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Mrs. Gardner's Management

The meeting of St. Mary's Altar Society had just come to a close. Its leisurely members stood about the hall in groups and couples chatting, while those of more domestic inclinations were hurrying home to waiting household duties. Tall, handsome Mrs. Gardner, the newest member of the society, smiling and bowing farewells, made her way through the entrance where a bevy of bright-eyed girls paused in their chatter to gaze admiringly after her.

"Isn't she the dearest thing?" whispered one young enthusiast.

"Lovely!" exclaimed her companion. "And her clothes show such exquisite taste."

"I know she will make the social a splendid success. She looks just like a commanding goddess, doesn't she?" a third chimed in.

Pretty little Mrs. Charles O'Neill, her cheeks very bright and a brilliancy in her eyes that was quite foreign, made her way through the gay, chattering school-girl throng entirely unnoticed. Angry, tumultuous thoughts crowded her brain, and her small feet beat a rapid tattoo along the pavement until she turned in at her own cottage gate. Her husband tossed aside the magazine he was reading as she entered, and gazed up at her with mock severity.

"Dear me, Mildred, how long it does take you ladies to talk over a few trifling details for a social. Two solid hours! and all this valuable time consumed in electing Mrs. Charles O'Neill dictator of everything in general, and—

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Mrs. O'Neill, in quivering tones. "I have been relegated to the position of mere assistant this time."

"Really!" exclaimed her husband. "Out of office! And did they vote you a medal for long and faithful service?"

"I don't feel in a humor to enjoy your jests, Charles," and a tear quivered on her lashes.

"Why, Milly! you don't feel bad over being relieved of all this worry and work for once, do you?" inquired her husband in surprise.

"Oh, it isn't that," explained Mildred, with a catch in her voice. "I have been so used to being put first always—and everything I said was considered—and my suggestions—well I know it is foolish, but I can't help feeling hurt and humiliated."

"Yes, I know, Milly," broke in her husband sympathetically. "He was always on his wife's side, whatever the cause might be. And who is the general manager of this coming affair?"

"Why Mrs. Gardner, of course. She seems to have made a splendid impression on all of the Altar Society members. She is so handsome and does look capable and practical. I hope she will have success."

"But why should you care, Mildred?" expostulated her husband gently.

"I don't know, really. I suppose it is little and contemptible in me to care so, but to wake up suddenly and find myself so inconsequential is rather a blow to my pride."

"And I wonder," continued Mr. O'Neill. "If the beautiful and talented Mrs. Gardner will be called to nurse the sick children of the parish. I've borne it all in silence so far," he went on, his blue eyes merry with mischief, "this thing of being deserted at every epidemic of chicken-pox and measles and whooping-cough and I earnestly hope Mrs. Gardner will be elected to nurse the sick and comfort the afflicted of the parish, as well as guide its financial course."

"Oh, that is a different matter," Milly hastily interposed. "I am sure Mrs. Gardner is not a nurse, and besides she has children of her own."

"And therefore won't find it necessary to play mother to all the children in town," retorted

her husband. "Alas! fear I shall continue to be neglected," he sighed.

"It's the penalty for marrying a trained nurse, Charles."

"And an angel in the bargain," answered her husband, dropping his jesting tone.

Preparations for the festival which was to be held to raise funds to purchase a new organ for St. Mary's church were carried on rapidly under Mrs. Gardner's supervision. Her gracious manner and personal charm had won many friends for her on all sides, and she found everyone eager and willing to help. Mildred O'Neill conquered her bitterness of spirit to the extent of promising to help Mrs. Devoy at one of the tables, but although she tried hard to forget the unpleasant blow to her pride, the days that intervened between the meeting of St. Mary's Altar Society and the date of the festival were full of unhappy thoughts.

She had become accustomed to the homage of the parish, and ever since her marriage to happy handsome Charles O'Neill, had been looked on as a sort of queen and to be suddenly dethroned without warning—to find her little kingdom so fickle—well, it was to much of a blow to forget in a day. And then there were the school girls. They had been so fond of her, and had come to her always for advice and assistance about their parties and plays, and had looked up to her as a sort of older sister and comrade. Now they were flocking to the standard of Mrs. Gardner. Mrs. Gardner was a social leader and bestowed favors with lavish hand, and she was just plain little Milly O'Neill. She felt inconso-lably lonely and neglected.

St. Mary's Hall was a scene of gaiety on the eventful night of the festival. There were evidences of Mrs. Gardner's taste in all the decorations. Mrs. Gardner herself, in a pretty white gown, moved with stately grace about the hall, chatting with friends, or stood at the head of her table supervising a bevy of daintily dressed girls who served refreshments.

