TWO

"The Tragedy of Chris," "Nanno," "Onora," etc

CHAPTER XXII "IT WAS THE YEARS THAT COME AGAIN"

HER' Father Faby was a proud old man on the day he married Shan and Mary Sullivan. Bess was brides-maid, and Miles was best man, and

Mary was in her own house, on her own little farm : and Shan declared that not only was there an increase of comfort in the home, but that even the soil grew richer, the cattle fatter; and that the hills and sky and lake had become ten velier than they were, before Mary had been gazing at them for one week, from her husband's door-

Another miracle which was be lieved to have happened, was be-return of Mary's youth. The sad lines had disappeared from her face, her rounded cheeks had regained their carnation tint, and her eyes which had always kept their flowerlike blue, shone again, full of light, like the eyes of a girl of twenty.

Her savings in America served to make many improvements about the place, and seeing that the Sullivan's farm had become a little centre of thrift and comfort in Killelagh, people began to say that this going to America of the girls was after all a good thing, if they would but work and save as Mary did, and come back again to marry the lov ers who had been working hard at home and waiting for them. Old Owny was jubilantly triumphant in his retractation of every remorseful word he had ever spoken as to the part he had played in preventing an earlier marriage. Was there in all Killelagh as happy a pair as his son and the wife he had waited And wasn't life prospering with them now, while with other ople's affairs it was all a run down After a few months the landlord would agree to sell, and then there would be a fair outlook for the future. Under Mary's care Owny had in fact got a new lease of life, and was looking forward with de light to seeing his grandchildren about his knees before he departed for heaven. Tom and Meg Donohoe were silent

as to their thoughts about the matter : and as for Mrs Darmody, she had peculiar views which she shared liberally with her daughters; the result being that the hopes of Bess fell lower and lower, and the prospect of gaining her mother's con-sent to her marriage with Miles seemed to recede into indefinite distance.

She sought comfort a good deal with Mary, and the end of another year of patient waiting found her helping her friend in the manufac-ture of a number of small garments, the production of which caused in women a certain rapture.

God is so terrible good to me." said Mary, "that I ought to be on my knees from morning till night, an' still not thank Him enough ! Every blessin' he has got He's givin' me, an' now here's more than I had

a right to expect, maybe." "Mary," said Bess with sudden tears. s, "its a poer thing to say (for know my heart's in your happiness, an' was, every step o' the way), but the more you're happy an' over every one o' your troubles, the by everybody, was sitting in her high more my mother's set her word again' Miles. You got everybing by waitin', an' you're on the land, an' Shan has pulled himself up, an' and went all round the house saying and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, an' Shan has pulled himself up, an' and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, an' shan has pulled himself up, an' and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, an' shan has pulled himself up, an' and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house saying by waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house say waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house say waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house say waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house say waitin', and went all you waitin', an' you're on the land, and went all round the house say waitin', an' you're on the land, and we

THE RETURN OF MARY O'MURROUGH BY BOSA MULHOLLAND wife. Miles is a good, sober, indus-trious boy, and he will give your daughter as good a life as God will enable him. They've waited as long as seems good for them, and if you show them no encouragement they will not wait longer. This the last word house seeking to comfort Mrs. Der-But to no one would she answe I have got for you. If you say 'No' to me today, I will marry them toa word or show her face. morrow morning." Mrs. Dermody gave a cry, and When the talk about the marriage

threw her apron over her face. " Come now, Mrs. Dermody, what

made, and she moved about her house radiant with joyful anticipafarm, an' Bess on the ditch ?" "You'll not see her on the ditch," said the Father, "for they'll be off to America. If you change your mind, come up to me this evening. If you don't, the young pair will be with me in the morning. And when they're married you need?" Shan went round his fields tion. and yard beaming with happiness, and received the congratulations of his neighbors across the fence or through the gaps with uncharacter be with me in the morning. And when they're married you needn't be complaining of anybody.

