

The Catholic Journal

Twenty-sixth Year, No. 13.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, Dec. 25, 1914.

Breaking Daley

There was a fascination about the pudgy white hand that played awkwardly yet quickly, with the neat bundles of crisp bank notes lying on the mahogany table. The fat fingers had a trick of stretching out suddenly and then relaxing. Daley had seen the cat do that beside the fire at home, and as he listened to the purring voice of a big man opposite—so plausible, so pleasant—his excited mind fought against the sinister delusion of a giant paw, there on the table, stealthily unheating cruel claws and quickly hiding them.

"So you can put this down to interest you, Daley," the soft voice continued. "You're new in politics and you're young. There are bigger jobs than house delegate. Listen to your friends, and you'll go higher. We'll have this thing all in shape, tomorrow. Run in during the afternoon."

Daley went out with a strange elation beating in him. There was something that whispered of power, of money, of success. Fantastic wisps of forgotten dreams flitted in and out, and he found it pleasant as he walked along to let them riot in his mind.

He had covered half the distance to his home before he thrust his fancies from him and began to think. He found it hard to face the thing in sober thought. The bright hopes for higher office, for ultimate large success, were all very well, but he knew it was today that concerned him most—knew that, above all, his first pressing need was money. And Bent, in his skillful talk, had mentioned money—immediate funds. He shrank a little as he thought of it, but he was there, under the fine words. It was crookedness—ugly, plundering crookedness.

A dancing, gleeful midget greeted him at his doorstep, with a cricketlike shrill of "Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!"

Daley caught up the little girl and crushed the cool, soft cheeks against his feverish face. He looked up to find his wife, Margaret, smiling at them from the door.

"I'm so glad you came home early, Billy, dear," she said, as she kissed him. "Did you have a good day?"

He looked at her a moment queerly. Then, tenderly, he patted her shoulder.

"I don't know, Margy, whether it was good or not."

They were sitting on the small front step that evening, the warm breath of spring softly stirring through the gathering shadows.

"Billy," said Margaret, "tomorrow is the first of May."

Daley stirred uneasily.

"I know, Margy; I know. Let's forget it a while. It's peaceful here and quiet, and we seem to be away off from—"

"Billy, dear, and his wife put her hand gently on his knee. "Not the first of the month—the first of May—the Blessed Virgin's month. I know you've been busy and worried and things haven't been going on just right at the office. So you've not thought very much about these other things. But Billy, I've been thinking about them. This afternoon the thought was with me every minute. I'm afraid we're beginning to forget a little, dear. Tomorrow night the May devotions begin. Will you go with me?"

Billy stared a moment straight across the street. He clasped the little hand resting on his knee.

"I guess I've slipped some, Margy. Don't seem to have time any more. There'll be a lot of night work next month. I'll see what I can do. That insurance premium's due tomorrow," he broke off. "Won't be much left for the bills."

"They're not so very big this month. Perhaps something will turn up," he added tensely.

William Daley was a member of the street and alley committee in the Assembly. There was a big subdivision to be opened up in the outskirts of the city that spring, and the next morning he went out there with a package of blue-prints.

The rolling country, clean and fresh, blossomed sweetly about him. His lungs expanded gratefully in the pure air, he felt the blood tingling joyfully through his veins as he walked about noting the white stakes and consulting the blue plans.

For an hour or more he worked happily, and then suddenly it came to him how intimately associated with these sunny, green hillsides were Bent's insinuating words of yesterday. In a little while he was to go again to the big, purring man, and the soft voice would want an answer.

Daley weighed it, walking with his head down. On one side there were the pleasant dreams and money—money to lift that ever-increasing, torturing load that piled up day by day. On the other there was only the struggle, the heart-breaking battle that he had been fighting as far back as he could remember.

"Why, I never even had a mother," he thought bitterly. "Maybe if I had I'd know what to do."

Then he thought of the dancing midget and of Margaret.

He reached the summit of the long slope. Down there before him was a little stone church, its tiny spire and gilded cross pointing up out of a group of trees. He stood, looking off across the valley at the shining little cross.

