

THE CUBAN TEACHERS

LEFT CAMBRIDGE FOR HOME ON THE
FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION.

Father Fidelis the noted Passionist Ex-
presses his great pleasure at the re-
sult of the Trip of the Teachers—A Profit-
able Visit.

The Cuban teachers left for home
on Wednesday, the 15th inst. Final
recitations took place on that morning
at 8.30 o'clock.

At 10.30 o'clock on that day, which
was the feast of the Assumption, a
farewell religious service for the Cu-
bans was held in St. Paul's church,
Harvard Square. Archbishop Williams
presided at the mass, assisted
by Father Fidelis and Father Powers.
Vicar-General Byrne was the cele-
brant of the mass; Father Mesnier,
canon of the cathedral of Havana, dea-
con; Father Soler, another of the Cu-
ban priests, sub-deacon. The sermon
was preached by Father Ruiz, a pro-
fessor in the seminary of Havana.

Father Fidelis (Rev. James Kent
Stone) is the celebrated Passionist
preacher. He is a native of Cam-
bridge, a graduate of Harvard, and he
has been at Cambridge during the stay
of the Cubans as the special repre-
sentative of the archbishop to look af-
ter the spiritual wants of the visitors,
98 per cent of whom are Catholics.
He was selected for this work not
only because he is a Harvard man but
also because of his familiarity with
the Spanish language, gained by
twelve years' experience in South Am-
erican countries.

He is much pleased at the results
of the visit of the teachers not only
as an alumnus of Harvard but also
as a priest. He has only words of
praise for every feature that has come
under his notice and he expressed his
pleasure in the heartiest terms in
conversation with a newspaper repre-
sentative.

"I think the trip has been one of
great profit to the teachers," he said
"not only from an educational point
of view but also from social contact
with the people of this section of the
country. I cannot speak from close
personal knowledge of the work of
the summer school but I am con-
vinced that it has been of great benefit.
Superintendent Frye and the Harvard
officials have managed the work with
great tact and courtesy and there has
been no friction of any kind."

"So far as I have been able to ob-
serve or learn there have been but
very slight attempts at proselytizing,
and these attempts have been gener-
ally discouraged by those in charge
of the expedition, on the ground that
if any such would be done it should
be done in Cuba and not while the
teachers are here. All but a very
small proportion of the teachers—
about two per cent, I am informed—
are Catholics, and their spiritual
wants have been carefully attended to."

"They have been very punctual in
attendance at mass and other services.
We have had about a thousand at
Father Orr's church every Sunday,
and there have been expeditions to
other churches in Boston such as the
cathedral of the Immaculate Conception
and the Mission church."

"I find that all the teachers have an
intense admiration for Mr. Frye and
personally I can speak only in the
highest terms of his management. He
is an exceedingly able and broad-
minded man. Although I have been
assigned by the archbishop to attend
to the spiritual wants of the teachers,
most of the real work has been done
by others. I cannot speak too highly
of the work of the different Catholic
societies who co-operated to make the
visit a pleasant one for the teachers.
I really do not know what we would
have done but for the sales Catholic
as established at Harvard. These have
been of great convenience to the vis-
itor."

I quite agree with Mr. Frye in his
statement that the women of the party
have shown themselves possessed of
unusual strength of character. I have
not heard a word of unfavorable com-
ment. At home they are constantly
attended by chaperones. Here they
were allowed a liberty to which they
were never accustomed and yet they
have conducted themselves with entire
propriety."

"There was a little adverse comment
at first from the fact that some of the
women when accosted on the street
with a 'Buenos dias' by some young
lovers would stand and talk with
them, but I found that they supposed
this was the custom of the country,
and felt that if they did not acknowl-
edge the salutation they would be
considered 'rude' in courtesy."

"While it may seem curious to make
comparisons, I think that the women
have made greater advance in the line
of education than the men. Perhaps
this was because they were lodged in
private families, and did not have the
opportunities for going around that
the men did, or perhaps they were
keener in pursuit of knowledge. I do
not mean by this that the men have
not profited by the opportunities af-
forded them also, but that they have
not profited in the same degree."

"It has been of great advantage to
these teachers, simply as Catholics, to
have made this visit. Most of them
supposed they were coming to a Pro-
testant country, and they were great-
ly surprised to learn of the number
of Catholics there are in the United
States, to see the large number of
fine Catholic churches, and to note the
devotion of the American Catholics to
their faith. From any point of view, I
have only pleasant words as to the
results of the trip, and I know that the
teachers thoroughly appreciate all the
courtesies that have been extended to
them."

The new monastery of the Augustin-
ians at Villanova, Pa., will be ready
for occupancy October 1st, and the
work on the new college building is
progressing rapidly.

A new church under the patronage
of St. Joseph will soon be erected in
Baltimore, Md. The corner-stone of
the church was laid recently by Bish-
op Curtis, assisted by a number of
clergymen.

