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Let No Man Put Asunder

"I guess your priests have told you to say this."

The girl looked up from the typewriter with reproach in her gray Irish eyes.

"I have not consulted a priest on the subject, Mr. Curtis," she said quietly, "but certainly if I had he would tell me that in refusing you I was acting rightly. Now shall we go on with the play?"

Richard Curtis, playwright, novelist, man of business (he combined the three not unsuccessfully) regarded the girl before him with the bewildered gaze which one bestows on a new phenomenon. She cared for him—he had had too much experience of women and their ways to be deceived on that point—and yet, here she was calmly rejecting love and happiness and, what counted for more with some of her sex, the certainty of riches and a prosperous future, all on account of an antiquated notion upheld by the Catholic Church.

"The play can wait, he said impatiently. 'Let's see this thing through first.'"

His clean shaven face assumed its most determined expression. "What Dick Curtis wants he gets," was the world's verdict on him, and his thirty-four years of life had so far gone to prove its accuracy.

"A fortnight ago, a week ago, he went on, 'you would have married me. Oh, it's no use your denying it; you are not the sort that leads a man on and then chucks him, you are straight all through, and I know you care for me. Why, then, have you changed all of a sudden?'"

Clare O'Brien's fingers paused on the keyboard of the machine and the color rushed to her cheeks.

"A fortnight ago," she answered, "I did not know that you were already married."

"Great Scott! How often am I to tell you that I am absolutely free? My wife left me, went off with a pal of mine from Chicago, and I got a divorce. She is alive now; I can't help that, but at this moment she is somebody else's wife, not mine. Now have you got the hang of it?"

Clare shook her head. There was also a good deal of firmness about her mouth and chin, so that as far as strength went she and the man who stood before her, the man who had only lately come into her life for good or evil, were pretty equally matched.

"The law of the country may have separated you from her, but by the laws of God you are still her husband; and as a Catholic, I cannot look upon you as free. Besides—" she hesitated.

"Well, let's have it out," he said sharply. "Go on; what other crime have I committed?"

"When I accepted the post of your secretary," returned Clare, her voice trembling a little, "I understood you were a Catholic yourself."

"So I am," he interrupted her quickly.

"You were—you are not now. You have left off the practice of your religion."

He laughed scornfully.

"Do you make it a rule of only Catholics need apply to your employers?"

There was a perceptible chill in her tone as she answered him.

"In ordinary cases my employer's religious conviction would not affect me in the least, unless, indeed, what they dictated was against faith or morality; then and I guess he will be here directly."

As Clare entered the room pointed out to her, she caught sight of a pale face and disheveled masses of golden hair. The he murmured caressingly, "you injuries were internal and the could make a Catholic of me if you chose. With you by my side I should be a different man and toward her with a restless movement.

"Am I going to die?" she asked absurdly, well—I shall go to the devil by the shortest and

most direct route I can find. You may bet on that!"

For the fraction of a second she wavered. There are women who flatter themselves that their influence is capable of changing the "leopard's spots" and the "Ethiopian" skin, women whose dream it is to reform and purify the men they love, oblivious, or perhaps ignorant of the fact that one who is weak enough to let his salvation rest in the hands of another, is also not sufficiently strong to be himself reclaimed.

For that instant it seemed to Clare that here lay her life's work, her mission, and then her common sense asserted itself. Was it likely she put the question to her mind—that a man who had deliberately renounced the faith in which he was born, and was even now desirous of setting at defiance the laws of God, should be suddenly transformed into a fervent Catholic because of her companionship and propinquity?

"Even supposing that what you say is true; it is still impossible for me to be your wife because you have one already," she answered.

He paced up and down the room, arguing, pleading, upbraiding, each in turn, and it was with a feeling of physical weakness that his secretary presently took her departure and made her way through the crowded streets of New York to the boarding house where she lived. Old Ireland seemed very far away this bleak March afternoon, and the homesickness, the intense nostalgia, which affects the Irish more perhaps than any other nation, was oppressing her soul.

