TWO

Copyright CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

BY ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER X

" Mrs. Powell surely has no cause Mrs. Powell surely has no cause to complain against fate," exclaimed Hal, turning his boyish face from the carriage window. "Even the weather accommodates itself to her purpose. All the darkies were de-claring yesterday we would have rain to day, and almost killed them-selves working to get the her selves working to get the hay stacked, and lo! the face of the heavens wears a big broad smile." "Why so regretful a tone, Hal?"

"Why so regretful a tone, Hai?" asked Virginia; "you would not have the weather different?" "Well, honestly, Virginia," he said, his laughing blue eyes on her, "I wanted it to rain, at least to shower, to save old Ike's reputation as a weather prophet. He's filled that office at Cardome for the last twenty five years—so he says, for of course I can not certify for occur. os course I can not certify for occur-rences which happened before I was born—and he never yet made a mis-take—so he says. Now he vowed and declared yesterday afternoon, when I ran across him lying at full length under a tree in the orchard, that the alemants were avying them that the elements were saving them. selves to pour down their wrath this day and ruin the Park affair. It's a sad thing to be shown up a false prophet after twenty five years

of leadership." "If ike had been out in the field working he would have had no time for idle speculation, and conse-quently would have saved his re-

quently would have saved in ter-putation," remarked Virginia. "The oracle of Cardome has spoken!" said Hal, bowing; then, "We are nearing the Park. I know Miss Fortunata has sighted our car-Miss Fortunate has signled out out out riage. I can tell it by the flattering of my heart. I wish Mrs. Powell's invitation to 'come over early ' had included Bess. Under her wing I could face the awful Miss Sears. I could sit silent while they exchanged their deep philosophic views on life and eternity, God and the soul, and swapped quotations, memorized from the 'Hundred and One Gems of Thought.' I spent the sultry hours of last evening, while the rest of my gay companions were out boat-ing, in learning whole stanzas from that useful volume. Lest I might forget and get stuck in the middle of a line, I made a copy of them. See !" He took a sheet of foolscap from his pocket and unfolded it carefully dding. "And, Virginia, il you notice me drawing this out at din ner, or any other time, please don't laugh. Just talk fast and furious to draw the attention of the company from me, until I find my moorings so to speak. Its simply dreadful to have to meet such a superior person as Miss Fortunata. The mere anti cipation of it has taken all the vim out of me."

"You seemed very anxious to come with us," remarked Mrs. Todd. A sudden warmth showed on the young tanned face at the words, but Hal Todd was never disconcerted for any length of time. "Mother, dear," he exclaimed, "do

you think I could permit you and Viginia to travel over this long, lenely road unattended? Timid I be, as is the nature of a weak man, before the imposing face of a Minerva sprung full grown from the head of Jove, but my sense of chiv. alry is such as beseems a Kentuck-ian, or a Todd, as Thomas would say. what's this we have! Clay Powell and Mr. Davidson ! I wonder if she formed them into a committee of reception to meet all her visitors at

picture Hal had seen on this man's desk. He held her eyes, and it seemed her thought, for a second, then she heard his whispered voice saying, " Be good to her !" Then the master of Willow-wild mounted his horse and rade away. The second aside had relieved the conversatio of its stage effect. "I believe everything, Miss Sears! his horse and rode away. The car-riage rolled in between the tall stone pillars of the gateway, leaving the

iwo young men standing where the inely gravelled drive, with a wide finely gravelled drive, with a wide sweep, joined the white road, little dreaming what fate one should, on a not far distant day, meet in that very spot. As Powell turned from the dis-appearing figure of Mr. Davidson, he met Hal's frank blue eyes, whose hereines was extended. "You look as if you had lost you

"You look as if you had loss your last friend," said the latter, laughing. "I have just parted with my only one," said Clay Powell, "the best and truest friend ever man had.

"Don't say your only friend, Mr. Powell," said Hal, in quick, nervous tones, which always betrayed his emotions. "Did you not say at Car-dome we should be friends? Have ou so soon forgotten ?"

