

JULY 8, 1916

Enright sighed and lighted a cigarette. A look of unbelief, of bewilderment came into Calderlynn's face.

"I wish you'd explain yourself, Enright. What went wrong?" "Biggins," the young man leaned back, the cigarette dangling from his mouth at an acute angle.

Calderlynn smiled incredulously. "Biggins wouldn't take the money?"

"Biggins wouldn't do a thing. Old man Black talked himself blue in the face; broke down and cried like a baby. He offered Biggins, one million, two million, three million—just as true as I'm sitting here, he did—and Biggins turned him down flat."

The District Attorney seated himself on the edge of the desk, his head lowered and his teeth set. It was Judge Brady who next spoke.

"Mr. Biggins objected to the penitentiary part of the agreement, possibly?"

Enright started up and began to pace the floor.

"The penitentiary? Why, Biggins objected to a mere formal arrest. And you should have heard the way old man Black talked! He promised Biggins anything and everything. He said he'd have Biggins get off scot free, that he'd manage it somehow—kidnap him, if necessary—and give him anything in God's world he wanted, if only Biggins would let himself be caught in the act of bribing a dummy depositor in the fundamental. But Biggins was incorruptible."

Enright broke into a mirthless laugh. "Yes," he continued, "Biggins turned it down. That contemptible little shyster that's been doing dirt in law and dirt in politics for ten years in this town; that miserable little skunk whose record makes the man in the moon hold his nose; that little grafter that can't walk into any decent home without setting the burglar alarms ringing—Biggins stood there with a gasp, halo around his head and angels' wings sprouting out of his shoulder-blades. He's spoiled the biggest scoop of the year."

The thoroughly indignant young man ended his tirade in a violent fit of coughing, and subsided into his chair. The District Attorney chuckled and snapped his fingers.

"Well, never mind Biggins. At any rate, we've got the Fundamental people, and if—"

"But," interposed the Judge, "you were so positive about Biggins. You assured me, Mr. Calderlynn, that you were certain of being able to send him up for a term of years. Perhaps he got wind of your scheme."

"That's impossible, Judge Brady. Enright and I and a confidential clerk were the only persons concerned. He couldn't have guessed at my frame-up. But, anyhow, the Fundamental people—"

"Pardon me," the Judge resumed, "but I am not in the least interested in the Fundamental people." He arose slowly and twice paced the hearthrug, his white head bent in thought. Then he crossed to the door. "I am going to leave you to yourselves for a few minutes, gentlemen. I want to find out if Brown-

ing is right." He smiled at the look of amazement that came into the faces of his guests; then he quietly left the room.

"Browning?" Calderlynn queried, frankly nonplused.

"Forget it," Enright grinned. "I never yet met a retired justice that wasn't dippy on some fool thing or other."

The Judge was back in the library some five minutes later. He walked over to the fire of soft coals burning in the grate and rubbed his hands, smiling the while.

"Gentlemen," he announced, whisking about, his hands clasped behind him, "one question is puzzling all of us more or less: Why did Biggins refuse the money? It is likely that we shall find out very soon."

Calderlynn, seated by the desk with his hand buried in his hands, looked up quickly. Enright grinned and crossed his legs.

"I don't get your meaning, Judge Brady."

"My meaning is ridiculously simple, young man. At the present moment Mr. Biggins is probably in the act of getting into my motor car which I have sent to bring him here. My lifelong friendship with Mrs. Biggins, as well as my absorbing interest in human nature," the Judge added lightly, "warrant me in taking a rather extreme step. We all know Biggins and Biggins knows us. I am going to ask him, point blank."

"You're right, Judge Brady," Enright declared. "Maybe there's a story in this thing, after all."

"That is a matter upon which your journalistic discernment must pass judgment. But, rightly understood, Mr. Enright, there is a story in even the most seemingly trivial things—not a news story, perhaps, but certainly a beam of light on some phase or other of human nature. But I fear I am boring you, Mr. Calderlynn."

"Oh, go ahead, Judge Brady," laughed the District Attorney. "Don't bother about me. A man in my job, though, sees rather too much of human nature sometimes. Hello," he added suddenly, "that's your car tooting in the street. Now it's the sweat-box for Biggins!"

