

Cp282
W71

CARDINAL GIBBONS FORTY YEARS AGO



STEPHEN B. WEEKS
CLASS OF 1886, PH.D. THE JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
THE WEEKS COLLECTION
OF
CAROLINIANA

Cp282
W71

UNIVERSITY OF N. C. AT CHAPEL HILL



00034004568

FOR USE ONLY IN
THE NORTH CAROLINA COLLECTION

THIS ITEM MAY NOT BE COPIED
ON THE SELF-SERVICE COPIER

WEEKS
COLLECTION

PUTNAM'S & THE READER

THE AUGUST NUMBER

Cardinal Gibbons Forty Years Ago
With New Portrait

The Kalsomining of Dakota Sam

Skyland in the Andes

All Cats Look Black at Night

By Anne Warner

Mayor McClellan on Saint-Gaudens

Less than Kin: A Serial

By Alice Duer Miller

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW ROCHELLE & NEW YORK

INDIANAPOLIS: THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO

25 Cents

1908

\$3.00 a Year



Twenty Million Voices

A PERFECT understanding by the public of the management and full scope of the Bell Telephone System can have but one effect, and that a most desirable one—*a marked betterment of the service.*

Do you know what makes the telephone worth while to you—just about the most indispensable thing in modern life?

It isn't the circuit of wire that connects your instrument with the exchange.

It's the Twenty Million Voices at the other end of the wire on every Bell Telephone!

We have to keep them there, on hair trigger, ready for you to call them up, day or night—downtown, up in Maine, or out in Denver.

And to make the telephone system useful to those Twenty Million other people, we have to keep you alert and ready at this end of the wire.

Then we have to keep the line in order—8,000,000 miles of wire—and the central girls properly drilled and accommodating to the last degree, and the apparatus up to the highest pitch of efficiency.

Quite a job, all told.

Every telephone user is an important link in the system—just as important as the operator. With a little well meant suggestion on our part, we believe we can improve the service—perhaps save a second on each call.

There are about *six billion connections* a year over these lines.

Saving a second each would mean a tremendous time saving to you and a tremendous saving of operating expenses, which can be applied to the betterment of the service.

The object of this and several succeeding magazine advertisements is *not to get more subscribers.* To make each one of you a better link in the chain.

First, give "Central" the number clearly and sure she hears it. Give her full and clear information in cases of doubt. She is there to do utmost to accommodate you.

Next, don't grow fretful because you think it represents a monopoly. The postmaster does, for the same reason.

The usefulness of the telephone is its *universality, as one system.* Where there are two systems you must have two telephones—and confusion.

Remember, the value of the service lies in the number of people you can reach *without confusion*—the promptness with which you get your response.

So respond quickly when others call you, be in mind the extensive scope of the service.

The constant endeavor of the associated telephone companies, harmonized by one policy and acting as one system, is to give you the best and most economical management human ingenuity can devise. The end is efficient service and your attitude and that of every other subscriber may hasten or hinder its accomplishment.

Agitation against legitimate telephone business—the kind that has become almost as national in its scope as the mail service—must disappear with a realization of the necessity of universal service.

