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Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, American Wife of Irish Leader.



Mrs. T. P. O'Connor.

Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, wife of the famous Irish member of parliament, is in this country for a short stay and has recently made a tour of the south gathering material for a book to be called "My Beloved South."

Mrs. O'Connor is herself a daughter of the southland and as Miss Pascal spent most of her young life in Texas, but for the past decade or so she has been a brilliant figure in the literary and social life of London.

The wife of the great Nationalist is the author of several interesting books, but as a playwright she has gained most distinction, her latest play, "The Stronger Sex," having met with great success both in America and in London.

Mrs. O'Connor is a woman of wonderful charm and has the fine, active brain, dark hair and eyes, olive skin and comely figure of the southern American lady. A fluent talker, she has a delightful fund of anecdote, a woman of great common sense and generous disposition, she has many times helped those striving journalists to whom her talented husband is also a friend and a benefactor. She is mistress of a delightful, rambling old house in Upper Cheyne row, Chelsea.

Nose and Goggle Party.

A family of fun loving girls recently gave an amusing party. It was called a nose and goggle party and helped a number of young people to pass an evening very merrily without much expenditure of energy and thought in the matter of a disguise.

Each guest wore a false nose and goggles. The noses were purchased or made by clever fingers of heavy cardboard covered with celluloid and were not removed until after refreshments were served.

As the guests arrived each was given a card perforated with ribbon run through in order to wear the card around the neck, so that every one could see it.

The cards had on one side a number by which each guest was known, on the other side a list of figures—1, 2, 3, etc. (as many figures as there were guests)—with a space opposite each figure for a name.

In the social conversation which followed each guest guessed who his fellow entertainer was. Of course, with intimate friends the familiar voice revealed the personality, but in many cases this was not easily done, if they attempted to disguise the voice, and much amusement and many awkward guesses were made.

As each guess was made the same was placed opposite the number on the card of the guesser corresponding to the number of the person with whom he or she was talking. For instance, if some one thought he knew No. 4, he turned his card and wrote the name opposite No. 4, etc. It was voted by all the gay people who were present as one of the most original ways of spending a jolly evening.

A Dramatist at Work.

When Eugene Walter writes a play the tools necessary to the process are one large room, one outfit of furniture and one exceptionally rapid stenographer. Mr. Walter and the stenographer enter the room. The door is locked, and work is begun by placing the furniture as it is to be placed on the stage—in other words, by setting the scene. Then the young dramatist begins to act. He is all the characters in his play. He rushes about the apartments, quarreling with himself, making love to himself, now standing here as one person and then racing to the opposite end of the apartment to be another. All the time he is speaking the words that come into his mind as natural under the circumstances, and the stenographer is taking them down at top speed. At the end of an hour or two an act is finished, an invisible curtain is rung down, and if the amanuensis hasn't fainted, as two did in one day of labor on one play, the stage is set for the next act.—Channing Pollock in "The Footlights—Fare and All."

Mr. Aubrey's Granddaughter.

"Two shillings and four pence between me and starvation," Catherine Gardiner said with a mirthless laugh. She was standing in the room of her boarding house—a small, poorly-furnished apartment—and had just paid Mrs. Reilly the weekly rent.

It grudges me to take it from the creature," Mrs. Reilly said to herself as she descended the narrow stairs, "but what with himself being 'out of work and the children sick I'm pinched enough, dear knows. And the poor thing doesn't eat as much as would feed a sparrow, oh! this London is the hard place, and particularly for Catholics, except for them that are fit for down-right hard work." And the kindly Irish woman thought for a moment, and longingly, of the gory yellow of the hills, and the rush of the mountain river about her girlhood's home. "Sure Miss Gardiner would have a better chance of getting work could she cook or wash. Nobody wants a Catholic governess."

The lady in charge of the registry office said something similar when later in the day Catherine ascended the long flight of steps that led to the employment bureau; and just then a stout, good-natured looking woman entered. Her eyes rested for a second on a couple of girls who were seated near the door and then turned to Catherine. The woman approached the lady at the desk and spoke a few words in an undertone.

"Mrs. Noble requires the assistance of a young girl in household matters." The agent addressed Catherine and mentioned a generous wage. "Tis this way, my dear," Mrs. Noble broke in. "I'm housekeeper to Mr. Aubrey and have been so for many years. He lives alone with a wonderful lot of strange things—curios, I have heard them called—silver and gold, and china and glass. I was able for the work till I got rheumatism in my joints, for 'tis little enough attendance the master wants. So now I'm seeking a nice young girl to help me, and I was wondering would you come to Bedford Square."

"I might not suit you," Catherine said, distrustful of her capabilities. "You see, I don't know much of household work."

