?

The next two seats were empty, as their proximity to the stove put them in the torrid zone. Sanduval never flinched at the desert's heat, nor did Rafaela, on discovery bound. She came out of the secret passage in a spot shielded from view by the kindling box, and here she was rewarded by three discoveries: First, there was a well sharpened knife among the kindlings; second, just beyond the stove, a door opened into some unknown land, and the crack was sufficiently large to be, crawled through without making the door squeak; third, Uncle Doc was seated in the center aisle three pews from the door.

Rafaela was of two minds as to the greater pleasure of visiting Uncle Doc; but he also seemed absorbed in the sermon, so the lure of the open door prevailed.

Rafaela found beyond the opening a small room with two doors leading to the outer world. There was a long ladder passing through a hole in the ceiling, from which same spot a rope dangled.

The rope might be of some use to play with. So she gave it a jerk. "Dang-nang-dang!" sounded the solemn bell overhead. The culprit dashed out of the belfry. Newburton's dead

still followed the ancient practice and slept in the churchyard, and behind a tombstone the cherub crouched.

A moment later an irate, wizened old man put his head out the door. "Ye tormentin' beastie of a boy! wait till I ketch ye!" he muttered, and stumped hastily around the church shaking a cane. Twice he made the circuit of the building, and muttering to himself went back through the belfry door.

It was cold outside after the warmth of the church, though the sun was shining clear and strong on the gold and crimson maple leaves that scudded to the hornpipe of the winds. Life rose in Rafaela's veins like wine, and mischief bubbled forth. The door into the church was open now, but the old sexton was sleeping on his guard.



The bell rope was safely out of reach, but the ladder was available, and up this the child of Sanduval clambered. Above the ceiling came mysterious abysses of blackness, fear almost made her descend. Then her venturesome hand encountered the rope. She couldn't resist the temptation. "Dang-nang-dang!" sounded the bell. Out bobbed the sexton, cane in hand, and rushed around the building a second time, while Rafaela kept him busy with faint and tantalizing soundings of the bell.

Red-faced and fuming the sexton had appeared for the seventh time in the doorway, when a gentleman stepped into the entry. "Do not trouble yourself further, Mr. Dixon," he said. "Brother Henderson suggests that the wind must be shaking the belfry and thus ringing the bell," and the two passed into the church and closed the door.

Whether Rafaela would have continued her unconscious prank, no man knows. But at this juncture she found a wee soft something attached to the ladder. It squeaked as she pulled it from its shelter, and then clung to her coat. Down the ladder crept Rafaela and out into the churchyard, the better to examine her find.

Silence reigned in the belfry and peace in the house of prayer.

Now, the thought that Rafaela might be in mischief, had not crossed J. W. Whitworth's mind. He had noted for some time that Cousin Martha was giving vigorous assent to Brother Henderson's remarks; and supposed that the small rivals had long since found her lap a convenient pillow. In fact, Doc was interested in the sermon.

The heat had caused old Dixon to open the belfry door once more, and little by little Doc became conscious of a sound—a low, weird, running chant. He sat up straight to listen. The tones were familiar. Far back in the choir of memory he heard again Geronimo and his braves, and saw the lithe body of the buck bending to the metre and brandishing his pointed flints.

Dixon's scolding voice came faintly from without. Doc rose and tiptoed across the back of the church. His change of position made the contents of the Whitworth pew discernible—Cousin Martha and the sleeping blonde, no little brunette.

Doc hurried out, with the big-eared boy at his heels. "Go back, you, and sit down," growled Doc.

"Aw! Her bain't doin' no harm," pleaded the boy. "You bain't goin' and lick she?"

Doc, following the sound, passed out through the belfry. Horror and anger struck him, then he smiled as he stood and watched. Rafaela was perched on his mother's grave—an old-fashioned but newly made grave, one with the tombstone laid flat over a coffinlike structure of stone. But the child did not know it was a grave; in her land graves were cross-marked. She was chanting the weird Apache death song, her eyes wild and hard as flints, her brows twisted in a scowl, and her lips smiling horribly as she sang; while slowly, bending and swaying to the tune of her chant, she

brandished the knife she had found in the kindlings; twirled it and swung it and brought it down, neatly severing some portion of the squeaking bat that she held with one hand and her knee against the stone of death.

"Ye little black varmint!" scolded the sexton. "Gimme my knife!"

Rafaela glanced at him grinning, and, without changing her chant, made as if to throw it at him. "Ye little imp!" he growled, dodging the imagined danger, "Answer me, er!"—

English seemed necessary to the occasion and Rafaela paused in her chant long enough to remark "Good morning! I am very pleased to meet you!"

"Ye air! ye little mischief! I'll make ye glad! I'll make ye glad with the end of my cane! I'll!"

Apparently more English was required and Rafaela opened her lips—

"Quieta te, Rafaela!" called Doc, for the congregation, drawn by the turmoil, was surging out of the belfry door. "Quieta te, Rafaela!"

But it was too late. Either she did not hear, or considered pressing danger reason for disobedience. Forth from the cherub's rose-red lips there poured the rest of her stock of English!

Doc's swinging strides had brought him to the grave now. He quietly took the knife, closed it and tossed it to old Dixon, brushed the miserable wingless bat off the stone, and ended its suffering and its squeaks with his heel.

Then gathering Rafaela in his arms, Doc swung and faced the congregation.

"The little one is not to blame for this affair, and she will not be punished for it." He delivered his ultimatum quietly. The congregation gasped.

"I let Rafaela go to Sunday school this morning in the face of my better judgment. What use was it for her to go when she knows scarce a word of English?"

"A deal mair she knows than is well for a lass," grumbled the sexton, but Doc persisted.

"There was nothing else to be expected of her but to go to sleep or to get into mischief. As to the language which has shocked you, there is need of a little explanation. After Matthew's death, Rafaela was in the care of, a virtuous old Mexican woman, who in no way neglected her duty, but her house was situated near a road where many freighting wagons passed. It was from the passing teamsters the child heard these words, which to her are merely unintelligible English phrases. Dixon ordered her to talk and she did, to the best of her ability. That is the long and the short of the whole affair."

But it was not the end of the affair. The village talked, it ruminated on old memories; and before that Sabbath day had passed, the gossips had named Rafaela, Matthew Whitworth's half-breed child.

(To be continued)

A LEGEND OF THE CHRISTMAS TREE

By EVELYN RITA GREENE

LITTLE Myra sat in her dimly-lighted room across from her father's shop, where the men were busy combing and feeding the camels of the caravans that passed in an ever endless chain. She gazed longingly at the hills over which she never would romp again in childish abandon, for Myra was a helpless cripple. And this evening the slanting rays of the setting sun brought again, as always, the memory of that day (it seemed ages ago

now) when she had skipped so joyously over the hills at sundown to meet her father who was returning from a long journey. Myra wanted to be the first to greet him, and in her joy did not note her steps and had wandered much farther than was allowed.

"We never shall see her again," wailed the women of the house, when night fell and no trace of her had been found, while the weary father, palsied with fear and with fixed eye, searched the hillsides all the dreary night for his little motherless babe, his only joy in life. Well he knew of the lawless tribes and the savagery of the wild beasts that follow caravans, only waiting for the darkness to cover their many misdeeds.

Night drifted into day and another night was falling, when Jasson stumbled in

with the little broken form of his babe that had lain these many hours at the bottom of the old deserted well where it had fallen.

Anxious were the days that followed. Hopes arose again and again, and as often were dashed to the ground, while little Myra lay insensible to all about her.

When the third day of dreary watching had ended the child and all in attendance awoke to the realization that never again would she,

the joyous one, romp over the hillsides or even leave her cot.

Jasson rent his garments and prayed unceasingly, for he had great love in his heart for the motherless one, his only child. Days drifted into months and months into years, yet Myra ever remained a cripple.

Fifteen summers and winters, too, had waxed and waned since that never-to-be-forgotten night. Sitting helplessly all day with no other amusement but listening to the chatter

of the birds as they fought for the crumbs falling from the feed bags of the camels, or watching the camels unceasingly munching, Myra had much time for thought and meditation. Dear to her heart were the Scriptures and the written words of the prophets. Did she not know them all? Often had she dreamed of the fulfillment of the promise, "And a child shall be born, and He shall be called the Son of God." In her childish delight she even had wished that He might dwell near, that she could ask of Him many things that puzzled her, for was it not written: "He that cometh will be greater than the prophets?"

Today Myra was sad as she watched the camels. Many, many more than ever before had stopped



at her father's shop, and Myra knew why. For who, in all Bethlehem, old or young, that had not heard of Caesar's decree, "that all Hebrews shall go forth into the land of their elders and register, that Caesar might know the number of his subjects in the countries conquered by his legions"? But this had not caused her sadness. The old longing and hope to be able to walk again had crept over her, that she might be of some help to the women below. They had been busy now these three days preparing for the strangers. Never, even during the most solemn feasts, had the little city been so crowded. Excitement and bustle were everywhere.

The merry laughter and the chatter of the workers reached her from time to time, but they could not sit with her and she could not go down to them. Chiding herself as she had done time and time again for the disturbing thoughts, she pressed her face closer to the window and anxiously watched for the return of her father. Always it had been his pleasure to take the noon repast with her in her little room. Today the dainty sandal-wood table had been brought forth and luscious figs, sweet almonds and an oat cake spread a pleasant aroma. The incense had burned low and lent a spicy fragrance to the air. The hours came and went slowly. At last Jasson had hurried in and as hurriedly went out. No time to eat, for there was much to do this day at the shop. A tender caress, a "Peace be to thee, daughter," and he was gone, unmindful of the oat cake spread with the nuts that Yoken, helper to Jasson, had bartered for with the rich caravan from far-off Persia to give pleasure to the cripple. Myra ate alone, sadly. "But tonight, aye," she brightened at the thought, "tonight my father will stay and tell me of all the doings of the day."

She leaned again to the window and watched the steady stream of caravans go by. She still could see in the waning light richly decorated camels, their litters of cedar and ivory, with drawn Damascus silk curtains tied with heavy tassels thick and golden as her own hair. And too, these were fine lace veils about the heads of the women, con-

cealing their countenances from the curious.

"Aye," thought Myra, clasping her hands in delight, "that I, too, might have a veil like unto theirs." Then her eyes drooped sadly: "What need have I of a veil; I, a cripple, that never will walk the hills again." But she quickly put the thought from her as before, and noted the many poor, on foot, and some there were on donkeys, others poorly clad, and with small provisions.

"How sad," thought she. "I have need to rejoice, for I have a shelter, food and a loving father, whilst these men and women, and the many children come from afar into a strange land."

Suddenly her eyes rested on an old man leading a white donkey. A maiden was seated thereon and they seemed apart from the others. Myra thought the maiden exceedingly fair and even more beautiful than the rich ones that had just passed.

"Verily," she mused, "could this one but have been in the ivory litter among the rich draperies, how well she would look."

But she quickly stopped her idle dreaming, for the maiden was looking up at her. Their eyes met and a bond of sympathy seemed to pass between them.

"By the grace of the Lord, mayhap she is a cripple, too," thought Myra, as she smiled in a sudden new relationship. The maiden bowed and drew her veil about her, but not before Myra had noted that the maiden was smiling, even though her eyes were sad.

She watched them pass and looked after them until she could no longer distinguish them from the others. But a new feeling was tingling through her, and a joy she could not define possessed her.

Hardly could she wait until night when Jasson, her father, would return, that she might tell him all she had seen this day. He, too, would have many a tale to tell e'er sleep overtook them.

Night came at last; curtains were drawn and lamps lighted. The little table had been spread again and waiting these many minutes. Myra's ever watchful ear caught the sound of her father's step. "Peace be to thee, daughter," he

greeted, as he took his place on the cushions beside her.

"Greetings, father, thou art very late, and thy look is weary," patting her hand gently on his head.

"Aye, never have I seen the like of this day, my daughter. Five men have I hired and I, myself, lent a hand to help. But the day is done at last. The caravans are resting, and quiet is once more in the streets.

"But I have great news for thee, little dove," and his eyes twinkled, for Jasson was not yet old.

"I bid thee speak out, father. This day surely hath tried my patience sorely."

"Truly, I felt for thee sitting here in the long hours, my pearl. But stay, thou rememberest Mathan? Aye, I see by thine eyes. No need is there to speak."

"Truly, father, never could I forget Mathan. He has been kind. Every trip he hath thoughts of me, a cripple. Is there in all the land a kinder act?"

"Nay, nay, my little one, but never wouldst thou know him. He hath grown, and," continued Jasson, with a jerk of his head, "he is as tempestuous as ever where the rights of the people are concerned. Truly he will be a leader. Would that I might see the day. Hassan, too, is with him, and all is well with them. But this is not all, daughter. Mathan will pay his respects on his return. He hath no time to stop today, and he cautioned me, lest he be delayed, to give thee this." Putting his hand into the folds of his girdle, he drew forth a package.

"I am curious as a child," he continued, gleefully, "to see what the handsome Mathan hath brought this time."

"Aye, father, blessings on him. He is like unto a new star in the heavens, such joy he always doth bring to us."

"Let us see."

Carefully removing the heavy pomegranate leaves with which the package was bound, Myra then unfolded several layers of rose leaves; for Mathan knew well her love for the sweet-smelling things of the hillsides. Drawing forth a dainty gossamer-like veil of silver and blue threads, she held it up before her father's wondering gaze, her own

lost in mute admiration; for never had they beheld such a costly piece, except on the women of the rich caravans, and never, no never, had she felt of one so fine and soft—like butterflies' wings. Myra could not speak, so great was her joy.

"By all that is wonderful," spoke Jasson, "I call that a true lover's choice. How well Mathan knew it would match thy golden hair."

"Nay, nay, father, speak not so. Mathan hath not seen me these three years. He is kind, and would give joy to a cripple." But a new light shone in her eyes, and a blush was upon her cheek.

"Be it so, my daughter. Verily, I regret that he calls on his return, for this is a lover's gift, and I cannot lose thee."

Tears stood in Jasson's eyes. Myra reached out her hand and patted his grey hair.

"Fear not, father. Thou never wilt be rid of this burden," and she pointed her hands toward her crippled body, trying hard to smile. "I am as a yoke about thy neck, thou knowest it well. Fear not for Mathan. I would thank him for his kindness, but never can I wear it."

"Stranger things have come to pass. Thou art young, my little one. Some day thy bones will mend and thou mayest walk again," quickly consoled Jasson. He knew in his heart they were idle words, but they gave him comfort as he meant they should do for her.

"Stay, father, enough of this sadness. I will treasure the gift truly," and folding it tenderly she slipped it in her girdle. Seeing that it made him sad, she talked no more of it. Smilingly she looked up at him.

"Hast thou no wonder tales for me? Long have I waited this day to hear thy doings."

"Truly, daughter, never have I seen the like that passed this day. My house is overflowing. Strangers are everywhere. I, myself, must seek rest on the balcony."

Myra listened with bated breath while he talked of the doings at the shop. Her eyes were large and wondering with the excitement of it all. Hours passed and still no sleep came to them.

Absorbed in his narrative, neither he nor Myra heard the knock on the

panel. Then the curtains were drawn and Yoken stood in the doorway.

