

The Catholic Journal.

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The Intruder

Continued from last week

"Taint so bad as dem mought be. It's jes one ov dem re'g'lar spells an' the chilum knows what to do. Co'se ef dey wuz in town dey'd hev the Doctor pretty quick. But dey'll bring her round—dey's got plenty of brandy an' hot water and de drugs she takes when she's took, but I wish we wuz in town. I never did see de sense of hanging on out hyar in de woods after the maples begin to reddan and yellar."

Meanwhile Maria's supererogatory information and philosophy were lost upon Alec. Old Miss was havin' a spell—one of those awful spells. He had once seen her when one had come on and he had never forgotten it. He had helped to carry her to the couch and she had looked like death. He had hitched up and gone immediately for the doctor. That's what he ought to be doing now. Plague take it. They ought to have a doctor. Ole Miss herself had always believed in doctors. "You never know what's going to happen when a body's taken sick. That's what a doctor's for—to be called in when peeps are sick, especially when they are 'took sudden.'" Alec had often heard her say so. He slipped out of the kitchen and, eluding Maria's otherwise detaining hand and tongue, he tipped upstairs to Mrs. Keene's door. It was ajar. He peered in. And there Ole Miss was, looking just as she had looked that other time, groaning and so deathly white, while Miss Mary and Miss Henrietta were busying themselves, and the young folks were coming and going so solemnly.

It was a moment for immediate decision. Alec saw that and he decided. As noiselessly as he had climbed the steps he descended and went out of the house keeping his own counsel.

He knew there was not a horse on the place that could do the work he had on hand. Hutch was four miles away, and just where Alec knew not. There was only one thing to do and he proceeded to do it. He went straight to the garage, and set about his task as quietly as possible. His hour had come and he meant to prove equal to it. Happily the wind was blowing, rattling through the dry leaves, making almost any other sound inaudible through the closed windows. It was easily possible to effect his purpose. Once the car was cranked up and backed out and the door of the garage locked, he could take the machine out by the lower rear road and forth upon the highway—and none would be any the wiser. With directness and expedition the beginning was accomplished—and in the darkness. It was a risky thing, yet so well did he know the road, he could take his chances. Once sufficiently out of line of the windows of Old Miss's room, it would be safe to press those magic buttons which lighted up the car, making the rest of his journey fairly safe. His desire and his solicitude prompted him to let the car out, to make the trips as fast as he could. But discretion dictated a reasonable speed, for much depended on his making a perfect success of the adventure. So, steadily and not too rapidly, he chugged along the road, his hand marvelously steady, considering the thump, thump of his faithful, proud heart.

At last in the distance the lights of the city began to glimmer through the rain and mist. Soon he would be on the edge of town, and now a brilliant inspiration came to him. It would facilitate this great and glorious deed. At the first country store on the edge of town, he would stop and telephone in-call up Dr. Marshall and prepare him. Dr. Marshall could be ready to come back with him by the time he arrived at the physicians door. Alas, Dr. Marshall was not in at the very moment of Alec's sagacious telephoning! But, "Praise de Lawd!" exclaimed the old darkey as the answer came that he was expected any minute.

"Don't let him go out on no udder call," Alec sung out over

the 'phone, "It's life or death to one of his old friends."

With that he hung up the receiver and was swiftly back at his wheel, speeding along in the city. Impatience battered at his heart as he brooded over the idea of not being able to get Dr. Marshall immediately. But shortly another idea came to him and helped him to bear his fretfulness. Ought he not to go by too and get Father Kelly? If Ole Miss was as bad off as she looked, she would certainly want Father Kelly too. Alec had been in the family through some of its ordeals with old morality, and he knows its pious practices. Yes, he would certainly go by and gather up Father Kelly and it would help him to bide the time till he could capture Dr. Marshall. The old darkey was so tense he had now need of some one to help support him in carrying through his devoir.