No, I have not forgotten, Harold. I could not forget one so generous as yourself. But you know the friends o whom we turn as a child to its "I would be one of those few," said

I have proven my worthiness to re-Hal, "yet I do not ask this favor until

There could be no favor given in making a friend of Harold Todd, said Powell, slowly; "nor are the years or deeds needed to prove your sincerity. I am vastly richer to day than yesterday; I have gained a new friend." He reached out his hand, which Hal clasped ; then they turned toward the house. The ladies were in the secon

parlor, and as the young men en-tered the room they were somewhat urprised to hear Mrs. Powell saying

to Mrs. Todd : "Yes, I think I shall join your party at the Blue Lick Springs, and have Clay come with me. He needs a few weeks' relaxation from all work, in order to prepare himself for the ordeal that awaits him next winter; from what I hear his election is a certainty." "What a sudden determination

Cousin Angie !" exclaimed Clarisse and then becoming aware of the presence of the men she turned and greeted Hal, but in rather chilly tones. "I was arranging a vacation trip for you-Clay" (it was noticeable Mrs. Powell always paused before speaking his name). "One I hope will be agreeable, as I know it 'One

would be beneficial." "You are very kind and considerate. Mrs. Powell," he said, taking a chair not far from hers, "but I fear that it will be impossible for me to accept your hospitality. I have already overstayed my time. Every day is needed now, for I assure you election is not certain. I shall my election is not have to work for it."

"Then you can have no better field than the Blue Lick Springs will be for the next two months," she returned.

"Ah, Mrs. Powell, the men whose assistance I want I shall not find summering at the Blue Lick. I must seek them in the fields and among

our business people." "You need not hope for the assist ance of men of that type," she said, in her rasping tones. "They will in her rasping tones. "They will scarcely uphold a creed, one clause of which they deem detrimental to their own interests." "But the fundamental principle of

that creed is the safeguard of their liberty," he replied. "The unthinking masses do not

discriminate as nicely as you do, she insisted. "Then they should be taught to do

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

CLOSING THE CONTRACT

ong Island ?"

'For the bridge ?"

"I am not sure."

wife are here, too."

"Then he is going to give you the

contract? And that's why he invited

oridge.'

he replied. " If you were to tell me that trees grew root upward, I should believe it—that is, is you told me," he added, with a quiet emphasis on In the eyes of her admiring hus-band, Mabel Conover had never looked more attractive. She was seated at a low dressing table, her face Very like you would if I wer brought nto high relies by the elec-tric light globes which were turned full on her and which threw back the reflection in the oval French mirror. ever to tell you anything so utterly absurd," she remarked coolly. "You must have a very pliant conscience !" "Alas! I fear so!" he exclaimed, dropping his eyes. "I fear if I were in Asia, or Africa, and some wild-Mrs. Conover rose from her chai and turned her back to her husband

while he patiently brought together hooks and eyes and snapped in place eyed savage were to break upon my startled vision and brandishing a a multitude of patent fasteners. When the last hook had been war-club, order me to get down on my knees to worship his idols- or do slipped in place and the final fastene pushed in, he sat down. pagans worship on their knees, Miss Sears ?'

'How should I know ?" she re turned.

"Ralph." said his wife, affection-ately patting his broad shoulders, "you are not much of a success as a dress booker, būt," here she smiled. turned. "I am not a pagan." "If my brother, or Mr. McDowell, or other cavalier, held my enviable place at this moment, he would ask : May not a goddess speak and tell the who was.'

posture of her suppliants ? I, how-ever, am but a 'plain, blunt man,' who has neither 'wit, nor words, nor worth, action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech';" and as he re-neated the quotation he slight peated the quotation, he slightly raised his voice and sent an effective glance toward Virginia. "Are you not unjust to yourself?" said Miss Sears; "as unjust as was Mark Antony to himself?" and Hal wondered if that were a fine piece of ed the quotation, he slightly ad his voice and sent an effective

arcasm, or a desire to show Sbakespearean acquaintance. didn't your brother come over this morning?" she asked, trifling with the lace edge of her handkerchief. "I would not let him," he replied

promptly. Have you appointed yourself his

guardian ?" she inquired, lifting her low, heavy eyelids and looking him full in the face. "He has one already," said Hal eturning her gaze steadily.

