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CONCERT HALLS

An evil that has grown with remarkable rapidity in this and other cities lately, and one that will tend to disrupt the morals of many a young man, and even older men, too, is what is termed concert saloons, which sprung up like so many mushrooms when the Raines law went into effect. These places are run in connection with saloons and a small admission fee is charged. Men and women (specialty people) are engaged to amuse those who patronize the place, and tables are scattered about the room where anyone may be served with anything they may wish to eat, drink or smoke. No sitters are allowed, and everyone is expected to keep up a reasonable amount of spending while the performance is going on or they will be bored by one of the numerous waiters who are held accountable for their section of the place. Many men, young and old, with degraded women, frequent these places, and they drink and smoke to their heart's content, and plunge headlong into deeper vice and degradation. These places are legalized by a license, and most of them are in a flourishing condition. Mayor Diehl of Buffalo has begun a crusade against these places. He does not like the combination of Raines-law hotels and concert halls. When the concert hall licenses of those places expired a few days ago the mayor thought the time for action was auspicious. He declared that he would issue no more licenses for Raines-law hotels. He and Superintendent Bull had a conference and the various places were notified that their licenses had expired and would not be renewed if the concert hall remained in the same place with the hotel.

Mayor Diehl will attend to the Raines-law clubs next. To a reporter he said: "I think we can wipe out those fake clubs and I am going to see what can be done just as soon as I get a chance. These clubs are open till all hours of the morning. Much noise and disturbance emanate from some of them. Then the late hours are bad for our young men. Midnight is late enough for any of them to stay in a saloon and they certainly ought to be out of it by 1 o'clock. I'm going to present the matter to the district attorney and try to have the clubs prosecuted. Some of the societies might help in this. If we get a conviction every one of the clubs will be wiped out. With the fake clubs out of existence and the concert halls closed at midnight our young men will be much healthier. I think we can get more law and order in this community."

On account of continued ill health our agent, Mr. Hugh Hackett, has severed his connection with this paper. Mr. Hackett's many friends throughout the diocese will regret to learn of his affliction.

BICYCLE SKIRTS

Lately we have noticed on the public thoroughfares and even coming from mass on Sunday, many young ladies riding bicycles who wear low shoes and a short skirt that would look better on one of their younger sisters. It is unbecoming and improper in a young lady who calls herself a Catholic and who attends mass regularly to make such a show of herself. Of course we know that a long dress interferes with pedaling, but the skirt can be cut to a reasonable length and still not interfere with the working of the pedals. Mothers should see that their daughters' skirts are of the proper length and not allow any indecent display of feminine hosiery.

Bishop McQuaid last week announced the appointment of Rev. James P. Kiernan of St. Mary's church as vicar general to succeed the late V. Rev. Father O'Hare. The mantle could fall on no one worthier, and Father Kiernan's many friends will be pleased to hear of his appointment.

In the article, "Should Catholics Trade With Catholics?" published in last week's JOURNAL, credit was given to Dr. Pallen of the St. Louis Church Progress, when it should have been given to Mr. Merwin M Snell, who has for some time been the editor of that publication. Mr. Snell is a grand-nephew of William Cullen Bryant, and a descendant of the famous colonial theologian of the eighteenth century in New England—Jonathan Edwards. Mr. Snell was formerly in the scientific service of the United States government, and for several years was secretary to the rector of the Catholic University of America. In 1893 he was president of the scientific section of the Chicago World's Parliament of Religions, and his paper read at the first International Congress of Catholic Scientists, held in Paris in 1888, was the first contribution from this side the water.

Editor John B. Howe of the Herald has resigned to accept the associate editorship of the Syracuse Herald. Mr. Howe leaves many friends in Rochester who will wish him success in his new position.

Rumors have arisen in Washington that a solution of the perplexing complications likely to arise between church and state administration in the Phillipines and Porto Rico may be found in the appointment by the Pope of Archbishop Ireland to the See of Manilla and that of Archbishop John Keane to that of San Juan. Wonder who started the rumor?

WEST INDIES CATHOLICS

The First Change Will Be to Terminate the Spanish Concordat.

Among those occupying high official position with the Catholic church it is said that the amalgamation of the Catholic communities of Cuba, Porto Rico and other Spanish colonies presents no serious difficulty. The first requisite, it is pointed out, is to terminate the concordat by which Spain and the vatican jointly conduct the church administration of these colonies.

The concordat is a formal agreement, somewhat like a treaty, by which the Spanish government and the Vatican carry on relations of mutual advantage. Under the concardat the Spanish are formally appointed by the pontiff.

