

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century.

VOLUME XXXIX.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1917

1994

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"CARRY ON!"

Time moves onward without haste and without rest, though mortals would accelerate or delay its flight. Another winter has stolen upon us, and once more the festival of peace and good will is at hand. It always summons us to consider our ways, but in these years of war and tumult it challenges the whole drift of what we call Christian civilization more solemnly and searchingly than ever before. Never since a Roman Governor washed his hands in public, protesting that he was innocent of the blood about to be shed, has reckless authority let loose such a torrent of hatred and malice! No imperious mandate throughout the centuries has made such havoc as the one that issued from Berlin in August, 1914. The crisis which then shocked the enlightened conscience of Christendom still overhangs Europe; until it resolves itself into a decisive settlement of humanity's just claim, there can be no full response to that challenge; the monstrous hypocrisy must be brought to its knees, the infernal outbreak quelled, before in the silence of the guns, life and thought resume their normal activity, chastened and instructed by the awful purgation through which they have passed. Meanwhile, the common round and daily task lose nothing of their gravity while the great controversy between ruthless force and international justice goes on to its consummation. On the contrary, every simple duty is heightened, every generous impulse gains a finer consecration from the exigencies of the situation at home and abroad.

NOT WEARY

Who fight our battles or seek to assuage the miseries due to scientific slaughter, it is all the more incumbent upon our non-combatants who dwell in safety to do all that they can to ameliorate the terrible evils that follow in the wake of victory, as of defeat. These are but truisms; nevertheless, their neglect is fraught with bitter consequences. We must not weary of good counsels, however trite they sound in our ears. Life is chiefly guided by commonplace signboards. A great French thinker said that the best books were those which every reader fancied he could have written for himself. Yet, where the genius of a Pascal provides a setting for the experiences of men and women they are brought home to them with added sharpness and power.

THE DAWN

It may be that we are nearer to the great transformation than the shrewd politicians of Europe think. Out of this dark night of sorrow and disappointment the beautiful day of emancipation may be born. No better symbol, no finer picture-drama, no more reasoned appeal to the common heart than Christmas exists today. Its outward displays may be shorn of much picturesque beauty; its long-cherished games may prove inharmonious while the storm of battle is raging. But the heart and soul of humanity still welcome its message as the forecast of the good time coming, hail the fresh opportunity to manifest affection and sympathies which are the old but ever new seals of our divine vocation in a struggling transitory world. Nor has the season lost any of its significance as the medium of the annual appeal, the natural scene and setting of the "old, old story." Winter is far from being the uninteresting period in the pageant that unfolds itself before thoughtful eyes. It has a glamour of its own, a crystalline clearness that suggests the calm placidity of sculpture in contrast with the highly-colored cartoons of the summer days. When the leaves have fallen, the trees stand in graceful loveliness, unveiled to the sense that takes account of their changing functions. Sober tints harmonize with the softer light that falls from cloudland. The face of nature reflects the seriousness of the cosmic

process which is renewing outward forms. Never has the summons to rise from pits of selfish regard, or from those graves of actual wrongdoing which delay the coming of the regenerate world, been more insistent than it is today.

FAITH

Truly at this point we touch the most profound mystery of the faith we profess, the secret of life and death which the calendar spells out in feast and fast during the Christian year. Vainly do we strive by creed and ceremony to sound the abyss which divides the finite from the infinite, but our truest thought grasps the principle of oneness in being. Divine and human service meet and mingle when the need for sacrifice arises. What higher duty or privilege can mortal attain than to offer life itself for the redemption of the brotherhood? Such honor have they who willingly suffer that our priceless liberties may be ensured. In this last and most terrible of assaults, that body of law and civil custom which has been slowly built up, refined by trial and sweetened and sanctified by the pieties that have been nursed through nineteen centuries, even wayfaring men have beheld the enemy of human progress. Christmas will surely speak powerfully to them, as it should do to us of undying truths, symbolized by the Virgin Mother and Child, by sacred memories of that typical Cross and Passion whose meanings, escaping from all formal limitations, now write themselves in blood and fire over the wide spaces of the habitable globe. Only callous natures can be indifferent to the weighty appeal made by the season in this unexampled time of distress and perplexity.

