

# The Catholic Journal

Twenty-third Year, No. 18.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, Feb. 3, 1911.

## In Reparation

I had been at Spring Lake less than a week when I first noticed her. After that, day by day I felt myself more strangely attracted toward her. Without her that summer would have been one of the loneliest and most trying of my life, for I was far from well, I had no friends in the hotel, and was much troubled about money matters; as it was, I became so much interested in the strange, sad, reserved woman that I was able to forget my weariness and my anxieties.

One warm afternoon, some days after I reached Spring Lake, seeking a shady spot on the great porch which almost encircled the hotel, I found one far to the rear—almost at the very door of the kitchen. I had a book with me and some fancy work; but I neither read nor sewed, sitting idly and lazily drinking in the peace of the smiling sunny gardens stretched out before me.

Soon my attention was attracted by a forlorn, feeble old woman dressed in the garb of poverty which looks so strangely out of place when it intrudes itself within the sacred precincts of the pleasure grounds of the rich. Slowly she crossed the lawn and went to what I took to be the servants' entrance. She rang the bell and waited, patiently, for an indefinite length of time before any one answered her summons. I heard her voice, low and timid and whining, and another which answered her rudely and crossly; then the door was slammed shut and the poor woman crept around the corner of the building and sank down on one of the lowest steps of a flight quite close to me.

She had been there but a minute or two when I heard the soft rattle of silken skirts and she—Miss Stannard—brushed past me and, going down to the old woman, talked to her gently. I gathered that they had met before and that it had been for her the old woman had asked for the door, in her humble unsophisticated way going to the servants' quarters to do so.

After a short conversation the beggar went away with a smiling face, carefully tucking something into the palm of her torn, faded glove. As for me I paid no further heed to her.

Miss Stannard watched her out of sight before she turned and mounted the steps rather wearily. I looked at her closely—stared at her. I am afraid—but she did not notice me. She was a tall, slight, graceful woman perhaps thirty-five years of age. Her face might have been plain or at least not unusual had it not been for her dark eyes, wonderfully beautiful eyes, which were haunted by an expression of great sadness, perhaps even of horror. As I look at her I wonder, too, if she could be unkind or harsh. I felt convinced that both were impossible.

As the weeks passed I became more and more interested in Miss Stannard. I saw her often in the corridors, in the dining room and at church, and she was always alone. I asked two or three of the other guests about her, but each one gave me substantially the same answer, that she spent every summer at Spring Lake but made no acquaintances, and that she was those two things so unpardonable in the eyes of the world—queer and "awfully religious." Perhaps because I too was in the habit of going to daily Mass and suspected that they included me in the latter category. I was annoyed at their unappreciative, unsympathetic attitude toward her. I felt certain that she had a story, a tragic one, more certain that she was well worth knowing.

Twice during all that summer did I see her move out of her customary sad reserve. Once when I was walking among the hills I heard merry laughing voices and spied Miss Stannard and two of the poor children of the village in the valley beneath me. They were seated on the grass and had evidently been gathering wild flowers, for three baskets of different sizes lay

near by. On the ground before them a dainty luncheon was spread on a napkin. I caught one glimpse of Miss Stannard's smiling face and then she stole away saying to myself, "She must have looked like that when she was a girl, before—?" And I sauntered back to the hotel wondering.

Another day, just as I was about to leave the church after the seven o'clock Mass, it began to rain heavily. I stood at the door and looked out disconsolately, for I had no umbrella and the hotel was at least a mile away. I had decided that my best plan would be to run across to Father Burke's house and borrow an umbrella, when Miss Stannard came out into the vestibule. She saw my predicament and offered to share her umbrella. "I know that we go the same way," she said. I assented eagerly, glad of the protection half of her umbrella would afford and delighted to know that she had noticed me.

In all my life I never had a happier walk. The wind was so high and it rained in such torrents that our one umbrella was almost useless. As we became wetter and wetter and the road more and more muddy, our spirits rose, and all the way home we laughed and talked nonsense like a pair of sixteen year old girls. At the door we parted in the most familiar, friendly manner possible and hurried to our rooms for fresh clothing.

After that Miss Stannard spoke to me when we met in passing, but she never gave me an opportunity to say more than "good morning" or "good night." Sometimes I was inclined to think that I must have dreamed that merry and delightfully uncomfortable walk.

It was late in August before I learned anything of her history. Mrs. Baker, an old friend of my mother's came up from New York to spend the remnant of the season. I had not seen her for several years, and the first day that she was at Spring Lake we sat on the porch all through the heat of the afternoon talking of old friends and old times. Mrs. Baker loved to listen and she loved to talk, so she always knew all the current gossip and was always ready, or rather eager to impart it.

