

"pippin" and the breathless Jack produced a practical-looking, many-bladed knife.

The Judge amusedly took the tool of destruction from his son's hand and read the scout motto that was impressed on the bulky knife's side.

"Be prepared," he said. "That's good advice for any one. But, knowing the ways of his Jack, he added seriously, 'Boy, let me catch any blade of this—this devil's advocate—open at home and it's no camp Boyessee with you this summer.'

He gazed again at the bone handled instrument that lay at peace in his palm. "So, Jack, my son, keep it under cover till you cross the Delaware, or 'be prepared' for an all summer job in my outer office."

"All right, dad," Jack pocketed his treasure and importantly reached into his hip pocket. "But, daddy, I didn't show you the best of all yet," and he brought forth a shiny blue-black Iyer Johnson automatic.

Jack's eyes were shining with new ownership. "Oh, boy! Ain't that some class? 'Be prepared,' hey," and he went to hand it to his father for his inspection.

There was a crash. The head of the squat Billiken flew off, dropped down on the desk, rolled and dropped to the floor, and the Judge, who had felt the leaden death sweep by his cheek, coughed as the whitish smoke sailed up.

Then he caught his little Jack, as the boy, weak with fright, toppled and sobbed on his shoulder.

"Oh! My daddy! My daddy!"

"There, there, sonny, I know! It didn't happen, so not a word now! But let that be an indelible lesson for Jack." He disengaged the automatic from the hot little fist and slipped it into a drawer, as the startled head clerk and the open mouthed office-boy flung open the "private" door.

"Nothing, Russell; nothing serious. Jack has just had a fainting spell that I think he'll remember for at least a month."

"Two years, daddy," wailed a woe-begone voice close to the Judge's ear.

"You might open that window, Russell, and—" to the other, "Carroll, if you'll close that door and your lips firmly, I'll see that Mr. Russell gives you a circus ticket for this evening's show. Understand?"

The door closed firmly and swiftly, "Russell," Judge Foole searched his unopened mail till he found the desired envelope, "see that Carroll, if he shows, e-r," he was searching for a word, "discretion, gets this before he goes home this night."

"Yes, Judge," said Mr. Russell.

"Now, my son, the incident is closed. Not a word to frighten mother or Gladie. But be more careful, and don't subject your old daddy to the pleasures of the trenches another time."

"Yes, I'll commandeer the automatic till you start for the New Hampshire camp, Jack."

The Judge looked kindly at the sorrowful figure. "Tell you what you do, son." He drew out his watch. "There's plenty of time. Go to Devine's and have a good swim. I'd love to go along myself, but I have a luncheon date in twenty minutes with an old chum."

Then half maliciously: "I think, Jack, I'll try and persuade Father Davis to come along as chaplain this afternoon in case of another attempted assassination. So meet us in front of the Lawyer's Club—Connor will have the machine there at 1—and we'll pick up Gladie and see—the greatest show on earth. Now, goodbye."

Jack proved that he was bankrupt.

"Here's enough for the swim and a respectable lunch." The Judge cut off thanks and further protestations.

"There! There! I know it was an accident. Take one deep dive for daddy," and a very subdued Jack, still trembling at what might have been, left the office.

"If I was superstitious, I'd say I'd had two warnings this morning. Poor kid! Jack was scared blue. That won't hurt him." And Judge Foole threw the headless Billiken into the waste basket.

As the Judge entered the club, a tall priest with curly black hair, who had been reading his Bravary by a window overlooking the street, closed the book and rose.

"Father Jimmie! This is a pleasure, and it's all mine."

"No, fifty-fifty," laughed Father Davis, returning the vigorous handshake; "I got here only a few minutes ahead of you. Glad I wasn't late."

They passed by the fairly silent reading room, the judge nodding to several; the smoke laden billiard room, noisy with chaffing and the constant click, click of ivory striking ivory. At the door of the dining room an obsequious head waiter, hot looking in his evening clothes, cried: "This way Judge," and in a little eddy of an alcove switched on the fan and took their Panamas.

They talked as they lunched of the old Georgetown days and the fifteen years since their last meeting. Finally, the Judge, as he held a match for the priest's cigar, said: "So 'Peanut' Collins and his bride went with the Lustrania! Poor old 'Peanut!' Member how he used to boast that a shrimp like himself would bury Gibraltar, Father Jimmie?"

