

"Of course," Jasper nodded understandingly. "Money has been tight with us lately, hasn't it?" he said.

"Tight?" Marcella laughed a little. "It's been ironbound, that's what!"

Jasper looked pained. "But of course in a little while I'll be getting all kinds of money—" he began.

"Of course," Marcella interrupted impatiently, "but in the meantime I need some ready money—"

"Oh Marcella!" Jasper remonstrated feebly. "I—couldn't I—take the back room?"

"No, you couldn't—and what's more, you wouldn't," he sister responded ungraciously enough.

"What's the matter now?" Marcella came out of her brown study.

"Nothing," he said meekly. "Miss Danny," he cautiously "is she—"

"Nice?" briskly from Marcella. "She's lovely. You've never met her, have you? Well, as Jasper shook his head dejectedly, "she'll be fine to have in the house—so bright, so charming, so interesting—if Uncle Josephus," gloomily, "was one-half as pleasant—"

"Uncle Josephus is all right," Jasper put in. "He's not a great talker, but I'll not quarrel with him on that score."

"Neither will I," said Marcella briskly. "When did you tell him he could come?"

"I—I told him I would ask you about to-morrow," Jasper looked at his sister appealingly.

"That means you told him he could come to-morrow!" Marcella's face was stern, but there was no undue menace in her tone. "Well . . . I see the day's work I have before me!"

"And with a brief good night she vanished up the stairs, leaving Jasper to lonely meditation on the two additions to their household. It was plain that Miss Danny was scheduled to come to-morrow also."

Miss Danny was a newcomer in Clifton, where she had come to take care of a superannuated relative about a year before. Being a woman of superior attainments as well as of interesting personality, she soon became much sought in many quarters.

Marcella had fallen a victim to her charms the first time she had met her, and Jasper had been hearing a great deal of Miss Danny in the past few months. He had an idea that Marcella was particularly happy to have her in the house, and since the relative for whom she had cared had died recently, he surmised that she would want to stay indefinitely.

"A houseful of people," he grumbled as he took his way to bed later. "It won't seem like home any more."

It transpired, however, that Miss Danny could not come the next day after all. By superhuman efforts, and assisted by a woman whom she had in for the purpose, Marcella had gotten the two rooms ready by the next night. But only Uncle Josephus came, so delighted to be "taken in," as he phrased it, that Marcella was quite touched. She had never realized that her handsome bachelor uncle was lonely, in fact had never given much thought to the matter, for he had always been so dignified and reserved, not to say cold, that Marcella had never formed any very warm attachment to him, though Jasper had always been devoted to him.

that Marcella and Jasper had dubbed her "The Easter Lady."

"She certainly believes in making people happy," Marcella remarked.

"You ought to get some of the credit," Jasper growled, since you're doing all the buying and sending."

"Good gracious, Jasper," indignantly, "I love to do it. That's only a pleasure."

"Anything's a pleasure that we do for the Easter Lady," he grinned.

It was 8 o'clock on Easter Saturday night. Jasper had gone out. Uncle Josephus was upstairs, and Marcella was in the living room opening a big box of flowers which she felt sure came from Miss Danny, when the door bell rang. It was the Easter Lady in all the glory of spring clothes, more than delighted to see Marcella and very glad to be "home."

They were so busy with their greetings that they did not hear Uncle Josephus descending the stairs until his foot was on the last step. Then Marcella turned.

"Oh, Uncle," she called gaily, "here is my Easter Lady—I want you to meet her. Miss Danny, this is my uncle—" She stopped, for the two before her were staring at each other in a fashion that was quite disconcerting to say the least.

"Why, Joe!" Miss Danny said. "How do you do, Geraldine?" Uncle Josephus said, trying to appear at ease, but failing most woefully. There was an embarrassed pause until Marcella said:

"I didn't know you two were—" "Acquaintances?" Miss Danny put in quickly. "Oh, yes, I used to know Mr. Carey years ago." She was slipping off her coat, and looked inquiringly at Marcella. "Shall I go up to my room?" she inquired.