"Oh, I'll show you," Mrs. Noble said eagerly. "I'll show you, if that's all. You'll have a good home. I hope you'll come, my dear."

The question was settled in a few minutes, and that same evening Catherine entered on her new duties. Mrs. Noble's rheumatism was for the time being quiescent, and she set about instructing her handmaid in the work. And Catherine soon began to find pleasure and enjoyment therein. For the first time for years she was supplied with well-cooked, wholesome food, the daily drudgery of teaching what she did not thoroughly know herself was removed, and the delicate refined face grew less shrunken, the dark eyes brighter, till Catherine stared at her own reflection in the glass, and Mrs. Noble made the discovery that her assistant was rather good looking.

"And she takes to the work, too," Mrs. Noble commended, "and loves all them odd colored vases and queer porringers, and tankards and spoons, and things as much as the master himself does. She handles them as if they were live things," the good woman smiled at her own conceit. "And by good luck she's a Catholic too. That's best of all."

sat by the fire preparatory to ascending to the upper story where they slept. Mrs. Noble was inclined to talk.

"I knew the Aubreys well. The master owns a big place in Devon but it has been long let to an American millionaire. He, the master, married soon after the time I left Stoneleigh—the name of the village, my dear—and came to service in London. His wife died when her little girl was quite young and I suppose the child was dull and lonely in the big house, with her father attending sales all over the country or shut up, like as he is here, with his treasure. Well, it seems she made a foolish marriage with an artist who was painting in that part of the country and Mr. Aubrey was furious. He turned the poor young thing—she was only eighteen—from the door in spite of all the priest of the parish, who was his closest friend, could say, let the place, and came to London. By this time I was a widow, my dear, so very glad I was to become his housekeeper."

"What was the girl's name?" Catherine asked.

"Her name! Let me see. You know the story is hearsay to me, but 'tis right enough for my sister wrote regularly to me; but I don't recollect the name nor the name of the man she married."

"Poor girl!" Catherine commented. "I, too had a lonely childhood."

"Were you an only child?"

"My mother died at my birth, and my father sent me to an aunt of his in Essex. The place where Mrs. Frere lived was very quiet and lonely. Then my father died suddenly while he was in Switzerland obtaining views for an illustrated paper, and I was sent to a convent school in France where girls were boarded cheaply. When I was eighteen years of age the nuns found me a situation with a Catholic family in London, but as the boy and girl grew up they were sent to school. Then I tried to get pupils and Catherine laughed, "I wasn't very successful as a teacher, I'm afraid."

"Why, I'd rather break stones any day than teach youngsters their A B C's," Mrs. Noble comforted the girl. "And now we had better go to bed. We're an hour later than usual."

Bedtime came early to the old house in Bedford Square. One night Catherine was not inclined for sleep, and set about mending a rent in one of her aprons. She had stitched vigorously for some time when her reel of cotton ran out. She disliked leaving a task unfinished, and walked down the corridor to the door of Mrs. Noble's sleeping room.

"Why, Mrs. Noble has locked her door!" she said with her hand on the handle. "How funny!" And then she recollected having left a reel of cotton in one of the rooms below where she had been darning a hole in the curtains.

"I can get it in the dark," she said, and passed noiselessly down the stairs, and into a room designated by courtesy the dining-room, though Mr. Aubrey had his meals in a smaller apartment. The cabinets in this room held many of his treasures. Catherine found the reel and was emerging from the door when she saw two men crossing the hall. They carried a lighted lamp. Quick as lightning she darted back into the room. On one side of the spacious apartment there was an embrasure in the wall and this was hidden by a heavy curtain. She gained its shelter and held her breath as the men entered the room.

Catholic News Notes

Fire started in St. Mary's Academy, New Albany, Ind., a few nights ago, and before discovered did damage to the amount of about \$1,000. It originated in one of the study rooms of the Academy.

The Catholic University, Washington, has no debts, and its investments are \$1,178,825.33.

On Wednesday of last week Cardinal Farley presided at Father Bernard Vaughan's lecture at Carnegie Hall in the interests of the Laymen's League for Social Studies.

Advices from Dubuque, Iowa, announce that Archbishop John J. Keane, retired, has been appointed Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Dubuque, by his successor, Archbishop James J. Keane.

The St. James auditorium in the school building, Oak street, Ludlow, Ky., will be formally opened on Tuesday, February 20. On that occasion a reception will be held by the Ladies' Catholic Benevolent Association.

St. Aloysius Orphan Society of Cincinnati, has just celebrated its diamond jubilee. The solemn pontifical mass was celebrated by Archbishop Moeller and Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, preached.

