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## The Romance of a Poor Lawyer

Continued from last week

"And you never walked four miles," the girl said, almost incredulously. "I think nothing of five or six. You see, I love to be out of doors, and as we have no horse I have to walk."

Elizabeth looked enviously at her round, rosy cheeks and lithe erect form. "I know I ought to walk more. Papa tells me occasionally that I am pale and should take more exercise; but it is so much easier to ride, and I can always have the machine when I want it."

The old man smiled, indulgently. "Mary hasn't had that temptation, or perhaps she would not walk more than you do. A lawyer in a small town—and an unsuccessful one at that—finds it hard to provide plenty of bread and butter."

There was a touch of sadness in his tone and words, and with a woman's quick intuition, Elizabeth understood that he felt himself a failure, and that, naturally enough, the knowledge was a humiliation to this sensitive and affectionate father.

"A man has a better chance in a 'great city,'" he continued, half to himself. "Now my son—(no one could have been unconscious of the love in his thin, colorless voice, as he lingered over the word) 'my son has done well in St. Louis—wonderfully well. He has been there only five years, but he has lifted the mortgage of our little home. I tried for a lifetime and could not do it. And besides, each month he sends us what he calls 'our share' of his earnings. Mary and I are getting rich, aren't we, little girl?"

Poor Mary's face was crimson. It hurt her to hear her father speak so openly of their poverty and their poverty to a stranger and especially to one whose whole appearance bespoke wealth.

The father, in his pride in his son, had no such thought. He could not lose an opportunity of praising him. "You can't imagine how Mary and I hated to see John leave home. He was always so bright, so full of fun, and so good to us. The first month he was away we thought the evenings would never pass. You see, we were accustomed to doing without him during the day," he exclaimed; and Elizabeth, somewhat to her own astonishment, was deeply interested in the glimpse she was getting of a sphere of life most remote from the extreme fashionable one which was the only one she knew.

"We three used to sit before the parlor fire every night, and John would tell the funniest stories you ever heard. I often laughed until I begged him to stop." The man smiled happily at the mere recollection of those happy evenings.

"He loved to use outrageous slang," he rattled on. "I never could understand it. He and Mary thought it a great joke when I could not make out what he was talking about. And sometimes Mary would pop corn and he would eat it as fast as she had it ready. Oh, we had such good times when John was at home!"

"And then, when it grew late—about nine or half-past—we always said the beads together. John didn't like to give them out but he was always willing to answer if I did. We're Catholics," he added, by the way of explanation.

"So am I," Elizabeth said, earnestly, and then she sighed. She could not remember her pretty young mother, whose portrait hung in the place of honor at home. Her father had never had time for her. Often he was in the East for weeks together, and even when he was home they never spent a whole evening alone. The gentle old man was giving her a glimpse of something that had no counterpart in her life, something that she had longed for without giving it a name, something sweeter

than all other earthly blessings, because it holds more than a drop of heavenly peace—home life.

For some minutes they walked on in silence, until at last Elizabeth said wistfully, "It must be nice to have a brother." She had been on the point of saying "a father," but remembered in time. "My mother is dead, and so is yours, is she not?" she asked, gently, turning to Mary.

"Oh, yes. She died when I was a tiny girl, only three years old; but John took such good care of me that I did not miss what I had hardly known. Then, when he finished his studies in Judge Denison's office, he made father rest. Father's not strong, and you never did like to practice law, did you?" she added, addressing him.

"No, no. It was uphill work and all for so little. Perhaps if I had gone to St. Louis I would have done better, but I lacked courage for the venture."

Again there was silence. Each was occupied with his own thoughts and for the moment forgot his companions.

"Oh, father, we're nearly there! Don't you see the lights? Oh, won't John be glad to see us, and won't he be surprised?" she cried almost dancing in her glee.

The man's weary face brightened, and forgetting his fatigue, he quickened his steps until Elizabeth found it hard to keep pace with him. "Yes, it will be fine!" he exclaimed, boyishly, turning to Elizabeth, he added by way of explanation, "John has often begged us to visit him and we decided to surprise him today. He'll be so glad to see us and so much excited that he'll act like the foolish boy he is for hours, as he would say. We shall not be able to get a sensible word from him this evening, Mary."