As this was only the last of many such conversations, the priest felt that there was nothing more to be said, and he left the woman in the field with her cows, where she went on with her business, pondering over her trouble with an unrelenting bringing covenant of better days, folded between tiny hands, hovered like a dove with spread wings over the little homestead.

A week later, Bess came to her mother one day and said : "Mother, I was married to Miles

brow

Donohoe this morning." Mrs. Dermody turned her back on

Donohoe were roused from their sleep to find Shan Sullivan beating on the door and the window, and calling on Meg in the name of the the girl, and eat down at the fire without answering. Anne Bridget came forward and kissed her sister, and wished her joy. "Miles is a good boy Bess, and my

Meg.

hoarsely. "I'm riding to Ballyorg-lin for the doctor. You'll stay with her till I come back !" mother will get over it. There was no sound from Mrs. Dermody.

We're going to stay at the forge mother, till the next ship's goin' out, Still there was no reply from the

other. and the house of the district doctor. Then Bess came behind her and

kissed the side of her cheek, and went out. Miles was waiting out-side for his wife, and together they one month was spent by the young

was so well !" "Whisht !" said Moya. married pair among their friends, and then the day for departure arrived. "I would have liked to have waited

orse that's carryin' him !" to see you over it, Mary," said Bess, "but we have to go. There's a place waitin' for Miles, and it won't wait any longer. God take care o' you, Mary. Will we ever meet in this world again, do y' think ?" Meg slipped past her through the "You'll be comin' back, Bess. Your prayers."

mother 'll be sendin' for you." "I'm feared Miles 'll never come the priest. "Don't disturb her." He went down on his knees beside

back, once he's gone." "He will, he will," said Mary. the wan face and continued his Didn't I come back? Anybody may pleading. come and be happy, when they look at me.

"O Saviour, spare this woman to her husband! O Christ who raised the dead give us this precious When the hour for parting arrived. Bess went round all her friends say. life-Mary's eyes opened and fixed them. ing good-bye. Father Fahy prayed over the young husband and wife, and gave them a last few words of selves on the old man's lips praying for her, and a tender smile flitted

counsel; and then came the final over her face. scene between Bess and her mother. "Hold me f Hold me fast, Father !" she said. As she entered the door, trembling Shan will want me." 'You're willing to go, Mary, if God with the grief of the parting, Mrs the calls you ?' 'I am, Father."

standing crying on the threshold.

She's conscious." whispered back

Dermody stood upright in the middle of the kitchen floor. A good deal of change had been wrought in the strong woman since the evening when with uneasy thoughts she had heart steady on Him while we're followed her girl to the Cross roads praying.

dance, and parleyed with the black-smith at the forge. The good natured, matter-of fact face, with its occasional touch of tenderness, had de-veloped hard lines, and bitter expressions were growing familiar to it. Her favorite daughter had disappointed her. Bess was going with the emigration, among the paupers, while Mary O'Murrough, once pitied by everybody, was sitting in her high place on the land. in heaven, and the legions of the the idea?

There was a little stir at the door

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

as to whether Owny's arrangements for securing a prosperous future for his son might not, after all, have been for the best in the long run. But "God is good !" was the final comment made, after severy conversation on the subject.

> CHAPTER XXIII CONCLUSION

Owny died without ever realizing and departure of Bess and Miles had subsided, the next excitement at the mischief he had wrought; nor do Shan and Mary dwell too much on Killelagh was caused by the expected happy motherhood of Mary Sullivan. All her little preparations were the mistakes of their years of adversity and struggle. The little farm (which is now their own) is fairly prosperous, and they are happy in each other; but whenever a young lamb leaps in the field, its shadow falls between them. No shadow falls between them. No child of theirs will ever chase the shadow fulls butterfiles or string the daisies, or butterfiles or string the daisies, or clamber over the dykes and ditches of the pastures of Killelagh. The stool outside her butterfiles or string the stool outside her bank, nearly three thousand dollars. For a man just turned thirty that was a fine above-average equipment. Especially for a man who most butterfiles or the stool outside her

door with a letter from Bess in her lap, full of raptures, all about her children who are stronger and bonnier, says the mother, than any other children either in the New World or the Old. But they are American boys and girls, and there is little hope of the longed for return of the father and mother to Killelagh. Work is constant and exacting, and Then, suddenly, there was a loud old age comes on freely in that land that pays freely, but will have youth cry in the night, and Tom and Meg and unimpaired energy in ample return for its generous wage !