"Just a moment," Marcella said, with a worried look. "I hear the telephone. It's sure to ring when you are the busiest!" As she hurried into the dining room she had an uneasy feeling that she was leaving two very uncomfortable people behind her.

It was a prolonged conversation of special interest to Marcella, but before long she was relieved to hear voices in the hall, so that she did not feel called upon to cut her friend short. When she found herself in the hall again there was no one there, but the sound of subdued voices came from the living room beyond. She stepped to the door.

What she saw made her back hastily out of sight in a panic of amazement. Uncle Josephus and Miss Danny were holding hands and looking most ridiculously happy! Here was a surprise indeed! She slipped quietly into the dining room again and closed the door.

It was not long until Miss Danny came looking for her. There was a softened, eager look on her face which showed signs of recent tears. What she said Marcella all about it as the latter helped her unpack. It was the usual story of a foolish quarrel between two proud, high-strung, young people, recently engaged, who thought more of the indignity of "giving in" than of the wreck of their lives. That had been twenty years ago, when Josephus Carey spent a year in the West, coming back rather silent and misanthropic. His friends thought they had never even heard from each other since, and he had not the slightest idea that his one-time fiancée was in this part of the world until they met in the hall.

"Picture his amazement!" exclaimed Miss Danny, radiantly, "and picture mine! I had no idea that he came back here, for it had been his intention to settle in Omaha. We lived in Los Angeles, you know, and I little thought that I would ever drift here. I suppose it was fate, though," she smiled, "in the shape of my dear little friend Marcella."

"It's lovely," said Marcella, heartily. "I'm glad for you both; but," she added, a little ruefully, "here I'll be losing both my nice roomers."

Miss Danny blushed. "Well, not right away," she murmured.

But Uncle Josephus decreed otherwise. There was no reason, he declared, why they could not be married at once, seeing that they had already lost so many years of happiness.

"And to think they are coming back here!" Marcella exclaimed joyfully as the car whirled out of sight. "You like her, don't you, Jasper?"

"Oh, yes, she's very nice," Jasper admitted indifferently enough. "But Uncle Josephus—" He paused and smiled mischievously at his sister—"We can stay right here with these young people," he said. "The house is big enough, and our presence and the sharing of expenses will be just the lift they need at present. In a year's time Jasper will be well on his feet, and by that time the people to whom I leased my house will be leaving. Then I can take my bride to her own home. What do you think?"

ARCHBISHOP HAYES

DECLARES IT HIS PURPOSE TO KEEP BEFORE HIM IDEALS OF THE GOOD SHEPHERD

In reply to the address of the clergy and the laity on the occasion of his installation as Metropolitan of the archdiocese of New York Archbishop Hayes spoke in part as follows:

"I have been deeply touched by the addresses just made through the spokesmen of the clergy, of the chaplains, and of the laity. Could ever a Bishop be more favored than myself? Sincerity, affection, loyalty, service, reverence and obedience—all pledged to me by a clergy that is an ornament to the eternal priesthood of Jesus Christ, and equally by a Catholic laity body that is a glory of the Church of God. In my very heart of hearts I am stirred with the keenest possible sense of gratitude, consolation and encouragement. How blessed and favored is the Church in New York with its Archbishop, its clergy, its religious, its laity—all united in the strongest practical faith, in unparaltered peace and harmony, in an uncommon affection, but with a common purpose, to pray together, to labor together, to progress together, to sacrifice together, for God, for Church, for country."