Mrs. O'Neill, her practical mind alert to all the details of Mrs. Gardner's management, noted with some misgivings the lavish adornment of cut flowers from the florists, that shed a fragrance and added to the beauty of the tables, and the string orchestra that waited forth music from behind a bower of palms. Mrs. Gardner had modeled the festival of St. Mary's on the lines of an afternoon social function without doubt.

"Pretty and effective," Milly mentally conceded, "but"—she pressed her lips tight on words of criticism that longed to escape. She would not be the first to cast doubt on Mrs. Gardner's wisdom.

"Oh, Mrs. O'Neill, don't things look lovely tonight! That music makes me perfectly enthusiastic," pushed Kathleen Connolly. "Why didn't we ever have an orchestra before? It adds so much to the pleasure of the evening."

"And the expense," Milly longed to retort, but she laughed instead. "Why didn't you ever suggest it before, Kathleen? You of the many brilliant ideas."

"Oh, I'm stupid of course, where my wits are most needed," laughed Kathleen, and dashed off to attend to the wants of a handsome youth at the farther end of the table.

Mildred watched the crowd a few moments in silence. The prospects were bright for a successful social. The crowd was larger than she had ever seen it on similar occasions, and moreover, everyone seemed happy and enthusiastic. On all sides she heard flattering praise of Mrs. Gardner. A queer little ache clutched at her heart, but she tried to ignore it and join in the gaily around her.

"Oh, Milly O'Neill, come here," called a distressed voice from the kitchen doorway.

"Why, what is it, Mrs. James?" she asked the woman on whose countenance panic was plainly visible.

"The cream is almost gone, and the evening not half over yet, and such a crowd as we never had before she wailed.

"But can't we order more at once?" asked Milly, calmly.

"We've tried and they say it is too late to fill an order now."

"Let me try, then." She went to the telephone, but came back after a few moments' conversation, looking as distressed as did Mrs. James.

"It is useless they say. Noice cream on hand."

"What on earth will we do about it?" gasped Mrs. James in despair.

"I don't know really," answered Milly, her brown eyes troubled.

"Call Mrs. Gardner, she might be able to do something."

"Mrs. Gardner, indeed!" snapped Mrs. James. "Cut flowers and music and nothing to eat. That's management for you!" And Mrs. James founced back into the kitchen to talk it over with her companions.

Milly's eyes followed the stately, smiling Mrs. Gardner as she moved about among the throng with all the air of a social queen. Pity welled up in her heart. Mrs. Gardner had usurped her throne, but for a day, for the ladies of St. Mary's society were too practical and sensible to overlook such a failure as this.

The evening ended somehow, and Milly went home with her husband. Mrs. Gardner had borne the news of the calamity with rare grace in spite of the many looks of indignation that were revealed in her direction.

"I'll wager she don't feel half as bad over this affair as you do, Milly," declared her husband on the way home.

"You know nothing about it, Charles. She is not one of those hysterical sort. I do admire the composure she displays."

"It is just as I expected, Milly," teased her husband. "You can walk right up and sit on your throne again, and I'll sing 'Long Live the Queen!'"

Milly O'Neill received many calls next day from the members of St. Mary's Altar Society, many of whom seemed to think they owed her a humble apology, and by 6 o'clock that evening her sympathetic heart was aching as much over the humiliation of her rival as it had ached over her own misfortune. She longed to do something to alleviate the mortification she knew Mrs. Gardner must feel. She had just come to the conclusion that she must go and see her the very next morning when her meditations and the preparation of her husband's supper were interrupted by the ring of the telephone, and a distressed voice answered her.

"This is Mrs. Gardner, Mrs. O'Neill. My little boy is very sick, and I'm so worried, and I've heard so much about how good you are to—"

"I'll be right over, Mrs. Gardner," Milly called back. She hurried up the receiver, hurried into her wraps and was gone.

On the corner she met her husband. "I'm going over to Mrs. Gardner's. Her little boy is very sick," she briefly explained.

"Angel of mercy," began her husband, but she hurried on, unheedingly. Mrs. O'Neill found it difficult to identify the worried, tear-stained woman who bent over little Tommy's bed with the brilliant, smiling one of the night before.

"Oh, Mrs. O'Neill, it was so good of you to come. The doctor says Tommy had pneumonia, and I'm almost distracted. I am afraid he is going to die."

Mrs. O'Neill looked down at the fevered, tossing child and realized that he was very ill, but she spoke comforting and reassuring words to his mother and began ministering to the wants of Tommy.

