FEBRUARY 28, 1920

about this, mother," she said coldly. It isn't my love affair, my

'It will be my last !" the girl answered ; and then realizing what she had said, laughed. The laugh cleared the air.

Go and play your game of tennis, daughter."

The younger woman rose and toilworn fingers. leaned over to kiss the other's "Not at all" leaned over to kiss the other's smooth cheek. "I am going to run around and talk with Aunt Rose and ask her choice. She will tell me.

You see." Mrs. Hollis sighed. "Dear, this isn't visiting day. And the old people are trying this hot weather. Sister will be busy and tired."

'But not too tired to see her 'little "But not too tired to see her 'little brown bird.' Don't be jealous, mother o' mine." out, seeing nothing, however, of the ordered grounds, the well swept walks and ivy covered fencesurround-

Out in the golden sunshine the young girl went—a dazzling white figure with hair that rivaled the sunlight, twisted bigh upon her head. She wore no hat, delighting in the hottest rays of the sun and ever the sign! ready to face them.

It was not a long walk to the Little Sisters of the Poor where the sister of her dead father was playing out her life in a labor of love to the friendless and homeless and poor ones of the world; nevertheless it was of sufficient length to give Rose mary time for reflection in which she became greatly ashamed of herself. The decision was reached too. that her mother was right. But she had just enough stubbornness not to turn back. She expected to wrest from her aunt the latter's opinion of what her mother's choice was.

Sister Rose was tired. Yet coming into the entrancingly peat little re ception room the smile that enveloped her lined but beautiful face wholly obliterated the eag at the tender lips' ends and the circles beneath the loving brown eyes.

"Rosemary dear! Isn't it pretty hot for you to be cut ?"

The girl re-seated herself. "I had to see you, Sister-Aunt, I had to. I won't keep you long though, promise. You know all about Joe and Pat and Teddy. Well, they have insisted upon my answering them this week-no, rather, promised them I would. Now, I know the one I want to say 'yes' to, all right; but I don't know the one mother wants me to. Do you?"

Sister Rose oftentimes had assured herself that she thoroughly under-stood Rosemary. This afternoon she concluded that there was no assurance possible in sounding the depths of such a girl. Her bewilderment (a touch of exasperation, also if you won't permit it to go farther.) prevented her from betraying what she knew.

"I don't believe I quite realize all the circumstances, my dear," the Little Sister responded.

"Oh, dear!" Rosemary shrugged. "Isn't it perfectly plain? I desire to find out which man mother would choose if she were choosing.'

"But why ?" Sister Rose asked, her amazement growing. "Because," the girl said stubbornly.

" Just because." Why, Rosemary ?" repeated Sister

Rose. Because she is always right; and what she chooses for me turns out

best-always." The Little Sister's eyes became very tender. "Marry the man you love, my dear, . . your choice, no other counts. You know mother's?" inquired

the other abruptly. "My dear I have no right to

selection. So she thought. And evi-dently so her mother thought. "I think you are somewhat placid hall to tell me that I am right!" human beings do live, up to this very day. Evens conversation with Sister Rose but a few weeks following the liver in recreation for mind and O, Rosemary !" "I mean it! I have to reach some

happiness. conclusion soon. Now, let me see-what sign shall I expect as an indica It went along this line : tion that I have chosen the right man?' She looked at the Little

Sister appealingly. "O, Rosemary ! Isn't this trivial ?" soup kettles to lovers, to-Sister Rose clasped her beads with Sister. It was a wonderful sign, wasn't

"Not at all!" the girl replied. "Not at all! Not half as trivial as it ?" Sister Rose gazad out into space a moment, fingered her beads a moment, then said : "Rosenmary, J soup kettles, if I may say it. What would you suggest could stand as a have a confession to make.' sign ?" "I don't know," said Sister Rose. Hmm ?"

Yes. You remember the old man "Ob, dear! You and mother are so trying! Let me think." She who sat upon the stairs that day ?" The old, old man ! Of course I walked to the window and glanced do !

Well," said Sister Rose, holding tight to the beads. "I placed him there.' ing the place. "Let me think." Rosemary's slim figure straight-ned itself. "You did what ?"

