

ing it almost beautiful. "I am engaged to the best fellow in the world. But he is not a joy rider—he works in an insurance office and is saving his money for—" again she blushed and stammered a little.

"For the wedding," finished Peggy mischievously.

"Yes, for the wedding," said Ann gravely. "It's going to be a church one—High Nuptial Mass—and it is a two years' engagement, so I have plenty of time to prepare."

Ann was in the business office when Peggy arrived the following morning to apply for the position.

"Gee!" said the young man next to her. "Who is the beauty? I would like to give her the glad hand. Won't you introduce me?" Even the stern manager's face softened visibly as he looked at her. Ann came forward and introduced her new friend, Peggy's dark-blue Irish eyes looked up at him appealingly. She answered his questions in a manner that pleased him and was engaged. Ann was deputed to conduct her to the model department.

"Eighteen dollars a week to start," whispered Peggy to Ann as the office door closed on them. "Ain't I the lucky girl? And I owe it all to you." She squeezed Ann's hand ecstatically.

"I wish it had been in any other department," said Ann. "You are going among a hot crowd; but keep a stiff upper lip, and don't accept any invitations for auto rides or lunches. No good comes from them. And say, kid," she added in a whisper, "here is a Sacred Heart badge to wear—it will keep you from harm. I heard you say you'd lost yours. 'I'll try to see you later—at lunch, perhaps."

"Poor kid," soliloquized Ann on her way back to the business office, "it's hard luck sometimes to be born good-looking."

The Emporium occupied a whole block. The model department was at the opposite end from the business office, so that it was not to be wondered at that Ann did not meet her new friend for several days; and then it was for only a few minutes of hurried conversation with a promise from Peggy to call at Ann's home. It was three weeks afterwards that the visit was paid. Peggy was in her gayest mood, and resembled a happy child in her behavior. The two girls went to Benediction in the same church which had been the scene of their first meeting. It was a joyous Peggy this time instead of a weeping, despairing faced girl. Ann's heart glowed as she looked at her. "The good Lord gave her into my charge and I am going to be a big sister to her," was her inward thought.

It was six weeks later, and during that time she had seen Peggy at intervals only, having been kept so busy at her own work. Coming down on the elevator one day she heard Peggy's name mentioned by two models: "Peggy O'Donnell's got a mash," said one of them. "The manager's son is stuck on her."

Ann grew pale. She knew his character. She must see Peggy at once and warn her. There was a troubled look on her pleasant face as she reached the main floor. "Look," cried one of the girls, "there is Peggy now, talking to Mr. Albert."

Instinctively Ann looked in the same direction. Peggy was standing at the ice-cream fountain. Beside her was a dissipated-looking youth about twenty-three years of age—the manager's son. At this moment Ann caught Peggy's eye. The young girl darted towards her, her face beaming with smiles. "Oh, Ann," she cried, "I'm so glad to see you. I called several times but you were out. Will you be at home to-night?"

"Yes," said Ann, stifling a sigh. She had intended to go to a concert with her "steady," but this interview was of more importance. If she could only induce Peggy to have nothing to do with the manager's son, her sacrifice would not be in vain.

"So long!" cried Peggy, as with heightened color she rejoined her companion. Mr. Albert Bretton looked distinctly annoyed, but on Peggy's return became cheerful. "Say," he said facetiously, "your friend is not overburdened with good looks."

Peggy at once flared up in defence of Ann. "She is my dearest friend," she said, stiffly.

Albert Bretton gave a low whistle. "Forgive me, Peggy. I didn't mean it. I can't look at any girl after you. You have stolen my heart and can twist me round your little finger."

Peggy smiled. "I forgive you this time—but never again," she said. "I only wish I were more like Ann." She started to tell him of Ann's kindness and goodness. Her companion listened, a bored look on his face. "I shall be getting jealous," he whispered—and Peggy blushed and darted like a bird down the long aisle that led to the model department.

