

# The Catholic Journal.

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## One More Change.

"Your father cannot afford the money for both dresses, Alice." "Did you ask him?" "No," she confessed, "I didn't. He is so troubled about money matters, dear. He did not sleep one-half the night, I am sure, and you know that note falls due next Thursday." "I am sick of hearing about that note," said Alice pettishly. "It is such a shame, mother, that he has to pay it."

"We have gone over the matter at length more than once, Alice," said her mother, with some constraint. "It seems useless to discuss it now, does it not? We can only hope for better days soon. And you know it is Helen's turn."

"It is always Helen's turn! Alice's ill-temper was not to be overcome in a moment; and I did so want to go to the picnic, mother. And if you would only speak to father—"

"Alice!" There was a ring of indignation in the gentle voice. "I am sure that you cannot mean what you say."

"I am sorry," said the girl contritely; "truly I am, mother. I am sure I don't know what in the world makes me so ill-natured and envious. Yes, dear, I would not add one bit to the burden which father is bearing. I thought—"

"Could you not divide the money between you two girls?" Mrs. Miller's brows met in a worried frown. "I am sure that Helen would if she were willing."

"It is out of the question, mother," said Alice decidedly. "And you have said, it is Helen's turn. And it would be impossible to get anything decent for so little money, even if she was willing."

"Then do not spoil the pleasure which Helen's pretty party frock will give her," said her mother, sensibly, "or make yourself miserable over what cannot be helped. Press your old dress, dear child, and then with a bit of new ribbon and frill of lace—and with your fresh young face—"

Alice half-turned, with the old peevish look coming back to her face. "I can stay at home," she said decidedly. "But one thing I cannot do, and that is to go among other girls looking like a fright. In that old, faded frock. Why, mother, even Esie, whose father works for only one-half the salary that my father gets, is to have a new 'grandy.'"

"She had much better wear her old frock, and use the money if they can spare it, which I doubt, to get a strong woman to take her mother's place in the kitchen these warm days," said her mother, quietly. "I thought her looking wretchedly ill and worn yesterday. Your natural wits are doing so beautifully, my dear. Should you not like to send her some this morning? She does so love pretty, bright colors, and she has so little to cheer her in her hard, overworked life."

Alice's face brightened, then she frowned again.

"I do so hate to be poor!" she said irritably. "I do not see how you can be so patient about it, mother."

"I suppose it is because I have never been really conscious of my poverty," said her mother, slowly. "I have my husband my children, and we are all strong and well. Why, I think that I am rich, dear child!"

"Did you speak to me, Anna?" Mrs. Miller looked up guiltily.

"Why, you are early, are you not, John? How you startled me. I did not hear you come in."

She hurried out into the kitchen, while her husband dropped wearily into a chair. He asked Alice curiously.

"Were you asking your mother for money, Alice?" he asked. There was a slight flush upon his thin cheeks. "Why did you not come to me?"

Alice hesitated.

"It is only my dress for the picnic," he said, a little hurriedly and with a touch of compunction in her voice; "but we had decided,—mother thought—"

He opened his old, worn pocket-book slowly, and laid a bill and one or two pieces of silver in her hand, but I did not like to speak plainly to her, sensitively. "I did not know trouble that I wanted to avoid."

"I cannot say that I am surprised," he said. "I was this last voice the doctor's? It sounded like it. 'Well, he was a good man, Allan, and my heart aches when I think of his wife. He has daughters, too—pretty, bright, un-selfish girls. I wonder if anyone has

it, father?" she asked, nervously. "Mother seemed to think—"

"I can spare it better than I can bear to see you going without thing that you need," he said, decidedly. "I—I can have things arranged or postponed, I dare say, McCollich has been very kind to me heretofore. It may be—"

He was talking more to himself than to her. Her face turned a little as her fingers closed over it money. For the moment she longed to return it to him—to tell him that she could not take advantage of his adoring love for his children—then the thought of her shabby frock and Esie Adams' lily disguised contempt came to her, and her scruples vanished.

"Thank you, father," she said, gratefully. "It may be that I will not need it all."

So the frock was bought and paid for. And after all there was no money left. The material cost more than Alice had thought it would; and her shoes looked so shabby under the crisp ping ruffles, that, although she had thought of making them last all summer, she changed her mind and bought some pretty slippers, patent leather, with straps—they were so trim and stylish with the pink or gandy. She had not quite enough money to pay for them even, but the merchant had said it did not matter in the least. The account could easily wait until she was quite ready to settle it. He had been so kind about it that she had accepted his wife's suggestion that a knot of pink roses and a bit of chiffon would make her old hat quite the proper thing for the summer.

She did not tell her mother about all this. Partly because she had been a little offended that her mother showed so little interest in the new frock, and partly because unpaid bills were not allowed in the Miller household. And Mrs. Miller was too much engrossed with the baby, who was teething and fretful, and too indignant with Alice for her selfishness to pay much attention to anything but her husband's haggard face and the note that was to be arranged for so soon.

It was a bright, sunny face that smiled back at Alice from the mirror on Thursday morning. And her frock was much prettier than Helen's. There could be no doubt of that, although Helen's cost more.