"I placed him there . . . and ordered no one to come in the ball or up the stairs until we came In a moment she turned, her lovely face radiant. "Sister Aunt I have it! When we leave the chapel the first man we meet in the hall will be-

down. But-but-" The Little Sister opened wide her " I knew his name was Pat." tired eyes. "The first man-the sign ?" she echoed blankly. Why, Sister-Aunt !' cried the

Rosemary moved a white clad shoulder impatiently. "I shall ask girl. I knew you loved Pat. I knew your mother preferred him and-and him his name, the first man we meet, I mean, of course, and if it is Pat I choose Pat, if it is Teddy I shall choose Teddy, and if it is Joe, Joe 'O, Rosemary !" cried Sister Rose.

"The idea really is a sign," musing-"I couldn't have you marrying Teddy or Joe," calmly stated Sister "Isn't it treating heavenly things

in a trifling matter?" Sister Rose asked in weak tones. Rose. The girl pursed her soft lips. Of course not," agreed Rosemary. "And neither could heaven. Why-why can't you see, Sister love, you kettles, Sister-Aunt, are naturally of more importanted?" the selection of a right husband?" I naturally of more importance than were its instrument? Heaven has to have human aid in answering

Sister Rose surrendered. "I suppose both are important," she some pravers." Perhaps — no doubt," she said. Anyway I couldn't let you choose "Well, then, let's go." Rosemary motioned the other to the door, but before she herself left the room she Joe or Teddy."

Rosemary, lovely golden-haired, brown-syed Risemary, rose from her seat and went over to Sister Rose said contritely. "I do not think heaven will misinterpret the carrying out of my idea. I feel sure that it is an inspiraand hugged her hard.

Certainly, you couldn't," she tion, Sister-Aunt; honestly I do. And I have the deepest faith that I cried. But her sweet eyes, looking above will get that sign." Sister Rose sighed, then smiled. the Little Sister's head far out into the distance, were twin eyes to those The conviction came to her at that instant that her niece did possess

of the old, old man who sat upon the stairs that wonderful day-wist-"Rosemary, run along to the chapel. I will be there shortly." The girl hesitated. "Oh, I know I ful, beautiful with memories. As if I would have chosen any body but Pat !" she added to herself.

The secret of American success in

am keeping you from some duty," she apologized. "Bat I won't bother you in a like manner, Sister-Aunt, I leave it to you-do you think she would have ?- Mary H. Kennedy in the Magnificat.

N. J., pp. 152.)

Sister Rose merely smiled again. Because she realized that she was

SUCCESS IN A NEW ERA interrupting her aunt's course of work. Rosemary remained but a few moments in the chapel after the Dr. James J. Walsh, M. D., who is

Little Sister's entrance. She relied one of our most prolific American Catholic writers and lecturers, has firmly upon her aunt's intercession, and would have liked to have given followed up his recent book on "Health Through Will Power" with

There was no one in the hall. Rosemary stared around, dumb-founded. She did not wait for Sister

will be my choice."

'I don't deserve it, either.'

ly.

Soup

acknowledged.

the necessary faith.

for ages!"

the nearest stairway. There, upon the top stair sat an old, old man, oneself. Morale, Dr. Walsh tells us.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

ceremony did not dampen Rosemary's body which means the building up anew of the physical and mental forces, else neurasthenia and break-down will destroy health and all " O Sister-Aunt, I do think heaven is so sweet! It never scorns one's chances of successful work. He prayers about the simplest things- insists on two hours daily walk, plenty of sunshine and fresh Husbands," finished the Little simple dist-for we all eat too much as a rule-sports, games, movies plays, reading, night school, social

work such as the Vincentians per-form, and such like pastimes that for the time relieve the mind from the strains of ordinary and regular occupations Fear thoughts, dreads and worries

over things that never happen should be eschewed. The foundation of good habits and the prevention of habits which hamper success in life, are also treated in an instructive way by Dr. Walsh. He shows how even stumbling blocks can be made step ping stones to higher things. Con centration and training of the mem-

ory are also poted as essential to Dr. Walsh concludes by reminding us that we all have our lives to live

and certain energies we must rightly employ. If we do not use them we shall be miserable and get no satisfaction out of life, while if we employ your mother preferred him and—and I liked him best. It would have been too bad if heaven busily en-gaged upon more urgent things had made a mistake or—well, I thought I would beln." I would help." Suddenly Rosemary laughed. "Dar-ling Sister-Aunt !" the making of money, but is the develop-making of oneself. It is the develop-ment of one's personal talents to the ment of one's personal talents to the

highest point possible, and the em-ployment of those talents so as to accomplish whatever comes to hand. Character, personality and individuality as made in God's image must be brought out, else energies and opportunities will be wasted. success is possible to every man and is entirely dependent on himself and

The Little Sister's eyes lighted. signifies making the most of himself, acludes Dr. Walsh .- The Monitor.