With the termination of Spanish sovereignty in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Antilles, this provision for the Spanish nomination of bishops becomes inoperative and some other system must take its place. For the present, it is said, the change will cause no violent upheaval among the bishops and clergy of these colonies. They will be left in their places, and the change of system will be inaugurated gradually as those now in service drop off and are succeeded. The new system will probably be that under which bishops are chosen in the United States, there being no state participation, but merely a choice by the established Catholic authorities wherein a change occurs, this choice being referred to Rome for formal appointment.

PICNICS AND OUTINGS.

We print picnic tickets, programs, badges, etc., at reasonable rates. The CATHOLIC JOURNAL office 324½ East Main street.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL: St. Luke, xvii. 11-19. At that time, "As Jesus was going to Jerusalem, He passed through the midst of Samaria and Galilee. And as He entered into a certain town there met him ten men that were lepers, who stood afar off and lifted up their voice, saying: Jesus, Master, have mercy on us. Whom when He saw, He said: Go, show yourselves to the priests. And it came to pass, as they went they were made clean. And one of them, when he saw that he was made clean, went back, with a loud voice glorifying God, and he fell on his face before His feet, giving thanks: and this was a Samaritan. And Jesus answering said: Were not ten made clean? and where are the nine? There is no one found to return and give glory to God, but this stranger. And He said to him: Arise, go thy way, for thy faith hath made thee whole."

As a leper is a disgusting object to men, so is a lewd sinner an abominable object to the eyes of God. As lepers were to be avoided because of the danger of contracting their contagious disease, so also must lewd persons be avoided, because they communicate to others their spiritual disease.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday, August 28—Thirteenth Sunday after Pentecost St Augustine, Bishop, Confessor and Doctor of the Church Epist 2 Tim. iv 6-8 Gosp. Matt v. 13-19. Last Gosp Luke xvii 11 19
Monday, 29—Beheading of St John Baptist.
Tuesday, 30—St Rose of Lima, Virgin.
Wednesday, 31—St Raymund Nonnatus, Confessor
Thursday, Sept 1—Office of the Blessed Sacrament St Giles, Abbott. The Twelve Brothers, martyrs.
Friday, 2—St. Stephen, King of Hungary Confessor
Saturday, 3—Office of the Immaculate Conception.

THE 103 DAYS' WAR

One of the New York papers publishes the following statistics on our recent war with Spain.

Hostilities begun April 21, 1898.

Peace proposal accepted August 2, 1898.

Number of days of actual war, 103

Cost in lives to Spain, about 11,000 killed. (No official report of Spanish casualties published.)

Cost to the United States, about 253 men killed and about 1,354 men wounded.

What we lost: The Maine, with 266 men.

What Spain lost. Montijo's fleet, Cerveras' fleet, Cuba, Porto Rico, one of the Ladrones, and possibly the Phillippines.

Strength of the United States army when war was declared, 27,532 men.

Strength now, 278,500 men.

Strength of United States navy when war was declared: Battle ships and cruisers, 14; monitors, 19; unarmored steel cruisers, 16; gun boats, 19; torpedo boats, 23.

Strength now: Battle ships and cruisers, 39; monitors, 19; unarmored steel vessels, 31; gun boats, 25; torpedo boats, 25; special craft, 45.

THE BISHOP'S PICTURE.

Every Catholic Family in the Diocese Should Have One.

As this year marks the fiftieth anniversary of the ordination of Rt. Rev. Bishop McQuaid as a priest and his thirtieth as a bishop, every Catholic family in the diocese should be in possession of our beautiful large photograph (not lithograph), 11x14 inches of the Rt. Rev. Bishop. The picture will be given to every subscriber of THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL, who, until further notice pays a full year's subscription for 1898 in advance, and send us fifty cents extra to cover part of the cost of framing. The photograph is a reproduction of the picture of the Bishop which hangs in St. Bernard's Seminary and is certainly a work of art. It was made by Mr. E. E. Nier, the celebrated artist of Powers Block. The photograph will be handsomely framed with an elegant gold bordered white frame, glass and back. Those who have received the premium are more than satisfied, and say that they do not see how we can give so much for so little money. Now is the time to send in your orders.

Now is the time to order your coal for next winter. If you wish to get the best, place your order with John M. Reddington, 99 West Main street.

The celebrated Lehigh Valley coal is sold by John M. Reddington, 99 West Main street. Place your order with him if you want the best.

LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

Instructive Statistics Gathered by a St. Paul Writer.