A strained silence reigned in the room when Manners held the por-

ties aside and Biggins crossed the threshold and hesitatingly approached the group by the desk. He was a small man, round shouldered and sallow, a fringe of thin, graying beard serving to hide in part his twitching lips. His eyes were small and piercing and had in them a shifting, hunted look. His frock coat was ill-fitting and unpressed.

Judge Brady stepped forward. "Mr. Biggins, I'm glad to see you. Gentlemen, please be seated."

Enright took out another cigarette and Calderlynn frowned. The Judge cleared his throat and continued:

"Mr. Biggins, my request for your presence here this evening was I admit, somewhat out of the ordinary, and I will come to the point at once. Here are the facts in the case. We three are in a position to know that this afternoon you were offered a considerable sum of money—"

"Three million in cold cash," prompted the reporter.

"To act as scapegoat for the Fundamental Insurance Company."

The face of Biggins showed unfeigned surprise.

"Furthermore," proceeded the Judge, "we know that you were promised what amounted practically to an immunity bath, a formal arrest and the consequent ill-repute being the only inconvenience thrust upon you. And we know that you refused to offer. Now, Mr. Biggins, we want to know—in strict confidence, of course—why you refused."

Biggins nervously rubbed his hands. His mouth opened and shut, and he gazed anxiously about before replying.

"You ought to know, your honor, without asking. No man cares about prison and disgrace."

Enright was on his feet in an instant. "You had better knock off on that bluff," he snapped. "They promised to keep you out of prison."

"And besides, Biggins," put in Calderlynn, his voice booming across the room, "a man of your stamp doesn't mind disgrace." He walked over to the shrinking lawyer and shook a menacing finger. "When you tell me that you turned down Black's proposition just because you object to the humiliation or arrest, you're lying, and you know it."

A faint flush—the merest symbol of his almost vanished manhood—came into Biggins' face.

"Mr. Calderlynn," the Judge interposed sternly, "kindly remember that Mr. Biggins is my guest."

"I'll try to, Judge Brady," Calderlynn growled, the image of a wolf at bay. "But I've got to remember something else, too. I've got to remember that at the present moment I am facing the man who for ten years has been the disgrace of the legal profession in this city and in this State. I've got to remember that this man has been mixed up in every thing that is crooked, and that no decent man would shake hands with him on a public street. I've got to remember that this man has done anything and everything not a technical offense. And now you expect me to listen to his infantile explanation and swallow it at one gulp? No, thanks!"

Words of remonstrance and of apology were on the Judge's lips, when Biggins suddenly started from his chair and put out a trembling hand.

"Judge Brady," he said in weak, hasty tones, "apologies are not necessary. The District Attorney rubs it in pretty hard, but in the main I guess he's about right. I know better than he can tell me my position in the legal fraternity. I know that at least eight times I came within an ace of forfeiting my right to practise in this State. And I know that I've been crooked."

"Then, Biggins," sneered the young reporter, "I'd like to know why you turned down Black's offer this afternoon?"

Biggins' head sunk lower. "Because, young man, it would necessitate my pleading guilty to a felony charge. And that's something I'll never do."

"Oh, nonsense!" Calderlynn belted. "You might as well be consistent. It strikes me that you've done a heap of things a great deal worse."

Biggins turned to the Judge as though he had not heard.

"A moment ago you asked for my motive. Well, I'll tell you my motive. My wife!"

The three inquisitors started. Calderlynn and Enright exchanged bewildered glances. It was the Judge who first regained composure. He saw that a sudden but apparent change had come over Biggins. The shyster now held his head high and his eyes almost glared. His shoulders were thrown back, his hands clenched by his sides.

"Your wife—Margaret?" asked the Judge, hardly conscious of what he was saying. "Doesn't she—doesn't she know what—"

"Yes, she knows what I am." The words came slowly, surcharged with emotion. "But the Biggins she knows isn't the Biggins you know. I've always been honest and decent and straight—with her."

"Do you mean to tell me," Calderlynn asked in a voice unusually low, "that your wife has never heard rumors?"

Biggins laughed mirthlessly deep in his throat.

"Oh, rumors! What do you suppose she cares for rumors? Rumors aren't proofs." He took a step forward. "Don't you see? You all call me shyster. Well, I'm no shyster with her. Now you know why I turned down Black's proposition. God knows, I need the money badly enough, but—can't you understand?"

I'm yellow through and through, and the world knows it; but she believes in me."