"I don't care," she answered with a little skip of delight. "Oh, father those lights seem just as far away as they did ten minutes ago."

Elizabeth had grown too tired to talk, the others were too much excited, and during the last half-mile of their long walk few words were spoken. Mr. Morrison's automobile was at the station, where it had stood for two hours waiting for Elizabeth, and she insisted on taking her new friends to their destination before she parted from them with many expressions of gratitude.

A week passed, during which Elizabeth thought many times of the man old before his time, whose narrow shoulders had bent wearily beneath the burden of work for which he was unfitted, whose head had whitened in the struggle inevitable when a highly strung nature is thrown into the strife made necessary by the fierce competition that is an integral part of modern business conditions. She recalled his meek face and courteous manner; his love for his daughter and his overbearing pride in his only son. Enviously, she thought of the bright happy girl whose society her father and brother preferred to any other.

They were in her mind one evening as she stood before the great log fire in her father's library, dreamily watching the listful blaze and the merry dance of countless truant sparks.

"Mr. Shea," the maid announced.

Elizabeth stared slightly. "Bring him in here," she said.

Five minutes later they were chatting cozily. Elizabeth had once admitted to Miss Lawson that she liked Mr. Shea when she was with him, but that as soon as he went away she resolved anew never to admit that he had a single redeeming trait. "I'm tired of hearing his praises sung," was her wise reason for this.

"Oh, tell me all about the Goodridge ball," Elizabeth demanded eagerly. "I had a cold and couldn't go."

"Neither could I. I intended to, but something unforeseen kept me at home at the last moment. I was sorry, because I thought you would be there. After a second of hesitation he added gayly: "My father and sister gave me a great surprise. To my astonishment, they appeared about

o'clock one evening, to stay with me for a couple of days. I didn't let them go until the first of the week—and of course spent every spare moment with them—so the Goodridges had to suffer," he laughed.

"And you were glad to see them?" Elizabeth asked feelingly. "That she was expected to say something. A light had broken upon her, and it made her uncomfortable."

"Glad?" and his face fairly beamed. "Glad doesn't begin to express it. It was the finest thing that ever happened. I had not had a glimpse of them for three months."

Elizabeth said nothing, and after a pause, he continued: "They had a trying experience on the way, but they laughed about it, and insisted that, as Mary said, it was great fun. A wreck blocked the track and they had to walk to town from somewhere near the junction. A young girl who was the only other passenger in their car walked with them. Mary fell in love with her, and even my father, who is unobservant, noticed that he seldom notices anything more about a stranger than that she is a human being, said more than once that she is a 'pretty child, with big, wistful eyes that look as if she had never had half enough affection.'"

Elizabeth's face was crimson. Persistently she watched the fire, thankful that John Shea was, like his father, unobservant. "Mary said that she had a pretty Southern accent—and that reminded me of you." He glanced toward Elizabeth, who was still intensely interested in the glowing logs. For an instant he studied her averted face, red to the roots of her dark hair, and an inspiration came to him. "Why, it was you—was it not?"

"Whether it was I, or some one else, I can assure you of two things; you have one of the kindest fathers in the world and the sweetest little sister; and—" she felt a sudden desire to make reparation for the almost rude indifference she had often shown

him and for the silly way she had railed against him to her friends—"and I believe you are the kind of a brother I'd like to have."

John Shea smiled happily. He saw a ray of hope where all had been darkness. There was a long, oppressive silence before he said, shyly: "Miss Morrison, don't you think you could—that as I am not your brother I might be something else?"

For the fraction of a second Elizabeth hesitated, then looked up at him frankly without a trace of coquetry in her face or manner. "I like you very much. I am not sure that I do not—"

Only a lover could have caught the words "love you," but John Shea heard them and was content. —Florence Gilmore in Extension.

### Bishop Hickey at Auburn

The annual ceremony of blessing the graves in St. Joseph's cemetery, south of Auburn, was conducted by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, Sunday afternoon in the presence of thousands of members of the Catholic faith from Auburn and surrounding towns. The cemetery presented a beautiful sight as nearly all the graves were decorated with flowers. Nearly all of the Catholic clergy of Auburn and Cayuga county were present and participated in the ceremonies.

