

# The Catholic Journal

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## A FOOL'S ARGUMENT

There are many persons who imagine that because no reply is made to some foolish argument they put forth that the person to whom they are talking is unable to answer them. An instance in point is contained in a beautiful legend now given to the world by a Washington correspondent of the "Lutheran Observer". Briefly the narrative runs that a Mr. Early, a canvasser for a sort of fraternal insurance society, was in a train going from Boston to New York. In the train Early began to expound the doctrine of the Protestant sect, to which he belonged, to a friend, in such loud tones as to attract the attention of nearly all the occupants of the car. An elderly gentleman sitting near by interrupted the bumptious individual by saying: "Yes, my friend, but how do you know your church is right?" Although taken by surprise, Early began to explain why he thought so, but his interrogator pressed him at each statement for proof of his certainty, and at last he ventured to give the name of Martin Luther as authority. The stranger persisted, "Yes, my friend, but how do you know that Martin Luther was right?" The worthy disciple of Luther lost his temper at this and showed his true character in this tirade:

"I know he was right because of what he did. There was the old Pope and all his cardinals, bishops and priests, and all the kings and armies of Europe on one side, and there was nobody but little Martin and God Almighty on the other side, and little Martin just took that old Pope's bull by the horns and gave his neck such a twist as he will not get over until Gabriel blows his horn and sends the old Pope, with all his cardinals, bishops and priests down to hell, where they belong. Now that, sir, is the way I know he was right."

According to the "Observer's" correspondent, "This settled the question. No reply came from the interrogator, and all the other passengers applauded vociferously. The train soon stopped and the dumbfounded controversialist got out. Then it was told the victorious Mr. Early that his opponent was no less a personage than Cardinal McCloskey, but he took the news calmly, saying that a man who interrupted conversation deserves what he gets. Mr. Early, it is added, from that day forward was lionized in New England."

Here the beautiful tale stops. It is evident that the correspondent wishes it to be inferred that the cardinal was so "floored" by the blatherer's fusillade that he was unable to reply. Can it be that the "Observer" has never heard of the homely but forceful old proverb that is impossible to get aught but a grunt from a pig, or the old adage that it is folly to argue with a fool?

## RUSSO-FRENCH ALLIANCE

The cynics who have been looking for some ulterior motive behind the Russian concession to France, are making much capital out of the fact that the czar's financiers are busying themselves in Paris for the purpose of obtaining a loan of \$200,000,000. Before the alliance was entered upon, Russia was suspected of being short of ready cash, the Siberian railroad and other great plans of internal improvement having made serious inroads into the coffers of her public treasury.

Nothing, of course, could induce Russia to make overtures to England, and, as for Germany, most of her surplus capital finds use at home and little, if any, could be spared for Russia's convenience. It needs no microscope to see that the czar must bargain a loan in France or go without, and shrewd observers think that the recent alliance is a consequence of the realization of this fact.

Measured by prestige, the alliance is worth far more than \$200,000,000 to France, and as the loss of it would be of incalculable worth, there is but little doubt but that Russian diplomats will find no necessity for jaunting to other capitals than Paris in search of the money they ardently desire. In a business sense, the loan is a good financial movement. Russia is a safe debtor. At times her ready cash may be somewhat curtailed, but her vast resources make her credit inexhaustible. In these respects she is somewhat similar to our own country, which with an assessable wealth of many billions, two years ago, was obliged to borrow a quarter of a billion to repair deficits.

By means of the vast utilities created by her agrandizing tariff, the immense pastoral land of Peter the Great is becoming the manufacturing and commercial empire of Nicholas. Undreamed of resources are being unearthed, the trade of Asia is being turned from ship to rail, China is fast being won over from the English, the people are being taught new industries, and profitable methods of agriculture are being universally adopted. All of these insure a prominent prosperity, and as long as France has money to lend, she can find no more desirable debtor than Russia, especially as the interest on the money will be capped by a diplomatic relationship and mutual interest, whose worth cannot be expressed in the language of finance.