WHERE PETER BAPTIZED

There's alarm-and it seems justifled alarm-about one of the most interesting old churches in Rome, Santa Pudenziana. Though as interesting as many others and possibly holding treasures still undiscovered even more interesting than some to which we have fuller access, it is not so much visited for the very reason that it has not as yet been fully explored. And that is just where the trouble comes in here. The city council, in a moment of either lunatic forgetfulness or something else, has given permission for the ground adjoining the church to be

built over. some years ago, but was frustrated by the vigilance of Christian archae ological association An attempt was made to do this ological associations. Now what was prevented in the bad times of Nathan and would have liked to have given to lowed up his totowed up his totower with too, she rose eagerly from her knees and walked together too briskly to entitled "Success in a New Era," Hohoken the Academy of St. Luke; and how he — Get Dollar A Dozen

could have passed such a proposal is beyond the understanding of any who founded. She did not wait for Sister Rose's slower steps. She rushed to Word for old things and means simply raneans of cily council bureaucratic methods.

oneself. Morale, Dr. Walsh tells us, When permission was given before the top stair sat an old, old that, bent, white-haired and white beard-ed, aged in every part of his once splendid virile body, except in the blue eyes shining keenly and inter- or energies far beyond what they of 33 feet must be left in order that blue eyes shining keenly and inter-estigly beneath the heavy white brows. "Oh, what is your name?" stam-" Name's O'Rourke," said the old, old map.





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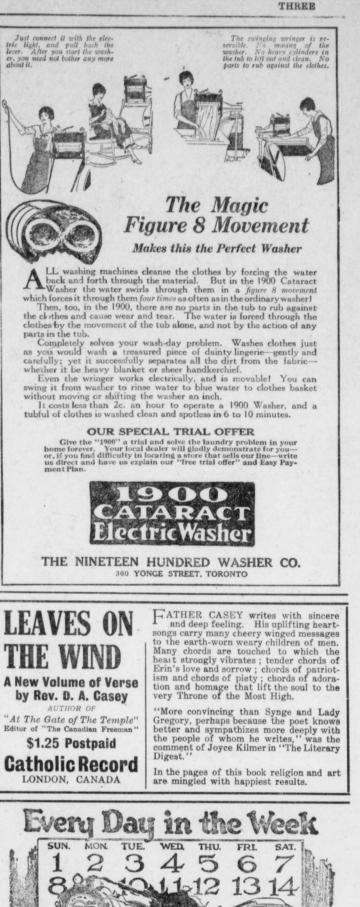
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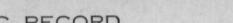


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TELLS HOW

"The great trouble with the poultry brainers has always been that the laying life of a hea wa too short," mays Henry Trafford, International Poultry Expert and Breeder, for nearly eighteen years Editor of Poultry Success The average pullet lays 150 eggs. If kept the second year, she may lay 100 more. Then she goes to market Yet, it has been are built built.





answer for another." "Will you for yourself?" "My child, your choice alone

. . They are all wondercounts.

Wonderful - flddlesticks !" Faid Rosemary. "I thought you always liked Pat pretty well."

Sister Rose smiled. "I do." Best ?"

Well.

1

'Ob. dear!' The Hollis family like her mother's, were students of diplomacy and invariably practised it to effect.

Have you prayed ardently ?" Rosemary nodded. "Of course."

