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THE RETURNED TRAMP

It was all a fraud. The forage cap on one side of his narrow head, he wore out livery coat with epaulettes, even the leathern strap suspending from his shoulder his box of knavish wares, affected a military air and countenanced his lies and leceptions.

The face was not repulsive even now. Some distinction appertained to the heavy mustache, and the hollow beneath the high cheek bone, the crow's feet around the eyes, the tanned, weather beaten ruddiness of his complexion, might have been considered honorable service in poisonous swamps or under burning skies instead of shifty, footsore wanderings with alternate hours of want and wickedness.

He dragged himself to the dusty grass beneath the "Five Ashes" at the four crossroads. He was faint, for the hill had tried him, and sat panting with his back against a tree. Then he opened his box and began rolling inflexible pills between his filthy finger and thumb. Their composition was a secret, but doubtless they did some people a lot of good.

For twenty years his heart had never softened with a sentiment, his soul never quivered with an inspiration, and now his wandering eye, resting on a finger post across the road, mechanically read "Upton Leigh Sutton Darcy."

All so familiar once, and the last his birthplace. A strange impulse, absolutely unreasonable, for recognition might still be dangerous, took possession of him, an irresistible desire to see the place again, even though it were by stealth at night. From the loughs about his head came the "pink, pink" of a chaffinch, and through the fifth and fog of a quarter of a century of exile, indistinct in the fumes of drink and smothered in its own fatality, glamed a reminiscence as sharp as the bird's note.

An old farmhouse thatched and stone, with a chimneyed wind down the garden to a tall tree, with a garden gate opening in the early spring, and beneath a youth with a gun preparing to get a shot, then a man in brushes and hose, elder just back, drawing half humorously, "What, Jack, my boy, thy shot do not hit of more buds than all the challengers."

The old people must be gone now, for Jack was the youngest and the favorite five and thirty years ago. Muttering against his own folly, he slung on his box and limped along the Sutton road.

At evening he entered the Cups, an inn on the outskirts of Sutton. Everything was as formerly—the same bench and stools, the same oak settle by the hearth. Two laborers playing at shovennard called each other familiar names, and the sing-song of their voices brought back the past.

"What parish may this be, please?" he asked.

"Zutton," replied both Abs and Abe.

"A large village?"

"Tidden zo terrible large."

"Small?"

"Tidden zo wonderful small."

Satisfied with the subterfuge of these questions, he sat down and continued eagerly:

"Any of the name of Craddock live here now?"

"Craddock, eh?" grinned Abs.

"What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear," said Abe.

He hesitated, but the longing to know overcame his judgment like the craving of a vice.

"And the farm at the foot of the hill—who lives there?"

"Mr. Craddock, be sure—Varmer William."

"When I came this way before, somebody—people called Sandford?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Abs. "Then you be a woldish bird, not hatched last summer. Why, the old man have a bin dead these twenty year, an' he took on the farm. But years avore she thought to 'a' married avore one Jack. But he took to ho'se race, so 'tes said, an' signed somebody's name an' bolted. Never did-

den hear no more o' ne. But you be a old file. What dost zay, Abe?"

"Noo fear!" said Abe.

John Craddock nervously rose, straightened his back and fell into his familiar patter.

"Yes. I'm an old soldier, wounded in the trenches before Sevastopol and starved at Cawnpur, and when I'd spilt my blood and ruined a fine constitution in the service of my native land they gave me my discharge and threw me upon the world without a penny. But, happily, among the prisoners taken by the British forces in that memorable war was the private physician to the rance of Jhansi. Seeing me writching with rheumatism—to which, gentlemen, I was then a martyr—his feeling heart confided to me under an oath of secrecy the inestimable blessing of a never failing remedy. These pills, gentlemen, taken in time are a reliable cure. If you have ever seen crooked legs, stiff arms or a back as bowe-l as a reaping hook, take a couple o' these pills—four and twenty in each box. The price is twopence, and I guarantee if kept dry the contents will never deteriorate. Thank you, gentlemen. I wish you good evening."