## "YELLOW JOURNALISM"

"Yellow" has come to be commonly accepted in slang phraseology as expressing disgust, especially when applied to base ball games and theatrical performances. It is also used of late in connection with sensational newspapers. "Yellow," however, does not begin to be the word to use in connection with an "intended-to-be-funny" article that appeared one day last week on the editorial page of the New York "Journal." It purported to detail incidents in an alleged feud between two tenement house families named Moran and Gallagher. Mrs. Moran had thrashed Mrs. Gallagher's boy and the latter had not retaliated in kind. The two women met on the street the following morning, and the "Journal" would have us believe the following colloquy took place:

"So, Nora Moran!" she panted when she reached her enemy. "Ye thought ye cud bate me Tommy an' not suffer for ut. Did ye? Oh! Ut's all Oi can do to kape me hands off uv ye now! Ye thought because Oi was goin' to howly communion this mornin' an' was in a state of grace, ye'd escape, did ye? But O'll tell ye wan thing. Wait till this mass is over, an' O'll give ye a lambastin' ye'll remember till yer dyin' day."

"And the fight that occurred that afternoon, when Mrs. Gallagher's restraining state of grace was happily passed, was what the historians call epoch-making."

Aside from the alleged brogue, which is about as bad a counterfeit as we have encountered, is not the above a beautiful sentiment to appear in a great metropolitan daily that expects Catholics to help support it? Decent, self-respecting Catholics, should neither buy or subscribe for or advertise in the New York "Journal" until it makes an humble apology for the above blasphemy.

We should not refer to this, much less pollute our columns with the vile insinuations, were it not to warn Catholic fathers and mothers what a terrible risk they run in permitting their children to read the sensational daily papers of to-day.

The only safe course to pursue is to subscribe for a Catholic paper and allow your children to read only that.

It is the rule of German Catholic society conventions to adopt resolutions commending to their members the support of the Catholic press. A German Catholic convention in Ohio recently declared: "We deplore the existence of so many unprincipled and sensational newspapers, which, instead of opposing vice, encourage the same by the indecent description of the most shameful acts. We applaud the zeal and loyalty of the Catholic organs of this state, and bid them continue in the fight for what is good and just. At the same time we wish to call upon our Catholic brethren to support our Catholic press by their subscriptions and by helping it to obtain business advertisements, and we agree to encourage such business enterprises which interest themselves in our Catholic press."

One of our secular confreres was inspired, after looking over his list of unpaid subscriptions, to compose the following: "How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view, the liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new, the wide-spreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell, the coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well, the spread eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well."

A notorious anti-Catholic clergyman recently sent a copy of his vile book, "Jacob Plummer in Rome" to Queen Victoria. He received the following acknowledgment from the queen's secretary, who was probably writing under instructions: "I regret to inform you that I am unable to lay this book before her majesty, and consequently must beg you to allow me to return it." The "Ave Maria" pointedly asks: "Would our president have spoken out so fearlessly in similar circumstances?"

It is a striking coincidence that Judge W. J. Wallace, whom Boss Platt has nominated for chief judge of the court of appeals, not many months ago made Platt receiver of the New England railroad at \$12,000 per year, while Judge Parker, whom "Boss" Hill has named for the same place some years ago was Hill's endorser on a \$10,000 note given to pay the latter's campaign expenses. Thus are even the courts used as a means to pay the bosses' political and personal debts.

It has been stated that there has not been a Catholic commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. Rev. J. T. O'Connell of Toledo, has written to the "Catholic Standard and Times" to contradict this. He says that the commander in 1884-5, General John S. Kountz, is an exemplary Catholic and is now a devout member of his congregation.

It is a noteworthy fact that Queen Victoria's jubilee passed without the release of a single Irish political prisoner. The "great queen" was outdone in generosity the other day by the "Unspeakable Turk," who pardoned twenty-four political prisoners on a Mohammedan fete day.

"Notes and Queries" tells a story of a "cheerful idiot"—he was an American, by the way—who genially told Pio Nono that he had had the honor of being presented to His Holiness' Father, the late Pope!

