

she snorted. 'Land, there don't anybody seem to think I'd like to have a mite o' style about me if I am livin' in a home, an' shawls ain't been worn in the flight o' ages!'

'It isn't a shawl, Mrs. Taggart,' Dorothy interposed timidly, 'and I hope you will like this cape, though I'm afraid yours may have been a present from some one you loved. My mother gave me a set of furs just before she died,' she continued, a shadow coming over her sweet face. 'I was only eight years old, but I'll never forget how I felt when moths got into them and my aunt took them away.'

'My husband bought me that cape last time he ever went outdoors,' said Mrs. Taggart briefly. 'Then, as Dorothy took from the box a long cape of glossy black fur, the old woman gave a gasp of unqualified amazement.'

'You ain't goin' to give that to me?'

'Yes, I am,' said Dorothy happily, 'and I want you to put it on and let me take you home to dine with us.'

She laid the cape over the bowed shoulders, but Mrs. Taggart pulled away from her and turned her back abruptly.

'I'll come,' she said in a curiously muffled tone. Then she snapped, 'But I wish you'd get out o' here till I'm ready! I do hate to hev folks al'ays and forever underfoot!'

The words were not encouraging, but Dorothy smiled as she meekly retired to the reception-room to await the coming of her guest.

When Mrs. Taggart at last appeared, she had evidently done her little best in honor of the occasion.

The dinner passed off successfully, Mrs. Taggart having fortunately 'taken' to Dick from the first; and as for him, he was openly infatuated with the strenuous old woman. Soothed by the influence of a dinner which was one of Katy's masterpieces, and pleased by Dorothy's exuberant and unaffected gratitude for the promise of a receipt for plum pudding which had been a secret in the Taggart family for generations, Mrs. Taggart found herself left alone with her hostess after dinner. She listened for a time to Dorothy's pretty, gentle chatter and then she said, with visible effort.

'Mis' Redding, I s'pose I hev acted like sixty ever since I come to the home, but the fact is, it's bad enough to be an inmate without having folks snoopin' round the whole endurin' time. Snoopin' is somethin' I never could stand. I had a neighbor once that was al'ays at it.'

'Land,' she sniffed, with reminiscent rage, 'how I did despise that woman! My husband al'ays said that I was as good a housekeeper as he could wish to see, but course there was some days when everything was in the suds. An' sure as such a day come, that woman would skitter 'cross my back yard, comin' kitty-cornerin' so't I couldn't see her in time to lock the door. Then she'd set down, and I'd try to interest her in conversation; but all the time her eyes'd be travellin' round takin' in every fly-track on the window, an' I was lucky if she didn't hatch up some kind o' an excuse to go all over the house from garret to cellar.'

'Well, it does seem's if every one o' the managers was just like that woman—present comp'ny excepted—for they're al'ays an' forever a-snoopin'. I'm one o' them that when I see anythin' that needs to be done, I want to do it, an' as the hired help to the home is slower'n cold molasses, I'm apt to whirl in an' wash dishes or peel potatoes, though we ain't expected to do nothin' but keep our own rooms in order. Well, I never come up from that kitchen, all tired and het up, that I don't meet a manager just comin' out o' my room. An' she'll al'ays say, in a kinder high an' mincin' voice, "O Mis' Taggart, if you'd only keep your room in such exquisite order ez Mis' Nixon does hers!" Huh, she don't ever do a hand's turn for anybody 'cept them plants o' hers!'

'It does seem hard,' agreed Dorothy sympathetically, 'and I know just how you feel about people going into your room to examine your closet and bureau drawers, for I had the same experience when I was at boarding-school.'

Mrs. Taggart looked interested. It was wonderful how much she and this lovely, dainty little creature had in common.

'As I've told you,' Dorothy went on, 'my mother died when I was a child, and my father and the servants combined to spoil me. I was sent to boarding-school at fourteen, and when I found I was expected to keep my own room in order I rebelled. I felt insulted at the matron's going through my belongings every day, and giving me a black mark if she found anything out

of place. I was about to write my father to take me home, when fortunately one of the teachers learned of my intention.

'I wish I could explain it all to you as she did to me, but I'm afraid I can't,' said Dorothy, humbly. 'She told me a story of a girl who was visiting an army encampment hearing the officer tell one of the men that a tent-peg was an inch out of line. The girl said she didn't see what difference a little thing like that could make, but the officer told her that the most important truth a soldier had to learn was the absolute necessity of subordination and uniformity. Miss Gray said that men learned this more easily than women, who, as a rule, were undisciplined, but until they did learn to submit to discipline, for the good of the whole, they would never contribute to the world's progress. She talked to me for a long time; but this story was what made the greatest impression, for the thought that all those brave soldiers had submitted to a surveillance much more severe than any I would ever be called on to undergo put an end to my rebellion.'

Mrs. Taggart laid down an unwieldy crazy-quilt which she had insisted on bringing with her, in spite of Dorothy's suggestion that she give herself a day of complete rest.

'I wasn't brought to the home by my own shiftlessness, but by the breaking of a bank, Mis' Redding,' she had replied, austerely. 'I haven't ever been visitin' without my pick-up work, an' I ain't goin' to begin now.' She surveyed Dorothy meditatively before remarking, with some hesitation:

'Well, I declare, if a pretty little creature like you an' all them big, smart men can stand folks a-snoopin', seems as if I might, doesn't it?' Then she broke out with startling energy, 'Land o' Liberty, let 'em snoop, if it's any comfort to 'em! They won't never have no more trouble with me, Mis' Redding.'

And to the unbounded astonishment of directors, matrons and inmates, they never did.—Exchange.

## The Catholic World

### ENGLAND—Self-denial

The example of the fifty Children of Mary of Melior street, Bermondsey, who, in 1904, promised total abstinence for life from intoxicating drink as an act of homage and reparation to the Blessed Virgin Mary on the fiftieth anniversary of the promulgation of the Dogma of her Immaculate Conception, has borne fruit. The young people of St. Patrick's, Plumstead, did one better this year. On Sunday within the octave of the Feast of the Immaculate Conception 51 young women and 51 young men performed a similar 'Heroic Act of Sel-Denial.' In presence of the Blessed Sacrament, with lighted candles in their hands, they edified a large congregation by solemnly promising to adhere for life to the principles of the League of the Cross.

### FRANCE—The Vacant Sees

Our Radicals and Republicans who, for the last two years (writes a Paris correspondent), have lost no opportunity of abusing the Church and who have now put the finishing touch to their work by their vote on the Separation of Church and State question, are beginning to fear that they have not been quite as clever as they might have been. One of their favorite occupations was to gloat over the fact that there were 19 French Bishops without Bishops, and to congratulate themselves over the difficulties which the Church was thereby experiencing. They did not see that, by allowing episcopal vacancies to accumulate in that way, they were accumulating the odds against themselves for the time when the separation would come. The separation being now an accomplished fact, the Pope will be free to appoint to all these vacant Sees such candidates as will seem to him and to the French clergy best fitted for the post, without being required to consult the French Government, and without being swayed by political considerations. Anti-clerical hatred and the tricks and quibbles of M. Combes have thus turned to the advantage of the Church and to the discomfiture of her foes who now cannot forgive themselves for not having seen this before.

### Cardinal Richard

The state of health of Cardinal Richard, Archbishop of Paris, not permitting him to make his ad limina visit, his Vicar, the Abbe Foges, has gone to Rome as his delegate. It is said that the Abbe is the bearer of important documents relative to the question of separation between Church and State.