

Jimmie called them to hold the clothes line taut so he could walk on it, so they had to stop talking and the morning wore merrily away.

The Perkins themselves were surprised when their mother called them to dinner. Margaret hung back in sudden embarrassment, but Sally took her hand and called, "Ma, can't she come too?"

"Yes, bring her along," Mrs. Perkins answered without so much as a look at the little guest.

"Isn't it luncheon?" Margaret whispered when they were all wedged around the small table in the kitchen.

Sally gave a shout of laughter. "No," she said, "it's dinner."

None of the Perkins were on a diet. They took the gifts the gods provided—usually pork and greens, with a plentiful supply of potatoes—and Margaret ate of the viands as freely as any one present. Dinner was not a formal affair, and the children finished the meal in short order and returned to the yard where Jimmie introduced a new game, for which the dry basin of the duck pond furnished inspiration.

It was spearing whales and hauling them out with a rope, and everybody but Jimmie himself took turns at being the whale. The sport was exciting, and Margaret, for whom its novelty added great charm, shrieked with delight to see the contortions of Adeline Perkins as she swam upon the cement surface of the pond.

Mrs. Perkins smiled at the sound. She was a motherly woman, but her ideas about raising children were hopelessly primitive.

"It do seem hard that them children is got to be turned out o' their home," she said to herself, and then her mind ran to her husband. "I guess he used to play that way himself," she thought. "Walkin' on the fence rail' slippin' down the shed."

Her heart was full, but Jerry Perkins found her face as cheerful as ever when he came in slowly at dark.

"Seems like I can't think of nothin' but the old house goin'," he said when she rallied him on his silence.

"Never mind," she exclaimed. "I got sausages for supper. Can't you smell 'em cookin'?"

"Ma, can't Margaret stay to supper?" asked Sally, appearing in the doorway.

"No, she'd better run home, her people will be lookin' for her," Mrs. Perkins answered.

"Where does she live?" asked Jerry.

Sally pushed Margaret into the room. "Tell Pa where you live."

Margaret told him and Jerry sat up and looked at her.

"What's your name, Miss?" he asked.

"My name is Margaret Isabel Burnham," said the child.

Mrs. Perkins dropped the bread-knife she was holding. "For the land sakes!" she exclaimed.

"Have you been here long, Miss?" asked Jerry.

"I came this morning," Margaret informed him.

"Well, I don't suppose there's no more than two dozen policemen hunting for you by this time," said Jerry. Margaret looked so terror-stricken that he added quickly, "They ain't going to get you though, because I'll take you right on up home before they run on your track. Get a shawl, wife, be commanded."

Then Mrs. Perkins got her best shawl and did not use the tablecloth, as she would have done under most circumstances, and Margaret, having embraced Sally, started up the hill with Jerry while all the little Perkins stood with their mother in wonder at the door.

Evelyn Burnham and her husband had come home at the top speed in the automobile upon receipt of Miss Roger's excited telephone message, and had spent the afternoon in unavailing search and frantic communications with the police station. Miss Rogers herself had even interviewed Jimmie Perkins, but Jimmie was quite sure that he had not seen Mr. Burnham's little girl, and had retired to the yard to institute a new sport. So the little house was passed over, and anxiety in the big one grew with each passing moment, until at last Margaret's shrill, childish voice sounded from the porch. Frank Burnham dropped the telephone receiver and, rushing to the door, lifted his child in his arms.

"Here she is," he called, and Evelyn ran madly down the stairs.

Nobody noticed Jerry until he said apologetically, "If you please, ma'am, I'll take the shawl."

Then Frank Burnham looked at the man. "Why, Perkins!" he exclaimed, "I didn't know it was you."

"Yes, sir, it's me," said Perkins. "We wouldn't have kept her so long, but it wasn't till I came home we found out who she was."

"Well, we can't thank you enough, Perkins," said Burnham.

"That's all right, sir," Perkins murmured awkwardly. "I guess it ain't no more than you would do for one of mine."

Burnham felt a sudden twinge of conscience and wondered if he would have escorted one of the little Perkins home.

"Thank you, Perkins," he said again, and held out his hand.

Jerry took it, and then, after an embarrassing moment of silence, Evelyn came to thank him too, and Margaret called as he went off, "Give my love to Sally."