There is not much choice offered between the two city tickets, is there?

When you are in need of job printing of any kind leave your order at the CATHOLIC JOURNAL office, 324 1/2 East Main Street.

## STOOP LOW

What man will stoop to accomplish is fairly illustrated by the appearance on our streets this week of a sheet called "Monroe County's Illustrated Catholic Herald." The sheet is simply a reprint of a sensational Sunday paper, and gotten up to entice political advertising, and should be dealt with accordingly.

## THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Matthew ix. 1-8.—At that time: "Jesus, entering into a boat passed over the water and came into His own city. And behold they brought to Him one sick of the palsy lying in a bed. And Jesus, seeing their faith, said to the man sick of the palsy: Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee. And behold some of the scribes said within themselves: He blasphemeth. And Jesus, seeing their thoughts, said: 'Why do you think evil in your hearts? Whether it is easier to say, thy sins are forgiven thee: or to say, Arise and walk? But that you may know that the Son of man hath power on earth to forgive sins, (then saith He to the man sick of the palsy: Arise, take up thy bed and go into thy house. And he arose and went into his house. And the multitude seeing it, feared, and glorified God that gave such power to men.'"

St. Gregory says: The bed upon which the paralytic lay prostrate and unable to move signified the carnal passions in which the soul of a sinner lies abandoned and unable to do any good. The paralytic, in carrying his bed and going into his house is a figure of the sinner who, being converted and placed in the state of grace, rises from the mire of his passions, carries triumphantly the weight of temptations, strives in works of penance, walks in the path of justice, and returns to that house which is prepared for him in heaven by the merits of Jesus Christ.

Weekly Church Calendar  
Sunday, October 10—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. Epist. 1 Cor. 14-8; Gosp. Matt. ix. 1-8.  
Monday, 11—Feria  
Tuesday, 12—Feria  
Wednesday, 13—St. Edward, king and confessor.  
Thursday, 14—St. Calistus I., Pope and martyr.  
Friday, 15—St. Theresa virgin.  
Saturday, 16—Feria

A Common Experience  
Scene I.—Mr. Johnson is obliged to give up work, remain in the house and take care of himself on account of a dreadful scrofulous sore on one of his limbs.  
Scene II.—Mr. Johnson reads a testimonial which tells of scrofulous troubles cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. He resolves to try it, sends for a bottle and begins taking it.  
Scene III.—Mr. Johnson has taken six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla. His scrofulous sore is cured. He is feeling stronger, has a good appetite and is able to attend to his work. He writes a testimonial telling of his experience with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and recommends it to others.

Its Worst Form  
"My daughter has been troubled with catarrh since she was four years old. She had the disease in its worst form and took medicines with no permanent relief. She finally began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and after a while the disagreeable symptoms entirely disappeared."  
—M. W. Silsby, Hartland, N. Y.

For a Good, Clean Fire,  
Try our celebrated anthracite coal from the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western mines. Jacob S. Haight, Telephone 594-A. Yard and office West avenue, city line. Postoffice, Lincoln park.

A PREMIUM FREE.  
We will give one of our handsome premium pictures of "The Crucifixion," size 17x24, beautifully colored in artistic shades, free to any person that secures one subscription to THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, payment to be made in advance. This is an easy method of securing one of these beautiful pictures free of charge, and you should take advantage of this opportunity before they are all gone. The subscriber is also entitled to the premium.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Your Fall Hat.  
Buy your fall hat of us. We can suit the most fastidious, as we carry the Dunlap's, Youdman's and Meng & Shafer special. Call and examine our line and you will receive courteous attention. MENG & SHAFER.

## FREAKS PLAYED OUT. A BRIDGE OF FISH.

HUMAN MONSTROCITIES NO LONGER CROWD DIME MUSEUMS.

The Fat Lady, the Tattooed Man, the Dog Faced Boy and the Circassian Girl Driven From the Show Business by Machinery—All Retired Rich.

