

his surroundings, neither did he take part in the conversation in progress at his entrance. Thus his presence was nearly forgotten until the train's arrival at Fulda when he jumped up and ran to the window to buy one of the "funny papers" sold at the car window. In stepping back from the window, owing to a sudden bump of the train in starting, he stumbled against the gentleman sitting opposite the lady.

"Beg your pardon, Mr. Mueller," he politely excused himself with a foreign accentuation of his words. The one so addressed looked at him surprised and asked: "How do you know me?"

"I don't know you at all, I meet you to-day for the first time," replied the lean gentleman, piercing him with his sharp penetrating eyes. "But I know you are Emil Mueller, artist and painter of Oshatz, 47 years of age, whose destination is Wiesbaden."

Stupefied all gazed at the stranger.

"How do you know all this if you do not know me?" asked the wondering artist. "I'm sure I did not refer to my destination since you came in, nor to my name."

"A sharp, wide-awake and ingenious man has many means at his disposal to gather information," replied the other with slight sarcasm.

"For instance?"

"Your application is not for everyone," replied the stranger; "however, I'll gladly satisfy your curiosity."

"Well then, how do you know that my name is Mueller?"

"A while ago, when we passed Huenfeld, someone on the platform called out 'Mueller,' and I saw how you involuntarily jerked up your head as people do when they hear themselves suddenly called. That's how I guessed your name."

The artist opened wide his eyes at this.

"That you are called Emil, I heard from your friend here," pointing to the gentleman sitting near Mueller. "That you are from Oshatz, I know from yourself."

"But that I'm a painter,—you couldn't see that on my nose, could you?"

"No, not exactly on your nose, but when a man has his breakfast wrapped in a technical paper for painters, and has besides a small ochre stain on the rim of his hat and a few small, green paint-spots on his vest, it amounts to almost the same as having the name of his firm printed on the forehead," replied the stranger, at the same time leaning towards the traveller and pointing at the tell-tale spots.

"My! but you are a sharp observer!" exclaimed the admiring Mr. Mueller. "I myself knew nothing of such spots.—Really! here they are! But how did you guess my age?"

"That was easy, after you had incidentally mentioned that you had begun going to school when the war of the Seventies broke out."

"Really!"

"And that you were bound for Wiesbaden, I concluded from the remark you made when drinking: 'I wonder will I enjoy the medicinal waters just as much as this?' Yes, I dare to assert that I know you to be rich and sick: sick because you are going to Wiesbaden, and rich, or at least well-to-do, because you are travelling first class. Nothing surprising in it; the deductions are only natural."

"Perhaps—but deductions that very few can draw," smilingly observed another of the travellers; an elegantly dressed gentleman with a bald head. "You must be a police-officer or detective."

The stranger smiled enigmatically. "Possibly, Attorney."

"What!—you know what I am?"

"I know that you are the Attorney Emmerich of Leipzig. You

are on the way to Frankfurt where the sensational murder case is being tried and in which you appear as counsel."

"Then you know me?"

"I did not know you until a few moments ago. But during a few seconds I saw a book in your hands which you carry in your breast-pocket,—he leaned over and tapped with his finger on the place—

"it was a treatise on Hypnotism and Mental Suggestion. On your grip I distinguished the endings 'ieh' and 'ney', the rest of the label being covered by some other baggage; from this, however, I concluded that you must be Attorney Emmerich of Leipzig who had been retained as counsel for the case in which hypnotism plays such a big rôle."

"Wonderful!—But suppose the grip belonged to one of the other gentlemen?"

"Couldn't. On two occasions you looked up at it in a way as only the owner will do when travelling."

All present expressed their admiration, and the young lady smilingly asked: "Can you also guess who I am?"

Bowing respectfully he replied: "An authoress who is reading the advance sheets of her newest book, and who carries in her pocket the money received for it—money that enables her to take a long-planned vacation trip."

The lady pouted her lips and the gentlemen laughed.

"Am I correct?"

"Well, yes,—but how...?"

"That was easy. The smile of satisfaction which lit up your face whilst reading the book, together with the corrections which you made, betrayed the authoress. Then you suddenly took out your purse, and genuine pleasure showed on your face as you took stock of its ample contents,—that was sufficient for me."

