

FIVE MINUTE SERMON

BY REV. WILLIAM DEMOUY, D. D.

PENTECOST SUNDAY

THE PRESENCE OF THE HOLY GHOST

"These things have I spoken to you, abiding with you; but the Paraclete, the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in My name, He will teach you all things and bring all things to your mind, whatsoever I shall have said to you." (John XIV, 17-20)

Who will fail to admire the generosity of God and humbly to adore His divine majesty, for His endless list of favors in our regard? We could not imagine a thing we need for our eternal welfare that He has not provided for us. And more than this; He is with us ever, either the Father, the Son, or the Holy Ghost, or all three. He is not satisfied to care for us from a distance. He desires to be within our hearts, to hear our very pulse-beats, and to listen to our most secret yearnings, while extending a saving hand over our whole being.

This feast of Pentecost recalls to us the fact that God is with us, and the celebration of this feast should urge us to render thanks to our omnipotent Father for His parental affection and guidance. It should help to give us a clear knowledge of what the assistance of the Holy Ghost means to us, and to realize that we should always try to render ourselves worthy of it. Without this assistance we are more helpless, in a spiritual sense, than the dumb animals. Man is what he is because of God's presence in him. In the man without this presence we behold a spectacle of spiritual leprosy. When deprived of it, man is fit only for the place in which God's enemies are exiled; and if it is his misfortune to pass from earth in that state, banishment from God and never-ending punishment await him. The punishment that is inflicted on man, when he dies bereft of God's grace, is the direct result of sin. Evil is bound to bring suffering to the individual who lives in it. Even during this life, consider the misfortune of many because of sin. They can not say that it was due to another's fault, or that a world, cruel and unfeeling, thrust it upon them. No, it comes in the train of sin. Sin destroys every beautifying influence in and about us and renders us like itself—hateful, repulsive, and unclean.

But it is sin only that keeps God from dwelling within us. Where sin does not exist, He is bound to be; for there He finds an object worthy of His love and He cannot fail to love it. And God's love of us means His presence. As we are present, at least in mind, with those whom we love, so God is present with those whom He loves, but in an infinitely more perfect manner. He dwells intimately with those whom He loves; He is the spiritual force behind all their good actions; He beautifies all their characters and their souls. The sweetness of God's presence can not be explained; it is something that each one of us must feel and experience for himself. It gives us an admiration for the good and noble, and fills us with a horror of what is vile and low. It urges us to deeds of goodness and lasting worth—and what is of greater weight than all—that it enables us to overcome the cravings and passions of our poor, disordered nature.

God's presence, however, means even more. We need not speak of it only in so far as it bears sin; we also should say something of it as a spiritual force and strength for advancement and protection in the spiritual life. We well know that there are those who can kill the soul as well as the body. Christ has told us so and has warned us against them. There are those also who endeavor to demolish the spiritual institution to which we belong—the Church. We meet them every day. We need courage and strength to face them and resist their attacks. Where they are cunning and insidious, we need a sense with which to detect them and guard ourselves against their assaults. God's presence, through His Holy Spirit, supplies us with all this. When He dwells within us, we are armed sufficiently to fight any spiritual enemy and to resist any attack. Of course we shall be tried severely. A battlefield with the forces in action is a terrible test of a man's courage and strength, and the bullet of the soldier often hits its mark. But on the spiritual battlefield, victory always will be with him who, while doing his best, depends on God's presence for the issue. It was this that brought the martyrs their crowns, and gave the virgins a special place in heaven. We need never imagine that theirs was an easy fight; quite the contrary. The forces they faced were more terrible than any we have met, and no doubt the future never will see us attacked as strongly as they were. It is no wonder the gaining of heaven is called a victory. We are the soldiers. The only effective arms we can use is God's presence with us.

