

A MAN AND HIS NEIGHBOR

The proud reader hurried along a dingy corridor, and as she entered the composing room she narrowly escaped falling upon the neck of an un-laudered youth in a burlap apron.

"Do you always move in stalls, Miss Matheson?" asked a broad-shouldered man who was sorting over battered electrotypes.

Miss Matheson smiled abstractedly as she rustled through a bunch of page proofs impaled on a jawing book. The big blank windows of the composing room looked out upon roofs and chimneys, varied by uncleanly water tanks, and etheralized by a pervasive haze. Within were dusty cases and dingy imposing stones, the thud of adjoining presses keeping the paper shredded electric bulbs above them swaying to and fro.

"Are you still getting a little fun out of life?" continued the former speaker as he passed Roberta.

"Well, at least, I'm getting a little fun into it," responded the girl. "I had one joyous query this morning; a woman in Idaho wrote to ask me whether or not parrots when she has an audience or whether she purrs for gladness when alone."

"That's easy," said Adamson with an answering smile. "Tell her you never happened to be with a cat when pussy was alone."

Roberta laughed and hurried back to the editorial office where, enclosed within glass partitions like a choice specimen in a museum, she spent her working hours at a volcano desk—a species of hospital where lame rhetoric and limping grammar were rendered sound and whole before being led to the hungry linotypes.

Roberta went out into the pale spring sunshine at noon, and ate an unappetizing lunch in a business restaurant which was as the tents of Kedar for noise and contention.

Having a few sprays of sweet narcissus from a shabby, wistful-eyed Greek, she walked up the broad, dingy steps of the big bridge.

"When a good New Yorker is caught in the act of going to Brooklyn, his first effort is to prove an alibi. What is yours, Miss Matheson?" asked Adamson, overtaking the girl with his long stride.

"This is my usual noon hour walk," said the girl, seriously. "I always come here to blow away the office cobwebs. And you—but then, you've been accused of living in Brooklyn."

"Madam, I have that honor," said Adamson, with dignity. "I'm going across now to look for a book; won't you come, too? There's a jolly little bookshop just across, managed by an indirectly reformed newspaper man with a replica of Falstaff; it's worth visiting, if you've not been there. Have you had your lunch?"

"I've eaten something," said Roberta, dubiously. "I sat opposite a man who junched on hot butter cookies, cream stew and hot mince pie."

"Probably an English author striving to acquire local color," suggested Adamson. "Look, isn't it worth visiting at the wrong end of the bridge to see that night and morning?"

They were in the car now, the many voiced river below them. He bid were the tall buildings of the ragged sky line that New Yorkers love, a flock of sophisticated city pigeons wheeling above the nearby roofs as contentedly as in some rural farmstead. The girl, at the wheel and brown-haired, smiled pleasantly at a stout mother across the bar, murmuring Yiddish consolation to a crying child, while Adamson made an eulogistic memorandum in a fat little notebook.

"Thought of a good expression just before I met you," he murmured abstractedly. "Hope you'll forgive me my notebook habit once more."

"I believe you only recognize the earth and the fullness thereof as possible copy," said his companion. "You dramatize your friends and emotions, and yet—"

"I'm running a trade journal and growing gray at it," said Adamson with a full rucel little laugh.

"Oh," blurted Roberta, "what a change! I thought you endeavored religiously to avoid the subject of gray hair."

"It's not to keep it dark," said Adamson, as they walked down the

steps to the trolley-ridden street. On one side was the heavy bulk of the bridge approach; on the other a few mean shops. Among them were some high-sloped brownstone houses, once homes of fashion and wealth, now reduced, like ancient gefflowmen who must earn their scanty bread, to the bookshop was in one of these, its stately entrance flanked by tall Corinthian pillars. A pitiful little makeshift door at one side of the portico formed the entrance to the bay windowed shop occupying the once stately parlors of the old house. Rags of green and gold paper clung sparsely to the dirty walls, and the carved marble mantle was littered with untidy heaps of bulging books.

"It was Keats you wanted, wasn't it?" inquired the bookseller of Adamson. "I've got a 'Faerie Queene,' too, tho'. you might like"—holding out a gilt-edged volume in worn out well-tooled leather.

