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A BRILLIANT CAREER.

A Beautiful Catholic Story Written For The Catholic Journal. BY MARY ROWENA COTTER.

(Continued from last week.)
CHAPTER VIII

Such was the state of affairs when Beatrice Snow became one of Miss Van Horn's pupils. One of her first remarks while being shown about the institution and grounds by one of the older girls, was:

"What a delightful place this is. The scenery is grand." She paused, looked up to the convent and added, "Really, I did not know there was an old castle here to complete the romantic beauty of the place. Who lives there?"

"That," was the rather sarcastic reply, "is a convent, St. Agnes' Academy they call it and it is a young ladies' boarding school."

"How I would like to visit it," said Beatrice, whose mind was still fresh with the memory of Helen Lee and her religious friends. "Do you ever go there?"

"No indeed, and we dare not even mention the place in Miss Van Horn's presence for she and those people are bitter enemies."

"Why so?"

In subdued tones the young guide told Beatrice about the former owner of the place, describing him as a most disagreeable old Papist who had driven her beloved principal from his estate because she was a Protestant and had further abused her by carrying out in his will a threat to have the place turned into a convent for no other reason than because she had once tried to purchase it for her own school. Much more than this was told in a bitter tone which would have given credit to the teacher herself and Beatrice listened with breathless interest, not a little displeased with the untold manner in which the good Sisters had been mentioned, but she showed no sign. When the story was finished she said:

"I am more eager than ever to visit the convent after hearing such an interesting story about it."

"I would advise you for your own welfare never to repeat that wish in the presence of your teachers or any anyone who will report you."

"Repeat it or not, I shall see the interior of that convent before I leave this school."

"Then you will be risking what no other pupil here has ever dared."

"I do not care, the very novelty of the thing makes it more fascinating to me and I shall do it."

"And run the risk of being expelled?"

"Little danger of that," laughed Beatrice, "but if they are so very strict as that, I shall be only too happy to make my escape."

"What a self-willed girl," was the young lady's mental comment, "I am afraid she will get herself in trouble before she finishes here, for our teacher will not allow any of that stubbornness."

In her judgement the young lady soon learned that she had been too hasty, for Beatrice was not long in winning the deepest love and esteem of both teachers and companions. The former found in her a most studious and obedient pupil, while her ready interest in every allowable pleasure and recreation, as well as a true sympathy for any one who needed it greatly endeared her to the latter. Beneath all, however, her superiors found an iron will, remarkable in one so young; it was a will which could never be broken when the girl felt herself to be right, but when convinced of the wrong her humble apologies were equally only to the firmness she had shown before.

CHAPTER IX.

It was the beginning of her third year when Beatrice gave Miss Van Horn and her staff of teachers a surprise which greatly shocked those ladies who were daily growing more prude in their ideas of what a young lady should be. It was the first summer that bicycles had been generally used among the society ladies in New York and Beatrice and her sister had been among the first to learn to ride. Both had found great pleasure in the new mode of exercise and our young friend on her return to school instead of accepting the carriage sent to the station, rode to the seminary on her own wheel. Miss Van Horn, who in her secluded corner of the world down among the mountains had seen only a few gentlemen's wheels pass threw up her hands in amazement as the apparition came in sight and she found it difficult to extend even a cordial greeting to the bold city girl

who thus disgraced her school. Strange to say her first thoughts were, "What would the nuns think if they were to see her," and had it been a stranger she would undoubtedly have ordered her to leave the grounds at once. As it was she must use the greatest caution in her deportment toward the daughter of a popular millionaire who had four more young ladies to be educated. In the evening, however, she sent for Miss Snow to come to her room and after laying before her, in the most forcible words, the impropriety of a lady riding a bicycle, she told her that she must never let her see her on the thing again.

Beatrice turned to her and smilingly said, "You are not aware Miss Van Horn that many of the leading society ladies in New York and other cities are riding bicycles this season."

"No, I am not, they are good enough for men but it seems to be far beneath the dignity of a lady to ride them. I had read of it in the papers, but would not have believed that any respectable young lady, much less a pupil in my school would so degrade herself until I saw it myself."