"Who?" she questioned. "Father," he said, a smile lighting is face. "We're not twenty-one his face.

over ?" yet. "I should have thought him older," she said. "He is so sensible and intellectual. But you would have no

trouble in convincing one of your youth," she finished. "Yes," said he, sadly, running his

fingers through his beautiful chest-nut hair, "it is difficult for strangers to believe that Tom and I are of the us here?" "Why ?" "That's not the way business deals same age. That's the misfortune of being labelled light. Thomas looks are generally entered into. If he wanted to give me the contract, he fully five years older than he is be-cause his cranium cover is black and had only to do it in the office and call and his skin is what a lady novelist me up. would call a rich olive-is that right? and he looked slowly over her dark face, which suddenly warmed. about it?"

"It is not your brother's complex-ion and hair that make him seem older than his years," she answered treating him to a scornfal stare, is deep and cultivated mind. His grasp of life is surprising."

"Yes," said Hal, "I have always predicted that Tom will live to be an togenarian," and he smiled at her with exasperating coolness.

"Are you jealous of his superior ity ?" she asked, the gleam of annoy ance making more pronounced yellowish tinge running through the white of her eyes.

white of hereyes. "Awfully — when I hear it pro-claimed by -yeu," he replied, softly. "How is Miss Dupont? Why didn't she come with you?" Clarisse in. when we came in.' Mrs. Conover asked. hen questioned. Well, Tom wouldn't let her,'

said Hal 'Indeed ? You regulate you

prother's actions ; he regulates hers whose, pray, does she regulate ?" returned Hal, instantly

We form a sort of an endless chain.

"How pretty! Would you admit er link?

and unconsidered marriages; but should the hardship of a few individ-uals be a valid argument for a system that undermines the family—the foundation of which our social organization is built? This, it seems, to me, aside from religious considera-

tions, ought to be taken into account by those who plead for looser divorce aws," Ralph replied. Mrs. Conover, at her husband's right, leaned nearer and spoke in an

indertone : "This is no time to talk religion

Do you want to spoil it all ?'

But Ralph's table partner was one of the multitude of those who like to talk and hate to listen, so his an whit and note to listen, so his an-swer to her query passed unheeded. The lady was already giving her opinion of the new style dancing and had forgotten the subject of a mo-ment here. ment before.

Views about the war, politics an I don't believe I'd want a husband the theatre carried the conversation through the remainder of the dinner "Any man would be glad to do and when they left the table newer guests, asked for the latter part things for you." The man leaned down. "You never looked better than you do to night, and you never of the evening were already arriv-ing. When those at the dinner sauntered back into the long hall, they found the rugs rolled back and d a dress that was more becoming." "I'm glad you like it, for I went to a lot of pains to get the dressmaker to fit it exactly right. You see it means a lot to me, this visit. Do you realize, Ralph, here we are, week end guests of the Severances a small orchestra stationed near the stairway.

were good dancers. The crowd of young people, the dancing set of Long Island, took them into their ranks in one of the smartest homes or "Being invited here." she went on

thinking aloud rather than talking to her husband, "will bring a flood of dinner and dance invitations this "I'd love to have a house like this and give a party," Mrs. Conover said to her husband during one of the spring, and from the right sort of people, too. I know of women who would pay well to be known as one of the week end guests at the Severfew dances they had together.

"If I get the contract, we will be well started on the way toward having one.' the last automobile of young

"It means more than that," Cono-After the last automobile of your folks had whirled away from th o my home. house, Conover and his wife talked over the events of the evening.

ver put in, standing near his wife and dropping his voice. "You remember that contract I was figuring on so long—the one that I used to bring "I'm sure of one thing," Ralph wawned, "if I don't stop gossiping about my neighbors and go to sleep, e at night and do the extra wor I'll never be up in time for church in

"Church ?" Mrs. Conover started. "Surely. The church here is around the turn in the road, at the Yes. Well, Mr. Severance is the chairman of the board of directors of the company that is to build that

left of the monument we passed on our way here. The late Mass begins at 10 o'clock, which will give us plenty of time if we don't stay awake

all night talking." "But, Ralph, the people here ! We are the only Catholics in the house, and you don't want to be conspict

ous. Did Henry Severance, or his wife say anything to you about going Ve can go over the details then."

