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Descended into Hell.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

BENEATH dark hills that shadowed silent streams
Lay camped the holy armies of the dead
Watching through gray years for their Day-Spring
Christ.

Hope in each breast,—great kings with starry swords,
Virgins and queens and hoary patriarchs,
Adam who knew those hills since time was young,
King Solomon whose navies rode no more
By isles of Ophir or by coasts of Tyre,
David with harp that murmured as the sea
And the little babes that bled for David's Son.
Afar the dull light died, and through the dusk
Burned rows of stars while in each heart new hope
Woke, and the evening dimness throbbed with prayer:
"Thou for whose Face we thirst, give us to drink
Thy water-brooks! O come that we may hear
The exquisite music of Thy Bridegroom voice
In the eternal chambers of Thy House
Where timeless the larks at those gold casements
sing."

Then silent grew those throngs of upraised faces
Remembering the wine of earthly joys,—
A dim warm fireside or white temple courts
Or purple navies in far evening isles.
Yet in the bones of all there ever burned

Desire of Him through Whom the depths broke forth
And the soft clouds of heaven grew thick with dew.

Thus while the night clouds drifted, so they prayed
Through those long hours before the eternal day.
Down the low south the awful stars yet burned
To very ash,—till at morn on those gray towers
Broke from the east a gathered flood of light
Whose whiteness flowed about them like a sea,
And to the fore of all their ranks they saw
Christ's foster-father,—lilies in his hand.
Late had he come to them, yet on his face
Shone now such joy immortal that the dead
Moved from their ranks and silent stood by him.
But sudden broke a cry. Those gates swung wide
And in flashed one new dead: "Make haste, He
comes!"

Next Him I died on cross! I saw His Side
Lance-riven, and Him dead who promised me
To be with Him this day in Paradise!"
And while they hearkened, dawned such brilliancy
As never had bathed the hills of that dark land.
Over the ramparts leaned the throngs of dead
For far in the golden distance dim heard bells
Rang out the morning in the courts of God.

Then were the white clouds parted, and they saw
The sunrise armor of the seraphim
Flash in the dawn, as down the east there shone
The crimson pathway that the Saviour made
Coming in joy to them on wounded feet.

Tommy.

BY EUGENE R. MCBRIDE.

THE Senior Captain lowered his newspaper and gazed reminiscently into the fire, listening for a while to the cold February rain beating dolefully against the windows of the officers' mess. Suddenly he stirred uneasily in his chair.

"What dreamers we are!" he murmured, half to himself. "What sentimentalists!"

His lone companion at the fireside, a young subaltern from another regiment who had dropped in to smoke a pipe and chat a while with the Captain, looked up, a trifle drowsily, and smiled deprecatingly.

"We?" he inquired. "Oh no. Sentimentality is reserved for the staid civilian. The soldier must throw it overboard. Before last July I may have been guilty of a stray dream or two, but after Namur, Charleroi and the Marne; after having heard the whistle of the mitrailleuse, and realized the cheapness of human life and dreams, I doubt, Fred, if I shall ever be able to love or dream again."

The Captain smiled.

"My boy, you must remember that that was your introduction to the iconoclastic effects of warfare. Long before you ever dreamed of entering the service, I had my fling at the Boer and the Zulu. My only brother dropped dead beside me at Spion Kop, leaving me without kith or kin to rejoice at my success, or sorrow for my fall,—and still I dreamed—until to-night. This very newspaper has taught me what years of heart-breaking service had failed to teach—that sentiment exists only in the mind of the novelist and can play no part in a soldier's life. The snap of a trigger in the dark, a bullet in the heart, and where is your romance?"

"I never was much account at solving riddles either," yawned his companion. "You may explain at length."

"You would regret your rash permission," answered the Captain. "I should have to bore you by telling a story."

The younger officer glanced at the wet window panes and then settled back comfortably in his chair, puffing contentedly at his pipe.

"I suppose I'm in for it," he laughed. "You may proceed."

The Captain still gazed into the fire. He

hardly caught the jesting tone of his young friend's voice. When he finally broke the silence it seemed as though he were acting rather than speaking his story.

"To explain my recent statement, I must take you back four years and over the seas to India, to a scrawny little village in Burmah, where I first met "Tommy" Willis—Lieutenant Arthur Willis, if you please, fresh from Sandhurst and impressed with his newly acquired dignity. His height was just a wee bit above the regulation and his age hardly more. The mess made fun of his boyish ways and gentle bearing until the lad showed signs of temper and gave a good account of himself in one or two little affairs we had with the rebels. After that, I feel safe in saying he was the most loved man in the regiment. The nickname "Tommy," gained in the early days, was destined to stick to him. "Tommy" he was to everyone, from the Colonel down to his brothers in rank. During our two years together in India, he was the pet of many reigning beauties, all of whom refused to take him seriously. He was "just Tommy" to them, as he was "Tommy" to his regiment, a lovable boy and that was the end of it. He was the idol of his small circle. The gruff old Colonel himself came to regard him as a son.

We were thrown together, he and I, for a whole month at one time on scout duty, and then and there we became comrades. Wrapped up in our rubber blankets and seated at our little blaze one rainy night, Tommy became sentimental and told me all his dreams. It was the usual thing that you read of in novels, so I shan't dwell on it. There was a girl at home, a childhood sweetheart, to whom he sent letters at every opportunity, and of whom he dreamed day and night. They were engaged, there had never been a love like theirs, and so forth. The worst of it was, he wasn't raving. To him it was the most real thing in his life. Perhaps his dream was as ideal as he pictured it at the time of his leaving England, but Tommy had been in India four years last June, and four years in a young girl's life, when her lover is on the other side of the world, is a century.

It was on that very scouting expedition with Tommy, that I contracted the fever that sent me back home an invalid for two years. I was transferred to a home regiment and he remained in India. While convalescing at

home, I had my first sentimental streak after meeting Kitty Pettigrew. For a year, I thought of nothing else. I revived my old-time interest in things social and was her escort everywhere. To cut a long tale short, I fell madly in love with her—used to walk past her house after dark and gaze toward her window as the Moslem faces Mecca. One visitors' day at my barracks, she was sitting in my room, examining all the junk I had collected on my travels, particularly the album of photographs of my brothers-in-arms in the East. Suddenly she gave a little cry of surprise and, gazing over her shoulder, I saw that her eyes were riveted on a handsome portrait of Lieutenant Arthur Willis.

"Why, it's Tommy!" she cried, and then, for the first time, I knew her for the one hope in life of my old chum in India. Remember, he had never told me her last name, and there are a million Kitty's in England. I suppose you have noticed that the homesick swain is ever chary of revealing the complete name and address of the object of his tender passion. Perhaps Tommy considered it dangerous, but that's neither here nor there.

I had gone too far then to turn back. Anyhow, I argued to myself, a girl has the right to make her own choice. If Kitty were willing, I would have her in spite of Tommy. In his tenderest emotion a man is no respecter of honor or persons. I began to write to Tommy to try to break the news gently, but could never quite come to the point in my letters. I finally decided to await his return to England. I can now imagine how the enthusiastic reports of my long walks and confidences with the only one in life he considered worth while, must have maddened him!

Well, what would you have done? Tommy, in India, dreamed night and day of a child-sweetheart, who, in his absence, had become a woman. Kitty, in England, spoke lightly of a "childish attachment." I was a coward and followed my own inclinations. Kitty and I became engaged last June.

Then, in the last days of July, the gathering war clouds burst, and in early August came our orders to mobilize. Tommy's regiment was recalled from India, and I realized that the hardest task of my life was before me. Several weeks passed, and one bright morning I took the train for Gravesend to greet the transport of my old regiment. Tommy had got the Colonel's ear, bribed a boatman, and was the first man ashore.

He yelled like a schoolboy when he saw me standing, forlorn, on the pier, and literally hurled himself upon me. He was almost crying for joy, I was experiencing all the pangs of a Judas. I had made up my mind to tell him at once and get it over, but all the way back to London my heart was beating against my ribs, and I could not, for the life of me, summon up the courage.

During the week that followed, I purposely lost track of him, I knew he was with Kitty and decided to let the girl's bearing toward him tell him what my blundering, masculine directness would have made doubly painful in the telling. I remained at the barracks, in ill humor, with my new troop of cavalry preparing for our departure to the seat of war, now only one week off. Two days before the farewell ball of the old regiment, I made my first call at Kitty's home since the return of her old playmate. Her manner was quite a surprise to me. I expected to find her at least a little troubled, but instead found her perfectly contented and gayer than I had ever known her. She informed me, tactfully, that Tommy had asked to be her escort to the ball, and that she could not very well refuse him considering—I was magnanimous enough to be glad, for Tommy's sake. War is a great eliminator of embarrassing triangles. Tommy would go to France, still hoping, and perhaps some German marksman would decide between us. In either case, he would never know the real state of affairs. I was content to await the decision of the war god.