"Ah! Jakkoo," the Judge blushed at the resurrection of the almost forgotten nickname, "Gibraltar will see us all low, even your granite self."

"Indeed, Father Jim, twice came near gladdening an undertaker's heart this very morning," and Judge Foole told the attentive face across the table of the jitney and the automatic.

"Ah! Judge, those things do make us think. That's a good workable motto for all of us those Boy Scouts have. That and the one you read at the country railway crossing."

Judge Foole pulled on his cigar in silence, short, thick cloudlets of smoke rolled up and whirled away as the fan's air current caught them. The Judge was following the thoughts the turn in the conversation had cast up.

Father Davis did not interrupt. The absent years had brought him sad rumors of Judge Foole's rise to money and power and of that all too common trailer of success, neglect of the one thing really necessary, and his priestly experience told him that his friend, the harum-scarum Jakkoo of the old decades, had come across one of those precious moments, rifts in the clouds.

"Jakkoo," said Father Davis, with the bluntness of an old intimate, "how many years is it since you went to confession?"

The Judge started, and unthinkingly answered: "At least ten, Father."

"Then, with all your prosperity you must be miserable. Poor Jakkoo! Here you've been telling me of your highly uncertain heart, and your California trip, and your new Chelsea home, and your political ambitions, and that not pleasure plans for the future, and where would they have been if that jitney had been your car or that bullet had swerved a wee inch? Judge, you're dabbling in futures. Is it worth it?"

There was a silence broken only by the whirr of the nearby fan, as it swayed from side to side. Father Davis saw his opportunity and grasped it.

"Jakkoo," he spoke affectionately. "Jakkoo, old fellow, have you forgotten the parable of your namesake? He was a careless fool, and he planned a barn and a home and God knows what else for the far-stretching future, and Our Lord said: 'This night, and—'

Judge Foole held up his hand. "Put down the gun, Father Jimmie. I know all you say is true, Gospel true, and some day I'll 'hit the trail' to that 'refugium peccatorum,' old St. Joseph's, and get whitewashed, but not now. I saw another grace was being denied."

"You have to say," he said quietly, "to 'morrow,' Father Davis shrugged his shoulders, "say, this night you haven't. What about 'safety first,' Judge?"

"Jim, your reverence, logically you can't be answered; it can't be did," as my Jack persists in saying. Some day I'll do it. I know I'll sleep easier that night than I have in ten years, and"—the Judge pushed back his chair and indicated the slip the waiter had left by his side—"then I'll write you all about it. You always were too serious, Father Jimmie. Member the time old 'Triangle Tim,' thought he caught you dead to rights smoking in the physics rooms and 'jagged' you for a week? And I was the culprit."

Both laughed, but the Judge's laugh was the heartier.

Jack, with a well fed look and wet, slicked-down hair, met the two as they emerged from the Lawyer's Club.

"So this is the next generation?" said Father Davis, taking the boy's hand as they settled back in the big enclosed car. "Jack, did any one ever tell you you look the dead spit of a carefree boy who lived in Conshohocken twenty-five, no thirty years ago?"

"No, Father, but that's where daddy lived when he was a boy."

"Can you guess who the boy was, then?"

"Daddy? As a light broke, "Why, sure it was daddy."

"Right, and I could many a tale unfold of that long ago lad."

Now Judge Foole thought it wise to point out the proposed beauties of the new boulevard, as yet the dusty, wind-swept possession of contractor's wagons and shoveling Italians.

They picked up and introduced a wildly excited Gladie, and then speeded up Broad to the circus grounds.

Here the fascination of the never old, always young circus world rolled up and enveloped them. The Judge, with Gladie's hand "checked" in his, and Father Davis doing a like service for Jack's, ran the gamut of the ball games, the cane racks, the noisy, smoky shooting galleries; passed the throne of the hoarse voiced, convict looking 'Wienie' King, where Jack paid tribute to a nickel and came into possession of an atrocious 'hot dog' sandwich. Having their tickets, they did not join the pushing swarm that stormed the white wagon or the red, but they did tarry slightly before the side show, listening to the rude eloquence of the flashily dressed spielers, and viewing the line of impossible banners, whereon were painted, in rainbow hues, great snakes of prehistoric days, twined generously around jeweled snake charmers, and uncomfortably stout ladies, who despite their surplus of pounds, persisted in smiling stonily down.