To this day Judge Brady cannot explain how Biggins left the room. But after a time the Judge found himself absentmindedly chewing at a cigar. Calderlynn was standing before the fireplace staring blankly at the curling flames. Enright abruptly threw away an unfinished cigarette and started for the door.

"Perhaps, Mr. Enright," said the Judge, "your experience here this evening has not been altogether fruitless. Surely, the public—"

"No, Judge Brady," the reporter smiled and shook his head. "There's no story in that. Good-night."

Calderlynn turned slowly from the fire. "I guess the rain has about stopped," he said. "I think I'll be getting off, too. You'll hear some interesting news about the Fundamental people soon."

At the door he stopped suddenly. "By the way, Judge Brady, you said something I couldn't make out."

"When?"

"While we were waiting for Biggins. You said you wanted to see if Browning was right. What did you mean by that?"

Judge Brady looked grave for a moment, then smiled and waved his hand.

"Don't puzzle over that, Mr. Calderlynn. It's only a hopeless book-worm like myself that could understand it. Good-night."

Left alone, the Judge drew the morris chair before the fire and sat for a long time musing. Expressions blending from gay into grave, and then into gay again, flitted over his face. At last he arose, walked over to an open shelf and took down a volume. He fingered the pages with the delicate, rapid touch of the book-lover.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed under his breath. And going over to the desk he took up a pencil and marked three lines:

"God be thanked, the meanest of His creatures Boasts two soul sides, one to face the world and one to show a woman when he loves her!"

—Will Scarlet, in the Rosary Magazine.

THE CATHOLIC GIRL WHO WORKS AND HER RELIGION

In these days of shifting opinions and changing beliefs, and of reptilian bigotry, the Catholic girl who goes out into the business world has a very special need of an all-around education, particularly as regards her religion. This is not only a need; it should be considered in the light of a responsibility, since whatever she may lack in the way of knowledge does not reflect on her alone, but on the religion of which she is, however humble, a representative.

Every-day life is full of indefinable, sometimes intangible, often direct, attacks on the persuasions of religion. The atmosphere is seldom entirely irreligious; it is chiefly unreligious, that is to say, utterly devoid of any relation to, or connection with, religion as a moving or considered power. Examples by the score might be cited to prove that the widespread indifference of the day has had more to do with undermining the Faith of weak-kneed Catholics than all the virulent attacks on the Church of the past twenty years.

What equipment, then, should a Catholic girl have who goes out into the world to earn her living in office, store or factory?

Given a young woman who has received part, at least, of her education in a Catholic school who comes from the average Catholic home where religion is as much a part of the daily life as is eating, she has acquired a complete set of instincts and safeguards which will be a strong protection against those insidious, darker dangers from which even the most innocent are not secure. But it is not enough, fine and wonderful though it be, for a girl to be high-souled and clean-minded; she must have those active forces of the mind that enable her to give an account of that which has made her so—the Faith that is in her. It goes without saying, then, that she should have what might be characterized as a working knowledge of her religion.

As in the world of work, so in a religious sense, the day of the "amateur Catholic" is past. To-day we need trained, educated, well-informed, zealous Catholic young women; trained in Catholic essentials; educated in the doctrines of their religion; well informed as to its history; and zealous always with discretion. It is not amiss to emphasize discretion. Those who go about with a chip on their shoulders, ready to take offense at the slightest word, are not the wisest champions of the Church's interests; rather it is those who, knowing what they know, seek "with the wisdom of the serpent and the gentleness of the dove" to instill the truth about Catholic doctrine and observance whenever and wherever possible, without arousing prejudice or awakening bigotry.

A Catholic girl in the business world should know the history of her Church to such good effect that she can recount, when necessary, some of its glories, and be able to refute some of the most common attacks on it, its saints and its practices; she should know how to explain the Mass and its ceremonies; to tell what is

meant by the Forty Hours' devotion and other well-known devotions, such as those to the Sacred Heart and May devotions; to be able to explain about sodalities, their origin and uses; societies, processions, the Sacraments; and she should be especially strong on the doctrines and rulings of the Church in regard to marriage and divorce. She escapes well if she is not put on the rack about the Inquisition at least once a year; and as for indulgences, the amount of "facts that ain't so," as Dr. Walsh is fond of saying, which a misguided non-Catholic can accumulate about indulgences, is one of the crosses which Catholic girls sometimes have to bear.