The night of the ball came, and with it a mighty downpour of rain. The windows of the old barracks were gleaming cheerfully through the fog and wet when I alighted from a 'bus a block away and walked hurriedly in that direction. I found the ballroom decorated as never before. The frayed banners of a hundred campaigns covered its gloomy walls, and a profusion of palms had transformed it into a veritable garden. I entered the officers' room, and after divesting myself of my saturated greatcoat, dropped contentedly into a big chair before the fireside. The miserable weather began to have its effect on my spirits, for I sat there a long time, thinking of the lads of my old regiment who had been my companions there on many a gala night in the past; who had danced, sailed away and died. I had fairly worked myself into a fit of the blues, when in burst Tommy, clad

gorgeously in scarlet and gold, his boyish face gleaming as never before.

"There you are, old hermit!" he cried merrily, on spying me in my secluded corner, "with the blankets tucked in around you, ready for a snooze, and within a yard of you are fair waists to enfold, bright eyes to gaze into!—Fred, you should see her to-night, she never looked prettier. You can't realize what it means to me to be with her for these few hours before I leave. Out in India, I used to eat my heart out, moping over your letters. I actually imagined that I had been overshadowed and that you two had come to care for each other, but to-night!—Fred, she is going to dance the farewell waltz with me! Come! Be up and doing, man," and chattering gaily in this fashion, he drew me from my chair, put his arm through mine and ushered me into the ballroom, heading for a group in the center of the floor where Kitty was almost hidden behind a protecting wall of red and gold uniforms. I could snatch only a moment's conversation with her, and secure the next-to-the-last dance, before a proud territorial, gorgeously arrayed, whisked her away to the strains of the opening march. I danced but little that evening, spending most of my time in thought, seated in my old chair before the fire, emerging, near the end of the brilliant affair, to claim my lone dance with Kitty.

I knew something was in the wind the moment I found her.

"I wish to speak to you, Fred," she said, a little nervously. I *must* speak to you. Come!" I followed her to one of the little covered balconies, overlooking the river, and hidden from the glare of the ballroom by a bank of palms. She sat down near the railing and I took a chair beside her. Below the river lights were blurred. The rain was falling in torrents and the spray from it beat in our faces, but neither of us heeded it. I shall pass lightly over what she said. It stunned me, as nothing in my life ever had, or will again. The return of Tommy had changed everything. His boyish ways had recalled the old love that she had imagined gone. She had kept him in doubt all evening, but they were to dance the last waltz together, and she was going to send him off to the war a happy man. Our alliance had been a little unnatural, she said, from the first, for I was older than she (by a good ten years, I confess). She ended as the heroine does, by

asking for her release, and slipped my little Indian gem from her finger.

I said never a word. When she had finished, I rose and walked to the railing under the dim glare of the balcony lamp, and stood looking down on the darkened river that, to-morrow, would bear me away to France, and out of her life forever. I struggled to compose myself, but the pain depicted on my face was so evident that Kitty rose from her chair, stepped in front of me, and burying her face in my coat, sobbed just a little. We must have stood there together a full minute, not thinking of anything around us. Suddenly we were brought to our senses by a swish of the palm leaves and turned quickly. There in the doorway was Tommy, come to claim his last dance. The old joyous smile was gone, and the suffering his young face bespoke would have made a normal man comfort him at once by acquainting him with his good fortune, but I could not trust my voice, and Kitty was mute with surprise. It was Tommy who finally broke the silence, ignoring me with his eyes and addressing himself to Kitty.

"I wouldn't have blamed you a week ago," he began bravely. "In India, I believed you had forgotten me; but these last few days,—and to-night—" his voice quavered and stopped, as the strains of the time-honored "Auf Wiedersehen" floated out to us. The last waltz—last indeed for many a lad there that night,—was in progress. I cleared my throat to speak, but the boy turned on me angrily and my tongue refused to move. Kitty's dance-card lay on the chair near to him. He stooped and picked it up, and with his pencil slowly scratched off his name, then, with a bow that would have been laughable at another time, he handed the card to me. Then I came to my senses, and spoke.

"If you will only listen, you young fool!—" I began angrily, but he turned his back to me. Then Kitty stepped toward him and said softly: "Tommy!"

But Tommy had already reached the door. He turned.

"Good-bye, Kitty!" and he was gone.

His regiment crossed the Channel to Calais the next day, and our division of cavalry embarked for there one day later. Our ship was the last to enter that port for some time, for the Germans were on their smashing drive toward Paris and our expeditionary force soon

fell back, with the French, to the very gates of the city. Tommy's regiment, upon arriving in France, had been hurriedly dispatched to our center, to buttress Smith-Dorrien. We remained in the vicinity of Paris during those last dark days of August. Then came September, and the Aisne. Our cavalry command received emphatic orders late one night and departed immediately to support our center on that river—Tommy's division.

The night our supporting column came up, the famous assault on our center began. How well we met it, you, who were on the Marne, will never know. For a long, heart-breaking week, our meagre command bore the brunt of the battle and never yielded an inch. Whenever the enemy's attacks menaced our line of trenches, our cavalry, supported by infantry, would make flying sorties into their lines, using sabre and bayonet in fierce hand-to-hand fighting and then retreat quickly, leaving scores of dead and wounded behind us. On the third day of this kind of fighting, I caught my first glimpse of Tommy since that miserable night in London. He was leading his men like a veteran and shouting hoarsely in a voice but little like the halting, boyish one I knew and loved so well. Our eyes met but for the second, as I galloped past him at the head of my troop. I knew he recognized me, but no shout of glad recognition came from him. I knew then that the letter Kitty had promised me to write had never reached him. I sought him that night in the trenches, but he was not to be found. There we were, two old comrades, fighting almost side by side through that long terrible week, still farther apart than we had been when I was in India and I in England.

Well, the day before our stubborn resistance told, and the Germans, worn out by their magnificent dash, began to retreat, we made our last wild sortie far into their lines. My depleted little troop of cavalry made an unsuccessful dash across a trampled wheat field toward a small German battery, half a mile away. After reaching the very muzzles of their guns, a withering fire demoralized our charge, and we galloped, in disorder, back across the open field, furnishing a splendid target for the enemy snug in their trenches. A column of infantry, fearing for our capture, sprang from our lines and charged across the field to back our retreat. Suddenly I heard a terrific explosion overhead, felt a horrible pain in my arm

and dropped from the saddle like a rock.

If you have never lain wounded in the no-man's land between the enemy's fire and your own, you have never suffered. I was just conscious enough to hear the hoof-beats of hostile cavalry bearing toward me, and to know that in a few minutes I should be trampled to death. However, the infantry that had come to our support was still to be heard from. Their rapid fire checked the advance of the oncoming Uhlans, who soon retired. I knew what would follow. Our infantry would scamper for life, back to their trenches and the terrible, steady fire between the hostile trenches and our own would begin again. There, I knew, I would lie, until a stray bullet put an end to my terrible pain, and I prayed that it should come quickly.

Suddenly I felt a strong arm under my back and gazed weakly into a familiar, smoke-grimed face. Yes, of course, it was Tommy. He had charged out with the infantry support, and when they hurriedly retreated, he had left the remnants of his command to come for me. Back to our lines he half carried, half dragged me, through a veritable hailstorm of bullets from friend and foe alike. We had reached our first trench, when I felt the lad's legs give way beneath him, and we tumbled in a heap within our lines. Willing hands dragged us down behind the protecting walls of the trench, and there, exhausted and bleeding horribly, we faced each other. Tommy grinned painfully.

"I couldn't let you stay out there, Fred," he said quaveringly. "For the moment, I forgot everything except the old days in Burmah."

We were carried to the rear and placed side by side in the rude field hospital. There, mad with the pain in my arm, I cursed him tenderly for his foolishness, and poured into his ear all the news I had waited so long to give him—of Kitty's love for him and my own miserable affair. A wonderful light was in his eyes when I finished. I felt his hand seek mine and grasp it weakly.

"Ah, Fred, this miserable war will be over in the spring—it's got to be!—and then I'll go back to her. I'm sick of the service, and I'm going to leave it. We'll settle down for good in the spring—back home, in the spring, Fred!" and he laughed joyously, the old laugh of the Indian days. "Forget all my foolishness, say you do."

The Captain's voice wavered, and stopped. He looked again at the newspaper on his lap, and then laughed mirthlessly.

"Well?" queried his eager listener. "Finish the story. You have forgotten to bring our hero back to the arms of his sweetheart. You'd starve writing novels. Proceed, man!"

"I came back with, or rather without, this," replied the Captain, touching his empty sleeve.

"And Tommy?" The narrator's voice faltered.

"Tommy died in the hospital two days later."

The pipe upon which the young subaltern had been puffing contentedly dropped to his lap, and lay there unheeded. He tried to speak, and failed.

"Oh," went on the speaker, sadly, "you see you are a dreamer too. You expected a pretty ending. Well, here is the conclusion." He folded his newspaper and handed it across to his listener, indicating a paragraph at the top of the society column. It was a brief announcement of the engagement of Miss Kathryn Pettigrew to young Lord Harrington, son of a wealthy brewer.

"So you see," smiled the Captain, "she didn't even marry *me*. One-armed gentlemen are persona non grata, even in war times. Ah, I'm sorry to disappoint you. To marry Tommy to his sweetheart, and have me end my days in secret sorrow—that would be pretty, and romantic, but not the fortune of war."

High-Water.

HAVE you heard the river churning 'neath the bridge around the piers?