"Then there is something special 'No.' "Then, Ralph, why are you so de "Yes; Robert Donohue and his ermined to go? It is going to be grave inconvenience to us and to out host if we make ourselves singular "He is one of your competitors isn't he?" Mrs. Conover inquired. in this way. You said so yourself "My main competitor. A fellow who knows the details told me that that a lot depends on our making good impression here, and now yo there is practically no difference in my figures for building the bridge and those submitted by Donohue. are planning to upset it all. Have you forgotten about the contract ? "That is one of the reasons I am We are tied for first place, so to speak, and I don't believe the surely going to Mass," Ralph replied, gravely. "I am certain that Henry directors themselves know who will get the work. And Donohue is here, Severance knows that I am a Catho-lic ; the first time I met him was at

a reception to the Cardinal. He understands as does every well in formed Protestant, that a Catholic's obligation to assist at Mass is more 'I'm sure he is," Mrs. Conover put "I saw Mrs. Donohue in the hall "Is the contract so important ?" binding than a non Catholic's duty to attend his church on Sunday. We "It is the most important contract I have figured on. If I get it, my future are Catholics and understood to be Catholics. There will be more than is assured. I have done some good work before, but never on any such one member of the house party watching to see if Donohue and I go scale as this calls for. The profit on to Mass, although they will be too well bred to mention the subject it means new gowns for you; it means a new automobile-many of the things you have wanted. For me it will be the beginning of my real This snobbishness on the part of well - meaning Catholics merely serves to discredit them. We are carser. I have figured out every de-tail, and know that I can do the

In the director's room of the Inter I do not wish Jones and Brown to continental Railway office half a dozen chairs had been hastily pushed back from the mahogany table and a uniformed clerk was gathering up pencils and pads. President Harry Severance shook

hands with the departing directors and passed through a door at the rear into his private office. He did not go to his desk, but stood looking over the splendid panorama before him. He was going over in his mind the result of the directors' meeting,

the result of the directors meeting, and thinking of the opportunities they had placed in the way of a young man. Severance had passed the meridian of life. He had won the meridian of life. He had won the battle for success and had realized his reward in wealth, power and distinction. Yet he felt that he would willingly give itup to be young again and have the joy of conflict and victory that he felt sure was in store for the man he was about to summon. Going to his deak he pressed the button. His secretary

"Get Mr. Conover on the wire and ask him to come to my office." In ten minutes Mr. Conover was

"Mr. Conover," the president be

it to you on a unanimous vote.

nessage." here Ralph smiled -

G. K. CHESTERTON

TELLS WHY HE IS NOT A

SOCIALIST

Magazine.

-Horace Foster in th

to my wife."

gan, "our directors met to day and gave final consideration to the the awarding of the bridge contract. I don't mind telling you that the decision lay between Donohue and yourself. Both bids were substantially the same ; the standing and re-putation of the bidders were equally

the sanest inliest and most reliable

the community is so specially fixed in those forms and feelings which are the opposite to the tone to most Social-ists ; the privacy of homes, the control of one's own children, the mind. ing of one's own business. I believe I could make up a sort of creed, a catalogue of maxims, which I am certain are believed, and believed

his castle, and that awful proprieties ought to regulate admission to it ; that marriage is a real bond, making jealousy and martial revenge at the least highly pardonable; that vege-tarianism and all pitting of animal against human rights is a silly fad ; that on the other hand, to save money and give yourself a fine funer-al is not a silly fad, but a symbol of ancestral self respect ; that when giving treats to friends or children one should give them what they like minute, do you? I want to send : it'

in being furious because Tommy has been coldly caned by a schoolmis-tress and then throwing saucepans at him yourself. All these things they believe and are absolutely and eternally right. They are the anci-ent sanities of humanity; the ten commandments of man. Now, I wish to point out to you that if you

an imposition and nothing else. may get them to give a vote for Socialism, but they do not believe in the Socialist ideal : they are too healthy.

