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GRANDFATHER'S PROPHECY.

BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.
(For The Catholic Journal.)
CHAPTER II.
The Great City.

(Continued from last week.)

"Envy you, Margaret; no, why should I, when envy is such a great sin. Of course, if I ever marry I hope to do as well, but Jack has chosen you and I could not envy you; but I am very happy for your sake, for I know he will make you the best of husbands."

"Dear little sister, how proud you are, of course, I know you would not think of taking Jack from me with all his bright promises which I know will keep, and I did not mean it that way," and Margaret laughed a merry light-hearted laugh.

Nellie hardly knew what brought the words to her lips for they came out involuntarily and no sooner were they spoken than regretted as being unkind. "You are right, Margaret, for I could not think of robbing you of your happiness, but I hope you will always be as true to him as I know he will be to you."

"Sister, you know I will and should I ever prove unfaithful to the trust Jack Grimes has put in me, may God punish me severely."

The answer fell with a cruel jar upon the girl's heart and she trembled with an undecipherable fear as if her sister were indeed calling down the judgment of God upon herself. She only said:

"Forgive me dear sister, I meant no offense for I know you could never be otherwise than faithful to the promises you made him."

Then silence followed again and each turned her attention to the passing scenes outside to which they were now grown more accustomed. Margaret was the first to speak. Just visible almost ahead of them, and a little to the left, was what appeared to be the smoke from a smouldering fire of great extent.

"Look, Nellie," she said grasping her sister's arm. "There must have been a great fire somewhere. Look at the smoke."

Nellie, too, had been gazing upon the doleful scene, wondering what could have been burning to make so much smoke, and in awed silence they continued to watch it greatly to the amusement of two city boys in the seat behind them who had spotted them from the first as "green countries." A feeling of real home sickness took possession of them now and a tear stole down Nellie's cheek. Soon they saw that instead of a fire the smoke was issuing from a great forest of tall chimneys. The fields and forests were rapidly disappearing, the scattered buildings were now growing larger and closer together, and as they sped along they saw that beneath the windows the green grass had disappeared too and track after track had been added until they wondered what possible use could be made of so many railroads; then the train ran into a long building with an arched roof and stopped just as the trainman called out the name of the city, bidding all to change cars.

The loud rumbling of the cars to which they had listened all the afternoon had caused Nellie's head to ache severely and she had hoped for quiet when they reached their destination but if there was any change the noise has increased, for she now had to listen to the sound of wagons, the clatter of horses' feet on the stone pavement and the cries of newsboys mingled with many other unpleasant sounds. The first thing they heard on entering the waiting-room was the shrill cry of a childish voice screaming:

"Last edition of the Times. Full particulars of the double murder."

In horror Nellie looked around and saw at her side a dirty faced ragged child about the size of her youngest brother.

"Paper, miss," said the boy, catching the glance, "two cents. All about the big fire in New York, twenty lives lost."

She turned sadly away thinking of her own little brother and wondering what her friends at home would think to hear him announcing such horrible news.

"Oh, Margaret," she sighed, "what are we to do? We do not know where to go, and Nellie Marion is not here to meet us as she promised."

"Just sit down and rest a few minutes and I know she will be here," answered the more hopeful Margaret, who unlike her sister was quite taken up with the novelty of the scene.

Nellie obeyed and looked around

for the newsboy half inclined to buy a paper not that she would read any of the horrifying news but to help the little fellow as she would like to have some one help her own brother, but he had disappeared and when she next saw him, he in company with another urchin, smaller and even more ragged than himself, was beseeching a well dressed gentleman to buy a paper. At that moment Lillie Marion appeared making apologies for her tardiness which had been caused on account of the street car being delayed. The girls picked up their satchel which was not very heavy and was carrying it between them when two the ragged boys ran up to them, saying:

"Carry your satchel, Miss! only five cents."

Lillie whispered in Nellie's ear:

"Pay no attention to them."

The next they heard was "Might know you couldn't get nothin' out of them, fur there's countries and as stungy as they can be, I bet."

After what seemed a long ride in the street car Lillie's boarding place was reached. She had pleased the girls by telling them that she had secured board and lodging for them in the same house with herself which was a quite pleasant as well as respectable place. But when at last they left the car in front of a grocery and after climbing two flights of steep stairs to the rooms occupied as a boarding house they felt they had less to be thankful for. It was worse still when they were shown into the room which was to be theirs for it was only large enough for a bed and two or three necessary pieces of furniture and had one solitary window. Margaret went to the window to get a breath of fresh air for she felt as if she would smother here; but what must have been her dismay when she found that it opened into a narrow dreary court and the bit of blue sky above, the only welcome object in view, and that seemed laden with dark heavy smoke. She sighed for a breath of pure country air with its fragrance of apple blossoms and she showed it in her face as she turned back to her companions.