'Prayer is powerful," mused the tle nan. "But this morning we little nun. broke our biggest coup kettle. It was old-breaking was its due. It happened, however, that two others had been dropped yesterday through -well, through somebody's careless-ness. We needed another kettle at hard, that one night be sent us immediately. I stole away from the immediately. I stole away from the rest a little before they flaished and ter Rose-Sister Rose, it is a sign! scarcely had I gone into the lower hall when an old man by name of heaven's too. Your name isn't Pat," rest a little before they finished and scarcely had I gone into the lower hall when an old man by name of Joseph – a verifable messenger from Gold, I halled him — came to meet mas saying that Mr. Pennington, preprietor of the Henry Pennington, preprietor of the Henry Pennington, preprietor of the Pennington Hetel, not his brother) was at the door inquiring if we could make use of some old soup kettles he was replacing with new. Was anything more marvelous ?"

Rosemary's brown eyes misted slightly. Your faith is enviable. Auntie darling. How I wish that I might go out into the hall and meet a heavenly messenger who would

answered simply

The girl suddenly sprang from her chair. Sister Aunt, I have it !" she exclaimed. ' 'We are going up to the

what ?" the girl cried. what? I mean what O'Rourke?' "O'Rourke from Limerick, capital of Limerick County, Ireland." Oh - Oh - Limerick - fiddlesticks !" panted Rosemary. "What

is your first name?" First name," the old, old man mumbled, his eyes twinkling.

"Well, now, mayourneen, why should you be wanting to know-"

the girl. The old, old man bristled. The old, old man bristled. "Teddy! Teddy, is it—Teddy you think is the name that's connected with an O'Routke from Limerisk, County Limerick, in the south of County Limeri neither! Pat's my name-Patrick

glowing with excitement and bestow. to provide for the family as best she ing ever and anon rather more than could and every member had to help mild caresses upon the silent Sister in the work from the earliest possible Rose, the old, old man sat upon the moment. The Cardinal was given of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of top stair, his young eyes wistful with an oppertunity of schooling mainly Westminster. memories.

through the sacrifices of his mother "Well, now," he told himself. and sisters, and he recalls nearly half tecture has written to the authorities "Well, now, . . once sure long a century after they were given, the of the State, the Director of Fine ago it was 'Devil' O'Rearke. But I there most important lessons that he Arts at the Ministry of Public In-am hoping that 'angel' goes with the received. He recalls also the names struction, to protest against the new enlighten me!" Sister Rose was not easily moved to reproof. "It would be nice," she wouldn't put it past heaven to be third taught him to dare. These are showing it. God love her !"

Of course Pat turned out to be in life. everybody's choice. (If you won't chapel and pray hard, very hard, very hard, just be you did earlier today, for enlighten-ment and an assurance that I may make no mistake in choosing. We

spection, comparison and the advice poses much nearer than 33 fest, "O'Rourke ! O'Rourke ! O'Rourke, of others, lest he attempt too much about 12 feet, in fact, from the church "O'Rourke and thus fall into discouragement walls.

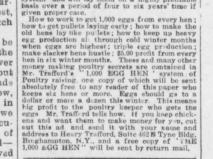
like a balky horse. Morale is needed as well in time of peace as in war, but most men fall No one knows what there may be under the ground adjoining the Gastani chapel, which is built over short of success because they under estimate themselves. They lack will there may be discoveries to be made power and initiative and fail when there, when time and money allow, less gifted persons who develop and use their talents far outstrip them in Rome. There may be, for all we the race of life. The American was know, the actual contemporary docuthe first soldier in history to "mop ment we all wait for - though of Your name is Teddy !" broke in up" the almost impregdable Argonne course no further proof is required-Forest, and he accomplished that herculean and almost impossible task solely through morale or faith in his mer for altic. "The Place Where Peter Baptized"

The successful man is a hard Where the Church of Santa Puden is—" "Oh! Oh!" shrieked a sparkling cent. inspiration and 90 per cent. psr-in Rome. Pudens lived there, son of spiration. Cardinal Mercier is a typ- a Roman senator of the same name, ically successful man of our genera- with his British wife, Claudia, daugheccupied by the baths of the last named, which became later the first oratory of Rome

The present Church is the titular

The Association of Arts and Archi struction, to protest against the new that a stop will be put to it, for that particular department of State has been sympathetically active of late the three cornerstones of all success over Christian monuments, restoring in the most excellent spirit and in Spirit flows into matter in work, but collaboration with the ecclesiasti

basis over a period of four to six years' time if







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