Thinking thus Socialism does not hold the field for me as it does for

That is my answer. I am not Socialist because I have not lost faith in democracy.-Tablet, Brook

VOICES OF THE

APOSTLES

IN ROME

Save the correspondent of the Bos-

ton Pilot: The inexhaustible abund-

ance of historical records and vener

able traditions associated with every

remnant of ancient Rome presents to

share the same cigar box; I do not want it as an ideal; I do not want it as a very remote ideal; I do not want it at all. I want Jones by ene mystical and God-like act to give s

cigar to Brown and Brown by another mystical act to give a cigar to Jenes. Thus instead of one act of fellowship (of which the memory would slowly fade,) we should have a continual play and energy of new acts of fellow ship keeping up the circulation of

JULY

1915

ship keeping up the circulation of society. Keep in mind, please, the purpose of this explanation. I do not say that these gifts and hospitalities would not happen in a collectivist state. I say they do not occur to Socialists. I know quite well that your immediate answer will be: 'Oh, but there is nothing in the Socialist proposal to prevent person-Socialist proposal to prevent person-al gift." That is why I explain thus elaborately that I attach less importance to the proposal than to the spirit in which it is proposed. When a great revolution is made, it is seldom the fulfillment of its own

exact formula ; but it is almost al-ways in the image of its own impulse

and feeling for life. I believe very strongly in the mass of common people. I do not mean in their "potentialities." I mean in their faces, in their habits and their admirable language. Caught in the trap of a terrible industrial machinery, harried by a shameful economie cruelty, surrounded with an ugliness and desolation never endured before

among men, the poor are still by fai satisfactory. But there is an ele ment in every contract-the element of character. That is what counts most, after all, in the business world.

part of the community. But one thing I should affirm as certain, the whole smell and senti-ment and general ideal of Socialism they detest and disdain. No part of They had asked my report on both, and that was why I invited you both 'It was your stand on the matter of going to church that influenced my final decision. I am not a church member, but I understand the Catho-

lic attitude, and I like to see a man true to his convictions. I may or may not agree with him — we can't all see alike — but they are his convictions, and he is known by them. If a man is faithful to his ideals, to strongly, by the overwhelming mass of men and women. For instance, that man's house is the religion to which he is pledged, it shows that he has the one thing ost needed that he will be faithful

in other matters, faithful when no what I reported to the director and hey closed the contract by awarding Ralph was too excited to do more than nod his thanks and acceptance. "And, now the matter is settled,] want you to come to lunch with me "Certainly," said Ralph. "You don't mind my using the telephone a

emphatically not what is good for them ; that there is nothing illogical

impose your Socialism on these people, it will in moral actuality be

others. My eyes are fixed on an-other thing altogether, a thing that may move or not, but which, if it does move will crush Socialism with one hand and landlordism with the other.

The first is a short platitude ; the second is a rather long personal explanation. The terse and necessary truism i the expression of ordinary human disgust at the industrial system. To say that I do not like the present state of wealth and poverty is mere ly to say I am not a devil in human Catholics, and I for one do not inize for it, or be a to a

Mr Davidson's hand rested on the rein of the horse's bridle, as he con-versed with Powell, who had walked with him to the gate. Quite unexactedly that morning the master of Willow wild had announced his in-tention of returning to his own home giving as his reason that he had no inclination to mingle with the gay crowds the evening would bring ; nd, much to the surprise of Clariss and Mr. Powell, his hostess had not made the slightest demur. Clarisse shrugged her shoulders and dis the subject as another instance of the queerness of her cousin. The young man felt such treatment of his host and friend as a personal offence, and he was on the point of following his lead.

Stay Pyour visit out," the older man had said. as they walked down the shadowy drive together. "It is necessary for you to make friends among these people, for you are the man who will need friends. And man who will need friends. And snatch a little enjoyment of life while you are young. After all, my friend, when we come to balancing up our books, what shows as the friend, when we come to balancing up our books, what shows as the most prized article on our pages is not the fame we have received, the wealth we have gained, the high sition we have achieved, or the valiant deeds we have done, but the pleasure we have secured for ourselves while the heart was capable of

enjoying, provided always no remorse must be set on the opposite side. I have lived many years, and I know I speak the truth. Make friends; win, and hold sacred, some good woman's love-I need not tell you to keep your honor unspotted, for you are a Powell-and you will be happy, happier than I have been."