"Are you ready, Alice?"

"Just ready, mother. Have they come for me? Where is father?"

"He went downstairs just now. I am anxious about him, Alice."

Alice's face hardened a little. It was too bad of her mother to try to spoil the day for her.

"Father?"

He did not answer. The baby wailed fretfully upstairs, and Esie's voice came from the gate.

"Do hurry, Alice. How tiresome of you not to be ready in time!"

She dropped her hand from the knob of the study door. It was too bad to annoy her father if he was busy—or ill. And her mother seemed to think that he was both. So she fluttered out into the sunshine.

In some vague way, the picnic, so far as Alice was concerned, was not a success. The weather was intensely warm, and the pretty pink frock lost its look of crisp freshness long before the day was done. And the change from the comfortable, sensible shoes to the high-heeled French slippers was not a pleasant one. She wrenched her ankle so badly that she could not keep up with the others, and a shower came up and drenched the pink roses, and the crisp ruffles grew muddy and soiled. So by and by she sat down disgustedly under a tree, while Helen and one of her cousins went away to look for some one to drive her home. It was certainly a most disagreeable ending to the publication of a pastoral letter on the life of St. Charles.

At Naini Tal, one of the lofty peaks of the Himalaya Mountains, a church was dedicated to St. Francis by the Archbishop of Agra. At the ceremony, Protestants, Buddhists and Mohammedans assisted in common with Catholics.

Dr. George Matheson Cullen has been elected Bailie of the Town Council of Edinburgh. He has the distinction of being the first Catholic to be elected to the magistracy of the city since the "Reformation."

Thirty-eight converts in one year is the record for Sainte Marie, Ill., already taken up the work of teaching in Cuba and colonial possessions of this country.

hought to tell them yet? I left the another unconscious."

The world reeled and went black before Alice's eyes. Could it be he father of whom they were speaking? Somehow she did not doubt it. She tried to cry aloud, but the sound died in her throat. She tried to rise in her feet, but she trembled so—an he men, changing the subject walked away without having seen her.

Dead! Her father dead!

She saw Helen coming, and as on a dream heard her careless laugh. How could she ever tell Helen! Yes, after all it was not Helen who had saddened her father's last days with her vanity and selfishness.

"Whatever is the matter, Alice?" said her sister in a panic. "Are you suffering so, dear?" Why, Harold, the ankle must have been far worse than we thought. There! lean on me, dear; and Harold, run and ask Dr. Alsopp to come quickly!"

He started away in a frightened run. Some girls gathered about Alice, and some one bathed her face. But for a long time neither Harold nor the doctor came, and presently the faintness passed away.

"I came as soon as I could," said her cousin at last, breathlessly; "but I could not find the doctor. He has gone home with Esie. She wanted him. It is a sad ending for her pleasant day."

"And the death was so sudden," said Mollie Elliott with tears in her pretty eyes. "Why, Alice, the rain has taken every bit of color out of your pretty dress. I told you that it would fade when you bought it."

"Worked too hard, they say," said Harold, who was still watching his cousin anxiously, "and the heat and all that. He was perfectly well this morning, Esie said. Of course she feels dreadful, poor girl! And she seems to think that with her friends and the picnic and all she has neglected him of late, and wishes she had looked after him better! Of course the feeling is not natural, I dare say, under the circumstances. She said that if she could only have one more chance—just to show him how much she really did care for him—"

"Do you feel able to be driven home now, Alice?" said her sister, anxiously. "Mother will want to go to Mrs. Adams, and the doctor will not come back. And your foot should be looked after. I dare say it is frightfully swollen. And some one will give us a lift home if we ask. I do so hate to be poor!"

Alice looked up with a new tenderness in her face.

"Why, Nell!" she said, slowly, "I think it is lovely to be poor—only, illogically, 'we are not of course, I am so sorry for Esie.' But Nell, lean over, dear, so that the others can not hear. There—God is so good to me, don't you think—to give me another chance?"

"Do hurry, Harold, and get somebody. I think the pain is making her delirious. And father will be so anxious if he hears that she is hurt."

"Never mind, Helen, indeed, the pain is not so bad as you think. It—was something else. Come—let us hurry, dear. It is so nice to think that we are going home now—to father!"

### Around the Globe.

The Catholics of Holland support fourteen Catholic daily papers and thirty-three papers issued two or three times a week, seventy-one weekly papers and forty-nine other periodicals.

Cardinal Ferrari, Archbishop of Milan, has inaugurated the Borromeo centenary celebration there by the publication of a pastoral letter on the life of St. Charles.

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Passionist missionary, gave a mission to non-Catholics in this parish.

Learning that a movement was on foot among the clergy to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood Archbishop Glennon forbade anything in the form of a public demonstration on the 30th of December when His Grace shall have been twenty-five years a priest. On that date named the Archbishop will receive the priests and people at his home. All of the societies will send delegations, and the Knights of Columbus, who are much attached to the person of the Archbishop, desire to do his special honor. The clergy will read an address, and there will be also two poems, one in Latin and one in English, and a presentation of a complete silver service.