His glances had been successful; but, all at ease, he shuffled on to the old house with the pear tree. A silver maned colt was reaching over the paddock rail, the image of the roan mare they used to call Rube. All was quiet and prosperous, and in the garden path stood the familiar figure. He slunk into the shadow of the churchyard wall. Yet it was only Dick grown into the substantial standness of his father's place.

He went to the low thatched house standing all askew with the stalls and the wagon shed where he and Dorothy used to meet. He would sleep that night in one of the wagons. It was scarcely dusk, but the life came back quite clearly.

Work was over, and nobody would come, so he went in and climbed up out of sight.

He heard a light step and peered over the tailboard. There stood the Doll Sanford of years ago, with budding womanhood beneath the open neck of her print frock. She had run out in haste. Her lips were parted. He could see her face looking toward the gate into the orchard. Then came a firmer step—just as when they said he was too wild for Dorothy.

"I'm not stay tonight, Jack."

"A few minutes, Doll."

"The maid's out. Mother'll miss me."

"I'll be back."

"Jack!"

They kissed close to the wagon wheel and were gone.

He could not help it. Come what would he must go to the house, and presently he crossed the yard, entered the porch and knocked.

"Nothing today, thank you," said a sharp voice through the partly opened door.

He remembered the Craddock rule, never to give money nor refuse bread. "Will you give me a bit to eat?" he begged.

Without a word she disappeared, but came back, bringing also a cup of cider.

"Isn't this Mr. Craddock's?"

"It is."

"I knew one of that name once—Jack Craddock. We were chums. I was by when he was killed. I've got something of his now."

"Killed?" she echoed, trembling.

"Yes. It was in the trenches before Sevastopol."

She gave a sharp cry and sank into the stone seat in the porch.

A burly figure came from the house. "What's this? What's this?" he blustered and seized the tramp by the collar and shook him.

"Don't, William," pleaded the woman. "It's nothing. He has done nothing."

He shuffled nervously into the highroad and stood there in the twilight beneath the pale summer stars. Had she recognized him? He could tramp no farther that day, and again he slunk across the yard and climbed into the wagon. At dawn he would trudge on—far from the village—out of the district.

At daybreak came the horses, but they did not wake him.

"Here's thik tramp feller. God, he's dead! What dost zay, Abe?"

Abe solemnly said, "Noo fear!"

Ticklish.

An American who was touring Ireland took a jaunting car six miles out of Dublin. His driver, a most genial and witty fellow, informed him entertainingly about all points of any interest on the road. Finally

they stopped at a tavern to get a glass of beer. As the driver alighted from his seat there approached him the raggedest person the American had ever seen. The driver, who was a well dressed fellow, seemed overjoyed to meet the man of rags and tatters. He literally threw his arms around him, exclaiming as he did so, "Why, Barney, lad, it's glad I am to see you."

When the American and his driver were on the road again, the American remarked, "That friend of yours was quite an extraordinary person."

"He's the best friend I have in the world," responded the driver.

"Indeed. Rather poor, I should say."

"Oh, it be his clothes that set you a-thinking of that, but you're wrong. He's rich. But I'll tell you about him. He's that ticklish that no tailor in Dublin can put his finger on him."

A LEGEND OF THE FLOOD.

The Tradition Handed Down by the British Columbia Indians.

All the northern coast Indians, says a British Columbia correspondent, have a tradition of a flood which destroyed all mankind except a pair from which the earth was again peopled. Each tribe gives the story a local coloring, but the plot of the legend is much the same. The Bella Coola tradition is as follows:

The creator of the universe, Mes-mes-sa-la-nik, had great difficulty in the arrangement of the land and water. The earth persisted in sinking out of sight. At last he hit upon a plan which worked very well. Taking a long line of twisted walrus hide, he tied it around the dry land and fastened the other end to the corner of the moon. Everything worked well for a long time, but at last the spirit became very much offended at the action of mankind and in a fit of anger one day seized his great stone knife and with a mighty back severed the rope of twisted skin. Immediately the land began to sink into the sea. The angry waves rushed in torrents up the valleys, and in a short time nothing was visible except the peak of a very high mountain.

