Cardinal Gibbons at Seventy Three.

Personal Side of the Beloved Prelate, His Kindly Spirit and His Love of Children.

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James Cardinal Gibbons; Latest Photographs

OLD BALTIMORE CATHEDRAL

WHAT manner of man is James Cardinal Gibbons, the Catholic prelate who now, when 73 years old, finds time to preach one day against race suicide, to write a long letter to the International Tuberculosis Congress, to attend meetings of the Catholic University, of which he is a trustee, to hold in his hand and guide the destinies of the Catholic Church in America, to be ever abreast of the times, and, through it all, to maintain the quiet strength, the mental repose of the priest? Recently Cardinal Gibbons' opinions have appeared much in the public press. In a few weeks the cardinal will lead the procession of the forty hours' devotion, which will begin in the old Baltimore cathedral and be taken up successively by church after church in the diocese, beginning the season of fasting and prayer for the priest. The cardinal will go into his annual retreat at St. Charles' College at Ellicott City for the long meditations of the cloister. The world will be forgotten in the contemplation of the divine and the balance of each of the cardinal's years accomplished.

Balance is the secret of the cardinal's life; first activity, then repose.

Cardinal Gibbons tramps.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, three paces from you; tramp, tramp, tramp, three paces toward you, the same vital tread continued for 15 minutes, 20 minutes, half an hour, the force with which the foot is put down seeming to measure the walker's thought.

That is the most vivid impression any visitor to the cardinal's residence carries away with him after he has waited in the reception hall on the first floor. It is the cardinal walking above.

The house stands on Charles street, midway between that section where Mistress Baltimore in purple walking suit these Fall days, violets at her belt, buys from the high-toned shops and between that old aristocratic section where the same lady lives. Washington's monument rears its gray shadow where the lines of the street converge in the distance and the outlines of the equestrian statue of John Eager Howard, famed in Maryland history, are dark at its foot. The glow of the northern skies is a background for both.

The Walk Before Bedtime.

The cardinal walks much in the street in the daylight hours, his short, slim figure, a little bent at the shoulders and enveloped in a long overcoat and topped by a silk hat under which the red of the cardinal's hat creeps, venerated by both Catholic and Protestant. But he tramps much inside—when the lights from his study window fall on one of the darkest sections of the city; back and forth, in a hallway about 20 feet long and 10 wide on the second floor, a bay window, lace-curtained at the end, his study door and the door of his bedroom opening on it. The sound of those footfalls never fails to impress at least the Catholic waiting in the hall beneath with the energy of the venerable wearer of the red cap, making him or her wonder what spiritual strivings, fought out alone, those footsteps are linked with; what memories of days when his eminence was locked in the sacred conclave of Rome, of days when he has stood in the center of popular rejoicings in his own country, now the object of the adoring welcome home of his own followers, now a part of some National pageant with the greatest warrior of the day on one side and the greatest statesman on the other; what memories of days when he was riding a circuit in the Carolinas, of the years of boyhood before he became a servant of the church. Tramp, tramp, tramp—it might indicate the turbulence of the man, of the cause of the turbulence it gives no hint. The cardinal walks this way in the evening all through the year, but particularly on Saturday nights during the Winter—on the day before he is to preach one of his monthly sermons; sometimes, doubtless, in prayer, sometimes conning his words. When he has mastered what he has to master, there is the door of his bedroom, where he may seek repose from storm in sleep, or of his study, where he may write down the words which have harried him.

A Plain, Cheerless Bedroom.

The bedroom into which he retires is such as hundreds of those who follow him humbly would turn from as bare and comfortless. It commingles the suggestion of bedrooms of a generation ago, with the suggestion of bedrooms in country homes in which the cardinal was once the father confessor. Warm carpet, neither brussels nor axminster, though, cover the floor. Two or three chairs set primly against the wall, an old-fashioned washstand with the familiar spiral legs, an old oak bureau, with a mirror, a small marble-topped table, and a four-posted bedstead furnish the room. The bedstead is the most striking piece. It is undeniably out of date. Small, covered in Winter with a "comfort" of many hues, it is high enough to make a short man like his eminence climb to get into it. No expanse of costly wood rears its polished surface at the head or the foot. There is only the swell of the frame and the four high posts, with their acorn-shaped knobs, standing guard over the cardinal through the night.