OBLIGATIONS OF LEADERSHIP
"Upon your new Archbishop falls the grave obligation of spiritual leadership, in a place and at a time, when leadership, never more needed, looms up more than ever fraught with terrible and far-reaching responsibility. There is a most emphatic call and demand for courage, wisdom, prudence, and hopefulness of a very high order. Strange, mysterious and dangerous are the currents of thought, action, aspiration and policy, with under and cross currents, some swiftly rushing heedlessly on, here and there, others strongly and steadily setting in, the whole world over. All may be for everlasting good, if leaders in Church, State, scholarship and industry live, move and have their being in a realm founded on principles of justice and right, of sacrifice and unselfishness, of large sympathy and unbounded charity."

"No leadership can excel either in principle or practice that of the Good Shepherd, Christ the Saviour of the world, whose majestic stature, divine teaching and inspiring example live on through all centuries that were, that are, and that can ever be. His is the way, the truth and the life that mark and bless with surety, safety and happiness the pathway of human progress both in time and for eternity. Put aside that leadership and neither nations or individuals can long be leagued together without conflict, hatred and bloodshed."

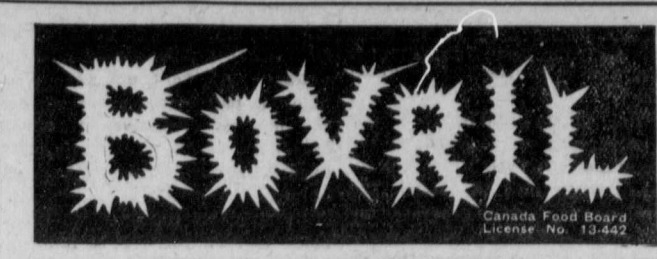
A PROVIDENTIAL POINT

"In every land extraordinary leaders have arisen, statesmen, military geniuses and strategists, builders of industry and creators of untold wealth of organizations; yet, the leadership of the great White Shepherd of Christendom, our Holy Shepherd of our unique and preeminent. Nothing else like it. Though misrepresented, misunderstood, calumniated and charged with all manner of offense, Pope Benedict XV, calmly and fearlessly spoke with the authority of Christ, in the name of the Prince of Peace to the entire world and pointed out to the warring nations the way to an honorable, just and permanent peace among men. Belligerents and neutrals profited by the many noble acts of service that the Vicar of Christ alone was able to do by reason of his sublime office and exalted position. The Supreme Pontiff was humanity's Priest, Prophet, Father, Friend. Time and history will prove it."

"Let us take America. The great heart and soul of Benedict XV. went out in paternal love and tenderness to the Catholic men of our own glorious army and navy. The Pope appointed a military Chaplain Bishop, charging him with the duty of shepherding, in the name of Christ, those wonderfully brave lads of ours who risked all that America might live. No one has been made happier than our Holy Father by reason of the thousand Catholic priests serving during the great war as chaplains with the colors at home and abroad, with a magnificent record of heroic courage and noble service. Benedict XV, has been more than gladdened to know how loyally, patriotically and unselfishly the Catholic Church in America, through Bishops, priests and people supported the government in every possible way during the awful world conflict. It is more than significant that our Holy Father has deigned to take America's first military Bishop and elevate him to this See, one of the largest and the most important dioceses in Christendom."

FOR GOD AND COUNTRY

"These many months past I have been far removed from New York both in spirit, in thought, and in fact. In obedience to the commission from the successor of Peter I consecrated myself entirely to the service of my country for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. All that I was, all that I had, all that I could do, I gave most willingly and most generously to the army and navy of the United States. I had no other thought or desire during the days of the war. Love of God, love of Church, love of country possessed my whole being. Had I felt or done otherwise I could not have been faithful to the mission confided to me by Benedict XV."



"I now return to you as the head of this archdiocese, bringing with me, I trust, greater wisdom, ripper experience, enlarged vision, and even more Catholic enthusiasm for service."

SINGULAR TREASURE

"Another gift I also bear to New York—a singular treasure, namely, an increased and intensified unctio of episcopal spirit and zeal, the fruit of a most intimate and holy association during the War with the flower of the American priesthood in army and navy."

