1925

Sunshine and Freckles

Father Francis J. Finn S.J.
Xavier University - Cincinnati

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From his pocket he took a roll of serpentinas, and took aim. . . . The greater part of the roll fell on the hook.

(Page 150)
SUNSHINE
and
FRECKLES

BY,
FRANCIS J. FINN, S.J.

Author of "Percy Wynn," "Tom Playfair," "Harry Dee." etc.

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO

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SUNSHINE and FRECKLES

CHAPTER I

A MYSTERIOUS LADY, A BANKRUPT FAMILY, AND A CLOUDY ATMOSPHERE

In a miserable room of a still more miserable tenement, a woman of about forty years of age—and she looked her age—was seated at the one window which gave out upon a tiny air shaft. Her features, especially her mouth, were tightly drawn. Her face was the face of one who had suffered much, and suffered in silence. There was that upon her features which would lead one to believe that she had gone through a siege of illness. She looked like an invalid, as indeed she was. Her pallor was the pallor of those who have long been deprived of sunlight and fresh air. Purple rings were beneath her eyes. On her face was an expression of utter misery.

There was a knock at the door.

“Come in.”

A little girl with three of her first teeth gone forever, and one new front tooth doing duty for those that were gone, toddled in, holding up a tiny hand for the woman’s inspection. One finger was slightly scratched.

“It hurts,” explained the child. “I fell up two steps and fell down three.” The tragedy of this accident was indicated by two tiny tears which bubbled
forth as a fit accompaniment to this lucid explanation.

At the child's entrance, the woman's face underwent a change. Her sad eyes brightened, a smile drove away the haggard expression of the moment before, and the light of love took away the years. She was young again; she held out her arms, and as the little one leaped into them, the child's face went from grave to gay, the tears were brushed away, and smiles answered unto smiles.

The woman kissed the little finger, and tiny Gladys Desborough, whose sole wealth was in her name, was cured.

"I love you," Gladys announced.
"And I love you," said the elder.
Then Gladys grinned, leaped down, and toddled away for further misadventures.

As she opened the door, a woman entered.
"Well, and how are you to-day, Mrs. Eldon?"
"I'm getting back my strength, Mrs. Smith," the invalid made answer. "If it were not for the doctor's order, I would start sewing again. But he forbids me to do anything until this month of January is over. It is awful. There are still nearly three weeks of idleness."

"Can't you go out and take a little fresh air?"
"I'm afraid not," answered Mrs. Eldon, closing her lips tightly. She did not care to tell the good woman, who sublet to her the pitiful room with its pitiful bed, single chair and aged dresser, that she had no warm clothing, and that she was not strong enough to venture down three flights of stairs, much less to climb them once she had descended.

"Mrs. Eldon," resumed the landlady, going over
to the window and looking out upon the snow flakes just beginning to fall, “I—I’ve something to say.”

“Yes?”

Mrs. Smith swallowed, drew herself erect, and turned a frowning face on the tenant.

“You’re—you’re back in your rent for three months—twenty-four dollars!” she said stiffly.

“I know it; ever since the first month after my illness began.”

“And I need the money.”

Mrs. Eldon winced.

“Can’t you do something?”

“God knows, I wish I could.”

“But—but—I can’t carry you any longer. I can’t. This room must bring me in something. I have five children.”

Mrs. Eldon’s face had gone very white. She pressed one hand to her heart; perspiration broke out upon her brow.

“How thoughtless I have been, Mrs. Smith. I am so selfish. Your children are the dearest little ones. I love them. But I have been so wrapped up in myself, thinking of—” Here Mrs. Eldon broke off. Once more she brought her lips firmly together.

“Anyhow,” she went on, “I beg your pardon. And, believe me, I am grateful to you from my heart for your goodness in bearing with me for so long. If you will give me three days—until Saturday—I will arrange to go, and some day, please God, I will pay you most gratefully.”

Mrs. Smith had turned away to the window, and her face as the invalid spoke, went through many changes. She swallowed several times. She grew red and her mouth twitched.

“Well,” she began, but speech deserted her.
“Well—well—all right.” And she almost ran from the room, leaving Mrs. Eldon—a most unhappy woman for years—in one of the most unhappy moments of her life.

Mrs. Smith, meantime, hurried into the next room—the other room of a suite of two—where she found the entire Smith family whiling away, according to their several fashions, the time before the evening meal. Mrs. Smith cast a critical and severe eye upon her husband and children. Save for Master Tommy, aged eight, who was taking insolent liberties with the family cat’s unhappy tail, all were in good order. She pounced upon Tommy, stretched him across her knee as she seated herself on a chair, and applied her strong right hand violently to that aggrieved young gentleman’s person till her hand swelled up, and Tommy let out a series of yells which could be heard throughout the building. Then, her hand unable to function further, she dropped Tommy to the floor, and broke into bitter weeping.

Tommy, surprised once more, shut his mouth and widened his eyes. The family equally astounded, gazed upon the weeping woman.

“What’s the matter, mother?” queried the head of the family.

Mrs. Smith checked a prolonged wail, and gazed at him fiercely.

“It’s you—you and your drinking.”

Mr. Smith looked embarrassed. It is to be regretted that there were few reticences in this particular family. They lived too closely together. Even the baby of four knew something of Mr. Smith’s weakness for “home-brew” and other poisonous concoctions.

“Why, Margaret,” he expostulated, “I haven’t
touched a thing since Saturday night. What are you picking on me for?"

As Mr. Smith spoke, he gazed uneasily at his overcoat hanging from a hook on the door. There was a pint bottle in it, which he was longing to empty before bedtime.

"Yes: you haven't drunk since Saturday, and no more have you worked since Saturday; and last week you loafed for three days; and there's not a dollar in the house; and the rent's coming round in a couple of weeks; and the grocer has stopped supplies; and nobody will lend us; and I've—I've—O, God forgive me, I had to do it—I've given notice to Mrs. Eldon." Here Mrs. Smith broke into a heart-breaking sob and the chorus of children took it up.

"What!" cried the father.

"I did—God forgive me. It was the cruelest thing I ever done. I'm ten years older now. But I must save my children myself with a loafer for a husband."

Mr. Smith arose, and proceeded briskly to his overcoat. He took out the bottle filled as it was, broke the neck of it over the stove, and poured the contents into the sink. Then, putting on his coat, he took his hat.

"Margaret," he said, and, as she gazed on him, she saw the husband of fifteen years transformed into the enthusiastic young lover who in the golden days of youth had promised to love and cherish her, "I've never felt so mean in all my life. If that poor sick lady, the silent lady whom our children and all the children around adore, is driven out, I shall never forgive myself. We all love her."

As he paused the children broke into fresh weeping, and in the chorus of wails Mrs. Smith led lustily.
“Good-bye,” said the man of the house. Mrs. Smith blanched. Was her husband meditating suicide?

“Tom! Tom! You’re not going to leave us? You’re not going to do anything desperate?”

“Yes, I am,” responded the father. Mrs. Smith failed to observe the suspicion of a twinkle in his eyes, a circumstance not to be wondered at, seeing that the same eyes were moist with emotion.

She caught her arms around his neck. He repulsed her gently.

“I’m going out to look for a job.” Saying this, he closed himself out upon his stupefied family.
CHAPTER II

A KIND-HEARTED PRIEST, A REFORMED DRUNKARD,
AND A GLEAM OF SUNSHINE.

Mrs. Eldon, as soon as the landlady had left the room, arose. There was despair upon her face. She was humbled beyond belief. She drew her lips together with an unusual tightness. To think of it! She had been given notice; she was to get out. A wave of pride surged through her; she raised her head defiantly, and, as she raised it, her eyes fell upon two photographs pinned to the wall. One picture was that of a little girl of not more than three years of age, with golden, luxurious curls, large, beautiful blue eyes, fringed by delicately pencilled lashes, and a fair face radiant with that innocent, youthful love which looks out upon a world artlessly thought to be as good and perfect and lovely and exquisite as one’s mother. The little child’s face possessed two supreme beauties—beauty of feature, and beauty of expression. The other photograph was that of a boy; he was nicely dressed; the top of a handkerchief revealed itself from the one pocket of his jersey; there was a ring upon one finger; his hand rested upon a baseball bat, which, although apparently he was not more than nine years of age, he looked as though he could wield with force and judgment. His eye was clear, his nose slightly aquiline, his features and form, though small, indicated quickness, energy, alertness. There was the joy of life in pose and
expression. He was slight but well-knit, the sort of boy whose mind and muscles worked quickly and worked together.

As she gazed upon the pictures of these two beautiful children, her features softened. Love lighted them up. She bent over and kissed each; then, with an air of resolution, she went over to the dresser and took out a bit of unfinished fancy work. Doctor or no doctor, she would, she must, earn something.

Mrs. Eldon was an artist with the needle. The light was poor, the one window looking out upon the air shaft being very small, and the air shaft itself so narrow that sunshine only at rare and short intervals ever shone into the wretched apartment. She held her work close to her eyes; every stitch was a strain. The light, such as it was, promised to be good for at least another hour. But the poor woman’s eyesight failed long before the lengthening of the twilight shadows.

As Mrs. Eldon thus worked, there came into the tenement the Reverend Father John Breslin, pastor of St. Edward’s. He was looking up the Smith family.

“Well, Mrs. Smith,” he began, as he entered the Smith suite, “I thought I’d just drop in and inquire about the children and the head of the house.”

“Sure, I don’t know what to say,” answered the much disturbed woman, rubbing a moist towel hastily over her slightly swollen face and tell-tale eyes. “Smith has gone out—and I don’t know what he’s up to. He’s acting strange.”

“And the children. They’ve not been coming to school regularly. More sickness?”

“I had to keep Mary, the oldest girl, home, Father,
to take care of Anna and little Joseph. It’s one cough after another with them, and when it isn’t a cough, it’s fever. Father, I’ve lost four already, and—and—I’m afraid! Surely God won’t take them all.”

“They’d be better off,” thought the priest. He said aloud: “Mrs. Smith, there’s not enough air and sunlight here for your little ones. They are all anaemic. If you’d like to move, I shall look about and see whether I can find you better quarters.”

“Better quarters!” repeated the woman. “These are too good for our pocketbook. O, Father, it’s awful. My husband has been drinking worse than ever the last six months. He began drinking a little after Prohibition set in. We’ve been moving ever since he began drinking. In six moves, three of our children died; and every time we move we get worse quarters. But we can’t afford to move from here. Why, do you know, to-day I had to do the cruelest thing I ever did in all my life. I went in and told Mrs. Eldon that I could not carry her any longer. I intended to be nice about it, but I was so nervous that I’m afraid I insulted her. I know for sure that I hurt her feelings dreadfully.”

“Poor Mrs. Eldon,” said the priest. “How I wish I could help her. But she’ll take nothing—sometimes,” he added with a smile, “not even advice. She has the firmest mouth I ever saw, and that mouth of hers tells the truth. She’s a Rock of Gibraltar. When she says ‘No,’ she doesn’t mean anything else.”

“But, Father, the children idolize her. She loves them, and up to the time of her sickness four months ago, she gave hours a day toward helping them, teaching them, and keeping them out of mischief.”

“I know,” said the priest. “If ever anyone I
ever met, came to get the meaning of our Lord: 'Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not,' it is Mrs. Eldon. Since I've known her, I've found out that she gives eight hours of the day to fancy sewing, six hours to sleep, two hours to meals and care of her room, three hours to the little ones, and five hours to prayer in our church. She leads the life of a saint.'

"And me putting her out!" cried Mrs. Smith, the tears welling to her eyes. "If ever I wished I was dead—" Here, Mrs. Smith, overcome by emotion, was about to indulge in a fresh outburst of grief, when the priest hastily took up the theme.

"Mark this, Mrs. Smith: the wonderful thing about it all is that she does everything so well. There again she is like Our Lord. Of course," he went on smilingly, "I've no idea of how she sleeps."

"She's no mattress, God help her, to speak of at all," interrupted the woman. "Jacky!" she went on, raising her voice for the benefit of the choir invisible, but audible, whom at the priest's entry she had herded into the other room, "if I hear another sound from you again, I'll be in with a stick."

Upon the instant silence came the good Father's voice:

"But, if I judge by the way she works, it must be perfect, too. Her fancy work is marvelous. She commands the highest prices, and is obliged to refuse many who would engage her services. What in the world becomes of her earnings?"

"The children, of course," was Mrs. Smith's simple answer. "She's spent a small fortune on my little ones. She's, she's—" Once more Mrs. Smith threatened a fresh outburst.

"O!!!" cried the Father, the light of a great dis-
covery upon his face. “By Jove, I never thought of that. It’s a most amazing case. Mass intentions, too. I’ve never met anyone like her. Sometimes, I’ve watched her in the church. For hours, she kneels erect and immovable, gazing at the Tabernacle. Again, she there reminds me of Our Lord. She seems at times to be in an agony; and when she is in agony she prays the longer.”

“I’m sure, Father, she has had some great trouble.”

“Not the least doubt of it. But the strange thing about it all is that with all her love of children, so like Our Lord’s, with all her prayer and piety and charity, she never opens her heart concerning her past. She carries her own troubles, and travels alone.”

“Since she came here six months ago,” added Mrs. Smith, as she gave a warning thump on the door for the benefit of the children, who were supposed to be doing their home-work, “she’s never mentioned an ache or a pain. Somehow, though, I got to know that for about seventeen years past, she has had much sickness; but this last attack has been her worst.”

“You don’t talk much of your own troubles, Mrs. Smith. Now, don’t say you do. You haven’t a cent in the house right now.”

“Father, who told you?”

“And you owe more than you see your way to repay.”

“God help us! But how did you know?”

“Do you think you’d send that poor woman off, if it were otherwise? Now, let’s get down to brass tacks: how much rent does Mrs. Eldon owe you? Come on now: speak out. You must.”

“It’s—it’s twenty-four dollars, Father. If I could, I’d let her live free here forever; but I was des-
perate. My husband has drunk more and worked less these last few weeks. The children are beginning to starve—"

"Here you are," interrupted Father Breslin briskly and thus forestalling another outburst of grief, "forty-eight dollars—enough to cover the past rent of Mrs. Eldon and provide for another three months—"

"O, Father, I can't."

"Just try it and see. Of course, you're not taking money from me. I have still enough cash for my next meal. The Vincent de Paul Society and some friends of mine are behind this; but on your life tell no one. Now get to work and see that your children have an honest meal and—"

The door swung open, and in came Mr. Smith, smiling and coatless.

"Good evening, Father: glad to see you. Say, I'm off liquor for good; and I start to work at an auto repair shop to-morrow at twenty a week to start with. And here, Margaret, are four dollars cash."

"Where did you get that money?"

"O, I just picked it up."

"Out of the air?" queried the grinning priest.

"And where is your overcoat?" continued Mrs. Smith, on the dangerous verge between laughter and tears.

Mr. Smith's imagination was already exhausted.

"Perhaps you hung it up on the air, too," suggested Father Breslin.

"I loaned it to— to—"

"To your uncle," filled in the priest, pulling a slightly protruding pawn ticket out of Smith's vest pocket. "Ah! I see: it calls for six dollars. Give this ticket to Mary," he went on, "and send her off
at once to redeem it. There's zero weather on the way; it will be here before morning. — O!"

Father Breslin paused in amazement. Mrs. Smith had thrown her arms about her husband's neck, and planted a kiss upon his embarrassed cheek. He responded in kind. There was the light of other days upon the faces of both—the light of first love and golden youth. Time had been turned back in his track. How blessed was Father Breslin to see with his own eyes a thing so beautiful, so bewitching.

The magical moment passed.

"Father," said Smith. "You needn't ask me: I'm going to confession Saturday. And it's all along of Mrs. Eldon. She's done more for my children than I have; and when the wife talked about her case a while ago, I got a jar. Somehow, I can't make it out."

"I think I understand," said Father Breslin. "God is wonderful in His saints. You two have been entertaining an angel unawares. Mrs. Eldon is an angel, and she has brought, I really believe, a wonderful blessing upon both of you."

But Mrs. Eldon was not an angel; nor, as this veracious tale will presently show, was she by any means a saint.
CHAPTER III

A CLASH OF WILLS, A KNOCK AT THE DOOR, AN IMPORTANT LETTER, WITH A STRANGE SEQUEL.

Father Breslin knocked at the door of the next room. Receiving no answer, he knocked again and entered. Mrs. Eldon was seated at the window, her head bowed, her hands folded in her lap over the bit of unfinished fancy work. It was difficult to make out whether she were sleeping or awake. Never had Father Breslin seen her looking so pale, so haggard.

“Good evening, Mrs. Eldon. I thought I’d just drop in and see how you’re getting along.”

Mrs. Eldon, at the sound of his voice, started, raised her head and opened her eyes—such weary eyes!

“Good evening, Father,” she attempted to rise as she spoke, but sank back.

“Stay where you are,” said Father Breslin, while he took her hand in greeting. “Why, how weak you have become. Is there anything special?”

“No, Father,” she replied with a wan smile. “I think I’ll be all right. I have nothing to complain of.”

“Can I help you in any way?”

“Pray for me, Father: I want to start working again, and the doctor says I must not.”

“But it is ridiculous for you to think of working yet.”
"But I must and I will."

"Now, Mrs. Eldon, this is all wrong. You’re out of money, but that can happen to the best of us. I should be more than glad to loan you enough to tide you over your convalescence."

"'Neither a borrower nor a lender be,'" smiled the sick woman. "Father, I can’t say how grateful I feel; but I’ll not take money even from you. I can’t—I can’t. But I’m leaving here Saturday, and—"

"But you’re not," interrupted Father Breslin. "Mrs. Smith has had a windfall. Money, plenty of it, has come in. Her husband, who thinks the world of you, has just found a situation. He believes you are the most wonderful woman in the world. The fact is, I’ve just been talking with Mrs. Smith, and she is heart-broken over her conduct with you. She wanted to be kind, and now she feels that she has insulted you. You will hurt both of them dreadfully if you leave."

"I have been selfish, I have been wrong," said Mrs. Eldon. "I have been taking the food out of her little children’s mouths. I cannot stay—I cannot."

"But think of the children: they have heard that you are leaving and they are inconsolable. Stay, and turn their sorrow into joy."

"No, no, Father. I can’t do it. But I leave, knowing that they love me and blessing God that they do; and I leave because I want as soon as possible to pay Mrs. Smith what I owe."

The priest noticed that Mrs. Eldon was growing visibly weaker. It was dangerous, possibly, for her to continue the discussion. He pulled out his stole, threw it around his shoulders and said:
"I'm afraid, Mrs. Eldon that you are proud."

An expression almost of agony swept over Mrs. Eldon's features. In a voice poignant with sorrow, she made answer:

"'Pride ruled my years.'"

Father Breslin almost shivered. No actress could have been more dramatic.

"Give me your blessing, Father; God knows I need it."

And Father Breslin read over her that sublimest of passages, the first verses of the Gospel of St. John; a passage read millions of times over millions of sick people, and bringing millions of times hope and strength to millions of faithful hearts.

He left the room, baffled, mystified, and yet edified; and, as he closed the door, he ran into Mary Smith, aged fourteen, the hope and the pride of her family.

"I got dad's overcoat, Father," she announced with the air of one who is the bearer of joyful tidings.

"Good for you. You never did let the grass grow under your feet."

"And, Father, I'm so happy. Dad is going to work, and Ma has got a barrel of money, and"—here Mary clasped her hands and raised ecstatic eyes to heaven, "and Mrs. Eldon isn't going. Ma won't let her."

"I'm afraid," said the priest, "that she will go. She's made up her mind; and when she does, that settles it. Mary, get all the children who are her friends to beg her to stay. If anyone can persuade her, they can."

"Sure, I will, Father: and we'll pray to the Little Flower, and you'll pray, too; won't you please, Father."
"You may rely upon me, my dear."
"Father," continued Mary, "I'm going to tell you a secret."
"Speak on, Mary."
"We're going to have beefsteak for supper."
"Yes?"
"It's the first time we've had beefsteak in three months. But that's not the best."
"What else—bananas?"
"Yes, we have no bananas—that is, I want to say that Ma's going to pick out the best part of the beefsteak, and I'm going to cook it and bring it up to Mrs. Eldon myself." Proper pride and exuberant joy and the light of love transfigured Mary's sweet face as she announced this gladdening news.
"It makes me hungry to hear you talk," observed the priest, with the hint of a twinkle in his kind old eyes. "I think I'll start for home and see whether there's any beefsteak for supper in our house. Goodbye, Mary. Don't forget to organize the children. We all love Mrs. Eldon."

Father Breslin hurried down the rickety steps, and Mary full of the rare gladness with which God often fills generous hearts, knocked at Mrs. Eldon's door. Entering, she found the poor woman supporting herself with one hand on the dresser, and with the other groping about on its top in search, apparently, of some object.
"O, Mrs. Eldon, you're not going to leave us!"
"Is that you, Mary? I'm so glad you've come. It has grown so dark, and I can't find my glasses."

The gladness went out of Mary's face. Darkness had not come on; the day was still bright, and Mrs. Eldon's glasses were lying within easy reach of the woman's hand. But Mary thought it best to make
no comment. Picking up the glasses, she gave them to their owner, who, as she took her hand from the dresser to adjust them, staggered and would have fallen, had not Mary caught her and helped her over to the one chair in the room.

"O, Mrs. Eldon: something's wrong with you."

"I'm just a little tired, my dear. But—but—my glasses don't seem to help me."

"Let me see them. Ah! I thought so. They need a rubbing. I'll fix 'em for you. And, O, Mrs. Eldon," pursued Mary, as she wiped the spectacles with her little handkerchief, "you're going to stay, aren't you? We all want you. Ma has been crying about your going ever since she spoke to you, and Dad is almost as bad—as good, I mean. If you stay, I'll come and help you and be with you every minute of time I'm free."

Mrs. Eldon was about to reply, when there came a knock.

"Come in," called Mary.

Enter Master Jack Smith, with a rosy face, a rosy smile, and a rosy apple.

"You eat that," he said placing the glowing fruit in Mrs. Eldon's lap.

Another knock, and another entry. It was Margaret Smith, also bearing a gift—a simple, honest gingersnap.

"It tastes good," she said, throwing herself and the precious gift upon the invalid.

"O, don't worry," explained Jacky. "We've got lots of things to eat. We're going to have pie to-night. Gee! I can hardly wait."

It took the combined eloquence of Mary and Mrs. Eldon to induce the two little ones to withdraw their gifts. Mrs. Eldon was showing signs of im-
A CLASH OF WILLS

It was a postal messenger boy with a special delivery letter. Had it been a policeman, the representatives of the Smith family could not have been more awed. No one there present could recall the advent of any member of the postal service so long as they had dwelt in that house.

There ensued a few awkward moments. Mrs. Eldon, despite her newly burnished glasses, could not find the place to sign her name. Mary helped her; in fact, the little girl, in the end, had to take the woman's hand and direct her pen in the signing of the receipt, while Jack and Margaret gazed with widened eyes and unrepressed excitement.

Mrs. Eldon, as the messenger left the room, opened the missive with trembling hands. She held the letter to her eyes, brought it closer and closer, but to no effect. She gave a sign to Mary, who with a sort of intuition, bundled her unwilling brother and sister out of the room.

"Mary dear, I can't see to read. My eyes are dim. Everything goes dark. I can't even make out from where or from whom this letter comes. Will you do me a great favor?"
"I'll do anything for you, Mrs. Eldon."
"I want you to read this letter for me. But first, I must ask you to do me another favor—a great one."
"Sure! sure!"
"Promise me not to tell any one about the contents of this letter or the name of the writer without my permission."
"I can keep a secret, ma'am."
"I feel sure of it, dear."
"And I promise with all my heart."
"Very well: now take it and read."

Much flattered, highly honored, and filled with a healthy, exciting curiosity, Mary took the letter, opened her mouth, and thus read:

**THE ELYSIAN REAL ESTATE CO.**

**Miami, Florida**

**MRS. ADELE ELDON**

Dear Madam: We have for the past six months been making every endeavor to secure your address. We were almost in despair, when two weeks ago we got on the right track. Someone from Cincinnati was talking in our office when quite casually he mentioned your name. You may be sure we got interested. He had seen you, he said, in St. Edward’s Church, and was struck by something or other about you. Anyhow, he got to inquiring, and managed to get your name and the information that you were very delicate and very fond of children.

And now to the matter in hand: There is a strip of land in Dade County, Florida, comprising some forty acres, which, we learned, was purchased in your name a good many years ago. This is now waste land, of little or no value to anyone, and partly submerged under water.

We are willing to pay you $100.00 an acre for this tract, as we think we may possibly be able to use it some time in the future. As it now stands absolutely useless, and of no present
value to anyone, we would advise you to accept this offer.

Please write us and we will forward check for $4000.00 and quit claim for you to sign and return to us.

Respectfully,

THE ELYSIAN REAL ESTATE CO.

per J. Whyte Osler

P. S. I must advise you, my dear Mrs. Eldon, that in making you this offer of $100.00 per acre, I am going against the united protests of the other members of our firm, who think fifty dollars would be a most generous offer. But—to be perfectly frank with you—let me admit that my feelings have been powerfully stirred by the accounts I have received of your charity; and in offering this price, I feel that I am helping along the little ones whom you love to help.

J. W. O.

As Mary read, her voice changed from a matter-of-fact tone to one of great awe. Some parts of the communication were unintelligible to her, but she caught enough of its import to understand that she was reading a letter from a big business firm to a lady of almost untold wealth, a lady who had only to sign a paper and get in return a check for four thousand dollars. It was better than a moving picture show.

"Isn't it swell?" she cried. "It will be no joke keeping a secret like that. Why Mrs. Eldon, I never dreamt that you were a lady of wealth."

"Neither did I," smiled Mrs. Eldon, her cheeks
flushed with pleasurable excitement. "You see, Mary, twenty-one years ago, I was married. My husband and I took a trip to Florida. While we were down there, he bought forty acres of land—it looked like a swamp to me—thirty miles or more from Miami: he paid five dollars an acre, and made the property over to me."

"Five dollars an acre!" echoed Mary. "And now you can get one hundred dollars an acre. Now you can have ice cream every day and twice on Sunday. It's like a moving picture!"

"The funny thing," continued Mrs. Eldon, "is that I had almost forgotten all about it. Fifteen years ago, I wanted to sell it; but nobody cared to buy. They told me then that the property had no value, and there was nothing to show that it ever would."

"And are you going to sell?"

"Of course, Mary. It is a windfall. With the money from the sale, I can pay all my debts, rest for two or three months, and— and—"

Mrs. Eldon's voice trailed away. Clearly she had other plans; but they concerned matters about which she did not choose to speak.

"What else, Mrs. Eldon?" prompted the girl. She was curious. Why not? We all love to hear the plans of our friends.

"If I told anyone, Mary, you would be the first. But I can't speak of some matters. — Now, dear, if I say the words slowly, will you take down a letter. I must get that money at once."

"O, I would just love to. Here's the paper, ma'am; and here's the ink. I'm all ready."

Mrs. Eldon in whose eyes shone a strange light, paused for a moment. Then she dictated as follows:
Gentlemen: Your kind and most encouraging letter has just now come to my hands. It has come as it seems to me at the psychological—

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," interrupted the impromptu secretary, "but do you spell that beginning with a 'c' or an 's'?"

"With a 'p,' my dear."

"You must be getting fever, Mrs. Eldon. That would make it 'pikological.'"

Mrs. Eldon laughed;—it was good for Mary to hear that burst of merriment—and carefully spelled out the word.

—psychological moment. I don't need the land, and I do need the money. It is most good of you to raise your offer in view of my love for children, and be sure I will use all I can of it for their help. I am ready to sign the document of quit claim on receipt promptly, and beg you to forward me the money at once.

Yours sincerely,

ADELE ELDON

Once more, guided by the willing child's fingers, the woman signed the neatly written letter.

Then she became suddenly weak; an ashen hue came upon her face.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Eldon?" cried Mary.

"My sight is gone. Help me to my bed. And, Mary, call for Father Breslin. O, it cannot be that I am dying just now that— Mary, show this letter to
Father Breslin before you post it. Ask his advice and—"

Here Mrs. Eldon became unconscious; Mary shrieked; in surged the rest of the Smith family, seven strong. Doctor and priest were summoned. The physician, as it happened, came first. He pronounced it a heart attack. When Father Breslin arrived, the doctor had done all that he could.

"Any danger?" asked Father Breslin.

"She may die; but she has more than a fighting chance. If she gets well, she should leave this place."

"Reside on the Shore Drive?"

"No," answered the stolid doctor. "She ought to go south—to Florida."

Father Breslin administered the last sacraments, assisted and encumbered by the Smiths. At the end, as the patient was resting easily, he was taken aside by Mary, who explained the substance of her dealings with Mrs. Eldon to the moment of the good woman's collapse.

Father Breslin read the letters slowly, and then put the missive from the Elysian Real Estate Co. into his pocket, and, to the dismay of little Miss Smith, tore the dictated letter into tiny pieces, and threw them into the stove.

"Tell Mrs. Eldon," he said, "when she comes to, that I'll be with her in the morning."
CHAPTER IV

INTRODUCING A WONDERFUL HERO WITH SUFFICIENT DETAILS OF HIS CAREER ON DIAMOND AND GRIDIRON TO WIN ALL HEARTS

Early in January, a young man who looked hardly sixteen, but who was in reality nineteen years of age, entered the room of the president of Campion College, a seat of learning which, as all the world knows, is situated at Prairie du Chien, Wisconsin.

