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## THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVE

By NEWM HENSHAW  
Author of *Allie of the Grand Woods*, etc.

### CHAPTER I MADAME THERESE

My first impressions were of the rue Bourbon, an ancient, ill-paved street of dingy shops and houses. Coming from the broad, populous spaces of Canal Street, the sight-seer enters this thoroughfare with perhaps a pang of disappointment due to the large and modern buildings that have begun to encroach upon the main artery of the city.

"Why should I waste my time here?" he asks himself, and departs in just indignation for the more fascinating French quarter. But should this sight-seer be of a persevering disposition, should he continue past those first few blocks of disillusionment, he will be amply repaid for his trouble. Queer shops with queer signs will peer out at him from every corner; shops of hair-dressers, of dealers in antiques, of costumers for the joyful period of Mardi Gras, of outfitters for the solemn and more important ceremonies of the church. Quaint occupations will meet his eye: here a hospital for injured dolls, there a studio for the painting of sacred images, a little farther on a tiny newsstand at which no word of printed English is sold.

Not five blocks from Canal Street itself the Old Absinthe house will be found still on guard with its bar of marble, honeycombed by the endless drip of years, and its dimly haunted courtyard, closed in by high wooden gates of a peculiar greenish blue. Then, if the sight-seer will proceed a little farther, he will come to the corner of Conti Street and the old house in which I lived.

It was a large, three-storied affair, still faintly imposing despite its age and environment, and had, in some former time, I suppose, been one of the finer residences of the city. Now it was used as a lodging-house, and was in great demand with visitors from the parishes. There were, in fact, but two other permanent lodgers besides my father and myself—one a Monsieur Bon, a little, wizened man who played upon the flute, and the other a dark, mysterious-looking Spaniard who was connected in some way with the Hondurian Consulate.

We lived upon the second floor, my father in the big front room, and I in a smaller one to one side. But it was seldom that I stayed in the little room; I suppose, because my father was away all day, and so left me his more commodious quarters to play in.

Of my father, John Marsh, I have only those memories that were snatched from the few brief hours of our companionship. He was a sad quiet man, always very gentle and tender in his dealings with me and, looking back upon it now, I can realize that in years he could not have gone far into the thirties. But grief and anxiety had aged him in that manner which mocks at time, leaving him a hopeless shadow of a man with stooping walk, and fast graying hair.

That he loved me I can not doubt, although of my feelings for him I am not so sure. I know that I revered him as I revered the *cure* of our chapel, and that mixed in with the reverence there was also a peculiar sort of fear. Perhaps it was fear of the unknown. At all events, had my father opened his heart to me, had it been too late, I am sure this fear would have disappeared.

Of my mother I know little as she went to her rest coincident with her bringing me into the world and the trouble of this world. My father had loved her dearly, so dearly that he could not bear to speak of her even to me, and I, too late, I am sure this fear would have disappeared.

I do know, however, that she was very beautiful; for there was a picture of her that always stood upon the writing-table in my father's room. It was an old faded picture of a fair young girl in whose eyes was a fathomless look of pain, and written across the back of it in a trembling, delicate hand was Aimee, my mother's name.

I think that my first impression was of this picture—of my father's bending over it in the candle-light, and muttering soft words to it as he did each night before he went to sleep. He called this "Telling my mother good night," and there are those who may judge him mad for doing so. But I think that if there is anything that can live beyond the grave it is love—the pure love of a man for the woman of his heart.

At that time my father worked in some commission business upon lower Canal Street, and it was my nightly task to pick off the little flecks of cotton that clung so persistently to the nap of his clothes. He worked hard, did my father, leaving early and coming home late, with only Sundays and holidays to rest up in. And even then he would often spend the afternoon at the commission house attending to some extra task that had been set out for him.

On the mornings of these days he always went to the old St. Louis cemetery, taking me with him, and

seldom speaking a word until we were home again. For hours he would sit beside my mother's grave, his face in his hands, thinking, while I played about under the trees and wondered how any one could be sad amid the beauty of outdoors. These were always great events to me, these excursions to the cemetery, when I was able to get away from the dusty atmosphere of the old house and feast my eyes upon the sweetness and freshness of growing things.

I saved the Sundays and holidays I saw little of my father, and I would have been lonely indeed had it not been for Madame Therese. She was the little old French woman who kept the lodging-house, and her heart was as large as her great front rooms of which she was so proud. Indeed, she began being kind to me before I could remember, for although she adhered strictly to her little sign which read, "Furnished Rooms for Gentlemen," and which meant that they must find their meals elsewhere, she made an exception in my case, and fed me from her own table.