Twice, pushing and being pushed, they made the circuit of the manager's, stopping till curiosity was killed, before each gaudy animal wagon and Gladie, after the fourth bag of peanuts had been offered and accepted, had to be forcibly withdrawn from the upturned trunk of her favorite elephant.

"Oh, daddy, isn't he perfectly dear? An' look, he's hungry; he wants more peanuts."

But daddy was heartless and hurried his party into the "Big Top" to the choice centre seats under "F." And none too soon, for the grand

entrance—white horses and fair spangled ladies, enormous, wobbly elephants, hidden under brilliant blankets, and Eastern attendants with unmistakably Irish faces, mounted and walking, line after line—swept in and around the sawdust to the incessant clang of brass and iron.

The show was on and an hour later Father Davis looked at the two small thoroughly happy figures that twined with delight between himself and their father. He caught Judge Foole's eyes glistening with huge enjoyment, and laughed.

"Same old show, Judge," and, boyishly, "I'm glad I accepted and came."

"Yes, and the same old thrills as when—" he nodded to the children. "Daddy," Jack shook his father's hand, "will you look at that crazy, fool clown? They're going to pull him up in that fake alkship. There he goes now! Look! Look! Oh, look, daddy!"

The Judge turned away from a pole balancing act in the farthest ring and saw the basket aeroplane with its white-painted "aeronaught" sway and rise towards the centre pole as a straining gang of khaki-clad "rough-necks" pulled on the ropes.

Thirty feet he rose, smirking and making believe to steer his machine high over the troupe of Japanese tumblers on the platform. Then, as the thousands laughed, drowning the shrill strains of the band, something gave way and the property aeroplane, like unto some of its real brothers, shot to earth, a splintered wreck.

The white clown suited figure lay as it struck, and Judge Foole, with the fall of his eye, saw Father Davis' hand rise and cross and fall.

Clowns and "rough-necks" quickly carried the limp bundle across the centre ring and through the show entrance, while the kaleidoscopic performance in ring and track and air went serenely on.

But in a few minutes a burley usher stopped in front of section "F" and scanned the massed rows. Finding the Roman collar he sought, he climbed the aisle and whispered to "Over Davis."

"Certainly," and the priest, telling the Judge and the curious children to wait, followed the circus man.

When the chariot races were over and the plum coated ticket sellers were urging the crowd that choked the exits to stop and see the Wild West performance, the Judge and the children made out Father Davis, locking grave, shouldering his way to them.

"Poor fellow! He called for a priest, and that usher accidentally remembered seeing me in 'F.' But he was gone when they brought me into the dressing tent."

"That girl with the posing ponies—not the thin one with the picture hat, but the young one in gold and white is his widow."

They merged into the outpouring crowd, and very quietly—even Jack and Gladie sat talkless—the machine carried all to the North Philadelphia station.

Father Davis was whispering some secret to Jack and the boy nodded gladly. "Goodby, now." He continued aloud, "I may see you at the camp. And, Jack, don't forget. Tell Gladie what I said."

Leaving the children in the limousine, studying the "Bulletin" and "Ledger" the Judge and priest walked the platform.

"Poor foolish clown! I didn't tell you in front of your kids, Judge, all they told me while I stood by the body." The New York "express" rumbled in the distance. "It must have come as the thief in the night to that careless chap. 'Be prepared' is the only safe and sane motto."

"Ah! Jakkoo," a great wave of pity for this neglectful chum swept the priest's breast, "my Mass in the morning is going to be for you, that you may read the handwriting. It's been written large on the wall for you this day. I'll tell you the weak link in your case. With all your well-known careful judicial temperament there's just one, big shining thing you overlook. You, like the old fool of old, are banking on a distant return; priest at your bedside, last sacraments, and that." Father Davis spoke slowly and earnestly. "But suppose you die suddenly, where go your calculations?"

"Ah! Jakkoo, don't promise yourself days. You're not certain even of this night."

The roar of the cars drowned further words, and Father Davis was absent.

"Daddy, the Phillies won, and the A's had a two-run lead in the seventh." Jack was jubilant.

