

CARDOME

A ROMANCE OF KENTUCKY

By ANNA C. MINOGUE CHAPTER X

"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 dainties were declared yesterday we would have rain to day, and almost killed them 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?" 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 lost that office at Cardome for the last twenty five years," he says, for of course I can not certify for occurrences which happened before I was born—and he never yet made a mistake—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 elements were saving themselves 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 consequently would have saved his reputation," remarked Virginia.

"The oracle of Cardome has spoken!" said Hal, bowing; then, "We are nearing the Park. I know Miss Fortunata has sighted our carriage. I can tell it by the fluttering 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."

"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 Virginia to travel over this long, lonely road unattended? Timid I may 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 chivalry is such as becoms a Kentuckian, or a Todd, as Thomas would say. Hello! 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 the gate!"

Mr. Davidson's hand rested on the rein of the horse's bridle, as he conversed with Powell, who had walked with him to the gate. Quite unexpectedly that morning the master of Willow wild had announced his intention 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; and, much to the surprise of Clarisse and Mr. Powell, his hostess had not made the slightest demur. Clarisse shrugged her shoulders and dismissed 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! you're just 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 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 most prized article on our pages is not the fame we have received, the wealth we have gained, the high position 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 gentlemen were exchanging greetings with its occupants. Mr. Davidson looked long and earnestly on Virginia's face, and as she met his eyes, eloquent of an unuttered appeal, she suddenly felt herself thinking of Bessie, whose

picture Hal had seen on this man's desk. He held her eyes, and it seemed he had thought, for a second, then she heard his whispered words, saying, "Be good to her!" Then the master of Willow wild mounted his horse and rode away. The carriage rolled in between the tall stone pillars of the gateway, leaving the two young men standing where the 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 disapplying figure of Mr. Davidson, he met Hal's great blue eyes, whose happiness was contagious.

"You look as if you had lost 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 Cardome we should be friends? Have you so soon forgotten?"

"No, I have not forgotten, Harold. I could not forget one so generous as yourself. But you know the friends to whom we turn as a child to its mother are few."

"I would be one of those few," said Hal, "yet I do not ask this favor until I have proven my worthiness to receive it."

"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 second parlor, and as the young men entered the room they were somewhat surprised 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 she, 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 that Mrs. Powell always paused before speaking his name). "One I hope will be agreeable, as I know it would be beneficial."

aside had relieved the conversation of its stage effect.

"I believe everything, Miss Sears!" he replied. "If you were to tell me that trees grew root upward, I should believe it—that is, if you told me," he added, with a quiet emphasis on the pronoun.

"Very like you would if I were 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. "If fear if I were in Asia, or Africa, and some wild-eyed savage were to break upon my startled vision and brandishing a war-club, order me to get down on my knees to worship his idols—or do pagans worship on their knees, Miss Sears?"

"How should I know?" she returned. "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 posture of her suppliants? I, however, 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 repeated 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 sarcasm, or a desire to show her Shakespearean acquaintance. "Why 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 slow, heavy eyelids and looking him full in the face.

"He has one already," said Hal, returning her gaze steadily.

"Father," he said, a smile lighting his face. "We're not twenty-one 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, he said, sadly, running his fingers through his beautiful chestnut hair, "it is difficult for strangers to believe that Tom and I are of the same age. That's the misfortune of being labelled light. Thomas looks fully five years older than he is because his cranium over is black and his skin is what a lady novelist would call a rich olive—is that right?"

and he looked slowly over her dark face, which suddenly warmed.

"It is not your brother's complexion and hair that make him seem older than his years," she answered, treading him to a scornful stare, "but his deep and cultivated mind. His grasp of life is surprising."

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

CLOSING THE CONTRACT

In the eyes of her admiring husband, Mabel Conover had never looked more attractive. She was seated at a low dressing table, her face brought into high relief by the electric light globes which were turned full on her and which threw back the reflection in the oval French mirror.

Mrs. Conover rose from her chair and turned her back to her husband, while he patiently brought together hooks and eyes and snapped in place a multitude of patent fasteners. When the last hook had been slipped in place and the final fastener pushed in, he sat down.

"Ralph," said his wife, affectionately patting his broad shoulders, "you are not much of a success as a dress hooker, but," here she smiled, "I don't believe I'd want a husband who was."

