

## Trying a Scientific Experiment

By H. IRVING KING

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EZEKIEL HOLLIMAN was strong on psychology and explained all about it to his wife, who was not so strongly grounded in the science, but made up for it by believing everything that Ezekiel said. The Hollimans had a high and "exclusive" social position and a beautiful and accomplished daughter of marriageable age; but, alas, they did not possess the third ingredient necessary to a perfect and harmonious whole—to wit: money. In fact the finances of the family had become reduced to a harrowing state of makeshifts and subterfuges from which the estimable couple could see no way of being rescued except by the marriage of their daughter, the fair Matilda, with a man possessed in abundance of what is sometimes spoken of by uncultivated people as "the needful." And such a man was ready at hand in the person of Jacob Browning.

But there were several other sides to the problem. Jacob had no "family," little social standing, nothing but money. And it would never do in the world for society to fancy that the Hollimans had willingly taken him on as a son-in-law. But if he and Matilda could be maneuvered into marriage "against the wishes" of Matilda's parents why, then, the high and mighty Hollimans, after deploring the mesalliance tearfully and vehemently to all their friends and acquaintances, and after a brief banishing of the erring couple from the light of their countenance, could take Jacob and his millions to the bosom of the family and demand applause for those tender, parental feelings which had been so strong as to make them submit, with the spirit of blessed martyrs, to the stain put upon their escutcheon by the union of a Holliman with a Browning.

This was the given problem and Mr. Holliman, aided and abetted by Mrs. Holliman, proposed to work it out by applied psychology to a satisfactory result. To be sure, if the Hollimans had not been so precocious hard up, they would much rather have married their daughter to Rupert Evering, who was of a famous old family and had the right of entrance to the very innermost social circles. This being suggested by Mrs. Holliman at one of the conferences with her husband he had replied: "Yes, my dear; that is so; but you know very well that we are in no financial condition to afford such a luxury."

"I am afraid she thinks a lot of Rupert," sighed Mrs. Holliman. "Very likely," responded Mr. Holliman, "but she thinks a lot of other things, too: dresses and jewels; Palm Beach and the Riviera. And she knows she could not have them if she had Rupert. Now the way to work this little affair is this—and he proceeded to explain with the result that that afternoon Mrs. Holliman, having Matilda alone, thus discoursed to her upon marriage in the most artful manner imaginable.

"Oh dear, Tilly," said she, "I suppose, pretty soon, you will be getting married. It makes me feel quite like an old woman to think of it. Of all our admirers I don't know but I like Rupert Evering best. He is really one of our set, you know; and besides, he acts as if he was pretty sure of you, if he only said the word. It's a pity he hasn't more money; and we have none to give you. But you won't mind giving up the things to which you have been accustomed—after you get used to it. Rupert comes of an excellent family—though they do say there is a streak of insanity in it that crops out now and then. So far, however, I have observed nothing abnormal about Rupert."

"Oh, bother, mother," said Matilda, who was an up-to-date young lady. "Rupert doesn't act as if he was sure of me at all, and as to insanity in his family the only case I ever heard of was that of his great-aunt by marriage. But go ahead—any more candidates for my fair hand?"

"None," replied Mrs. Holliman. "Of course you realize that in spite of his great wealth and irreproachable character, Jacob Browning would be quite out of the question. His family amount to nothing—though they do say he had an ancestor who was an officer in the Continental army. He is a good-hearted, well-educated young man; but of course is not presumptuous enough to think of marrying into our family. Your father would never consent."

Matilda listened with an amused smile. "Oh you dear, old goose of a mother," she laughed. "I can read you like a book—you and the pater, too." Then composing her face and casting down her eyes she went on: "So you think Rupert would make the most suitable husband for me, do you?"

"I didn't say so," cried Mrs. Holliman in alarm. "Really, why, I thought you did," replied the little hypocrite. "Well, he would, but for one thing?"

"What's that?" asked Mrs. Holliman agitatedly. "Why, the fact that Jake Browning and I have been in love with each other for ever so long and became engaged last Wednesday. And I'm not taking him for his money, either; but just because he is Jake."

"Applied psychology," said Mr. Holliman to Mrs. Holliman next morning. "Is a wonderful thing."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Holliman—"and so is love."

## Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

Mary Graham Bonner

### MAGGIE'S TWO FEET

"It's absurd," said Maggie's right foot. "I think it is really absurd."

"Perfectly absurd," said Maggie's left foot.

"I don't know why she treats us as she does," said Maggie's right foot.