We chatted cozily for hours and at half past five were beginning to think of going to our rooms when Miss Stannard passed us and walked down in the direction of the lake. I turned to watch as I ever felt impelled to do, and Mrs. Baker, anxious to see what was attracting my attention, also looked at her.

Suddenly she gripped my arm convulsively. "I do believe that that is Miss Stannard!" she exclaimed. "But how much she has changed!"

At once I was all excitement. "Yes, she is Miss Stannard. Do you know her? Who is she?"

Mrs. Baker did not answer my questions at once. She kept her kindly old eyes fastened on the retreating figure, murmuring to herself such exclamations as, "Poor, poor girl! How terribly she has changed! Poor child! Evidently she had never gotten over it." My curiosity, never very latent was thoroughly aroused, and again I begged Mrs. Baker to tell me where she had known Miss Stannard and under what circumstances.

"It was long ago—the year that my husband first developed symptoms of tuberculosis and the doctors ordered him West. We went to a little mining town where the climate was ideal, because Mr. Baker had been in Colorado Springs before we were married and had disliked it cordially for some reason which I never could fathom. Little Creek was a poor place and scarcely more than a village. All the men were miners except the doctor, the saloonkeeper, a strange old fellow who kept the general store and Mr. Stannard—her father. He was as rich as Croesus but very eccentric, so I was told. In his youth he, too, had worked in the mines, but he had been well educated and, I believe, came of a

To be continued

## Catholic News Notes

Rev. E. Kauten, Chancellor of the Diocese of Seattle and missionary of the Pacific Northwest, died on the 7th inst. He was a native of Belgium, ordained in 1875.

Shortly after Easter, Father Bernard Vaughan, S.J., will lecture in Cincinnati for the Good Samaritan Hospital.

The Sisters of the Holy Cross will build at Laporte, Ind., this summer, a \$40,000 academy.

The splendid Holy Trinity Church in New York, the material edifice alone costing \$250,000 will soon be dedicated by Cardinal Farley.

The funeral of the late Mrs. M. Josephine Prosperi, related to Leo XIII. and to many noble families in Italy, Portugal and Spain, took place at Washington, on the 9th inst. She had lived in Washington for 62 years.

The Cathedral of Leavenworth, Kas., will receive stained glass windows costing over \$10,000.

The Irish Historical Society will hold a convention at Notre Dame University on May 1st.

The destruction by fire of the St. Rita Hall of Villanova College, Pa., involved a loss of \$60,000. The students were just leaving the refectory when the fire was discovered.

The late Edward R. Jackson, a ranchman, died at San Antonio, Tex., leaving the residue of his fortune, about one million dollars to the Cardinals of the Church in America to be distributed by them in Catholic orphanages.

Two priests of the Diocese of Pittsburg will celebrate their golden jubilee this year and one in the diocese of Louisville.

St. Joseph's College of the Fathers of the Holy Cross, of Cincinnati, may hereafter be elsewhere located in this country. The Cincinnati property will be sold.

The Alexian Brothers' Hospital in Chicago cared for 3245 sick last year.

A Federation of Catholic societies is being organized in India.

Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, is now the home of a pious Catholic convert.

The Little Sisters of the Poor have opened a house in Glasgow, Scotland.

The Bishop of Cloyne, Ireland, and a number of his clergy, have brought libel action against the "Dundee Courier," for alleging that they boycotted Protestants.

The revolutionary Government of China has abolished the three-thousand year old Calendar of Confucius and adopted the Catholic Gregorian one now followed in most lands.

The Christmas midnight Masses in Paris were attended by upwards of 200,000 people.

The aged Catholic Emperor, Francis Joseph, of Austria, whose health a fortnight ago occasioned grave concern, is now in what is termed the most excellent condition, to the great joy of the Austrian nation.

It transpires that the late Mgr. Agius, Apostolic Delegate in the Philippines, had been appointed, in succession to Cardinal Falconetti, to the Delegation at Washington.

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## News From Ireland

Arrangements.—One of the oldest inhabitants of this district, Annie McClelland of Mullam, Middletown, has passed away at the ripe old age of 102 years. Deceased was of a healthy disposition and scarcely had a day's sickness, and up to short time ago was able to do light housework. She retained all her faculties unimpaired to the last.

Deaths.—Miss Marie O'Neill, eldest daughter of Michael and Mrs. O'Neill, Colonsharagh, Myshall, County Carlow, and Miss Margaret Mary O'Toole, daughter of Timothy and Mrs. O'Toole, Killeegan, have entered the Order of the Poor Clares Nuns in Dublin.

Deaths.—A much revered member of the Mercy Order at Queenstown, Sister M. Scholastica Guilhane, has passed away in the 41st year of her age and 19th of her religious life.

Deaths.—A sad burning fatality occurred at Lisnagalt, Coleraine, the victim being an old woman named Catherine Taylor, aged 70 years, who resided with her daughter.

