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A BRILLIANT CAREER.

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

(Continued from last week.)

CHAPTER XXX.

When all was in readiness Mrs. Snow remembered for the first time that Beatrice had tasted none of the dainty lunch which had been brought up for her sister, and she almost insisted upon her taking just a cup of coffee to keep up her strength.

"I am afraid the excitement is too much for you, Beatrice," she said, "and you will surely faint at the altar if you go out fasting."

"No fear of that, mother, I feel real well this morning and will have a better appetite for my breakfast when I return."

The bright flush of perfect health on her face told that she spoke the truth, and Mrs. Snow was very proud of her as she stood before her, the only objection to her outfit being that the low neck and short sleeves of the reception dress had to be filled in, but this had been so tastefully done with some rare old lace which had long been in the Mayburn family, as hardly to be noticeable.

Before further comment could be made Beatrice hurried down to the parlor where her father was nervously pondering on how he should act in the Catholic church, for he had never been in any other except those he had visited in Europe years ago. A few timely and kindly spoken words from Mrs. Mayburn served to put him at ease, and after presenting his daughter to the bridegroom who met them at the altar, he sank comfortably into a front seat and watched the ceremony with interest. It would have been difficult to have told which attracted both his wife and himself most, the bride or priest in nuptial vestments who sang the Eligh Nuptial Mass.

"Who would ever have believed it would have come to this," said Mrs. Snow as they were returning from the church, "when we all expected so much better of both Mr. Lenton and Beatrice!"

"Our daughter has evidently made a most brilliant match so we ought not to complain if she is happy in the religion she has chosen, and as for him it is no more than I expected. If he has chosen to throw away his life with all his talents in this way he himself will have to suffer for it."

"Very true," sighed his wife, "but I sometimes fear that his early influence instead of helping to do good to our poor child was what led to the ruin of her religious morals and I am sorry she has had the misfortune to fall under his influence again."

"I truly sympathize with you, wife, but now she has a good husband whom I believe will protect her all through life; so let us forget the past."

The cloud cleared from Mrs. Snow's brow as she reached the house, but in spite of her husband's words, it gathered again when the Jesuit, in company with a priest who had assisted him, was presented at the wedding breakfast. She at first shrank from him as he greeted her, but when the same cheerful voice which she had loved to listen to in other years, spoke kindly to her, her reserve melted away and forgetting her present position she was back again in the presence of her dear old pastor. His cheerfulness, so like that of old, added so much to the happiness of the hour that she forgot herself so far as to address him as Father Lenton, not with any respect for his right to the title now, but because the gulf of time had been bridged over.

The happy pair had intended to take a train just before noon directly for Chicago, but they were prevailed upon by Mrs. Snow to go home to New York first and remain there until the following day; so in the evening when the younger girls who had received word that their parents and sister would be home, rushed to the door at the first sound of the carriage wheels to hear tidings of the absent one, they found themselves fondly clasped in her embrace.

Their joy at seeing her was so great that they almost smothered her and it was with difficulty that she finally disengaged herself to present Eugene. "Dear girls," she said, "you always wanted a brother and now I have brought you one. This is my husband, Dr. Mayburn," then she presented each of the sisters to him with as much grace as if it had only been a few days since she had left them.

The smile on his face as he shook hands with them showed that he felt no reason to regret having married

into such a family. At his first opportunity when alone with his wife he told her that she might well be proud of her sisters. Beatrice agreed with him, for the little girls she had left at home had greatly improved and gave promise to be young ladies of whom any one might be proud; but still the dearest of all was Beatrice, her favorite from childhood, who seemed to be a fair spirit unfit to remain long in this cold world. Their happy honeymoon was to be broken in upon by grave fears for her.

Mrs. Mayburn, in the meantime, after bidding her children good-bye, for what seemed to her as she looked forward a long time, had written to Sister Cecilia an account of the marriage, lingering longest on the details of the unexpected visit from Beatrice's own family. In conclusion she wrote: "You promised me, Magdalene, when you left me that God would send me another daughter and I did not believe it then. True, your place can never be filled in my heart, but Beatrice has become dearer to both your father and myself than we could have believed a stranger could ever be. In her God has in reality given us a true daughter, and were it not for His goodness in bringing about so happy a reconciliation between her and those who have a just claim to her affections, I would have been almost jealous when others came to claim her."