And then she was always willing to have me play in her room, which was just back of my father's and was connected with it by great folding doors, as these two rooms had originally been the parlors of the house. The windows of Madame Therese's room opened out upon a gallery that overlooking a court at the rear of the house, and this court was the terror of my childhood. It was little more than the bottom of a deep well, being shut in on three sides by the walls of the house, and on the fourth by the building next door. Also, although the court was bare of everything save a rusty pump in its center, my childish imagination peopled it with snakes, and demons, and every other sort of horror that I could think of. Madame Therese used to laugh at my fears, and would often take me out upon the gallery and show me that there was nothing save the bare flags below. Yet she could not convince me, and in all the years that I lived at her house I went into the courtyard only once.

But although Madame Therese was always glad to have me in her room, she was a very busy woman and was often compelled to be away from home all day. Lodging-houses are not usually the most profitable of investments, and Madame Therese was often hard put to it to pay her rent. They were terrible to her, those days when the collector came. He always arrived early in the morning, a cruel rat-faced creature who announced himself by means of a peculiar triple ring upon the front door-bell.

Madame Therese had the money he was unnecessarily polite assuring her of the high regard in which she was held by the owners of the house, and of his own distress at being forced to disturb her. If, on the other hand, a penny of the rent was lacking, he would burst into a storm of abuse, threatening his victim with forcible ejection if the amount were not immediately forthcoming.

Poor Madame Therese! How she would plead, gazing sadly about her empty front hall as though it were already filled with the chaos of her departing household goods.

Ah! M'sieu, give me but a day, two days in which to retrieve myself," she would beg. "I have other resources. Believe me, it will all be paid."

What the resources were I have never known exactly, but it was upon these occasions that Madame Therese would absent herself from the house, sometimes for a number of days. Often she returned with wonderful costumes of velvet and satin upon which she would labor patiently, and with which she would presently disappear. That these costumes belonged to one of the carnival organizations she was forced to admit, but beyond this she would not go.

They were the mystery of my childhood, those costumes, together with the unknown dens from which the parades were supposed to start. Again and again I begged Madame Therese to give me just one hint, but upon this point she was ever firm.

Loyal Madame Therese! In all the organization there could scarcely have been a member to whom the secret was as sacred as it was to this poor old lady who, with thread and spangles, added her mite to the gorgeousness of the display. Sometimes, however, Madame Therese would spend the day upon pleasure jaunt, and whenever she did so she always took me with her. They stand out very clearly in my memory, those little journeys to St. Roch, to Spanish Fort, or to Carrolton, and I remember now how, poor city child that I was, I used to marvel that there could be so many trees, and flowers, and song-birds in the world. Then there were the quaint old stories of the places with which Madame Therese used to amuse me, all of them told in the queer French patois that she always spoke to me at my father's request.

Indeed, it was from her that I learned my Cajun French which in later days was to stand me in good stead. I will add that if, in what follows, I reproduce this patois in the form of correct English, I must be forgiven. To translate it literally would prove tedious if not wholly impossible.

But these are merely a few of the many things that I owe to Madame Therese, my one friend in all the

great city of New Orleans. If, as I fear, she has been dead these many years, she must rest much the easier because of her kindness to a lonely child.

TO BE CONTINUED

## SUCCESS THROUGH A VALENTINE

By Mary Clark Jacobs in *Rosary Magazine*

Hilda Becker dropped her bag to the floor and threw off her long cape with a sigh of relief. Her patient had been most exacting, querulous and whining, taxing her patience and straining her nervous resources almost to the limit of silent endurance. But it was over and in her pocket she had check for three hundred dollars for her six weeks of work. Now, she could rest. Rest! With a jerk, she unbuttoned the white, starched voluminous apron and tossed it upon the bed. For days—maybe three whole days—she would live in a flimsy negligee and have Minnie bring up her meals. Then, when she felt equal to it, she would take in a show or two, a half dozen good movies and indulge in a regular shopping orgy. And her work? Positively, she would do no nursing for a full month.

When the phone tingled, she glared at the inoffensive instrument through half-closed, speculative eyes, wanting to ignore this infringement on her ease and quiet, but force of habit drove her to answer. "This is Hilda Becker," she spoke in cool crisp staccato.

"Good morning, Miss Becker. Dr. Carney speaking. I need you at once. Pneumonia case."

"I can't take it, Doctor."

"It is on River Road. Take the West View car to the end of the line. Walk one block south—"

"You'll have to get another nurse, Dr. Carney. I've just returned from Miss Philborn and I need rest."

"Jenkins is the name. The woman has pneumonia—plural—and a six-week-old baby. Hurry! I won't take your case. A six-week-old baby, indeed! I bet there are a dozen other children, also."

"Uh—maybe. I'm not sure. There's quite a number of 'em but I haven't counted 'em. Hurry out there, Miss Becker. You're needed—needed badly."

"I'm not going. Why don't you send her to the hospital?"

