

"They'll be putting you to work making those cars instead of selling them," she warned him.

"Not much," laughed Pat McKeen, joyous braggart.

At that moment war seemed incredibly far from the sun-soaked park where the fountain hissed and the buses jogged past.

Shuddering, Kathleen rose. "I must go," she told Pat McKeen.

Raising amazed eyes he saw her fleet past him and swing aboard a bus, a second before the starter raised his hand.

All the slow way uptown she shut her eyes upon the sunny gayety of late-afternoon Fifth Avenue.

Not until she reached her room did she open Peter's letter. There, she read it through quietly, tearless.

Somewhere in—You Know. Dear Kathie—You mustn't get peeved if my answers to your nice, fat letters come slowly.

Our bunch has a victrola at the billet now. The records are old and extra scratchy but, believe me, it's great.

Well, so long. I've got to go out and hop my car over the shrapnel holes now. All my love.

P. S. I'm sending a clipping from a new Fabie of George Ade's. Remember my little yellow copy of the Fabies? Well I had it no more!

Automatically, Kathleen's eyes sought her bookcase. At the end of the second shelf was the little copy of the Fabies—yellow as a spot of sun-light.

Kathleen groped in the envelope and found the clipping.

"It is better to eat three Squares a day for a great many days and be true to the same mattress all the Time or go down the little Highway of Experience, for just a few days, blowing a silver bugle?"

"A silver bugle," she whispered. The wall telephone spoke harshly. She unhooked the receiver.

"Someone to see me," she said. "Please say I'll be down in a second." She closed the door on the radiance of Peter's wide smile.

Downstairs in the public parlor she came face to face with Pat McKeen. "I came up," he explained, in some confusion, "to find out why you left me so suddenly this afternoon. Did I say anything?"

She glanced at him, quietly, noting his sleek hair, the exquisite tie, the gray of his spring suit, his straw hat. "No-o-o," she said slowly, "you said nothing."

He looked a bit disconcerted. It was evident that girls did not generally concede that he had said nothing.

"I was a little upset," Kathleen continued. "I am sorry I left you so abruptly, but some time ago my young brother enlisted—"

McKeen's enchanting smile flashed. "They think it is such fun," he broke in, pleasantly. "The adventure of fighting gets them."

Kathleen swallowed. "That may be so," she said. "Peter was not actually fighting. He was a bit too young for that. He was an ambulance driver. I got news of his death recently."

He started, genuinely shocked. "Oh, I am sorry. I wish I hadn't spoken," he stammered. "I am so sorry."

For an instant she closed her eyes, then opened them. The room was done in gold and red, the one spot of ugly glare in the Home Club. It had always irritated Kathleen. She gripped a chair-back, now, her knuckles showing white against the red velvet.

he was drafted—and had it easy, then. You told me 'draftees have it much easier,' didn't you?"

McKeen winced under the slashing of her words but did not speak.

"He gave his life," she went on, "and you—you with a face like St. George of old—stay here and sell motor trucks! If you don't want to fight, why don't you go across and drive a motor truck?"

He ran an uncertain finger under his collar. In that letter, she went on, relentless, my brother sent me this clipping. Read it, please."

He took the scrap of paper from her hand and read it through, dumbly, then handed it back.

"There!" she exclaimed, "a silver bugle, it says. Pete chose the bugle and it will go on sounding until Gabriel's trumpet, I'm glad for Pete. Why should I cry, I'm glad—glad!"

Excitation shook her voice. "And I only pity you! You with your motor trucks and your—salary."

Her smile flashed, suddenly, like a rapier. "Eat your three square meals a day! Tuck your bib under your chin, for fear you should lose a crumb. Slacker!" she stammered, and was gone. Then, it seemed, Life slammed a door on Pat McKeen's blanched face.

That evening Julie Allen entered the Home Club, humming. She and Nicky Rinn had been strolling down Riverside. The spring dusk there was very sweet.

Nicky had asked her to marry him—when the war was over. Would spring dusks still be sweet then? A wistful smile curved her lips as she paused at the door of her room.