The Todd carriage appeared around the sharp curve of the road, and the next instant the two gentle-It's in the air ! In another momen men were exchanging greetings with I shall be pouring solemn prophesies and dark meaning hints into the units occusants. Mr. Davidson looked long and earnestly on Virginia's face, and as she met his eyes, eloquent of willing ear of Miss Fortunata !" A little learning makes a n unuttered appeal, she suddenly "Do you believe that?" asked proud, but wisdom makes a felt herself thinking of Bessie, whose Clarisse of him, for Mrs. Todd's happy humble.

so, in their o like defiance in her dark eyes. mented. "To afterward turn their knowl-

edge against their teacher !" she reslowly, his calm eyes meeting her turned.

"That is a secondary considera tion," he replied. "If we do honestly our duty, we are not held to account for results that may follow from a wrong acceptance of it - for misconconsulted," she said, with her sudden unmusical laugh. Hal was prevented from making a

reply by Mrs. Powell's rising and structions of the truth we have Would not you young people like striven to rightly teach."

"I can not argue with you," she said. "So long has it been since I have mingled with the world, I have to walk to the river before dinner i I do not think Virginia has yet seen that bit of ecenery, which I consider the prettlest in the Park. And, Virginia," she concluded, "add your invitation to mine and Mrs. Todd's forgotten how to fence dexterously But Mrs. Todd can tell you that there was a time when he who carried of the trophy from a combat of words with me was as well armed as he was for Mr. Powell to accompany us to the Blue Lick. He can not then reskilful. Perhaps, after a sojourn at the Blue Lick, where I expect to

fuse.' You compliment me, Mrs. Powell. meet once more many of my old an-tagonists, I shall find myself, as Hal in suggesting that my invitation could in any way influence Mr. Powell's decision," replied Virginia, would say," and she glanced at that young gentleman, who was sitting on in her quiet tones, although she felt the asp's sting under the pleasant words. "Still, I can not ask any one to do what he believes would conflict with his duty to himself and to his prove to you that the people are work." never so ungrateful as when we try

"How different the young people to save them; that no more now, than in the days of Christ, has a prophare from what they were in our day!" said Mrs. Powell, turning toward et honor in his own country and among his own people. Yet has age Mrs. Todd, who smiled, but made no ever fully convinced youth ?" she rejoinder. asked of Mrs. Todd.

It was then, for the first time since he had met her, that Clay Powell found his attention drawn to Virginia " Very seldom," replied that lady 'Unfortunately, we can walk the Castleton. As they turned from the way for no one, not even for the ones we love best. Each heart must learn parlor toward the greensward, slop-ing down to the rivulet, he asked : for itself. Look at Harold!" she "May I walk with you, Miss Castle broke off, a smile wreathing her still fair face, "ready to laugh at my philosophy!" for her irrepressible ton ?'

When she rested her gray-blue eye on had thrown her a glance, which on him, and smiled her gracious answer, he saw why men called her she had readily interpreted, as he muttered to himself: Et tu mater

him

So there is a great deal more to "It all depends upon where the link wants to come in," he said, this than a mere invitation to a week-end party. It may be the turning point with me, and I want you"— here Ralph Conover put his arm defiant ones. " I am quite willing." "You are not the only one to be about his wife's shoulder-"to do what you can to help me.

"Of course I will; but if you expect me to help you, we must get lown in time for dinner."

The guests at the house party were talking in groups in the big hall when Mr. and Mrs. Conover rounded he landing of the staircase. Their host and hostess met them and saw that they were introduced to the few they did not know.

Mabel Conover carried herself with perfect self possession. The simpli-city of her gown, in sharp contrast to overdone elegance of several of the other women's costumes, served

o emphasize her natural beauty. "I never realized how good lo oking your wife is," Donohue remarked. edging up to Conover.

"I always did; but even a diamond looks better in an artistic setting." "Say." Donohue asked in a whis per, "why do you suppose Severance sked us here ?

"How should I know? I don't feel out of place, do you ?' "No. but-

The talk of thoseseated near Ralph Conover drifted to a discussion of the pectacle before the public at the moment of a very wealthy man, re-cently divorced, who had scandalized he community by rushing from State to State trying to bribe ministers to marry him and his latest sfluity, although the terms of his divorce

lecree forbade his remarriage. "I believe that if a couple cannot agree, and living together means certain wretchedness to them both, they ought to be allowed to seek a divorce and find happiness in another alliance. Don't you, Mr. Conover?' said the woman at Ralph's left.

