*********************** SEVENTY-THREE" BY NORMAN HAMPTON

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Ralph Bawn had made out a pretty fair summer after all. Looking back to the dread with which he had regarded the season, he felt inclined to make merry over his own pessimism.

To the fellow who is working his way through college the vacation period is veritable having time. Then it is he must lay up something for the winter season pending the arrival at college of some hopeless dubs in need of coaching. Many a young chap similarly situated is grateful to secure a post as waiter at a mountain or seaside resort but Bawn was more fortunate. A knowledge of telegraphy had given him the post of day operator at the Prospect House, and his college affiliations had secured a social standing which the ordinary member of the army of telegraphers could not hope to attain.

Bawn had been the star member of the athletic association at his "prep" school and had won an enviable reputation on the college grounds. Moreover, he had a fine, muscular figure, clear blue eyes and hair that waved just enough to create envy in the breasts of more than one young woman subject to curling irons and kindred devices. He distributed his favors fairly until

Edith Cummings arrived at the Prospect House, after which the remainder of the young women spent the time once devoted to his society in wondering what he saw in "that Cummings girl." Yet the ('ummings girl was the sort to catch the fancy of any up to date man. She could ride, row, sail and play golf. A mountain climb held | iar form. It was Bawn, and, like herno terrors for her, and her erect car- | self, he was alone. riage and clear, healthy complexion were but the happy reflection of the free, pure life she led.

The simplicity of her gowns and her democratic bearing deceived Bawn, who never dreamed that her father was a Chicago millionaire many times over. And, further, when she betrayed



this was rejected with fine scorn, and **BEUNION WITH ROME** as Edith moved away from the desk she remarked that an engagement to go rowing would be indefinitely postponed. Then, womanlike, she fied to her room and spent the rest of the afternoon in tears.

That evening she went to the boat landing alone and, selecting a light boat, set out for a solitary row. She paddled about the lake for awhile, thinking of the trips she and Ralph had enjoyed, then with a sudden determination started away from shore. Bawn had told her that he had stuck on a sand bar at Plum island, in the from the hotel. Edith decided that she would look at the Plum island sand bar herself and make certain that there

was absolutely no foundation for Bawn's tale. She found relief from her vexed feelings in the exercise, and, setting her

course for the island, she pulled lustily. She did not realize what progress boat had stopped-on the same bank! She reversed the oars, but the momentum had carried the boat well on to the bank of mud, and her effort was without result. She removed her shoes and stockings to get out and push, but a preliminary sounding with the oar. an afterthought, proved to her that Bawn's contention had been correct and that the mud was too deep and

too soft for such a proceeding. The twilight faded into dusk, and with the darkness came a sense of utter desolation Once a faroff whistle told of the approach of the night train, but for the rest there were only the sound of the crickets on the island and the call of an owl somewhere on the mainland. She laid her head on a seat, and for a second time that day she en-

joyed a good cry. About 10 the moon rose, silvering the lake and deepening by contrast the gloom of the shore. Across the lake she could bear the regular squeak of oars in their locks, and, straining her eyes, she could just make out a famil-

He was too far off to hear her cry. She raised an oar and roughly imitated the Morse code. Bawn, amazed, recognized the strokes. It sounded to him as if some one were trying to imitate the telegraph instrument. It was his call, "R. B. -R. B.-R. B."

Curiously he searched the water. Edith stood up Her light dress backed by the wooded island, caught his eye. He raised his oar. Down it came upon the gunwale. He was sending the call "Seventy-three!" Then he bent to his oars and with long, steady strokes forced the boat toward the island. He approached cautiously and did not strike the bar.

BARRIERS THAT RETARD CATHOLIC PROGRESS IN ENGLAND.

THE

CATHOLIC

eye

die

The Dominant Note In Every Briton' Expression of Dislike For and Feat of the Grand Old Church Founded by Our Saviour.