All mankind perished in the whelming waters with the exception of two, a man and his wife, who were out fishing in a big canoe. These two succeeded in reaching the top of the mountain and proceeded to make themselves at home. Here they remained for some time until the anger of Mes-mes-sa-la-nik cooled, which resulted in his fishing up the severed thong and again fastening it to the moon. From this pair thus saved the earth was again populated.

Convinced Him.

Mr. Pinchpenny stepped aboard the car at Fourth street and paid his fare, but the conductor, who was very busy, forgot that he had received the nickel and at Seventh street held out his hand.

"Fare," he said.

"I paid you half a mile back," protested Mr. Pinchpenny.

"I think not," rejoined the conductor.

"I say I did."

"I say you didn't."

Mr. Pinchpenny hesitated a moment and then said, with the air of an injured citizen:

"Don't you recollect a man that got on about five minutes ago and held on to his nickel as if he didn't want to give it up and you almost had to pry it out of his hand?"

"Yes."

"Well, that was me."

"I remember you now," said the conductor, passing on with a grin.—Youth's Companion.

A Victim of Overconfidence.

"Mr. Billus," demanded his wife freely, "what is the meaning of that long, brown hair on your coat collar?"

"It means, madam," retorted Mr. Billus, "that I'm a chuckle headed jay of the jayest sort. I'm a chump from Chumpton. That's what it means, Maria."

"Explain yourself, sir."

"One of the fellows at the office put that hair on my collar not an hour ago and said I didn't dare to let it stay there. I said I did dare to. I said you were a woman of too much sense to notice such a little thing. I told him you wouldn't even see it. He offered to bet me a dollar you would, and I took him up, Maria!" snorted Mr. Billus. "I took him up, and you've lost me a dollar!"

Lecture by Father Hendrick.

The lecture by Rev. Thomas A. Hendrick, LL.D., before the Literary Society on January 8th, on "Monastic Life and its Influence on Civilization," was characterized by its insight and strength of statement. While it is true that in some senses the subject could not be called a popular one, still it is to be regretted that more did not avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing so distinguished a scholar as Father Hendrick.

He began with an outline of the state of society before the birth of Christ, when conditions were at the zero mark judged by the standards of civilization. Continuing he said: "In such a world Christ was born, in it he lived and judged according to its standards. St. Peter came to Rome and was crucified. St. Paul came and was decapitated. Seven millions of martyrs joyously followed in the procession of which St. Peter and St. Paul were the head, testifying to the world that there were joys and rewards greater than those which the world can give. The fury of Satan waged war for centuries against the Kingdom of God, only to find that the blood of martyrs was the seed of the church and that multitudes of Christians grew from the blood of one. To take the world, overshadowed both by primitive and by decadent barbarism and convert it, to teach it, to change the foul into the pure, to enlighten the darkness, to replace confusion with order, anger and war with peace and brotherly love, to teach the dignity of men in the brotherhood of Christ, to ennoble womanhood, was the work done by the growing church."

After stating that "one of the mightiest forces of civilization was the system which one might class under the generic name of monasticism," Father Hendrick went on to trace the conditions at the time when the religious orders flourished and the great work of civilization and education they had done in many lands.

"The object was to save souls, and at the same time to teach men that, while saving souls, they might know not only about God, but also of nature, of the affairs of men and their savage ancestors. In a word they lived best, who served God best."

A strong point which the speaker brought out was this: "Sometimes," said he, "people say that the church suppressed the bible and that by some miraculous accident it was discovered by Luther and spread by his disciples throughout the world. But, as a matter of fact, no line of the bible is now in existence which does not owe its preservation to the monks; and besides the bible nearly all the remains of the ancient languages have not only been preserved but spread by the monks."

That history owes much to the work of the monks was also shown. It may be said that the history of England, of Ireland and of other nations was written first in the chronicles of the monks, and the choicest and most valuable records, for instance, the Magna Charta, was sent to some abbey in every country to be preserved. By the records of the monasteries, kings proved their titles to crowns and noblemen their right of inheritance to titles and estates."

The invention of paper, the first use of the printing press, the introduction of stained glass windows, the invention of the musical scale, are but a few of the many things cited by Father Hendrick as owing their origin and development to the monks.

