The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Twenty-third Year, No. 5. Rochester, N. Y., Friday Nov. 3, 1911. [illegible]

The Colleen in the Chorus

(Continued from last week)

A dull red crept into Harold Prenty's face. Brightly as she spoke, he felt a sting of self-reproach that his wife should not only sing at the back of many choruses, operatic and melo dramatic, but have to add to their little store by the wretchedly-paid, yet exquisite work of her needle learned at a well-known Limerick convent where her late father had contrived to send her for two very happy years. He pushed his plate away with a heavy sigh. She knew and dreaded these fits of depression, which he no longer made much effort to conceal or overcome. Without speaking, she put her hand across the small table and caressed his cheek.

"Always hand to mouth! It's awful, Nellie!," he exclaimed bitterly. "For nine months I haven't earned a shilling. Nine months! I wish it were time for God to take me—if I were ready."

Nellie rose softly, and kneeling down in front of him, murmured the fondest words of encouragement that came to her mind—mingling with them a few holy things also, as if she were talking to a child. Gradually she persuaded him to take a cup of hot soup.

"You see, my boyhood was—was different from this," he said after a while. "I seemed to have lived in another world."

"Of course dear," answered Nellie, "you were never brought up to these rough surroundings. We had to work so hard—mother and father and I—that I was mercifully case-hardened before I began to have to fight for a livelihood. It was the same with the men and women I knew when I was a child—mostly singers. And as for these English actors over here, when I met you Rob, I had no idea how good and considerate one man of their number could be. Yes, good as well as considerate. I was first drawn to you by the way you went to your duties, no matter how all the rest of them laughed."

He smiled at her tone of canonization, and shook his head. After a time, still holding her hand he fell asleep. His wife disengaged herself gently, put a shade between his face and the lamp, and looked at him for some moments with a restrained yet passionate pity. Then she softly went for her embroidery and sat at work, with strained attention and patient, determined eyes, far into the night.

Harold Prentys' health began to improve. For the whole of the opera season, Nellie rehearsed and sang at the back of the chorus day by day and night by night, sewing in her spare minutes, cooking and keeping their little home bright and cheerful and driving her now fast-recovering husband's melancholy farther and farther into the past.

At the end of the musical season fortune again smiled on the energetic "Miss Fitzgerald." Harold, still pale and spare, received the news of her engagement for a small singing part in touring company without enthusiasm.

"What's to become of me, darling? he asked with a rueful laugh.

"Of course you must come on the tour too," she answered.

"What, on your little salary? Impossible!"

"But think how rich we'll be when you are quite strong again!"

This vague hope apparently satisfied Harold. When his wife started he accompanied her in the freshness of the early spring new spirit and courage took possession of him. Against her advice—for Nellie was a shrewd little woman of business and absolutely relied on her first impressions—he accepted an engagement from a suave theatrical manager, who was about to take an Old English Comedy Co. through Scotland. It may be noted in passing that the stock-in-trade of all such ventures is largely the brilliant work of Sheridan and Goldsmith—"old" dramatists, indeed, by this, but scarcely "English."

"However, Harold Prentys, with the prospect of playing young Marlowe or Charles Surface, laughed at Nellie's disparagement of the unctuous manager and her unflattering description of certain of the "first-class theaters" at which the company was advertised to appear.

As his tour did not begin until the middle of September. Harold was forced to share his wife's small salary all through the summer months; then he bade her a hopeful "good-bye" and departed, to win great fame and a moderate fortune in the frugal land of undutibitable plain and much averred high thinking.

His first letter was disappointing. "The lodgings were sadly dull, without Nellie's innumerable devices for his comfort, and the Old English Company was much smaller than the oleaginous manager had led him to suppose. His second letter was desperately cheerful; but in his third there were malisons upon the rarity of salary and the miseries of the tour. At the end of six weeks he wrote to Nellie in despair. The manager's slipperiness had proved such that, as one of the company remarked, "Compared with him an eel was an adhesive reptile." He had vanished and the company was "stranded". Nellie's answer, with the enclosure he was obliged to ask for, was sent as quickly as she could dispose of the few trinkets she still possessed and drew her month's hoard of shillings from the savings bank.

Harold returned to London, to be greeted with rapture and once again in due course the opera season came round, as a small but blessed certainity.

It was in the gloom of the winter months, bringing with it much of his old depression that Harold at last determined to speak that word for which his brother had waited so long.

