

Philippa: A Motor Sketch.

(By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell, in The Ladies' Field.)

Meg was a little late for breakfast. She found Philippa standing by the open window with a cup of coffee in her hand, gazing with eager eyes at the white ribbon of road that wound itself into the heart of the distant blue hills.

"I can't wait a minute," she said. "Just look at the blueness, and greenness, and goldness out there! How quick can you be?"

"I must have ten minutes' worth of breakfast," said Meg. "Where do you intend to go?"

"I have no intentions. Intentions are a form of prejudice, and unless one is very strong-minded they are apt to influence one."

"But," persisted Meg, "if you don't know where you are going how can you tell which map to take?"

Philippa dismissed maps with a wave of her hand.

"Nothing creates a bias so much as a map," she said. "It positively hypnotizes one. We shall take no maps. Life on the open road is full of incident, and to get the full flavor of an incident one must be free of all incident."

"You are entirely by impulse. Why should one be the slave of a sign-post?"

"Be quick. The car is at the door."

So Meg twisted a veil round her cap and was ready.

"Which road shall we take?" asked Philippa, as she let in the clutch.

"Where do the roads lead to?"

"For the motorist all roads lead to Paradise."

"Then does it matter which we take?"

"Shall I shut my eyes, then, and let the car go where she likes?"

"No, Phil. We might reach Paradise too soon! Let us take the middle road and hope for the best."

For the next hour or two Meg was thinking that wherever the other road might lead to, the middle one must surely be leading them to the best.

Philippa, as driver, had her own joys and exaltations. Meg's was a more leisurely kind of delight. She was occupied with the hills and the heather, with the woods by the roadside and the weeds in the hedgerow; marking the changing of the little villages, the cottages and the crops; and realizing for the first time the incomparable pleasures of vagabondage. As she swung through the shires, uncertain where she would spend the night, and with a healthy and even anxious interest in the next meal, she felt joyously akin to every other vagrant.

She beamed sympathetically upon the passing gypsy. The romance of the high road began to possess her, the romance of ambition of the quick step and the adventurous heart, the romance of the world's gallant tramps—Dick Whittington and the rest. The mystery of the next turn of the road kept her constantly excited. She understood now why Philippa had brought no maps.

Suddenly Philippa spoke.

"I want some beef," she said. "A good deal of beef—and pickles."

"Where can one get beef?" asked Meg, to whom the subject was not without interest.

"I believe Millington is somewhere along this road," said Philippa. "There should be beef there."

"Millington?" said Meg. "Why, that's the enterprising village with the new garage. We must look out for it."

They drove on for half an hour without speaking, while the astonishing hunger of the motorist was being revealed to Meg. Then Philippa said:

"Meg, she's hobbling. Just look at the wheel on your side, will you? Is the tyre all right?"

"Flat as a ribbon," said Meg.

Philippa throttled down the engine and got out. She looked up and down the road, frowned thoughtfully, pinched the tyre with her delicate white fingers and then sat down in the hedge.

"Can't you mend the thing?" asked Meg, in dismay.

"Oh, yes," said Philippa. "Aren't you going to, then?"

"Who can tell?" said Philippa. "Time will show."

Meg answered with some asperity.

"Well, I'm going to get out and look for food. I shall walk as far as the corner and see if there is any food in sight."

In two minutes she came running back joyfully.

"Food and help!" she cried. "Every luxury—and only a few yards away! Millington is just round that corner, Phil, and the new garage is the very first house. Come along; it's only a step and down-hill all the way."

Philippa rose, smiling, and took her seat at the wheel. The little car glided softly down the hill and round the curve. There lay the village, and a little way back from the road was a dainty garage, with new, with very fresh paint and very clean glass. Beyond it were several nice-looking houses, and beyond them again was the village street. Philippa paused for a moment, glanced at the village, looked critically at the garage, smiled softly, and turned in at the gate. Forgetting that she was driving on the rim, she whirled into the yard in a way that made Meg shudder.