HOPE

The foundations of civilization are out of gear; sometimes even strong hearts are overborne by fear, so tremendous are the forces of evil, so apparently powerless the forces of good. The ideals of forbearance, patient continuance in well doing, even when the path of peace and good-will is thorny, seem hopelessly out of gear with the maxims of this iron age. At times it appears to be quixotic to celebrate Christmas, if not verging on hypocrisy. But we must not yield to such sinister suggestions. They only affect the surface of the human problem. Pain and grief, foolish and wicked aberrations from the ordained line of progress, widespread suffering patiently endured by the unresisting—these things are not new. It is the scale that daunts the observer.

THE DEAD EMPEROR

(From Rome)

De mortuo nil nisi malum seems to be the motto in France and Italy of most of the writers who have chronicled the death of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria-Hungary. He had the longest actual reign in history, sixty-eight years (Louis XIV. of France reigned for seventy-two but eighteen of these were a regency) but "nothing" says the *Figaro*, "is changed in Austria except that there is a monogenerian the less." He was more severely tried than any other monarch that ever lived by family tragedies but "the old Emperor had already around him," says the *Journal*, "so many corpses that they were beyond counting, and yet he determined on transforming a little stream into a universal deluge." "The contempt of history will remain for ever attached to his name," says the *Evening* and the litany of malediction is prolonged through the columns of the Italian press. May he rest in peace in spite of it all. History will weigh his responsibility for the orgy of slaughter which has now devastated Europe for two years and a half, and history is a calmer and honest judge than the *Figaro* and *Tribuna* of 1916. Meanwhile history has already pronounced some good of him. His own people loved him: often they have hated one another, time and again they have discarded and disgraced their own leading statesmen and politicians, they have risen in fury against their Governors and Chancellors and Premiers, but always they have continued to love the old Emperor, and his very name has been a bond of union for a score of warring nationalities. So far at least Francis Joseph filled one of the highest functions of kingship. There was good and bad and middling in his relations with the Holy

See. Only thirteen years ago we saw him intruding his *veto* in the election of a Roman Pontiff, in virtue of a historical claim denied and repudiated for centuries by the Popes, and when you remember that he easily found a Cardinal to voice his exclusive claim you have an idea of the unwholesome influence which some of Francis Joseph's traditional concepts have exercised over religion in Austria. But the Emperor had other and nobler traditions, and one of these was that of filial devotion to the Holy See and the Supreme Pontiff, of which not a few proofs have been given since September 20th, 1870. His profound religious sense was shown at the great Eucharistic Congress held at Vienna in 1912 when the aged Emperor knelt in the pouring rain to open the door of the carriage in which the Papal Legate, Cardinal Von Rossum, bore the Sacred Host.

HEROIC DEVOTION

"GREATER LOVE THAN THIS NO MAN HATH"

In the December issue of the *National Review* the Hon. Justice Sir Robert Younger, Chairman of the Government Committee on the Treatment of the Enemy of British Prisoners of War, deals with the horrors of the typhoid epidemic in the German internment camp at Gardelengen during the Spring and Summer of 1915. He says, p. 666: "The epidemic was the occasion of striking examples of self-sacrificing devotion. There were ten French Roman Catholic priests in the campas prisoners. They lived together in the guard hut of No. 2 Company. All of them volunteered to work among the sick, and were given charge of rooms in the hospital annex and of wards in the hospital. They were most adaptable, teachable men, and their absolute fearlessness and unselfish devotion to duty cannot be too highly extolled. Eight out of the ten contracted the disease and five died." The mortality among these devoted priests was much higher than among the other prisoners. Over two thousand cases of the disease occurred among the eleven thousand prisoners and approximately 15% of those attacked died. Immediately after the outbreak the German guards left the enclosure but maintained a cordon around it and quarantined the camp.