"Master," he called in a half whisper, as if afraid to speak. Jasson went toward him, inquiringly, while Myra looked on in wonder at the intrusion.

"Master," Yoken repeated, "it is late, but travelers have arrived and would—"

Jasson interrupted pettishly: "No more shall I go down this night. It is nigh on to the midnight hour. The caravans can wait, and the camels can stay uncombed until—"

"But, master, it is not a caravan," Yoken ventured once more. "It is a maiden and an old man, with a white donkey. They are poor and seek shelter."

"Poor or rich, I shall not go down this night. The house is full. There is no room for them here. Enough, Yoken."

"So be it, master," and Yoken bowed humbly and went out. Myra trembled. Had she heard aright? A maiden and an old man, with a white donkey! It must be the same. There were no others like unto them.

"Stay, father. It must be the old man and the maiden I saw pass this day. Verily, they are poor. I will share my place with them. Bid them enter."

"Nay, child, there is no room to spare. Mine own weary head must seek rest on this balcony."

"Calm thyself, my father. The maiden smiled on me and I did rejoice. Truly, I believe she is a cripple, like unto thy own child."

Cripple! The word, like magic, always opened Jasson's heart to the sufferings of others. That heart so full of love and pity for his own little daughter could find in it room for others' sorrow.

"Thou knowest, daughter, I cannot refuse anything in the name of thy affliction. So be it. Peace be with thee till my return." He turned to leave, but stopped at the door. "Stay, I have a thought. The old stable on the Judea road. It is empty and clean. I, myself, was there this day and put in it mine own ox and mine ass, to make room here for the beasts of the strangers. Thinkest, thou, it would serve as shelter, my daughter?"

"Aye, blessings go with thee,

father. It is shelter, indeed. Make haste. The air hath a feel of snow in it."

"Fare thee well," spoke Jasson, and left the room.

As he drew near the shop an old man crossed the street to meet him, while a maiden remained seated on a donkey, that nodded its head in fitful naps as it stood close to the gateway, as if seeking warmth, for the night was chill and a frost was about.

"Peace be to thee, good man," said Joseph, bowing humbly before Jasson. "What wilt thou, stranger?" Jasson asked quickly, but not without a kindly accent, for he noted the gentle bearing of the old man and the fragility of the maiden.

"We have sought unceasingly since sundown," continued Joseph, with a sweep of his arm, indicating that he had, indeed, traversed the whole city, "but not a place was to be found wherein to lay our heads. There is no place for us at the inn."

"My house, too, is filled to overflowing this night, but I can give thee shelter, if thou art pleased to rest in a stable," spoke Jasson, somewhat feebly.

"In the name of the Lord, a stable is shelter, too. We are poor and have no choice. Blessings on thee, friend." Joseph bowed again, humbly, but Jasson did not heed. Already he was leading the way down the Judea road. Following a few paces behind, Joseph and Mary once more raised their eyes to heaven in prayer.

Not far, but yet a goodly way from the busy shops, they stopped before the entrance to what seemed a cave, but what proved to be a place of refuge used by shepherds during storms. Many such are found on the hillsides of Bethlehem, some mere shelters, it is true, while others are roomy and well sealed. Such a one was Jasson's.

He entered first and waited in the entrance for Joseph, who was supporting Mary as she alighted from the donkey.

"There is straw plenty, and the ox and the ass will not bother thee—" he began. Mary sat down on a crude bench, and Jasson stopped his speech as his eyes fell upon her. Pity filled his heart and he added in a gentle tone:

"I will send one of the women of the house to attend the maiden, and I myself shall come again."

"May heaven's blessing be upon thee," spoke Joseph, but Jasson interrupted with a raise of his hand.

"Blessings on my little daughter, good friend. But for her ye might have passed the night in the street. She it is who is ever mindful of the sufferings of others, though she hath a plenty of her own."

The maiden raised her head and smiled. A light divine shone in her face and Jasson's heart was filled with wonder. Somehow the memory of her stayed with him as he trudged up the road again. He felt unseemingly jubilant. Even the stars shone brighter than usual, and a holy calm was in the air. "Here have I labored since dawn, yet I feel not weary," he mused. "What hath gone to my head? Truly, I feel possessed. Have I overdone this day?" The feeling was a new and strange one to Jasson. He seemed not to be walking in the road, and a stretch of light shone brightly before him. He could even discern the shrubs by the wayside, and the glistening pebbles, plainly. Truly, the night seemed wondrous.

"By the grace of the prophets!" he suddenly exclaimed, as he stopped short by a mass shrub in full bloom. "Do mine eyes deceive me? Everyone knoweth the mass tree bloometh only in the spring, when its dainty red blossoms in thick clusters bank the hillsides and make of them a beauteous mass." Jasson brushed his hands across his eyes and was sorely puzzled.

"A mass tree blooming out of time," he repeated aloud. "I shall pluck the blossoms for Myra. Truly she will rejoice." He stooped to gather the fragrant clusters, but they seemed to elude his grasp. "I will have thee, thou beauteous tree." And taking firm hold, he pulled the bush from its roots.

"Here am I right to three score years. Yet have I displayed a strength this night, a strength like unto the pyramids. My sinews firm as the handsome Mathan's." He went his way rejoicing, inhaling the fragrance of the flowers that filled the air about with their perfume.

"I have not slept since thou wert gone," answered Myra, in reply to

Jasson's solicitude for her comfort.

"Truly, I am troubled."

"Fear not, daughter. The old man was grateful, and the maiden, too. They are well bestowed, though she is not a cripple as thou thoughtst. I have sent Dorcas out to be of help. Thou knowest well what a help the woman Dorcas can be in any trouble."

"Aye, father, thou speakest true, and my heart is overjoyed at thy doings this night. But stay, what

Myra leaned back among the cushions, a merry twinkle in her eyes. "Thou knowest well how to make laughter, my father."

"Methinks," she added playfully, "Mathan hath returned and left another package. I inhale the scent of the rose leaves. The room is filled with their odor. Is it not so, my father?"

"Nay, nay, thou art mistaken," and Jasson chuckled in happiness. "Mathan hath left enough this day."

Bringing his arm from behind him he held forth the little tree with its bountiful mass of flowers which did, indeed, fill the room with their perfume.

Myra's eyes were large and round in wonder. "Truly hast thou spoken. Never have I beheld the like. It is even more beautiful than ever I have seen." Taking the little tree, she pressed it to her, breathing in deeply its luscious fragrance.

A step in the outer hall, and a buzz of excitement reached their ears. Jasson quickly pulled the curtains to ascertain the cause, while Myra waited in wonderment. Dorcas stood in the doorway, trembling as with the palsy, and spoke falteringly:

"Friend, the maiden in the stable hath no need of me, and wonders have I beheld this night. A child hath been born and the maid wrapped him in swaddling clothes and laid him in the manger. A holy light filled the place and voices I heard, singing: 'Glory to God on high.' Truly, friend, methinks the prophecy hath come to pass. What think you of this strangeness?"

Jasson stood as one petrified, staring. He could not comprehend. It was Myra who broke in on the stillness.

"Aye, fear not, father! Dost thou not know the Scriptures? Make haste, my father, and see with thine own eyes."

Jasson moved as one not understanding.

"But stay," Myra called. "Take the bush and give it to the babe. The maiden will rejoice that I have this night remembered her."

"I pray thee, make haste and bring me tidings of the babe."

Seeing her unusual eagerness he took the tree and followed Dorcas. They were met by several of the

Mary Immaculate

*Vanished the valley lily's grace,
Matched with the sweetness of
her face;*

*Shamed fade the stars that fleck
the night,*

*When her eyes up gaze, lit with
Heaven's light;*

*Soft as the murmurous, far-off
sea,*

*The voice of the Maiden of
Galilee;*

*Ah! pure hands fashioned for
tenderness,*

*Those feet how eager love's way
to press!*

*But her soul, ah! who shall its
beauty speak?*

*Whiter than snows on Hermon's
peak,*

*Star-gleam where lurid night
hath been,*

*Heaven's breath 'mid the stifling
mists of sin;*

*One word bespeaks all her peer-
less charms—*

*God leaves His throne for her
maiden arms.*

—Catherine M. Hayes

art thou hiding behind thee?" And Myra looked from side to side like a child playing at games.

"I had thought to surprise thee, but let it pass. Thy day hath been full, indeed. It is time for rest," he teased.

"Nay, nay, father, I feel strangely rested and over wakeful. I would see what thou art hiding."

"It is a mass tree, daughter, in full bloom, out of time. A wondrous sight; the like I never have beheld."

"A mass tree!" repeated Myra in puzzled astonishment. "Thou makest sport of thy daughter. No blossom so fragile could stand this chilly air. It is yet three months e'er the hills are covered with their beauty." And

other men and women of the house, and silently they made their way down the Judea road.

The night was calm, and a brightness was in the heavens, the like of which no man had seen before, and a star unlike the others hung over the spot where Jasson's stable stood. Fear filled their hearts and they said to one another: "What manner of happening is this?" But Dorcas, now possessed with a new courage, bade them fear not and follow on. They went with haste and found Mary and Joseph watching by a babe that lay in the manger. Jasson and all that were with him dropped to their knees in the entrance and bowed their heads to the ground, for they believed, as it had been written, that this was He who was come to redeem the world. They felt, but understood not, the strange feeling and joy.

Left to herself, Myra could not be content. A strange yearning and impatience filled her, and her whole being seemed on fire as if with fever. Reaching for the little roll of Scriptures, that always she kept near her, eagerly she sought again for the words, "And a child shall be born, and he shall be called the Son of God." Had it come to pass? "Glory to God on high," she repeated to herself, as she read. A new feeling was upon her, and she felt a desire to arise. Wonder and astonishment possessed her. For the little feet that had been numb and chill were tingling with life. The painful, disjointed back that had been so weary and useless, was bending with strength.

Myra raised her eyes and hands to heaven, for now she knew that God had been mindful of a cripple. Stretching herself like a young and growing babe, she sprang to her feet in exultation and calling to the others in the house, displayed the workings of God before them.

Great was the excitement in the home of Jasson when upon his return she that had been weak ran out to greet him. He bowed his head on her shoulder and wept. "Truly, I am unworthy that this should happen unto me," and he beat his breast and breathed a prayer.

"Thou shalt see with thine own eyes this very night, my little dove," said Jasson, when the excitement

had passed and he had answered for the tenth time all the questions with which Myra plied him, as once more they went down the Judea road. Jasson hurried to keep pace with the joyous steps of his little daughter, little no longer, but in the bloom of womanhood.

"And what hath the maiden to say, my father? Hath she wonder for the mass tree?"

"Aye, daughter. The babe, too, looked upon it and smiled. And the maiden called it Christ's mass tree, and besought the blessings of heaven upon me and mine."

"Yea, it was the same hour wherein I walked," answered Myra, and she crept close to Jasson as they neared the stable, where lay the

Messiah, the Son of God, he who had come unto his own and his own knew him not.

* * * * *

Long, long ago the empire, which Caesar clutched with gripping hand, has been humbled like a beggar in the Syrian sun, and the dust of the old Judea road has been ground to powder by the tramping feet of many centuries, that have come to pay homage at the crib of the Messiah in the old stable of Jasson, the camel comber. Myra, too, and her father, and all of his household, have been sleeping on the hillsides of Judea these many centuries, forgotten. But Myra's Christ-Mass tree, the pledge of God's love to man, has come down to us through the ages.

Early Christmas Morning

The shepherds came to Bethlehem so early Christmas morning,

Led thither by the mystic music sweet;

They knelt in joyous circle 'fore the holy Child reposing,

And laid their flock's meek offering at His feet.

Three Kings came into Bethlehem another Christmas morning,

Led thither by the radiance of a star;

They knelt and laid their precious gifts before the little Savior,

Gifts they had brought Him from the East afar.

And all about the lowly place the air was full aquiver

With fluttering of the countless angel wings.

While there before the manger, where she sat beside Saint Joseph,

The watchful Mother pondered many things:

For well she knew that all his lifetime she was called to share Him

With mortal man, whom He would die to save.

So, early Christmas morning, when all others were rejoicing,

The Mother's heart was wistful, and her smile was grave.

—Mary J. Carr.

FATHER JEAN'S SISTER TELLS A STORY

By MARY J. CARR

COME IN! Come in! Let me help you off with your wraps. How bitter cold it is outside! Real Christmas weather! Take this chair by the fireplace. I am glad you think my fire is cheerful. Father Jean so loves a blazing fire on the hearth these dark winter evenings, and he will be in shortly, so I have laid this oak log on the coals. Now draw your chair close, my dear, and you will be warm and comfortable in no time.

Yes, Father Jean is in the church arranging the Christmas crib—something he loves to do and which he always insists on doing entirely by himself. You see, he patterns his crib each Christmas from a memory he has carried in his mind for many and many a year, in fact, since he and I were little children, seven years old or so—a long time, is it not? And why should a Christmas crib mean so very much to him? Well, to tell you that would be to tell you the story of our life. You would like nothing better? Well—

All I can remember of our first seven years was spent in New York's Ghetto with an old Russian, Marovich, who kept a curio shop. Maro, he called himself. Ah, Maro! You were a queer guardian for two little children, especially two such as were Jean and I—Italian children craving beauty and affection! You gave up little of either, and you kept us many an hour shut in the shop, away from the little sunlight to be found in the Ghetto's alleys, polishing your brasses and silvers, or removing the polish, as the need might be. But who can say it was not better for us in the long run, since it kept us, at the same time, from close contact with much sordidness and misery and evil? And we did not miss the companionship of others, for Jean and I were sufficient unto each other.

I was then much as you know me to be today; practical always, slow of imagination—all of my dreaming was done at night—and quite worldly; but Jean was different. It was he who saw goblins and elves whisking about the alleys on twilight evenings where I saw only dried leaves

and scraps of paper; it was he who saw terrible ghosts peering out of the dark hall into our little room at night, to my terror, although I knew them to be only white garments hung upon the wall; it was he who heard quaint and lovely songs in the wind and rain as they beat upon the shop window, and the tales he would tell me of the people who came to the shop to buy or look about! I recall one lady—she would have been startled to know that to the two children who peered at her through the cracks in the wall she was a witch in disguise, while the dog she led at the end of a chain was a prince she had bewitched! It was a favorite notion of Jean's that we were the stolen children of wealthy parents, and that our beautiful mother sat day by day in her gardens by the sea, mourning the loss of us, while our honored father sought us through the wide, wide world! My funny Jean! While I often scolded him for his wild imaginings, I adored him for them. He was the ever outflung window through which my dull eyes saw beauty and light and color.

Old Maro was never cruel to us. He kept us well clad and gave us plenty to eat; but Jean and I shrank from him. He never struck us. He could accomplish punishment enough with fierce looks, for we were sensitive and timid. He kept us closely by ourselves and taught us to distrust all strangers, and once when two settlement workers came to his shop to persuade him to let us join their reading class he ordered them away in such rage that Jean and I trembled for an hour. My tremors were considerably aggravated by Jean's assurance that he knew Maro could kill a man "just as easily!" Then, too, Maro was given to queer actions. Many a night he spent long, mysterious hours in the cellar, whence he would come muttering to himself. Dear! Dear! Those days!