It is a glorious past, that of our Church and of our forefathers who fought so nobly for it. But could we ask them to tell us from heaven today how victory came to them, one answer would come from all: "God was with us." We must realize that it is the same now. Our enemies are legion, and all their wicked methods of attack would be almost inconceivable, did we not see them tried against us; but if we remain good soldiers of God, we will conquer. Wickedness is the work of the devil, and as God subdued him and sentenced him to the torments he deserves, so will God conquer the

agents of Satan and put to naught the attacks he makes upon us through his followers. However, God wishes our co-operation, for it is all for our benefit. For Himself, God need no longer subdue Satan, for he is powerless against God; but He desires us, with His aid, to crush the serpent. And do we not want to do it ourselves? Surely we do not wish to become a slave to him who brought the curse of evil upon the world. We wish to see, in a special way, we must pray to the Holy Ghost for aid and strength, and also ask that we may be worthy to have His very presence with all His fruits, within us. Even victory for ourselves is not enough. We want to conquer for the whole Church of which we are but a part. We are anxious to see God dwell in more hearts. And it is to note the army of those who are marching under the banner of Satan and who, at any moment, may turn on us. We wish to see the great sacrifice of Christ effective in more souls. How pitiful to think that His sufferings are in vain for so many! Poor, erring people! Will they ever be called to Christ?

The world of plenty and of delight is a temptation to all. Never before as today were so many customs being introduced, amusements indulged in, and new doctrines taught. It is the proper thing nowadays to give people what pleases them. This is the greatest danger in this pleasure tony—speaking of many of the kinds in vogue—brings a sadness tomorrow; and a doctrine taught in youth sows the seed that will bring ruin in age. We must sail between the dangers. This is more than difficult. The Holy Ghost is the only true pilot. With Him as our guide, we can not strike the rocks that would destroy us. Let us do all we can, therefore, to have Him enter our hearts and minds, so that over the dangerous seas, we will be steered on to safety.

WHAT IS RELIGION ANYHOW?

Mark Shriver, Jr., in America

Nowadays much time is wasted in discussions as to whether the Church has labored in vain and Christianity is a failure. Most of the discussions are based on an utter misconception of Christianity, and a peculiar misapprehension of the functions and purposes of a Church. As the Y. M. C. A. constitutionally excludes from full membership in its fold members of the oldest body of Christians, the vacuity of discussion by its leaders is apparent. Discussion by ministers has little more weight. For all of them the first false step comes with their misunderstanding of the purpose of a Church, from an incorrectness in defining religion. A process of exclusion is, perhaps, as good a way as any of finding out what religion is, and what it is not.

First and principally religion is not intermeddling in the affairs of national, State or local government. It is not that form of bigotry and intolerance styling itself temperance. As a word temperance implies moderation and graciousness and tact and wisdom and justice. As a thing it is the desire of the Eternal Hills. "In medio," said Horace, "stat virtus," but it is as far from the intemperance and rancor of the radical prohibitionists to the real thing as from Hades to Connaught.

From the creation of the world, the human race has made and used alcoholic stimulants. The Bible itself records the celebration our Father Noah held when the Ark had finally run aground on the highest peak of Ararat. It is common sense that a habit spiritually persisted in by all men at all times from the dawn of history, cannot of itself be wrong. Until the advent of these sanctimonious reformers neither Christian or Jew had condemned the habit. Here appears a peculiar fault characteristic of those who roll the failure of the Church in limp phrase across their parched and burning lips. Have too they seem unable to distinguish between a thing as it is and its use or abuse. Here their zeal outweighs their judgment and like another judgment overleaps itself, and falls on the other side.

Religion is not the closing of dance halls, nor the suppression of racing, nor the encouragement of anti-gambling crusades. If gambling is essentially and inherently evil, it should be stopped absolutely. Of course all business is a gamble, and all dealing in trade of every kind. The reformers may carry life or accident insurance, they may even have concealed somewhere about the house that form of policy issued by Mr. Lloyd of London which insures against the dire mishap of twins. Treasurers of their societies may be bonded for greater security against loss, but if it be lawful for reformers to wager \$100 with the surety company, against, let us say, \$10,000 that the treasurers will not steal \$10,000 in the course of the year, modestly, but none the less earnestly, I claim the right to hazard two bits on the chance that the galloping demance will not disclose the fatal divorce-see on the first roll of the bones, or that the cleric of the little hall will be the pocket fringed with black. It all depends on algebra, or, as an old teacher of mine would say simple arithmetic.