The light was out, which meant Kathleen was abed. Softly Julie turned the knob. Out of the darkness a high, unsure voice sounded. "The lines wobble so! I can't make them come straight. Three squares a day! Three squares a day, isn't that funny, Pete?"

"Kathleen!" Julie whispered. The strange days that followed were like a succession of horrid dreams to little Julie. Dusks seemed all rainy. Nicky Rinn was preoccupied because his friend, Pat McKeen, had left town suddenly.

Kathleen, these sweet, last spring days lay, passive, in a hospital. "Complete breakdown brought on by prolonged nervous strain," a tortoise-shell-spectacled young doctor diagnosed to fearful Julie. Julie prayed incessantly, ridding often up the steep, front steps of the hospital to bring flowers—violets, stilly bunched, sweet arbutus, daffodils—but the black waves had their way with Kathleen.

As she was but twenty-five and strong, the day came when she moved from the languor and stretched out a thin hand. "Primroses," she whispered to the nurse, stroking the flowers softly, "yellow—like Ju's dress." That was the beginning.

Spring with its incessant renewal, its eternal healing, worked the old miracle. Or was it Julie's prayers? At any rate, the day came when Kathleen took her place at the Home Club. Oddly thin, with bobbed black hair, she looked an out-and-out Greenwich villager. Immediately, she called for pencil and drawing pad—as any other woman would have asked for a mirror. By this Julie knew that her room mate was indeed recovered.

Kathleen caught the drawing pencil and held it tightly, as if she feared being parted from it again. "I've got to make up for lost time," she eyed, she told Julie. "I'll draw twenty-nine magazine covers—"

"Ought you, do you think, so soon?" her room-mate gasped. Kathleen nodded a sage, crooked head. "I want to," she explained. Julie had given up, long ago, trying to understand the mad mercurial temperament of the artist. She threw up despairing hands.

"Yes, ninety-nine cover pictures," Kathleen repeated, "and one war poster for the government—please God!"

The cover pictures were done with the old ease but with a new strength of line. So suffering lends new beauty to art. Among the mountains where she and Julie went to elude the heat Kathleen thought long on the poster for the government. "It must be better than my best," she stated, "for my country as well as a memorial of Peter." She could speak his name now with all pride. The black wave had all ebbed long ago. "The picture must be young and eager. Glad too!" she added. It was all she had wished it and a little more.

For a long time the poster was displayed in every shop window, in every public building and on every billboard. It probably called more to the colors than anything of the kind during the War. All who saw it remember the figure of the boy who lunged, gun in hand, across the shell-scarred reaches of No Man's Land as across a football field. Nor does the boy's face fade in the memory. It was so eager, high-spirited, glad! Across at the good humored ugliness of it the grim smile was like a shaft of light. Who has forgotten the eyes? Eyes of Saint George of England—alayer of dragons.

After a while Kathleen became accustomed to seeing the poster everywhere and her days began to drag a little. Perhaps it was the effect of the fall of the year on her mercurial temperament. Though she still worked hard on the magazine covers, sometimes her interest in them flagged.

One dispiriting day of October rain as she entered the lobby of the Home Club a page passed, chanting her name.

"Miss O'Connor—Kathleen O'Connor—Miss—"

"Yes," Kathleen breathed: "what is it?"

"Caller," the page disclosed, laconically and led her to the red and gold ugliness of the public parlor. No one had thought to turn on the lights here, and Kathleen came blinking into a very blindman's holiday. Someone stepped to meet her. Someone familiar, yet oddly different. Kbaiki clad!

"Why, you've come back—at last!" she faltered.

"At last! You said it," Pat McKeen echoed in bitter flippancy. "You're a soldier," she said, amazed.

He laughed shortly. "Just a private, that's all."

Her eyes, queerly soft, lingered on his face. It was very pale. On the left cheek a long scar stood out, cruelly distinct.

"Your face," she faltered.

"Shall I answer," he explained. "I was a month in the trenches. My arm was smashed up there—they patched it wonderfully. You'd never know it had been hurt." A hint of the old smile flickered in his eyes.