"Father," he said, "I'm sorry to say it, but I feel that I must leave college."

The president laid aside his glasses, put down his pen, raised his head, and with a troubled face gazed on the young man, cap in hand, before him.

"Sit down, George," he said, pointing to a chair. "You—you've rather startled me. Why, what's the trouble? You have but four months left, and then you take your degree."

"Yes, Father, I know that. It's just like being put out at home plate. And besides, there's the basketball team, and the baseball season; and the fellows count on me."

"So do we all," acquiesced the president. "Just the same, if you fail us, none of us can ever forget your splendid performances in general, and, in particular, your record as full-back last fall. I myself shall never forget the Thanksgiving Day game when in the last quarter you got around the end and through a broken field ran seventy-five yards, spill-
ing three of their best men, dodging four others, and making the one goal of the game.”

George Herbert flushed with pleasure. He was a modest young fellow; and, to look at him, one would hardly think him a football player at all. He was rather slight, not weighing more than one hundred and fifty-five pounds, slightly over middle height, with quick, eager, somewhat prominent eyes, a nose which might have been aquiline had it not been for the flattening process of many a scrimmage, and a face fearless, yet kindly and frank.

“Thank you, Father. I remember that run myself. We were against the best team I ever faced; and, as you may not know, before coming here, I played full-back in sophomore year at a Methodist college in Iowa—”

“Indeed, I do know: it was your work that year which broke our series of victories.”

“Yes, sir; I remember. That was a game I can’t forget for another reason. I chanced to meet several of your players at that time, and Mr. Stanton, the scholastic in charge of your team. And we got very chummy. They seemed to be my sort. I never met anyone I liked so well in so short a time as Mr. Stanton. Then I had a little misunderstanding just after that game, with some of our own team. They—in fact they soured on me. And that’s why I decided to come here for junior year; and I’ve never regretted it.”

“And I’m sure,” put in the president, “that none of us have, either. Far from it: you have been a tower of strength to our athletics—baseball, basketball and football. I’ve been watching your work ever since you came.”

“I didn’t know that, Father. Of course, I saw you
at several of our games, but it never occurred to me that you kept tab of my work."

"But I did, I assure you, George. It's a pity," he sighed, "that the work of making a drive for the College has taken up so much of my time, and prevented me from seeing and talking with our college boys. I've often wanted to talk with you."

"Did you, sir?" Young Herbert looked surprised and delighted.

"I certainly did; and I'm glad you came in just now. It just happens, for once in a blue moon, that I have an hour or so of leisure. Do you mind my talking to you before we take up the unpleasant question of your leaving us?"

George's face expressed eloquent assent.

"To begin with, George, I rather think that you are a boy of character."

"I--I--don't know, sir. I've not got down to my studies the way I should. Just done enough to pass."

"Even that is something. What with your interest in athletics—a very absorbing matter—and your specializing on them, the fact that you've at least done your duty in your serious studies is gratifying. It's hard for a young fellow who, like Wordsworth's little maid, 'feels his life in every limb,' to get down to work which is at once stern and unexciting. But, I have seen other things to indicate character. First, I have been told on good authority that neither here nor at your other college did you ever touch one drop of intoxicating liquor."

"I've always kept in training, sir."

"Yes: but others, some of them not bad fellows, did yield on occasion. It wasn't that way with our athletes before Prohibition; but now liquor of any
sort is forbidden fruit, and we are all true children of Adam. By the way, you were saying a moment ago that you had a misunderstanding with some of your own players after that game when you defeated our boys. Didn’t the question of drinking come into that?”

“Yes, sir—I beg pardon—yes, Father. Our cheer leader just loved to cheer, and he always cheered himself into a great thirst. With him, as one of the fellows said, it was ‘Cheer’ during the game, and ‘good cheer’ after it, especially if we won. That game in which we beat Campion was our most glorious victory, and the cheer leader, half an hour after it, was glorious, too.”

“Go on,” cried the rector, looking for the nonce like a boy. “I’ve heard something about that. Tell me the whole story.”

“There’s very little to it, sir. Jackson—that was the cheer leader’s name—came into my room about an hour after the game, with two other fellows, our center, who weighed two hundred and twenty, and our left end, who was almost as heavy. Jackson was—well he was drunk, and the other two were at the fighting stage of drinking. They had waited outside my room till the coast was clear and all my friends had gone away. It is only fair to that college to say that none of these three fellows were Methodists. There wasn’t enough religion in the three of them to pass around a collection box. They came in without knocking. Jackson was between the other two. ‘Shee here, Herbert, we’ve been thinking, and we’ve come to the conclusion that you’re a hypocrite.’ ‘I say, Jackson,’ I put in, ‘you’d better look out, you talk as though some of your teeth are loose.’ ‘Loosh! loosh!’ he said, ‘Say, boys, thash an inshult.’ ‘Yes,
it is,’ they answered, and one of them turned quickly and shut the door. ‘Yes: that’s an insult, and if you don’t drink our health right now out of this’—here he pulled a half-filled flask from his hip pocket, ‘we’ll beat the daylish out of you, and I’ll, I’ll bite you.’ Of course, Father, I saw I was in for it. Against the three, I stood no chance. Jackson didn’t count, but either one of the other two could handle me—not in boxing—but in a rough-and-tumble go-as-you-please.”

“What did you do?”

“I thought quick, and an idea came. ‘Boys,’ I said, ‘if I must drink, why not all of us together. I can’t drink all of that anyhow. I think I can find three glasses.’ The suggestion seemed to appeal to them. They looked less warlike. ‘That’s all right,’ said Jackson. ‘I need a drink myself.’ ‘Well, then, just wait till I find those glasses.’ As it happened, I had a tumbler and two wine glasses in my room. I knew where they were, but spent some time in looking them up. Passing the window, I saw three of my chums down below. ‘By the way,’ I said, still groping about for the third glass, hadn’t you fellows better lock that door?’ It was a lucky suggestion; all three turned to the door, and, as they turned, I dropped a cake of soap which fell among my three chums, and, as it dropped, waved my handkerchief. The three visitors were still busy at the door, or rather two of them were earnestly directing Jackson, whose fingers fumbled at the job for nearly half a minute. Again, I waved and beckoned. ‘That done,’ said Jackson. ‘Now let’s drink.’ The third glass was in my hand. ‘Suppose, I pour it out,’ I said, at once proceeding to give Jackson, who had the tumbler, a generous allowance. Quickly our glasses
were ready: I heard no sound of anyone coming. 'Say, Jackson,' I said, 'suppose you give us a toast.' 'I will,' he said. He pulled himself straight, drew his cap over his eyes, and held his glass aloft. He put on a look of extreme solemnity.

"'If you're waking, call me early,' he called out, tears beginning to form in his eyes. 'Call me early, mozzer dear; for to-morrow'll be the happiest day of all the glad new year.' Say, Father, honest, it was the funniest thing you ever saw. There were tears running down the derned fool's cheeks; and then he went on with sobs in his voice: 'of all the glad new year, mozzer, the maddest, merriest day, for I'm to be Queen of the May, muzzer, I'm to be Queen of the May.' As he said the last words, Jackson took a few fancy steps and went over on the floor, and, as he fell, I threw my whiskey into the faces of the other two, and while they were clearing their eyes, I turned the lock and beat it outside. Six fellows were waiting, and they were not too many. One boy held Jackson; but the rest of us had all we could do to get the other two out. They made an awful row, enough to wake the dead. Before all was quieted, an official came on the scene. That settled the end and the center; they got away. But Jackson was lying helpless in the corridor. 'Who is this?' asked the official. Naturally, we were all silent. Suddenly from the recumbent form came a voice—

"'I'm the Queen of the May, muzzer, I am the Queen of the May.'"

When the president had recovered his gravity, he inquired what had become of the "Queen of the May."

"He took the next train: his friends helped him make it. When he awoke next morning in his native
city, he immediately bought a return ticket, and got back that evening. He didn’t know he had been dismissed. But this time, he was sober enough to comprehend that he was no longer wanted; and so he left once more. I am told he is now in Florida making big money as a Prohibition agent."

"To get back to where we started from," said the president, "there’s another fine thing I’ve heard about you. They tell me that in all the games you’ve played here, no one has ever heard you let slip a profane word."

"I think that’s true, sir. It wasn’t always so, Father. When I was in high school, I got careless, and one day in a game, when we were playing near one of the side-lines near the spectators, three fellows tackled me, and came down on me like a thousand of brick. One of them, seeing his chance, gave me an awful punch in the belly. Before I knew it, the profanity was pouring out of my mouth like one of those gushing oil wells just tapped. It must have made the air blue. Just as I was under full steam, I happened to see in the crowd a pretty little girl of about eight years of age. I never saw her before and have never seen her since, but were I to meet her ninety years from now, it seems to me that I would know her as soon as my eyes lighted on her. It wasn’t her blue eyes or her golden, sunny curls—which have gone out now—nor her schoolgirl complexion, red cheeks and fair complexion: all those things made her pretty. But she looked so good, so innocent. In fact, I thought she looked like an angel. Now there was something else on her face, which sent a cold chill down my back and made me forget my belly-ache. There was amazement and horror on her face. She was looking at me with
parted lips, as though she could not believe her ears. Father, I’m not much on piety; but somehow or other there came into my memory something I had heard when I was a little boy. It ran like this, though I’m not sure that I have the exact words: ‘And whosoever scandalizes one of these little ones, it were better that he had a millstone round his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea.’ I never felt so mean and contemptible in all my life. I felt like tearing my tongue out. There was no hokum about this, Father.”

“What do you mean, George?”

“I mean there was no silly, sentimental slush about it. She was a little bit of a girl of eight or nine. It was not a case of love at first sight.”

“I understand, George.”

“Well, I got out of it the best way I could. I apologized to the three who tackled me, and shook hands with the chap who punched me in the belly. From that day, I have used no profanity; and hope I never will.”

“Well, my boy, that shows character, too. And this brings me to another point. Many have noticed how well you keep your temper. I myself remember attending one game last fall when the slogan of the opposing team was, ‘Get George Herbert.’ And the players seemed never to have lost sight of that slogan. They watched your every move. One time there were six of them piled on you and they fell with the playfulness of elephants. While the referee was disentangling the crowd on top of you, many of us feared that you would have to be carried off the field. Didn’t we all breathe an air of relief when you sat up and with a grin turned your head and saluted the field? It was to me and, no doubt, to others an
amazing turn. We expected an unconscious player or, if conscious, a player, black with rage; for everybody except the referee saw clearly that the opposing players had deliberately attempted to knock you out. But you were not knocked out, and two or three minutes later, you took a forward pass, jumping into the air to get the ball, and scored a second touchdown. Neither then nor on any other occasion did I see you show the least sign of ill-temper. Are you that way naturally?"

"I should say not, Father. In high school, I broke up one game and nearly broke up another—that was in my first year, before I made the regular team. Of course, I was always ashamed of myself after any of those outbursts, and I did improve a little; but my temper was as ugly as sin. When I made up my mind never to use profanity again on or off the field, I got to thinking how to keep that resolution. Well, it looked plain to me that if I didn't watch my temper, I'd be sure to fall into profanity."

"Good!" interrupted the president. "There is no end of people who accuse themselves of profanity, but who never say a word about their bad temper. It never occurs to them that the two sins, practically speaking, are closely interlinked. With many people, especially men, before the War, but to-day with men and women alike, to lose one's temper and to fall into profanity follow each other as the night follows day. Curb the temper, and you kill two birds with one stone. Go on, George."

"You've said it yourself, sir: I made up my mind to watch my temper. And there's just one more thing I want to say. (I say, Father, I can talk to you about things I've never mentioned to anyone else.) That little eight-year-old fairy may have been an
angel, for all I know. Her face with its horror and incredulity haunted me. That little girl stood for me in my memory as a representative for all good women. She stood for my mother, whom I never saw after I was about three, and whom I can hardly remember. At six, after a few years in a private family I have almost forgotten, my father put me away in a boarding school for small boys. My mother died when I was eleven. I have never been home since. Anyhow, along with watching my temper and avoiding profanity, I made up my mind never to say anything foul or smutty, and I believe I have not failed.”

“For which, by the way,” said the president, “you are even among the student body the most respected, the most honored athlete that ever kicked a goal or scored a touchdown for Campion College. There are boys here in their early teens who idolize you. To be fearless and modest, to be strong with the strength of ten, as you have been, to be manly in every way and to be as clean in word as we expect of the innocence of early childhood, is a lesson driven home more by your example than by a whole three-days’ retreat. Be sure, George, God will bless you for it in some extraordinary way. And I have little doubt but that He will do it even in this world.”

George blushed hotly. He twirled his cap for a few moments, hesitated, and went on:

“I want to tell you how I went about it, Father.”

“Thank you so much. Your confidence is giving me more light than you imagine. Tell me all you can.”

“You know, Father, I have for the last three years had it in mind to specialize in athletics. I read upon it, and I learned a lot that helped me to be clean in word and in thought. I found out from
books by specialists that, other things being equal, that man had the most strength and energy who lived chastely. Another specialist insisted that even loose thoughts had a terrible effect on the nervous system. And I learned that to live chastely one must think and talk cleanly, and avoid anything which unduly excites the passions. From my last year in high school to the present day, I have been very careful in my choice of reading, and have avoided any sort of play or picture that was what they call over-sexy.”

“All this is splendid,” beamed the president, “but there’s one thing you have overlooked.”

“What, what, Father?”

“The danger of idleness.”

“Gee! I forgot that. Sure—they are all agreed on that; and while I haven’t studied my head off, I have kept myself busy. And I have been happy, too.”

“It is a strange thing,” mused the president, “but asceticism and athleticism at its best run on practically the same lines in ever so many respects. The most energetic young men in the world, so far as my observation goes, are athletes who play the rules of the game the year round, and young men who follow Our Lord under the three vows of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience. Now, George, since you have been so kind as to open your heart to me, let me ask you one question more before we come to the business of your leaving. I’m coming back to our start—your making that seventy-five yards in a broken field run. Considering the team against you that day—strong, powerful fellows, in splendid condition, and up to the minute in all the tricks of football—how in the world did you manage to get by?”
“I’ll tell you, Father.”

The president sat back in his chair, placing a hand on each arm of it, and adjusted himself to listen to the secret of a great play from the mouth of a young man, whom, not without justice, he considered to be the best full-back in the great Northwest.

“When I get into a game, Father, I feel before we start that I can do little or nothing. I remember when we faced that team at the kick-off, that my judgment said ‘We are beaten, we can’t get through them.’ But once the ball was kicked and I started down the field, all that sort of thing left me. But the big change comes on me when I get the ball. It’s always that way. I remember when I started off with the pigskin under my arm for that seventy-five yards run how I felt. I always feel that way with the ball, but this time I felt it more intensely. Here was the feeling. ‘I’ve got the ball; nothing can stop me; nothing can stop me. I’m just the greatest football player in the world right now.’ Sounds funny, doesn’t it? When it’s all over, I feel like an average ordinary player; but when I’m started off, I’m the greatest man that ever dodged through a field. Is that conceit, Father?"

“Not at all. It’s a state of mind, my boy. It’s the football spirit. It is courage hypnotizing its owner. It’s the thing that does the impossible, that snatches victory out of defeat. It’s the thing, too, that brings one hundred thousand men and women out in the worst sort of weather to see twenty-two young men play an obscure pigskin up and down a sodden or snow-covered field. Looking at it in another way, it’s the psychology of great deeds done on field of sport or of battle. Thank you, George; you have given me one of the finest quarters of an
hour I’ve enjoyed since the bells of our nation clanged and jangled the news that the terrible War of the Nations had come to an end.”

“Father,” said the delighted collegian, “you must have been an athlete yourself once.”

The Father arose and whispered solemnly:

“George, no man is all that God wants him to be, unless he is an athlete in fact, or, failing that for good reasons, an athlete at heart.”
CHAPTER V

SHOWING HOW OUR MYSTERIOUS HERO, THE GREATEST BROKEN FIELD RUNNER IN THE NORTH, IS MYSTERIOUSLY DRAWN TO SEEK THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FRECKLES.

"And now," continued the president, "we come to the unpleasant part of our interview. I've put it off as long as I could. May I ask why you have so suddenly discovered that you must give up your college course?"

"Father, I got a letter last night from the Trust Company which, ever since I can remember, handles all my affairs in the name of my father. You know, I haven't seen him since I was eight years of age."

"What?"

"That's the fact, sir. And in all these years I have heard from him directly only twice. He sent me two letters some years ago with an interval of several days between them. The first was to tell me that my mother was very ill, but not to come on, as her illness was very contagious; and the second, that she had died of smallpox, and had been buried at once."

"So you never saw your mother after coming to boarding school?"

"Not since I was able to toddle; but she's alive to me. Often I think she is near me. I have been told that she was an extraordinary woman."

"And your father?"
"I don't know much about him, Father. So far as I know, he didn’t seem to care for me at all. He put me in the hands of a Trust Company, and only through them did I ever hear of him. He was a sort of a speculator and made lots of money. Sometimes, too, he lost lots of money; and it seems that last month he went to the wall. From the letter I just got, it would appear that everybody took it for granted that he would pick up again. He, himself, was full of confidence and last week started promoting a big deal. The Trust Company was behind him financially. They were sure it would go through, but three days ago he was found dead in his room; and he died over two hundred thousand dollars in debt, with not enough assets to cover one fourth of his indebtedness. And that, Father, leaves me a beggar."

The president took a turn about the room, paused at the window, and for several moments stood there buried in thought.

"What is a few hundred dollars between friends?" he presently said. "It is just a question of your not being able to pay tuition, board and that sort of thing. There's nothing to worry about. Stay here, finish your course; get your degree. I'll see personally to your having pocket money. By the way, how much were you allowed by the Trust?"

"Fifty dollars a month, sir; and that was to pay for clothes and all expenses not covered by board and tuition."

"Was that enough?"

"I made out very well, sir. At present, I have on hand about seventy-eight dollars. I was economizing the last six months, so as to be ready for the extras
in connection with my taking my degree. Instead, I propose now to use that sum for travelling expenses and making a start in life."

"Why not stick to your original plan, George? You owe us nothing. If it comes down to a nice question of debit and credit, everything is in your favor. Your year and a half here has been really a great advertisement to our institution. It is we who are in your debt. You go on with your lessons, and I'll see to your getting fifty dollars each month, and we'll call it quits."

"Thank you so much, Father; but I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Of course you could. This isn't charity, you know."

"It is very kind of you to say so, Father; but I could never think of taking anything because of my being an athlete."

"Ah!" exclaimed the president. "I beg pardon, George. I was forgetting for the moment the nice points connected with amateur athletics. You are right. Well, suppose we put it this way. I'll take care of your board, tuition, pocket money; and you will become my debtor to that amount. Then when you are ready, you can repay me."

George Herbert studied the mat before the president's desk.

"It is a most attractive offer, Father, and I am just as grateful as though you carried it out; but I hope you won't consider me unreasonable or ungrateful when I decline."

The president looked puzzled.

"I admit," continued George, "that it does look very unreasonable. It may seem ungrateful, too.
But, first, I cannot bear to contract a debt without seeing my way to paying it. There's another reason, though, and I don't know whether 'reason' is the right word. I just feel in my bones that I ought to get out and fare for myself. Don't ask me why; I really couldn't tell you. Yet, ever since I got that letter last night, I have had a feeling as though some unseen force were pulling at me, that I must get away. I want to go south. It is like a feeling of home-sickness.”

The rector started.

"South?" he repeated. "And what would you like to do?"

"Anything at all, sir. Nothing would suit me better than to teach gymnastics in a grade or high school, or even to teach the ordinary school branches. I like dealing with boys, and it might give me a chance to try out some of my theories."

As George spoke, the president's eyes grew larger and larger. He looked startled.

"This is most extraordinary," he said. "George, I'm not going to be reasonable either. You have a — a —"

"A hunch, sir?"

"That's the word. Well, I'm going to respect your hunch. And in doing so, I wish to express the hope that you will come back here in a year or so and stay with us long enough to take your degree. Yesterday morning I received a letter from a little town in Florida from a district school committee man. He wants a teacher of Latin and mathematics for the local public high school at eighty dollars a month. There is an amusing side to this matter. The letter addressed me as Mister. The writer makes it known
that outside of the Nordics he thinks the English, while they are not really Nordics, are the greatest people on earth. Very kind of him, isn’t it? The name of our College—Campion—has clearly deceived him. It has never occurred to him—and has not to countless others—that the name Campion is the name of a Jesuit martyr. All he knows is that it is English—and that is enough for him. How would you like to try for that position?”

“Like it! Why, Father, nothing could suit me better. As I said a moment ago, I wanted to go south. Now south, in my mind, is Florida, first and last. Whether it was that lately I’ve read a good deal about that place or not, I can’t say; but for the last fifteen hours in all my waking moments, I was thinking of and longing for Florida. Then, I rather like mathematics and Latin. Do you think I could get the place?” George was intensely excited.

The president, smiling yet solemn, spread out a letter before him and picked up the receiver at his desk.

“Halloa! Give me Western Union. No: it’s not a Labor Union—Western. That’s it. All right.”

There was a pause.

“Western Union? Here’s a telegram. Ready?”

It took the president three minutes to insure the correct name and address of the committee man. The message itself went through with little or no difficulty.

Dear Sir: Have the man you want. Bright, an athlete, possibly a Nordic—("Nordic," he said in an aside, "covers almost anything but the Irish and the Latins,")—Can recommend him highly.
Just about finished his college course. Can come at once. Answer collect.

“That,” said the president, as he hooked the receiver, “ought to bring an answer in a few hours. I believe in quick action; the more so as I feel that if our friend at the other end discovers he is dealing with a Jesuit college, the whole affair would be called off.”

“But it won’t,” cried George, eager and bright as a boy of twelve. “It’s the beginning of a new life: I feel it. It’s going to be romantic. There will be adventures and surprises and—”

“Troubles,” put in the priest.

“Of course. But I’m just ready for troubles, too; if they don’t come too strong. By Jove, I feel like a kid going to a picnic with a big lunch basket and five dollars to spend.”

“Don’t talk like that,” urged the sympathetic priest. “You make me feel sorry I’m not twenty, whereas I ought to be thankful to God that I’m in my sixties and still able to do an honest day’s work in His service. Now go and get ready to leave, if we can clinch this matter, by the two o’clock train this afternoon. God bless you, my boy. I’ll call you as soon as the answer arrives.”

Shortly before one o’clock the answer came. George Herbert was accepted, on the recommendation of the president of Campion College, and was urged to come at once.

And so a little before train time (his pass provided for him by the president as far as Chicago) to the rah-rah-rahs of the student body, who loved him to a man, George Herbert, his eyes dim with the saying of farewell, his heart aglow with rosy dreams
of the future, left Campion, a knight without fear and without reproach, to seek his fortunes in the land of golden sunshine.

George expected thrills, troubles, adventures.

He was not wrong. As this veracious story will show, he got them.
CHAPTER VI

INTRODUCING MISS HARDPAN AND HER ENGAGING BUT BIGOTED PUPILS, AMONG THEM MASTER CLIFTON COLEMAN, WITH A HEART GLOWING WITH SUNSHINE AND A FACE DOTTED WITH FRECKLES

For two weeks after his arrival in the very small town of Vichy, Florida—I call it Vichy because that is not the name—George Herbert had smooth sailing. The principal of the high school was a big, good-natured man of wide reading and broad views. He was a southern gentleman with all the courtliness of the South and with few of the prejudices peculiar to that part of our country. He and George became friends almost at once. Instead of teaching Latin and mathematics, George after three days' work was put in charge of the first year high. There were twenty boys and twenty-five girls in this class. The room was crowded, and Miss Patience Hardpan, their teacher, could not but see that day by day her lively young pupils were getting out of hand. She knew little about girls and less about boys. She was widely and badly read. Among other things gleaned from her readings, she held that the Pope was anti-Christ, that priests were wolves in sheeps' clothing, that Jesuits knew how to poison Protestants with efficiency and despatch; and she was still dreading the day when the Court of Rome—cardinals, bishops and all manner of patriarchs and prelates—would swoop down on her beloved Florida,
having first captured Washington and put the President and his Cabinet in cells, and annex it to the Catholic Church. Miss Hardpan looked upon the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos as the one shining light in a clouded sky. They were to be her saviors, the country’s saviors. Miss Hardpan was sincere. Also, she was consistent. Forty-five years of age, she still carried all the ideas which she had formed up to the age of twenty-five, since which time she never opened her mind to a single new thought. And yet, she was good and kind and God-fearing. No doubt, the good woman will find a place in heaven. There is room there, thank God, for ignorance as invincible as hers. There is a story to the effect that a certain Georgia lady, delegate to the Democratic National Convention, remained seated and stopped her ears with her fingers while Cardinal Hayes invoked the blessing of God upon the Democrats in their choice of a Presidential Candidate. Whether this be true or not, Miss Hardpan, reading the story in the daily paper, was carried away with enthusiasm at the alleged conduct of the Georgia southern lady, and, procuring her photograph, set it up on her bureau, burning a little taper before it for one hour every night. The same Miss Hardpan, by the way, would have shuddered with horror had she seen in a Catholic place a vigil light before the shrine of Our Lady. Leaving aside religious subjects, Miss Hardpan was no fool. She saw that as a disciplinarian she was slipping, and she had the good sense to go to the principal and suggest a change: she could teach older pupils. And Mr. Goodfellow, the principal, who had watched George Herbert for three days, was quick to grasp the opportunity. Miss Hardpan was given the
mathematics and English in the third and fourth year.

In one day, George discovered some remarkable things concerning the first year high. The girls, every one of them, had the winning manners of the South; the boys, with but three exceptions, were attractive young gentlemen, rather fond of trifles, and good-natured to a fault. All, without exception, in addition to a fair knowledge of the regular branches of learning, were firmly convinced that American Catholics had no love of Country, but were waiting for a chance to kill the President and his Cabinet, to burn at the stake all Government officials high in power, and to establish the Pope on an American throne. They also believed that Catholics worshiped images, that priests for a moderate cash payment would allow good Catholics to commit any crime from pocket-picking to murder, that Mother Superiors in convents when not satisfied with the conduct of any particular nun under their obedience thought nothing of walling her up with bricks, thus burying her alive, and that all Jesuits began their careers in their Order by selling their souls to the devil.

They also had a few settled ideas concerning the Jews. Miss Hardpan, to do her justice, was not bitter against these followers of the Old Law. But she insisted that they always got the better of Christians—and, by the way, Catholics, she held, were not Christians—in business affairs, and that if something were not speedily done, they would possess the nation's wealth and have all good Christians feeding from their hand. It never occurred to Miss Hardpan that Jews were industrious, that they worked harder than the average Christian, that they took
business seriously, and that, above all, being of a nation with remarkable powers of imagination, they were quick to see possibilities which others overlooked.

Also, the class was firmly convinced that God created the negro race to be the servants of the white man. Possibly the negro had an immortal soul; but it was very, very doubtful.

In a word, the gentle, amiable and perfectly honest Miss Hardpan had so trained these lively boys and lovely girls that, should nothing intervene to raise doubts in their minds, they would all, probably, grow up to make model Cock-a-Doodle-Doos, and, having done much to disintegrate our country, would have passed away in due course and, having followed with blind faith their teacher's tenets, would have gone to heaven and been very much surprised, on getting there, at learning many things never dreamed of in Miss Hardpan's philosophy.

The case of Miss Hardpan is an extreme one. The Hardpans are rare. Yet in a modified form, there has been, since the Civil War, a touch of Hardpan over most of the solid South, with the result that many of the finest men and women in our country are blind bigots. They mean well, but they act badly. And who can blame them? If Miss Hardpan is right, there ought to be a Cock-a-Doodle-Doo in every hamlet, village, city and town. If Miss Hardpan is right, the country should expel us Catholics, one and all, and keep us from these blessed shores forever.

"Boys and girls," said Professor Herbert, in the last few minutes of the first day of class, "I am considerably impressed by what I have learned about you to-day. You are really well up in mathematics,
you are fair in English precepts, though you know nothing of writing and have read no books worth while. What I wonder at most, though, is your wide information. You know so many facts about races and religions and patriotism. But the trouble about your facts is that most of them aren't so."

The expression on the faces of his hearers was puzzled. They had not the least idea what he meant.

"Say, Professor Herbert," said a bright freckle-faced little boy, the youngest in the class, "did you all hear the news?"

The other children had departed, leaving the two alone.

"What's that, Clifton?"

"There's a tourist family got in town last night."

"You call that news, Clifton?"

"I surely do: it's the first tourists that ever came to our town. But that isn't all."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do. Some of the old people are getting nervous. They say that it is bad enough for a Nawthener—" Clifton, by the way, would have possibly choked to death if he pronounced an "r"—"like you to come down heah and teach us all. They don't like the people from the Nawth. But just as soon as you get heah, along comes some moah people from up theh. They think you have brought 'em along."

George laughed.

"Set 'em right on that, Clifton. They can search me, if they like."

"But I haven't told you the half yet."

"What! More news!"