Christmas meant to us a pair of new shoes, nothing more, until the wonderful Christmas of the crib. Jean had been radiant all day. Toward evening, when Maro sent him on an errand, he begged that I

might be allowed to accompany him. "Jean," I demanded, when we were out of the shop, "why do you look so happy? We have no Christmas tree or anything!" Jean gave a hop and a skip and threw out his arms as a bird spreads its wings for flight. That little movement was characteristic of joy with him.

"I'm going to show you!" he cried. "That's why we are hurrying so." He led me up a street that was strangled to me and into a church. I was thrilled with the beauty and silence of the place. The long, dim aisles, with the quiet, kneeling people, the statues and the flowers and the softly burning candles filled me with awe. "Why do they kneel so still?" I asked Jean. "They are praying, I think," he answered.

Praying! I was shocked at Jean's ignorance. I had heard a woman pray once in the Ghetto. They had taken her husband away to jail, and she had flung herself down on her knees in the muck, while she screamed words that I could not understand. "Why does she do that?" I had asked a Ghetto child, and she had answered, "She's praying." These motionless, kneeling people were, then, surely not praying!

Then, suddenly we were before the crib. If you wish to see exactly how it looked, visit Father Jean's crib on Christmas morning. He remembers every detail, and carries it out faithfully—the Blessed Mother and St. Joseph; the Holy Child, lying with outstretched hands on the bed of straw; the cattle pressing closely; the angels hovering about; the lighted Christmas trees on either side, and over all the great gold star shining.

I caught my breath and looked from the wonderful crib to Jean. It is hard to say which was the brighter, the shining crib or his shining face. "This is our Christmas tree," he whispered. "Look at it well before we go!" I was dumfounded when Jean drew forth the precious penny he had found in a crack the day before and tossed it into the basket. "For the poor," he answered my startled look. For the poor! We

tiptoed from the church with our heads in rosy clouds. We had a Christmas tree of our own, and we had given to the poor!

"It can be ours," Jean explained, as we hastened on our belated errand, "for a beautiful lady gave it to me. She took me by the hand and led me there."

I was all curiosity. What did the lady look like? What did she say? What did she wear? I wanted to know. "She didn't say a word," Jean answered, "and I don't know what she wore. I noticed only her face. It was not like yours, it was not like mine. It was soft and lovely like the moon when it is going behind the clouds. I wonder if she will ever come again." And with that I had to be satisfied.

Of course, we said nothing to Maro about the crib. He would have been furious, and we were determined to visit it again, on Christmas day, which we did, and that day, on the church steps, we met Father Moore—God rest his soul!

Father Moore had a quick, companionable smile, which said to us: "You are welcome here!" And his manner was gentle and protective. He asked if we had been to visit Our Blessed Lord and I answered: "Oh, no! We do not know Him. We have been looking at our Christmas tree. The lady gave it to Jean."

Father Moore was puzzled and set about to learn the meaning of these things. He gave us each a stick of candy, which greatly strengthened our confidence in him, and he asked us many questions:

"Where do you live?"

"In Maro's curio shop."

"And who is Maro? Is he your

uncle? Who is he?"

"No. He is just Maro."

"Is he a Catholic?"

"No. He is an old man."

"And where are your father and mother?" I was overcome by the desire to make a lasting impression on Father Moore, so I came a step closer to him and lowered my voice

impressed, and before we left him he had our promise that we would come often to see him, which we gladly did whenever we could slip away from the shop, for Father Moore was charming to us, taking us into his house and telling us little stories of God, of whom we had never heard before. Father Moore determined to call on Maro at the shop and try to learn something of our identity. This he did sooner than he had expected and under unlooked-for circumstances.

One night Maro was taken suddenly ill. Awakened by dreadful groans, Jean and I crept fearfully out into the hall and found him lying at the head of the cellar steps. Jean's first thought was of Father Moore, our only friend, and slipping on his shoes and overcoat, the poor little fellow ran out into the night to get Father. I could do nothing but put a pillow under Maro's head and cover him with a blanket. How awful was that wait for Jean and Father Moore! Maro lay very still, groaning occasionally, but his eyes were wide and staring and he fixed them on me with a wild, accusing expression as if he were angered that I stood by watching him while he lay there helpless and suffering.

Finally Father Moore and Jean came running in, bringing a doctor with them. Father Moore lifted Maro and carried him to his bed. The movement seemed to loosen the old man's tongue, for he started to cry feeble protests against the intrusion of the priest and doctor. The doctor bent over him for an instant, and then looking at Father Moore, he said: "Only a few moments more, Father."



"Who Was Born of the Virgin Mary"

to a mysterious whisper: "We are the stolen children of wealthy and noble parents," I began, "and our beautiful mother sits day by day in her garden by the sea—" But I got no further, for Jean stopped me with an angry tug at my arm. Told thus to Father Moore, the favorite of his imagination savored too strongly of deception.

However, Father Moore was much

Jean and I were standing together in the doorway, trembling with excitement. Father Moore called us to Maro's bed and had us stand where the dying man's eyes could readily find us.

"Maro," he said, "you are dying. You must make your peace with God, and tell us whose little children these are."

Maro was in a terrible rage. He insisted that he was not dying; that there was no God, and that we children were no concern of anyone. Then Father Moore took out his crucifix and, bending low, held it before Maro's wild eyes.

"This is the image of the God who died for you," he said, in a stern, but still tender voice. "You are going before Him to be judged in a very short time. You must not go with a guilty soul, Maro! He gives you this time to prepare!"

These words and the sight of the image of the dying Savior worked a great change in Maro. The wildness left his face. His clenched fists fell limply on the counterpane and great tears filled his eyes and rolled down his drawn cheeks. Then, while death hovered near, seemingly grudging him every breath, Maro told the story of our poor parents.

They had both been killed in a hotel fire five years before. Maro,

who had gone back to his room to rescue some forgotten belongings, met our father, a young Italian, staggering through the hall with Jean and me in his arms. "Take care of my babies!" he gasped; "I am going back for my wife." A short time later he was carried out dead, clasping in his arms the lifeless body of our mother. But Maro did not stay longer, for he had discovered something that transformed him into a greedy miser. In a small wallet our poor father had tied about Jean's neck, Maro found a roll of bills—ten thousand dollars. Maro wanted that money himself. Now, you will marvel at the peculiar disposition of the man when I tell you that he would not turn us orphans over to the authorities to be cared for by charity, which he could have done and still kept the money. No. His perverted idea was that if he cared for us himself he would be justified in keeping the money. Money was his god, poor man; he worshipped it! Father Moore said God would overlook much in Maro, for the unfortunate man was surely demented. So, Maro took us to New York, where, hidden away in the Ghetto, he bought his curio shop. The remainder of the money, together with his own hoardings, he hid away in the cellar where he had

so often prowled at night. There Father Moore found it after Maro's death. There was not a sign about the wallet to lead to our identity. Nor did Father Moore's efforts with the authorities of the city where the fire had occurred, unearth anything more than that an unidentified couple, apparently young, and Italian, had perished in the flames and had been buried together. The only articles taken from their bodies were these wedding rings which I wear. They are not inscribed. All else was destroyed.

And here we are today, Jean and I, still together, and Jean a priest. You see, our present great happiness all came about through our visit to the crib that Christmas long ago. Do you wonder now that the Christmas crib means so much to us?

Ah, here comes Father Jean! How dark it has grown while I was speaking! Now we shall have tea, which you must stay to help us enjoy, and perhaps Father Jean will tell you some of his Ghetto stories, which he is putting into his new book. His memory is much keener than mine, and he can tell tales that will make you laugh and cry. The beautiful lady who led him to the crib? Ah, that I have never found out! Father Jean does not say what he thinks, but I have often heard him exclaim when looking at some beautiful portrait of the Blessed Virgin: "A lovely picture, indeed, but they do not know how beautiful she really is!" Come in, Father Jean!



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In the Interest of Women

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CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS

THE DAY before Christmas in one of our big cities certainly seems far remote from the first Christmas. It is arrayed, feverishly arrayed, with holly and greens, with gay tinsel for a million trees, with food and dainties and toys by the store-full, street-full, city-full. What a comparison between this scene and that of Bethlehem. The poor grotto; the lonely mother, the wondering foster-father; the wide-eyed beasts, adoring mutely their Creator. And that Creator, a babe, laid in His manger-cradle! Where may we find now the poverty and humility of the Christ-child? Where may we find the sacrifice of Joseph and Mary? We are worried and anxious, even, about the very gifts we have bought. Will they please? Are they the particular things wanted by those particular people? Truly, Christmas has been robbed of its simplicity, and once this happens its sweetest attribute has been taken from it. And how, I ask, can a thing without sweetness add sweetness to the simple day of the Babe of Bethlehem?

"In Bethlehem was denial. Here are wealth and indulgence, wondering what other rare fruit should be added to the dessert table, what dainty and costly trinket shall be bought. There was unostentation, the King, like His Kingdom, coming without observation. But here in this great city we keep in mind Christ's modesty and unobtrusiveness by clothing ourselves in luxurious furs, by advertising our benevolence and our free dinners." Not mine these words, but the words of another—and as I read them I thought "Are they true?" Of some people they are. For them there can be no Christmas, as Christ came to the poor—Christmas is the poor's day. Ah! but if the heart beneath the fur is poor, Christmas belongs to it—and there are many blessed

with this world's goods who are indeed poor of heart, thank God! Unless they had the poor heart, they could not have Christmas. No one could.

The Catholic woman's new year really begins with Advent, with her preparation for Christmas. Resolutions are in order now, rather than on the first of the year. There are few among us who do not well know the meaning of the word sacrifice; few women who are not called upon to give up things which they would enjoy, things which they really need. No matter in what walk of life a woman may be, she has her duties to perform, and seldom are these duties performed without sacrifice. And as Christmas is the poor's day, and as deep down in our hearts many of us know ourselves to be the poorest of the poor, why should we not make sacrifices for ourselves?

"What would you consider the biggest gift you could make to yourself during this season?" I asked a dear friend last year. "To do something for some one I detest," she said. "And I'm doing it—and I feel it's the best thing I've ever accomplished. It took a lot of determination, but I've got there!"

I smiled at her reply and later asked her how her gift had worked out.

"Splendidly," she said. "I found out I have never detested her quite as much as I thought I had!"

There's a lot of truth in that—you can't dislike a person for whom you do something. There's a charm in service, that touches the heart. Christmas is service time, and if we prepare to render it, not alone to those who surround us, but to ourselves, we shall come to Christmas day with the joy of the shepherds and the homage of the Magi. I would much rather have been a shepherd than one of the Magi, even though

both were blessed. The kings came laden down with wise lore and knowledge, and knelt in adoration of the King's majesty. But joy winged the feet of the poor shepherds, and because they knew so little their bliss was all the greater.

I received, one day, however, a lesson on keeping Christmas that I have never forgotten. Many of my readers follow this custom, but there are some who do not, and who may be glad of the suggestion. It was not at Christmas-time, either, that the suggestion came, but late in the fall. I had called on a friend who escorted me at once into her kitchen, which she was too busy to leave for very long.

"Something smells good," I remarked.

"We're keeping Dad's birthday tomorrow," said Boy.

"Yes?" I asked. "And does Dad know?"

"Of course he knows," said Mother. "Though he can't keep it with us, either—I mean at home here. He leaves for the office on the 6:35 train, and Mass here isn't until eight o'clock. But all at home go to the Mass—we arranged some time ago to have it offered for him—and I and the three elder children receive holy Communion. Then they go to school. The evening is free. All our tasks are done today, and the children give him their little gifts. We don't give him anything in the morning, as we want his big gift, the Mass, to be the first one of the day."

I had no further reason to inquire why this family was one of the happiest I have ever known. I found that this was one of their habits. Birthdays were sanctified by holy Mass, offered for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the one whose natal day it happened to be. The three children combined to have it offered for the fourth and the four and Dad had

it offered for Mother. Even after the parents on both sides were dead, never a Christmas or Easter passed by without this splendid gift in addition to the regular remembrances during Holy Souls' month. Let us take this up as one of our spiritual customs—to make some Christmas gift to our dear ones who are gone—a Mass, if possible, a novena, a holy communion, prayers—something that will be given exclusively and specially to them alone.

And the Christmas gift that is "so hard to get"! How easy it would be to simplify our Christmas giving by a little card, saying that we are having a Mass offered for one's needs! That is the priceless gift—which can never be inappropriate, which will solve all difficulties!

Ye's, let us get right down to spiritual things during Advent, preparing for Christmas. Don't bother about trifles. Let us strip ourselves of all pretenses, make ourselves poor, make ourselves little with our little Lord. The further we get away from the crib, the further we get away from Christ's spirit. And when we have emptied ourselves, as the great Apostle says, let us ask what is the gift we will make to ourselves for the year that is coming.

We know our own hearts, our own spiritual troubles. What is the hardest thing for us to do—spiritually, I mean—the difficulty which retards our progress, pricks us like a sharp thorn, humiliates us along the road to heaven? It may be forgetfulness of prayers; reluctance to frequent the Sacraments; dislike of devotions; lassitude in enforcing the religious duties of others under our control. Whatever it may be let us promise ourselves at the crib the gift of overcoming it. With God's grace, we will be able to make it and keep it. Spiritual attention—that will be our gift to ourselves until next Christmas comes.

What gift can you make your fellow-man this year? The gift of your good example. The gift of acting as God wants Catholics to act for the edification of other Catholics, and for the understanding of those who, as one noted convert remarks, "are not able, as yet, to come in the door, but must look through the windows." For those who are studying the

Catholic Church in its members are allured or repelled by the objects of their scrutiny.

Let us make him the gift of being less critical. Let us resolve not to be so extravagant—not extravagant with money, but with our tongues. Let us practice economy in discussing our neighbor's faults, passing judgment on his actions. *Don't presume to judge unless you understand—and when you understand you won't presume to judge.* Don't find fault unless you are free from fault. If only we were concerned less about unnecessary things, and more about those that are necessary. There is so much to be said about the right things, so much to be done! If you are not busy in your home, you should be busy in your parish. And if your parish is well-supplied with helpers, there are hundreds of calls from outside, and the Faith to be spread abroad. There are many signs along the spiritual highway—Stop, Look, and Listen is the biggest one. Stop, look, and listen to help others to be better, to be better yourself.

What are we before our Lord but little ones? What can He expect of little ones but dependence on Him and love and simplicity? Make a package of your faults and your mistakes during Advent, and on Christmas day take them with you to the crib and make a sacrifice of them to Him. Then will you realize the sweetness of the blessing of our dear St. Francis, lover of poverty, and at the crib, will it come true! "May the Lord bless thee and keep thee. May He show His face to thee and have mercy on thee. May He turn His countenance to thee and give thee peace."

HOW OTHERS DO IT

NEW STOCKINGS will last almost twice as long again without wearing into holes if they are shrunk before wearing them. Simply soak them in warm water for an hour or two, and you will be delighted with the result. Silk or lisle stockings should be treated the same way.

A small bottle of glycerine is an excellent thing to keep in every cupboard, as it is invaluable for removing tea or coffee stains from linen. Brush a little glycerine over the stain as soon as possible after

it is made, and it will come out in the wash without any trouble.