The Burnhams were uneasy as to the effects of Margaret's adventure. Her rosy cheeks and brightened

eyes made them suspect a "temperament." So they hurried her to bed and sent for Doctor Askew who, however, laughed and said it was the first time the child had seemed normal since he had been attending her.

"Wasn't it good of Jimmie to let me play?" she asked.

"It was, indeed," he answered. "Most boys are so particular."

"Jimmie is the nicest boy I know," Margaret declared, "and Sally is the nicest girl."

"I believe that's so," the doctor agreed.

He and her mother were sitting on Margaret's bed and her father hung over the footboard while she recounted gaily the story of her day.

"I had turnips," said Margaret gleefully.

"Turnips!" her mother almost screamed.

"How did you like them?" the doctor asked.

"I liked them," Margaret answered, "and I liked the meat, too."

"Probably pork," the doctor suggested.

"Do you know what Sally told me her father said the other night?" she asked suddenly in awestruck tones.

"Let's have it," the doctor answered.

"He said the devil had clapped his claw on their little house and it would have to go, so they are going to move next week, and Sally cried."

Margaret seemed about to weep herself, and her father cleared his throat.

"It's too bad the devil can't be induced to take his claw off the house," said the doctor, making a shrewd guess in his mind as to the facts of the case.

Margaret's father said evasively, "We'll have to see what can be done about it."

There was a twinkle in the doctor's eye, and when the grown people went downstairs he said to Frank Burnham, "I want to give you a piece of professional advice—don't let the Perkins family leave the neighborhood. Sally alone is worth her weight in konic."

"I believe the doctor is right, Frank," Evelyn declared as they talked it over later. Then her voice grew wonderfully tender as she said, "How pretty our Peggy looked in that old shawl!"

THE NUNS OF FRANCE AND THE WAR

Barbara de Courson in America

Many articles, even books have been written since the War, to celebrate the courage and self-sacrifice of the Red Cross Associations, whose members have devoted their lives to the assistance of our stricken soldiers. Among these brave women, nuns belonging to different Religious Orders, have a place of honor, but in general, their work in this respect is less widely known than that of the nuns of the world, who left their homes to take up the life of hospital nurses. This comes from no desire to minimize or ignore the work of the religious, but as our readers know, they shun, rather than court attention and have a marked aversion to self-advertising. Moreover, the very fact of their being nuns, that is to say women, whose vocation implies total self-renunciation makes even their heroism appear the natural consequence of their state of life. This is, after all, our indirect tribute paid by outsiders to the religious vocation that carries with it, as an essential condition, self-sacrifice in its highest form.

Nevertheless, it is only just that the work of the French nuns since the War began, should be made known however briefly to American readers. The same readers have not forgotten that some years before the War, the anti-clerical French Government drove the nursing Sisters from the public hospitals, and on this occasion, the medical men who might perhaps have interfered successfully in their favor, failed to do so. Now these same surgeons and doctors are eager to secure the nuns' services and openly recognize their value as sick nurses in times of danger and overwork. A nun's sacrifice of her life to a higher ideal is made on the day when she puts on her religious habit and it is a small matter to her whether the sacrifice is accepted sooner or later. She is free from the strong and tender ties that bind a wife and mother to earth; and there are times when the latter's home duties may clash with her required professional service.

At the outset of the War, certain religious women, who nursed the wounded soldiers near the eastern frontier, were through circumstances forced into positions of unexpected responsibility. One of these was Sister Julie, who belongs to the Order of St. Marks of Nancy. She was superior of the hospital of Gerbeviller, a little town of Lorraine which the Germans entered on Aug. 23, 1914. Sister Julie is a woman of over sixty, solidly built, short and square, whose homely features are redeemed only by an expression of combined kindness and strength. She is a woman of deeds, rather than of words, impatient of compliments and impervious to flattery. When the German officer in command entered her hospital, he had a revolver in one hand and a naked sword in the other. Sister Julie kept close to him when he insisted on visiting the wards where lay the wounded French soldiers. She reminded him that they were helpless and must be respected, and carefully replaced their bed coverings, when he threw them

aside to see if their wounds were real. Hearing that the church was on fire, she flew to the spot, rescued the ciborium from the tabernacle and communicated herself to save the Blessed Eucharist from profanation. Early in September, the little town was taken by the French and at a moment of intense stress and confusion, Sister Julie was, to all intents and purposes, the "Mayor" of Gerbeviller. She provided food for the troops, and remedies for the wounded, while, at the same time, she encouraged the civilians who came in contact with her invigorating personality. For her services, Sister Julie was given the Legion of Honor by the President of the Republic, a mark of consideration that she neither expected nor desired.