American Telephone & Telegraph Company

And Its Associated
Bell Companies



One Policy—One System
Universal Service

UNITING OVER 4,000,000 TELEPHONES

Printed at The Knickerbocker Press

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY & THE READER

AUGUST, 1908

	PAGE
James, Cardinal Gibbons <i>Frontispiece</i>	
From a drawing by W. D. Paddock	
Cardinal Gibbons Forty Years Ago. (Illustrated) DAY ALLEN WILLEY	515
Foreign Tour at Home: VI (Illustrated) HENRY HOLT	523
The Heart of a Geisha. Part II (A Story) MRS. HUGH FRASER	530
The Kalsomining of Dakota Sam. (A Story) ARTHUR STRINGER	539
Illustrated by Arthur G. Dove	
The Sonnet. (A Poem) CLINTON SCOLLARD	546
Peru and the Andes in the Andes. (Illustrated) MARRION WILCOX	547
Less than Kin. (Chapters I-II) ALICE DUER MILLER	558
Illustrated by M. J. Spero	
Augustus St.-Gaudens. GEORGE B. MCCLELLAN	569
Love Song. (A Poem) ROBERT LOVEMAN	573
Herwell's Holiday. (A Story) ALBERT KINROSS	574
Illustrated by Robert Edwards	
Two Cats Look Black at Night. (A Story) ANNE WARNER	582
Illustrated by William J. Glackens	
The Judith of the Cumberlands. (Chapters VII-IX) ALICE MACGOWAN	590
Illustrated by George Wright	
The Great Lakes: V—The Romance and Tragedy of the Inland Seas	601
JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD	
An Error of Judgment. (A Story) ELLIOTT FLOWER	610
A Half-Dozen Problem Novels ELISABETH LUTHER CARY	616
Fiction in Lighter Vein CHARLOTTE HARWOOD	619
Idle Notes by an Idle Reader	623
The Lounger	625
Noteworthy Books of the Month	640

The Editors receive manuscripts and art material, submitted for publication, on the understanding that they are not responsible for loss or injury thereto while in their possession or in transit. Copies of manuscripts should be retained by the authors.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY COMPANY: President, G. H. Putnam; Treasurer, J. B. Putnam; Secretary, Irving Putnam

ENTERED AT THE POST-OFFICE, NEW ROCHELLE, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MAIL MATTER

EDITORIAL OFFICE 27 & 29 WEST 23D ST., NEW YORK

THE BEST BOOKS FOR SUMMER READING

The
Baker & Taylor
Company
Union Square
New York

THE CAR AND THE LADY

Percy F. Megargel and Grace Sartwell Mason

Two automobile designers, an Italian and an American, love Betty Albright, the daughter of a millionaire. She is an enthusiastic motorist and is undecided in her choice. Jerry Fleming, an American, has such faith in the car he has built that he matches it and all the money he has against the foreign car, of much greater power, in a race between New York and Portland, Oregon. The story is one of rapid incident based on actual motor experiences. It holds your attention from the start, and is certain of a wide reading.

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

L. C. PAGE
& COMPANY

200 SUMMER ST.
BOSTON

ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

By L. M. Montgomery

Anne's quaint views on every subject make her a delightful acquisition to every Summer reader. "We should dearly have enjoyed Anne Shirley in the flesh," says Mr. Temple Scott.

THE HOUSE IN THE WATER

By Charles G. D. Roberts

A BOOK OF WILD LIFE

"He is the most literary as well as the most imaginative and vivid of all the nature writers," says the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

Each Illustrated. \$1.50

WILLIAM DE MORGAN'S NOVELS

"If any writer of the present era is read half a century hence, that writer is William De Morgan."—*Boston Transcript*.

Somehow Good

A story of to-day, full of humor, and telling how courage and devotion overcame the results of a fearful crime.

"A book as sound, as sweet, as wholesome, as wise as any in the range of fiction."—*The Nation and N. Y. Evening Post*.

Alice-for-short

A genial ghost and murder story with the long buried past reappearing in modern London.

"The art of fiction at its noblest."—*The Dial*.

Joseph Vance

A touching story of lifelong love that makes the reader acquainted with a wealth of loveable characters.

"The first great English novel of the 20th century."—*N. Y. Times Review*.

Each, \$1.75

A 24-page illustrated leaflet about Mr. De Morgan, with complete, reviews on request.



HENRY HOLT & CO 34 West 33d Street, - - - New York

G. P.
PUTNAM'S
SONS

27 W. 23d Street
NEW YORK

MAROTZ

By John Ayscough

"One of the most striking novels of the year. A book worth reading and to be read."