Religion is not the stopping of Sunday baseball, or golf, or tennis. It is not an unreasoning, unending cry for the sanctity of the Sabbath. The Sabbath passed with the Jewish dispensation. Sunday, the day we recognize as the antithesis of the Sabbath as held by the Jews of the Old Testament. There is a Com-

mandment which says the Sabbath should be kept holy, but not even Dr. Bowley wants to stop the mails of a Saturday and if he would stop them on a Sunday he must look elsewhere for an argument or a justification. This authority is and can only be the Catholic Church, for from the beginning of the Christian era to 1524 there was but one Church, and no Protestants at all. During those years something must have been done sometime about this matter of Sabbath observance. Either that or all the world was in dreadful sin, and doomed to lie in Tophet. Dr. Bowley can sit on whichever horn he chooses. But the Reverend Doctor may not believe in hell or an infinite justice any more than in some other wholesome truths. Keep holy the Sunday, is the teaching of the Catholic Church, and Catholics keep it holy by rendering to God the things that are God's. After that comes their own preparation. Every Catholic goes to Mass on Sundays and having made his acknowledgment to his Creator he spends the rest of the day in recreation. And God wishes him to have this recreation. If a recreation is harmless *per se* how can it become an evil or an agency for evil simply because it is indulged in on Sunday? Such an argument does not condone doing unnecessary servile work, but in those days men were not the slaves which were not so in the past. The messengers of Father Abraham could walk, or carry their letters on a camel's back but New York mail for California must travel by rail, or plane. And this does not deny one day of rest in seven. The argument is for Sunday amusement for those who toil the other six days and can find no other time for recreation.

Religion is not a chronic and continued ache that urges unceasing attack on the pleasures of life. One of the very purposes of religion is to put them back, in helping and abounding measure. And a religious service is not the herding together of the faithful to hear described in lickerish phrases the nakedness of Aphrodite, the moisture of a New York cabaret or the nudity of a metropolitan statue. Small wonder folk with one way minds believe the world gone plumb to perdition, while their deluded dopes fall to thinking of a real church and a real religion as based on a minister of religion to put them back, in helping and abounding measure. And a religious service is not the herding together of the faithful to hear described in lickerish phrases the nakedness of Aphrodite, the moisture of a New York cabaret or the nudity of a metropolitan statue. Small wonder folk with one way minds believe the world gone plumb to perdition, while their deluded dopes fall to thinking of a real church and a real religion as based on a minister of religion to put them back, in helping and abounding measure.

Puritanism has made the non-Catholic Churches a failure, and the emptiness of their pews testifies more loudly to this than could the cryings of a backward-looker for 1,000 years. And Puritanism is hypocritical.

When a Methodist minister selects the ten most sensational titles his ingenuity can suggest and notifies the press that those will be his topics for his Sunday sermon, a Baptist rises in a pulpit that should be holy and declares with fulsome detail that he can throw a stone from where he stands to a house of ill fame; when a Protestant Episcopal minister shouts from his pulpit that the police are corrupt, and repeats with gusto a tale some unnamed youth has recited to him, and then being called to account by the grand jury hastily recants and declares he referred to the police of Kalamazoo or Keokuk; when a minister of some unnamed sect preaches his belief in the uselessness of theological schools and the teaching of theology, declaring that there should be one grand and all-embracing school, teaching nothing in particular, graduated and arranged for all divergences and dissensions, including, as you prefer, the affirmation or negation of the Divinity of Christ and many conflicting beliefs concerning what our separated brethren call the Lord's Supper; when a distinguished Baptist gentleman narrates with lucid modulation the sensations which he says must rise in men and women as they dance; when he goes down into the gutter for his smiles and half concealing, fairly discloses his senuous thought and so rouses to keener edge the passions he pretends to ally; when in a word the shepherd passes over things Divine and goes out into the highways and hedges to compel men to come in he is frequently successful beyond his fondest hopes, but most who go to those churches go for the delightful sensation of acquiring new knowledge as to how and where the law can be broken in some new and hitherto untrod way or place. And that is not religion either. From some standpoints, however, the collection plates carefully dipped so that nothing may slip, and that all may see what reposes on top, skillfully passed by one armed deacons and elders cover a multitude of well-peccadilloes.