A STRONG ARGUMENT.

The Written Statement of a Recent
Convert to the Church.

Among the recent converts to the
Catholic Church in England, is the
Rev. C. R. Chase. He has made a
written statement to his friends of his
reasons for quitting the so-called
Church of England. It is an unan-
swerable argument for the primacy of
the Pope, not only a primacy of order,
but also of jurisdiction. He then
refers to the lack of unity of doctrine
among all denominations outside of
the Catholic Church.

He says in conclusion: "What I feel
about myself is that in the past I put
on one side and passed lightly by
passages from the fathers, and I fear
also texts of Scripture which refer to
St. Peter and the See of Rome. How
constantly and for how long have I
prayed for the unity of Christendom.
But how shocking it is to think that
the Church of Christ can be broken up
into three or any number of parts.
If the Church be not one, then Christ's
prayer, 'That they all may be one as
Thou, Father, art in Me, and I in
Thee, that they also may be one in
Us,' has not been heard. Surely the
Church of England is not one with
the Church of Rome—as Father and
Son are one. 'I and My Father are
one.' How then can there be one
Church but in communion with one
Head on earth, the Vicar of Christ,
the Supreme Pontiff? How otherwise,
in what other theory of the Church
but in the teaching of the one Church,
Catholic and Roman is one religion
taught?"

"To me it was a strange sensation
as well as a great joy when I went to
see Mr. Bishop, after I became a
Catholic to know that I was of the
same religion as my own Bishop. It
was a condition of things I had never
experienced before. Yet the unity of
the Church was to be as our Lord
prayed the very mark of His Divine
mission. 'That the world may know
that Thou hast sent Me.'"

MANHATTAN COLLEGE—1900-01.
Manhattan College's new catalogue
is much different from those issued
in preceding years, the recent changes
in the course of study necessitating
omission from and alterations in, the
curriculum. The entrance examina-
tions will be held September 10th, and
the class exercises begin September
11th. On the 19th the Mass of In-
vocation will be celebrated. Other cal-
endar arrangements are: September
24th, election classes begin; October
1st, college societies reorganize; Oc-
tober 10th, Fall games; October 15th,
16th and 17th, annual retreat; October
23rd, Winter course of lectures begins;
December 21st, seniors' day.

RANCHMAN BUILDS A CHURCH.
Recently, near "O'Connor's Ranch,"
on the San Antonio river, Texas, Mr.
Dennis O'Connor erected a church in
honor of St. Anthony out of his own
means, at a cost of \$6,000. The church
was blessed by the Right Rev. Peter
Verdager, D. D. Vicar Apostolic of
Brownsville, Texas, who warmly
praised Mr. O'Connor for erecting a
church for the benefit of the poor
Mexicans immediately following the
dedication confirmation was adminis-
tered to 108 persons.

NUNS AT OKLAHOMA.
The annual retreat of the Sisters of
St. Francis of St. John's and St. Louis
mission school was given by Rev. C.
A. Byrne, S. J., in the convent chapel
at Pawhuska, Oklahoma, beginning
July 29th and ending August 6th. At
the close of the retreat, Sister M. One-
stinus, who was known in the world
as Miss Alice Murphy, pronounced
her first vows for three years. And
Sister M. Electa, Sister M. Olivia, and
Sister M. Lilliana pronounced their
second vows for five years.

CHARITY AND HUMILITY.
When St. Dominic was lying
stretched on his bed of death, he was
surrounded by his weeping sons. To
these he gave his parting admonition:
"Have charity in your hearts, practice
humility like Jesus Christ. To serve
God is to reign, but you must serve
Him with all your hearts and from
love." Charity and humility! These
are indeed the twin stars that shone
in St. Dominic's crown. If these two
virtues were but widespread to-day,
they would offset very effectively the
spirit of the age. Everywhere there
is rampant the spirit that leads from
God—a spirit of uncharity, a spirit of
inflated selfishness, of pride. By all
of us who should wear Dominican
characteristics, the words of St. Do-
minic ought to be sacredly treasured
and heeded. And there is no Rosarian,
who will not labor to assume the vir-
tual aspect of him, who was the first
of all Rosarians.—Rosary Magazine.

WHISPERING IN CHURCH.
The worst of all kinds of sounds in
church is that of human voices not
engaged in the service—worst in inde-
cency, worst in moral transgression.
Even religious conversation is wrong.
Secular conversation is profanity.
Comments on the service itself, if fa-
vorable and friendly, if comical or
calculated to provoke laughter, are
indecency; for all mutual communica-
tions that appear to be necessary, a
sufficient forethought would in most
instances obviate the necessity.