Father Kelly was somewhat amazed at Alec's appearance and his unhappy news. But so devoted was he to the family of Keene and so well did he know that sometimes Mrs. Keene was very sick and that her years were many, he did not stop to question Alec as to whether or not he had been sent for. He simply took it for granted, accepted without suspicion Alec's story of the dead wires. In a few moments he was ready to set forth.

What with his carrying the Blessed Sacrament, and Dr. Marshall's being extremely tired after a busy day and grieved to hear of his old friend's illness, neither priest nor physician talked on the way out and Alec was spared any embarrassing inquisition. Not that he was not prepared for their questions—certainly Ole Miss was "shore nuff, down-right sick." He could truthfully say at least that much.

Had he been called upon to reiterate such a statement, the truth of it had been borne out when Dr. Marshall, to the complete surprise of the Keenes, appeared at the patient's door. She was very sick, indeed. Father Kelly had waited in the library.

"I'll send for you as soon as I have a look at her," the doctor had said. The message was a long time being delivered, but at last Dr. Marshall delivered it himself. "Well, Father Kelly, I don't believe it need be the 'last rites' this time. But if we had not arrived when we did there might not have been much use for either of us."

Old Alec, frantic to know the worst, or to know if, indeed, his reckless loyalty, his imprudent assumption of Hutch's role had served a good turn to his beloved "folks," had taken the doctor's coat when they both entered the house. Since that moment, just for the sake of having an excuse for hanging around, he had stood with the coat upon his arm and the doctor's motoring cap in his hand.

Miss Mary had accompanied the doctor downstairs. After reassuring Father Kelly that the patient was actually sleeping, Dr. Marshall turned, got into the coat that Alec was respectfully holding; then he added to the priest:

"Well, Father Kelly, I don't want to hurry you, but if you are ready, I think we had better be starting back." Father Kelly arose. He, Dr. Marshall and Alec moved toward the door. And then suddenly for the first time, Miss Mary remembered to ask how, after all, they happened to be there. How had they come? In the family's first joy over having the two doctors, of body and soul, when they were so bitterly needed, no one had thought of the manner of their arrival. With consternation Miss Mary now heard the startling truth.

"But Alec can't run the machine," she protested.

The old darkey straightened his shoulders to defend himself. It was unnecessary. Defense was at hand from the two friends in need whom he had safely brought through a stormy night along a country road with no light save that from his two lamps.

Miss Mary was divided between horror that Alec had dared such a thing, and her delight and pride in the devoted old servitor,

who had so recklessly taken the risk—that of smashing the car, his own head and those of Dr. Marshall and Father Kelly—all for the sake of doing a service to his beloved Ole Miss. He admitted that he had taken lessons in observation from Hutch to say nothing of his intimacy with the inner workings of the car—an intimacy established by his recent continuous hanging around the garage when occasion permitted. For the present he was content to stand grinning proudly, his old teeth shining, his eyes gleaming as Miss Mary gazed on him with mingled approbation and amazement.

Meanwhile, Dr. Marshall was on the threshold. But Miss Mary raised a detaining hand. It was all very well that Alec had safely made one trip, but wasn't it just luck? She dared not believe that he could be trusted to make another. Desire to preserve her two friends' lives now urged her to prevent their jeopardizing their lives again, a second time, or rather handing them recklessly over to poor, dear, self-confident Alec.

"Can't you let us put you away for the night? Must you go? It is such a wild night."

But Dr. Marshall was drawing on his gloves.

"I'm sorry but I really must get back to town tonight. Perhaps Father Kelly can stay away from his flock until morning, but mine are likely to get the bellman out after me."