"We were within half an inch of that wall, Phil," she said, severely.

Philippa apologized. "I'll try to do better coming out," she said. "One ought really to be able to go within half an inch."

In the garage were two small cars and a man. Philippa raised her veil, smoothed her grey hair and turned her soft blue eyes in the direction of the man.

"So this is the new garage," she murmured in her gentle way.

The man appeared rather amused. "Yes," he said, "this is the new garage."

"I like it," said Philippa graciously. "Is it yours? Can I have this puncture repaired?"

"Certainly—by all means!" said the man, eagerly. It was plain that the new garage was not yet overwhelmed with work. "I am sorry my man is away at this moment. Are you in a great hurry?"

"Well, we want to get on as soon as possible after luncheon. I suppose there is an inn here, or a shop, where we could get something to eat."

The owner of the garage hesitated. Then he nodded towards a neighboring gable-end.

"I daresay you would get something in there," he said, rather doubtfully. "Nothing very much, you know. But if you'll allow me, I'll go in there first and see that it's all right. They don't have many stray travellers in there. Then if my man's not back, I'll repair that puncture myself."

"Oh, that's kind of you," said Philippa, with one of her sudden brilliant smiles. "And we will wait here."

"He's a gentleman," said Meg, as soon as he was out of earshot.

"They often are," Philippa murmured, vaguely. She was examining the other cars.

"He won't make his fortune at it here," Meg went on. "He seemed awfully pleased to get something to do. Perhaps we're his first customers."

Philippa nodded. "That's highly probable," she said. "He certainly looked as if he were. That hospitable manner wears off."

A few minutes later he led them through the yard and into the gable-end house by the back way; then into a cosy room overlooking a garden.

"Oh, how nice!" cried Meg. "From what you said I thought it was going to be horrid. Phil—do let us stay here for the night. I want to stay here ever so much—do let us ask about rooms."

She looked round for the bell; but the young man from the garage stepped quickly between it and her and glanced at Philippa a little anxiously.

"I am not sure," he began.

But Philippa interrupted him gently.

"Would you be so very kind as to see about that tyre?" she said, with her sweet smile. "I want to get on as soon as we have finished this excellent luncheon. Thank you so much—it is kind of you."

As he hurried back across the yard and knelt beside the wheel of Philippa's car, there was a smile upon the young man's face which would appear uncalled for to anyone who had ever repaired a tyre.

"I hope—I do hope," he murmured, "that she won't be awfully angry."

He worked in rather desperate haste; but Philippa and Meg, as we know, were hungry, and he had nearly finished pumping up the tyre before he heard their voices.

"It is a very original inn," Philippa began at once. "They apparently don't want to be paid. We rang and rang, and nobody came. I wonder what we ought to do?"

She looked at him with her fictitious air of helplessness, but failed to obtain the response to which she was accustomed. The young man suddenly lifted the bonnet of the car and became engrossed in something within.

Philippa puckered her forehead anxiously.

"Nothing wrong, is there?" she asked. "No? That's all right, then. But do tell me what I ought to do about the hotel."

"I should leave it alone," muttered the young man into the engine.

"Leave it alone? But how can we? We must pay for our luncheon."

The young man straightened his back, closed the bonnet, and faced Philippa with a nervous little laugh.

"Excuse me, that is just what you mustn't do," he said. "I hope you will forgive me; but the inn isn't an inn. It's my house."

Philippa stared at him coldly.

"And the garage?" she asked.

"Well, I'm sorry—but it isn't exactly a garage. At least—it's my garage, you know."

"And the village? What village is this—not Millington?"

"Oh, no! It is called Wealey."

Meg was crimson with horror and confusion, but Philippa was very stiff and stern.

"Why did you do it?" she asked.

"I couldn't help it," he pleaded.

"There's not an inn for miles round—and your tyre was so flat. How could I undecide you? You were so hungry." Then, encouraged by the hint of a smile in Philippa's blue eyes, he added: "Weren't you?"

