

# The Catholic Journal.

THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER

10th Year, No. 31.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday April 30, 1940.

Price Five Cents

## The Story of Julie Benoit.

Julie stood against the door of the room from which she had just been summoned. Her black eyes flashed defiance into the eyes of the woman watching her in sorrowful silence.

"Why you come here?" she cried. "Why not you leave me alone? I not want to see you nor any one. You no right to come here, you not my forewoman now. You dismiss me in disgrace a week ago, you and that superintendent in your factory over there. What you come for to punish me some more?"

"My poor child," returned the other gently, "you must not hate me so. Believe me, I love you, Julie, and I've come here as your friend."

"You a friend to me, me, Julie Benoit, who was sent away from the factory because I steal that money? No, no! I know better than that; you no friend to me. All the girls point their finger to me, for I steal that money. But I give it back, do I not? And the superintendent he say it was my first offense and he will not send me to prison. Still I must leave the factory at once and without a reference. Oh, yes! he is very kind, Julie give back money—shut down. Times are hard, there is no more work for us, we must steal and cannot work with honest people. She must go and with-out a reference. No one could recommend a thief. Well, Julie, does go, so why you not let her go alone?"

"Julie, Julie, listen to me," cried the forewoman, almost in despair. "Believe it or not, as you please, I have come here today to help you if I can. I have come because there was a look in your eyes that day you left us that has haunted me ever since. I have come because I feared you were in trouble and were too proud to tell us so.

The flashing eyes and the angry face of the girl softened a little as the woman continued. "I know you are not a bad girl, Julie, I know that you never before stole anything. I have been thinking of you all this week and worrying about you, for it must have been some great trouble which induced you to take that money. Why did you take it, child?"

"You ask me why I take it? Well, I will tell you. Do you know what is in that room just behind this very door I lean against? Do you know what is in there, lying on my hat to go out and try my mother. She will never move what I do. I tell her I go to look last night but I not tell no one. If for work. She say: 'No, child, you I tell they take her away and bury her I know not where. I have no money to bury her myself.'"

"You want to know why I steal that money? Well, a week ago poor mother she is so very sick. They tell me she cannot live many days; but I think if only I have money I can save her. I can have doctors to see her, big doctors who will go to sick people only for very much money. I can buy her food and medicine and perhaps send her away to some place where the sun will shine for her, where she can breathe God's pure air. Why even strong people can scarce live in a place like this, where the sunshine never come. Then the chance come, the money is there before me. I look at it; I take it. That is all."

"You ask me why I steal that money. I steal it for her, my mother, to save her life. Yes, and for her, too, the blind grandmother, and for them," she pointed to a very old woman sitting close to the stove and holding in her arms a whimpering child of four. At her side crouched two more children, somewhat older, huddled together in a ragged shawl. They wore neither shoes nor stockings and the small feet were blue with cold.

"Oh, you poor child," exclaimed the forewoman, her eyes filling with tears. "Why did you not tell me a week ago instead of taking that money for one wrong can never right another; why did you not tell me. We might not have been able to save your mother, but we could have helped you."

The shocked grief of the woman's face and voice had their effect upon the girl, and it was in a much more gentle tone that she continued:

"You can see for yourself how it is with us now, but we are not always like this. If you care to listen and will sit down I will tell you all about it."

"Well, we are all so happy until one day father is brought home to us. He is dead, killed at his work by a falling derrick. That same day poor little Baptiste, him there in grandmother's lap, he come into this cruel world. Mother is very sick for a long time after. It is weeks before she can walk around again. By the time she saved the little money she had is all gone; there is not a cent in the house and the landlord puts us into the street.

"I am only twelve at the time, but I go to work in a factory—not your factory, but one away off, the other side of the river. I have to walk long, long distance in the cold, dark morning, and walk back again at night, but I am happy, for I earn money to help at home.

"We get along pretty well for almost three years. Then, just a year ago, the factory I work for is very kind, Julie give back money—shut down. Times are hard, there is no more work for us, we must steal and cannot work with honest people. She must go and with-out a reference. No one could recommend a thief. Well, Julie, does go, so why you not let her go alone?"

"She come out at night into the cold air; her coat is thin for she cannot buy a warm one and she get a dreadful chill one night as she come home. She cough all the time after that. It shake her nearly all to pieces, but she kept on going till one day she fall beside the mangie. They bring her home and we put her to bed and she never leave it again.