"It is a literary masterpiece."—*Observer*.

—*British Book*
\$1.00

THE ISLAND PHARISEES

By John Galsworthy

Author of "The Country House," etc.

"The book is uniquely clever. . . . This will prove the most entertaining book of many years."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

\$1.40

VILLA RUBEIN

By John Galsworthy

"It is a masterly work, strong, vivid, observant and stimulating. . . . A story so vivid in its intensity that it shines out above anything else that is being produced in contemporary fiction."—*London Daily Mail*.

\$1.40

PRINCESS NADINE

By Christian Reid

Author of "The Master of the Family," etc.

"A dramatic and splendid piece of fiction; the love element is delicately treated, while it sparkles with wit and is captivating in style."—*Buffalo Courier*.

Colored frontispiece. \$1.40



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2012 with funding from

Institute of Museum and Library Services under the provisions of the Library Services and Technology Act, administered by the State Library of North Carolina. Grant issued to subcontractor UNC CH for Duke University's Religion in North Carolina project.



From a drawing from the life made for PUTNAM'S AND THE READER by W. D. Paddock, Baltimore, March, 1908

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY & THE READER

VOL. IV

AUGUST, 1908

NO. 5



CARDINAL GIBBONS FORTY YEARS AGO

THE WORK OF A ZEALOUS YOUNG BISHOP
IN NORTH CAROLINA

By DAY ALLEN WILLEY

ILLUSTRATED FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE WRITER



STANDING on the shore of the Potomac is a stately mansion that half a century ago was preserved by the American people as a memorial to the one they call the Father of his Country. The Cape Fear River flows to the sea, through North Carolina, past another building that might also be preserved as a memorial to a noted American, for it is indeed a reminder of the merits of a man who has been honored as the Cardinal Archbishop of the United States.

In the city of Wilmington—that quaint “Salem of the South,” peopled far before Revolutionary times—were spent years that were destined to be momentous in the career of

James, Cardinal Gibbons. The period when he called it home formed a chapter in his life-history fraught with events which fall within the experience of few. Even a short time makes great changes in our country. He gave up his home in Wilmington not forty years ago, yet his words and deeds while Bishop of North Carolina are known to few outside of the little old city, and those who lived in this part of the South during the stirring times immediately after the Civil War are mostly remembered by their headstones. About these years of his life his lips have thus far been sealed. Why? Because the innate modesty of the man prevents him from telling a tale he might tell that would perhaps show the manliness, courage and patriotism of this prelate far



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Front and side views of the church where Bishop Gibbons officiated

more clearly than any acts of his public career.

Only by going to Carolina, seeing the evidence of his labor, hearing from the lips of those who know of his devotion and endurance can the curtain be partially rolled away from this part of the panorama of the Cardinal's life; and thus it is revealed to the readers of this magazine. We have to go back a little way to the days just after the war. Carolina had its share of the poverty and suffering. Throughout the State, which stretches from the Atlantic to the Western mountains, five hundred miles away, were only a million people—Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and members of sundry other Protestant denominations; but the Catholic Church was represented by a mere handful of humanity—so few that a Catholic was looked upon as a curiosity; more than this—as one uneasily, to be suspected, shunned. The rites of the Church were regarded as a sort of sorcery. In Wilmington, where the only church of this belief

existed between Charleston and far away Petersburg in Virginia, the feeling towards those who worshipped in it was anything but kindly. Little girls whose parents attended it had their aprons torn off in the street and suffered other abuses. Catholic children were forced to leave the one school in the place, because the Protestant fathers and mothers threatened to close its doors if they were not excluded. Perhaps it was well that old St. Thomas's, where were intoned the mass and vespers, was built of brick, with stout plank doors; otherwise it might not now be standing as a silent memorial of those once gathered within it.

