

much in the line of social work, but now is the time to begin. There are a great many women working in our midst. It is our duty to show them better ways of living. I know my husband has ten operators in his office and one night operator. These girls know very little about culture. Many of them left school at an early age." Minnie was scarlet and the hand that held the key trembled. Mrs. King went on: "Some of them will marry soon, they know little or nothing about housekeeping and the care of children. They do not know how to dress according to their income, they read trashy novels and if you will pardon me for saying so, they think it proper to chew gum."

Minnie cast her gum and her lovely novel into the waste basket in an instant. She was enraged, but her ears eagerly awaited the final words of the new president.

"These young people must be supplied with what is lacking in their educations. Imagine, ladies, if one of our children should come under their influence how horrible might be the consequences. You will pardon me if I speak strongly here. I am of the conviction that the working girls of our community, who use slang, and who chew gum constantly, who spend their entire salaries on clothes, who read cheap novels are unfit to come in contact with our children and so as the work of this club during my administration I intend to further with all my efforts the work of aiding and teaching working girls. Ladies, I thank you."

Mrs. King stepped from the stage to the small antechamber where the telephone receiver lay upon the table. She was glowing with exertion of her speech and she settled herself in a wide armchair. Then with a start she jumped to her feet for just at her elbow she heard Kendrick's voice:

"Aw, come on now, tell me your name, please!"

"No, I can't tell you my name now and I cannot talk to you any more. So say your prayers and we will say 'goodby'."

"The tone in her voice made the little boy realize that she meant to be obeyed, but after he had said, 'God bless Aunt Jane,' he stopped. 'Amen,' prompted Minnie, but he did not answer.

"Hullo, kid!" Minnie exclaimed before she knew what she was doing, then with a catch in her voice she quickly corrected herself.

"Excuse me, I meant to say, are you there Mr. King?"

Mrs. King was not given to eavesdropping, but the surprise of Kendrick's voice had determined her to hear this to the end. Out on the stage the new vice-president was appointing committees, but Mrs. King heard nothing except the two voices on the wire. Minnie had disconnected the Sentinel office, but in her hurry she had completely forgotten the Century Club.

"Please don't call me Mr. King you can call me 'kid' if you want to."

"Now listen, you heard your mother say the working girls are not fit to associate with her children, didn't you?"

"Yes, but you don't chew gum and read books, do you?"

"Yes, your mother knows all about us. What she said was true."

"Well I don't care if you do. My mother don't know all about you."

"You bet your life! I mean no, she doesn't know all about me."

Minnie was indignant. All her anger was in her words as she blurted out:

"She doesn't know that I talk to her little boy and say his prayers with him, while she is at her club, does she?"

"No, of course, she doesn't know you're an angel and I am going to say, 'God bless my telephone angel' every night. Why won't you tell me your name?"

"Because I am not fit to talk to you. I use slang and do all the other things your mother knows about. But she doesn't know that I am not known by my name, but by my number just if I were a slave or an animal. She doesn't know that \$7 a week won't dress me and board me like the Queen of Spain. But I know that, if I had a nice little boy like you, I would stay home with him at night and, if I had a nice home like here, I would try to make my family happy and not worry about people who do their best."

"She stopped to realize that she had said a great deal more than was right to the little fellow and she wondered if he knew everything she meant.

out being prompted, two huge tears splashed on the board in front of Minnie.

"Goodby!" she said. "Goodby till tomorrow night," he responded.

Kendrick did not know that his father had heard the last part of his conversation. Mr. King had entered quietly and concealed himself, but with a gulp he determined to find out elsewhere who the angel was.

Mrs. King took a hasty departure from the club and in the silence of her room she also determined to find out who Kendrick's angel friend was. The next day, Sunday, found Kendrick and his father at early Mass. About 11 o'clock Mrs. King appeared in the living-room looking worried.

"Nelson," she asked, "who is night operator this week?"

Mr. King looked up from his paper, but ignored the question.

"Were you at late Mass, Marie?" he asked.

"No," she answered coldly. "I have a terrible headache."

"Too much speech, I guess," he volunteered and turned to his paper. "For the first time in her life Marie could not summon words to answer him. She sought her room and all that day she pondered on the wall she had built between herself and her family. Kendrick and his father went for a walk. Mrs. King did not appear at dinner and Mr. King endeavored to keep the boy chatting. Immediately after dinner Mr. King left the house. At exactly ten minutes past eight, he reached the telephone office and let himself in the back way. Just off the room of the switchboard another little room served the purpose of a test room for wiremen. Their conversation on any wire could be overheard by a powerful receiver which was not under the control of the operators.