Books there are in plenty where a Catholic girl could find the necessary equipment for her battle with the forces of ignorance and irreligion. There, to mention no more, can be here recommended: The well-known "Faith of Our Fathers," by Cardinal Gibbons; the "Question Box" of Rev. Bertrand Conway, C.S.F.; and Father Martin's "The Religion of Catholics." The Catholic Encyclopedia is also an excellent book of reference.

The Catholic girl in the business world has a definite place and a definite duty. Let those who have her training in hand see to it that the foundation is strengthened more and more; that a deep and practical knowledge of her religion goes hand in hand with the essentials in character-building; that no effort be spared to inculcate those principles and virtues whose possession serves to make her, what she so often is, a shining light before God and man.

—Helen Moriarty in Extension Magazine.

INFALLIBILITY IS INDISPENSABLE

FALLIBLE "CHURCHES" USELESS

"Jacobean" is worried by "the claim made by the Roman Church to infallibility." No other Church makes such a claim, he says. Well, that is perfectly true; all the other Churches admit that they may teach error, and prove the truth of the admission by teaching error of every kind. But that in no way affects the prerogative of the Catholic Church. She is not fallible because the sects very properly confess that they are. Her origin is divine, theirs human; and "Jacobean" should ask himself how could a divinely founded Church, divinely commissioned to teach all nations, be other than infallible? He that heareth you, heareth Me," said Our Lord to His Apostles and their successors. Surely my correspondent will not deny the infallibility of Christ, nor assert that in hearing Him (in the persons of those He has appointed to teach) we hear error? The Catholic Church can never fall into error, never teach what is untrue, because God the Holy Ghost has promised to be with her always, to teach her all truth, and God must always be right, God cannot teach error. If the Church can and does teach false doctrine, what protection is afforded by the abiding presence of the Spirit of Truth, or rather, what has become of Our Lord's promises? A Church that teaches truth and error by turns, with no authority to decide which is truth, is a poor result of Pentecost. But the statement of the sects that they are unable to teach error, is a confession that the Holy Ghost is not with them, a fact sufficiently established by their variations and contradictions. The pastors of Protestantism cannot claim to be the successors of the Apostles in face of their repudiation of infallibility; obviously, he who hears them hears a fallible, therefore not a Divine, teacher. "He that heareth you heareth Me" could never apply to the contradictory sects which make up Protestantism. The Catholic possesses, for his faith, a logic that cannot be overthrown; he is a Catholic on the strength of a reasoning that is Divine. For what God affirms and guarantees must be certain; He has by acts and facts which are indisputable, affirmed the institution of the authority of the Catholic Church, an authority which is declared and exercised in His Name, and is, therefore, divinely certain and infallible. The Church has given, and is committed to give, what man is thoughtless to give, what man is enlightened to give, what man is enlightened to give, namely, enlightenment regarding Almighty God, the soul, the destiny of the soul, the true worship of the great Creator. The unerring voice of the Catholic Church has told man what he must believe and do. The same in science, civilization, human prosperity—reason will never pursue successfully to perfection the one and will never attain the others in any true sense away from the Church. The man of science, aided by every human invention, will succeed in doing little else than in giving the world a number of possibly clever, but certainly disastrous, theories and systems, if he lays aside the old Catholic classification of other facts—that there is a God, and a providence of God, that there are human souls with certain gifts, rights and duties, that there is sin, that there is a Divine Redeemer. The Catholic authority is the very principle of civilization, because it is positive and defining; it knows, it does not guess; it lays down dogmas no other can rules no other dare. The sects cast into the melting-pot this or that doctrine: the Church proclaims, maintains, and defends the whole of divine revelation as she alone can do, or has the right and power to do, being always infallible. But to put the question in a nutshell, will "Jacobean" say what