SPIRITUAL HEROISM

PROTESTANT TRIBUTE TO THE INDOMITABLE COURAGE AND FEARLESS PATRIOTISM OF BELGIUM'S GREAT CARDINAL

Right Rev. Samuel Fallows, Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, published recently a long appreciation of Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. Bishop Fallows says in part:

One of the most striking personages of this blood-stained era is Cardinal Mercier of Belgium. His arm has never lifted a sword—has carried nothing heavier than a book or a crozier, in fact yet it wields more power over countryman and foe alike than any other in Belgium, not even excepting that of Albert, his beloved king. Such spiritual heroism as Cardinal Mercier has displayed since the beginning of the war has been rarely equaled in the world's history. With his country lying stark and silent at his feet, this prelate dared to step forth, one puny man against the whole of the terrible central powers, raising his voice in protest against the devastation around him. After the sacking of Louvain and the destruction of her university, his alma mater, with the priceless library therein, the great cardinal's human heart, well-nigh broke. The university, with its treasured library and its association had meant everything to him, in an earthly sense. All his youthful dreams and plans for future Christian service were born within those walls. He was a diligent and an enthusiastic student. After his graduation he became professor of Thomian philosophy in that ancient center of learning and worthily upheld the sacred traditions of the important chair.

The man who was destined to become cardinal loved teaching and was a natural leader of men. For his pupils and disciples he felt the greatest affection and tenderness. He grew steadily more and more famous. When the presidency of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Letters and Fine Arts of Belgium was offered to him he accepted it humbly and wonderfully as was his wont. To him all the credit lay with his beloved alma mater, not with himself.

In recognition of his great public service he was made Archbishop of Mechlin in 1906 and created a cardinal April 15, 1907. And always, in the midst of the dignities and honors which came to him, the University of Louvain seemed in his memory like a ladder, as it were, to the high plane on which he stood. Then came the thunderbolt—war! Louvain, idol of the Cardinal's

mind and heart, was the first victim of its ravages. The world shuddered or raged. But the spiritual soul of the Cardinal took this, the greatest of all his sorrows straight to God.

It may be that the passionate prayer of this latter day saint was answered by the inspiration of that famous pastoral letter which afterward shook the whole world with the strength of its pleading. At any rate and in such a manner as has been breathlessly ever since to each word Cardinal Mercier has publicly uttered, sure of its inextinguishably truthful origin.

Cardinal Mercier's voice has not yet been silenced. He is still the mouthpiece of his unconquerable little nation, the channel through which their accumulated sufferings are poured upon a pitying western world. Just now he is giving speech to the feelings of his countrymen upon the subject of their deportation for the purpose of aiding the German Empire in further conquest.

SOLDIER AND ASCETIC

Only a nature formed from a combination of the ascetic and the soldier could dare to speak at such a time and in such a manner as has this courageous prelate. And yet the Cardinal is not a very young man. Born in 1851, he is far from being either youthful in appearance or strong in physique. Tall and thin, he is the ascetic in every lineament. Yet of his physical and moral bravery there have been few peers in history. It is related of him that on a morning when he was driving in his automobile along the streets of a neighboring village a little girl ran directly in the path of a flying car. Instantly the Cardinal shouted to his driver to swerve from the road, though in the fulfilling of the command the chauffeur was obliged to head for a high stone wall! The Cardinal was thrown out and sustained severe lacerations of the head and face because of his intrepidity. When consoled with fervor that his injuries were a real source of joy, inasmuch as through them the child's life might be saved.

It is said that the Cardinal loves America, especially because his uncle, the Very Rev. Adrian J. Croquet, was one of the great pioneer missionaries in this country. The latter was known as "the saint of Oregon." The Cardinal has spoken many times to Americans, to whom he has given a number of his great desire to visit America and to see the places where his distinguished relative performed his many exploits. It is not unlikely that the influence of the valorous pioneer priest had a subconscious influence in forming the character of his uncle, the Very Rev. Adrian J. Croquet, but from whatever source, Cardinal Mercier draws his contentment of danger, he understands as well as any living man today the meaning of Christ's words: "For whosoever shall save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life for My sake, the same shall save it."

Undoubtedly he is destined to remain one of the noblest figures that history will etch upon the dark background of this the bloodiest of all wars.

FARMING IN FRANCE

HOW IT STRIKES OBSERVANT CANADIAN FARMER-SOLDIER

A Northumberland county soldier, in a letter to friends, gives a description of French farm life as he saw it on the road to the trenches, and which did not strike him as being at all progressive. He says:

Some reference to the farm life around here which we noticed as passing through to the front may be of interest. Women and old men are everywhere—the women in work clothes, the old men in clean, driving street cars, in the fields, and especially in the fields. We stayed in our first camp only a few days, and then entrained straight for the front. We travelled all night and the following day through sunny France, and thoroughly enjoyed it. The country we passed through was pretty and very fertile, the crops being continuously and remarkably good, scarcely one light crop being seen. Much of the grain was rotten ripe, but there was not labor to cut it, old men and women being the only workers, and such antiquated instruments, old sickles and scythes, not even a cradle.

