

(Written for the Catholic Bulletin by Helen Hughes Hiescher.)

Rise, sons of liberty, the bugle calls; Freedom lies fainting on a bloody field, Downward her fair white standard droops and falls, And law and justice can no longer shield. The cry of little children lifts to God, The prayers, the tears of old and palsied men, The young red blood pleads upward from the sod, And mothers suffering all the throes again. That gave men birth, now give them unto death. Oh, you, that never count your foes! Arise, Flame forth as did your sires on Bunker's heath, And lift up Freedom's form, that trampled lies. Oh! Souls of men with unclipt wings burst forth, Oh! children cradled in young freedom's arms— You of these larger times, a noble growth, Shame not the blood that your young bosom warms. Whose hearts have throbbled at Washington's proud name, Whose tears were shed for Lincoln's piteous fate, Who generous yield to Lee his well-earned fame, And Grant's escutcheon hang among the great. Whose hearts to Barry turn, the navy's boast, Who built his monument upon the tide, And brave Paul Jones whose name was as a host, When death upon the winds and waves did ride. Sons of strong heroes, much on you depends, God did not call your fathers to this land, Nor drill them in stern duty but for ends, That show the guidance of His loving hands. Far from the tyrant's smile or frown were you Upraised with honest pride in honest toil, While all around you was the sweet and new Lord of your soul and of the fruitful soil. Men, free to turn your faces to your God, To call the land you tilled your own; to weave High dreams unborn within the stupid clod Who calls man master, and bends to receive As gift what he has won in toil and strain— Mow, chosen people, God's clear call is blown, Return once more across the ocean main To burst the chain that shackles to a throne. Lift up the fallen, and let every soul That sits in shadow of a brother's might, Know only God their freedom can control, And justice waits on Him with truth and right.

The Return of Slugger Dillon.

(Elizabeth Brady, in The Queen's Work.) (Continued.)

The singer concluded her performance with one of those low moaning noises considered proper for the end of a lyric on love and parting, and the audience stopped its conversation about cars, golf, dressmakers, and the sins of their neighbors, and sank into still more easy attitudes to listen to the speaker just mounting the platform. This lady was above fashionable attire. She wore a velvet robe cut on Greek lines, a girle heavily embroidered in tarnished gilt, and the style of slippers known to the trade as "Julietta"—only hers were velvet, to match the gown, and had gilt embroidery on the fronts. Her hair was twisted loosely into a knot at the back of her neck, and she wore a gold band across her brow. Her eyes were large and grey, and she had cultivated a far-away expression. A person of a nervous disposition would be extremely restless seeing that glance go over her head and back to the unknown reaches. Someone must

An Ancient Foe

To health and happiness is her foe, as ugly as ever since time immemorial. It causes bunches in the neck, disfigures the skin, inflames the mucous membrane, wastes the muscles, weakens the bones, reduces the power of resistance to disease and the capacity for recovery, and develops into consumption.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will rid you of it, radically and permanently, as it has rid thousands. have told the lady that her profile was rather good for her line of conversation, for she turned it to the expectant multitude and kept it half in the shadow of the light from above as she spoke. Her theme was—well, she seemed to know a good deal about the slavery of woman, and to be anxious to have them all arise and throw off the shackles of conventionality. She grew quite tearful about the women who had no outlook but the raising of a large family on insufficient means, who could not realize themselves, nor be a power, since they were, unfortunately, bound to a home. The souls of women were starved, she said, and one could see the hunger for life in the eyes of even rich women, the bars of whose cages hurt none the less because they are fashioned of gold.

She spoke of a lady named Ellen Key and a man named Gorky; she quoted from several Russian authors. She advocated suffrage and socialistic doctrines about bringing up children. At striking points the audience applauded daintily. It seemed to Elinor that if they were as impressed as they appeared to be there would be several husbands worried over the sudden disappearance of their wives, a few broken engagements, and a remarkable increase in the registration of some fashionable boarding schools. She begged for a revelation of beauty to the benighted people in the district. She said (not in these exact words) that a pot of flowers was as filling as a pot of soup, and that the perfect lines of a brown earthen jar were restful and soothing to the jagged nerves of a weary woman. All this in a perfectly modulated voice. It had the same effect on Elinor's ear as an organ playing ragtime. Amid a burst of applause she sat down. There was a classic dance by a patroness for whom lessons could do no more—because feet are feet. Also the Greeks had something in them that the Dutch have not. There was more music, and everybody drifted out towards the refreshments, after which the patroness went home and the business meeting was in order. "I've induced my friend, Miss Brooks, to help us," said Mary Monica. The trained workers surveyed Miss Brooks, took an inventory of her charms and capabilities, and smiled a doubtful welcome. "Can you do things?" inquired one of them, pointing her pencil over her note-book. "What sort of things?" "I rather think I can do anything you do," Elinor replied, calmly. The head worker intervened; for which Elinor adjudged her an observant woman. Not everybody would have known that she was deliberately angering the woman. "Can you do things?" Indeed! "I think," said the head worker, "that Miss Moore might take you to see old Mrs. Dillon. Would you care to go?" After the names of the afternoon, "Mrs. Dillon" had an attractive sound. "By all means," said Elinor. "A most difficult case. Obstinate, dirty, ignorant, superstitious, impudent." "My goodness! Could one old woman be all that?" "Miss Moore will go with you. Or, any time you want to go, one of us would go. It's in a bad neighborhood. The woman are

