

The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-fifth Year, No. 29.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, April 17, 1914.

12-10 Per Year, In Advance

The Price

There was a shade of condemnation in Lina Gibson's greeting of her one time friend and confidante, but Netta Casserley did not let it affect her very apparent pleasure in their accidental meeting. Since the parting of their ways there had come to the one fame and the worldly advantages incident to the career of a popular novelist, to the other only the lesser triumphs of the lowlier worker in the same field.

But to the attainment of her ambition Lina had sacrificed that which was the breath of life to Netta, so there was no envy of the successful one's tasteful elegance in the clear eyes of the plainly clad young toiler. She broke into Lina's correctly conventional phrases of delight, at their meeting with a breathless intensity of expression which elevated the eyebrows of her quondam friend.

"I consider it nothing short of a miracle that we should have met like this. I have been thinking of you all morning, wanting indeed praying, to see you."

"Praying?" Lina laughed.

A shade fell on the brightness of the face before her, but the brave eyes that looked into her cynical ones were reproachful and—was it impossible?—a bit compassionate.

"My prayer has been answered, you see. What made me think of you was this: I have been interested for some time in a young girl at the Mercy Rescue Home, and yesterday she told me the story of her life."

A flush came into Netta's pale cheeks and she hesitated as if seeking inspiration for her next words. Lina waited, puzzled, distrustful.

"It is a story that I would give years of my life to have you hear. You—you—there is material in it that would be of infinite value to you."

Lina's rather soulless laugh rang out.

"You were always impulsive, Netta, and time has not improved you, but why not utilize this rich find yourself? Why this passionate desire to hand over to one consigned to the inner circle of God-forsaken sinners, this sacred history of a rescued soul? It might prove edifying, to some of your pious admirers."

"It is too big for me," Netta said simply. "You alone could bring to it the genius to comprehend its lights and shades. I hope with all my heart that you will not let the opportunity pass."

Something in Netta's eyes haunted Lina for hours. It would give her no peace. The strangeness of Netta's words—"a story that I would give years of my life to have you hear—that would be of infinite value to you"—came between her and her work. She could not read for puzzling over them. Could this terrible earnestness of utterance be a natural outgrowth of Netta's school-girl intensity?

To be rid of the irritation of the incident she decided to visit this girl at the Rescue Home—her story she told herself, would doubtless prove commonplace enough. She arrived late in the afternoon but, as a friend of Miss Casserley, was admitted. The young woman she sought was in the infirmary.

When Lina looked down at the white face upon the pillow, she was startled at its wonderful beauty. Even before the great eyes opened she knew that they were very sorrowful. It was indeed sadness itself that looked out of their dark depths. She could see that they had been sweet and bright and happy, but they would never be that again. Tears of repentance had washed away the bitterness and the hardness, but death must close them forever before they could regain any of their lost heritage of joy.

Lina murmured an apology for coming at so late an hour, mentioning Netta's name.

"You are a friend of Miss Casserley? A friend of hers is welcome at any hour. She has been very kind to me."

"It would be hard not to be

kind to you, you are so very lovely."

The girl's dark brows contracted, a pained expression indicated that the compliment was distasteful.

"I am sure that would not make any difference with her," she said slowly. "She found me poor and sick and friendless, and she did for me all that a noble woman might do for a little lost sister of her own. But she has done the same thing for many other girls, so it was not because I made any special appeal to her. I have heard such splendid things of her since I've been here—things you could never get her to tell about herself."

The simplicity and candor of this lovely Agatha Crane appealed to Lina even more than her beauty. She felt moved to emulate it—piqued, too, perhaps, by the girl's praise of Netta.

"I cannot let you go on thinking that I am a dear friend of Miss Casserley's—we had not seen each other for years until Netta began to disapprove of me."

"Disapprove of you? What awful thing did you do that gentle Miss Casserley could find bad enough to be harsh about? But there—I did not mean to be rude. You must not tell me—"

"But I shall. Your interest was quite natural. Netta was very cordial when we met this morning. Perhaps she has found she was wrong and is inclined to be more lenient towards what she once regarded as a capital crime. You see I wrote a book that was not at all to her liking. I can hear her yet pleading with me not to try to publish it. You would not have thought her gentle then."