Speaking of the Philippines, he said, that all the arts of peace and civilization had been taught there by the religious orders. Their detractors would point to the fact that but 70 per cent of the whites in the Philippines can read and write, but statistics show this to be a more favorable result than in our own state of North Carolina, where 70 per cent of the whites cannot read and write.

Sketches of many pioneers and their triumphs in different parts of the world followed. Father Hendrick said that the mission of religion in converting from barbarism is not yet done. There is a barbarism after illumination that is worse than the barbarism before illumination and today we may see savages in the streets of New York and London.

He paid an eloquent tribute to the Redemptorist order, and to Father Roland, who was rector of St. Joseph's church about thirty years ago, when the speaker was in his early priesthood.

The lecture was illustrated by many fine stereopticon views showing the works of the monks along the lines of architecture and art in all ages.

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Ordination of Priests.

Last Thursday at 9 o'clock five students of St. Bernard's Seminary, were ordained to the priesthood by Rev. Bishop McQuaid. Those ordained were Rev. John J. Coogrove of the Rochester diocese, Rev. Richard P. O'Connor, Rev. William H. Purcell, Rev. Patrick J. Sloan and Rev. Christopher J. Donnigan of the Syracuse diocese. After the ordination all of the priests, with the exception of one, returned to St. Bernard's Seminary for further study. One was chosen by the bishop of the diocese of Syracuse for immediate service. All of them celebrated their first mass at the seminary Friday morning after which they returned to their homes to celebrate high mass on Sunday in their native parishes.

C. R. & B. A.

At a meeting of the C. R. & B. A. held at their hall last Monday night, Jan. 12, the following officers were installed by Past President J. H. Welch: Spiritual adviser, Rev. Joseph Netzel; President, Chas. Hasenauer; 1st vice pres., Mrs. Elizabeth Brewer; 2nd vice pres., Mrs. Matilda Behr; rec. sec., J. H. Welch; asst. sec., Mrs. Lizzie Heinger; fin. sec., Mrs. Adelia Muesmacher; treas., Frank Straus; marshal, John Bachman; guard, Mrs. Mary Kuhn; trustee, Mrs. Mary Kuhn, Miss Anna Hack and Mrs. Catherine Heberle. After the meeting a most enjoyable time was had. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the council and when the good things were disposed of music was furnished by Streb's orchestra assisted by members of the council. Dancing was next in order, and all agreed it was the most pleasant and enjoyable meeting ever held by Council 52.

Council 23, C. R. & B. A. held an open session at their annual installation of officers last Wednesday evening. Supreme Medical Examiner Dr. Frank W. Maloney installed the following officers:

Spiritual adviser, Rev. George V. Burns; chancellor, James Olney; president, Edward J. Ryan; 1st vice president, Jeremiah F. O'Brien; 2nd vice president, Mrs. Ellen Meade; recording secretary, Mrs. M. B. Sharpe; asst. rec. sec., Miss Edith M. Sharpe; fin. sec., Mrs. M. F. Brennan; treasurer, Miss Lizzie M. Claffey; marshal, Mrs. Nellie O. Malone; guard, Edward McManamy; trustees, Mrs. Fannie L. Maloney, Miss Margaret Ferguson, Miss Bertha E. Raftery.

The hall was decorated with palms, flags and streamers and presented a pretty appearance.

At the conclusion of the installation ceremonies Rev. George V. Burns presented the president, E. J. Ryan, with a handsome gold and enamel clock on behalf of Council 23 and in a short speech congratulated Mr. Ryan on his successful efforts in the work of the Council. Mr. Ryan responded in a feeling manner and thanked the members for the expression of their good will and esteem.

Dr. Maloney also took occasion to commend the good work of Brother Ryan in both Council 23 and the Central Council. The annual election of officers of the Central Council then followed with this result:

President, E. J. Ryan; 1st vice pres., James M. Nolan; 2nd vice pres., M. D. Kavanagh; treas., Mrs. B. Weis; sec., J. F. Redding.

A short musical entertainment in which Miss Sheridan, Miss Cullen and Streb's orchestra rendered several selections concluded the program after which dancing was in order.

