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Prince Of The House Of God.

BY E. M. MCCARTHY

[Continued from last week]

As soon as he recovered a little he said that Lenora and he strolled out for a little fresh air after dancing, and as the night was glorious, they walked on and the first thing they knew, they were in St. Joseph's bower. I do not know how long we were there, but when after arising to go, we had gone but just a step when we heard something that struck the base of the status with great force and bounded off. Had that shot been fired a moment before, either Lenora or I would have been killed or badly wounded. My heart turned sick at the very thought of it. Well, as soon as I could I placed Lenora in the corner of the bower where the foliage hides the view and started to find out what the trouble was. When I came out, I saw you, and you know the rest. My first thought was 'God save my best friend.'

Poor Joseph! he was in an awful state. I sent one of the gentlemen to the villa for a good strong drink, and you all know, my friends, what the old Caracollo wine is! In a short time our Joseph was himself again, and I insisted upon Lenora draining the contents of the glass. The sweet girl! she was hardly able to stand from the awful fright.

When we got to the villa, the greatest excitement prevailed. In an instant I was on one of the large tables and calmed them, telling them that the one who had attempted the life of Count Caracollo was caught and was now making his confession of it all to the police. "Now, my friends," I cried, "let the music go on, as it is the greatest desire of Count Caracollo that our fete be enjoyed to the fullest. Indeed, we ought to be doubly joyful that the would-be assassin did no harm and that we have him securely bound, and as soon as we find out who is at the bottom of this trouble, we will be delighted to tell you." The music started with a lively march and in a few minutes all were enjoying themselves as if nothing happened. Refreshments were served and I think no one lost their appetite through the fright.

"Joseph, will you ever forget that poor wretch when we went into the room to see him?" The detectives were harassing the wits out of the poor fellow. I went to him. He evidently thought I was going to do—just the same that they were doing, but I felt so sorry for him. He was almost exhausted. I said to Count Caracollo, "do give him a drink," and after he drank it I said, "Now, my good fellow, I think if you value your own safety, and not the one who got you into this trouble, you will take my advice and tell all you know of this whole affair."

Whether it was the wine, as he said, "Why, you could have killed me when you had me in your power. I will tell you and this good man (looking at Count Caracollo) all. It's Duke Cordillo's work. He is a terrible enemy to Count Caracollo. It is he who caused all this terrible trouble for me and also for my poor brother at Duke Lucia's home. And my brother, on his knees, tried to save me from this night's work and I promised him that I would not do this dreadful deed, but when I told Duke Cordillo I could not do this deed, he was in a mad rage and threatened me, saying, "that all those who would not do his bidding would meet with a similar fate." "Besides," looking at me with that sinister smile of his, he said, "I pay you well as my valet and a good sum for doing what I ask of you, and now you tell me at this late hour your conscience troubles you. Oh! you weakling, where is your nerve? This and much more he said and threatened until at last I consented. Now you know all."

"Not all yet!" Who fired that shot at Count Caracollo when at Duke Lucia's home and wounded me in the arm?"

"Oh," he said, "I was the one who fired, but it was the stable a fairy scene. Duke Cordillo and

boy who struck you, Count Raffo."
"Why," I said, you know me?"
"Oh, yes," he replied, "I had to know you well for fear I might aim at the wrong one." And then as he looked at Count Caracollo he dropped his head and cried like a child.

Count Caracollo went to him and laying his hand on his head, said, "I forgive you, and I feel sure that this is your first bad work: Never let any one bribe or tempt you to such dreadful, cowardly deeds again!" Count Caracollo asked the police to let him go, but they said the law must decide his case. The next morning he was released on my responsibility, and I took him to my home. No one knew where he was, and when I told our friend Joseph here, he was awfully upset; but, you see, my friends, I had the poor fellow's confidence, and I never witnessed such repentance. When Duke Cordillo heard of the whole affair and that his valet had turned against him, he started off for a long trip, nobody knew where, at least that is what the family said.

When the detective asked if his going was not sudden, they said, "Why, no, he often goes like this, just as the fancy takes him." So the detectives had to work as best they could. The wily Duke did not buy his own ticket. He had some one get it for him. So it took a long time before they found any trace of him. They found him at Venice and his bad deeds did not cease. In Florence he met a beautiful girl who was betrothed to a splendid young man and they loved each other dearly. He fell in love with this girl at first sight, and she felt powerless when in his presence. He saw that and gloated over it. "I will win this fair beauty for my wife, and compel her to love me, he thought. She has such a docile nature, she will in time. He never gave her lover a thought. If he did, it would have been to crush him in some way. Her lover on one occasion ignored him completely and when the Duke demanded an explanation, Signori (Cheadoli) replied in a haughty manner. "I will be pleased to give it to you in more than words."

