

# The Catholic Journal.

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## Luncheon For Two

Continued from last week

"I can't eat it all," she cried. "I'm not greedy. It's very nice. Mamma took such pains with it. Let's divide. What's yours?" He hesitated. Then he pushed his apple and biscuit into view. She looked at the display gravely.

"My papa had it once," she said.

"Had what?"

"Despepsy. He couldn't eat hardly anythin' neither."

"I eat quite enough," the old man dryly remarked.

The child looked at him curiously.

"You're pretty thin," she said. "Maybe I'd be pretty thin too, if I lived on apple an' biscuits. An' now it's my turn. See this." And she whisked the cover off the box and showed the neatly-packed contents. "Now," she said, as she drew out a sandwich. "I'll give you this for two biscuits. I don't much care for biscuits, but it will seem more fair."

She held the sandwich toward him. He hesitated again. A frosty smile stole across his wrinkled face. He gravely extended the two biscuits and took the proffered sandwich. Then he bit a goodly piece from it.

"Very good," he said.

"Mamma made 'em herself. Papa says she's a dabster at makin' sandwiches. But then, I think mamma always makes things better than anybody else can. Don't you find it so?"

He paused with the remains of the sandwich uplifted. His face grew more gentle.

"I believe it's a fact that's generally admitted," he said.

The child looked at him with a quick laugh.

"That's just the way papa talks sometimes," she said, "an' I don't understand a word he says. But ain't we havin' a good time, jus' you an' me?"

"Why, yes," said the old man. "I think it must be a good time, although I'm afraid I'm a pretty poor judge."

The child regarded him critically.

"You do look pretty poor," she said. "Have another sandwich? Oh, do! An' here's some cheese an' a nice pickle. Yes, you must. Papa says it isn't polite to refuse a lady. That's when mamma offers him a second cup of coffee." The old man took the second sandwich, but he frowned a little at the cheese and biscuit.

"Rather extravagant," he growled.

"That's just what papa says to mamma sometimes," cried the child. "An' mamma says she knows he'd have hard work to find anybody who could make a shilling go further than she can. We have to be awful careful, you know. There's clothes to buy, an' what we eat, an' the rent. Why, mamma says she's always afraid to look the calendar in the face for fear rent day has come around again. Where do you live?"

"I live in a house away from town," he answered.

"Can you swing a cat in it?"

"Swing a cat?"

"You can't in our rooms, you know. They're the teeniest things. We're on the fifth floor, but the porter's a real nice man. He asked me to ask my papa if he'd exchange me for two boys. An' papa said to tell him that he might do it for the two boys an' a couple o' pounds of radium to boot. An' I told the porter, an' he said he guessed papa wasn't very anxious to trade. An' I told papa what Mr. Ryan said, an' he pulled one of my curls an' said he wouldn't part with me for all John Ramsey's millions twice over. That's the man papa works for. Do you know him?"

"The old man had frowned, and then suddenly smiled.

"Yes, I've met him," he replied.

"He's very rich papa says, an' he lives all alone in a great big house, an' he hasn't any little girl, an' he needs somebody to

take care of him, an' all he think about is money, money, money! It's too bad to be as rich as that, isn't it?"

The old man looked hard at the child.

"Money is a pretty good thing, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is," the child replied. "But mamma says it's only good for what it will buy. It's good for clothes an' what you eat, an' the rent. Then it's good for helpin' those that need helpin'." Like lame Joe, an' when people is sick. An' it's good to have a little in the bank for a rainy day, though I don't see what difference the rain makes. Ain't this sponge cake good?"

"Money is very useful then?"

"'Tis sometimes. When mamma's mamma died, way out in the country, mamma couldn't go to the funeral 'cause papa was just gettin' over a fever an' all our money was gone, every penny, an' we owed the doctor an' the rent. Mamma cried and cried all day."

There was a little silence.

"And what would do if you had lots of money, child?"

She looked up at him with her eyes sparkling.