J. H. Goodyear, of the Chicago Great Western's mechanical department, St. Paul, has compiled some statistics affecting locomotive engineers, which will be read with great interest by all railroad men and many others. They are embodied in an article entitled "The Locomotive Engineer," written by Mr Goodyear and published in a late issue of the Railway Age. The article follows

In a recent article by the writer on the subject of the operating department of American railways reference was made to the condition under which locomotive engineers work and the question raised regarding the advisability of discharging without good and sufficient cause men with several years' service and a fairly good record, replacing them by men discharged from other roads for similar or more serious cause. While personally convinced of the truth of my statement, it occurred to me that readers of the article in question might reasonably think the statement overdrawn, consequently a few facts regarding locomotive engineers, as told by themselves, would bear out by statement and at the same time be of general interest.

With this object in view I have taken the personal records or applications of two hundred men seeking employment as locomotive engineers and therefrom collected the data necessary to present the following information Of the two hundred 84 per cent gave their nationality as American 4 per cent English 4 per cent Irish, 3 per cent Scotch 4 per cent German 1 per cent Norwegian

The average age worked out thirty-six years five months average height 5 feet 9 inches average weight 173 pounds Eighty per cent stated they were married average number of children 3, average railway service 11 years 6 months average number of railways for which the 200 men had worked 2 average length of time employed by first railway 8 years and 4 months

Forty seven per cent had worked for one railway only with an average service of 10 years 8 months

Twenty six per cent worked for two railways with an average service of 6 years 10 months for the first and 4 years 3 months for the second railway

Fifteen per cent worked for three railways with an average service of 7 years 2 months for the first, 3 years 10 months for the second and 2 years 6 months for the third railway

Eight per cent worked for four railways, with an average of 4 years for the first 3 years for the second, 3½ years for the third and 2 years the fourth railway

Four per cent. worked for five railways, with an average of 4 years for the first 2 years 9 months the second, 4 years 3 months the third, 2 years 9 months the fourth and 3 years 3 months the fifth

These figures demonstrate the following

First By the percentage of Americans, that the men tramping the country are not foreigners

Second The average age, that they are not men who have outlived their usefulness as locomotive engineers.

Third The average height and weight, that they are physically fit.

Fourth Percentage of those married, that they are not tramp engineers from choice

Fifth The general average showing length of service with the first railway, also the great percentage of men having worked for but one road with such a good average service as ten years and eight months, that there is something radically wrong with the present system of handling enginemen.

The Dog and the Law.

Once it is established that the nature of the species is gentle and that every dog is a law-abiding and peaceable Bruno, then it becomes necessary, before liability for the vulgar transgressions of a fierce Towser can be fastened on the owner, that he should have previous knowledge of the unusual and not-to-be-expected feature.

This is called scienter, and until an owner has this knowledge of his dog's viciousness he is not responsible, though in the error of its ways not acting as becomes a gentleman of the dog species, or a lady, as the case may be. To be more accurate and exact, once a dog had departed from the narrow path of rectitude and demeaned itself in ways other than should obtain with a strictly proper and gentle animal, and the owner knows of it, then it loses status and caste, and must be put down as a vicious animal, and the owner keeps it at his peril. Lord Coleridge, it seems, was anxious to reduce the law on the subject to a nicety in the way of succinctness and brevity, and he succeeded by saying that "Every dog is entitled to one bite," and the case has special reference to Spring lamb or veal. The expression is varied by making it "Every dog is entitled to one worry."

African Coal Discoveries.

Rich deposits of coal have been discovered at about 15 miles from Johannesburg and 11 miles from Krugersdorp. The coal-bearing layer is 65 yards deep. The new mine supplies much better coal and is much nearer the gold fields than the mines which have supplied the coal hitherto. Diamonds have been found at Rietfontein, near Pretoria, and it is estimated that the new mine will be twice as rich as the celebrated Kimberley fields. Mr. Kehler and others have found very valuable gold reefs between Johannesburg and Krugersdorp, at a depth of 2,000 feet.

THE TRUTHFUL SINGER

I.

I cannot sing the old songs;
My principles forbid
To warble forth the wild untruths
That in their lines are hid.
Oh! never did I dream I dwelt
In any marble hall,
And never, never did I ask
To like a soldier fall.

II.

My old folks never lived an hour
On any Suanee River,
I never called them "old folks," for
The name fair makes me shiver.
And never did I hang a harp
On any willow-tree,
And Annie Laurie never gied
A promise true to me.

III.

