Mother was unusually gentle at while Flavia gazed at her with world knows it, is generally mater-breakfast, and her breakfast was amazement and ever-increasing ialistic and atheistic.

she finally vouchsafed, "and I pre-fer not to say where I am going." A vacation, Mother. They were dumbfounded. In all the years they

going away alone—and not going to tell them where. She surveyed them tranquilly, quite as though she was doing the usual thing. Each face expressed varying emotions. and mother realized with a fresh pang that whatever the emotions might be, they did not include sorrow. Her absence for a little while would be a relief to all of nem. Even to father.
It was father who broke the silence.

"That will be fine, mother," he said, heartily. "You need rest. The girls can keep house and look after everything. Good idea not to let us know where you're going, when she remembered the choking

sum she demanded took away his breath, but father was a good but at the end of the third week she soldier. He said nothing until he sent them at elegram and went home.

They were all at the station to

Then it was to Flavia he spoke.

"You will have to do without that new dress a while longer," he told her. "Mother made a wicked hole in that checking account.

Mother was mean enough to re-

joice just a little. There is something queer about the psychology of clothes. Mother Vogel, who was perturbed, cranky and fussy when she left home, clad in her shabby, well-worn apparel, her faded hat slightly askew over her "washerwoman knot" and her heels run over, arrived at the Lake-side summer, betel sergers, wellside summer hotel serene, well-poised and good-natured, and deep in her heart she waa obliged to admit that her delightfully tranquil state of mind was due, not so much to the absence of her family, about which she was inclined to worry, as to her own pleasing ap-pearance. For mother had stopped in the city and spurred herself to unforgivable extravagance. The greater part of 'father's generous check had gone to the making over of mother. She had determined that she would no longer begin company to the company of that she would no longer beg' common clay," and all that she needed to keep alive that determination was the repetition of the magic phrase, "Exquisite porcelain." Gazing upon her when she arrived at her destination, no one would have doubted for an instant that to achieve it. Mother was perfect, from the top of her silvery, marcelled hair, to the tips of her dainty celled hair, to the tips of her dainty and all that she needed she would never let her go, held her at arm's length to gaze at her with adoring eyes. "Mother, you dear, darling old peach! You're the yond their power. They have darling old peach! You're the yould their power. They have taken it at second-hand or at You look just like a beautiful, dainty Dresden shepherdess."

And mother was content. At the top of her silvery, marrocalled hair, to the tips of her dainty celled hair, to the tips of her dainty and indeed we have at present, right here in New York, an exhibit at the Museum of Natural History that is every bit as fraudulent as schools) it must have the religious instruction they must scientifically. To do so is beyond their power. They have taken it at second-hand or at to scientifically. To do so is beyond their power. They have taken it at second-hand or at to give the recent to from those whom they thought they could trust, as being rigorously scientific. We have had, and indeed we have at present, right here in New York, an exhibit at the Museum of Natural History that is every bit as fraudulent as schools) it must have the religious instruction they must scientifically. To do so is beyond their power. They have taken it at second-hand or at to scientifically. To do so is beyond their power. They have taken it at second-hand or at to scientifically. To do so is beyond their power. They have taken it at second-hand or at to scientifically. To do so is between the truth of evolution, have not studied scientifically. To do so is between the religious instruction they must fact that if they wish for definite religious instruction they mus celled hair, to the tips of her dainty shoes. The old ladies on the veranda of the hotel liked her at once, and in less than a day she was quite at home there, exchanging embroidery patterns, learning new crochet stitches, and resting.

At home, however, it was quite different, for there no one rested, Flavia, who could be an excellent housekeeper, belonged to innumerable culture clubs, and kept a social calendar that accounted for the greater part of her time. Othilia had never felt the urge to learn housekeeping. Mother had always assumed the burden, and they had been selfish enough, or thoughtless enough to allow her to do so.

"I don't wonder," sobbed the younger girl after a harrassing morning in the overheated kitchen, during which she had succeeded in producing a jar of rather soggy cookies, and two scorched and sticky "boiled-over" pies, "I don't wonder that mother was cross. I don't see how she could ever smile. Falvia, you'll have to get dinner, I just can't. The upstairs work isn't touched—and Fred is going to bring home a bunch—and I'm dead, I tell you—simply dead."

Flavia, toiling over a paper on, Chaucher, looked up wearily.
"Who'sto do the mending, I'd like to know?" she inquired helplessly.
"There's a basketful of that. Fred

says he hasn't a shirt with a Well, let him sew them on, then," retorted his younger sister, unfeelingly. "All that young man does is make work—and then more work. You should see his room—

breakfast, and her breakfast was even better than usual. Hot biscuit with honey—a favorite dish—graced the table; luscious, iced berries with rich cream; bacon just crisp enough to be delicious; goldenbrown coffee. No acrimonious remarks accompanied the service either, and the family was in excellent humor until mother spoiled the last few mouthfuls for them.

"Since Flavia has a meeting this afternoon, you will have to preparedinner, Othilia," she remarked, quietly. "I am leaving on the morning train."