When making new curtains always make the hems the same width for each end, so that the rod may be run through either end, or they may be hung either side up if they are long ones. Once a month, or oftener, I reverse the curtains, and find that they wear much more evenly than if always hung one way.

When sewing calico use sixty or seventy thread rather than forty or fifty. The seam looks and wears better if the finer cotton is used. The two threads give quite sufficient strength, and the fine thread embeds itself in the material and becomes almost part of it, while the coarse, being raised above the surface, is apt to wear out before the material.

To soften boots or shoes, rub a very little castor oil well into the leather. Any other kind of oil will do, but castor oil is best, and one needs to use only the tiniest bit, or the leather will be too greasy to polish.

If the window shades do not harmonize with the room, why not color them, say, to match the ceiling? Hang full length on kitchen or porch wall, and color, then let them dry thoroughly and repeat if necessary. If the rollers are good, you will have new shades, for any cracks will be filled.

It is convenient to have a small glass jar in a handy place in the kitchen in which to drop odd tacks, nails, screws, etc. When something of the sort is wanted, it is easy to see if it is there—and it usually is.

Even gloves are not a perfect protection when blackening a stove; but if a thick soap lather is rubbed well into the hands, especially around the nails, it will fill the pores and carry the black away when it is washed out.

Before tacking the oilcloth on the kitchen table, pad the corners of the table with flat pads of absorbent cotton, pasted on smoothly. The oil cloth will wear much longer.

Dip oyster crackers in sweetened melted chocolate, and give that to the children instead of rich heavy sweets. They will enjoy them just as thoroughly, and they are better for them.

● PLEASE TELL ME

Where do we get the word church?

The word church is derived from the Greek word *kyriakon* or *kyriake*, meaning "the Lord's," that is, the Lord's house. For the church is especially set apart for the worship of God; in other words, it is dedicated to Him by the ceremony of blessing or of consecration.

When is a church blessed?

A church is blessed before it is opened for public worship. The bishop generally blesses churches, though he may depute a priest to bless them.

When is a church consecrated?

A church is not consecrated, ordinarily, until it is free from debt.

Has a consecrated church any distinguishing sign?

Yes, as evidence of its consecration its inner walls are marked with twelve crosses, each supporting a candle, symbolic of the apostles.

When were churches first consecrated or blessed?

Churches were blessed and consecrated from apostolic times. The practice was made a law apparently in the time of Pope Evarist, who died A. D. 105.

May a church be used without being blessed or consecrated?

The law of the Church forbids the use of a church for the celebration of Mass or other divine service unless it has been consecrated or at least blessed.

Can a church lose its consecration?

A church loses its consecration if it is destroyed, wholly or mostly, or if the bishop finds it proper to turn it over to everyday uses.

What is the meaning and use of consecration?

The consecration signifies the holiness secured to the Church by the passion of Christ, and the holiness required of its members. Moreover, in answer to the Church's prayers, God looks with special favor on all who worship in it.

Is the day of the dedication of a church specially observed thereafter?

The feast of the dedication of a church is kept every year on the anniversary, unless the bishop or the pope assign another day. The feast is observed as one of the highest rank.

HOW TO TREAT AN UMBRELLA

VERY few people realize that an umbrella requires just as careful treatment as anything else if it is to serve one long and well. Here are a few useful tips as to what an umbrella likes, and doesn't like.

If you want to get the very best out of your umbrella, you must treat it kindly, and when it comes to a question of treatment there are only two umbrellas really—the wet and the dry.

You start out with a dry, well-rolled umbrella. If a shower comes on, you probably undo the strap and let the thing unroll and then open it with a jerk. That is quite wrong. It jars the framework, weakens the spring, and in time splits the material.

An umbrella should be opened steadily and gently, unless you want trouble with it. After the shower, no matter how smart you want to look, you must not roll up your umbrella while it is still damp. If you do, and allow it to dry rolled up, the silk will very soon go into holes in the folds.

I can hear somebody saying:

"Well, I know that, of course. I never roll up a wet umbrella!"

Perhaps not, but I wonder if you put it to drain, unrolled, it is true, but still closed, *right way up* in the umbrella stand?

If you do, all the water will drain into the silk round the ferrule, and when you least expect it, the cover will give way there.

There are only two correct ways of treating a wet umbrella. One, the better way, is to open it, put it on the floor, resting on its handle and the tips of a few of its ribs, and leave it to dry with the silk properly stretched.

The other way, which you can adopt when your room is limited, or you are in a friend's hall, and don't want to spread out your umbrella all over the place, is to stand it, unrolled, but closed, on its head, and let it drain that way. Never, even when you are in a hurry, make the mistake of opening an umbrella and leaving it to dry before a fire, as nothing rots the silk quicker.

Now about dry umbrellas—which need quite as much attention as wet ones.

To begin with, if you come home with your umbrella unused and still rolled, you must not put it away like that; it is necessary to unroll it and put it away loose.

Some firms sell silk cases for umbrellas; but silk soon perishes if kept away from the air, and cases should not be used except for traveling.

An umbrella manufacturer told me the other day that the best way of all to prolong the life of an umbrella is to keep it in a dry, airy room, always open, with a cover thrown over it to protect the silk from dust.

Fortunately an ordinary umbrella does very well indeed without proceeding to such extremes. It is, however, an unwise thing to put a good silk one in the hall stand, for somebody coming in may thrust a ferrule through the silk as he hurriedly places his own property in the stand.

To roll an umbrella properly requires practice and patience. You should grasp it firmly round the handle, with the left hand, holding the little points of the ribs close to the stick, quite evenly. Then, keeping the left hand perfectly still, with the right proceed to fold the silk as tightly as possible round the stick. The point is, you must not try to hold the ribs as so many people do, only the silk. The ribs must lie flat and straight along the stick. When it is tight enough fasten it quickly with the strap. I should advise you, before you begin to roll, to be sure the button is on. There is nothing more annoying than to have achieved a smart result and then have to let go to get a needle and button.

A shabby-looking umbrella, unless it is too far gone, is much smartened by a new tassel and strap.

Should its folds have begun to go, don't darn them, but put a piece of black sticking plaster under the rents.

Many people get attached to an umbrella that has served them faithfully for some time, and are sorry when it begins to wear out. But, provided the frame is a good one to begin with, and the handle good for some time to come, an umbrella may be re-covered again and again. Silk covers, as a rule, wear very badly, and soon split at the seams, but a mixture of silk and cotton looks as nice, and outlives at least two or three silk ones.

OUR PATTERN SERVICE



HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS:
Write your NAME and ADDRESS PLAINLY on any piece of paper. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coin (wrap coin carefully) for each pattern ordered. Send your order to FRANCISCAN HERALD, PATTERN SERVICE, Corona, N. Y.

quires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 16-inch or wider and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 25-inch or wider for his suit. The doll requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 18-inch or wider. Pattern, 15c.

No. C-113. Every Little Girl Loves a Rag Doll. Cut in sizes 16, 20 and 24 inches high. Size 20 requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch for doll and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard 36-inch material for dress. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1598. Kiddies Love Rag Toys. This set may be made from socks or stockings that have outlived their usefulness. Cut in one size. The doll requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 11-inch material and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 17-inch or wider for dress and cap. The rabbit requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 14-inch or wider material. The cat requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 14-inch or wider material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 9829. A Set of Baby Doll's Clothes. The pattern includes rompers, nightdress, shirt, drawers, bib and cap. The pattern is cut in sizes for doll 12, 14, 16, 18, 20 and 22 inches high. For material requirements see pattern envelope. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1600. Three Pretty Boudoir Caps are included in this pattern. Cut in one size. Cap No. 1 requires $\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch material with 2 yards ribbon; cap No. 2 requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 36-inch material with 2 yards ribbon; cap No. 3 requires $\frac{5}{8}$ yard 27-inch material with $\frac{3}{4}$ yard edging. Pattern, 15c.

Transfer Pattern No. 633 shown on cap No. 1—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 9821. A Cute Set of Doll's Clothes. The pattern includes dress with collar in surplice effect, a smart cape with a convertible collar, petticoat, chemise and tam-o'-shanter hat. Cut in sizes for doll 16, 18, 20, 22 and 24 inches high. For material requirements see pattern envelope. Pattern, 15c.

No. C-100. All the Kiddies Love Billy 'Possum. Cut in one size and requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 27-inch material with $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 18-inch felt for tail, soles and ears. Pattern, 15c.

No. C-102. Peter Rabbit. Cut in one size and requires $\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1597. A Cute Set of Rag Toys. These toys can be made from cotton or woolen socks or stockings that have

been discarded. The pattern cuts in one size. The dog requires $\frac{3}{8}$ yard 14-inch or wider material. The clown re-

No. 8906. The modern homemaker will appreciate this pillow. Cut in one size and requires 1 1/4 yards 36-inch material for puff section and 1/2 yard 18-inch for bottom. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1343. A pretty Apron makes a most acceptable gift. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material with 8 1/2 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 8628. An Apron Bag for the Woman Who Sews. Cut in one size and requires 1 yard 36-inch material with 6 1/4 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1605. A Handy Kitchen Apron. Cut in sizes 36, 40 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 yards 27-inch, 32-inch or 36-inch material with 10 3/4 yards binding. Pattern, 15c.

All Patterns 15c, stamps or coin (coin preferred).

No. 1608. A Pretty New Apron Design. Cut in sizes 36, 40, 44 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch material with 7/8 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1599. A Shirt That'll Stand Wear. Cut in sizes 14 1/2, 15, 15 1/2, 16, 16 1/2, 17, 17 1/2, 18, 18 1/2 and 19 inches neck measure. Size 15 1/2 requires 3 3/8 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1611. Becoming Lines for the Full Figure. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 1/2 yards 40-inch material with 12 yards braid. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1610. A Smart Afternoon Dress. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 40-inch material with 1 yard ribbon and 2 1/2 yards edging. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1609. A Pretty Frock That Is Easy to Make. Cut in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 40-inch material. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1604. A Neat House Dress. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/8 yards 32-inch or 36-inch material with 1 1/8 yards 27-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1612. Made in an Afternoon. Cut in sizes 34, 36, 38 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3 3/4 yards 32-inch or 36-inch material with 1/2 yard 36-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c.

No. 1614. A New Dress for Your Small Daughter. Cut in sizes 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 4 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-

inch material with 3/8 yard 22-inch contrasting. Pattern, 15c. Transfer Pattern No. 626—in blue only—15c extra.

No. 1255. A "Comfy" Sleeping Garment. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 3/8 yards 36-inch material. Pattern, 15c.



Home Handicraft

Address all orders: Franciscan Herald Service Department, Corona, N. Y.

THE CHRISTMAS CARD AND A GREEN MEMORY

SOME OF US complain that the Christmas card custom has been overdone; it loses its interest because there are so many millions of them and because we have to send them to so many people. There may be some truth in the assertion that we take less interest in this Christmas custom; we certainly are apt to treat it in a perfunctory manner, but that is entirely the fault of the individual. We are in too much of a hurry nowadays to give due attention to either the sending or the receiving of these annual reminders.

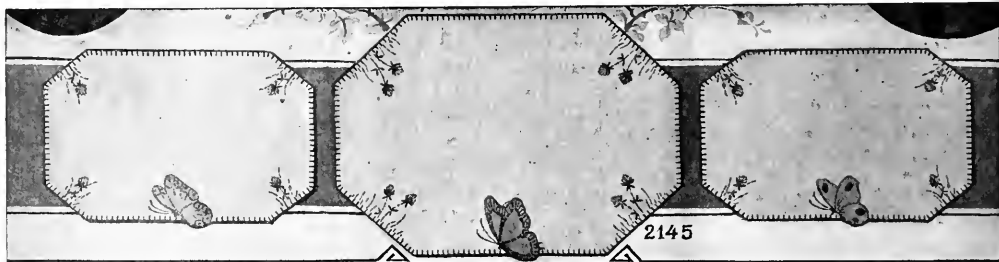
The Christmas card should perform the duty of keeping us in touch with our relatives and friends. In France, where the first day of the

we may even go to the length of handing some one a list of addresses and paying them to do the work of mailing.

But—and oh! this is a big but! our Christmas card should have something Christian about it. Be sure of that. We must never lose sight of what the season really symbolizes.

We may have our cards printed, we may have anything we like done to them by machinery, and we can thus obtain far prettier reminders than some of us can make; but on top of this let us write something! Let us show our friends that we really do think of them. Let us spare a comparatively small amount of time

fact, no matter how busy we may be. It would be an easy matter to spare time for the Christmas card, and it should be a duty. There would be more good will on earth if these were carried out. Long live the Christmas card that reminds us that Christ was born for us on Christmas day! And if you would want to give something a little better than a Christmas card, remember that you can purchase the *Catholic Art Calendar* through the FRANCISCAN HERALD, at a very small price. Many people are presenting the *Catholic Art Calendar* instead of using Christmas cards. The calendar is a lasting remembrance of your kindly feel-



No. 2145. Buffet Set, consisting of three pieces stamped on unbleached muslin with blue patches for appliqueing. Price, 95 cents. Address as above.

year is of more importance than Noël, it is the custom to pay a round of visits to one's relations. If a Frenchman is living at a distance from his relatives, he writes letters to them. It would be a grave breach of etiquette to omit to do this. In this matter of visiting or writing, the individual himself has to act, and is thus brought into closer contact with the members of his family than is the case with many of us who simply have a card printed with our names and addresses and some stereotyped good wishes. "It's such a bother to write!" we say, with a yawn. So we have it all printed, and

in order to keep the memory green on both sides. If we do this we shall naturally be more interested in the cards we receive, and we shall retain more affection for our relatives and a firmer friendship for those who have walked the high road of life with us for a year or two. It does us all good to maintain our friends. A Christmas card, with just a touch of the personal in it, is a splendid means to an end.

"No time for it!" says the modern hustler. That is not a correct statement; every one wastes time. We may not care to admit it, but it is a

ing throughout the year, and is an invaluable aid everywhere that our holy religion is practiced. This calendar prevents to a great extent the missing of Mass on holidays of obligation and on lesser feasts, and has been responsible for the avoidance of eating meat on days of abstinence.

Information Wanted

Will the party, who sent to the July Obituary, the name of Mr. and Mrs. John O'Brien, listed under Kansas City, Mo., please correspond with
CHRISTINA M. SMITH
445 Boulevard Atlantic, Mass.

Life's Brief Journey

'Tis a little journey,
 This we walk;
 Hardly time for murmurs,
 Time for talk:
 Yet we learn to quarrel,
 And to hate,
 Afterwards regret it
 When too late.
 Now and then 'tis sunshine—
 Sometimes dark;
 Sometimes care and sorrow
 Leave their mark.

Often there is laughter—
 Often tears;
 Sometimes there are losses
 Felt for years:
 Yet we walk the pathway,
 Side by side,
 Where so many others
 Lived and died.
 We can see the moral—
 Understand,
 Yet we walk not always
 Hand in hand.

Why must there be friction
 And regret,—
 Words and deeds we after
 Would forget?
 Why must there be hatred,
 Greed and strife?
 Do we need such shadows
 Here in life?
 'Tis a little journey
 Soon gone by.
 Let's be friends together
 Ere we die!