Mrs. Dermody is feeling the weight Saviour to get up on the instant and come to his wife. is to go in the second been bought by a black stranger who has turned the little home into a A few minutes more, and Meg was hurrying across the fields, and Shan Winnie galloping like a mad horseman over and her family are not established the road that lay between Killelagh there for the comfort of her own there for the comfort of her own declining years and the welfare of When Meg arrived breathless at the contryside? But she avoids all the Sullivans' door, old Moya was discussions with Tom Donohoe, who, discussions with Tom Donohoe, who,

Jon't say she's gone " cried are all fitted to America, still stur g. "It's too quick. An' her that dily maintains his wonted position in an argument. " The "We done our part, whatever," he

though his fine sons and daughters

priest's wid her. God help Shan when he comes back! Betther for mer, which is as vehement as ever, if a little less thunderous. "An' it is not our fault if there him if he broke his neck off o' the never will be childher more round

the rings of Killelagh." THE END unless

A GOOD PROVIDER

By Albert Payson Terhune in Extension Magazine

It was a sample-size ambition of course. Not to be mentioned in the ame breath as an aspiration to be president, or plutocrat, or champion niddleweight pugilist, or superinten-lent of the Works. But large or dent small, it was an ambition.

From boyhood it had been Harry Cowan's life-aim. And he had achieved it. Which puts Cowan in a class by himself, as compared with most ambition-victims.

To end, once and for all, the kill-"That's right, child. Go or stay, whatever is His will. Keep your in my story at the vory start-Harry ing suspense-and, perhaps, by anti-Cowan's eternal ambition was that he be rightly known as "A Good

praying. Mary closed her eyes with a look of great peace, and the prayers went on, all in the room joining in the responses. Not only was the Lord Himself cried upon, but the Mother whose asking was granted at Cana whose asking was granted at to this in Galilee was summoned to this poor bedside, and faith in the Com-the needs and the comforts of life. munion of Saints was testified by Yes, that is an awkwardly incomplete a free invitation to all the blessed definition, I know. But you catch

see, his father had not been a good provider. Harry had heard his as the doctor drove up on his car, mother and the neighbors say so fifty times or more. Because the A very few such conquests as thatand an agent is a rich man. Not only does he stand out as a king from his knees, the women stood back, and the doctor, a young man fine sewing. This had done bad among the small fry who must con. ent themselves with writing policies with a kind face, bent over the things to her eyes and to her spine that range from one to five thousand the room except the two nursing had it served to keep Harry well clad

Phone Main 6249: After Hours: Hillcrest 8813 The year after his National Guard days, of a standing weekly invitation service expired. Harry Cowan mar-ried. His bride was Maida Greer, stenographer to Mr. Beatty, the Vesuvian Life Assurance Companys second vice-president. The Vesuv-the wedding present to Maida had Society of St. Vincent de Paul

Her wedding present to Maida had Beeching vice president. The vesuv-ian was also the company which em-ployed Cowan himself. Maida was a good girl—clever, quick, warmhearted, more than a little pretty. She loved Cowan dear-ittle pretty. And Cowan, in his heart of hearts, was calmly certain she was a hearts, was calmly certain she was a

Miss Haskins (after a long cros examination as to his character, his habits, his position, his pay and his savings) had expressed an open ap proval of Harry and Maida's sense in marrying him. Which was lars a week. Also, he had, in savings bank, nearly three thousand dollars. For a man just turned thirty that Yet, as she was the only plutocrat of his acquaintance-the only speci-men of the rare breed whom he

could approach within arm's length -Cowan marked her for his prey. If he could write a policy for Miss Alethia Haskins, his fortune would be made. Not only his fame, as an achiever of the impossible, but his financial fortune. The news that she had succumbed to his policy ing wiles would open dozens of other golden doors to his touch.