Roberta looked at Adamson with some interrogative.

"Is man devoted to the literature of steam pumps debarred from poetry?" he asked. "You know, you wouldn't like it if I suggested that your most appropriate study in journalism would be heart to heart talk about pillow shams?"

Roberta, whose aversion for the linotype school of domestic literature was often freely expressed, laughed as she said:

"But you've told me so often that you usually dislike feminine tastes because they're so masculine—and yet you are buying 'Lamia.'"

"And yet you look hurt when I say that it requires masculine influence to make women feminine. Just look at those women's clubs from which the gentle and restraining influence of man is removed."

Roberta ignored this objectionable sentiment with a farthest north expression, while a tinge of conscience-stricken pink deepened her color, as she thought of certain trays, not officially recorded, which brought the strenuous life into her reading club.

"After all," she began, "a man only thinks what he knows—"

"While a woman knows better!" queried Adamson, as they entered the bridge car on their return.

"I'm going to desert the steam pumps for a time, Miss Matheson," said Adamson one day in late spring. They walked across City Hall Park, where the scarlet tulips were covering the earth with faded petals, and giving way to stolid pink and blue hyacinths. Roberta had been buying foreign papers, and Adamson marched along, big, florid and clean-shaven carrying inconspicuous fashion shams.

"I suppose this is what the scientific reporter describes as a perfect poem," he had remarked, gazing at the picture of a precariously decolleted personages with a disapproving eye. "Seems to me that frock is like a serial story; it surely ought to be continued in her next."

"Are you going away altogether?" asked Roberta, very soberly.

"Just going home for a time," he explained. "My people need me in some business affairs. I want to come back—but then, one poor Canadian doesn't leave a large hole in Manhattan."

"How long must you stay south of the line to call yourself Canada home?" asked Roberta. "You Canadians never talk as though you lived here, you're just 'staying here.'"

"Well, you Americans are just staying here yourselves. You are only a free translation of a Scotchwoman, you know."

"While a Canadian is, as a rule, merely an American who hibernates," observed Roberta, as she stepped into the elevator. Adamson laughed, picking up an untidy package dropped by a burlap girl, and raising his hat as he restored it to her with grave courtesy. Roberta smiled at the child as she left the elevator, and settled down amid an earthquake of galley proofs, damp and sticky, only interrupted by the periodical visits of an ink and serious blooded boy bearing demands from the composing room.

A few weeks later, during the sweltering noon hour Roberta and Adamson strolled along the worn flagstones on the shady side of Old St. Paul's. Outside the tall iron railing the arched vendor of coffee, behind a yellow screen, served

lent sparrows stirred their domestic difficulties around the tombstones, or saluted one another with actionable language as they flattered through the ivy on the church wall. Roberta walked slowly, taking off her trim sailor hat and pushing back the heavy waves of bronze hair that broke into a foam crest of tiny curls around her forehead.

"That looks better," observed Adamson, approvingly. "Why will women cover their faces with a furze bush that of untidy hair? Yours has such nice little ripples in it at the sides."

Roberta gazed at the mural tablet commemorative of a gallant soldier long dead, as if strongly impressed by the faded loops of blue and yellow ribbon that tied a dusty laurel wreath beneath it. Adamson recognized the frigid zone into which he entered whenever he became personal.

"I didn't call you Roberta, did I?" he asked suddenly, with an air of concern. "I'm always afraid of doing that, and you know when I get to the point where I may call you Roberta, I shall certainly want to call you something else. Surely you're not going"—as the girl moved towards the gate. "It isn't time to get back to the office, and it's a cool here—especially when you look like that."

Roberta paused, looking at a couple of chattering girls who stopped to crowd a bundle of papers into the red hospital box near by, then she turned back to the worn flagstones again.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Adamson, pointing to a flat, brownstone tomb, whose half-obliterated lettering showed a long-forgotten name. "You see, I want to talk to you, and you're always a bird of passage—perhaps you don't really care about the things that interest me."

"Your work—that is the most interesting thing in the world to you isn't it?" asked Roberta, busily dissecting a leaf that she had pulled off a spindly bush honeysuckle.

"Work! Yes, that's always worth while—but it is only the most interesting thing in the world when it's done for one woman. Will you let me work for you, Roberta?"