I never said to any one,
"Then you'll remember me!"
Nor any woodman e'er implored
To spare a single tree.
I never cared to live a life
upon the ocean wave,
I never mourned for Lily Dale,
Nor hung about her grave.

IV.

I never lived in any cot,
Nor cottage by the sea,
Nor no lone rock in that damp place
Was ever loved by me.
I never set this foot of mine
In any Hazel Dell,
Nor drank from bucket made of oak
That hung in any well.

V.

Bold Privateer I never was,
Nor owned an Old Dog Tray;
No Gipsy Countess ever wooed,
Nor loved a Nelly Gray.
No Old Kentucky Home was mine,
I ne'er came through the Rye,
And called John Anderson my Jo,
In no sweet by-and-by.

VI.

So ask me not to sing again
Those old mendacious songs,
For I've reformed, because I see
No truth to them belongs.
But let me sing some nobler air
And fill you with delight,
Or else I'll made a red hot time
In this old town to-night

—J Campbell, in Puck.

LOVEDAY.

"I have always been so happy Mine has been such a sunny life"

The woman addressed looked at the speaker with a kind of wonder. To her it seemed almost inexplicable that anybody could speak in this wise Her own memory held but little hardship, loss and sorrow

She spoke almost solemnly.

"Heaven grant that you may always be happy, dear. If, however, change should come——"

The girl interrupted her.

"Ah! What change could there be, Miss Ardern? I have love all around me"

"Sometimes love changes," murmured the woman, her face growing a shade paler

"Not such love as is given to me," answered the girl happily.

"Happy Loveday" murmured Miss Ardern.

In that moment her own loneliness seemed to strike her anew. A keen pang shot through her.

"I do not remember a wish of mine ever being ungratified," went on Loveday half-dreamily "My parents lived for me. There is only one shadow on my path What will they feel when I—leave them?"

"Leave them?" echoed the questioner questioningly.

"Yes," with a happy blush "Because, you see there is Bernard Is it not strange, Miss Ardern, that the only shade of sorrow I have ever known should arise from the fact of so much affection being bestowed upon me?"

"A golden sorrow," said Miss Ardern. "Tell me more, my child."

"Bernard has always cared for me," answered Loveday, simply. "We played together as children, and I have always thought there was nobody like him. He was just as fond of me, and as we grew older we knew it was—love. Perhaps he would not have spoken quite so soon but for the fact that his work called him into a distant town. He could not leave with the secret untold, so he laid bare his heart to me."

"Love affects human lives in so many different ways. I was only wondering in what aspect the god presented himself to you."

"Always smiling," answered Loveday. "No shadow has ever fallen between Bernard and me."

"Do you see your lover often?"

"We have been parted this time longer than ever before," answered Loveday, but her tone lost none of its joyous confidence. "He used to come over about every two months, but of late there has been such a pressure of work that he has found it impossible to leave. It is nearly six months since I last saw him."

"You must feel the separation," said Miss Ardern, sympathetically.

"Not so much as you perhaps think," rejoined Loveday, a great tenderness in her tone; "for he is always with me in my heart and thoughts."

"You 'love as the angels do, with the breadth of heaven betwixt you!'" murmured Miss Ardern.

"That is it exactly," said Loveday, with a sort of eager content. "I do not need the pressure of his hand to convince me of the nearness of his heart. I am seldom lonely and never sad."

Once again Miss Ardern kissed her.

* * * * * * *

Bernard North buried his face in his hands and groaned aloud.

"It's no use taking things so hard, old man," remonstrated his companion with evident though awkward sympathy.

"I have been such a miserable coward!" ejaculated Bernard passionately. "That is where the chief fault has lain."

"One doesn't know what to do for the best," said Jack Halcombe, with a lame attempt at consolation.

"Never let things drift, Jack," went on Bernard, as if unheeding. "If only I could have summoned courage at the first to say that my heart had changed!"

"Pity!" murmured Jack. He felt uncomfortable. He liked Bernard North and was profoundly sorry his friends had so unmistakably fallen "into a hole." But he was not ready of speech, so he could only listen sympathetically.

"If only she had been mistaken too!" went on Bernard, wretchedly. "But from my heart I believe she loves me. Her sweet little letters! I feel like a hound when I remember that girl's white soul."

His face worked. The next moment he turned upon Jack, half fiercely.

"Perhaps you are thinking I regret what I have done! But I don't—I don't All my aching heart is for Loveday. If I could only bear the pain for her I should not care. The knowledge of my action will nearly, if not quite, break her heart. She is the sweetest child! But do you think I wish she were my wife? No, no, Jack!"