Now, as any sportsman can tell you, no duck hunter will blow horns or ring bells or hire a brass hand to accompany him when he creeps to the dawn-misted marshes in quest of snugly comfortable. Modest dona the shy canvasback duck. If he did tions to church and to charity were he would go duckless to the grave. like Miss Alethia Haskins, a canvasback duck is as tame as a cow and as

Had Harry called on Miss Alethia armed with a pocketful of insurance pamphlets and an oft rehearsed eloquent speech of appeal, that would have ended, once and for all, any acquaintanceship between the Cowans and the rich spinster. Had he brought up the subject of personal In the back of every husband's insurance-tactfully or otherwise-brain lurks a secret horror-a form. during one of their dinner reunions rifying shape only in moments of blueness, or sickness, or of sleepless-uess-the horror that fata final victory could be dreamed of. support his wife; that a long illness, or an unbroken streak of bad luck, ease his standing as a good provider. Then, all at once, the whole world turned upside down. Not Harry quinine-and fifty times more un upside down. And it stayed there. One half of it had been upside

down for nearly three years. And otherwise they would spend—to fight the world with fiercer energy for the In brief, the United Stated plunged into the world War. From one end of the land to the

other rang the cry for men. For men-men-men! For men to fight, for men to drill embyro fighters, for men to take the place at home of those who must fight in Europe Grimly, calmly, and with

hysteria of excitement, the call was answered. Not with clamorous bliss. Its first effect was to make him double his own life insurance. marches to the needful toil of the him double his own life insurance. marches to the needful toil of the day, the men responded-they responded by the thousand, by the hun-dred thousand. And the draft swept up a vast percentage of those whose

response had been overslow. insurance agent there are a host of small prizes—the agent's share of a "prospect's" first premium; the per-face scum of America into martial

depths-firm and deadly calm. But ever, beyond and miles above bese, towers the Great Chance-the chance of securing some "prospect" whose policy will amount to one

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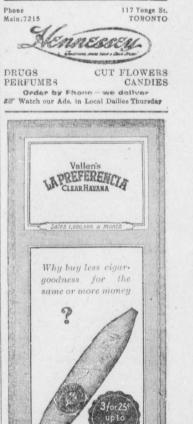
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blend of beauty and wit that would have made Lillian Russell and George Eliot look like the woman who came Miss Haskins (after a long cross

in on alternate Wednesdays to wash the office windows. Cowan was on salary, plus commission, when he married Maida. And his income averaged forty-two dol-

The couple settled down to the

routine of wedded life in a cozily cheap and cheaply cozy flat, well within their means—a flat which both gravely believed to be the most wonderful in the whole city.

And life went on, along just the lines Harry had so long ago mapped out. The home was pleasant, convenient, nicely furnished. The food was plentiful, if not fanciful, and of

good quality. Maida had all the clothes and all the amusements her simple taste craved. So had her usband. The two were smugly and their chief expenditures, apart from And compared to a "prospect" the paying of their weekly bills.

Harry Cowan's life ambition was realized. He was a good provider. He knew it. Maida knew it. Even their few intimate friends knew it. There was no room for argument. He was a good provider. Added to which he was still putting a few dollars in the savings bank nearly every month. What more could he ask of

the Lord or of man?

day render it impossible for him to support his wife; that a long illness, or an accident, or death, may leave

his wite a pauper. It is a wholesome thing, this hor-ror. As wholesome as castor oil or palatable. It is wholesome because it spurs men to work harder than otherwise they would—to save what otherwise they would spend—to fight extra dollars. It is wholesome, too, in a way, because it keeps insurance companies from closing their doors :

and savings banks from turning into motion picture theatres. It is un-palatable because it is a fear-an ever-present fear. Even to good pro-viders-I mean, especially to good providers.

