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The Waiting

Continued from last week

If he married her daughter a severance was bound to follow, as she had no intention of sharing the cottage with a son-in-law. A half-spoken wish of Kate's, meant the latter solution of the difficulty, was flouted angrily.

"A man should work for his wife and shelter her to," she said fiercely, tapping her stick on the earthen floor to emphasize her words.

"An' that I'll do, too, without a doubt. All I'm wantin' is Kate's promise to wait for me while I'm workin' for the home," Dan retorted with equal spirit.

"Oh, I'll wait for sure, Dan! Don't be frettin' at all about that," put in Kate.

"And where and how may you be intendin' to work for my Kate?" interpolated the widow.

Dan looked at the twain, the embodiment of perplexity. Although for weeks his mind could hold no thought save marriage with Kate, the need to find a house to tarry in after that had not troubled him at all. With the widow's eyes looking fiercely into his, a speedy decision on the matter was necessary.

"I'd better try America. There isn't much chance for a man in this country," he replied weakly, discerning economic salvation nearer than the other side of the globe, like many an Irishman before and since.

"But you'll come back, Dan?" The voice was strange, Kate's voice strung up to a note of wild misery, with the sudden fear that she and Dan might part to meet no more.

"Ah! he'll come back," chimed in the widow sarcastically. Her faith in men was not of the strongest.

"I give you my word—my oath—that I'll come back when I've earned enough to keep Kate in the style she has every right to expect," he said humbly; but there was anger in his heart, which he suppressed for Kate's sake. He was not of the men who make promises to break them.

"I take your word, Dan Clune, and Kate will wait till you come for her on one condition," said the widow.

"An' that condition, ma'am?"

"That ye have no letters coming backward and forward between ye. You'll be giving your mind all the better to your bit of work if the longing to see Kate is always—always in your heart, and there is no way of satisfying it but bringing the money home for the wedding."

"It is a hard condition, ma'am."

"Take it or leave it, my son."

"Mother! Mother!" wailed Kate, wringing her hands in anguish.

"There be men with the gay laugh and light heart who kiss a maiden and forget, and there be men with the deep heart who remember always. If your Dan is one of the last, you won't have to wait, asthoreen. A mother's right is to save her child from sorrow," the widow answered removed.

So the lovers parted, for prayers, entreaties and tears were all in vain. Mrs. Casey was adamant. The next week Dan sailed and half a small silver coin suspended from her slender white neck was all the visible token Kate Casey had of Dan Clune's love.

Dan got a job the day he touched American soil, but he was used to farm work only and soon left the city for the wild west, where cattle ranged and oxen ploughed, and men worked like slaves half the year and froze the other half. His wages were high, but so were his expenses; and, with the utmost frugality, each year-end found him so ill-equipped in a monetary sense, to return to his love, that he put it off yet another year. At first he was sorely tempted to break his word to the widow, but in time self-restraint became a set habit, and,

although his love abated not a whit, Kate began in some strange way to recede from him as the long silence closed around his heart. It was like being in some strange dark prison, although the prairie breezes blew around him—this ceaseless longing for the news of her he dared not ask for until by imperceptible degrees, she became less and less human and more and more a dream maiden. As Beatrice was to Dante, so Kate Casey was to Dan Clune—a vision leading him to better things, forever purifying his path with a tender bond of a sweet memory, but as far from him as the stars. As the years went by he ceased to long as mortal men long when they love, although he thought of Kate always, and other women were to him as if they were not.

Gray threads began to mingle with his raven locks, crow's feet left a network of wrinkles around the once merry eyes, the mobile mouth became set in the stern lines, the shoulders drooped with the weight of an indefinable sorrow; still he worked, and he said each year to his own heart: "For sure I will see her next year," but next year came and went even as the last, for the red gold (that was to make a rainbow bridge across the Atlantic on which to journey to the land of love and happiness) accumulated slowly; slowly.

He was approaching middle age and still dreaming of a cottage embowered in roses, and a slim, youthful maiden, who was now half saint, half woman, when the unexpected happened. The master, whom he had served so well and faithfully, died in the fulness of time, leaving Dana a large share of his worldly possessions. On hearing the good news he felt as dazzled as Rip Van Winkle after his twenty years nap. He woke from his dreams, and the years were but as one since the day he left the cottage, vowing eternal fidelity to Kate Casey. Age suddenly fell from him like a worn-out garment and he felt as light hearted and giddy as a boy in his teens.