"Yes: it's a secret. Only a few know it. I know it and our family. These heah tourists are Catholics."
"Why, is there anything strange about that?"
Clifton Coleman’s lip curled.
"Say! a lot you all know about us. This village has been here for fifty years, and this is the first time, dad says, that any Catholics stayed over night. He doesn’t know whether he ought to tell or not."
"Why shouldn’t he tell?"
"Why shouldn’t he? Did you ever meet any of those Catholics?"
"Carloads of them, ships full; thousands and thousands."
"O, I guess you are used to them."
"O, yes: I am."
"But they are bad," Clifton pursued with flashing eyes. "They are assassinataws and poisonaws and they hate our flag and—and stuff like that."
"Did you see these tourists?"
"Yes: the man, his name is Kelly, brought a letter of introduction to my father. Say, Mr. Herbert, looking at him, you wouldn’t think he’d poison you as soon as look at you. He’s rather young, and has a red moustache and has a nice smile. I’d never think he was a villain."
"Well, Shakespeare speaks of a man who can smile and smile, and be a villain."
"He’s right, ain’t he? And his wife looks good. She’s got red cheeks and dark eyes and she—she looks kind."
"Maybe she is."
"O, no! It can’t be. She’s a Catholic, too. And then they have a little girl. She’s like her mother—dark, only smaller, and she has pretty manners. When dad introduced her to me, she made a little bob—what do ya’ call it?"
"A curtsy, Clifton?"
"That's the word. It nearly paralyzed me. I never saw it done that way before. But I haven't told you the half yet."

"Clifton, you excite me strangely. Let me not burst in ignorance. Don't tell me the little girl tried to assassinate you."

"Huh!" cried Clifton, drawing himself up. "I'd like to see any old girl try that on me. I'd— I'd—"

"You'd knock her cold?"

"What! Me! I'm a Southannah, sir. And," here Clifton, remembering a speech his father had once made in public, and rehearsed in private at least one hundred times, "a man nevah lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness."

"Good for you, Clifton; but what would you do, if she tried to assassinate you?"

"O, I'd do something."

"Run?"

"You're poking fun at me, sir."

"Well, if she didn't try to assassinate you, what did she do? Did she bring out her poison?"

"O, I guess these Catholics don't begin that sort of stuff until they grow up. She's all right. Anyhow, she looks all right. It is hard for me not to like her."

"Dear me, that's a dreadful temptation."

"It sure is," responded Clifton, untouched by the kindly sarcasm of his professor. "But the trouble will begin to-morrow."

"How so, Clifton?"

"Elizabeth Kelly starts to our school to-morrow morning. And she's going to be in your class—first year high."

"That's all right: she will be welcome. But what about the trouble? Where does that come in?"
“Can’t you see, sir?”
“No. What are you driving at?”
“She’s a Catholic.”
“Yes: but Catholics don’t bite.”
“But we don’t take Catholics in our school.”
“O! Why not?”
“Well, none of ’em ever came. There are no Catholics in this place. There never were.”
“But, it’s a free school, my boy.”
“It’s Protestant!”
“Who told you that?”
“And this is a Protestant country!”
“Shades of Columbus, Marquette and Carroll! Who told you that?”
“Miss Hardpan.”
“O; that settles it.”
“Yes, sir. But the girls won’t stand for it any more than the boys. And— and— she’s a nice girl, too. If I didn’t know she was Roman, I’d like her.”
“Say, Clifton: suppose you try to like her, anyway.”
“That’s wrong, sir.”
“Wrong to love your neighbor?”
“She ain’t my neighbor.”
“Who is?”
“She ain’t, anyhow.”
Then the greatest fullback of the far North told Clifton the story of the man who fell among thieves. It was his first attempt at teaching the Gospel.
“And— and— do you think that Christ would want me to be kind to a— a— Romish girl?”
“I know it.”
Clifton scratched his head.
“It sounds right, sir: but it goes against the grain.”
“O, lots of things that are right go against the grain. Now, Clifton, you and I are friends.”

“You bet.”

“Do me this favor: ask your father and your family to say nothing about the Kelly's religion. Keep it quiet.”

“Yes, sir.”

“And to-morrow, or in a few days,” continued the professor, the light of adventure shining in his eyes, “we shall see what we shall see.”
CHAPTER VII

MR. GEORGE HERBERT OFFERS TO JOIN ALL THE CHURCHES IN THE VILLAGE OF VICHY, AND PROMISES TO REPEL WITH HIS OWN STRONG ARM THE POPE'S PROPOSED INVASION OF FLORIDA

George Herbert that evening sat in the room, for which, along with a light breakfast and an equally light supper, he paid the widow Alexandra Johnson ten dollars a week. It had a college air about it, largely effected by a liberal display of the colors of Campion, its banners and its streamers. George sat at a table, his legs, if the truth must be told, cocked upon it and his brow furrowed. He was thinking of the morrow. There was going to be trouble, he felt sure; and he was not afraid of trouble. But along with this came the fact that, being a teacher, he carried a deep responsibility. He must use judgment; he must act with prudence. He must—

A knock at the door interrupted his meditations. "Come in," he shouted, swinging his legs off the table.

At the word three men entered the room. George rose hastily, and, while ascertaining his visitors' names and exchanging greetings, drew two chairs forward and seated himself on the bed. The three visitors were ill assorted. Mr. John Magnus was very tall, with a piping high voice; Mr. Luther Linton was very small, with a bass so deep that it seemed
to come up from his heels; and Mr. Simon Snodgrass, the third of the party, was very round, with a chubby face composed in such a manner that he appeared to be trying to get a very high note out of an absolutely invisible cornet. His voice was low and pompous until he grew excited, when it rose to a muddy falsetto. They were all, as became true Southerners, of excellent manners.

After a short interchange of courtesies, the tall and angular Mr. Magnus cleared his throat, adjusted his collar, and then piped out:

“Mr. Herbert, this is a sad time for our country.”

“A time,” rumbled Mr. Linton, “that tests men’s souls.”

“Yes?” put in George, rather puzzled by these dark and gloomy announcements.

“And,” continued Mr. Snodgrass, “we are all extremely worried.”

A twinkle flashed in the young professor’s eye. The thing was getting too serious.

“It is hard,” he said solemnly, “to get an honest glass of beer.”

“Sir!” trebled Magnus.

“Beer!” rumbled Linton in tones that seemed to come from the cellar, which could hardly be, as cellars in that particular village were about as plentiful as snakes in Ireland.

“The professor,” put in Snodgrass, “is pleased to indulge in airy persiflage.”

“I beg pardon,” said young Herbert, “but I thought you were talking about something serious.”

“We are!” piped, rumbled and falsettoed three voices.

“Ah! I see. After all, now I come to think of it,
beer is light. I never drink myself, and so had not given the matter—"

"Good!" interrupted Magnus. "This town is dry as the Sahara. Liquor comes from the devil."

"Indeed! Don't you think you are flattering him?"

"And we are all church-goers in this town," said Linton in sepulchral tones.

"Fine," said young Herbert, his sense of humor still rebellious.

"And we thought," put in Snodgrass, "it would be proper to invite you to join one of our churches. I am a Baptist, Mr. Magnus is a Presbyterian, and Mr. Linton is a Methodist. You are welcome to choose any one of these churches."

"Gentlemen, I thank you for your invitation; but are three churches the limit?"

"Surely, Mr. Herbert," said Magnus, "three are enough."

"Which one of the three is the true one?"

"All," came the falsetto of Snodgrass, while the other two nodded their heads in assent.

"O, I see. How interesting. And you all teach the same doctrine?"

"Practically," answered Linton, backed by the assenting nods of his friends.

"Ah, I see. Then why not make them one church, and be done with it. It would be a great saving on the overhead."

The committee, somewhat puzzled, gazed fixedly at the cheerful young man.

"You see my point, gentlemen?"

"Yes-s—yes," replied Magnus slowly. "But the fact is, some of us like our services one way, and
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some another way. There is unity, but unity in variety."

"O, yes: you all have different sorts of services; but you all hold the same doctrine."

"Yes," came the quick answer in voices that almost harmonized.

"You all believe that Christ was the Son of God, and the Second Person—"

"Yes."

"Yes."

"No."

"That there are seven sacraments established by Christ."

"Six," cried one.

"Four," came another.

"Three," replied the third, "and I’m not sure about one of them."

"O!" said Herbert.

"All this," put in Snodgrass, "is merely a matter of detail—a thing entirely secondary to the essence of true religion."

"I think," said George Herbert brightly, and inwardly amazed to find himself a controversialist, "that I’m getting you. In a word, you all believe the same things in a Pickwickian sense."

"Er—er—something like that," allowed Mr. Magnus, who had heard of the Pickwick Papers.

"And," continued the youngster, "it really doesn’t make much difference what you believe."

"That’s it," came the falsetto of Snodgrass. "That’s what holds us together. We think that if a man is honest to his fellow-man and loves and cares for his wife and children, and acts decently, it doesn’t matter what church he belongs to."

"So, then," said Herbert as gay and light-hearted
as though he had broken through the line of scrimmage and were carrying the ball on a field through a bewildered and paralyzed remnant of defense, "a fellow can join any church—"

"Yes, yes."

"Very good: I might, then, join the Episcopalian."
The three became very grave.
"Or," added George brightly, "the Catholic Church!"

Had George endeavored to regale these men with a burst of blasphemy, the effect could not have been worse.

"The Catholic Church!" said Snodgrass, wiping his massive brow. "Why, that’s un-American."
"Precisely," added Magnus.
"But suppose," urged George, "that the Catholic Church were the true Church, would it still be un-American to join it?"
"Of course," answered Linton.
"But in that case," urged Herbert, "wouldn’t there be something wrong with Americanism?"
"That’s absurd!" boomed Snodgrass.
"Absurd!" echoed George. "In other words, it would be unthinkable that America could make a mistake in so important a matter."

The committee affirmed this proposition with enthusiastic nods and words of assent.

"Very good," said George, enjoying himself as he never thought he could in conversation: "If that’s the case, that is, if America can’t go wrong and if Americanism repudiates the Catholic Church as being un-American, I’ll never join it."

Mr. Magnus unbent so far as to smile genially, and his companions were not slow to follow suit. He arose and shook George’s hand cordially, while
Snodgrass, in an aside to Linton, said: "Another brand snatched from the burning."

Much relieved, the committee, after an orgy of handshaking, seated itself once more.

"And now, gentlemen," said George suavely, "to return to our mutton—that is, the question of my selecting one of the three churches which you represent. I don't want to be rash."

"No—no—not at all," assented Linton.

"And I don't know whether it would be feasible to join all three—"

"Of course not," interrupted Snodgrass in his falsetto.

"Why not?" argued George. "You know, I rather like variety; it's the spice of life."

"It isn't done," said Linton sternly.

"And we are all the fools of custom, Mr. Linton. Well, I assure you, gentlemen,"—here George became very grave—"that I will give the matter my prayerful consideration."

"We shall be pleased," said Mr. Magnus, once more looking vastly relieved, "to await your decision. But now we come to the main point—the one we started out with when you in what, if you will pardon me, we might call airy persiflage, aw—aw—"

"Killed it off, and brought it away on a bier," put in George soberly.

Fortunately for the young athlete, not one of his listeners had little more than a rudimentary sense of humor.

"Something of the sort, if I catch your meaning," assented Magnus. "Well, anyhow, our country just now is in the greatest danger. The crisis is at hand."

"Indeed?"
"The storm has been brewing for three months," Mr. Magnus went on. "And it is now about to burst upon you and me, and one hundred and twenty million Americans."

"You surprise me, sir. I've been north all the time this storm of yours has been brewing, and I've kept, or thought I kept, pretty well in touch with the news of the world, but I heard none of the murmurs of this storm."

"You didn't? Haven't you heard, sir, anything about Papal aggression?"

"Nothing in particular, Mr. Magnus."

"'Having ears to hear, they do not hear,'" boomed Mr. Linton, arising, as he spoke, rising on the tips of his toes, and throwing out his arms in a magnificent gesture, intended no doubt, to embrace the entire North.

"And do you know that the Catholics throughout the country are arming and drilling nightly?"

"I certainly do not."

"And have you been informed that the sixty-five thousand Jesuits in the United States are buying shiploads of arms, and stowing them away in their houses?"

"I do know," answered George, "that there are not sixty-five thousand Jesuits in the whole world. But, letting that go, I want to say right now that Jesuits don't buy arms. That's not in their line. I have pretty reliable information—first-hand information about them—and I can tell you gentlemen that there's not one Jesuit in ten who could hit a barn door with a gun at twenty-five yards."

For the next ten minutes the whole committee, all talking at once, deplored George's youthful ignorance. How little he knew of the intrigues of Rome,
how infinitely less of the wiles of the Jesuits. It was by the providence of God, nothing less, that he had left the North.

“You have come,” said Mr. Snodgrass, “out of the land of Egypt into the golden sunshine, and——”

“And the still more golden freckles,” put in George with an ingratiating smile, “of Florida.”

“You have come,” boomed Linton, taking up the glorious theme, “out of darkness into sunshine—into the sunshine of God’s truth.”

“It is a most wonderful climate,” admitted the young man.

“Sh!” hissed Magnus, arising. Wrapped in an air of mystery, he tiptoed to the door, threw it open suddenly, and peered eagerly into the passageway. The coast was clear. Still wrapped in mystery, he returned, drew his chair close to George’s, and, motioned to his two friends, too, to draw close to the wondering youth. For ten minutes, the conversation was conducted in whispers. Mr. Magnus explained that positive information had come that three battleships containing the Pope and three hundred cardinals were due to arrive in the Bay of Biscayne on the thirteenth of February; that ten thousand soldiers and sailors would at once disembark and take the fair and lovely city of Miami, and, in case of resistance, that the battleships would at once proceed to bombard the town and raze it. All this over and done, the Pope would proclaim himself King of America, and the Catholics of the United States, already armed and drilled, would go on to Washington and chain up the President and his Cabinet.

“But where did he get those three hundred cardinals?” asked the astonished youth.

“From Rome,” answered Magnus.
"That's impossible, Mr. Magnus: there are to-day sixty cardinals in the whole world."
"Even so," said Magnus. "He will create them."
"And where do you get your information about the date and the ships and all that?"
"From the Reverend Samuel Goodfellow."
"Who's he?"
"A vessel of light," said Snodgrass, with an air of finality.
"Never heard of him. And where did he get it?"
"From secret sources," answered Magnus impressively.
"Well, what are you going to do about it?"
"We will unite: every American citizen will join with us under the glorious banner of the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos."
"Every American citizen?" repeated George. "Does that include the fifteen million Catholics?"
"They are no longer citizens," Magnus made answer. "Traitors to the flag, they are, every last one of them, traitors to their country. Now, Mr. Herbert, we want you to join in with us in this sacred and most glorious cause."
"If I join the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos, though, I am to set myself against negroes."
"Not at all," put in Snodgrass. "We are going to help the nigger; we are going to teach him his place."
"And what is his place?"
"He is the servant of the white man."
"So, he doesn't come under the Constitution of the United States?"
"How so?" asked Linton.
"Aren't we told there that all men are born free and equal?"
"The framers of our Constitution," answered Magnus, "in enunciating that glorious declaration of enfranchisement were not thinking of the negro race at all."

"But negroes are men, aren't they? Exactly; and so the Constitution should be explained something like this: 'all men' means 'some men'; and Jews and negroes and Catholics are not included: they are not free and equal."

"You have put it crudely, Mr. Herbert," said Magnus, "but that is really about the sense of it. And now that you realize our danger and understand the situation, I am sure you will be only too glad to join the C. D. D.'s, the one and only hope of our tottering democracy."

"In the interests of our country," answered George, "I would join almost anything. But the C. D. D.'s want me to hate too many people at the same time: I want to sleep at night, instead of spending the hours in shaking my fist and grinding my teeth. And there's another thing; I like the Jews."

Here, Mr. Snodgrass arose with a snort, seized his hat and started for the door.

"Hold on, Mr. Snodgrass. Please don't take offense. It's only fair to hear me out. Three of my dearest friends are Jews. Then, as far as I can learn, Jews are good home people: they are faithful husbands, good fathers, and have the fairy gift of imagination, as a result of which they are the quickest to see and embrace the great opportunities of life. They have lots of children —"

"Too many!" cried Snodgrass, unwittingly giving a rather good imitation of a tin whistle operated by a robustious small boy.

"Then, you refuse to join?" asked Magnus.
"Not exactly. Suppose we make a compromise. The thirteenth of February is several weeks off. Suppose, we wait till February the tenth. If by that time we feel sure of our facts, and know for certain that the Roman Fleet is on its way with its three hundred cardinals, I'll join the C. D. D.'s with all my heart."

"I reckon we can wait," said Magnus.

"And here's something more," added George with a solemnity which, under the circumstances, was admirable. "I'll tell you what I'm willing to do. When the Pope's vessel comes to anchor, I'll go out there, make my way into his cabin, and, despite the three hundred cardinals, I'll throw him to the floor and strangle him with my own hands. After that, the cardinals may tear me to pieces, for all I care."

"Do you mean it?" asked Mr. Magnus with dilated eyes.

"I certainly do—every word of it."

And the young man did mean what he said. Knowing that the advent of the Pope as a hostile warrior was about as probable as the blossoming of Florida pavements into roses, he did not hesitate to commit himself to any deed of daring.

"But— but," urged the portly Snodgrass, "you are a very slight young man. The Pope, they tell us, is quite a big, strong man. You will pardon me if I ask you how you propose to bring him down. You see—pardon me once more—you do not look particularly strong yourself."

"I know it, Mr. Snodgrass. But just to show you that I feel able to carry out my promise to the letter, would you mind playing the Pope yourself just long enough for me to get you to the floor?"

Mr. Snodgrass was reputed to be the strongest man
in the village. He loved wrestling. A broad grin distended his face, so that his round head, losing its roundness, looked in shape something like a football. He arose, straightened himself, threw out his hands in a waiting attitude, and said, "Come on."

The words were hardly out of his mouth when with the dart of a minnow, young Herbert was upon him, his right hand grasping firmly the arm of Snodgrass in one chosen spot, his left the thigh; and before Mr. Snodgrass could move a muscle, he found himself the most amazed man in the State of Florida, rising in the air over Herbert’s head, and landing almost in the same second on the floor.

"You have a devil," he gasped, looking up, puzzled and alarmed.

"Up North," answered Herbert laughing, as he helped the strong man to his bewildered feet, "we call it jiu-jitsu!"
CHAPTER VIII

ELIZABETH KELLY ARRIVES IN VICHY AND CREATES A SENSATION

Five minutes after the opening of classes next morning, there was a sensation in the first year. A knock came at the door; young Herbert answered it to find himself confronting Master Clifton Coleman attired in his Sunday suit, and gingerly holding the hand of a little dark-haired girl with blue eyes and an exceedingly fair complexion.

"Here she is, professor: I have the honor to introduce a new scholar, Miss Elizabeth Kelly."

"How do you do, Elizabeth?" The professor took her hand, not without some trouble, for Elizabeth at the moment made her little curtsy, which widened the eyes of every boy and every girl in the room.

The advent of a new scholar at midyear was something extraordinary. There was suppressed excitement. Where had the girl come from? If she had dropped from the clouds, the excitement, suppressed as it was could not have been more tense.

Elizabeth was placed next to Esther Stevens, a minister's daughter, who, being a sweet warm-hearted girl, welcomed her with effusion. At recess, the girls of the class made much of the pretty little newcomer, and within a few minutes learned of her the intricacies of her winning curtsy; subsequently, each and every one creating a sensation in their own home circles by trying it on members of their family.
During the last quarter before the luncheon hour, Elizabeth produced from one of her notebooks a lace picture of the Immaculate Conception. Smiling, she handed it to Esther Stevens.

Esther looked at it, puzzled, amazed, horrified. "It's for you," said Elizabeth. "Do you want me to write my name on it?"

Esther put the picture under a book, and, blushing hotly, wrote on a slip of paper:

"DEAR ELIZABETH: I'm sorry not to take it. I'm returning it, and please do not let anyone see it. Your friend, ESTHER."

Wrapping the picture in the paper, careful that no one should get a view of it, she returned it to her new friend, who, in turn, was puzzled and amazed.

Just before the resumption of classes in the afternoon, Esther, her face a trifle swollen and evidences of late tears in her eyes, approached Mr. Herbert.

"Please, professor, could I speak to you privately?"

"Certainly, Esther," he replied, taking her apart from the others.

"Mother wants you as a special favor to give me another seat."

"I'll be very glad to oblige your mother, and if you wish a change —"

"But I don't, sir," broke in Esther, her eyes filling with tears.

"Why, Esther, what's the matter?"

"Elizabeth is the nicest and dearest girl I ever saw," explained Esther, "but she's got an idolatrous picture."
“A what?” gasped young Herbert.
“An idolatrous picture!” repeated Esther.
“What in the world is that, Esther? I never heard of such a thing.”
“We have heard, sir. Miss Hardpan told us all about them. You know, professor, Catholics are idolaters.”
“That’s more news.”
“Yes, we all know that. They have statues and pictures of angels and saints and of Mary; and they bow down and worship them, the way the Jews under Moses worshiped the Golden Calf.”
“Who told you that, Esther?”
“Everybody knows that, sir. Now Elizabeth wanted to give me her idolatrous picture, and I was scared almost to death.”
“Thought it would bite you?”
“O, no, sir; but I knew it was wrong to have such a thing; and I could not take it. But I managed that no one else of the children should see it.”
“Suppose they did?”
“O, that would be dreadful, sir,” said Esther, fresh tears gushing from her kind and innocent eyes. “I’m afraid they’d cut her: they are all very religious here. When I got Elizabeth to take it back, I was very much troubled; and when we came out of class, I told her to be very careful not to let others know she had that picture, and she was so surprised and pained; but she did not look guilty, sir.”
“O, she didn’t?”
“Not at all, sir: she looked as sweet as an angel. I’m sure, sir, she doesn’t know what danger she is in.”
“So am I, Esther.”
"When I got home, I felt bound to tell my mother. You know, sir, I always tell my mother everything."

"I'm glad to hear that, Esther. If the young girls of to-day confided in their mothers as you do, there'd be no end of trouble and sin avoided. Well, what did your mother say?"

"Mother is afraid that Elizabeth will lead me into the ways of wickedness," said the other gravely.

Mr. George Herbert, seeing in his mind's eye the sweet, innocent, candid face of Elizabeth Kelly, and trying, at the same time, to imagine her as a corrupter of morals, could not refrain from smiling.

"Of course, sir," Esther proceeded, noticing Herbert's smile, "she doesn't intend to be wicked, sir. I told mother how good she was; but mother said she was a carrier."

"A what?"

"A carrier, sir."

"A letter carrier?"

"No, sir: a carrier of germs."

"She looks perfectly healthy."

"Mother says there are germs of wickedness just as there are of smallpox or yellow fever or influenza, and that a person may not have the disease himself but may carry it to someone else. She says Elizabeth may be a good girl yet; but that she carries the germs of idolatry and all sorts of wickedness, and she—she—" here Esther broke into sobs—"she d-d-doesn't w-w-want me to talk t-t-to Elizabeth."

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish!" soliloquized George.

"What's that, sir?"

"Don't take me literally, Esther. There is, literally speaking, no kettle of fish in the immediate
neighborhood, so far as I know. What I said was merely intended —"

George stopped short; for Esther had suddenly fled. The reason was not far to seek: Elizabeth was coming straight towards him. She, too, showed upon her fair features unmistakable signs of grief.

"O, Mr. Herbert," she began, "I'm in trouble."

"Nothing serious, I hope," said the young professor, his voice full of sympathy.

"Yes, it is. I'm a Catholic, sir."

"So I was told. There are lots of the best people in the United States who are Catholics."

"Yes, sir, but they are not here. Isn't this a funny place? There's not a Catholic boy nor a Catholic girl in the whole town."

"Now you speak of it, Elizabeth, it is funny. But they are very nice boys and girls."

"That's what I thought when I first met them. But this morning when I offered a pretty little picture of our Blessed Mother to Esther, who is as nice a girl as I'd want to meet, she wouldn't take it, she acted strangely, and she wants me to let no one know that I'm a Catholic, and now she's keeping away from me. Why, you'd think I had the small-pox."

"I'm glad you spoke to me about this," said the professor. "I may be able to help you. Esther has just spoken to me and she likes you very much. But she has been brought up to look on Catholics as very bad, wicked, designing people. She firmly believes that they are. In fact, I believe everyone in the class is of her opinion. Even if they had never attended this school, they would all of them have been prejudiced honestly; but under the teachings of Miss Hardpan, who is really a good woman, bigotry has been
taught them as though it were a most important branch of learning. Concerning the Catholic Church they know a thousand things that aren’t so. If they grow up, the boys will all become Cock-a-Doodle-Doos and all the girls will rejoice, like Sister Susie, in sewing sheets with eye-holes in them for their menfolks. If,” said the professor, vehemently, “I believed half the things these children believe about Catholics, I’d never stop working till I became a Coo-Coo or a Cock-a-Doodle-Doo, or whatever it is, myself.”

“Isn’t it terrible?” cried Elizabeth. “They’ll all hate me, and I never had an enemy in my life. Why, where I came from everybody used to pet me.”

“Oh, you needn’t worry yet, Elizabeth. You see, Esther is the only girl that knows and she told her mother, of course, who is very much shocked. She’s afraid you’ll hurt her daughter’s character and ruin her ideas of right and wrong. Anyhow, no one else will learn about your being a Catholic.”

“Oh, but that’s where the trouble will come in, Mr. Herbert. Suppose you were in my place, what would you do? Would you keep a thing like that a secret?”

“Well, you see, Elizabeth, I’m a man, and I’m not afraid of a good square fight. I know perfectly well what I would do if I were in your place. But, it’s different for you. After all, you are only a little girl.”

“I’m fourteen,” cried Elizabeth, straightening herself, “and I’m a Girl Scout.”

“You are!” Herbert’s face took on a new interest.

“Yes, sir: and I was at the head of my troop. And I can run and jump, and do lots of things. And I don’t want to be a coward.” The young lady’s blue
eyes flashed: there was no mistaking that she belonged to the fighting race.

"Yes, but what are you even with all that, against a whole community?"

"I’m right," said Elizabeth.

"And right is better than numbers, my girl."

"And—-and—it’s wrong to deny my Faith."

"O!"

"What would St. Agnes do if she were in my place?"

"What?" asked George, vaguely.

"She’d come right out with it. She’d, she’d tell the world."

"By Jove, Elizabeth, I wish you were a boy: you’d make just the sort of fellow I want for a leader. But to get back to the main question, it’s awfully brave of you to be willing to tell the world that you’re a Catholic; but did you ask your mother or father about it?"

"No, sir; I didn’t have a chance. But I’m sure dad would like it, and mother, too, I think. Dad has come here to look up and develop real estate for a big firm he belongs to; but I’m sure he had no idea that there was a place in the country like this. They’ve gone off to-day. Dad wants to examine the country round here, and mother’s gone along to get a lot of fresh air. She’s been ill up North and couldn’t stand the cold weather up there. Do you think I ought to ask them?"

"I rather do, Elizabeth. It won’t be hard to keep quiet for half a day."

"But suppose somebody asks me what church I belong to? Do you think I’d tell a lie about it?"

"I certainly do not. You don’t look like a girl who would lie about anything."
“Thank you, sir. It’s cowardly to lie.”

“I wish,” sighed Herbert, “that ’twere supper time and all were well. Anyhow, Elizabeth,” he added as the bell rang, “no matter what happens, I’m with you. You see, I’m from the North myself.”

“O, you are?”

“Yes, but remember this: these girls, all of them, I believe, and these boys—possibly excepting three overgrown fellows who really do not belong in our room, are really good. They have the fine manners and the chivalrous traditions of the old South. Most of them come from other southern states. They are bigoted, but can you blame them? They know nothing about Catholics except what they have heard; and naturally they believe their elders. So, no matter what happens, don’t allow the least bit of hate to get into your heart. If hate got in, you would never again, I sincerely believe, look as you look to me now.”

This last statement—containing a truth of vast importance—was a little beyond Elizabeth. But the advice was clear enough.

“I’ll try my best, sir,” she said, giving him the clear sweet look born of a life of faith, of love and untarnished innocence.
CHAPTER IX

SHOWING ELIZABETH KELLY IN THE RÔLE OF JOAN OF ARC

The last quarter of an hour before the dismissal of classes for the day had come, and Professor George Herbert was beginning to feel that all was well, even though supper time had not yet come. Just a few words about the next lesson in history with the recital of the day’s task on the same subject and the anxieties of the day would be over.

“Please, sir, may I ask a question?”

George fixed his gaze upon the questioner, a small boy with a slightly tilted nose, which gave him the air of an investigator, and a pair of horn-rimmed glasses which made him look like a scholar.

“Certainly, Henry.”

“There’s talk in the town, sir, that the Pope is coming over here next month to take possession of the United States.”

“Silly!” came a silvery voice. Mr. Herbert, facing Elizabeth, saw her eye flash and her lip curl. The pupils turned to see who had spoken—Elizabeth, by the way, had been placed in the seat furthest from the teacher’s desk—when Herbert rapped sharply on the desk.

“Attention!” he snapped.

All turned at once. There was authority in the young man’s voice. For the moment, Elizabeth was saved.
"Well, Henry, what about it?"

"Do you think, sir, that the country is prepared to repel—eh—eh—"

"Papal aggression?"

"Yes, sir; that's the phrase they all use."

"Well, Henry, to my mind there is no need of going into that question at all. The Pope is not coming."

"Yes, sir," "He is, sir," "Yes," "Yes"—came a chorus of voices. Nearly everyone in the room was heard.

The professor noted that Elizabeth had raised her hand. She was deeply flushed, breathing heavily and her lips were parted. He discreetly ignored her gesture.

