

loud and happy Christmas greeting changed between passers by came dimly into them.

"Robert, Nichols," the Judge said slowly, leaning forward in his chair, fingers interlaced, the light showing his profile dignified and judicial, "you were sentenced by me fifteen years ago to prison for life. You killed a man in the heat of passion and the jury found you guilty of murder in the first degree with a strong recommendation for mercy."

Nichols stood, hearing the calm recital with a frozen snarl.

"I sent you to prison for life," the Judge proceeded. "Not to the electric chair."

"You would have if you could," Nichols blurted. "Why didn't you do it—instead of hell for life?"

"Robert, Nichols," the Judge went on. "Your attorney probably advised you that the sentence would be not more than ten years. But I am not that kind of a judge."

"You—" oaths rushed to Nichols' trembling lips; but the Judge's even voice went on—

"Your attorney was not your judge. I was; I had a duty to perform, and I did it. Now, Robert, Nichols, you have been released, pardoned, before you expected it. You are not an old man, as years go—forty-five. You can still make something of your life."

"If you think a sermon will save yours," Nichols sneered, and a hand plunged in his pocket.

Judge Rhimer winced. He did not relish even an ex-convict's slur.

"You don't realize, Nichols, that you are a fortunate man."

A dry laugh answered him.

"Yes," Nichols mocked, hoarsely. "Fifteen years in hell. Nobody to see me. Wife dead; kid gone. God knows where, and you bribing some sister this or that to write me holy letters to convert me. Think I don't know your game. You knew I was going to get out—so you thought this nun or whatever she is could give a correspondence course in forgive and forget."

He laughed again, bitterly.

"I have no idea what the good woman wrote," said the Judge, his forehead slightly wrinkled with pain.

"I asked her to write you."

"Well," Nichols mocked, "ask her what replies she got. Just one: 'Quit your kiddin' on a prison postcard.'"

"But the letters continued," said the Judge, quietly. "You see, she was doing her part to help you."

"I don't want help," Nichols blurted, moving nearer the judge. "You know what I want. Where's that kid of mine you appointed a guardian for? Where is she? Dead, eh? I knew it. Dead like her mother—and me not given a chance to see her. That's your recommendation to mercy!"

He swore savagely, angry tears beading his eyes. The Judge sat, head bowed, as if a guilty man.

"You killed the two of them," Nichols hoarsely panted. "You and your good of society. A thieving crook can turn me and mine out of house and home and taunt me till I kill him—then you and your society finish the job by killing off wife and kid while I tear out my heart behind the bars."

Quickly his hand sought his pocket. But the Judge, a stronger man despite the ex-convict following him, knocking the weapon from his hand, and securing it as Nichols staggered against a towering book shelf. The Judge did not point the revolver at the man. Instead, he slipped the weapon into his coat pocket. His face was flushed with both anger and triumph as he pointed a compelling finger at the ex-convict.

"Now, Nichols," he said, his teeth together as if tightened to prevent an outburst of non-judicial temper. "You've tried your trick and failed. I could shoot you like a dog and you'd deserve nothing better. But I won't."

He paused, while Nichols, cowed, shot furtive glances about the room, disturbed by the noise of the servants entering the house. The Judge motioned to Nichols to sit down in the rocking chair he had him if vacated. The ex-convict offered weak resistance but the Judge's steady eyes conquered. The man seated himself, sullen in defeat.

"I'm not going to lecture you, Robert, Nichols," Judge Rhimer said, slowly, standing, hand in pockets, before the beaten man.

"I'm not going to turn you over to the police or seek to punish you in any other way for your attempt to lead your soul with the guilt of a second murder. I'm just going to give you a little lesson in Christmas. It ought to help you make something out of your life. If it doesn't, you'll soon find a way back to where you came from to-day."

Nichols looked at the judge dully, his lips shifting as if in a sudden whimper.

"It's the wife and kid I've always thought of, Judge," he stammered. "You've got me, now. Shoot—or do anything you want."