The next week the angry waves of the herring pond were seething and boiling around the gallant ship that bore him back to love and life. Too eager to get to his journey's end, he tarried not a moment, when he landed at Queenstown, and chafed much at the cross-country journey, which necessitated so many changes he said to himself he would have made Gurthinska in less time had he essayed to walk it. Arriving at the wayside station as the shadows were lengthening, he chartered the only jaunting car plying for hire there.

"Mrs. Casey's—the widow Casey's of Gurthinska," he said.

"Casey? Never heard the name sir," the jarvey answered, rubbing his poll in some perplexity.

"Gurthinska—up by Thorair, Surely you know the way?"

"Ach! I know the way right enough. 'Tis the name I'm trying to call to memory, sir."

"Never mind the name, then, but jog along. I'll soon find the place I want," Dan said with a proud smile, a mental picture of Kate standing by the river or under the flower-festooned porch in all her youthful grace presenting itself to his inward vision.

"Yes, up that road; the cottage is just by the river. The garden runs down to the water's edge, and the avenue—" Dan began.

"You must be makin' a mistake, sir. There is an old fallen house where you say, sir; but neither a garden nor yet an avenue," interrupted the jarvey.

"Drive on man," said Dan testily, feeling, but refusing to believe, that he had just had a severe nervous shock.

"I told you so, sir," the jarvey began apologetically. He was dimly aware that his fare was suffering some sort of torture by the strange convulsive workings of his face.

An old woman, hobbling along with the aid of a stout stick, stopped to eye the stranger and incidentally glean any stray bit of news.

"Tis Miss Casey—Miss Kate Clune on Jan. 30th, at the Hibernian Hall, 198 West Main St. She lived a short time ago with her mother—the widow Casey," Dan said, half interrogatively, half in monologue, his face ashen white.

"Ah! sir maybe you bees the young man that left her here years back, with a promise to make money an' make money an' marry Kate?" she queried.

"Yes, woman; my name is Dan Clune. I have been away but a little while—just a few years. Where is Kate Casey? Why did she leave the cottage?" he said impatiently.

"Wisha, asthore! an' you never knew, I suppose. The mother sailed the spring after you went, an' that year it was God's will to take her, leavin' poor Kate alone an'—"

"But woman, where is she?" he interrupted.

"Oh, wishal! God be good to you, As I was sayin' the mother died an' the poor girl wouldn't leave the ould place, but she was gettin' poorer and poorer an' the neighbors ud be helpin' her a bit—kind they were—but sure we're all poor around here an'—"

"But my woman, I don't want all this history. Tell me straight where Kate Casey lives at present, and—"

"Oh, wishal! God be good to you, poor man. She used to talk about you and say you wor comin' back with the big bag of gold with you," she interrupted again.

"I have come back. In pity tell me where she is?"

"Oh! God help him! She is above the stars these nine years. She'd be smilin' in her pretty way when the consumption first attacked her, an' when the gray hairs began comin' she'd be pluckin' them out, saying she would not be an old woman when Dan came back, an'—"

The crack of the jarvey's whip startled the gossip to silence. Looking around she saw he was driving back alone. The returned exile had disappeared—whether she knew not; but, had she not feared the ghost with which popular superstition tenanted the ruin, she might have seen a man bowed in agony, on the grass-grown flag of the porch where he had spent so many happy summer days more than a quarter of a century before.

"I kept my word to the very letter," he sobbed brokenly to the silence.

But the sun hid his light in sympathy, and the shadows of night spread gossamer wings of pity over him, and the stars came out and blinked their sorrow; and in the stillness he thought he heard a rush of gentle wings and a voice after murmuring: "One above alone can give you back what you lost in striving to gain; and a peace stole over his soul—a peace which was neither of today nor tomorrow, but of eternal years.—N.F. Degidon, in The Catholic World.

The organization (the local branch) may be used as an instrument of getting together and acting in an emergency where the causes which The Menace represents are involved, political or otherwise, but its sphere of activity shall be limited to that occupied by The Menace, and the same shall be non-political and non-sectarian. This does not mean, however, that the local club does not have the authority to take whatever action it may deem necessary in opposing the encroachments of a foreign or despotic power, be it political or religious."

The clubs are to keep in touch with The Menace and the National Club, and shall refer to either "where the interests of The Menace are involved."