The Cardinal's Cigars.

His eminence writes his sermons in a book like that which the children call "composition" books; a little more voluminous and substantial, writes them in his study adjoining his bedroom. On Saturday afternoons before he is to preach he receives the reporters for the Baltimore newspapers in his study, placing the volume before them and reading the opening paragraphs of the discourse that their path may be broken through his cramped chirography. No one ever sees him smoking, either in his room or on the street, yet there are times when the scent of tobacco is strong upon him. If the newspaper men are long at their task, his eminence waits until the tedium of the hours has begun to wear on them. Then the cigars are brought forth—one for each man—never a box. They are long, thick, and exquisitely fragrant. Under the influence of this ecclesiastical child of "My Lady Nicotine" the work is a pleasure. No one who is not admitted to the closest confidences of the cardinal knows the name of the cigar. That is the prelate's own secret.

As the cigars help to prove and his reputation with the public indicates, the cardinal is very human and there are times when he is sharp in irritation, just as there are times when he is heartily amused.

One "cub" reporter visited him one evening after he had returned from a meeting of the trustees of the Catholic University.

"Did you do anything of importance at the meeting?" the cub asked.

His eminence knows newspaper men well enough to know that this is a "leading" question, when the interviewer knows nothing about the subject of the interview; the leading question of the imperfectly trained of the craft. His dinner must have been a particularly pleasant or a particularly unpleasant one that evening. His eyes twinkled.

"We were not there just for fun," he replied, while the reporter's face showed a cinemetograph change of colors.

His Kindly Spirit.

But any one who has waited in the entrance hall, and seen the cardinal returning from some one of the evening services in the Cathedral could not doubt that the same kindly spirit which suggests the cigars is marked in a broad line through his whole nature. Opposite the door which leads into this hall from the street is another door opening upon a courtyard between the residence and the Catnedral a stone flagging, bordered by shrubbery, making a path between. As you stand in the corridor near the street door, with a tremendous oil of David slaying Goliath before you, the giant's bibod poured from the headless trunk right out of the picture and at your feet, there is the tap of quick feet upon the flagging, a half-uttered harmony as some one of the priests, returning from the service, hums its music, dashes in, lifts his gown and clatters up the steps to the second floor. Then the door opens again silently and his eminence, in red and white vestments, enters, his arm about the shoulder of one of the boy acolytes who attend him, the fresh, curl-lipped, large-eyed face of the child turned up to the strongly lined face of his companion as he talks in eager childish tones as he might talk to his father. The cardinal laughs and pats him on the shoulder, and they disappear upstairs, the head of the archbishop bowed over that of the boy, his quiet laugh mingling with the flute notes of his attendant.

Cardinal Gibbons likes children. Many stories are told of his encounters with newsboys and there is one of how he once forgot the cares of the church and hammered a golf ball for two hours with the 12-year-old son of one of his friends. There is another of how a Baltimore matron was once horrified upon walking into her parlor, where she had kept his eminence waiting while she put some finishing touches to her toilette, and finding one of her small sons on one of his eminence's knees, with the high silk hat of the cardinal about his own small ears and the second son fighting for possession of the little red skull cap, the constant wearing of which is a sacred duty. The cardinal did not see her and there were a few minutes in which he tusseled with the boys, laughing and chuckling, in a veritable "daddy" romp.

How He Receives Visitors.