Adamson's fresh color had paled a little, he took a few steps along the worn pavement, then turned to her again.

"But we're hardly friends," she stammered. "You don't know me a bit—how can you?"

"Love you? How can I live and breathe? The one includes the other besides, isn't love always an exploring expedition? We're all searching for the Islands of the Blest."

Roberta was standing by the church wall, her bright hair outlined by the tender-hued ivy leaves. She ruffled the leaves nervously to the indignation of a secluded sparrow, who asked acidly if he wasn't safe from intrusion even in his own house.

"If I knew you better—she began, timidly.

"I'm entirely willing you should—don't you know, Miss De-light, that you're always held me at mile's length, until I've been afraid to talk of anything nearer than the total depravity of a linotype? And think how I've had to catch tantalizing glimpses of you, day after day, working here, when you ought to be making a little bit of heaven for one man—for me, Roberta!"

Roberta trembled a little, still looking at the sprig of anemic city honeysuckle she held in her hand. The sparrows twittered with their accustomed flippancy, or hopped disparagingly about the tombstones. Roberta looked at the busy sparrows—looked out at the hurrying street—looked for a moment at Adamson, whose honest grey eyes were intent upon her.

"An exploring expedition would be very lonely if—if the explorer started out alone, wouldn't it?" she said, hesitatingly, showing for a moment one fleeting glimpse, that retired as though startled by Adamson's look of boyish glee.

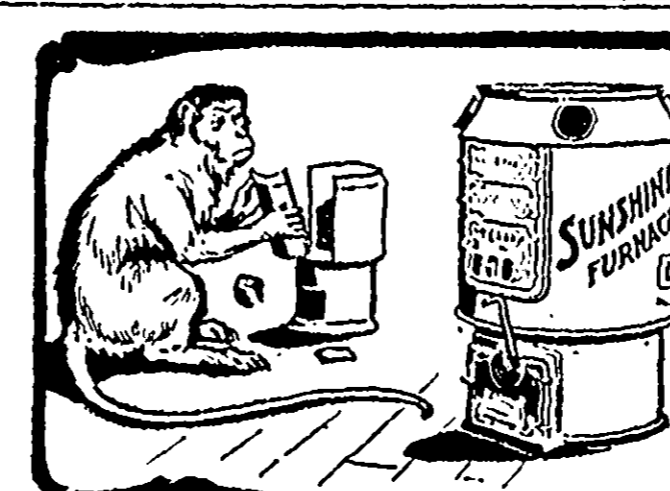
"Roberta—'anima mea'!"

"It does seem unreal, though," commented Roberta, shyly, as Adamson caught her across the crowded street. "When you always assert that you dislike professional or business women."

"I mean business women who are put in quotation marks," said Adamson. "You're not one of them—those women who are half man—you're the man's other half."

"But a woman doesn't always want to be just the other half of any man," said Roberta, shyly.

"That's not the way when she's the better half," said Adamson.



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STARS AND CHILDREN

Quietly, one by one,
The two stars are withdrawn,
And go in raiment white
To God's high House of Dawn—
Baptized in floods of light,
With stoles of Morning on

Quietly, one by one,
The little children die
And go, clad all in white,
To dawn's broad rimmed on high—
Our best-beloved—O, Life,
And Love, that dare not cry!

Yet when He shall send Night,
And we have walked its wold,
Again our loved and lost
We shall in joy behold—
Our best-beloved—O, Life,
The stars in stoles of gold
—Gerald Keith, in Catholic Telegraph.

WALTER'S SACRIFICE

"Say, fellows, I'm going to try for what Mr. Harrison said this morning, if Willie is willing."

"What's that?" questioned one of the group of five boys, who were either sitting or lounging around the playground of St. Vincent's College.

"Why, he said he did not know who to give the Regina to sing for Easter Day, because both Willie and I have fine voices. You needn't cough," he interjected, giving Jack Smith, the boy at his right, a kick. "You know that we have Anyway, he says that he can't give it to both and so he's going to make us try for it by conduct. Whoever gets the most points will sing, see?"