When every argument failed to shake my determination not to waste the result of so much thought and labor, she turned on me in a passion. "Suppose it should send souls to hell? she cried. 'Are you willing to pay a price like that?' Crude and absurd, wasn't it? But I was right not to listen to her—that book made my name and fortune."

The sick girl turned her head quickly and looked at her. Lina had seated herself out of range of the gaze which somehow disconcerted her.

"I think that must be why she mentioned you to me yesterday. We were talking about books and I told her that it was a book, an evil, fascinating story, that led to my first false step."

"And she told you she knew a woman who wrote that kind of books?" Lina's laugh was not exactly pleasant.

"Oh, no, no! She said only that you were gifted and very successful and that she would 'like to have you come to see me. It was kind of you to come—here.'"

A sudden presentiment, a vague agitation, a something she knew not what impelled Lina to instant flight. But an uncontrollable desire to learn why Netta so wished her to know this girl's history told her.

"Tell me about this book, dear. Was it so very dreadful?" She leaned over and straightened the ruffled pillows and lifted Agatha up a little, so that she could talk with more ease.

"It wasn't dreadful at all—that was the cleverness of it. It was full of life and joy—no, not joy—gaiety, the kind of gaiety that I have found to be just noise, sounds to drown the cries of anguish that the world must not hear. It told you things with you quite telling them, and you wondered if you knew them and wanted to know more. A laugh would sneer ran through it, making all the good safe things seem childish and foolish. There was the sparkle of wine in its brilliant sentences, and its characters did and said such clever wonderful things under the exhilarating influence of wine that I, who wanted more than anything else to do clever and brilliant things, began to blush for my prudishness. Or, perhaps no one else of all the thousands who read that book was so weak and so easily influenced as I, but for me it opened a door, and I looked through timidly at first, but full of curiosity about many things that it made fascinating and of whose

existence I had known nothing until then. I took one step down the shimmering pathway to see what lay on either side, and hands grasped me and drew me on. And then it was too late. I couldn't find the way back. There was nothing for me but to dance down to death on the way my feet had strayed."

A hectic flame burned in either cheek.

"O my dear, you shouldn't have told me! And I shouldn't have let you."

Lina's haughty, self-complacent calmness was shaken to the depths. She knew now why she was here. But she must know beyond a doubt.

"The name of the book? What was it?"

"'Birds of Paradise.' An innocent name-enough, was it not?" A blaze of hot anger against Netta for sending her here dried Lina's tears as they threatened to fall and betray her. Was she responsible for every weakling who attempted to imitate the characters in her books? Must she employ her talents in depicting only the straight-laced and decorous, deviate not at all from the goody-goody subjects that satisfied Netta and her kind?

Then her eyes fell upon the spent form upon the bed, on the white, beautiful face where Death's gray shadow rested; and she was ashamed and humbled and afraid. She looked away to hide the tears that suddenly blinded her and her eyes fell upon a crucifix showing dimly on the white wall. On the other side, when she turned from that, was the Good Shepherd, a touching picture of the compassionate Christ with His Lost Lamb in His arms.

Oh, why were these things crowding in upon her now? She had put them all out of her life, put them away with the old time. They were simple things that had no place in the new sphere she had chosen. She had meant to go back sometime—when the world had given her all she wanted; but the desire had grown fainter and died and left her a worldling utterly. Now she was here like a shaken reed in the midst of these sacred symbols, with the terrible evidence of her malign power lying before her—her triumphs empty, her pride abashed.

She felt Agatha's cold hands on hers.

"Are you going, Miss Gibson? I am sorry that I made you feel so badly. I never spoke of that to any one, except to Miss Casserley yesterday. I don't know what made me. I was thinking just now what a power for good a book might be, since one can be such an influence for evil. I am sure your stories are like that, helpful and good and uplifting."

With a strangled sob Lina sank to her knees.

"My dear, O my dear, will you try to forgive me? They are not good—they are like that first one—all of them."

"You mean—you cannot mean you wrote that 'Birds of Paradise'?"

Lina bowed her head miserably. To her dying day she never forgot the look on the girl's face.

"May the good God forgive you," she said softly after awhile. She lay with closed eyes and Lina thought she would not speak to her again and got up to go away. But the wide, tired eyes opened and smiled at her, and Lina's heart was wrung for the quenched glory of them.

"I think I could die happy if you would promise me never to write a book like that again. Will you promise me? Is it asking too much?"

