GUMPTION

By LORA W. FREEMAN

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The old man pushed his cap farther over his eyes. The sun grew brighter these days and the sea had a dazzle like a tin roof. He shifted his short-stemmed pipe with a loving hand. The tin roof of the old gray cottage needed a little patching.

A very homely gray cat dashed round the corner of the back porch and rubbed against Bill's legs. It purred and mewed digging its claws restlessly into his trousers.

"I don't know what I ever got you for, Gumption," he complained. "And why I named you what I did beats me!" He stirred uneasily and rose to his full height of six feet three. "Cept that you are so different from the rest of a very lazy, slack family, Gumption. Guess I'll patch that roof while it's still light."

Two hours of sunset seemed a prodigiously long time to Bill, but he couldn't take up that day dream again. Over in the cove a young man drifted into the Perrys' anchorage. Standing with feet evenly placed, he threw out the rusty little anchor from his dory. His head was bare, so were his arms and an expanse of muscular chest. Bronzed, lithe, natural as a young panther, he leaped to the sand. A strong pull at the anchor rope brought the boat close ahaul. He took out his big sketchbook and an almost empty basket and, with a sheepish look at the few fish he had caught, started toward the cottage.

His eyes swept the glorious panorama that stretched westward. He slipped to one knee swiftly and worked with his pencil. He had sketched the old gray cottage many times, but tonight the light seemed better. One thing he omitted, and that was the clambering figure of the old man as he swung around the ell chimney and wielded his hammer slowly.

"If the old man had any gumption, he would have done that job this morning," the younger man thought. "If you had any gumption, you would have done it for him," quoth his conscience.

Near the Black Rock several dories hovered around the bobbing heads that marked their nets. That meant gumption and bread to the men who hauled with lean, tough arms. The young man felt an immense respect for them, though he knew, with bitterness in his heart, that he could never be like them. Something scarlet flared across the southern grays, something dammed up the bank where the old man had always intended putting a flight of steps, and there the girl rested pantingly as the young man approached.

"Is that you, Milly?" shouted the old man from somewhere aloft. "Me and Gumption are patching the roof. Wait a little while 'til we manage to get down to earth again." Grunts and the creaking of the roof followed.

"Been sketching today?" asked Milly. She surveyed the book swiftly. Against her gaze the young man had no refuse. He flushed darkly. He had dreamed too much that day in the land of wonderful pictures, while the waves lapped the boat. Milly studied the only sketch he had made, and dropped the book without comment. Her calm stung him.

"It strikes me as better than anything I've done lately," he said, in self-defense. She stamped her foot suddenly. "Well, that isn't saying much, Billy!" she flashed out. "Don't you ever expect to be able to say anything more?"

"I know," he answered, with a helpless gesture. "It's in the blood—we are a shiftless lot—"

A few quick, sharp bumps, down, down, down, and the heavy hammer that the old man had forgotten to bring with him, struck full on the upturned head of the younger Perry. The girl's cry as he fell solidly, brought the old man on the run.

"Water." Then she worked with soaked handkerchief, dripping the contents of the wooden bucket plentifully over the face she loved. Under her ministrations a big, ugly swelling appeared on his head. The old man shifted from one foot to the other, crying like a baby. She wondered if such a blow killed, paralyzed. "Run and get a doctor," she ordered, and the old man took to his heels.

She gave a glance at his retreating shoulders, aware in a second that Billy was regaining consciousness. She remembered things she had heard her aunt reading about suggestion. "Now is the time to offset the family weakness," she whispered tensely in his ear, not knowing whether he heard, and not caring. "You have a gift that will make you a great artist, and you are going to work hard, because, Billy boy, Milly loves you and wants you to—"

She broke off as two big bright eyes flashed into her own. Then he smiled, and without warning, the old gray cottage and the yellow sands and everything about them radiated the light of an earthly paradise.

"Do you, Milly?" He seized her in arms that belonged to the vitally living. "Say it again, because that's all I need to hit the road to success. It gives me just what I have lacked—" The old man appeared, following a lean gray cat around the corner of the house. "Gumption—Gumption!" he shouted hoarsely, fearful of disturbing the patient. The young man's eyes smiled into the girl's again with secret appreciation of the fitness of things.

"That's it, eh, Milly?" he said.

The Fourth Degree Assembly

Master William T. Connor of the Fifth New York District will confer the Fourth Degree upon 200 candidates on Sunday, May 21st, at 2:30 o'clock at the Powers Hotel.

On Friday, May 12th, a class of 400 candidates received the First Degree at St. Joseph's hall.

Fourth Degree Assembly held an enjoyable May Party, dinner and dance at East Maplewood, Thursday evening. Bauer's Orchestra furnished the music.