On a night wherein the darkness had been thickened by the rain.

Have the creaking, shaking timbers, stricken terror on your ears?

Knowing that the angry current sweeping onward to the main,

Has a might so unrelenting that you can't control your fears.

Have you heard the gurgling waters, as they broke the levee high?

And were bringing vast destruction o'er the country far and wide.

Have you seen the trees uprooted; half submerged go drifting by.

On the bosom of the muddy, yellow, frothing, seething tide.

Nature bridled seems delighted puny mankind's works to try.

V. R. Helmen.

The Rise of Watkins' Weekly.

BY ARTHUR B. HUNTER.

JIMMY BARTELINSKI worked twelve hours every day, and seven days every week, at the great Lovier steel furnace.

For four years he had toiled in that inferno, yet he still lacked two months of being sixteen. Jimmy was large for his age and the truant officer might easily have passed him by without suspicion. He had become hardened to the work and aged by it, so that if the political "machine" needed him it could probably "vote him right" and thus help to perpetuate the "blind men" in Oragy's municipal hall. The machine ran Oragy and Lovier ran the machine. Whenever the Lovier plant broke a production record people all over the country read about it in their morning papers. But if thirty of Lovier's men died in one week from exhaustion the papers of large circulation were silent. Only the local column of the Oragy *Star* printed the funeral notices.

Jack Watkins came to Oragy fresh from Columbia College. He had just had a B. J. attached to his name, and old Columbia rejoiced in having given to the West another Eastern journalist. Jack had a tender heart and a facile pen. He applied for a position on the *Star*, and finally got a job as cub reporter. At the end of the first week he had yet to see his first article in print. The city editor called him in and explained that he would have to "cut out that sentimental stuff" or lose his place. The new reporter had known no better than to attack the "sacred cows" in his very first attempts. Because he needed his daily bread, Jack acquiesced, obeyed orders, and postponed his social service work.

Some weeks later Watkins met Jimmy Bartelinski in a cheap eating "joint." They rubbed elbows as they perched upon the high stools and endeavored to unravel two dishes of spaghetti. Jimmy looked more forlorn than usual. He was taking a day off, though he knew he would be docked for it, in order that he might bury his last friend,—his mother. He had just returned from the cemetery and he feared to return to the desolate "home,"—yet. With all his growing skill as an interviewer, Jack drew forth the story and then took Bartelinski to a "movie."

The young steel worker had never seen the

inside of a theatre and his amazement made him speechless. After the show Jack had to "get back on the job" and the newly found friend went "home." With the mumbled thanks of the lad still ringing in his very soul, Watkins hurried to his desk and wrote up the sad story. The next day he got a second warning and a reprimand from his "boss."

A few days later his uncle "dropped off" at Oragy to see the young newspaper man. This uncle owned a small steel mill at Tinwhig, a would-be rival of Oragy. This mill owner's name never appeared on the front page of any city newspaper, however, because he was not a millionaire, a criminal, or a frenzied financier.

Nephew and uncle related their respective experiences and trials over a hearty meal and then laid bare their optimistic hopes for the future. The nephew told of what he hoped to do for Jimmy and the uncle told of his plans for building up his plant gradually to the point where he could compete for the big markets now monopolized by Lovier. They parted with a glad good-bye and set out for their different fields of labor.

The crash came one hot August evening. Jimmy, returning from work, was hurrying home in order to get ready for his reading lesson under Jack's instruction. He ran in front of a fast freight. Jack delved into his slender bank account to save Jimmy from the Potter's Field and a public grave. The following afternoon Jack's uncle "went to the wall,"—a bankrupt. The funeral notice of Jimmy

Bartelinski occupied four lines on the seventh page of the *Star*, but "the notorious George Young," Jack's uncle, was set forth in two columns on the front page as another of Lovier's unfortunate competitors gone wrong. George Young was a great criminal because he had failed in the business game. Of course, no mention was made of the fact that the Lovier fortune had been built up by methods far more questionable than any that had been tried by George Young. But then the steel magnate owned stock in the Dissociated Press Corporation, and besides the Hon. Mr. Lovier was known to have contributed at least ten thousand dollars to the cause of charity.

Jack's rage at the double insult shown him and his friends heated all of the Scotch fighting blood in his veins. He expected and received a blue envelope because of the fiery article that he wrote in presentation of the obscure facts in the case. He tried to put his story in saleable form and have it printed elsewhere, but even the editors of the *Survey* cast it aside as too radical. Scotchman that he was he continued to fight after the battle was over and his defeat many times registered. He bought a second-hand press and set up a paper for himself. To-day the capitalists of Oragy are receiving free copies of the national organ, *Watkins' Weekly*. Jack's paper has a circulation of two hundred thousand. Besides political "dope" and economic demands it is now running a serial tragedy entitled "The True Story of the Lovier Fortune."

The Resurrection.

BACK fall the guards, stone-visaged in their fright,
And cover o'er their faces with their shields.
Well might they tremble at that dazzling light
Which floods the tomb and gleams across the fields.
What music rides the wafting morning breeze!
What hymns of peace those smiling angels sing!
Yea, e'en the songsters in the verdant trees,
Pay homage to the newly risen King.

Thomas C. Duffy.

Sunset.

NOW red behind their bars of oak,
The golden sunset fires begin to fade,
And tender mists come down to cloak
The meadows with a rosy shade.
Soft and clear, dim and far.
It seems twilight has scarcely stirred
When o'er the lake one silver star
Shines: Night's first unspoken word.

Tim J. Tierney.

Rarer than Honeycomb.

I N the joy-tremulous Easter gloom
The Lord Christ sought the upper room,
Come again with men to roam,
And they gave Him to eat of the honeycomb.

Now when the day is sunk and dim
I knock at His door and come to Him,
On my tongue His Name of angels heard,—
O wild sweet honey of that word! Richard Byrne.

A Memory.

SHE smiled, and from her eyes so blue
 A look of love was given;
 A look so bright, so calm, so true,
 Containing every spectrum hue,
 It promised all of Heaven.

I loved her then, I love her now;
 And never could another
 Replace her in my heart, though thou
 Shouldst cool the fever on my brow.
 You see, she was my mother.

William B. McDonald.

A Failure in Philanthropy.

BY M. J. EARLY.

BY some Gordon Brown may have been said to be a fastidious, dudish, young man. But this was because they were jealous of him. Young Brown was not a dude nor was he fastidious in an odious sense. Of course he dressed in fashion. Men of his class were compelled to. Society demanded it, and young Brown had been born into society. His parents had been members of the city's four hundred, descendants of the old aristocratic patrons. Although not multimillionaires they left their son sufficient capital to enable him to live comfortably as well as to make him a desirable catch for marriageable daughters. Gordon Brown was, all in all, a very likeable chap. Both men and women seemed to be charmed by his personality, and as a consequence he had access to and was in demand in the best homes of New York society. He had one failing, however, which by most real Americans is looked at askance. He did not work, nor had he any ambition. "Why should I?" he often said with a whimsical shrug of his shoulders. "I don't need to. So why worry about cares when I can get along happily without?"

One striking point in his character was his peculiar (to men of his class) and striking sympathy for people of the poorer class. Often and in many diverse places was his philanthropy felt; but in few places was he known as the man of society. He was, however, by no means maudlin in his sympathy; he seemed to take it as a study, and it probably gave him great pleasure.

One Sunday afternoon, contrary to his

custom and the dictates of society, he was strolling along one of the business streets of the city. On a week day it was probably one of New York's busiest thoroughfares, but Sunday had brought its weekly respite. Gordon Brown marveled at himself being there and as he smiled he swung his cane jauntily in circles before him; gazing about with eyes open for anything strange or other than ordinary.

As he reached a corner of a certain street, he spied upon one side of the walk in a sort of aperture made at the junction of two buildings one of New York's most familiar mendicants—a blind pencil-seller. Young Brown stopped and gazed contemplatively at the decrepit individual, with his black oil-cloth sign and rusty tin cup. A wave of sympathy came over him and he went over to the old man, and touched him on the shoulder:

"I say," he said kindly, "this is not a very good day for your business, is it?"

The mendicant started a little, and reassured by the note of kindness in the voice of the questioner answered:

"No, sir, no, not very good, not very good. But I must live and food is dear, very dear. Pencil, sir?"

"No," said the young man; "but I'm willing to help you in another way. I don't need your pencils. Nevertheless, I would like to help you. But do you live far from here?"

"Not far, sir," answered the blind pencil seller. "About two blocks down, and three south. It's not very far for you, sir, but it takes me a long time to walk it. What do you want of me?"

Gordon Brown thought for a moment.

"Well, see here, my good man. I'm willing to help you. I have some little money to spare and would be pleased to assist you if I can. Let's go to where you live."

"All right, sir," said the old man, rising to his feet with difficulty owing to the cramped nature of his position. Then grasping his cane and slipping the tin cup in his pocket, he motioned the young man to follow. Few people were about and Brown did not mind the curious glances directed at the strange pair. He was smiling inwardly at himself and applying to the same object various uncomplimentary epithets. Nevertheless, he determined to see it out, and if the old man were worthy he would help him through the winter.