These are the days of tribulation in freak circles. The present is full of gloom. The wolf howls at the door of the giant, and the throne of the fat lady, empty and desolate, is crumbling away in the basement of the palace where once she dwelt at \$300 a week. Gladly would she bound into that fat throne now for five paltry dollars a day and her keep. The tattooed man would part with the purple frize on his bosom for a hall bedroom and a ham sandwich. The wrinkled dwarf lives in the memory of the past and on credit. And among all the freaks there is no word of cheer or of hope.

Machinery has done it. It has beaten nature in her freak mood just as it does when she is in her right mind. The ingenuity of man is driving the freaks of nature out of business. The monocycle now whirls where the Abino used to pose, and the kinoscope flickers on the canvas where the wild Dahomey was wont to hurl spears at his mother.

Mr. Anderson, manager of a museum in New York, is a connoisseur in freaks. He has dealt in them for the last quarter of a century, and he knows the history of every human curiosity that has been before the public in the memory of the present generation.

"Twelve years ago," he said to a Press reporter, "I never thought the time would come when the public would grow tired of feasting its eyes on some poor human monstrosity. After a time, though, the people began to tire. They demanded more for their money."

"About the time they were at their wits' end, some shrewd chap discovered that if he could make his line of freaks do something instead of sitting up on their platforms like a row of dummies the people would flock to his place."

"So he has put all his freaks into training, the fat lady he taught, with the aid of a drum and a club to sing 'Home Sweet Home,' and other popular airs, and he billed her as the 700-pound Patti, with a voice that rivaled the nightingale. The giant he placed under a prize fighter's care and then announced that 'the most wonderful giant the world had ever seen would fight daily with a man-eating gorilla.' He taught the midget to dance and sing and act, and so he went through the entire list, teaching each one to do something that was grotesque and startling."

"It was a hit from the first, and all the other managers followed his lead. The freaks who could not be taught did a turn or were thrown out. But it was really remarkable how many of them actually developed talent of no mean order. The dwarfs were especially clever, and as legitimate comedians could give points to lots of the big fellows playing in swell houses. In those times the freaks and the managers coined money. Little Major Mite never drew down less than \$400 a week and the singing fat ladies were smothered in silks and diamonds, while the giants lived on the fat of the land."

"The people have never really tired of these good freaks, but they are difficult to get hold of. Some of the native ones went abroad and returned with barrels of money and tales of the fabulous, and soon all their brother freaks were hurrying across, anxious to get a whack at the good things on the Continent."

"Chauncey Bell and Annie Bell, the fat pair, who were married in this museum several years ago, are doing the Continental circuit now, and from the letters we receive, nothing short of a princely offer would induce them to return to this country."

"After the performing freaks had had their day, or rather we had had our day out of them, for they are still paying attractions, came the time of the freaks who physically were not freaks at all, but had done some freak thing. Bridge jumpers, men who had gone over Niagara Falls in barrels and sailors who had crossed the Atlantic in rowboats, all were in great demand."

EXTRAORDINARY INCIDENT OF THE ALASKAN SALMON SEASON.

Forced From the Main Stream into a Shallow Tributary, They Formed an Immovable Jam—One Man Crossed It With a Horse and Buggy.

Advises from the Fraser and Columbia rivers, as well as from Alaska, indicate that this will be the biggest salmon year within a quarter century.

The fish are running upstream literally in swarms; so close do they run, in fact, that a canoe paddled over the surface, becomes an instrument of death, killing hundreds of salmon in its passage. In the upper tributaries of the Fraser the crush is tremendous, and the certain result will be the practical damming up of these narrow mountain torrents with solid masses of dead fish, says the Washington Star.

Dr. Tarleton H. Bean, director of the New York aquarium, who has won both fame and wide experience as a member of the United States fish commission, is authority for the following statement:

"It may confidently be asserted that British Columbia and Alaska will this year beat the record with their fish output. It is said that so tremendous is the influx of fish that hundreds are actually forced out of the water and into the boats."

