

The Catholic Journal.

THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER

Twenty-third Year, No. 25.

Richmond, N. Y., Friday May 11, 1912.

Subscription Price \$3.00 per Annum.

The Professor

Sir Gilbert Yorke was breakfasting in solitary state in a large oak-paneled room that looked out on a level snow-covered lawn. He was a man of about seventy years of age, lithe, lean and pale. His sunken gray eyes were, however, bright and keen, and the firm-lipped mouth and square chin bespoke determination verging on obstinacy. The breakfast table was carefully laid; the housekeeper knew better than to neglect her duties. Indeed, Mrs. Roberts sometimes complained that Sir Gilbert's quarrel with his only son had left him more exacting and more observant of any remises.

When Sir Gilbert finished breakfast he touched the bell and the butler brought in the letter bag. Only one letter claimed his immediate attention. It was addressed in a woman's handwriting, and Sir Gilbert turned it over two or three times before he broke the seal. When he did he read:

Rosemount, Burton,
Dec. 18, 19—

Sir: My granduncle, Professor Farrer, wishes me to write to you. He came to pay us a visit some weeks ago and when about to return to London fell ill. He would very much wish to see you.

If you can pay him a visit my husband and I shall feel very grateful, and we will endeavor to make you comfortable while you are with us. I understand the professor desires to consult you regarding a book he has been writing on the history of your country.

Yours sincerely,

Edith Marks.

"Dear me! Dear me!" Sir Gilbert cried. "The professor! I never knew him to be ill before. Poor Dick! Of course I'll go."

And for a minute or two Sir Gilbert's thoughts went back to the days of his youth when he and Dick Farrer first became friends. That friendship had never been interrupted. They had pretty much the same tastes and the same prejudices. Both were strong old-fashioned Conservatives, and when Sir Gilbert's son Mark refused to stand in the Tory interest for one of the county divisions, and further showed himself possessed of Liberal ideas, the two old friends were indignant. The professor wrote letter after letter to Mark, begging him to stick to his father's principals; while Sir Gilbert very promptly ordered his son to seek a home elsewhere. Young Mark obeyed, and hastened to London, where he obtained some journalistic work; while there he added to his faults by marrying a young and pretty girl, of good family, but possessed of no means. That even had taken place three years previously, and Sir Gilbert had instructed his solicitor to draw up a will in which the bulk of his property was bequeathed to his sister's only son.

Sir Gilbert obtained a railway guide, and, after a puzzled interval, found the information he sought. He could reach Burton that evening after dinner. "And no doubt I can easily get a carriage to take me to the place."

The early winter afternoon was closing in when Sir Gilbert alighted at a small provincial town. He made inquiries of a drowsy porter. That individual rubbed the back of his head reflectively.

"Rosemount?" he repeated. "No, sir, I don't recall the name. Maybe you mean Roselawn Cottage?"

Sir Gilbert had a poor memory for names. He put his hand into the breast pocket of his coat, seeking the letter which had been left at home.

"I haven't the letter," he said fretfully, after a search. "Yes, I suppose you're right, porter—Roselawn. Yes, certainly." (He gave the man a substantial tip.) "And I quite forgot the name of the people, too."

"I never did hear it," the porter replied. "I never forget names. But it's all right. Shall I call a cab, sir? Roselawn is two

miles off, but the roads are slushy."

"Yes, yes!" Sir Gilbert assented. "And tell the driver where he is going, please. I have only a portmanteau, thanks!"

In a little less than three-quarters of an hour Sir Gilbert was ushered, by an old lady of grim aspect and defective hearing, into the drawing room of a small cottage. A bright fire burned in the grate, and the gentleman, as he stood, in the traditional British attitude with his back to the fire, was vaguely aware that the room had a pleasant and homelike look. A few good engravings hung on the walls; a number of books lay about; there were some late roses in a glass on a table, and a tiny horse and cart, the playthings of a child, were on one side of the fireplace.

The door opened quietly and a young woman—little more, indeed, than a girl—came into the room. Sir Gilbert's first thought was that she was very beautiful; his second, that she looked shockingly ill and weary. There were dark shadows round the big gray eyes, that intensified their clearness; the ruddy golden hair was somewhat ruffled, and the red lips drooped at the corners. She gave a little cry as she advanced (Sir Gilbert remembered later) and extended her hand in welcome.