At another little town, Clermont en Argonne, a Sister of Charity, Sister Gabrielle, was at the head of the local hospital, when news of the Germans' approach spread like wild fire through the country. The civil authorities fled and the military authorities, who were ordered to leave, offered to take away the Sisters. "Can you also remove the old people whose home is at the hospital?" asked Sister Gabrielle. This was impossible for motor cars were not in sufficient numbers.

"Then I remain," she said, and alone in the deserted town she waited. After a terrific bombardment the German made their entrance and broke into the hospital. Sister Gabrielle was there; she spoke no German, but explained in French that her house was an asylum for old people but that she had beds to spare for the German wounded. "According to the laws of war and obeying the precepts of my religion, I will nurse your wounded with entire devotedness, but you must spare the town and the hospital."

The officer promised, but a soldier having set fire to the neighbouring houses, Sister Gabrielle again interfered, and she argued to such a good purpose with a German chief that he gave orders that the fire should be put out. That of the town perished, but the hospital was saved through the presence of mind of this brave daughter of St. Vincent. Like Sister Julie, Sister Gabrielle was mentioned in dispatches and decorated by the French Government.

The Sisters of the hospitals of Arras remained at their post in the bombarded city when the inhabitants fled and their attitude was praised by their Bishop, the late Mgr. Lobbedey. A young Augustinian nun was killed in the wards; as she fell she said, "I offer my life for France." The diary of a Sister of Charity of Arras is instructive; it is very simple reading, the writer tells of the havoc wrought in the doomed city during the month of October, 1914; how the Sisters led their daily life, catered for provisions, provided for their orphans, their sick and their poor, and between whiles said the rosary with a perfect faith in God's protection.

Another journal which has come under my notice was written in a convent of Champagne and records the arrival of the Germans, who, revolver in hand, searched the convent. The writer relates events in a quiet, matter-of-fact way, that speaks volumes for the spirit of the community. When the roar of the cannon prevented them from sleeping, the nuns went to the chapel and said the rosary. "Each one resigned herself to the will of God. We are in His hands." They evidently had talked over the possibilities of being killed and, writes the Sister, "We thought we preferred to die by a mitrailleuse than by a revolver."

The battle of the Marne delivered the nuns from their unwelcome guests, who beyond pillaging the houses did no further harm. The annalist dwells cheerfully on God's loving mercy and protection and passes lightly over material losses.

Since 1914 similar scenes have taken place at Reims, the martyred city, that has only lately been evacuated by its Archbishop, Cardinal Lucon. The members of several communities were, at their urgent request, allowed to remain after the greater part of the inhabitants had been removed by the military authorities; among these nuns the last to leave Reims were the Sisters of Charity and the little Sisters of the Assumption, the nurses and servants of the poor. As long as any poor and sick remained in the cellars, where the people dwelt night and day, the Sisters had work to do and they did it with a cheerfulness that is a charming form of heroism. In the course of last winter one young Sister was sent back to the mother house in Paris for a rest; she obeyed orders, but her heart was at Reims and when she was thought fit to return there her delight was unbounded. It struck even the official from whom she had to demand the necessary passport; when the paper authorizing her to return to the bomb-swept city was put into her hands the little Sister colored with pleasure and next day, as her companion on the occasion expressed it, she went away as if she were going to a fete. When Cardinal Lucon left the town the little group of nuns who had remained in Reims followed, the city being given up to the troops.

All the French nuns have not experienced the tragic adventures that made Sister Julie and Sister Gabrielle famous, but throughout the length and breadth of France they have worked unceasingly on behalf of our wounded soldiers. The nuns of Soissons, of Compiègne, of Bethune and of Bayonne, have been mentioned in dispatches and given

the Croix de Guerre. The French nuns of Bagdad were decorated by Sir Stanley Maude a week before his death in recognition of their devotedness to the wounded British soldiers. Others, whose work lay outside the army zone have expended the same devotion on our soldiers, but the happy results of their influence will only be revealed hereafter; till then they are content to work day after day, humbly, silently, shunning rather than court attention, their eyes and hearts fixed on the Master to whom their lives are consecrated.