"What to do then we know not. One, two, three days pass; at last there is a day when grandmother and I eat nothing. We give the last scraps of bread to the children and spend the last two pennies on milk for mother. There is nothing left for us. We not sleep that night; we sit by the empty stove and we think all night. Grandmother is praying all the time; she is, ah, so good, that grandmother."

"Next morning is cold, very cold; we have no fire and no food. I have been everywhere to look for work and find nothing, but I so still, so pale, so cold. It is my mother. She will never move what I do. I tell her I go to look last night but I not tell no one. If for work. She say: 'No, child, you I tell they take her away and bury her I know not where. I have no money to bury her myself.'"

"She is old, she is blind and I fear to have her go out alone, but she is firm and will go. She take her stick and she go out. She come back with bread for the children and a little money to buy coal. I not ask her where she get it; I know she beg it on the street. Every day she go out like that, and when she bring back food and money she not say a word and I not ask her where she get it; I know."

She keeps us from starving for a few weeks, and then, at last, I find work in your factory. For a time I am almost happy again, for now grandmother need beg no more; my pay will keep us in food and fire. Even mother is better for a while, and I think perhaps she will get well and we all be happy once again. But mother is soon very, very sick, and I see her dying day by day, and can do nothing to help her.

"Then, that day last week, a party of ladies come to visit the factory. The wife of the superintendent is with them. She very handsome, very rich; she beautifully dressed. She stop near my table to take off her coat, the room is warm and the fur coat heavy. She lay her purse down on my table while she removed the garment; one of the ladies call to her and she go away, leaving the purse behind her on my table.

"Mother is very sick that morning; she not sleep all night, but cough, cough, cough. There is the purse before me. No one is looking; I pick it up and open it. It is filled with money that may

save my mother's life. That lady will never miss it. I slip the purse inside my dress and go on with my work. I can hardly help screaming with joy I am so happy to think I have the money which is going to save my mother's life. The ladies go away and I feel that I am safe; she has forgot her purse. I want to rush away home at once, but must stay at my work so no one will suspect.

"Presently the superintendent come in and he talk to you and you look very grave. Then he say one of the ladies have left her purse on a table in this room. Will the girls be kind enough to stop work and search for it? He will give five dollars reward to the one who finds it. We all search, but no purse is found and he go away again. Pretty soon he come back and the lady with him. She look around for a few moments, then she walk straight over to my table.

"The superintendent ask me if I have seen the purse and I say no, I suppose he know by my face that I am lying for he tell you to take me to the dressing-room and search. Then I know there is no hope for me; if you search you find the purse, so I take it out and hand it to him. He talk to me about my wickedness, but I not answer him. He discharge me, but I not say one word. My mother she will die now, she will surely die; and grandmother she will have to go out begging once again.

"I come home and I tell them I am discharged. I not tell them why, for they very good and stealing is a sin. They be so shocked and sorry. I sit beside my mother, despair in my heart and I watch her dying, dying, dying.

"Her pain is all over now; she leave me last night and she never come back again. I watch with her in there when you come; I watch with her when you go; then I must tell that she is gone, that she is dead, and they come and take her away," and she threw herself on the floor by the door of her mother's room in a perfect agony of grief.

In a moment the kind-hearted woman was on her knees beside the broken-hearted girl, whom she gathered into her motherly arms, murmuring words of comfort all the while. Gradually the dreadful sobbing subsided, and after a time the girl was once more standing before that door that she so jealously guarded. Seeing that she was her own calm self again, the forewoman said gently:

"My poor child, again I say that I wish you had told me a week ago. So much suffering would have been saved. However, this is no time for vain regrets, it is the time for action. I must leave you at once, Julie, but I will be back, and will, I hope, bring you good news. In the meantime you say nothing to anyone about your mother. You will believe that I will help you? you will do as I say?"

"You very good," replied Julie, simply, laying her hand in that of the forewoman; "when you want me you find me there," and she pointed to the door behind which her mother's silent form was resting.

To be continued.

### Raincoat of Light Weight for Spring and Summer.

Some unusually attractive designs in dressy raincoats for spring and summer wear are being shown by the Guarantee Raincoat Co. These garments have become so popular recently that it is almost impossible to supply the demand. They are not only guaranteed waterproof, but are of such stylish cut and patterns that they are used constantly as a light topcoat. Besides having the largest stock of raincoats in the city, the Guarantee Raincoat Co. have purchased the balance of the stock of the Goodyear Raincoat Co., which is being sold at less than cost.

