

The Catholic Journal.

—THE LEADING DIOCESAN NEWSPAPER—

Twenty-fourth Year, No. 41.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, July 11, 1914.

Price Five Cents per Copy.

The Romance of An Old Coat.

(Continued from last week)

As she emerged from the station Eva discerned that her retinue attracted a great deal of attention, which at last found audible expression. When such phrases as "That's a shame!"—"I never saw the like!" smote her ears a dire suspicion seized her; and wheeling round she beheld Teddy, more grimy and dusty than ever, and still in the striking costume which had failed to win her approval.

"How did you get here?" she asked faintly.

He explained that he had followed at a distance to the train, got into a compartment unseen, and hidden himself under a seat until he had heard some one say, "This is Saltcoats." His plan of campaign had been beautifully simple.

The best must be made of the worst now; and Eva shook her brains together, wondering if for three shillings (all she had of spare cash) decent apparel could be purchased for Teddy—a question that was speedily settled by the recollection that his fare must be paid. She was sinking into the dead calm of despair when the sight of two small boys playing in a garden surrounding a large old-fashioned house, with the device "Jebb's Boarding Establishment," suggested a possible way out of the difficulty. She led the children to a seat on the esplanade, with a view of the sea and passing ships.

"All of you must wait here until I come back," she told them, and screwing her courage to the sticking point, she returned to house with Teddy.

Teddy raised anxious, appealing eyes, not knowing what was going to be done with him. His plea, "I was very mis'ble" would have softened a harder heart than Eva's. The "splendid isolation" of his attire began by force of contrast to trouble him, and he kept in the background while Eva advanced to meet the inquiring gaze of an elderly lady who was reading on the porch.

"I am sorry to intrude," she began nervously; "but I wonder if you have an old suit of boy's clothes—"

"Mrs. Jebb never sells things at the door," the lady interrupted; and again Miss Raeburn trembled on the verge of the hysteria. "I fear I am not in a position to buy," she said, and presented Teddy, then details, during the recital of which the severe lines of the lady's face relaxed into a compassionate smile.

"It was hard for the poor little fellow to be left behind," she commented. "Come in Mrs. Jebb has several boys, and I am sure she will help you if she can."

Mrs. Jebb, four square yards of good nature crowned with a velvet bow, rose to the occasion with admirable promptitude; so that, after an interlude of soap and water, Teddy was speedily clothed in the garb of respectability.

Mrs. Scott held Eva's hand closely in her own for a minute or two.

"You are a dear girl to take so much trouble about these poor waifs!" she said kindly.

Her glance followed the two departing figures until they were quite out of sight.

"What will be Teddy's next exploit I wonder? Children are always in mischief," she mused; and thoughts chased each other through her mind until, like cause you wouldn't give me a wave, they struck on the rock of bitter memories and the shadow of past sorrows darkened her proud old face.

Several years had gone by since her only child Agnes had run away with the handsome scapegrace against whom every one had warned her, against whom her mother's doors had been closed; and though, in the course of time, Mrs. Scott had relented and been prepared to grant forgiveness, Agnes had never

tried to obtain it. She had left Glasgow with her worthless husband; and out of the whirlpool of London into which they had plunged not a word had come, and all traces of them were lost.

Mrs. Scott leaned back in her chair with closed eyes, marveling why the old wound throbbled anew today, and why the voice so long unheard should seem to be ringing in her ears, until two young persons entered, sufficient like each other to be known as brother and sister, though at present one was wearing a smile and the other a frown. As the latter laid down her golf clubs rather noisily, Eric raised a warning finger.

"Sh-sh! Aunt Hejen is asleep," "Wish I were, never to awaken!" said Clare, before Aunt Helen could repel the charge of slumber.

"If you were my child, you should be sent to bed with a heavy supper—crabs and cheese and lobsters and pork pies for choice," he said. "Then you'd be glad to have your dreams disturbed."

"It's easy for you to laugh!" she retorted crossly. "But I am tired of having to go without things that every other girl has. And you have no sympathy."

"What'll we do about this, Mrs. Scott?" It was the voice of Mrs. Jebb, who had just entered with something in her outstretched hand. "That little boy left his old coat behind him in his hurry, and was just giving it a shake when this fell out of it. Perhaps it belongs to the young lady. You'll see there is a name on it."

"It was a much-tarished lock-at, which Mrs. Scott took mechanically, and examined with the aid of her eyeglasses. Next moment a sound that was half a sob, half a cry brought them all beside her in alarm.