"Then," he continued, "I came down with rheumatic fever."

She winced, her eyes filling. Then, standing before her like a schoolboy reciting a well-learned lesson, he spoke. "That night I saw you last," he said, "I went out, crazy, mad, determined to do something to make you take back what you said. I thought of aviation, at first, because—well, there seemed more chance of limelight. I wanted to do something spectacular so you'd know. They wouldn't take me for the aviation. I went into the army, then, hoping to get the Cross of Honor somehow."

He laughed, shortly, "I didn't." He laughed, shortly, "I didn't."

She did not speak. Standing there in the half dusk, with clasped hands and bobbed hair, she had a curious look of Joan of Arc about her.

McKeen spoke again. "I got over to the trenches and into the thick of the thing. There's no glory about it all. You people over here don't understand! It's mud and horror. But," his blue eyes sparkled, "it gets you! I want you to know," he finished, "that I'm glad I went—glad you sent me. I can never come back to three squares a day again. That's all."

He saluted stiffly, as Saint George might salute Joan of Arc, and turned to go. Through the room rang a sound. He wheeled about, incredulous. Kathleen was huddled in one of the velvet chairs, her face hidden. Through the half dusk came her sob—the terrible, choking sob of the woman who seldom cries. In an instant he was kneeling beside her. "Don't, dear," he advised, huskily, "Don't now."

"Oh," she moaned, "if I had let you go again—like that!"

His wonderfully-patched right arm folded about her. "Do you care, then," he questioned, "a little bit?"

"Care," she choked; "care? Would I have hurt you so, before, if I didn't care?"

Pat McKeen's mouth opened, amazedly, at this glimpse into the astounding psychology of woman. "And I thought," he muttered, "you hated me."

She laughed softly, through the tears. "Dear," she faltered, "you must forget all I said to you—then. I was not quite responsible. I was taken ill soon after, with nervous breakdown."

He patted the cropped dark head. "Life's been darn hard with you," he said huskily.

"It doesn't matter, now," she told him.

"Out there," he said, "I thought a lot of you. I wanted you so, Kathleen."

There never was a girl like you! You jolted me awake. What a conceited fool I was before you—"

A soft hand stopped his words. "No," she corrected, "just—asleep. You waked up. I always said you looked like St. George of England. Now," her voice rang gladly, "you are more like him—brave, humble—"

tion of Joan. Claire Ferchaud has uttered prophecies concerning the War that have been fulfilled exactly. After many difficulties she has had audiences with sceptical authorities and has impressed them with her super-knowledge. She has composed several works worthy of a St. Therese, works that have commanded the attention and the respect of ecclesiastical authorities. It is believed, in Catholic circles, that she has been visited by Our Lord under the image of the Sacred Heart and entrusted with a definite mission which she proclaims publicly. She has repeated untrustingly that victory will come to France when she again becomes religious, and the Sacred Heart is carried on the Tabor.

"What shall we say or think of this 'new Joan'?" is she, like Jeanne d'Arc, a messenger from on high, sent to lead France back to God and so, to victory? We know it to be most true that France has wandered far from God and caused great anguish to the Sacred Heart of our dear Redeemer. Men, high in authority, have sought to blot out the name of God, "to put out the lights of Heaven, to bank the fires of Hell." France was in a fair way to become an infidel nation. She has been scourged by the awful ravages of the world's greatest war. She has been laid low in the dust, blighted and bleeding. And now that the justice of an angry and outraged Father has been satisfied, it would seem that He has sent a messenger with a healing lotion, to pour the oil and wine of His aid and grace into her frightful wounds. "Come back to God! Come close to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and all will be well." The French people, in general, have heard and answered the call. The soldiers wear the badge of the Sacred Heart on their uniforms. But the emblem is prohibited on the regimental flags. France, as a nation, is not yet wholly converted to God. There are some in high places who still retain, though guardedly, their hatred of and enmity to the true Church of God. As with the individual, so with the nation. A complete turning away from God can only be satisfied by a complete conversion. In the light of such facts, we are impelled to look on Claire Ferchaud as another Joan of Arc, another Joan.