"Any man would be glad to do things for you." The man leaned down. "You never looked better than you do to-night, and you never had 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 in one of the smartest homes on Long Island?"

"Being invited here," she went on, thinking aloud rather than talking to her husband, "will bring a flood of dinner and dance invitations this 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 Severance cottage."

"It means more than that," Conover 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 home at night and do the extra work over?"

"For the bridge?" "Yes, well, Mr. Severance is the chairman of the board of directors of the company that is to build that bridge."

"Then he is going to give you the contract? And that's why he invited us here?" "I am not sure."

"That's not the way business deals are generally entered into. If he wanted to give me the contract, he had only to do it in the office and call me up."

"Then there is something special about it?" "Yes; Robert Donohue and his wife are here, too."

"He is one of your competitors, isn't he?" Mrs. Conover inquired.

"My main competitor. A fellow who knows the details told me that there is practically no difference in my figures for building the bridge and those submitted by Donohue. We are tied for first place, so to speak, and I don't believe the directors themselves know who will get the work. And Donohue is here, too?"

"I'm sure he is," Mrs. Conover put in. "I saw Mrs. Donohue in the hall when we came in."

and unconsidered marriages; but should the husband of a few individuals 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 considerations, ought to be taken into account by those who plead for looser divorce laws," Ralph replied.

Mrs. Conover, at her husband's right, leaned nearer and spoke in an undertone:

"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 answer to her query passed unheeded. The lady was already giving her opinion of the new style dancing and had forgotten the subject of a moment before.

Views about the war, politics and the theatre carried the conversation through the remainder of the dinner and when they left the table newer guests, asked for the latter part of the evening were already arriving. When those at the dinner scattered back into the long hall, they found the rugs rolled back and a small orchestra stationed near the stairway.

Both Ralph Conover and his wife were good dancers. The crowd of young people, the dancing set of Long Island, took them into their ranks at once.

"I'd love to have a house like this and give a party," Mrs. Conover said to her husband during one of the few dances they had together.

"If I get the contract, we will be well started on the way toward having one."

After the last automobile of young folk had whirled away from the house, Conover and his wife talked over the events of the evening.

"I'm sure of one thing," Ralph yawned, "if I don't stop gossiping about my neighbors and go to sleep, I'll never be up in time for church in the morning."

"Church?" Mrs. Conover started. "Surely. The church here is around the turn in the road, at the 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 conspicuous. Did Henry Severance, or his son, say anything to you about going to church?"

"No."

"Then, Ralph, why are you so determined to go? It is going to be a grave inconvenience to us and to our host if we make ourselves singular in this way. You said so yourself that a lot depends on our making a good impression here, and now you are planning to upset it all. Have you forgotten about the contract?"

"That is one of the reasons I am sure going to Mass," Ralph replied, gravely. "I am certain that Henry Severance knows that I am a Catholic; the first time I met him was at a reception to the Cardinal. He understands as does every well-informed Protestant, that a Catholic's obligation to assist at Mass is more binding than a non-Catholic's duty to attend his church on Sunday. We are Catholics and understood to be Catholics. There will be more than one member of the house party watching to see if Donohue and I go to Mass, although they will be too well bred to mention the subject. This snobbishness on the part of well-meaning Catholics merely serves to discredit them. We are Catholics, and I for one do not intend to apologize for it, or be a Catholic on the sly when I am sure none of my stylish friends will see me."

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

In the director's room of the Intercontinental Railway office half a dozen chairs had been hastily pushed back from the mahogany table and a uniformed clerk was gathering up penicils 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, 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 battle for success and had realized his reward in wealth, power and distinction. Yet he felt that he would willingly give it up 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 desk he pressed the button. His secretary responded.

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

"Mr. Conover," the president began, "our directors met to day and gave final consideration to 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 reputation of the bidders were equally satisfactory. But there is an element in every contract—the element of character. That is what counts most, after all, in the business world. They had asked my report on both, and that was why I invited you both to my home."

"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 Catholic 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 the religion to which he is pledged, it shows that he has the one thing most needed that he will be faithful in other matters, faithful when no one is looking. This is, in substance, what I reported to the director and they closed the contract by awarding it to you on a unanimous vote."

Ralph was too excited to do more than nod his thanks and acceptance.

"And now the matter is settled, I want you to come to lunch with me. We can go over the details then."