Presently the blind man feeling cautiously with his cane turned into a dark, forbidding

stairway in one of the back streets, near the Battery. "This way, sir," he said. For a moment young Brown hesitated, then entered.

On the second landing the old man stopped for breath a moment; and then fumbling in his pocket brought forth a key. He opened one of the doors and invited Gordon in. Within was one of the ordinary rooms of an ordinary New York tenement. A stove, a bed, two chairs, a delapidated looking cupboard, a coal box almost empty, a running water faucet, one window, with a half curtain, and an old clock constituted the decorations of the room. Young Brown nodded. It was even worse than the average.

"Well," he said "let us talk this over."

Two hours later, after listening to a very vivid and interesting account of the early history of the old pencil-seller, Gordon Brown swinging his cane as jauntily as ever, strode away from the dark entrance of the tenement, contentment in his heart. He had arranged to help the old man through the winter. He was to buy his coal and pay the rent. So Gordon Brown went home to a luxurious apartment, feeling a warmth around his heart which comes with every good action heartily done.

The winter was almost over. The gods of the zero troop, were drawing a last vigorous blast of snow and sleet across the shivering city. It was a last futile effort before the advance of spring, but it was bitterly cold. As Gordon Brown made his headway, face down before the rush of the wind, he was thinking of the home to which he was going. Late that afternoon Micky Sullivan, urchin son of his washwoman, had brought back Brown's clothes and the news that his mother, Mrs. Sullivan, was sick, and that they had had no food all day.

Brown's sympathetic nature had responded in an instant and he was now fulfilling a promise to visit Mrs. Sullivan that night.

Presently he came to the tenement in which his washwoman lived. The light of the corner lamp shone through the thickly falling snow and Brown noticed the squalidness of the buildings around. Then he entered and was soon knocking at Mrs. Sullivan's door. "Come in," said a weak voice and shaking the snow from his overcoat, Gordon entered. If the building outside looked squalid, this room sure was the acme of poverty. Barely enough furniture to allay the nakedness of four walls filled the room, and in one corner was a homemade tick on

which two children were huddled, Micky and his little sister. The sick woman lay on a bed near the fireless stove.

"Ach, 'tis yourself, Mister Brown. Sure, I didn't expect ye to come. I sez to Micky, a big man like ye had no time for the likes of us." Gordon's heart was touched.

"My dear woman," he said, "you should have let me know of this sooner. I would have been glad to help you."

"Sure, I know you would, Mister Gordon, but things would have been all right, if I hadn't been took sick. Besides Father Kelly has helped me some, but it's little he has, poor man, to give, with so many calling upon him."

"Well, Mrs. Sullivan, I've ordered coal and groceries. They well be here in the morning. I'm very sorry to know you are sick."

"Oh, thank ye, kindly, Master Gordon, but it's a great load you've lifted from me heart. It's the childer there what's worrying me, but now they'll be all right," she moaned a little with pain. Suddenly a heavy footstep was heard outside the door. Then a vigorous knock. Young Brown cast a quizzical look upon the sick woman who had started at the knock. The children had awakened and ran crying to their mother.

"'Tis the landlord," she whispered to Brown, "come for his money. Come in," she cried when the knocking was repeated. Brown slipped into the shadow of a corner.

The door opened and a grizzled, harsh-featured old man entered and shook his snow-covered coat. "Wal," he snarled, "you might have called sooner. Ye'd think you owned this house. He did not see Brown. "Well," he asked the frightened woman, "have you got the money?" "It's overdue now."

"No," answered Mrs. Sullivan weakly, grasping her children more tightly.

"What!" screamed the old man, shaking his gnarled fists in the face of the woman. "Not have my money—" Here Brown interfered.

"That will do, Mr. What-you-may-call-it. I have the money. How much is it?"

The old landlord jumped back as if shot. Then a terrible transformation came over his face. He seemed to grow green and shrivel up. For a moment Brown looked at him puzzled. Then he said:

"By Jove. It's my friend the pencil-seller." Mrs. Sullivan, the rent is paid," and he followed the erstwhile blind man from the room.

To-Day the Rose Is Mine.

BY JAMES WELCH.

TWO simple children played beside a stream
 Down by the wildwood where the sun's white
 gleam
 Brightens the drowsy flowers. One a boy
 In whose young heart a flame of purest joy
 Leaped till it sparkled in his amber eyes.
 And one a maid who watched that flame arise
 And felt it burning in her very cheek
 Whene'er he chanced to look at her and speak.
 She was a happy child of thirteen years,
 Too young for sadness and too sweet for tears;
 Her beauty hung about her like a mist,
 And Purity her smiling lips had kissed.
 So hand in hand beside the stream each noon
 These children wandered in the early June
 When roses breathe deep perfume on the air
 And all the world is rapturously fair.
 He called her "Sister," for they seemed to be
 Of the same mother, Love, who smilingly
 Looked down upon them. She had known no other
 Friend or companion, so she called him "Brother."
 Oft would he twine a wreath of blooms and she
 Would kneel for him in sweet simplicity,
 His crowned queen. Then when the evening came
 In shadows masked, and stole the little flame
 Out of the rose's cheek, the lad would say
 "This robber cannot steal your bloom away,
 For it is in your heart not in your cheek—
 And she would droop her head too joyed to speak.
 But as they tripped along one day, and she
 Had plucked a pretty rosebud from its tree,
 He took it from her hand with look of scorn
 And left in her white palm a cruel thorn.
 She spoke no word but as he drew her near
 He saw upon her lash a silver tear
 That whispered to his heart. And all in vain
 Was her quick smile, for he had felt her pain.
 And as he drew the sharp thorn forth, he said,
 "See, Sister, you have changed its color red.
 Even as the rose is. Many days ago
 You changed the heart within me even so.
 And I had planned that all your days of glee
 Must in the future hours come from me,
 That no wild bloom must ever bring you mirth
 Unless these toiling hands plucked it from earth.
 So all on fire with this wild, boyish thought
 By love's sweet sudden impulse was I brought
 To take the rose away." And saying this
 He healed the wound with ointment of a kiss.

She with the tender feeling of a child
 Looked through the rising tears and bravely smiled
 "Brother," she said, "God made the rose for thee
 And the sharp, thorny stem He formed for me
 Lest I should worthless grow. Perhaps some morn
 He'll give the rose to me, to you the thorn."
 And so the days passed and the year went by
 Until the leaves began to sere and die
 Upon the trees and all the birds went home,
 And cruel winds lashed the blue waves to foam.
 He went away to school across the sea,
 But ere he left her side vowed faithfully
 That he should come for her when gentle May
 Crimsoned the cherry blossoms and the day
 Lingered a while at eve. There was no word
 As these two parted, but the maiden heard
 The beating of his heart, and in her eyes
 That held the glory of the bursting skies,
 He saw the gathering mist, and ere it fell,
 He kissed her trembling lips,—a long farewell.

Six years had moved with uneventful tread
 Over the dreaming country and the dead
 Were sleeping on the hillside in the shade
 Of God's own house where they were gently laid
 By hands that loved them. And each passing day
 A sweet girl robed in white came down to pray
 Beside a little grave that she had made
 For one who under other skies was laid
 In silent rest. For years each morning she
 Had hastened down beside the tumbled sea
 And peered to eastward for a silver sail,
 But only the deep moan and restless wail
 Of the sad ocean fell upon her ears,
 And on its troubled waters fell her tears.
 Six years had passed and then God took away
 The sunshine from her eyes, and night and day
 Were now alike to her. The rose's bloom
 Had changed to blackness, and a heavy gloom
 Lived in her sightless eyes, but in her breast
 The dawn arose and never sank to rest.
 And she had learned the path down to his grave
 By following the hollyhocks that wave
 Beside the little road, and every day
 Kneeling at his small mound she used to pray:
 "Father, if he be dead, oh may he rest
 Like a sweet child upon Thy snowy Breast,
 For he is but a simple, carefree boy,
 Whose heart was made for heaven's holy joy.

And if upon that heart some spot remain
 Thou who hast made me blind strike me again
 And I will bear his punishment, that he
 May know no sorrow in eternity."
 Then as she rose her face was all agleam
 And her large eyes were limpid as a stream
 Reflecting back the sunshine; nor could one
 Know that their sight had gone and that the sun
 Shone black for them. How lightly would she
 move
 Back to her little home where mother's love
 Was waiting to embrace her; for this child
 Spread sunshine through the cottage when she
 smiled.

The Easter sun sent forth a silver spear
 And one by one began to disappear
 The timid stars that twinkled in the deep,
 Blue sky of evening. And the maiden sleep
 Tripped through the golden portals of the West
 To lay her cheek upon some weary breast
 In distant lands. Upon the hillside, lo!
 Another maid with garments like the snow
 Moved toward the little graveyard. On her face
 Was glistening the light of God's white grace
 Which made her like an angel. Straight she moved
 Among the tombstones to a grave she loved.
 And as she knelt wrapped all in holy prayer
 It seemed as though the saints and God were there.
 And quickly to her side from out the trees
 Treading as softly as the evening breeze
 Came a tall youth whose eyes were red from tears;
 For he had been a prisoner for years
 In distant lands. And he had dreamed that she
 Would meet him only in eternity.
 He bent above her gently and it seemed
 To his long exiled spirit that he dreamed
 Of happy childhood. Once again, a boy,
 He walked the fields with her and saw wild joy
 Sweep past them in the dusk. He heard her song
 Whose happy melody had lingered long
 In his sad heart. Then suddenly the fear
 That all he loved on earth might disappear
 Rushed in upon his soul. And bending low
 He would have laid his hand upon the snow
 Of her white brow, had he not heard her pray
 "Father, if he be dead, O gently lay
 His head upon Thy Breast." Ah, well he knew
 That now at last the vision had come true.
 "Sister," he sobbed, and as the tender flowers
 Turn to the morning sun that seeks their bowers
 She trembling turned like a wind-shaken rose
 And on his throbbing bosom sought repose.
 How useless words to souls long kept apart!