But with due humility and obedience, we must wait and pray for the guiding voice of Holy Mother Church. We will receive the message of the peasant maid with all reverence, but we will not acclaim her until all doubt as to the authenticity of her mission is removed, until the Holy Spirit has spoken through the Vicar of Christ.

Catholics must never lose sight of the fundamental fact that the earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof. The world and its destinies lie in the hollow of His hand. He has scourged the world before, because of its iniquities. His hand is no weaker now, His arm is not shortened. Though nations stray from Him, He is ever near to bring them back with a simple admonition or, if need be, with a strong hand.

The present War has its place in the designs of God, and it will end only when that purpose is accomplished. It has been well remarked that since the last Sunday in June, when the whole Catholic world was on its knees in supplication before the throne of God, the Blessed Sacrament exposed on the altar, the tide of war has turned in favor of the Allies. Prayer and pious offers, offered as a supplication, as a reparation, are the means to bring the world from sin to God, from turmoil and carnage to peace and victory. Let us support Claire Ferchaud in her noble endeavor to bring her country back to the Sacred Heart. She may not don armor, and on a white charger lead the army of France to victory, but if, through her prayers and prophecies, she converts France, peace and victory will surely follow. Our prayers to this blessed end should be unceasing and fervent.—Brooklyn Tablet.

Seated in a train the writer was asked the question by an intelligent fellow-traveller: "Is it true that Catholics are not permitted to read the Bible?"

To a Catholic the question appears ridiculously absurd. He knows how it was the Catholic Church alone which preserved the Holy Scriptures for the world, how it is within the Church alone that the inspiration of the Sacred Books is firmly held by every member of her fold, how the daily reading of the priest consists in the recital of the Psalms and Scripture passages, how from the pulpit every Sunday the Gospel texts are read, and how every Catholic is encouraged to familiarize himself with the Word of God. He knows of the exhortations of the Holy See that the New Testament in particular should be most widely promulgated among the faithful, while the entire Bible is an open book to every Catholic. The Church makes but one provision, and that is that the text used be an authorized version, with the proper annotation of difficult passages that call for a brief word of explanation.

And yet Protestants are not to blame when they ask us the question put to the writer. Incredible as it may well appear, the ancient myth is still circulated as freely as ever in Protestant literature, that the Bible is withheld from Catholics. It is with patience, therefore, that such questions must be answered for the enlightenment of the honest inquirer

into Catholic truth. There is no ignorance more profound and regrettable than that which still exists in the secular and Protestant mind, regarding all things Catholic. The spreading of the khaki covered New Testament among our troops may at least partly help to dispel the fundamental error that Catholics are forbidden the Holy Books, which the Church has so diligently preserved for them throughout almost twenty centuries.

But we need only go back to the beginning of the Protestant religion in England to turn the tables upon Protestants themselves. It was the illicit passion of Henry VIII, for Anne Boleyn which was the real origin of Protestantism in England. Yet the opinion that Henry VIII, held regarding the use of the Bible in English on the part of the common people can best be judged from the following enactment passed by him in 1548:

"The lower sort have so abused the same (the Bible in English) that they have thereby grown and increased in divers naughty and erroneous opinions, and by the occasion thereof fallen into great division and dissension among themselves to the great unquietness of the realm."

"For remedy whereof, it is enacted that no woman except noblewomen, and gentlewomen, and no artificers, prentices, journeymen, servingmen, of the degrees of yeomen or under, husbandmen or laborers shall read the Bible or New Testament in English upon pain of one month's imprisonment for every offence. But all others may read to themselves, and to none other, any text of the Bible and New Testament for their own edifying and increase in virtue."

—34 and 35 Henry VIII., C. I.

We challenge any Protestant to produce a similar passage from the enactments of the Holy See.