C. M. B. A.

District Deputy John L. Kernan, assisted by Grand Deputy Paul J. Lechleitner, installed the officers of Branch 196, C. M. B. A., last Friday. Speeches were made by Willard Marackle, Rev. John G. Van Ness, M. J. Ryan and Messrs. Kernan and Lechleitner.

James L. Whalen of this city has been appointed a supreme trustee of the C. M. B. A. to succeed the late Martin Healy. The appointment was made by President John J. Hynes.

Comus Club Elects Officers.

The Comus Club, composed of twenty five young men of the city, met and selected the officers whose names follow: President, John J. Carey; vice-president, Dr. Gerald Burns; treasurer, George E. Neeth; secretary, John A. Millener. Arrangements were made for the annual ball of the club. It is to be held in Mirror Hall, Powers building, February 18th. This ball is a popular social event and is largely attended.

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COOK BROS. SHOW.

The Colibis troupe of singers needs the bill of varieties for next week at the Cook Opera House. The daily little elf give us some military drills and musical performances. Prince Giovanni is two years old and 25 inches tall. Princess Suzuka 23 years old, 22 inches tall. Countess Karolina, 28 years old, 36 inches tall. Their performances are with a comedietta in which all participate. This act promises to be a novelty for the grown-ups and a delight for the children.

Grapewin and Chance will give the first half of the week "A Married Pair" and the last half "Mr. Fipp." Les Delbosqs are eccentric French acrobats. Novelty dancing will be given by Hooker and Davis. James J. Norton is a monologist with a big reputation and good material. Willsbury Bros. and Tenny are comedy musicians. Bellman and Moore have a clever sketch with melody introduced. Rita Mario is a charming and accomplished violinist.

This show will be given at the Cook twice every day next week.

BAKER THEATRE.

Manager Shubert of the popular Baker Theatre has secured the next pastoral drama entitled "The Night before Christmas" for Monday Tuesday and Wednesday, with ladies bargain day matinees on Tuesday and Wednesday. The play is under the experienced direction of Messrs. Burn and Nicolai, who have engaged an exceptionally strong company of thirty people headed by Elmer Grandin.

A production that pleases the patrons of the boxes, parquette, balcony and gallery has at last been written and produced by Mr. Lincoln J. Carter. This play is known as "The Little Wife" and is now in its second phenomenal season of unequalled success and will be seen at the Baker Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday with matinees Thursday and Saturday.

Mr. Carter has engaged himself in providing for this production a company of merit, the most beautiful scenery, electrical and mechanical effects superior to any of the other attractions.

Manager Shubert states that owing to the large demand for seats weekly wishes to announce that out of town theatre parties desiring seats can engage them by mail, telegraph or telephone and will receive prompt attention.

The New National Theatre.

At the New National Theatre twice next Monday, again on Tuesday night and twice on Wednesday will be presented the four act comedy drama from the pen of Hal Reid, entitled "The Peddler," with Joe Walsh in the star role. This play is no more to be compared with the cheap dramas that are touring the country but is a clean, wholesome drama of New York life, abounding in scenes of pathos and comedy, and is no less sensational.

The big popular concert to be given next Sunday night promises to be a most successful one.

Wit as well as humor is abundantly in evidence in the new musical farce "The Major and the Judge," which is to be revealed the last three days of next week, with the matinees on Thursday and Saturday and in which Tom Lewis and Sam J. Ryan in conjunction with Maud Hall play the principal parts.

Knight of Columbus.

At the regular meeting on Friday evening, Jan. 16th, Rochester Council conferred the First Degree on eight members.

Deaths.

Daniel Joseph O'Shea died Saturday at St. Mary's Hospital, aged 64.

The alumnae of the Hendrick Commercial Training School desire to express their sympathy with Miss Agnes Darcy in her bereavement through the death of her mother.

Our New Crop Tea.

Recently received are giving the greatest satisfaction. We are receiving numerous compliments from patrons on the excellent quality of our tea, a special feature of which is its moderate price.

Our Coffees always noted for excellence and fine drinking quality have never been so good as now.

Our Fancy Biscuits are of the standard of flavor and quality. The Great Atlantic Company, 711 Broadway, N. Y. City.

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