Lillie interpreting her feelings gently put her arm around her saying:

"I know just how you feel, Margaret, I felt the same way when I first came here. It seemed as if I could not live in this heavy air and endure being cooped up so but I soon got used to it and so will you. There are lots of far worse places in the city than this and if you could only see how some people have to live even whole families in one small room you would think you were in a perfect paradise."

She sat down and tried to cheer the girls by telling them of the pleasant parks and neighboring summer resorts where they could spend their Sunday afternoons in the summer, and of the theatres and other places of amusements where could pass their winter evenings.

"The city is really a delightful place to live in when you get used to it," she concluded. "Of course we have to work hard but there is so much pleasure to be had after the day's work that I should really feel myself exiled if I had to go back to the country to live."

Margaret was in a measure consoled but not so with Nellie. Her head throbbed with pain and she took no interest in what Lillie was saying. The conversation was soon interrupted by the sound of a gong which called them to supper. Had it not been for her sister, Nellie would have declined to go but she could not let Margaret go alone to face the strangers she must meet at the table. She could eat nothing for the order from the kitchen made her sick and she was glad when they could return to their room and lie down to rest on the hard bed.

CHAPTER III.
A Sad Change.

It was now ten months since the Norton girls left home and in Nellie if there was any change at all being thrown among strangers in a strange city had only made her more womanly and reserved. Her natural virtue had increased rather than diminished for in every danger she had remembered the teachings of her parents and the good old priest, and if it had been impossible at the time to lay her cares at the foot of the altar, she had ever had recourse to silent prayer and God had not forsaken her. If her religion had been dear to her at home it was far more so now, for the knowledge that the same God who reposed in the tabernacle in the dear little church where her dear ones still worshipped was also to be found on the altars here, formed a strong connecting link between the past and present. With many of the girls in the mill Nellie was unpopular for she was too prudish

for them, and they were often not a little displeased with her for sometimes frowning and always keeping silent when obliged to listen to their light and often sinful conversation, as well as refusing to accompany them to many of the places of amusement. To these places she would often like to have gone when she knew the entertainments to be perfectly useless, for she was really fond of innocent pleasure but it took money to go and she could take no pleasure in spending it thus when she knew that every cent she could save was needed at home.

With Margaret, alas, it was different. She was still what might be called a good girl but she had changed, greatly changed since she came here and caused her sister much care and anxiety. She would not think of missing Mass on Sunday, her morning and evening prayers were never neglected and once a month the two sisters approached the sacraments together but her devotions usually ended there now. At first she had been so dazzled by the splendor of the church, which was so far more beautiful than anything she had ever dreamed of at home that she had greatly enjoyed attending every service and listening to the grand sermons. Almost before she was aware of it she began comparing the scene before her with the poverty of the church at home, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter; then after a time, she grew tired of the novelty of this and finally gave up attending the evening service. The Sunday afternoons in the summer when she could have been at Vespers were spent in the parks and when it became too cold to go there she usually spent them at the home of her friends. On week-day evenings she was ready to go to the theatre whenever any of the girls suggested it. It was in vain that her sister protested on the plea that the money was needed at home, for her impatient reply was that she had to work hard enough during the day and she thought she deserved a little pleasure evenings and Sundays.

"Besides," she added, "after spending my life in the country where I could neither see or learn anything, now that I have the opportunity I intend to see a little of the world. It will be time enough for me to go back and settle down when I am older, but I will enjoy myself now while I am young."

Finding that words were of no avail, Nellie could only keep silent and trust in God for the best, but a more bitter trial was in store for her. At first Margaret had talked much about Jack and the beautiful home he was to give her, and she had been perfectly overjoyed when she had received a letter from him saying that he had purchased the Wray farm and had made a large payment on it. The crops promised to be a great success, he had written, so there were hopes of being able to make another large payment when they were sold. Many times Margaret had read the letter and given it to her sister to read, then laid it carefully away with her few dearest treasures. That was in the early summer and each week when the girls wrote home, Jack's letter was never neglected and Margaret would watch eagerly for a reply but in Autumn there came a change.

Several changes were being made among the hands at the mill and one of the most important was that the foreman who for many years had had charge of their room resigned and his place was given to Charles Shirley, a handsome young man from New York. By his kind, agreeable ways he soon won the good will of all, and Nellie liked him very much at first; but when she discovered that he had been greatly attracted by her sister's beauty she began to feel a secret dislike for him and she tried to keep Margaret away from him as much as possible.