Among other things religion is a wholesome horror and fear of the divorce evil; a respect for marriage as a Sacrament rather than a convenient civil arrangement to permit the free gratification of desire; or the debasement of it by such a practice as race suicide, a horrid habit, strangely emphasized of late, the habit fostered by Malthus who must now share his poor glory with Mrs. Sanger and the Chicago factory girl convicted of traitorous utterances during the War. Religion

includes a wholesome respect for those Commandments that Catholics know as the Sixth and the Ninth which deal with what some call statutory offenses. Religion includes the right of private property and the duties and responsibilities that go with it. It is the acknowledgment of an inferior to a Superior, of a creature to a Creator. To have real religion there must be order, and order means the recognition of authority and the respect for it when recognized. Religion must be constructive. It must have an object and an end, and where there is neither there is no religion. There are some pulpit lecturers who debate forward and backward, fighting windmills as ludicrously as ever Don Quixote battled in his wanderings in Spain.

As for Protestantism, it is as its name implies, a protest, a negative. And a negative is nothing. Its very basis is the right of private judgment and the right of any one member to protest against the individual or collective judgment or opinion or belief of his fellows. A first principle of religion is respect for authority and the first principle of Protestantism denying authority has long since accomplished the ruin of itself, and as it struggles in a death agony, Samson like, it pulls down the ruin of the structure to crush its followers.

RHEUMATISM FOR OVER 16 YEARS

No Return Of The Trouble Since Taking "Fruit-a-lives"

103 Church St., MONTREAL.  
"I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism for over 16 years. I consulted specialists; took medicine; used lotions; but nothing did me good. Then I began to use 'Fruit-a-lives', and in 15 days the pain was easier and the Rheumatism much better. Gradually, 'Fruit-a-lives' overcame my Rheumatism; and now, for five years, I have had no return of the trouble. I cordially recommend this fruit medicine to all sufferers."  
P. H. Mc HUGH.  
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

subonnet than a crown. Maybe she's too common for you, and you may prefer a stylish "dame" wait till she dies, and you'll change your mind.  
Do you ever pray, "Our Father who art in Heaven?" Perhaps it isn't always so, but usually the poor are more familiar with this Father—than the rich. Who but a poor man can realize the wealth of joy and bliss in the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi—"My God and my all!"  
Are you "wasting" your talents in some God-forsaken place where nobody appreciates your wisdom? The Son of God, as a boy of twelve, sat among the doctors of Israel for three days, and then went along to an obscure home to earn his daily bread as a carpenter's apprentice. "Yes, in the poor man's garden grow far more than herbs and flowers—kind thoughts, contentment—peace of mind and joy for wreny hours.—Lordman in the Echo.

HOME GARDENS  
The Great War brought sharply home to many minds the pitiful state of helplessness to which over-organization had reduced human society. Before 1914 we did not realize how dependent we were upon the labors of others. With the paralyzing of European industries in the early days of the struggle, this country suffered acutely from the lack of the necessities of life produced abroad. This we could bear, and did bear with fortitude, as producers began with varying success to experiment with domestic substitutes. But the country did not fully awake to its utter helplessness and dependency upon other countries until the shortage of food was announced. With something of the elemental resourcefulness of the pioneer in the wilderness, city dwellers then began cultivating their garden plots, and the whole urban population under the prodigious of Mr. Hoover turned home gardeners.

THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE  
Some people would do well to cultivate as many have by nature—that happy disposition of being content with the so-called simple things of life.  
We can't all of us, have those grand things which some have, and many more, yearn for. The rich and mighty of this world, may adorn their palaces with marble pillars, orchids and priceless trappings, but the smaller ones, who by far make up the greater part of the globe's population, can have treasures which no wealth can buy. Millions of men and women never go beyond the limits of their native town; they cannot afford the luxury of visiting the wonders of strange and far distant countries. They are too busy and too poor, to run after those brilliant human "stars" which delight the crowds attending some great theatre, famous pulpits, and renowned universities.