CHAPTER XXXI.

During the excitement which at any other time might have prostrated Beatrice, she had shown a wonderful strength, founded entirely on her great happiness, but when it was all over, and she was once more in her own home, the reaction came. The family had so much to talk of and there was so much to be told by Beatrice, whose first acquaintance with the Mayburns was still a mystery to her own, that it was very late ere they retired. Beatrice, although she had heard all from her sister the night before, wished to hear the story again and could not have been persuaded to have left her side until the last one was ready to retire. The only one who paid any heed to her was the doctor, and all through the evening he watched her closely, seeing too plainly that she was being over-fatigued. Had he been in the family longer he would have for her sake brought the conversation to a close and bidden her retire, but under the present circumstances he dreaded to speak. He tried to attract the attention of Beatrice but to no avail. When at last the family separated for the night he noticed that Beatrice was quite weak and her voice was hoarse. Suddenly she caught sight of the anxious glance he had fixed upon her and summoning all her strength she smiled on them, then ran hurriedly up the stairs as if in defiance of his fears.

Scarcely had Beatrice and her husband reached their own room when they heard her trying to suppress a violent fit of coughing brought on, no doubt, by her hurried movements. Beatrice stood silently gazing at him as if undecided what to do, but the violence of the cough increased and she hastened to find her lying on her bed while they were crimson spots on the handkerchief she held to her lips. The occurrence was such a usual thing, which seldom lasted long, that Mrs. Snow, who was very tired had paid little attention to it, but Beatrice who had never before seen her sister in such a state, was thoroughly frightened and with her arms still supporting her she called to her husband who had followed her and was standing just outside the door.

"It is nothing," the poor girl managed to stammer, "I have these spells quite often but they never amount to much," and her few words brought on more severe coughing with more blood. The young physician looked sadly at her for now the fears he had entertained when introduced to her were confirmed, but betraying no sign he gently set about to relieve her as best he could. He would not leave the room until he saw her asleep and then he would not have gone had it not been for Beatrice who was in need of rest and whom he knew would be unwilling to allow him to watch alone.

The attack was much lighter than many others had been, and thanks to the vigilant care of Dr. Mayburn it was of short duration. Nevertheless Beatrice was unable to leave her room the next day and on her account the honeymoon trip was postponed for several days. In spite of her weakness the invalid was happier than she had been for years and it seemed as if she could hardly trust her sister out of her sight for an hour. When the day of the departure drew near she clung to her more closely, and once

when Beatrice had been out for a drive without her she returned to find her in tears which she tried to hide.

(To be continued.)

Here and Where Through Ireland.

Written for The Catholic Journal
By The Shanrahaun.

(Continued from last week.)

As one speeds along through the plains of West Meath he encounters typical Irish landscapes, at every turn of the road. Never for long is he out of sight of the inevitable stretch of bog and the characteristic scenes incidental to them. The peaty wastes are lonely and unlovely enough to anyone with Killarney in his eye, but they are a relief by contrast, and certainly have a charm of their own. Who can think of Ireland without "the bog and the mireland"? Who would forego the poetry of the peat fire, and a glimpse of the tattered old man who with the donkey and croak passes half of his life cutting and carving and crooning an old song in the chocolate colored bog hole? When the bog is in bloom I would as leave gaze over its snow-white blossoms as over any Southern cornfield.