"Think you not that I profited spiritually much by reason of the reverence, obedience and affection more than a thousand noble and brave war chaplains gave to me, their military Bishop! Before my eyes there pass the chaste soldiers of Christ, garbed in the uniform of the United States army and navy. Hundreds of secular priests from all parts of America and its insular possessions, followed by sons of Alphonsus, Augustine, Benedict, Dominic, Francis, Ignatius, Paul of the Cross; and again they with Fathers of the Holy Ghost, of the Holy Cross and of Mary Immaculate. 'Quam jucundum fratres habitare in unum!'"

MAY MINISTRY PROVE BENEDICTION

"May God grant that as Archbishop I live true to the graces and blessings showered on me this day. If I be but faithful to the apostolic commission handed me this hour by the Sovereign Pontiff through his illustrious representative, the Apostolic Delegate, I shall serve not only my God and my Church, but my ministry and rule shall prove a veritable benediction not only to my own flock, but also to this wonderful city, to its citizens of every blood and creed. And he that serves and blesses New York serves and blesses the entire nation."

"Your Excellency, it is simply impossible for me to express my sentiments of devotion, affection and gratitude to you. New York has revered and loved you since you first set foot within its hospitable and loving walls. This reverence and love have gone on increasing with the years. Revered you are by the episcopate, the clergy and the faithful throughout our great United States. But New York yields to none in its loyalty, obedience, and reverence to you officially, while claiming, in a very particular manner, an affection all its own for you personally as one of the best and dearest friends of our late lamented Cardinal Farley. May our dear Lord bless and prosper you all your days!"

"My sincerest gratitude and warmest affection go out to the Right Reverend Bishops of the Province, to our visiting prelates, to the clergy, the religious and the faithful of the archdiocese; to the distinguished officers of the army and navy; to my dearly beloved sons, the army and navy chaplains; and to the representative citizens not of our faith, who honor the Archbishop of New York by their presence here today."—Catholic Transcript.

THE DRIVE ON THE CATHOLIC SCHOOL

In several States of the Union, vicious and unscrupulous enemies of the Church are urging the enactment of laws to destroy the parochial school. Much to the shame of their honest and straightforward citizens, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Missouri and Florida, are sorely harassed by these professional bigots who at a time when harmony and concord are most needed are striving to enkindle the baleful fires of hatred. Although a standing menace to American ideals of political and religious liberty, their machinations, utterly devoid of honesty and common decency, seem to have placed them in a position from which, under cover of law, they can put an end to every school in which the name of the Saviour is spoken with reverence.

How any American, particularly if he call himself a Christian, can align himself with this scheming crew, must remain a mystery. The drive on the Catholic school is un-American because from the first days of the Republic the right of the parent to send his child to any reputable school of his own choosing has never been questioned. It is un-Christian since, whatever their protestations, the fact cannot be denied that the object of attack is the only school system in the country which insists that the child be allowed, from the dawning of reason, to participate in the heritage given him by the Saviour of the world. In the Catholic school alone is the child led to understand the true dignity of man as an image of Almighty God, and a being destined for union with God in eternity. In no other school is he the sacredness of submitting to authority, since all lawful authority is derived from God, and has its sanction from Him. The value of these teachings in the promotion of peace among citizens and in forwarding the true prosperity of the State, is obvious.

As yet, the larger American States have been spared the plotting and

intrigues of these anti-American politicians. It would be dangerous, however, to believe that the future is secure. The attack is deferred, not abandoned. As long as a crucifix hangs in a schoolroom, recalling to innocent hearts the story of God's great love for the world, so long must we be prepared for the attack.