"No, boys and girls. That's an old wives' tale. Anyone who is acquainted with history and with current events does not give such a story a single thought."

Henry raised his hand once more.

"But, sir, everybody—all the grown folks—believes it."

"That can hardly be, Henry—I've just come from the North, I've seen the latest New York papers, and there's no talk among the Northerners about it, and not a single word in the daily press. I know there's talk of it here; but we are really cut off from the great world: so, you see, everybody does not believe it."

"I don't," said a very earnest voice.

This time there was no mistaking it: the voice was the voice of Elizabeth Kelly.

"You see," put in the professor quickly and adroitly, "Elizabeth is from the North. In a way, her statement goes to prove what I just now said."
"Professor," pursued the youth with the inquiring nose and the learned spectacles.

"Well, Henry?"

"Supposing he did come. Wouldn't all the Catholics in this country turn on us and fight on the side of the Pope?"

"Do you think they would, Henry?"

"Of course, they would."

"Why?"

"Because they believe the Pope is infallible."

"And what does that mean?"

"It means a lot of things. For one thing, it means that the Pope can commit no sin."

"O—o—o!" cried Elizabeth, jumping from her seat. Before George could say a word, she had skipped half-way up the aisle.

"He's mixing things up, professor. If the Pope could commit no sin, he would be impeccable. But he's not. The Pope can fall into sin just the same as anybody here."

Had a bomb-shell exploded outside the school, the astonishment of the first-year pupils could not have been greater. Elizabeth, at the end of her little speech, discovered herself to be the cynosure of every eye. She beat a hasty and blushing retreat.

"I know better," said Henry, recovering himself. "He teaches that he can't commit any sin; I saw it in a book, and everybody says so. And when he says anything he can't make a mistake. If he says the moon is made of green cheese, every Catholic in the world is bound to believe that the moon is made of green cheese. If he doesn't he becomes a heretic, and he's kicked out of the Church. So, there!"

Almost from the very beginning of the learned description of infallibility, Elizabeth's hand was
raised and her eyes bent imploringly upon the rather befuddled professor. When George on the gridiron had the ball under his arm, he was as quick a thinker as ever made a touchdown. He was a flash. At this moment, he was longing, so to speak, for an open field; but he was hemmed in by a band of youth, lovely youth, but a youth whose thoughts were not as his thoughts. He hesitated, and bowed his head. Elizabeth interpreted the head gesture as her permission to speak.

"Henry Baker," she said, in her earnestness losing all her timidity, "is mixing things up. He says the Pope is held by Catholics to be impeccable because he saw it in a book. You can find all sorts of things in books. But there's no need to go to books when there are Catholics all around to tell what they believe. And then he says the Pope can't make a mistake. Of course he can. He can make mistakes just the same as anybody else. And if the Pope said the moon was made of green cheese, he might be making a joke; but, all the same, no Catholic would believe him, and no Catholic would be put out of the Church for not believing."

During this address, Master Henry Baker had been thumbing a dictionary. The others present had listened with respectful attention, although there was a slight titter when the girl spoke of Catholics being all around. Practically all of her hearers, so far as they knew, had never seen a Catholic in the course of their lives.

"Professor," resumed Henry, "the new girl says that the Pope can make mistakes. But she does not deny that the Pope is infallible. Now here's what the dictionary says about the word *infallibility*. It says it means that infallibility means inerrancy,
making no mistake. If the Pope can make mistakes, he is not infallible.”

“That sounds all right,” retorted Elizabeth; “but nobody in the Catholic Church claims infallibility for the Pope in every respect. The Church holds that only when the Pope teaches something to the whole world concerning faith and morals, he is infallible. If he were not, he could lead the whole Church into error. And Christ promised to be with her forever. If he taught the whole Church history, he might make as many blunders as Henry; but I don’t think he would.”

“Aw!” growled Henry, raising his glasses to his forehead and glaring at Elizabeth. “Couldn’t he teach the Catholics to fight against the United States, and couldn’t he order them to take up arms?”

“Of course, he could, but he might not and he would not,” answered the girl. “But that sort of teaching has nothing to do with faith and morals. And everybody knows that the Pope is not infallible when he gives orders. American Catholics love their Country.”

“O!” said Henry. “According to you infallibility means very little.”

There was not a move in the class during the debate. Henry’s friends were delighted with his speeches and all listened in amazement and wonder to the fiery little girl.

“In a way, that is true, Henry. The Church claims very little for the Pope. It just claims enough to safeguard the promise of Christ, who gave His word that the Church would never fail to teach His truth.”

“But Catholics claim a lot more than that,” persisted Henry. “If you were a Catholic—”
"But I am, and I thank God for it."

Elizabeth had risen; she stood erect, as she made this announcement. Upon the class came a tense silence. Curious faces, puzzled faces, horrified faces turned towards the fearless little girl—who with head erect and flashing eyes looked, for the moment, like a modern Joan of Arc.

Upon the tense silence came the sound of the bell; class was over; but no one moved. This was probably the first time that anything like this had happened in the history of the school.

"Say, professor," said Clifton, "what do you think about all this?"

"The answer is simple: Elizabeth is absolutely right. She has told you boys and girls exactly what every Catholic authority teaches concerning infallibility. She knows what she is talking about, and I must say that I admire her for her courage."

"So do I, sir," said Clifton.

"And I," said the learned Henry Baker, relaxing for the first time that day into a smile.

Then there arose a great clapping of hands, and all as they applauded turned smiling and admiring faces towards Elizabeth. Foremost in this display of good will was Esther. Elizabeth caught her friend's eyes and was filled with immeasurable gladness.

"The class is now dismissed," announced the happy professor. "And may the spirit of fairness and justice stay with it to the end."

As the boys and girls filed out, and as many of them, once they were outside, shook hands with Elizabeth, George Herbert's spirits rose by leaps and bounds.
“Well, that’s over,” he said to himself. “And now for plain sailing.”

And George, as the next chapter will show, was never less of a prophet in all his life.
CHAPTER X

TROUBLE IN THE CLASSROOM FOLLOWED BY A NOCTURNAL ATTACK UPON GEORGE HERBERT WITH UNEXPECTED RESULTS

The change in the social spirit of the class next morning was striking. Hardly any one spoke to Elizabeth. The girls, as they passed her, turned away their faces. The boys kept their distance. Elizabeth was as a stranger in a strange land. To account for this there was little or no need for George to ask questions. The pupils were now under orders, and those orders came from their elders. So it came about that the lessons of the first hour were gone through in a chilling atmosphere. Gloom was upon all faces. Also, were shown the first signs of a hostile spirit towards the professor himself. There were three overgrown boys in the class, who, as George had noticed from the beginning, did not seem to belong to it. They were much older than the others; one of them in fact, was older than his professor. This young man, Guy Perkins by name, had recently returned to his native village after three years of wandering in the wilds. No one knew of his achievements, but there was a hint to the effect that he had returned to avoid arrest for stealing a number of automobiles. During the school term, he had attended classes with regularity, but had never by any chance handed in a theme or answered correctly a single question.
During the first hour, Guy was playing with a plug of chewing tobacco, glancing occasionally at the professor to see whether that worried young man was paying attention to his movements.

The professor certainly was, but in such a way that Guy remained in a state of doubt.

"By the way, Perkins," said George suddenly, "would you mind repeating what I was saying just now—in your own way of course."

Young Perkins gazed insolently at the teacher and grinned foolishly.

"I'm waiting, sir," said George crisply.

Still grinning, and with the utmost deliberation, Guy Perkins bit off a generous portion from the plug, and proceeded to chew with exaggerated gusto.

There was a gasp of horror from the girls.

It is difficult to describe the feelings of the outraged professor. His blood was boiling; the passion of anger surged through his frame. His face grew dark, his fists doubled. Had he obeyed the first impulse, he would have darted upon the offender and had it out fist to fist. But George had not played football for nothing. In the bitter school of scrimmage and bruises and dislocations of various sorts, he had learned to crush down anger, to change the first burst of fury to a smile that was childlike and bland. With an intense effort, he subdued his rising wrath; but he did not smile. Something had to be done, and done at once. Yes: but what would be the proper thing to do? To strike the boy was out of the question. That would be the end, in all probability, of his career as a professor. He would be dismissed at once. There had been much talk the night before about his defense of Elizabeth Kelly. Everyone in the village had heard of his refusing to join the Cock-
a-Doodle-Doos. Suspicion that he was a Catholic had changed to positive belief. The school board, he felt, was looking for the first opportunity to be rid of him. On his conduct now depended his rise or fall. If he took action, he must avoid anything that could give cause for his dismissal; if he ignored the insult of Perkins, his authority over the class, especially over the boys, was gone.

“Guy,” he said in a calm voice, “suppose you step up here.”

Perkins arose and walked with shoulders contracted and bent forward and with loosely swinging arms towards the desk. Anyone could see from his attitude that he was ready and eager to strike.

“Now suppose that you take that tobacco out of your mouth.”

“I ain’t got none.”

“O, you swallowed it?”

“No: I didn’t put none in,” answered Perkins, with a laugh which to the professor’s quick eye disclosed the large quid deep in the recesses between his back teeth and his cheek.

“Ah!” said George, “perhaps I was mistaken,” and then he brought Guy’s jaws together with the quickest of hand movements, supplemented by a deft push upon the bulging cheek.

For a moment, Guy choked.

“O!” he cried, “I’ve—I’ve swallowed it.”

A roar came from the class.

“Swallowed what?” asked Herbert with a winning smile.

“The tobacco.”

“Nonsense, Guy. How could you? You didn’t have any tobacco in your mouth. You said so your-
self. You wouldn’t lie about a little thing like that, would you?”

For answer, Guy choked and spluttered, while the tears poured from and blinded his eyes. He was helpless. Shrill and derisive laughter fell upon his almost unheeding ears, to the chorus of which, George kindly helped him to his seat, thanking God as he did so that he had not missed a motion nor used a blow in conquering the bully of the entire school. Before the end of the hour, George noticing the wan face of the tobacco-swaller, motioned to his two chums to take him out. He needed their help badly, and returned after recess a sadder but, I regret to state, not a wiser man.

“Say, professor,” said young Clifton darkly at the noon recess. “You’ll find a note on your desk. Read it. It’s from me,” and Clifton, who had bitten out these words like a machine gun in rapid action, slipped away.

George took the earliest occasion of perusing the note.

Dear Professor:

We all like you. ‘All of us except those three duffers who haven’t got sense enough to come in out of the rain when it’s raining. They say that Guy Perkins belongs to the C. D. D. He says he can lick you, and he’s going to do it some day. Maybe he can: he’s a lot heavier than you. You can’t help it if you are thin and delicate.—

George broke into a laugh, then continued his reading.

He and the other two chumps are going to lay for you any night you’re out. So you’d better stay in. I’m awfully sorry for you. Say, I
wish you’d go and see my Ma. Tell her how nice Elizabeth is. If you talked to her, I think she’d let me speak to her again. Anyhow, I don’t believe the Catholic Church is half as rotten as a lot of these old duffers say she is. Say, aren’t you one yourself? I wish you weighed thirty or forty pounds more. I’m getting up a club among the fellows. There are ten in already. We’ll have fifteen by to-morrow, and we’re going to stand by you. One of the fellows knows something about boxing, and he’s going to teach the rest of us. We all like fair play, and we think you’re that sort yourself.

Yours to a finish,

Clifton Coleman.

P. S. Burn this and keep it dark.

“By Jove,” mused Herbert, “isn’t that fine! What a loyal little chap he is. And he’s given me a lot of ideas. I have the whole place to fight, and he’s shown me how to do it. I think I see my way right now.”

After further thought, Herbert wrote the following note in reply:

My Dear Clifton:

That kind little note of yours has driven away the clouds of a dark day within me and filled me with golden sunshine. I thank you from my heart for your loyalty and good will. I hope I may never need the help of yourself and your society in fist-fighting or in a way that requires physical force. In fact, I think I see a way out. You speak about boxing and of one of your pals knowing something about it. Well, as it happens, that is one of my long suits.
I know boxing better, I am sorry to have to say, than my prayers. Now after class this afternoon, you get your club together and I'll give you all, with my compliments, a lesson in boxing. But we'll not stop at that. We'll take up all sorts of athletics. For me, who have given the best hours of my best years to athletics, this undertaking will be a labor of love. Thanking you again for your kind note and especially for putting me on my guard against an unlooked for attack, I am

Gratefully,

George Herbert.

George was a very busy young man for the rest of the day: no grass grew under his feet. He was pitting his wits and his resources against an entire village.

There were eighteen members of the new club awaiting George after class. He took them with the hearty approval of the principal, to the playroom. George Herbert, had he so chosen, might have been a professional boxer. He was a perfect machine, quick and lithe as a cat, with muscles responding instantly and accurately to his will. There were three pairs of boxing gloves on hand—two supplied by George himself—and every boy had a chance to get a splendid first lesson in the manly art.

At the end of half an hour, George outlined a program which covered baseball, football, basketball, track running, fishing and all-day jaunts into the wilds. The boys, vastly impressed by the remarkable exhibition which their professor had given them with the gloves, had found their leader. George in that one day had become their uncrowned king.
When presently he asked them to do him a personal favor, they roared out a glad assent. George, then, told them that he wanted to form a Mother's Club. "My mother don't need a club," volunteered Henry Baker, the tiptilted nosed youngster. "She's got a slipper."

George explained at length. He would meet all mothers who wished to join that night at eight o'clock. "Where?" asked Clifton. "How about my mother's house? She'd be proud to have you and we have plenty of room." And so it was settled.

It was with difficulty that Herbert got away from his admiring students. They were unwilling to adjourn, and even when they did resign themselves to leaving the playroom, they seemed bent upon surrounding and guarding their mentor whithersoever he went, asserting, many of them, that they would just like to see him attacked; and when George told them they were to let him severely alone in the fighting of his own battles, they looked wistful to a man.

The professor, on arriving before the residence of Mrs. Stevens, mother of Esther and wife of the leading minister of the little village, dismissed them jovially.

Mrs. Stevens was a fine southern lady, who knew cooking, sewing, and housework thoroughly. She had had a high school training such as it was; but in most respects she was a century behind the age. America is filled with good women, who, through no fault of theirs, are hopelessly ignorant. Their lines have been cast in the backstreams of the waters of life.

George at the start had engaged her interest. He had come, he said, to conceive a deep interest in Esther. She was everything that she ought to be,
save in the matter of health. Esther needed more fresh air, more of God’s sunshine—and Florida had the very best air and sunshine in the United States. George waxed eloquent, and to his eloquent pleadings did Mrs. Stevens most graciously incline. Then George went on to depict in glowing language the activities of the Girl Scouts. By great good fortune, the lady had heard of this organization. And would she be pleased to lend her name as a patroness of a new Girl Scout Troop, and would she consent to let Esther be the very first member? Mrs. Stevens was all enthusiasm; she gave her hearty consent to Esther’s becoming a member, and insisted on donating twenty dollars as the first patroness to the cause. Also, she would be present at the inaugural meeting of the Mother’s Club that evening.

Before reaching his lodging, Herbert, at a moment when the main street was deserted, entered the general store, and very quietly made a purchase.

The moments, the minutes, the hours passed only too quickly. The Mother’s Club meeting had a few awkward moments. Some of the women insisted that their school was a Protestant school, and that it was unheard of for a Catholic child to attend it, and that something had to be done. Before George realized it, he was delivering a really excellent lecture on the spirit of America, on fair play, and on the work done by Catholics, from the days of Columbus to the World War, in which two of the three generals under Pershing were devout Roman Catholics. At the end of his talk, three of the twenty women present excused themselves and left the room. But the seventeen who remained were George’s friends; and he knew it and rejoiced. Best of all, the ban of Protestant excommunication laid upon poor Elizabeth
Kelly was removed, to the effecting of which George fought the hardest battle of a battle-scarred life.

He left at twenty minutes past ten. It was a glorious evening. The Florida moon was shining down in silver splendor upon a vista of royal palms; the breeze was soothing. It was what a resident of the North would call an ideal summer night.

Mrs. Coleman's house, as it happened, was fully a mile's distance from George's place of lodging, to reach which the thoroughly elated young man had a lonely walk through a deserted region, thick with palm and pine. He had not gone more than two or three hundred yards when he heard the tread of quick and stealthy steps behind him. He wheeled about, putting his right hand into his left sleeve, straining his eyes in the expectation of discovering a group of white-robed figures. Almost at once his set face relaxed into a smile. Pattering towards him, came eight members of his new athletic club, headed, of course, by Clifton Coleman.

"Hey, there!" he shouted, "you boys ought to be in bed."

"Yes, sir: we ought," panted Clifton. "But we thought we'd stay up and see you home."

"That's very kind of you, boys, and I appreciate it. But isn't it really in your heads to be my bodyguard?"

"Well, yes, sir: I guess it is."

"Now, Clifton, I shouldn't like that. First of all, if there's to be any fighting, I certainly do not want any of my boys to be in it. In the second place, what would the people here think of me, if I went about with a body-guard. They would say I was a coward, especially if I depended on boys to guard me. Now, that would never do, would it?"
“No, sir,” came the reluctant answer.
“Well, good night, boys. I’m going it alone.”
“Good night, sir.”

The boys, baffled and downcast, stood and watched their leader as he swung off into an avenue of lordly royal palms.

“I know they’re going to lay for him,” sighed Clifton. “What chance has he against those three overgrown bums? Of course, he’s a lot stronger than I thought he was; but they’ll beat him to a jelly. Do you know what I —”

“Hist!” came the voice of Harry Becker. “Look!” he continued in a whisper.

George just a moment before had made a turn and was now out of sight; and almost at once from behind a low clump of bushes, which he had passed a moment before, rose three figures, garbed from head to foot with the white garment, a garment which the southern men of the sixties had made romantic and which the southern men of the present century are making ridiculous.

“That’s them,” cried Clifton, too excited to bother about the niceties of grammar. “O, gosh,” he continued, as the three white-robed figures broke into a trot, “he’s in for it now. And we can do nothing.”

“Maybe we can,” said Baker. No further word was said, but, as though his remark was a preconcerted signal, all broke into a run.

Presently, they had reached the turn in the road, a spot which commanded a good view all the way to George Herbert’s lodging house.

The sight which there greeted the eyes of the eight young athletes was arresting. Herbert, hands in his pockets, was stepping forward briskly, apparently unconscious that behind him some twenty yards and
advancing at a stealthy jog-trot were three sheeted figures.

“Say,” whispered Baker, “let’s yell.”

“How about whistling?” suggested another.

Before the excited watchers could come to a decision, any warning on their part became unnecessary. George’s white-robed trailers were almost upon him, when, no doubt catching their foot-falls, he whirled about like a flash, his right arm going to his left sleeve in the act, and bringing out from that recess a cowhide. The lash seemed to flash in the moonlight as it came down smartly upon the legs of the nearest one in white. The amazed boys heard or fancied they heard the whish of the whip and they certainly did hear the noise of the impact and the loud roar of the person struck. But they saw something worth while, too. The left hand of George, as he sprang forward, gripped the injured gentleman of the white robe around the waist while the whip intended, doubtless, as a warning against resistance, came down once more upon its owner’s luckless legs.

“It’s Guy, he’s got!” cried Baker.

“And all the fight is out of him,” added another.

“O, look.”

There was good reason for looking. The two followers of Guy Perkins had stood still in their tracks, looking more foolish than their costumes. But George did not stand still, he was upon them, carrying with him, of course, Guy Perkins, and before they could recover themselves sent his lash thrice upon their legs. Double howls filled the air, and two pair of legs started into violent action. Herbert swung Guy Perkins loose, stripping him as he did of his sacred vesture, and was off at once in pursuit of the other two.
“Whew! can he run? O, no, I should say not,” said Baker.

The two fugitives from the professor's wrath were not running abreast—one was ten feet in advance of the other. In a few moments Herbert was upon the first. He brought him down with a smart tackle, a barely perceptible motion of his arm and was on after the other. There was no lost motion. Reaching the last of the trio, he arrested his course with a single lash, pulled his immaculate vestment from his anguished figure, and was back again after the third bed-sheet. There was no trouble in securing that: its wearer was still seated where he had fallen.

When George looked up after folding the robes together, there was not a figure to be seen. His enemies were all living to fight another day; and his unseen followers were chortling with laughter and dancing with glee.
CHAPTER XI

A SOUTHERN BULLY, A COCK-A-DOODLE-DOO ORGANIZER, AN ANCIENT NEGRO, A FIGHT AND A NEAR-LYNCHING. GEORGE HERBERT IN TROUBLE

For two weeks, following the attack upon him by the three counterfeit members of the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos, George Herbert was the busiest professor in the sunny South. He was fighting for Elizabeth Kelly, for his own position, for real Americanism. And he really showed generalship.

For instance, on the next morning he secured an interview with the leader of the local C. D. D’s. He protested violently against the indignity offered that well-known organization through the almost sacrilegious use of their insignia by the three boys whose standing was of the lowest. And the great Cock-a-Doodle-Doo who in his heart had been meditating just such a nocturnal attack on George by the full membership, waxed more indignant than the professor. He, the Coo-Coo, would see that no such thing should occur again, and that the three impudent boys should receive condign punishment. And he was as good as his word. The three violators of the C. D. D’s dignity, having upon investigation confessed that they had borrowed their respective fathers’ snow-white vestures, were, in accordance with the official’s orders, soundly spanked, with the assurance beforehand that if they should make any
resistance, there was a barrel of tar with a bale of feathers set aside for their special benefit. They did not resist. In the business of chastening these three presumptuous youngsters, the C. D. D. leader became so absorbed, that he forgot all about the Cock-a-Doodle-Doo reception he had intended for the Catholic professor; and by the time he had finally disposed of the case under consideration, he had come to know and admire the young athlete very much. And he was not the only C. D. D. to be drawn thus to George. All the younger set were taking lessons in boxing, and were as enthusiastic almost as the society of the high school boys organized by Clifton Coleman.

Organize! That was the key-note of George Herbert’s campaign. In less than three days, he had a Mother’s Club, a Young Men’s Athletic Society, a Girl Scouts’ Troop, in full swing. Two of the three ministers were with him. The third, being over forty-five years of age, and, as is often the case with men of his age, being incapable of getting a new idea should he live a century longer, not only refused the hand of fellowship, but thundered against George, week after week, from the pulpit. Miss Hardpan, the honest and really pious teacher, being also, if the truth must be told, over forty, became the earnest old minister’s chief assistant. She wrote a wonderful series of letters to the Miami News, denouncing the encroachments of Rome in general, and in particular its temerity in sending an emissary in the shape of a professor to her native town. Miss Hardpan is still wondering why none of these eloquent effusions ever appeared in print.

In a word, George Herbert within a period of two weeks had disarmed the younger set almost com-
pletely; but against him, bitterly against him, furious and impotent, stood leagued almost every man and every woman of the town over middle age, and the three young men whose legs still showed signs of their attempt to beat him to a jelly. George's victory, such as it was, was won by his quick action in organizing, while the older people were still discussing.

The youngest member of the school board was fifty-one years of age. All to a man were against George. They held meetings five nights out of seven. It was their unanimous vote that the professor should be relieved of his duties; but as to ways and means of bringing this about, there was no agreement; and so, day after day, George grew more and more in popular favor.

Bright and early on a Saturday morning, towards the close of January, the young professor, with not a care in the world, surrounded by Clifton's athletic organization, started upon a day's hike. Their objective was a village of some three hundred inhabitants, most of whom had never seen a railroad train nor heard of a radio. It knew nothing of the world, the world nothing of it. There was not even a burial ground within six miles of the place.

"But there's no need of a burial ground here," remarked the spectacled Henry. "How would they know which ones to bury? How could they know which ones are alive?"

"They are as quiet as alligators," added Clifton.

It is to be observed that alligators have their moments of fierce action.

The boys built their campfire within half a mile of the village, and were detailed each and every one, to certain duties, some as makers of toast, others to the skinning and boiling of potatoes, and all with some
clearly defined duty. The professor acted as chef: that is, like most chefs, he did not cook at all. In the midst of these culinary preparations, it was discovered that the pepper and salt had been forgotten, six forks were missing and three plates were broken to an extent that precluded further use.

"Go on with your work, boys. I’ll be back before our dinner is ready." George, as he said this, started for the village at a smart walk, which, as he got beyond eyeshot of his followers, changed into a brisk trot. It was good to be alive. George had never felt better in his life. He had almost won his fight. True, his school board was yet to be reckoned with; but he felt that he could, when the time came, withstand them and hold his position despite their machinations. He had won a commanding influence over the women and men, and had gained the love of the boys and girls. His work going into the small hours of every night in the week was enough to give any ordinary man a nervous breakdown. But George was fit as a fiddle. Like Wordsworth’s famous child, he felt his life in every limb. No wonder, then, that as he trotted along lightly he drank in with joy the miracle of God’s yellow sunshine, the miracle of God’s pure air, the miracle of noble palm and lofty pine. Only two classes of men can adequately appreciate the loveliness of the visible creation—the man just convalescent after a long and serious sickness, and the man whose health is as perfect as the alleged patriotism of an innocent member of the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos.

George had intended changing his trot to a walk when he came within a few hundred yards of the village: but he did not. There was no need. The place was as quiet as the tomb. It was apparently
a deserted village. It was certainly a southern Sleepy Hollow.

The general store was open. George entered. On a chair, his legs cocked up on a convenient barrel of grapefruit, slept a bearded man of gigantic statue. A red shirt, open at the neck, a pair of corduroy trousers and stout moccasins made up his simple costume. He irradiated, as he snored, an encircling aroma of doubtful whisky.

Behind the counter, his head resting upon it, leaned the proprietor. A dog lay sleeping on the floor, and a cat drowsed on a shelf devoted to jars of various jellies. The dog, at Herbert's entrance, raised his head, but, failing to find interest in the newcomer, sank back slumberously. George grinned. He looked around again: there was no sleeping beauty to complete the picture.

He took out a fifty-cent piece and rapped on the counter. The cat stood up, humped her back, gazed at him reproachfully, and sank back with closed eyes. The rest was silence, unbroken by so much as the ticking of a clock—there was in fact no clock to tick.

"Halloa!" bawled the young man.

His clear call had the effect of a gun shot. The dog leaped to his feet and barked; the cat emitted a caterwaul; the proprietor jumped and rubbed his eyes; and the drunken slumberer started so violently that his feet slipped and came with a heavy thud upon a creaking floor.

"Good day, sir," said the proprietor, sleepy but polite.

"Good day: I want to get a nickel's worth of salt, ditto of pepper——"

"Ditto?" exclaimed the merchant.
“Yes: a nickel’s worth of pepper, and a few paper plates and cheap knives and forks.”

During this speech the burly man in the red shirt, while feelingly rubbing the soles of his feet, gazed earnestly and with evident disfavor at the customer. Joel Kirk did not like strangers; nor did he fancy having his slumbers broken. He removed a moccasin to caress the toes it had incased, having done which he lightly balanced it in his hand, evidently with a mind to launch it at his visitor’s head. However, thinking better of it, he put the moccasin on, and, while the proprietor was busy filling the order, arose and with an air of belligerency approached the cheerful young man.

“Say,” he said, “who are you?”

“George Herbert, at your service,” said the smiling professor, who did not seem to be particularly impressed.

Mr. Kirk was not pleased.

“Are you,” he continued, “a one-hundred per cent American?”

“Good Laws, no,” answered the blithe youth.

“What!” bellowed Joel.

“Not!” snapped Herbert.

“Well, then, you jus’ tell me what sort of an American you are.”

“I am a ninety-nine and four-tenths per cent American.”

Mr. Joel Kirk glowered at Herbert. Was the young man poking fun at him? But Herbert was simply serene, his eyes looking straight into the villager’s face. Joel was puzzled. The face before him was respectful, but—

“I say,” he resumed, “what do you mean by ninety-nine and two tenths ——”
"Four-tenths, if you please."

"By ninety-nine and four-tenths pure?"

"Why, I mean that my Americanism is as pure as Ivory Soap. It's the very best. You ought to try it. It would do you good."

As a matter of fact, any sort of soap would have been good for Joel, who, not to speak of soap, did not as a rule use water—not even to mix with his whisky; but Herbert did not think it well to press this point.

Then Mr. Joel Kirk thinking intensely on the possible meaning of an Americanism of 99-4/10 percentage, went outside in the dim hope that the air would clear his muddled brain.

Now as Mr. Joel Kirk passed the threshold and set foot upon the ancient and dilapidated porch, he lurched rather suddenly, and thus came into collision with a venerable negro, who, basket in hand, was about to enter.

"I begs you pardon, sah," said the old darky, removing his hat and bowing profoundly. Poor old fellow! That abject bow told the long story of insult and humiliation. The negro had a gentle face. There was something pathetic in the wrinkled features. He was a broken-spirited man. Life had not been kind to him. Length of years was his, but every year had added one or more black beads to the rosary of his wrongs and sufferings. Even to-day he was an exile. He had sought refuge but lately in the neighborhood, an exile from his own residence in Georgia, whence he had fled to avoid being lynched for a crime he had never committed.

Joel Kirk turned a baleful face upon the frightened old man, and, putting his arms akimbo, roared: "What the heck do you mean?"
"I'm sorry, sah: indeed, I is."

George Herbert had been watching the scene from the start. He was not a young man given to sentiment, but the poor old negro's abject face—suggesting a lifetime of persecution and injustice—affecting him poignantly. When Joel roared at the frightened old man, George felt a stab of pain. Having repeated his apologies with bowed head, and hands spread palms outward in humble supplication, the negro took two steps towards the door, when Joel grabbed him by the shoulder, whirled him back, seized his basket, broke the handle and tossed both into the street.

