

# The Catholic Journal.

Twenty-sixth Year, No. 17.

Rochester, N. Y., Friday, Jan. 23, 1933.

50 Cts. Per Year, 10 Cts. Per Copy.

## The Splendid Vagabond

The shifting mass of humanity that all day held the busy streets of the city's commerce had dwindled. The gray dusk of a cold fall evening was settling; the work-a-day world was gone, and now only the occasional straggler was seen to hurry through the door of some giant mill of industry, and into a passing car, leaving the streets to echo with the footsteps in the taut numbness of the still air. Some there were who lingered—strolled and lingered, in their delectable way, at each turning in the streets, and ever aimlessly onward. These were the men who wore the badge of their profession; the men of no intent, that don't fit in—the homeless, unclaimed mob, whom the public love—to kick, to pity and to philanthropize at stated seasons.

Terry O'Brien was one of these—had been one now for nearly a year. He had groveled in the mire, had been woven into the soiled fabric of the unfit. He was one of the initiated and was drifting with time into eternity. Somehow the meagerness of his part in affairs had not occurred to him. But tonight he had seen the work-a-day world disperse. They had labored through the day, and they were going—home, home! It beat upon his brain with a dull thud. The things about him became visionary for the moment, and everything the word once meant came back to him. A crystal bead rolled from the corner of his eye, glistened a moment on his cheek and fell upon the frayed lapel of his coat. "My God!" The words came unconsciously from his lips. He pressed his fingers hard against his eyes to clear away the mist, and he took himself down a side street, along where the river lay. There he sat. Across the way another world of homes stood forth, a thousand lights proclaiming warmth and comfort and family cheer, and from some hundred hearths rose the purring smoke against the star-set vault of Heaven. Then far over the distant homes came the first faint glimmer of the moon and tinged the river with a silver sheen, and the low phantom walls about him gave forth irregular shadows here and there in the sordid area of the river front.

Terry saw it all. His soul welled to his eyes. It punished him with the beauty of it all and with the betterness of things. He closed his eyes and sighed heavily, and in that sigh was hopelessness and surrender. He glanced out over the river and shuddered. There was a wicked washing of the waves against the shore. They were inviting him. Why not? There was a ready tomb—

"Have ye a match, me hearty?" The stranger had come upon him of a sudden. Terry turned about, but the stranger was already in front of him.

"Thankee, friend, thankee much. If ye are not averse to cheer and right company I would fill my cob and share the curling, vantages therefrom with you."

A muffled gulp drew the stranger's eyes toward Terry again. His head was thrown upon his forearm and he was resting hard upon the low wall. His frame convulsed.

"Oh, God! I wish I was dead."

"No, you don't, you young thing. That would spoil it all. You see, tomorrow's Thanksgiving, friend. They wine and dine tomorrow. Old Dives puts us up to a splurge at so much per curiosity. No, you don't. It's a splendid season, son, rejoice and make merry."

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" Terry had completely given way. His soul seemed to melt, and the scalding tears of anguish were pouring from his eyes and corroding down his cheeks like hot crystal beads.

The splendid vagabond went on.

As though anticipating no response he took Terry's hand in his.

"Glad to know ye, friend! Glad to know ye."

Terry was not in a receptive mood and turned to leave him. A heavy hand was upon his shoulder.

"Quo vada, stranger? Quo vada? Stay yet a while and greet yon rising moon. Diana's on the march in full regalia, and must have an audience. Is she not a beauty, boy, a beauty?"

"No."

"Huh? No? Thou discontented Celt! What would you have?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Humph!"

The two stood silent a full minute. Terry stared blankly up at the moon and blankly out at the waters, his whole soul drawn up in his tight set lips and still eyes.

He found the intruder staring at him closely, curiously, and he was laughing.

"Give us your story, friend."

"I guess that's my own business," was Terry's curt retort.

"Right enough! Right you are, my friend!"

The big gray-bearded man was puffing leisurely, and suddenly claimed Terry's attention.

"I'll give you your story, stranger. I'll give it to you."

"You—Terry was interrupted."

"And you're going to listen, friend, to an old fool that speaks wisdom. I'm going to deduce cause from effect, as it were, and you're going to admit my logical inference."