Judge Rhimer regarded him pityingly. The man's spirit was completely broken: the first murderous resolve thwarted his will was for the time shattered; even his frame was limp. A considerable task, the Judge thought, to brace a man of this age—broken by his punishment, to the pitch of true effort.

"Are you hungry?" he asked.

Nichols nodded a vacant negative. Judge Rhimer went to a sideboard, opened the cupboard and

took out a bottle of brandy.

"Here," he invited, proffering Nichols' tumbler. "You needn't be afraid of this. It's been in the house for years; I never use the stuff except when I'm as you are now, in need of medicine." He had to coax Nichols to drink. But the draught warmed the man in his scant clothing. His utter dejection showed slight relief. The Judge went into the hall and returned with an overcoat.

"Put this on," he said briskly. "You'll take your lesson in Christmas now."

Nichols mechanically put on the coat. The Judge also prepared for the street. Then, motioning the ex-convict to precede him, he left the house and turned into the garage at the side of the lawn. The ex-convict sided him while he started his coupe.

Nichols sat, mute and puzzled, beside the judge as the car backed out and drew up before the house.

"There's a large sack of stuff at the right hand side of the hallway," the Judge directed him. "Go get it. The door is open."

Nichols obeyed the order, depositing the sack in the rear of the car. With a salutary patrolling Sheriff whose curiosity had caused him to cross the road, the Judge drove away over the hardening snow. Quickly traversing the tangled streets of the town, they came into the wind-swept country roads, snow-clothed and distinguishable only by the hedgerows from the rolling white fields. It occurred both to Judge Rhimer and to his passenger that the opportunity for assault upon the jurist was excellent; his hands engaged in driving. Perhaps Nichols had an evil flash of imagination that the discovery of a wrecked coupe with the bodies in it of a celebrated judge and a man he had sentenced to prison for life, bordered on the fantastic. But he sat dumbly, warm in the Judge's coat; keenly curious as to his fate—as to the lesson of Christmas he was to be taught.

Through a long terrace of tall maples that looked like a cathedral nave of lace-like tracery, the coupe sped and at the end it came upon a somber brick building picked out in yellow lights. The Judge drove to the front door of the place. Nichols, keenly curious as to his fate as to the lesson of Christmas he was to be taught.

A soft-voiced sister, in a black habit, with a sweeping white hood, admitted them to a bare but exceedingly polished hallway. She closed the heavy door, disappeared, and almost immediately an older nun came with hands outstretched to welcome the Judge.

"A little late, Mother," bade Judge Rhimer cheerily. "But the sack was heavy and I had to wait for a minute to come along to help me with it."

"We had to put the children to bed, Judge," said the Mother Superior, in a low crooning voice. "But you can be a real Santa Claus if you like and put their things in their beds. They were terribly disappointed."

"Well," said the Judge, "Santa doesn't wear black overcoats and heavy shoes. But we can try."

Their coats and hats removed, the Judge and the ex-convict followed the Mother Superior up the stairs. On the first floor of the building were class-rooms and a large refectory. Up another flight they went, the two men holding the heavy sack. Here were the dormitories—a long, rambling one to the right, where the elder orphans slept, and a smaller room on the left, containing the younger children, each tucked away in a spotlessly white cot. Sitting at a little table in the corner of the second room, her prayer book in hand and a dimly-burning wax-light, throwing her shadow fantastically on the picture-punctuated white wall, was a sister.

"Now," the Judge whispered to Nichols. "We'll leave the sack right here by the door and put a bundle at the foot of each bed."

The Mother Superior smiled. "Is that Sister Euphemia?" the Judge sullenly asked. The Superior nodded.

As silently as possible, the Judge and the ex-convict went to work. The little sister on night watch did not notice them, apparently. She remained perfectly still. For fifteen minutes they moved up and down in the narrow aisles of little beds until at the foot of each was deposited a sturdy-looking parcel of Christmas delight, wrapped neatly in red ribbon and green. It was the ex-convict who blundered at the last bed—the one closest to the screaming, stirred, and struggled into sitting posture. Nichols, seated at the foot of each bed, came to the rescue. He watched, half fascinated, her tender, calm face beside the crying child's. Then the Judge motioned to him, and he tiptoed from the room. The Mother Superior had gone downstairs to order refreshment for her visitors.