Herbert, it has been noted, had a high temper. Many a time on track and field, he had felt his blood boiling in his veins; many a time, in his high-school days, he had given a loose to that temper, especially when he felt that a manifest injustice was being done to himself and his team. But the tempests of former bursts of anger were as summer breezes compared with the fury that now all but carried him away.

"You big bully," he cried, springing to the doorway, "let that poor fellow alone. It was you, you infernal drunkard, that lurched into him. The apology should come from you."

Joel Kirk drew himself up and gazed upon Herbert with amazed incredulity.

"Huh!" he grunted, "I'll take care of you next."
As he spoke, he caught the trembling negro about the waist, threw him upon the porch, and set about kicking him savagely.

George, putting his whole weight and force into the movement, sprang upon Joel, sending him reeling back full five feet, stooped down, picked up the old
negro, and standing in front of him, said in a tone that seemed to bite into the atmosphere:

“Keep away!”

Joel Kirk, steadied himself, and, eyeing Herbert balefully, broke into a roar of rage and a tirade of profanity.

“I know how to handle niggers,” he concluded, “and when I’m through with you, I’ll kill that nigger and make you bury him.”

Putting down his head, Joel Kirk, not unlike a bull, charged. It never occurred to him that the stripling who had insulted him could put up even the show of a defense.

George Herbert, at the moment, was conscious of a complete change in the village. The deserted village was populated once more; the Sleepy Hollow of the South was wide awake. Men and boys were running towards the scene from all sides; women and girls were peeping from every window and standing in every doorway.

As the confident bully charged, putting into his two hundred and ten pounds the full injury of an insulted gentleman, George skipped to one side, and planted on the attacker’s neck a blow into which he put all the force of a boxer in perfect form and of a man inspired by just anger.

The blow was more effective than George had imagined. Joel’s speed was considerably increased; onward he went, striking full and square with his head a post which served as a prop for the porch. Joel went down, and stayed down.

Then the village, if I may be pardoned the expression, broke loose. Women screamed, men shouted and swore, dogs barked: every living thing, in fact, was alive and vocal with excitement, saving Mr. Joel
Kirk, who, lying with his face to the sky and blood flowing freely from a deep gash on his brow, was down and out. "The subsequent proceedings," to quote Bret Harte, "interested him no more."

Into that blow went George's unrestrained wrath. With its passage he was himself again. He looked around. A crowd of men with murder in their eyes were facing him. The ancient negro had mysteriously disappeared. An old man, apparently a doctor of the old school, was bending over the fallen bully.

Up the street at a break-neck pace came a horse mounted by a man whose riding habit and carriage gave him an air of distinction. All turned towards him inquiringly. All knew him: Mr. Abner Newman was an organizer, a paid official of the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos. Only the night before, he had addressed their local meeting.

"What's all this?" he inquired, bringing his steed to a halt opposite George, and looking him straight in the face.

"This man, sir," replied George calmly, "was beating up an old negro."

"A nigger?" interrupted the leader, with scorn in his tones.

"A negro, sir. He had no reason for touching him. He was drunk, and staggered against the old fellow, who apologized most abjectly, though the apology should have come from the other side. Then he became rough and when I told him to let the old man alone, he threw him down and set about kicking him. He might have killed him. I swung him aside and put the negro behind me. When this white man started to attack me, I jumped aside and struck him. Of course I had no intention of seriously hurting him; but it just happened that he went bang into
that post and was knocked unconscious. Of course, I'm awfully sorry. But I want to state that I was acting in self-defense."

"How is he doing, doctor?" asked the man on horseback, bringing one leg over, and seating himself easily sideways on the saddle.

The doctor arose, cleared his throat, and, conscious of a great occasion, announced:

"It looks to me as though Mr. Joel Kirk has sustained a severe fracture of the skull. In that case, he's done for."

Groans and hoots greeted the announcement: the groans for Kirk, the hoots for Herbert.

"And who may you be?" continued the leader.

"George Herbert."

The leader started.

"Aha," he cried. "I've heard of you, and nothing to your advantage."

George with folded arms faced him.

"You're the new school teacher down the road."

"Yes, sir."

"You refused to join the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are not a one-hundred per cent American?"

"Just 99-4/10 per cent, sir."

"What?" glared the horseman, hatred and triumph in his eye. He made a sign as he spoke and six men left the massed assemblage and hurried away.

"My Americanism, sir, is as pure as Ivory Soap."

George was now smiling: he enjoyed his own little joke very much, the more so as he was the only one present, with the exception of his fallen foe and the horseman, who had ever heard of the article in question.
“Don’t be funny, young man.”
“Yes, sir.” The six men who had left the crowd were now returning. Two of them had ropes. Things were looking bad for the young professor. Three strong men had ranged themselves behind him, two stood at his side. He was virtually a prisoner.

“Young man,” continued the Cock-a-Doodle-Doo organizer, “it is known that you are an adherent of the Romish Church.”

George smiled.

“You laugh, sir. What do you mean?”

“I don’t know of any such thing as a Romish Church.”

“Don’t quibble. You’re a Catholic, a Roman Catholic—are you not?”

For the first time in this improvised examination, Herbert was confused. He blushed, and, as he blushed, there came to him the sweet and sacred memory of Elizabeth Kelly, asking the same question, and answering it superbly, like a Florida Joan of Arc. On the walls of Herbert’s memory, there was no picture so sweet, so exquisite as that. And, O! that he could answer as she had answered. But George Herbert could not. God help me, he thought, how I wish I could speak as she spoke.

“Answer me,” persisted the examiner.

“It’s—it’s none of your business.”

“Are you, or are you not a Catholic?”

“I refuse to answer.”

The leader glanced around with a face of triumph.

“Did you get that, boys?” he asked. “Silence, you know, means consent. What do you say?”

“Burn him!” “Hang him!” “Lynch him!” It is sad to state that in this chorus of hate and bigotry
were distinguishable the high pipe of children’s voices and the cries of women.

Now, if there were any lynching to be done, the C. D. D. leader had no desire to be implicated. He must say something to clear his own skirts.

“Now, boys, pay attention to what I say. Lynching is against the law; and I stand for law. It might be best to take him captive—I must go at once on special business—and after you have advised with each other as to his guilt—”

Suddenly there rang out a shot from some unknown source. Women shrieked, nervous men jumped and all turned to see whence came the unexpected report. It was but a moment’s time that all were off guard; but in that moment’s time, George Herbert swept aside with one movement of his hands the two men in front of him, leaped upon the horse, helping its occupant very unceremoniously off of it, and with one click of the tongue was dashing away, before anyone had time to think.

A few moments later, the astounded athletic club gazed open-mouthed as George Herbert came dashing past them at break-neck speed.

“Break camp. Come home at once,” he shouted, and was gone.

Before the passing of this apparition, they had been ravenously hungry. But now only two or three thought of eating. They were perplexed and alarmed. Something terrible must have happened. But no matter what had happened, their athletic leader was all right. Slowly and sadly they packed their belongings.

“Look who’s here!” cried young Clifton, who had been watching the road to the village. An old negro, limping painfully, was making in their direction.
"Come on, Henry," said Clifton. "He’s a nigger, but here’s a chance for service."

Henry settled his spectacles and dashed away after his companion.

"Hey, old man," cried Clifton. "You look all bumped up. Can’t we help you?" The two ranged themselves beside the ancient, drawing their arms through his.

"Thank you kindly, young masters. Thank you, thank you." And the old man, disengaging his arms, bowed profoundly.

"But we want to help you," urged Clifton.

"You can, masters, you can. Please tell me whether a handsome, brave young man came this way on horseback?"

"Hey, fellows," screamed Clifton, "come on: we’ve got news." Up at a rush came the hikers.

"This old man," explained Clifton, "wants to know whether we saw our professor pass this way."

"Sure!" yelled the boys. "Tell us what you know. We all love him."

The ancient’s face glowed with delight. At the moment he looked black but beautiful.

"So do I, masters. He saved my poor, no account life."

"Tell us, tell us! For heaven’s sake, go on," adjured Clifton.

The old man was only too glad to speak. Interlarded with quotations from the Scriptures—he was a devout Baptist—he narrated the extraordinary events which had awakened the sleepiest village in the state.

"And," he concluded, "while they were asking all sorts of curious questions, I was hiding in the store. After a while I climbed through a window in the
back. I could hear what they said. And, boys, I prayed. O, I did pray. And the good Lawd done heard me, and blessed be His name forever. When that shot went off, I thought that the Lawd had heard my prayer; and when just aftaw that shot I seen him a-flying along on a flying hoss, I knew that the good Lawd had heard me."

"And where did the shot come from, Uncle?"

"Right back of the store. It was fired into the air. O, surely the good Lawd heard me."

"Who fired the pistol?"

The negro’s face became ecstatic.

"Bless the Lawd, I done it."
CHAPTER XII


GEORGE HERBERT made good time. There were no pursuers; for, as it happened, the little village which he had left so unceremoniously was without a single riding horse, and as to automobiles, there was not one—not even a Ford. Having separated himself from his enemies by a distance of some four or five miles, and having persuaded a farmer's boy to take the borrowed mount and return it to its proper owner, George made his way on foot to Vichy, his own village. At once he got together some of the leading men, the father of Esther, the Baptist and the Methodist ministers, Mr. George Kelly and three other chosen men. To them he related the events which had brought him back so suddenly.

"It is a very unfortunate situation," said the Reverend Mr. Stevens. "First of all, while you acted like a perfect knight in defending the weak and the oppressed, it happens that the one you defended is a negro. The people here as a class will not rise to such chivalry. In the second place, if the accident in connection with your striking Joel Kirk should prove to be fatal or even very serious, the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos of that section will seek reprisals, and the law will be invoked. It looks rather bad any way you figure it out."

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"I sincerely hope," said Mr. George Kelly, "that the old doctor doesn't know what he is talking about. If he is right, George, you'll have to get out."

For an hour or more, the improvised committee discussed the situation from every angle. They were still discussing, when Clifton and Henry, the vanguard of the hikers, arrived, breathless and big with news.

"Say!" cried Clifton, "there's going to be trouble tonight."

He paused to catch his breath.

"That fellow whose horse you took, Mr. Herbert, is coming with all the C. D. D. members he can get together; and—and—if they don't succeed in tarring and feathering you—"

"What!" roared George Kelly, jumping to his feet.

"That's what they intend to do, sir."

"Wait," ordered the red-headed Irishman. He took out a pen, scribbled a few lines, and handed the note to Henry.

"Quick, boy: get that to the telegraph office at once."

"Gentlemen," he said, as Henry darted away, "I have thirty-five men, laborers, mechanics and foremen, thirty miles down the road. They'll be here before eight o'clock. Most of them belong to the fighting race: they came from the land of Kelly and Burke and Shea. Every blessed one of them was in the World War, and three of them were officers. Two of the crowd are by profession soldiers of fortune: they would rather fight than eat. They'll come along with pitchforks. It would do you good to see them in action, and I want to tell the world right
now that if there’s going to be any tarring and feathering to-night, my fellows are going to do it.”

There was laughter and applause.

“But, sir,” continued Clifton, “if they don’t tar and feather Mr. Herbert, they’ll have him arrested.”

“What for?” jerked Kelly.

“For murder, sir.”

“Murder!” echoed several.

“Yes, sir: they claim that Joel Kirk can’t live through the night.”

Mr. Kelly chewed at his mustache.

“Whew! Of course, we can’t fight the law.”

“True,” assented Mr. Stevens, “but if George Herbert is arrested, there is a strong probability that the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos will get hold of him and hang him without waiting for verdict of judge or jury. We must find some way out. Mr. Herbert must not be arrested.”

Kelly jumped to his feet, and held up his hand to command attention.

“Gentlemen,” he began, and stopped.

Into the room—they were seated in the president’s office of the one bank in town—entered five venerable gentlemen. It was the school board.

“Pardon the interruption,” said the chairman, a nice old ladylike man of seventy, “but to save our own faces and to maintain the credit of our municipality, we feel constrained to act and to act at once. There’s danger in delay. Mr. George Herbert, in the name of the school board, I wish to say that in almost every way we are pleased with your work as teacher. You have succeeded in keeping perfect order, you have got your class interested in their studies, you have established a fine spirit in those under your charge, you have encouraged ath-
letics with amazing success. But against all this, there is one objection to you. It is a serious objection. It outweighs all the good points. Therefore, we call upon you to resign here and now, such resignation to go into effect at once.”

“But what is that one objection?” asked Kelly.

“Sir, he is a Roman Catholic.”

“Glory be to God!” cried Kelly. The speech that he then made cannot be reproduced. It was filled with sound and fury—signifying much; but so far as the school board was concerned, he might as well have roared impassionate sentences to Niagara Falls.

“What right,” he ended, “have you people to ask a teacher to resign because he happens to be a Catholic? Is it fair? Is it just?”

“Mr. Kelly,” said the chairman, “it is not precisely a question of fairness or of justice. You are missing the point. It is really a question of custom. We’ve never in the history of our municipality had a Catholic engaged as a teacher.”

“And besides,” said a second member of the board, “it does not seem just right. All our children are Protestants—”

“Holy Moses!” roared Kelly. “Are you telling her own father that Elizabeth Kelly is a Protestant?”

“I beg your pardon, sir: she is the one exception; but morally speaking, the school is a Protestant school.”

“And Americanly speaking,” retorted Kelly, “it is no such a thing. Our government does not maintain Protestant schools.”

“There is another circumstance which forces us to bring this matter to a head,” put in the chairman. “Word has just been received that Mr. Herbert has been involved in a fight with a certain Joel Kirk,
and that in the fight he injured Mr. Kirk to such an extent that the man will die—probably, to-night. We deem it imperative that when Mr. Herbert is arrested, he should not be set down as a professor in our school. Therefore, Mr. Herbert, if you do not resign, we shall feel it to be our duty to dismiss you at once.”

“Gentlemen,” replied George, “Mr. Kelly is right. Bringing religious tests into the matter of teaching appointments is absolutely un-American. However, grant me a favor. Give me a couple of hours to consider the matter. I’ll certainly answer you before I am under arrest.”

“Very good,” answered the chairman. “However, I grant this on one condition; that is, in case you are served with a warrant before you give your answer, you allow the arrest to stand for your resignation.”

“Agreed,” said George.

The committee was about to bow itself out, when there came trooping into the room a bevy of high school girls, radiant, panting, laughing, eyes aglow and cheeks prettily flushed with excitement. Two of them were pulling away at Elizabeth Kelly, who was at once eager and shy, flushed with happiness and visibly embarrassed.

“Is our professor here?” cried Esther. “O, there you are! Mr. Herbert, we’ve got the greatest news. Our Elizabeth—our Elizabeth has won the prize of fifty dollars for writing the best article of all the high school children in southern Florida on the Florida climate. Look, here it is in the Miami News, the paper that put up the prize.”

“And I don’t deserve it,” protested Elizabeth. “You do!” piped the other girls.
“I just got my ideas from listening to you, Mr. Herbert.”

“O, well; we’ve all got to get our ideas somewhere,” said George, so infected by the laughter of his pupils that he forgot, for the moment, all his troubles. “I don’t think any of you feel happier over this than I. Elizabeth has worked hard. Suppose I read it to all of you.”

The Florida Climate

By Elizabeth Kelly, aged 13 years and ten months.

Florida, land of yellow sunshine and still more yellow freckles. Florida, where nature smiles so invitingly that we boys and girls must smile in return, and keep on smiling. The greatest things in the world are the cheapest—sunshine, air and water. In Florida, the sunshine is the sunshiniest, the air is the balmiest and the water is offered us in lake, in river, in gulf and in ocean. The trees are so beautiful that only God could make them. The loveliest tree is the Palm, the loveliest palm is the Royal Palm; and Florida is its royal home. Ponce de Leon came here to seek the fountain of youth; but he failed to find it. We, the people of today, are more fortunate. We are coming, Ponce de Leon, to Florida from the rigid North a hundred thousand strong, and we need not seek for that fountain. The air, the sun—in a word, the climate is that fountain which you failed to find, because it was so close to you that you failed to see it. We are all young in Florida.
When God banished Adam and Eve, he commanded an angel to show them the way out of Paradise. As Eve put her foot outside the sacred portals, she turned to take one long and lingering look. At the moment the angel was speaking to Adam, Eve, taking advantage of his preoccupation, seized in her two hands an armful of Paradise weather. She carried it away but it soon slipped from her hands, and was blown to Florida. It is here yet.

The enthusiastic listeners had no opportunity to express adequately their appreciation of the little girl’s pretty literary performance for, up to the office clattered a horse, and stopped; down from it leaped its purple-faced owner; and disregarding all ceremony, strode into the room.

“You Roman Catholic cur,” he bellowed, shaking his fist in Herbert’s face.

“One moment, please,” put in George Kelly, catching his extended fist and looking the Cock-a-Doodle-Doo organizer straight in the eye. “Will you please say that again, and say it slowly. Pronounce every syllable.”

“Who are you?” asked the newcomer, his tones considerably mollified. Mr. Abner had met redheaded Irishmen before.

“I’m a poor Roman Catholic cur myself,” retorted Kelly. “And I have a terrible weakness. When people talk about Roman Catholics the way you do, I bite. I really can’t help it.”

Abner Newman gazed about him. The assembly seemed to be rather pleased than otherwise with the tenor of the red-headed Irishman’s remarks.

“But do you know what that fellow did, sir? He
assaulted, with intent to kill, one of our most re­spected citizens. The man will die to-night and this fellow will suffer for it. But that's not all. He violently threw me off my horse and ran off with it. He's a horse thief.”

“Hold on,” interposed Kelly. “Didn't you incite a mob to lynch him?”

“Not at all.”

“O, yes: you did not in words. But you did tell them to hold him without warrant, and you knew that when you left them they would hang or burn him.”

“It can't be proven,” blustered Newman.

“Perhaps not. But next time you want this gentle­man imprisoned, you'll be good enough to get out a warrant in due process of law.”

“I'll swear out a warrant and arrest him in ten minutes in this very place.”

“I'm afraid not, sir,” returned Kelly. “The only two men in town capable of issuing warrants are gone fishing, and won't be back till the day after to­morrow.” Mr. Kelly could not help smiling. He had quietly arranged that fishing trip but a few moments before.

“I'll swear out a warrant from Belcher, where the crimes were committed, and I'll be back to­night.”

“And how many of your C. C. D. friends do you intend bringing along?” continued Mr. Kelly.

“Sir!” exclaimed Newman.

“And how about a little frolic to-night in the way of a tarring and feathering party?”


The announcement was greeted by loud laughter.
As an unconscious humorist, Mr. Newman was achieving unlooked-for success.

"O, of course," assented Kelly ironically, "but bring 'em along. I have thirty-five young Irishmen, gentle, timorous young fellows, who love to play with pitchforks. They'll all be waiting for your white night-capped gang. They are anxious to play with them and tickle them with pitchforks. Send them, by all means, and if any of your white-kimonoed friends die from excess of fun, let me know. I want to attend the funeral."

"I'll be here with a warrant to-night."

"And how about your white shirt brigade?"

"I won't need them." For Mr. Newman, fearing that Mr. Kelly's men were more of the same sort, changed his intentions then and there. The Cock-a-Doodle-Doos did not parade that night.

For the next few hours matters moved swiftly. The energetic and resourceful George Kelly sent many telegrams, and called up long distance. There would be a warrant for George's arrest that night; but there would be no George.

Desolation settled upon the village. The girls were in tears, the boys whistled drearily. At half past six o'clock an automobile stopped at George's boarding house; and George, surrounded by his little friends and his council of safety, came forth to leave the home he had learned to love.

"How much money have you on hand?" whispered Kelly.

"One dollar and sixty cents, sir."

"Is that all of your eighty dollars for the month?"

"Yes, sir: I have spent freely."

"I know," said Kelly. Every grown friend of George in the place—a place where secrecy was im-
possible—knew perfectly well that the young professor had put over forty dollars into apparatus for the children’s gymnasium work.

“Stick this in your pocket,” continued Kelly. “No, no. It’s a loan. You must take it, and I don’t care a hoot whether you pay it back or not. It’s just enough to carry you for a month or so. If you want more, call on me. My God, man!” continued the red-headed Irishman in tones the solemnity of which took away the least suspicion of profanity, “don’t I know what you’ve done for my little girl? I owe you thousands of dollars; and I’m your friend for life. Why— ” he stopped short and stared. “O, Halifax, here comes the school board.”

“That’s right,” said George, “I almost forgot my promise to them. Well, gentlemen,” he said, “no doubt you have come for my answer.”

“Yes,” said the chairman, “it is imperative that you resign at once.”

“And on what grounds?”

“That you are a Catholic. The community is not a Catholic community.”

“And is that all there is against me?”

“That is all.”

“So, then, if I were not a Catholic, you would not ask for my resignation nor consider dismissing me?”

“Well—yes.”

“All right. Now listen, gentlemen. I am not a Catholic.”

There was a gasp from the crowd.

“I attended a Catholic college for two years. And I learned a good deal about Catholics. But it never occurred to me to join that faith—”

“What—what?” exclaimed the chairman.
“Therefore, I refuse to resign; and you cannot dismiss me. Now, sir, one favor. Give me leave of absence for three weeks. Say yes.”

“Yes,” cried the crowd.

“Ye-yes,” faltered the chairman.

George waved his hand, stepped alone into the machine, and, so far as the crowd knew, whirled away to parts unknown.

But Mr. Kelly knew and George knew that he was to reach the ocean within an hour, and there embark in a hydroplane for Cuba.
CHAPTER XIII

FATHER BRESLIN AND MRS. ELDON CLASH ONCE MORE.
THE PRIEST WINS

Three days passed before Mrs. Eldon became conscious. For a time her life hung in the balance. But a good doctor and the loving care and watchfulness of the elder members of the Smith family saved the day. When she came to herself, the crisis was past. Mary Smith, seated beside her, gave a gurgle of joy.

"Do you know me, Mrs. Eldon?"

"Yes, Mary. What has happened?"

"You've been unconscious for three days. And, O, Mrs. Eldon, Father Breslin wouldn't send on that letter you wrote. He said for you to wait, and that he'd be with you in the morning, and he's been here every day, and he's coming again in an hour or so, and, O! won't he be glad."

"But, Mary, why didn't he send the letter?"

"O, Mrs. Eldon, it was so strange. He tore your letter—and I wrote it—into tiny pieces and put them in the stove and watched them burn. It was like throwing a fortune away. It almost made me shiver. But I am sure Father Breslin knew what he was doing. He is a very wise man. And, O, Mrs. Eldon, there's another letter here for you from that same company. It is a special delivery and it came last night. I'll get it."

Mary skipped over to the dresser, opened a drawer,
and from its most inward recesses where she had hidden it, brought out an envelope.

"Here it is, Mrs. Eldon; I didn’t let a soul know that it had come; and no one but Father Breslin knows a thing about the first letter."

"Were you here when this came, Mary?"

"Of course, I was. Outside of my meals, I’ve been here with you all the time. Mrs. Eldon, I just do love to wait on you."

The sweet smile of gratitude bestowed on Mary at that declaration thrilled the girl. She felt, at the moment, that she had already received her reward, exceedingly great.

"Mary, dear child, I can never, never forget you."

"And Mother is almost heart-broken. She thinks that her cruelty to you made you sick. Say, may I tell her you are all right? She’ll be tickled to death. So will Dad, who’s working steady and is as nice as can be; and so will the children."

"Certainly, Mary, tell them. But ask them not to come in till I tell you. While you are gone, I will read this letter."

Mrs. Eldon tore open the envelope and putting on her glasses essayed to read. She smiled happily, as, while she unfolded the missive, there arose from the adjoining room, a babel of joyous shouts, above which rose the solemn, “Thank God! thank God!” from Mrs. Smith herself. But her smile suddenly vanished; she could see the letters clearly enough; she could see the type-written words, but she could not read a sentence. Was she going blind?

"Come here, Mary," she called, as the child, radiant and laughing, re-entered. "I must ask you once more to come to my help. My eyes refuse to act."

"O, I’m so glad!" cried Mary. "I—" she
checked herself and turned scarlet. "O, I beg your pardon, ma'am. I'm not glad that your eyes are not working right. But I'm so interested. I'm just dying to know if those real estate people have changed their minds. Wouldn't that be terrible? Well, here it is."

THE ELYSIAN REAL ESTATE CO.

DEAR MADAM: Not having heard from you in regard to our offer to purchase the tract of land located in section—, township—, range—, Dade County, Fla., please be advised that we are now willing to raise this price from $4,000, previously offered, to $8,000, as we find, that, if we act quickly, we believe we may be able to use this tract for the site of a proposed subdivision development.

We may never be able to use this land as the financing necessary to such an enterprise is enormous. But now is the favorable time. With this land as ours we may bring into the financing of the sub-division a capitalist who leaves within the next ten days. He seems to be interested. If we fail to enlist his help, our plans will become so uncertain of success that we will be obliged to withdraw this handsome offer. The financing necessary to such an enterprise is enormous. Now we beg you to wire us at once at our expense. There is danger in delay—the danger to you, since we may be compelled to go back to our first offer; the danger to us, since our inability to swing this deal will not only deprive us of a profit, but may involve us in quite a heavy loss. We also ask you to keep the contents of this letter secret, especially
secret from realtors down here. On the one hand, we assure you that they cannot possibly offer you better prices; on the other, it would be unjust to us were our plans for the development to become known to our competitors, some of whom, we regret to say, are unscrupulous and unfair.

Thanking you for a prompt reply, and awaiting it with intense anxiety, we remain

Sincerely,

The Elysian Real Estate Co.

Per J. W. O.

“Did you say Father Breslin was coming, Mary?”

“Yes; he ought to be here by this time.”

“It would be wrong to keep these men waiting. I would hate to be the cause of their big deal falling through. It would be unkind—perhaps unjust.”

“O, Mrs. Eldon,” apostrophized Mary, “you are now a lady of wealth—the only one I know. You can live in a fine house with lace curtains, and have chicken on Sunday and strawberries in the season and— and — just everything. And—and you won’t have to work—at night, anyhow. O, I hear his steps. Here comes Father Breslin!” and Mary sped to the door and threw it open before the priest could knock.

“Father Breslin!” she cried, “we have been waiting for you so anxiously. Mrs. Eldon is herself again, and her voice is stronger and she looks much better.”

“Why, Mrs. Eldon, I see we’ve not been praying for you in vain. It’s bitter cold outside; but the sight of you brings spring and sunshine and carolling birds into my heart. How are you?”
“So happy, Father. I can pay all my debts, and help some of my little friends and rest until I regain my strength. Look at this letter. Father, it’s wonderful. I am sure you will agree with me that I should accept the terms at once.”

Father Breslin ran his eyes over the typewritten page.

“Ahem!” he said. “It looks attractive, Mrs. Eldon: but remember that there is now a boom on in real estate throughout Florida, particularly in the vicinity of Miami and Palm Beach and the eastern coast land lying between those two towns. Have you heard anything of it, Mrs. Eldon?”

“No, Father; I’ve lost track, the past year, of everything.”

“Well, many claim that compared with this Florida real estate boom which has been growing by leaps and bounds for the past three or four years, the California gold mining boom, the Alaska boom, in fact all our American booms—are insignificant. Two weeks ago I met a man who told this story: An old farmer who owned a tract of land of some four acres on the coast between Miami and Palm Beach, was anxious to sell out, go north and take up his residence with his married daughter. One morning, about two years ago, a neighbor of his who had heard of a land-development scheme, came to him and offered him a thousand dollars for the tract, which had cost the owner, two years before, $200. The offer was accepted, the price paid. The neighbor hastened to the safety deposit box to put away the deed, while the farmer packed up to join his daughter and live happily ever after. As friend neighbor was putting the deed into his box, the president of the bank bade him good morning. ‘Good morning,'
said friend neighbor. ‘I’ve just bought a tract of land.’ ‘Let’s see it.’ The banker glanced over it. ‘How much did you pay?’ he asked. ‘A thousand.’ ‘Will you take five thousand for it?’ ‘Sure.’ Friend neighbor went off and spent his five thousand in ten days in seeing how much whisky he could drink. He was successful in a way and landed in a hospital. The banker sold the tract to the bank for twenty thousand and bought a new residence for his daughter’s wedding present. Before three o’clock he was minded to commit suicide for giving the tract away. A syndicate purchased it for $75,000!”

“Is that all true?” asked Mary.

 Possibly not, Mary; but things like that do happen in Florida. Mrs. Eldon, I have written to a clever young lawyer, John Dillon, wintering for his health in Miami. He’s a Knight of Columbus and as honest as the day. I asked him to look up this real estate firm of yours, and I should not be surprised to hear from him to-day or to-morrow. Wait!”

“But suppose,” observed the good woman, “that by waiting I deprive these men, who seem to be good and honest, of their big chance. I should never forgive myself.”

Father Breslin walked to the window and meditated.

“Of course,” he said, after a few minutes of hard thought, “we must be fair and charitable. Besides, if these people are sincere, delay might mean a loss of four thousand dollars to you, Mrs. Eldon. Suppose you follow this plan. If you wish, I’ll send them a telegram signed in your name, asking them to hold their offer for twenty-four hours. That capitalist isn’t going away, according to their letter, for several days yet. Surely they can agree to that.
In the meantime, I'll wire John Dillon, my lawyer, and ask him to send a night-letter at once. What do you think, Mrs. Eldon?"