"Eric—Clare—look here!" She spoke in gasps. "It is a locket I gave to Agnes. She was wearing it when she went away. Her name is on it. See! My own portrait used to be inside."

Her trembling fingers could not open it; but Eric did that for her, revealing a miniature of herself painted when her hair was not so white, and care had not traced so deep an autograph on her brow—but unmistakably a likeness.

"Surely that young lady will be able to tell us something. We must find her at once," said Mrs. Scott, every nerve quivering. "She was going to the shore with some children, and they will be there still. We must find her, Eric!"

"As you know her, that will be easy," he said cheerfully. "I'm certain we are on our way to hear good news; Aunt. Never mind how long you've had to wait for it!"

It was the time of the year when Saltcoats becomes a suburb of Glasgow, and the shore was crowded with people from that city. Children digged and delved in the sands, or waded into the sparkling water; whilst their mothers exchanged confidences and opinions. To and fro, from group to group, Mrs. Scott led her niece and nephew until she recognized Eva, and indicated her by a gesture, finding herself unable to speak.

The picnic had reached its most interesting stage—the distribution of the eatables. Eva was handing round sandwiches; and the eager uplifting of small sallow faces, the impetuous extending of bony fingers to grasp the food, the instantaneous devouring of it, told a tale that brought a glow to Clare's smooth cheeks.

"Eric, to think I was trying to quarrel with you today because you wouldn't give me a wave, they struck on the rock of bitter memories and the shadow of past sorrows darkened her proud old face. She had thought herself aggrieved because an unnecessary ornament was not forthcoming; here were children who knew what it was to starve!

"Just stay here and take care of Aunt Helen," he whispered, whom her mother's doors had been closed; and though, in the course of time, Mrs. Scott had relented and been prepared to grant forgiveness, Agnes had never

Scott it seemed that all the days of his life had been leading on to this moment, when he saw in the clear depths of a maiden's eyes possibilities and revolutions of happiness as yet unknown. Her rising color recalled him to the necessity of explanation.

"May I ask if this locket is yours or the little boy's?" he began. "One of you must have left it with the old coat at Mrs. Jebb's."

It was not Eva's, so she called Teddy, who responded, clinging fast to a large bun. He claimed the trinket without hesitation. It was his very own, and he carried it about with him everywhere, because he did not want it to be "put in the pawn." He did not know that he had lost it.

"And where did you get it, dear?" Eva asked.

"It was mother's," he answered.

She noticed how, as he said that, the intonation and accent of the slums seemed to fall away, as if something associated with "mother" asserted itself.

"Not Mrs. Graham, Ted?" "She is my mother; she's my ma," he replied; the distinction seemed subtle, but Eva understood it perfectly.

"Do you know anything definite about him?" Eric asked her.

"Yes, a little. He is an orphan. His father's name was Edward Graham. You know it, I perceive."

"Only too well!" said Eric. "Please go on!"

"I surmise that Teddy's mother was a lady. She died suddenly in London, and his father came back to Glasgow and married again—this time a woman who dragged him lower and lower until he also died, almost in destitution. The boy has been looked after in a way by his stepmother, but I have been hoping to get him adopted by some one rather more capable."

Eric put one more question, this time to Teddy himself: "That is not mother's picture in your locket, Ted?"

"No; some one said it was granny's," he replied indifferently. Obviously the name had no meaning for him.

Eva could not understand the emotion in Eric's handsome face, nor the tenderness with which he put his arm around the boy, and so led him to Mrs. Scott.

"Aunt Helen," he said huskily, "whose brown eyes are these if not Agnes'? I well remember her!"

It was late September now, and Miss Raeburn was the guest of the Scotts at Saltcoats. Mrs. Scott occupied her customary chair on the porch, and at her feet her small grandson listened with a face of rapture to "Aunt Clare's" recital of the gallant deeds of Bruce and Wallace—a picture which Eva contemplated with immense satisfaction from the shelter of the drooping ash tree to which Eric had conducted her.

"Isn't it strange that just through an old coat Mrs. Scott and her grandson should have been brought together?" she mused.

"It is responsible, too, for my introduction to the dearest girl in the world. You are that to me, Eva, and more. I wonder—I wonder if you will give me the sacred right to take care of you, to protect you, and make you happy 'till death do us part?"

That the answer was satisfactory may be gathered from a later remark of Mrs. Scott.