"Margy wants me to go with her to-night—to May devotions. The two ideas—of visiting Bent and going with Margaret—created a strange turmoil in him. He left them in a detached sort of way, struggling like deadly enemies for supremacy. There came to him then clearly from the slender, distant spire the musical notes of the bell.

"It's the Angelus," said Daley aloud, and his hand rose slowly to his hat.

"The angel of the Lord declared unto Mary"—the words rushed to him, and reverently he repeated them.

"Guess I won't wait till to-night to start my May devotions," he said, with a whimsical smile.

Big Bent sat behind the polished table and smiled as Daley entered.

"Sit down, my boy," he said, genially. "Well, we're all ready."

Again that thick hand dropped to the table, and Daley saw, with a quick clutch in his breast, the neat little packages of yellow bills with which it carelessly toyed.

"Now, about this job out at Northampton," said the big man briskly. "That's coming up to-night, I believe."

Daley's face was pale, and round his forehead strands of his ruddy hair lay plastered coldly. But his lips were dry and hot and he moistened them with his tongue as he spoke.

"Mr. Bent," he began, "it isn't ingratitude—I know you did a lot for me last fall—elected me, I guess. But I—I can't go on with those paving plans."

The heavy fingers stretched out slowly—and did not relax. Mr. Bent's voice lost its purring note.

"Going to turn us down, eh?" he rasped.

"It's not that, Mr. Bent. I'll do anything I can for you. But I can't do anything about the paving."

"Let me tell you something, Daley," snarled the big man, pushing his great head forward. "I don't know what you want, but you've heard all—we've got to say."

"I don't want anything," said Daley.

"It's a turn down!" Bent leaped up with astonishing agility. His narrow, glinting eyes blazed down at Daley. "You can't get away with it. We'll break you in a thousand pieces."

Young Daley knew the insidious power behind the threat, understood in a flash what it meant to him—and he wavered. But clear in his memory rushed the simple tale he had told the Blessed Mother, there on the hill, and the color flushed back to his face.

"Better start in breaking, Bent," he said evenly. "But don't get careless, because I'm going

to give you a fine little fight."

Bent chuckled derisively and dropped back into his chair.

"Well," he said, with a little sigh, "we all make mistakes. I thought you were a pretty bright young fellow, Daley, but I guess you'd better look around for a job—you'll need one next fall. That's about all today."

Daley's hand clenched angrily, and for an instant a wild desire filled him to smash his strong fist into the sneering face before him. Then without a word he crushed his soft felt hat down on his head and left the room.

As he ran down the steps he felt the first hot wrath slipping from him. With the passing of its stimulating warmth there stole over him quickly an odd sensation of cold loneliness. It was as if he had been set down suddenly in a strange and hostile place, when he crossed the busy street he looked for Finnigan, the traffic man, but another stood there directing the passing stream, and the new man only nodded curtly at him as he passed.

To Daley, Bent's silent but tremendous power was a very real thing. He had seen its workings last fall; he watched it lift him, unskilled in politics, almost unknown, up over the heads of wiser and older opponents, and now it seemed that already those invisible but solid props were being kicked out from under him, leaving him weak and alone to face his towering foe.

A chattering newsboy rushed at him. Daley handed the urchin a coin and took the paper. He stood for a moment looking dully at the headlines, then his light flickered up in his gray eyes.

"I've got Margy with me, anyway," he said softly. "She'd have told me to do just what I've done. We can save here and there—we'll get along somehow. And now I'll just take one shot at this."

He tossed the newspaper from him and strode off rapidly down the street.

Ten minutes later James Pearlman, owner of the "Post," the city's greatest newspaper, glanced at William Daley's card. He balanced it a moment on his slender fingers, then dropped it on his desk before him.

"Show him in," he said.

"Mr. Pearlman," said Daley, taking the chair indicated, "I've called to tell you of a talk I had to-day with Mr. Bent."

"If you come on Bent's business, Mr. Daley," answered Pearlman coldly, "the matter will be of no interest to me."