Some of the farmsteads passed looked substantial and prosperous, but the majority were sorry affairs. I don't think in any country have I encountered so many deserted dwellings, all telling a tale of poverty, oppression and emigration. I earnestly hope now that the exodus for emigration has really ceased that the bringing up of Irish young men and women for exportation to this country will cease. The "American letter" has played no insignificant part in the depopulation of Ireland, with its fairy tales about prosperity—a prosperity not even sniffed at except by a ridiculous small proportion of the Irish in the United States. These letters ignore the tale of the dark poverty in our Eastern cities and those to be told by the Alms Houses of this wonderful El Dorado. Not only, at the present time, but for years the young people of Ireland have been quitting its shores often with no other reason but that "it is the thing to do." Can you imagine anything more criminal than the part enacted by the "American letter" writer, or anything more foolish than that of these feather-brained emigrants? They are positively proud to quit the land of their birth, and never waken to the horror of the step till the parting comes on the platform of the little station, or the ship's side at Queenstown, and most certainly when they land on the dock at New York. Then I suppose they pass the rest of their lives in vain regrets, and singing songs of dear old Ireland, and humming anthems at the "cursed power" that expatriated them. Even could they return, they would be too restless to settle down to the old conditions, and above all their "Irish pride" would not thus suffer them to admit that they had made a mistake in their selection of a new home. O the folly of it all! Ireland, through this crusade of expatriation has now the melancholy privilege of standing second in Europe in its birth rate; instead of, as formerly, the highest. She and France are contending for the lowest place. If this continues, an Irishman in Ireland will soon be as rare as an Aztec in Mexico. Should the cap of these strictures fit anyone pursuing these lines let him put it on, and not do it for the rest of his natural life. As you love the dear old land, scorn to help another relative out of it.

"The widow Malone, ochone, lives in the town of Athlone, ochone," and a good many more widows, and other respectable folks. Athlone is the first important town in Ireland on the Great Western railway after leaving Dublin, the next, due West is the "City of the Tribes," Galway. Athlone's chief attraction in these modern days, is her situation on the Shannon, which constitutes it a good center for lovers of all aquatic sports. Her other claims to notoriety are her proximity to Auburn "the loveliest village of the plain" (the birthplace of Goldsmith, who immortalized it in his poem "The Deserted Village") and the facts that she is an important garrison town, and the native town of that prince of journalists and politicians, "Tay Pay" O'Connor, M. P., and I must not forget, because too, she is a near neighbor of Clonmacnoise, once the Eton of Ireland. Clonmacnoise with its "seven churches" and two Round Towers, is another of Ireland's beauty spots, with a wealth of pathetic romance in every foot of it. It is a favorite place of pilgrimage among the peasantry for miles around.

The next stop I made was at Woodlawn, the station for Loughrea, from which it is removed some eight or nine miles. I had a delightful car ride between the two places just as the sun was setting over the Galway hills, and I will not readily forget the enormous figure I cut in the world, if my shadow cast across the fields was anything to judge by. Ireland, especially the West, is the place for shadows, par excellence. Be you the smallest mite in humanity, and you take a walk along an Irish road, every road as the sun is sinking, you will be transformed into the most formidable looking giant conceivable. If mounted upon a bicycle, your aspect is terrible indeed, for your shadow stretches on for hundreds of yards across the landscape. At Loughrea I made a stay for a couple of days at the old Abbey, the novitiate house of the Irish Disinfecting Carmelites, the Master of Novices being an old friend of mine. I found it a most restful place, and each morning after breakfast I would break myself to the ruin of the old Abbey hard by, and like Byron of Harrow, affect a tombstone for a seat while I reflected on the departed glories of the scene around me. I think I never set eyes on a more picturesque little ruin, nor on such green grass and ivy, as grew within and clambered over its walls. It was too, a perfect hot bed for sham-rocks. So you can imagine the heaven I was living in, the effects being heightened by the life being lived in the Friary near at hand. My friend spent his hours of recreation in tending a collection of bee hives, and whether the insects respected his cloth or not, he certainly was privileged to take just what liberties he liked with them while if I went within fifty yards of their domiciles, I would receive a most threatening reception. I received more than one little token of their regard for the lady, in the shape of stings. It was as though they would remind me that the ground I was on was holy ground. During my stay in the village of Loughrea, I of course visited the sheet of water from which it derives its name, Lough Rea, a pleasant little lake, affording excellent fishing. The village or town itself is a poor tumble down place for the greater part, but it has been the center of stirring battles between Lord Clanricarde, of unsavory fame, and his tenants, and herein perhaps lies the explanation. On quitting Loughrea to rejoin the train at Woodlawn for Galway, I witnessed a sight which many of you in past years no doubt have seen, namely, a handsome girl "With eyes like maytears, and perfect phaytures

Which alas bore yours, great Vanna fair," sitting by the roadside about half a mile from the town, covering her dainty feet with snow and stockings. She was dressed "up to the knocker" as they say in that part of the world, going doubtless to pay some courtesy visit to Loughrea, but she could not find it in her heart to soil her brand new shoes walking on a country road, and did not modestly, absolutely forbid, I question whether she would have donned them in the town. This is just one of the follies of the Irish colleen I never could understand. I think however she does it as much for ease as economy. The custom is responsible for a fellow seeing many a "divine ankle" that he never otherwise would have had a ghost of a chance of seeing so don't think I'm complaining.