It is pleasing to witness the interest taken in questions that regard the great work of reunion among churches. No failure, no rebuff, disheartens the center of the lake and around the point men who are laboring to remove from Christendom the scandals of heresy and schism. Books, reviews, newspapers, never tire of the discussion, an evident sign that they find it suits the taste of the reading public, and quite lately two volumes have been issued from the press which deserve attention as showing how the matter stands toshe was making till she found that the day. In each case the author is a clergyman of the Church of England. But the views expressed are poles asunder. One gentleman sets out to smooth the path of his coreligionists toward the acceptance of Catholic doctrine as the only possible way of entering into un-

ion with the great Roman church. He recognizes, to his credit be it said, that Rome by the very necessity of her position as and her claim to be accepted as an infallible church can never uuder any circumstances yield one iota of her traditional doctrines. To do 80 would be to disclaim her own principles, to weaken her power of asserting her authority over men's minds, to stultify herself in the eyes of intelligent Christendom. An infallible church can never change, and if those outside her fold wish to enter they must do so on her conditions, not on their own. They must accept her as what she is and what she claims to be. Where they hold divergent doctrines from hers they must abandon them and receive her teaching. If they will not do 80, then they must perforce remain outside, for to expect reunion on condition that she will sacrifice her infallibility is to expect rivers to flow back to their source, and to wait for reunion until she consents to change is to sit starving until the sky fails and kills larks for food. It is a distinct gain to find a clergyman frankly accepting this clear and undenlable fact.

The writer of the other volume comes nearer, perhaps, to the hourt of the difficulty of reunion, as certainly he more nearly touches the true nature of that prejudice which made disunion possible in the past and continues to support and uphold it in the present. He, writing with a personal knowledge of the question from both sides, lays down his thesis that the English people will

king to reign, but not to rule. The royal

prerogative is hedged round with end-

less restrictions. Proud of the aris-

tocracy, he makes it sit in a gilded

chamber while all business is trans-

come under one executive. He divides

other ways he shows his jealousy of

ever, the wielder of any authority is a

foreigner, then at once the English-

man's fears are awake. His insular se-

curity seems to be threatened, and no

matter whether the claim be secular

or spiritual he will consent to no dis-

cussion, but brushes away the whole

any good come from the continent? he

asks. There is nothing more to be

If, therefore, we read the natures of

our countrymen aright, the greatest

"We must make the popes known."

is ever to be brought back to union

well aware of this fact. They have

of late years issued a number of

learned books dealing with the papacy

which show how deep down is the feel-

proclaim. Ask any ordinary English-

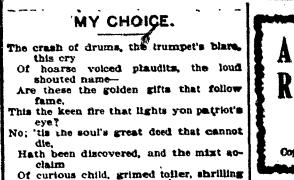
man to sum up his reasons for being

a Protestant. Would he proceed to

give a list of erudite philosophical or

dominant note in every Englishman's

expression of dislike for and fear of



Scourges the hero as he passes by, Rather unheralded, in thoughtful calm, Let me work deeds of love unto my kind. Brighten their cheerful days, pour soothing balm Into their wounds, nor ever fall to find Twixt studies' rapt delight and whispered psalm Immortal hours among God's lame and -Joseph R. Kenn in Avo Maria.

. THE TRAPPIST.

JOURNAL.

His Dutles, Privations and Rigorous Routine of Tuil.

The Trappist must be ready for what ever work may be assigned to him by the abbot or by the cellarer, by which name the steward is known. He may have to tear himself away from the library, where he is copying beautiful hymubooks, and go to sprinkle a clump of trees or whittle shavings. He must never refuse a task, but always perform his work with eagerness by virtue of the eternal law which domands that we toil; but by virtue of the law of obedience he has not the right to

select his work. A light repast, even poorer than the morning meal, ends the day's work. Then the Trappist, toward 5.80, reads and meditates; finally, at 7 o'clock, this long file of silent shadows wends its way to the dormitory, which is common to all. It is an immense room, entirely bare. Small partitions not high enough to reach the ceiling indicate the inclosure of the cells. There are no doors in front of the cells, a curtain of gray serge being the only protection. A camp bed is the entire furniture, and on the bed of straw mattress are a straw pillow and some blankets. Even when ill the Trappist is compelled to sleep with his clothes on. He spends seven hours on this hard bed, and when, in the middle of the night, the bell rings for the service, the Trappist, up at once, begins a new day rigorously similar to the preceding one.-Catholic World Magazine.