As Mr. King let himself in he felt that he was not alone. Someone was softly sobbing at the table where the phone stood. To turn on the light meant discovery by the operator. He wondered why the person at the table had not moved. Looking closely he recognized his wife. He put his hand out for the receiver but she held it. His arm stole across her shoulders and together they listened. In this very room and on this very wire Mr. King had often talked to Marie when as manager he was compelled to hear what went on at the switchboard. In those days he had told Marie of the wireman's phone and had promised to let her hear herself the town's conversation. The promise was never carried out. But tonight Marie had taken advantage of her knowledge and come here. When her husband entered she thought he had followed her. She dreaded a scene, but the arm across her shoulders reassured her. Like a spoiled child she sobbed out her pent-up emotions. The moment was too sacred for words. Each knew the other's thoughts. The past three months drifting apart was forgotten in the sacred silence, which only Mrs. King's sobs violated. Without knowing why, both were very grateful to the unknown angel operator.

Mrs. King looked into his face as the voices on the wire, unconscious of being overheard, talked of smiles and tears. At last both held their breath for one tense moment as Kendrick called:

"Hullo, angel! Can you talk to me?"

Minnie answered: "Well I am pretty busy, but if you are lonesome, call up in half an hour and we will say our prayers. Good-by, boy."

"Goodby, angel!" came the voice. Mrs. King entered the house together. Kendrick was restless.

"You must be tired, Kendrick. Come say your prayers and go to bed."

"God bless nurse, but without a falter, she added: 'God bless angel number two-o-eight-one-three.'"

Mr. King had stolen to the telephone and removed the receiver so that Minnie had heard the process of the prayers.

Kendrick repeated the words after his mother. Mr. King hung up the receiver and then suddenly Kendrick exclaimed:

"O murther, how did you know?"

"Never mind, darling, an angel told me."

Minnie is now chief operator. She no longer chews gum or reads her cheap novels. Mrs. King resigned the presidency of the club at the next meeting. In resigning she said she had not known how many family cares she really possessed.

Minnie never knew how the secret got out and when she received her appointment as chief operator, she informed Mr. King that occasionally she violated the operator's rules. He smiled and told her not to worry. But in his heart, he thanked her. Yet she never knew the peace she brought to that home and only the recording angel will be able to name her reward. The world is full of Minnie Kanes, but few of them are known, but in the book of life their names are written and some day many a simple heart will receive the reward of its own pure kindness.—John J. McGrath, S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Oh, Lord, I find in Thy Heart, which Thou deignest to call my temple, so sweet an abundance of good things that there is nothing left for me to desire or to seek elsewhere.—St. Gertrude.

HOMES OF THE SACRED HEART

"The home of homes was Nazareth, and the family of families was the Holy Family and the reason for both one and the other was simply this, that Nazareth was the home of the Sacred Heart," writes the Rev. J. Harding Fisher, S. J., in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart:

"Evil stopped at the door of the little home where Jesus and Mary and Joseph lived, from it all unkindness and bitterness were banished; over its lintel was written, invisibly but unmistakably, a welcome to all that was good. Not wealth, not influence, nor even friends were its treasure; yet it was rich beyond compare, because it sheltered the Heart of the Divinely human Son of Man. God not only crossed its portals. He lived within its lowly walls: Satan and his wiles were forbidden an entrance; angel wings fluttered about its lily of Israel, the foster-father of Christ, the boy Jesus dwelt there in peace; and the blessing of the Most High was on it."

Such was the first home of the Sacred Heart. Pride had no place in Nazareth; there was no straining after effect, no desire for the applause of the world. The Holy Family lived as in a shrine, a shrine of the Sacred Heart. Here Jesus grew from childhood to youth, and from youth to manhood, setting the example for all youth in obedience, in docility, in industry. Here Mary ordered the ways of her household, watchful, silent, loving; here Joseph encompassed his charges with a protecting care, worked for them and with them.

Let us keep before us the model home and the model family in which the Sacred Heart found its first abode. Our homes will be happy or wretched in proportion to the measure in which they resemble Nazareth or differ from it. "On Calvary and at Bethlehem there are lessons to be learned," says Father Fisher, "of which we shall all sometimes have dire need. But for most of us the place of more home, though not less necessary instruction... is the worshipful and ever memorable cottage in the least of all cities of forgotten Galilee."

"The cross has its place in every life. The Christian home strengthens us to bear it; it prepares us for the test of character that comes, soon or late, to every man and woman. The test tells the quality of the home. If it has been a home of the Sacred Heart the difficulty will be met with Christian courage, the loss with resignation, because it is the will of God."

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If Catholic homes are to be shrines of the Sacred Heart, fathers and mothers must train their little ones in love of God, in reverence of His Holy Name, in devotion to His Sacred Heart. The mother is the child's first teacher. To her belongs the privilege of teaching her children the first steps on the road to heaven—to list the Holy Name, to lift young hearts to God in prayers, to be mindful of the things that please Him and soothe His wounded Heart.

And great is the reward which Jesus Christ has promised to those who honor His Sacred Heart in their homes! Let us keep His promises before us and set ourselves to earn the blessing and grace He bestows so abundantly, with heaven at the end—an eternal home with the Sacred Heart.—Sacred Heart Review.

