JANUARY 4, 1919

or clothing or medicine or wheeled chair. Whoever he is, he is a good man,

and God will bless him. Take what the Lord sends and pray for your un-known benefactor," smiled the candy ! priest.

And the neighborhood prayed.

"It was your wagon that came to my house with a ton of coal that I never ordered," said Mrs. MacDonald to Jake Clausen, proprietor of Clau-sen's coalyard on Sedgley Avenue. And I want to know who paid for the coal, so that I can thank the gentleman.

That is a secret that I cannot tell." tell," said Jake. "It's paid for any way, and that satisfies me."

The grocer, the butcher, the druggist were equally reticent. They were under bonds not to tell.

God bless him, anyway," smiled the women to one another. Whoever does the work of the Lord will

Christmas was approaching, and one day, seated at the parlor window, little Mary Desmond had a surprise. On the opposite steps stood "the ole bachelor," as Mary insisted on call-ing Whittaker, waving a friendly hand. Mary waved in return and

ing Willtaker, hand. Mary waved in return and beckoned to him to come over. The unexpected thing hhppened. "The ole bachelor" crossed the street. "Oh mamma, mamma," called beck over the back over th elor's at the door. Open it mamma !" Mrs. Desmond hurried from her kitchen, wiping her hands on her

Attenen, wiping her hands on her gingham apron. "May I come in, Mrs. Desmond ?', said Whittaker, removing his hat. "Your little girl invited me, and of course I can't refuse a lady's invita-tion." Mrs. Desmond was delighted.

Whittaker remained long, chatting with mother and child. The child

took to him instantly-a good sign. "I can's help liking her," said Vhittaker, "not only for her own sake, the dear little thing, but be-cause she's so like my own little Christine who's dead these two years. I have her picture in my parlor, Mrs. Desmond. It is so like little Mary Desmond. here that they might be twin sisters.

Come over and let me show it to you. You'll see the resemblance at

you. You'll see the resemblance at once." Touched by the man's appeal and at this new revelation of his past—a past made sacred by sorrow—Mrs. Desmond went across to Whittaker's here Whittaker account of the man. "I have lived in hell these two years, since you went away. No more drink for me. It's all over and done with - Fra. out the whole home, Whittaker carrying little Mary in his arms. Sure enough, the oil portrait on the work of the marker being be

Sure enough, the oil portrait on the wall of the parlor might have been copied from Mary. The child in the picture had the same sweet blue eyes, the same golden riot of in the picture had the same sweet up to term. blue eyes, the same golden riot of "I have been in France-nursing, these eighteen months. Such sights paul! Such experiences! I tried to but the same angelic expression.

"She would have been Mary's ago had she lived," mused Whittaker sadly. "Yes, I miss her for I'm very fond of children. Do you wonder I liked Mary the first moment I saw her-oh, weeks ago ?"

Mrs. Desmond thought of Christine's mother but delicacy forbade her to speak of her.

And he was off.

Thereafter he visited Mary often, and sat long with mother and child. It was clear to the mother that he loved the little invalid, and she was correspondingly touched and grate-ful. He could not have his own

taker's. "This is a happy Christmas-

ing to a wreath on the wall.

Danny had withdrawn.

she murmured softly.

See that motto ?" said he, point-

"Glory to God and peace on earth,"

"Is it peace?" asked the man

lor.

"Oh, he's awful good," volunteered Mary. "He gives me everything. An'he has a gran' picksure of Chris-tine in the parlor. Look," she went on, turning in the chair and pointing up Van Pelt Street, "he lives up there in that house. Come on ! I want to show him to you. Come on

too !' "'Nix,' yelled the New York Irish. want to show him to you. Come on Danny !" Danny laid hands on the handle of

ever does the work of the Lord will have the Lord's blessing." "Amen, amen, asthore," murmured good Mrs. MacDonald. Christmas was approaching, and one day, seated at the parlor window,

wounded, but they plugged the hole and kept it plugged. Honest, noth-ing New York can do for those fellows will be too much. After that fight the French christened the 165th the Green Devils."

How about the 149th Artillery ?" Davis was asked. "Oh, we just stuck around and helped out. That's all," he returned, which was entirely characteristic of the man and the service. that made him jump to the carpet.