"After all, isn't it the general good

Catholic on the sly when I am sure none of my stylish friends will see

"All right," Mrs. Conover sighed, only, don't blame me if you lose the ontract

"I won't blame you no matter how it comes out. I am merely doing what I know to be the right thing." The sun had been up for many hours before the guests at the Sever-ance home were about next morning. Even then some preferred to have breakfast in their rooms, and so were not in the group before the log fire in the living room when Mrs. Severance entered.

"We have lunch at 2 o'clock, an dinner at 7," she announced, "and I want each of you to do what he likes best. You will find cards in the library, and the motors in the garage are at your service. They have good course at the country club for those who like golf, and tea is served at 4 o'clock. I have arranged that those of you who care to go will be

looked out for there." "Mrs. Conover and I are planning to go to church this morning," Ralph smilingly remarked. "We're Catho-lice, you know, and if there is no motor convenient it will do us good o walk there."

"Of course there is a motor con venient, and I'll tell the man to be ready in time The Catholic service is at 10 o'clock and the Episcopal at 11. I'm sorry I didn't mention it before; I knew you were Catholics, too Is there anyone else for this trip How about you, Mr. Donohue ?"

Donohue reddened as he caught his wife's glance.

'Oh, I guess not to day, thank you.'

The Monday morning sunshine poured itself over lower Manhattan touching with a thousand lights the wondrous sky-line of down - town New York. Pile on pile of mighty buildings, rising proudly above their more modest fellows, lured hundreds

we should seek ? I grant that certain of thousands of workers to the week-individuals must suffer from hasty | y toil.

form. No one but Satan or Beelze-bub could like the present state of wealth and poverty. But the second point is rather more personal and elaborate; and yet I think it will make things clearer to explain it. STREETS THAT ECHO Socialistic idealism does not at-

tract me very much, even as idealism. The glimpses it gives of our VIVID MEMORIALS OF FOOTSTEPS future happiness depress me very much. They do not remind me of OF SAINTS PETER AND PAUL

any actual happiness, of any happy day that I have ever myself spent. I will take one instance of the kind of thing I mean. Almost all Social ist Utopias make the happiness of the future chiefly consist in the leasure of sharing as we share a public park or the mustard at a restaurant. This is the commonest sentiment in Socialist writing. Socialists are collectivist in their

eir idealism.

the thoughtful visitor a world of ideas and facts that lends an absorbing attraction and a helpful light to him in his wanderings through this proposals, but they are communist in city. It has been asked : Is there any-Now there is a real pleasure in

thing new to be said about Rome There are aspects of it which are sharing, but I greatly prefer the pleasure of giving and receiving. strikingly strange. At the present moment the dwellers in Rome are Giving is not the same as sharing turning their thoughts to the proxiharing is based on the idea that mate celebration of the feast of the two glorious apostles, Saints Peter there is no property, or at least no personal property. But giving a thing to another man is as much and Paul, on the 29th of June.

The memories of these two great based on personal property as keeppatrons of the city-one might al-most say the memorials of them-are ing it to yourself. If after some uni versal interchange of generosities sufficiently numerous in Rome as to every one was wearing some one else's hat, that state of things would render it possible for a Christian traveller to follow their footsteps on still be based upon private property. the highways and in the streets from Now I speak quite seriously and their arrival in the city to their death sincerely when I say that I for one should greatly prefer that world in and burial. This is a notable outcome of the permanence of the story which every one wore some one else's hat to every Socialist utopia that I of their lives here—a permanence of eighteen centuries and a half. have ever read about. It is better

ST. PETER IN ROME

than sbaring one hat anyhow. Re The most rabid and ignorant antimember we are not talking now about the modern problem and its Catholic hesitates to assert newadays urgent solution ; for the moment we that St. Peter was never in Rome. Even Ernest Renan, the bitter antag talking only about the idealwhat we would have if we could get it. And if I were a post writing a onist of Christianity, admitted the presence of the apostle and his death in the Eternal City. By what route he travelled, and by which gate he Utopia if I were a magician waving a wand, if I were a god making a a world of give and take rather than a world of sharing. he travelled, and by which gase he entered is not historically known; but an old tradition release that he came up the Tiber and landed in the

Fair." TO BE CONTINUED ma