His countenance was full of conflicting emotions. Pity sorrow regret self-reproach were curiously mingled. But a certain passionate exultation shone above all.

"A child!" he said. "A tender, pure and beautiful child! You never saw her, Jack, did you? She has an angelic little face, and she knows nothing, absolutely nothing, of storm and tempest, of despair and sorrow, of depths and heights which mean black misery or bliss unspeakable."

Jack was silent. He wished Bernard would talk in a more rational way.

Bernard went on again:

"When I met Esther, don't you suppose the world altered? For a while I was utterly bewildered and confounded. Every one of my preconceived ideas dropped away. It is the easiest thing in the world to theorize, but the time comes when you—know."

Again there was silence. Then Bernard spoke again, more quietly:

"My sin has been toward Loveday. I ought to have told her. I cannot believe it would have been right to marry one woman while my heart is craving for another. I could no more have made Loveday happy than she could have made me content."

"You love your wife?" said Jack, more as an assertion than a question.

"Love her? Love Esther? I would not desire to live a day without her."

Bernard spoke fervently His eyes shone as though they beheld some beautiful and satisfying vision

"I count myself the happiest of men in becoming her husband If only I had dared to be altogether true."

"Well, things must be made the best of now," said Jack, philosophically.

"I wonder how much or how little this letter means?" deliberated Bernard, turning the missive about in evident perplexity. "Her mother writes 'Loveday is ill and wishes to see you.' It seems to have aroused me from a sort of dream. But I cannot go, that would be impossible. When she knew all my presence could afford her no comfort."

"Then you must write," said Jack, at last taking up the roll of adviser. "I think I should write to her parents. They might soften it to her a little. Tell them the whole truth without attempting to excuse yourself. Let them know that within the last six months you have met a woman who has called forth the strongest love of your nature, and that a week ago she became your wife."

"I will," answered Bernard firmly. "I have been a vacillating coward, but the truth must be spoken at last."

* * * * * * *

"Can she be really gone?" said Miss Ardern.

Her voice broke in a half sob and her air was at once awed and bewildered

"She is gone," answered the mother in dull monotone. "At first it seemed such a trifling illness, and she kept so bright and happy all the time. Then she wanted Bernard, and we wrote to him. We did not even wire, never dreaming of danger. He did not get here, but she made no lament. She died in my arms, holding her father's hand"

Only a heart-broken voice—no tears. Tears would not yet come to Loveday's mother.

"Will you see her?" she asked. And in the same still way she led Miss Ardern to the room where Loveday lay quiet.

The same pure, sweet smile! As one sorrow-worn woman gazed she was suddenly conscious of a great throb of thankfulness in the knowledge that the smile would never be dimmed. "A sunny life!" No shadow would ever now fall on its brightness.

As they stood a servant softly brought in a letter. It was from Bernard North, and there in the presence of the dead Loveday's mother read it. An unfathomable expression was on her face as she handed it to Miss Ardern.

When the latter had mastered its contents she took a firm grip of the hand of the woman beside her. Then she looked at the restful figure on the bed with a sort of yearning triumph.

"Happy Loveday!" she said. "Such a sunny life! Heaven was always good to you, but, O most supremely kind at the end. What is life when love is gone? And so death was merciful."—Household Words.

Russia an Asiatic Nation.

I considered it Asiatic when its resemblance to what I had seen in other countries of the east forced home the comparison, says Julian Ralph in Harper's Magazine. And from that moment I was able to judge it calmly. In Asia the systems of government are less military, but Russia is forced into militarism by her contact with Europe. The lack of machine-like discipline in the Russian soldiery is truly Asiatic, and so are the stagnation, patience, suffering and squalor of the people. In Russia they are drunken, instead of being gamblers and opium smokers as in China. The absence of a middle class and the gulf that takes its place are Asiatic conditions.

In Russia no man except a member of the cabinet or a diplomat dares to discuss politics. In other Asiatic countries the people are not forbidden to discuss them, because they have never shown any inclination to do so. No more do the 129,000,000 moujiks of Russia. Their intellectual activity never goes beyond the affairs of village, family, farm, or employment. Their most active interest is in religion but they make of that such a mere tissue of forms and mechanical or automatic practices that it is carried on without any more mental effort than the activity of a victim of St. Vitus' dance. The leaven of progress is not in the moujik any more than it is in the coolie. If Russia's system of government is to be threatened or altered, it must be by the ten million who reflect the European ideas.