The Catholic Summer School. The Catholic Summer School of America, near Plattsburg, will have several new buildings the coming session, which will extend from July 6 to Bept. 5. A special course in philosophical studies will be conducted by the Rev.

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE BY HORACE GRANT

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I am a respectable bachelor, and I have respectable lodgings in London. slight, slim boy, with a presty face and My landlord, my valet and my charwoman will give me a certificate of character at a minute's notice. While his dress. I had intended to ask he my friends have not dubbed me a Miss, full particulars of his story when Nancy, the general opinion is that I not settled down on the train, but he did well not to attempt to be a man about town. I am considered gulleless and innocent to a surprising degree, est in the lad, and it naturally follows and my valet has often taken it upon that I should inquire what he meant to himself to caution me against the general wickedness of the world. Some masters might think this absurdly presumptuous on the part of a valet, but I was in fear of what might befall him simply take it that George has my best interests at beart and feels it a part of his duty to see that I escape the snares and pitfells which entrap Bascomb street and wergover the shop so many confiding men.

During the first week of a certain June ten or twelve years ago I spent a



think he'll be place and the and boat me because I could I the hard work. I was atraid of life, sir." When we reached the statio lad at down on the b the far end of the platform and tickets for two Defore I Joined The station master was alone and us no beed, and when the train of along we were fortunate ensure the a compartment to ourselves. Us the lamplight I had a chance to lo my young friend over. He was a winning way. I noticed that he h small hands and feet and was peak w is nervous and diffident that I ref. med. I had taken a brotherly inter

do when we reached London. He replied that he didn't even know the name of a single street and that he when we reached the end of our jour-

My lodgings were situated in Little of a very respectable jeweler. I had the whole floor and kept my own inin-Just at this time, however, he was all sent on a month's leave, and the thought came into my head to take the boy home with me for a couple of weeks. Even before I knew his name which he gave as Tommy West, I had made the offer. He seemed reluctant to accept, and it was only after considerable urging that he concented to be my guest, as it were, and then I had to promise that he should peen at my young cousin. Next morning, as I got a fair sight of the lad by daylight I was somewhat mystified. He didn't look a bit like a country boy, and I couldn't imagine what he had worked st. His bair had been cut in the meet awkward way, and he seemed awk ward in his clothes.

I wanted Tommy to go out after breakfast and see London, but he had no curiosity on the subject, and it was only after dark that I got him out a the house for dinner. That evening I told Tommy of my intentions regards ing a place, and, though he thanked me, he did not seem very enthusiastic In the four days he was with me we were out together only four times and then only to dinner at a modest restaurant." My demeanor toward the hoy was fatherly, as I wanted to win his confidence, but it seemed to me se if he dreaded conversation and availed it whenever possible. On the situ morning he had disappeared from the house, and for an hour I was mere mystified than ever. His clothing had been left behind, and I could not make out how he had gone. No note of planation had been jeft behind. I was trying to figure it out and wee dering if I shouldn't go to the police when a detective called to see me., In the course of half an hour I was the up in knots, as it were. On the might I left Kent Sir James Barfield , Bad been murdered. I had come up to Latdon with a boy. That boy was be lieved to be a woman in diagulas. It was a woman's hand which had done Sir James to death. What had I done with the boy? He had disappeared. leaving his suit behind. Ah: just set But he had first changed to the female apparel in the portmanteau, an was speedily shown, and he had gone we in proper dress. I was either a con federate or the biggest fool in England. In either event I must go with the effecer. I was locked up for a week and then admitted to ball, and it was there months before they concluded that I was a fool instead of a confederate Meanwhile all of Haghand was searched for the girl, but she was a found. She lived in London She doubtless one of Sir James many ty tims. She went down there to till a and she accomplished ber ive She played me that she might per ly away, and her plan successful probably want from may house own home, and in space of all th forts the police could not irack ber. My friends declars that I cought to have had at least a year in prison for h so thick beaded; but they are place diced. I am simply a guildiant of natured man, and I can't even my that I am sorry the girl eluded pursell.