"The fishermen—who are paid by the fish caught, regardless of weight, about six cents—number in their ranks English, Scotch crofters, Irish, French, Canadians, Scandinavians, Italians, Japanese and Indians. In spite of the small pay, it is possible in a year to make big money."

"John A. Fraser, R. C. A., the well-known landscape painter, spent many years on his namesake river, while preparing a series of views at the instance of the Canadian government. Asked concerning the fisheries, he said:

"To begin with, boat fishing does not exist for more than a few miles above the delta of the Fraser. Beyond that point all fishing is done from the shore by men, and sometimes in exceptional years, with the aid of horses."

"The net used differs largely from the seines used in Alaska. I can compare it to nothing better than a huge hammock slung by both ends to a pole. Night is the time for fishing operations. The men arrange themselves for certain stretches of river. Below the delta line they cast their nets from boats with high, platformed sterns. Further up, the river being impassable on account of its fierce current and sunken rocks, they cast from the bank. A good man can catch hundreds daily. Two hundred fish at six cents a fish means \$12 a day; and that is no unusual wage in the season. Below the delta I have heard of \$100 being earned by two men in a single day—or, to be exact, in a single night."

"Nobody who has not been in the Northwest can have any notion of the awful crush of salmon during a very big year, like the present. A single illustration from my personal knowledge may suffice. On one occasion I crossed a tributary of the Fraser river literally over a bridge made of salmon. The fish were dead and had begun to putrefy. Forced from the main stream into the tributary by the terrific legions of upgoing fish behind, they were driven into a long reach where the water grew shallow and the rocky banks very narrow. Here they became an absolute wedge—a jam, like the human jam that occurred on the Brooklyn bridge years ago. Not a fish could move forward or backward, and thus imprisoned, as in a vise, and without water, they died by hundreds, under the scorching sun."

"It was quite easy for my Indian driver to take the horse and buggy across this extraordinary natural bridge, while I followed on foot. Judging by the height of the river banks and the extent of the fish dam, I should say that there was an actual waste of fully 2,500 or 3,000 fish in that jam. Subsequently I was informed that such jams are by no means uncommon."

"Formerly the Indians did nearly all the canning. Now, however, the Chinese, who are at once cleaner, cheaper and more easily managed, do most of the work."

"The night fishing is very picturesque. You see dark figures of the fishermen standing as in a vise, their feet against the moonlight. Then high in air whirls the big net, sweeping at the end of its iron-bound pole. Dstly, silently almost, it cuts into the swift current of the Fraser. There is a minute or two of waiting, and then, with a swish and a great scattering of spray, up comes the net, dank and dripping from the river, having described a rapid semicircle under water. Once more it is whirled across the moonlight, and this time keen eyes can see within its meshes the silver scales of the salmon, wriggling and struggling for freedom that is his no more. Then comes the quick blow of the killing club, and the dead fish is tossed into the creels."

"The work of canning, according to Mr. H. Tarleton Bean and Mr. Fraser usually lasts about two months. A Chinese can clean about 1,000 fish in a day. Sometimes the canners turn out 75,000 cans in twenty-four hours."

Watermelon Cutting in Georgia.  
"It is worth a trip to Georgia," said Senator Clay, "to see a watermelon cutting. The farmers and their families gather from miles around, and thousands of melons—a line sometimes stretching for a quarter of a mile—are sacrificed upon the altar of a unique holiday. There are more melons cut and eaten on a single day than you would see in Washington in a month. Only we do not eat the melon down to the rind. We take out the juicy, seedless heart, and then, in our extravagance, we throw the rest away."  
—Washington Post.

French Knee Cuffs.  
A form of clothing known as knee cuffs is said to be used quite generally in France by all classes during the winter. It is a woolen cuff for the knees, much the same as in England is worn around the wrists.

Sacrilege in a Famous Cathedral.  
The famous cathedral at Chester, England, was recently robbed by a thief who probably secreted himself in the edifice before it was closed for the night. He stole a small sum from the offertory boxes; but in escaping he broke a handsome memorial stained-glass window, the damage being vastly out of proportion to the petty theft.

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