

## The Ways She Had

I was a big boy when she came to our house. I was twelve years old. My brother Ben was ten and Sis was eight. I didn't believe she would come until the last minute, though Dad had called us together the night before and told us on the morrow he would be married.

At first Sis was glad, for on our lonely farm she never saw the face of a woman I was not clear through, and Ben, noticing me, was all the while. We didn't want her, but he only smiled at us and sent us to bed.

The next day she came. We were working in the kitchen, Sis and Ben and myself, when we heard the front door open, and pretty soon the footsteps of two people. Dad walked straight to us leading her by the arm. He said:

"This is your mother, my children! I hope you will be good to her!"

Sis ran away, and Ben began to cry, but I just straightened myself up and said:

"She is not our mother. She is no relation to us. Our mother is dead."

Dad seemed solemn-like and I thought there was going to be trouble; but she touched his arm so soft-like and spoke so gently and in a way she had.

"Don't tease the children. They need not have me for a relative and they need never call me mother. I am just Lisbeth."

The ways she said it made us feel mean. Everybody kept so silent-like for a long time. Then Dad told her to take off her things and be at home.

All that day Sis and Ben and myself kept away from her. We went to the barn and sat so quiet all the afternoon. We talked serious-like about when our own mother died. I was only three years when we lost her, Ben a year and a half, and little Sis a week old. We didn't even remember what she was like, but we knew we had once a mother, for her grave was in the little country cemetery in the Bottomlands.

Soon we heard Dad's voice calling, "Come children it is supper-time!"

We hurried to the house to make ready the supper as usual, and my heart rebelled at having to set an extra plate for the stranger. But we hardly knew our plain old kitchen, for just in three hours it had been transformed. The floor was scrubbed white, clean curtains were on the windows, and the big table that was both a kitchen and dining room table had the whitest cloth on it I had ever seen in my life. We didn't even have to carry our chairs to the table, for every chair was set in just ready for us.

I didn't speak, but I knew she must have a way of making everything look lovely and home-like. Yes, and she had a way of making things taste good, too, for we had the best supper we ever had in our lives. I was getting to like her, and after our supper, I said:

"Lisbeth, you cook things a awful nice."

She looked at Dad and they both laughed, and Dad said something about the way to a man's heart being through his stomach. Then she said to me:

"I am glad you like my cooking, John. I like to cook for people who appreciate it; and now since you have praised it, I want to do all the cooking after this. It is a woman's work. You boys have done it long enough. I'll do it and Sis will help me. I'll just be your cook Lisbeth. How is that?"

We were only too glad to get out of the work, so Ben and myself hired Lisbeth then and there for our cook.

Lisbeth had lots of nice ways. She was so good to us. She mended our clothes and kept us clean. She sent us to school and helped us with our lessons. When we were sick she took such good care of us and often left her work to read to us. She wouldn't even say a cross word to us and she wouldn't even let Dad scold us.

She had the queerest, nicest ways. I could hardly understand her, when she is caring for little Lisbeth. There are only a mother's ways. — Kathleen Sullivan the Canadian Messenger.

Years passed, and we learned that Lisbeth was not only our cook but our adviser, our manager and our comforter.

When little Sis was fifteen years old, a dreadful sickness, the black diptheria, took our sister from us. Lisbeth in that awful time was our household angel. She kept Dad and Ben and myself away from all contagion, but she herself stayed with Sis to the last, and she said afterwards that the happiest moment of her life was when she heard sister's dying voice whisper:

"I think God sent you to us, Lisbeth, to make us happy."

Yes, that was another of Lisbeth's queer ways—she always made folks happy.

We buried sister beside the mother we never knew away down in the Bottomlands, and Lisbeth it was who kept the two graves bright with flowers.

More years passed and there came a time when my heart sought a confidant who could be glad to listen to my happy secrets. Is it strange that I went to Lisbeth and unburdened my joy to Lisbeth?

"Yes," I told her, "I would be married in two weeks, and Mary is the dearest girl in the world, so soft-like and spoke so gently and just two miles away, on Mary's farm, and, Lisbeth, you must come to see Mary often, for you know she has no mother."

Did I imagine it or did Lisbeth start in surprise?