"The ladies who ride are many of them highly esteemed for their good character. Indeed if it were not so mamma would never permit us to do so."

"That may be in large cities, dear," said the woman who felt that she might be treading on dangerous ground, "but here it is different. Custom forbids it and you must not ride that bicycle again while you remain with us. I will see that it is well taken care of and you may have it again to take home at Christmas time."

Knowing argument to be of little use, and not wishing at any rate to carry it on with her superior, Beatrice bowed and left the room going to the basement to get the wheel which she intended taking to her own room but it was not where she had left it.

On inquiring she learned that Miss Van Horn had had it put away, but no one could or would tell where Beatrice found it hard to control her temper, but without comment she hastened to her own room and the letter sent home to apprise her parents of her safe arrival in school contained a full account of what she termed Madame's unjust treatment. The letter had the desired effect, and in less than a week orders from Mr. Snow compelled Miss Van Horn to return the bicycle with permission for Beatrice to ride it whenever she chose during recreation hours in fine weather. His chief plea was that the physician had advised it as a healthful means of exercise for his daughter.

"Who would ever have thought that one of my pupils would have come to this?" sighed Miss Van Horn as she saw Beatrice in the presence of many admiring companions, riding down the road for the first time on her restored treasure. "She will ride to her destruction on that thing, but if she does it will not be my fault."

Beatrice had not yet carried out her intention of visiting St. Agnes' Academy but had she given it up? No, far from it, for often did she sit alone, especially in the twilight, and look upon the stately building until interrupted, or darkness had hidden it from view and many a time would she say to herself, "if I might only go over and get acquainted with those people, for I know they are very pleasant in spite of all our teachers say against them," and in her own mind she would draw on the plan of the only convent she had visited, many a bright picture of the interior of this place.

"I will go sometime," she would say to herself and this was what she murmured just as her room-mate entered one September evening.

"You will go where, Beatrice?" asked the girl.

"Ah, Jessie, I thought I was alone. When did you come in?"

"Just as you were telling some unseen spirit that you would go there, wherever that may be. I did not know you were in the habit of talking to yourself, but do tell me where you are going."

"To visit the convent, I have had a strong desire to do so ever since I first came here and I do not intend to be disappointed."

"I suppose not, Beatrice, for I know too well that your will is not to be easily broken; but I warn you, be careful not to repeat that in the presence of anyone else for if Miss Van Horn should hear it"—There she paused.

Beatrice laughed and turned the subject but she had no premonition of how soon her desire would be granted. It came about thus: The follow-

ing afternoon, having received permission to ride outside the school grounds, Beatrice started out, holding the handle bar with one hand and waving her handkerchief to a group of girls with the other. The girls cheered as she artfully cut a circle near the entrance then disappeared down the road, but Miss Van Horn frowned from her position in one of the upper windows and commenced preparing a severe lecture to give the unlady like girl on her return. She was to be back before five, but that hour came and she did not arrive;—six o'clock, the tea-bell rang but Beatrice's chair at the table was vacant;—seven o'clock and no Beatrice. As it grew dark Miss Van Horn became uneasy and her anxiety increased with each passing minute. "Where is Beatrice?" was whispered from one to another, but Beatrice could not be found. Hour after hour until midnight the woman sat up and watched for her return. Now she would steal quietly down the hall past her sleeping pupils to the front window where she could watch the entrance, then back to her room to gaze out of the window. To add to her fears not even the light of a friendly star could be seen, when it grew late, for a heavy mist covered the mountain. One beam alone was to be seen, the light which streamed from one of the upper windows of the convent. Turn which way she might that light seemed ever before her, and when at last it, too, grew dimmer and dimmer, she knew that it had not been extinguished, only hidden by the mist.

"Why don't those nuns put out that light?" she muttered angrily to herself, "or are they only keeping it burning to mock my misery?" How different would her thoughts have been could she have seen through the window, for there on a snowy bed with two Sisters working diligently to restore her to consciousness and learn her identity was the restless form of Beatrice.