During the day the Bishop administered the sacrament of confirmation to large classes in the St. Alphonsus, St. Aloysius and St. Mary's churches.

### Bishop Makes Change

Bishop Hickey has made a change in the West Bloomfield parish, formerly part of the Lima parish and attached it to the parish of East Bloomfield. Rev. Patrick Neville is to be pastor of both parishes. Father Neville is rector of East Bloomfield. The change will take place at once.

## Rev. Dr. Hanna Appointed Auxiliary Archbishop of San Francisco



REV. DR. E. J. HANNA

Bishop Thomas F. Hickey received on Monday of the present week a message from Monsignor Bonzano, the Apostolic Delegate at Washington, announcing the appointment by Pope Pius X of Rev. Dr. Edward J. Hanna of St. Bernard's Seminary as auxiliary to the Archbishop of San Francisco, with the title of Bishop Agathopolis.

It was not generally known that Dr. Hanna's name had been under consideration for the appointment, and in that sense it comes as a surprise to the diocese. It will be remembered, however, that Dr. Hanna was one of the three names formally submitted to Rome for consideration for the appointment of Coadjutor Archbishop of San Francisco, in San Francisco in 1907 to succeed the late Archbishop Montgomery by the consultors and irremovable rectors of San Francisco, the others being Rev. Richard Neale of Malden, Mass., and Rev. J. J. Lawler, of St. Paul Minn. The final choice, however, fell upon none of these well known priests, but upon Bishop Dennis J. O'Connell, rector of the Catholic University of America; the failure of the Rochester candidate appearing to rest solely on charges of modernism, which had been made by Rev. Dr. Andrew E. Breen, also of the seminary.

Dr. Hanna defended himself from the charges, and was generally regarded as having disproved them, and the action of Dr. Breen was far from representing the sentiment of his colleagues in the seminary, where he was very popular, as well as well as among both priests and laity throughout the diocese. In a statement at the time the charges were made Dr. Breen expressed the highest approval of the personal character of Dr. Hanna; nevertheless, feeling against his action ran high for some time.

Dr. Hanna is one of the best known members of the clergy in the Diocese of Rochester, is professor of special Dogmatic Theology at St. Bernard's Seminary. He was born July 21, 1860 in Rochester. His family were Scotch-Irish and his fathers home was under the Mouna Mountains on the road that runs from Newcastle, County Down, to Belfast. He was educated in the public and parochial schools of Rochester and graduated from the Rochester High School in 1878. In 1879 he went to Rome and became a student at the North American College at Rome, which he entered in October 1879 and at once began the study of the deepest questions of philosophy and religion.

He was ordained a priest in the church of Laterna in Rome (known as the "Mother Church of Christendom") May 30, 1885, by Cardinal Satolli.

