

hath given, the Lord hath taken away; those are his promises, then 'Blessed be the name of the Lord; that's his conclusion. Now, that's what I call logic.'

I knew that Bennett was in a mood for philosophizing, so refrained from interrupting him, for while in such a state his every word was fit to go between the covers of a book. For a while he smoked in silence. The office was very quiet, with the quiet that precedes a storm. Suddenly the desk phone rang; then another; the telegraph instrument started its clatter. That means business. Everybody was deadly silent, all energy was suspended for an instant. The newspaper man's instinct told him that something was about to happen. Ed. picked up his receiver and, crouching it up close to his ear, leaned back in his chair in entire satisfaction. Here was a story at last.

His face as the facts were repeated to him was a study in expression. It seemed to unfold with the narrative he was receiving.

'Yes, yes,' he continued repeating, 'stick to the details, will you? How many lost? My God, man, that is impossible. Say, hold the wire, will you?'

'Here, Duden,' he said, turning from his desk; 'Flyer smash-up at Cromwell. Get up there. Take three of the boys with you. Hold the telegraph line and the station phone. We are the first in on this.'

'Hello,' he called again, turning to the phone, 'hold the phone till a Mr. Duden gets up there, then turn it over to him. He'll pay the bill. Call me up if anything further develops, will you?'

'Duden,' called the editor to the gentleman of that name, who was hustling around, his hat in one hand a bunch of copy-paper in the other, 'look out for a little boy, six years old, light hair, blue eyes, wears a blue sailor suit; and his mother, a young woman, about 5ft. 4; dark hair, brown eyes, wears a gold locket with the monogram E. B.; and for God's sake, as soon as you find them call me up.'

I thought Ed. was going to break down then and there but with a strong effort he pulled himself together.

Gradually we got the story, padded out for the first extra. Sheet after sheet was O. K'd by the editor. Everything was now bedlam and excitement. Everybody was on the run. The facts were few and uncertain, yet we must get the extra out. No one had a thought for anything but the accident. Above the din and confusion could be heard the voice of the bald-headed, wizen faced copy reader, 'Copy, copy, he's a boy, copy.'

Suddenly, the managing editor burst from his sanctum, flourishing a bunch of proofs. 'Bennett,' he cried, slapping them down on the desk before Ed., 'how is this? Can't you make it an even thousand killed? In less than a half hour the yellows will be out on the street with a thousand killed, and here we have only a paltry couple of hundred.'

'A thousand,' repeated Bennett, whistling. 'Why, man, you could not get that many into the train. Four cars—eighty in a car that would make three hundred and twenty, supposing all were killed. We have made it five hundred for the extra. Don't you think that quite enough?'

The managing editor O. K'd the proofs. 'All right, Bennett,' he said; 'you know best. I'll leave this extra entirely to you.'

Ed. picked up the proofs and, scrawling out a big caption for the story, handed them to a dirty looking urchin who stood waiting.

For a few minutes there was a lull. The work was well under way. For the first time since the story had come in we had an opportunity to collect our thoughts. I looked over at Bennett. There he sat, his legs crossed, his dead cigar hanging listlessly from his thin lips, waiting. I could not bear to see a man usually so full of life so spiritless.

'Bennett,' I cried excitedly, catching him by the shoulder. He turned around abstractedly, and as our eyes met he seemed to know what I was about to say to him. A flash of sympathy seemed to have been communicated through the look better than it could have been by words.

'It's no use now,' he said. 'I could be of no use up there, and I would only make a scene. Besides, Duden will look after them till we get out the first extra.'

'But, Ed,' I expostulated, 'how can you sit there? Don't you realize, go up to them; we will take care of this edition.'

'Steady, steady, old chap,' he said, 'I appreciate it, but just wait till we get this first extra out.'

He picked up the copy of the Bible, still open at the page at which he had turned it down.

'See that, Mac,' he said, pointing to the passage we had been discussing. 'The Lord gave, and his voice faltered—' the Lord hath taken away. Bl—' he paused again and turned the book down. 'I can't stand that now; I can't think of it.'

'Tinkle, tinkle,' went the phone 'Duden? Did you find them?' There was a long pause. I knew it meant more for Ed. than either of us could realize. Suddenly his face blanched. 'Don't tell me that!' he exclaimed almost angrily. 'Look them over again, will you? They must be there. Let me know the worst.'