"Where is my friend from?" inquired the artist. "Do you know that too?"

From Leipzig, as was indicated by the composition of the lunch he was eating when I came in."

"But my place of residence you cannot guess I am sure," claimed the last of the travellers.

"You are from Berlin."

"What makes you think so? I don't use the Berlin dialect in the least; so, how could you think I was from there?"

"Your hat still bears the residue of the fine sand which flies in through the car window in the vicinity of Berlin. Besides, out of your pocket I see protruding the 'Berliner Localblatt,' a paper rarely read by any one outside of Berlin."

The mysterious stranger had hit the right thing every time. Whilst the occupants of the compartment were still giving expression to their astonishment, the attorney suddenly exclaimed:

"There's no doubt, sir, you are a famous detective—perhaps—even."

"Sherlock Holmes," smilingly admitted the stranger. "You've guessed it. I'm on my way to Paris, where I'm to find for the Minister an all-important State-document which disappeared most mysteriously."

All now overwhelmed the renowned man with questions that he willingly and politely answered; relating several interesting cases in his experience. "But here I must get out!" he suddenly exclaimed, as the train pulled into Hanau.

"I beg your pardon, but our interesting conversation nearly caused me to forget that I must meet a friend who is waiting for me here. Good-bye, ladies and gentlemen!" Quickly he snatched up his small satchel and jumped off the train. It was highest time, for the train was just starting again.

Naturally those remaining in the compartment spoke of nothing but

their interesting acquaintance, praising the wonderful sagacity and perspicuity of the Englishman, until the attorney interrupted the conversation by remarking: "I think we are behind time," at the same time trying to pull out his watch.

"Thunderation!" he cried appalled, "my gold watch is—"

"What's the matter with it?"

"Gone—stolen—"

"My pocket-book too!" exclaimed the painter. "My pocket-book with five hundred marks."

"And mine also, with part of my fee," lisped the fair authoress.

"I'm missing my diamond breast-pin," groaned he of Leipzig.

"And I'm missing my green silk purse," said he of Berlin.

"Gentlemen," dejectedly remarked the attorney, "we are the victims of a clever thief and rogue. This so-called Sherlock Holmes put one over on us! His sharp deductions were only to serve the purpose of making us feel secure and confiding, and to bring him into closer contact with us. Don't you remember how he, at each one of his deductions, leaned towards the particular person, presumably to indicate the object mentioned?"

That's when his nimble fingers executed the trick of relieving us of our valuables."

"We must notify the Frankfurt police at once," they all passionately cried.

"Certainly," replied the attorney, nodding energetically, though doubtfully adding after a while: "But whether it will be of any use? I'm afraid the acquaintance of the pretended Mr. Sherlock Holmes will cost us dearly."

### THE BIRDS' CHRISTMAS TREE

One day a short time before Christmas, Tom walked into the living room after dinner saying, "Now what's a person to do all afternoon when it's storming like this?"

"You might help me with my pasting," said his sister Susan, coaxingly, "that's fun."

"Not for me," replied Tom firmly. "I don't want to paste, I want to do something different, something new."

"I'll tell you what to do," said his mother. "In your closet is a box of odds and ends of Christmas things I haven't had time to sort over. Take the box over to the window seat and see if you can't find something of interest."

Now that sounded suspiciously as if he was to work "clearing up" something—a job he hated—still, as he had nothing better to do, he might see what was there. So he went to his room, hauled the box out from his closet and put it on the window seat.

There was surely a little of everything in it—Christmas tree beads to string, a garden fence to repair, two tiny wigless dolls to mend and way down in the bottom the little Christmas tree they always used on their dining table. Sad and dreary looking it was now without its gay decorations.

Tom fished it out, straightened its folded branches and stood it on the window sill.

Then, as he didn't quite know what he wanted to do next, he stood idly watching some cold, hungry little sparrows, desperately searching for food on the snow covered ground.

"Why, there isn't a thing for them to eat," he said to himself musingly, "I wonder what they'll do."

