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The Camper on the Creek

Continued from last week.

"It is turning colder," he remarked with a diplomatic shudder as he looked through the window. He walked back and took a seat in one of the rockers. "Can't you," he asked insinuatingly, "cast a spell, Miss Rosylla?"

Her amiable answer came promptly.

"Of course. Trade's dull around this hour."

Without winds were holding high carnival. But here in "the sweet safe shelter of the household fire" was seclusion and comfort. The glow from the open stove door encompassed Miss Rosylla in a rosy flood. What a sensible, pleasant person she was, to be sure! And how delightful it would be to have her sitting opposite a lonely man during the long evenings of winter!

She had rescued her ball of yarn from the cat, and taken up her knitting. The Squire attempted to take up the dropped stitches of their interrupted conversation.

"I was about to remark, Miss Rosylla, that much as I have admired you all the years you've been in our town, I've long been positive that more than mere admiration was at the root of my satisfaction in your society."

"Why—Squire—Harvey!" The flying bone needles were suspended.

"Yes," he went on hurriedly, "but there were so many others that you wouldn't have anything to say to. That kinder took the heart out of me. Some of 'em was younger'n me, too—though," he supplemented hastily, "there wasn't any of 'em better fixed. An' then I says to myself—"

"Please," pleaded Miss Rosylla, "please don't say any more!" Her knitting had fallen in her lap.

"I will!" insisted the Squire doggedly. "I'm going to ask you three questions, and I want a straight answer to each one. I'll git 'em, I know. That's one of the things I like about you. You kin give a straight answer. Why didn't you take the grain man or the man that built the red bridge, or that drummer that was struck with you?" And will you marry me? And if you don't, why won't you? Don't be in a hurry. I'll wait till you've thought 'em over."

He leaned back, noticing how white were her plump, pretty hands against the crimson cashmere of her gown.

Miss Rosylla took his advice—and her time. The cat got away with her knitting as well as the ball. By the savory whiff that came through the curtains dividing house from shop, Miss Rosylla conjectured that her chicken in the oven required basting. A fear lest the kettle on the stove were burning dry, agitated her sub-consciousness. But she must deliberately over his questions. When at last she lifted her grave gaze to his her eyes were wistful and there was a little tragic drooping at the corners of her mouth which held for him perplexing pathos.

"Well?" he asked. He shifted awkwardly. "Well?"

"You," she said softly, "are entitled to the truth. Of the three whom you mention there was one who did not do me the honor of wishing to marry me. For the others I had not even respect. But I can not marry you, either—although I hold you in highest esteem—almost affection."

"Then, why—" he began eagerly.

"Hush!" She lifted her hand protestingly. "I have not told you all. Once I loved a man very dearly—more dearly than anything in the world—or out of it. And he vowed he loved me. We were to have been married when a cousin of mine came to visit me—a flighty, foolish, frivolous little thing. Two days before the time set for our wedding he ran away with her."

"The scoundrel!"

"That was why I came west, when my sister was coming—to try to forget."

"And you have!" he cried. "You have forgotten—you don't care now?"

"Was this Miss Rosylla?" Was this the practical woman with pale, quivering lips—lips that were won't to break so swiftly into sunny smiling? With her brave eyes brimful of tender tears?

Ah, she said brokenly, that is it; I have not forgotten—I shall never forget!"

Then there was a silence for a little space.

Without the day darkened down. The corners of the gay little shop grew mystically dim. Wagons went rattling by along the hard roads without—farmers journeying home.

"If that ain't just like a woman!" muttered Harvey. He was speaking more to himself than to her. "Just like a woman!"

The next instant she had jumped up with a laugh. She lit the lamps with their tin reflectors. The little room was illuminated. She rescued her knitting from the cat once more. She dashed her hand across her eyes, and smiled back at the Squire in quite her own friendly fashion.

"Your not going to let this make any difference in our friendship—are you? I'm sorry I can't say yes. I thank you—believe me." She went with him to the door. "Gracious, what a wind. Good-night."

"Good-night. I was hoping I would bear with me a happier heart when I should say good-night," he confided, and went his way.