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"Hullo, youngster, look out, don't knock a person down," was the greeting he was met with outside the door, and looking up, saw he had pushed against Mr. Thompson, the prefect of studies.

"O, I beg your pardon, sir," he said, half sullenly.

"What is the matter?" asked the professor, "you look out of it."

"Well, sir, would you believe it—the very last fellow I ever thought would do it has gone and turned a cry-baby. I s'pose he wants to go home to his mammy!" ended Walter with a sneer.

"Would it be asking too great a favor if you told me who that fellow is?" questioned Mr. Thompson.

"Why, Willie Conway, of course," answered the boy.

"Oh!" answered the professor, with a world of meaning in the ejaculation. "Now supposing you come with me for a few moments, perhaps I can tell you a little of what the trouble is."

Walter acquiesced, for to talk with one of the teachers was always enjoyed by the boys.

"Now," said Mr. Thompson, when they got away from the chapel, "you think it strange for another boy of your age to be crying his eyes out, while you are just enjoying life to the utmost?"

"Well, sir, it does seem strange, and he would not even answer me."

"When I am through, Walter, I think you will change your mind. When Willie started college the beginning of this term, he was almost certain of being able to continue, and we certainly would have been happy to keep him, for, although he is full of mischief, there is a great amount of good in him. But unfortunately it is not necessary for you to know it will be impossible for him to return after next summer. He earned a great deal of the money to keep himself at school, but has to give it up for another purpose. Now just think, if you knew that you would be unable to return to school after summer vacation, what would you feel like? Playing football? I think not. Another great trouble to him is the fact that his best and only chance of singing the Regina is practically gone, because, of course, you are ahead of him in points. But that, do you think you understand his case, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Walter, "and he realizes, in his own lookout. Now thank you for telling me. Now if the other boys tease him, I shall be justified in standing up for him."

"You may stand up for him, but I do not wish you to tell a single person what I have told you. Understand?"

"All right, sir," answered the boy, rather disappointedly.

"Very well, then, and now goodbye."

"Goodbye, sir," answered Walter, and each went his own way. Walter slowly walked to the playground, where a rather exciting game of football was going on. But football had no attractions for him just then, and so he informed the many boys who came to ask him to join the game.

"Yes, I'll do it," he exclaimed aloud, just as the bell rang.

"Did what?" asked a small boy, who was standing near him.

"Mind my own business, which you don't know how to do," shortly answered Walter.

Walter had made up his mind to get behind Willie in conduct points for the next few days, so as to give him at least a chance of singing the Regina before he left them for good. The consequence was that the prefect of studies was very much surprised that he had to speak two or three times to Walter before he could get him into proper rank. Having eventually accomplished that feat, he was still more surprised when they reached the class room that Walter suddenly broke from the ranks and rushed downstairs, calling back at the top of his voice: "I'll be back in a couple of minutes, I just want a book."

"Come back right now," sternly ordered the prefect, and Walter had no choice but to obey, but he had accomplished what he wanted, for as he reached the prefect the latter said in even tones. "That takes five points off your conduct, Walter." But Walter only tossed his head, marched into the class room, and continued in his puzzling conduct. The prefect, however, was lenient with him, and it took longer than he had expected to get rid of the points, with which he was ahead of Willie, and then he calculated that he had and then he had calculated that he must get at least twenty behind Willie now, so as to let there be no chance of catching up again.

"The prefect of discipline gave him a reminder in private about the contest, but Walter only tried to look indifferent as he declared he remembered all about it, and knew perfectly well what he was doing, and stalked away, trying to whistle cheerfully.

"Something is certainly wrong with the boy," mused the prefect to himself, "I wonder," and then, as if struck by an idea, he exclaimed aloud: "I wonder if what I said to him this morning had anything to do with it," and he, too, went away whistling but with a happier heart than Walter.

It took Walter two days to less the thirty points, but he succeeded. Many of the boys declared that both of them would not be able to hold out, and they had known that long ago, and so were not surprised at Walter's giving up, but they were surprised to see after a couple of days, Walter's conduct change for the better, but this only convinced the prefect that his thoughts on the subject were correct.

Walter had kept on steadily trying hard to win the reward but was puzzled as much as any one as to why Walter should have acted in such a queer way. He had become in-body of late, so much so as to cause most of the boys to seek other society than his. But Walter was always with him, although he would never answer any of his questions about the reason of conduct.