IT WAS BAWN, AND, LIKE HEBSELF. HE WAS ALONE.

an eager interest in telegraphy and asked him to give her instructions, he caught himself wondering if she was searching for some means of self support. Ralph's office was located in a cozy corner of the hotel's square entrance, and here on his practice transmitter she studied telegraphy on rainy days with the same energy that she put into athletics when the sun shone. To be sure, gossips elevated their shoulders and glanced knowingly toward the handsome operator, who was a willing instructor, but Miss Cummings was gossip proof.

One afternoon she stood at the desk as he was preparing to turn it over to the night operator. Bawn was chatting by the Morse system with the operator at Boston, and as he prepared to shut off she caught the signal "Seventy-three" and pricked up her ears. "What was that 'Seventy-three' for?"

she asked as they strolled down the big hall together.

"'Seventy-three,' " he replied, "is the universal greeting. It means pretty nearly. everything from 'Have a drink' to an elaborate expression of good will. You won't find it in the books, but every telegrapher knows the sign to be one of greeting and regard." Then the conversation turned to other things, and the incident was temporarily closed.

Bawn had arranged to wait till the hotel closed, but one afternoon in September there was trouble in the Bawn-Cummings federation over Mamie Felton, and Miss Cummings expressed certain opinions regarding the Felton person with rather more directness than was wholly necessary. This of ber mind, she turned her attention to sufferer. Bawn himself and declared it to be her belief that a man who would take a young woman out rowing at 8 o'clock and never return with her to the hotel protestations of affection for a third party.

Bawn offered as an explanation the

'I am glad to see you realize nov that I couldn't help getting home late," was his greeting. Edith's spirit was gone.

"Take me out of this horrible place, Ralph." she said, "and forgive me for While in no way inclined to allow being cross. I take it all back." There was a rope in the bottom of his boat, and he threw her a line. His back heaved as he tugged at the oars. and soon she was in clear water. He took her into his boat and, towing the tages of reunion with the holy see and other, made his way back to the land

What he said and her answer are not recorded, but the conversation may be imagined from their talk on the landing.

"Just one kiss," he urged as she stepped out of the boat. "No," she answered firmly, blushing

as she spoke, "but some day you may loyal to the monarch, he allows his have not one, but-seventy-three."

The Midshipman of Today.

The midshipman who presents himself to most of us has a flavor of Marryat's immortal creation of Mr. Easy. acted in the house of commons. His In Irish ports, where Mr. Midshipman army and navy, on which he willingly Easy is not so familiar a sight as in expends untold millions and on which he confidently relies for his own per-England, our coming Nelsons have sometimes a little difficulty in preservsonal protection, he will not permit to ing their gravity. A boat comes to the stairs of a pier. The middy in charge the commands, lest either should imis possibly more vigorously got up peril his liberties. In these and many than usual, to impress the natives of the savage land. Biddy is looking at those who exercise power. When, howhim. "Ho, mister sailor! Will ye sell

that choild?" "In bow! Way 'nuff. Forward there! Clear the stairs! Liberty men to land!" So hails young Nelson, but Biddy will not let him have the dignity of his position. "Hand me up that pritty boy wid the roses in his cheeks. 'Tis him thing with a wave of his hand. Can I want to kiss. Away wid ye, brown devils! And me, Miss Kate Macartney. attindint of this pler since George said. That objection is fatal. IV. was king! You won't kiss me, boy? Then you shall not land." Midshipman Rodney Nelson Camper- and the first step to be taken is to condown has to submit to slights of this vert them to more reasonable views of kind. It is on record that one of the the papal power. As Leo XIII. said

good breed which makes our admirals quite recently to an English priest, was once carried along the decks of a flagship under the arms of a negress, That is the task before us if England who wished to complain to the captain that this disgraceful boy had not paid with the holy see. And Anglicans are his washing bill.-Navy and Army.