She stood at the threshold, looking up and down the wide, straggling street of the little Nebraska town. Here and there lights were flickering out in the shops and humble dwellings on either side. The wind-swept roads were hard as iron. In the purple sky a crescent moon "lay out there like a sickle for His hand."

The universal grayness and the sullen silence brought with them a sense of penetrating melancholy. The thoughts of the solitary woman in the doorway flew back to familiar city scenes. The brilliant stores, the joyous gatherings, the atmosphere of life and companionship! She was turning in with a little lonely sigh of reminiscence, when a hand clutched her gown—a child's hand. A child's hand. A child's frightened face was looking up at her.

"Why—what—" she began. Then she recognized the boy. It's one of my little campers! It's bad weather to be traveling in a wagon. What can I do for you, dear?"

She drew him into the bright shop.

"Father's worse!" he panted. He was white and trembling. The eyes under the tangle of yellow curls were wild with anxiety—entreaty. "He's been sick since we camped on the creek yesterday. He tries to put himself 'round an' 'tend to the mules. But when me an' Bob got back tonight he didn't know us. He's talking crazy-like. I come to you because you're the only ac—acquaintance me an' Bob has in town."

She did not smile. His faith touched her.

"He must have a doctor," she avowed promptly. "He must be taken under shelter."

"No—no!" in sacred protest. "He said this morning he couldn't pay a doctor."

"Wait a minute!" She went into the kitchen at the back of the store. She filled the tea kettle and set it on the stove, took the chicken from the oven, put on her hat and a thick shawl, turned down the lights, lifted a key from its hook, and passed out with the boy—closing and locking the door behind her. Her knock at the door of a little one-story building across the street brought a prompt response.

"Miss Merridew!" ejaculated the small, thin, little man who stood just within the door. It's Miss Merridew, ain't it?"

To be continued

A deluge of words and a drop of sense.

Catholic News Notes

The Catholic Converts' League of New York, now numbers over 800 members.

Bishop Shanahan has organized in the diocese of Harrisburg, Pa., a charity association. It is connected with The Queen's Daughters.

In the dioceses of the United States are about fourteen Papal Chamberlains.

His Excellency, the Most Rev. Apostolic Delegate Bonzano, dedicated the new St. Edmond Hall of Overbrook Seminary, May 24th.

In fifty years two million divorces have been granted in the United States, or in other words, two million families broken up, and children made desolate, contrary to God's law.

The Providence, R. I., \$25,000 "Bishops' Fund," undertaken by the St. Vincent de Paul Society, was a success.

At Latonia, Ky., the new parochial school building will cost about \$40,000.

The Franciscan Sisters of St. Joseph's Convent, Milwaukee, will erect a 127x219 feet addition 3 floors high, to cost \$250,000.

The Bernard Corr Memorial Hall at Villanova College, has been dedicated by the Most Rev. Archbishop Bonzano, Apostolic Delegate. It is 178x40 feet and cost \$100,000. The ceremonies, the participants and the occasion were notable.

Rev. C. F. Schmidt, of Rice Lake, Wis., on June 1, became Vicar-General of the diocese of Superior.

Vicar-General Mooney, of New York, has opened the Devin-Clare Home for self-supporting young girls in that city. The Home cost \$175,000. It is 75x90 feet, five stories high, and accommodates 200 persons.

The Motherhouse of the Sisters of the Perpetual Adoration, at La Crosse, Wis., offered the War Department the services of three hundred Sisters as war nurses.

Last year Ireland lost 31,389 of her population by emigration.

It is said that nearly 2,000,000 French families—one sixth of the whole population—have no children.

In England there is a movement to erect a memorial to the historian Lingard. Father Lingard was an Irish priest.

The celebrated Jesuit explorer, Pere Roblet, died at Tananarivo, Madagascar. He was a great scientist.

In India the Little Sisters of the Poor have several houses.

It is said the Government of Italy is providing schools and residences in Jerusalem and in Tripoli for teaching Sisters since France's protectorate is declining.

Count Gaitisola, of Bordeaux, recently restored to its place a wayside cross, that had lain neglected for over a century near the village of St. Hilaire, France.

In Limerick, Ireland over 2,000 of the flower of the youth of that city constitute the Irish National Volunteers of Limerick.