"Eric is a dear, good boy, and always has been, but he will be better still with such a jewel of a wife as Eva"—Mary Cross in the Ave Maria.

Blesses New Church Bell
The blessing of the new bell at St. Lucy's church, Troup St., took place Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Bishop Thomas F. Hickley officiated, assisted by the pastor, Rev. M. Catalano. Rev. A. B. Meehan, of St. Bernard's Seminary, was master of ceremonies.

Bishop Lays Cornerstone

Holy Apostles Parish Will Have Model Schoolhouse.

The cornerstone of the new Holy Apostles' school in Austin St., at Lyell Ave., was laid Sunday afternoon, with Bishop Hickley officiating. The Holy Name Society of the church acted as his escort. About four hundred were in line, and nearly three thousand members of the parish and their friends attended the service.

Rev. M. J. Hargather, of St. Michael's church, was master of ceremonies. He was assisted by Rev. D. J. Curran, vicar-general of the diocese. Thirty members of the clergy attended the ceremony. Included in this number were Dr. A. B. Meehan, of St. Bernard's Seminary; Rev. A. M. O'Neill of Immaculate Conception church; Rev. John Bopp, of St. Boniface church; Rev. J. H. O'Brien of St. Augustine's; Rev. James H. Day, of Holy Rosary and Rev. James Dougherty of St. Annandale. Rev. D. W. Kavanaugh of St. Bridget's, city.

The new building will be one of the finest parochial schoolhouses in Rochester. It was planned under the direction of Rev. John F. Nelligan, pastor of the church. Its dimensions are 118 ft. by 73 ft. Medina stone and tarry brick will be used in its construction. The approximate cost will be \$50,000. The school will be two stories in height with twelve large class rooms, besides teachers' rooms and an auditorium with a seating capacity of 1,000.

A beautiful stained glass window will be erected above Austin St. entrance by Father Nelligan in memory of his father, John Nelligan, an old resident of this city. The subject will be Christ blessing little children.

Basket Picnic

Knights of Columbus Arranging for Big Affair at Manitow Beach July 23

Rochester Council, Knights of Columbus, is making elaborate plans for an old-fashioned basket picnic to be held at Manitow Beach on July 23. The start will be made from the Knights of Columbus headquarters in Triangle Building at 9:30 o'clock in the morning. Special cars will take the picnickers to Manitow and the return trip will be made by steamer.

A baseball game and an interesting programme of sports have been arranged for the afternoon and dancing will be the feature of the evening. The 54th Regiment Band will furnish the music.

Gaelic Association Outing

The Gaelic Literary and Musical Association has completed arrangements for a moonlight ride on the lake on Wednesday evening, July 16. The steamer Manitow has been engaged for the trip, and members and their friends, to the number of 350, plan an enjoyable evening. The society was organized to revive the ancient Irish social customs, dances, music and literature. It has weekly meetings in the winter and amusement features in the summer months.

Personal

Mrs. Frank X. Pifer of Tremont St., has returned home from a three weeks sojourn at the Lake side.

Edwin Wheeler Pifer has returned home from Detroit, where he was the guest of his uncle Dr. Wheeler, formerly of this city.

Pilgrimage to St. Anne's

The 23rd annual pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre Falls, Charlotte, Monday July 21st. Full information in the advertising columns of this issue.

Job Printing at this office.

Catholic News Notes

A pupil of the Xaverian Brothers, E. L. Fisher, of Washington, D. C., won the Cardinal Gibbons prize for the best composition on "Religious Toleration in Maryland During the Period of Anglican Church Supremacy."

Work on a new church in Cleveland to be used by Greek Catholics and dedicated to St. John the Baptist was begun June 1.

At a Catholic Federation meeting in Lawrence, Mass., it was stated that the Protestant Young Men's Christian Association was doing great injury to some young Catholics. Mgr. Teeling is reported saying that Catholics cannot belong to the Y. M. C. A., after the ban placed upon it by Cardinal O'Connell.

Edward W. Leonard, 17 years of age, of Grand Rapids, Mich., has been appointed to a cadetship at West Point. He is a graduate of the Boy's Catholic Central High School of Grand Rapids.

The several Courts of "Men's Catholic Foresters" gave the College of St. Thomas, at St. Paul, Minn., \$5,650.50. The Archbishop, Mgr. Ireland, in a letter, thanks them and praises them.

