

IT SPANS A CENTURY

BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL PLANNING A GREAT CELEBRATION.

Its Cornerstone Was Laid on July 7, 1803, and the Sacred Edifice Is Now Completely Renovated For the Centennial Anniversary.

St. Anne's Roman Catholic cathedral in Baltimore, the seat of the archdiocese, which the national capital is a part, is at present undergoing a complete renovation, and it is expected that when these improvements are completed the church will be one of the most richly decorated in the country.

Rev. Dr. W. A. Fletcher, the rector of the cathedral, has the honor of announcing the program in charge, and it is stated that a time will be set with a view to the greatest convenience of the church dignitaries from all parts of the country who are expected to take part.

In anticipation of this event the cathedral has been undergoing a complete renovation. For months the interior of the edifice has been filled with scaffolding, while gilders have already finished their work on the dome, which, with its high elevation, makes it one of the most distinctive landmarks in Baltimore.

The interior scaffolding is gradually being removed and reveals a vision soft and bright, but none the less dignified than the sterner tones familiar to cathedral congregations. A well known firm of decorators is doing the work. Among the changes most readily noticed are the dark red pillars, as these under their new light have the appearance of highly polished, square chiseled, white marble pillars.

Designs that will be put on the dome are now being painted in New York on canvas and will be secured to the ceiling with white lead, while others are to be painted on the ceiling. These latter will be designed first on paper, which will be perforated, the holes following the lines of the drawing. This operation completed, the designs will be tacked to the ceiling and dusted with powdered charcoal, which will sift through the perforations and leave a faintly dotted outline of the drawing, and upon this groundwork the artist will build his picture.

Most all of the old figures will be obliterated and new ones painted in their places, although several of the larger ones will remain intact except for retouching to make them harmonize with the new color scheme, the dominating colors of which will be gold, light blue and pale yellow.

Cardinal Gibbons.

His eminence Cardinal Gibbons, who on July 22 attained his seventy-first year, was born in Baltimore. He was taken to Ireland by his parents when he was a very young boy and remained in that country until he was seventeen years old. He then came to America, and, having determined to become a priest, he entered St. Charles college, Baltimore, Md. From St. Charles college he went to St. Mary's seminary, Baltimore, where he pursued his theological studies and was ordained to the priesthood in 1831.

In 1838 he was consecrated bishop and vicar of North Carolina, and it was during his four years there that he wrote his book, "The Faith of Our Fathers." In February, 1878, he was named to the archbishopric, and on June 30, 1880, he received the red hat.

The Pope's Winking Smile.

A correspondent of the Boston Globe who recently saw His Holiness Pope Pius X, blessing the multitude in Rome says: "It shows the whole nature of the man, with simple, strong peasant face, oppressed by the burden of his undecorated office, homesick for his beloved Venice. But the sadness is lightened by peace from above when he gives the benediction to his children. His features are rougher, less regular than in the usual portraits, but a more benignant, unworried, good countenance the writer never saw than that of this first Pope from the people for more than 500 years."

Look to Yourself.

Don't on any account let people's shortcomings or anything of that kind bother you in the least. God leaves each one of us our free will and we are accountable for ourselves. So do what you can, but keep your mind not alone peaceful, but joyous, and the more joyous the better for yourself and all.

Three Essentials.

Truth, sincerity, courage! These surely must underlie all our work if we would make it of lasting benefit to men and nations. They must be held in the order named—truth in all we say, sincerity in all we do, courage to defend our thoughts and actions, when called against any wrong.

THE HIGHEST VIRTUE

CARDINAL GIBBONS MAKES A STRONG PLEA FOR COMPASSION.

You Cannot, Says His Eminence, Perform Any Act on Earth More Acceptable to God Than an Act of Mercy—Religion Undeveloped.

His eminence Cardinal Gibbons during his recent vacation at Southampton, N. Y., preached to a great congregation, taking as his text the story of the feeding of the multitude in the eighth chapter of Luke, and said:

"There is one verse in the gospel of today that is good for us to consider. In it we are told that Christ had compassion on the multitude. Have you compassion on your fellow men? Are you eager to minister to their necessities? Of all virtues none is so noble, none is so great, none is so divine as compassion. Christ was perfect, and He had every virtue in perfection, but the highest virtue of all those that He possessed was compassion.

"Observe the miracles of Christ as told to us in the Gospels. How full of merciful acts they are! The miracles of Christ are far more remarkable for their ability to mankind than for their display of wonderful power. They all seem intended to do good rather than to amaze mankind.

"At one time when Christ and His disciples entered into a city and they did not receive Him He was importuned by his disciples to call down fire from heaven and destroy them, but He turned and rebuked them saying: 'You know not of what spirit you are. The Son of Man came not to destroy souls, but to save.