"I don't understand it," said Maggie's left foot.

"You'd think she was ashamed of us," said Maggie's right foot.

"You'd almost think that," said Maggie's left foot.

"And yet we're very nice," said Maggie's right foot.

"I don't see anything the matter with us," said Maggie's left foot.

"If we were horribly big it might be different," said Maggie's right foot.

"Or of an ugly shape," said Maggie's left foot.

"If I caused her pain it might be different," said Maggie's right foot.

"Or if I did more than itch just a wee scrap when it's going to rain," said Maggie's left foot. "It would be different."

"But neither of us causes her any trouble whatever," said Maggie's right foot.

"None at all," said Maggie's left foot.

"And think of all we do for her!" said Maggie's right foot.

"Of course," said Maggie's left foot. "Why she would never get to school or home for lunch or out to play, or to pick the apples on the old apple tree in the yard if it weren't for me."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's right foot, "she wouldn't be able to go down the garden path and pick the flowers."

"And for me," said Maggie's left foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's right foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's left foot, "she would never be able to go up street and have a dish of ice cream when she's hot."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's right foot, "she would not be able to go in wading."

"And for me," said Maggie's left foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's right foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's left foot, "she would never be able to go to the hill in the winter so she could coast down it again."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's right foot, "she would not be able to go in wading."

"And for me," said Maggie's left foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's right foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's left foot, "she would not be able to go up the hill in the winter so she could coast down it again."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

"And for you," agreed Maggie's left foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's right foot, "she would not be able to go in wading."

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"And for you," agreed Maggie's right foot.

"If it weren't for me," said Maggie's left foot, "she would not be able to go up the hill in the winter so she could coast down it again."

"And for me," said Maggie's right foot.

## Peter, Hammer and Nails

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

(Copyright.)

MY DEAR Peter, if you had a hope of your own you would be pottering about with a hammer and nails every spare moment. Mrs. Anderson gazed happily at her big son as he bent over the bench in an effort to secure some of the staves from the old attic.

Peter grinned. "I'm going to take out some of those bricks in the chimneyplace and make a niche for dad's pipe," he said.

"That's a fine idea. You might make a box for my tea cup. Who knows, you might find a fortune stuffed away in there."

"It wouldn't be the first time. But I hardly think the old boy that had this house was in any way eccentric—he seems to have been just a quiet old bachelor."

However, because truth is nearly always much stranger than fiction, Peter did find something when prying out bricks from the chimney.

It was a fair-sized tin box stuffed to the very brim with currency of large denominations. Peter did not stop at once to ascertain the amount for the note in an envelope was his first interest.

If read: "In the event of my not making a proper will, I want to state that the money enclosed within the box is for Mary Ellen Watson, daughter of Mary Anne Watson and Conway Watson."

There was also a note sealed and marked, "Only for Mary Ellen."

"The newspapers, of course," said his excited mother.

They found that the money amounted to nearly eleven thousand dollars and lost no time in inserting a paragraph in all the daily papers to the effect that Mary Ellen Watson would learn something to her advantage if she communicated with P. Anderson, 27 Ash Grove, Jersey City.

Mary Ellen Watson that afternoon was reading her evening paper as she commuted homeward from her rather thingy day in the office of a lawyer in lower Broadway. Her mind was really pondering on the advisability of marrying the lawyer. He certainly was a persistent wooer. But she couldn't quite feel that he was the one man her ideal had always set up.

Then Mary Ellen's casual eye met her own name and the interesting news in the paper. No longer was she casual. She could hardly wait for the train to pull into the station and she leaped swiftly out and dashed home.

"Mother! Read that! Isn't that funny? What on earth do you suppose it means?"

"I think it must mean something very nice, my dear, but from what source I have no idea," said her mother.

"But right next door? 19 Ash Grove. I can't eat my dinner until I run over and find out what it's all about."

Mary Ellen went over to the house that had always been so secluded from view that they scarcely realized they had neighbors. She rang the doorbell and waited, her heart beating in a very grand manner.

It beat even more when big Peter opened the door.

"I'm Mary Ellen Watson," said Mary.

Peter's heart beats were not exactly feeble. Mary Ellen on any doorstep was a beautiful vision, but on his own—well, it was like a sunny bit of heaven dropped suddenly down.

"Come in, Mary Ellen Watson," he said quickly, and led her inside.

She hopped swiftly but gracefully into a chair when she heard the good news. A few minutes later she had sped over to tell her mother and to read the sealed note.