They wept, and in their tears heart spoke to heart.
 And when the first wild rush of joy had died,
 He told her he had come to claim his bride,
 Pictured for her the sorrows he had known
 In other lands; but one sorrow alone
 He made her know he would not bear again
 Until dim death should cut their hearts in twain.
 "But you have come," she said, "thinking that I
 Still see the fleecy clouds in the gray sky
 And know the color of each wayside bloom,
 When in my eyes lives only midnight's gloom.
 I am an infant groping through the ways
 Of this dark world, a trouble all my days
 To those I should have helped. But you are young
 With all life's sweetest melodies unsung,
 You shall not waste so sweet a life on me.
 Think of me as of old I used to be
 Upon the river bank or in the glade
 Where all the little plans of youth were laid.
 And sometimes in the evening when the sun
 Encrimsons all the sky, dream of the one
 Who felt the joy and sorrow of your heart
 And for your sake was not afraid to part
 With all she ever loved. She ceased to speak,
 But like a torrent down upon her cheek
 Came the warm tears that soothed the pang of
 grief
 And brought the broken-hearted child relief.
 He folded her unto his breast and lo!
 She seemed as fragile as a flake of snow
 That vanishes when touched. Her breath was
 warm
 Against his cheek, but in her heart a storm
 Of grief surged like the billows of the sea.
 "Sister," he said, "my happiness shall be
 To lead you step by step across the years;
 To know your joys, to feel your passing fears.
 Within your sightless eyes I shall behold
 The morning sunrise and the evening gold
 Upgathered in the West. And when at night
 The moon shall deluge us with silver light
 Your eyes like pools of Hecuba shall be
 The mirrors that reflect all heaven to me."
 Then peace fell softly on her troubled breast
 And in his arms she found the quiet rest
 She long had yearned for. Ah, she dreamed of
 days
 In the dim past, and knew in what strange ways
 God leads His children gently where He wills
 And by a word life's raging tempest stills.
 "Never has maiden known a greater bliss,"
 She sighed. "Oh, I have waited long for this.
 No happier day has dawned since I was born.
 To-day the rose is mine; and your's the thorn."

Christ's Love.

IN shadowed Gethsemane garden
Now when night is dim,
Christ comes; and the nightingales
Have songs alone for Him.

And the white rose and the crimson
All down their bending rows,
Lean close to touch His clasped hands,
And whisper as He goes:

"He felt, ere a rose was blowing,
Pricks of the twisted thorn,
The nails, and the warm blood flowing;
Yet knowing this He was born."

T. J. T.

Rosie Was Right.

BY RICHARD D. DALEY.

WOLFE EFFLEHEIM was a successful, prosperous looking, rough, unpolished Jew. He had come from Russia twenty years ago, a poor boy with only one suit of clothes and no money. He found America "the land of the free," not a place where gold might be picked up on the street, as he had supposed, but a place where the precious metal was hard to get and harder to hold. He found no friends to welcome him and make life more pleasant. Instead, he had to live in a squalid tenement and work in an attic sweatshop, where trousers were made to sell for \$2.00. (His pay amounted to fifty cents a day, some days.) After a hard struggle he had succeeded; and now, twenty years since first he had beheld the Statue of Liberty, he owned a good-sized factory, where the latest fashions in women's clothes, "direct from Paris," could be bought at a reasonable price, ten per cent off for cash.

The Wolfe Effleheim Company, garment makers, was having a busy season. All the garment cutters, tailors, and office force were busy and in a very bad humor. Wolfe Effleheim himself was busy and in a happy mood. And it was only natural that he should be happy, for had not a dozen buyers from the Middle Western towns told him that he was showing the best fall line of goods in the city of New York? When business is good there is no happier man in the whole city of five million people than Effleheim, as his wife Rosie and his

daughter Rebecca well knew, and that is the reason they were in his office asking him to buy them a new touring car, with limousine top, for the next winter's use.

"That's all right, Rosie dear," said Wolfe, "Go right down and pick it out, the kind you want. Business is good."

Mrs. Effleheim was a large woman, almost as large as her husband, with small black eyes and dark skin. She was blessed with a pleasing smile, and knew how and when to use it. Now, she beamed on her husband, thanking him for permission to buy the automobile. She lingered a while, and Wolfe knew that there was something else that Rosie wanted. He said nothing about it, for he knew that she was thoroughly capable of thinking up things for which to ask.

"Wolfe, there is a young Russian Jewish boy who is coming to see you this afternoon and he wants a job. Now for my sake give it to him, and for my daughter's sake."

"For my daughter's sake? What has my daughter got to do with it?" And Wolfe shrugged his shoulders, as if he could see no connection between his daughter and a strange Jewish boy.

"Because he has been calling on Rebba lately and has been taking her around quite a bit," replied his wife.

"If he has money to burn up taking girls around to caberet dances, then why should I be charitable and give him a job. No, Rosie. I am a charitable man and I have a reputation for helping poor Jewish boys that come over to this country from Russia without money or friends, looking to find money growing on blackberry bushes, but I can't help any society dancers get rich quick."

What he spoke was true, for ever since he became possessor of much of this world's goods he had found work for hundreds of such boys, and had taken many of them into his own establishment. Indeed, it was his boast that nearly every man in his place had come from Russia a poor boy and would have probably starved to death had it not been for Wolfe Effleheim. He had refused help to all kinds of charity except this, which was his hobby.

Rosie pleaded with her husband to give this boy a chance and was about to break into tears when Wolfe yielded.

"All right, Rosie, I'll see what I can do for him." And Mrs. Effleheim went away happy.

That night at the dinner table Rosie asked

Wolfe if he had given the boy a position. To which question he frowned.

"Yes, I gave him a position, but I didn't want to do it. Rosie, I don't like that feller's looks. He said his name was Meier Winkleman and that he comes from Kiev district in Russia, the same where my mother used to live. But I do not believe that he ever saw Russia. My assistant bookkeeper quit me this afternoon before this young feller came in and I went and gave him the job. But I don't like his looks."

Nothing more was said about this young Jewish fellow from Russia until about a week later when Wolfe rushed into his house about three-thirty in the afternoon, all excited. Large beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead. Rosie came running to meet him.

"Rosie, that scallywag Winkleman what you talked me into hiring, has run away and took with him five hundred dollars of my money." Hardly had he finished speaking when he sank into a chair exhausted.

Mrs. Effleheim became as excited as her husband, and it was some time before one could get the other to speak intelligibly.

"Winkleman and my other bookkeeper are both missing. They went out together for lunch and neither one of them don't show up, so I sent for the police and they are looking for them now. But ooie-ooie! I know that they can never find that pair of tramps. And to think that Cohen—the other bookkeeper—was with me for five years and was always honest until that goniff Winkleman should come along and put such notions into his head." Wolfe's hands were working violently in all directions.

"If it wasn't for you, Rosie, we would be just five hundred dollars richer right now than we are anyway. A woman has no place mixing up in a man's business ever. It's all your fault."

"Why my fault?" complained the wife. "Always it is my fault when something goes wrong. When it goes right, it is never my fault."

"Why shouldn't it be your fault?" argued the excited Wolfe. "If it was not for you I would not have hired the bum. I told you that I didn't like that feller's looks at the start, but no, you should have your own way all the time!" Stopping to get a little breath, he went on. "When I see that fellow, I knew he was crooked. And I do not believe his right name is Winkleman or that he comes from Russia. No Russian Jewish boy would ever act such a way."

That night at ten o'clock, as the Effleheim family was sitting in their living room, all silent, the telephone bell rang. Wolfe went to answer it, and soon the folks heard him drop the receiver and he came rushing into the room.

"Rosie, bring me my hat and coat. I just get word from the police that those two robbers have been captured in Albany and I am going down now to the police station to see about it." Before his wife could say a word he was out of the door and on his way down town.

"Let me tell you," said Wolfe to the chief. "I don't care about prosecuting one of them bums what took the money, but I want to see Winkleman get a hundred years in jail. And besides, I just want to see and feel him. Where is he?"

"But from the telegram that came from the Albany police this Winkleman is not guilty of taking your money." Wolfe's mouth opened in wonderment at these words of the chief.

"It seems that Winkleman became suspicious of the other fellow's actions this morning, and seeing him take a suitcase out to lunch with him, he followed. Cohen boarded a train and so did Winkleman. Reaching Albany, this Winkleman called a policeman and had the bookkeeper arrested." When the chief had finished talking, Effleheim stood as if in a trance, silent, dumbfounded.