Most of us will, and must stay at home, and make the best of humbler surroundings. And after all, why yearn for beauties and grandeur that are beyond our reach, when there are so many within reach?  
The extreme magnificence of gilded domes and royal halls soon fail to satisfy the ever restless and expensive cravings of those who live among them, whilst the simpler things of the humblest home may be the sources of lasting bliss and joy.  
The heirs of kings and emperors are not happier in their imperial palaces and artificial palm gardens than the humblest heirs who shut for joy in white-washed living rooms, and romp in meadows decked with violets and dandelions.  
The world is dotted with luxurious baths and famous resorts where the rich may revel, but they are not any healthier or happier than the lads and lassies who "paddle" in our country creeks.  
The richly laden tables of our millionaires are not more inviting to their boys and girls than Johnny-bread and hickory cakes to hungry, healthy country boys.  
A banker's wife is neither more nor less, because she wears a thousand dollar gown, costly lavaliers and rubied rings, than a farmer's wife who boasts of a made-over hat, and a worn out wedding ring.  
The voice of the rich don't sound any better when accompanied by golden harps and ivory keyed Stairways, than those of the poor who air "thin blues and blend their songs with banjo strings and out-of-tune organs.  
Aching hearts seem to be far more common in the mansions of the rich than in the "huts" of the poor, and charity will sooner find a mite in the kerchief of a widow, than a dollar in the purse of a banker.  
Is the common red blood that runs through your veins less warm than that of pedigreed "blue?" True heart culture is not so much a matter of polished or learned phrases as it is of interior nobility and sympathetic kindness.  
Have you a mother? Perhaps her wrinkled brow looks better under a

RHEUMATISM FOR OVER 16 YEARS

No Return Of The Trouble Since Taking "Fruit-a-lives"

103 Church St., MONTREAL.  
"I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism for over 16 years. I consulted specialists; took medicine; used lotions; but nothing did me good. Then I began to use 'Fruit-a-lives', and in 15 days the pain was easier and the Rheumatism much better. Gradually, 'Fruit-a-lives' overcame my Rheumatism; and now, for five years, I have had no return of the trouble. I cordially recommend this fruit medicine to all sufferers."  
P. H. Mc HUGH.  
50c a box, 6 for \$2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid by Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

subonnet than a crown. Maybe she's too common for you, and you may prefer a stylish "dame" wait till she dies, and you'll change your mind.  
Do you ever pray, "Our Father who art in Heaven?" Perhaps it isn't always so, but usually the poor are more familiar with this Father—than the rich. Who but a poor man can realize the wealth of joy and bliss in the prayer of St. Francis of Assisi—"My God and my all!"  
Are you "wasting" your talents in some God-forsaken place where nobody appreciates your wisdom? The Son of God, as a boy of twelve, sat among the doctors of Israel for three days, and then went along to an obscure home to earn his daily bread as a carpenter's apprentice. "Yes, in the poor man's garden grow far more than herbs and flowers—kind thoughts, contentment—peace of mind and joy for wreny hours.—Lordman in the Echo.

HOME GARDENS  
The Great War brought sharply home to many minds the pitiful state of helplessness to which over-organization had reduced human society. Before 1914 we did not realize how dependent we were upon the labors of others. With the paralyzing of European industries in the early days of the struggle, this country suffered acutely from the lack of the necessities of life produced abroad. This we could bear, and did bear with fortitude, as producers began with varying success to experiment with domestic substitutes. But the country did not fully awake to its utter helplessness and dependency upon other countries until the shortage of food was announced. With something of the elemental resourcefulness of the pioneer in the wilderness, city dwellers then began cultivating their garden plots, and the whole urban population under the prodigious of Mr. Hoover turned home gardeners.

THE SIMPLE THINGS OF LIFE  
Some people would do well to cultivate as many have by nature—that happy disposition of being content with the so-called simple things of life.  
We can't all of us, have those grand things which some have, and many more, yearn for. The rich and mighty of this world, may adorn their palaces with marble pillars, orchids and priceless trappings, but the smaller ones, who by far make up the greater part of the globe's population, can have treasures which no wealth can buy. Millions of men and women never go beyond the limits of their native town; they cannot afford the luxury of visiting the wonders of strange and far distant countries. They are too busy and too poor, to run after those brilliant human "stars" which delight the crowds attending some great theatre, famous pulpits, and renowned universities.