A simple dignity, devoid of pomp, characterizes him when he receives you, although he never wastes time. Alonzo or Bridget opens the door for you. You send your card upstairs and if you get an audience, you are escorted to the hall in which his eminence tramps. There you are alone. Presently the cardinal appears at the door of his study, looking shorter and frailer when devoid of overcoat and hat. He wears a black cassock, with fine, red facings. A long gold chain hangs over his breast and falls to his waist, with the pectoral cross at the end. He is slightly bowed, and, when not under the influence of the swing of the tramp, walks with short, quick steps, his head hung a little forward. His small face is deeply marked, particularly in the lines running from the corners of the mouth to the nose and those about the eyes, the eyes gray-blue, the hair gray and thin. There is an underlying strength about the mouth and the chin and an alertness and intent sympathy which gives you some hint of what has made his reputation for liberality. He runs his hand up and down on his chin and listens with his head bowed and an ear turned toward you. Short quick nods, as short quick sentences characterize him at such moments. The conversation lagging, he retreats into his bedroom, bowing silently. (All this unless you're a papal delegate, of course, or the representative of Something Something or have a letter from Somebody Something.)

Or you may meet him in his study, at his rolltop desk, books reaching from the floor to ceiling behind glass cases, the cardinal, in red dressing gown, looking like some gentleman of a hundred years ago taking his ease in the evening. The study is furnished in the same severe simplicity which characterizes the bedroom.

In the Dining-Room.

The dining-room is the only room of which this simplicity does not force itself upon you. It is large compared with the parlors. In the parlors there are red-covered tables, bookcases filled with ecclesiastical works, oil portraits of the popes and church dignitaries, and marble busts. A mahogany extension table large enough to permit the placing of a dozen plates occupies the center of the dining-room. At his back, as his eminence sits at the head, is a wide, lace-curtained bay window looking upon Charles street and flooding the room with light during the day. Chairs and a mahogany buffet, on which latter the silver and glass sparkle in domestic prettiness, complete the furnishings. The cardinal's secretary, the Rev. William T. Russell, and four others of the clergy, dine with him. There is the Rev. William A. Fletcher, tall and strong of build, leonine of head, his face the lined face of a man who has fought many battles; the Rev. Patrick Gavin, young, tall, slim, with dark hair and laughing black eyes; the Rev. L. O'Donovan, short, round, with light curling hair, blue eyes, and a face like one of Raphael's cherubs; Bishop Alfred A. Curtis, tall and bowed, a convert from the Episcopal Church to the Catholic, a quaint figure on the street in his flat-crowned, wide-brimmed clerical hat.

Alonza waits on the table. Alonzo is a negro of uncertain age, but never-failing cheerfulness, a survivor of the slave-owning days of Catholic families. He must be 70 years old, but there is no sign of grayness in his wool. Black as a negro could be, his head is long and eggshaped, his features the large flat-nosed, thick-lipped features of the pure African. He is always in his shirt sleeves, a blue and white checkered apron reaching from his neck to his feet. Like a ship the cargo of which has listed, Alonzo always walks with one side leaning. This distinguishes his step when he comes creaking to the door to answer your ring. If some of the priests address him, the high chuckle, followed by the never-failing "Eh he, yes, sir, yessir," tells you beyond question who will open the door for you. His cheerfulness comes from long eating of good meals, cooked by Southern cooks.

Bridget, the cook, is aggressively Irish. Her brogue seems to have come the day before from the Emerald Isle. Her face is a face which causes the comic paper portraitures of the Irish to pass from the realm of imagination into the realm of actuality at once. The bulging forward of the skin, just below the mouth and just above the mouth and the innumerable creases in these surfaces, taken with the other lines of the face and the "Oh, bedad, the worruld-wasn't-made-in-a-day" habit of her walk, mark her boldly for what she is. She has the housekeeper's distaste for answering the bell at hours when good people should be abed, the housekeeper's fondness for gossip, and the housekeeper's—whisper it—tendency to come to the door wiping the signs of a good meal from her lips. She is what she would say of another—"a good sould."