Hurrying home to his wife he told her all about the strange arrest in a language half English and half Jewish. He always talked that way when pleasantly excited.

"I knew that Meier Winkleman was a fine boy and that he would not stoop to do a low down trick like rob a person," said Rosie, when he had finished the story.

"So did I!" agreed Wolfe. "I always said he was a bright feller."

Ver.

AT last the winter snows depart,
And nature plies her magic art;
Beneath her touch the barren scene
Becomes a bed of fervent green,
And springtime thrills each human heart.
The sap flows fresh within the trees,
Their branches swaying in the breeze.
New life springs up in place of death,
And fanned by springtime's fragrant breath
The buds burst forth, man's soul to please.

Clifford O'Sullivan.

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—Even as last year at Easter, so now one's mind almost irresistibly turns to war-suffering Europe, with this vast difference, however, that while last year, attention was drawn to the horrors of war and the opposition of race-hatred to the charity of the gospel, now one views a beginning of new and almost sublime things. Religion and patriotism have sprung up with new life from a thousand battlefields,—the eagles on one standard have been shaken to the four winds with the blessing and acknowledgment of religion; one great nation has turned back in a mighty wave to the faith it buffeted and spat upon a few years ago; a young man dying of sunstroke off the windy plains of Troy has stirred by his verses the patriotism of an empire. Observing this movement some philosophers have asked: "What can mean this marvelous stirring of new life? Is the race in the throes of some new birth, is humanity an imprisoned god struggling to free himself from the marble where the sculptor has left him half-released?" And with clasped hands and a stifled yawn these easy-chair savants conclude that this phenomena is only another evolution of the cosmos,—only another movement toward greater perfection. But the Catholic,—from the university professor to the man in the street—sees all this with different eyes. He knows that just as truly as Christ died and rose again from the dead, glorious and undying, so now that thousands on thousands of individuals comprising nations, have been scourged back to God by affliction, and that expiating their personal sins through suffering they have risen out of themselves

to greater things. This the Catholic sees because he knows the dignity and privilege human nature received in the Incarnation. Moreover, he sees that glorious as this earthly resurrection is for the race, well-nigh immortal as are the scars each nation will bear to future ages, that only the glory of the individual soul is truly endless, truly immeasurable. For he sees that even as did Christ, so the individual shall one day instead of this corruptible body, now suffering and wounded, put on incorruption; that this mortal flesh must put on immortality.

—If Macaulay's super-sophisticated New Zealander ever forsakes the crumbling arch of a ruined London bridge, to delve among fossilized remains of extinct American **The Easter** journalism, he will no doubt arrive **Imbeciles.** at the conclusion that the sole significance of Easter in the United States was that of a glorified "Fashion Week." Easter styles this year are variously described as "chic," "smart," "daring," and "fetching." "Chic," they are. Absence of dyes, absence of certain European fabrics and a dearth of conservative horror, have made them "chic," which same is a delicate French synonym for conspicuous absence where old-fashioned ideals would demand an obvious presence. Skirts now extend to the shoe tops, and the shoe tops, remembering the historic episode of Mahomet and the mountain, are emulating Mahomet's immortal precedent by taking all the initiative. The allusion to the "smartness" of Easter styles, would be more properly descriptive of the trade that has the unutterable effrontery to charge people good money for same, and actually "get away with it." "To thine own self be true," said some bard who didn't know how he was going to be taken up on the matter. Much of the costuming now held in reserve for the joyous Eastertide, like Nell Brinkley's renowned pen sketches, does about as much self-effacing in favor of the ultimate ego, as discretion and the police will permit. But it is certainly "fetching." It has fetched Dad, as usual, to the brink of insolvency. He probably will lack the means to blossom forth himself, in any new eye-shocking habiliments. So he will content himself with being merely "hick" and despairing, while mother and sister are "chic" and "daring." Sonny has a belted back effect to boast. The corrugations are probably designed

along scientific principles of stressage, to reinforce a rather uncertain backbone. The headgear continues true to form in that it is indescribable, unutterable and "deliciously feminine"—which may mean anything or nothing. Women's hats are always "creations." The philological logic of the thing is splendid. "To create" in its primal signification, is to make something out of nothing. Three or four acute angles of nothingness, reinforced by wire, and ornamented by a few ribbons or feathers shot off on a tangent, is as near "creation" as adamantean metaphysical fact will permit. Time has been when Easter pictures found "seasonal color" in depicting, prayerful assemblages or youthful choristers with eyes lifted seraphically heavenward. Now Easter is typified by a blase young man in a belted jacket, being towed down the street by a Russian wolfhound, while a young lady with correct fashion-plate features, and "hegira-style" boots, occupies the middle distance in the process of climbing into a rakish roadster wherein sits another vacuum-faced young man labelled "The Fake-Fontaine"—"One of Our Smartest Models for Young and Other Feeble-Minded Men."

Such being the spirit of the age, we join with the multitude in assailing the obsolescent practice of church-going on Easter morning. It is essentially an outworn ceremony. Dad, with reviving memories of his boyhood days when Easter meant something beside a raid on regal raiment, the impecunious future to face, may still find solace in prayer. But Sonny with the belted back, and mother and sister looking fully as fetching as a circus parade, and enjoying all the rainbow ecstasies of a confiscated coal tar dye exhibit in a pure food scandal, cannot be expected to wax prayerful. It requires all their savoir faire to continue "chic" in the splendidly Christian hope of making all the baffled competition sick from sheer envy.

Obituary.

MR. WILFRID WARD.

We announce with profound regret the death of Wilfrid Ward, who passed away at his home in England a short time ago.

Wilfrid Ward was one of the great men of his generation. The son of "Ideal" Ward, one of the heroic figures of the Oxford Movement,

Wilfrid Ward achieved a distinction in letters which surpassed even that of his illustrious father. His services to religion are memorable, and his death is a severe loss to the Church.

Wilfrid Ward was a devoted friend to Notre Dame. He wrote in the *Dublin Review*, of which he was editor, a remarkable tribute to our Alma Mater. For two successive years he appeared as a lecturer at the University, and last year particularly spent a considerable time at Notre Dame and became closely attached to the Faculty and students.

We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul!

Debating.

The debating schedule for the present year includes dual debates with St. Viator's College on Tuesday, April 25, and with Drake University of Des Moines, Iowa, on Thursday, April 27. In the first debate our negative team will visit St. Viator's at Kankakee, Illinois, while our affirmative team will make the trip to Des Moines. This arrangement provides all the speakers with the opportunity of contesting before both home and foreign crowds.

The men have been working hard for some time in preparation as close contests are expected in all four debates. The teams at present are handicapped by inexperience, as only one man has ever participated in a collegiate debate. To partly overcome this difficulty, they will meet in a preliminary debate at St. Mary's Academy next Tuesday afternoon.

The personnel of the teams is as follows: Affirmative, Timothy Galvin, Francis Hurley, DeWald McDonald, and Oscar Dorwin, the last two speakers alternating in the two debates; Negative, Bernard Voll, John Lemmer, and Michael Mulcaire. In the final contest to select the debaters, cash prizes were awarded to Timothy Galvin, Bernard Voll, John Lemmer, and Michael Mulcaire, the men finishing in the order named.

Personals.

—Robert W. Staley (A. B., '74) has removed from St. Louis, Missouri, to U. S. Engineer Office, Jacksonville, Florida.

—Mr. Forest Fletcher ('07-'11) is Assistant Physical Director at Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia. Since leaving Notre Dame four years ago, Mr. Fletcher has

taught in the State Normal School of Utah and in the high school at Mitchell, South Dakota, before taking up his present work at Washington and Lee two years ago. He is an instructor in the gymnasium and is coach for track and swimming.

—Members of the graduating class who wish to secure teaching positions for the school year beginning next September may get into communication with A. E. Brown, Headmaster, Harrisburg Academy, Harrisburg, Pa.

—Simon Ercile Twining (Ph. B., '13), instructor in Economics in the University of Indiana, has been awarded a fellowship in the Department of Economics and Social Institutions in the Graduate School of Princeton University.

