

When things are straightened out, we'll try again.

"I'll write to Father. He'll help you."

"Dorothy, for heaven's sake remember that I have some self respect," he cried savagely.

"The first of the month—a week from today. Dot, I can't tell you how sorry I am," he floundered miserably.

"I guess—it's no use saying anything, Jerry."

"Let me know what you want saved from—the wreck—and I'll send it away to be stored—until you come back."

"Very well, Jerry. I'll have to think about it."

With a puzzled frown, he watched his wife as she went slowly up the stairs. He had dreaded breaking the news to her, expecting a storm of tears and bitter reproaches.

"Oh, Mr. Warner, come in." He stepped into the room, and then Ellen did a very peculiar thing. She slipped through the doorway, closing the door after her.

"Well!" Jerry ejaculated as he glanced about. He was standing in a little room, facing a table laid for two, and to his nostrils came the savory odor of broiled steak.

"Mrs. Warner!" Ellen exclaimed. "Yes, Ellen. May I come in?"

"Bewildered Ellen invited her inside and then she gave a sharp gasp of dismay: "You are ill, Mrs. Warner. You are very pale."

"I'm tired," Dorothy laughed. "I'm not used to this part of the city and I had such a time finding you. I've been walking for hours, I believe."

"What can I do for you?" "Dorothy did not need the question. She was looking around the room. "This is your home, I suppose? The place where you expected to be so happy—much happier than many couples who live in homes like mine?"

"Yes, she whispered. "Regular housekeeping and a regular wife with three rooms and gas!"

here. He'll get what furniture you need moved over from your house. You won't have room for much."

"When Mr. Warner comes from the office, he'll find you in gingham dress and apron, broiling a steak on the gas range in that cubby hole of a kitchen," prophesied Ellen.

"Mr. Warner?" Jerry raised his head and looked at the questioner. He had been walking slowly, dreading to go home for this, his and Dorothy's last evening together.

"I am Jerry Warner." "I am Jim Gormley. I married Ellen, your wife's former maid," the man explained.

"I remember hearing Ellen discuss her new home," Jerry forced a smile. "Three rooms and gas," she said—and she was particularly proud about the gas stove.

"Yes, it's home!" Jerry sighed. "A contented wife, a modest home, no debts! Why, man, that's paradise!"

When they left the car, Jim piloted Mr. Warner along the narrow sidewalk and then turned in a dark hall.

"Just one flight up," he said. "First door to the right. Ah, here we are." The door flew open and Ellen stood before him.

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"I like it so well, Ellen, that I want you to help me find one like it. Will you?"

"What?" The girl looked at her former mistress fearfully. Was she mad? You would leave your lovely home for this? Why?"

"It isn't ours any more," Dorothy explained. "Perhaps I had better tell you the whole story." In the recital she did not spare herself. Her recently aroused conscience would not permit it.

"He wants me to go to my father and mother until he can straighten out his affairs and get on his feet again. Then we are to make a fresh start," she continued with a wry smile. "But I'm going to start tomorrow."

She turned away, quickly responsive, and moisture was in her eyes. I think she had learned a lesson that would always stick by her. In one great instance she had seen under the surface. She had seen me later, her voice thick with tears, and told me the boy had passed into eternity at 7:40, just the minute I whispered his name at the memento for the dead.

But he was with the Eternal Living. When he saw the face of Christ, I wonder if he remembered me!—The Sign.

SCHOLARSHIPS

The Ursuline College of Arts, London, Ont., affiliated with the University of Western Ontario, offers five partial residence scholarships of \$150 each, and one tuition scholarship of \$50, for competition in Matriculation classes, to be awarded to girl students obtaining highest average on at least six papers of Pass or Honor Matriculation, and fulfilling requirements for admission to the University of Western Ontario.

World-Circling Missionary Native Nuns and Brotherhoods in India

Trichinopoly, Jan. 14. — Besides the usual institutions which all well organized missions ordinarily have, Trichinopoly has some unique enterprises. In higher education this mission is perhaps the best equipped in India. It conducts a dozen High schools including two for girls, and one first class College. St. Joseph's College has the largest enrollment—over two thousand students, 30% of whom are Catholics—of any Catholic College in the land.

Besides the European lay religious engaged in the Mission, two native Brotherhoods produce teacher-catechists, and the nuns of Our Lady of Dolours, with over two hundred Sisters are employed mainly as teachers in eight convents throughout the diocese. The institution of the Nuns of St. Ann, all widows, is peculiar to this diocese. The nuns are religious bound by vows who go out two by two on circuit in search of souls to save; they conduct Orphanages, and provide for sick and penitent females and catechumens.

Father Gavin Duffy, whose mission work is well known in the United States, had come to Trichinopoly to escort to his own diocese of Pondicherry. We employed a two hour wait for the proper train in visiting our first pagan temple in India. Sri Hangon is a Hindu temple built on an island about a mile north west of the city. The outer wall of the temple is a square about half a mile around. The entrances to the middle of each side of the square are gopurams, beautifully sculptured granite gateways that rise to a height of 150 feet.