As the curtain of history is rolled back, the man whose tragic death in part led to the coming of Bishop Gibbons to Carolina should not be forgotten. The name of Father Murphy is never mentioned here without remembrance of the dreaded plague which for months held the town in its grasp. Among the few who did not flee but remained to nurse the

siek and to administer the last rites to the dying of all beliefs, was the brave Irish priest who at last was stricken down among the victims of yellow fever. With the death of Father Murphy the Catholics of Wilmington were left without a counselor to guide them. The church was indeed demoralized, and on Archbishop Spalding devolved the task of restoring order out of chaos. The situation needed a man not merely of energy but of executive ability and tact. He must be versatile to meet the emergencies. There were many willing priests, but the question was one of fitness. Finally the Archbishop decided upon a young man who had been his secretary and his chancellor, one with whom he had been so closely associated that he knew every trait of his character.

But more than priestly power was needed, and by the authority of the Pope, Father Gibbons became Bishop Gibbons. This was a part of his mission—to build up the church not only in town but in country, to make peace if possible between Catholic and Protestant, to restore to those of

his belief their rights as citizens, of which they had been in part deprived. Outside of Wilmington the entire State of North Carolina contained but an occasional group of these believers; for, as I have said, there was not an organized church between the city and Petersburg, two hundred miles away. Such was the diocese of which Bishop Gibbons was placed in charge—a diocese of the wild, where he might make a journey of fifty miles before reaching a single family of his church, a country so sparsely settled that to travel in it often meant following a mere trail impossible for any vehicle, and sleeping at night perhaps without even a tent to shelter one from the elements. The average number of human beings of any belief to the square mile of territory was only twenty, and the railway connected only a half-dozen towns.

Such was the field to which the young priest was assigned after he had been vested with the episcopal robes. Those who gathered in old St. Thomas's at the first service he conducted, saw a youth with figure



ST. THOMAS'S CHURCH, WILMINGTON, N. C.

Showing the little annex occupied as a residence by Bishop Gibbons and Father Gross

spare to frailness, but there was in his face the evidence of character and determination. He knew he was in charge of a people who for the time

Thomas's, to remain there, until 1890, continuing the work laid out by his superior. Father Gross entered into his labors with such heartiness that



CONVENT OF MERCY, WILMINGTON, N. C.

An institution established by Bishop Gibbons over forty years ago

were outside of the town society as much as if they were outcasts. Most of them were in poverty. Some had lost their all in the war. None could be called wealthy. To them the future was one of hopelessness, for such was the crisis in the affairs of the church that the question had arisen if it should not be disbanded and the cities of North Carolina left without a congregation of the Catholic faith.

Then began the greatest struggle yet to be reorded in the life of James Gibbons—a fight to save his church. First, he must have a priest to assist him and to serve the people when he was journeying over field and through valley to reach the few scattered folk in the country. Fortunate was it that a man after his own heart became associated with him—a man willing to make sacrifices and endure hardship and discomfort in his zeal for his life-work. Mark Gross was also young in years when with his friend and Bishop he entered upon his duties in Carolina as rector of St.

he soon won the esteem of the people, holding a place in their affection second only to that of the Bishop. The two lived together like brothers. Their home is still standing—a little brick “lean-to,” searee two stories high, built in part from their scanty income. They could not afford a better place. The money must go to the maintenance of the church, as the Bishop expressed it. And this hovel was erected behind the church itself. The rear wall of the church formed the back of the house, the building being lighted on only three sides.

Here these men lived, year after year, bishop and priest eating on a table of rough boards, and sometimes preparing their own food, if they had no funds to get assistance. They slept on cots that stood on floors bare of rug or carpet. The home of many a laborer in the town was much more pretentious and comfortable. But the shelter cost so little to build and maintain that its builders could devote a part of their allowance from

the church authorities to aiding the poorer members of their flock. How many families were thus relieved from time to time by their charity, is known only to themselves. Of Father Gross the story is told that if he had more than one hat, or an extra pair of trousers, he was sure to give them to some needy parishioner. On one occasion he came into the store of a friend with a laced shoe on one foot and a buttoned gaiter on the other. Asked why they were not alike, he replied that he had intended to give a pair to a poor man, but had made a mistake and given one of each kind. His habit of giving away everything he could spare became so well known that several ladies of the church made it their business to call at the Bishop's house frequently to see if the occupants had enough food and clothing. More than once they found it destitute of actual necessities, and supplied them.