"Oh, you have come!" she exclaimed.

Sir Gilbert feared she was about to burst into tears, and spoke hastily, in matter-of-fact tones.

"Of course, my dear madam!" he answered, and tried to recall the lady's name. "Of course! And how is the Professor?"

The lady's lips trembled and two big tears rolled down her white cheeks; but she made a tremendous effort to regain her composure.

"Oh," she said, "it is too terrible! And he was so strong, so well!"

"What is the matter?" Sir Gilbert asked.

But the lady caught sight of the horse and cart. She lifted them and thrust them into a corner, and sank into a chair, weeping, with her hands over her face.

"My dear madam—my dear madam!" (Sir Gilbert had the natural man's horror of tears.) "Now, then, you mustn't you know! You mustn't give way."

"No, no, I must not! I am doing the nursing myself." The girl struggled to her feet. "The doctor wanted a nurse, but I wouldn't have one. Besides, he wouldn't like a stranger."

"No," Sir Gilbert assented. I suppose not. But what is the disease?"

"Scarlet fever, and there are complications. That is the danger."

"Oh, scarlet fever; I thought" (Sir Gilbert's medical knowledge was very elementary)—"I thought there was a certain age—"

"No, I think not."

"Can I see him?"

"Tomorrow, perhaps. There's a specialist coming from London tonight. He will be here early tomorrow morning. Our own doctor is" (the speaker's voice broke)—"is, I can see, hopeless."

The poor woman again appeared on the point of breaking down.

"My husband is on a Birmingham paper," she presently explained; "and his is night work at present." She gave a wan smile. "For health's sake, we live in the country."

"Of course—of course! I understand. I think I had better retire now, if I may. Tomorrow I shall hope to see the Professor."

"And Margaret—she's my old nurse—will show you to your room."

In a minute or two the grim-visaged domestic reappeared and led Sir Gilbert up the narrow stairs. She pointed to a door at the end of the passage, just as she opened the door of the room assigned to the guest.

"He's there," she said; "the poor dear!"

"Do you think he will recover?" Sir Gilbert asked.

Margaret shook her head.

Tired as Sir Gilbert was, he did not sleep soundly. He dreamed brokenly of his son, Mark, and of Dick Farrer. In the gray dawn of the early morning he heard the puffing of a motor beneath his window.

"The specialist!" he thought, and dressed hastily. As he stepped from his room to the corridor, a gentleman emerged from the sick room.

"With care," he was saying, "he'll pull through. Oh Sir Gilbert, you're here!"

The speaker advanced, and Sir Gilbert recognized a certain Doctor Layton, with whom he was acquainted.

"How is the patient?" Sir Gilbert asked.

"Oh, not so very badly," the professional man replied. "The doctor here is rather easily alarmed. Of course scarlet fever and bronchitis together are troublesome."

"Can I see the Professor now?"

"Certainly."

Doctor Layton opened the door of the sick room. The local doctor was standing by the fireplace with the lady Sir Gilbert had seen the previous evening, and a young man knelt by the white bed in one corner of the room.

Sir Gilbert advanced to the bed on which a small, bright-eyed, fever flushed boy lay.

"Why, this isn't—" he began, and stopped.

The kneeling man rose and held out his hands.

"Father, this is good of you. Forgive—" (the voice broke).

"Marion told me you had come. She recognized you."

"Mark!" Sir Gilbert gasped.

Doctor Layton interposed. He had chanced to hear of the quarrel between Sir Gilbert and his son.

"This visit is to the patient, and it must be a short one. Little man, this is your grandfather, come to tell you to make haste and get well."

The child wrinkled his brows, held out a fevered hand and made an effort to speak.

"That will do," the physician said, and Sir Gilbert relinquished the hot little hand. "We'll see you soon again."

Mark Yorke then led the two men down the stairs to the room where breakfast was laid.

"Marion will be here in a few minutes," he said. "She will allow the little chap's nurse to take charge of him now. She was desperately frightened yesterday about the Professor."

"The Professor?" There was a note of inquiry in Sir Gilbert's voice, and his son laughed.

"Yes, Gilbert has acquired a habit of frowning and I fancied he looked rather like Professor Farrer. So we got into the habit of calling him the Professor."