is the use of a fallible Church, what is the spiritual benefit of a teacher who may be teaching falsehood? After writing that "Presbyterianism is the expression of the genius of the Scottish nation," he says that "the Roman Church is not national." Granted; what then? Does he mean that she is a false Church because she is Catholic, or universal, not limited to one age, or to one country or race? If so, he might as well assert that the sun is dark because it gives light to the whole world, not merely to a corner of it. The sun shines for the whole universe, and the Catholic Church is the Light that shines everywhere. She is "not national" indeed, in the sense of being limited to one nation—she was "not national" in the days of the Apostles, but was, on the contrary, opposed by the Sanhedrim and the great bulk of the Jewish nation; then, as now, she was Catholic; the apostles and disciples, and all who were received into her fold professed all the doctrines which Christ had revealed, and none were whittled down to suit national feeling or racial prejudice. My correspondent might give some reason for his implied opinion that "the expression of the genius" of a country is the true religion. Does he really imagine that Our Lord founded, not one universal Church which all men are to hear, but a number of local sects with varying creeds and doctrines adapted, so to speak, to different climates? Christ said that His Apostles were to teach all nations whatsoever He had commanded, not that all nations were to teach themselves whatsoever interpretation of His doctrine was most popular or best adapted to national sentiment. And the Apostles obeyed Him, so that men of all nations are at home in the Catholic Church and are her children; she is intended for all, and binds all together in a sublime unity of faith and worship utterly unknown to the sects. Thus a Scotch Presbyterian would not be at home at a meeting of Scotch Quakers, and neither Quaker nor Presbyterian would be quite "in their element" at the Clerical Eucharist of the Scotch Episcopalians, nationality notwithstanding. But a Chinese Catholic would be perfectly at home at the Mass whether offered by an Indian, a Scot, or a Spaniard, in Spain, in Scotland, India, or China; and the white man would serve the black priest's Mass, or kneel to receive absolution from the red priest, all having one Faith, one Lord, one baptism. For in the Catholic Church and in her alone is the visible answer to the prayer of her Founder, "that all may be one," a oneness which is a proof not only of her origin, but of His Divinity.—M. C. L. in The Catholic Herald.

OUR "SACRED FUND"

The Dionysiac theater cost Athens her liberty. It was the unwillingness of her citizens to convert to more serious purposes the money lavished on that institution and its spectacles, that left them, when the emergency came, inadequately equipped for war with a less cultured but more efficient rival. The Greek drama is certainly one of the glories of Hellas, but its enjoyment was dearly purchased at the cost of the liberty which had been its chief inspiration, at the sacrifice of the democracy which was the vital atmosphere of its great writers. Yet this is exactly what the Athenians did. Rather than forego the delights of witnessing the performance of the great classics of a previous generation, the contemporaries of Demosthenes set aside a special fund to defray the expenses of the theater and to insure the price of admission to the poorest citizens, and menaced with the severest penalties any one who should move in the Assembly that this fund should be diverted to the more serious service of Athens' navy and defenses. It was the sacred fund; sacred to the great god Dionysos or Bacchus, around whose altar the dramatic chorus danced, in whose honor and in whose theater the most heroic days of Greece were reproduced in mimicry; only in mimicry, alas! The time too late were the frivolous citizens aroused from their dreams by the thunders of Demosthenes and the menaces of Philip and moved to turn their festival reserve into a war-fund, to use this theoric fund, this show-fund, for the realities of civic life, at a time when that civic life was sick unto death.

Americans are not ignorant of the history, the ideals and the institutions of Athens. We have not failed to profit by them for the betterment of our civic, intellectual and cultural life. This lesson of her history is of especial value to us at the present time. The amount spent by our people on the theater and moving-pictures is prodigious even for so vast and resourceful a commonwealth as ours. The question of taxation for our reasonable defenses is one that is existing if not puzzling the best minds among our Federal legislators. The equalization of this tax, or the placing it on such goods as may most easily bear it without hardship to the consumer is, as in all similar cases, the point of the problem. America's vast show-fund, a treasure amounting in the aggregate to many millions, naturally offers a tempting field for speculation to the student of public finances. He may seriously question whether, in the existing state of our laws, the show-fund devotees to the general welfare the quota which could easily be subtracted from it

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without hardship to even the poorest tax-payer. But the indulgence of such speculations by the practical legislator, who must also be a practical politician, is awkwardly checked by the fear that he may find himself indicted by the fearsome public for daring to suggest a diversion of the fund sacred to its great god before whose nightly blazing altars are enacted scenes and dances not unworthy of his "gold-crowned, wine-flushed" prototype of old Athens.

At all events, good citizens who contribute more frequently and more generously to the tax collector than to the box-office may be pardoned for remarking somewhat testily that the tariff on imported dances could be raised without damage to home industries, or that "spot-lights" are less apt to save a city than search-lights, or that the erection of a new theater has rarely been known to strengthen the defenses of a nation against the inroads of foes or follies.—America.

of men prior to "the dark ages"—ages when art, architecture, poetry and sanctity, were inspired, treasured and consecrated by the brightest force that ever God handed man from the skies—Religion.