"Too ill to move. You'll go at once—Hilda." A pause. "You can't possibly miss the house—a little unpainted cottage—one block from the end of the car line—I'll see you there. Good-bye."

With a feeling of angry helplessness she turned from the phone. She would not go! How dared he ask her on such a case! She wouldn't do it! But even as she stamped her foot in resentment, she was reaching for her apron and buttoning it about her.

"How I hate that man! I can't bear Dr. Carney!" she muttered as she dumped her bag upon the bed to review its contents and replace the soiled garments with fresh uniforms. "It's just like him to be wasting his time with a patient on River Road when he might as well be serving the aristocrats in the exclusive section of the city. And he must inveigle me into such cases, too! I suppose he's paying for my services. River Road residents cannot afford the services of a trained nurse."

Hilda was quick and efficient. Even while the raging words left her lips, her capable hands were sorting clean garments and storing them within the leather bag.

River Road! One block south! Hilda drew up her fur collar and bowed her head against the January wind that swept down the ice-blocked river and whistled defiance at her efforts to trudge on despite the wintry blast.

"Nurse! Oh, you're the nurse, ain't you?" Hilda raised her eyes above the shelter of the fur collar to see a coatless, shivering girl of ten beside her.

"You are the nurse. I just know. Dr. Carney said you'd come quick an' I've been a watchin' for you. Me an' Milly an' Sue an' Charley's been a watchin' at the window for you. You're a goin' make Mother better, ain't you? Oh!"

"Oh, you careless child! You should not run outside without a wrap." Hilda grasped the shivering child. "Here. Put this on." She drew off her cape, and, despite the child's protests, wrapped her in it. "Now, where is your home? Hurry!"

"Down this way—just a little bit. Here is our house. She sped ahead, eager, excited, her face enveloped in the unbelievable luxury of soft fur while the bottom of the wrap trailed over the snow-covered ground. "Here's the nurse! Oh, Daddy, here's the nurse to make Mother all better."

It was while Hilda was training at the hospital and Dr. Carney an interne that they learned to know and care for each other. Hilda did not deny that he had won her love. She was proud of her physician sweetheart and indulged in glowing dreams of the happiness that would be theirs when success marked his work. When his internship was completed, he established a modest office and accepted the duties of a district physician. Hilda objected strongly. District work got one in with the wrong class of people. Financial returns did not compensate for the insistent and often monotonous demands on his time. The Doctor held that the experience was well worth the time and labor involved. Finally, she persuaded him to move to a better location and give up the district office. Imagine her dismay and chagrin when she found that his old patients had grown to love and trust him and were sending for him. Now, he was attending them in their hour of need without remuneration, ignoring the calls of the rich and influential whose patronage meant financial and professional success.

Six weeks before, Hilda had coerced the hard-to-please but well-paying Miss Philborn into sending for Dr. Carney. And Dr. Carney had refused the commission, calmly stating that Miss Philborn could easily get a good physician, while he had a patient in dire need of his services, who might lack medical attention if he failed her. Then came the break. In no uncertain language, Hilda broke the engagement and returned his ring. Her husband must be a man who would work for success on his own terms and content with anything life had to offer him. And in the weeks that followed, Hilda did not see or hear from him, until he phoned her to come to the Jenkins home on River Road.

Slowly but surely, piloting with cool, calm efficiency, the cloud passed over the Jenkins' home, and Hilda had her patient out of danger, smiling wan and weak at the sleeping babe, the children who crept to her side in hushed wonder and the quiet, weary-eyed man whose tireless efforts and sleepless vigils with wife and children were a marvel to Hilda.

The Jenkins were poor—terribly poor. In her fight for life, she had to do without many of the things considered necessities in hospitals and many homes. And yet, they were happy! It was a happiness and content that roused her anger. She resented their placid acceptance of poverty just as she had resented Dr. Carney's service to them. Why should the man Jenkins get out on and plug and fight for the things that meant comfort for his family? Why didn't his wife spur him on to energy and ambition instead of being satisfied with her husband as he was? It was on Valentine Day that her disapproval was roused to scornful indignation.

Hilda was packing her bag preparatory to leaving when he came in from work, a large, square, white envelope in his hand. Awkwardly and a bit shyly, he placed it in his wife's lap, as she sat with the baby in her arms before the grate fire.

"Masie, did you think I was forgotten?" he grinned boyishly as he turned from his wife to the nurse. "I ain't never missed havin' a valentine for Masie since she was my girl, fore we was married."

Hilda groaned inwardly. A valentine for a wife who needed nourishing food and good clothing! Oh, those simple people! Those poor simple Jenkins!

With a weak little cry of pleasure, Mrs. Jenkins tore open the envelope and drew forth a square of fancy paper with a great red heart in the center surrounded by lacy decorations, which she read aloud.