Francis Joseph Reitz, president of the National Bank of Evanville, Ind., is to build an addition to the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor in that city that will cost him \$100,000.

Rev. Joseph C. Kennedy, recently appointed chaplain in the United States army, has been assigned to the Twenty-second Regiment of Infantry, which he will soon join in Washington, D. C. Father Kennedy was born in 1876 at St. Louis, Mo. His parents came from Cashel, County Tipperary, Ireland. At the outbreak of the Civil War his father was given command of a company of volunteers which distinguished itself for its bravery at the battle of Chattanooga.

As a souvenir of his recent episcopal silver jubilee, it has been decided to present to Archbishop Healy, of Tuam, Ireland, for use in his cathedral, a reproduction in silver of the famous professional Cross of Oengus, the most important relic of the art of the ancient Irish metal workers.

The death in the Franciscan convent, Drumshambo, of the Hon. Mrs. O'Hagan, known in religion as Sister Mary Frances, a daughter of Lord O'Hagan, who was the first Catholic since the Revolution to be entrusted with the Great Seal of Ireland, and the widow of Mr. Justice O'Hagan, who, although a namesake, was not related to her before marriage, will render it of interest, says the "Freeman's Journal" (Dublin), to record that one of the daughters of the late Lord Russell, of Killowen, who was the first Catholic Lord Chief Justice of England, is a nun, and a daughter of the late Lord Justice Mathew also embraced the religious life. Two of the daughters of the late Lord Morris and Killarney, the first Catholic Chief Justice of Ireland since the Revolution, are Carmelite nuns, and two of the sisters of Lord O'Brien, of Killybegs, the present Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, are nuns.

A very impressive service was held in the Boston Cathedral on Thanksgiving Day, when prominent State and city officials, including Governor Draper and Mayor Hibbard, officers of high rank and upward of three thousand other invited guests assembled there at the annual memorial exercises of the famous old "fighting Ninth" Regiment of Massachusetts. Archbishop O'Connell presided.

Rev. A. S. Stebenforeher, former pastor at Kenton, Ohio, and well known throughout the country for his activity in the cause of total abstinence, is seriously ill in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Dayton.

The greater portion of the estate left by the late Rev. John B. Galvin, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Somerville, Mass., goes to charity. One-half the residue is in trust for twenty years for building a parish school. Ten charitable institutions receive bequests of \$200 each.

Five members of the order of Oblate Sisters of Providence left Baltimore the other day for Santa Clara, Cuba, where they will establish a school on the invitation of Bishop Oreglia. The Sisters were invited by Bishop Oreglia because he has been favorably impressed by their work in behalf of the Negroes. Several members of the order have already taken up the work of teaching in Cuba and colonial possessions of this country.

St. Mary's—Canadiana.

Arrangements are nearly completed for the big holiday fair from Christmas to New Year's. Saturday, the opening night, will be known as Children's Night; Monday, St. C. A.; Tuesday, K. of G.; Wednesday, C. M. B. A.; Thursday, Holy Name; Friday, C. R. B. A. and C. W. B. L.; Saturday, Erlin Hose.

Prayers were offered Sunday for the repose of the soul of Patrick Hurligan. Mr. Hurligan's funeral took place on Monday, with burial at St. Michael's.

Masses of requiem are celebrated this week for Henry Dakin, Charles O'Connell and Mary Lynch.

The C. R. and M. A. will hold their election Friday evening.

The Fair Workers' program for the week is as follows: North Side, Monday at P. R. Burke's Monday evening; South Side at J. J. Farrell's Tuesday evening; North at C. S. Highways' Wednesday evening; Wood Street, Wednesday evening; cake and apron sale at Abrens' Thursday and G. G. Lelzer's Saturday afternoon and evening.

The December subscription amounts to \$135.50.

The Young Defenders will receive communion next Sunday.

Auburn.

At a regular meeting of Council No. 51, C. B. and E. A., held last Wednesday evening, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. J. J. Daly; first vice-president, Mrs. Catherine Murphy; second vice-president, Miss Brennan; recording secretary, Miss Wood; financial secretary, Miss Rose Doyle; treasurer, Miss Anna Doyle; steward, Mrs. Margaret McGee; marshal, Miss Anna McGee.

The funeral of Mrs. Daniel Young, who died during the week, was held from her late home, 115 North Street, Monday evening, at the family church at 1159, and was very largely attended. There was a large number of floral tributes of various designs from sympathizing friends of the deceased. The burial was at Joseph Harmon, James White, John Flynn, Edward Ryan, James Deane and P. J. Mohan. Burial was at Joseph's Cemetery.

A most successful stable party was given at the Grand in West Street last Friday evening in honor of St. Anthony's Church. The players filled sixty tables, and all had a most enjoyable time. The party was in charge of Louis Rogan, James Mackay and James J. Moran, to whom much credit is due for the success attained.

One of the big events of the week was the commencement of the graduates of the Knights of Columbus of the Auburn district. The exercises were held at the Grand in West Street, and were very largely attended. The graduates included the following: Joseph J. Moran, John Flynn, Edward Ryan, James Deane and P. J. Mohan. Burial was at Joseph's Cemetery.

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News From Home.

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