He thought of Sir Frederick when they were boys together. He dwelt on the real goodness and generosity that were hidden under airs of self-importance incredible to all who knew not the baleful bequests of those insulated Catholic squirearches concerning whom O'Connell once said in his wrath that he would disemancipate them for twopence. In principal, Sir Frederick Prentys affected to regard his Dorsetshire tenants as feudal serfs. In practice he was the most generous landlord in the country. More than half the domestics at Prenty's Hall were Irish, and the baronet numbered several Irish friends in his own walk of life. Yet his theoretical virus was such that in the servants' hall a charitable hypothesis made allowance for it on the score that he must be "a little bit fetched"—and indeed the robustest Conservative among his fellow-justices of the peace was wont to say that "Prentys' opinions on the Irish Question were at once insane and barbaric." Meanwhile, he went to confession every month of his life to his private chaplain, a priest who bore the robustly un-English name of O'Callaghan, and who had received a fine training at Thurles under the reign of the late Archbishop Croke.

If the dramatic profession no longer attracted Harold Prentys, he was honest enough to confess that the reason—the fault indeed—lay in himself. The three all but unemployed years of his married life stung him to the quick. Again and again he tried to write the letter that should truly show his mind and change of purpose to his brother. Not until it was written at last, and posted did he tell Nellie what he had done. She started; the color rushed into her face, and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously.

"I hope you are pleased," exclaimed Harold. "Fred will help me to make a better start in the world. I hope you think I have acted rightly?"

"Yes, yes," she answered quickly, but he little knew the sharpness of the fear that came over her.

"What will they say to me? I am so poor and ignorant, and different from them."

There was a suburban pantomime that Christmas, in which Nellie was engaged as a "singing fairy." It was produced on Christmas Eve. She left her husband in the afternoon, sadly depressed and disappointed. He had received no answer to his letter. Through all the performance, as one merry, noisy scene followed another, Nellie longed to go home. She longed for the hours to pass.

As she hurried through the streets, only half an hour before midnight, she pictured her husband, alone and unhappy, listening for her step. When she reached the house at last, she took one step forward and stood still. All the color left her face; the small fur tippet she had pulled from her neck as she ran upstairs dropped out of her hand.

The dreadful moment had come. She must face her ordeal.

Harold was sitting by the fire his hand locked in his mother's. They both arose as she came into the room. Sir Frederick stood with his face turned towards his young brother, and one hand shading his eyes. There was absolute silence. She stood like a prisoner at the bar, facing them, with a terrible expression of fear and yearning in her dark, wide-open eyes. In crisis like these, where our own folk have all said and done in one instantaneous and volcanic outburst of love or hate, the kindliest Sassenach is woefully slow of utterance. Nellie swayed a little, and Harold spoke—clearly, slowly, but in broken sentences:

"This is my wife, Nellie. I have been telling them about you. I have been trying to put into words how much I owe you. Oh, my dear love! How proud I am—how deeply grateful—"

He paused a minute, tried to go on and broke down. Sir Frederick took Nellie's cold hand and raised it to his lips before he said, with simple earnestness:

"We never knew you until to-night. I fear we have been very unjust. Can you forgive us my brave dear sister?"

Nellie looked into his face, and turned wonderingly towards her husband. Then she saw the tears in his mother's eyes, and, with a cry that ended all her doubts and fears forever, she threw herself weeping with joy into his arms.—Antony Carrol, in The Magnificat.

Weekly Church Calendar

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

Gospel, St. Matt. xxii, 15-21

S. 5. St. Bertille, Ab.
M. 6. St. Leonard, H. C.
T. 7. St. Willibrord, B. C.
W. 8. St. Godfrey, B. C.
Th. 9. Dedication of St. John Lateran
F. 10. St. Andrew Avellino, C.
S. 11. St. Martin of Tours, B. C.

Priests Trap Women Gamblers at Bazaar.

Six women card "sharps," who are believed to have had a long and successful career as prize winners at big euchre and other card parties given under the auspices of church societies here, were recently caught operating in Brooklyn, N. Y., by three priests.

The women have been engaged in their work as professional gamblers for two years, and have carried away with them prizes in cash and other articles valued at several thousand dollars.

A priest overheard a conversation on a street car between two of the women several days ago, and laid a trap for them when they tried to begin operations at a fair at Forty-seventh regiment armory in Brooklyn.

Send your Job Printing to the Catholic Journal Office

News From Ireland

Cavan.

Mr. Monagher, sub-postmaster at Mandahawn, has resigned his position which is considered a lucrative one.

Clare.

At Queenstown on Sept. 23, a returned American named Simon Gorman, aged about 45, and stated to be a native of Miltownmalbay, suddenly collapsed in the street and succumbed soon after being clerically and medically treated. He had only arrived by the SS. Arabic, and was in an advanced stage of consumption.

Kerry.

Honoria Wolfe, wife of the late Thomas Scanlan, died at the old homestead Middle Leitrim, Newtown Sands, Co. Kerry, Ireland, aged 80 years, Oct. 12th. She had a large and respectable funeral and was laid to rest amidst the ruins of the old historical church of Murhur.

Cork.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Callaghan laid the foundation stone of the new Convent of the Little Sisters of the Assumption, road, Blackpool, on Sept. 10.