REAPING HOOK INSTEAD OF BINDER Upon my work it made me angry mad to see those big smooth fields through which you could gallop a binder being attacked with an old reaping hook, which you would not see in Canada outside of a museum, and a little one-pronged rake. Since I have been here I have seen only two binders (McCormick, I think) and one old reaper like those our grandfathers wrestled with. I could forgive their lack of the higher forms of machinery, for they may not be able to afford it, but why on earth should they break their backs with an old reaping hook, when they could do twice as much work twice as easily with a common grain cradle, and yet that is one implement which I have never seen in the country. I almost wish I had brought an old cradle

along with me, for though I don't know that I ever made any records with it, unless maybe when dad was chasing me around stone piles with the binder, I feel as if I could cut a ten-foot swath here, just to show them how we do it 'over 'ome'.

NO WASTE THERE

"The grain was mostly oats and wheat, very thick and tall and clean—and one certainly has to hand the palm to them when it comes to making a neat job of it. There is hardly a straw left on the ground, and the stacks are often set in continuous straight rows right down the field, so you can imagine how thick it is. More often, however, they throw it into round stooks, sometimes binding it around the top, and sometimes forcing a sheaf head downwards over the top to protect it from the rain."

"I have seen only one man plowing a Belgian. Almost any old picture drawn by a man who never saw a plow will give you an idea of this particular implement, operated by one horse and one man, the man operating the horse by one line fastened to a check rein, the purpose of which seems to be to yank the 'horse' backward or to urge it forward. If he wants it to vary from a straight line, or rather if he wants to keep it in a straight line, he lifts up his voice and 'hollers' just as every plowman has 'hollered' since the days of Abel, even to the one in Gray's Elegy, although Gray did not seem to notice it."

Belgium is a rather flat, uninteresting country, suffering somewhat from lack of natural drainage, but just as fertile and productive as France, although their agricultural relics, I should say implements, would appear to have the advantage of age, probably dating a century or two farther back."

Another Northumberland county boy gives a description of the work of thrashing in France. He says: "A few days ago I was billeted at a farm house, and hearing a noise like a fanning mill, I went down and into the yard and there they were thrashing. I certainly had to smile to see it. A horse on a treadmill was the engine. One woman was in the barn passing the sheaves out to another woman, who was feeding the mill, and an old man and a girl were catching the straw as it slid out behind and tying it into sheaves again. The separator was a little larger than a fanning mill. Possibly you would have smiled if you had seen it."—The Globe.

FRANCE AND THE HOLY SEE

(From Rome)

Once again there are rumors about the renewal of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and France, and M. Bourgeois is mentioned as likely to be the new French Ambassador to the Vatican. The addition of three French Cardinals to the Sacred College is taken to be a preliminary symptom of the change; Cardinal Gasparri's outspoken remarks on the subject, in a recent interview, would hardly have been uttered, were not negotiations being carried on at the time. M. Denys Cochin and other very influential French Catholics have, it is well known, been working hard to attain the same object; French Catholics in the mass are eagerly desirous to see the breach ended, and numerous French politicians who are anything but Catholic in spirit, are endeavoring to convince the French demand the restoration of diplomatic relations. When non-Catholic countries like Russia, England, Serbia and Holland find it useful, or even necessary, to have representatives at the Vatican, especially in wartime, the silence and absence of France is surely anomalous. All of which is very true, but it does not prove the truth of the rumor, and it may well be that there will be no resumption of diplomatic relations between the Holy See and the Eldest Daughter of the Church until the War is over, when it will be almost inevitable.

RELIGION SHOULD OFFER THE PEOPLE DEFINITE CONVICTIONS

(By Rev. Dr. Chas. H. Parkhurst (Presby.), in the Los Angeles Herald, Oct. 17, 1905)

"It is a mistake to make light of creed, whether it be religious creed or a creed that relates itself to matters of common, every-day life; for a creed is to a man in action what the vertebral column is to his body. It is not necessary that he be continually throwing it in other people's faces any more than it is essential that he keep his backbone and the vertebrae attached to it on exhibition; but he must have it. Nor is it requisite that he make himself a nuisance by quarrelling with creeds that differ from his own."