"There are especially two classes of persons who may be considered the victims of great suffering—those who have great mental or physical anguish and the poor.

"Man is created for society and can not live alone. We are interdependent. No man is sufficient to himself. The social body is like the human body. It is made up of mutually dependent parts. The eye cannot see by itself, the hand cannot see by itself, the foot cannot see by itself, but the whole body, being compacted and fitly joined together, by what every joint supplieth according to the operation in the measure of every part, is a single organic thing. And in like manner the social body is an organism of separate parts, each with its own functions to perform.

"I care not if you have the wealth of a Vanderbilt or of a Rockefeller, of what avail is all your wealth if you are alone and have no companionship? If there is no hand to grasp yours nor any one to administer to your wants or to comfort you in illness or to share your joys, then you are poor indeed. What if all the coal mines of West Virginia and of Pennsylvania were yours and there were no hands to mine the coal from them, of what use would they be to you?

"See that great ship in New York harbor? It is a great floating, lifeless bulk of inert matter, and it can float helplessly with the tide, but the captain comes on board and gives commands, and it becomes a thing of life, and, like a huge fish, it swims out to sea and carries its precious freight of human lives to foreign ports. How shall we explain this? Harmony between capital and labor is necessary, for they are dependent upon each other.

"You cannot imitate Christ by raising the dead and doing the other wonderful miracles that He did when upon the earth, but you can imitate Him by performing miracles of mercy and kindness far more acceptable to God than if you had the power to work physical wonders. You cannot perform any act on earth more acceptable to God than an act of mercy. If you bring sunshine into dreary lives and cause flowers of gladness and joy to grow in hearts that were desolate, then you are acceptable unto God. Religion clean and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation and to keep oneself unspotted from this world."

Link Your Soul to God. In order that you may view the sunshine in life link your soul to God. You can never be permeated with real joy unless He is your companion and guide. Make these truths a part of yourself. Let them ever remain fresh in your memory so that, granted the enjoyment of untold blessings, here and there interrupted by the endurance of a displeasure, you shall become more and more unlike the first man who trod the earth and be of those who respond to the Lawgiver's command, "Thou shalt rejoice in every good thing which the Lord thy God hath given unto thee; thou and the Levite and the stranger that is among you."

God's Gifts. What would be the thought of a merchant who should make a careful estimate of his debts and of the possibilities of commercial disaster and should refuse or neglect to reckon up also his assets and the reasonable probabilities of future prosperity? Does not the same principle apply in spiritual things? No one can rightly understand his actual relation to either God or man or face the future calmly and cheerfully until he has counted and weighed His mercies.

Patience. The crown of patience cannot be received where there has been no suffering. If thou refusest to suffer thou refusest to be crowned, but if thou wishest to be crowned thou must fight manfully and suffer patiently. Without labor none can obtain rest, and without contending there can be no conquest.

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GONE TO THE BAD

By Mary Wall

It was close upon midnight when Miss Hathaway, satchel in hand, stood on the platform and looked down into the street; but her brother, who was usually there to escort her home after the concert practice, was not to be seen.

Not feeling the least fear, she alighted. As she stepped at the curb to get a better hold on her dress, a figure emerged from the shadow and caught her by the throat, then as suddenly released her.

She fell in a heap, half fainting, a cruel mouth, with a scar in the corner, being impressed upon her consciousness. Then she allowed herself to be lifted by some one, who, talking to her soothingly as if she were a child, brushed the snow from her dress, straightened her hat, fastened her fur collar, and collected her scattered belongings as deftly as a woman.

"It's a beastly shame to have frightened you so," he said, as she sobbed once or twice. "There, lean on me! I think you are more frightened than hurt. We'll walk slowly until you feel better. Do you go straight ahead?"

She nodded and they started. "You don't remember me, do you, Miss Hathaway? I'm Johnny Kempston."

"Indeed, I do remember you," she said, brightening a little. "You were the greatest little rogue I ever saw! One of my stock stories is about the white mice you put in my desk. Dear me, I was frightened when I opened the drawer and saw them running around."

"Yes," said he, laughing heartily. "I'll never forget the jump you gave and the race you made for the door. But you told me to put them in the drawer you know."

Well, I'm glad it is for me! But what are you doing John? I feel sure you are one of our coming men" because you were such a little steam engine. Everything had just to go your way.

I worked at different things. My mother died. You know I left school a little later. I couldn't stand that next teacher, and she couldn't stand me. Anhow, I left. I'm not doing much now, but I expect a job soon."

Well, here we are. Come up to see me, Johnny, and tell me all about yourself. Such a gallant little champion, and such a fierce little fighter as you were. Some part of you was always tied up in bandages. Talking with you makes me feel young again—that is, when I don't look at you."