To be continued.

Railroad Notes.

The Nickel Plate Rd. is selling one way and round trip tickets to points on Pacific coast and all through the west at very low rates. Elegant trains, including famous transcontinental tourist cars. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y. Low rates to the west via Nickel Plate Road. Tickets on sale daily to Nov. 30th Buffalo to points on Pacific coast only \$42.50; lower rates to other points in far west. Finest train service including tourist sleepers. Local agents or R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y. Hunter's rates to points on Nickel Plate Rd. in Western Ohio and Indiana; tickets on sale Nov. 9 to 20 at one fare for round trip, good return limits. Splendid trains, with dining cars serving club meals at 35 cents to \$1.50 meals "A La Carte." See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt. Buffalo, N. Y. Special rates Nov. 3rd and 17th via Nickel Plate Road to points all thru the west, one way and round-trip. Don't miss these dates if you are going west. See local agents or write R. E. Payne, Genl. Agt., Buffalo, N. Y.

GLIMPSES OF GERMANY.

Written for The Catholic Journal
By Die Schwalbe.

(Continued from last week.)

Berlin, this is a city of the sweet and wholesome variety, as far as the industry of its scavenging department can make it. This is the one characteristic of the German metropolis which impressed me most. Not that that is its chief attraction, but the many other attractions are greatly enhanced by this additional one. I thought Paris very fastidious over its toilet, but it is out of the running with Berlin. Nor has Paris many more or handsomer public buildings to show than its German rival. Nor yet again can "gay Paris" out distance Berlin under the head of moral turpitude. It is a great mistake to suppose that the Queen of the Rhine has a monopoly of wickedness. Our own New York, and certainly Berlin can give her a twisting, and might succeed in robbing her of the unsavory reputation. However this is not the place to call attention to the distractions Berlin can provide under this head, and I will content myself by advertising to one prolific cause of the moral leprosy afflicting the place, and that is over crowding the lower classes, and relaxation and indifference among the upper. It is computed that over 100,000 of the Berliners hard in cellars and attics, and again that not three per cent. attend church on Sunday. So the cleanliness would appear to be confined to the surface of the streets almost exclusively. One pretty custom universal in Berlin is that of adorning window ledges with boxes of flowers and growing plants. This is responsible for the very charming appearance of the residential quarters. Here in the capital city of the empire, one is still confronted with the omnipotent bumptious policeman, an eminently respectable individual (invariably an army "veteran") but an insufferable, leech. He is the alpha and omega of German life, and that he often succeeds in making it unbearable, we have evidence in the popularity of America with German emigrants. Germany would be one of the sweetest countries in the world to live in, were it not for some of the Germans there. All the police have served in the army—a fact they never forget themselves, or suffer you to forget—and to all intents and purposes the country might as well be under military administration, so rigid are the rules of public behavior. There is something disgusting and galling to the ideas of an American to be subjected to all the espionage and official red tape deemed necessary for the safe government of Germany or Russia. In the event of a dispute with the martinet of the law, the unfortunate citizen is entirely at their mercy. Their officiousness is enough to drive every man outside their own ranks to expatriate himself. The German must be a long-suffering people to submit to the situation created by the little military tyrants in every garrison town; but sometimes I have been seriously tempted to think that this one after their own heart. If it is, they are welcome to it. All Germans tainted with this officiousness must find it no easy matter to assimilate with the free-born, untrammelled American race. Whenever I see a German in this country, I pity and admire him at the same moment; pity him because from some cause or another he has been compelled to exchange a land of romance for one of materialism, and admire him because I imagine he is the kind of a German whose manly self-respect would not suffer him to drag out his life in the conditions obtaining in his own country.