Old Students' Hall

Subscriptions to April 16, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

Student from Far West	\$500.00
A. A. McDonell, '00	250.00
Robert Anderson, '83	200.00
Joseph Lantry, '07	200.00
George O'Brien, '90	100.00
Vitus Jones, '02	100.00
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, '14	100.00
W. A. Duffy, '08	100.00
Rev. Thomas Cleary, '09	50.00
Fred Stewart, '12	50.00
Jay Lee, '12	50.00
Walter Duncan, '12	50.00
Alfred Vignos, '95	10.00
Mark Duncan, '15	5.00
Hiram Halliday, '06	5.00

The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC:

Samuel T. Murdock, '86	\$2000.00
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68	1000.00
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75	1000.00
M. F. Healy, '89	1000.00
John C. Shea, '98	1000.00
Clement C. Mitchell, '02	1000.00
Byron V. Kanaley, '04	1000.00
Rev. John Dinnen, '65	500.00
Warren A. Cartier, '87	500.00
Stephen B. Fleming, '90	500.00
Thomas Hoban, '99	500.00
Angus D. McDonald, '00	500.00
William A. McNerny, '01	500.00
Joseph M. Byrne, '14	500.00
Cassius McDonald, '04	500.00
William P. Breen, '77	500.00
Robert Sweeney, '03	250.00

John H. Fendrich, '84	250.00
John Eggeman, '00	250.00
James F. Kennedy, '94	200.00
Louis C. M. Reed, '98	200.00
Francis O'Shaughnessy, '00	200.00
Joseph J. Sullivan, '02	200.00
G. A. Farabaugh, '04	200.00
Maximilian St. George, '08	120.00
Mark M. Foote, '73	100.00
Patrick J. Houlihan, '92	100.00
E. J. Maurus, '93	100.00
Thomas J. Swantz, '04	100.00
H. G. Hogan, '04	100.00
Harold P. Fisher, '06	100.00
John B. Kanaley, '09	100.00
James F. Hines, '09	100.00
John B. McMahon, '09	100.00
Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp, '14	100.00
Rev. John M. Byrne, '00	100.00
J. H. Gormley, '03	100.00
Thomas O'Neill, '13	100.00
Robert E. Proctor, '04	100.00
John F. O'Connell, '13	100.00
Frank C. Walker, '09	100.00
Rev. Gilbert Jennings, '08	100.00
A. J. Major, '86	50.00
Charles Vaughan, '14	50.00
Stephen H. Herr, '10	50.00
J. N. Antoine, '70	50.00
Henry Hess, '82	25.00
Dr. E. M. McKee, '06	25.00
Robert B. Gottfredson, '13	25.00
James R. Devitt, '13	20.00
Claude S. Moss, '95	5.00

Local News.

—Eight more weeks.

—The Glee Club sang at Dowagiac, Mich., last night, under the auspices of the Elks. On the 27th the club will go to Fort Wayne for two performances.

—Anyone who wishes to sing in the Commencement chorus may report at Washington Hall after dinner Sunday, when the second rehearsal will be held.

—Aside from the high quality of the lectures delivered by Professor Van Noppen during the week the men of the University felt honored in having him spend so much of his time on the campus.

—President Royal Bosshard has called a meeting of the Class of 1917 for next Monday evening. This will be the first gathering of the Diamond Jubilee graduating class this year. Some important matters are to be taken up.

—The snake dance and the vigorous cheering that marked the opening of the baseball season Wednesday showed a revival of the "old

pepper" (not copyrighted). The band greatly helped the cause along, while Joe Gargan's assistant cheer-leaders kept the boys in good humor.

—The Easter recess will extend from Friday afternoon until Tuesday night, at which time all are expected to be at the University. The Day Students' dinner dance on Easter Monday is the only University event to take place on that day.

—Edgar Selwyn in a picturization of his own play, "The Arab," was Saturday night's feature in Washington Hall. The film is thoroughly interesting, and the scenic effects are splendid. Theodore Roberts, as the Turkish governor, is exquisitely cruel and treacherous.

—The director of the Department of Botany extends his thanks to Mr. B. F. Bush, of Courtney, Mo., for the donation to the University of about one hundred plants. Mr. Bush has on former occasions been a benefactor, and his valuable donations are duly appreciated.

—Twenty-six Brownson Hall students were charged with no demerits during the school year before April 1, 1916, and are therefore entitled to day permissions until 7:30 o'clock, Sundays excepted. Such permissions will be withdrawn, however, in case demerits are acquired in the future.

—The concert of the Chicago Male Quartet, Wednesday night, April 12th, was highly enjoyable. The company's selections were notably better than those of most quartets, and were rendered in an artistic manner. The encores, mostly of a humorous character, were particularly pleasing to the student audience. The Chicago Male Quartet is composed of first-class singers and would, we think, be able to entertain any audience.

—Wednesday, April 5th, the third picture featuring John Barrymore was shown in Washington Hall. In Leo Ditrichstien's famous farce, "Are You a Mason?" the star again depicts the amusing antics of a gentleman in his cups, which piece of acting seems to be a *sine qua non* of the Barrymore comedies.

Maclyn Arbuckle in "It's no Laughing Matter" was presented Saturday night. This film is a sort of picturized "Pippa Passes," wherein the village postmaster goes about performing kind acts, speaking kind words, and writing painful verses, while his wife waits supper. Whoever selected the title was really

too modest and unassuming, as the supper scene is actually funny.

—Seven men were invested with the first degree by the Knights of Columbus in the council room Tuesday evening. They are: Charles Sheehan, Clarence J. Kline, William Susen, Ward Perrott, J. O'Sullivan, Daniel E. Kaufman, and William J. Perron.

Nearly the entire membership of the local council witnessed the initiation work and enjoyed the smoker and luncheon that followed, as well as the splendid singing of Ward Perrott and the music of the abridged Collegians' Orchestra. It was announced that the initiation of the second and third degree candidates will take place in South Bend on May 7. More than forty will be initiated at that time. The Knights will entertain at a dance in the Oliver Hotel on May 3. Grand Knight Joseph Smith, Timothy Galvin, and E. Vincent Mooney will represent the Notre Dame council at the State Convention in Lafayette next month.

—The lectures given last week by Professor Leonard C. Von Noppen, Queen Wilhelmina Lecturer of Columbia University, treated of a phase of literature with which very few of us were acquainted. Nor could our first knowledge of the writers of Holland have come from a better source. The Professor's treatment of his subject is thorough and masterly. His English abounds in beautiful figures, and the expedient of reading Dutch poems in the original, and then the translations, produces an effect that is highly effective as well as instructive.

In Monday's lecture the Renaissance in the Netherlands was considered. The speaker outlined the lives and works of the various poets and masters of the arts that flourished in that country during the mediaeval period of the awakening of wholesome curiosity. Tuesday's talk was devoted to Vondel, the Dutch Shakespeare, special attention being given to his "Lucifer." To this masterpiece, the Professor stated, Milton is much indebted for the plot, incidents and characterization of "Paradise Lost."

The third lecture treated of the "Modern Dutch Poets." Many of them "dashed off their greatest works in a few months" while still attending the universities of Holland. Professor Von Noppen concluded the admirable series on Friday with an address to the Junior and Senior English classes.

Opener a Thriller.

Wisconsin took us into camp in the opening game of the season by the score of 1 to 0 and the score gives a good idea of the closeness of the fray although the Varsity men seemed to have the edge on the visitors at that, for the Badgers got but three hits and the Gold and Blue men got a total of 7. Five Notre Dame men were thrown out at the plate, and but three Wisconsin men got as far as third, the man who scored, and two others who got on after two were out.

In almost every inning there was a chance for the Varsity to score and the closeness of the plays at the plate kept up the enthusiasm of the local fans throughout the contest. The game was won by the visitors in the fourth inning when Meyers dropped Wolfe's perfect throw on Levis' grounder. Pederson forced him at second, stole second and scored on Simpson's Texas leaguer to left. Swede then struck out the next two batters and the scoring for the day was over. In the eighth Slaby got as far as third with two down but died there when Spalding made a clever catch of Simpson's hot liner.

The first chance the Varsity had to score was in the second inning when Spalding got to second when Luebchow dropped his fly. Keenan walked and Edgren made an infield hit, but Spalding was out trying to score on the play. The play at the plate was close and Tom might have scored if he had slid into the plate. Several times after the run was scored the Varsity came close to tying it up, but all the runners were caught at the plate. Elward and Jerry Jones were both caught trying to score from second on singles by good throws from Ross and McDonald who replaced Luebchow after the latter had dropped two flies. Jake Kline was caught trying to score from third on an infield tap with one out and in the last of the ninth Keenan was caught at the plate when he tried to score from second on Elward's blow to center. Ross made another good throw and Kloser made another pretty stop, ending the game. Kloser played a great game, handling all the throws to the plate with great accuracy and allowing no stolen bases.

The Varsity although beaten looked extremely good, hitting in the pinches and fielding, with the exception of Meyer's bobble, to perfection.

Kline, Wolfe, and Spalding handled everything that came their way cleanly and got the ball away with a speed and accuracy seldom seen in college baseball. Kline made a nice stop and throw on a slow roller down the third base line that looked good for a hit and the other men made plays that bordered on the sensational.

Edgren started the game and while he was in the Badgers looked helpless. When they hit the ball at all it was a feeble attempt and developed into a slow one to some part of the infield. In the three innings in which he pitched, there was but one hit made off him and that was of the scratch variety. The first man had walked, the next hit to Spalding as he was coming in to cover first on an expected bunt, and as Chief had run in for a bunt there was no one to cover first. This allowed a man on first and second with no one out. The next one bunted to Edgren who by a fast play threw the man out at third. He fanned the next batter and the last man flew out to Jones.