Most of us will, and must stay at home, and make the best of humbler surroundings. And after all, why yearn for beauties and grandeur that are beyond our reach, when there are so many within reach?  
The extreme magnificence of gilded domes and royal halls soon fail to satisfy the ever restless and expensive cravings of those who live among them, whilst the simpler things of the humblest home may be the sources of lasting bliss and joy.  
The heirs of kings and emperors are not happier in their imperial palaces and artificial palm gardens than the humblest heirs who shut for joy in white-washed living rooms, and romp in meadows decked with violets and dandelions.  
The world is dotted with luxurious baths and famous resorts where the rich may revel, but they are not any healthier or happier than the lads and lassies who "paddle" in our country creeks.  
The richly laden tables of our millionaires are not more inviting to their boys and girls than Johnny-bread and hickory cakes to hungry, healthy country boys.  
A banker's wife is neither more nor less, because she wears a thousand dollar gown, costly lavaliers and rubied rings, than a farmer's wife who boasts of a made-over hat, and a worn out wedding ring.  
The voice of the rich don't sound any better when accompanied by golden harps and ivory keyed Stairways, than those of the poor who air "thin blues and blend their songs with banjo strings and out-of-tune organs.  
Aching hearts seem to be far more common in the mansions of the rich than in the "huts" of the poor, and charity will sooner find a mite in the kerchief of a widow, than a dollar in the purse of a banker.  
Is the common red blood that runs through your veins less warm than that of pedigreed "blue?" True heart culture is not so much a matter of polished or learned phrases as it is of interior nobility and sympathetic kindness.  
Have you a mother? Perhaps her wrinkled brow looks better under a

Reduced to 2 1/2 Years  
Course of Nursing  
Saint Mary's Hospital Registered School of Nursing  
Saint Marks and Buffalo Avenues, Brooklyn, New York  
Hospital of 300 beds. "Shevlin Hall" (nurses' home), a detached, fireproof building, spacious grounds, ideal location  
ALLOWANCE \$10 PER MONTH. BOOKS and UNIFORMS SUPPLIED  
Write for Prospectus to Sister-in-charge, or Director of School of Nursing

To WINNIPEG, BRANDON, REGINA, SASKATOON, CALGARY, EDMONTON, PRINCE RUPERT, VANCOUVER, VICTORIA  
THE "NATIONAL"  
LEAVES TORONTO 11.00 P.M. DAILY  
via G.T., T. & N.O. and C.N.Rys.  
via Parry Sound and Sudbury  
Leave Toronto 8.45 p.m. Daily except Sunday  
STANDARD TRANS-CONTINENTAL TRAIN EQUIPMENT  
Tickets and full information from nearest Canadian National or Grand Trunk Railway Agent.  
Canadian National-Grand Trunk

Twice the life for your silk stockings!  
SOILED stockings wear out soonest! LUX-washed stockings last the longest. Its so simple and easy to wash them in the quickly made, creamy LUX lather. Do it without twisting or rubbing. Do it in a very few moments. Iron while damp with a warm iron and the daintiest, sheerest stockings look like new—for LUX is so pure that it will harm nothing that pure water may touch. There is no substitute for LUX. Grocers and departmental stores sell it.  
Recipe booklet "The Care of Dainty Clothes" mailed on request.  
LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, TORONTO  
LUX

LEAVES ON THE WIND  
New Volume of Verse by Rev. D. A. Casey  
AUTHOR OF "At The Gate of The Temple" Editor of "The Canadian Freeman"  
\$1.25 Postpaid  
Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA  
FATHER CASEY writes with sincere and deep feeling. His uplifting heart-sonnets carry many cheery winged messages to the earth-worn weary children of men. Many chorals are touched to which the heart strongly vibrates; tender chords of Erin's love and sorrow; chords of patriotism and chords of piety; chords of adoration and homage that lift the soul to the very Throne of the Most High.  
"More convincing than Synge and Lady Gregory, perhaps because the poet knows better and sympathizes more deeply with the people of whom he writes," was the comment of Joyce Kilmer in "The Literary Digest."  
In the pages of this book religion and art are mingled with happiest results.

HOTEL TULLER  
DETROIT, MICH.  
600 Rooms 600 Baths  
\$2.50 up, Single \$4.50 up, Double  
Agents Sample Rooms \$5.00 per Day  
HEADQUARTERS IN DETROIT FOR  
Old Colony Club  
Detroit Automobile Club  
Motion Picture Exhibitor's Association  
Detroit Transportation Club  
Table D'Hotel Dinner \$1.50 and \$1.75  
Business Men's Lunch 75c.  
Cafe A La Carte Cafeteria Men's Grill