Catholic State League Convention

"Some Reasons Why Arbitration in Labor Disputes is a Failure" will be the topic of Philip Donnelly of 132 Lenox Street at the 25th annual convention of the Catholic State League of New York which opens in Albany May 27th for a three-day session. The membership of the organization is composed principally of German Catholics. The Women's Catholic Union of New York State will convene in Albany the same time as the other organization.

DELVING INTO MOTHER EARTH

Man Has Gone Far Underground in Search of Riches That She Has Concealed.

For centuries man has been engaged in burrowing his way deeper and deeper into the crust of old Mother Earth, in order to extract the minerals which she hides beneath her surface.

A century ago 1,000 feet was thought to be a stupendous depth for any shaft; for in those days there were no engines capable of pumping from greater depths, and no system of ventilation had been devised which would make it possible to work in galleries at a greater distance from the surface.

Coal pits over 3,000 feet deep are now fairly common in England; while Belgium has two which exceed 4,000 feet in depth.

But coal is not alone in having deep pits. There is in Australia a silver mine whose bottom is 3,500 feet below the surface, while a gold mine at Bendigo, in Australia, has been sunk to 4,300 feet.

A famous Transvaal gold-mining company is sinking a shaft which, when complete, will measure more than 7,000 feet.

Cawdor Castle.

The coming of age of the fifth earl of Cawdor recalls the tradition of the building of Cawdor castle, an ancient, moat-surrounded castle approachable only by a drawbridge, which is perched upon a low rock overhanging the bed of a rushing stream near the town of Nairn. In a dream, so it is told, the founder of Cawdor castle was commanded to load an ass with gold turn it loose, and follow it until it rested and there build a castle. The ass came to halt beneath the branches of a hawthorn tree, so upon this spot was built Cawdor castle. The trunk of the hawthorn tree, with its roots branching out beneath the floor and its top penetrating the vaulted arch of stone above, still remains within the tower to argue for the truth of the story, and, in further allusion to the picturesque legend, the Gaelic salutation to the roof tree of the Thanes of Cawdor is "Freshness to the hawthorn tree."

Breathing Under Water.

If a swimmer is three minutes under water he is looked upon as a prodigy, but M. Thooris, a French doctor, declares that a man could remain half an hour if he only knew how to handle the carbonic acid in his system.

A man proved recently to a body of medical experts and scientists that it was possible to remain under water and laugh at the audience surrounding a 12 foot deep aquarium, eat cherries, take out the stones, pull a wry face when the cherry proves sour, and smile when a pretty woman touched the glass with a cigarette.

The secret of all this lies in using a special method of natural breathing as soon as you are under water, to exhale the carbonic acid gas. This requires some practice. When this is done you stop the nostrils, thereby keeping off all inhalation.

Rid of the carbonic acid in the blood, a man is able to remain much longer under water.

End-of-the-World Prophecy.

The morning of December 17, 1919, the planets Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn and Neptune came into alignment in the heavens; that is, all the planets, with the exception of the earth, lay in an approximate line with the sun and all of them, except Uranus, were on the same side of the sun. They were strung along in the same plane and approximately the same line, like so many points on one spoke of a wheel. Meanwhile Uranus was on the same line but on the other side of the sun, like the point of the spoke directly opposite. The arrangement had been foretold by astronomers and certain prognosticators predicted the end of the world. However, the sun rose as usual on that day and the weather was normal.

Catholic Women's Club

At a meeting of the Catholic Women's Club Monday night it was announced that on next Sunday, May 14th, the members of the society will receive Holy Communion in St. Patrick's Cathedral at the 8:30 mass. The club will also hold its annual dinner on May 24th at the Hotel Rochester at 6:30 o'clock and members are requested to make reservations before May 20th. Bishop Thomas F. Hickey will be the guest of honor and the Catholic Women's Club orchestra will play.

The club rooms at No. 7 South street will be open daily from 10 o'clock in the morning until 8 o'clock at night. The sewing class will meet every Wednesday at 2:30 o'clock to make garments for the poor children of the Charles Home and members are requested to attend if possible. The Thursday and Friday afternoon pedro parties have proved so popular that they will be continued until summer.

Members are urged to be present at the next regular meeting in June to vote on the revised constitution.

K. of C. to Initiate 1,000 Candidates

Austin Dwyer, of Lockport, was a guest of the Knights of Columbus Degree Committee Wednesday at a two-hour session at the Powers Hotel. Daniel T. Fitzgerald, chairman of the committee, presided and plans for Sunday's Third Degree were reviewed. The thousand candidates will report at Convention Hall at 2 o'clock and the necessary preliminary work will be done. The degree proper will be started at 3 o'clock.

General Chairman Fitzgerald announced that all knights who desire to attend the degree should be at Convention Hall at 2:30 o'clock Sunday. The Choral Society will furnish music and Frederick Bauer will conduct the orchestra. Grand Knight John J. McInerney and Deputy Grand Knight John R. Powers will be masters of ceremonies.