This fear presently began to rear its pallid face above the smooth sur-face of Harry Cowan's matrimonial extra illness or accident policy. Its third was to start him gunning

for the big rewards of his profession. In the career of a fairly successful insurance agent there are a host of centage on ensuing premiums; the gradual upbuilding in this latter way of all income that is independent of calm and firm, to her immeasurable later toil.

istic effusiveness, while old Owny chuckled to himself at the fireside, and brooded over the blessing that was about to descend on the home that had for so many long years been childless. Farm sales and rent day were for the time forgotten, and the hope that a messenger from God was

it's all the way my mother thinks it her farewell to the familiar nooks ought to be. Mary looked grave.

It's a different case," she said. "Miles isn't on the land, an' he hasn't it to look to, not unless herself was to turn around and leave it Maybe it's that she's

thinkin' of. My mother isn't an old woman, said Bess, "and please God she'll live long, an' maybe see us both down before she goes. An' if she means that, why wouldn't she take him in to be a man in the house for

Mary dropped her sewing, and said impressively

If she cannot be got to see that, Bess, I think you ought to take courage and marry." Bess wept. Her mother's blessing

was still a coveted pearl of great price to be set in the crown of her married happiness; and nothing more was said at that moment.

was soon after this, however, that Father Fahy went to look for Mrs Dermody in her grazing field, the home. where she was busy examining her

ee cows, in the manner of a careful farmeress.

Good morin', yer reverence. It's glad 1 am to see y', sir." " Same to yourself, Mrs Dermody.

I hope you'll be glad to hear me, too for I'm come to speak to you again about this affair of Bess and Miles. I'm going to marry them ; with your consent, I hope, but, if not, then without it.

Mrs Dermoäy looked at him nar-

rowly. "Y' never mean it, Father?" she said.

"I do mean it." said the priest "I've been talking to you about this Dermody, for some months back, and I promised the young people that if I could not alter your mind in a certain time. I would make them man and

sobbed.

and corners; into the little room off the kitchen, and up to the loft where hurried into the house, and passed Mary had slept; out, round the yard into the sick room. The priest rose and across the field, where the cows from his knees, the women stood stared at her indifferently with their back, and the doctor, a young man indolent eyes for the last time, and the old horse turned his head to her patient, signed for everyone to leave and to the length of her life. as she hid her face in his neck.

Then she came back to the house. women, and was obeyed on the Anne Bridget, who had followad her instant. all the way, still keeping by her side: After After a short time that seemed like and returning to the kitchen, she found her mother standing where an age the doctor appeared again. "She's doing very well," he said, 'I came just in time and the danger she had left her.

Another quick, unwelcome glance, and Bess walked to the fireside, knelt is over. But the child is dead." The old priest made his way to the door, groping as if blind with on the hearthstone, stooped and kissed it; then passed the thres-hold of the house door, and there strain and shock Meg followed him to the door. "Stay you here," he said. "I'm going to meet Shan and break the went on her kness again, and put her lips to the worn step over which the

Thank God it's no worse !' feet of those she loved were wont to news. A bit down the road . Shan, riding At last there was no more to do, furiously, having missed the doctor, save to make one last appeal to the turned a corner and saw the priest's

ther who was the life centre of face waiting him, a white mask e home. gleaming through the broken "Mother said Bess," will you not shadows of dawn, and thought he mother who was the life centre of say good bye to me and wish me

well, with your blessin' ?" "I'll not deny you my blessin'," said Mrs. Dermody coldly, "but it's little good to wish you well. You he had been pursuing the doctor, and sending messages from house to house, the long years of separation from Mary had been before him, and ould ha' been well here, an' chose to go. Y've done yer own his own cruelty to her in that blessed business in spite o' me. Y've made yer bed, ad' y' must lie on it." year that had at last brought her back to him had been hounding him on to despair. Could God be so good back to him had been hounding him on to despair. Could God be so good It was a cold, tearless cheek that

Bess kissed, wetting it with her as to spare her to him? weeping. She seized her mother's A whispered word from A whispered word from the priest, limp hand, kissed it passionately, and the hideous moment had flown. Your blessin', mother!'' she man's shoulder. and placed it on her head.