Philippa broke down and laughed softly.

"We were—we were!" she admitted. "And you were very kind and we are very grateful, really. If you had told us the truth we should probably be hungry still; and the tyre!" She spread out her hands to express her utter helplessness in the matter of tires.

Thus Philippa forgave.

And the young man, as she waved a shapely hand in farewell, was not in the least repentant, for he had her address and an invitation to luncheon.

But Meg, as the car whirled out of the gate, was still too much disturbed to notice that Philippa had fulfilled her ideals by passing within half an inch of the wall.

"Oh, Phil!" she murmured, "wasn't it dreadful our taking it for a public garage?"

"I didn't, my child," said Philippa, "it was you who did." And after a moment's pause she added, "Besides, I do hate mending tires."

LABRADOR

PRIESTS

Perform Heroic Work Among the Fisherfolk Along the Wild Coast.

The public prints have of late contained a great deal concerning the work of Dr. Grenfell, a Protestant medical missionary, among the people of the Labrador coast. As in so many other cases and places, however, Catholic priests preceded men like Dr. Grenfell—only the priests did not supply vivid accounts of their travels and their good works to the American magazines. We have no quarrel with Dr. Grenfell or with Protestant missionaries generally for their knack of using the press; it might be used for Catholics, perhaps, if they also made known the heroic work that is done on the "firing line" in the mission field; but in justice to the priests, who did not, and who do not, advertise their doings along the coast of Labrador, we believe that when Dr. Grenfell is receiving so much attention, they also should be mentioned—at least by Catholics themselves.

It is in this spirit that W. M. Dooley writes from Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, to the Sacramento, Catholic Herald, declaring that, before Dr. Grenfell was even thought of, scores of self-sacrificing Catholic priests labored unceasingly amid the storms and ice floes of that grim northern land. "Their experiences," says Mr. Dooley, "if put into print would make Grenfell's supposedly wonderful exploits read like the incidents of a summer holiday. Unfortunately, however, these missionaries refused to avail themselves of the use of printer's ink as an aid to fame. They were back numbers, poor things. They did not write letters of self-glorification to the newspapers. They were simply contented with the gratitude of those to whom they ministered, and let the fame which might have been theirs pass into the hands of others in whom modesty is not a prominent characteristic. Newfoundland and Labrador from the days of the earliest attempts of colonization have been the scenes of many heroic exploits on the part of the Catholic clergy."

"It must be remembered that in many cases the priests of this part of the colony are poorly equipped for the strenuous duties they are called upon to perform. The communities in which they labor are for the most part scattered, and as the roads are merely rude trails through a wilderness of stumps and boulders, their hardships in the depth of winter are better imagined than described. The diocese of St. George's is one of the wildest portions of the colony and the priests who labor there are obliged to contend with almost intolerable hardships in the pursuit of their sacred calling. One of the most heroic and best beloved pastors of the diocese is the Rev. Father A. Sears, who, by the way, is a brother of the Rev. Father Sears of Lincoln, California. He is a typical 'Sogarth Aroon' and the fishermen of this wild coast hold him in the highest respect and esteem."

"For nineteen years, long before the advent of the railroad, he has ministered to the sick and dying in the most remote and inaccessible parts of the West Coast. Many incidents, which speak volumes for his self-sacrifice and heroism are gratefully recalled by his faithful parishioners. Incidents that would make Grenfell's deeds miserably tame are recounted over and over by the people of St. George's. In the early days of his pastorate he was often compelled, in answering a sick call, to trudge for miles over a horribly rough road in a blinding snowstorm, with the thermometer down to almost the last notch. On many occasions he has had to travel ten miles in a fisherman's skiff with the wind blowing a hurricane, in order to prepare some poor soul for its last journey. Such incidents

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One of the most valued parts of the collection is a set of candlesticks and other altar appurtenances of solid gold, fashioned by the famous Benvenuto Cellini, worth more than half a million dollars. It is used only seldom, and then on the altar of the cathedral. There are diamonds and diamond-studded jewelry galore, including a crown composed of 12 diamond stars presented to Pope Pius IX. at the time he defined the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin in 1858.