Leaving the seminary Beatrice rode directly to the village three miles distant, and on her return instead of taking the lower road which passed the seminary she rode up a private circular drive belonging to the Sisters. She had no intention of entering the grounds and almost felt herself intruding, but curiosity combined with a desire to mount the hill on her wheel, led her on until almost out of breath she reached the entrance. Her attention was attracted by a silvery fountain she had often watched from her own window, but never had it looked so pretty as now when, from one side of the basin arose a beautiful rainbow and every drop of falling spray glistened like diamonds in the sunlight. Nearby was a young Sister at work in a bed of bright geraniums. She slackened her pace a little and so intent was she in watching the movements of the religious that she did not see a pile of stones toward which she was steering until her wheel struck it and the next instant she was plunged headlong upon the obstruction. One piercing cry which penetrated the walls of the convent broke from her lips, the air was silent. In an instant the Sister who had heard the cry and seen the quick movement of their companion.

Pale and motionless she lay, her face downward and the blood streaming from an ugly gash at the side of her head, but she showed little signs of life. Tenderly they bore her to the convent and up to the infirmary, then sent for a physician, but unfortunately he was away and did not arrive until morning. All night the faithful attendants watched and worked over her trying to restore her to consciousness and watching for some word by which her identity might be learned but to little avail. If she partially aroused herself it was only to relapse immediately into senselessness, she was an entire stranger to them all and the few words she dropped in her delirium gave no clue. While the faithful watchers administered to her, others below in the chapel earnestly prayed that God might spare the life of the stranger who had thus been so strangely thrown upon them.

Morning dawned at last and at dawn the physician arrived. He looked grave when he examined the wound on her head, which was a severe one, and said that her friends ought to be sent for at once, and she must not under any consideration be disturbed for her life depended upon close watchfulness and perfect quiet. One of her limbs was broken in two places, but this in comparison to the fracture of the skull was of little con-

sequence. He had scarcely noticed his patient's face until the attendant informed him that she a stranger, asking at the same time if he knew her, then he recognized her as one of Miss Van Horn's pupils to whom his attention had been called by the fact that she had been the first to ride a lady's wheel in that vicinity. "Thank God," fervently murmured the good woman, and a messenger was despatched who soon brought the proud lady to the house for the first time since she had called on old Mr. O'Connell years ago. "I knew from the first that she would ride to her destruction on that bicycle," was Miss Van Horn's comment, as she awaited the carriage which was to take her over and bring Beatrice home, "but who would have thought it would have come to this. It is bad enough to have her hurt, but oh, to think of her being there and I obliged to go there after her."

With a cold, proud bow which looked more like a frown she greeted the kind Superior who met her in the parlor and impatiently asked to be taken at once to Miss Snow's room, a request which was granted, but not until after she had seen the physician who cautioned her to be careful not to disturb the patient, and also informed her that Beatrice could not be removed for several days.

"Not removed," she said impatiently, "what are you thinking of doctor. We must take her home where we can care for her."

"She cannot leave here. She will receive the best of care here and besides if you attempt to remove her, remember her life is in your hands so better leave her where she is, at least until the arrival of some of her friends from home."

On finding that her persuasions to have her charge taken back to the seminary had no effect upon the doctor, she immediately dispatched a telegram to Mrs. Snow, then took up her position at the bedside where she spent the whole forenoon critically watching every movement of the attendant Sisters, who while they plainly read her feeling toward them sought to overcome evil by good by treating her with the utmost kindness. Urgent duties calling her home in the afternoon she sent over one of her assistants who in the evening was relieved by another, so Beatrice was not left alone with the Sisters until the arrival of her mother late the following afternoon.

Mrs. Snow was no less horrified and displeased than Miss Van Horn had been on learning where her daughter was, but she was too prudent to think of disobeying the physician who had been highly recommended to her by the ladies at the seminary as a Protestant who understood well his profession. Beatrice had regained consciousness long before she was pronounced out of danger, but prudence required her to be kept where she was for some time.