If those who whisper would think
twice they would commonly see that
no serious harm would come of keep-
ing still until after the service. The
insult lies against the authorities of
the church, against the congregation.
A whisper reaches farther than the
whisperer imagines; and wherever it
reaches it may rightfully stir indigna-
tion. It is a form of ill manners, the
more deplorable because it is scarcely
capable of rebuke and suppression by
any other means than a general sense
of good behavior and a right educa-
tion.—Exchange.

Rev. J. M. Filmer, until recently
Episcopal curate of St. Margaret's,
Roath, Cardiff, has, it is reported, be-
come a Catholic.

THE RIGHT KIND.

I like to see a girl
Who knows enough to furl
All her turbelows and get a man a
dinner.

Who can sing a bit and play,
Who can sew, da'n, knit, crochet,
We'll, a girl, in fact, who's got some
gristle in her.

A girl who loves her dad
And makes some fellow glad
And who doesn't sneer at any man
who labors,
Who's angel of the house,
Yet, if she saw a mouse,
Would jump upon a chair and call
the neighbors.

I like to see a youth,
Who'd rather tell the truth,
Than to resort to fairy tales or fab-
rications;
Who can look you in the eye,
Who, in short, would rather die,
Than disappoint his parents' expec-
tations.

Who, never fond of fight,
Can use his left or right,
And pay a hundred cents on every
dollar;
To some one sweetheart true,
He loves his mother, too,
And he doesn't wear a bandbox for a
collar.

I like to see a wife,
Who wouldn't for her life,
Tell the neighbors all her husband's
little troubles;
Oh, a woman full of hope,
Who could throw a man a rope,
If she saw him in a sea of business
bubbles;

A woman who has tact,
Good sense, and—well, in fact,
Almost any kind that isn't quite a
noodle,
And who'd rather make a bib
For baby in his crib
Than embroider silken dollies for a
poodle.

I like to see a man
Who, if he has a plan
For removing every evil from crea-
tion,
Now and then will give a cent
To his wife, but not repent,
And so ask for every mill an explana-
tion!

Who, if he has to roam,
Will save a smile for home,
And will never tell the sins of other
people,
Who isn't a beginner,
Who himself has been a sinner,
And who doesn't measure God with a
steepie.

—Boston Globe.

JOE BARTLETT.

"She'll be hard to tether, Kitty
will. It'll be like lassoing a butter-
fly, an' I 'low as the man as can do
it ain't appeared in camp yet," said
Joe Bartlett, meditatively. "As fer
me, I ain't got the show of a chance.
How in thunder can I expect a dainty
little girl like Kitty to care for a
rough, ignorant fellow like me?"

He took the pipe from his mouth,
and, knocking the ashes from it, filled
it carefully; but it was evident that
his mind was not upon his task.

"Can't even speak grammar as I'd
ort to," he muttered with disgust.
"But they ain't nothing I wouldn't
do fer Kitty—Lord love her—even to
studying a grammar book."

Joe was modest. He had no self-
esteem whatever, and undervalued
his merits. That so remarkable a cre-
ature as Kitty should ever love him
was to be considered only in the light
of an impossibility. If his love be-
came hopeful he revived himself and
blushed at his temerity.

Yet Joe was foreman of the new
mine at Clear Creek camp and the
most important man in the place.

"No, the man ain't arrived yet,"
continued Joe, "an' when he does"
he turned a little pale—"when he does
God help Joe Bartlett!"

That evening, as was his habit, Joe
was at Amos Carter's cabin. There
were two reasons why he liked to
spend an evening with Carter—he en-
joyed swapping yarns with him over
their pipes; and Kitty happened to
be Carter's daughter. Kitty never sus-
pected his love. Joe knew that she
did not return it, and he was not a
man to wear his heart on his sleeve.

If anyone had asked her about her
opinion of Joe, she would have con-
fessed frankly that she was almost as
fond of him as of her father.

In the midst of a story of the plains
which he was telling for the twentieth
time there was a loud rap on the door.
Carter went to open it. A stranger
stood on the threshold, a tall, slender,
well-made young fellow, wearing the
garb of the city-bred man.

"Is this Mr. Carter's place?" he
asked.

"That's my name, young feller.
Will you come in?"

"I was told," said the new comer,
as he complied with the invitation,
"that I should find Mr. Bartlett
here."

confidence in you, Bartlett, and I will
take it as a favor if you will forget
to remind me of the responsibilities of
the situation." Again his boyish
laugh rang out and the others laugh-
ed in sympathy.

He was unmistakably a good deal of
a dandy. His linen was as immacu-
late as it would have been in the city,
and the hand from which a diamond
flashed was as white and shapely as
a woman's.

"We must be good friends, Bart-
lett," he continued, for I want you
to let me down easy on the labor
problem. Dad wants to make life a
treadmill for me."

A broad smile from his hearers
greeted this statement.