To the casual observer the outlining of the scope of the Associated Clubs may seem quite simple, perhaps even almost harmless. To them who know the object of The Menace, however, and who realizes the import of the sentence just quoted: "its sphere of activity shall be limited to that occupied by The Menace," this paragraph of the by-laws means much more. The deception lies in the concealment of the purpose of The Menace. The letterhead of The Menace Publishing Company is less reticent about the real purpose of this filthy publication.—Extending across the entire width of the sheet you can read the legend: "The Roman Catholic Political Machine; The Deadliest Menace to American Liberties and Civilization."

And the title page of The Menace itself shows a bishop's mitre engraved into the large title of the paper itself, extending some six inches in width and an inch in height. And on the same page the reader sees a skull and bones crowned with the Papal tiara. Above and below this disgusting caricature runs the inscription: "Temporal Power a Public Menace."

Chief Justice White has succeeded the late Vice-President Sherman as chancellor of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institute.

Do you wear a truss? Is it comfortable? If not call on me and have one fitted that will hold your hernia and give you comfort. Dr. A. C. Campbell, Expert Truss Fitter, 120 Central Bldg. Over 5 & 10 Ct. Store.

At the last meeting of the Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H., County President, Sister Minnie E. Murphy assisted by sister Margaret Sheehan, installed the officers of the auxiliary: Pres., Mrs. M. Morrison; vice Pres., Miss Katherine Rigney; Rec. Sec'y, Mrs. M. Murphy; Fin. Sec., Mrs. E. Dixon; treas., Mrs. Arline Breen; mistress-at-arms, Mrs. Sloan; sentinel, Mrs. Ralph.

After the installation the members participated in a very fine lunch, provided by the committee. Music was rendered by Miss Irene Sheehan, singing by Marguerite Sheehan, Mary Walsh and Arlene Breen. Some very interesting remarks were made by Sisters McIntee, Breen, Ford, Rigney, and Murphy who had the pleasant duty to perform of presenting a beautiful cut glass water pitcher to our retiring president Katherine Ford. The gift was a surprise to her and she responded in a very feeling manner.

All of the members of the auxiliary should receive communion on the feast of St. Bridget, February 2nd.

The auxiliary will hold a reception on Jan. 30th, at the Hibernian Hall, 198 West Main St. Sister Sheehan and her committee are doing everything to make this a success.

After the "Menace"

The anti-Catholic propaganda of the "Menace," published at Aurora, Mo., has for some time past been a matter of almost general knowledge. The attacks of this publication upon the Church and its clergy and sisterhoods, have been the subject of extensive newspaper controversy and occasional arraignment in the pulpit. It is not, however, generally known that the "Menace" stands for more than the mere printed propaganda it is able to carry on.

The "Menace" does not stand for more. Its sponsors are sponsors also of a movement directed towards the organization of forces for the purpose of carrying on the vicious propaganda of the sheet itself. Menace Clubs are in process of formation in the United States, under the common name of Associated Menace Clubs of America. The Central Bureau of the Central Verein informs us that it is in possession of a charter of one of these clubs, of recent date, as well as of other literature pertaining to the Menace Club movement. It has obtained copies of the by-laws, subscription blanks, membership blanks, a letterhead, all of which indicate, and some of which plainly state, the infamous purpose of the "Menace" and the Menace Clubs. The avowed purpose of these local organizations is the carrying out of the aims of the "Menace." To quote from the by-laws:

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Catholic News Notes

The new St. John's Orphanage, San Antonio, is to cost \$70,000.

Father Crowley, of San Francisco, has been re-elected president of the Playgrounds Commission.

The Vatican Library has now been thrown open to visitors, whether students or not. The whole library has been carefully catalogued and ticketed.

The Governor of Ohio, has appointed W. J. Ahern, Jr., Judge of Common Pleas for the fourth Ohio district. Mr. Ahern is a Knight of Columbus.

Miss Catherine Semmes, granddaughter of Admiral Semmes, C. S. N., has followed her sister, Myra, into the convent of St. Cecilia, Nashville, Tenn.

Count Alvaro de Romanones, the Spanish premier announced recently that the government had decided to resume formal relations with the Vatican. The cabinet is now engaged in selecting an ambassador to the vatican.

The Rt. Rev. Magr. D. J. McMahon, supervisor of Catholic charities of New York, and the Rev. Dr. William J. Kirby, secretary of the national conference of charities, addressed the Catholic Woman's league recently in the assembly-room of the Fine Arts building, Chicago.