—Selected

FREE Dress Designing Lessons



A most delightful gown of crepe meter.
 Dealer's price.....\$45.00
 Actual cost.....
 4 yds. Crepe Meter at \$3.00.....\$12.00
 3/4 yd. Georgette at \$2.50.....1.88
 2 ornaments.....3.00
 \$17.88
 Course will save you \$27.12

Dress and Costume Designers Get \$2000 to \$10,000 a Year

Many former students have opened parlors in their own homes, or elsewhere, and because of their special training have quickly built up a most desirable clientele. Dress and Costume Designing and Making is probably the best paying vocation now open to women and girls.

Learn at Your Own Home

You can take up this fascinating work at your own home by mail, giving only your spare time to the work. It is most interesting, as you design and make one garment after another, as you proceed through the course. Students usually find the lessons so fascinating that they give much more time to them than they had anticipated, giving up amusements and entertainments for the lessons.



Fashion's last word in a brown wool crepe material.
 Dealer's price.....\$40.00
 Actual cost.....
 3 1/2 yds. 46 inch Crepe at \$3.00.....\$10.50
 1 1/2 yd. Satin (for hand).....1.50
 Burned Ivory buckle...3.00
 \$15.00
 Course will save you \$25.00

Every woman or girl over 15 can design and make her own gowns if she wishes. Over 13,000 women, in every part of the world, have found that in ten weeks' time, studying at their own home, evenings and during time they would otherwise waste, they can easily become expert at Designing and Making dresses for themselves, their children and their friends. They find that they save the entire cost of the course on the first garment they make.

WORK FASCINATING

The lessons are so fascinating and so simple that girls 15 years and over can easily learn them, and, in fact, no girl should be allowed to grow up into womanhood unless she is thoroughly equipped with the knowledge contained in this course. Women who have had no previous experience whatever at sewing can easily and quickly learn to design and make gowns through this course, getting positions with large houses at big pay. You can give as much or as little time to the work as you like.

From Our Daily Mail

◆Billburg, Ky.—Before I became a student of your Institute, I was just a plain country woman and like thousands of other women, I was self-conscious. I never wanted to go anywhere, for fear my clothes were not what other folks were wearing. I knew they looked cheap, for I could not afford to buy the things I wanted at the prices being asked. But now, what a difference. My friends all rave over my pretty dresses. To know if they were sincere, I made a dress for my sister, and in less than a week, I had orders for eight dresses to make for her friends. Now, whenever I go out, I feel confident I am properly dressed for the occasion. It has only cost me one half as much as before and now I am proud of my clothes, where I formerly was ashamed of them. **MINNIE M. FELTNER.**

Hundreds of women and girls are learning Millinery by mail

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We want you to know just what these lessons are like. Send your name on the attached coupon. A very interesting book containing free sample lessons will then be sent you, by return mail. You will be under no expense or no obligation. You owe it to yourself and your family to get these sample lessons. Send the coupon now. You may forget it as you turn to the next page

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Kindly send me, absolutely free of any charge, free sample lessons in the subject checked below. Also show me how I can easily learn in 10 weeks to design and make original dresses and costumes or hats, at about one-third the usual selling price.

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 This coupon is valuable. If not interested, hand to a friend.



Fireside Talks & Tales

Children's Corner

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH ROSE

THE FLOWERING THORN OF GLASTONBURY

IT IS AN old, old legend, still believed by many, and once the cause of a great disturbance in England that nearly did away with the celebration of Christmas in that country. Quite a history, is it not?

The story runs that Joseph of Arimathea, the good rich man who gave his own new sepulchre, hewn out of the rock for the burial of the body of Our Lord, afterwards left Jerusalem and traveled to Britain (England), under the dominion of the Romans, who at that time practically ruled the known world. There he settled in a place now called Glastonbury, and there, the day before Christmas Eve, feeling his death approaching, he sought Weary-All Hill, and thrust into its soil his faithful staff, the companion of his journey, knowing he would never need it again. Next day, Christmas Eve, he died and was buried; and as they laid him in the ground, the bare staff burst into a sudden snow of white blossoms, feeling the sap of life rising within its veins. The flowers died, but the growth of the staff continued, until it grew into a large thorn bush on the spot where Joseph had thrust it in the ground. And there it flourished for many centuries, repeating its phenomenon of bloom every Christmas Eve, visited by thousands of people anxious to view the prodigy of flowers opening at Christmas in the cold of a Northern winter. An old poet of four centuries ago says of it:

"at holy Joseph's grave

The tree in winter blooms and wears its summer's green."

In a civil war in England, about 300 years ago, the original thorn bush was destroyed; but several cuttings still survive in Glastonbury, and are the objects of a Christmas pilgrimage to the present day.

A Christmas Thief

The middle of the night it was,
And quiet was the house;
For all within were sound
asleep,

Except one prying mouse,
Before the hearth he sat and
gazed

With all his curious eyes
On Tommy's stocking hanging
there,

That looked to be some prize.

"I wonder what it's tied up for?"

I wonder what it did?

I wonder if I could look in

And see what there is hid?

Something smells good and
sweet, I vow!

People who are so lax

And take no proper care of
things,

Surely should pay the tax!

If they don't want my tooth
about,

Why do they goodies leave

Where I can get so easily?

It puts me in a peeve!

I'm really willing to retreat,

Nor meddle with the hose,

But I can't help but feel the
scuff

They would on me impose!

To tantalize and then deny—

Why really, it's a shame!

A lesson I've a mind to teach.

I don't see who could blame!

I'll do it,—and next Christmas

they
Will not act so by me!"

So said, so done, Young Mousie
jumped

And caught his prey in glee;

Fast to the stocking did he
cling,

And put his tooth into it;

Nor did the wicked little thief

Find any cause to rue it.

For everything inside was good

As ever it could be.

"I feel for Tommy," said our

Mousie,

"But oh, it's good to me!"

He ate unto his heart's content

Then smilingly departed,

And Christmas found the good-

les gone,

And Tommy broken-hearted!

Later on, in the year 1752, the Flowering Thorn came into prominence in a most unexpected and disturbing way. A change had been made in the calendar at the time—there have been several changes of the kind in the history of the world, for science has not yet mastered the problems of time, and every now and then its computation has to be rectified, just as the clockmaker treats our clocks and watches. This particular change advanced Christmas just ten days, thus making January 6, which had been the former December 25 and Christmas Day, our present Epiphany. It is still often spoken of as Old Christmas. This disturbed people very much. In England, where they are noted for being "set in their ways," there was a great deal of dissatisfaction; and on the following Christmas, the new date, a great crowd assembled at Glastonbury to see what the Flowering Thorn would do, if it would come into the new regulation. It did not; it waited calmly for the old day. This settled the question. Nobody would hear of it. The Thorn said Christmas was January 6, the former December 25!

A commotion followed that took all the authority of the clergy to settle, for the people would not listen to the Government at all. Finally, after much wrangling, it was decided to yield to the inevitable, and accept the new reckoning as every other Christian country (except Russia) was doing. In course of time the whole trouble was forgotten, especially as nowadays the thorns are found to bloom anywhere in the two weeks from Christmas to the Epiphany. There is one thing that never will be forgotten, however, even if the legend of the Flowering Thorn passes from the memory of men—the blessed remembrance of "Joseph, the noble counsellor, the good and

just man, who looked for the kingdom of God," and who took in his arms the body of Jesus from the cross and laid it in his own new sepulchre, where never yet any man had been laid.

A HELPFUL GARDEN

IF EVER you build yourself a house, be sure to plant a garden alongside. Not the ordinary garden though,—that would be for beauty alone; the garden I have in mind is one that will be of much more value in housekeeping and prevent your ever running out of necessary supplies. First of all, instead of buying and filling the breadbox in your pantry, just plant a *Breadfruit Tree* within easy reach of its window. Then if it rains and you don't care about going out for a loaf of bread for breakfast, all you will have to do is to pull in a branch of the tree and take from off it one of its pale-green fruits, cut it open, remove the white mass that lies within, and there you are. Some people in its native South Sea island home prefer to roast it, but that's according to taste. Eat it fresh, though; if you keep it a day you will choke on it, says a party who knows.

Of course you want butter with it. Bring up one of two or three different kinds of *Butter Trees* from South America and plant it next door to your breadfruit.

Milk? Oh, that's easy. Get a *Bullet Tree* from Jamaica or Central America, that will yield you three pints a day, or better still, a *Cow Tree* from Venezuela or Guiana, that will give an even richer stream. I think on the whole the *Cow Tree* sounds more satisfactory, don't you. That *Bullet Tree* has rather an unpleasant suggestion. Nobody wants to have to shoot their milk to get it to run!

Are you thirsty? Take this *Pitcher Plant* from our own country and dip up the water, ready for use, out of that large cup growing from the bottom of your *Traveler's Tree*, come all the way from Madagascar to give you a drink.

Can't find a dishrag for your dishes? Why, there's one right now, out there on the fence. Cut that "cucumber" from off the *Dishrag*

Vine you brought from Louisiana. Inside the long green thing you will find a piece of coarse brown fibre which, if thoroughly dried out, will serve excellently for the purpose.

A forgotten letter to write, that should have gone by the first post, and out of material? Don't worry. The juice of that *Ink Plant* from New Grenada will be as good ink as you could get anywhere. It runs red at first, but soon turns black; Carter & Co. can't beat it. As for your writing paper, that Egyptian *Papyrus Plant*, over there by the fountain, will give you sheets and sheets of yellowish paper if you take off the outer covering of bark. By the way, papyrus was the first "paper" ever used, you know, and is still at the stand.

If you have torn a towel or a bag or anything not very fine, that needs quick repair, don't rush up-stairs after needle and cotton. Just pull a thorn out of your *Needle-and-Thread Plant*. (That's the everyday name it bears in its Mexican home; its Sunday name is *Maquely*.) Take care,—those dark brown thorns are very close together, and sharp as sharp can be. The thread, a long thickish fibre, comes out with its "needle," and you can sew up your torn article without stopping to put a fresh one in, for it will stretch indefinitely. The sewing is warranted to hold, too.

Electric bulb dead, gas too poor to see by? Why worry? Here's your *Candleberry Plant*, all ready for action. In China it is called the Tallow Tree. The three seeds of each berry are covered with a pale-green wax that makes first-rate candles.

I think your garden has done pretty well by you, hasn't it? Oh, don't forget your *Cacao Tree* over there in the corner, whatever you do! Carry into the house as many pods as you can, with their 50 to 100 seeds. Take these all out, don't miss one, they are precious! Then bruise them all up together, cook them awhile, and present your appreciative friends with a delicious cup of chocolate or, if they prefer it, a plate of No. 1 caramels.

THE TRUE HISTORY OF FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE

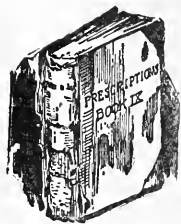
One of the most interesting prescription books at the old drug store of Carleton & Hovey in Lowell, Mass., is that of the year 1855. Under date of

June 9th, 1855, is written the original prescription for Father John's Medicine. This prescription was compounded for the Reverend Father John O'Brien and was so successful in treating Father John's ailment, which was a severe cold and throat trouble, that he recommended the medicine to his friends and parishioners. In going to the drug store and calling for the medicine, they always asked for Father John's Medicine and in this way the medicine got its name.



Father John's Medicine is a safe family medicine for colds, coughs, throat troubles, and as a tonic and body builder, because it does not contain opium, morphine, chloroform, and any other poisonous drugs, or alcohol, but is all pure, wholesome nourishment.

The basis for Father John's Medicine has always been the purest cod liver oil, scientifically compounded with other ingredients so that the rich vitamin content is easily taken up even by those who are weak and run down.



Order

Franciscan Herald

For Your Friend

The Best
Christmas Gift—
Lasts a Whole Year

A MOUNTAIN THAT EXPLODED

WHEN THE engineers of the United States Geological Survey were laying out the splendid roads that are in themselves one of the wonders of our wonderful Yellowstone Park, they came face to face with a problem which possibly no other roadmakers ever encountered. Stretching nearly three-quarters of a mile along one of the rivers was a mountain of what seemed to be solid glass. How it came to be there, as no other glaciers were near, or how far back its history extended, was beyond the power of any living person to tell. The story of those vast regions we call our pleasure grounds of the West is unknown, or why they so strangely differ from the rest of the country in which they lie. They are among the most wonderful curiosities of the whole earth, unsurpassed for grandeur and marvelous effects.

Well, nobody could see through that mountain being there, glass as it was! One thing was certain, however: Out of the way it must come, or the fine road system would be blocked and destroyed. A second thing was by no means so certain: How was it to be gotten out of the way? Dynamite, blasting powders of all sorts, proved powerless—our glass friend stood firm and mocked all efforts. Not if it saw itself! There it stood and there it was going to stand! What did it care for the pigmies assailing it?

One of these pigmies, nevertheless, played little David with his stone and sling to big Goliath and laid him low. A member of the surveying band, who had formerly been a glass-blower, suggested that great fires be built all along the foot of the mountain, and that after a certain heat had been attained, its surface be sprayed with water from its river neighbor. This was done. For nearly a week, immense logs were carted up, and big fires kindled by their aid. Then the water was applied.

The explosion that followed was heard for miles. Fire and water did the work. Half of the mountain flew off in tremendous chunks of ice that in falling shattered into a thousand fragments, afterwards used for a

roadbed which proved most satisfactory. A second explosion brought down more still of these "Belgian blocks," and Man had once again conquered Nature and her forces.

WHAT THE PURITANS THOUGHT OF CHRISTMAS

WOULD YOU believe that in this America of ours there was once a time when Christmas was no festival, that the law even forbade it to be so kept? The Puritans of Massachusetts decreed, in the year 1659, that "any one observing Christmas Day by abstinence from labor, by feasting or in any other way, shall pay for such offense the sum of five shillings" (about \$1.25). This was in imitation of an English Parliament that some years before had abolished the great feasts of Christmas, Easter and Pentecost, because they were "popish." England was no longer a Catholic nation at that time. So many had thrown off the old Faith, that those who were still faithful to it, had a very hard road to travel, one that led to misery, exile and sometimes to death. There was little happiness indeed in "Merrie England" just then; the gloomy Puritanism that was uppermost had nothing in common with the cheerfulness and joyousness of Christmas spirit. The king, Charles I, and the common people at first made a vigorous protest against the impiety of those who wished to do away with Christmas, but these same miserable men, who offered such indignity to the Infant of Bethlehem, thought little of kings, and in the end cut off his head for poor Charles. Against the people, breaking out in riot and destroying the shops of those who threw them open for business on the feast, they sent armed men, turning the great festival of peace and goodwill into strife and bloodshed. This state of things lasted for nearly 40 years in the mother-country. It came to an end when the next king, Charles' son, had the disgraceful law repealed; but the Puritans of the colonies still held to it, just as long as they could, until the re-awakened Christian spirit of our country forced them to join in the homage and reverence paid by all Christian nations to the commemoration of the birth of Our Lord. One can

hardly credit the story now. But it is a true one, and one that will never be forgotten in connection with these Puritans, of whom one often hears such fine things!

A mournful if somewhat comical tale of the blighting of a Christmas frolic survives in the annals of Massachusetts.