"Dear Child," it ran, "I have loved your mother since before she was married and have watched over her welfare, unknown, all these years. Since the man she married has not provided anything for you two, I am putting this money away year by year and will give it to you on your twenty-first birthday. I have seen you, from my windows, growing into lovely womanhood—just like your mother."

There were a few lines more but Mary Ellen was in her mother's arms. "I married the wrong man," said Mrs. Watson softly, "I knew it the first year. It has been a long, long struggle. I am glad I did not know Geoffrey was so near before he died—I don't think I could have lived to see his passing on. My darling, I do hope you will never marry the wrong man."

"I won't," said Mary Ellen and glanced swiftly up. "I can't now."

And next door, Mrs. Anderson winked slyly at her husband and said to Peter: "But, Peter, I don't see what proof you have that that girl is not in imposture—your father and I both think that some good proof ought—"

"Why mother! As if a girl with eyes like that could tell a yarn!"

"Eyes like what?" Another sly wink at her husband.

But Peter frowned hopelessly and the parents both laughed.

"You're caught, my boy," laughed dad. "Swiftly and securely landed, and you'll soon be pottering about your own house finding fortunes."

"Let's hope so," laughed Peter.

He—Jim driver with caution.

She—Well, I admit what he had with him last night certainly looked like one—Candidly Enquirer.

Card. Dubois' Auto Damaged In Upset. He Escapes Unhurt.

(By N. C. W. C. News Service.) Paris, Sept. 25.—Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, escaped unhurt from an automobile accident near Le Mans while he was on his way to the pilgrimage of Notre Dame de Chartres, accompanied by several other prelates.

The automobile in which the Cardinal was driving was overturned on the roadside and badly damaged. Fortunately not a single one of the occupants was hurt, and all were able to continue the journey in another car.

## Parisian Actress Convert To Church Awaits Death, Happy

(By N. C. W. C. News Service.)

Paris, Sept. 20.—M. Robert de Flers, of the French Academy, tells in the Figaro, of which he is the director, of a visit which he paid during the holidays to Madame Eva Lavalliere, who, before her conversion a few years ago, was one of the most brilliant stage-folk of France.

The story of her conversion was the sensation of France, and was related in the N. C. W. C. News Service at the time. The star of the boulevards suddenly withdrew from the world and went to live discreetly and piously in a modest cottage in the little village of Thullieries in the Vosges.

Following her conversion, Eva Lavalliere desired to become a Carmelite. She was unable to do so, however, she was admitted to the Third Order of St. Francis. Then the Archbishop of Cathage, Mgr. Lemaître, permitted her to enroll in the "Nurses of Jesus," a group of women whose desire is to continue the work of Father de Foucauld by carrying the benefits of Christian charity to the women of the Arab villages. For three years she worked in Africa. Then her failing health forced her to return to her little home in the Vosges.

"Be sure and repeat that you have seen the happiest of women," she told M. de Flers.

"Despite your suffering?"

"Because of my suffering."

Eva Lavalliere rejoices in having obtained the wonderful favor which she implored of heaven—the conversion of her son.

When her visitor, the brilliant dramatic author whose works she had once interpreted, was about to leave, she said to him:

"Goodbye, my friend, I shall pray for you. And when anyone speaks to you of me, tell all who know me that you have seen the most perfectly happy of women."

FR. COLLINS, S. J., DIES. Coronado, Calif., Sept. 30.—The Rev. James W. Collins, S. J., for 20 years, pastor of Sacred Heart Church here, and one of the most distinguished Catholic clergymen in California, died recently. He was 74 years old.

Father Collins was born in Washington, D. C., and for many years was prominently connected with Georgetown University there, serving for a number of years as its vice-president. He came to California 21 years ago and was for a short time pastor of Saint Thomas Church in Los Angeles, before becoming pastor of Sacred Heart Church here.

CANON DIES IN PULPIT. Paris, September.—Canon Barthélemy, who had just been appointed archbishop of Lodève, in the diocese of Montpellier, died suddenly in the pulpit during the ceremony of his installation.

Pittsburgh Nurses' School Is Opened. Pittsburgh, Sept. 30.—The new \$1,000,000 nurses' school and home of Mercy Hospital here was dedicated with a three-day program.

The program was opened in the auditorium of the new building when the Rt. Rev. Hugh C. Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh; Dr. W. W. G. MacLachlan, director of medical training at the hospital; and J. Rodgers Flannery, delivered addresses.

The nurses' classes of 1935 was graduated and "Mercy Day," physicians who have been connected with the hospital held a reunion, while alumnae nurses gathered at the new home.