"What is it?" I asked abruptly. "O nothing, nothing," she replied, rather excitedly, "I had a little chill, but it has passed."

Lisbeth did come to see Mary often. She helped us to fix up our house until it shone with cleanliness, comfort and happiness. She became Mary's great friend and companion, and ere the year close years when we lost her, Ben and little Sis but, confided the holiest secret of her young life. When the baby came, Lisbeth was Mary's nurse and mother. Daily she sat by the bedside of the new mother and nursed her back to strength.

"We must call the baby Lisbeth," said Mary to me, as we together gazed in admiration on our new found joy, "and the baby must learn to call Lisbeth Grandma."

But when we told Lisbeth, she softly replied, in that quiet little way she had:

"No, the baby must not call Grandma. I never was a mother, so I cannot be a grandma."

Her voice had a strange meaning in a queer note that carried me back to the day when Dad first brought her to our house, and she told us we need never call her mother. It set me thinking that evening after she had gone home. I thought on all her strange little ways that made us always so happy and so contented—and yet—she was only Lisbeth, our cook, our house servant.

Next day, as Dad passed, he stopped in to ask for Mary and to tell us Lisbeth had a cold and would not be in to see us. She was afraid, he said, that Mary or the baby might catch the cold from her.

The day after that, I saw Ben driving hurriedly by, and I called out to him:

"Lisbeth is very, very bad," he said; "I am going for a doctor."

The doctor came and brought a nurse all stripes from the city, but when, after Lisbeth had been sick for a week, I asked the doctor if he had hopes, he replied:

"She has worked too hard, thought too much of others and not enough of herself. It is the fault common to all mothers."

I bowed my head when he spoke these words. A something strange in my soul found expression at last.

"Save her, Doctor," I cried; "save my mother. We can not get along without her."

Lisbeth died. That was four years ago. Sometimes I sit by her lonely grave in the Bottomlands frequenting places of amusement and I think on all the ways she wouldn't even let Dad scold us. I understand the ways now, during this holy season.

## News From Ireland

**Carlton.**  
P. Kinsella, J. P., Ballytasna, has been unanimously elected chairman of Carlown, R. D. Council, in room of the late Mr. Brophy.

**Died.**—At her residence, Monday, Leighlinbridge, Anne O'Dwyer, aged sixty-two.

**Clare.**  
Clare County Council has elected Thomas Kelly, Spanchill, returning officer by fifteen votes to eleven for J. Galvin.

**County.**  
The late J. W. Bennett, who has died at Coos Bay, Oregon, was a distinguished lawyer and financier. He was born in Bandon in 1855, being son of the late G. Bennett, B. L., who wrote the History of Bandon.

**Derry.**  
The late J. Boyd, National teacher, who died at Bangor, taught at Dungannon for nearly forty years.

**Married.**—October 18, at St. Agatha's, North William street, Dublin, with nuptial Mass, by the Rev. G. W. Turley, Church of Our Lady of Lourdes, assisted by the Very Rev. C. Collins, P. P., Lavey, and the Rev. A. Moriarty, B. A., St. Agatha's, William Henry, 80 Upper Dorset street, to Frances Philomena, eldest daughter of Bernard and Mrs. Fitzsimons, Riversdale, Drumcondra.

**Fermanagh.**  
Died—October 18, at Mulla three, Enniskillen, Alice Fox.

**Kerry.**  
While accepting with regret the resignation of Dr. Joseph Costello, Ballybunion, from the chairmanship of the Lisle Old Age pension committee that body elected in his place the Very Rev. Canon Fuller, P. P., V. F. Ballybunion.

**Dr. P. Collins was elected by the Killarney Guardians medical officer of Croom by fifty-four votes to ten for Dr. D. Murphy.**

**Married.**—October 17, at St. Mary's Cathedral, Kilkenny, by the Rev. J. Roe, P. P., Gowan, James eldest son of Nicholas Murphy, Rylanes, to Elizabeth, only daughter of the late Richard Hennessy, Dunganarvan, Thomas town.

**Died.**—At Port Augusta, Australia, John Joseph Garahy, eldest son of the late Michael Garahy, Cloghan, Kings county, October 24, at her residence, 9 Wexford street, Dublin, Mary, relict of the late Michael Foley, late of Edenderry.