Deaths.—Patrick Connolly, Porter of Donegal Workhouse, died suddenly on December 17.

Deaths.—The death occurred at Killbough on December 20 of Mrs. Teresa Kelly, wife of C. Russell Kelly, and the sister of the late Patrick Murphy, Marcus square, Newry.

Deaths.—George Latimer, 124 years of age, son of Richard Latimers of Gal, has been killed by the overturning of a donkey cart in which he was driving to a field on his father's farm.

Deaths.—A quiet wedding was solemnized on December 27, when Frank McDonald, plumber, Donnick street, Galway, was wedded to Miss Margaret Mary Lydon, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lydon, Corrib View, Galway. The ceremony took place at St. Patrick's church.

Deaths.—Andrew Carnegie of New York has made a grant of \$1,500 towards the erection of a free library in Listowell.

Deaths.—The project for the establishment of a co-operative creamery at Thomastown is being enthusiastically supported by the farmers and traders of the district, and it is expected that the erection of the creamery will soon be started.

Deaths.—Recently, Edward Goodbody, Clara—December 25, Geo. Hackett, Riverstown, aged 86 years.

Deaths.—Dr. Charles John Burke, who has been appointed medical officer of Newtownards Dispensary district, is one of the youngest dispensary medical officers in Ireland, he being only 22 years of age. He was formerly house surgeon in the Mater Hospital, Belfast.

Deaths.—A number of friends and past pupils of John Murphy came together at Jonesboro schoolroom on Sunday, December 17, to present him with an address and purse of sovereigns on his retirement from the principalship which he had held with distinction for over thirty years.

Deaths.—Recently, Mrs. Ellen Barrett, Parke—December 23, Thomas Quinn, Derrygorman.

Deaths.—Patrick Flanagan Mantua, has been appointed a magistrate for the County Roscommon.

Deaths.—December 24, Michael Fahy, of Shaw & Sons, Mullin.

## Says Improper Dances

Fire American Youth.—The Rev. Bernard Vaughan, S.J., told an enormous audience at the Brooklyn Academy of Music recently, precisely what he thought of the "apache," the "turkey trot" and other dances now the great money-making folk of America.

"If proper dancing is all the world over a recognized and exhilarating pastime," he said, "improper dancing, on the contrary, is a practice that is entirely and therefore to be entirely closed to anyone with even the most elementary knowledge of physiology. It is apparent that the movements in the so-called dances of the apache character can result in nothing making for rightness of even physical man and woman do not happen to be taken on a slight, but they are made or unmade. They are not even as they appear or as they seem. They are human beings and unlike animals, are very susceptible to fire.

"The so-called dances (being very suspicious names) are calculated to weaken animal passion and to set youth on fire, and it is quite impossible to consider what sort of a patent fire engine could extinguish such untold flames either in this world or the world to come. It would not be a bad plan to have the boys ready to play on people who dare to defy the public conscience by indulging in vicious movements whose tendencies are recognized to be so injurious to civic morality.

"Why, in the name of every thing that is decent, are these 'trot' and 'hug' to be tolerated in men and women who come to them hot and feverish from the banquet table?"

## C. M. B. A., to Give Drama

Members of Branch 51, C. M. B. A., with their families, will assemble on Feb. 10, in St. Joseph's hall, Franklin St., to witness the production of the "Power of Confession," a five act drama to be produced under the auspices of the Branch.

Careful preparations have been made for the occasion and the extensive properties and scenic effects together with very capable direction and incidental music will materially keep toward a satisfactory performance. The play is without question, in line or action and of quality suitable to those particular as to their amusements, the comedy is sufficient to relieve the serious scenes, but the play itself leaves a lasting impression because of its moral.

Branch 51 is one of the largest and oldest branches in the city and its organization when each of the five hundred members received an engraved watch job.

The following members will take part: Joseph F. Woodhouse, Harry E. Wilson, J. E. Marriott, Edward Latham, E. N. Rector, Miss Adelaide Mawson, Miss Lillian E. Sumner, Mrs. James Gaffney, Miss Edna E. Ritz.

## Hickey Hickey in Dedication

Building at Hornell.—The new St. Ann's Federation building in Broad street, Hornell, will be formally dedicated and turned over to the parish on the evening of Feb. 12th. Bishop Hickey of Rochester will officiate at the dedication ceremonies. The building is four stories in height, 124x78 feet and is built of concrete, brick and steel. It is a near fireproof as it is possible to make a structure. The building represents an investment of \$65,000. The site was bought by Rev. F. J. Naughton and presented it to the parish.

## Huylers, 44 East Main St.

Valentine Novelties, Red Heart boxes filled with hard candies, or chocolates and Box Boys from 30 cents to \$3.00. Heart shaped latin and linen hand painted boxes. Heart shaped baskets. Candy delivered to any part of the city.

## Correspondents Wanted

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