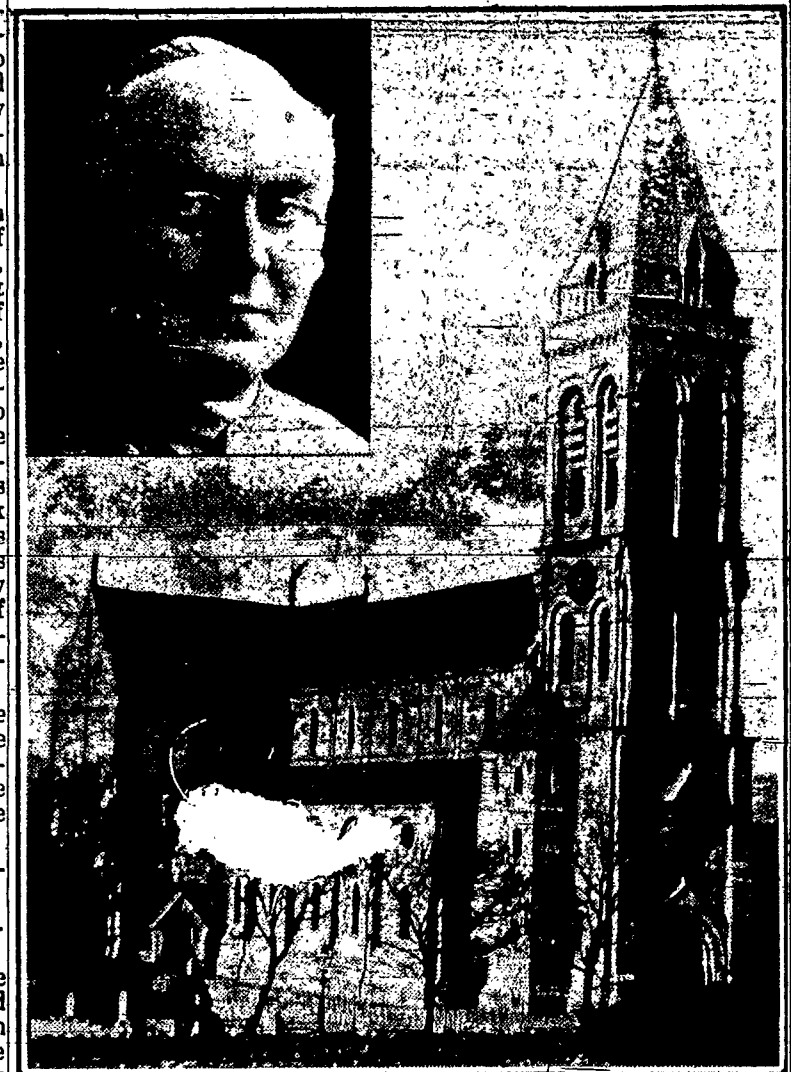
On July 15, 1886 he and Dr. Pace of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., had the honor of defending a thesis in a public disputation on "Actus Publicus," in the presence of the Holy Father and the College of Cardinals—the first theological disputation of the kind had in the Propaganda for fifty years. As a reward for their brilliant display of ability and knowledge, Dr. Hanna was decorated with the doctorate of theology "Honoris Causa" by Pope Leo XIII.

During his career as a student at Rome Doctor Hanna made the most brilliant record in his studies ever won by an American student. In 1890 Dr. Hanna accompanied Bishop McQuaid to Rome on the visit during which the bishop obtained from the Propaganda the power for St. Bernard's Seminary to confer the degree in philosophy and theology. The bishop had such confidence in Dr. Hanna, that he himself did not wait in Rome for the completion of the mission, but left it in the hands of Dr. Hanna, who had the satisfaction in March, 1901, of announcing to the bishop that the Propaganda had conferred the honor on the seminary.

Dr. Hanna has not only been active in church work, holding numerous official positions in church societies, but he has taken a prominent part in the philanthropy and charity of the city at large, outside his own denomination. He is vice president of the Rochester Public Health Association and chairman of the dispensary committee of that association; vice president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children; member of Board of Directors of the North American Civic League for the Protection of Immigrants; president of the Rochester Branch of the Archaeological Society of America, chairman of the factory investigating committee of the Chamber of Commerce and chaplain of the Knights of Columbus. He is also a member of the Fortnightly Club, a small literary organization which includes in its membership some of the most intellectual and representative men of the city.

The Emperor of Austria has presented the Holy Father a Bible, which next to the Gutenberg one, is the rarest in existence.

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Most Rev. Dr. John Clancy and the Cathedral at Elphin, Ireland

## Bishop Clancy of Ireland Dead

The news of the death of Most Rev. Dr. John Clancy, lord bishop of Elphin, County Sligo, Ireland, will come with a sense of personal loss to some residents of this city, where he had visited several times. Bishop Clancy had been a friend of the late Bishop Bernard J. McQuaid, and only last year was entertained here

by Bishop Thomas F. Hickey. Bishop Clancy was born in Soeey, County Sligo, December 23, 1856, and received his education at the Marist Brothers school, Sligo, Summer Hill college and St. Patrick's college, Maynooth. He became professor in the diocesan college of Sligo in 1883, remaining there until 1887, when he became professor of rhetoric and English literature in Maynooth. This position he retained until March 24, 1895, when he was consecrated.