In China today there are about 1,500,000 Catholics under 1,450 missionaries, 700 of whom are native priests.

News From Ireland

Among the members of the printing trade in Belfast there was deep regret at the announcement of the death of Richard Farrelly, which took place at his son-in-law's residence, 8 Fairview street, Mr. Farrelly belonged to the older generation of Belfast printers, and was for many years a well known and respected member of the craft.

There has been a gratifying improvement in the Ulster linen trade during the past few weeks. Owing to the increase in the number of orders the Portadown factories are now working full time.

There is deep regret in Shercock and district at the death at the early age of 29 years of Thomas O'Reilly, cattle dealer, Shercock, who succumbed to an illness suddenly contracted after a week's suffering.

The department has appointed W. B. Wright, B. A., F. G. S. to be senior geologist in room of S. B. Wilkinson, retired under the Treasury regulations as to age.

On returning to the meetings of the Coleraine Guardians and Rural Council after six months' absence, due to serious illness, Miss Edith Macauland, of Woodbank Cottage, Garvagh, was greeted with prolonged applause by the members present.

Miss Emma Henry, whose death at the age of 101 is recorded, was the last survivor of one of the oldest families of the Desartmartin, County Derry, district.

The Irish Volunteer movement which is spreading like wild fire through the country is reaching great proportions in "Old Tyrconnell." Ramelton has now rushed to the standard.

A magnificent grotto in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes has just been erected adjacent to the Church of St. Nicholas, Ardglasse County Down.

The body of a bootmaker named Kiely was found by a man named William Doyle in the River Feale at Listowel, close to the bridge leading to the race course. It is not known how the man got into the water.

Died.—Patrick Doherty, Westcourt, Cavan; William Duddy, Jerpoint Mills, Thomastown; Mrs. Grace Pittown.

The Longford Urban Council has decided to assess a rate for the ensuing financial year at 8s in the £.

The Meath County Council have fixed Wednesday, June 3, as the date on which the triennial elections of the county and district councillors for Meath will take place.

There will be eight district contests in the Castlereagh Union at the forthcoming elections, and in some cases stiff fights are expected.

The appointment of M. J. Leach, C. E. Ballymoe, as engineer of the Glenamaddy District Council, has given much satisfaction to that gentleman's many friends in Castlereagh district.

The death has taken place of Ester Cunningham, of Turnaske, Ballygawley, County Tyrone, at the remarkable age of 107 years.

The marriage was recently solemnized at Westminster Cathedral, London, of M. J. Murphy, M. P., Grand Hotel, Tramore, to Miss Flannery. The Rev. Father Daly officiated.

A calumny, though known to be such, generally leaves a stain on the reputation.

A Clearing House of Catholic Charities

The United Catholic Works includes all the Catholic works in Richmond, Manhattan and The Bronx, New York, no matter how small, or what affiliations they may have with the bodies outside the city. It is like the hub of a great wheel giving strength and support to every part of the centres in it.

The United Catholic Works has been established but two years. Prior to this time each of the organizations that now form a part of it carried on their work as they do now, but when they were in need of funds to make new improvements or to expand their work they had to devise means of raising the money and go out individually and get it. The carrying of these additional responsibilities very often hampered the work of the organizations and at such times it is probable that some in need of relief may have been neglected.

To bring about a closer unity Cardinal Farley addressed the annual convention of the New York County Federation of Catholic Societies in May, 1912. He charged them to unite even more closely together, with a view of giving support to every good work in the archdiocese of New York, of which he is head, and also aid in developing many other good works sadly needed. He then called on the Catholics to come to his aid and co-operate with the federation in meeting the needs of the people, young and old, the poor, the infirm, the unfortunate, the stranger, until no known case of any sort should pass unrelieved.

There was a quick response, and by October the organization of the United Catholic Works was perfected and plans got under way for the first public response which resulted in the holding of an exhibit and sale the following spring. From this undertaking there was realized \$35,000. A like sum was added through private donations and special requests, until with the annual dues the total received during the year was \$3,500. This large sum was realized and more than \$46,500 of it distributed to meet deficits and promote worthy undertakings without any payment for salaries.