Terry was now eyeing him. He had passed from curiosity to doubt, and at this was taken aback in his philandering existence the past many months he had mingled with the scourings, the human jettam, and had learned the power of divers drugs to transport men to any ecstasy—at a minute's notice men of the gutter may become Wallstreet speculators and philanthropists. Terry wondered what this new phase would be.

The stranger was speaking.

"Your young years are upon you tonight, friend. You have taken in the heavens and the earth; were marveling at the beauty of creation, and you found that you were not a part of the beauty, to say the least. I watched you from the rear, as I've watched other men under similar circumstances. When I came upon you you had come to a logical conclusion, am I right? Yes! I saw your conclusion in your actions, and verified it with the match I borrowed. The face must tell what the heart knows, boy, and there it was written as plain as the writing on the wall."

The stranger was looking hard at Terry. Terry was slouching on the low rock wall, his chin propped in his hands, and he did not move. He continued:

"Yes, as plain as the writing on the wall. You had resolved to dip in the Lethian waves, or to descend to the common place, or to account carcass in the deep. Am I right, friend? Eh? What?"

A muffled gulp drew the stranger's eyes toward Terry again. His head was thrown upon his forearm and he was resting hard upon the low wall. His frame convulsed.

"Eh? What? Tears, stranger?"

"Oh, God! I wish I was dead."

"No, you don't, you young thing. That would spoil it all. You see, tomorrow's Thanksgiving, friend. They wine and dine tomorrow. Old Dives puts us up to a splurge at so much per curiosity. No, you don't. It's a splendid season, son, rejoice and make merry."

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" Terry had completely given way. His soul seemed to melt, and the scalding tears of anguish were pouring from his eyes and corroding down his cheeks like hot crystal beads.

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To be continued

Mgr. Antio Niermann died at Davenport, Ia., in his 83rd year.

## News From Ireland Catholic News Notes

**Cork.**  
A man named John Doyle, laborer, Ballin, was accidentally burned to death in the house of a local postman at Fenagh.

William Mernagh, a farm laborer in the employ of Laurence Cullen, Knockevagh, Rathvilly, was found dead in a field a short time ago. At the subsequent inquest death was stated to be due to heart failure.

**Cork.**  
A verdict of death from compound fracture of the skull was returned at an inquest on Jeremiah O'Connell, R. D. F., who was found lying at the bottom of the stairs in Cork Barracks and died under an operation.

**Derry.**  
Recently Patrick O'Neill, a Nationalist Volunteer, expired at his lodgings, Fahan street, Derry from heart failure.

**Derry.**  
Derry County Board of the Nationalist Volunteers has passed a resolution regretting the departure of Rev. P. O'Callaghan, C. C., Swatragh, to Cappagh, Omagh, and wishing him all success in his new sphere of ministration.

**Donegal.**  
The death has taken place of John Gallagher, Main street, Farnellton.

**Down.**  
There was a large congregation in St. Patrick's church, Laurencetown, County Down, at the anniversary office and requiem mass for the late Rev. M. McCornville, P. P., Tuillysh.

**Down.**  
Very Rev. J. Doyle, P. P., V. F., Sallynahinch, presided, and a number of clergymen attended.

The Newry Board of Guardians passed a vote of sympathy with the widow and family of the late David Alexander, who was a member of the board for over twelve years.

H. R. Fleming, a former Newry resident, has been promoted to the position of sub-agent of the Newry branch of the Bank of Ireland.

**Dublin.**  
The L. G. Board has sanctioned the application of Kingstown Urban Council for a loan of \$7900 for the erection of working-class dwellings at Sallynoggin.

**Galway.**  
On the Twinning estate, Cleggan, a number of cattle, the property of Thomas Conneys, J. P., Streamstown, Clifden, have been "driven." No arrests have been made.

A sum of \$600 has been collected in the Galway diocese on behalf of the Belgian relief fund, as a result of the appeal of Most Rev. Dr. O'Dea.

**Kerry.**  
A sum of \$70 was collected for Belgian relief at the Catholic church gates in Listowel recently.

**Kilkenny.**  
The following deaths are announced: Miss Maryanne Doherty, Whiteswall.—At Athy, Patrick Dempsey.

**Kilkenny.**  
Recently the dead body of a man named John Leonard was found in the River Nore near Green's Bridge.

Dennis O'Carroll, clerk of Union, Castlecomer, has been appointed a magistrate for the county.

