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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 XII.

When she returned home how she wished to tell her mother and sisters how happily she had spent the morning, but she dared not for she knew too well that it might displease her who was far dearer to her than all else in the world, and she would keep her mother's love and confidence while she could. On her return to the seminary she again commenced attending Mass at the convent, missing but few mornings excepting when kept in on account of the weather.

Strange to say only her room-mate noticed her absence in the morning, and she, supposing that the stroll was taken merely for pleasure heeded it not. As for thinking of accompanying her she was only too glad to rest as long as she could before beginning the day's work, so the matter might have remained a secret until the end had it not been for Belle Birmingham's discovery and the malicious use she made of her knowledge.

That night Miss Van Horn held a private consultation with her assistants to decide what should be done with Beatrice. Had it not been so near the close of school she would in all probability have been quietly sent home. She justly deserved public expulsion, but a knowledge of her act would only bring disgrace upon the school. For once the wisdom of the staff of teachers who pretended to know everything failed. Then love for her who had ever shown herself to be a model of all that was good and true influenced in the matter and after nearly two hour's debate it was finally decided to keep perfect silence and allow Beatrice to attend her classes as usual and send at once for Mrs. Snow who might deal as she thought best with her daughter.

The next day Beatrice's teacher, who in her love for her favorite would gladly have overlooked all, showed no sign of change in her conduct unless it were an increased tenderness. She did not blame the girl for failing in her lesson for she saw by her unusually pale face that she had probably spent a sleepless night. That day Belle Birmingham's lesson was perfect, and as if to add insult to injury, she had arisen uncalled upon to answer a simple question on which Beatrice had failed.

The day following the final tests were given and all day the young ladies of the graduating class were engaged in written examination. Beatrice had quietly taken a seat near the teacher's desk but she noticed Belle who came in a little late took a back seat. The papers had all been given out and a few preliminary instructions were being given when she quietly, with the air of one who regretted her tardiness, dropped into her seat near the door. As soon as the teacher ceased speaking she boldly sailed up to the desk to get her papers, asked several unnecessary questions, and returning cast a dark glance at Beatrice which the girl was too absorbed in her work to notice. Everything went well until the close of the afternoon. Beatrice was the first to finish and for half an hour she sat looking over her papers to make sure that everything was correct, every question had been answered and as far as she knew there was not a single mistake on any of the papers when she handed them in.

A pleasant smile and bow was the teacher's only comment but it was not unnoticed by the jealous girl who was more interested in the work of another than her own. To add to her discomfiture, having heard nothing in regard to the measures Miss Van Horn had taken to punish Beatrice, she feared that her plan had failed and the prize she had so coveted was to be carried away, not only by a Yankee, but by a Catholic. Near her opponent's seat Beatrice saw a piece of paper on the floor and thinking it to be only a bit of waste paper stooped to pick it up. In so doing her eyes rested on an open book in Belle's lap. The girl cast an angry look at her and would have snatched the paper from her hand had not the eyes of her teacher been upon her. The glance which went where the hands dared not, aroused the girl's suspicion and as soon as she was alone she opened the paper to see that it was a closely written translation of a difficult German poem on which Belle had several times failed and

which was one of the chief questions on the examination.

The angry glance she had received came back to her with horrid vividness together with the memory of many unkindnesses she had hitherto received from the 'haughty Southern girl.' 'Now is your time for revenge,' whispered an evil spirit within her, 'for it is but just to expose her while you have this proof in your hands and better do it before she has time to hide the book.'

It had been with a supernatural effort she had kept up until now, but this revelation following the hard day's work for which the strain on her mind had rendered her almost unfit, was almost too much for her weak nerves to endure. Had Belle appeared indifferent, or better still not known that she had been discovered, it would have been easier for her, but that angry defiance in her quick glance had aroused all that was bitter in her nature. She felt her strength deserting her and it seemed as if she would faint, but she managed to reach a chair by an open window at the farther end of the hall. She rested her head for a few minutes on the window sill, then turned her face toward the clear sky as if expecting to find there solution of how it was best to act in this present dilemma. Once more the gilded cross gleamed in the sunlight against a background of blue, and once more the sign of salvation conquered. She remembered only the fruitless efforts her enemy had made to master the difficult translation she now held firmly clasped in her hands and she felt sorry for her. She would forgive all for the sake of Him who had given his life for his enemies and she resolved, too, not to carry from her school days, which were now almost over, any unpleasant memories of friendships broken. The troubled expression had left her face giving place to a smile of Christian triumph as she tore the paper into tiny pieces and allowed a gentle breeze to carry it to various parts of the yard.

Oblivious of all else, she was watching a fragment which was sailing away like a small butterfly and she did not see Madame Van Horn who had stealthily approached her and been watching her movements until she spoke. The Madame was unaccustomed to censuring her elder pupils for little misdemeanors as she did the younger ones but she hardly knew what to say to break the painful silence before telling Beatrice her errand.

'Beatrice,' she said some what sternly, 'have you forgotten that it is against the rules to throw papers in the yard?'