In another hour it was known all God bless y', Bess !" said Mrs. over Killelagh that Mary Sullivan but y've broke my was alive though her baby was dead.

and well fed; or to save the life of the baby sister who needed costly medical care.

Wherefore, the Gigantic Policy is the eternal dream of every insurance If only Harry's father had been a agent-a dream which is realized good provider! And, then and there barely often enough to keep it from in his own tenth year, Harry swore becoming a mirage. be one.

It was a childish resolve. But it was built upon black home memories that stamped it into the lad's soul with so deep a mark that the blurr-ing events of parochial school and of early manhood never sufficed to erase or even to dim it. He was go ing to be a good provider. On that he was fixedly determined. where.

Because modern conditions do not First of all, at long range, Harry often let a man marry at an age Cowan picked out his "prospect." when he and his wife can begin life She was Miss Alethia Haskins, an together, Cowan had no chance. for him. All through the hours while some years after majority, to put his woman who lived as simply as any

 Boild years into inition practice. But he resolution into practice. But he was in training for it all the time.
 shopgirl.
 Iv clean lives had manned that the strong and sound and brave. It was out of the herd of millionaires was his destiny.

 He worked hard and efficiently at bis chosen job of insurance agent.
 out of the herd of millionaires was his destiny.
 On the other hand, a lower but on the other hand, a lower but on the other hand.

his chosen job of insurance agent. quite logical. Miss Haskins had Without being a miser, he lived very gone to the same convent school as exercised a kindly supervision over the orphaned girl. prepared for a barren stretch. And

fer as did the wives of such men His amusements were the cheapest and most healthful he could find. In

this spirit he joined the St. Francis Xavier athletic team. In this same heart !" When Bess had passed out of the again' her," whispered one woman threw her apron over the solution of its late-growing doubt rising, bit by bit, to a lieutenancy.

hundred thousand dollars or more. concocted.

Which brings us back to Harry Cowan.

After the United States declared war on Germany, a felle hailed him effusively with : fellow agent

The

"Well, the old office will have at least one star for its service flag, eh? dollars, but his income is as solidly assured—and sometimes as large— With your National Guard training and that 'A-One-Risk' carcass of as is that of his country's President. yours, I suppose you'll be felling over yourself to enlist?"

'I am going if I can," replied Cawan briefly. For the first time since his mar

After the Gigantic Policy went Harry Cowan, harder than ever and riage he went home that night sick at heart. He loved this marvelous little home of his. He adored, with a new purpose goading him on. No he did not besiege the offices or all his soul the woman who had made the home for him. His life had the homes of rich men, with impor-tunities and mortality tabulations and a line of smart patter. That been so perfect, so solidly bappy And now

All his patrictism, all his fighting type of raw work is for novices in blood, all his military training called the business. And it gets them noon him to enlist-called him with a

voice that went through him like the breath of God. He yearned to go. It was for such a crisis as this that he had received his National Guard education ; that his ancestors' hardily clean lives had fashioned

gone to the same convent school as Maida's mother, and had always

Not that she had installed herselt How about

she might be—was not going to suf-had not. It would not be easy to han not. It would not be easy to imagine Miss Alethia Haskins as fairy godmother to anything or any. body, except to a savings bank book. She did not believe in foolish giving. She believed in it so little that the newspapers used to mit former half portion male, wearing one Ne believed in it so little that the newspapers used to print funny stories about her penuriouncess. No, Miss Alethia's benefactions to Maida had taken the form, in earlier