At this, the young girl placed herself between them saying, "This is all my fault, and you gentlemen must not have trouble. I beg of you, for my sake."

When the lovers were left alone, Signori upbraided her for allowing this stranger too much liberty. "Why," he said, "I have found him here three times, and our friends are beginning to talk about you taking up with a new lover when you are my promised bride." He became more angry than he meant and a quarrel ensued. Bernice felt sorry in a moment, but he had gone. If sobs and tears could only bring him back. You may call it fate, or what you will, but they never met again. He was called to Milan the next day on account of the sudden illness of his father, and so missed the tear-stained letter she sent by her maid to him. But it fell into the hands of Duke Cordillo; as he saw the maid hurrying out he said: "Why, with his blandest smile, 'why are you in such a hurry?' and as he saw the letter in her hand, with a little pat under the chin and a pretty compliment, she told him of the quarrel her mistress had with her lover—but she said, as she held the letter up, "this will make it all right again."

"Oh," he said, I am going that way and I will give it to one of his servants." She was reluctant, thinking, "A gentleman to deliver a letter—why, that's strange." But a bright gold piece slipped into her hand settled the matter. So Bernice thinking her lover would never forgive her, became reckless, entering into all the fetes, Duke Cordillo let no opportunity go. He was with her constantly, and finally he induced her to marry him secretly. They were only married a short time when an accident occurred. Every Saturday evening that magnificent body of water, the Grand Canal, is dotted with many parties in their picturesque gondolas with different colored lights and

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Bernice were out in their gondola, and whether it was a spark from a cigar or a match, no one seemed to know, but a young lady's thin dress caught fire. In a moment the excitement was great. Some one suddenly raised an oar and as the Duke turned his head, it struck him with great force. He became unconscious and with great difficulty they brought him into the house. The surgeon found the wound quite serious. His eyes were seriously hurt. When he regained consciousness he asked for his wife. She seemed to be the only one who had a quieting influence over him. With her at his side, he became like a man. It was pathetic to see him suffer.

[To be continued]

Auxiliary Bishop Hayes of New York Named Leader of Our Men.

Will Oversee Work With Overseas Army.

Rome, May 2.—The Pope has nominated the Right Reverend Patrick J. Hayes, auxiliary bishop of New York, as bishop of the American army at the front.

The Right Rev. Patrick J. Hayes was born in New York in 1867 and received his early education in the parish schools there. He received his academic education in Manhattan College and studied for the priesthood at St. Joseph's Seminary, Troy, N. Y. He later received the degree of D. D. at Rome in 1904. He was ordained priest in 1892 and was appointed chancellor of New York and president of Cathedral College in 1908.

In 1907 he was domestic prelate to Pope Pius X, with the title of reverend monsignor. He was named auxiliary bishop of New York on May 31, 1914, and was constituted titular-bishop of Tarsate on October 28th, the same year.

Bishop Dougherty Appointed Archbishop of Philadelphia.

Rome, May 1.—Monsignor Dougherty, bishop of Buffalo, has been appointed archbishop of Philadelphia, it was announced at the Vatican today.

Bishop Dougherty came to Buffalo as bishop on June 6, 1916. He had been bishop of the diocese of Jaro in the Philippines and before that had been bishop of the diocese of Nueva Segovia, in the Philippines. He was born in Girardville, Pa., in 1865 and was educated in theology in Rome. He is noted among the Catholic clergy for his gifts as an organizer.

Statues of Virgin Mary Are Blessed at Spencerport.

Spencerport, May 1.—A large congregation attended the special services at St. John's Church, last Sunday evening, when the two new statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph were blessed by the rector, Rev. Father Winthers, assisted by Rev. Dr. Goggin, of St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester. A most interesting sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Nolan, of the Cathedral of Rochester, who spoke on the subject of "Catholic Devotion to the Saints." The Rev. Dr. Nolan also officiated at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. The Rev. Dr. Goggin, of Rochester and Rev. Father Greig, of Brockport, were also present in the sanctuary.