The long-looked for day arrived when the winner would be announced, and of course, no surprise was manifested when it was heard that Willie had won. Every one cheered heartily, Walter among the rest, but the prefect alone noted the disappointment beneath his smiling countenance.

Willie put all his strength into his voice that Easter morning, knowing that he would possibly never sing there again, and to Walter it seemed as though it were really an angel singing. For although a sorrowful tear trickled down onto his prayer-book, he felt happy in the consciousness that Willie had been able to have this happiness once, and anyway, he thought, "I shall perhaps be able to sing it next year and he won't."

At the first opportunity, Mr. Thompson called Walter to him, and in kind tones insisted on knowing the reason why he had deliberately given up his chance of honoring our Divine Lord's Resurrection with singing the Regina. Walter tried not to tell his professor, but the latter insisted on knowing, at length, little by little, with much questioning, he got the reason from him.

"Well, my boy, that was a rather peculiar way of making your sacrifice, but I am certain you have honored our risen Saviour more than if you had sung the Regina in your first voice. But tell me why didn't you just give up your chance to Willie? All you had to do was to tell the choir master that you did not wish to sing, and given him the reason, and that would have ended it. What could have been easier?"

"Shaw! And have all the kids know why I did it? Guess not! And please don't tell anyone, will you, sir?" pleaded Walter.

"Well, no, not if you don't wish it, except Willie, and I insist on his knowing it."

"I'd rather he did not know, but if you prefer it, sir, all right," answered Walter.

"Very well," said the professor, "now run and have a good time, and may you spend a very happy Easter, my boy, and" (this to himself) "God grant that you may never know what it is to have a drunken father to drive you away from school."

"Goodbye, sir, and the same to you," said Walter, in response to the professor's spoken wish.

So it happened that only three people know the reason why Walter did not sing the Regina that Easter Sunday, and the friendship which had always been between the two boys was strengthened and made durable for life.—The Young Catholic Messenger

IN MEMORIAM

The Well-Beloved and Revered Most Rev. Dr. Croke, Archbishop of Cashel—The Father of His People!

Not dead! Not dead, our great High Priest, the true, the noble-hearted.

To Heaven's eternal Home of rest his spirit hath departed!

Poor Erin weeps 'till her full heart is o'ery fibre aching,

At this sad, solemn, long farewell, this lonely last leave-taking!

Not dead! Not dead, our Peerless Priest, tho' our sad tears are falling,

Yet hearts beat high amid those tears, his lustrous life recalling,

His hero-heart, his giving hand, his life-long firm endeavor,

To right the wrong that crushed his land, shall be forgotten—never!

Not dead! Not dead, our Patriot Priest, with star-like genius gifted,

In whose brave hand his Country's Flag was ever kept uplifted;

Whose dauntless heart kept onward still, when craven souls were flying,

Whose voice had more than magic ring, his country's foes defying!

Not dead! Not dead, his name shall live in Erin's tear-stained story,

And many a page shall brightly gleam with Royal Cashel's glory!

The light we loved shall still shine on in all its stainless splendor,

Embalmed in Irish hearts with love the truest and most tender!

Not dead! Not dead, our Sainted Priest, in the long fight victorious,

Now safe within the "Better Land," he reigns all crowned and glorious!

Where every pain shall be repaid with over-flowing measure,

The Lord of all hath given him God's eternal treasure!

Not dead! Not dead, our Shepherd true, his spirit watches o'er us,

His memory, like a living lamp, shall light his path before us,

His prayer at Mary's Hallow throng—the Martyr-Queen of Sorrow—

Shall plead his martyr-land's cause, for a bright, better morrow.

Not dead! Not dead, our Prelate grand, how glorious his swathing,

"Mid Welcomes from the Victor band in rapture round him breaking,

Another Saint from Erin's Land that land that faltered never,

And Erin's God hath welcomed to His own Home forever!"

—Irish Catholic

"A LITTLE COLD, YOU KNOW will become a great danger if allowed to reach down from the throat. Nip the germ at the bud with Allen's Lung Balsam, a very remedy containing no opi-