"I'd give most all of it to mamma and papa. But I'd keep a little myself?" She smiled at him in her bewildering way.

"You don't know what a lot of things you can buy for a shilling?"

An' then I'd keep some for a chair—the kind you wheel around—for lame Joe. He's a little boy that lives near our house, an' he can't never walk any more. An' he sits on the steps, an' makes faces at us when we run by. An' mamma says it's too bad somebody who has the money to spare can't get him a chair like he needs, 'cause it would be such a happiness to him. An' mamma says maybe Mr. Ramsey would buy it, and papa laughed in such a funny way. Mr. Ramsey is the man he works for, you remember."

"I remember," said the old man, dryly.

"Yes, I think so, too. When a man's got as much money as Mr. Ramsey it wouldn't be any trouble at all for him to buy a chair for a little lame boy, would it?"

He did not answer her.

"How old are you?" he presently asked.

"I'm six. How old are you?"

He laughed in his unaccustomed way.

"I'm seventy—to-day."

The child gave a little scream of delight.

"Mercy! It's your birthday! Oh, I wish I had known it! Mamma could make you such a beautiful birthday cake. Wouldn't it have to be a big one? We think a lot of birthdays at our house. Do you get many presents?"

"Not one."

She looked at him with startled eyes.

"Why, that's too bad. Do you folks forget?"

"I haven't any folks."

The pity on her face deepened around again. Where do you live?"

"I'm sorry for you," she said. Her little hand pushed the pasteboard box toward him. "You shall have the other piece of cake." Then her face brightened. "Couldn't you buy some presents for yourself?"

Her glance fell on the half-eaten apple and the biscuits.

"Perhaps you are too poor?" she softly said.

"Yes," he answered, "I am too poor."

Her little heart was touched.

"Have you worked here long?"

"Nearly fifty years."

"Mercy! That's a long time. Her quick glance traveled over his threadbare suit. "Maybe Mr. Ramsey would give you more wages."

He laughed again.

"He seems to think I'm worth only my board and clothes."

"Dear, dear! An' he's so very rich. We went by his house once, an' he lives all alone in a great big house, an' he hasn't any little girl, an' he needs somebody to

take care of him, an' all he think about is money, money, money! It's too bad to be as rich as that, isn't it?"

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## ARCHBISHOP BONZANO, THE NEW APOSTOLIC DELEGATE

THE new apostolic delegate to the United States, Archbishop Giovanni Bonzano, who succeeds Cardinal Falconio, is a young man for so responsible a position, being barely forty-four years old. He is a diplomat of broad experience and is already well acquainted with many American Catholics through his rectorship of the propaganda, which he has held since 1904. He has also had a long residence in India and China. He speaks English fluently. At the time of the Messina earthquake he was sent by the pope to look after the sufferers from the disaster. His archbishopric is a titular one, that of Mitylene. He is an intimate friend of Cardinal O'Connell of Boston.

care of it for awhile. She'd let in the air an' the sunshine, an' drive out the dust an' the gloom, an' she'd try to make life really worth livin' for the lonely old man. That's what mamma could do if anybody could. You know about it?"

Mr. Ramsey. What do you think about it?"

He suddenly laughed.

"It might be an experiment worth tryin'," he said. Then he stared into the cardboard box.

"Why, look at this!" he cried. "The lunch has all disappeared! I'm sure I ate more than half of it. Come, now, how much do I owe you?"

"Mercy!" cried the child, "you don't owe me anythin'! I couldn't eat it all, an' papa didn't have time. I hope you liked it."

"It was the best luncheon I have eaten for years," said the old man.

"I'll remember an' tell mamma that. She will be pleased. An' how she'll laugh when I tell her you asked what you owed me."

The old man put his hand deep in his pocket and drew out an ancient leather pocketbook. From this he extracted a banknote and smoothed it on his knee.

"There is a lame boy whose name is Joe," he slowly said. "He needs a chair. Do you know anything about the price of these things?"

The child's eyes sparkled as she stared at the note.