Every man or woman whose wardrobe does not include one of these nobby raincoats should visit the store, 98 Main St., east, and make their selections while the stock is complete.

## Around the Globe.

When John Keenan, of Dubuque, Iowa, died the other day, the Dubuque Council of the St. Vincent de Paul Society lost a member who for fifty years had been its president.

His Holiness has authorized Mgr. Wunkwsky, Archbishop of Mohilew, to make a visitation of all the churches in Siberia, Russia. His Grace will begin his long and arduous journey towards the middle of the current month.

There is in Valencia, Spain, an excellent association of women called the Association of Our Lady of Good Books, whose mission is to distribute good literature to unfortunate in prison, sick people in hospitals and others unable to purchase such books themselves.

Most Rev. Dr. Carr, Archbishop of Melbourne, who became seriously indisposed during his sojourn in Ireland, has completely recovered, and is on his way home to Australia.

There is in the beautiful Church of the Sacred Heart, on top of the Montmartre hill, dominating Paris, a chapel which is to be dedicated to St. Michael and Joan of Arc. The "Croix" has taken the initiative of opening a subscription with the object of furnishing and decorating it appropriately. In a couple of days it had already received \$500, and there can be no doubt the full amount required for the work will soon be subscribed, and Paris will thus be placed under the joint protection of St. Michael and Joan of Arc.

The Abbe Letourneau, of St. Sulpice, Paris, was recently attacked and stabbed in the back by a half-witted beggar woman whose appeals for alms he had frequently answered, but which became so constant that he was obliged to ignore them. The wound was slight however.

The missionary priest, Father Beauchene, has died at the Pasteur Institution, Paris, of sleeping sickness contracted in Africa. He was walking across the Luxembourg Gardens, when he suddenly collapsed on to a bench and was conveyed to the Pasteur Institute, where all the remedies applied proved unavailing. There are at the institute fourteen patients who are suffering from the disease.

Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, celebrates on April 23 the hundredth anniversary of the laying of its cornerstone. On May 9 religious observance of the event will take place, with solemn pontifical mass sung by Archbishop Farley, in the presence of Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Falconio, the Papal Delegate, and other prelates.

While searching for statues in the ruins of St. Hedwig Polish church, Chester, Penn., destroyed recently by fire, it was found that the wooden tabernacle, containing the chalice with the consecrated Hosts, was not even charred by the flames, which had burned the altar and all around to a crisp.

Bishop Canevin of Pittsburgh, Pa., has joined the ranks of authors. He has published a little book, "The Inquirer's Guide," or an easy way to learn what the Catholic Church teaches. It gives clear instructions concerning revelation, and will be put into the hands of persons seeking instruction in the Catholic religion.

Michael S. Sheridan is the first Irish-American to be elected judge in Milwaukee. He went to Milwaukee 15 years ago as a machinist. He studied law at leisure intervals and was admitted to the bar eight years ago. It is generally admitted that he will make a capable, conscientious and painstaking judge. Mr. Sheridan was president of the local A. O. H. for several years.

## News From Ireland.

The Lord Chancellor has appointed John Hamilton, Strand House, Cusheadun, to the commission of the peace for Co. Antrim.

A bill to revive and extend the time for carrying out the works specified in the original Newry, Keady and Tynan Railway Bill, and to make deviations in the line of route through Newry, passed its second reading in the House of Commons recently.

The people of Laragh have recently had erected as the result of their own efforts a most commodious and handsome hall, which was built on a site given free by the popular representative on the County Council, Michael E. Brady, on a beautiful situation, convenient to the Catholic church and schools, and matters were made easy for the committee in charge by Mr. Brady presenting absolutely free the stones with which the structure was erected.

St. Patrick's Day, 1909, will be long remembered in Foreglan district, for on that day, says the "Derry people," Division 409 of A. O. H. formally opened their new hall. The foundation stone was laid on the 20th of June, 1907, and though the project was undertaken under great difficulties, the committee in charge never lost heart. Their efforts are now rewarded by the splendid structure erected in a prominent and central part of the district in which the members of 409 Division can meet to transact the legitimate business of their great Order, and also in which youth of the district can meet for amusements of a healthy and harmless kind, under proper supervision and control.