The new structure contains 113 living rooms, an auditorium, two dining rooms, two libraries, more than a score of individual parlors, recreation rooms, gymnasium, two laboratories, demonstration rooms and a general office.

Buildings For New St. Ignatius Will Cover Four Blocks. San Francisco, Sept. 30.—Plans for a new St. Ignatius College, which will occupy four city blocks and cost \$2,000,000, have been disclosed by Jesuits connected with that institution here. The College is to be built in four units. This first unit will be the Liberal Arts building. It will be four stories high, of steel and reinforced concrete construction. It will contain 20 lecture rooms, administration offices, library and recreation rooms. It will cost \$300,000.

The other units to follow will include a science building, high school and a huge gymnasium.

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## Field Mass on Site Of First Catholic School in America

(By N. C. W. C. News Service.)

Washington, Sept. 18.—The first "field mass" ever celebrated at Bohemia, Md., one of the earliest Catholic settlements in the United States and the site of the first Catholic institution of learning in this country, will be celebrated at St. Francis Xavier's Church on Sunday, October 19.

Bohemia was one of the early Jesuit missionary stations in Maryland in the seventeenth century. The church, which is one of the oldest in the country, was built by the early Catholic settlers, whose bodies were brought from distant points that they might rest in consecrated ground.

It was at the first American Catholic school founded at Bohemia that John Carroll, archbishop of Baltimore, and his brother, Charles Carroll, signed the Declaration of Independence, attended school. During the days of the persecution of Catholics, the school was closed. It was later opened on the site where the University of this city, the oldest Catholic college in the United States.

Funeral Of Priest Killed In Accident Held In Cleveland. Cleveland, Sept. 28.—The funeral of the Rev. Wendell Blahy, assistant at St. Procop's church since 1913, who died recently in an automobile accident, was held here. St. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, Bishop of Cleveland, celebrated the solemn mass at Requiem and Mgr. Peter M. Carver, pastor of St. Procop's Church, preached the sermon.

With Rev. Joseph Andel, his associate in parish work in St. Procop's, Father Blahy was returning from assisting at the solemn Forty Hours' Devotion in the church. Crossing a busy street, the darkness, Father Blahy's automobile truck, without standing just ahead of him, struck the truck. Father Blahy was killed instantly.

Cardinal Mundelein Ordains Graduates Of His Seminary. (By N. C. W. C. News Service.) Chicago, Sept. 30.—Eleven candidates for Holy Orders, six of them Chicagoans, were ordained today by Cardinal Mundelein. They are the first priests to complete the course at St. Mary of the Lake seminary, Mundelein, Ill. They probably will be sent to Rome for a year before being assigned to churches.

The newly ordained priests are: Revs. E. P. Godfrey, A. M. Hines, J. Diebold, T. J. Burke, J. C. Mahon, J. W. Barrett, J. A. O'Neil, A. Norman, Victor Sperry, J. Wagner, and D. A. Tompkins.

BISHOP MITTY GUEST OF K. C. (By N. C. W. C. News Service.) New York, Sept. 28.—The Rev. John J. Mitty, newly appointed Bishop of Salt Lake, was guest of honor at St. Luke's Catholic Knights of Columbus, at a dinner at the Hotel Astor.

Speakers on the occasion included Joseph V. McKee, president of the Board of Aldermen; the Rev. Thomas, F. S. C.; the Very Rev. John P. Brady, D. D.; and James J. Flaherty, Supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus. James J. Ward was toastmaster.

Father Dhera, A. A. Named President Of French School. (By N. C. W. C. News Service.) Worcester, Mass., Sept. 28.—A cable received at Assumption College here announces that the Rev. Damascene Dhera, A. A., formerly professor of discipline, has been appointed to the presidency of Assumption College, at Poitiers, France. Father Damascene has been visiting in France for some time.

The Rev. Odile Dubois, A. A., succeeded Father Damascene as professor of discipline here.

Nuns of Maryknoll Attend Catholic U. Washington, Sept. 30.—With the approbation of the most Rev. Archbishop Curley of Baltimore, a group of Maryknoll Sisters (Franciscan Mission Sisters of St. Dominic) have established themselves here. Of the group some will pursue studies at the Catholic University, while others will train for the sacred ministry at Providence Hospital.

The Sisters have issued a statement of their purpose.

SAUSAGE HUGO. (By N. C. W. C. News Service.)

GRANDS. (By N. C. W. C. News Service.)

JOHN. (By N. C. W. C. News Service.)

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