"I'm sure you know best, Father."

"Very well; I'll attend to that at once. And now, Mrs. Eldon, before I go, I intend issuing a few orders."

"Orders, Father?"

"Yes, orders: you're so obstinate, you know. In half an hour there will be a machine here to bring you to the Good Samaritan Hospital."

"But, Father, I couldn't think of such a thing."

"Who asked you to think? I'm doing the thinking in this case."

"But, I have no money."

"Listen to the woman," apostrophized the priest. "A line sent by telegram assures her of eight thousand dollars—"

"But you don't want me to write that line."

"Supposing the worst," urged the Father, "in case the second offer lapses, there's four thousand ready for you. But what you need more than money is health, even if it costs you all you're going to get."

"But, I haven't the money yet, Father. I don't want to go into debt again."

"For that matter, the Good Samaritan people will give you a room and everything that goes with it for nothing and be glad to do it."

"No, no, Father. I have received too much charity already."

"See here," said the priest, looking stern and almost angry, "it's a fight to a finish between you and me. I'm pig-headed, too, at times. You are pig-headed always. You may pay the hospital, if you insist. You may pay everybody—pay till you are
black in the face. But for the rest, you’ll obey me for the next few days, or I’ll walk out of this room, beaten to a frazzle. But I’ll be done with you and never see you again.”

Mrs. Eldon shut her eyes, meditated, prayed. It was hard to yield. She had resolved never, never to accept charity again. To keep her resolve, she must lose her best friend and adviser.

“I mean it,” said the priest firmly.

“O, my God!” moaned the woman. “I—I—Yes, I promise. Do as you will.” And she burst into a passion of tears.

“Here,” said the priest, looking like a man who in his line of duty tortures those he loves, “take this. The money is an advance upon what you will surely get—one thousand dollars. Mrs. Eldon, God forgive me. There are times when one must be cruel to be kind.”

When the automobile arrived, Mrs. Eldon was helped down the stairs by Mrs. Smith and Mary. Her face had changed once more. She was calm, serene, smiling.

“Good-bye, good-bye,” she said. “When Father demanded my obedience, it was one of the hardest things in ten years for me to obey. When I gave in, I thought my heart would break. But now that I have given in, a strange peace has come upon me; I feel as if I have conquered myself at last, and in my heart there has come a wave of hope. The dark night, I feel, is about to lift. Sunshine and joy are coming. God is going to forget and forgive the past.”
CHAPTER XIV

MRS. ELDON, LESS MYSTERIOUS, LESS OBSTINATE, LEAVES ZERO WEATHER AND FORBIDDING SKIES FOR A LAND OF SOFT BREEZES AND MAJESTIC PALMS

AT NINE o'clock on the morning of the following day, Mary Smith hopped from a Clifton-Ludlow car, and, with a high disregard for conventionalities, ran at full speed up the pathway leading to the Good Samaritan Hospital. Entering the building, she relaxed into a trot towards the information desk.

"Mrs. Eldon?" repeated the telephone girl to her inquiry. "Room 208, second floor."

Mary, throwing back, as she trotted, a "Thank you," reached the elevator and, not finding it awaiting her, clattered up the stairs. It is no wonder, then, that when she burst into room 208, she was very much out of breath.

"O, Mrs. Eldon," she began, and stopped to pant.

Mrs. Eldon, lying back on a snowy pillow, was the same Mrs. Eldon of yesterday—but somehow different. Her face was softer, the stern mouth was relaxed. She was no longer jaded in appearance; weak and fragile as she looked, there were in her face hope, tranquillity and peace.

"Sit down, Mary," she said, her voice a trifle stronger, "and get your breath. Why, what in the world has happened to you?"

"I—I—ran all the way from the cars and up the
stairs,” panted Mary. “O, I’m so glad to see you,” and impulsively the young miss jumped from her chair, flung her arms around the woman’s neck, and kissed her; following which she jumped up again, and from a worn and battered reticule, brought out two envelopes, a letter and a telegram.

“Look what’s come!” she exclaimed. “As soon as the letter carrier brought them, I started right out—Mother told me it would be all right—and—and—if you wish, Mrs. Eldon, I’ll stay with you all morning.”

“That will be delightful, dear.”

“And—and—can you read them yourself?”

“Suppose you read them for me—the telegram first.”

Mary’s eyes shone. She cast an approving eye around the room, immaculately clean—with a bouquet of red carnations on a stand facing the patient.

“Isn’t it heavenly, this hospital?” exclaimed the enchanted girl.

“You never said a truer word, so far as I am concerned, Mary. Since getting here last night, the peace of God has settled upon me. All the hope and confidence I ever had, have returned. I want to get well; I’m going to get well. And, Mary, you may tell your mother and father about these letters. In fact, you may tell the family.”

“Great! Swell!” exclaimed the girl. “O, what a relief: I’ve kept the secret, Mrs. Eldon. But last night it was so hard, I almost blew up. They’ll go wild when they hear the news.”

“Last night,” said Mrs. Eldon, “I slept as I have not slept in years. And—and—I woke up this morning laughing.”

“Did you?”
"Yes: some sort of change has come upon me. I felt it first when I surrendered to Father Breslin last night. I never thought that life could be so sweet in sorrow: for, Mary, I have many bitter sorrows. When my strength comes back—say, in a week—I intend to tell you my story, after I have first told it to Father Breslin."

"That will be lovely," said Mary, her eyes shining like stars.

"Well, now I have my breath back, and I'll read the telegram. It's from that Elysian Real Estate Co. Listen.

Thanks for telegram. If necessary, will hold offer for two days. There's a great chance to swing deal by Thursday—

"That's to-day," said Mrs. Eldon. "Go on, dear."

If you wire us consent before one o'clock p.m. we are willing to double the price offered, and give sixteen thousand cash.

Mary's voice broke.

"Do you hear that, Mrs. Eldon? Why, you are a millionaire. But that's not all."

In making this new offer, we are taking a big chance. It is a speculation. Wire us at once. Money ready.

ELYSIAN REAL ESTATE CO.

"Isn't it wonderful!" said the woman. "With a sum like that I can carry out a plan I had dreamed
of for years. But I will do nothing without Father Breslin’s advice. I have promised to obey him. Is he coming to see me?”

“I’ll call him up,” volunteered Mary.

“Do, my dear. We must settle this thing at once.”

Mary left the room, and, through the kind offices of a smiling nurse, was shown to a telephone.

“Father Breslin?” she said after the usual preliminaries.

“Yes.”

“Mary Smith talking. I’m at the Good Samaritan. Mrs. Eldon has just got a letter from the Elysian Co. and they make her a wonderful offer, provided she accepts in a few hours. But, Father, she won’t do anything unless you say so.”

A hearty laugh sounded over the phone.

“I’ll start out at once,” said Father Breslin.

“Do, Father: and—and—take a taxi.”

Mary, a blithe spirit, ran back to Mrs. Eldon’s room, and, regaining her breath once more, opened the letter, which was type-written on plain paper.

MIA.MI, Jan. 30, —

MRS. ADELE ELDON:
Respected Madam:
I happen to be an acquaintance of Mr. J. Whyte Osler of the Elysian Real Estate Co. He has told me about you and the offer he made you. Possibly, you don’t know Mr. Whyte Osler. Possibly, not knowing him, you may be mistrustful. As he is a friend of mine, I feel it but right to tell you that he is one of the most honorable men I ever met. He is the last man to think of imposing on any one. His offering of $8,000 instead of four is splendid. You can’t
go wrong in dealing with him. He does not know that I am writing this note; it is now seven o’clock and I have just left him at his office, nor do I intend him to know it, till I can congratulate you both. I myself am a Catholic young lady down here in search of health, and believe in helping Catholics and standing by friends.

Respectfully,

AMELIA J. MULHALL.

“Well, Mary, everything points to my accepting the offer.”

“Yes, ma’am. I am sure Father Breslin will agree to it when he sees these letters.”

And they fell to discussing the situation till the priest arrived. He read the letter and telegram carefully.

“It’s a strong case they’re putting up,” he admitted. “And, strange to say, no answer has come from my friend Dillon. And yet, I have a feeling, a suspicion that there’s a nigger in the woodpile.”

“I myself am satisfied, Father. At your word, I will wire my acceptance.”

“Let’s think it over,” counselled the priest. “We have an hour or two—O! goodness! Say, Mrs. Eldon there’s a Miss Collins here in the hospital, now a convalescent, and going to leave this afternoon. She’s been eight years in a real estate office and is one of the best typists in the city. Suppose, we submit all these documents to her. Would you mind? She can keep a secret; I can vouch for her.”

“Of course, Father: anything you say.”

As Mary went in search of Miss Collins, the doctor entered. Father Breslin left the room, and, while
the doctor made his examination, he acquainted his friend the stenographer in the corridor outside with the Florida tract of land situation.

Miss Collins ran over the papers rapidly.

“‘It looks all right on the surface,’” she said; “‘but I must go over them again carefully.’”

The doctor appeared.

“Well, doctor, how’s the patient?”

“A wonderful change for the better has taken place, Father Breslin, since yesterday. Mrs. Eldon is a different woman. But she ought to go to Florida. A month or so there would do more than an army of doctors and a barrel of medicines. The little girl, Mary—her devoted friend—is worrying me more just now than Mrs. Eldon.”

“Indeed! What’s the trouble?”

“She’s anaemic. I’m afraid, unless the Smiths get a place in the sun, that Mary will follow in the way of her little brothers and sisters who are now lying at rest in St. Joseph’s Cemetery.”

“They’ll move,” said Father Breslin resolutely. He continued, “Thank you, doctor, and good-bye. Come in, Miss Collins. Shake hands with Mrs. Eldon, who is going to be as well as you in a short time.—Now, Miss Collins, sit down there at the window and take a good look at those documents while I talk to Mrs. Eldon.”

Miss Collins, excusing herself, put on her eyeglasses and resumed her examination.

“How soon, Mrs. Eldon, are you going to Florida?” began Father Breslin.

Mrs. Eldon laughed.

“I feel like going somewhere, Father. I have made up my mind to travel.”

“But where?”
“In a search long delayed. Which way, I know not.”

“Let me make up your mind for you. The doctor and I have settled that little point. You shall go to Florida. Now that’s that. The next question is, when?”

“What do you suggest, Father?”

“If I thought you could stand the trip, I should say ‘Go at once.’”

“If you insist, Father. But first I must wire the Elysian Company, and get the money. I am sure, Father, you approve of my doing so.”

“I don’t see how I can disapprove,” conceded the priest. “In that case, you can get off to-night, and the money can be paid you by return telegram.”

“Yes, Father, but I must buy a lot of articles, clothing and things, before I leave. I can’t do that and leave to-night.”

Suddenly Miss Collins arose, removed her glasses, and turned towards Mrs. Eldon with an air of discovery.

“What is it, Miss Collins? Have you found out anything?”

“Well, not exactly yet. Have you those other letters from the Elysian Real Estate Co.? I’d like to look them over.”

“Here they are,” put in Mary, as deeply engrossed in all the procedure as though she were a romantic young lady reading a love story.

“Take them, Miss Collins,” said the elder woman.

Miss Collins sniffed at both and ran her eyes quickly over the text of the two letters.

“I thought so,” she said. “There’s something wrong, or rather suspicious about these papers.”
"Aha!" cried Father Breslin. "My reason said they were right, but my instinct whispered wrong."

"All these letters from the Elysian Company, also the letter from the nice Catholic young lady who believes in helping Catholics and standing by friends are written on the same typewriter."

The three listeners looked at each other, their eyes wide with surmise.

"Is there any way of accounting for that?" asked Father Breslin.

"Yes," put in Mary brightly. "The nice young lady, this Amelia J. Mulhall, may have borrowed that typewriter from the Elysian Real Estate Co., and brought it home."

Father Breslin coughed violently and hid his mouth in his handkerchief.

"But are you sure, Miss Collins," queried Mrs. Eldon, "that the typewriter is the same for all?"

"Absolutely. The g's have lost their tails, the l's have lost their tops, and there are three or four other characters which are worn in the same place. There's no doubt of it."

"Possibly," put in the priest with a twinkling eye belying his serious face, "Mary has given the solution to that point."

"Yes—yes!" chimed in Mary.

"No; I think not, Father. Those letters were all typewritten by the same typist."

"How do you know that?" asked Mrs. Eldon.

"In the first place, we have the word o'clock type-written oclock, and the word believe spelled beleive. It is hard to believe that two persons, both fairly good spellers, should make precisely the same mistakes."

"O, I know," said Mary. "Miss Amelia is his
typist. He gave her a good position, and she's grateful. Don't you all see it? She takes his dictation, and being his typist, she just naturally takes his typewriter home to finish up her work. That's why you have the same typewriting mistakes in both letters.”

“Mary,” grinned the priest, “you must be closely related to Sherlock Holmes.”

“There ain't nobody of that name in my family,” protested Mary earnestly.

“There's another point,” continued Miss Collins, giving Mary an admiring glance, “and if it were not for that point, I believe I would have to give in to Mary. Do you think, Mary, that your Catholic friend, Amelia, was in the habit of smoking cigarettes?”

“O, dear, no,” answered the horrified little girl. Poor little Mary, she lived in poverty among the poor, and had not the advantage of being acquainted with refined young ladies of the present generation.

“Well,” continued Miss Collins, “Miss Amelia wrote her sweet and touching letter with a cigarette in her mouth. All the letters have the same rich scent of tobacco. I think the young lady goes in for Camels. All the letters smell alike.”

Father Breslin, taking the papers, sniffed and sniffed.

“Say, Miss Collins, you have a fine imagination! I cannot detect the faintest odor of tobacco.”

Miss Collins laughed.

“Don't you smoke yourself, Father?”

“Never more than one at a time.”

“You are no judge, then. Here, Mary, see whether you can detect the odor of tobacco.”

“To think of it,” soliloquized the ardent miss, “that
Miss Amelia J. Mulhall whom I was just getting to love, should smoke cigarettes while writing that lovely letter of hers. And she’s a good Catholic and loves to do a good turn.”

“Don’t worry about Amelia, Mary. I’m willing to wager anything that Amelia wears trousers and was never inside a Catholic Church in his life.”

“What about wiring them, Mrs. Eldon?” asked Mary.

“I—I’m afraid,” she answered. “Of course, I can’t think now of leaving for Florida. Perhaps the whole thing is a fraud, and I am as poor as ever.”

A knock at the door, preceded the appearance of a grinning messenger boy.

“Father Breslin here? Oh, here’s a telegram for you, Father. I brought it to your house and they said you had just gone to the Good Samaritan. Maybe it’s important, Father. So I just biked out.”

“You are a little daisy, Jimmy Ward. Come and see me, Sunday, and I’ll give you a nice story book. More power to you.”

Grinning more than ever and flushed with pleasure, the boy withdrew, amazing one nun and three nurses by turning a series of hand springs in the corridor.

“Aha!” cried the priest. “Listen—listen.”

Back from Cuba yesterday. Tell Mrs. Eldon to come to Florida now. Sign nothing.

JOHN DILLON.

“There!” exclaimed Father Breslin. “I knew I was right. You’re not to sign and you’re to go to Florida to-night.”

“But I can’t get ready, Father.”
“Why not?” asked Miss Collins.

And while Mrs. Eldon was pouring into Miss Collins’ alert ears, a detailed account of all she needed, Sister Margaret, the pleasant-faced nun in charge of the floor, entered.

“Mrs. Eldon,” she said, “the doctor has just left. He’s been thinking about your case all the time he’s been making his rounds. Before going, he gave me a message for you. He says that your greatest enemy, just now, is cold weather. There’s a cold wave coming, the weather man announces, and the thermometer will be around zero within twenty-four hours. The doctor wants you to get to Florida, and get far South—he mentioned Miami.”

Sister Margaret wondered, when everyone, save Mrs. Eldon, broke into a laugh. Sister Margaret was not known as a humorist. But she must have said something particularly mirth-provoking.

“Everything,” cried Father Breslin, “points to Miami. Mrs. Eldon, you must go.”

“I would, Father, but . . . .”

“There are no buts about it,” interposed Miss Collins. “I dearly love to shop: I was a dressmaker for three years. I’ve made a list of what you want, and I’ll be here with the goods before six o’clock.”

“But the money. . . .”

“Oh, I’ll see to that, Mrs. Eldon,” interrupted the priest. “You ought to know by this time that I am always right and you are everlastingly wrong. And now I’m off, too. If I can possibly arrange it, you’ll leave on the night train in a drawing-room car—O, hang the expense: don’t object, Mrs. Eldon,”—here the old man’s face grew solemn and reverent—“believe me, it is the will of God.”

And Father Breslin was as good as his word, and
Miss Collins was as good as her word; and so that evening, Mrs. Eldon, under special charge of a most intelligent Pullman porter, liberally tipped by the good priest, was ushered into a drawing room, the berth fully prepared, and was presently speeding on her way to Miami, Florida, land of the golden sunshine and the still more golden freckle.
CHAPTER XV

GEORGE HERBERT SPENDS A DELIGHTFUL HOUR ON THE PRADO AND GETS A STILL MORE DELIGHTFUL SURPRISE

The Prado is the show street of Havana. On a Sunday afternoon in February, it basked in the splendid sunlight. Crowds thronged the sidewalks on both sides of the spacious boulevard, and still thicker crowds thronged the beautiful parkway which with palm and statue and monument, divided the thoroughfare into two parts.

George Herbert, who, early that morning, had quietly slipped into this city of Latin tradition and civilization, thought, as he made his way through the festive crowd, with the female of the species arrayed in raiment that rivalled the rainbow, glorious hues, that he had never seen any street so beautiful, any population at once so peaceful and so gay. The congestion was inevitable. There were countless Fords, tricked into a beauty unknown to them in the United States of America by the taste and craftsmanship of the art-loving Cuban. Also, there were automobiles of all makes and chauffeurs of all nationalities, and they were all there, apparently, at once. A normal traffic policeman in the United States of America would have shown strong excitement and—unless he belonged to the Holy Name Society—would have manifested his feelings in language of a bluish character. He would have acted like Shakespeare's:
“Man, proud man, clothed in a little brief authority.”

But it was not so with the Cuban traffic officers. They were there by the score clad in their simple blue uniforms, quiet, smiling, happy, giving no orders unless an order were plainly necessary; uttering no profane language—and yet there was order, cheerful order, and, somehow, the traffic moved as easily as though a thousand orders and as many oaths were directed at the light-hearted chauffeurs.

“It is good,” thought George, “to see a land where people are allowed to work out their own little problems without the stimulus of a policeman’s club.”

And George continued his way, admiring the good nature of the men, the dainty costumes of little boys and girls, the pretty manners of the women, and the law and order born of simple laws and of tactful enforcement.

During the morning and early afternoon he had wandered in the down-town district, and had been bewitched by the quaint, narrow streets with sidewalks that, properly used, would prepare one for mastering the art of tight-robe walking; he had gazed into little shops, and back of them into little patios, where the children played. He had inhaled smells that were interesting and new, and heard voices that were soft and strange, and he had thought it all very wonderful. There were bars at every corner, there was liquor on sale on all sides; and yet he had not seen one Cuban under the influence of liquor. It is true, he discovered during that novel walk six drunken men—but they were, of course, Americans, probably ardent prohibitionists. They were, in outward seeming, well-to-do citizens of the United States, among which, including small politicians,
congressmen and a few senators, those who are prohibitionists are under the idea that a prohibitionist is a man who will not allow the other fellow to have a drink.

George was puzzled for some time to account for the throng on the Prado. Evidently there was something unusual on foot. By great good luck he came upon a Cuban who, on being asked whether he spoke English, answered:

"O, yes: I spik a few; not mooch, a few."

"I get you," said George. "Well, what's all the row about?"

"Row! But there ees no row."

"Yes, yes: why is the crowd, this big crowd, here?"

"O, yas. Eet ees carnival."

"The carnival?"

"Yas: confetti, the beautiful ladies in all the costumes of all the colors; the brave men in the false masks and the automobiles in all the decorations; and all throwing things at one ze other."

"Throwing brickbats?"

"No— no— no— no— no," answered the Cuban, shaking his head violently with each negation. "It is not so with us. It is all fun and no damage. We throw confetti and serpentinas."

"But I thought you had carnival before Lent. Not in Lent."

"Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes," answered the Cuban, nodding his head violently to each affirmation. "It seems true wot you say. But we also continue the carnival during the Lent till the Passion Sunday."

"That's strange," said George.

"No, no, no, no, no! There are forty days in
Lent without the Sundays, and Sundays are not in Lent."

"O!" said George, not entirely convinced by this clever interpretation, held, by the Cubans, quite commonly in Havana. As George thanked the Cuban, a little boy, clad almost as lightly as Ariel, threw a handful of confetti at him, and, when George showed surprise at the mimic snow-fall upon his cap and coat, broke into a peal of laughter, musical as tiny silver bells. George caught his eye and smiled. The little fellow was enraptured; and running forward thrust in George’s hand something that looked like a tiny ball of tape. Before the excited professor could express thanks or ask a question, the child disappeared in the throng.

George studied his gift carefully. What could it be? Glancing about him he noticed that the police were clearing the roadway on both sides, that the people were lining up at the edge of the walks, and that every other one he saw was armed precisely as himself—with balls of tape, also. Men and boys, apparently frantic with excitement, were running up and down on the fringes of the crowd, and selling similar rolls. Two little lads facing each other began using them in a friendly battle. Ah! it was a ball roll of serpentinas. George found a favorable spot for observation, and, catching the eye of a vendor, held out a fifty-cent piece. In exchange, he received enough serpentinas to last him for several carnivals.

Presently, there was a blare of trumpets. Then came a procession the like of which he had never seen. The blue sky, the serene air, the clean, solid, stately cream-colored houses were a fit setting for the long, long line of automobiles, most of them gaily festooned, carrying, each one of them, their
freight of happy maidens and histrionic men. And now George understood a phenomenon which had puzzled him that morning. Going through the narrow streets, he had come upon a number of little girls whose hair was done up in papers. The same girls were on the Prado now in the glory of automobiles, the papers released, and the hair, its owner's crowning glory, tastefully curled. He noticed that while many automobiles carried men only—many with extravagant mustaches or false noses or grotesque garments—the women who took part in these festivities were invariably accompanied by several of the sterner sex.

"From the moving pictures I saw and the stories I read," mused George, "I thought that these carnivals were pretty bad. But I've seen lots of affairs in the States worse than this."

George fell to thinking of down-town scenes in America on election nights; girls without escorts attired as men, and walking along the sidewalks, jostling and being jostled by strangers. How different here. It was not night time; the girls were decently dressed; and their familiarities were innocent—throwing confetti, launching serpentinias, to the tune of merry laughter and lively music. To these simple children of a land where people know how to forget business cares, and to play without self-consciousness the comedy of life, the fact of being hit or missed by strips of paper or a handful of confetti was a matter affording occasion for outbursts of glee. And as they hit and missed, they passed on, leaving behind them a memory of beauty and the ring of merry laughter. The people of the carnival played the rules of the game. George was edified; and forgetting his troubles, forgetting his professorial
dignity, he became, for the time being, a Cuban. It was not long before George learned the gentle art of directing the serpentina. It was great fun. Several young men and young women who received these attentions on the back of their necks, smiled sweetly and returned the fire, and passed on. These familiarities on his part and theirs, the professor perceived, were strictly Pickwickian. Some Americans, not understanding this, have been cared for kindly, but firmly by the Cuban police.

An hour passed swiftly by, and George, recalling the events which had sent him into exile, determined to tear himself away from this riot of fun and feast of color. He turned, and, as he did so, caught a glimpse which halted him before he had taken a second step. Coming down the street in a nondescript machine were three figures, a rather stout woman with a rather red and bloated countenance, who, swinging a fan before her face, bowed and smiled indiscriminately at the sightseers; a charming little girl, an unmistakable and striking blonde, who, oblivious of all about her, had her eyes fixed upon a book; and a stony-faced and uninterested chauffeur.

George rubbed his eyes and stared. The girl’s eyes were bent downwards, a tiny hand partially concealed her head.

"By Jove! It can’t be," cried Herbert. He stared again. From his pocket he took a roll of serpentinas, and took aim. His aim was true. The greater part of the roll fell on the book. The girl raised her eyes—sad eyes, as she raised them and turned them in George’s direction. She saw him. She stared. The sadness turned into joy. With the air of one
looking upon a vision, she smiled and waved her hand.

George raised his hat in reverence: he was looking for the second time into the sweet innocent eyes of the little girl whom he had years ago shocked and scandalized by a burst of temper on the football field, when he was a high school student, and she a little fairy of eight.
CHAPTER XVI

THE STRANGE STORY OF A LITTLE MUSICIAN, FOLLOWED BY ONE OF THE MOST ASTOUNDING MOMENTS IN GEORGE HERBERT'S LIFE

All at once, the girl's smile vanished, down went her head, her reading was resumed; the corpulent woman beside her had turned her eyes from the crowd and upon the child. The machine, which had stopped momentarily, passed on; and the girl was going out of his life once more. He gazed after her with a sort of longing, wistfully, and, as he gazed, the little hand which but a moment before had waved to him in greeting, was raised in a backward gesture, and two little fingers were beckoning as though signalling him to follow. It is true, the child's face was turned from him, still bowed over the book; it is true, the fingers moved but twice, and disappeared. Yet, George felt sure that she was beckoning him. There was but one thing to do: George, keeping a few yards behind, followed the car, feeling that his adventures were not ended with his departure, the day before, from Florida. Luckily for our adventurer, the progress of the carnival procession was slow. He found no difficulty in keeping the child in sight. As the automobiles on parade rounded the municipal band-stand fronting the splendid Cuban harbor, sacred to the memory of the Maine, the line of march was ended, and the chauffeurs drove their respective ways. Luckily, the
congestion at the intersection of the Prado with the famous sea-drive known as the Malecon was such that George, by much walking and several short-cuts was able to keep the child in sight. In a few squares, however, where the streets were not so crowded, all his labor might be lost. As he hurried along, his eyes fixed upon the one machine now a hundred yards beyond him, he bethought him of securing a taxi. Just as he had made up his mind to do this, the machine stopped in front of a drinking house, and the stout woman hastily got out, and entered the place.

George quickened his steps. The girl turned her head and narrowly watched the woman, who at once sought a man, the proprietor of the place, and engaged him in conversation. Then the girl turned round, and, seeing George grew radiant. Making him a sign to stop, she looked again, first at the chauffeur who was gazing ahead dreamily, next at the woman who was gesticulating violently and uttering a few words by way of punctuating her gestures. Satisfied with her survey, the girl climbed upon the open hood of the machine, leaped to the ground, and ran lightly towards the amazed professor.

"Where are you going?" she said quickly.

"Anywhere."

"Let me come with you. O, hurry, hurry. I will tell you when we get away."

"This way," said George, wondering whether he were asleep or awake, and at a walk which forced his mysterious companion to trot, he made his way towards the American Hotel.

Fortunately for the two fugitives from justice, the streets were crowded with sightseers making their way home from the carnival; and presently they were lost in the crowd. Feeling safe from immediate
capture, the astonished and befuddled kidnapper changed to a slower rate of speed, and gazed critically, almost guiltily, at the girl, whose face was tense with fear and excitement. She was panting, and clung with one hand to George's right arm, as though it were a plank and she were about to drown.

"Is—isn't this rather unusual?" ventured the professor.

"O, yes; George, it is: it is most unusual."

"You know my name?"

"Of course, I've got your picture—I cut it out of a paper, the time you made that seventy-five yard run. And I saw you once."

"And I saw you once. I was never so mortified in all my life. I had lost my temper, and I was saying words no decent person should hear, and you were hearing them, and your face showed how shocked you were. And I want to tell you . . . . . eh? —"

"Call me 'Adelaide', George."

"Thank you. I want to tell you, Adelaide, that you cured me of bad language right there. I have never used it since."

"And—and—you remembered me all this time?" cried the delighted girl, who in the course of this conversation had gained her breath, and resumed her composure.

"I certainly have. You are one of my great benefactors. You taught me a big lesson in one second—But, to get back to the present, tell me, Adelaide, was that woman you ran away from your mother?"

"I should say not," retorted Adelaide throwing back her head and with flashing eyes. "My mother is dead. I do not even remember her."

"So's mine," said George, "and I just dimly remember her. My father is dead, too."
“So is mine,” said Adelaide.
“And here we are,” resumed George almost ruefully, “the two orphans of Havana. And you, Adelaide, are a runaway.”
“It is all right, George: I will explain to you when we get somewhere in a quiet place.”
“Well, Adelaide, I am a runaway, too.”
“What!” cried the girl.
“Yes: I’m a fugitive from justice.”
“A what?” cried the girl.
“In Florida yesterday I hit a man in self-defense; but I hit him rather hard, and his head banged against a post; and, you may not believe it, Adelaide, but it knocked him cold. And the doctor, an old stager, said he had suffered a fracture of the skull. My friends advised me to get out in a hurry; and so last night I took a hydroplane and smuggled myself into Cuba.”
“And do you think, George, that the man will die?”
“I don’t know. I’ve been praying that he may not. And now we are going, both of us, to the American Hotel to see whether any message has come. My friends have promised to wire me some time to-day. I do hope that there’s a wire for me. You see, Adelaide, I’m afraid I’ll have to get out of Cuba now. I’m in trouble again.”
“What did you do since you came here, George?”
“I committed the biggest crime of my life.”
“You did!” exclaimed Adelaide, paling visibly, and drawing George aside into a little by-street. “O, George, you couldn’t do anything really bad.”
“I tell you, Adelaide, I’ve committed one of the big crimes.”
“O, tell me, tell me!”
"Why, I am now a kidnapper."
"O," laughed Adelaide, relaxing once more into silvery mirth. "I was half afraid that you had done something terrible: you’ve got such a temper, you know."