"Yes, yes," she answered. "Mamma went an' found out. You can get the kind of chair Joe needs for \$15. An' a real good chair too."

"Here's twenty-five dollars," said the old man. "Get a good one, and tell Joe it's a present from you. What's your name?"

"Elsie."

He watched her with an amused smile as she quickly drew a tiny purse from the pocket in her frock and tucked the note into it.

Then when the little purse was restored to its place, she looked up at the old man.

"Now," she said, "if you please, I'm goin' to give you a kiss. I always give papa a kiss when he's nice."

The old man flushed a little.

"Just as you please," he said. He stooped, and she touched the wrinkled cheek with her lips.

"Your a very nice man," she said. Then she hesitated. "But didn't you need the money for yourself?"

He shook his head.

"I think I can spare it," he answered.

Then came an interruption. "Elsie," a voice called from the doorway.

"It's papa," cried the child. The old man looked around.

"Well, Fenton."

"I trust she hasn't bothered you, sir?"

"We haven't bothered each other a bit," cried the child.

The old man shook his head.

"No," he answered, "not a bit." Then he looked back to the man in the doorway. "Fenton," he said, "when your wife comes for the child tell her, please, that I want to have a little business talk with her. I'm thinking of opening up my house."

The eyes of the man in the doorway couldn't conceal their wonderment.

"I'll tell her, sir."

"And, Fenton!"

"Yes, sir."

"You may leave the child here until the mother comes."—Mount Angel Magazine.

The leader of the Argentine Socialists in the Chamber of Deputies has announced that his party has determined to inaugurate a campaign for the separation of Church and State.

## News From Ireland Catholic NewsNotes

**Astrim.**  
The day the Unionists of Ulster signed the Covenant the Nationalists of the city of Belfast sent £1,183 for the Home Rule fund.

**Armagh.**  
The buffoonery of Ulster day was followed by three splendid Nationalist meetings in South Armagh on September 20, the earnestness and enthusiasm of which proved that the people of that patriotic constituency are determined not to slacken their efforts in the cause of Home Rule. The speakers included Dr. O'Neill, M.P., for the division; John Currie, Coarbridge; George J. Bennet, Scarva and J. P. Convery, U. I. L., organizer.

**Carlow.**  
The death took place on September 30 at Ballinacarrin, of Michael Nilan, late of Knockavagh.

**Clara.**  
Died.—September 27, Bartholomew Crowley, Capps, Kilnish.

On September 23, at St. Vincent's, Fairview, Dublin, there passed to her eternal reward Sister Mary Scanlan, eldest daughter of Wm. and Mrs. Scanlan, Scardiff, Cougty Clare. Deceased had spent nineteen years in religion.

**Down.**  
In the Pro-Cathedral, Skibbereen, the Most Rev. Dr. Kelly, Bishop of Ross ordained the Rev. John Collins, Droumista, Drimoleague, who was educated in the Irish college, Paris.

**Down.**  
Died.—Recently, John Gamble, O'vill.—Recently, Laurence Carr, Townawilly.

**Down.**  
Miss H. Mallon, daughter of Henry Mallon, Mayobridge, recently made her religious profession as Sister M. Celsus in St. John of God convent, Wexford.

**Fermanagh.**  
Owing to sustaining a compound fracture of the right leg by slipping on a sidewalk in Banagher, John McNevin of Enniskillen is in hospital in the former town. Little hope was entertained of his recovery.

**Kerry.**  
A magnificent meeting in furtherance of the Home Rule cause was held in Tralee on September 29.

**Kilkenny.**  
A movement is on foot to establish a motor-car service between Thurles and Kilkenny.

**Kings.**  
Dr. O'Regan, Kinnistey, has been appointed tuberculosis medical officer for Kings county at a salary of £500 per year.

**Leitrim.**  
Died.—September 24, Mrs. Mary E. O'Reilly, Ballinamore.—Recently, Chas. Burke, Curleare, Carrick-on-Shannon, aged 72 years.