The great benefit of education impressed itself on Gibbons, the young Bishop, as it has continued to impress him in later life. He realized that the children of all classes must be instructed for the good of the state,

and if the church was to be preserved. At that time there was no free school in the neighborhood, and many families were too poor to give their little ones even the rudiments of mental training. He knew the value of woman in this necessary work and secured three members of the order of the Sisters of Mercy to establish a convent in Wilmington. They must have a home, and the community was surprised to learn that in some mysterious way the Bishop had obtained enough money to buy one of the notable Southern houses, still known as the Peden Mansion. It cost \$20,000—a small fortune for Wilmington,—and the wonder was where the money had come from. Only a small part could have been given by the church folk, but the Bishop had made several trips into the Northern States. He had stood up in the chancel of church and cathedral, and had pictured the plight of Carolina so graphically as to open purse-strings and pocket-books, and to secure over \$5000 in the city of Albany alone. Thus the school was established; and it was only one of his purchases for the church. Other property bought for



REAR VIEW OF THE DUDLEY MANSION, WILMINGTON, N. C.

When Bishop Gibbons became Archbishop he was entertained in this house



THE SCHOOL WHERE BISHOP GIBBONS LECTURED
AND TAUGHT

Showing the desk and chair which he used, and a painting which he presented to the school

the cause cost thousands more, although not a dollar was asked from the Wilmington people. And with the gifts of his Northern friends was placed a part of the Bishop's personal income—all he could spare from other appropriations for the church.

Within a year after the two men began their labors, the clouds had broken. The broadmindedness and especially the Americanism of the Bishop gradually changed the feeling towards him and his followers. From being distrusted at first, he became esteemed. Through his influence the spirit of the town towards the people was transformed from hostility

to goodwill. The example set by their head was emulated by his parishioners, until finally the gap between Catholic and Protestant was closed apparently forever, as no sect is more respected to-day in Wilmington than the adherents of the Church of Rome.

Only a very few remain of the group of the faithful who, Sunday after Sunday, knelt before the altar at St. Thomas's in the sixties. Clearly do they recall the life of the present Cardinal, and the tales they tell depict not only his work among them, but his journeyings here and there in Carolina, when for the time he laid aside his official duties to assume the rôle of a Christian messenger to the country folk. As conditions at St. Thomas's improved, he felt he could give more time to the greater field, and leaving Father Gross in charge he would be absent for a fortnight or more at a time. Where possible he travelled by railway, but so many households of the church were off the few miles of iron highway, that much of his journeying was done on horseback, or muleback, or by wagon. "It was indeed a dilapidated affair," says Mrs. O'Connor, one of his early friends. "It was of the kind known as a 'democrat,' and drawn by two horses. The Bishop sometimes had a young priest with him who drove, or a colored man who assisted. The space they did not occupy was filled with packages of clothing and such things as sugar and flour and medicines. Most of it was for the poorer families with whom they might stop; but they also carried their clerical robes for ceremonies and food for themselves, for many a time did that old wagon stop in the forest where they must eat their noon meal. We often asked the Bishop to give up the old wagon and get another, for it finally became so rickety that I thought it

dangerous. To break down twenty miles from any human habitation is not a trifling matter. But he always replied that he thought the wagon might last a while longer, and when some of the church members offered to buy him another, he answered: 'Friends, you can give me the money, if you will, for the church needs it, but not for any vehicle for my use.'