And exactly then, a bright idea occurred to him—that's the way with ideas, they come when they're least expected!

He would fix the birds a Christmas tree!

He rushed to the stairs and called, "Sue, come here, I've found something to do!"

In a whirl of happy expectation Susan ran up the stairs. "What is it, what are you going to do?"

"We're going to trim this old Christmas tree and put it out doors for the birds!"

"Birds don't like Christmas trees," said Susan skeptically, "all they care about is something to eat!"

"That's just it," exclaimed Tom, delightedly, "this tree is going to be trimmed with all the things birds like to eat—corn and grain and crumbs."

Happily the two children set to work.

First they popped corn and strung it on strings through the branches.

Then they cut pieces of bread into fancy shapes and tied them on for ornaments. Last of all they sprinkled over the whole tree some oatmeal for the tinsel.

Putting on their warm wraps, they ploughed through the deep snow, set the tree up in the middle of the front yard and scampered back to the living room windows to watch the fun.

At first the birds were a bit cautious and investigated slowly. One brave bird hopped very near and grabbed a bite! Nothing happened so he perched on the little tree and ate the popcorn as though he had never before had a single bite to eat!

The other birds quickly lost their fear and came from tree and fence to enjoy the feast.

In exactly fifteen minutes the little tree was empty, stripped bare of even the strings.

Delightedly the children ran out and brought it in, trimmed it once more and then prepared to watch the fun.

Three times that cold afternoon the birds stripped their Christmas tree and when twilight fell they flew to their nests happy and warm—'twas their first full meal since the snow storm.

"We've surely found a jolly new game," said Tom as he brought in the tree for the night.

"Let's do it again," said Susan happily; "let's have a bird's Christmas tree every time there's a snow fall!"

### VISITING GUESTS

The Clemmings had just said good-bye to the weekend guests, who had left with the usual compliments, and every voice urging her to come again—"and soon!" As the car whirled away from the shaded porch, mother and daughter went into the house and the mother said:

"She is certainly a charming girl, Catherine. I've enjoyed having her here as much as you have."

"I know you'd like Cecilia, mother. She's so dear in every way. So is Mary Davidson, who was here last week."

"But what?" asked the mother, as Catherine left her sentence unfinished.

"Well—it isn't the thing to compare one's guests after they're gone! But I was wondering what made the difference in those two girls as visitors. I never noticed that they were so unlike at school, and we three were to gether a great deal. But Mary's visit was so stiff and dull, while Cecilia's has been a joy from first to last. I never in all my life tried so hard to be entertaining as when Mary was here, and you were all that a dear hostess should be! Yet things didn't go. You know they didn't. What was the matter, mother?"

"I don't think the difference is so much in the girls as in the way they pack their visiting kits," said the mother laughingly.

"Visiting kits?" repeated Catherine, looking a little mystified.

"Yes," said the mother. "Visiting kits, when properly packed, have some toilet articles."

"I don't understand yet, mother."

"Didn't I hear Cecilia reading a letter from that school friend of yours she is at Glacier Park this summer?"

"Nora Fletcher? Yes."

"And another from her cousin in France?"

"Yes. Ches Crandall has a genius for description, and Cecilia knew I would enjoy that letter."

"And she read us all that funny story of Booth Tankington's. The one brought to us as a guest thing we enjoyed, the other made no attempt to interest the ones whom she was visiting."

"I see," said Catherine. "And if ever your daughter is a poky guest, she'll not have you to blame for it."

### Prayer against Epidemic Diseases.

(Approved for the Diocese of Prince Albert by Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., on August 30, 1918, and endowed with an indulgence of 50 days, which can be gained once a day by the Faithful within the said diocese.)

*Antiphon.* Remember, O Lord, thy covenant and say to the destroying angel: Now hold thy hand, that the earth may not be desolated, and do not destroy every living soul.

Lord have mercy on us. Christ have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us.

Our Father (silently).