Beatrice looked up in surprise, her face betraying far more than she wished. 'Pardon me, but I was so eager to have it destroyed at once that I did not think.'

'You should have been more thoughtful when you know that this is a waste basket for such things.'

The fact that the paper, whatever it might have been, must be destroyed was anything but pleasing to the principal for it aroused a suspicion that something was wrong and of course Beatrice was the guilty one. Such are the judgments of weak human nature that it too often happens that our noblest and most charitable feelings are misunderstood by those who should know us best and respect us most, but happily for our young friend she was spared the humiliation the knowledge of this mistake would have caused her.

'I have come to tell you, Beatrice,' said Miss Van Horn in a tone meant to strike dread to the heart of her pupil, 'that after consulting with the faculty on the subject of your misdemeanor we felt proper to send for your mother and let her deal with you as she thought best. She arrived about an hour ago and I have spared you the trouble of telling her what you have done by stating all the facts of the case to her myself. She said but little but I could see by her sad face that she was sorely grieved as well as surprised by the wilful imprudence of her daughter on whom she had founded such great hopes.'

At the mention of her mother's tears fell from the girl's eyes and she sobbed, 'Poor dear mother,' but made no motion to arise as she would quickly have done on any other occasion.

'Well you may say that, my girl,' said the Madam in a voice mingled with a little irony, 'for you have well nigh broken your poor mother's heart and I hardly blame you for not hastening to meet her.'

'Where is she?'

'In your own room, and I warn you, be careful. You dear mother knows best what is for your own good and you must not ignore her kind advice as you have mine.'

'With God's help I will do my duty,' replied the girl in a faltering tone.

'That is right child, now go, but first you had better wash away those tear stains from your face.'

Beatrice had to pass the class-room and just outside the door she met Belle. The girl had been just in time to see Miss Van Horn leave her and stopping her she whispered:

'What did you think of the examinations?'

'Quite difficult, but I answered every question I hope correctly.'

'Difficult, I should say so. I think it was entirely wrong to ask so much of a class of young ladies, but I am almost positive I made no mistakes. I am completely tired out and am glad it is over.'

The bitterness had all faded from her eyes and her voice was wonderfully sweet, for she had an object in view. She feared that Beatrice might have betrayed her and if so she would go at once to the principal and try to redeem herself by confessing that she had made notes while studying, but she would make no scruple whatever in declaring that she had no intention of using them during examination, and it was merely by accident she had brought the paper to the class-room and dropped it.

'What did you do with that paper you picked up near my seat?' she whispered cautiously.

'I tore it up and threw it out the window.'

'How kind of you, I thought perhaps you were telling Miss Van Horn about it.'

'Oh no, it was none of my affairs so you need not fear that I have tattled on you.'

'And if you had it would have done no good for I made no use of it. I understood the subject too well to be obliged to use notes.'

Her haughty manner had suddenly returned and Beatrice felt like asking her to what use she had put the book hidden beneath her desk, but she refrained and with a gentle bow passed on.

Belle stood looking after her. She had noticed the tear stains on her face and she muttered, 'Ah, Miss, you have been having it with the old lady now,' and her heart softened when she thought how she had shielded her by destroying the evidence she had held in her hand, but her charitable feeling was only like a fleeting sunbeam, and the next moment she had resolved to fight her way to the end, let come what might to her rival.

At the door of her own room the courage of Beatrice almost failed, for she knew too well that the mother who had been an embodiment of kindness to her own children possessed an iron will which would never tolerate what she considered wrong even in her dearest friends, and how, she thought would she receive her, having learned what she had from Madame Van Horn? She clasped her hands firmly to her heart and raising her eyes to Heaven as she had been accustomed to do during her severe trials of late, breathed one fervent prayer for help. It seemed to do her good for she was now able to enter the room with a calm, smiling face. The look drove from Mrs. Snow's face the troubled expression of care and anxiety which had rested there since Miss Van Horn had commenced the story.

'My poor, dear child,' was all the woman could say, and mother and daughter were clasped in each other's arms; alas, for the last time in years.

What passed between them we will not say, for the painful interview between the two who had ever been so dear to each other was too sacred to be intruded upon by strangers; so with Miss Van Horn we have left mother and daughter to settle the matter between themselves. Suffice it to say what the result was:

Mrs. Snow returned home with a heavy heart that night for she felt that she had lost her daughter in a separation more cruel than the grave. She had hopelessly failed in her efforts to break the resolution of her once obedient child, and rather than make any compromise by allowing a Catholic into her household she had left her without a cent, to abide by her own folly and forbidden her ever to enter her own home again until she had wholly given up Romanism. She felt that she had done her duty as a mother should. She gave herself little

worry as to what the result would be for she knew that she would not be allowed to remain at the seminary after she graduated, and she was firmly convinced in her own mind that the nuns would not take her in without money. So where was she to go? Nowhere only to return to her own home and she would be glad enough to do that after she had had time to consider what she had done. She had left with Miss Van Horn the money to pay Beatrice's traveling expenses, with instructions to give it to her when she was ready to start. As Beatrice did not need it the woman appropriated it to her own use.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE PRIESTHOOD.