At first the unsuspecting girl was wholly blind to his attentions and was not a little surprised when, after spending an evening at a friend's home where he chanced to be, he offered to accompany her home. At first she was inclined to refuse but surely there could be no harm in accepting this little courtesy especially as the hour was late and she must otherwise go home alone. She bade him good night thanking him for his kindness, as soon as they reached her boarding house, then ran up stairs to tell her sister and she was not pleased when she saw Nellie's silent disapproving glance, but she would ask no explanation and her sister volunteered to give none. That was the beginning of their friendship and it was not long ere Mr. Shirley asked and received permission to call.

(To be continued.)

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MISS KATHERINE E. CONWAY

Who will be one of the speakers at the Cathedral Alumni Association Banquet at Colonial Hall, next Tuesday Evening.

Concert for the Foresters.

Court St. Paul, No. 417, Foresters of America, will give a concert at Y. M. C. A. Music Hall, on Tuesday evening, Feb. 24th. The following have kindly consented to take part: Misses Beth Rogers, pianist; L. Blanche Drury, contralto; Helen Pollock, soprano; Alice Donovan, elocutionist; Margaret F. Heveron, soprano; Nina Chapman, midget pianist; and Catherine Butler, accompanist; Messrs. W. F. Fredmore, tenor; Charles Rhodes, baritone; and Sam Harris, monologist. The concert will be for the benefit of Court St. Paul which was recently organized. Tickets can be exchanged on Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 23 and 24, at the hall for reserved seats.

The New National Theatre.

Weber and Field's greatest triumph, Fiddle Dee Dee, will come to the New National Theatre all next week including matinees on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, with a large cast of ten principals and a chorus of sixty people. Fiddle-Dee-Dee is undoubtedly the best musical extravaganza on the road this season. All its costumes are new and the company is one of the most expensive and best trained now on the road. It is under the direction of the Shea amusement company of Buffalo, where it had a run of twenty consecutive weeks during the Pan American Exposition. Previous to that time it had a run of nine months in Broadway.

Lyceum Theatre.

"A Chinese Honeymoon," which comes to the Lyceum Theatre, Rochester, Feb. 12, 13 and 14th with special matinee on Saturday, Feb. 14th, is without a doubt the biggest success ever known in the theatrical profession. The London Company has just passed its six hundredth performance at the Strand Theatre, and the company appearing at the Casino, New York city marked its hundredth anniversary on Tuesday, Feb. 10th. This alone stamps it as the reigning musical comedy of London and New York. The company to appear in Rochester numbers one hundred people and includes a number of eminent artists. The company carry its own orchestra. Altogether it is the cleanest and best musical comedy seen on the stage at the present time.

Bears Like Turtle Eggs.

In the spring the female loggerhead comes ashore and scoops out a pit with her hind legs in the sand on the south side of a shoal. Then she lays from 150 to 200 eggs in the hole and covers them up again with the sand, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. Bears are ever so fond of turtle eggs of all sorts, and they dig up the nests wherever they can find them, gobbling amazing quantities. I have known as many as thirteen nests to be robbed by a single bear in one night. As soon as they are hatched the young ones scuttle into the water. Crabs, fishes and shellfish contribute to the diet of these tortoises.—Exchange.

Curiosities of Heat.

The thermometer marks the temperature, but the bulb of quicksilver and the human body are affected differently. As to what feels hot or cold to one is a matter of conduction of heat. Silver, iron, wood and air at the same temperature feel differently. Silver will burn the skin at 156 degrees F. It will blister the tongue at 150 degrees F. Iron to do that would have to be considerably hotter. Wood can be handled when at a temperature of 200 degrees F, and it is on record that men have stood an oven heat of 600 degrees F. for a short time without apparent injury.

Rancour Against the Church in the South.

A commendable example of the practical work that is being done by the Catholic Missionary Union is the story of the missionary labor of Rev. d. E. O'Grady in the Diocese of Mobile. Father O'Grady is one of the thirteen missionaries who receive an annual subvention of \$500 from the Catholic Missionary Union in order to carry on missionary work to non-Catholics particularly in the Southern dioceses. He is enabled by this pecuniary support to spend his time going through the towns of Alabama and gathering crowds of non-Catholics wherever he is able and removing their false notions about the teaching and practices of the Church. During the past year he gave eighteen missions during which he preached to many thousands non Catholics and while he actually received only a few converts still he left quite a number under instruction. His work is appreciated by the non-Catholics for they are glad to get an accurate statement of the teaching of the Church. In the North we hardly realize the rancour of the antagonism against the Church. Books that would make any one who has a sense of decency left blush to his finger tips are disseminated by the thousands by ministers and others who are so filled with hatred to the Catholic Church, that they think this means of thwarting the advancement of the Church perfectly justifiable. Books that are so obscene that they would not be allowed to go through the mails are handed around by secretaries to women and children if perchance they can poison their minds against Catholicism. It is simply astounding what limits these people will go and yet they pretend to believe in a commandment that forbids them to bear false witness against their neighbors as well as one that forbids unchastity and obscenity. Still if it is a question of the Catholic Church these commandments apparently do not bind. It is this sort of thing that our missionaries in the South have to contend against. It is this sort of thing that our devoted people in the South have to put up with. Maria Monk Calumne and Margaret Shepherd infamies are poured out in such columns that the people in the South have to wade knee deep in such literature.