Miss Mary cast a desperate glance at Father Kelly. Perhaps she could be sure of the life of one of her guests. But Father Kelly was also cheerfully moving toward the door. In her already nervous state Miss Mary, as she stood at the door watching them go, felt as though they were, indeed, lost to her forever on the "night's platonian shore." Could it be possible that old Alec could possibly repeat his astonishing performance? In her tense mood she had the same incredulous dazed feeling as in watching a doughty acrobat repeat the breath-taking trick that has already won frantic applause from pit to gallery. If only the wires were not dead she could soon learn if they had arrived safely. It was her duty she knew to sit up for Alec's own return. Such was at least his due after his risking his life—to say nothing of Dr. Marshall's and Father Kelly's—for his beloved mistress.

But alas! poor Miss Mary, tired out from the evening's excitement, was not to know till morning whether Alec had repeated his success of the early evening or whether his self-confidence had but gone before a fall.

In the morning, learning that he was safe at home, she sent for him after breakfast. The hero of the previous night looked a little shy as he appeared before the assembled family. He stood meekly respectful while Miss Mary praised and thanked him. But it was not enough. Not a hero but a proved "show-fure"—that was the crown his old heart craved. Somehow it was not forthcoming, so he had to take it for himself.

"I tole you all I could run that car."

"Well, you certainly proved it, Alec, last night," young Miss Margaret declared. And the warm glances of the others acquiesced.

Alec's desire was accomplished. Joy brimming his eyes, his old feet began to shuffle toward the door.

"Reckon I better be a-goin' back. We've a cleanin' de Bird. She shore gathered a lot o' mud last night. But we'll soon git him bright and shiny agin."

That first person plural was symbolical. It testified that with regard to the Blue Bird—as for that matter, with the remainder of his "white folks' property"—Alec seemed to feel a joint ownership. The Blue Bird was no longer an intruder.

"Nay already old Alec began to rejoice in his dreams of presiding at her bright and shining wheel from timeto time. Who could tell but what Hutch the faithful, Hutch the sober, might yet fall from grace, to be superseded perhaps some day by one who would always consider him-

self the Keene family's true and rightful coachman.

Anna Blanche McGill, in The Magnificat.

RUTHENIAN DEDICATION

Rt. Rev. Bishop Stephen J. Orzynski, of Philadelphia, Officiated at New St. Joseph's Church.

In spite of the rainy weather, the Ruthenian Catholics of Rochester dedicated their new St. Joseph's Church at Hudson avenue and Vienna street Sunday morning. Rt. Rev. Stephen Soter Orzynski, of Philadelphia, who has jurisdiction over the Catholic churches of the Ruthenian rite of the United States as bishop, officiated at the dedication ceremony, assisted by the pastor, Rev. Basil Mersanow, and Ruthenian priests from other cities of the state.

At 8.30 o'clock the people formed in front of the church and, led by the bishop and clergy, marched around the edifice, which was blessed by the prelate as he walked along. The procession then moved into the church, where a solemn pontifical mass was celebrated by Bishop Orzynski. He was assisted by Rev. Archdeacon Nicholas Pichorczyk, of New York, and Rev. Alexander Prytyj, of Syracuse.

The Oriental character of the Ruthenian rite distinguished it from that of the Roman, and the full ritual of the former was carried out in the mass ceremony. The church was beautifully decorated with the national colors of blue and yellow, and candles and flowers were placed about the altar in profusion. A choir of twenty-one members, representing an Austrian troop that is traveling in the United States, supplemented the church choir in singing the mass. It was a long service, it being nearly 2 o'clock when it was finished.

At the conclusion of the mass Bishop Orzynski addressed the people and the pastor in congratulatory terms and urged them to continue the work they had so successfully started. Short addresses were also made by Father Mersanow and by Rev. Jacob F. Staub, rector of Holy Redeemer Church, who has aided the Ruthenian priest in establishing his church. Following are the other priests who took part in the service: Rev. Eilemon Tarowski of Auburn, Rev. Stephen Malaniak of Herkimer, Rev. John Orzynski of Buffalo, Rev. Wlodimir Stech of Elmira and Rev. John F. Kasakalis of St. John's Lithuanian Church of this city.

Belgian Refugees.