The remarkable couple, one a kidnapped child, the other a fugitive from justice now engaged in the business of kidnapping, resumed their course.

"Are you feeling all right, Adelaide?"
"I am feeling very happy; but—"
"But what?"
"Very hungry, George."
"O!"

"You see, I have eaten nothing since seven o’clock this morning."
"No dinner?"
"There was a dinner; but I could not eat. I was so unhappy, and so miserable. I just stayed at the piano—"
"The piano?"
"Yes, George— When I am glad or sad I go to the piano, I play and play and play."
"Play what?"
"I—I improvise."
"What?"
"I improvise: that is, I just put my feelings into all sorts of chords."
"Say, Adelaide, you’ve gone beyond my depth."
"Have I?" laughed Adelaide. "Well, I’ve been taking lessons on the piano since I was six years of age. And I love music—singing, too. This coming spring, I was going over to Germany to take a special course, when—when—something happened. I’ll tell you about it, after I have had something to eat."

"Well, here we are," said the young man, gazing
at Adelaide with renewed interest; "step in. This is the American Hotel. First, I'll see whether any word has come.—Any message for George Herbert?" he asked of the hotel clerk.

"I should say there is: it's marked 'Hurry' and I've been paging you for two hours."

The clerk handed a telegram to George, who eagerly tore open the envelope.

_Everything O. K. Head not fractured, owner recovered. Come back, same way, same driver. Have wired him._

_Kelly._

"It's good news, isn't it?" queried Adelaide, her eyes noting the glory shining in the young man's face.

"Good news! It's royal news, Adelaide. I can go back. I'm going back to-night. And now I'm hungry, too. Come on, let's eat."

The famished pair hastened into the dining room, and gave their orders, deliberately choosing those dishes which could be served at once.

There was no conversation for fifteen minutes, during which time the hero ate most unheroically, and the fairy musician showed herself to be very human and utterly unfairylike in her disposition of beef-steak and potatoes.

By the time the ice cream was served, the two came back to the hard realities of the situation. Both looked troubled.

"George," said Adelaide, "are you really going back to-night?"

"That's what I'm worrying about. How can I leave without fixing up your affairs?"
“Where’s the trouble? Isn’t there room for one more in that hydroplane? I want to get away, too.”

“Yes, ye-es,” hesitated George. “But, you see, there’s the question of propriety. You are almost a young lady—”

“I’m not fourteen quite, George.”

“Even so: I’m only twenty myself, and—and—”

“It’s not conventional, George.”

“Remember, Adelaide, I’m not thinking of myself. And, besides, I don’t know why you are running away, and whether in helping you I am a philanthropist, or a candidate for the penitentiary.”

“That’s a fact: I haven’t told you my story yet. But I’m ready now.”

George, having settled with the waiter, escorted his charge to the ladies’ parlor. It was empty.

“In luck again,” said George. “And there’s a piano, too.”

This last statement was unnecessary, for Adelaide had seen the piano, and with a gurgle of delight had rushed to it, seated herself at it, and struck a chord before George had finished his speech.

George followed her.

“O, George, this is a lovely piano, and they keep it in good order. It is tuned perfectly.”

“Good!” said George. “But now how about your making a kidnapper out of me?”

“Sit down near me, George; and I’ll tell you all about it.”

As George seated himself, Adelaide ran her fingers lightly over the keys.

“It’s almost perfect,” she exclaimed. “There’s one note, a B flat, just a tiny bit out of tune. I’ll not touch that note again. I can get on without it.”

“Yes—yes—but—”
“Exactly, George. When I was almost a baby, I was taken away from home and put in charge of a nice lady, Madam Hoffspiel, who was to educate me. She was very good. She loved art and dancing and singing and all sorts of music. But the piano was her favorite instrument.”


“And she found I had a talent for the piano. And as soon as I was six, she began giving me lessons!”

“Did she teach you nothing else?” I shot him.

“Of course: reading and writing and arithmetic, and singing and dancing. She said I would be an artist some day.”

“And did she teach you no religion?” Adelaide wheeled around on her piano stool, opened her blue eyes wide, and replied:

“No, George. She told me I was to let religion alone.”

“Had she none herself?”

“I don’t know. I think she had; but it didn’t mean much with her. She made beauty her religion.”

“Oh!” said George.

“So did I,” continued Adelaide.

“What!”

“Till I was nine. And then there was an Irish girl, Maureen Fitzgerald, just come from Ireland, who was engaged to take care of our rooms; and—and—we became friends. She was only seventeen when she came, and she was very sweet and good, and I loved her.”

“Well?”

“When we came to know each other, I asked Maureen about her beads and her crucifix. And she told me all about the Catholic Faith. Isn’t it a beautiful religion?”
It certainly is," said the delighted George.

"Madam Hoffspiel knew nothing about it. I didn’t think I was doing wrong; but I knew that if the Madam heard about our talks on religion, Maureen Fitzgerald would be discharged. Maureen used to slip into my room every night, and sitting beside me on my bed explain to me all about the Catholic Faith. And she taught me the prayers all Catholics must know, and the beads; and she explained the Mass and the Benediction, and—well everything."

"Fine," said George.

"But most of all she gave me her own love for the Blessed Mother of God. That did so much for me. It is the best thing that ever happened. I would not give it up for all I’ve learned of the piano."

"What did it do for you, Adelaide?"

"O, I think it kept me decent. As I grew older, I found out that Madam Hoffspiel was what you would call a Bohemian. All sorts of people used to come to her house—artists, musicians, and that sort. And they were, many of them, so odd. One night, I heard a man telling them how the only thing in the world worth while was the creation of the beautiful, and all men and women were created for the sake of artists and composers. Then he said worse things and I ran away and told Maureen. And she explained how all things were created by God for man, and man himself was created for God. And as for beauty, Maureen gave me a little talk on Mary; and from that day, I kept away from those people, and hid myself away with my books."

"And so, Adelaide, you are a Catholic?"

"Not exactly, George. I’m waiting to be baptized. Maureen wanted to have me baptized when I was
ten, but the priest was sorry he could not do it. I was too young, and my parents would have to promise that I would be brought up in the Catholic Faith. I dared not ask for permission of my father, and my mother had died.”

“And I, Adelaide,” said George, “am waiting to be baptized, too.”

“O, how nice! Wouldn’t it be fine, if we were to be baptized together?”

“It surely would, Adelaide.”

“And go to first Holy Communion together! Say, George, when we go to Florida, where do we land?”

“I’m landing at Miami—near it, anyhow.”

“Yes, yes. And we could look up a priest and get baptized.”

“That’s all very well, Adelaide. But we haven’t started for Miami yet. And you haven’t told—”

“Why don’t you give me a chance, George? A little after I was ten years of age, Maureen left.”

“Why?”

“She was bettering herself. She studied typewriting and shorthand, and to-day she’s private secretary to a very rich and good man. She writes to me all the time. I love her.”

“Well, after she left?”

“I kept on praying the way she taught me, and I kept on learning. Different servants came, but they were not like Maureen. Two months ago, the woman you saw with me at the carnival came.”

“O!” said George.

“I never liked her; but she was nice to me in a way. You see, George, she always smelt of beer or whisky, and sometimes of tobacco. And sometimes she was tipsy. Late last December, Madam Hoffspiel told me that she had made all arrangements to
bring me over to Germany next September for a special course in piano. Then one day, everything was changed."

"What happened?"

"About three weeks ago, Madam came up to my room after I had gone to bed. She was very excited. She told me that my father had died, and that my income had stopped. She said I was now a poor girl. She was sorry, very sorry, but she had been thinking of making a big change in her life: and now that this news had come, she would make it. Madam Hoffspiel bent down to me, and I could see tears in her eyes. She kissed me, and left. I never saw her again."

"What happened?" George's interest was rising. He gazed into the girl's eyes as though he would read her soul.

"She ran off that very night with one of those Bohemians—supposed to be rich."

"And then?"

"Then, George, this woman took charge. Her name is Verna Lester. She was all kindness. She told me that she had a little money, and that she would care for me, as for her own child. Then we came to Cuba."

"And did she continue to be kind?"

"In a way, yes. But I began to suspect that she wanted to use me for her own benefit. This morning, I found it out for certain. She told me that I was to sing and dance to-night at a few public places here. It—it—shocked me."

"For pay?"

"That was it. I was to work, and she was to live on what I earned. And besides, she drinks heavily. I know now that she does not love me at all. I cried
all the morning. And then—then—I saw you. Now, George, was I right?"

"Let me think," answered George, pacing up and down the parlor.

As the professor meditated, the girl turned round to the piano, and striking a chord, gently sang—

"Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."

The child's voice was exquisite, her playing modulated perfectly to the sweet, low, poignant tones. It was at once exquisite music and a perfect prayer. George was stirred to his depths. He could feel the "Kindly Light" in the room, the "Kindly Light" which had drawn him on and drawn her out of Bohemia into this quiet haven. The light was near him now; it was shining; he felt that it was about to flood his soul.

"Adelaide," he said, "I feel—I think we shall travel together to-night."

"Oh," said Adelaide. "You see your way to it?"

"I may! Please God, I may."

George lost his self-control. His lips quivered, his facial muscles tightened, tears gathered in his eyes. Was the unbelievable to come to pass? But Adelaide amidst the encircling gloom did not see the extraordinary change which had come over him.

"George," she said, "I'm going to tell you a secret now. I've been holding it back. Do you know one reason why I've always liked you?"

George could not answer.

"I'm alone in the world, George; and I adopted you as my brother the first day I saw you at that game, and they told me that your last name was Herbert, the same as my own."

The gloom in his soul vanished replaced by vic-
tories light. With an effort, George mastered himself. The same name! There could be no doubt.

"It was the 'Kindly Light' then, Adelaide, and the same 'Kindly Light' has led you and me on and on. Adelaide—O my God!—you are in very deed my own little sister."
CHAPTER XVII

GEORGE HERBERT AND ADELAIDE ATTEND THE GESÙ CHURCH AT MIAMI, WITH UNLOOKED FOR RESULTS

On a glorious balmy morning in the month of February, our two adventurers were making their way from the shore on Miami Beach to that world’s wonder, the Causeway, leading over to Miami.

“I was never so happy in all my life,” said Adelaide.

“Nor I, sister. I never, never dreamed that I could say ‘sister’ to anyone, Adelaide. I have often felt that our mother was helping me on, sending me when I needed it the ‘Kindly Light.’ Some power has guided and helped us. Some power saved us from all manner of evils, and sent us finally to meet each other in Havana.”

“The same power that brought me to that football game,” Adelaide supplemented.

“Life has always been sweet to me,” continued George Herbert. “I’ve had quiet, peaceful days in class, and I have had glory enough for a dozen boys on track and field. But I never knew till last night how lonely I had been.”

“That is the way I felt, brother,” said the girl.

“But now that I have a sister to love and cherish,” George went on, “life is beginning all over for me. I never was afraid of trial or trouble, to speak of;
but now I’d be glad to suffer and die, if need be, for the little sister that God has given me back.”

“Isn’t it strange, George? By right, you should have been educated in a non-Catholic school, and should have been a little pagan.”

“We’ll be Catholics mighty soon,” said George. “We are on our way to Baptism now.”

The sun, newly risen, flooded the earth with light; the air, carrying with it the tang of the salt sea, was like wine. A breeze breathing the fragrance of the South caressed them; and as they passed from Miami Beach to the Causeway, the bay of Biscayne, laughing and dancing in the sun, spread out its vast sheets of rainbow-tinted water before them.

“Isn’t it perfectly lovely!” exclaimed Adelaide.

“If we were walking together through the vilest slums, the air thick with smoke and cinders, and the sun swallowed up in a fog, it would be lovely to me with you, Adelaide. But now—” words failed him.

And so as they stepped briskly along the Causeway, about three miles and a half in length, they rhapsodized, and between their rhapsodizing told each other their trials, their troubles, their successes and their joys. The walk was all too short. Miami was reached; and, aided by a few inquiries, they found their way to the Gesù Church, on Second Street and First Avenue—the only Catholic church in the city.

“It’s worth looking at,” said George admiringly.

“I feel like going in,” said Adelaide.

“Of course: that’s understood. We can say our morning prayers and start the day well.”

“Yes,” added the girl, “and not forget to thank God for all He has done for us.”

They entered, dipped their fingers in the holy
water font, crossed themselves, and genuflected like Catholics to the manner born, and, entering a pew, knelt down side by side.

A grey-haired priest, vested for Mass, came out from the sacristy at the moment, and began the sacred service.

"May we stay for it?" asked Adelaide eagerly.

George nodded his head.

Never under such favoring circumstances had they attended the Holy Sacrifice. Never were their hearts so full of love, of faith, of hope, of thanksgiving.

It was not quite eight o'clock. Had the two looked about them, they would have been edified. There were fully three hundred worshipers in attendance—aged men and women, a few boys and girls, many young business men—real-estaters, for the most part—and a surprising number of young women who, to the casual eye, might be regarded as flappers. It was a sort of Pentecostal gathering. Among them were people of nearly every state in the Union, representatives of France, Spain, Mexico, Cuba, England, Ireland and Canada. Nearly all were tourists—unconscious apostles, who, coming from North and East and West, had, in the past years, dissipated by their presence and their example, the thick clouds of prejudice born of ignorance. To-day, Miami is a city, growing like a mushroom, where bigotry is a negligible quantity. The C. D. D. organization is still there; but the Cock-a-Doodle-Doos themselves are mainly good, honest fellows whose opposition to Catholics when it exists at all, is purely academic.

The worshipers, on this occasion, may be pardoned, if many of them turned eyes of interest upon George and Adelaide. The young man, kneeling motionless and erect, had his eyes fastened upon the Tabernacle.
There was a solemnity upon his face which was touched by a great gladness. He looked as though he were gazing upon an angel who was announcing to him tidings of great joy. As for Adelaide, were there no sign of emotion upon her features, her very appearance was enough to arrest attention on any occasion. Her hair, a splendid yellow, formed a great cluster of thick curls. Her features were so beautiful that, as a good woman behind her reflected, should God wish to clothe high spirituality in earthly vesture, the girl kneeling before her would be an adequate expression of the outward beauty corresponding to the inward sanctity. Adelaide’s complexion was extremely fair, touched with the bloom of youth and health and innocence. Her regular features full of expression, a mouth at once tender and humorous, great blue eyes, which in repose seemed to be looking into hidden and remote recesses of beauty, and a slight air of preoccupation would lead a reader of faces to infer, and rightly, that the young girl belonged to that class of mankind upon whom God has conferred the Godlike gift of creative power. But during these sacred and inspiring moments, Adelaide was not in repose. There was a rosy and radiant joy upon her face, her lips as they moved in silent prayer, were full of tenderness, and her starry eyes were dimmed with emotion. When the old priest, beating his breast, said “Domine, non sum dignus,” over one hundred of those present left their pews and went to the Communion railing to receive the loving Saviour, who had come down upon the altar but a moment before and offered Himself an unbloody Sacrifice to His heavenly Father for priest and acolyte, for all present, for the city of Miami, for the faithful living and dead, for the whole
The receiving of Holy Communion in a Catholic Church is always a sight at once touching and elevating. Adelaide and George were strangely moved. The mist in the girl’s eyes gathered: two tears, unnoticed, fell down her cheeks. For years she had hungered for the Body of Our Lord; but never had she so hungered as on this occasion. George, too, envied the privileged communicants.

During the preceding part of the Mass, both had casually noticed a woman in the pew next to them. She, too, had knelt motionless, statue-like. As she left her pew to approach the communion railing, George noted the pallor of her face. She wore very dark glasses; her features, firm, modest, breathing holy recollection, showed traces of illness. She looked feeble, worn, like one who had risen from a sick-bed. George nudged his sister.

“Doesn’t she look like a saint?”

Adelaide nodded assent. Both watched the woman as she walked forward. Once she staggered. George leaped to his feet, but knelt again, as, recovering herself, she reached the rail. Receiving Holy Communion, the woman, after a short pause, arose and proceeded to return to her place. She had taken but three steps, when she paused, her folded hands separated, and an air of helplessness came upon her. George rose to his feet once more, and lightly hurried up the aisle. He had need of haste; for as she went forward, she staggered again, and would have fallen, had he not caught her in his arms. So quietly, so deftly did he save her from falling that hardly a dozen people in the church noticed the incident. He helped her to seat herself, whereupon she came to at once. Hardly raising her head, she whispered:

“Thank you so much, my boy.”
“Can I do anything for you, ma’am?”
“I—I—think I’m all right.”
“Perhaps the fresh air would help you, ma’am. Shall I take you outside?”
“I hate to trouble you, my boy; but if you are not pressed for time—”
“I haven’t a thing to do in the world, ma’am.”
“Then, if you would give me a few minutes—fifteen minutes for thanksgiving, it would be sweet of you to help me out. I am weaker than I thought, and my eyes have been treated by an oculist, and for the time being my vision is blurred.”
“I’ll be back in fifteen minutes gladly,” returned Herbert.

At the end of the Mass, he and Adelaide went out of the Gesù, and paused in the splendid open vestibule supported by four massive pillars and with broad steps, running the width of the church, leading down to the pavement.

“Adelaide, are you willing to wait a few moments?”
“Of course: you are waiting for the lovely lady?”
“Yes. And she is lovely. Since I’ve come to Florida, Adelaide, it has been one thrill after another. When she thanked me, her face and her voice had a strange effect. It was like an electric shock—but the shock was not unpleasant—quite the other way. Do you know, Adelaide, it was something like the way I felt when I saw you in the carnival.”
“I’m so glad we are to wait for her,” said Adelaide.
“I want to get near her, and have her talk to me, too.”

Brother and sister paused to gaze down upon the street. They were in the heart of Miami. Across the street, diagonally, was the city post office—big,
in its way, but much too small for a city which was growing daily in business and population to an un­believable degree. It looked to the two as though some kind of mass meeting were being held: the lobby was crowded, the steps leading up to it were thronged. Thousands of tourists were fighting their way—peacefully of course—in and out. The lordly Ford, in number beyond count, and the humbler Lincoln and Rolls-Royce filled First Avenue N. E., and traffic officers, bathed in perspiration, were making the best of a very difficult job in an almost hope­less endeavor to relieve congestion. On the side­walks men and women were elbowing their way. The fashions of all America were before them.

“Look at all those men in knee-breeches,” said Adelaide, “and most of them bare-headed.”

George laughed.

“I have been told,” he said, “that as a rule those who wear knee-breeches are real estate men. They know each other by their dress, and that saves them a lot of time.”

“How, George?”

“They don’t lose time trying to sell real estate to each other. There are about 80,000 real estators in town, about 200,000 tourists, and most of the others, outside of builders and their forces, are in the hotel and restaurant business. And everybody looks happy.”

“But they are not as happy as we are, George. I’m so happy that I’m almost afraid.”

“If we stay here for a day or two, Adelaide, we can take trips to Coral Gables, and go to free concerts every night, and drink orange juice, and take boat rides—all for nothing, if we like.”

“You are joking, George.”
"No, I'm not. The real estate men here, so my friend the Baptist minister told me, are spending money like drunken sailors. They don't even ask you whether you have any money; they don't even ask you if you want to buy. You are welcome to their concerts and their excursions by boat and bus. The rush is on. On Flagler Street, just two squares further on, there are palatial buildings, and amusement halls open day and night, in charge of real estators who seemingly never sleep. They are on duty all the time, Sunday included. Real estate in Florida has just now come to be the biggest boom in the history of the United States; and the real estators—most of them—are royal fellows. Of course, there are some crooks; but once found out, they are thrown into the discard.—Well, excuse me while I bring out your lovely lady."

When George returned with the woman leaning on his arm, Adelaide rushed up to her as though they had been old acquaintances.

"I am so glad to see you." As she spoke, she held out both her hands. The woman caught her in an embrace and kissed the winsome little girl.

Nothing could be simpler or sweeter than that introduction.

"And what," inquired the lady, whose smile was in keeping with the perfect Miami weather, "have you two to attend to now?"

Adelaide and George glanced at each other, and laughed merrily.

"We're going to look up our breakfast," said the boy. "And then visit one of the priests here, and ask to be baptized."

"Where are you going for breakfast?"

"O, anywhere: we're strangers here."
“Splendid!” said the lady joyously. “You’re coming with me.”

“O, I say—” protested the youth.

“No; don’t say. If you knew what pleasure it would give me to have you as my guests—”

“We’ll be glad to come, ma’am,” put in Adelaide.

“Give me your hands, my dears—one on each side of me. I can hardly see you with these glasses on; but I hear your voices—you are—”

“Brother and sister, ma’am,” said George proudly.

“And strangers in Miami? How glad I am to have the privilege of being the first to welcome you—only a week here myself, every one has been so kind to me that I have come to love the place. And I am paying part of my debt to Miami when I extend you a little of the welcome that the people here have shown me.”

“We just did want to know you, ma’am,” said Adelaide.

“How fine! Signal a cab, will you, my boy?”

George’s quick eye picked out one on the moment, and within a few moments the three, once out of the congested area, were speeding merrily for the Bay Shore district.

They stopped before a pretty little bungalow, its light yellowish facing, with a few dabs of rose color here and there giving it a strawberry and cream effect.

They had hardly helped the woman out of the cab, when the door of the bungalow opened, and out dashed an eager-eyed and highly-excited little girl, elaborately decked out in a blue dress with a white apron and a wicked little white cap.

“O, Mrs. Eldon, how glad I am you’re back. Say,
the piano has come. It's a Steinway Baby Grand; and it's just heavenly—even to look at."

At the mention of *Steinway Baby Grand*, Adelaide suppressed—but not entirely—a scream of joy; whereupon little Mary Smith turned an inquiring face towards the strange girl, with striking results. Her smile vanished, awe came upon her countenance, her jaw dropped, and rooted in her tracks, she gazed and gazed.

"Thank you for telling me, Mary. But hurry in, my dear, and tell the cook that we have two welcome guests for breakfast."

"Two hungry ones at that," added George.

Mary Smith closed her mouth with an effort, and turned her rounded eyes on the young man; whereupon she widened them again.

She was, if possible, more startled than before; but instead of staring, she made a mighty effort to avert her eyes, made a quick and secret sign of the cross, and rushed off into the house.

Adelaide and George, as Mrs. Eldon paid the fare, looked at each other wonderingly. What manner of girl could this little Mary be, who, like the month of March, had sprung out like a lion—a very benevolent lion—and skipped back like a scared lamb?

"There goes one of the dearest little girls in the world," said Mrs. Eldon, taking the arm of the stalwart youth. "She's just two days here, having lived her life hitherto in a tenement. She was my best friend not so long ago when I was penniless and near to dying. But a great change has come for both of us. When I left for Florida, one of the first things I heard was that unless Mary Smith got change of air and climate, she would likely go into a decline, as did two of her little brothers and one sister who
died within a few months of each other. God has sent me in these days more money than I ever dreamed of; and how grateful I am, even if it means nothing more than bringing the little girl here to happiness and health."

"Where does she come from, madam?" George asked.

"From Cincinnati. She never was out of that city until five days ago, when she took the train here."

"Then she could never have seen me before. She looked as if she had."

Mary waited on them at table: but she was not the quick, alert Mary of other days. She stared and stared—now at George, now at Adelaide, and as she stared the wonder upon her face grew.

Fortunately for the mystified little girl, the two children were too hungry—having fasted from eight o'clock of the preceding night—to note her strange behavior, and Mrs. Eldon, still wearing her dark glasses, observed nothing out of the ordinary.

Towards the end of the meal, the kind woman motioned Mary.

"Mary, take me to my room, please. I am sure," she added, turning to the guests, "you will excuse me for a few moments. I am still rather weak, and must lie down just for a few minutes. Of course, you will wait for me. I am a lonely woman: and I want you to tell me all about your coming to Miami to be baptized."

She had hardly finished when Adelaide arose and tiptoed to the adjoining room and disappeared.

"O, George! It's the one thing I've longed for the last six months."

"What?"

"A Steinway Baby Grand! I must look at it."
Adelaide in turn disappeared; George continued eating. He stopped shortly, laid down his fork and knife, and listened. Mary Smith, meanwhile, opened an album, and ran feverishly over its pages.

From the piano came fairy notes, tinkling, high, pianissimo—the horns of elfland faintly blowing. Adelaide was playing Mendelssohn's overture to *Midsummer Night's Dream*. George arose, stepping lightly, and looked in. Mary Smith was still absorbed in the album. He gazed in awe: the child at the piano was in a sort of rapture. He was listening to fairy music, and gazing upon the fairy performing it. When the overture came to an end, George, who had read some poetry, exclaimed:

"'O be less beautiful, or be less brief!'"

Adelaide smiled, and, after a moment's thought, began to sing softly, and with all the effect of a prayer, *Lead, Kindly Light*.

George was carried away by the sweet undulating pathetic voice. He was in a rare moment of exaltation. The world had slipped away from him—time and space were gone, when a sudden "hist!" brought him back. He turned from the piano, and saw Mary Smith, with the air of one who had seen a ghost, beckoning to him at the entry. He stepped forward.

"Look," she exclaimed, handing him two photographs.

He looked and trembled. His vision faltered. He looked again, the sweet music still ringing in his ears. As he looked, Mrs. Eldon appeared from an adjoining room, her face, alive with emotion, fixed on the singer.

For another moment George's head swam. He put his hand as if for support upon Mary's shoulder.
For a second or more, his mind was a blank. As he came to himself, he heard the singer's voice—
"'Pride ruled my years.'"

"O, my God!" he cried.

The voice stopped, Adelaide rushed to his side, and, as he put his arm about her, she looked upon the two portraits.

"O—o—o—!" she exclaimed. "Why, George, that's your picture and mine."

Mrs. Eldon threw off her glasses, rushed forward, gazed at one and the other.

"Pride, pride ruled my years. But you have forgotten it all, my God. George, Adelaide, do you know me?"

"Our mother is dead," said George.

"Not dead, not dead. I am your mother!"
CHAPTER XVIII

Many mysteries are cleared away, and the clouds of the past are dissipated by golden sunshine.

"But, mother: we both thought you were dead!" said George, when the interchange of hugging and kissing had sent the frantic and overjoyed Mary Smith into the kitchen to announce the wondrous tidings to the cook, and to relieve her own feelings, which she did, if the truth must be told, by turning one successful handspring, and attempting another which brought a scream from the cook, and left both slightly lame for the rest of the day.

"Did your father tell you that?"

"Yes—yes," cried both.

"How long ago?"

"About five years," George made answer. "And with plenty of details, too. You had died of smallpox."

"Well, dear children, it was in keeping with his dealings. You were seeking Baptism to-day. Give up that thought."

"O, I say, mother," protested George, "if you wish, we'll wait for you. We are both converts. Maureen Fitzgerald, an Irish Catholic girl converted Adelaide; and a little Irish-American girl, Elizabeth Kelly, brought me to thinking of joining the Faith. I'll tell you my story when you are stronger, and Adelaide will tell you hers, too, which is more wonder-
ful far than mine. And I'm sure when you have heard us, you will be anxious to join us in the same Faith."

"But, my dear children, I'm not tired. What you have told me after God returning you to me, has filled me with new strength, new life. For years and years, I have prayed for you both night and day—"

"We knew it, didn't we, George?"

"We surely did, mother; but we thought that you were praying for us from heaven."

"And all my prayers have been heard, children, and I am a Catholic."

"O!" they cried in delight.

"And you were both secretly baptized within a day of your birth."

"O!" they cried once more.

"Secretly?" asked George, gazing in wonder at his mother.

The reader may recall that Mrs. Eldon, when first presented, was forty years of age, and looked it—every second of it. So she looked, too, when George and Adelaide first met her in the Church of the Gesù. But now, within an hour's interval, ten years at least had dropped from her life. Color had returned to her cheeks, strength to her body, animation to her eye. She was young again.

"You were baptized secretly, George, because your father had suddenly, just a few months before your birth, conceived a black hatred for the Catholic Church."

"And it was he," said George, "who took us away from you, and used all means to keep us apart and rob us of our religion, and lied about your death?"

"How could anyone be so wicked?" asked Adelaide, throwing her arm about her mother.
“Children, listen carefully. Your father was not a wicked man.”

The two could not help looking incredulous.

“I married him when I was nineteen; and in doing so, I went against the wishes and commands of my parents. They claimed that he was not only a non-Catholic, but that he was prejudiced, deeply prejudiced against our holy Faith. And they were absolutely correct. But I was an only child, and a spoiled one. Everyone at home and at school made much of me. I was self-willed, obstinate. And behind all my faults and sins was a most dangerous passion—a passion that utterly mastered me, though I did not realize it. It was the sin by which the angels fell. It was pride, Adelaide, ‘pride ruled my years.’”

“O!” said the girl. She understood the allusion.

“And bitterly did I pay. My mother died shortly after my marriage; my father, after her death, lost his courage, lost interest, and died a failure. But I hardened my heart. Just before your birth, George, your father met with an accident, in which he received a severe blow upon the head. From that moment, he was a changed man. His bigotry became intense. It was almost impossible to live with him. But while I fought the battle of endurance and long suffering, there was always pride back of that fight. I would not let the world know that my marriage was a hideous failure. ‘Pride ruled my years.’ As time went on, your father’s fanaticism grew stronger. When you were three years of age, George, he stole you away. I bore it as best I could. I prayed: but with all my praying, pride still ruled. Before Adelaide’s birth, your father’s hatred seemed to grow diabolic.”
"Perhaps, mother," said Adelaide, "he was possessed by the evil one."