"I do promise you! And I will do all I can to help Netta undo the harm that has been done—alone for it by helping in her brave work."

And Lina, who a few short hours before had been self-satisfied, proud of many things, was grateful for nothing so much as for the kiss of forgiveness from a humble, repentant sinner—Anna Cecilia Doyle, in The Mag-nificat.

A plant often removed cannot thrive.

Catholic News

Notes

Bishop Gunn, of Natchez, has been ill of pneumonia. He is convalescing.

The late Rev. William Bailly, of Galena, Ill., bequeathed \$16,000 to the St. Vincent Orphan Asylum at Rockford, Ill.

The new \$80,000 St. Paul's Church, in Washington, will be dedicated by Cardinal Gibbons on May 3rd.

The St. Thomas Total Abstinence Society of Southington, Conn., will shortly begin the erection of a \$20,000 clubhouse. The site was donated by the rector of St. Thomas Church, Rev. William J. Doolan.

Linson de Farrent Jennings at Maysville, N. Y., well known to many summer visitors on Chautauque Lake, was received into the Church, February 11, by Rev. Father Harrigan. Mr. Jennings was formerly a lay reader in St. Paul's Episcopal Church at Maysville.

The Academy of the Sisters of Loretto, Ky., at Pueblo, Colo., has been enlarged and is now one of the handsomest in the country.

In the United States Army are 16 Catholic chaplains, and in the Navy 6.

"The Church and Some Duties of the Catholic Laity" was the title of the Lenten pastoral of Rt. Rev. B. J. Keiley, D. D., Bishop of Savannah.

At Jamaica Plain, Boston, the Brothers of Charity are building a \$125,000 industrial school.

A shelter or lodging house for men will be the next special work of the St. Vincent de Paul Society in Brooklyn. Within a year an institution will be established in the downtown section.

When its new engineering building is completed Loyola University, Chicago, will have one of the finest and best equipped buildings of the kind in the West.

Rev. John J. Fitzgerald, President of the Catholic Total Abstinence Union of Connecticut, announces that the annual field day and parade of the State organization will be held Saturday, June 20, in Middleton.

The Church in Philadelphia is considering the erection of a \$200,000 institute for her Catholic deaf and dumb.

St. Edmond Hall, the new dormitory building of the Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Overbrook, Pa., will be blessed on May 24 by Most Rev. E. F. Prendergast, D. D.

The distinguished Madame Juliette Adam, the French writer, has become a Catholic. Her conversion created a sensation in Paris.

The University of Parma in Italy was founded in 1025. The University of Naples dates from 1224; of Salamanca, from 1243.

Holy Cross Abbey, Ireland, on the banks of the Suir, near Thurles, founded shortly before the year 1194, is noted for its Gothic beauty.

Recently the Patriarch of Lisbon returned to Lisbon, his episcopal city. The Cathedral Chapter assembled there and welcomed his return after two years of enforced absence.

The Holy Father has given his Apostolic Blessing to the Irish Teetotal Congress which is to be held in Dublin next June.

News From Ireland

The committee of management of the Belfast hospitals and dispensaries has appointed Dr. John McCloy first assistant tuberculosis medical officer, and Dr. James Shaw second assistant, under the Belfast corporation tuberculosis scheme.

Simon McIntyre, farmer, Kilscrew, passed away in his 106th year. His faculties were clear to the last, and he stated to never had "an hour's illness."

Dr. J. M. Reynolds, Sunnyside, Gowry, medical officer for Scrabby Dispensary district, Granard Union, was sworn in as a Justice of the Peace at Arva Petty Sessions.

Very Rev. Canon Shinkwin, Glanmire, has been notified by the Commissioners that William Daly, principal teacher, has been promoted to first division of first grade.

H. E. Martin has received an address and handsome presentation from his many friends in Ballyshannon and Bundoran on his appointment as manager of the Belfast Bank, Pettigo.

Miss Grace Gillespie, telegraphist at Mount Charles County Donegal, has been appointed postmistress there.

M. McNulty, a Nationalist, who, on retiring after a successful business career in Glasgow, settled in Newcastle, has been appointed a magistrate.

J. Beattie, V. S., Carron, a Protestant, has been presented with a beautiful three and one-half horsepower motor bicycle and side car, subscribed for by the Catholic people of Coma-mara.

Tralles Urban Sanitary Authority, adjourned its last meeting as a mark of respect to the memory of Mrs. O'Riordan, mother of J. O'Riordan, a member of the Council.