It was seven years since she had seen her country, seven years since the death of her parents, when she had accepted the invitation of her father's brother to make her home with him in America. And five years later that home was broken up by the failure of a speculation, followed shortly after by her uncle's death and Clare at twenty-six was left to carry on the battle of life alone in New York. She had been lucky in the whole in obtaining employment and three months ago, on the recommendation of a friend of her uncle's had been offered the post of secretary to the rising dramatist.

And now, she told herself, she must relinquish this post and seek another and perhaps a less profitable mode of earning her daily bread. Dick had begged her earnestly to continue her work, but she had possibly not only purely philanthropic motives, but also by the hope that propinquity and the magnetism of her constant presence would sooner or later bring about the fulfillment of his heart's desire. But Clare was firm. She realized the danger and resolved to avoid it no matter the cost; and though so far the feelings of peace and tranquility popularity supposed to accompany a sacrifice, had not yet descended upon her, her Catholic training stood to her in this emergency and it was with her mental act of resignation on her lips that she entered the boarding house. Here, the confusion that reigned, served effectually to distract her from the contemplation of her own private troubles.

"Oh, Miss O'Brien," exclaimed the managress, who had learned to rely on Clare's ready sympathy on all occasions, "there has been an awful accident just at our door, and they brought the poor creature in here. She can't live, they say; the motor added and—"

"Can I help in any way?" interposed Clare quickly.

The managress hesitated.

"Well if you feel like it, your motor might go in and stay with her for a few minutes. The doctor has been telephoned for right away, and I guess he will be here directly."

As Clare entered the room pointed out to her, she caught sight of a pale face and disheveled masses of golden hair. The he murmured caressingly, "you injuries were internal and the could make a Catholic of me if you chose. With you by my side I should be a different man and toward her with a restless movement.

"Am I going to die?" she asked absurdly, well—I shall go to the devil by the shortest and

Clare crossed the room and laid her cool hand on the woman's forehead.

"I want Dick," went on the low plaintive voice. "If I am going to die, and I feel just like that, I want him to say he forgives me—I played it very low down on him."

Clare started very involuntarily. The name recalled to her all that she was trying to forget, all that she had resolved should be forgotten.

"Is Dick your husband," she said pityingly, her womanly heart overflowing with compassion for this crushed and broken butterfly with her dainty frills and faces and her child-like blue eyes.

"He was once, but—" she broke off with a gasp. "Oh the pain is coming again. Don't leave me, I am so frightened! Stay with me."

Clare bent over her, murmuring soothing words until her place was taken by the doctor who examined his patient with the inscrutable expression which he considered necessary. His examination finished, he turned to Clare.

"Are you a relation of hers?" he asked quickly.

"No," replied Clare. "Miss Pearson asked me to come in and stay with her till you came. I am accustomed to nursing."

He drew her towards the window out of earshot of the sufferer who now lay white and exhausted on the couch.

"She has only an hour or so to live, possibly less," he continued in a low voice. "We don't know who her friends are, and the chauffeur was killed on the spot. There is nothing to be done. Can you stay here till the end? Your nerves are all right, I can see that, and the managress, Miss What's-her-name, is as jumpy as a cat."

"Of course, I will stay," but I had better telephone for a priest!" said Clare, the tears not very far from her eyes.

"How do you know she wants one?" asked the doctor cynically. "She doesn't look that sort, and besides you don't know that she is a Roman Catholic at all."

"I will telephone on the chance," said Clare decidedly, and the doctor shrugged his shoulders and let her go.

"Dick! Dick! I want you!" The plaintive cry greeted Clare as she returned.

"Ask her who Dick is," she exclaimed.

The doctor went over to her. "Where is Dick?" he said gently. "Tell me, and we will send for him."

The dying woman raised her blue eyes to him with a pleading expression. "I—don't where, she gasped. "Somewhere in New York; he—he is well known, famous—find him, I—" her eyes closed and the golden head sank back on the cushions.