V. And lead us not into temptation.

R. But deliver us from evil.

V. The Lord sent his word and healed them.

R. And delivered them from their death.

V. Let the mercies of the Lord give glory to him.

R. And his wonderful works to the children of men.

V. Lord, remember not our former iniquities.

R. Let thy mercies speedily prevent us.

V. Help us, O God, our saviour.

R. And for the glory of thy name, O Lord, deliver us.

V. Forgive us, O Lord, our sins.

R. And deliver us for thy name's sake.

V. Hear, O Lord, my prayer.

R. And let my cry come to thee.

V. The Lord be with you. R. And with thy spirit.

### LET US PRAY.

O God who dost not desire the death, but the repentance of sinners, through the intercession of the blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, look propitiously upon thy people returning to thee, that thou, whilst it remains attached to thee, mayest graciously remove from it the scourge of thy wrath. Through the same Christ our Lord.

### ORATIO CONTRA PESTILENTIAM.

*Antiph.* Recordare, Domine, testamenti tui, et dic Angelo percutienti: Cesset jam manus tua, et non desoletur terra, et ne perdas omnem animam viventem.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.

Pater noster (secreto).

V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

V. Misit Dominus verbum suum, et sanavit eos.

R. Et eripuit eos de morte eorum.

V. Confiteantur Domino misericordiae ejus.

R. Et mirabilia ejus filiis hominum.

V. Domine, ne memineris iniquitatum nostrarum antiquarum.

R. Cito anticipent nos misericordiae tuae.

V. Adjuva nos, Deus salutaris noster.

R. Et propter gloriam nominis tui, Domine, libera nos.

V. Propitius esto peccatis nostris, Domine.

R. Et libera nos propter nomen tuum.

V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

V. Dominus vobiscum. R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

### Oremus.

Deus, qui non mortem, sed penitentiam desideras peccatorum: per intercessionem beatae Dei genitricis, virginis Mariae, populum tuum ad te revertentem propitius respice: ut, dum tibi devotus existit, iracundiae tuae flagella ab eo clementer amoveas. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

Approbatur pro nostra diocesi. Concedimus indulgentiam 50 dierum semel in die lucranda fidelibus has preces infra fines nostrae dioceseos pie recitantibus.

IMPRIMATUR. ALBERTUS, O. M. I.,  
Die 29 Augusti, 1918. Episcopus Principis Alberti.

### Gebet gegen epidemische Krankheiten.

(Von Bischof Pascal, O. M. I., am 30. August 1918 gutgeheissen für die Diözese Prince Albert und mit einem Ablass von 50 Tagen versehen, der täglich einmal innerhalb der genannten Diözese von den Gläubigen gewonnen werden kann.)

*Antiphon.* Gedente, o Herr, deines Bundes und befehle deinem strafenden Engel: Halte jetzt ein deine Hand, auf daß die Erde nicht verodet werde, und tote nicht jede lebende Seele.

Herr erbarme dich unser! Christe erbarme dich unser! Herr erbarme dich unser!

Vater Unser (leise).

V. Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung.

R. Sondern erlöse uns von dem Bösel.

V. Der Herr sandte uns sein Wort und heilte sie.

R. Und entriß sie ihrem Tode.

V. Sie sollen danken dem Herrn für seine Barmherzigkeit.

R. Und für seine Wunder unter den Menschenkindern.

V. O Herr, gedente nicht unserer alten Missetaten.

R. Laß eilends uns zuvorkommen deine Barmherzigkeit.

V. Hilf uns, Gott, unser Heiland.

R. Und um der Ehre deines Namens willen erlöse uns.

V. Sei gnädig unsern Sünden, o Herr.

R. Und befreie uns um deines Namens willen.

V. Herr, erhöre mein Gebet.

R. Und laß mein Hüfen zu dir kommen.

V. Der Herr sei mit euch.

R. Und mit deinem Geiste.

### Lasset uns beten!

O Gott, der du nicht den Tod, sondern die Bußfertigkeit des Sünders willst: durch die Fürbitte der allerheiligsten Gottesgebäckerin und Jungfrau Maria besänftigt, blicke herab auf dein Volk, welches sich wieder zu dir wendet, auf daß du, während es dir getreu bleibt, die Geißel deines Zornes barmherzig von ihm abwendest. Durch denselben Christum unsern Herrn.