very coarse, and many of them drink. Perhaps you've never had the experience. She is so low." "Well," replied Elinor, "I had a little today. The workers listened. "I sat beside a woman who refused the sherbet because she had three highballs before she came. And Miss Haskins introduced me to a woman who's divorced two husbands, and had the third prospect with her. And I call the woman who lectured a pagan. I don't think I'll mind Mrs. Dillon."

The workers looked embarrassed. Mary Monica turned a fiery red. "We were going to have her sent to the City Home, but if you feel you'd like to try her case I shall have the action of the Charities Department deferred." This settled, they took leave of the ladies and went home in Mary Monica's car. "I'll call early tomorrow—say at one o'clock—and we'll make our visit together. She's an old termagant, and, do you know, there's some mystery about her!" "You've been going to the movies, Mary Monica! What mystery could there be?" "Mark my words, Elinor: there will be something happening there yet. I feel queer every time I go—like if someone was hiding under the bed." "Nice, no doubt. Well, here's my house. Maybe I'll get Sarah to go with us."

Mary Monica received this coldly, and Elinor did not press it. Next afternoon and Mary Monica arrived bright and beautiful. She had on a tailored suit, very short; low-heeled shoes, a stylish small hat, heavy kid gloves, a wrist-watch; and her prettiness was more in evidence than usual because of her brisk air of business. She had a little leather book with notes on her "cases," and loose leaves to record her fleeting impressions. "We'll have Mrs. Dillon to the last," she suggested. "By going to a few of these places with me you will learn how to go about your later work scientifically. By the way, do you know the institutions for charitable work, and how one obtains entrance?" Elinor recited a few, and Mary Monica was quite pleased. She gave points to Elinor, who never in all her life formulated a plan of action one second before it was necessary to carry it into effect. After they had left the car at the settlement (where some children immediately swarmed into it, over it, and under it) they started on their rounds of calls.

After the first Elinor began to see why the workers didn't take with Mrs. Dillon. Mary Monica she knew of old. A waxy copy of whoever she took a fancy to emulate, as a diluted sample of the offensive efficiency of the trained staff at the settlement she was provoking enough to be hurled out of a window and just too trifling to be worth the trouble. Elinor could see that if she entered the abode of anyone named Dillon, after a course of settlement visits she would do it at her own risk. For Mary Monica inquired into intimate personal affairs, she pointed out dirt, she criticized the remnants of food she saw on the tables, she threatened the Board of Health on a janitor, she sent a girl to school who was minding a baby while her mother worked out, and was going to leave the infant alone, until Elinor reminded her. "How will that girl be educated?" demanded Mary Monica. "I don't know," said Elinor. "She looks as if she couldn't be unless by surgery. But I'd rather hear of an illiterate girl than a dead infant; so you'd better leave this with a neighbour. The big one will be back soon. You surely don't think she has gone for the day?" In the next place the husband was at home. To Mary Monica's "We're only doing you good," he replied, "And we're doin' ye good! What would ye do to amuse yourselves if it wasn't fer us, I dunno?" "Really, Mary Monica," said Elinor, "don't you think it's ill-bred to ask them so many things they'd rather no one know? I writhed in that last place. Why don't you give them something or get work? What's all this questioning for?" "The card system," said Mary Monica, truthfully, and finally. "We have wonderful records of investigations," "But actual help—real giving

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—results?" persisted Elinor. "The head worker and the Board of Patronesses see to that. When they find there's nothing they can do we drop the case. The city takes most of them. But you learn a lot about causes of poverty, and sanitation, and congestion, and economics. People write books about these things, you know. And now, here's Mrs. Dillon's house." It was a tenement house of the old style—pitch dark hallways, dirty, noisy; stairs that were death-traps for even the young and agile. Odours of old tobacco and cooking and refuse hung in the air. Children and cats and a dog or two rose up in unexpected dark corners. A drunken man passed them as they climbed upward. "Here it is," whispered Mary Monica, at the top of the fifth flight. She knocked at a door and, without waiting for an invitation, entered. It was a middle apartment. Mrs. Dillon occupied, and it was almost dark. The only light entered through a slit of a window upon an air-shaft at the end of the room. This was all the light and ventilation her two rooms received, as Elinor later learned.

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