Georgé Murphy then went into the box and pitched an excellent game, giving but two hits in six innings. One run was made while he was in but it was the result of an error and was not his fault. The pitching of these two new men gives us much hope for the season, for there will be few who can see them

N. DAME	R	H	P	A	E	WISCONSIN	R	H	P	A	E
Wolf, ss	0	2	0	2	0	Slaby,	0	0	3	3	0
Elward, cf.	0	2	0	0	0	Reese, rf	0	0	0	0	0
Kline, 3b	0	1	1	3	0	Levis, 3b	1	0	2	4	0
Meyers, 1b	0	1	1	1	1	Ped'son, ss	0	0	3	3	0
Jones, lf	0	1	3	0	0	Simps'n, 1b	0	1	7	2	0
Motts, rf	0	1	0	0	0	Ross, cf	0	0	1	2	0
Ward, rf	0	0	0	0	0	L'bchow, lf	0	0	0	0	2
Spld'g, 2b	0	0	3	3	0	M'Donld, lf	0	0	1	0	0
Keenan, c	0	0	8	0	0	Kloser, c	0	1	10	2	0
Edgren, p	0	0	0	1	0	Brann, p	0	1	0	1	0
Murphy, p	0	0	1	4	0	Cusick,	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	8	27	14	1		1	3	27	17	2

NOTRE DAME 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
WISCONSIN 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0—1

Two base hit—J. Jones. Stolen bases—Slaby, Pederson, Simpson. Hits—Off Edgren, 1 in 3 innings; off Brann, 4 in 4 1-3 innings. Struck out—Edgren, 3; Murphy, 5; Brann, 2; Cusick, 2. Umpire—Fitzpatrick

Badgers also Take Second.

Just to prove that their first win was no fluke or streak of luck, Wisconsin came back and beat us the second game of their two-game series by good baseball. The game was won in

the ninth inning by good hitting and clever base stealing. The Varsity were leading 2 to 1 when the last frame started; but Slaby, the first man up soaked a wallop to the tackling dummy for one of the longest two-base hits ever seen on Cartier Field; a good recovery by Jones and an excellent whip to third by Elward saved the drive from going for a triple. Slim Walsh then fanned Levis and Pederson fled to Jones. Simpson then spoiled our whole afternoon with the same kind of a hit he made Wednesday when he sent home the lone tally of that game. It was a Texas Leaguer behind third and Slaby raced home with the tying run. Simpson went to second on the throw in, took third on a wild pitch and then stole home on the next ball pitched, while Andres momentarily juggled the ball.

Notre Dame drew first blood in the second inning, when with two out, Mooney was safe when he slid into first ahead of Simpson who had fumbled his grounder and recovered it too late. Spalding then busted one to deep center for a triple, scoring Mooney for the first run of the game.

The Badgers came back in the sixth and pushed one over when with one out, Reese walked, was forced at second by Slaby who stole second. Levis then got a safe blow and Slaby counted the tying run.

In the last half of the same inning the Varsity again went into the lead. Chief Meyers lost one in the left field and by the time Luebchow pulled it loose from the boards in the fence Chief was bending over the water bucket having made the circuit before the ball hit the ground. That was the end of the scoring until the ninth when the old man jinx put in his appearance.

N.DAME	R	H	P	A	E	WISCON.	R	H	P	A	E
Wolfe, ss	0	2	1	7	0	Reese, rf	0	1	0	0	0
Elward, cf	0	0	0	0	0	Slaby, 2b	2	1	0	2	0
Kline, 3b	0	0	1	2	0	Levis, 3b	0	1	0	1	0
Meyers, 1b	1	1	14	0	0	P'd'rson, ss	0	1	3	2	0
Jones, lf	0	0	3	0	0	Si'pson, 1b	1	1	11	0	1
Mooney, rf	1	0	0	1	1	Ross, cf	0	0	2	0	0
Spalding 2b	0	2	2	4	0	L'bchow, lf	0	0	4	0	0
Andres, c	0	0	6	0	0	Kloser, c	0	0	7	1	0
Walsh, p	0	0	0	1	0	Moon, p	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	2	5	27	15	1		3	5	27	9	1

WISCONSIN 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2—3

NOTRE DAME 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2

Two base hits—Slaby. Three base hits—Spalding. Home run—Meyers. Stolen bases—Wolfe, Slaby, Simpson. Struck out—By Moon, 6; by Walsh, 6. Bases on balls—Off Walsh, 2. Umpire—Fitzpatrick.

Safety Valve.

HOW TO MAKE A CHRISTMAS STORY SUITABLE FOR EASTER.

It was a biting cold day. The ground was white from the recent snows that had fallen, and the wind whistled sharply as it swept over the frozen plains. The trees looked bare and lonely, their boughs being dotted with icicles, which glistened in the sunshine. The people as they trudged home from the city weighted down under a burden of bundles proclaimed to all who saw them that the next day would be Christmas.

It was a soft balmy day. The ground was green with the young succulent grass, and the sweet zephyrs crooned gently as they tripped lightly over the fields. The trees were covered with a wealth of verdure which seemed to drink in the sunshine. The women as they hurried from the city carrying hat boxes proclaimed to all who met them that the next day would be Easter.

No other change need be made until the hero dies. Then Pneumonia should be changed to Typhoid Fever.

WONDER IF SHE HIT IT?

Mrs. Irma K. Howard committed suicide by shooting at a local hotel to-night.—Chicago Tribune.

"LIGHT OCCUPATIONS" AT N. D.

Waiting for the waiter to bring in an order of fried chicken for supper.

Trying to get plots for short stories out of a Solid Geometry text book.

Waiting for change in the Students' Office.

Buying on credit at Bro. Leopold's Store.

Adding up the joys of a prefect.

Counting the night permissions in Lent.

Finding the easy questions in a Physics exam.

Waiting for the Carroll Hall band to make music.

Looking for a change in the Sunday dinner menu.

Waiting for the St. Mary's girls to give a dance for the Notre Dame students.

The other day a man got off the Niles car at the St. Mary's Crossing and placing his heavy suit-case on the platform he entered the little soap box called a station. He was seen to come to the door several times and look about the platform. Finally one of the students noticed him and walked over to him. "I've a heavy suit-case," the stranger said to him, "and I'm waiting for the station-master to have him deliver it for me." This suggests another "light occupation."—Looking for the station master at St. Mary's Crossing.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF CHILDREN.

(With no apologies to the Chicago Tribune.)

Robert, age four years, was playing on the front porch with a can opener. He had just been dressed up in a neat little white suit and wore a large pink tie. His uncle fearing that Robert might cut himself with the can opener said to him, "That's a nice boy, Robert, give uncle that opener and he will give you a kiss."

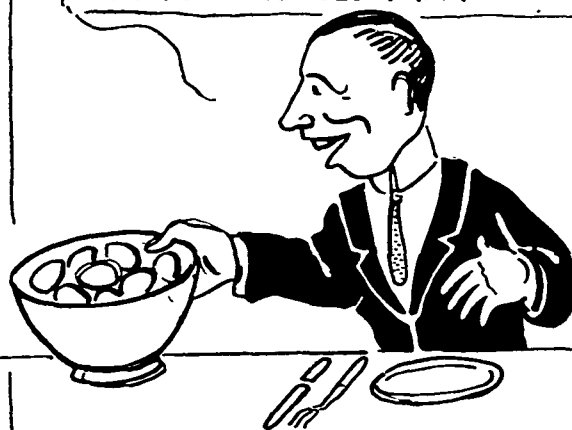
"Go to Hell," said Robert.

EASTER MOURN

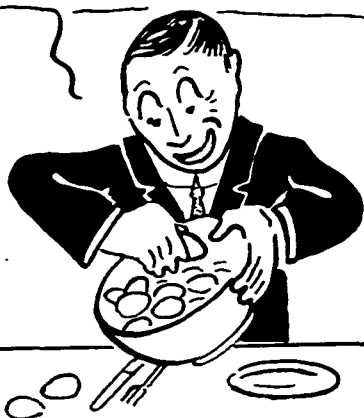
EGGS FOR BREAKFAST, EH? WELL, THAT'S SOMETHING LIKE! NOTHING I LOVE MORE THAN BOILED EGGS - NEVER GET ENOUGH OF 'EM - C'MON, LIL' SPEED UP THERE!



AHA, AT LAST - NOW FOR A REAL EASTER BREAKFAST - EGGS, EGGS, EGGS, YUM, YUM I COULD EAT A DOZEN - MAKES ME HOME-SICK FOR THE OLD FARM -



I'LL JUST TAKE THREE TO START ON - THEY CERTAINLY LOOK GOOD - COULDN'T GET A BETTER BREAKFAST ANYWHERE THAN THIS - YUM-YUM-YUM!!!



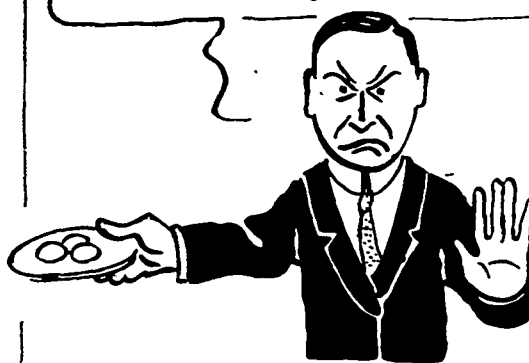
AH - GLORIOUS ORB - GOLDEN EASTER EGG - IT'S A SHAME TO BREAK YOUR FRAGILE SHELL - HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU ARE! I WONDER HOW MANY OF YOU I CAN EAT!



?



BAH! SOMETHING IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE!



RAY HUMPHREYS