When the girls met in Ann's room that same evening, the latter noticed a diamond ring flashing on Peggy's hand. "Congratulations," were her first words. "I'm engaged to Albert Bretton, one of the best fellows in the world." She laid her face against Ann's shoulder and smiled contentedly.

For a moment Ann was dumfounded. Things had gone too far almost for interference. Mechanically she responded and heard her own voice saying the stereotyped, "May you be happy, dear."

"You don't seem glad," pouted Peggy.

"I have heard too much about Albert Bretton, and not to his credit," said Ann. "There is a story that he eloped with a girl from a boarding-school. It got into the newspapers

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and his family were in a terrible state about it."

"I heard that silly old story," said Peggy. "Albert told me himself. It is not true. Don't be scared about me, Ann. He loves me dearly and I can't help being glad I am getting a rich fella. We are going to the theatre to-morrow night—a whole party of us—and to supper afterwards in a swell restaurant. I'm going to write home to mother the minute after we are married. I don't want her to know about it before—she'd be flying to New York to stop it. She thinks I'm too young—I'll be eighteen years old my next birthday. Albert advised me not to tell her. We are going to keep it secret from his folks, too."

Ann groaned as Peggy rattled on—but her brain was working rapidly. What could she do? Where did her Big Sister idea come in now if she could not protect this mere child from rushing to destruction? A marriage with Albert Bretton!—Ann shuddered. Besides being a man of loose morals, he was a Protestant. Even if he married Peggy—which Ann doubted—she would be almost sure to lose the faith. She felt powerless in the matter. Suddenly a thought struck her and she said quietly: "I think that if I were in your place I would not leave a stone unturned to know all about Albert Bretton before marrying him."

"Spy on him?" cried Peggy indignantly. "Not I!"

"Why not take simple precautions, at least?" urged Ann. "Call on Father McCarthy and confide in him. He will make it his business to find out. Think how happy you would be if my suspicions were wrong."

"I'll do no such thing," said Peggy stubbornly. "I won't insult Albert by doubting him. You are a horrid girl!"

Ann winced. She had grown to love Peggy as a sister and her remark hurt. The two girls parted coldly and Ann felt broken-hearted. For a long time after Peggy's departure she sat in deep thought. Suddenly she rose and there was a look of determination on her face. "I'll save her if I can."

To think was to act with Ann. She called at the rectory and was fortunate enough to find Father McCarthy at home. She told him the whole story. The old priest's face lighted with indignation as he listened. "The young scoundrel!" he cried. "He shall not succeed this time. God sent you to me, my child!" Ann's heart grew light—it was worth all her trouble to hear these words—"The girl he eloped with was a Catholic—one of my flock. They were married by a city magistrate. He had promised her that there would be a church wedding, but he did not keep his word. The girl left him. Now she is in the peculiar position of being a wife, and yet no wife. The Church refuses to recognize her marriage as valid, yet she is legally married by the State. Her life is blasted, for she will never give in—she comes of good Catholic stock. It was in a moment of youthful enthusiasm that she was carried away by his specious promises."

"Poor girl!" said Ann. "If some one had warned her in time, her fate would have been different. How glad I am that I came to you!"

"God sent you," said the good priest. He gave Ann some instructions and after receiving his blessing, she left him, feeling almost light-hearted.

When she reached home she called up her fiancé on the phone. "I have received a present of two theatre tickets for the Lyceum. Can you come tomorrow night?"

"Surely," said the voice she loved. "But I don't believe you will enjoy the play—it is a Triangle business."

"Well, never mind that part," cried Ann. "I wish to go."

"That settles it," said the gay voice. "I shall do my best to obey my lady."

The next night saw two happy young people sitting in the theatre. It was not long until Ann saw Peggy and her party take seats in one of the private boxes. Soon the curtain rose and the play began. Ann's face burned at the suggestive conversation and the still more suggestive scenes. She had a good view of Peggy, against whom many glances were being levelled. She looked radiant and excited until suddenly her eyes met Ann's; then a hard look overspread her face and she turned her head away. There was a choking sensation in Ann's throat.