Judge Rhimer held Nichols' arm as the two stood outside the room, watching the nun lull back to sleep the scared youngster. The Judge spoke in a low, strained voice.

"Don't speak or move, Nichols," he warned, and he looked about him to see that none could hear. "You have just seen your daughter."

The man's pallor became ashen, his hands clutched forward, and a deep gurgle of struggling words filled his throat. The Judge urged him from the doorway, but Nichols

eyes bored through the dim light of the room, craving a view of the face he had seen next the child's. It required all the Judge's strength to force him to the top of the stairway.

"Nichols," said the Judge rapidly, his words easy now the first shock had passed, "Don't attempt to talk to her, now. Don't attempt it. I've told you she's your daughter—only, one other person here knows it."

"My God!" was all Nichols could utter.

"Could she go into the world bearing the shame of her father's crime?" the Judge hoarsely demanded with an insistent earnestness. "She came here as a child; she grew to love the nuns and their work. Now she is one of them—happy contented, a saintly soul. Would you have anybody tell her how and why she came here?"

Nichols broke down, sobbing. The Judge led him, step by step. Suddenly he wrenched away as if to leap upstairs into the little dormitory. But the Judge gripped his arm again.

Nichols—be a man. This is your biggest chance to atone, to make good!"

For moments that seemed like minutes the ex-convict swayed in the Judge's arms, his eyes fixed with internal combat, his lips soundlessly twitching. Then, suddenly, he hurried through the Judge down the stairs. The Mother Superior awaited them. With quiet, awestruck eyes she regarded Nichols, conducting him and the Judge to a small, plainly furnished parlor where was steaming coffee and sandwiches. She withdrew, while the two men ate and drank in silence. As they finished, the Judge said to Nichols:

"You will stay at my house tonight, Nichols."

All the way back through the curtained fields no word was said. Nichols sat beside the Judge, deep in thought. The Judge peered through the windshield, smiling at intervals as if some pleasing emotion touched him.

They came to the outskirts of the town, and the Judge turned to his passenger.

"It's my practice to go to Midnight Mass at Christmas, Nichols," he said. "You don't happen to be a Catholic, but you might care to come along."

Nichols nodded. The car turned several slippery corners and halted before a rambling frame church, brave with illumination and carrying on its forehead the green and red holly of the Yuletide. The chimes rang out and an organ boldly rolled out the Adeste Fideles. Stepping from the car, Judge Rhimer handed to Nichols the weapon he had taken from him. But the ex-convict thrust it back.

"Well," said the Judge, quietly, so that those thronging to the church did not hear. "I'll keep it as your Christmas box." He paused to close the coupe door. Then he added: "I've had something to do with your past, Nichols—but I haven't overlooked your future."

Then passing friends saluted the jurist and he entered the church side by side with the man he had judged.

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GLOBE-CIRCLING MISSIONARY

SAYS HAWAIIAN MUSIC AND DANCES MISREPRESENTED IN UNITED STATES

By the Rev. Michael Mathis, C.S.C.

Honolulu, October 13.—Missionary work in the Hawaiian Islands is under the direction of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary of Belgium. The principal educational institution, St. Louis University, under the direction of the Society of Mary in Paris and is under the direct jurisdiction of the provincial house of Dayton, Ohio. There are about one thousand pupils.

We were not able to visit St. Louis University—a fact deeply regretted by Monsignor McGillicuddy, Father Delauney and myself—due to circumstance that we had only seven hours in which to see Hawaii.

We were but a few minutes in Father Stephen's Chevrolet however before we drove up to the mission compound, which had been the center of Catholic activity on the islands for ninety-five years, or since the Prefecture-Apostolic of the Hawaiian Islands was established in 1827. The mission com-

prison comprises a very devotional church built of coral, a roomy welcoming home for Bishop Boynoens and has missionaries and a boarding and day school for girls in charge of the Sisters of the Sacred Hearts, which has 555 pupils. There are at present 99 missionary priests in the five inhabited islands, 41 churches and 65 chapels.