For an instant Clare's heart seemed to stop beating as an amazing incredible idea flashed across her mind. And then it began to throb again as though it would suffocate her.

"I believe I know who it is," she said breathlessly. "Anyhow it is worth trying; and before the doctor could answer her she was at the telephone and had rung up her employer.

"It is I, Clare O'Brien; come to me at once; don't lose a moment."

Richard Curtis listened bewildered, and in less than ten minutes his motor was snoring and puffing at the door.

"Dick, Dick," murmured the now half-unconscious woman, as she came into the room and went straight over to where Clare was standing.

"You sent for me?" he exclaimed, regardless as was his wont in moments of strong excitement of the presence of spectators. "I have lost no time, you see, Clare my—"

"Hush! Hush!" said Clare quickly. "Look there; do you know who she is? Have you ever seen her before?"

"My God! Lella!"

The blue eyes opened slowly and fixed themselves on his face. "Dick," she faltered, "forgive me, I—I have suffered. You—you were the best, the—"

She paused, the outstretched hands fell limply backwards, and as Dick bent over her with remorseful tenderness he saw that his wife was dead.—Grace Christmas in the Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Around The Globe

Among those who on June 29 and 30 were promoted to holy orders by Archbishop John Glennon at St. Louis University St. Louis, was Philip Froebes, S. J., for some years teacher at St. Ignatius College, Cleveland. He is the third of three brothers, all members of the Jesuit order, to be raised to the dignity of the priesthood. Rev. John B. Froebes of St. Ignatius College, was present at the ordination and assisted at his brother's first mass on July 1.

A general chapter of the Christian Brothers will be held in Dublin in July.

The corner-stone of St. Hedwig's Polish Orphanage, Chicago, was laid on June 12 by Right Rev. P. Rhode, D. D. The institution is being built by the thirty-two Polish parishes of the archdiocese at a cost of \$150,000.

Very Rev. Thomas Fitzgerald, pastor of St. Mary's church, Independence, Mo., and vicar general of the Diocese of Kansas City, died in Independence, Mo., and vicar general of the Diocese of Kansas City, died in Independence on June 17. He was sixty-eight years old.

Rev. Brother Emory, recently appointed provincial of the St. Louis province of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, was a boy soldier in the Civil War, enlisting from Illinois.

Bishop McKenna, of Clogher, who is the youngest member of the Irish hierarchy, is slowly recovering from a severe attack of double pneumonia. He is forty-three years old and has a robust constitution.

The new monastery of the Passionist Fathers at Norwood Park, Chicago, was dedicated by Archbishop Quigley on June 12 in the presence of thousands of people.

Rev. Walter Drum, S. J., of the Jesuit House of Studies, Woodstock, Md., will conduct a retreat for the public school teachers of Washington and their friends at Trinity College, beginning Tuesday next and concluding on Saturday, July 2.

Rev. Brother Adrian, a member for fifty-four years of the Brothers of the Christian Schools and noted as an educator died on June 13 of heart failure at La Salle Academy, New York. Brother Adrian was born at St. Catharines, Ontario, Canada, June 11, 1836.

St. Mary's Church Antwerp, Ohio, was on June 12 the scene of the celebration of the first mass in his native parish at Rev. Francis A. Slattery, the third of his family to be ordained. The young levite was assisted by his brothers, Rev. T. J. Slattery of Cedar Lake S. D., and Rev. J. J. Slattery, of Strubenville, Ohio.

Announcement is made that Rev. Thomas J. Campbell, S. J., has "assumed" chief editorial charge of "America."

The French colony in Mexico is planning the erection of a monument to the French Catholic scientist, Louis Pasteur. At a recent meeting of the committee in charge, it was reported that the sum of 25,000 pesos had been raised.

News From Ireland

Patrick S. Brady, solicitor of Omear road, Belfast, has been appointed a resident magistrate for County Galway, to be stationed at Ballinacole.

Andrew Carnegie of New York has been elected an honorary burgess of Belfast in recognition of his eminent services to the cause of education.