Mrs. Snow like too many ladies of wealth, was wholly ignorant as to the care of the sick, so all she could do was to sit by the bedside and watch the strangers who assisted a trained nurse she had brought from New York; but she scarcely left the room for she feared to leave her daughter alone with the people whom kindness could not impel her to trust. Quite unexpectedly a message from home announced that her invalid daughter Blanche, was very ill and in less than two weeks after Beatrice's accident she was obliged to leave her. For a week the girl lingered at the point of death then rallied a little so back the mother went to her eldest child, but Beatrice was much better than Blanche now and when she heard of her sister's illness, which Mrs. Snow could not keep from her, she begged her to go home as she was being well cared for and would soon be well.

"Indeed mama dear," she said, "if it were not for this limb which is so slow in mending I believe I would not be in bed now," she said, "so please go to dear Blanche. Take good care of her and rest assured that I am getting the best of care, so do not worry about me."

"Dear, unselfish girl, I will go, but how I wish I could take you home with me, for I do not like to leave you alone in this place."

"I am not alone for the nurse is with me always, some of my teachers call on me every day and the Sisters are very kind."

"Yes, I know Beatrice," whispered Mrs. Snow, cautiously, "but beware of the nuns and do not put too much confidence in them for they mean no good for you, child."

(To be continued.)

K. OF C. CONVENTION

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS

Numerous Receptions and a General Good Time Given the Delegates and Their Wives.

The Knights of Columbus, opened its eighth annual meeting in Rochester Tuesday morning. Previous to the opening session delegates, visiting members of the order and members of Rochester Council attended mass which was celebrated at St. Mary's Church. The clergy members of the order, who officiated at the solemn high mass were: Rev. William Gleason, rector of St. Mary's church, celebrant; Rev. Dr. J. Curran, rector of Corpus Christi church, deacon; Rev. James E. Hickey, rector of Holy Apostles church, sub-deacon; Rev. E. J. Hanna, D.D., of St. Bernard's Seminary, master of ceremonies.

Giorn's First Mass was rendered by the choir under the direction of Miss Julia Madden, assisted by the following vocalists: Mrs. Charles Cunningham, Mrs. K. Mahon, Mrs. William F. Chandler, Misses Jessie Binges and Blanche Drury, also Messrs William F. Predmore, Philip Kenney, Philip Knapp, Charles Rhodes and Charles M. Lane. Music was furnished by Malone's Orchestra. Miss Agnes Madden presided at the organ. During the mass Rev. E. J. Hanna delivered an address of welcome.

After the service at St. Mary's church the delegates were escorted back again to Colonial Hall, where the opening session of the convention was called to order by state Deputy Hogan.

James M. E. O'Grady introduced Mayor Rodenbeck in a short speech, after which His Honor delivered an address of welcome.

State Deputy Hogan presented his report and in it paid a fitting tribute to Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid.

On Tuesday afternoon the visiting ladies were given a trolley ride to the State Industrial School where the boys were put through an exhibition drill.

The reception and ball given Tuesday evening at the Arsenal by Rochester Council in honor of the delegates and visiting members of the order, was one of the most elaborate functions held in the city. Over 2,000 persons were in attendance.

The building was decorated from top to bottom, the decorations in the drill hall being magnificent. On the ground floor of the arsenal, and in the rooms of the local militia companies, were placed refreshment tables, while the side rooms were utilized as dressing rooms.

The drill hall was crashed for dancing, music for which was furnished by Herman Dossenbach's orchestra and the Fifty Fourth Regiment Band.

Wednesday Secretary Clarkin's report was the first order of business. It set forth briefly that four new councils were instituted in New York state during the year 1902, making a total of 179 in all, and that no per capita tax was levied because of the good financial condition of the order.

The report of Treasurer Fitzpatrick showed that after paying bills and meeting all expenses, the State Council had a balance of \$1,967.20 in its treasury.

Under the rulings of the supreme council, all state councils convene in May. Telegrams of congratulations were received from the State Councils of Colorado, Illinois and New Hampshire. These were heartily applauded.

The report of the committee on resolutions was not in the form of a formal report, but contained a series of formal recommendations to approve or disapprove certain propositions. Each recommendation was voted on separately. The council voted to spread on its minutes, appreciation of the life and labors of the late Augustine Healy of New York, a former state secretary. A resolution was adopted expressing the hope that Pope Leo XIII. may be spared to the church for many years to come. The delegates voted unanimously to urge upon local councils the encouragement of Catholic boys' clubs or junior councils. A number of changes in the by-laws were suggested. These go to the supreme council for ratification. Other matters of interest to the society were also disposed of in the resolutions.