Another valued gift is the set of vestments given by the Catholic women of France in 1898, consisting of 80 pieces, all of woven gold and valued at \$80,000. They were used only once by the late Pope at a solemn pontifical mass in St. Peter's.

Then ever since 1870 a Catholic society has presented the Church with a precious chalice, and hundreds of other chalices were sent to the late Pope at the time of his jubilee.

PRICELESS GEMS ADORN.

Among the gems which will be put on exhibition are specimens of practically every known kind of precious stone. Hundreds upon hundreds of them are embedded in ecclesiastical vases, ornaments and in episcopal rings from which collection the Pontiff draws occasionally to provide bishops with them.

During the years all this vast store of treasure has been in the vaults of the church very few eyes have seen them. It was a very present dread when it was put away and locked up behind heavy bolts and bars, but with the new era of better feeling between the Vatican and the Italian government, the dread of confiscation has passed. So it comes about that the Pope has decided that those visitors to the Vatican who are admitted shall be able to feast their eyes on this most wonderful collection.

Mgr. de Biscogno, custodian of the Basilica Vaticana, where the art treasures of St. Peter's are exhibited, in speaking of the Vatican collection, said a few days ago:

"As far back as the fifth and sixth centuries the Popes began collecting articles of Christian art, but when the Moslems sacked the Vatican, A. D. 846, many of the earliest treasures were lost."

CARDINALS' REQUESTS.

"In the second half of the twelfth century the collection was enriched by many notable gifts. It has been the custom of the cardinals buried in St. Peter's to leave their official robes and their chasubles and other garments to St. Peter's treasury, which, as a consequence, is exceedingly rich in precious stuffs, gold and silver embroideries, ancient lace, etc."

"In 1430 Cardinal Orsini left his wonderful library to the treasury; great paintings and mosaics were added from that time on. As to gold, silver and jewels, most of those had to be sold in 1796: to pay the war contribution lived by Napoleon."

The most valuable pieces of the collection are the Dalmatica, Carolingian, a high priest's garment of blue silk, embroidered and painted and one of the finest mementoes of old Byzantine. This garment dates from the eleventh century. There are also candelabra of precious metals made by such artists as Michael Angelo, Palladio and Cellini.

The following is an extract from the Catholic Times and Opinion. In it a non-Catholic says what he thinks of Catholic education in general, and of the New York parochial schools in particular:

"A different tale is told of the Catholic schools, built up by Catholics at enormous sacrifices, receiving nothing from the rates and taxes to which, like us in England, they pay their share. Under the control of the Catholic Church, the greatest educational exponent and teacher in the world, that humanized, Christianized and civilized all the barbarian ancestors of our modern civilization, the parochial schools of America are more than holding their own, even in the secular education of the children of the United States. The New York World quotes a manager of a great warehouse who needed 200 young men and women to start from five to seven dollars per week. This man states: 'I was so discouraged with letters and application blanks written by graduates from our public schools that I decided to try the parochial schools. I went first to the priest of St. Joseph's parochial schools at Sixth avenue and Waverly place. I thought I would like to get boys from that parish because it is so close to the business section. Father Spellman was courteous but could not oblige me. Every one of last year's graduates had been placed in store or office by some business men in the Wall street district. I am not a Catholic. . . . I sent two of my men to upturn parochial schools and found the same conditions prevailing—every boy had a place waiting for him. I am a good American, too, but I must confess that the best boy for the business man to select to-day, as a beginner, is the lad who is fresh from Ireland with her common school education. He cannot do gymnastics, he has never seen a plot of flowers or a bowl of goldfish on the window ledge of his schoolroom; he cannot cut out paper or knit reins for his little brother, but he can write a legible hand, spell correctly, and figure accurately. Furthermore he regards his elders with respect—not as a joke."

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