The cardinal and the priests are so busy that there is no light thing, built merely for pleasure serving, in the residence, nothing to relieve the general somberness. (Although it is not to be assumed that the diners do not have their pleasant exchanges of wit over meat.) Because of this, the visit a year or so ago of a priest from New Zealand, with his violin, was an epoch. All through his visit the mellow notes of the violin were floating out on the Summer night through the waving laces at the windows, causing many to stop in the heavy hush of the Summer darkness on the street to listen. The airs were devotional for the most part, but at intervals they would move in lively fashion. His eminence seemed to enjoy the music as much as anyone—for that tramp, tramp, tramp in the hall outside his room was less frequent than at other times.—(Copyright, 1907, by H. S. Sherwood.)

Take Money Back to Germany

THE Hamburger Nachrichten, one of the principal North German commercial organs, discusses in one of its recent issues, the remarkable back flow of emigration from North America to German ports. The paper comes to the conclusion that it is a mistake to regard all those who have returned as penniless victims of the financial depression in the United States.

A "return flow of emigration, the Nachrichten points out, is in itself far from abnormal. Last year 71,000 emigrants returned to German ports. If during the past 11 months this number has grown to 100,000, account must be taken of the fact that the emigratory movement has also grown in a proportion that at least partially explains the recent influx.

A large proportion of the emigrants, especially those of Slav nationalities, are persons who go to the United States for a couple of years and then return home with their savings. Taking the first 11 months of each year, the influx from German ports amounted in 1905 to 240,000 persons, and for the corresponding periods of 1906 and 1907 to 280,000 and 340,000 respectively. The number of these Slav temporary emigrants has increased proportionately.

The economic crisis in the United States has not, in the opinion of the Nachrichten, been the direct cause of the back flow, but has, of course, stimulated it in this way: that, owing to the "wholesale dismissals" of labor in America, those unable to return before now seized the opportunity to revisit their native homes. The flow was further assisted by the cutting down of steerage rates in November from $55 to $22.

In December the rates were raised again, with the result that German steamers have arrived at home ports with only from 700 to 800 between-decks passengers, instead of thousands carried in November.

The bulk of the immigrants have through tickets to their various points of destination, only a few remaining behind at the ports of debarkation. The erroneous impression that the returned travelers were impecunious men out of work induced various public bodies in Europe to come forward with offers of assistance.

This was especially the case in Hungary, which country has for the last few years shown an increasing efflux of population to the United States. Delegations were sent to the Hanse cities with the mission to direct the stream of supposed unemployed persons to those parts of Hungary where labor was most needed.

These well meant efforts were completely superfluous. Among the many thousands who landed during the past two months in Hamburg and Bremen there was not a single person the Nachrichten asserts, who appeared anxious to obtain immediate employment. The Hungarian delegates in questioning their people received almost invariably the same answers, somewhat as follows:

"We can direct you to places where good steady work is to be had. Do you want work?"

"No."

"Have you money, then?"

"No," hesitatingly.

"Where are you bound for?"

"So-and-so, my home."

"How long do you propose to stay?"

"All the Winter."

"But if you have no money, surely you will have to work?"

"Oh, I have enough money to tide me over the winter."

"What are you going to do afterward?"

"Go back to America."

In further proof of the comparative affluence of the immigrants the Hamburg organ quotes the fact that hundreds of steerage passengers were found to be in possession of sums from $250 upward in cash. Taking as an example the record number of 2272 steerage passengers landed at Bremen on December 3 by the North German Lloyd steamer Main, one local exchange office alone changed $75,000 of American money into German money, and it may safely be assumed that not all of the arrivals changed all their dollar bills.

As far as German ports are concerned it may therefore be concluded, says the Nachrichten, that the majority of the immigrants are fairly well off and are taking advantage of the temporary slump in America to go away on a vacation. No doubt there will be a corresponding rush back to the states in the Spring.

When They Are Quiet.

Bohemian.

"I like to go to church."

"Why?"

"Well, it's comforting to see a man keep 100 women or so quiet for an hour."

Subject to the action of liquid air, lead becomes elastic, and can be made to rebound or serves as a spiral spring during the contiguance of this low temperature.