"Mr. Bent has just told me that he would break me into a thousand pieces because I refused to recommend certain specifications in the paving plans for the Northampton district. Does that interest you, Mr. Pearlman?"

Pearlman snapped his gold nose glasses into their case and fitted on a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles.

"I think it will, Daley," he said. "Begin as far back as you wish."

As Daley talked, Mr. Pearlman leaned back in his chair, regarding the ceiling studiously. He straightened up now and then to ask a short question, and three times he waved his secretary away as that discreet person entered with a card.

"And there it is," said Daley, finally. "It was a pretty close call for me. I was about ready to do it, but out there in the country this morning—well, it doesn't matter how I made up my mind not to—I don't know what Bent will do—break me, I guess, just like he says."

Mr. Pearlman touched a button on his desk.

"Ask Mr. Denton to come up at once," he directed the tall secretary.

"This newspaper tries to be very sure of its ground at all times," he continued, turning to Daley. "We have observed Mr. Bent for some time, but we have not acted because we lacked certain necessary details. In this you have helped us very much, and we are grateful. I don't think Mr. Bent will break you, Mr. Daley. I rather fancy you and the

Post will break Mr. Bent."

Robert H. Gross in the Queen's Work.

News From Ireland

Antrim

F. L. Hays, J. P., of the Ulster-Steaming Company, Belfast, has resigned his office as Consul of the Ottoman Empire. The Consulate has been held by the family nearly seventy years.

Martin Joseph Burke, solicitor, Catholic, has been appointed clerk of the Crown and peace for Belfast. He was a pupil of the Christian Brothers' Schools and St. Malachy's College, Belfast.

Down

William A. Lawlor has been permanently appointed to the Town Clerkship of Carrigrohane, his election being moved at the Urban Council by Mr. Mullane, seconded by Mr. McGrath, and supported by Mr. Malloy, M. P., and the chairman, Mr. Governey, J. P.

Donegal

Dr. C. J. Kelly, son of the late Dr. Kelly, J. P., Ennis, and of Mrs. Kelly, Barrion Avenue, Blackrock, has just a commission in the R. A. M. C.

Galway

Captain the Hon. A. E. S. Mulholland, Irish Guards, killed in action, was the eldest son of Lord Dunleath, Ballyvaughan Castle.

Leitrim

The death of Mrs. Hart, wife of Wm. Hart, a member of the Cork Corporation, took place recently.

London

The Deputy Lieutenant for County Donegal, vacant by the death of Hugh McDermott, of Glenties, has been conferred upon Alderman James E. O'Doherty, Buncrana.

London

Captain Nagel of the Nicotivessel captured and sunk by the Karisruhe on October 8th, when about a week out of Buenos Ayres—is a native of Coleridge. The captain and his crew were landed at Tenerife on October 22nd.

London

Nora Hanrahan, the daughter of the clerk of the Crown and Peace in Fermanagh, has obtained a Moderatorship in Modern Languages at Trinity College, Dublin. She secured first honors in both German and French in all her Honor Examinations.

London

Lieut. G. Creagh Jennings, Shrop. L. I., killed at the front on the 6th inst., was the youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel Ulick Jennings, Monkstown and Ironpool.

London

A fatal burning accident occurred at Ardaraugh, Ballyhaunis, recently, the victim being Mrs. Anne Holloway, wife of Henry Holloway, formerly a superintendent in the London Police.

London

To make room for the British military, fifty-four inmates of the Mitchelstown Union have been transferred to Fennoy Workhouse.

Mrs. Mary Beggs, of Skibbereen, left personal estate valued at \$2404 on trust for four children.

Leitrim

On November 11, 1914, in private hospital, Dublin, the death took place of Mark P. McDermott, Maenadille, Carrick-on-Shannon.