His Style of Writing.

The copy of a certain novelist is a fearsome sight. On more than one oc- ing that the see of Peter is the key of casion the arrival of a batch of manu- the position. And what scholars recscript from this gentleman has led to ognize the people quite unreflectingly trouble in the composing department. Quite recently the novelist in question fairly eclipsed himself. His copy was indeed a puzzle.

"Confound the fellow!" growled one theological doctrines in defense of his of the "comps." "He's enough to drive faith? Would he not decide the whole a man to drink." question in two words, "No popery?"

"Have you never heard how he That exclamation, be it'as unreasoned writes?" solemnly demanded a fellow and unreasonable as you will, is the

"No," was the reply.

"Oh." continued the other, "it's sim- Rome and the Catholic church, which ple enough. Mr. Z. (the novelist) owns finds her center there. It is this preju- template with unflinching eye aught a rough haired terrier. When he feels dice which we have to combat, and that is. Truth is absolute; lies are actill after 1 was hardly sincere in his like writing a story, he whistles to the until we break it down it will remain dog, dips his tail in the ink and plants as a fence against all efforts to win him down on a sheet of paper. Then over the English masses to obedience

the novelist begins to think and tells to the holy see and to reunion with the fact that he was stuck on a sand bar the story to the dog. The brute wags Catholic church. - London Oatholic and could not work off till after 12, but "als theil, and there you are "-Tit-Bits. Opinion.

never again be led into communion F. P. Siegfried of St. Charles semwith the papacy. He does not, of inary. Overbrook, Pa., assisted by the course, desire that they should. But his Rev. Thomas O'Brien, S. J., St. Francis testimony, with which alone we are Xavier's college, New York city, and concerned here, is that they will not. Dr. James J. Fox, from the Catholic university, Washington, and special prophecy in these matters, we think studies in literature will be in charge that he has found the kernel of the of Dr. Conde B, Pallen and the Rev. question. It is dread of Rome, hatred Hugh T. Henry. On the middle ages of foreign interference, which blinds lectures will be given by the Rev. Wilthe English people to all the advanliam Livingston, New York; the Right Rev. Mgr. Louglin, D. D., Philadelphia; stops their ears to all pleadings to rethe Very Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P., trace the steps which their forefathers Somerset, O.; the Rev. Thomas I. Gastook over three centuries and a half son, S. J., Boston; Dr. Conde B. Pallen, ago. As Cardinal Newman in a well New York, and Dr. Charles P. Neill, known work has 'r.'. portrayed him who holds the Banigan chair of politthe Englishman is peculiarly sensitive ical economy at the Catholic univerto all exercise of power, even by those sity, Washington. Thomas A. Mullen whom he has elected to wield it in his of Boston will speak on some notable stead and for his interest. Intensely events in American history.

Rev. Dr. Benry A. Braza.

Rev. Dr. Henry A. Brann, pastor of St. Agnes', New York, has just celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. It was one of the most joyous services ever held at the church and one in which people from nearly every Boman Catholic church in Manhattan took part. The Rev. Dr. Brann is one of the most popular priests in the archdiocese of New York and is considered one of the strongest defenders of the Roman Cathelic faith. Some of his friends think that he may be chosen to a bishopric if Bishop Farley or Bishop Mc-Donnell becomes the successor of Archbishop Corrigan. He is one of the examiners of the clergy of the diocese.

On His Own Account.