The council voted to ask Governor Odell to sign the bill making October 12th, Columbus Day, a legal holiday. A resolution was passed extending the thanks of the delegates for their reception to Mayor Rodenbeck and the citizens of Rochester; to the officers and members of the Rochester Council, especially to Grand Knight Edward

S. Gurry, James M. E. O'Grady, William E. Dwyer and James L. Whalen and their associates on the various committees which have entertained the state council; to the fifty patronesses for their fine entertainment of the lady visitors; to the Rev. William Gleason, the Rev. Dr. Hanna, the Rev. Dr. J. Curran, and the Rev. J. A. Hickey and the choir of St. Mary's church for the religious services there on the opening morning and to the priors of Rochester.

The officers were elected as follows: State Deputy, Francis B. Thorne, of Long Island; state secretary, N. L. Clarkin, of Brooklyn; state treasurer, Joseph H. Fitzpatrick, of Flushing; state advocate, Patrick E. Quinn, of New York; state warden, C. Davis, of Ossining; chaplain, Rev. James B. Curry, of New York; delegate to supreme council, Charles R. Barnes, of this city; William A. Fendergas, of Brooklyn; James J. Mylod, of Foughkeepsie; Charles A. Wabber, of Brooklyn; Dr. Joseph E. Smith, of Brooklyn; George W. Lott, of New York; Charles M. Stewart, of Albany and Charles E. Cooney, of Syracuse.

A large number went on the trolley ride Wednesday afternoon, visiting the points of interest not covered in Tuesday's trip. A stop was made at St. Bernard's Seminary on the boulevard where they were received by Bishop McQuaid and the clergy. Then the party went to Onondago Beach, where luncheon was served.

The reception and musical at the Union Club Wednesday evening was a decided success, the elegant rooms of the club being filled all evening with the visitors and members of the club. The rooms were especially decorated for the occasion in the papal colors, yellow and gold. The affair was much enjoyed by all present.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Beginning with the matinee next Monday afternoon, May 11, the Cook Opera House Stock Company will commence its summer season. The opening play will be "The Wilderness." This ranks among the best of the plays from the pen of H. V. Esmond. Miss Jessie Bonstelle will appear in the leading role. No one has forgotten this popular Rochester actress, who, in previous seasons has won all kinds of admiration from Rochester audiences. Mr. James Durkin, leading man has a fine record as a stock actor.

"The Wilderness" will be given at the Cook Opera House every day next week, with matinees on Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. The admission to matinees will be ten cents to all parts of the house, with the exception of a few front seats, which will be reserved for those who do not wish to participate in the matinee rush.

Catholic Education.

Asked by an interviewer why the church should go to such expense in providing schools when her children might take advantage of the facilities offered by the board and other schools already in existence, Canon Richardson, an English priest, answered the question recently. "It is because," he said, "the church is jealous of her children should go to non-Catholic schools. It is because Catholic education is the education of the whole man. It is not merely physical and intellectual education, but the education of the soul, and the soul is the greatest part of the man."

Love God.

No man is alone who loves God. If he feels that he is, then he is alone as Christ was; his loneliness is temporary, mental, subjective. That it is an effort for man to think of God does not take away from the value of this truth. I defy any man to love honestly the consciousness of the divine presence in the bloodiest temptation ever waged in Gethsemane.—Rev. Henry Keeffe.

SHORT SERMONS.

How good services. Sweet remembrances will grow from them. Many works seem full of charity, but as the order of discretion is not in them, so God is not in them.

In judging others a man labors to no purpose, commonly errs and easily sins, but in examining and judging himself he is always wisely and usefully employed.

What is slander? A verdict of guilty pronounced in the absence of the accused, with closed doors, without defense or appeal, by an interested and prejudiced judge.

It is not so much the intellectual life as it is the moral life that makes a human. It is the life of moral excellence; it is its conscience which is good, which is virtue, which is holiness.

Once give your mind to suspicion and there is sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wretched ear that is resolved to listen.