**Limerick.**  
Kilmallock Rural council is seeking a loan of \$10,000 to carry out a cottage scheme for the laborers of the district.

**Mayo.**  
A great memorial meeting to honor the memory of Michael Davitt was held September 29, the Irish party being represented by David Sheehy, M. P.

**Meath.**  
The death took place recently at Robertstown, Kells, of Mrs. Mary J. Farrell, mother of Rev. Fr. Farrell, C. C., Mullingar.

**Queens.**  
Died.—Recently, Mrs. T. Barber, Ballybuggy.—September 24, John Flynn, Coolroe.

**Tipperary.**  
Miss O'Dwyer, Cappawhite, has been appointed schoolmistress in Tipperary union.

A thatched dwelling house on Bansa road, Tipperary, occupied by a man named Ryan, was destroyed by fire on Oct. 2.

**Tyross.**  
Died.—Sept. 26, at 17 Grattan St., Lurgan, James McManus, ex-teacher of Mullaasin National school.

Rev. Joseph Shiel, a native of Kilmacanogue, County Meath, Ireland, has been appointed Bishop of Rockhampton, Queensland. Dr. Shiel, who is only in his thirty-eighth year, was educated in Maynooth where he had a distinguished career. Fourteen years ago he was ordained at his alma mater, and volunteered for the Australian mission, on which he has done strenuous work. The appointment, following so closely that of Most Rev. Dr. Mannix, brings a second Australian mitre to the sons of Maynooth within a very brief period.

Rev. Brother Treacy, who died recently at Brisbane, Australia, in his seventy-ninth year, had spent sixty years in the cause of Christian education. Brother Treacy was born in Thurles in 1834, and entered the novitiate of the Irish Christian Brothers, Mount Sion, Waterford, in 1852. He taught at Wexford and Carlow before going to Australia in 1868.

A purse of 2,000 guineas made up of subscriptions from all parts of Great Britain and distant lands, was presented to Bishop Hedley, of Newport, Wales, on the occasion of his sacerdotal golden jubilee.

By the will of the late Right Rev. Patrick A. Ludden, D. D., Bishop of Syracuse, N. Y., his entire estate, save \$2,000 is to be used in direct bequests and \$12,000 for the death of the late Bishop's brothers and sisters, who are to enjoy the interest accumulating from investments of this amount.

Rev. Wm. Crowe, who died the other day in a hospital in Chicago, was one of the best known priests of the diocese of Lincoln, Neb. For the past twenty-five years he was pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Fremont. He was one of the consultants of the diocese under the late Bishop Bonzano, and continued in the same position under Bishop Tihen. He was a native of Kilmacanogue, County Clare, Ireland, where he was born November 27, 1861. He was ordained June 29, 1886.

The fresh air and vacation work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Boston received notable aid recently by the present of a fine farm, situated between South Framingham and Ashland, from Mr. Thomas B. Fitzpatrick in memory of the late Most Rev. John J. Williams, D. D., Archbishop of Boston.

As the result of an explosion of a heating boiler in the basement of the Church of the Holy Ghost, Knoxville, Tenn., T. P. McNamara, recently of Cincinnati, was instantly killed and the edifice was partially demolished. The explosion threw up great heaps of broken altars, twisted splintered benches, shattered saints and art glass memorials. About a hundred children with their teachers were in the classrooms on the second floor, but were uninjured.

Cardinal Cassata blessed and laid the foundation stone of the new Church of the Holy Cross near the Ponte Milvio, close to the site where was fought the historic battle at which the Emperor of Constantine defeated Maxentius and as a consequence made Catholicity the official religion of the Roman Empire, and proclaimed the era of peace for the faithful. The church, which is being built in commemoration of that great event, will be completed in time for the centenary celebrations next year.

**A New Method.**  
George V. Kondolf is not putting forth all his efforts in signs and classified advertisements to secure prominence in the real estate business. Those interested in real estate may do well to investigate and consult regarding his modern methods. George V. Kondolf, 233 Powers building.