SIR WILFRID'S LOVE FOR CHILDREN

TOUCHING STORIES WHICH LIGHT UP CHARACTER OF GREAT MAN

Sir Wilfrid Laurier in a very real sense was passionately fond of children. He relaxed to them, he loved them, and they loved him. Many are the stories told of his interest in them. Children seemed to get closer to "the Chief" than anyone else. There were times, in the stress of big events, when matters of policy were to be determined, when situations had to be gauged and met, when Sir Wilfrid seemed to shut himself behind an expressionless face to do his thinking. His friends and lieutenants sought counsel from him then without an instant relaxation. At the time of the long naval debate and parliamentary embroglio, when the threat of closure was in the air and all the strategy of statecraft was being brought into play by both parties, a Liberal caucus waited anxiously one winter morning for the advent of the leader. Newspaper men who proceeded to the main entrance eagerly watching for his coming witnessed the septuagenarian spending the valuable moments preceding in the snow with his walking stick and seeking to locate a "lost mit" of an all alone baby girl, who was crying pathetically at her loss and the cold. It was only when the missing mitten was found and restored and the child had been comforted that Sir Wilfrid turned his attention to the waiting caucus and the problems of the moment.

ANGLICANS AND SCHISM

Thirty-three of the Anglican clergy of the diocese of Bristol have a grievance against their Bishop which has recently been given publicity in the Montreal Gazette. The Anglican Bishop of Bristol had invited a Congregationalist minister to participate in the thanksgiving services for the armistice, recently held in his cathedral. In their letter of protest his clergy objected that:

"To allow ministers of religions bodies separated from the Church to take part publicly in her services, though they deny her authority, reject her priesthood, and repudiate some of her doctrine, is to condone schism and make it of no account."

To this the Anglican Bishop replies in a long letter, denying that the views here expressed are those of the Church of England:

"They are not those of the body as a whole, nor do I venture to think of the majority of its members. To speak of 'separatists' from the Church of England as if the schism was theirs alone is to ignore the whole history of the past. In the eyes of the Roman Community the Anglican Church is regarded precisely as you regard Nonconformity, and to the Christian world at large a theory of the visible Church which can result in such mutually destructive effects stands surely self-condemned."

In consideration of the many contradictory doctrines held at present within the Anglican Church, it really does not seem to matter very greatly what a member of the Church of England may decide to believe or to deny. The Bishop of Bristol and his Congregationalist friend, who was invited to participate in the public service in his cathedral, can hardly differ more greatly in their views than Anglicans differ among themselves. The teaching of St. Paul that even were he himself or an angel from heaven to announce any other doctrine than that of the Church, he should be anathema, can hardly be logically applied by those who through their adherence to

them toward him, now half-frightened. He bowed and took them. He kissed her. Then he drew a single sprig from the bunch and fastened it upon the lapel of his coat. And when the great man mounted his car and waved his hat to the cheering hundreds there was one happy little girl who feasted her eyes upon a faded wild weed blossom still drooping on his breast.

"PLAYING CATCH" IN WILDERNESS

Sir Wilfrid never lost a chance to "make up" to the little folk. He travelled on the first passenger train over the National Transcontinental from Fort William to Winnipeg when construction gangs were still at work and the primitive condition of the country caused the workmen to be housed in log and frame shanties along the line, and took a remarkable interest in the several children who had accompanied their pioneer parents to the wild picturesque outposts of coming civilization. He was the earliest riser on the train, and one morning, when the call of breakfast found him missing, there was some anxiety as to whether he had lost his way in an early morning walk through the bush. "No need to worry," volunteered Mr. Fred F. Pardee, the Chief Liberal Whip who knew his Chief well; "you'll likely find him outside somewhere with the youngsters," and Mr. Pardee was right. Sir Wilfrid was "playing catch" with a sturdy four-year-old behind a nearby shanty.

POSED FOR A NEW KODAK

One day as the train lay in a switch near Humboldt a boy mounted the steps with a new birthday present and explained that he wanted to take his first picture of "Mister Laurier." A few moments later the tall figure was standing patiently on the track while the juvenile photographer "got it right." The little fellow secured first-hand what scores of correspondents and local photographers had for weeks been struggling with crowds and erecting pedestals to obtain—The Globe.

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