This outer enclosure contains a bazaar where every imaginable thing is sold. Within it also there is a second wall some twenty feet high, enclosing the dwellings of the Brahmins in the service of the temple. Here ceremonial paint for the forehead of the Hindu can be bought.

It was within this enclosure that a group of Catholic students from St. Joseph's College were trapped two years ago and stoned by the Hindus from the surrounding walls. A third wall encloses the places of worship or the Temple proper. Entrance to it is denied to all save Hindus. The smell of pagan incense, the suspicious manner in which we were eyed by worshippers, and the memory of the treatment administered to the Catholic students disposed us to clear out as soon as possible.

A Great Hindu Festival At the gate of the third wall we were confidently told by the guard that the God was inside but that he would go out for a ride soon. The men referred to the great procession during which the statues of the God were carried in a high car by elephants. Great preparations for this event were even then going on, although the day set for the same was several months distant. During the festival of the procession thousands of Hindus take up their quarters within the enclosure of this vast temple. A strange thing about all Hindu temples is that with the exception of one or two festivals there is no particular time for worship. Pagans visit the

temples when they are moved to do so to propitiate some troublesome demon.

AUTHOR EXPELLED BY LEGION OF HONOR

The decision taken by the Council of the Order of the Legion of Honor to strike from the list of the Order the name of Victor Marguerite, author of an extremely immoral novel entitled "La Garconne" has created nothing short of a sensation in France; in fact it is considered one of the most remarkable incidents in French public life at the present time.

It is said that only once since the creation of the Legion of Honor has the Council of the Order been called upon to take similar action against a member of the Legion.

The most revolting feature about this publicity was that the editor, instead of admitting more or less openly that the book belonged to a class of pornographic literature, sought instead to give the impression that it was a graphic description of after-war morals. The critics had but one voice in denouncing this description as absolutely false and in asserting that the further circulation of the book would amount to a veritable propaganda of corruption.

The question even arose as to whether the author should not be prosecuted. Perhaps on account of the fact that the French law regarding the press is very liberal, or perhaps because it was feared that a trial of this nature would merely give further undesirable publicity to the book, the Government refrained from taking any legal measures against the author, but the sale of the book has been prohibited in the railroad station book-stands, which are now under Government supervision.

Victor Marguerite was admitted to the Order of the Legion of Honor some years ago and later raised to the dignity of Commander. The author of the first complaint against him was the late M. Ernest Lavisse, member of the French Academy, and Director of the "Ecole Normale Supérieure," the highest representative of the French official world of education. Numerous other complaints then began to pour in, one of the most important being that of the League of Heads of Families.

General Dubail, grand chancellor of the Legion of Honor, invited M. Marguerite to appear before a committee composed of three commanders of the Legion of Honor: M. Museum Risler, Director of the Social of Paris; M. Dumaine, former French Ambassador to Vienna and M. Cartier, former head of the Paris Bar Association. On the pretext that he did not recognize the competence of such a Committee to judge a literary work, the writer refused to appear. The three members of the committee disregarded his refusal and proceeded to examine the book, unanimously reaching the conclusion that the author was not worthy to wear the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Indeed, they urged that the severest penalty provided by the rules of the Order be meted out to him. These rules provide for three degrees of punishment; a vote of censure, demotion, and lastly, complete loss of membership. The investigating committee pronounced itself in favor of the last.

The Council of the Order adopted the opinion of the Committee. M. Colrat, French Minister of Justice, registered it, and the President of the Republic, who is Grand Master of the Legion of Honor, signed a decree striking from the list of members the name of M. Victor Marguerite for "offense against honor."

The news of this decision produced a feeling of veritable relief among the majority of French people, even those of the most diverse political and religious affiliations. The feeling among the Catholics was the same everywhere, and their opinion was shared, as has been stated, by M. Lavisse, the most authoritative representative of the official university circles. M. Risler, Director of the Social Museum, is a Protestant, and the writer who led the most violent campaign against "La Garconne," was M. Gustave Tery, a radical-socialist editor, whose paper "L'Oeuvre" is frankly anti-clerical.

On the day after the condemnation of M. Victor Marguerite, a Paris paper sought the opinion of thirty literary men. Twenty-seven refused to answer.

There is but one writer in the whole of France who has dared to say that the book written by Victor Marguerite is not bad. This is Anatole France, who professes the most revolutionary moral and social ideas.

At a recent meeting at which more than a hundred newspaper men and writers were present, the president of the largest group of French men of letters was applauded when he said: "I shake with anger when I see that in certain countries we are sometimes judged by these despicable productions which can only create the most false and unfavorable opinion in regard to French life which we know to be so deeply respectable and honest."

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