"Certain lusty young men," says the chronicle, "who had just come over in the ship *Fortune*, were called by the Governor out to work, as was the custom, on the day called Christmas Day; but the most of the new company excused themselves and said it went against their consciences to work on that day. The Governor told them if it was a matter of conscience he would spare them till they were better informed. So he went away and left them, taking the other workmen with him, and when they came back in the middle of the day, the strangers were at play openly in the streets, some pitching the bar, some at ball and such like sports. So he went to them and took away their implements of play, and told them it went against his conscience that they should play and let others work on Christmas Day. Since which time nothing more of that sort was attempted in that way."

Poor "lusty young men!" I wonder how they spent their Christmas? They wouldn't work and they couldn't play. They must have wished, long before the twenty-four hours came to an end, that Old Nick (not the Saint) would come down the chimney and fly away forever with Governor Bradford!

THE LARGEST THIMBLE IN THE WORLD

IN THE western part of Norway there lies a wonderful valley called the Naerodal. This valley, or rather ravine, is a continuation on land of one of the fjords or narrow passages of water enclosed in massive cliffs that sometimes all but touch each other across the chasms in which Norway abounds. The cliffs of Naerodal are really mountains, from four to five thousand feet in height, irregular of shape, grotesque in lines and generally completely bare of grass or shrub, yet "seamed with numberless cascades, hanging on the cliffs like

silver chains," says a recent traveler and writer of them. In this valley stands the largest thimble in the whole world, a shining silver thimble at that, round at the top, widened at the base, as the right sort of thimble should be. All over its sides, near the top, are the same indentations that the real article displays; with the aid of a little imagination, you can even trace in rugged fissures a gigantic 7 on one side, as if to show Dame Nature what size to order in case her big thimble should ever crumble away!

Jordalsnut is the name of this remarkable mountain. It is composed of silvery gray spar which sparkles and shimmers in the sunshine like the real metal. Those who have seen it by the light of the moon say it is beautiful beyond description. Well for *Jordalsnut* that is too big to sew with—its beauty can never be spoiled.

A CORK OUT OF THE BOTTLE

BRING me the cork out of that bottle, will you? and let us have a little talk about it—I think you will agree with me before we get through that the subject of this little talk is rather "bigger potatoes" than one would imagine at first glance. To begin with, the tree from whose bark our cork was taken is an aristocrat among trees. It is very exclusive and will not grow just anywhere—no indeed; it selects a few, and a few only, of the choicest garden countries of the world in which to reside, refusing to take root in any others. Warm, bright, beautiful Algeria, Spain, Portugal, Italy and southern France—these are its chosen homes, though if it has a leaning at all it is in favor of Portugal. A "leaning" it can scarcely be said to be, however, as it stands erect and tall, its sweeping branches covered with leaves of the most vivid green, 60 feet high and four feet across, a splendid, big, goodly thing to look at. Like most big things, it is slow and placid in its ways. Its name "Cork" is derived from the Latin word "Cortex," meaning "bark." Our Cortex grows quietly and serenely until it is nearly of age before it begins to make a stir. Then its outer bark is ready for use, and is stripped from it without the slightest injury to it, as a new bark begins to form as rap-

idly as possible. This, in turn, is taken from it; but the cork doesn't mind these robberies a bit; it keeps calmly on, putting new bark around its trunk continually for twenty years more, when it is thought to be at its best. Each layer is finer than the other—a good lesson to us, that each year of ours should be finer than its predecessor. After awhile the process of growth is extended to even the branches, so that in the end our whole tree is—one big bark. (Not a dogwood, nevertheless!) It often takes 150 years to exhaust its vitality and product. There's a worker for you! And speaking of produce, that doesn't end with the death of the tree. Here is a list made long ago, and still holding good, of what the cork tree holds for mankind; and to these uses later years have added fresher items:

"Algeria:—Shoes, wearing apparel, saddles, horseshoes.

Morocco:—Drinking vessels, plates, tubs.

Portugal:—Roofs, fences.

Italy:—Images, crosses, chapel pavements for the Stations of the Cross, buttresses for village churches.

Spain:—Beehives, window lights, pillows."

Then there are bungs and stoppers, discs and washers, floats for fishing nets, life preservers, buoys, wads for guns, soles for shoes, wheels made of it for polishing glass, hats and helmets, tips for cigarettes, etc. Cork is used for electrical purposes; its sawdust makes brick; you can pack fruit in it—you can do pretty much everything with it that you wouldn't think of. In fact, there has never a substitute been found for it, while of itself it will take the place of many other materials. Most beautiful and delicate ornaments have been made of it. The artist draws his "Spanish Black" from it.

One thing more—the old Egyptians actually "went the limit" with cork, for they made their coffins of it and lined their tombs with it. As we couldn't possibly go any further than this with our "cortex," let us put the cork back in the bottle, with sincerest admiration, wonder and respect for the exceedingly useful part it plays in a world where only people are lazy.



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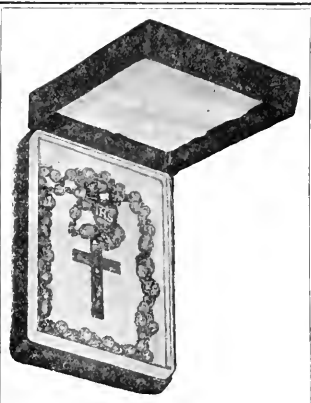
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For Christmas ideas and doings. They'll never answer to my wooings!

Don't I get any Christmas presents? Believe me, I am just the one To relish all that you can send me. Letters I want of Christmas fun, Letters of all that Santa brought you, Of fine surprise with which he caught you.

Please don't forget, amidst your joyings, Your Letter Box, your waiting friend!

I want my goodies and my presents In shape of Christmas letters. Send! And then next month we'll share our treasure.

(I scarce can wait the coming pleasure),
LETTERS, in running-over measure!

- 7—Aveand
- 8—Naska
- Agnes Riley, New London, Conn.

A Great Changer

- 1—Add me to a carpenter's tool and I become a boat.
 - 2—A part of the body and I become a period of time.
 - 3—The beard of wheat and I become a gape.
 - 4—A part of the verb to be, and I become a fruit.
 - 5—A point of the compass and I become a frothy substance.
 - 6—A mineral and I become long ago.
 - 7—A night bird and I become a yell.
 - 8—To gain as a just recompense and I become to long for.
 - 9—A sudden harsh cry and I become a measure of length.
 - 10—Belonging to us and I will belong only to you.
- Charlie Anseker, Annapolis.

Authors and Poets

- 1—Whlowlogflen
 - 2—Daralegpenoal
 - 3—Wartonhisngingvi
 - 4—Lenthunhensoakje
 - 5—Keycotransisic
 - 6—Rotberowringbn
- Helen Cassidy, Govans, Md.

THE PUZZLE CORNER

Acrostic

- 1—A large body of water
- 2—An exclamation
- 3—The middle of the day
- 4—A young female
- 5—More than three
- 6—A large animal
- 7—Opposite to short
- 8—Made by a needle
- 9—A fruit we all like
- 10—Past tense of the verb "to wear."

The first letters of each word spell the name of a great American poet.
 —Helen Lasheid, La Salle, Ill.

ANSWERS TO NOVEMBER PUZZLES

A Guff Trip

- 1—Gulf of Lyons
- 2—Gulf of Mexico
- 3—Gulf of Onega
- 4—Gulf of Guinea
- 5—Gulf of Venice
- 6—Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Well Known Books

- 1—Kenilworth
- 2—The Alhambra
- 3—Talisman
- 4—Tom Sawyer
- 5—Oliver Twist
- 6—Sleepy Hollow.

Hidden Poets

- 1—Longfellow
- 2—Scott
- 3—Gray
- 4—Burns
- 5—Read
- 6—Po-e
- 7—Pope

Jumbled States

- 1—Zanario
- 2—Xstae
- 3—Bensarak
- 4—Andlarmy
- 5—Ridafol
- 6—Nemia

- 8—Holland
- 9—Hood
- 10—Key
- 11—Butler

Queer Arithmetic

- 1—(X) L
- 2—(I) V
- 3—XI (X)
- 4—X (I) X
- 5—(X) C
- 6—XC
- 7—(I) X
- 8—X (I) V.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS

Mary Sweeney, Philadelphia, Pa.; Carolyn Sullivan, Lansing, Michigan; Isabelle Swartz, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mae Healy, San Rafael, Calif.; Mary Abe, Pittsburgh, Pa.; William McGruddy, Philadelphia, Pa.; Frank Heildesloh, Edinburg, Md.; Elsie De Martino, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Mary C. Ruffner, Louisville, Ky.

N. B.—Elizabeth Rose invites all her young readers to send in new puzzles and their own names for the "Puzzle Corner." All are welcome.

INTENTIONS

The following intentions are recommended to the pious prayers of our readers:

For the recovery of health (105). For recovery from injury (35). For the conversion of relatives and friends (68). For a suitable home (15). For a profitable sale of property (32). For better success in business (43). For a safe investment (8). For success in an investment (10). For a peaceful settlement of a matter (26). For a settlement out of the courts (10). For recovery of bonds, papers and other lost articles (25). For relief from persecution (5). For peace and reconciliation (50). For cure without operation (5). For success in studies (12). For a safe delivery (25). For success in rearing children (22). For better and permanent employment (53). For protection in dangerous occupations (9). For reform of intemperate persons (25). For relief from mental trouble (5). For the temporal and spiritual welfare of friends and relatives (80). For a sick priest (5). For the means to pay debts (10). In thanksgiving to the Sacred Heart (30). In thanksgiving to the Bl. Mother (20). In thanksgiving to St. Antony (40). For special intentions (200). For the spread of the Third Order. For protection of our mail. For the Holy Father. For the Poor Souls. For our students.

LET US PRAY: Let the ears of Thy mercy, O Lord, be open to the prayers of Thy suppliants; and that Thou mayest grant them their desires, make them ask such things as please Thee. Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

OBITUARY

The charity of our readers is asked for the following deceased readers of Franciscan Herald and friends of our missions:

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Miscellaneous

THE ROSE OF JERICHO

Nature's Homage to the Savior at Christmastide

*Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.*

*And then they say no spirit walks abroad,
The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,*

So hallowed and so gracious is the time.

I N THESE WORDS, which Marcellus addresses to Horatio, Shakespeare, who does not often refer to the sacred feast of Christmas, expresses the general belief of his time that during one night of the year a sublime peace reigns in the universe. A truce, so to say, is proclaimed not alone among men, but even nature is drawn into a strange compact. Time, otherwise ever fleeting, was supposed to stand still during one short hour in "holy night." There is a hiatus, a rift in time, through which the miracles of eternity seem to become visible. Domestic animals were supposed to possess the faculty of speech, and prophetic speech at that. The Rhineland believed that the water in the wells turned to wine. The bells of churches that had long since been engulfed in some moor were supposed to be audible during holy night. Thus near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, it was a custom for people to assemble in the valley on Christmas morn and listen to the bells of a sunken city.

But stranger still were the trees and shrubs that bloomed and bore fruit betwixt midnight and morn on this day. More than one old chronicle of Germany tells of apple trees blossoming and bearing fruit, while in England the Glastonbury thorn (see *Catholic Encyclopedia*, Vol. VI) filled a conspicuous place in popular lore. Crowds gathered annually, confident of its blossoming and put-

ting forth one slight, solitary bud of a pale and delicate pink inflorescence. When, upon the introduction of the Gregorian calendar, this celebrated thorn refused to bloom on Christmas eve of 1753, as designated by the new calendar, the people watched it "narrowly" on the 5th of January, the Christmas day according to the old style, "when it bloomed as usual," which fact was reported in the *London Evening Post* in that year and impressed the masses with the inaccuracy of the new calendar. We may ridicule the credulity of former generations, make light of such beliefs; but should we without previous knowledge of the plant happen across a Christmas rose, as the flower of the hellebore is termed, spreading its immaculate white petals above the snow, we too might believe that Christmas was indeed a night of miracles and wonders.

In many places of Europe, on the continent as well as in England, a curious plant, the rose of Jericho, brought from the Holy Land, became the object of a charming Christmas custom, which has survived in at least one Swiss village, Poschiavo, situated in a romantic valley of the canton of Grison. Here each year on Christmas eve the women and young girls meet in the house of some neighbor, the fortunate possessor of one such rose of Jericho. Having placed it in a dish of water, standing on a table covered with a handsome cloth, the curious object, shaped like a ball, is assiduously watched by the company while it begins to unfold its stems and leaves, which, at first sere, turn green in time. During this progress of revival ancient hymns and carols are sung, until at last the plant appears once more verdant. They say: "The

Christmas rose has appeared." It is now about midnight, and from the tower of St. Victor's church the sonorous bells peal forth their glad tidings. This custom is called by the villagers "the wake of the Christmas rose." Only a few of these curious plants are said to exist among them, and they were brought, it is claimed, from some country far, far away.

And this is true enough. Palestine is the far-away land whence they came, from the shores of the Dead sea, where the curious plant first sprouted, as the legend goes, from the footprints of the Blessed Virgin Mary on her flight into Egypt. The Arabs are said to call it St. Mary's flower to this day. According to another legend, the rose of Jericho, as it is commonly called with us, first bloomed at the birth of Christ, closed its leaves at his crucifixion and opened them again at the resurrection.

The nature of this plant, which has through ages been regarded with reverence, was only too apt to lead centuries less skeptical than ours to give credence to these pious conceptions. In reality the rose of Jericho is a small, bushy, herbaceous plant, never more than six inches in height, which grows in the desert from seeds. It flourishes in one spot until the dry season sets in, folds its leaves, withers and shrivels, until the whole plant resembles a ball of shreds. In this state it is uprooted by the high winds, rolled across the sands, scattering the seeds during its journey until, perchance, it rests in some more favored spot, where once more it will turn green. Because of that property of the dried plant of absorbing water and appearing to revive when placed in it,

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9 in. high

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it is also called resurrection plant, or by its scientific name *anastatica hierochuntina*. During former centuries it was known by the name given to it by an old Italian botanist, Loniceria, who had termed it the rose of St. Mary, or the rose of the Blessed Virgin. Then, again, the Blessed Virgin in ancient German Christmas carol is spoken of as the rose of Jericho.

The rose of Jericho most likely attained its greatest prominence during the Crusades, when all objects from the Holy Land appeared to the enthused champions of the sacred cause deserving of especial and reverential attention. Pilgrims and knights returning from the sacred places brought the mysterious nest-like rose of Jericho to their northern homes, and with it all the legends concerning it that had been imparted to them in Palestine. From that time on the belief was general throughout Europe that the rose of Jericho would unfold its leaves only during the holy night, while still later in some parts of the continent the idea obtained that it would never unfold in the house of a Calvinist.

To our ancestors Christmas, which had taken the place of the feast of the winter solstice, was the dawn of a new regulating principle of life. "So gracious," in their opinion, "is the time," that the occurrences and conditions of things on Christmas eve and Christmas day seemed to presage future events. The rose of Jericho, too, ranked among the objects possessing mystic power. Along the Rhine the quality and quantity of the vintage of the coming fall is foretold from its unfolded stems and leaves. There the plant, which is said to have been blessed in the ancient habitation of the Blessed Virgin at Loretto, carried to Italy by angels, to preserve it from destruction and desecration by the Mohammedans, is preserved in an oaken shrine, and on Christmas eve is placed, not in water, but in a dish containing wine.