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The next morning the newspapers were full of the scandal. By some fortunate chance, Peggy's name was not mixed in the story. It was a repentant Peggy who threw herself into Ann's arms and cried heart-brokenly, "Oh, Ann, if I had only taken your advice this terrible thing would never have happened."

"All's well that ends well," said Ann gravely. "You had a narrow escape. Thank God you were saved in time."

Peggy took something from the bosom of her dress—it was the Sacred Heart badge. "I think this helped," she said sweetly—"helped my big sister to save me."

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THERE is to-day no appeal to Catholic generosity more compelling than that of our self-sacrificing overseas Canadian Catholic Chaplains. They are facing all the horrors and dangers of war to give spiritual comfort to the brave troops who are fighting our battles. Amid the terrible carnage, the Chaplains are struggling to win souls for Christ. In their work during the past three years, they have been dependent on the good-will of other denominations and associations for shelters in which to celebrate the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, to hear confessions and perform the other sacred functions developing upon them, which functions are of such vital importance to the thousands of Canadian Catholic fathers and mothers. The Canadian Catholic Chaplain Service have no huts or tents of their own, and each Chaplain out of his own funds has so far personally provided the necessary articles of religion, including altar equipment, as well as rosaries, crucifixes, medals and prayer books, for distribution among the soldiers. Are YOU going to allow that condition to continue?

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CHURCH IS HOPE OF THE WORLD

ARCHBISHOP HANNA DECLARES SHE HAS SURVIVED EVERY CRISIS

"Never before in the history of the world," said Archbishop Hanna, at the opening of the educational convention in San Francisco, "were there problems clamoring for solution like these which confront us today. If quiet of mind and balance of judgment are requisite in the world today much more are they necessary in us to whom has been given the responsibility of educating the children for the future. For a century the nations have apostatized from God and have refused to accept Christ and have used their might and power and intelligence to build up a world of evil and disorder and chaos. They had promised great things, liberty, democracy and progress, and today the world is downhearted and discouraged, asking if there is hope still left—if there is anything on which to rebuild and reconstruct civilization."

There have been other crises in the world's history and they have been met and answered by God's Church. What our world needs today is a new stand and whereby to judge manhood, for the greatness of a nation consists not in its wealth or commerce, or power to command, but consists in the manhood, and the world must know the dignity of man, and must learn the secrets of true greatness if it is to reconstruct its civilization."

There is a great opportunity before us, the Archbishop stated, because we hold in our hands the rebuilding of the world. While it is true that the Church is strengthened by the promise of God, the success of the Church depends on those sent to teach and guide and instruct. "Are we ready for the test? Do we who have consecrated our lives to education so account our responsibility to God's children that nothing else matters? If so all is well."

His Grace reminded the assembled educators that the old order was gone and that a new order and new standards had replaced those of the past. They would have a part in this new battle, but the real battle was with the children who will be the men and women of the future. He exhorted the teachers to impart to the children not only power and knowledge such as come from books but what was more essential they must be permeated with the knowledge and spirit of Christ. In concluding the Archbishop invoked the blessing of God on all assembled and wished them every measure of success in their deliberations.—Providence Visitor.

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LET SOMETHING GOOD BE SAID

When over the fair fame of friend or foe
The shadow of disgrace shall fall;
Stead of words of blame, or proof of thus and so,
Let something good be said.

Forget not that no fellow-being yet
May fall so low but we may lift his head,
Even the cheek of shame with tears is wet.
If something good be said.

No generous heart may vainly turn aside
In ways of sympathy; no soul so dead
But may awaken strong and glorified,
If something good be said.

And so I charge ye, by the thorny crown,
And by the cross on which the Savior bled,
And by your own soul's hope of fair renown,
Let something good be said!

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.