**Married.**—October 12, at the Cathedral, by the Rev. James Henneby, P. P., Modeligo, Edward Francis, eldest son of Michael Power, J. P., Carrick-on-Suir, to Marcella, youngest daughter of Richard Henneby, Kilrossan.

**Died.**—October 18, at her residence, Corderry, Knockbridge, County Louth, Judith, wife of Joseph Callan.

**Monaghan.**  
The recent gale did little damage in Monaghan, except in blowing down trees. Some fell across the roads in various places, one at the horse fair, Clones, breaking some electric wires.

**Queen's.**  
Captain R. H. Stubber, Moyne, Durrrow, has been appointed a D. L. for Queens county.

**Tipperary.**  
On his way home from Nenagh a farmer, named Kennedy, of Rockview, fell out of his car, and received injuries which proved fatal.

**Rev. J. Maher, P. P., Dunker-** rin, and formerly C. C., Nenagh has been presented with an illuminated address from the National societies of Nenagh. A few weeks ago Rev. Father Gunning, now Adm., Newmarket-on-Fergus, received a similar presentation.

**Died.**—At Conway's Cross, Bartley McDonagh.

## The Socialist Straight-Jacket Pinches.

**Editor of "The Masses" Shows Signs of Revolt.**

**Party a Sect Not a Class Movement.**

The American Socialist Party is experiencing much difficulty of late in keeping its leading members in line. They have a fatal tendency, as with all radicals, to go off on a tangent and desert their organization and its principles. The Rev. Dr. Lunn, two times Socialist mayor of Schenectady, was a noteworthy example. He had much trouble during the course of both administrations to get along with his party and finally was expelled from it for not listening to the dictation of the local on the appointment of men to public offices. He fired a parting broadside at his former "comrades" in the Metropolitan Magazine, telling much about the Socialist machine, and then completed his revolt this last election by running for Congress from that district—and being elected on the Democratic ticket. The Socialists have taken such consolation as they can from the fact that he is to be succeeded in Schenectady by Dr. Steinmetz, elected as a Socialist, but expelled from the party for the same reason as caused Lunn's defection.

**Now comes Max Eastman Editor of "The Masses"**, to tell his story of complaint. The Socialist Party is dangerously near being a sect, he says, instead of the political instrument of the working class. The whole trouble is that during the last election "Comrade" Eastman publicly expressed his preference for one of the candidates of the "old parties" rather than for the other, and the Socialists did not like that at all. They said all sorts of unkind things about him for not supporting their own candidate in the proper manner. In the December issue of his publication "Comrade" Eastman replies in his characteristic way. He gives a very frank opinion of those who have "excommunicated" him for issuing the statement that he did.

What the Socialist party has to do now, he says, "is to get rid of all this sectarian dogmatism, this doctrinaire, index expurgatorius mode of thinking, and this infatuation with an organization as an end in itself. Let us try to use our brains freely, love progress more than a party, allow ourselves the natural emotions of our species, and see if we can get ready to play a human part in the actual complex flow of events. The great wisdom that Karl Marx brought into the ranks of social idealists was the recognition of the fact that the world will never be saved by cranks. It will be saved by great masses of normal beings acting in accord with the deepest instinct of nature. In the name of Marx, however, the Socialist Party of America is trying to become a party of pure cranks. Too many of its members want it to be a party of pure cranks. That is the trouble with it. That is why the membership falls off although the vote increases."

That is a very valuable bit of information for some people to take heart and remember. There is a temptation for workingmen of the Socialist party to be found the solution of all their difficulties. The Socialist, in speaking to one as yet without the pale, pictures all things so beautifully, and appeals to a certain sense of selfish idealism, making one fondly imagine that in the Socialist movement is to be found only "comrades" battling harmoniously together for the great ideal. But stories such as this—and much other evidence that is available—will show that this is not the case. The Socialist party is a great mass of uncertainty and factionalism. It is bound to be so. All revolutionary movements work in this way. Throwing aside the basic idea of principle, they find that they must have some shadow of principle at least, to go by if they wish in any way to proceed. Accordingly, ideas and ideals are adopted which are very

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much like straightjackets to those whom it is desired to keep in line. "Freedom of thought"—the very fundamental of their own association—will not allow such a state of affairs to continue, and revolt in time must come. That is the fate of all sects and extremist movements of any kind. Because of this they accomplish so very little toward the real betterment of those whom they are designed to aid. In the Socialist Party the workingman will not find a movement for the benefit of himself or his class. Sooner or later he will discover it to be nothing more nor less than a sect, with all the weakness and helplessness that that name implies.