Letterkenny Guardians have accepted the tender of Messrs. Summers, Liverpool, for medicines, it being the lowest received. Letterkenny Guardians are behind the times.

William Lockhart, of Altavaleigh, Newry, a large and prosperous farmer, died on the 18th of March.

A man named Burden, whilst coming from Newcastle to his home in Glassdrummond recently with a load of coal, fell off his cart and was instantly killed. A coroner's jury recorded a verdict of accidental death. Deceased was a strong-built man and was to have been married shortly.

Some weeks ago a fire broke out in the licensed premises attached to a hotel in Derry, owned by the property of Philip McCusker, a member of the Enniskillen Rural Council, and up till recently vice-chairman of the Enniskillen Board of Guardians. A sensation was caused on the morning of March 22, when it became known that Mr. McCusker had been arrested that morning on the charge of having wilfully set fire to his premises with the intent to defraud an insurance company.

Mr. Lardner, M. P., has been co-opted a member of the Urban Council of Monaghan.

The new election of Clerk of Monaghan Union in room of James T. Boylan, who was appointed some weeks ago and was not sanctioned by the L. G. B., has resulted in the appointment of Patrick Tool, Smithborough.

A special Gaelic service was held in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Omagh, on March 21. There was a large congregation present.

Miss M. Collins, trained nurse in Ennistymon Union for the past five years, has resigned her position. Patrick Hickey, C. E., Kilkee, was recently appointed Clerk of Works over the Kilkee water works.

The diocese of Cork has presented to Pope Pius a sum of \$300 in aid of the sufferers by the recent earthquake in Italy.

Dr. D. J. Hanafin, Milltown, has been appointed medical officer of Milltown dispensary district.

Mr. M. Healey, Clerk of Killarney Union, has at the request of the Guardians, withdrawn his resignation, which he handed in a few weeks ago.

Seven beautiful and expensive life-size statues have been presented to the Abbeyfeale parish church by an old Abbeyfeale resident in New York, Miss Mary Collins. The statues are exquisite works of art, and a credit to the generosity of the donor. On St. Patrick's Day, a public meeting was held at Abbeyfeale to decide on the exact form of memorial to the late Rev. Father Casey, P. S., would take. The meeting was held in accordance with the original intention of erecting on the general opinion of the public as to the best means of perpetuating the memory of the deceased patriot pastor, and it unanimously favored the erection of a statue in the public square.

Most Rev. Dr. Fennelly, Archbishop of Cashel, has forwarded a check for \$10 to the trustees of the Irish Parliamentary fund, and in the course of the same says: "Within the last quarter of a century very great benefits have come to Ireland through organization and legislation, and if the friends of Ireland at home and abroad will continue to support the Irish Party, I am sure that our long struggle will be crowned by the consecration of Home Rule in the near future."

Miss Birdie Kieley has been appointed singing instructor in the Dungarvan Union.

The nightwatchman of the town of Dungarvan seems to be "on the job" every night as a number of complaints have been lodged with the Urban Council against his calling the hours on a megaphone voice during the wee sma' hours.

A representative meeting was held in Carlow recently to arrange for the presentation of an address to Rev. J. Lillan, C. C., in recognition of his work while in Carlow. Michael Foley, J. P., who presided paid a tribute to Father Killian's zeal and referred to his efforts in furtherance of the Gaelic revival.

The result of the tender in regard to the proposed Corporation affecting shops in the business of drapers, milliners, silk mercers, and other trades, has been announced on March 22. Figures were: Against the tender, 306; for the tender, 178.

Athy Urban Council have increased the rates in 1940. The rates are already heavy, and this increase will be felt by the ratepayers.

Mr. A. Lynch, D. C., for Kilkenny has resigned his seat on Athy Urban District Council, as has also Michael O'Toole for another division.

Much regret will be occasioned amongst a wide circle of friends by the death of Mr. Martin Joyce, P. P., which occurred on March 22 at his residence, Town View, Urlingford, Co. Kilkenny.

As a meeting of the South King's Co. Executive U. I. Y. supported by the Rev. W. Seanlan, C. C. Shinnore, a resolution was adopted strongly condemning the 11 months grazing system, and calling on the U. I. Y. branches to push forward agitation against it both "by the persistent use of the hazel" and otherwise.

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