It is hard for missionaries to wade any progress against such a tide of filth and falsification. Yet they do it. The Catholic Missionary Union is spending over \$5,000 a year to counteract this crusade of dirt and vilification. Hundreds of people in the North are co-operating in this movement by remitting Catholic papers that will enlighten, by assisting Catholic Truth Societies that strive to dissipate the dark clouds of prejudice and bigotry by helping the Catholic Missionary Union to place more missionaries in the field and urging those who are at labor to do more effective work.

In Memoriam.

Resolutions of respect adopted by Div. No. 2, A. O. H. on the death of J. B. Royal.

Whereas, Almighty God has seen fit His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our worthy brother, Henry T. Hamill;

Resolved, that we extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved mother and other members of the family.

Resolved, that our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days, these resolutions be placed on our minutes by the secretary, published in the daily papers and a copy mailed to the family.

Jas. Harvey, J.P. Ricker, M.B.O.'Neill, committee.

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Customer—What's the price of sages?

Butcher—Den cends a bound already.

Customer—Indeed! Why, you asked 15 cents this morning.

Butcher—Yaw. Dot vos ven I had some py me yet. Now ven I don't vos got none I sell dem for den.

Customer—I fail to see the point.

Butcher—Vy, dot makes for me von reputation for cheap brices, and I don't lose me noddings, ain't it?—Chicago News.

BAKER THEATRE.

One of the most popular attractions of the present day, is that beautiful and interesting drama entitled "The Village Parson." The piece has scored an immense hit wherever produced, and its success has been achieved long since. There is an attractive ring in the title, which calls the attention of all classes of amusement goers to the theatre. "The Village Parson" opens at the Baker Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, Feb. 9, 10 and 11, special bargain day matinees Tuesday and Wednesday.

That sparkling bit of mirth, music, dancing and gymnastics known as "Eight Bells" will be presented at the Baker Theatre Thursday, Friday and Saturday evenings. Bargain day matinees Thursday and Saturday. "Eight Bells" as everybody knows, or should know by this time the Brothers Byrne have an excellent medium for the display of their peculiar talents. Improved in many ways, and with the introduction of much new business, this odd mixture of pantomime, gymnastics, comedy and specially pretends to no higher mission than that of making a merry performance and this it accomplishes in perfect style.

Prof. Walker's superb band will give a grand concert at the Baker Theatre next Sunday evening. Prof. Walker is without question one of the most versatile hand masters in Rochester, having successfully proved himself a conductor of the highest order, and the selections the Walker Military Band will offer are of the latest and most popular, merriest and successful music of the day.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

An excellent bill of vaudeville, headed by the Salammbos will be presented at the Cook Opera House next week. These performers promise some startling electrical experiments and expositions of wireless telegraphy. The Philadelphia press said of their act recently: "The Salammbos, the novelty of the season, introducing some experiments with electricity, and also furnishing a startling and practical demonstration of wireless telegraphy, rank among the head-liners."

The little folks will be entertained with Gillette's dogs, an act which is said to be crowded with amusing features. Lemar and Gabriel are clever comedians. One of the oldest and



Flood Brothers at Cook Opera House.

best known Irish comedians in the business is John Kernell, who is slated for a monologue. Howard and Bland offer comedy and trick piano playing.

A novelty will be contributed by Dolph and Susie LeVino, who give a comedy sketch in which the man draws pictures of local celebrities: Smith, Doty and Coe are comedy musicians. Maud Meredith is described as a "charming singer." The Flood Brothers are acrobats.

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

A. O. H.

On Wednesday evening, Jan. 27th, the following officers of Division 5, were installed by C. C. P. O. Cauley: President, John S. Burns; vice pres., Thos. Fitzgerald; fin. sec., M. J. Enright; rec. sec., Robert McCloskey; trans., Jas. H. Buckley; physician, P. O. Guinan; sentinel, Jas. Holland.

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