"Leaving! Mother! Leaving, for where—and why?" Othilia exclaimed

wall prize at and ever-increasing exasperation.

"Othilia, you're going crazy!

Will you tell me," she demanded at last, "what on earth is so funny?"

Oh, Flavia!" Othilia went off in another gale of laughter, the while she wiped tears from her eyes with the corner of her smudged apron. "It's—it's you!" You're so fun-funny! You look like Minerva fallen from her high estate while with the corner of her smudged apron. "It's—it's you!" You're so fun-funny! You look like Minerva fallen from her high estate while she wiped tears from her eyes.

"Until in the corner of her smudged at last, "what on earth is so funny?"

Will you tell me," she demanded at last, "what on earth is so funny?"

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Will you tell me," she demanded at last, "what on earth is so funny?"

Oh, Flavia!" Othilia went off in another gale of laughter, the while she wiped tears from her high estate.

"Leaving! Mother!" An earth is so funny?"

Meanwhile Mother was getting the corner of her with the corner of her with the corner of her with the corner of

"Leaving! Mother! Leaving, for where—and why?" Othilia exclaimed

Across the table father raised mildly incredulous eyes from the morning paper and regarded her curiously. Mother calmly buttered another half of biscuit, and enjoyed the effect of her bomb shell.

"I am about to take a vacation," she finally vouchsafed, "and I prefer not to say where I am going," A vacation, Mother. They were dumbfounded. In all the years they could remember she had never taken a vacation that did not include them. It had never occurred to them that a vacation that included them was anything but a vacation for mother. Mother was really going away alone—and not going to tall them where. She surveyed and how she larged for Flaving." until they were raw and quivering—and how she longed for Flavia! Flavia, who stepped so lightly when she was ill, and drew the shades until the light was just right—Flavia who had such cool and soothing hands. When the other mothers told her of their children, she spoke proudly of hers. Flavia was so clever, Othilia so pretty and popular, and Fred was so handsome, and such an athlete! Then there was too—then we can't write you our spells he sometimes had in the night troubles. How much money will you need?"

She was prepared for that. The throat and pound him on the back. She had meant to stay two months, but at the end of the third week she

meet her; she saw them when the train pulled in—her dear, dear family. Father for all his avoirdupois and dignity, reached her first, and the kiss he gave her was as nothing to the words he whispered in her ear. pered in her ear.

"Lordy, honey!" he said, "how I've missed you. Don't ever leave your old man again, will you?" Fred was next, swinging her from her feet and hugging her ecstati-

cally.
"Gee, mother, it's great to have you back!" his characteristic exclamation. "The girls are rotten housekeepers, and everything's been at sixes and sevens without you.

Flavia, usually so cool and composed, kissed her fervently.
"We're never going to let you work so hard again," she whispered. And then you'll never want to

leave us. But after all, it was Othilia who poured healing ointment on mother's troubled soul.

Oh, mother !" she cried, as she Oh, mother!" she cried, as she kissed her repeatedly, and then, still clutching her hands as though she would never let her go, held her

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MODERN TEACHERS

HAECKEL'S FRAUDS IN NAME OF SCIENCE SHOWN BY FATHER GILLIS

New York, N. Y.—"Ernst Haeckel—Beyond Darwin" was the subject of the address delivered in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle by the Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P.,

by the Rev. James M. Gillis, C. S. P., in the series he is giving on modern teachers and their teachings.

"All the world knows Darwin and his theory of evolution by natural selection," said the reverend lecturer, "but perhaps not everyone is equally well acquainted with Ersnst Haeckel, and yet Haeckel is the man who popularized. with Ersnst Haeckel, and yet Haeckel is the man who popularized the Darwinian theory, not only in Germany but particularly amongst the English reading people, and indeed all over the world. Darwin was does is make work—and then more work. You should see his room—cigarette ashes and newspapers and soiled socks."

The speech ended in a wail. Othilia's tears were about to flow again.

Then, quite suddenly, she changed by wind about weeking and because the world. Darwin was above all, an investigator, a discoverer, a pioneer, but Haeckel, though a professor, was particularly a popularizer. Darwin was never again.

But Haeckel was a blasmat atheist, not much a scientist as a semanter.

Now, what manner of man was this Haeckel? Was he a thoroughly reliable scientist who published only what he could prove? He was a scientist indeed. He achieved much in the realms of biology and anthropology, but as a teacher he was unreliable. It is perfectly just to seems Heackel. was unreliable. It is perfectly just to accuse Haeckel of deliberate fraud in his over-eager preaching of the gospel of evolution.