But, however Christian a symbol of the rose of Jericho may seem to be, after all most of the legends connected with it are but survivals of older lore. An ancient Jewish legendary tale relates this about it: When the Israelites set out to conquer Palestine, it was first necessary

to capture the key to the promised land. The key was Jericho, the city of roses and palms. Joshua, having crossed the Jordan and after sending out his scouts, attempted to take the city, which, however, was so well guarded and walled that it resisted his attempts to take it.

Joshua raised his voice in prayer to the Lord, and, during the night preceding the seventh day of the siege, he dreamed that he saw a dark object, like a ball of twine, being driven before him by a fierce wind toward the River Jordan. It had hardly reached the waters of the sacred river, when he heard the blast of trumpets and the dark ball began to unfold, grow and expand, radiant with splendor. Inclosed in this mysterious object he saw Jericho; its walls were falling, and he was entering the conquered city.

Joshua awoke rejoicing. This vision seemed to him the promise of greater success. With the coming of dawn he arose to offer his prayer to Jehovah, when, behold, he perceived the very object he had seen in his dream, driven before him by a high wind. He fell on his knees, thanked the Lord, and having picked the object from the ground, returned to his army. He commanded water to be brought from the Jordan. Into this the ball was placed, which immediately began to unfold. At this another attempt to attack the city was made amidst the blowing of trumpets. And now the walls fell, and the followers of Joshua entered the city in triumph. By this time the mysterious ball of fibers still held by Joshua in his hands had entirely opened its leaves, which glowed with a dark purple. He now resolved to name this plant, which had so mysteriously assisted him in capturing the city, the rose of Jericho.

Thus the strange little plant, sometimes sold by street vendors in our American cities, has had its place in tradition and customs for centuries, yes, for many thousand years. But we moderns view it with different eyes; it no longer has any part in our Christmas customs, thus proving the truth of the words of the Bible: The Lord taketh away the customs of the ancients.

—Central Bureau of the Central Society.

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"THIS is an age of scientific charity," says a thinker of today. We are beginning to note this fact in several ways. For one, the custom of giving Christmas gifts is falling into disuse. There are arguments for and against it, but for many, like prohibition, it will overdo the cure of abuses. St. Nicholas has been socialized and his merry function of giving has been taken away in part. St. Francis of Assisi and his disciples would be embarrassed by modern philanthropists if caught in their little ways of giving away their food, their garments and other graces. Yet they, we know, would surmount scientific charity and find a way to give.

Rev. Dr. William Kerby, of the Catholic University, like Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham, is one of the modern disciples of St. Francis who finds a way to give and give largely despite the times. He has given us for this Christmas season a new book, *The Social Mission of Charity*, which holds something for every reader. He has presented anew to us in modern educational phrasing the meaning of charity, and the spiritual interpretation of poverty. The latter, he tells us, must not be lost, else "the world will lose its soul."

Be consoled, droppers of coin in the beggar's cup, on the pavements. Dr. Kerby endorses this as an occasional or periodic reaction from scientific giving, lest the warmth dwindle from the human heart. Indulge, once in a while, he tells us, in a debauch of capricious giving for the benefit of your self.

When the tramp asks you for money for a meal on a cold evening, go with him to a restaurant table, and sit as host and guest, Dr. Kerby advises. So the saints would have done, and so you surmount the unpleasant features of socialized benevolence.

If in an attempt to bring yourself up to date in the latest and most ubiquitous popular science, that of social service, you have foraged through libraries of volumes on poverty, dependency, socialized educa-

tion, socialized religion, socialized philanthropy, until your dreams are rife with spectres of morons, defectives, delinquents, and that shadowy host of people who are fitted to deal with these for their good and the good of posterity, turn for health and pleasant dreams again to Dr. Kerby's new book. Make yourself a present of it this Christmas tide, and find again the familiar faces of the poor, and your own right and privilege of personal initiative. Do not imagine from this that Dr. Kerby opposes organized, scientific charity. It is because he is so much in favor of it that the book is a huge relief.

Here then, is one present for your new Christmas library—*The Social Mission of Charity* (\$2.25). Add to this the new *Life of St. Francis of Assisi*, by Father Cuthbert, O. S. F. C. Perhaps you have forgotten the origin of the Christmas crib,—did you imagine there was a crib at Bethlehem? Have you forgotten the legend of the Wolf of Gubbio, and how Brother Leo was assured of his salvation, and how Francis received the stigmata? These bring back that vanishing spirit of Christmas, more than do the holly, the feasting, and the community singing. If the "community chest" idea and the advertisement, "Do Christmas shopping early," have a strident, unpleasant ring to our ears, and the community "pepfests" leave us cold, all the more is our need of St. Francis, who can find for us the spirit of good will and the grain of gold in modern imperfect methods of coming to Bethlehem.

Father Cuthbert has an excellent literary style, a reputation for scholarship and zeal in religion. His book costs four dollars. Our publishers fearlessly charge twice and three times as much for books written in England as for American books.

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and viewing through dimmed sight the faded handwriting of the long gone giver. Helen Parry Eden's book of verse, *A String of Sapphires*, and Mother Mary Loyola's allegory, *The King of the Golden City*, illustrated in color and ornamented with design, are the most exquisite examples of juvenile books that you will readily find. The prices are high, \$3.50 and \$2.50 respectively, but it is only once in a lifetime, perhaps, that you have the money and the will, and the child to whom to give them. They teach religion through the love of the writer and the love of the giver. At least, we may help to provide such books as premiums and prizes for school children for excellence in Christian doctrine, or perhaps as a last resort in the correction of the wayward and careless child who finds Christian doctrine a sore trouble.

BOOK REVIEWS

Dominus Vobiscum—By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Francis C. Kelley.

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Matre and Co., Chicago. Price, \$1.50, postpaid.

What Is Justice? By H. C. Semple, S. J. (Paulist Pamphlets).

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Is the Catholic Church an Enemy to Science? By Reginald Lummer, C.P.

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By JOSH WINK

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 He said cost too much.

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 They were downright dirt cheap.

Pleasure he called
 A most wicked waste;
 From appeals for the poor
 He would turn in hot haste.

From the doctor's demands
 He hid safe his hoard,
 For he said to get sick
 He could not afford.

This miser, folks held,
 At last met his death
 Because he objected
 To spending his breath.

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That the journalist was always to be found in the press.

That the baker's ambition was to get in the upper crust.

That the sailor usually appeared able to raise the wind.

That the banker was continually meeting with checks.

That the umbrella manufacturer never ceased putting up something for a rainy day.

That the coal man saw only a black outlook, and

That the ice man gave his customers a cold deal.

Draw Me After Thee, O Lord. By a Poor Clare (of the San Francisco Community).

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D. B. Hansen and Sons, Chicago, Ill. Price, Imitation Leather, 60 cents, net; American Morocco, 80 cents, net; Smooth Genuine Calf, \$1.20, net.

Seeing the Eastern States. By John T. Paris.

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J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price \$5.00.

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San Juan Capistrano, The Jewel of the Missions. By Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, O. F. M.

Another link in Fr. Engelhardt's chain of local Mission histories, which will be welcomed wherever his scholarly work is known and make new friends for the Missions wherever it chances into the hands of the uninitiated. California is to be envied for its romantic past, and no less for having in Fr. Engelhardt a man whose thorough research and painstaking labor will leave future generations something more substantial than mere imagination to serve as a source of romantic inspiration. The present volume comes with a frontispiece of the Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, Bishop of Monterey-Los Angeles, to whose munificence Fr. Engelhardt acknowledges himself largely indebted for the means to publish the volume. 250 pages.

Printed for the author, resident at Old Mission, Santa Barbara, Cal. Price, \$2.50 net.

The Gates of Olivet. By Lucille Borden.

"This delightful story of a girl's struggle to realize a beautiful ideal introduces a new author to Catholic readers," and we may add, introduces the author with an emphasis that should not let her name slip our memory. The novel, illustrating the struggle of a young woman caught between the love of man and God, flies so smoothly through 360 pages on the wings of well managed dialogue that one must be told it is a first attempt. One may look for a little more naturalness, one may desire a little more anticipation of the cloistered life in a candidate for the life, one may wish to blue-pencil this or that, but one certainly looks up hopefully for more from the gifted author. The story leads the reader from California to France, where Lourdes with its miracles of body and soul settles the heroine's determination, thence back to California and to the convent—the Gates of Olivet.

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Prophets of the Better Hope. By William J. Kerby, Ph.D., LL.D.

In this volume of 253 pages Dr. Kerby (Catholic University) has collected a series of articles on the priestly (mainly pastoral) life. The articles were originally published by the author in the *Ecclesiastical Review*. Bishop Shahan has written a foreword to the volume, the first paragraph of which aptly describes the book and its purpose: "The many appreciative readers of Dr. Kerby's articles on the priesthood will rejoice that they are now accessible in book form. Though more or less detached and independent, there runs through them, nevertheless, a colorful thread of unity which amply warrants their republication. Despite our rich literature on the priesthood, illustrating with learning and authority its exacting work, efforts to restate priestly perfection in the practical terms of everyday life will be always welcome. The priest himself is the first to welcome and to profit by criticism no less kindly in spirit than practical in form."

Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price \$2.00 net.

The Divine Story. By Rev. Cornelius Holland, S.T.L.

A short life of Our Blessed Lord written especially for young people, is the author's own description of this book. Those who have read the latest literary venture of this new author, *His Rever-*

ence, His Day's Work, know what to expect in style and content in *The Divine Story*. Father Holland writes with equal facility for young and old. His style is simple, dignified, and fascinating, having the freshness of the language of to-day at its best, and the manner of presentation of a skilled teacher. The book is designed, and recommended by the late Bishop Harkins for use in parochial schools as a text in bible history and religion. It is illustrated in brown and sepia tints, with the best of the great religious pictures. Thirty-three chapters, eight illustrations, 223 pages, are used to present the life of Christ to young people. The book was first issued in 1910.

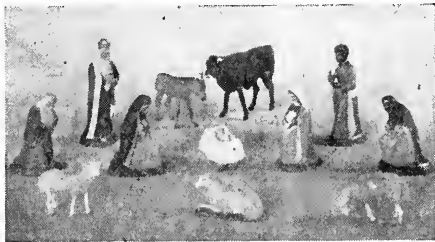
This book makes an ideal gift for First Communion and for first graduation days for children. It combines historical matter with the teaching of Christ's attributes and the great truths of faith.

Blase Benziger & Co., New York, net \$1.00.

What Is the Catholic Church? By Rev. Richard Felix, O.S.B.

In 29 pages Father Felix presents the Catholic Church from the aspect of its divine origin, its teaching authority and special attributes giving brief Scriptural quotations or references as proof. A table showing the dates of origin of all Churches of today is appended. Simply and interestingly written, this is a useful pamphlet for the Paulist missions.

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Franciscan News

Palestine.—The *Franciscan Monthly* (London) for November carries a very interesting paper entitled "New Horizons of the Catholic Faith in the Near East." It is the work of the eminent Scriptural archeologist Fr. Gaudence Orfali, O. F. M., a native of Palestine, member of the Franciscan custody of the Holy Land, and director of the Oriental Palestine Society. The present attitude of Moslems, Jews, and dissident Christians of Palestine is pronounced distinctly favorable for an approach to the one true Church. Of the Moslems he says: "It would be difficult to exaggerate the prestige which the Catholic Church now enjoys among the followers of Mahomet." During the lifetime of Benedict XV a solemn religious ceremony was held in the Grand Mosque at Jerusalem in recognition of his providential help in the recent calamitous times, while his death was observed by a special service for the repose of his soul on a Friday, the Mahometan Sunday. Open conversions are numerous. A Catholic procession in Jerusalem, headed by the crucifix, was greeted by Mahometans with cries of Long live Christ! Long live the Pope! while the great Mahometan feast of the Nebi Mousah was in progress! Conversions of Jews are no longer rare, despite the Zionist movement, the Zionists, he says, making no attempt to proselytize, and confining themselves to purely political and economic activities. Of Near Eastern Christian bodies he says: "There can be no doubt that among these there is a distinct trend towards the Catholic Faith throughout Palestine, Syria and Armenia." He adds: "One of the chief accusations brought during the war against educational bodies working in the Ottoman empire was that under the guise of education they were cloaking national propaganda."

Italy.—The province of the Friars Minor of Lombardy, which covered itself with glory by the part it had in founding the Catholic University of Milan, in the person of Fr. Agostino Gemelli, recently recovered from the government the famous church and convent of Sant'Angelo, founded by St. Bernardino.

Spain.—The convent of La Rabida has been restored to the Franciscan province of Andalusia by order of King Alfonso. This is the convent where Columbus found sympathy and aid in Fr. Juan Perez, O. F. M., for the voyage which led to the discovery of America. A replica of this convent, which formed one of the attractions of Chicago's World's Fair, and was since treasured as a monument of the Fair in Jackson Park, Chicago, was ruined by fire this summer.

England.—The golden jubilee of the coming of the Franciscans to Gorton, Manchester, was celebrated amid every show of splendor Sept. 24. Cardinal Bourne delivered a notable sermon on the occasion, in which he reviewed present world conditions, regretting the omission of the notice of God at the Paris Conference and the folly of excluding from any movement devoted to universal peace the enormous influence of the Holy See. He confessed to a fear and anxiety at the dangers that menaced the civil order of the world.

Fr. Cuthbert, O. S. F. C., the celebrated scholar and head of the Franciscan-Capuchin college at Oxford, has been elected provincial of the Capuchin province of England.

Joliet, Ill.—The board of the Tertiary province of the Sacred Heart met here Sept. 27. It was decided to hold a general convention of the province at St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 7, 8 and 9, 1923. At the convention there will be an exhibit of church articles made or bought for the missions by the fraternities of the province, Tertiary ladies being requested to combine their efforts with a view to an encouraging display. The report of the year shows 316 Tertiaries deceased. Grateful mention is made of two deceased fathers who were for many years directors of Tertiary fraternities, Fr. Andrew, at Quincy, and Fr. Christopher, at St. Peter's, Chicago.

Indianapolis, Ind.—A social evening was arranged for Sacred Heart Tertiary conference Oct. 23, at which preliminary steps were taken for the provincial convention next year, particularly as regards the mission exhibit. The annual retreat was conducted by Fr. Roger, O. F. M., Nov. 12-19.

Chicago, Ill.—The missionary band of Sacred Heart province is now stationed at St. Augustine's friary at 5045 Lavin street. Regular members of the band are Fr. Titus Huggar (prefect, to whom applications are made), Fr. Honoratus Bonzelet (Oak Forest), Fr. Didacus Gruenholz, Fr. John Joseph Brogger, Fr. Peter A. Crumbly, and Fr. Joseph C. Meyer. The fathers are much in demand for English and German missions, other fathers of the province occasionally assisting them.

The advent of the Dominicans to our city made possible this year the observance of a time-honored point of friendship between the Dominicans and Franciscans, the latter conducting the ceremonies at the Dominican church of St. Pius on the feast of St. Dominic, Aug. 4; and the Dominicans reciprocating at St. Augustine's on the feast of St. Francis, Oct. 4.

This being the anniversary of the First National Tertiary Convention, commemorative services of the event marked the usual festivities in honor of St. Francis at St. Augustine's.