"Relations mind and people make the claim that an unsettled state of conviction is a symptom of intellectual breath. On the contrary, it denotes a condition of vacuity, which has no dimensions, neither breadth, length nor thickness, and as such prevents one from being a producer."

"Were we to apply the principle we are urging to matters of religion we should have to acknowledge that the Roman Catholic Church shows much sounder sense than do very many of our Protestants. The former not only stands sponsor for certain forms of doctrine, but insists upon their inculcation. It gives its children something definite to believe and the belief accomplished in them by faithful tuition fits the child to grow up with a Catholic consciousness."

"With a large number of Protestant parents, on the contrary, no serious effort is made to establish in the mind of the child definite religious convictions, the consequence of what is that it grows up without any, becomes a religious invertebrate, just as it would become a mathematical invertebrate if it was not taught arithmetic, and because invertebrate absolutely without religious force in the world."

"That is merely an illustration of the principle for which I am contending—that whether in religion or in any other department of practical interest, haziness of mind, a state of 'don't know,' is void of productive energy."

"Men who are unsettled can never help to settle anything."—Our Sunday Visitor.

FRANCE JOYFUL

UPON RECEIVING THREE CARDINALS

Paris, November 16, 1916.—France has received with great joy the news that three more French prelates are to be added to the membership of the Sacred College, making eight French cardinals, a larger proportion than that of any other nation, save Italy. After the coming Cardinal there will be sixty-seven cardinals.

The countries having the greatest numbers are Spain 5, and Austria 5, while France heads the list of foreign countries with 8. The latter are Cardinal Amette, Archbishop of Paris, who has left for the Consistory; Cardinal de Cabrières, the aged Archbishop of Montpellier; Cardinal Andrieu, Archbishop of Bordeaux; Cardinal Luçon, the much-tried Archbishop of Reims, and Cardinal Billot, who lives in Rome and is a distinguished member of the Roman Curia. The three new cardinals, who bring the number up to eight, are Mgr. Marquet, Bishop of Grenoble, who is now Archbishop-elect of Lyons and will consequently become Primate of France; Mgr. Dubourg, Archbishop of Rennes, and Mgr. Dubois, Archbishop of Rouen. Of the three last, the Archbishops of Rennes and Rouen represent respectively those strong Catholic portions of France, Normandy and Brittany. Mgr. Dubourg, whose elevation to the Sacred College has given such delight to the Bretons, will celebrate on December 22 his golden jubilee in the priesthood, and on the 19th of the following month his episcopal silver jubilee. He recently addressed to his diocesan a very touching pastoral letter, full of paternal affection and practical counsels. Mgr. Dubois, who represents Normandy, was only this year translated from the See of Bourges to that of Rouen. This distinguished prelate, who is remarkable for his sweetness and distinction combined with firmness in act and doctrine, was Bishop of Verdun from 1901 to 1909.

AGED BELGIAN BISHOP DEAD

The aged Bishop of Ghent, Mgr. Stillemans, who only recently celebrated his diamond jubilee, has died on his episcopal palace at the advanced age of eighty-four. He was the dean of the Belgian episcopate and the Holy See recognized his merits a few years back by according to him the extremely rare honor of the Pallium—that is to say, for a bishop. Devoted to his work, the venerable prelate exercised in difficult circumstances a great authority, and was surrounded by the deep affection of his people. In consequence of his advancing age, Mgr. van Ressen was recently appointed Auxiliary of the Diocese. Mgr. Stillemans is the second Belgian Bishop who has died since the occupation of Belgium by the Germans, the first being Mgr. Walravens, Bishop of Tournai.—New World.

METHODIST EDITOR APPLIES THE LASH

EXPRESSES HIS OWN VIEWS ON THE QUESTION "IS CATHOLICISM A MENACE"

In answering the question, "Is Catholicism a Menace to Our Country?" the editor of the *People's Press*, El Reno, Okla., a staunch Methodist, had this to say: "We have no patience with the man who pretends to fear a Catholic conspiracy against the liberties of this country. The American Catholic may take his theology from Rome, but he takes his politics from home—from the genius of our institutions. He is just as loyal to his party and to his government as the citizen of any church or denomination."