Belgian refugees now in Holland number 600,000 according to the correspondent at The Hague of the Exchange Telegraph Company.

The question of caring for refugees is becoming more difficult for all the belligerents. Those from Galicia are so numerous in Bohemia that it has been decided, it is said, to build a town to hold 25,000 temporary inhabitants. This town will be on the banks of the Elbe, near Chotzen.

In France the problem is serious. The French minister of the interior, Louis J. Malvy announces that nearly 1,000,000 refugees from Belgium and the north of France are now harbored in different parts of this country. All however, will be cared for.

In Hungary the number of refugees from the Carpathians is increasing daily. Already there are 35,000, it is reported, in Budapest alone. They are being supported by the state.

Let every thought, and work, and word

To Thee be ever given;

Then life shall be Thy service,

Lord,

And death the gate of heaven!

(Matthew Bridges.)

"Out of debt, out of danger," is like many other proverbs—full of wisdom; for a state of debt is a state of misery.

Forget it.

Forget the slender you have heard.

Forget the hasty, unkind words.

Forget the quarrel and the cause.

Forget the whole affair, because forgetting is the only way.

Forget the storm of yesterday.

Forget the chap whose sour face

Forgets to smile in any place.

Forget the trials you have had.

Forget the weather if it's bad.

Forget the knocker, he's a freak.

Forget him seven days a week.

Forget your not a millionaire.

Forget the gray streaks in your hair.

Forget the home team lost the game.

Forget the pitcher was blame.

Forget the coffee when it's cold.

Forget the kick, forget to scold.

Forget the plumber's awful charge.

Forget the iceman's bill is large.

Forget the coal man, and his ways (weights).

Forget the heat in summer days.

Forget wherever you may roam.

Forget the duck who wrote this poem.

Forget that he in social bliss.

Forget himself when he writes this.

Forget to ever get the blues.

But don't forget to pay your dues.

Martin A. Craugh.

Martin A. Craugh, 23 years old, a student of St. Bernard's Seminary, died last Friday at the seminary, after an illness of three weeks. He was a member of the second year theology class, and would have been ordained a priest in two years.

Mr. Craugh was the son of Martin Craugh and the late Mrs. Anna O'Keefe Craugh of Penn Yan, N. Y. He was born in Ballyragget, County Kilkenny, Ireland, on March 31, 1891, and came to America with his parents when a child. He received his early education in the public school of Penn Yan and was graduated with honors from the village High School in June, 1909.

With a desire to become a priest, the young man entered St. Andrew's Preparatory Seminary in September, 1909. After two years' study at that institution, he entered St. Bernard's Seminary to take up philosophy and theology in preparation for the priesthood. Last June he received the minor order of tonsure, the first step toward the priesthood.

Mr. Craugh's character and kind disposition had endeared him to his fellow students and to many friends outside of the seminary. A solemn requiem high mass was celebrated at the seminary Saturday morning for the repose of his soul.

Besides his parents, he leaves four brothers, Joseph, Richard, Gerald and Wilfred Craugh, and two sisters, the Misses Mary and Regina Craugh, all of Penn Yan. The remains were removed to Hyland the Undertaker's chapel, and were then taken to Penn Yan for burial. The funeral took place from St. Michael's church on Monday morning.

Weekly Church Calendar

Twenty-first Sunday after Pentecost.

Gospel, St. Matthew xviii., 23-25.

S 25 SS. Chrysanthus & Darias, M. M.

M 26 St. Evaristus, P. M.

T 27 St. Frumentius, B. C.

W 28 SS. Simon and Jude, Ap.

Th 29 St. Narcissus, B.

F 30 St. Alphonsus Rodriguez, C.

S 31 St. Wolfgang, B.

News

Churches of the city are preparing for the coming winter season. The St. Michael's church is being repaired and will be ready for the coming year. The St. Joseph's church is also being repaired and will be ready for the coming year.

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