WEEKLY CHURCH CALENDAR

May, Mary's Month

5th Sunday after Easter

5 S St. Pius V. P. C.
6 S St. John b. L. Gate Rog.
7 T St. Stanislaus Bp. M. Rog.
8 W Apparition of St. Mich. Rog.
9 T Ascension of Our Lord
10 F St. Antonius Bp. C.
11 S St. Francis Girolamo

Subscribe for The Journal.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

"Merrie England" was Catholic England and Disastrous Change Came with the Reformation.

English Land Reformer Traces Breaking Up of Yeomanry and the Coming of a Servile Class.

No other period of history is referred to so frequently by unscrupulous writers, in their attempts to vilify the Church, as the Middle Ages. The "Dark Ages" are made to serve as a font, from which country aspersions on the character of the Church are drawn. It is therefore gratifying when writers who view history in an unbiased manner present the truths as they find them. Thus an English student of Sociology and Economics, R. L. Outhwaite, Land-Reformer, Member of Parliament, in a recent treatise on "The Land and Revolution", (George Allen and Unwin, London) presents an interesting illustration of the disastrous results of the destruction of the social fabric in England during and through the Reformation.

A religious apology is not intended by the author, and this fact adds additional weight to what he says. Outhwaite treats in Chapter I ("The Slave Gang") of the folly of those who seized the lands from the peasants and held them for private pleasure, thus breaking up a strong yeomanry, driving the men as unskilled laborers into the misery of city life, and at the same time depriving the country of the products of enormous tracts which might today help materially in feeding England. Treating this unfortunate development the author writes:

"From Highland glens they (the men driven from the lands seized) came to the tenements of Glasgow because 3,600,000 acres had been turned into silent sanctuaries for the red deer. From Midland villages they were driven to the mines and factories, from territory where three Dukedoms held adjoining estates of 150,000 acres, and where the rearing of pheasants was the dominant interest. From the villages of the South, from a territory of tens of thousands of acres over which the Rothschild staghounds hunted the carted deer, from fertile lands at the gates of the world's capital they were driven to seek employment as casual laborers and inhabit the slums of London. So the land monopolist has fed the industrial slave market."

This development is all the more deplorable when the previous condition of the population is considered, and the serious after-effects of the change are weighed. The author pictures both in classic manner. He continues:

"Englishmen once had no dread of hunger, for they once were free. Four hundred years ago they had won their way out of serfdom and had established the Golden Age. Then no man starved, for three or four days' labour provided sufficient food for the week. So it was on the countryside, and so it was in the towns where, united in guilds, the workers were craftsmen and free. And this came about by no miraculous dispensation, but through the simple fact that those who wished to till the soil had the opportunity to do so. Those were the days of Merrie England, when the village surrounded by its common fields sheltered a yeomanry the like of which the world had not seen before, and has not since. The common people, the Saxon serfs, had won their way to freedom by way of the land for freedom consists in not being compelled to beg leave of another to toil and live. But those from whose bondage the serfs had escaped, the feudal holders of one-third of English soil, determined to re-establish serfdom. The free land they saw was the basis of freedom, and this they proceeded to add to their estates. Rapidly the transformation of the Golden Age took place as the great estates grew. The peasants rose in rebellion, but were crushed by the nobles aided by foreign mercenaries of despotic kings. To

these estates in the time of Henry VIII were added the monastery lands, held largely in trust for the people. The guilds were broken up, and the unemployed man appeared. Slavery, with all its pains and penalties, the branding iron and the gallows, was established, and in the course of fifty years the Golden Age had passed away. Soon after, in the reign of Elizabeth, the first Poor Law was placed on the Statute Book."

A graphic picture of an unfortunate and disastrous social and economic development. Outhwaite, who, by the way, is not a Socialist, as some might wish to infer from his attack on capitalism—identifies the time of the change though he does not mention the causal relation between the coming of the reformation and the evil effects he describes. The connection is quite evident, however. And though the author evidently did not seek to write an apology for the Church, the facts presented by him carry conviction with them. "Merrie England" was Catholic England, and the yeomanry of England acquired and retained their strength only in the ages when the influence of the Church prevailed.

C. B. OF THE C. V.

CATHOLIC ALUMNAE GIVES \$100 TO NEW YORK K. OF C. FUND

New York.—By a unanimous vote of the executive board of the International Federation of Catholic Alumnae, the sum of \$100 was subscribed from the treasury to the war camp fund of the Knights of Columbus, recently begun in the Archdiocese of New York under the auspices of His Eminence Cardinal Farley. The sum was presented to Monsignor Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, of New York City. A recent action of the executive board also elected Mrs. Daniel V. Gallagher, alumni of the Sacred Heart Convent, Chicago, to the post of third vice president of the I. F. C. A. Miss Regina M. Fisher, graduate of Mount St. Joseph, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, and chairman of the international press committee, has been elected to the office of trustee of that organization. Miss Fisher has been requested by the executive board to continue her work as chairman of press committee.

