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Avers Catholic Italy Must Be Restored By Catholics

Editorial from The Boston Pilot

In Italy's hour of trial and torment the civilized world, the world of heart and intelligence, breathes the prayer that the nation may return now to the true destiny from which Italy was violently and unjustly diverted.

"Everything within the State," said Mussolini, "nothing outside the State, nothing against the State." And he added: "The child, no soon as he is old enough to learn, belongs to the State alone." In the streets of Rome echoed the marching of "The Sons of the Wolf," the "Balilla," and the "Avanguardisti." Drums rolled. Arms were outstretched to salute. And a Duke congratulated himself that the spirit of Caesar's Legion, asleep for twenty centuries, was once more astir in the capital.

How, extremely the man was rejected, the whole world now knows. His house of cards has fallen. To achieve his grandiose dreams, it was necessary to paralyze his people. And the Italian heart is immovably Catholic. That was the dictator's essential mistake. No matter what other comment may be added, the Wolf of the Capital is only a statue. The Pygmalion who tried to make it walk has disappeared, run away. The sound core of the nation, the Catholic heart of Italy, comes through this ordeal untouched.

And now we have an American committee, composed of citizens of Italian extraction, who propose to guide and support Italy through the coming period of transition. None will quarrel for a moment that if this committee is to enjoy official recognition, if it is to exercise effective and salutary influence over the people of Italy, it must be Catholic in its spirit. Therefore it should be predominantly at least, Catholic in its personnel.

Our President has declared, repeatedly—and his words struck a warmly responsive chord in the hearts of the American people—that our quarrel was with a pagan fascist regime, not with the people. The principals, the plotters of this crime and their abettors, will be tried and duly punished. But we disavow with all the energy of our souls any wish to harass the innocent. Our hands are clean now of anything resembling the horror of Lidice. Guiltless in combat, they must be kept stainless in victory.

Italy is Catholic. Bravely and powerfully her Popes denounced the fascist heresy of statism. Many Italian Catholics died martyrs because "God must be obeyed rather than man." It is monstrous, all but inconceivable, that a voice in Italy's destiny should be given to "free-thinkers" and atheists. Can't we understand that this is precisely the shadow from which Italy is now emerging? And is it not clear to every candid, humane mind that since failure was first of all a wound to Italy's Catholic faith, only Catholics—and not Catholics who know and love the real Italy—can help her people to find healing?

'LUCKY TO BE CATHOLIC' DOCTOR'S WAY OF TELLING SOLDIER HE WAS BLINDED

SHREVEPORT, La.—Returning from a visit to Sultan Air Field, the Very Rev. Mons. J. V. Piatek, pastor of the church of St. Catharine at Sluice, here, quoted from a touching letter that had been received here from an American soldier in New Guinea. The soldier, badly wounded, feared he had been blinded. He asked a young Australian doctor, "He didn't answer me directly," the letter continued. "He asked me if I were a Catholic, and then he said 'I sure lucky.' That was his way of telling me two things: that my guess was right and that he considered me, being a Catholic, more than well equipped to receive the bad news."

Slovaks Respond To War Bond Appeal

WHITING, Ind.—Slovak groups throughout the country are responding to the appeal of the American Slovak War Bond Committee. It was announced here today by the Rev. John J. Lach, chairman of the campaign sponsored by the First Catholic Slovak League of America. The goal in the purchase of \$4,000,000 worth of War Bonds and Stamps.

On Guard!

(Continued from Page 1)

bombing Europe tonight . . . The mother will be praying for him . . . What would Tommy say if he knew his mother's story? . . . the Fashionable Lady's story? Where is the paper boy tonight? . . . Is he dreaming of his mother with her shabby coat and the blue star?

Ad! . . . Here is an escape from the torture of conscience . . . SLEEP . . . SLEEP will chase the thoughts away. Sleep will rest her mind . . . The Fashionable Lady closes her eyes . . . This is better . . . She is falling . . . falling . . . Even in sleep the Fashionable Lady is dreaming . . . Not dreaming is better than those thoughts . . . Tommy is gone . . . The paper boy is gone . . . Even the cursed House of Esteos is gone.

Yes, this is better . . . She is walking with John . . . and they both are young again . . . But this street? . . . Yes, it is the Old Street where John and she lived when they were first married . . . How they had hated this street! How they had worked to get away from this Old Street . . . But it looks differently now. Old Street looks bright and warm as they walk along . . . Old Street is full of life and laughter . . . NO SILENCES! . . . Just life and laughter and love. What are those words of Eugene O'Neill? . . . Oh yes . . . Life laughs with God's love again . . . Life laughs with love!

Old Street is full of children . . . laughing and loveable children . . . dirty perhaps, but their souls are in their faces . . . This is why Tommy is fighting! . . . This is why Tommy's mother took a chance!

What is John doing? . . . Counting service stars in the windows of Old Street . . . But look! Here is the house where John and she first lived on Old Street . . . She shouldn't look but it seems so pretty today . . . If John and she had stayed here what might have . . . NO! . . . she mustn't think about that!

But who is this little boy standing before the Old House? . . . What a beautiful child . . . golden hair and blue eyes . . . Why is John staring at the boy? . . . The Fashionable Lady starts . . . The boy looks like John . . . Like John looked in his baby pictures at home . . . Why are there tears in John's eyes?

The boy is staring at John and her . . . His eyes seem to read their souls . . . Why doesn't he speak to them? . . . She must break the silence . . .

"Son, what's your name?" The Fashionable Lady fears that the child will say "John." "I have no name!" The boy is standing still with his hands behind his back.

"But where do you live?" John is speaking now.

"I have no home!" The child's words fall like bombs in her heart. But why does he keep his hands hidden behind his back? What is the mystery of this child? Does he know her secret? . . . She can't resist talking to him.

"But why do you hold your hands at your back?"

Lightning flashes in the boy's blue eyes . . . Slowly he brings forward his arms . . . The Fashionable Lady steps back in horror . . . John gasps . . . THE CHILD HAS NO HANDS! . . . HE HOLDS UP ONLY TWO BLOODY STUMPS!

"How . . . how did you do it?" The Fashionable Lady feels that she is in the PRESENCE OF GOD . . . The child's words come like spearheads into her heart . . . He speaks with angelic wrath . . . "I was among these hands by pointing on the hard hearts of women like you for a chance to live!"

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