Long ago, probably, the old "democrat" was turned into kindling-wood, or stored away to be forgotten; but it had rolled over thousands of miles of Carolina on its mission of mercy. It went into places where its owner risked life and health in succoring families ill of contagious diseases. It entered settlements where every stranger was looked upon as an enemy by the clannish mountaineers. It travelled in the "Feud Belt," where men with loaded guns were accustomed to take by stealth the lives of their enemies. To venture into the rural districts of Carolina was to incur hardship and to risk danger as well. But the man who later wrote "The Ambassador of Christ" could well describe him, for in truth he himself was such, never hesitating to seek out the people of the church, no matter what dangers and hardships might have to be overcome.

Truly St. Thomas's is a picturesque old church. In the other days it stood on a spacious lot which revealed the dignity of its proportions, but a part of this lot has since been sold and the edifice is now squeezed in between the house adjoining and an ugly square wooden structure which serves as a rectory. Constructed of red brick, it is covered with a stucco or plaster of a brown hue which produces an effect of brown stone. The massive walls, the high-hipped roof ornamented by the pinnacles with



THE ALTAR WHICH BISHOP GIBBONS GAVE TO THE CONVENT OF MERCY, SHOWING SOME OF THE STATUARY, ALSO HIS GIFT

which the front wall is finished, make the exterior of the church dignified and impressive in spite of the obvious neglect in repairing and maintaining it. The interior walls have been redecorated and the paintings representing the Stations of the Cross are of later date than Bishop Gibbons's time; but the altar in front of which he so often intoned the mass and pronounced the benediction is still intact, as well as the paintings in oil which adorn the front walls on either side of the altar. One of these, representing the Madonna, was a gift from him to the church; while standing below it is a statue of the Virgin—another evidence of his generosity.

As one enters the little old church, he is duly impressed by its association with the past. Not only the American Catholic, but the American of any creed who knows the estimation in which Cardinal Gibbons is held, must feel reverence and admiration as he recalls the scenes that have been enacted here. But not until one sees the ugly, dilapidated annex, nearly hidden behind the church, can he realize how this man existed, what he must have endured in his devotion to his work. The lower floor, on a level with the ground, where it is not even lower, is not as good as the cellar

of some city tenements. The rooms have low ceilings and have always been dimly lighted because of the shrubbery outside. The first floor is divided into two rooms, which when occupied by bishop and priest, formed the kitchen and a supply or storage shed. In the three rooms above they slept and ate their meals. The annex is connected with the church by a stairway, which in the old days led to an apartment in the rear of the church used by the Bishop as a study. Here he received visitors as well as composed many of his sermons.

The Convent of Mercy at Wilmington seems insignificant beside some of the ornate structures occupied by wealthy orders of the Catholic church, but none has a more honorable history than this rambling wooden building, whose character is indicated only by a little cross upon its roof. As the visitor is ushered into the reception room, he may chance to see through an open doorway in the hall a beautiful little chapel. The good Sister Mary Frances may relate how Sunday after Sunday the young Bishop ministered at the altar—another of his gifts to the Sisterhood. And a very artistic altar it is in design. The miniature chapel was made out of the drawing-room of the old planter who built the house. It is only large enough to seat about fifty people, but many of the most eloquent discourses uttered by the founder of this institution have been

delivered in it. In the reception room is a large oil painting of the Madonna and Child—another of his loving gifts.

Entering the schoolroom, the visitor sees the little desk which stood on the rostrum in the old days, when the children who had completed their "book learning" received their certificates from the hands of Bishop Gibbons. They have gone into many parts of the country to take their places in the real world, but each can say that he has been sent on his life career with the advice of the man who is now the head of his church in America.