The Pastor is sadly muddled. Into his stew called religion, he puts a mix of many things, calculated to perplex and confound even the thoughtful reader. A great advocate of the Bible and its reading, he hopes the illiterate will find there only the humbugs that he hinges together.

The Pastor himself is a sad example of the use of private judgment that enables him to forget today the noun he used yesterday, or, if remembering, to destroy with an adjective its meaning—leaving tomorrow to witness the destruction of both noun and qualification.

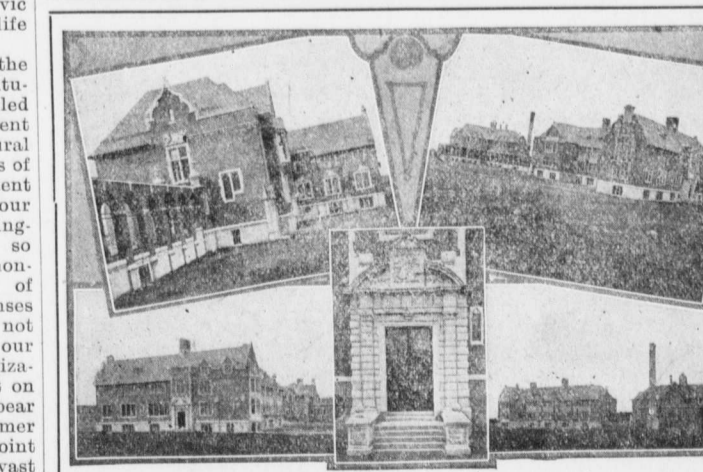
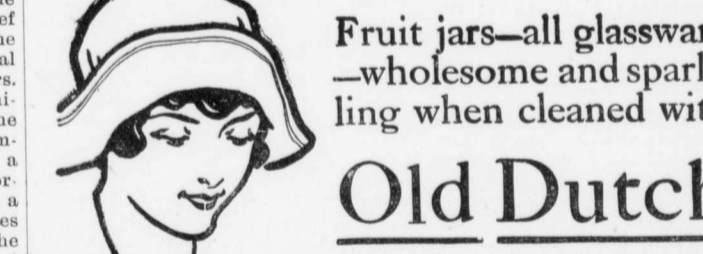
God pity the blind led by such a blind man whose years can well be called a dark age. —Catholic Columbian.

RUSSELL AND HELL A VALUABLE BROCHURE

Pastor Russell, in one of his late preachments declared that Hell, as Catholics conceive it, a place of eternal torments, was invented in the "dark ages." We think that the Pastor should define the time of the "dark ages," and narrate the reasons why they were so-called. We would respectfully refer the pastor to Dr. Walsh's book: "The Thirteenth, the Greatest of Centuries." What kind of a dark ages does the poor soul of Russell enjoy? His logic has three corners on every toe. The Pastor says "the dark ages" and there is the end. Some man or men in some day or year, invented this bugaboo of Christianity—Hell—the ages did not. The ages should not then be made a catspaw for the Pastor to leave us in the dark. Name the day, the year and the person who in the night foisted his fantastic imagination on the world!

We believe that Hell was pronounced by Him who made its flame eternal—Christ Himself. The time of Christ was certainly a bright age illumined with all the wisdom of the God-head and Christ gave the words of damnation to Hell. Hell was quite an old invention in the minds of a new and enlarged edition to "The Book of Red and Yellow" by the Right Rev. Francis C. Kelley, President of the Catholic Church Extension Society of Chicago, has just come from the press. It brings together in a volume of 147 pages not only the original story of the outrages against religion committed by the Constitutionists in Mexico since the present revolt against legitimate authority had its inception, but also the replies made by the Right Reverend author to statements in regard to political and religious conditions in Mexico by John Lind, Senor Enriquez, Luis Carbare and Jose Castellot. It covers very fully and accurately the whole question of the recent trouble in Mexico, laying special emphasis on the persecution of the Church, priesthood and religious orders by Carranza, Villa and their bandit followers. The author had unusual opportunity to secure full and reliable information on the subject about which he writes, and he pleads the cause of the persecuted Catholics of Mexico in a manner that appeals to the thoughtful reader who is interested in getting at the truth of the matter.—St. Paul Bulletin.

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