He took a step to the door. "My God! Christine!", he ex-claimed. His voice rang with joy A curious comment concerned the sportsmanship of the Prussian Guards, which, according to Corporal Bernard Walsh of the 165th, was good.

They were the only clean fighters ly audible voice, "Paul, my dear!" She choked and tears were on her They were the only clean lighters in the German army," said Walsh, "and as fighters you've got to take off 'your hat to them. Every time we ran up against a Prussian Guard cheeks as she laid her hands in Whitregiment we knew we were in for a quent to that shock. praised be God on high !" murmured the man, as he led her into the parfight to the finish.

"Is it peace?" asked the man eagerly. "Peace," she whispered, raising tear-dimmed eyes to his. "I have done my penance," said the man. "I have lived in hell these the man. "I have lived in hell these Letters recently received in this city

said he was in good health. fearlessnees was uttered by Corporal Bernard Walsh, who fought with Company I. Walsh, whose home is at Thirty-eighth street and Lexing-

always you I was nursing instead of those poor boys. Then I came back when I could stand it no longer-

came back to find you. I landed two said. days ago and went yesterday to your "We must be friends—good friends you and I," smiled Whittaker when he had replaced Mary in her chair by ""We are friends," corrected Mary, "We are friends," corrected Mary,

"He's coming round, all right. He'll scon make up. We talk now, but at first he was mad because I married a nurse-beceath my sta tion, as he put it. Then because he drove me away and cut me off be-cause I insisted on marrying the girl I loved, I was foolish enough to take todrink. Of course you wentaway, and you did right. I wasa silly brute. But I

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

"Look!" said Mary, lifting a box of candy from under the rug that covered her—the rug a gift from "the ole bachelor." "My!" said the lady. "A box of "He gave it to me! The ole bach-lor! He makes it, you know." "The lady took the box and caught her breath at sight of the name there-on—"Whittaker's Chocolates." "An ole bachelor? He makes it, you say?" she whispered. She had turned a little pale and Danny to hold the line. The French have got sense, you can bet. That's why they came out on top. But sense wasn't needed in the Champagne. Crazy courage was required, and the New York Irish supplied it. "Give way,' the Blue Devils shouted to the officers of the 165th. 'We are retreating. You must come too!"

too!' "'Nix,' yelled the New York Irish. We're going to step on 'em. Come along with us!' "They stopped the whole retreat, and when our artillery came up to this sin, and guarding ourselves against its commission. When we speak of scandal, we do not under-stand what a great many people confine to the term. The newspapers, reporting a revelation in the conduct of affairs of a government, or a cor-poration, or public institution, and telling "of the scandal that has been unearthed." rafer to senational dis.

tering of the scandai that has been uncarthed," refer to sensational dis-closures that may perhaps involve what is wrong and sinful. This, however, is not scandal, in the theological meaning. We are speaking now of any word or act which furnishes an occasion of sin to another. That is a scandal, in the proper sense of the word. The sin sioned may be a mortal or a venial

one, lowering, either to a serious or to a slight extent, the virtue of the individual affected, and disposing him or her to sin. And its malice consists not only in the immediate shock to the moral system, but in the weakness which will be conse-

fight to the finish." Walsh revealed (accurately or otherwise) that the 165th suffered about 2,900 casualties out of an original strength of 3,600. Of these, he said, 700 were killed. Arrival of the hospital ship brought the news from two of its passengers that in October Father Duffy, chap-lain of the old 69th and then of the scandal. If, for instance, I want another to commit sin, merely that my personal interests may be fur-thered, my pleasure or gain contri-buted to, I am guilty of direct scandal. It is apparent that this guilt may be often incurred. To speak of none of the more grievous instances in which such a sin is Enthusiastic praise of the priest's possible, if I were to taunt one, or instances in which such a sin is incite him to commit some wrong deed in the spirit of a dare, or speak

or act until his power of resisting temptation is finally bent, I am guilty ave you nursing, h sights tried to istend of tried to beak back but couldn't get to him. I don't tried to tried tried

really desire spiritual injury in a direct way, but I do desire that which will probably lead to it. Were direct days ago and went yesterday to your fathor's house on Sprace Street. He was hard as ever, but said I might Van Pelt. Then I mei that dear little crippled girl and she told me of you." Little Mary!' he smiled. "Our he had replaced Mary in her chair by her parlor window. " " Little Mary!" he smiled. " Our " Has your father relented ?" she " He didn't dodge or duck but walked " He'il soon make up. We talk now, some priest!" " He didn't dodge or duck but walked " He is coming round, all right. He'll soon make up. We talk now, " He 'll soon make up. We talk now, " He'll soon make It is a type of direct scandal that

has been given the name diabolical. The name is well applied. Nothing short of devilish can that procedure be called, which aims to produce sin in another purely for badness' sake. Persons ha ample, who, after losing their own

means in their power to poison the

ed Lord which we have quoted above.