"I thought so myself. I had hardly time to have you baptized. I was still lying between life and death in a hospital, when you, dear child, were stolen."

"He was possessed; surely, he was," said the horrified girl.

"On my return home, life became intolerable. Your father was determined that I should renounce my Faith. He even threatened my life. Then I was obliged to leave him. I ran away to another city. But my pride was unsubdued. I almost lost my Faith: I gave up worship and prayer. In my pride, I criticized God Himself."

"I am sure, mother, you did not stay that way," said Adelaide.

"God knows what might have happened to me, if God Himself had not shown me pity. I was broken down, just able to work enough to keep myself from starvation. One day, there came a little light into the darkness. A great physician in Chicago, an alienist, wrote me. He had known my father and mother. He had dandled me upon his knee when I was a little girl. It seems that your father had been ill in a hospital, and this doctor was one of the consulting physicians called in. He took the opportunity to get your father to talk about his family troubles. Mr. Herbert, he said, appeared to be sane on every point but religion. The doctor made a diagnosis, and found that the injury your father had suffered had brought on a form of mania. My dear children, your father was always a prejudiced man, but he was not bad. In all his cruel dealings towards you and me, he was not responsible."
“O! We can pray for him, and love him, then.”

“Yes, dears. Along with this letter, the doctor sent the two photographs which Mary showed you. He says he stole them. And when I sat down, and looked at my own two little ones, I wept, and then—and then—I prayed. God, through your pictures, brought me back. And I hoped and prayed that in His own good time, He might bring you back, too.”

“And He did,” said Adelaide. “And, George, we must go back to church to-day.”

“How?”

“Why, you foolish boy: we’re going to confession.”

“O, by Jove,” exploded George, “and to-morrow we’ll make our First Communion; and we’ll offer it up for father and in thanksgiving. Say, mother, what happened to you after you got our pictures?”

“I had several hard years. In one way, I was converted, but pride still possessed me. I kept my story to myself: no one should know how I had failed. As you may have guessed, I dropped my married name, Herbert, and went back to my maiden name. I was in fear always of being discovered by those who had known me in my younger days. Hence, I kept away from Chicago, my native city, and, too proud to claim help from my husband, I tried to depend on no one but myself. Sickness was my lot so much that I could hardly make ends meet, and I would rather have starved than ask for assistance. The last twelve months, up to a few days ago, were the hardest of my life. It was in Cincinnati that God’s hand fell heaviest upon me. I became desperately ill; so ill that all my money was gone; so ill that before I realized it, I was heavily in debt to my landlady, little Mary Smith’s mother, a good and kind woman. When she brought it home to me that
I was the cause of her own little ones suffering from lack of food because my rent was not paid for three months, and that she could no longer keep me, I was mortified beyond measure. My pride was hurt, I would have left, sick as I was, and have died rather than ask anyone's help, when Father Breslin came and tried to guide me. I fought hard. In the end, he used all his power and personality to make me obey. I gave in; I put myself blindly into his hands; and in the moment of surrender my pride seemed to be conquered at last. That act of obedience cost me one of my bitterest struggles. But when it was over, I was changed, and peace came back. Grace, after all these unhappy years, triumphed over nature. I came here at his order, I accepted money from him as a loan. Your father, my dear children, during our wedding trip, made me a present—forty acres of land not so far from here, at five dollars an acre. During all these years, and until the day of his death, he had paid taxes and costs of all sorts. But I'll tell you all about that when I have heard your stories."

At this moment the bell rang: Mary Smith reappeared and with a hop, skip and a jump threw open the door.

Mr. John Dillon, the young lawyer, who had been employed by Father Breslin to take up Mrs. Herbert's property, entered.

"Good morning, Mrs. Herbert. Excuse my bothering you so early, but I must speak to you one moment privately. This is a family affair."

"There is no need of privacy, Mr. Dillon. Shake hands with my own boy George and my own girl Adelaide."
Mr. Dillon a slim, pale young man, wearing heavy eyeglasses, removed them, rubbed his eyes and exhibited many symptoms of discomposure.

"Sit down, sir," said Mary Smith, once more the alert Mary of other days. "I can imagine how you feel. I was struck all of a heap myself."

Explanations were quickly made. Mary Smith bubbled over as she listened; and kissed everybody in the room. The young lawyer himself was as much interested as though he were one of the family circle.

Finally, his turn came to give the news. The Elysian Company was no longer in business; and the President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer and board of directors had all left town.

"He took the earliest train north," explained the young lawyer.

"He!" repeated Mary Smith. "Which one?"

"The whole company from the board of directors down to the Catholic young lady were all one and the same person," explained the smiling Mr. Dillon. "However, his presence was not needed. Mrs. Eldon, the business is finished. Your property is much in demand. A dozen real estators were after it. Acting with your permission and in accordance with the best opinion I could get, I have authorized the sale of thirty-five of your acres at four hundred thousand dollars cash, and fifteen thousand a year for the twenty following years."

"Now as to your services, Mr. Dillon—"

"Hold on, Mrs. Eldon—I mean Mrs. Herbert—I did that work for Father Breslin. I can't charge one cent."

"And you intend to stay in Miami, sir?"

"Yes, the climate is what I want."

"Very good, my friend. I am sure you will not
object to handling and investing my money and car-
ing for my five acres.”

“I should be delighted,” said the young lawyer, beaming.

The reunited family, Mrs. Herbert, George, Adela-
ide, and, of course, Mary Smith, were seated at five o’clock of that evening, on the veranda of their new home. All, including Mary Smith, had told in turn their tales of the past years, now become to them “far off things.” There had been much business transacted and many arrangements made in the few hours that had followed their amazing reunion. George and Adelaide had made their first confession, with the effect that they were filled with a new sort of happiness. Mrs. Herbert had signed many docu-
ments and issued many orders, in the doing of which Mr. Dillon had been an active and eager assistant. Mary Smith, having almost immediately fallen violently in love with both brother and sister, win-
ing from them in return an affection beyond her most sanguine hopes, had run hither and thither in the sun, and picked up in the running a fine collection of golden freckles, beginning on her tiny nose and spreading gradually from ear to ear.

“Mrs. Herbert,” said Mary, “when do you think my family will start for Miami?”

“The night-letter will reach them to-morrow morn-
ing, Mary. I give them three days to pack up and settle their affairs in Cincinnati. They should start by next Friday and be here early Sunday morning.”

“Won’t it be grand!” cried Mary, “and when they come, what are you going to do with them?”

“I haven’t arranged yet for their housing, and other affairs, but one of the men in the syndicate
which bought thirty-five acres of my land has kindly offered a splendid position to your father. He is a splendid man and a Catholic from the North just here a short time. I saw him yesterday. He is a brisk man with a red moustache, and reminds me of ‘Kelly and Burke and Shea.’ In fact his name is Kelly.”

“Holy Smoke!” cried George, jumping to his feet. “Why, that’s the father of Elizabeth, the little girl in my class who brought me over to the Catholic Church, by her splendid confession of faith in my classroom. O, Adelaide, I want you to meet her. She’s just wonderful. Mary Smith, I’m afraid that when you meet her, you’ll like her better than you like us.”

“That’s impossible,” answered Mary.

“We must see her as soon as possible,” said the mother. “I love her already as much as I love your Irish girl, Adelaide. We have already found out her whereabouts.”

“O, mother!” cried Adelaide. “And shall I see her again?”

“I sincerely hope you shall, dear. Mr. Dillon is to try to get her by long distance.”

“I’d like,” said Mary, “to see Elizabeth Kelly right away. I’m afraid I won’t sleep thinking of her.”

At this moment there drove up before their veranda a brand new Lincoln machine, and out from it, hatless and coatless, and consequently in perfect Miami fashion, Mr. Dillon.

“Whoop!” he roared, as he sprang towards the group. “We’ve got things going. I got your Irish girl, Maureen Fitzgerald, by long distance, half an hour ago. . . . Will she come? Why, she says she would be willing to walk here to see Adelaide again.
She said this was the happiest day of her life. Her voice as she spoke over the phone was a voice of laughter and tears. She will take the first train tomorrow, and be ready at once, Mrs. Herbert, to enter on her duties as your social secretary: her only objection being that your salary is two or three times bigger than it ought to be.”

“And where are you going to put her?” asked George, his eyes fixed on the Lincoln.

“In our new house, George,” answered the mother. “New house?”

“Yes, George: we want a house to shelter you and Adelaide, and, Mary, who is to live with us—”

“Hurrah!” interrupted Adelaide, catching up Mary and hugging her.

“And Miss Maureen Fitzgerald and one maid and one cook. We may also need a chauffeur.”

“I’ll take that job,” said George. “There’s my favorite machine right there now.”

“Do you know how to run a car, my dear?”

“As well as I know how to run a foot race. Why, just before my trouble at Vichy High School, I was studying how to set aside money each month to buy a second-hand Lincoln. It’s my favorite auto.”

“Well, my dear, that machine is yours.”

“What!” cried George leaping over the railing of the porch, and rushing to the car. “Mother, it’s a thing I dreamed of just as Adelaide dreamed of getting a Steinway Baby Grand.”

“I can hardly keep away from my gift,” said Adelaide, arising and skipping into the bungalow, whence came presently the sound of glorious, triumphant chords.

“I say, mother,” continued the son, “it’s only a few minutes after five. What do you say to our taking a spin to Vichy, my home town. I am hungry to
see my boys and girls again, not to speak of Mr. George Kelly and the Baptist minister and the Methodist minister, splendid fellows, and the Mother's Club. I'm in love with them all. Most of them are C. D. Ds, but they are lovely southern people. They are kind and polite of manner which we of the North must admire, but can hardly imitate. Outside of a few fossils, you can be sure that their bigotry, as it is called, will slip off them just as soon as they get the truth."

"George is right," chimed in Dillon. "The solid South is more than solid. Since the war, they have been cut off, in a way, from the North. But the day has come and with it the tourist. Catholics are here and still coming, and bigotry dies out wherever they come. The southerners are the loveliest people in the world."

"All aboard!" cried George, sounding his horn vigorously.

In one hour and ten minutes the party arrived at Vichy and stopped directly in front of Mr. Kelly's home. As George helped his mother out, two small boys saw him, recognized him, and first turning handsprings, set off at top speed in different directions.

George rang the bell.

In reply, there came to the door, an ancient negro, dressed in a spotless white shirt, white tie, a swallow-tailed coat, a low-cut vest, and long black trousers, both vest and trousers fully as black as the ancient's face.

"O, blessed be de Lawd," he cried rolling his eyes skywards, and throwing up his hands, spread palms outward. "It shorely is the year of Jubilee."

"Whoop!" roared George. "Uncle . . . . . I'm tickled to death to see you!"
CHAPTER XIX

AND THE GOOSE HANGS HIGH

When Elizabeth, taking three steps at a time, came down the stairs and, bounding into the parlor, threw herself spontaneously into George’s arms, and then blushed mightily on second thought, Adelaide and Mary fell in love with her outright. There followed Mr. Kelly, who, on entering and recognizing the young professor, let out a whoop of joy.

It took much talk and many explanations to bring matters up to date, the while the ancient negro, standing respectfully without, beamed like the sun coming out of eclipse.

“Well, George,” said Mr. Kelly, “since you left, this place has been in mourning. The people here didn’t appreciate your work till you left—now nearly all of them want you back, including the Grand Coo-Coos, the Cokos, the C. D. Ds of all sorts. Can’t you return?”

“That’s up to mother?”

“Oh, mother, do!” pleaded Adelaide. “I want to make my high school here: and then I can teach Mary and Elizabeth. They are going to be my first music pupils. I just love this place.”

“You see,” said George, “it’s too late for me to receive my degree at Campion this year: and I want to carry out all the plans I started here. I can remain, if you say it, mother, till next February,
and the work will be easy. I’ll divide it up. Adelaide will have charge of the music; Elizabeth will run the Girl Scouts; you, mother, will guide the Mother’s Club; and Mary Smith will have charge of the Domestic Science.”

“Who, me?” exclaimed Mary. “All I can do is cook and clean.”

“If you can cook well —” began George.

“Cook well!” exclaimed his mother. “She’s a born cook, and as to cleaning, you would think, she was trained in Holland. If you come down to the last analysis, domestic science may be boiled down to those two accomplishments, in both of which Mary is simply in a class by herself.”

“What do you think of the plan, mother?”

“I want a quiet place, George; and I want a place where you and Adelaide will be happy. Mr. Dillon has gone out to find a home for Mary Smith’s family. Nothing would suit me better than to dwell here with those I love and those who have been their best friends.”

There were great manifestations of joy. The old negro, without, got upon his knees and presided over an imaginary prayer meeting.

“We’ll have a Catholic colony here now,” observed Kelly. “Pity we haven’t a priest.”

“You will!” said the radiant mother. “He’s on his way now.”

“Who?” cried many voices.

“Father Breslin: it’s all arranged. He is old and somewhat broken down. I’ve had him on long distance. He’ll be in Miami tomorrow, and, when we have sold our house there, which will also be to-morrow, we’ll take him with us and he’ll stay till the end of May.”
“Will the people here be kind to him?” queried Mary Smith anxiously.
“You bet they will,” said Kelly.
George laughed.
“Leave it to me and Mr. Kelly,” he said. “And if Father Breslin is anything at all like mother says he is, the C. D. Ds will make him their chaplain within two weeks.”

George had hardly made this rather amazing announcement, when there was a great din without, shouting, cheering and the beating of one drum.

George threw open the door and gazed out into the sunset. Suddenly his face took on the glory of the west.

“By George! My boys and my girls!”
“Hurrah!” yelled the boys and the girls. “Cead Mile Failthe!”

“What’s that?” asked the amazed George, struggling almost helplessly in the welcoming arms of Clifton, Henry and four others of his class.

“Why, don’t you know Irish?” asked Clifton equally amazed. “That’s Irish; we got it from Mr. Kelly. Aren’t all Catholics Irish?”

George laughed.
“You pupils of mine have a lot to learn yet.”
“Say, professor, look who’s coming?”
He looked.
It was the school board. They came with a smile of welcome.

“Mr. Herbert,” the spokesman said, “we have considered your case very carefully; and we have come to beg you to return. We want you badly.”

“Gentlemen,” said George, “weigh your words carefully. Since leaving you I have joined the Catholic Church.”
The committee looked at each other and grinned. "That's all right," said the spokesman. "We-we're like you, professor. Most of us here are good Americans; but we're only 99-4/10 pure. Your Americanism is good enough for us."

And that speech was to George and his mother and sister and Mary Smith and Elizabeth Kelly the close of a perfect day.

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<td><strong>GOLDEN LILY, THE</strong></td>
<td>Hinkson, S.J.</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>GREAT CAPTAIN, THE</strong></td>
<td>Hinkson, S.J.</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HALDEMAN CHILDREN, THE</strong></td>
<td>MANNIX, S.J.</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HARMONY FLATS</strong></td>
<td>Whitmire, S.J.</td>
<td>$0.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HARRY DEE</strong></td>
<td>FINN, S.J.</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HARRY RUSSELL</strong></td>
<td>COBUS, S.J.</td>
<td>$0.85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HEIR OF DREAMS, AN.</strong></td>
<td>O’Malley, S.J.</td>
<td>$0.60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>HELD IN THE EVERGLADES</strong></td>
<td>Spalding, S.J.</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
HIS FIRST AND LAST APPEARANCE. FINN, S.J. net, $1.00.

HIS LUCKIEST YEAR. FINN, S.J. net, $1.00.

HOSTAGE OF WAR. A. BONESTEEL. net, $0.60.

HOW THEY WORKED THEIR WAY. Egan. net, $0.85.

IN QUEST OF ADVENTURE. MANNIX. net, $0.60.

IN QUEST OF THE GOLDEN CHEST. BARTON. net, $0.35.

IN THE WILDS OF THE CANYON. SPALDING, S.J. net, $1.00.

JACK. By a Religious, H. C. J. net, $0.60.

JACK-O'-LANTERN. WAGGAMAN. net, $0.60.

JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE. TAGGART. net, $0.85.

JUNIORS OF ST. BEDE'S. BRYSON. net, $0.85.

KLONDIKE PICNIC. A. DONELLY. net, $0.85.

LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS. LUTZ. net, $0.85.

LITTLE APOSTLE ON CRUTCHES. DELAMARE. net, $0.60.

LITTLE GIRL FROM BACK EAST. ROBERTS. net, $0.60.

LITTLE LADY OF THE HALL. RYEMAN. net, $0.60.

LITTLE MARSHALS AT THE LAKE. NIXON-ROULET. net, $0.85.

LITTLE MISSY. WAGGAMAN, net, $0.60.

LOYAL BLUE AND ROYAL SCARLET. TAGGART. net, $1.25.

LORD BOUNTIFUL. FINN, S.J. net, $1.00.

LUCKY BOB. FINN, S.J. net, $1.00.

MADCAP SET AT ST. ANNE'S. BRUNOWE. net, $0.60.

MAD KNIGHT. THE SCHACHING. net, $0.60.

MAKING OF MORTLAKE. COPUS, S.J. net, $0.85.

MAN FROM NOWHERE. SADLIER. net, $0.85.

MARKS OF THE BEAR CLAWS. SPALDING, S.J. net, $1.00.

MARY ROSE AT BOARDING SCHOOL. WIRRIES. net, $1.00.

MARY ROSE SOPHOMORE. WIRRIES. net, $1.00.

MARY TRACY'S FORTUNE. SADLIER. net, $0.60.

MILLY AVELING. SMITH. net, $0.85.

MIRALDA. JOHNSON. net, $0.60.

MORE FIVE O'CLOCK STORIES. By a Religious. net, $0.85.

MOSTLY BOYS. FINN, S.J. net, $1.00.

MYSTERIOUS DOORWAY. SADLIER. net, $0.60.

MYSTERY OF HORNY HAL HALL. SADLIER. net, $0.85.

MYSTERY OF CLEVERLY. BARTON. net, $0.85.

NAN NOBODY. WAGGAMAN. net, $0.60.

NEED Rieder. WAGGAMAN. net, $0.85.

NEW SCHOLAR AT ST. ANNE'S. BRUNOWE. net, $0.85.

OLD CHARLINGTON'S SEEDBED. SMITH. net, $0.60.

OLD MILL ON THE WITHROSE. SPALDING, S.J. net, $1.00.

ON THE OLD CAMPING GROUND. MANNIX. net, $0.85.

ON THE RUN. FINN, S.J. net, $1.00.

PANCHO AND PANCHITA. MANNIX. net, $0.60.

PAULINE ARCHER. SADLIER. net, $0.60.

PERCY WYNN. FINN, S.J. net, $1.00.

PERIL OF DIONYSIO. MANNIX. net, $0.60.

PETRONILLA. DONELLY. net, $0.85.

PICKLE AND PEPPER. DORSEY. net, $1.25.

PILGRIM FROM IRELAND. CARNOT. net, $0.60.

PLAYWATER PLOT, THE. WAGGAMAN. net, $1.25.

POLLY DAY'S ISLAND. ROBERTS. net, $0.85.

POVERINA. BUCKENHAM. net, $0.85.

QUEEN'S PAGE. THE. HINKSON. net, $0.60.

QUEEN'S PROMISE. THE. WAGGAMAN. net, $1.25.

QUEST OF MARY SELWYN. CLEMEN TIA. net, $1.50.

RACE FOR COPPER ISLAND. SPALDING, S.J. net, $1.00.

REARDON RAH! HOLLAND, S.J. net, $1.25.

RECRUIT TOMMY COLLINS. BONE STEEL. net, $0.60.

ST. CUTHBERT'S C Sopus, S.J. net, $0.85.
SANDY JOE. Waggaman. net, $1.25.
SEA-GULL’S ROCK. Sandeau. net, $0.60.
SEVEN LITTLE MARSHALLS. Nixon-Roulet. net, $0.60.
SHADOWS LIFTED. Copus, S.J. net, $0.85.
SHERIFF OF THE BEECH FORK. Spalding, S.J. net, $1.00.
SHIPMATES. Waggaman. net, $1.25.
SIGNALS FROM THE BAY TREE. Spalding, S.J. net, $1.00.
STRONG ARM OF AVALON. Waggaman. net, $1.25.
SUGAR CAMP AND AFTER. Spalding, S.J. net, $1.00.
SUMMER AT WOODVILLE. Sadlier. net, $0.60.
TALES AND LEGENDS OF THE MIDDLE AGES. De Capella. net, $0.85.
TALISMAN, THE. Sadlier. net, $0.85.
TAMING OF POLLY. Dorsey. net, $1.25.
THAT FOOTBALL GAME. Finn, S.J. net, $1.00.
THAT OFFICE BOY. Finn, S.J. net, $1.00.
THREE GIRLS AND ESPECIALLY ONE. Taggart. net, $0.60.

VII. NOVELS

ISABEL C. CLARKE’S GREAT NOVELS. Each, net, $2.00.

CHILDREN OF THE SHADOW.
VIOLA HUDSON.
ANNA NUGENT.
CARINA.
AVERAGE CABINS.
THE LIGHT ON THE LAGOON.
THE POTTER’S HOUSE.
TRESSIDER’S SISTER.
URSULA FINCH.
THE ELOTSONES.
EUNICE.
LADY TRENT’S DAUGHTER.
CHILDREN OF EVE.
THE DEEP HEART.
WHOSE NAME IS LEGION.
FINE CLAY.
PRISONER’S YEARS.
THE REST HOUSE.
ONLY ANNE.

TOLD IN THE TWILIGHT.
SALOME. net, $0.85.
TOM LOSELY; BOY. Copus, S.J. net, $0.85.
TOM PLAYFAIR. Finn, S.J. net, $1.00.
TOM’S LUCK-POT. Waggaman. net, $0.60.
TOORALLADDY. Walsh. net, $0.60.
TRANSPLANTING OF TESSIE. Waggaman. net, $1.25.
TREASURE OF NUGGET MOUNTAIN. Taggart. net, $0.85.
TWO LITTLE GIRLS. Mack, net, $0.60.
UNCLE FRANK’S MARY. Clementia. net, $1.50.
UPS AND DOWNS OF MARGORIE. Waggaman. net, $0.60.
VIOLIN MAKER. Smith. net, $0.60.
WHERE MONKEYS SWING. Boyton. net, $1.25.
WAYWARD WINIFRED. Sadlier. net, $0.85.
WINNETOU, THE APACHE KNIGHT. Taggart. net, $0.85.
WHOOPEE! Boyton, S.J. net, $1.25.
YOUNG COLOR GUARD. Bone steel. net, $0.60.

THE SECRET CITADEL.
BY THE BLUE RIVER.
ALBERTA: ADVENTURESS.
L’ERMITE. net, $2.00.
AVERAGE CABINS. Clarke. net, $2.00.
ANNA NUGENT. Clarke. net, $2.00.
BACK TO THE WORLD.
Champlin. net, $2.00.
BARRIER, THE. Bazin. net, $0.85.
BALLADS OF CHILDHOOD.
BLACK BROTHERHOOD.
Boy. Inez Specking. net, $1.25.
BOND AND FREE. Comnor. net, $0.85.
BUNNY’S HOUSE. Walker. net, $2.00.
BUT THY LOVE AND THY GRACE. Finn. net, $1.00.
BY THE BLUE RIVER. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
CARINA. CLARKE, net, $2.00.
CABLE, THE. TAGGART. net, $2.00.
CARROLL DARE. WAGGAMAN. net, $0.85.
CHILDREN OF THE SHADOW. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
CIRCUS-RIDER'S DAUGHTER. BRACKEL. net, $0.85.
CHILDREN OF EVE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
CONNOR D'ARCY'S STRUGGLES. BERTHOLDS. net, $0.85.
CORINNE'S VOW. WAGGAMAN. net, $0.85.
DEEP HEART, THE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
DENY'S THE DREAMER. HINKSON. net, $0.85.
DION AND THE SIBYLS. KEON. net, $0.85.
ELDER MISS AINSBOROUGH, THE TAGGART. net, $0.85.
ELSTONES, THE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
EUNICE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
FABIOLA. WISEMAN. net, $0.85.
FABIOLA'S SISTERS. CLARKE. net, $0.85.
FALSE GODS. WILL SCARLET. net, $2.00.
FAUSTULA. AYSCOUGH. net, $2.00.
FINE CLAY. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
FLAME OF THE FOREST. BISHOP. net, $0.85.
FOR BETTER, FOR WORSE. SCOTT, S.J. net, $1.75.
FORGIVE AND FORGET. L'ERMITRE. BENSON. net, $2.00.
GRAPES OF THORNS. WAGGAMAN. net, $0.85.
HEARTS OF GOLD. EDHOR. net, $0.85.
HEIRESS OF CRONENSTEIN. HAHN-HAHN. net, $0.85.
HER BLIND FOLLY. HOLT. net, $0.85.
HER FATHER'S DAUGHTER. HINKSON. net, $2.00.
HER FATHER'S SHARE. POWER. net, $0.85.
HER JOURNEY'S END. Cooke. net, $0.85.
IDOLS; OR THE SECRET OF THE RUE CHAUSSE D'ANTIN. DE NAVERY. net, $0.85.
IN GOD'S COUNTRY. BOYTON. S.J. net, $2.00.
IN GOD'S GOOD TIME. ROSS. net, $0.85.
IN SPITE OF ALL. STANIFORTH. net, $0.85.
KELLY. SCOTT, S.J. net, $1.50.
KIND HEARTS AND CORSNETS. HARRISON. net, $0.85.
LADY TRENT'S DAUGHTER. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
LET NO MAN PUT ASUNDER. MARIE. net, $0.85.
LIGHT OF HIS COUNTENANCE. HART. net, $0.85.
LIGHT ON THE LAGOON, THE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
"LIKE UNTO A MERCHANT." GRAY. net, $0.85.
LITTLE CARDINAL. PARR. net, $1.65.
LOVE OF BROTHERS. HINKSON. net, $0.85.
MARCELLA GRACE. MUIR. net, $0.85.
MARIE OF THE HOUSE D'ANTERS. EARLS, S.J. net, $2.00.
MARIQUITA. AYSCOUGH. net, $2.00.
MELCHIOR OF BOSTON. EARLS, S.J. net, $0.85.
MIGHTY FRIEND, THE. L'ERMITRE. net, $2.00.
MIRROR OF SHALOTT. BENSON. net, $2.00.
MISS ERIN. FRANCIS. net, $0.85.
MISSY. SPECKING. net, $1.25.
MONK'S PARDON, THE. DE NAVERY. net, $0.85.
MY LADY BEATRICE. COOKE. net, $0.85.
NO HANDICAP. TAGGART. net, $2.00.
NOT A JUDGMENT. KEON. net, $1.65.
ONLY ANNE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
OTHER MISS LISLE. MARTIN. net, $0.85.
OUTLAW OF CAMARGUE. DE LAMOTHE. net, $0.85.
PASSING SHADOWS. YORKE. net, $0.85.
PAT. HINKSON. net, $0.85.
POTTER'S HOUSE, THE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
PRISONERS' YEARS. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
PROPHET'S WIFE. BROWNE. net, $0.85.
RED INN OF ST. LYPHAR. SADDLER. net, $0.85.
REST HOUSE, THE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
ROSE OF THE WORLD. MARTIN. net, $0.85.
ROUND TABLE OF AMERICAN CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. net, $0.85.
ROUND TABLE OF IRISH AND ENGLISH CATHOLIC NOVELISTS. net, $0.85.
RUBY CROSS, THE. WALLACE. net, $0.85.
RULER OF THE KINGDOM. Keon. net, $1.65.
SECRET CITADEL, THE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
SECRET OF THE GREEN VASE. COOKE. net, $0.85.
SHADOW OF EVERSLIEGH. LANDSWEN. net, $0.85.
SHIELD OF SILENCE. HENRY-RUFFIN. net, $2.00.
SO AS BY FIRE. CONOR. net, $0.85.
SON OF SIRO, THE. COPUS. S.J. net, $2.00.
STUORE. EARLS. S.J. net, $1.50.
TEMPEST OF THE HEART. GRAY. net, $0.85.
TEST OF COURAGE. ROSS. net, $0.85.
THAT MAN’S DAUGHTER. ROSS. net, $0.85.

THEIR CHOICE. SKINNER. net, $0.85.
THROUGH THE DESERT. SIENKIEWICZ. net, $2.00.
TIDeway. THE. AYSCOUGH. net, $2.00.
TRESSIDER’S SISTER. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
TURN OF THE TIDE, THE. GRAY. net, $0.85.
UNBIDDEN GUEST, THE. COOKE. net, $0.85.
UNDER THE CEDARS AND THE STARS. CANON SHEEHAN. net, $2.00.
URSULA FINCH. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
VILLA BY THE SEA, THE. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
VIOLA HUDSON. CLARKE. net, $2.00.
WAR GRAVE TRUST, THE. REID. net, $1.65.
WAR MOTHERS. Poems. GAレスCHÉ. S.J. net, $0.60.
WAY THAT LED BEYOND, THE. HARRISON. net, $0.85.
WHEN LOVE IS STRONG. Keon. net, $1.65.
WHOSE NAME IS LEGION. CLARKE. net, $2.00.