PATRIOTIC VESPERS.

Auburn Fourth Degree K. of C. Plans Impressive Ceremony.

Auburn.—The fourth degree assembly of Auburn Council, Knights of Columbus, plans the most elaborate ceremonial ever given in New York state outside of New York City in the early part of May.

State officers of the knights will be present and a parade will take place with the members and guests in full regalia. The preparations are in the hands of Frank H. Shields, faithful navigator of the assembly, and state treasurer of the order.

Mr. Shields stated that he saw the patriotic vespers given in New York City, and while the Auburn celebration will not be as large as the metropolitan ceremony, he believes it can be made as impressive.

JOHN L. MADDEN DIES.

Main Street Linen Merchant Passes Away in Washington.

John L. Madden, of No. 244 Garson avenue, died Thursday morning May 2nd, in Washington, D. C. Mr. Madden, who was the proprietor of a linen store on Main street east, had been ill for some time and had gone South for treatment.

He leaves his wife, a daughter, Mary Elizabeth Madden; three brothers, William V., of this city, Charles J., and Michael L. Madden, of Boston, and three sisters, Mrs. James G. Comerford, Anna Tates grew. The peasants rose in rebellion, but were crushed by the nobles aided by foreign mercenaries of despotic kings. To

The body will be brought to Rochester for burial.

Foreign Mission News

The Propagation of the Faith Society
213 Lexington Ave., New York City

THE SAME EVERYWHERE.

Fr. W. Kinold, O. F. M., of the Sapporo mission, says: "I suppose my experiences are the same as that of every other head of a mission—the price of coal, food and clothing about four times greater than what it was before the war, and the income about four times less. Any alms that reaches me now purchases its full value, and I may add that an offering of \$500 received lately from the National Office of the 'Propagation of the Faith' in New York was the largest for many years. May our good friends continue to prosper!"

CURE WROUGHT BY THE BLESSSED MOTHER.

Brother Frederick, O. F. M., writes in the interest of St. Elizabeth's dispensary at Chee Foo, Shanghai, and also encloses the photograph of a small Chinese boy who is placing a crown upon the head of a statue of the Blessed Mother. This act is a votive offering, so to speak, for the child was cured in a miraculous manner. Here is the story as told by the Sister:

"A poor little pagan, suffering from a painful and repulsive skin disease came to us for medical care. What could we do! His youth, his frail constitution made it impossible for him to undergo the necessary treatment, and moreover, I am far from being the good St. Elizabeth who could banish ailments by the touch of her hands."

"I had recourse to the Blessed Virgin, and asked her to cure the tiny sufferer, promising, if the favor were vouchsafed, to ask the father of the child, a rich jeweler of the town, to give a beautiful crown for her statue out of gratitude."

"What happened, may be guessed from the picture. The boy received a complete cure, and most gladly the father carried out his part. Surely the Blessed Virgin will in due time bring the child and all his family into the fold of the Church."

GOOD HOME - MAKERS.

The Franciscan Missionaries of Mary conduct very successful workrooms in Sianfu, Szechuan, and the young girls have reached a high proficiency in the embroidery, so dear to the Chinese heart, painting on satin and dress making, if the term may be applied to the garments of Oriental ladies. In fact the education of the pupils in the convent school is considered so valuable that it procures them plenty of suitors. More than two hundred maidens have already contracted good Christian marriages and show themselves able to make home happy. Their children are carefully brought up in the Faith, and the Catholicity is thus given an impetus in the community.

The Sisters have also more than a thousand babies in their care.

The Prefect Apostolic of Matadi, in the Lower Congo, is very Rev. T. Heints, C. S. R., and he writes that it is with regret that he must admit that the Blacks of his difficult district have not yet given any young men to the priesthood. The natives of the Lower Congo are not so easily brought to higher standards as those of the Upper Congo, and the missionaries must be content with making conversions, only, for the present. To redeem these people from savagery is in itself a great and difficult task.

The poor held out their hands, but God receives what is given to them.—Father Chassey.

If you can't go across, come across! This pertinent bit of advice to the general public to do full share in the work of the war is applicable to our own work of the missions.