One cannot measure his guilt in One cannot measure his guitt in giving scandal by the actual effect that follows in the person whom he scandalizes. It is not necessary that another's sin should follow from my

sinful conduct, nor that I should know that it has followed. I can be

guilty without either of these cir-

cumstances, and it is sufficient that I knew, when I acted, that my act

was calculated to cause sin. I may give scandal, even though another

conduct of mine which is perfectly

legitimate, or so trifling as not to merit notice. Here the fault if there

be any, is the other individual's, not mine. To be scandalized at seeing

be any, is the other individual s, how mine. To be scandalized at seeing someone receive Holy Communion sitting down, instead of kneeling, for example, would be a case in point. The person may be crippled or ren-danced otherwise incamble of kneel-

dered otherwise incapable of kneel-ing, and still judged guilty of irrev-

erence. To be shocked at such an act resembles the attitude of the

With

of God's creatures to a better knowl-edge of Him, and a more generous service, so can we look for dire punishment and most severe condemna-tion, if, through our instrumentality, even one soul for whom the Son of God was willing to suffer and die, is robbed from Him and given over to the power and service of His enemy.— Catholic Columbian.



possessing a creat, growing skin, bright eyes sparkling with life, an abundance of glorious hair, regular features, a perfect form, and a spirit of ha nices to crown all-the happines thinces the form a knowledge of being become from a knowledge of being become radiance of a contented soul within radiance of a contented soul within. It is easily possible for any girl of woman to add greatly to her per-sonal attractions by knowing just what to do for skin, face, hands, eyes, hair and figur. Too often, the lack of correct Too often, the lack of correct to any greater beauty. Show many a platent course to follow, end give simple, even unattractive woman just what course to follow, end give simple, essy directions, and she will some become more handsome like her fortunate friends. The



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child-God had ordained otherwisebut he could brighten the life of another child. Curiously, he never spoke of his wife—a thing that seemed strange to Mrs. Desmond. Doubtless he had his reasons for reticence, and she on her part would not probe a wound that possibly lay deep and smarting in his heart.

So the days wore on, and the week before Christmas dawned bright with laid her head on his breast. sunshine, after weeks of frost and sumshine, after weeks of frost and snow. The stores were gay with holly and evergreens and happy shop-pers thronged the sidewalks. A mysterious Santa Claus was busy on Van Pelt Streets, and gifts of grocer-ies and meat, of fat turkeys and plump chickens and juicy hams, were left at the doors of widow and invalid. A couple of wreaths with bows of bright scarlet ribbon appeared in "the ole bachelos's" windows.

Mary was happy and laughing. Her broiker Danny, a fine cheerful schoolboy with honest blue eyes, had wheeled her in the warm sunshine to the corner of Dauphin Street, where a little girl could anior the where a little girl could enjoy sight of the merry shoppers and the tall Christmas trees leaning in rows against the stores.

A young and pretty lady, in black silk, with muff and nach silk silk, with muff and neck-piece of mink fur, came along the sidewalk and paused suddenly at sight of the child in the wheeled chair.

"What a pretty little girl !" she exclaimed, and caught her breath with what seemed like the echo of a sob. Then she bent and kissed Mary.

What's your name, my dear?" she asked with a winning smile.