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Many of them could not be identified. The two doctors from the nearest town were doing heroic work, and attention was called to the devotion of Father Justus, who had hastened from the Benedictine service in his church to minister to the dying. Duden mentioned that he had seen him creep under a car to administer the last rites to several pinned there. Every new fact intensified the strain under which Bennett was working; yet he and I alone knew of his misfortune. Finally, we heard the bark of 'Extra, extra,' from the streets below. The extra was out at last. Gradually the firm look faded from the little editor's face. The strain was relieving. He rose, dazed, and looking about him as one awakening from a horrible dream. Now he was no longer the editor of the Courier, straining to get an extra out before any other papers got wind of the news. He was just a man, just Ed. Bennett.

He turned to me wearily. 'Wall, Mac,' he said, 'I am going up there now; I guess you can get along without me.'

He passed wearily to the door, followed by the inquiring glances of the reporters and copy readers. He had scarcely reached the outer door when his desk phone rang vigorously. I picked up the receiver.

'Hello,' cried a woman's voice, that struck me as being entirely out of place in the tragedy and grime through which we had been passing for the last hour. 'Is that you, Ed?'

'No,' I answered; 'Mr. Bennett has just left the office. Who is this, please?' I asked.

'His wife,' came the answer. 'His wife!' I exclaimed. 'Hold the wire a moment; I'll get him.' 'Ed, Ed,' I called. He scarcely heeded me. 'Your wife, Ed! Your wife wants you.'

He turned suddenly. 'What's—that's that you say? My wife wants me! My wife, my Edna! She wants me?'

His mind seemed to be wandering. The idea was too much for him. 'Quick!' I said, catching him by the arm and making a gesture towards the phone.

He walked slowly back into the room, and picked up the receiver incredulously.

'Hello,' he called, as if afraid he might awaken himself from a dream and find only another disappointment staring him in the face.

'Edna, Edna, speak to me again! Is this you? And Buddie! Let me speak to him. The wreck, Edna, the wreck; were you not in it?'

'We were not in it,' she answered. 'I knew you would be worried, and have been trying to get you on the phone since I heard your extra on the streets; but your line was busy.'

'Oh, Edna,' he laughed almost hysterically. For a moment his language was incoherent. He spoke of a beat, the yellow journals, laughing all the time. I thought he was about to break down.

'The picnic?' he enquired. 'Were you not at it?'

'We didn't go,' she answered. 'We overslept, and had only three quarters of an hour to catch the train; so it was a question of missing either Mass or the picnic, and we would not think of missing Mass, so we missed the picnic.'

'Thank God,' he exclaimed, then burst into hysterical laughter.

'Buddie, Buddie, speak to daddy. I'm so glad, sonny, you missed the picnic.'

chapel, over the quiet fields and lanes, those sweet bells sound like celestial voices, filling the air with the music of the angel's message, and the soul with thoughts and aspirations that, like angel wings, lift it heavenward.—Boston Pilot.

THE HOLY FATHER ON INTEMPERANCE

BLESSES THE EFFORTS OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES IN FIGHT AGAINST EVIL

His Holiness Pope Pius X. made an important announcement on the temperance question which he received in special audience last month at the acting committee and about two hundred members of the general body of the Catholic International League against Intemperance. A deputation from the league, of which Baron Bujie de Bevenbrook is President, and which had been holding a congress in the Eternal City, presented to His Holiness an address begging for the members of the committee and the league generally the help, approbation and blessing of the Holy Father in their struggle against intemperance, the cause of so much ruin, economic and moral.

The address stated that the members of the deputation came from different countries, but were unanimous in proclaiming that intemperance had been a social scourge which seriously menaced the Catholic population in several countries. The league united fraternally in a common effort against intemperance with the Catholic total abstinence societies and societies which permitted their members the moderate use of strong drink. It appealed to every sound sentiment without imposing on any one the absolute observance of total abstinence, although it recognized that this was the security for a great number, and the most efficacious means of propaganda. The members gratefully thanked His Holiness for his kindness in appointing as protector of the league His Eminence Cardinal Mercier, Archbishop of Malines.

The Holy Father cordially thanked the deputation for the address and ordered to be read, as a formal reply, a letter signed by the Cardinal Secretary of State, dated from the Vatican, April 24, 1914, and which was, in part, as follows:

'The Sovereign Pontiff congratulates you on the success of the vigorous crusade which you have undertaken in all parts of the world, supported by the principles of the Gospel and guided by the authority of the hierarchy. He prays God to render fruitful the zeal you display against the terrible plague, an enemy of bodies and souls, which causes so many moral and physical evils.