One of a clergyman's illustrative stories was that of a man who used to say, to his wife, "Mary, go to church and pray for us both." But the man dreamed one night that when he and his wife got to the gate of heaven Peter said, "Mary, go in for us both." He awoke and made up his mind it was time for him to become a Christian on his own account.

Tokens of Lave.

They are oftentimes the little ministers of love that show most devotion and most intimate resolution of heart. Peter's worldly all was a boat and a net, and the alabaster box of ointment had a great testimony of acceptance because "she had done what she could."

SHORT SERMONS.

Whoseever thou meet improve or be improved.

Love of one's own family may become a cause for blame if it stretches over into injustice to others. When any calamity has been suffered, the first thing to be remembered

is how much has been escaped. The love of truth for its own sake is the love of God. Be not afraid to con-

cidental. Though all I have and striven for be cast saide as baving no we ..., yet . m T certain that Talkirs; not less that

success serves God's purpose if we't heve good will Bishop Spilling

"I SHALL GERTAINLY NOT INTERPERS," I SAD.

few days with a relative down in the county of Kent. It was an event in my life to get away, and it was at the time of the murder of Sir James Barfield, whose property was only two miles from the farm where I visited. Sir James was a broken down gentleman. I mean by that he was fifty years old, in poor health, without money and had led a fast and vicious life. His reputation was so bad that his existence was ignored by all respectable people. He had nover married and was now living in seclusion on the last of his acres, with three or four servants to attend him.

On the last evening but one of my visit I filled my pipe and set out for a walk to the grounds of Sir James Barfield. As I came near the gates I encountered a young woman who seemed to be apying out the lay of the land: I noticed that she was young and fait looking and that she also seemed to be anxious, but I passed on without giving her much attention. My friends insist that I ought to have halted and entered into conversation with her and thereby probably prevented what followed, but I argue to the contrary. had a right to believe that she was one of the servants of the house. If not that, then she was some farmer's daughter keeping fryst, and what right had I to meddle with a love affair? I passed on and left her, and when I returned she was no longer in sight.

Next evening at 8 o'clock I took the train from Beechenbrook for London. This was a small country station and

about a mile from Barfield House. It was my own choice that I walked to the station carrying my portmanteau. There was no one moving about as I passed the gates of Sir James' property, but about a quarter of a mile farther on I overtook a youth carrying baggage similar to my own. He was walking at a fast gait and seemingly which he attempts to draw the proprie trying to keep shead of me. When I tor into conversation, but the mite bade him good evening, he replied in a nervous manner and looked as if he would flee, but the kindliness of my

tones evidently reassured binn. "My dear boy," I said as we walked side by side, "you are probably bound on a journey. Does it so happen that you are going up to London? "But you won't stop me?" he replied in pleading tones. "I have no parents. I am running away from a crust mas-

ter." "It may not be a wise step," I said "Ou, mis." was the reput "So we jogged along, "but L shall ser tainly not interfere. Lersh wway my nic, but I dinns alloo ye to common self when I was a lad of fifteen, and Li cide in my shop!" don't know but what I did the right thing. How old are you?"

"Sixteen, sir." "You don't seem strong, and it can't be that you have any too much mon-

"I've got about a pound, sir, Oh, if you would only help me when we get Patrick Canila to the station! Won't you buy my ticket for me? Won't you let me mem

to be a relative of yours." "And this master of yours will be try to get you back! I know it a against the law to assist an approx to run away." I

Nothing Funny About M.

Scene-A druggist's shop in a Scotch village, which, as makel fruggists' shops similarly strated in the general emporium for all sector merchandise. Cycling couries enter and purchases a cigar, after ligities seems reticent.

The tourist, after passing some re-marks on the weather, saked. "Loc' you teel trade dull at times in the R tle village, chemist?

"Oh, well," replied the Grossian canna complain. But, excuse ter. I dinna alloo amokin in my "Indeed?" said the tourist strange. You sell tobacco and

and still don't permit smoking is

An Irishman apalled for tained a sime Lon on a WOLKS. and the service start with the 1100-10 PAG