"It was the next afternoon, when Tommy had been pronounced out of danger by the doctor and had fallen into a restful sleep, that Mrs. Gardner brought up the subject which for the time had been forgotten.

"I feel utterly disgraced over the Altar Society Social," she

confided. "I am not at all practical, so my husband says, and it must be true or I shouldn't have made such a mess of things."

"Oh, don't let it trouble you," Milly hastened to say. "You have only been in town a short time, and you don't know conditions here as we do."

"Don't make excuses for me. I know I am very much to blame, but I have always longed to assist in church work, to do something that was not all empty vanity, and this seemed like such an opportunity," she finished, wistfully.

Milly O'Neill looked up at the woman she had thought vain and self-centered, and a warm rush of sympathy swept over her. After all they were very much akin at heart.

"Oh, Mrs. Gardner, we do need you," she cried impulsively. "There are so many opportunities for good work here, and you are just the one to help."

"If I only had your practical mind and good sense," sighed Mrs. Gardner.

"But you have more than that. You have everything that I have not."

So Milly O'Neill came to share the throne of leadership with Mrs. Gardner, to the amazement of the Altar Society members and the amazement of her husband and the parish of St. Mary's flourished financially thereafter.

—S. V. Reilly, in Extension.

Gold Fingers

Chicago Priest Gets Special Dispensation after Losing his Hand

Unique dispensation granted by Pope Pius X has made Rev. John Kraszynski of Chicago happy. Through a special favor of the Pontiff he will be permitted to continue to celebrate the sacrifice of the mass.

On June 21st of last year Father Kraszynski's hand was injured by an accident, which took place at Gary, Ill., at the farm of the religious order to which he belongs. He is 48 years old, and two years before losing his right hand he suffered a partial deprivation of his voice which made it impossible for him to preach.

Upon the advice of his friends in the priesthood and with the encouragement and aid of Archbishop Quigley, Father Kraszynski determined to petition the head of the church for a special dispensation which would enable him to continue his usefulness. The petition set forth how the accident at the corn husking machine by which the priest lost his hand took place; it pointed out that the priest, while his hand was being ground up by the teeth of the machine, retained his self-control and consciousness but could not cry out for help because of the partial loss of his voice; it further related how a small boy discovered the priest's plight; called to workmen who were within a few feet of him and how his crushed hand was taken from the machine and the rest of his arm saved.

In response to the petition of the maimed priest an investigation of the facts under direction of Archbishop Quigley was ordered by the authorities in Rome and the findings of that inquiry were sent to Pope Pius X. It was represented to the Pope that the lost hand would be replaced by an artificial one so constructed that by the motion of the priest's shoulder he could move the thumb and first finger of the mechanical hand almost as well as of a real hand; at any rate, that all the movements of these two fingers necessary in the ceremony of the mass could be made with the new member. So that all might be in harmony with the services of the Church it was promised that the two fingers to be used would be made of gold.

Without hesitancy, acting upon the showing made, Pope Pius X granted the special dispensation and forwarded it to Archbishop Quigley, who in notified

Cornerstone of Sacred Heart Church Laid Sunday

The cornerstone of the new Sacred Heart Church at Lower City and Rainier Parks was laid Sunday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock. Not only Catholics, but friends outside turned out by thousands to witness the impressive ceremony conducted by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, assisted by other clergy of the city.



Rev. Geo. V. ...
Father of New Sacred Heart Church

It is expected that the building will be completed by October, 1911. The church will have a seating capacity of about 1,000. The building material is of the best brick, the foundation is of concrete, and the roof is of the best material.

Bishop Hickey was accompanied by Rev. John Kraszynski, Rev. John J. ... of the city in uniform led by Commander Joseph E. ...

After the ceremonies the Bishop made a short address to the audience. He said in part: "I do not desire to say anything long in the excessive heat of the day, nor do I feel that I should discuss you without saying a few words in regard to the work we have performed today. Look back over the past few years and see the results that are part and parcel of the great changes that have taken place in this city. In a few years ago this large city had a population of only 100,000. Today we have 200,000. The needs of the people are increasing, and the truth will ever prevail."

The educational course at St. John's which was organized and planned by Rev. John J. ... chairman of the Board of Studies, increased in interest during the course process. The second week of the session was given over to Prof. Henry Zia, Ph.D. (Halleberg) of Washington, D.C., school, New York city. The series of five morning lectures created in a masterful way the Ethics of German Literature, Germany's great poets, the men of their time and their influence on the world.

July Days at the Summer School

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