In blessing the efforts of all the Catholic societies affiliated to your league, the Holy Father also blesses the good intentions of all its adherents and encourages them to persevere in their generous apostolate.

'The Popes in these latter times have not forgotten to call attention to the terrible evil which you combat, and they have proclaimed the necessity of prompt and efficacious remedies. Provincial Councils and Bishops in all parts of the world have raised a cry of alarm and enlightened consciences on the subject. Following on their steps men of faith, of science and of action have set on foot by word and example a most salutary movement in favor of temperance amongst Catholic bodies. How useful it is to explain the effects of alcoholism economically, morally and physiologically, by showing their bearing on the lapses of individuals whose health, intelligence and freedom are ruined by the destruction of families in the bosom of which confusion and trouble are created, and the injury to society, whose gravest interests are threatened. Accordingly, amongst social works there is not one more urgently needed.

'It will, therefore, be a great pleasure to the Sovereign Pontiff to see your league gaining increased strength through the accession of additional Catholic societies. His Holiness earnestly expresses the hope that the clergy will everywhere encourage this work of education and preservation, and that by their teaching and example they will place themselves in the very heart of the struggle against an evil which, especially in certain countries, brings so many reproaches on the faithful.

'But the struggle will not be brought to a sure victory unless it is sustained by the Divine Grace,

gained by prayer; the frequentation of the sacraments and the general practice of Christian mortification. 'Unless the Lord build the house, their labor is vain that build it.' (Psalm cxxvi, 1.) Let the light of the grace of Jesus Christ be poured on men's spirits and into their hearts, and the plague, with the accompanying procession of evils, will cease.

'With my personal good wishes and all sorts of congratulations on your great and holy undertaking, accept, gentlemen, the assurance of my sincere esteem.

R. CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL.'

SISTERS IN WAR TIMES

'When I was a young man, before the great struggle between the North and South,' said General Gibson, many years ago, 'I must say that I was somewhat prejudiced against the Catholic Church. I used to picture to myself heaven. I imagined that it was a grand place, grand beyond description, because it was the dwelling place of the King of kings, the Lord of lords, as well as of all good Protestants. Of course, I could not see any reserved seats for Catholics. They, in my opinion, had no business there.'

'Well, the cry, 'To arms!' came. I had the honor of commanding a regiment, the Forty-ninth Ohio volunteers. After a day's engagement with the enemy, in which my regiment took an active part, and after our forces had been badly beaten, I looked out from headquarters, which were located on an eminence upon the scene of conflict, and through my field glasses I could see black-robed figures going around the wounded and dying soldiers. I immediately ordered my aide-de-camp to go down and see who those black-robed figures were, and report as soon as possible to me. He soon returned almost breathless and exclaimed, 'O General, it was a most heart-rending sight. The figures are those Sisters of Charity, who are going around ministering to the wounded and dying soldiers. The self-sacrifice of these noble bands of women would bring tears to a heart of stone.'

I was amazed and concluded to make a personal investigation. I went down to the scene of the great conflict, accompanied by some of my staff officers. I didn't have to go far before coming across a black-robed figure that was cold in death. The heroine of heroines died at her post. She was not regularly mustered into the service, she received no pecuniary compensation; what reward may be hers?

'This noble woman was called to her eternal reward. Her companions were still engaged in succoring the wounded and dying. When I saw this with my own eyes on that eventful day I returned thanks on my bended knees to the omnipotent God for opening my eyes to the sublime grandeur of the Catholic Church. Those grand women did not ask the suffering soldier to what church he belonged, or whether he belonged to any; neither did they stop to inquire the side to which he belonged. They were performing their God-given mission. They aided those who wore the blue and gray alike. The black and white were all treated alike by them. I had the great pleasure of witnessing some members of this order subsequently in our hospitals, nursing with their

tender hands the suffering soldiers. They braved all dangers and had no fear of contagious diseases. Oh, how often have I prayed since that God may forgive me for my first impression of the Catholic Church. I saw that Church in its true light that day on the battlefield.'

This is the task appointed: To hold the vision of a final arrival at some fitting destination; to maintain undiminished a sense of personal worthiness; to be defeated in each foolish dream of the younger life, and so to be disciplined into adversity, made more sure by adversity; to be delayed for most of a lifetime, and yet to believe in the strength of the human spirit to surmount pain, outlive sin and defeat malice and envy; to believe in the

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