Archbishop James J. Keane was invested with the sacred Pallium in his Cathedral at Dubuque on the 21st inst. Bishop O'Gorman, of Sioux City celebrated the Pontifical Mass, and the Archbishop of St. Paul, Dr. Ireland delivered the discourse. His Grace, Dr. Keane, retired Archbishop, was present.

Very Rev. Dr. Morrissey, Provincial of the "Congregation" of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind., has gone to Rome to be absent several months.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, of Albany, has presented the Church of St. John, Utica, N. Y., with two handsome stained windows; as a memorial to his father, the late Dr. Ulric Burke, Dr. Burke was prominent in professional and religious circles in Utica half a century ago.

Rev. John J. O'Connor, of St. Clair, Pa., died on the 19th inst. He was greatly beloved. Every non-Catholic minister in that town attended his funeral.

A meeting of the representatives of all the parishes of Covington, Ky., was held the other day to take steps to assist the Sisters in building the new St. Elizabeth Hospital in that city.

It required fifteen hundred policemen to keep open the passage-way of Cardinal Farley from the pier to the Cathedral. Along the way Catholic, Protestant, Jew and Gentile decorated their buildings. It was an ovation of the whole people.

Rev. Father Valentine Chelbowski, rector at Passaic, N. J., and dean, who died of pneumonia, had been an officer in the German army. He studied in Cologne and at Seton Hall College and was 62 years old.

Mr. Philip B. Gordon, an Indian student and member of the Chipewewa tribe, is studying theology at the University of Innsbruck, Tyrol.

The German Catholic Journey-men society is one of the most prosperous in the world. It is divided into diocesan groups. That of Rottenberg has 2,800 members and owns property to the amount of \$200,000.

Emmet Guards
The Emmet Guards will hold their 32nd annual dance on Tuesday evening, Feb. 20th, at Hibernian Hall.

News From Ireland

Mr. Quilbon, who recently resigned as county surveyor, has been granted a pension of £250 per year by Carlow County Council.

While attending mass at Pathvilly, Carlow, Denis Labor, aged 86, fainted and was brought outside the church where Rev. Father Byrne, C. C., who had just begun mass, administered the last Sacraments to the aged man before he expired. The deceased took the total abstinence pledge in his youth from Father Matthew the Apostle of Temperance, and faithfully kept it to the end.

Ennis Board of Guardians have passed a resolution protesting against the action of the British Government in handing over the telegraph system in Ireland to army reserve men to the exclusion of the sons of the industry of the country which have worked the system so successfully in the past.

A fire which did extensive damage occurred in the licensed premises of Edward Woods, Cork street, Cork, on the night of Jan. 2nd.

"It is very creditable to a city with a population of 40,000, and I hope it may long continue," observed Judge Overend, at Derry Quarter Sessions, when presented with white gloves by the High Sheriff, as a symbol of the absence of crime in the district.

Charles Kennedy, history manufacturer, Glenties, has been appointed a magistrate for County Donegal.

There was no criminal business to go before Judge Cooke at Donegal Crown Sessions on January 9, and Hugh C. Cockrane presented his honor with a pair of white gloves.

The death has taken place in Rome where he was studying for the priesthood, of Anthony J. McCartan, son of Anthony McCartan of Newry.

Tralee Guardians have granted a pension of \$15 per year to Mr. Broderick who recently resigned as porter of the workhouse.

A large public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Athy, on January 8 to consider the proposal to run a line of light railway from Athy to the Leinster coal fields, connecting the coal mines with the G. S. and W. railway at Athy.

Callan Guardians have appointed Mr. Moore as master of the union at a salary of £70 per year.

At the court house, Kilkenny, on January 6, J. T. Seiguey of Grennan House, Thomastown, was sworn as high sheriff of the County Kilkenny for the ensuing year.

A subscription has been started for the building of a new church in Edenderry.

Dr. Michael O'Brien, Limerick has been appointed medical officer of the Bannow district in County Wexford.

There being no cases for trial at the Mayo Criminal sessions on January 8, the sub-sheriff presented Judge Doyle with white gloves.

Mrs. Smith, National school teacher at Ardrony, near Boriskane, has been made the recipient of a presentation, accompanied with a testimonial from her present and past pupils on the occasion of her retirement from the school.

The death took place under tragic circumstances on January 8, of Miss Elizabeth Amelia Clements, partner in a drapery establishment in Fivemiletown.

Leat Boyne

The last service for the late Mr. Quilbon will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 15, at 8 o'clock, at the residence of the deceased, 10, St. John's street, Carlow. The service will be held at 8 o'clock on Wednesday, Feb. 15, at the residence of the deceased, 10, St. John's street, Carlow. The service will be held at 8 o'clock on Wednesday, Feb. 15, at the residence of the deceased, 10, St. John's street, Carlow.

Daughters Reunited Society

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