The Catholic population of the Vicariate Apostolic, which was created in 1847, after the Islands had remained a Prefecture Apostolic for thirteen years and was then a part of the Vicariate Apostolic of Oceania for seven years more, is now 65,000. The total enrollment in Catholic schools is 4,300. There are four academies, one conducted by the Franciscan Sisters from Syracuse, New York and nine parochial schools.

A VISIT TO WAIKIKI

We felt peculiarly at home in the company of the twelve cheerful missionaries who gathered around the community table, at which Bishop Boynoens presided like an indulgent father. The predominance of native pineapples and bananas gave the lunch a fine tropical flavor and after lunch we set out for the famous beach at Waikiki.

The road lay along King Street, the principal highway of the city. It gave us a chance to size up Honolulu. Frequent sight of Uncle Sam's soldier boys, names of places of business, familiar automobiles and the ubiquitous Ford gave a decidedly American tone to the city, while the number of Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese and Filipinos gave a cosmopolitan and oriental touch to the picture. We were not surprised to learn that there are 20,000 Americans and 120,000 Japanese—almost one-half the total population—on the islands. One of the candidates for governor is of Japanese blood, although of course an American citizen.

Everywhere brightening the sweeping lawns of the rich and festooning the humbler patches of the poor, there was a riot of tropical trees and strange shrubbery with many-colored blossoms. The beach itself is surrounded with such modernity that it differs little from beaches the world over. But it was thrilling to see the Hawaiians, precariously perched on their narrow six-foot boards, racing shoreward at forty miles an hour on the foaming mane of a roaring breaker.

St. Augustine's Church on the beach was for us the most tangible evidence that we were in the tropics. The approach is a long avenue of royal palms, ending in a spreading banyan tree which forms a kind of outdoor vestibule for the church. The structure, wooden, is painted with a fine mixture of cement and sand. This gives it the solid appearance of stone and at the same time saves the wood from the devouring ants of this region. Delicately wrought lattice work covers the open spaces which are ordinarily filled with windows in our colder climates. The condition of the pews and the woodwork shows that the climate is gentle indeed.

A visit to Sacred Heart Church, which is frequented largely by the Portuguese and which represents things Catholic on the very threshold of century-old Protestant missionary compound, gave us an opportunity to meet at close range the splendid types of bright school children who we saw in so many sections of Honolulu.

A GLIMPSE OF MOLOKAI

We got one glimpse of the dim outlines of Molokai, where Father Damien lived an heroic life and died a martyr's death in the service of the lepers. This was from the precipitous side of a hill from which we also had a bird's eye view of Honolulu and of the United States forts. The view of the leper island was given added interest because of the explanations of our guides, who themselves had nursed the lepers at Molokai.

We were all disappointed that we did not have an opportunity to hear the Hawaiians sing, for we learned afterwards that both their songs and dances are grossly misrepresented by the so-called Hawaiian music published in the United States. Many of them have beautiful traditions back of them. "Aloha," the most popular and haunting of all Hawaiian songs, for example, is in reality a hymn sung only at the heart-rending departure ceremony of the lepers for Molokai.

But seven hours is a short time and we felt when we were finally compelled to make for our ship that we had learned a great deal about these outposts of America in the Pacific.

COLLEGE PRESIDENTS

Boston, Nov. 11.—"One of the crying needs of the present day is the Americanization of some of our college presidents," said Dean Gleason L. Archer of the Suffolk Law School, at a faculty banquet given on Tuesday evening.

"In my judgment," he continued, "the un-American utterances of some of these heads of great educational institutions have done more harm to our national security than could a regiment of the undesirable aliens we have deported."

to support a family. "Capitalism, in its maddest moments, has never dared to voice such a sentiment as that. The learned gentleman apparently has forgotten that his own grandfather was an unskilled laborer."

Dean Archer, who represents one of the largest law schools in America, declared that there was too much "loose talking and loose thinking" among educators, and that it was time they exercised a steady influence in the nation.

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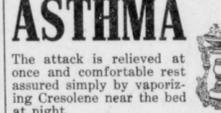
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