It has been my privilege since the War began, to be in constant touch with the nuns who direct a hospital for wounded soldiers in a Paris suburb. Before the War the house was the novitiate of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, the servants of the poor. The novice had been removed to the provinces and the villa, like building, surrounded by trees, is a hospital for French wounded soldiers. A few ladies are allowed to help the Sisters in their work, but it is the nuns who direct and govern, who dress the wounds and exercise a strong and softening influence over their guests.

I have noticed, during nearly four years, that in general, whether he is religious or not, the French soldier prefers to be nursed by nuns; he has a curious sense of possession where the Sisters are concerned. It is awkwardly expressed, but one gathers the meaning that underlies the words: "The nuns think only of us," said one man, and another: "The Red Cross ladies are very kind, but the Sisters belong to us."

Another observation that results from my close contact with the French nuns of 1918 is the utter futility of the accusations brought against the nursing Sisters, when, some years ago, the Government drove them from the hospitals.

They were said to be old-fashioned in their methods, averse to science, careless in their ways, etc. Whether or not these charges were well founded, they cannot be made now. The nursing Sisters are certified Red Cross nurses with the proper training and they have passed the regular examinations, without which they cannot deal with serious cases, and they are fully competent.

It is not only in the hospitals that the nuns of France serve their country at a moment when its energies are taxed to the utmost. They are the good angels of the refugees, whom the recent German advance has driven from their homes. The

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other day at the Paris Gare du Nord arrived 150 little waifs, boys and girls, who came straight from St. Omer, then furiously shelled by the enemy's airships. They were under the care of four sweet-faced Sisters of Charity, around whom they gathered when the train stopped. At the request of the director of the canteen the children were marshaled into a big room and fed with bread and milk. It was good to see their reliance on the Sisters and the latter's gentle authority over their little flock; evidently under the shadow of the white cornette the children felt safe. This reliance also exists among the soldiers. In September, 1914, the hospital of Senlis, crowded with wounded French, was shelled by the enemy. The nuns walked up and down the wards saying the rosary. "Do not leave us, Sisters," cried the helpless soldiers. "If you are with us we feel safe." Their confidence was rewarded. The hospital walls were partly destroyed and the furniture shattered, but no soldier was killed. This feeling of reliance is made up of respect and affection. It speaks volumes for the attitude of the religious women, who, for the last four years have been the good angels of thousands of stricken fighting men.

INFLUENCE OF NEWS Daniel O'Connell or some other Irish leader, is reported to have said: "Let me write a people's songs and I care not who makes its laws." According to Frank Parker Stockbridge, former editor of the New York Evening Mail, the modern version of this maxim might run thus: "Let me

control a nation's news and I care not who writes its editorials, preaches to it, or conducts its schools." This view no doubt ignores the guiding influence of genuine religion and truly Christian schools. But Mr. Stockbridge's confession contains a lesson for us Catholics. In a series of articles he exposes his former colleague, Dr. Rumely, manager of the Evening Mail, which was bought by German propagandists some years ago. Mr. Stockbridge states that he favored war against Germany, and when he engaged to work on the Evening Mail he demanded absolute liberty of action in handling news, saying in substance:

It is all the same to me what you put on the editorial page. That does not influence any one. The place where the poison (!) works are the news columns, and you can have my service only on condition that I have complete control of the news section and no one tells me what is news and what is not news.

Juvenile delinquents who have frequented moving picture shows sometimes tell the judges that they were merely trying to imitate some "movie" hero or "heroine" when they committed their offense. What objectionable photoplays are to children that sensational newspapers are to vast numbers of people who had never had the good fortune to be grounded in Christian principles, sound views of life, and some knowledge of history and the world in general.—Catholic Tribune, Dubuque.

ARCHBISHOP MUNDELEIN ON THE CATHOLIC PAPER Archbishop Mundelein says of the Catholic newspaper: A Catholic newspaper or journal is today a necessity in the crowded centers like our cities, as well as in the sparsely settled country districts. It is a necessary supplement to the Catholic pulpit and to the Catholic school. It is the one means of publicity we have for correcting erroneous reports and doctrines, for conveying needed information on important topics and events to our people and through them to our Catholic neighbors. It is the written word of the Catholic press that supports the spoken word from the altar.

The editor of a Catholic paper is in reality participating in a divine mission, for he is sharing in the priest's mission of teaching; even as the religious teaching the little ones in the classroom, he is teaching the grown-ups in their homes and in

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