Till Frederick I in 1701 determined to build a royal residence there Berlin was but a very ordinary German provincial town, and scarcely that. Since that time however its population, material prosperity, and structural development, have gone ahead in leaps and bounds. At the accession of William IV in 1840 the population stood at 831,094, but by 1874 it had more than doubled. At the present time the city covers about thirty square miles. As for its principal streets and public buildings it stands second to no city in Europe, and in actual importance Berlin takes rank with London, New York and Paris. Its creation into the Metropolis of the German empire, has been the "making of it." The city is built on the low-lying banks of the river Spree, not far from its junction with the Havel. The Spree is broad and sluggish, and within the confines of the city is crossed by half a hundred bridges, some of them adorned by magnificent groups of statuary.

Berlin is at once one of the most ancient and one of the most modern cities. It is rich in public art, its buildings, and business enterprises nevertheless. Jews are very numerous here, and the finest of their synagogues built in the Oriental style, and cost a half million dollars. The "Kaiser" or Town Hall, cost five times as much. No city it would be safe to say, shows so many fine architectural buildings within so small a compass as Berlin. One half hour would be sufficient to pass in hurried review such well-known structures and thoroughfares as the Royal Palace, the Admiralty, the Parliament House, the War Office, the Opera, National Gallery, Royal Academy, the Potsdam and Brandenburg Gates, the Langerstrasse, the Wilhelmstrasse, and the Unter den Linden.

The Brandenburg Gate is a very imposing structure some 65 ft. high and 201 ft. broad, and surmounted by a car of victory. This piece of sculpture has a history: in 1807 Napoleon took it into his head that the car was out of place in Berlin, and that the only fitting place for the commemoration of victories, was his own beautiful Paris—and to Paris the car went. But seven years later the car was the great man who had been securely caged as it was thought. Had Waterloo gone against the Allies, that car would have made another trip to the Rhine side. However the Berliners have a perfect right to their own. I suppose that marching of the Prussian troops under the Arc de Triomphe on the occupation of Paris in the war of '70, was the form their revenge took for the outrage committed on their own Brandenburg Gate. The Brandenburg Gate by the way is on the model of the famous Propylae at Athens. The streets of Berlin are wide and imposing, and all remarked before unobscured by the modern. The most noted park of the city is the Tiergarten, precisely starting at the Brandenburg Gate. The chief glory of Berlin however is her Unter den Linden, and she has every reason for this pride, for it is a noble boulevard. It is fringed with some of the staidest and most palatial structures in the world. I have heard some much traveled persons say they admire Berlin even more than Paris, and they have much reason on their side, but not quite sufficient to convert me to that view, despite my high appreciation of Berlin. The population of the German capital is a very mixed one, with but a small proportion of real Berliners. The city is in direct railway communication with Paris, St. Petersburg and Prussian Poland, and this in a measure may be responsible for the fact. The city is well supplied with churches, some dating back to the 13th century, and with claims to architectural beauty. In the main Berliners are Lutheran, though the Catholic population is rapidly increasing. The schools are nearly all under municipal control, and are famed for their efficiency in secular studies—but when you have said that you have said all. All speaking the English tongue fluently, other things of course being equal, are much courted in Berlin society, the Germans having an insatiable desire to acquire this language above all others. Go to Germany with introductions, and speaking English, and I venture to predict for you a good time. That was my experience, and constitutes the chief reason I suppose why I have so many pleasant recollections of the country.

I must now take farewell of the readers of this series of articles on a few places of interest in Germany, with the regret that I am only too conscious of having done the subject not a little of the justice they deserve.

The End

West Shore Railroad to New England.
Points by West Shore Road.
The West Shore Railroad will run their annual fall excursion to Boston, Springfield, Greenfield, Gardner, Fitchburg and Ayer, Mass., on Thursday, Nov. 12th and on which round trip tickets with return limits of ten days will be sold at rate of \$10. Tickets will be available on the train leaving Rochester at 6:00 and 10:00 a.m. and 9:31 p.m. and will be good returning leaving any one of the places mentioned on or before Sunday, Nov. 22nd.