Very Rev. E. H. Collins, O. P., has been re-elected as Prior of the Black Abbey, Kilkenny.

**Limerick.**  
In the Convent of Perpetual Adoration, Wexford, Sister Mary of St. Gertrude passed away after a brief illness. The deceased religious, who was a member of the Order for almost 32 years, the third daughter of the late Laurence Frost, Limerick.

**Mayo.**  
Joseph Ryan, son of James Ryan, U. D. C., Bridge street, Westport, has obtained his M. R. C. V. S. degree at the recent examination of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons, held in Dublin.

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## Catholic News Notes

The present Catholic population of the diocese of Omaha, Nebraska is 80,465, 170 priests, 13,785 pupils, 18 religious orders of women and 13,883 Catholic families.

Bishop Alerding of Fort Wayne has dedicated a Polish church near Gary, Indiana.

The Bishop of Altoona, Mgr. Garvey, disapproves of dancing, and may refuse the Sacraments to the followers and habitués of dance halls.

Miss Catherine Marshall contributed \$25,000 for the St. Catherine Home for Working Girls, Milwaukee.

It is estimated that, engaged in the European war, are 125,337, 070 Catholics, and 96,091,550 who come under the general term Protestants.

Rev. Father Mieczyslaw, a Polish priest, and for 22 years pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Baltimore, died recently, aged 49 years.

The mission given at the Epiphany Church, Philadelphia, resulted in 33,000 Communions, and sixty conversions to the Faith.

The Cause of Sister Therese, "The Little Flower of Jesus," has been formally introduced in Rome, thus beginning the second step in the Process of her canonization.

The Bishop of Fall River, Mass., Mgr. Feehan, laid the cornerstone for a new Catholic high school at New Bedford.

Bishop Gallagher of Galveston, dedicated a handsome church, costing \$25,000, at Corn Hill, Texas.

The Rev. Chancellor of the Archdiocese of Boston, Father James O'Connell, has been made a Domestic Prelate.

At the instance of the Archbishop, the St. Vincent de Paul Society of Philadelphia will cooperate with the Emergency Aid Committee of that city for the relief of the unemployed and deserving poor.

Spiritual retreats for men are growing in number and frequency in our Eastern cities.

Rev. Father Norbert Kersten, of Racine, Wis., fell dead on the street a few days ago.

Very Rev. Father Vanier, head of the Benedictine Monastery, Bolton, Quebec, was accidentally drowned. His motor boat was struck by ice and sank.

Consular agents report that 30,000 Albanians have already died of starvation. In Jerusalem there is an urgent need for provisions.

A strenuous life is that of Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster. None of the foreign Cardinals is so much in public life—in continuous public work—as he.

**Rochester Knights To Attend Buffalo Review**  
Brigadier-General Fred Kleinhans, General George E. Noeth and Major John W. Diringer, of this city, assisted the reviewing officers at the annual exhibition drill of the Second regiment, Knights of St. John, in the Broadway Auditorium, Buffalo, Wednesday evening. More than 1,000 uniformed men participated in the various maneuvers. General C. W. Wallace, of Columbus, O., conducted the review.

## Bishop T. M. A. Burke, Pope Benedict's Prayer for Peace

Albany, Jan. 20.—The Rt. Rev. T. M. A. Burke, fourth Bishop of Albany, died suddenly of heart failure here tonight. He celebrated his 75th birthday on January 10th and last June his golden jubilee as a priest.

From You, O Merciful God, we implore a cessation of this immense and cruel treatment.

From You, O King of Peace, we desire a place in which we may hasten with our cross.

From You, O Most Holy Virgin, irradiated charity to enlighten our hearts, O Jesus, at the only place of safety.

From You, O Most Holy Virgin, inspire our hearts to love and to be united with our brethren.

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## Pope Benedict's Prayer for Peace

Rome, Jan. 18.—Pope Benedict XV has addressed to all the peoples and priests of the world a prayer for peace. It follows:

Appalled by the horror of war into which peoples and nations have been plunged, we seek refuge in the heart of Jesus, at the only place of safety.

From You, O Merciful God, we implore a cessation of this immense and cruel treatment.

From You, O King of Peace, we desire a place in which we may hasten with our cross.

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