"Mary," said the girl shyly. Then for further elucidation she added

tenderly to himself. "Oh, it's the happiest Christmas a fellow could ever dream of," he cried. "You've made it happy, darhe

ling.' Thank God!" she smiled, and

HEROIC TALES OF CHAPLAIN DUFFY

Withthearrival in New York of two

With the arrival in New York of two hospital transports, the Sierra and the Comfort, bringing 2,000 wounded officers and men from overseas, the people here at home got first hand stories of the valorous deeds of American soldier boys on the battle-delds of France and Belgium. And the most gripping story of all was that told of the way the old Fighting Sixty-ninth of New York (now the that told of the way the old Fighting Sixty-ninth of New York (now the 165th United States Infantry) saved the day in the Champagne, and how the regiment's heroic chaplain, the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, endeared him-self still more, if that was possible, to the men. One of the returned soldiers called Father Duffy the most sonnlar man in Europe.

the regiment's heroic chaplain, the Rev. Francis P. Duffy, endeared him-self still more, if that was possible, to the man. One of the returned soldiers called Father Duffy the most popular man in Europe. The Sierra brought back a good many lads that belong to the 165th, and a good many also that had fought alongside the screapy Irish from New York. One artilleryman, Ray Davis, of Chicago, told a tale of the Sixty ninth that fairly blazed. "You can't say too much about "Sixty ninth that fairly blazed.

"You can't say too much about that gang," said Davis, who belongs to the 149th Field Artillery, which nefarious craft with the weapon of

to drink. Of courseyou wentaway, and you didright. I wasa saily brute. But I came to my senses when the child died. Although Father wants to give me an allowance now, I have refused it. I have learned to stand on my own feet." "A happy Christmas, Paul." with the said. "Most of the men in it are replacements. Father Daffy is great, but so is his assistant, Father Hanley. When he was sent to a hospital, slightly wounded, at Chateau-Thierry, Father Hanley sneaked out of the hospital and beat it hack to the front. He fought with "A happy Christmas, Paul !" He took her hands and drew her he boys and cheered them on by his example." Mention of Father Duffy's injuries mention of Father Duffy's injuries was made by another Chaplain, Capt. Rev. F. Jenny, of Decatur, III., whose brother, Dr. C. E. Jenny, is chaplain of the 86th Division. Both were Presbyterian ministers in the same faure.

town. "Father Duffy is the most be-loved of army chaplains," said Capt. Jenny in the smoking room of the Sierra. "He is without fear. He was wounded several weeks ago, I understood. I looked for him in the hospital but missed him. He wasn't badly hurt."-N. Y. Catholic News.

SCANDAL

When Our Divine Lord warned His apostles to "fear net them that kill the body, and are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him that can destroy both body and soul in hell," He indicated that there is an

chair, but none the less respensible in the sight of Ged, and these are the

to the 149th Field Artillery, which "Desmond." "Mary Desmond! A truly sweet name!" said the lady, looking hun-grily at the child.

faith through some imaginary or even real grievance, go about revil-ing the Church, her ministers and her mission, and seeking by every minds of others, and lead them to the same deplorable state of soul. Not only the sentence of Our Blessed Lord which we have quoted above, but every declaration of His regard-ing the infinits price He sets upon a human soul, gives us an idea of the retribution He will demand for such

trous to give here. These courses are a constant friend and guide to the woman who is really desirous of appearing her best at all times. By their aid you can not only bring yourself to a higher pitch of attractiveness, but will be able to treat your friends and, if necessary culture. The recipes alone are wonderfully com-plete courses.

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for Poverina and her fight, a bright day dawn Gueen's Promise, The. by Mary T. Waggaman. The little heroine in this story, steing takes from ner convent heme by her unclease in finding an approach to his iron-bic, succeeds in finding an approach to his iron-bic, succeeds the signally required to her father, supposed victim of a storm at sea, and her way is opened to life, love and happiness. Bhipmates, by Mary T. Waggaman. Pip a boy of tweive, is Jving at death's door, without hope of relief, in close, unwholesome civithout hope of pip is cheeks, get them acquainted with Roving Rob, and the results, makes very fascinating realing.

Note, and the results, makes very fascinating reading.
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worked out with dramatic skill. Playwater Playmater John David Schuller, a sick boy, who have a schuler state the schuler of the How the plot an fold to the schuler descent and the boy res-cued makes a vory interesting story, which is sure to please the youry interesting story, which is sure to please the youry interesting story, which is sure to please the youry folds. Poverina, by Ewely folds. Poverina, by the schuler of the taile every-through a very date sevens, but after passing for Poverina and the night, a bright day dawns for Poverina and the fineds.

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