CATHOLIC NOTES

The new Empress of Austria bears the name of Zita, the patron of houseworkers. The Empress' mother gave this name to her daughter because it was her wish that she should at all times be a servant of the Church.

The collection made in the Catholic churches of New York City, by order of Cardinal Parley, for the Irish Relief Fund, amounted to \$18,000. The treasurer of the fund, Mr. Thomas Hughes Kelly, announced that that sum had been forwarded to Archbishop Walsh, Honorary President of the fund in Dublin.

Rome, Dec. 8.—Pope Benedict has appointed the Rev. Jas. Coyle, member of the Bishop's Council of Fall River, Mass., his domestic prelate. Father Coyle will carry the title of Monsignor. The appointment of the Right Rev. Msgr. William T. Russell of the Archdiocese of Baltimore as Bishop of Charleston was also announced.

The Rev. Louis J. O'Hern, C. S. P., says the Sacred Heart Review, addressed the 4,000 employees of the Government at the Government Printing Office, November 29. This is said to be the first time that a Catholic priest made a Thanksgiving address in such a place to such an audience. Father O'Hern spoke on "Patriotism."

Most Rev. Michael J. O'Doherty, D. D., who has just been appointed Archbishop of Manila, visited this country four years ago, on his way to the Philippines. The new Archbishop was born in County Mayo, Ireland, in 1874. He had the distinction of being the youngest rector of the Irish College, Salamanca, Spain, and is now the youngest Archbishop in the world.

A party of Trappist monks recently visited certain sections of the St. Louis archdiocese, prospecting for a suitable site on which to establish a monastery. They inspected the handsome property and surroundings known as "Kennett Castle," near Crystal City, Mo., and were much pleased with the place.

The Choctaw Indians, of Tucker, Miss., are in a great state of excitement as they have been promised a visit from Very Rev. Father Ketcham who recently published the first catechism in the Choctaw language. The Reverend Father will be welcomed by the Indians he loves so well. They will treat him as well as they did Bishop Gunn at Natchez, Miss., whom they recently made a chief and entertained at a war dance.

Among the bills that will be presented to Congress early in the session is one introduced by the Ladies Auxiliary of the A. O. H., which asks for a site in Arlington National Cemetery on which to erect the Memorial to the Nuns of the Battlefield. This bill was before the Senate last session and passed that body, but was too far down on the calendar to be brought before the House before adjournment.

Mayor James Rolph, Jr., of San Francisco, has suggested that Archbishop Edward J. Hanna be made a member of a board of arbitration to settle all labor troubles in that city, and that to him be given the privilege of appointing four other clerical members from various denominations. In making the suggestion the Mayor remarked that there is no other member of the community who possesses in such a unique degree the confidence of all classes.

Lieut. H. E. Bulbeck, Royal Fusiliers, killed in action in November came of an old Hampshire Catholic family, the name appearing in the Recusant Roll of that county in the second year of the reign of James I., says the *London Tablet*. "His great-grandfather, Dr. John Bulbeck, was a fellow-colleague of Daniel O'Connell, and was one of the thirty-two Douai students who suffered the full term of imprisonment after the seizure of the college at the French Revolution."

Alexander Morten, who died in New York on September 16, left an estate of about \$600,000, most of which will eventually go to charities. His will, which has been filed for probate, provides that his widow, Mrs. Marjorie of 141 East Twenty-first street, shall receive the income from her husband's residuary estate for life. The remainder will go to the following named charitable institutions, which are also to get the principal of the estate after Mrs. Morten's death. The Little Sisters of the Poor, the Dominican Sisters of Sick Poor, the Little Sisters of the Assumption.

Sacramento, Dec. 6.—John Kelly, one-time gardener for Senator Stanford, who died last week at the age of ninety years, left his entire fortune of \$260,000, with the exception of \$12,000, to San Francisco orphanages, according to the terms of his will, which was filed for probate today. Mr. Kelly was gardener for the late Senator Stanford when the latter was Governor of California. He invested his money in swamp land certificates and laid the foundations for his fortune, which he built up later at the State Capitol by discharging salary warrants for State employees. His will states that he has no surviving relatives.