"Certainly," said Ralph. "You don't mind my using the telephone a minute, do you? I want to send a message," here Ralph smiled—"it's to my wife."—Horace Foster in the Rosary Magazine.

G. K. CHESTERTON TELLS WHY HE IS NOT A SOCIALIST

I have been asked to give some exposition of how far and for what reason a man who has a faith in democracy may nevertheless stand outside the movement commonly called Socialism. If I am to do this I must make two prefatory remarks. The first is a short platitude; the second is a rather long personal explanation.

The terse and necessary truism is 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 merely to say I am not a devil in human form. No one but Satan or Beelzebub 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.

Socialistic idealism does not attract me very much, even as idealism. The glimpse it gives of our future happiness depress me very much. It does not remind me of 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 Socialist Utopias make the happiness of the future chiefly consist in the pleasure 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 proposals, but they are communist in their idealism.

Now there is a real pleasure in sharing, but I greatly prefer the pleasure of giving and receiving. Giving is not the same as sharing. Sharing is based on the idea that there is no property, or at least no personal property. But giving a thing to another man is as much based on personal property as keeping it to yourself. If after some universal interchange of generalities every one was wearing some one else's hat, that state of things would still be based upon private property.

Now I speak quite seriously and sincerely when I say that I for one should greatly prefer that world in which every one wore some one else's hat to every Socialist utopia that I have ever read about. It is better than sharing one hat anyhow. Remember we are not talking now about the modern problem and its urgent solution; for the moment we are talking only about the ideal—what we would have if we could get it. And if I were a poet writing a Utopia if I were a magician waving a wand, if I were a god making a planet, I would deliberately make it a world of give and take rather than a world of sharing.

I do not wish Jones and Brown 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 one mystical and God-like act to give a cigar to Brown and Brown by another mystical act to give a cigar to Jones. 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 fellowship 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 personal gifts." 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 always 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 economic cruelty, surrounded with an ugliness and desolation never endured before among men, the poor are still by far the sanest, jolliest and most reliable part of the community.

But one thing I should affirm as certain, the whole smell and sentiment and general ideal of Socialism they detest and disdain. No part of the community is so specially fixed in those forms and feelings which are opposite to the tone to most Socialists; the privacy of homes, the control of one's own children, the mind 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 strongly, by the overwhelming mass of men and women.

For instance, that man's house is his castle, and that awful prophecies ought to regulate admission to it; that marriage is a real bond, making jealousy and marital revenge at the least highly pardonable; that vegetarianism and all pitting of animal against human rights is a silly fad; that on the other hand, to sum up all in 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, emphatically not what is good for them; that there is nothing illogical in being furious because Tommy has been coldly coddled by a schoolmistress and then throwing saucers at him yourself. All these things they believe and are absolutely and eternally right. They are the ancient sanities of humanity; the ten commandments of man. Now, I wish to point out to you that if you impose your Socialism on these people, it will in moral actuality be an imposition and nothing else. You 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 others. My eyes are fixed on another 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.

That is my answer. I am not a Socialist because I have not lost faith in democracy.—Tablet, Brooklyn.

STREETS THAT ECHO VOICES OF THE APOSTLES

VIVID MEMORIALS OF FOOTSTEPS OF SAINTS PETER AND PAUL IN ROME

Says the correspondent of the Boston Pilot: The inexhaustible abundance of historical records and venerable traditions associated with every remnant of ancient Rome presents to 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 city.

It has been asked: Is there anything new to be said about Rome? There are aspects of it which are strikingly strange. At the present moment the dwellers in Rome are turning their thoughts to the proximate celebration of the feast of the two glorious apostles, Saints Peter and Paul, on the 29th of June.

The memories of these two great patrons of the city—some might almost say the memorials of them—are sufficiently numerous in Rome as to render it possible for a Christian traveller to follow their footsteps on the highways and in the streets from their arrival in the city to their death and burial. This is a notable outcome of the permanence of the story of their lives here—a permanence of eighteen centuries and a half.

ST. PETER IN ROME The most rabid and ignorant anti-Catholic hesitates to assert nowadays that St. Peter was never in Rome. Even Ernest Renan, the bitter antagonist 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 entered is not historically known; but an old tradition relates that he came up the Tiber and landed in the

TO BE CONTINUED

A little learning makes a man proud, but wisdom makes him humble.