Capt. John J. Knapp, commander of the United States battleship Connecticut, which is to join the first squadron of the Atlantic fleet about Jan. 28, to take part in small-arm practice and become the fleet flagship from the latter part of February until early in April, is a former student of St. Louis University.

Sir Augustus Real Angers, already a Knight of St. Gregory, an ex-Governor and ex-Minister of the Crown, is now made a Knight of St. Michael and St. George by the King. His is the only honor to Quebec, as Sir John Willison's is all Ontario gets, but he is well worthy of it, and every good Canadian, be he French or English will feel like congratulating him heartily.

Rt. Rev. Mgr. Jerome M. Cloarec of Burlington, Vt., is just entering his fifty-fifth year as a priest. He is in his eightieth year. He is a native of St. Jean-Baptiste, France. He has been connected with St. Joseph's church, Burlington, since August 1, 1871.

Work on the new gymnasium of St. Joseph's College, Dubuque, is progressing rapidly. The foundation was completed some time ago, and the brick work is well under way. It is intended to have the building ready for occupancy soon.

A new Catholic mausoleum costing \$120,000, of stone and marble, with 800 individual and 80 family crypts, is proposed at Fort Wayne, Ind.

The temperature was so mild in Paris on Christmas Day, that the Parisians indulged in swimming contests in the River Seine.

The Benedictine Abbot, Rt. Rev. Dom Gasquet, has been made vice-president of the ecclesiastical history section of International Historical Society.

In the Catholic schools of Madrid, Spain, there is an attendance of 40,000 children.

Weekly Church Calendar

S 26—St. Polycarp, Bp. M.
M 27—St. John Chrysostom,
T 28—St. Julian, Bp.
W 29—St. Frances de Sales
T 30—St. Martina, V. M.
F 31—St. Peter Nolasco, C. F.

S Feb. 1—St. Ignatius of Antioch

News From Ireland

By a fire in Limerick on December 18, the "Herald" newspaper publishing office and various premises were destroyed.

The coroner for Mid-Armagh recently held an inquest on the body of John Doherty, a farmer belonging to Ballymaghanna, aged 58 years, who died as the result of injuries sustained by falling from a cart on December 8, while proceeding home from Armagh.

While at his dinner after returning from Ballinacorney on December 15, Mr. Loughlin, a well-known and popular farmer, aged about 60, was choked to death by a piece of meat. The sad occurrence has caused much regret in the district.

Dr. Edmund Frost, medical officer of the Newry district, has resigned his position after a service of forty-two years.

Very Rev. P. A. Canon Shanahan, of Doneraile, was accorded a great welcome on his return to Doneraile, from which place he had been absent some time through ill health. The town was illuminated in his honor, and a torchlight procession paraded the streets.

A popular and respected doctor of the country in the person of Miss O'Doherty, who has her home in Dunsmuir, on December 18.

Dr. Peter MacDonnell has been appointed medical officer of the Dungannon district.

A movement has been started in Cahill to organize a co-operative cinema company, in which electric light plants, water power and a great quantity of houses are presently being built.

Daniel H. Williams, of Drogheda, has donated a plot of ground between the back of the town and the Grand canal, for a children's playground.

Died—December 19, Paddy O'Donnell, Antrim, aged 85, born 15, Francis Dolan, Co. Wick.

Michael, O'Shaughnessy, of Askeaton, was burned to death on December 18 in the lane of Messrs. Hewson's carbide factory at Askeaton.

The French Convent of the Sisters of St. Joseph, Opened on December 9, was the work of the religious profession of Miss Winifred Josephine, in religion Sister Maria Francis, daughter of George Walter Carabeg, Dundalk.

Rev. John McEvilly, pastor of Clonbeirn, died on December 18 at the age of 48 years.

An old age pensioner named James Carville, belonging to Ardaghay district, died at Monaghan County Infirmary on December 16. The deceased was found lying along the roadside the previous morning in a pool of water.

A farm of eight acres and a small house at O'Brien's Bridge, has been sold at auction for \$200 and fees.

Much regret was felt in Dungannon by the death of Rev. J. O'Neill, president of St. Patrick's Academy, Dungannon, at a late hour on December 15 from an attack of pneumonia.

The following deaths have taken place: December 19, Peter Daly, Jr., The Crescent, Tyrone, aged five years.—Died, St. Laurence Whyte, Edmondstown.

Conversions in London, number now about annually.