The United Catholic Works holds only one affair each year to raise funds for its work. That this has a tendency to encourage generosity is evident from the receipts for the first year.

The great scope of Catholic activity in the field of charity can be gathered from the report of the Association of Catholic Charities made a few days ago at the annual meeting held in Delmonico's, and the report of the Catholic Protective Society, both of which form a part of the United Catholic Works. The Catholics have made a division in this work and separate the work of correction from that of charity.

Rt. Rev. Msgr. D. J. McMahon, D. D., is moderator of the Association of Catholic Charities, which is governed by its own officers, with an extensive committee in which are represented the parish auxiliaries of St. Vincent de Paul Conferences of the boroughs of Richmond, Manhattan and The Bronx and each of the standing committees in charge of the various works which are divided as follows: Day nurseries, fresh air work, tuberculosis clinics, children's court, hospital visiting, (Bellevue and Blackwell's Island), incurables, girls' clubs, district prisons, Queen's Daughters, settlements, work among the blind, sewing classes for children, co-operative work, and ladies' auxiliaries to charitable institutions.

The parish auxiliaries to the St. Vincent de Paul Conferences which are associated with almost all the Catholic parishes in the three boroughs, work in conjunction with the parent body of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, which is composed of men. During 1913 the auxiliary made \$1,150 and distributed more than 21,000 pieces of clothing and wearing apparel. Employment

was secured for 20 persons. Christmas dinners given to 750, and \$10,000 distributed in various forms of relief.

That Day Nurseries reported the care of 201,021 children, of whom were served 800,000 meals. Large quantities of clothing were distributed among children and their mothers; 7,175 days' work were given to women, and \$6,850 was spent in support of the institutions and general relief.

Besides this the Day Nurseries include the sewing classes for girls, who with the aid of the directors, make large numbers of dresses, aprons, etc. One sewing society turned out 3,850 pieces during the year. All work done, accomplishing their work ends in co-operation with the other societies, but through the careful organization and excellent management the work does not over-wrap, nor do any unnecessary demands arise over the infringement on the other's territory.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society supports the Catholic Home Bureau, which places neglected children in homes; St. Elizabeth's Convalescent Home and the Fresh Air Home in Spring Valley, and the Omatum Society for Boys—Ohio. It provides ways and means for keeping children with their parents when otherwise they would have to go to institutions.

Visits to hospitals and institutions and the distributions of literature to these also form a part of its work. Each quarter a bulletin is published containing a complete account of its work. Mr. Thomas J. Murry is president of the Superior Council, Mr. Michael J. Shanley is president of the Parochial Council in Manhattan, and Mr. James J. Reid, in The Bronx.

The division between the charitable and correction work has been so defined that the employment of cases can be handled without difficulty.

Rev. Thomas J. Lynch, in the Department of Correction Work for Catholics. Under the direction of Cardinal Farley he established the Catholic Protective Society for the work, three years ago.

Of the many difficulties encountered in the field of charity these must with in the work of correction are the most trying, because one is dealing not only with a person that is destitute, but a criminal as well. And so work requires more careful or watchful management. Here is where the unity of organization is tested most severely.

The Great Ship "SEANADBE"

"Travel to be enjoyable must be restful, and at this season of the year whether your trip takes you East or West, break in monotony, either at Cleveland or Buffalo, by a refreshing night's trip across Lake Erie on a veritable floating hotel with every convenience for comfort and enjoyment. C. & B. Line steamers, leave either city every evening and arrive early the next morning.

The name of the Great Ship "SEANADBE" which was added to this splendid fleet last season is attracting to the route a vast number of travelers to enjoy the delightful lake trip and, at the same time, inspect her magnificent interior decorations, wonderful illuminating system, and other interesting features. The "SEANADBE" is the largest and most costly passenger steamer on inland waters of the world, length 500 feet, breadth 86 feet 6 inches, 510 staterooms and parlors accommodating 1500 passengers, equalling in sleeping capacity the largest hotels of the country, and she can carry 6,000 people, the population of a good sized town.

The fares for this lake trip are less than by rail, and also any railroad tickets reading between Cleveland and Buffalo are accepted for transportation on C. & B. Line Steamers." Adv.

It takes some people so long to be sure they are right that they never get time to go ahead.