Sir Gilbert hesitated a moment.

"I'm very glad you called him so," Mark said. "As soon as the child can be moved, you must all come to Yorke Hall—you, Marion and the Professor."

"Magdalen Rock, in the Ave Maria."

Buffalo's New Cathedral

It is expected that every Buffalo male Catholic over sixteen years of age, will march in the monster parade which will take place Sunday, June 9, the day of the laying of the corner stone of the new Cathedral. The approaching event will be another glorious period in the history of the Catholic Church in Buffalo. Cardinal Farley will bless and lay the cornerstone of the proposed magnificent temple of God, and the sermon will be preached by the Archbishop of Dubuque.

Edward L. Hearn, a Knight

Edward L. Hearn, of New York, has been appointed a knight of the Order of St. Gregory the Great.

Mr. Hearn is vice-president of the Casualty Company of America, with offices at 123 William street. He is past supreme knight of the Knights of Columbus and has been active in Catholic affairs in New York for some years.

Catholic News Notes Students To Be Ordained

It is said that the 1914 International Eucharistic Congress will most probably be held in the United States and at New Orleans.

Archbishop Messner and a number of the clergy and laity held a meeting a few days ago to discuss plans for the proposed home for Catholic working girls and women of Milwaukee. A second meeting will be held next week, when members of the prominent organizations of Catholic women will be invited to attend.

At his consecration Rt. Rev. Bishop Dowling, of Des Moines, Iowa, received two crozier of gold with precious stones.

Four new buildings and an Industrial School, costing about \$150,000 are under consideration for the Orphan Asylum at Wichita, Kan.

The collection of ecclesiastical paintings and relics at the University of Notre Dame, Ind., is said to be unequalled in this country. One gallery contains the portraits of all Archbishops and Bishops of the Church in the United States.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Gabriels, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., will leave on the 22nd for a visit to Belgium, and his native town there, Wanzen Lede.

The new church of St. Jean Baptiste in New York, will cost \$500,000. The Fathers of the Blessed Sacrament are building it.

Rt. Rev. Peter J. Muldoon, D. D., of Rockford, Ill., has established a Catholic memorial day, to be celebrated in all the parishes of the diocese each year on the first Sunday in June.

In Atlanta, Ga., the Catholic population is about 5,000. In 1910 the population of the city was 154,839. A church and school for colored Catholics as a memorial to Archbishop Ryan of Philadelphia are to be built there.

Through the donation of a \$10,000 property as a site, Oxnard, Cal., is assured a fine new Sister Hospital, the first portion of which is now about built. The property gift was made by John Borchard, a wealthy rancher.

St. Patrick's Church in Fort Wayne, Ind., has been presented with an \$8,000 marble altar.

Major-General Barry, of West Point Military Academy, a Catholic officer, will succeed the late Major-General Grant.

The temporary home for Catholic deaf mutes has been opened at 1817 Vine street, Philadelphia. It is called the Archbishop Ryan Memorial Institute for Deaf Mutes and is under the care of four Sisters of St. Joseph, trained for the work, led by Mother Carmelia. The institute is ready to receive children.

The episcopal residence at Covington, Ky., will be enlarged to the extent of \$15,000.

St. James, Cleveland, parish will erect a \$100,000 parochial school.

The National Convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians takes place in Chicago, July 16-20.

Berlin, Breslau, Cologne, Bonn and other leading cities of the German Empire, have daily Catholic papers.

In Catholic times 150 churches were dedicated to Our Lady in Iceland.

A stately residence in keeping with his dignity, is to be erected for the Papal Nuncio at Munich.

News From

The death of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., of the Diocese of Fairport, N. Y., occurred at his residence at Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 7, at the age of 67 years. He was a native of New York and was a member of the Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., where he was pastor for many years.

James Flannery, pastor of St. Patrick's, Fairport, N. Y., was appointed to succeed Rev. Hartley as pastor of Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 17. He is a native of Ireland and was a member of the Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., where he was pastor for many years.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.

The funeral of Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was held at Holy Trinity, Fairport, N. Y., on Thursday, June 14, at 10 o'clock A. M. The Rev. J. J. Hartley, V. M., was the officiating clergyman. The funeral was attended by a large number of the faithful.