The general distribution of the Bible was made possible only through the art of printing. Hence the stress laid by Protestantism upon the reading of the Bible alone is evidently not of apostolic origin. The earliest Christian had no New Testament to read, since it had not as yet been written; but the teaching of the Church was conducted then as it is conducted today. Hence the inconsistency and impossibility of Protestantism in insisting upon the Bible alone, and the unshaken position of the Church in insisting upon the same essential methods that were available to the Christians of all ages, while at the same time urging every Catholic to acquaint himself directly with at least the New Testament text.—Rev. Joseph Husslein in Our Sunday Visitor.

Soft words soften the soul. Angry words add fuel to the flame of wrath and make it blaze fiercely. Cold words freeze people, hot words scorch them. Bitter words make them bitter, and wrathful words make them wrathful. There is such a tremendous rush of words in our day that it is especially desirable for each one of us to see that kind words have their chance among others. There are vain words, and spiteful words and silly words and warlike words. Don't forget the kind words. They produce their own image in men's souls, and a beautiful image it is. They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. Why not let them have a larger place in all our lives?

Patience waiting is often the highest way of doing God's will.—Collier.

BELGIANS THANK HOLY FATHER

Pope Benedict has received from Cardinal Mercier and the clergy of the Archdiocese of Malines the following letter, which speaks for itself:

"Most Holy Father, Desire Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines, the vicars-general of the metropolitan church, the canons and clergy of the Archdiocese of Malines, humbly lay at the feet of Your Holiness the expression of their homage, their veneration and filial affection. It is with feelings of special gratitude and happiness that they approach the Holy See. While on the point of applying, in their own case and for the government of the Church, the Code of Canon Law which they have received from your august hands, they wish to express to the Supreme Pontiff the feeling of entire obedience with which they have welcomed this

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CATHOLICS AND THE BIBLE

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ANOTHER JOAN?

France has been deeply moved for some months past by the words and deeds of a young peasant woman, Claire Ferchaud. Her case has been, thus far, so much like that of the Maid of Orleans that the query upmost in the minds of all concerned is: "Another Joan?" One recalls that France was in a similar state of distress when Jeanne d'Arc, divinely inspired, came to her aid. At that precarious time, the enemy had overrun France, and ominous defeat stared her in the face. Then came intervention and aid from on high in the person of Joan. This humble peasant maid was at first derided and scoffed at, then heeded, tested and tried, and finally given the chance to fulfil her prophecy; victory for the French arms and the coronation of the French king at Rheims. The sad ending of her life is but a personal note in her history; her mission was accomplished.

The eldest daughter of the Church has been in dire distress again, as recently as six months ago. Vast German armies made her fair lands desolate and Paris, her gay capital, has been threatened twice by the so-called Huns. In this, her second dark hour, another peasant maid has appeared to save her. She has spoken and acted like a re-incarna-

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splendid monument of Holy Mother Church. It will be to them a source of the greatest possible happiness that in their diocese and for all interested this shall have full force and shall regulate and defend for the good of souls Christian discipline. It is not for them to add their praise to exalt this noble testimony of paternal solicitude; nevertheless they may be allowed to welcome this benefit with gratitude and happiness, they may be allowed, as devoted children, to rejoice that a work so great, so fruitful and glorious for the Church, initiated by your predecessor of undying memory, has been happily concluded and established for the government of the Catholic world by Your Holiness' desire and care.

And a further great joy which increases the universal gratitude to Your Holiness has been brought by the news just received from the Holy See that the bells and organs of the Belgian churches, already condemned to destruction, will be preserved for Catholic worship and the veneration of the faithful. Every one must see that if our parishes have been spared such a serious injury that is due to the firmness and prudence of Your Holiness. This fact is indeed worthy of being put on record and will be thus learned by our descendants in the history of Belgium, and they too like those of our time will celebrate and exalt the glorious name of Benedict XV., as that of a noble protector and benefactor of Belgium.

"The undersigned, while expressing to Your Holiness their sentiments of veneration, implore of the Most Sacred Heart of Jesus that the Divine aid may not cease to comfort and support the common father of souls, stricken with such terrible anxiety for all the churches, while this carnage continues, and they beg for themselves and their faithful the Apostolic Blessing, harbinger of celestial favors."

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