"I hope you know what work is,
young fellow," his smile ending in an
audible chuckle.

Clay Ames never knew what reply
he made. His eyes for the first time
had met Kitty's and he forgot every-
thing else but the tall slip of a girl
with the wild-rose face.

In less than a week everybody in
camp knew that the superintendent's
son was in love with Kitty Carter.
Half the men in the camp were his
rivals, but they all liked the young
boss, who had made himself one of
them from the first night of his ar-
rival. Kitty's ways were maddening.
If her willful heart favored anyone,
even her handsome city lover, she dis-
creetly kept the knowledge to her-
self.

Joe Bartlett had just left the office
and was on his way to the mine.
Looking up he saw Kitty's flying fig-
ure speeding toward him. He knew
at once something was wrong. She
was breathless, her lips were blanched
and her eyes wild with terror.

"Kitty, what is it? Anything wrong
at the mines?" he asked, anxiously.

She caught his arm to steady her-
self.

"There's been a slide," she gasped,
"and Clay—"

A sob choked her voice, and the
agony in her face went to Joe's heart
like a knife stab. His face whitened.
"Is Clay anything to you, Kitty?"
he asked, huskily.

"Everything; all the world to me,"
moaned Kitty. "My heart will break
if he dies."

Joe unclasped her trembling fingers
from his arms.

"Please heaven, we won't let him
die, dear," he said gently, and a mo-
ment later he was gone.

How the man worked to reach the
deathtrap where six of their com-
rades were entombed until exhausted,
they were compelled to fall back, while
others filled their places; how one
man, tireless and determined, kept al-
ways at the head, never resting for a
moment. To tell this would make
a story in itself.

Joe Bartlett inspired everybody and
cheered and encouraged the despairing
crowd that gathered about the en-
trance to the mine; and when, after
hours of hard work, the last dividing
wall of earth was penetrated, and an
opening made large enough for a man
to enter, it was Joe Bartlett, who,
with no thought of his own danger,
climbed through into the chamber be-
yond, and one by one lifted the half-
dead men to those waiting on the
outside to receive them.

Young Ames had been farthest back
and was the last to be rescued. He
was very weak, but he waved his
hand feebly to the cheering crowd as
Joe lifted him back to life and safety.

Through the opening in the wall of
earth the excited, shouting crowd had
a glimpse of a grimy radiant face—
Joe had caught sight of Kitty when
she first saw Clay Ames—then there
was a sickening sound as of muffled
thunder, a horrible underground
groaning, followed by a crash; a sec-
ond slide had occurred and Joe Bar-
lett was buried beneath it.

For a second or two the crowd was
awed into silence by the awfulness of
the tragedy, and then a cry of horror
burst from a hundred throats. Women
screamed and men grew white and
covered up their eyes as if thus they
might shut out the memory of the
brave face that but a moment be-
fore had smiled at them from its
grave.

It was hopeless from the first.
Yet never did men work more hero-
ically than the miners of Clear Creek
camp for the next twelve hours to
reach their comrade. Rough men,
most of them were, but they cried
like babies when at last Joe's crushed
body was lifted from under the debris
and the light of day fell upon his un-
conscious face.

They carried him to his own cabin
and laid him upon the bed. The
bravest man in Clear Creek camp had
given his life for his comrades and the
entire camp was in mourning.

Moonlight flooded the cabin where
Joe lay. The smile which had illu-
minated his face in the last moment of
his life still rested upon it. Two peo-
ple—a man and a girl—stood beside
him. The young man's arm was
about the girl's waist, her face hid-
den upon his breast.

"He was so good," she said. He
died for your sake, and mine."

"Yes, dear," said Ames, gently. "He
was the best and bravest man I have
ever known." His arm tightened
about her slender waist. "I'm glad,"
he said huskily, "that he did not have
a sweetheart."

"It would have killed her," whis-
pered Kitty laying her tear-wet cheek
against her lover's face. "But Joe did
not care for women—I am sure he
never loved anyone."

And they never knew; for eternal
silence had kissed the dead man's
lips.—St. Louis Star.

The Hardest Kind of Work.

"Oh, we have the loveliest arrange-
ment at our church society last week.
Every woman contributed to the mis-
sionary cause \$5 which she earned her-
self by hard work."

"How did you get yours?"
"From my husband."

"I shouldn't call that earning it
yourself by hard work."

"You don't know my husband."

NEW YORK CENTRAL THE FOUR-TRACK TRUNK LINE.

Trains leave from and arrive at Central
Avenue Station, Rochester, as follows:

EAST BY MAIN LINE.
A. M.—1:00, 2:15, 3:30, 4:45, 5:55, 7:10,
8:25, 9:40, 10:55, 12:10, 1:25, 2:40, 3:55,
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11:55, 1:10, 2:25, 3:40, 4:55, 6:10, 7:25, 8:40,
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