

something else. We've got our work. We could lend him that, couldn't we? S'pose we agrees to work for a month and take no wages until he could pay up? An' s'pose we said we'd wait for the back wages he owes us now and is worryin' about, I expect? That would be something, if every one in the factory did it.

Some of the girls looked thoughtful. Even when one is making only three and four dollars a week it means something of a sacrifice to give it up. Perhaps it means even more than when one is making 30 or 40 dollars. Besides, there were the fathers and mothers at home to be considered. What would they say when the customary envelope was not forthcoming on Saturday night? They had said enough as it was because the last two weeks the wages had not been paid.

'We won't make any money at all if there's a shut-down,' said Kittie, interpreting their thoughts. 'There ain't much work anywhere. My brother's been out of a job for a month, and things ain't very pleasant at home. We wouldn't be gettin' any wages anyway, you see, an' wouldn't have any comin', either. Mr. Bradford'll pay up some time.'

'He's awful nice to us,' put in Hilda.

'You bet,' said one of the older girls, emphatically.

'What's he ever done for us?' asked Millie Dulaney.

'You'd better go back to Beal's and see the difference!' said Rose, sharply. 'The rest of us know without goin'. Say, Kittie, I'll do it if the rest will.'

That was all that was needed.

'I'll do it too,' said one of the other girls.

'Me, too,' chimed in another; and presently the group, even to Millie Dulaney, were pledged.

'Now, come on let's tell the rest,' said Kittie. Through the factory went the girls, Kittie at their head, her eyes shining, her whole face alive with joy at the thought of being able to help her friend, the boss. As they went they told their story and their plan of rescue. Kittie enthusiastically explaining and the others endorsing it with many interruptions. There were between two and three hundred employees in the place, and the girls went from top to bottom of the building to make sure that every one was told.

The men in the mixing-rooms, where the sugar was boiling in great cauldrons, looked up impatiently when their quarters were invaded. Some of them laughed when Kittie outlined her scheme.

'You little idiot!' said one.

'Look out, Joe!' The youngster's pretty near right,' said a broad-shouldered man. 'The old man's been mighty white! We've known he was in trouble a good while, and we've been sorry enough about it, but none of us has ever thought of tryin' to help him.'

'Why should we?' asked Joe, just as Millie had done.

'Well,' said the first man, slowly. 'I don't believe you've forgotten the time when your boy died with scarlet fever. How would you have paid the doctor's bill and the funeral expenses if it hadn't been for the old man?'

The other shifted his feet uneasily. 'You're right, Jim,' he said, presently. 'But it's queer to have a kid like that tellin' a man what to do.'

'Kittie,' said Jim, 'suppose you go and tell him? Say that if he'll keep the factory going, we'll work a month and let our pay run on until he's straightened out. That will mean several thousand dollars, and perhaps he'll pull through. Taint much, compared with what we'd like to do, but it might help. Trot along, kid, and tell him.'

'Me?' said Kittie, in confusion. 'Oh I can't!'

'Yes you can,' said Jim. 'Besides, it's your scheme. Now, skip, before the one o'clock whistle blows!'

Kittie turned to obey.

'Wait a minute,' said the practical Hilda. 'You've cried chocolate all over your face.'

Then, while the girls giggled hysterically, Hilda calmly led Kittie to the nearest faucet and energetically scrubbed her face with a corner of her apron. It was a pink-cheeked maid that ran down the stairs, through the stock-rooms, through the shipping-rooms and into the office, deserted by all but the head of the firm, who had no appetite for luncheon.

He sat at his desk, his head in his hand, but he looked up wearily as Kittie rapped. It was not often that any employee visited the office, and Bradford would have been surprised if his mind had not been engrossed with other things.

As it was he smiled not such a smile as Kittie held in her memory, but the kindly, patient smile of a man who sees defeat ahead, but is strong enough to meet it courageously.

'What is it?' he asked.

'Please,' said Kittie, timidly. 'they say—they say—oh, Mr. Bradford, they say you've lost all your money an' the factory's goin' to close, and we'll all have to leave, and—' And then Kittie broke down completely.

'Well,' said Bradford, sharply. 'what is that to you? You'll be paid.'

'It ain't that,' said Kittie. 'it ain't that. We don't want you to shut down at all, and we're awfully sorry, and we don't care whether you have any money or not, 'cause we'll work for you anyway, and—'

'What are you talking about?' demanded Bradford.