Columbus Club Dinner

At the weekly meeting of the Columbus Club held at the Powers Hotel Thursday Walter Hapgood and George Stallings, of the Rochester baseball club, were the guests of honor. It was baseball day as well as Alhambra Day, with Daniel T. Fitzgerald, the grand commander of the Alhambra, presiding. Manager Stallings was the principal speaker.

More than two hundred attended the meeting. The clubroom is becoming too small for the Columbus Club and it is likely that hereafter the meetings will be held in the banquet hall.

In the Rochester baseball team are eight Knights of Columbus members, and four of them were present at the meeting.

K. of C. Trip Date Changed To May 22nd

In planning for the big delegation of Rochester Knights which will attend the state convention at Oswego, General Chairman Ray Curran announced at a meeting that the date of the trip had been changed to Monday, May 22d, when the special Pulmans will leave the Central station at 3 P. M. Already the committee is assured of one train of six Pullman cars.

Mr. Curran also announced that the Knights of Columbus Band of twenty pieces would be on the train and give concerts at the two-day convention. The band will be under the leadership of William Melville. When the Rochesterians arrive at Oswego they will be met by the Oswego Council members and escorted to the Pontiac Hotel. Arrangements include a parade on Monday night, with Rochester Council Five Hundred in the front ranks.

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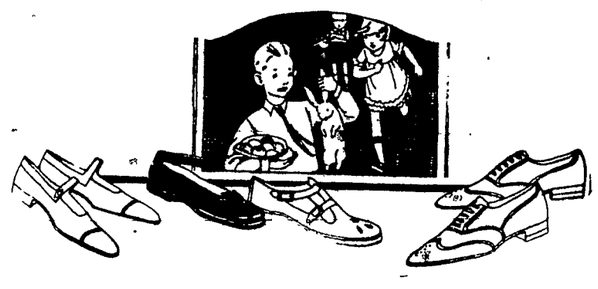

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Weekly Calendar Of Feast Days

(By N. C. W. C. News Service)

Sunday, May 14.—St. Pachomius, who was born in Egypt of pagan parents, but, converted to Christianity through kindness, established a religious order at Tabenna and trained vast multitudes in detachment from creatures and self. He died in 348.

Monday, May 15.—St. Peter, martyr, who was put to death during the persecution of Dacian in Asia Minor. He was bound to a wheel and his bones broken, but when the procounsel saw how little this torture prevailed, he ordered him beheaded.

Tuesday, May 16.—St. John Nepomucen, chaplain of the wife of the Emperor Wenceslas, who, in vain, tried to extort her confessions from him. Finally Wenceslas had him bound and thrown into the river. A heavenly light disclosed the body to the people and he was buried with fitting honors. Three hundred years after his death the tomb was opened and though the flesh had disappeared, the tongue was found incorrupt.

Wednesday, May 17.—St. Paschal Baylon, a member of the Franciscan Order, in which he was a lay brother. He was distinguished for his ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament.

Thursday, May 18.—St. Venantius, martyr. He was seized as a Christian and brought before a judge, but was several times miraculously saved from death. With his convert companions he was finally beheaded by order of the governor.

Friday, May 19.—St. Peter Celestine, who left his home to live in a mountain solitude. His rule of life formed the foundation of the Celestine Order. He was elected to the papacy, but after four months, called his cardinals together and resigned his trust and retired to spend the rest of his life in a cell.

Saturday, May 20.—St. Bernardine of Siena, a Franciscan friar of noble birth, who spent his youth in works of mercy and later by his eloquence won many to conversion. He was cured of an impediment in his speech through intercession to the Blessed Virgin. He died in 1444.

Nazareth Alumni Banquet

The twenty-sixth annual banquet of the Nazareth Alumni Association will be held on Thursday evening, May 18th, at the academy in Lake avenue. A reception will be held in the gymnasium at 6:30 o'clock. All graduates and associate alumnae are invited.

Register at R. B. I.

You may begin any course or single subject in the Rochester Business Institute next Monday, May 15. Our regular registration dates occur on the first and third Mondays of every month. 172 Clinton Avenue South.—Adv.

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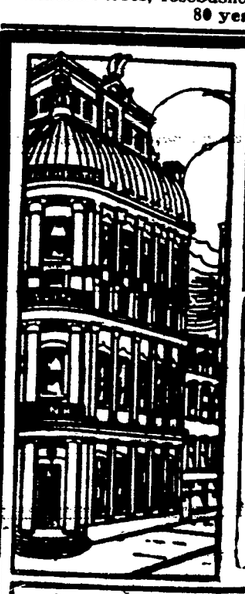

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