"An', daddy, it's got all about that jitney accident this morning, and it says the chauffeur is going to be held for, for—" Gladie sought the account for the big word "manslaughter. See it, daddy?"

They glided out of the station driveway, and passing their home on Broad street, the Judge called: "Hello, what's Connor up to?"

"Oh, daddy, we're going to confession. Father Davis wanted Gladie and me to receive to-morrow for a very special, important intention of his. And we want to remember that poor clown man, too. We told Connor."

"Who owns this car, anyway?" said the Judge good-humoredly, and a few minutes later they were bumping along Siles street, honking to beardless children, and drew up before the immense red and white Gesu, that towered, a giant, above the neighborhood.

"Won't hurt you to go, too, daddy."

Gladie gaped at the unmediated words and covered her mouth.

"Do, daddy," added Jack, 'an we'll all receive for Father Davis' intention. He said it's something for you, da'ay."

The Judge half rose from his seat, then settled back.

"Not to-night, my dears. Some other time. Run along now and don't keep me too long from my supper."

The children were gone.

Gladie: "Won't hurt you to go, too, daddy," echoed in the Judge's ear, and he threw down the paper. Why not go now? Chance—or was it chance?—had warned him thrice this day, and now it had directed him to the very doors of the church.

The Judge sat back with half-closed lids. So that shriveled girl had been killed, Jack's joyous "Be prepared, hey," and the his smoke curling up from the automatic, Father Jimmie's earnest gesture as he said: "You're not certain even of this night." The careless smile on the white-painted face the second before the rope parted. And again Gladie's blurred words.

"Mere coincidences. Some day," said the Judge and his gaze dropped to the timepiece, set in the partition. "Good heavens! What's keeping those children?"

He snatched his panama and stepped into the vast dimness of the Gesu. He walked up the side aisle, by the few penitents kneeling, awaiting their turn at the confessionals. At a side chapel, half way up, he hesitated, peering around for the two familiar little figures, and as he did, a white-haired priest, erect and handsome, stepped out of a nearby confessional. Mistaking the Judge for a last penitent, the father stopped and made as though he would go back, but Judge Foole, seeing the priest's mistake, shook his head and walked rapidly towards the altar. He had recognized his two, kneeling at the railing.

"Come," he said, and touched them. They passed out into the evening.

"I feel so bathed and clean, daddy. But hungry! Hot doggie! Won't I kill supper?" Jack patted his stomach.

They swung out on Broad street into their private driveway and the car stopped under the stone archway. Jack and Gladie dashed out and raced up the great gray steps to mother, who, gowned for dinner, appeared smiling in the doorway.

Breathless, they told her of the circus and the clown, each tugging at her, claiming her individual attention.

"Oh, mamma, he dropped and he was dead 'fore Father Davis could—"

"Kiddies, why doesn't father come?" Mrs. Foole saw her husband still sitting in the machine, and then she noticed Connor, who had turned, was leaping out of the front of the car.

Instinctively she felt something was wrong and gathering her flimsy skirts in one hand, she parted the children and ran down the steps.

He sat deep in the cushions, his face working horribly and one hand trying vainly to clutch his heart. As she reached him, Judge Foole pitched forward to his judgment.—No! Boyton, S. J., in the Queen's Work.

AT MARY'S FEET

During the present month, Catholics will have ample opportunity of nesting close to Our Blessed Lady, to learn practical lessons from her for their every-day lives. Although it is the shortest month of the year, three distinct days are set aside in her honor.

On Purification, or Candlemas Day, we see before our eyes the fair daughter of Israel, whose very humility became the stepping stone to the greatest dignity ever conferred upon a creature, uncomplainingly wending her way over the dusty roads to the Temple, with her Divine Son. She willingly undergoes all the hardships of a journey, and suffers the half-pining glances of the richer members of her race, in order to fulfil the prescription of purification after child-birth decreed and sanctioned by the Mosaic Law. In her Purification, then, Mary teaches us a love for the common things of life and the low places, as also a joyous obedience to the Divine Law.