'Workin',' said Kittie valiantly. 'We don't want no wages. Anyway, we don't want any for a long time, and then you can save a lot of money, and p'raps you won't have to shut down at all.'

Then Kittie, having at last found her tongue, went on, telling in her own way and with infinite detail just what had happened upstairs. The man at the desk listened in silence. Once or twice he put his hand to his

throat as if he were choking, and then he dropped his head and sat so still that Kittie was sure he was offended.

'Perhaps he's mad,' she said to herself, taking instant fright at the terrible thought of having given offence to the boss. She shivered at her own temerity. How had she dared to be so familiar?

'We didn't mean to—to do what we hadn't ought to,' she said, in an abashed voice, from which the glad, enthusiastic note that had won her a hearing in the workrooms had quite disappeared. She was very sober now. 'You see,' she said, timidly, 'it was just 'cause you've been so good to us and 'cause we liked you.'

'Did they all say that, Kittie?' Bradford asked, softly.

'Yes, sir, and Jim said it might help you to straighten things out.'

The man at the desk put his lips together and threw back his shoulders in the way that his friends knew meant he would win or die fighting. After all, things were not quite so bad as Kittie's fancy had painted. It did look like failure, an absurd failure, since it hinged on so small a sum. But there had been a somewhat indiscreet expansion of the plant, too close sailing to the wind, too generous a faith in others' promises, and in the end disastrous to himself, since there had seemed to be no one to whom he could turn for temporary relief. But the busy season would begin presently, and perhaps the new holiday stock, planned months ago would sell rapidly. It seemed ridiculous even to talk of failure, when, if things could only be tidied over for a month or so everything would be safe.

'You could pay it all back some time,' said Kittie.

Bradford sprang to his feet. 'Kittie,' he said, with a new ring in his voice as he looked down into her eager, upturned face, 'we'll do it! Go back and tell your friends upstairs that I'm proud to be helped by them, and that, with their assistance, we'll pull it through.'

Three weeks later Bradford ran lightly up the stairs to the workroom, scorning the slow elevator, and stopped near the table where Kittie's fingers flashed above her pan of chocolate. There had been no pay day for three successive Saturday nights, and the mothers and fathers had grumbled. But the children had had their argument ready. There was not much work to be had anywhere, they pointed out, and, besides, some day the boss would be on his feet again.

In the factory itself there had been no discontent. A strange new feeling of comradeship had come over the workers, and from Kittie busy at her chocolate-dipping to broad-shouldered Jim in the hoiling-rooms each one was inspired with something that made work a joy.

Bradford, looking down the room, and catching responsive smiles everywhere, was thrilled anew with a warm and vitalising sense of common brotherhood, such as had been his since Kittie had come to his office three weeks ago.

'Just one minute!' he said, in a ringing voice. 'I thought you'd like to know that it's all right now. Wages and back pay to-morrow. We've got the biggest order we ever had, and the "Fatinizas" are a splendid success! I—' he looked down at Kittie and smiled cheerily, although his voice broke—'I'm much obliged to you, my friends!—' Youth Companion'

The Catholic World

ENGLAND.—Three Converts

Among Catholics (says the 'Daily Chronicle') the forthcoming performance of Dr. Elgar's 'Dream of Gerontius' at Westminster Cathedral is naturally awaited with something more than musical enthusiasm, seeing that it focuses the achievements of three converts—the words by Cardinal Newman, the music by Dr. Elgar, the building by Bentley.

Pilgrims

On Saturday, May 2, close upon 130 Catholic pilgrims left Holborn Viaduct Station on a pilgrimage to Bruges, its organisation being under Mr. Valentine M. Dunford, K.S.G., hon. sec. of the Catholic Association; while Monsignor John S. Vaughan, brother of the Cardinal Archbishop, accompanied the pilgrimage as spiritual director.

Generous Bequests

The Sisters of Nazareth, Nazareth House, Hammer-smith, will be enriched by the bequest of the late Miss Adams, who was locally known as the 'Tottenham recluse'. Letters of administration have been granted to Mother Mary Margaret Owen, the Mother Superior General of the community, and, after paying several legacies amounting to about £5000, and interest on £4000 to Miss Frances von Gumpach during her life, the remainder will go to the funds of the community. The net value of the personality is £16,541.

FRANCE.—The Grotto of Lourdes

The religious in charge of the Grotto of Lourdes left their post on May 2, and were replaced by secular clergy. This concession has been granted by M. Combes for fear of a revolution, openly threatened by the townsfolk and the people of the neighborhood if the Grotto were closed.