CONFESSED TO FRAUD " In his 'Natural History of Creation,' he printed three wood cuts, representing a man, a monkey and a dog, and three other cuts representing the embryos of a dog, a fowl and a tortoise. He then pointed out that in neither instance could any difference be found between the one and the other. A professor in the University of Basle discovered that Haeckel had simply printed the same cut three times over, and called it by different names. Haeckel confessed, and admitted that he had been guilty of engineering. that he had been guilty of an 'un-pardonable piece of folly,' but later he repeated the same kind of

"In a lecture on the Problem of Man, he drew skeletons of a man, a kangaroo, a chimpazee, an orange-outang and a gibbon, in such a way as to over-emphasize the likeness between these animals and man, in the attempt to prove that they all had common ancestors. Another accused Hackel of fraud, saying:
'Not only has Professor Hackel
falsely represented the evolutionary changes of man, the monkey and the other mammifers, but he has even taken from the work of a scientist the figure of a macaco, cut off its tail and made a gibbon of

"Strange to say, Haeckel con-fessed to the fraud, and indeed went further than a mere confes-sion. He said, 'Six or eight per cent. of my drawings of ambryos are really falsified. We are obliged to fill the vacancies with hypotheses, but I have the satisfaction that side by side with me in the prisoners' dock stand hundreds of fellow cul-prits, many of them the most esteemed biologists. All figures, morphological, anatomical, historand embryological, which are circulated and valued in students' manuals and in reviews and works of biology, deserve in the same degree, the charges of being falsified. None of them is exact.

All of the desirability of teaching an unproved hypothesis to immature minds, with no distinction between an hypothesis and an established scientific fact, are held to be simpletons, or worse.

"Always remember, that evolutions are desirability of teaching an unproved hypothesis to immature minds, with no distinction between an hypothesis and an established scientific fact, are held to be simpletons, or worse. All of them are more or less adapted, schematized and reconstructed.'

UNPARDONABLE TRICKS " Now, to the layman, such tricks as these, perpetrated by a scientist, as these, perpetrated by a scientist, are not only shocking and scandalous, but unpardonable. We feel that we can never trust that scientist again. A scientist makes it his boast that above all other men he is addicted vigorously to the truth. Scientists protest that they, and they alone, eschew hypothesis, or at least impringing not a say felsion. least imagination, not to say falsi-fication and forgery. But the chief falsifier and forger in drawings in the world of science, Ernst Haeckel, is the man who, through millions of copies of his books, has enormously influenced public opinion towards accepting the theory of evolution. Remember, the yast mass that is every bit as fraudulent as the manufactured designs of Haeckel, yet it remains where all the semi-educated and the uneducated and those that imagine them-

selves to be educated, may see and learn its false lesson. "Haeckel was not only a fraud, he was a great dogmatist. His works abound in dogmatic state-ments. He is always absolutely certain; whereas, Darwin, again and again, used the word 'apparently' and 'probably,' or his favorite clause 'We may well suppose' (which, as somebody has counted, appears eight hundred times in Darwin's two chief works;) Haeckel is never uncertain; he is absolute is never uncertain; he is absolute, apodictic, dogmatic, Alfred Russell Wallace, who shares with Charles Darwin the fame of originating the theory of evolution by natural selection, says, 'I have no sympathy with Haeckel's unfounded dogmatism of combined negation and omiscience, and more especially when the assumption of superior when the assumption of superior knowledge seems to be put forward to conceal his real ignorance.' These are harsh words from one scientist of another, but the misfortune is that for every one individual who reads the carefully guarded statements of Wellage, there, are a hundred Wallace, Wallace, there are a hundred thousand who have read and been influenced by the reckless assevera-

tions of Haeckel. SUPPORT FOR MR. BRYAN

"There has been a great deal of fun made of William Jennings Bryan, because he ventured, though not a scientist, to break into the controversy of evolution, and par-ticularly because he is fighting against the teaching of evolution in the schools. He is made the butt for the jests of millions of people her mind about weeping and began to laugh. She sat down on the bottom stair step and rocked back and forth and shrieked hysterically, Haeckel that Darwinism, as the



apparently these critics of Bryan are not aware that one of the greatest scientists that ever lived, Virchow, took the same stand as Bryan in maintaining that the theory of evolution should not be taught in the schools, because it is only theory, merely hypothesis. Yet it is taught, and taught as if it were absolutely certain. And all those,—I will not say who deny the theory,—but all those who question the desirability of teaching an un-proved hypothesis to immature minds, with no distinction between an hypothesis and an established

tons, or worse.

"Always remember, that evolution is not proved. It is still an hypothesis. A. R. Wallace, in another place, said, 'We hear much about the missing link, but there is not merely one missing link, there are a dozen missing links in the chain that connects man with the beast.' It would seem to be not only common sense but good science to wait until these links are found before preaching evolution as a dogmatic certainty."

> ANGLICANS SEEKING SEPARATE SCHOOLS

London, Eng., Nov. 18.—Alarmed by the encroachment of the State schools upon their own denomina-tional schools, the Anglicans are at last beginning to wake up to the fact that if they wish for definite

schools) it must have the responsibility of allocating schools so as to meet the needs of the people.

Nor, says this same manifesto, is it reasonable that the State should provide one type of school out of the taxes, to which both parties contribute, and that schools of the other (confessional) type should be provided only if those who believe in them will pay extra. This is practically the argument of the Catholic educationalists, who cannot see any justice in being obliged to pay the education taxes, and then having to find extra money to build their own confessional schools.

A number of principles are laid

down in this manifesto, among them the claims that religious instruction is not only a part of

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