MARY'S EXALTED POSITION

"Now of all who have participated in the ministry of the Redemption, there is not one who filled any position so exalted, so sacred, as is the incomparable one of Mother of Jesus; and there is no one, consequently, that needed so high a degree of holiness as she did. For if God thus sanctified His Prophets and Apostles as being destined to be the bearers of the word of life, how much more sanctified must Mary have been, who was to bear the Lord and 'Author of Life.' If John was so holy, because he was chosen as pioneer to prepare the way of the Lord, how much more holy was she who ushered Him into the world. If holiness became John's mother, surely a greater holiness became the Mother of John's Master. If God said to His priests of old: 'Be ye clean who that carry the vessels of the Lord,' nay, if the vessels themselves used in the divine service and churches are set apart by special consecration, we can not conceive Mary to have been ever profaned by sin, who was the chosen vessel of election, even the Mother of God.

The piety of a mother usually sheds additional luster on the son, and the halo that encircles her brow is reflected upon his. The more the mother is extolled, the greater honor redounds to the son. And if this be true of all men who do not choose their mothers, how much more strictly may it be affirmed of Him who chose His own mother, and made her Himself such as He would have her, so that all the glories of His Mother are essentially His own."—Cardinal Gibbons.

CATHOLIC EXAMPLE

One of the most obvious things in public society to-day is the uncertainty existing amongst multitudes of people on questions of right and wrong, permissible or not permissible, moral or immoral, good or bad. Catholics have sound, safe and sure guidance on all such questions. There is no uncertain sound about the teaching of the Church on any question of right and wrong. How far do we Catholics do credit to that teaching? That is the question we wish to discuss for a few moments.

We ought to be foremost and leading in good example. Arise! We have advantages for want of which the world is starved. We have the true Church from which all other Christian bodies now existing and many which have ceased to exist, broke away. We have the Church which has kept in the world all the Christian truth known to men. All other churches are kept going by the teaching of portions, some more, some less, of the truth which Christ gave into the care of the Catholic Church, and which the Catholic Church preserves and teaches complete and intact.

We have the succession of the Apostles, we have a sacrificing and teaching priesthood; and we have all the Sacraments, God's chosen channels for the distribution to men of the graces and merits of Christ, His Son. We ought to be models to all mankind. The Church ought to be able to prove her truth and her worth and her authority by merely pointing to us her children and saying to infidels, skeptics and heretics: "There are those whom I have taught; by their lives, their actions, their virtues, their piety, you can see at once that I am the true Church of Christ."

How is it with us? Do we measure up to that test?

Alas! Too often we are such; our lives are such the scandal we give is such; our vices are such our recklessness is such; that we make people whom we ought to edify, think ill of our holy Church and our religion. This is not the fault of the Church; but those whom we scandalize think it is her fault. They say: "Well, if your Church is the true church and the only true Church, as you say she is, why does she not turn out better Christians?" The Church can answer that. Her holiness and her truth are not impaired because we, her children use our free will perversely and refuse to listen, learn or obey.

But, when we face the critical eyes of non-Catholics, what answer lies in our mouths? "If you are children of the one true Church of Christ," they may say to us "how do you show it in your lives and actions?" What answer can we make to that? The answer is, that we are the diabolical Catholic, the licentious, Catholic—What answer has he to make when critics of his holy Mother Church try to make her responsible for his sins? He knows there is a flaw in the argument; but he knows, at the same time, that if Catholics were what they ought to be, no such reproach could be made against the Church, even superficially.

It is not surprising that those who adhere to Churches which have over-emphasized worldly success and have even cited such success as proof of the superiority of their religion, should be consumed with anxiety to be rich or well-to-do. But how can a Catholic be honest with himself and true to his conscience who gives too much of his time and thought to money-getting. And the same observation may be made all along the line of human action. There are thousands of people to-day whose grasp of fundamental religious truth is greatly weakened. They have made smoking a mortal sin and lost a venial sin. (We do not accuse any church of so teaching.) They have made the selling of a glass of liquor a grave sin, and have classified fraudulent company. Promotion as legitimate business. And we might give many such illustrations.

Catholics can never be so far astray in belief; and it is the more shame to us that we are so often astray in practice. We are more to blame, than those others we have referred to, because our grasp of fundamental religious truth is not weakened; and yet we compete with them, in many cases, for pre-eminence in the sins which they imagine are venial and which we know to be mortal.

The sinfulness of Catholics is a terrible scandal to the world. Those who do not believe in our claims usually know something of our religion, as a Church. If we lived up to our religion, we should make more converts in a year by example than our missionaries, truth societies, pulpits and press can make in a lifetime.

The first social and public duty of a Catholic is to live his religion and his faith in the eyes of all men; not ostentatiously and yet not secretly; to edify non-Catholics; to encourage and support weak and tempted brother Catholics; that in our duty; that is the way in which Catholics can best, and most effectively, and most continuously, forward the interests of Christ's religion and His Church in this world.

Do we do it? It is time to put the question, each of us to himself; and if the answer is not satisfactory; and for many of us it cannot be satisfactory; then—the way to commence is to begin.—The Casket.

We carry with us the beauty we visit, and the song which enchants us.

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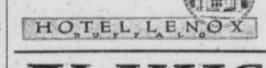
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