Ordination Services to be held Next Week at the Cathedral.

Classes for this year have closed at St. Bernard's Seminary. The week is devoted to general and special examinations.

On Tuesday, Rev. William Cowen, Rev. Andrew Byrne and Rev. Louis E. Delmar, were examined, and were given the degree of bachelor of theology. All three are of the diocese of Rochester. Wednesday Wm. Byrne, Thomas O'Hern and Joseph Cameron successfully underwent the examination for bachelor of philosophy.

Next week will be devoted to a spiritual retreat and the annual ordination will take place on Saturday, June 6th. The ordination will take place in St. Patrick's Cathedral, beginning at 9 o'clock, A. M. Right Rev. Bishop McQuaid will officiate. Rev. Thos. Carroll, Rev. J. F. Cahady, Rev. W. V. Gruensauer, and Rev. Patrick McArdle, all of the Diocese of Rochester, will be ordained to the priesthood. Of those who come from other dioceses, Rev. James A. Chandler, Rev. Justin Caroran, Rev. Edward Deck, Rev. Lawrence Hackett, Rev. Frank Joyce, Rev. John F. Krue, Rev. Eugene McGuire, Rev. F. J. Maxwell, Rev. P. E. O'Neil, Rev. Albert Rivers, will also be ordained priests. William Dryer, James McPeak and Richard Shannahan, of Syracuse, will receive the order of subdeacon.

From the diocese of Rochester, F. Bogner, John A. Conway, E. John Dwyer, John Fitzsimons, George Jones, Frank Kuntz, John J. O'Donahue, George Rheinschmidt and Thomas Stafford will be promoted to minor orders.

From outside the diocese, John C. Carr, M. J. Coan, M. T. Foster, William E. Frawley, F. A. Haessler, J. V. Hasson, P. J. McHugh, St. John O'Sullivan, L. Page, L. C. Padlewski, Joseph Ranzewski, George Reber, Thomas Travers and Alfred Welsh, will also be given minor orders.

The New National Theatre.

Five blooded horses, Manager Lusher says, have been secured for the great race scene in "Sporting Duchess" at the National Theatre next week. This is a play which lends itself to elaborate presentation and the management promises to make the most of every opportunity to make it sensational and realistic. The sale of seats for this production is said to be already large.

BAKER THEATRE.

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn." This old adage is no better exemplified or proved than in "Saved From the Sea," the powerful nautical drama which will be presented at the Baker Theatre all next week starting Monday matinee. It is a story of a honest fisherman who is true to his friends and convictions, betrayed by the machinations of unscrupulous scoundrels.

The company is headed by the talented and beautiful young actress, Miss Elizabeth Breyer, the wife who was "Saved from the Sea."

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

Next week the Cook Opera House Stock Company, with Jessie Bonstelle will present "La Tooca." It is a play that has many intense situations and a great dramatic possibilities, and it is safe to predict that the stock company will give a highly satisfactory treatment of it. Jessie Bonstelle, James Durkin and A. H. Stuart will be the three principal figures, and great things are expected of the trio. Matinees will be given of "La Tooca," Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. Durkin buttons will be given to all next Monday afternoon.

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MEMORIAL DAY.

(Written for The Catholic Journal.)

From out the fragrant valleys bring the willow of the rain.
Entwine a wreath of violets and Arbutus pale.
The nodding daffodils please add to our bouquet.
For we are going out to a father's grave to-day.
Twine the evergreen with berries red and don't forget the rose.
Tie the fairest flower to place where loyal men repose.
They bravely faced the danger and were foremost in the fray.
And we'll not forget to honor them on each Memorial Day.
There's a loyal soldier lying where wild waves toss his head.
In the wilderness where many laid the battle's toll.
Whom the peace of death succored when the bullets sped.
To the hearts that we'll remember on each Memorial Day.
So from out the fragrant valleys bring the fairest flowers you can.
Entwine them in a garland where the May day breezes blow.
And let loyal duty win you from all turmoil far away.
For a time of holy peace and love is our Memorial Day.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Sixteenth president, was born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809, and died in Washington April 15, 1865. He was born of poor parents and received only a common school education. He was nominated for president and elected in 1860, receiving 180 electoral votes to 73 for Breckenridge, 72 for Bell and 13 for Seay. He was inaugurated when the civil war broke out and continued his term.



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

Eighteenth president, was born in Ohio, April 27, 1822, and died July 25, 1885. He was educated at West Point and served in the Mexican war. At the outbreak of the civil war he entered the army as colonel and rose to be commander of the armies of the North. He was elected president in 1868 by a vote of 232 to 56 for Horatio Seymour. He was re-elected in 1872 by a vote of 283 to 66 in opposition.



WILLIAM MCKINLEY.

In the small town of Lancaster, Ohio, William McKinley was born February 22, 1843. He entered the military academy at West Point, N. Y., in 1861, and graduated in 1862. When the war broke out he was colonel of the Thirtieth Regiment, Infantry. He was promoted to major and then to lieutenant colonel. He was elected to Congress in 1876 and served three terms. He was elected president in 1897 by a vote of 271 to 176 for Grover Cleveland.