And she looked up, smiling. The electric light blazed up suddenly and she saw, at the corner of his mouth, the little scar which had impressed itself upon her consciousness during that horrible second when the cruel fingers had clutched her throat.

A Vacation for Man and Wife. Mr. and Mrs. Von Blumer were sitting together. One was smoking and the other was reading.

"Do you suppose," he said at last, with an apparent assumption of indifference, "that there is anything in the idea that two people who are living together all their lives ought to separate occasionally?"

"You mean married people?" "Yes."

Mrs. Von Blumer smiled. "Come, come, dear," she said, looking at him sharply, "out with it. What's up your sleeve? You may as well tell the exact truth. What were your plans?"

"Simply this," he replied. "You and I both need a rest and a change. You like one sort of place, I like another. Let's part for a couple of weeks."

"I really believe," she said, "that you for once have a good idea. I'll do it. We'll start off next week." "Done!" said Von Blumer. The following Monday they kissed each other good by.

The next afternoon as Von Blumer ascended his own steps once more and opened the door, who should be seen but Mrs. Von Blumer. "What in the world are you doing here?" he exclaimed. Mrs. Von Blumer sighed. "Why, I thought you were going away," she said, "so I made up my mind that I would come back home and, all by myself, take a much-needed rest."

A YOUNG MAN'S ANGER

Anger is an evanescent emotion. Now you have it and now you don't. It was surging strong within me at the Clayton dance. Virginia had cut the third extra with me. For reasons connected with a secluded and altogether lovely cozy corner half-way up the Clayton stairway—chat—I had been looking forward just the place for a confidential to that extra dance. And when it came she cut it.

I looked for her in vain. No doubt there are secluded and altogether lovely cozy corners somewhere in the Clayton dwelling that I wot not of. On my third return to the ballroom I met Archie with two frappes. I made inquiries. He asked me so licitiously if I had looked in the large trombone, it might be possible—but I was in no mood for sallies. I retired to the smoking room and thought it over.

Virginia treated me with no respect, no consideration. She would not cut a dance with Archie, she would not cut a dance with Bob, but



I thought it over. she could cut one with me—me who had given her a year of faithful, unswerving devotion! Mentally I smote myself on the breast. I reverted to the past. I visioned the flowers, now dead, I had laid upon her altar. I pictured the candy given by my thoughtfulness and now consumed. I remembered the willing services, the constant attendance I had lavished upon her. And for this—for this she cut my dance.

The third extra ended, the ninth waltz was announced, and I still thought it over. (That, by the way, is why Flo was so cool the last time I saw her. I had that ninth waltz her.) This was not the first time Virginia had snubbed me. She had

cut dances before, and I had let my anger cool. She had broken engagements for trivial reasons, and I had not expressed my rage. It had pleased her to abuse and tread upon my devotion, and I had submitted. But the end was come; there would be no more of this, the worm had turned.

That night I wrote a letter. It was a masterpiece. It took two hours, and two hours after a one o'clock dance makes the midnight oil look like early candlelight. You talk about Tennyson's spending days polishing a single couplet.

There was the story, brief, but pathetic, of my patient, enduring devotion. There were the slights, touched upon delicately but with telling effect. There was the rebellion of my wounded pride and the climax of farswell.

The letter began "Virginia," with dramatic elimination of "Dear" or "My Dear." I remember some phrases only. One powerful sentence ran, "I could not compel your love, I was certainly worthy of your consideration." Another expressed "the determination to sacrifice my dignity no longer." I also had something about "hoping for your happiness in future years," and I ended with simple strength, "Joe"—not "yours regretfully" or "your one-time admirer," just "Joe."

The next morning I arose heavy-headed and unenthusiastic. I read through my production with a singular lack of appreciation. Parts looked even driveling and I wished I had invested that two hours in sleep. Virginia's cutting dances and my impaired dignity didn't matter. Nothing mattered but hot coffee and a cold plunge. But the real surprise is yet to come.

That noon I met Virginia on the street. She was unmistakably glad. She held out both hands. "Joe," said she, "you are going to lunch and I am going with you. 'I shall be delighted,'" I replied, and though the psychology of it is beyond me, I undoubtedly was sweepingly overwhelmingly delighted.

That evening in the same envelope that I had addressed for my previous literary production I mailed the following note: "Dear Virginia—Have you seen the evening papers? Your favorite actor is coming to town. Give me the pleasure of taking you. Yours as ever, Joe."

And as I affixed that "Yours as ever" I smiled retrospectively upon the follies of man. Anger is certainly an evanescent emotion.—Chicago News. All springs look alike to the boarding-house chicken. Only Parrot Talk. Abrose Austin, an English musician, had a parrot. On one occasion the late duke of Edinburgh, son of Queen Victoria, spoke to it. Thereupon the parrot angrily said, "You're a snob!" to the horror of its loyal owner and the delight of his royal highness.