The second edition of the opera, "Every soul and the Land of the Sunrise Sea," words and music by the Rev. J. F. X. O'Connor, S. J., has just been published. It was written expressly for children, and its success has shown that the effort was not in vain.

At the Pontifical College, known as The Josephinum, Columbus, Ohio, Archbishop Bonzano, Papal delegate in the United States, raised twelve young men to the priesthood recently.

The report in the London Observer that the late Mr. Morgan was about to undertake, when he died, the reorganization of the Vatican finances is without foundation. These finances were organized and consolidated in 1909 by a commission presided over by Mgr. Marsolius, the administrator of the Peter's Pence.

Richard Wilson, president of the Eubank Electric Transmission Company and vice-president of the Title & Trust Company of Portland, Ore., dropped dead in the street one day last week. Mr. Wilson was a convert and one of the most prominent men in that city.

It is reported that a wealthy and prominent Protestant lady of New York, who while at Lourdes two years ago was instantly cured of a malignant affection, will not only embrace the Catholic faith, but will return to Lourdes to be baptized there.

The number of Catholic theological students attending the German Universities was never so large as that at present.

The little Summer-villa of Leo XIII., in the Vatican Garden has been connected with the Vatican Observatory, and is now used as part of it.

Mother Mary Stanialaus, the last survivor of the band of Crimean nurses, died in London at the age of ninety years. Mgr. Grosch preached her panegyric. She had been decorated by Queen Victoria.

Representing the Belgium Catholic Press, delegates made an offering of \$25,000 as Peter's Pence to the Sovereign Pontiff.

Lord Merton, who succeeded to the earldom of Admiral Nelson and who died recently in England in his 90th year, was a convert to the Catholic Church. Hon. Edward Agar Horatio Nelson, who succeeds him, is also a Catholic.

News From Ireland

Matthew J. Smith of Carrigrohane has been elected member of Carrigrohane work house.

The police barracks at Carrigrohane has been sent away with from the 31st of May, and all the constables sent to other barracks. The barracks was established in 1867.

Miss A. M. Nolan has been elected maternity nurse for the 1st urban district by South-Central Council.

The profession took place at the Convent of Mercy, Carrigrohane, on June 4, of Miss Catherine O'Leary (in religion Sister Mary Aloysius), and Miss Margaret Mary Ryan (in religion Sister Mary Brendan).

Married—Recently, at St. Joseph's church, Mayfair, London, Josephine Margaret Langley, daughter of Herbert, son of John Alcock, Skipthorpe.

In Manchester potato market on June 5 potatoes reached the high price of 38 per ton, the highest price ever reached at the market.

Donaghy Quarter Sessions were opened on June 8 by Judge O'Connell and there being no criminal business, Mr. Moore, registrar, on behalf of the high sheriff, presented the judge with a pair of white gloves.

Dr. P. J. Murray has been selected chief tuberculosis medical officer of Dublin Corporation at a salary of £400 per year.

J. E. Rayner, Brighton, York, has been appointed manager and engineer of the Galway Municipal Co.

The death took place recently of Mrs. John Heffernan, Church St., Tralee.

Very general regret was expressed among the many friends of the Order to which belonged by the recent death of Rev. Mother M. Joseph Conroy, which took place in the Presentation Convent, Kilsick. She was one of the most respected and most useful members of the illustrious Presentation Order.

White gloves were presented to Judge Johnston at Castlebury Quarter Sessions, there being no criminal business to transact.

On June 11 Most Rev. Dr. Naughton, Bishop of Killala, in the Irish College, Paris, raised to the dignity of the priesthood Rev. Edward O'Hara for the diocese of Achonry.

Michael Kelly, Derrabrack, was out shooting, one of the barrels of his gun discharged into the palm of his hand, with the result that the forearm had to be amputated.

In the Pro-Cathedral, Dublin, on June 3, the marriage of Edward Scott, son of the late John Scott, of Gortmacrenagh, Elphin, to Miss Sarah Dockery, daughter of John Dockery, Elphin, was celebrated.

Messrs. Bernard Harte and Roger Davey have been elected chairman and vice chairman respectively of Sligo Rural district council.

Dr. Alex. Patton, Cookstown, has been appointed medical officer of health for Pomeroy district, at a salary of £100 a year.

Miss G. Poer O'Shea has been elected chairman of Waterford Board of Guardians.

Thomas Fagan, Longshannon, died on May 27, at the age of 74 years.