Mayo

H. H. C. Knox, J. P., Creagh, Ballinrobe, has been appointed to be a deputy lieutenant for County Mayo.

The L. L. Williams School

Teaches thoroughly and practically the commercial branches—bookkeeping, business arithmetic, commercial law, business penmanship, English, etc., as well as Osgoodby-Pitman and Gregg shorthand and rapid touch typewriting—just those things that young people will have real use for. The attendance is steadily growing; 27 Church street—Adv.

Rev. Mr. Strayer, his words and phrases

Last Friday evening was "open discussion" evening at the Young Men's Club meeting in Holy Redeemer Hall. The topic was on the recent remarks of Rev. Paul Moore Strayer in the Victoria Theatre, wherein he made several statements regarding the Catholic Church, which caused much comment in the city, and led to several replies being printed in the daily press.

Before the discussion was held these remarks and the replies to them were read. The discussion was opened by Philip H. Donnelly, who stated that he had been to a conference with Mr. Strayer to see if he had been properly quoted by the press and to get a point of view as to the propriety of Mr. Strayer's remarks. He said that Mr. Strayer had stated that he had used the words "heavenly and holy" in his remarks on the subject of an attack on the Catholic Church. Mr. Donnelly said that he was not expressing his views, but was stating what he had seen in the press. He said that he had seen the words "heavenly and holy" in the remarks of Mr. Strayer, and that he had seen them in the press. He said that he had seen them in the press, and that he had seen them in the press.

Mr. Donnelly stated that it was his impression from Mr. Strayer's conversation during his conference and from his examination of Mr. Strayer's remarks, that he regretted the use of such words as "heavenly and holy" in the phrase "heavenly and holy" in his remarks. He said that Mr. Strayer had agreed with him when he said that what is necessary to get up the present religious feeling for non-Catholics is not a better understanding of just what the Catholic Church teaches on the different questions that concern those outside the church, but an inquiry about the teaching of the church and if the average Catholic were able and willing to give an explanation of the Church's teachings, Mr. Strayer admitted much could be done in bringing about a better understanding and a kinder feeling among Catholics and non-Catholics.

Cyril Mark thought that Mr. Strayer should have been more careful in the use of his words and phrases and that if there was any doubt in his mind as to how Catholics considered such expressions, he should have inquired of some Catholic able to give him the desired information.

William Maloney stated that Mr. Strayer is an educated man and should have known the way his words would be regarded by Catholics. Mr. Strayer, he said, did not speak the spur of the moment; he had prepared his statement and should therefore have considered well what he said. Mr. Maloney pointed out that if the replies had not been made to these remarks, many persons would have believed that the words about the Catholic Church were true. Catholics, he said, owed it to the Church and to themselves to be ever ready to answer such criticisms of the Church and of its policy.

President Otto stated that he knew of Mr. Strayer and thought that he tried ordinarily to be fair, but on this occasion he had not been so careful in the choice of his language as he should have been. He stated that it is easy to use words that will convey to others a meaning different from that which the writer intends. As an instance of that he referred to the remarks which Mr. Donnelly had made about the reply of Clara Dwyer, in which she stated that the Catholic Church was not concerned with temporal affairs. He pointed out how Mr. Donnelly had shown from the encyclical of Pope Leo XIII. that the Catholic Church is much concerned with the temporal welfare of its children. Her hospitals, asylums, and charities of various kinds, besides the great interests she takes in all that concerns labor and the masses. Just as Mr. Strayer's remarks had conveyed a different meaning from what he intended, so Clara Dwy-

er's remarks had conveyed a different meaning from what she intended.

WANTS NURSES

A large number of nurses are wanted for the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Dubuque, Iowa, has established a visiting nurse department.

The St. Vincent de Paul Society of Dubuque, Iowa, has established a visiting nurse department.

The new Villa Maria Academy of the Sister Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, at Frazer, Pa., an imposing building, was dedicated by Archbishop Frendergast. It is 37,300 sq. ft. and occupies 200 acres. Its tower is 143 feet high, topped by a 10-foot statue of the Immaculate Conception.

At Akron, Ohio, the new Sacred Heart Academy of the Dominican Sisters was dedicated and opened by Mrs. O'Reilly of Cleveland.

Send us your job printings.