Time spares nothing. For three-fourths of a century has St. Thomas's been the centre of the Roman Catholic worship in Wilmington, but its days

are numbered. The present priest has sold the church, and a newer and larger one is to take its place on a site secured elsewhere. If it is not torn down it will be converted into a factory or warehouse, and what should remain a cherished historical structure will be debased from a temple of religion into a nameless pile of brick and mortar. Here, indeed, is an opportunity for the Catholics of America to perpetuate the memory of their head, by uniting to secure it and dedicate it forever as a monument to him. The day might well come when Protestant and Catholic alike would unite in paying homage here not only to a distinguished priest and prelate, but to a statesman and true patriot.



FIGURE OF A CHILD

One of Bishop Gibbons's gifts to the Convent of Mercy, at Wilmington, N. C.

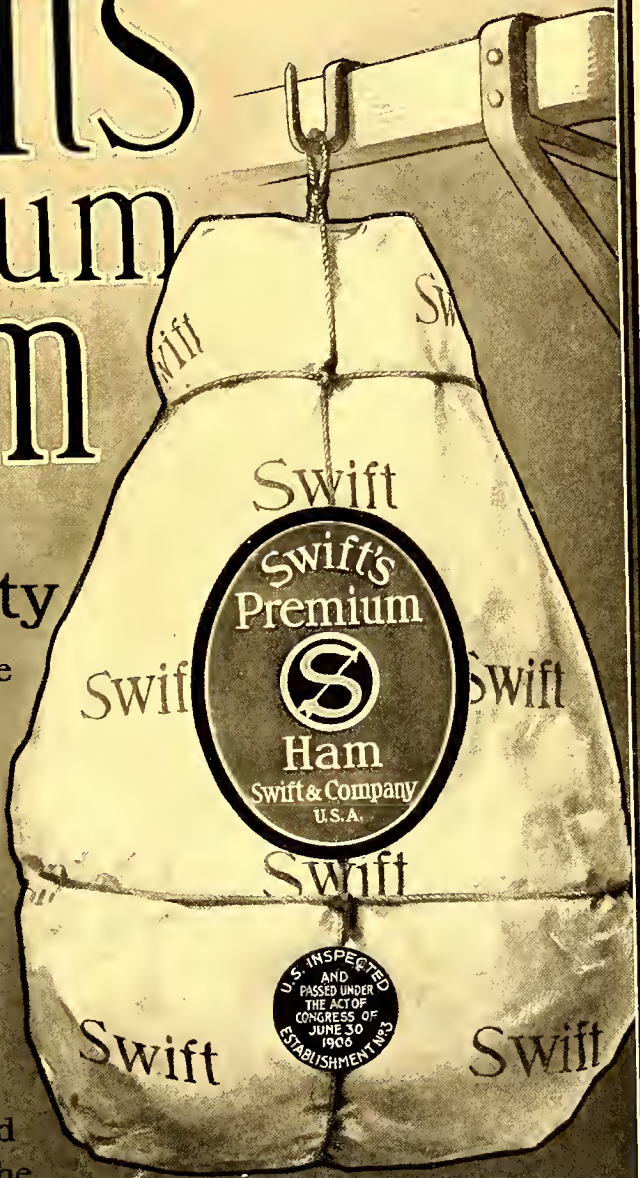
Swift's Premium Ham

Surpassing
Quality

From the rind to the
bone.

Bake a whole one
—you will find it
juicy and tender and
a most wholesome
dish for the Sum-
mer Menu.

Be sure that the
printed parchment
wrapper and blue and
gold label is on the
Ham that you buy as
Swift's Premium.



U.S. Gov. Inspected
and Passed

Swift & Company - U. S. A.

Walter Baker & Co's

GOOD BIG
STICK of

High Grade
COCOA

50

Highest
Awards in
Europe
and
America



Registered
U. S. Pat. Office

Walter Baker & Co. have always maintained the highest standard in the quality of their cocoa and chocolate preparations, and sell them at the lowest price for which unadulterated articles can be put on the market.

*A new and handsomely
illustrated Recipe
Book sent free*

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

Dorchester, Massachusetts