The Kilkenny hunt race will be abandoned for this year by request of the Department of Agriculture, on account of the outbreak of foot and mouth disease.

The Volunteer movement is progressing with remarkable rapidity in Limerick, enormous numbers enrolling week by week in the local corps which has already a membership of between twelve and fifteen hundred.

Joseph Allard, Tashinny, chairman of the Ballymahon Guardians, was sworn in a magistrate at the Ballymahon Petty Sessions. The appointment is a popular one.

On Sunday night, March 15, over a hundred young men from Westport and surrounding districts were enrolled in the Irish Volunteer movement, a corps of which has now been formed.

The Quarter Sessions for the County Meath were to have opened on Monday morning, March 16, at Kells, but County Court Judge Drummond was unable to attend owing to illness.

Sergeant Kennedy, R. I. C., Nobber, who is retiring from his force, has been complimented on his efficiency by the Navan magistrates.

The Sligo Corporation, at their meeting on Wednesday, March 16, passed a resolution of sympathy with M. J. Howley, solicitor, and the relatives of the late Mrs. Howley, Tobercurry.

The death is announced at Cahir of Thomas Walsh, grover, Abbey street, who had reached his 77th year.

A man who distrusts himself never truly confides in any one.

A Sacred Drama

Written by Rev. Francis Kennel, C. S. R.

Claudia, a sacred drama written by Rev. Francis Kennel, a Redemptorist priest, will be presented Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, April 27, 28, 29th by the Ladies auxiliary of St. Joseph's church in St. Joseph's Hall, Franklin St.

The drama is in five acts and is under the direction of Rev. Wm. Kennel, C. S. R., rector of St. Joseph's church.

The executive committee are chairman, Miss Josephine Hookman; assistants, Misses Helen Neuberger and Elsie Major and Mrs. Geo. Minges.

Claudia is a Roman play of the times of Christ. One of the features of the first act is Claudia Procula's (Pilate's wife) dream.

This vision spoken of in St. Matthew is a warning to Claudia Procula. She entreats Pilate to have nothing to do with this just man. Pilate condemns Christ and that act closes with a cataclysm of nature amidst which appears the Crucifixion.

The succeeding acts portray vividly the trials of the early Christians, shows also the Vestal Temple and in the final act the Emperor of Rome commands all the Christians to offer sacrifices to Jupiter.

All through the play the reas plays a most prominent part working miracles by its wondrous power. In early years this reas touched the robes of Christ and never faded. The production of Claudia has drawn heavily on the resources of a well-equipped stage. But the people and all friends feel that a marvellous production will be the result. Reserved seats are on sale at St. Joseph's Rectory, Franklin St.

The late Patrick Ford, editor of the "Irish World," has every other Irish devoted churchman who has seen "Pag O' My Heart" was told in his praise of Oliver Morosco's production of the "F. Hartley Manners comedy which will be the attraction at the Shubert Theatre commencing Monday evening, April 20th for one week. It is largely in the naive sayings of the adorable Pag a part created by Lauretta Taylor, which is now entering into its second year of uninterrupted success at New York's Cort Theatre that is responsible for the great success of the play. It is in one of her conversations with Jerry, an English nobleman, that he asks her of her dead mother, that she replies, ending her sentences with the true Irish spirit, "God rest her soul," whereupon Jerry says that she must be a Catholic, and she retorts, "and sure is there anything else on earth?" There are really no few pieces of the Irish, showing the beauty of character, the wit and true feelings, that it is with pleasure that every person of Irish descent will witness this beautiful comedy that Oliver Morosco will send here with Elsa Ryan and a metropolitan cast.

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Weekly Church Calendar

Low Sunday

Gospel, St. John xx., 19-31

\$ 19. St. Leo IX., P. C.
M 20 St. James, C. C.
T 21 St. Anselm, E. C. D.
W 22 St. Soter and Caius, PP.
Th. 23. St. George, M.
F. 24. St. Fidelis of Sigmaringen
S. 25. St. Mark, Evangelist

IN MEMORIAM

In loving memory of our dear father, Ferdinand Bogner, who departed from us April 20, 1905. Into heaven's mission he entered Never to sigh or weep. After long years with life's struggle, Father has fallen asleep.

Daughters and Grandchildren
Send us your printing.