On Nov. 5 it was fifty years that Fr. Maurice Baukholt, of St. Peter's, received the habit of St. Francis. FRANCISCAN HERALD joins in the felicitations of the many friends Fr. Maurice has made by his edifying self-sacrifice and affability. In spite of his 71 years he shares all the trying labors of the fathers at St. Peter's.

St. Peter's now appears with a beautiful interior decoration, the work of the Conrad Schmitt Studios of Milwaukee.

Quincy, Ill.—The golden religious jubilee of Fr. Samuel Macke, O. F. M., twice provincial minister of the Sacred Heart province, was made the occasion of a public demonstration in his honor by the authorities, students and alumni of Quincy College, with which institution Fr. Samuel was connected for many years as professor and president. Nov. 29 and 30 marked the festivities and a general reunion and reorganization of the alumni. The venerable jubilarian is well known among the clergy and laity of the Middle West, and wherever he is known, he is well beloved. Among distinguished guests present was Archbishop Albert T. Daeger, O.

F. M., of Santa Fe, who celebrated pontifical high mass. Fr. Samuel is now guardian of the friary at Quincy.

Memphis, Tenn.—A touching and inspiring ceremony was the golden Tertiary jubilee of Mrs. A. Belte, Oct. 4, the first golden jubilee in the fraternity. The jubilarian being unable to leave her bed, the ceremonies were carried out at her bedside, following solemn high mass at the church. After receiving holy Communion and the indulgenced blessing, the venerable matron, in presence of the officers of the fraternity and of all her children and grandchildren, renewed her profession. Fr. Francis Fochtman, O. F. M., director of the local fraternity, then placed the golden wreath upon her brow. A spiritual bouquet was presented by the members of the order.

Fifty-seven new members were received during the year, not in the last instance due to the neat little conference bulletin, *Tertiaries' Guide*.

Superior, Wis.—The great recent increase of the local Tertiary fraternity (108 new members) induced Fr. Timothy Magnien, O. F. M., the genial director, to establish a special branch for the men and young men. It is under the patronage of St. Louis.

Cleveland, Ohio.—The Franciscans are happy in having assisted the establishment of a parish for the colored people of Cleveland, the services being held at present in the chapel of the Franciscan friary. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament (Mother Drexel's community) will be in charge of the school.

Boston, Mass.—The solemn month's mind of Dr. John R. Slattery was held Oct. 11 at St. Elizabeth's hospital, of which institution Dr. Slattery was the first superintendent and a main benefactor. In presence of Cardinal O'Connell and a large body of clergy, of prominent medical men of the State and of representatives of the classes of nurses graduated during Dr. Slattery's tenure, Msgr. Splaine spoke feebly of the high spiritual character of this worthy son of St. Francis, dwelling throughout on Dr. Slattery's devotion to the ideals of St. Francis, which culminated in his reception into the Third Order at Assisi. "Dr. Slattery will be tenderly remembered by those who knew him best and loved him most as a Tertiary of the order of St. Francis. It was in the white cord and brown habit of that order that he was laid to rest." May the example of so eminent a Christian gentleman find many imitators. It is truly remarkable how the

best in Christendom either proceeds from the ranks of the Tertiaries or finds its way into the ranks.

Oct. 7 three young ladies received the grey habit of St. Clare, three made their first vows, and one extern sister pronounced her perpetual vows, at the convent of St. Clare in Bennett St. The happy brides of Christ are: Miss Frances Westwater, now Sr. Michael, Miss Gertrude McNally, now Sr. Gertrude, Miss Catherine Foley, now Sr. Roche, Sr. Mathilda Middleton, Sr. Francis O'Shea, Sr. Stella Carey, and Sr. Jarlath Gammon.

Brooklyn, N. Y.—Sunday, Oct. 8, a great and enthusiastic rally of Tertiary bodies was held at St. Michael's, Brooklyn, in charge of the Capuchin fathers. The speakers were well received for their timely and well managed addresses. There was Mr. John Foote with the subject, "The Third Order—Does It Fit in with Our Times?" He was followed by Mr. James J. O'Neill with an address on "Charity." The president of the board of prefects, Mr. P. J. Baxter, closed with a speech on "The Tertiary's Relation to His Pastor."

New Orleans, La.—On St. Francis' day people from all parts of the city gathered in the chapel of the Poor Clares in Henry Clay Ave., to pay homage to the glorious founder whose children are found everywhere in the universe. The Dominican fathers of the city conducted the ceremonies, Fr. James P. Malone, O. P., preaching a beautiful sermon on the spirit of St. Francis. Sunday within the octave was taken as the occasion for a solemn reception and profession of members of the Third Order, Rev. L. M. Roth, director of the local branch, officiating. Eleven were received and nine made their profession. On Oct. 19, Sr. Agnes Comerford and Sr. Cherubina Forst made their perpetual vows in the order of St. Clare. Very Rev. Fr. Martin Strub, O. F. M., provincial of the Sacred Heart province, addressed some very kind and fatherly words to the community and received the vows of the candidates. The aged father of Sr. Agnes had made the trip across the seas from Kilkenny, Ireland, to witness the consecration of his child to God. Sr. Cherubina is a sister of Fr. Joseph Forst, O. F. M., of Dubuque, Iowa, and of several Franciscan sisters.

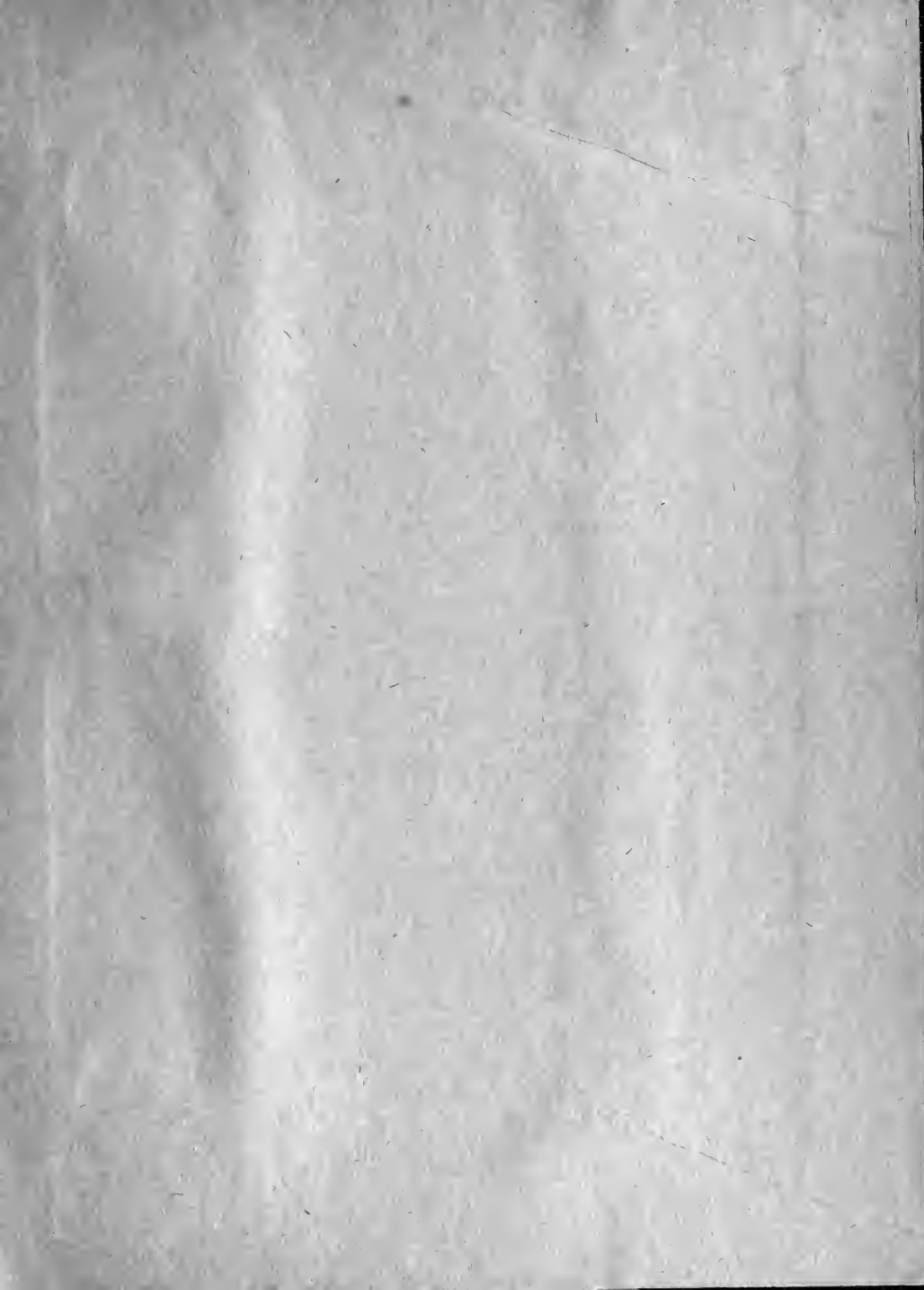
Santa Barbara, Cal.—A notable event of the year was Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt's golden religious jubilee. The anniversary of his reception into the Franciscan Order was Sept. 22, while the public commemoration of the event was held Nov. 5. Fr. Zephyrin's re-

searches in Mission history have laid the Southwest, more especially California, no less than the country at large under lasting obligations to him. He is still active in the work in spite of increasing age and infirmities, the latest fruit of his labors being the history of Mission San Juan Capistrano, just off the press. Until this year Fr. Zephyrin was a regular monthly contributor to FRANCISCAN HERALD. God preserve him to his labor of love!

The Franciscan seminary of St. Anthony, situated in the shadow of the Old Mission Cross, will in the near future be enlarged and undergo extensive alterations. This has become necessary owing to the unprecedented number of young men applying for admission to study for the Franciscan priesthood, to continue the work of the old Padres of the Coast. Much promising material had to be turned down this year. The new building and the alterations will entail an expense of \$200,000.

Los Angeles, Cal.—A solemn triduum in honor of St. Francis closed with the reception of 50 new members and the profession of 30 novices. The sermons of the triduum were "St. Francis' Message to the World, Back to Christ," by Fr. Francis, "St. Francis, The Saint of Chivalry," by Fr. Silvano, "St. Francis and the Twentieth Century," by Fr. Humilis, "The Passing of St. Francis," by Fr. Julius.

Santa Fe, N. M.—Two cities of the Union this year paid public homage to St. Francis as their patron, Santa Fe, N. M. (really *San Francisco de la Santa Fe*, that is, St. Francis of the Holy Faith), and San Francisco, Cal. At Santa Fe the statue of St. Francis was carried triumphantly through the streets, while bells rang, bands played, bonfires blazed, and anvil salutes were fired. Three or four thousand people were in line. Said the Santa Fe *New Mexican*: "All who witnessed the procession and who know something of the life of Francis of Assisi, must have been impressed with the tribute paid a man who was born just 440 years ago and who lived only 41 years; a man who threw away wealth instead of accumulating it, as do so many 'great men'; a man who gave up the life of the nobles of Assisi to become the 'Cavalier of Christ', and a follower of the ideals of service." Santa Fe is proud of its present archbishop, Albert T. Daeger, a worthy son of the humble Francis. At San Francisco Mayor James Rolph, Jr., was among the speakers at a public mass meeting, and George Churchill Paterson read a poetic tribute to St. Francis.



CATHOLIC THEOLOGICAL UNION

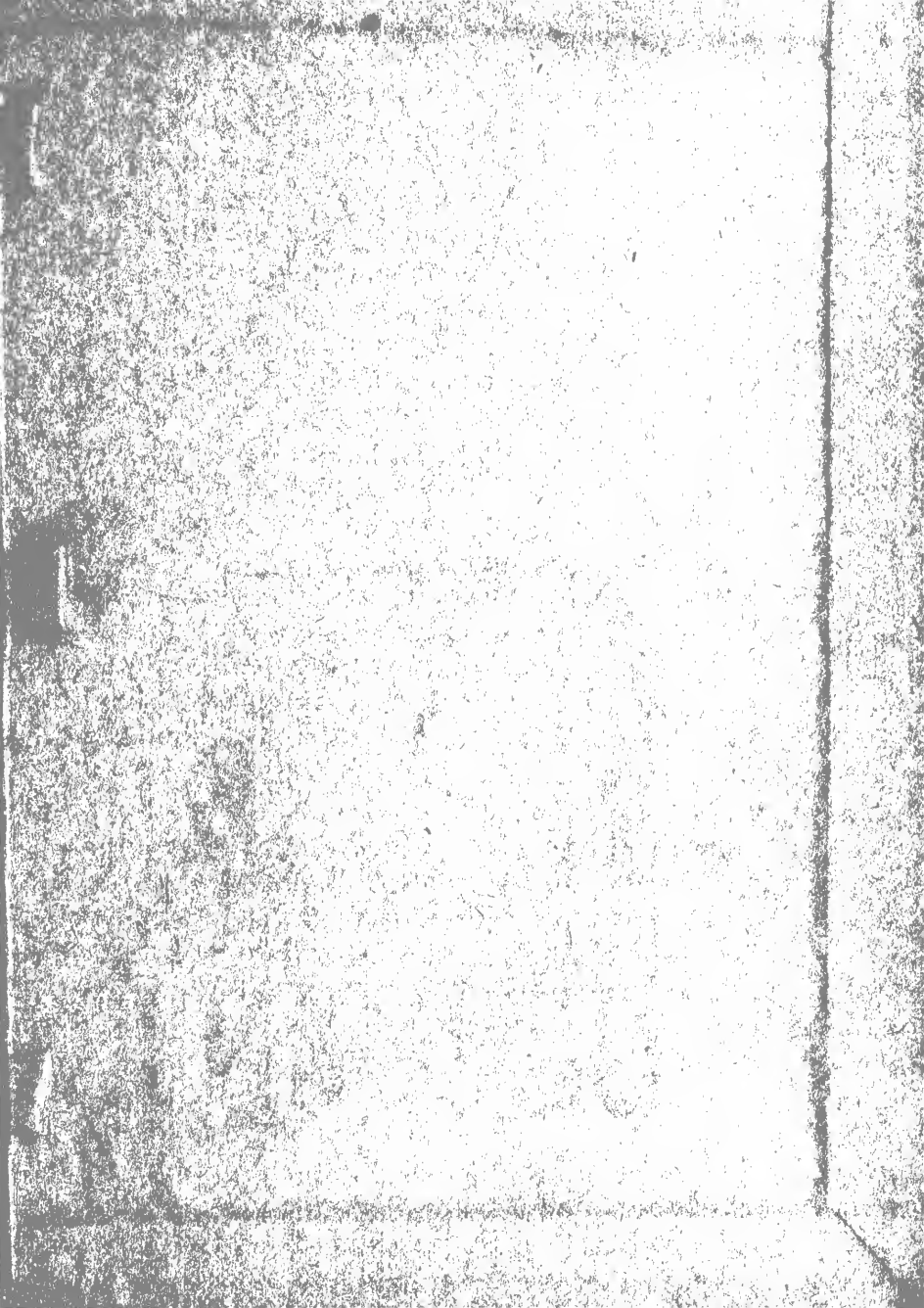


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