C. B. of C. V.

## Catholic News Notes

**Domestic.**

Mrs. Cora J. Woodruff, of Baltimore, was chosen, as toast-mistress for the banquet of the biennial Convent of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, in Baltimore, which was held on November 23—26th.

In Fargo, N. Dak., three new schools have been opened.

In the United States, the Church is prospering as never before; likewise in Spain, Holland and some of the South American republics.

Mother Katherine Drexel, the most widely known and honored Catholic lady, religious and convert in the Church in this country, is now in her 57th year and in her 30th as a religious, but her appearance looks many years younger. Through her about 160 schools for negroes have been established attended by about 11,000 pupils.

In the diocese of N. and S. Dakota, Minnesota and Wisconsin Catholic life and growth are pronounced. Schools and churches are building and opening.

At the Convent of the Minor Conventuals of St. Francis, in Syracuse, N. Y., Brother Hugo, a convert, son of Countess de LeLoux, of the noble DeLoux family under King Louis VII. of France, of the second Crusade, made his profession.

**Foreign.**

The Catholic population of England and Wales, this year, is estimated at 2,000,000.

In the villages and towns of Northern France, occupied by the Germans, the crucifix banished by French infidels, has been restored.

In Roumania are about 70,000 Catholics.

Cardinal de Cabrières, Bishop of Montpellier, France, is the oldest of French Bishops. He is in his 87th year.

The house of the Poet Tasso, who was born in 1544, is still at Sorrento, Italy.

The daughters of Count Herbert Bismarck are Catholic; the President and Premier of Switzerland is a Catholic; the President of China is a Catholic; the Kings of Saxony, Bulgaria and Roumania are Catholics; also the grand-daughters of Byron and Walter Scott.

**Weekly Church Calendar**

**First Sunday of Advent.**

Gospel, St. Luke xxi., 23—33.

S. 3. St. Francis Xavier, C.  
M. 4. St. Peter Chrysologus, B. C. D.  
T. 5. St. Sabbas, Ab.  
W. 6. St. Nicholas, B. C.  
Th. 7. St. Ambrose, B. C.  
F. 8. The Immaculate Conception  
S. 9. St. Leocadia, V. M.

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## IN MEMORIAM.

At a regular meeting of Council No. 23, C. R. & B. A., the following resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to call to her eternal reward our beloved Sister Mrs. Catherine McEntee, whose death this Council has lost a faithful member and her family a loving and devoted mother.

Resolved, That we deeply mourn her death and extend our sincere sympathy to her bereaved relatives in their hour of affliction, be it further

Resolved, That this Council have a requiem high Mass said for the repose of her soul, that our charter be draped for thirty days that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her bereaved relatives, a copy be printed in the Catholic Journal and also be spread on the minutes of our Council.

Committee: Raymond J. Roland, Mrs. Elizabeth Blaesi, Miss Edith M. Sharp.

## Church Events for December

**Month of the Sacred Humanity.**

Sunday, 3. Advent Sunday, St. Francis Xavier; Wednesday, 6. St. Nicholas; Thursday, 7. St. Ambrose; Friday, 8. Feast of the Immaculate Conception; Wednesday, 13. St. Lucy; Monday, 25. Feast of the Nativity of Our Lord; Tuesday, 26. St. Stephen; Wednesday, 27. St. John the Evangelist; Thursday, 28. The Holy Innocents; Friday, 29. St. Thomas of Canterbury.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception (Dec. 8) is a holy day of obligation.

Dec. 20, 22, and 23. are Ember Days.

During the season of Advent, the Church bids her children to spend their days in preparing for the Coming of Our Lord. Thus, frequenting places of amusement and I think on all the ways she wouldn't even let Dad scold us. I understand the ways now, during this holy season.