Dublin.

John Donohoe, master tailor in Rathdown Union, has resigned his position after 26 years' service.

Galway.

Dr. Joseph Casey, of Clifden, has been appointed medical officer of Carna dispensary district.

Kerry.

M. P. O'Sullivan has been elected clerk of Petty Sessions, at Waterville.

Kilkenny.

The death took place Sept. [illegible] of Rev. Mother Mary Anne O'S[illegible] Presentation Convent, Castle[comer], at the age of 84 years.

Kings.

In the absence of [illegible] engaged in guarding the railway a cattle drive took place on the night of Sept. 27 from Portland.

Mayo.

The Rev. Dr. Dalton has been appointed lecturer in Ancient Classics in Maynooth. Dr. Dalton who is only about five years ordained filled a curacy in the Dublin diocese prior to his new appointment.

Queens.

The death of Mrs. Croney, of Clonbrin, Monasterovan, who had attained the great age of just 110 years, took place at her residence recently. Deceased practically retained all her faculties to the end.

Sligo.

Joseph A. Mahon, auctioneer, Ballymote, put up for sale at the courthouse on Sept. 28, the licensed premises recently occupied by Hugh Markey in Newtown, Ballymote. The bidding started at £100 and the premises were purchased by Miss Bridget Alcock, Bntlefield, at £240.

Tipperary.

A well-to-do farmer named James Hennessy, aged 60 years, of Loughmore, Templemore, after assisting to carry the corpse of a neighbor named Timothy Bowe, to the church previous to the burial, dropped dead in the building.

Waterford.

The marriage took place at the Westland Row chapel, Dublin, of Miss Gretta Donnelly, only daughter of the late E. Donnelly and of Mrs. Donnelly Yellow Road to George Gilligan, Thomas St. Waterford.

Westmeath.

On Sept. 21, a very pretty wedding took place in Rathdown Catholic church, when Wm. Connelly, Ballyhacargy, was united to Miss Elizabeth Moran, Rockfield Rathowen.

Wicklow.

The Countess of Wicklow performed the ceremony of [naming] the new Wicklow lifeboat at Wicklow on Sept. 27, in the presence of a large crowd of spectators. The new lifeboat is 40 ft. long, 10 ft. 6 in. broad, and weighs nearly 15 tons.

Rules on Church Property.

Rome Recommends that Parish Corporations Be Formed

It appears that certain American bishops have appealed to the Holy See, to determine definitely the best plan for holding church property in the United States.

In answer to this request the Holy Father handed over to the Sacred Congregation of the Council the whole question for full consideration, and for such legislation as may seem necessary. The Congregation through the Apostolic Delegate in Washington, D. C., having ascertained the wishes of the archbishops of the United States and desiring to give effect to these wishes decided as follows:

"Most Rev. and Dear Brother: It has always been to the [honor] and credit of the bishops of the United States that among their many other and great cares and their zealous concern for the growth of religion and the promoting of piety they have always found time to look after the temporal interests and the proper administration of the affairs of the churches committed to their pastoral supervision. Many proofs are before us of this, as well as enactments of the Councils of Baltimore to this end.

"But several bishops have [illegible] Congregation in the matter of [illegible] [illegible]

"Among the [illegible] [illegible] York, and known as [illegible] Corporation [illegible] ded all the conditions and safeguards in force there are [scrupu]lously observed. If the laws of different states permit, the [bis]hop will try to introduce [this] system in their dioceses. If [the] laws at present do not permit [illegible] they should [illegible] necessary legislation [illegible]

"Where the [illegible] parish corporations [illegible] do, the style of [illegible] the 'Corporation Sole' [illegible] adopted, provided [illegible] the Bishop shall [illegible] call to his aid [illegible] [illegible]

"The style [illegible] be abolished entirely [illegible]"

Dedicate New Church Built by Tramps

Tramps, [illegible] a large part of the work of constructing the chapel of St. Fran[cis], which Franciscan friars [illegible] located in New York city recently. Thousands of wayfarers [illegible] helped and in the words of the friars have proved themselves worthy disciples of Christopher, the walking saint.

The chapel owes its origin to the Rev. John C. Hawes, an Anglican missionary from the Bahamas, who was received into the Catholic Church on St. Joseph's day in March last, and who as a thanksgiving offering drew plans for a stone chapel which would serve the Friars of the Atonement as an oratory. Work upon the building was begun on St. Patrick's day last.

If you want your [illegible] [illegible]

General de Charette, Papal Zouaves, Dead

General de Charette, [illegible] commander in the Papal Zouaves, died recently at Nantes, France. Gen. the Baron Athanase de Charette de la Contrie [illegible] in 1832. As a [illegible] of the Papal Zouaves [illegible] part in the battle [illegible] 1867 and in the defense [illegible] 1870.

[illegible]