Miss Mary Ellis, eldest daughter of Thomas Ellis, supervisor of I. R. Armagh, has been received into the community at the Convent of Werneth Grange, Oldham, England, under the name of Sister Mary Benedict Patrick.

The death of Sister Gertrude of the Mercy Convent, Carlow, took place on June 8. Deceased had reached the advanced age of 80 years, 57 of which were spent in the convent where she was professed 54 years ago. She was a native of Kilrush, County Kildare, and was sister of the late Father Dan Byrne, P. P., Carlow Graigue.

The Ballyconnell town tenants are negotiating with the landlord, Mrs. Clara Annesley, for the purchase of their holdings.

Owen Heagarty, chairman of the Ennis Rural District Council has been sworn in as Justice of the peace for County Clare.

The late John Madden, hotel proprietor, Charleville, left an estate valued at \$3,377. He left \$350 to his wife and the residue of his estate to his children.

Messrs. Patrick McDaid and Eugene J. McCauley have been appointed chairman and vice chairman respectively of Irish-American Rural Council.

The marriage took place in Belfast on June 8, of Martin J. Willis, son of T. P. Willis, C. C. Henry, and Miss Bertha Carline, eldest daughter of Thomas Carline, estate agent Belfast.

Sister Mary Joseph Flood, member of the Carmelite Order, died at Tallaght on June 8, at the age of 74 years and the forty-eighth of her religious life.

A sum of \$11 has been contributed to the Irish Parliamentary Fund by the Nationalists of the parish of Cleenish, Fermanagh.

At St. Patrick's church, Galway on June 9, Very Rev. Father Doyle joined in wedlock Captain Thomas Brady at Granville, and Miss Cecilia Donnan, proprietress of the Royal Hotel, Galway.

Michael Bradley has been appointed borough surveyor by the Athy Urban Council.

Died—May 26 Mrs. J. Maher, Ballinacole, Callan.—May 30 Mrs. M. Cleary, Kilmacneagh.

Died—May 30, Miss Turner, Leitrim Advertiser, Mohill.—May 30 John Gulekian, Grammar—Recently, J. Whitney, Carrigrohilly.

J. H. Ryan has been elected chairman and C. McNamee vice chairman of Limerick No. 1 District Council, both amendments.

Thomas Malone and P. Lynch have been elected chairman and vice chairman respectively of Drogheda Board of Guardians.

Most Rev. Dr. McKenna, bishop of Clogher, who had been ill at the parochial house, Newbliss, has now practically recovered and is able to get around each day.

Ballinacole & Leap for 12 3 p. m. Saturday and Sunday. It costs you nothing as we wish you to see Schaeffer. Terrace building low. Take North Goodman St. car.

THE CATHOLIC SUMMER SCHOOL

The course in education given by the professors of the Catholic University of America was opened most auspiciously by the late Edward A. Pace, Ph. D., Professor of Philosophy in the University, who took as his valedictory theme Principals of Education.

The first of the morning round-table talks was given by Miss Helene Magrath of New York City. Miss Magrath chose as her general subject for the week's talks "A trip through America with Abbe Klein" and the impressions of that distinguished visitor proved most interesting and were ably handled.

The evening song recital by Miss Marie A. Lockwer of Philadelphia was indeed artistically beautiful.

Sunday, opening this the third week was beautifully observed as has always been the custom. The large number of priests on the grounds made possible a number of masses. There were masses at 5:30, 7:00, 8:00, 9:00 and 10:00, the last being high mass, Rev. M. Winters of New York being the celebrant. The sermon at the late mass was preached by the Rev. Mr. F. H. Wall of New York.

The music was sung under the direction of Mr. Constance W. Schaeffer.

The next family gathering on Sunday evening was largely attended. A delightful program was offered: Mr. Charles McNamee presiding, introduced as the speaker of the evening Mr. F. H. Wall, who spoke of the development and progress of the Catholic Summer School.

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