"Jenkins had never missed sending his wife a valentine since she was his girl before they were married. I like that!" Hilda turned to see Dr. Carney behind her. He had entered unobserved by the family.

"A valentine when they need clothes and food!" she scorned. "Hum! Look at them, Hilda. Look at that husband, wife and children. You think they need food and clothing. They need nothing. They are content and happy."

"Stimpletons!" she flared. He laughed.

"Are you ready? Come. My Ford is outside."

It was a half hour before she could get away. She need must listen to the unending reiteration of their undying gratitude. They never, never would forget her kindness. Mrs. Jenkins must kiss her—and each of the smudgy-faced children also; and the man must hold her hand and look upon her with eyes that grew misty with feeling. At last she made her escape to find the physician on the step waiting her company.

"I'm not going with you. Please go!" he glanced in surprise and turned away. She walked to the window and looked back at the group she had left.

This was the poorest home in which she had ever labored—and the happiest without question. Here they all worked together in love and harmony. They were content with the things that were made big by appreciation. That valentine! After a dozen years of married life, an emblem of love, that cost perhaps a quarter,

brought a flush of joy to the wife's cheek and a tinge of boyish exuberance to the man. Surely their romance had been a success in spite of poverty! Success! Why to them had come the real success, content and happiness in their love. How blind she had been in the past. She sighed.

"Hilda, won't you come. You'll take cold," a voice pleaded. "You?" she ran towards him. "I thought you had gone."

"I'm here—waiting, Hilda. I'm always waiting—for you to come to me."

"Oh! Then you needn't wait any longer."

"Hilda! You mean it, dear? I'm not a success," he reminded her.

"Success?" she smiled. "Why, dear, the Jenkins have taught me a great lesson of life. Success is something neither you nor I can find alone. We must make our lives a success by working together."

Church of England leaders are trying to pluck up courage to organize a few saints. It would appear from a discussion in the House of Clergy of the Church Assembly. The House has for some time been weighing proposals in the Revised Prayer Book (Permissive Use) Measure, and this week the members talked about the Calendar. The Calendar is composed, of course, of Catholic saints, and Anglicans have always felt at a disadvantage when reminded of the fact, and of the further fact that they do not possess the machinery to add to it.

NEW SAINTS PROPOSED

Proposals were submitted to the House for the insertion in the revised prayer book calendar of various new names. These included: John Wesley, John Keble, Florence Nightingale, John Wycliffe, Archbishop Laud, Tertullian, Archbishop Parker, Catherine of Siena, Archbishop Cranmer, Charles, King and Martyr, and King Henry VI.

As the result of—to Catholics—an amusing discussion, a commission is to be appointed to look into the matter, and to find the way to go about adding names to the calendar.

The Archdeacon of Cleveland put a brake on any hasty action by suggesting that the revision of the calendar be deferred until the appointment of some permanent authority to investigate judicially and decide upon the claims of each name proposed. He wanted to take the whole matter out of the arena of debate in the House.

Dr. E. J. Kidd, Warden of Keble, pointed out that canonization carried with it something of great moment to the whole Church. It carried with it a place in the worship of the Church, and that was not lightly to be done, he submitted, until the claims of a particular person had been adequately settled in a judicial manner.

The Archdeacon of Macclesfield was afraid that some people outside the House might consider that "beatification" and "canonization" were distinctly Roman terms.

"God knows," he declared earnestly, "we have enough to divide us. Let not the calendar divide us."

And with the same fear that the proposal would start new trouble within the Anglican Church, the Rev. A. G. B. Atkinson, said that the beatification and canonization of saints at this time of day was a mistake.

So the mover and seconder of the motion made a concession to the half-hearted and withdrew the proposal, beatification and canonization from their proposal, which after much discussion was passed in the following form:

"That the Archbishop be requested to appoint a commission to make a historical investigation of the subject of adding names to the calendar, the grounds for their selection, and the methods of procedure for their inclusion in the calendar, and to report with recommendations for the English Church. That an authority should be appointed which shall judicially investigate and report upon the claims of each name proposed for addition to the calendar."

"SAINTS AND WORTHIES"

Chancellor Crawley came along with an ingenious proposal. His plan is to have a kind of "roll of honor" after the calendar, consisting of "saints and worthies." His motion was: "That it is desirable that the calendar contain only names for which some liturgical observance is provided; that the calendar may be followed, if it is thought desirable, by a list of saints and 'worthies, drawn up in calendrical form, but not intended for liturgical observance; that provision for the liturgical commemoration of local saints, not already included in the prayer book calendar, and to whom churches have been dedicated, may be made for local or diocesan use, under the direction of the Ordinary."

This was agreed to.

Perhaps as a result of all this we might, in due course, get a "Saint John Wesley" or a "Saint Parker."

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