On the 11th day of February the Church celebrates the feast of Our Lady of Lourdes—a presencing by modern faith, recalling to our minds the undying love of Mary for her children. From the day,—only a few years over half a century ago—when she appeared to the little shepherdess of France, and bade her tell the priests to lead pilgrimages to the Grotto, the Immaculate Mother of Lourdes has never ceased to cure in this holy place all manner of physical ills and all manner of spiritual woes. From her apparition at Lourdes, we can learn what our appreciation of the Rosary should be, since the fair vision that floated before the eyes of Bernadette carried prominently, so that none could mistake it, a hallowed chaplet by her centuries before to the Good Man of Calaruega. There has been no more powerful reminder since St. Dominic's day of Our Lady's esteem and love for the beads than the apparition at Lourdes. As in days gone by she gave to her own knight the best gift—after Christ—in his possession, so after the lapse of hundreds of years she had nothing better to give us at Lourdes.

On the 28th of this present month, the Church places before our minds the touching scene of Our Lady's Betrothal to St. Joseph. We can almost see the fair child upon whose brow the blessing of God has been

LUX

WON'T SHRINK KHAKI

LUX keeps khaki clothing clean and comfortable

IT leads the way, being first and foremost in preventing the textures of loosely woven fabrics from matting and shrinking in the wash. LUX is an ideal preparation for washing khaki shirts, flannels, socks. It has great respect for the cloth—it won't shrink woollens or khaki. Clothes washed with LUX give free play to the limbs and great comfort to the body.

10c. at all grocers.
MADE IN CANADA
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO

SELL HOLY PICTURES GIVEN AWAY MILITARY WATCH

Neat, thin, reliable and handsome; the same as our soldiers are wearing; given for selling only 27 thrilling pictures of St. O'Leary, V.C., the great Irish-Canadian hero; and magnificent Sacred Pictures in brilliant colors, the most famous sacred paintings—Crucifixion, Our Lady of the Rosary, The Redeemer of the World, Immaculate Heart of Mary, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Holy Family, etc., etc. These big 16 x 20 inch pictures are well worth 50c. each, and at our price of ONLY 15c. EACH, you will often sell several in one home. Dainty and extra small, fancy Ladies' Size, with choice of Chateaufort Brooch or Leather Wallet, for selling to pictures. ORDER TODAY; sell, return the money, and, same day, we will send your Watch, postpaid. THE EMPIRE ART CO., Dept. R. 75, Toronto, Ont.

RENNIES SEEDS

PUREST-CLEANEST MOST RELIABLE GET CATALOGUE AT BEST DEALERS OR DIRECT TORONTO - MONTREAL WINNIPEG - VANCOUVER

DEVOTION TO MARY

It is not impossible that what is holding us back is defective devotion to our Blessed Lady, says Father Faber. Without this devotion an interior life is not wholly conformed to the will of God; and our Blessed Lady is especially His will. She is the solidity of devotion. Yet this is not always sufficiently kept in mind. Beginners are often so busy with the metaphysics of the spiritual life that they do not attribute sufficient importance to this devotion. I will mention some of the considerations which they do not seem to lay to heart. Devotion to the Mother of our Lord is not an ornament to the Catholic system, a prettiness, a superfluity, or even a help, one out of many, which we may or may not use. It is an integral part of Christianity. A religion is not, strictly speaking, Christian without it. It would be a different religion from the one God has revealed. Our Lady is a distinct ordinance of God, and a special means of grace, the importance of which is best tested by the intelligent wrath of the evil one against her, and the instinctive hatred which he bears to it. She is the neck of the mystical body, uniting therefore all the members with their Head, and thus being the channel and dispensing instrument of all graces. The devotion to her is the true imitation of Jesus; for, next to the glory of His Father, it was the devotion nearest and dearest to His Sacred Heart. It is a peculiarly solid devotion, because it is perpetually occupied with the hatred of sin and the acquisition of substantial virtues. To neglect it is to despise God, for she is His ordinance, and to wound Jesus, because she is His Mother. God Himself has placed her in the church as a distinct power; and hence she is operative, and a fountain of miracles, and a part of our religion which we can in nowise put in abeyance.

Avoid caustic and acid preparations that discolor and damage aluminum. Keep your utensils bright as new by using

Old Dutch

Old Dutch Cleanser

Fresh and Refreshing "SALADA"

is composed of clean, whole young leaves. Picked right, blended right and packed right. It brings the fragrance of an Eastern garden to your table. BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN