

The Catholic Journal

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L. Merk, 234 East Main Street.
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Mrs. K. L. Wilson, 11 E. Main Street.
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Miss J. Rose, 366 North St.

The Democrat and Chronicle says: "The thanks of congress have always been regarded as among the highest rewards for distinguished public service. Since the beginning of the war with Spain heroism has been recognized in this way. Congress has made no distinction of rank, but has named the sailor men who served under Naval Constructor Hobson as well as that officer himself.
The editor might have added that although the Red Cross nurses were given thanks in the president's message, no mention was made of the many Sisters who lent their services to the country.

A dispatch from New York says that Magistrate Pool has declared that there shall be no more Bible-kissing in his court—Essex Market—and has ordered the book put out of the way. Magistrate Pool tells why he took this course. A young girl contracted a disease through pressing her lips to the court Bible and died from the effects of it. The name of the young woman the magistrate will not disclose. He has learned the facts of the case, however, and they are authentic.
The month of February is dedicated by many of the faithful to devotion towards the suffering Savior, and as Lent will begin this year on Feb. 15, that devotion will be a very appropriate one to observe. The leading February feasts will be those of St. Titus, 6; St. John of Mathias, 8; St. Cyril of Alexandria's, 9; St. Scholastica, 10; Seven Servite Founders, 11; St. Raymond of Pennafort's, 13; St. Valentine's, 14; Ash Wednesday, 15; St. Peter's Chair at Antioch 22, and St. Matthias', 24.

John Daly, the Irish political prisoner who was released from Portland prison in 1896, after having been sentenced to penal servitude for life in 1884 for complicity in an alleged plot to blow up the House of Commons while in session by throwing dynamite bombs from the strangers' gallery, has been elected mayor of Limerick by a unanimous vote under the new Irish Local Government act.

The Sisters of Notre Dame convent, Alaquith street and Ashland avenue, have received an album from Admiral Cervera, of the Spanish navy, containing autographs of 74 members of the Spanish Cortez and officers of the Spanish navy. The album was accompanied by a photograph of Admiral Cervera in full uniform, the gift of Admiral Cervera's family and the family of his son, Lieutenant Angel Cervera.

September 5, last, while passing through Baltimore on his way to Norfolk, Admiral Cervera was entertained at dinner at the convent at Notre Dame. The album is covered with autographs. The first autographs are those of Admiral Pascual Cervera y Topete, Admiral Juan Jacome de Cervera, and Lieutenant Angel Cervera.

Cervera y Jacome, and his wife, Rafaela Cabella de Cervera. The photograph was taken at Madrid. On the back was written by Admiral Cervera: "Madrid, November 3, 1898. To the community of Notre Dame, of Baltimore, Md. Begging your prayers." Signed, Pascuala Cervera, Rear Admiral, Spanish navy.

It is a well established fact that the press is a strong agency either for good or for evil. That it has a wide field to itself in the latter instance is amply illustrated, and that it is working havoc to a fearful degree cannot be questioned. In fact, there seems to be no limit to the destruction that it is making on the minds of the reading public in this, our 19th "enlightened" century. As "necessity is the mother of invention," one almost seeks in vain for the "necessity" reason of the fine art of printing—when we consider how the art is fearfully abused in the destruction of morals. In its rapid advancement it has many avenues through which are brought out yearly tons of reading in the shape of ordinary novels, books under the guise of "lovely Christian" sentiment; stories with the characters of the enchanting "lovers and their idols," and the "big" Sunday morning daily with its "sermons" and fascinating things to suit everybody! In fact, nothing like it, the materialist reader will exclaim, in this our great (?) age of enlightenment! The cheap novel has its way over the minds of many youths, who in after years are apt to present that sad condition of the mind—confusion of ideas. The intellect, as in its youth, has lost all of its quick conception of thought, and like the sharpened sword against wrong material, has become dull for no further use to its owner. In fact, this instance illustrates the results of the very impiety that nourishes pride, develops every kind of cupidity, and sows dissensions, cannot fail to give birth to revolt.

In this case then, many parents can easily discover the one source and reason for the rebellion and disrespect for home authority on the part of their children. If the child's intelligence is of the "high order," and he of a rebellious nature, why the sequence is, "he knows it all," and the father and the mother are "behind the times!" The parents in many instances (especially the newspaperdom) are unacquainted with the "beautiful" cause of our modern sentimental philosophy, but to their own sorrow often experience its evil effects in the household. At times they may hear it in the cry and hobby of "popular" literature! Their children many times will admit their mature judgment is not founded on religion and justice, for the materialist says it is unpopular to ponder on justice and religion; this is the age of indifference, when to believe simply in the "God-personality" is the policy of the majority—sort of Gladstone-like order. That such a policy permeates the greater part of the every reading cannot be ignored. In fact, one can almost breathe the thing in open air in whatever direction he may choose to go. Knowledge with this indifference to religion is sadly accepted in many quarters for that which is wholly durable, good, and of the proper light. The fountain of true knowledge seems to be rejected and the pool of shallow learning accepted with alacrity. To know, or to learn true knowledge is to worship; but the sentimentalist seems to scorn the idea, and yet we must agree with Dr. Eagan of literary note that "art is true art when to God it is true." Here we have the guiding star for every work in the art of literature.

For a portion of the wrong that so largely exists through the various channels of literature, can be attributed to our general support of the same and giving non-support to Catholic newspapers and Catholic authors. This is an injustice to Catholic readers themselves as well as to the editors and authors of Catholic works. Verily we are generous in our patronage of the many infidel and atheistic periodicals of the day, and remarkably indifferent in the support of our own press. It is not the bulky size of the journal that makes it the first-class newspaper, but its intrinsic worth in its reading matter. It seems to me a coat of yellow color is a weak inducement to the introduction of a newspaper, yet the thing takes, with the predestination to "paint 'em red." Verily, yellow journalism has been sadly lowered in its tide water mark (?); the war is over, and some editors have their "search-lights" in motion looking for new fads! One can imagine an occasional advertisement under cover of "Our influence and opinion for sale to the highest bidder." This is what some individuals would consider our great American journalism. In fact, our American journalism seems to accomplish its greatness in the exercise in the bulk of money that can be had in running it on the popular idea plan, regardless of any fixed principle. Yet, in face of all this, we have a good, faithful and honest journalism whose promoters will never be troubled with the idea of becoming millionaires. That is out of the question, and in their endeavor and strug-

gle to keep body and soul together of an honest press they are preserving of a big support. I believe it was Archbishop Machale, that great Irish and English scholar, who made the declaration on the press: "If you wish to have an honest press you ought honestly to support it." That we have an abundance of Catholic literary matter of the first order is amply illustrated in our goodly number of Catholic papers, magazines, and many books by Catholic authors whose ability and attractiveness in writing are acknowledged by the best of critics on literature. Among the magazines stands pre-eminently the "Ave Maria," whose book notices and criticisms alone on the works of authors are well worth the price of the magazine, not to speak of its excellent editorials, articles by a staff of able writers, and its stories, permeated with the best of morals. As the body has to be nourished with good and wholesome food, it stands to reason that the intellect to be clear and quick of conception, ought to be fed on pure imagination and rich thoughts from exemplary papers and books with the winding up of a moral ought not to be accepted, as the end does not justify the means in the publication. Under such a guise many books are introduced into Catholic families, and leave effects to be regretted when it is too late to offset the wrong that has been done. Knowing these circumstances to exist, it is the clear duty of conscience, in these days of materialism, of every Catholic, to exclude such publications, of a questionable character, from his household. It has often come within my knowledge of the atheistic press to deliberately misrepresent many questions relating to Catholicism—and not "Catholicism." (I have no use for that polysyllabic Catholicism, as its "ism" seems to be of the frigid temperament, notwithstanding its application by Catholic writers. Where the "ism" comes in regarding the Catholic church is a conundrum to this writer.) Regarding the excessive "liberty" of the Catholic press, the point is made clear when we consider the mischief that is being wrought by its companion—unbelief. Logic has become an entire stranger in its bearings; faith in its old time acceptance has been turned into mythology, and everything savoring of the absurd nature has become a hobby. Nevertheless, it is a consolation to know that we have many respectable journals whose editors have always fixed principles in view, and whose God is not the money to be derived from publication. In this respect Catholic journalism, as a whole in this country, presents a record of which its patrons can feel justly proud. And to still give it a healthier condition, influence and sufficient means, let us give it our hearty support and co-operation to reach that position of dignity and power, the aim of our Catholic editors.

H. O. C.
WATKINS, N. Y., Jan. 27th, '99.
P. S.—According to daily reports throughout the whole country we read a great deal of the "missionary clubs and societies" in their splendid calculations on the "work" to be accomplished in our far-off "possessions." Not satisfied with "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush," they are bound to go ferreting in foreign soil, and leave behind them in these United States a population of 75,000,000 of people, of whom 25,000,000 only are church-goers, according to Washington statistics. Yet the press calls us a Christian nation! If that portion of the "press" that courts the missionary fad so dearly would but rivet its attention to the possibility of home converts, their action then would call for applause and co-operation—instead of going to those islands where the inhabitants are apt to reply to the missionaries: "Return home and 'convert' your own nation first." When "red tape" entwines itself in missionary work, so-called, and the sincere jobs are at the disposal of him who has the strongest "pull," many well disposed Christians are likely to ask: "Whither are we drifting?" In fact, some of the donors may query: "What of the balance sheet?" Already many prominent preachers insist on a policy of "Home Missions" first, as the seats are becoming vacant in many of their churches, by the way the male portion of the congregation are dropping off. One male member remarked: "My Sunday morning paper takes up my time the whole forenoon—in fact, I read a sermon from Mr. So-and-so, and I think that fills the bill just as well!" Pulpit journalism by the way.

H. O. C.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate, reliable, sure. 25c.
There Are Others
Who sell coal, but it's not the famous Lehigh Valley coal. Best in the world, and costs no more. J. M. Reddington, 99 West Main Street, cor. Plymouth ave. Telephone 380.
Mr. A. Herman, will make collections in Auburn all next week.

The Change of Firm Sale Still continues

HERE IS THE MENU FOR TO-DAY

- FLANNELS.** Checked and Striped Flannels, the 25c kind, at 15c a yard. Several odd pairs slightly soiled Blankets at half price.
- Wash Goods.** Standard Prints, 3 1/2c yard. A large assortment extra heavy Prints, 10c quality, at 5c a yard. All our 10c Gingham at 5c yard.
- SHOE DEPARTMENT.**
All toe dressings, good quality, 2c.
500 pairs women's, misses' and children's Alaska and Arctic, worth \$1 and \$1.25, for 25c.
An up-to-date \$3.50 Turn and Welt, button and lace, sizes 2-12 to 8, widths A to EE, for \$2.25, a perfect beauty.
Rubbers, 9c 15c and 25c.
About 1,000 pairs boys', girls' and women's Shoes and Slippers for 25c 49c, 74c and 98c, worth from \$1 to \$2.
A big cut in all kinds of Shoes.
- BASEMENT DEPARTMENT.**
5,000 paper covered Books—popular authors, regular price some as high as 25c each, your choice 5c.
3,000 paper covered Books, regular price 10c, now two for 5c.
My book on our shelves at one-half the original price.
Envelopes, in packages of 25c each, 2 packages for 1c.
Blown tumblers, regular price 60c dozen, now 2 for 3c.
8-inch Jardinieres 10c each.
- GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.**
White unadorned Shirts, double back and front, open and closed bosoms, 35c, worth 50c and 75c.
White laundried Shirts with open fronts in all sizes, 50c; worth \$1.
Blue fleeced Shirts and Drawers, 75c quality for 37-1/2c.
Heavy blue and gray wool Overshirts, 50c regular price \$1.
Silk Ties in Puffs, Tucks, Imperials and Ascots, 25c, worth 50c and 75c.
All wool Sweaters in blue and red, 50c, worth \$1 and \$1.50.
Heavy outing flannel Nightshirts, extra long, 50c, worth \$1.
MEN'S UMBRELLAS.
28-inch silk and lisle travel will be sold Saturday only—\$2.50 Umbrellas for \$1, \$4
- MILLINERY DEPARTMENT.**
5,000 hats, 6c each, worth 50c.
Black felt Walking Hats, 39c, worth 50c.
Cloth Tam O'Shanter, 10c each, worth 25c.
50 dozen Jet ornaments, 10c each, worth 76c.
Black Ostrich Tips, 25c bunch, worth 76c.
Mourning face Veils, worth 50c, 75c and \$1, choice 25c each.
- CLOTHING DEPARTMENT.**
Men's Overcoats, sizes 34, 35, 36 and 37, at \$5, worth \$10 and \$12.50.
Boys' Ulsters, 14 to 19 years, at \$2.98, worth \$6.
300 Boys' Suits, 6 to 15 years, at \$2, \$2.50 and \$3, worth \$4 to \$6.
Boys' outing flannel Waists, all sizes, at 50c.
Boys' Knee Pants, small sizes at 9c per pair.
- CLOAKS, CLOAKS.**
Over 100 Cloaks sold yesterday. Such values were never shown before in Rochester.
Fine kersey, melton and boucle cloth jackets, all this year's style, worth \$15, \$12 and \$7.50 at \$1.98, worth \$20 and \$17.50 at \$4.98.
Calico and Petaloe Wrappers worth \$1, at 50c.
Laundried Shirt Waists at 25c.
- CORSETS, CORSETS.**
100 pair of standard make at 25c, worth from 50c to \$1.
300 pairs standard makes at 60c and 75c, regular prices from \$1 to \$1.50.
P. D. Corsets, broken sizes, regular \$3.75 style, at \$1.
Every article in our Muslin Underwear stock marked at a special price for the great sale.
- LADIES' HOSIERY.**
Black Imperial lisle Hose 25c, regular price 50c.
Fast black cotton Hose, white feet, 19c, regular price 35c.
Fine black cashmere Hose, 50c quality, 12-1-2c.
Ladies' camel-hair Vest, \$1 quality, for 50c.
Ladies' ribbed wool Vests and Pants, 75c quality, for 39c.
- BLACK DRESS GOODS.**
10 pieces fancy Plaids were 15c, clearing price 5c per yard.
We have about 30 pieces all-wool mixtures and plain Serges, formerly sold from 35c to 75c, clearing price 10c.
20 pieces navy blue, brown and green storm Serges, imported, 50 inches wide, never sold less than \$1, clearing price 59c.
All our pattern Suits will close at 75c per yard. Some of these sold as high as \$3.50 per yard.
10 pieces of heavy cloakings, 54 inches wide, black Beavers and Diagonals, which will clear at 50c per yard.
BLACK DRESS GOODS.
All Priests' \$1 and \$1.25 novelty goods will clear at 80c per yard.
A 50-inch Black flannel for 25c per yard.
- UPHOLSTERY DEPARTMENT.**
Embroidered Muslin, 10c a yard, worth 20c.
Embroidered Muslin, 15c a yard, worth 25c.
Scries, 3c a yard, one yard wide, worth 8c.
Chenille Curtains \$3 a pair worth \$6.
Ghazelle Curtains, odd Curtains, \$1 a piece, worth \$2, \$3 and \$4.
Chenille Curtains, \$1.50 and \$2 a pair, worth \$3 and \$4.

J. Fahy & Company.

FOUR TIMES SURRENDERED.

To an Ensign, Then to Three Officers, Next to Davis and Last to Miles.
The town (Ponce, Porto Rico) first surrendered to Ensign Curtin, of the Wasp, then to the three officers who strayed into it by mistake, then to Commander Davis, and finally to General Miles.
Ensign Curtin landed with a letter for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port of the city. The captain of the port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds!" and kindred phrases would have utterly failed to express his astonishment.
"How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurried?" demanded Ensign Curtin.
The trembling captain of the port, the terrified foreign consuls and the custom-house officials thought a swift moving cab might bring him to the port in a half hour.
"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napol-eon Curtin.
They had.
"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a half in thirty minutes and surrender I shall bombard Ponce."
He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to the gig. Four hours started on a mad race for Ponce and the central office of the telephone rang with hurly calls.
On his way to the ship Ensign Curtin met Commander Davis on his way to the shore. "I shall extend this time another half hour," said Commander Davis.
Ensign Curtin saluted sternly, making no criticism upon this weak generosity on the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous. He at least had upheld the honor of the navy, and he will go down in the history of the war as the middy who demanded and obtained a surrender by telephone.

OLD GINGER FINGERS.

By That Name Did an Artilleryman Address Gen. Meade at Gettysburg.
"The artillery fire at Gettysburg," said a gunner of the old war "was simply magnificent. I was in an Ohio battery, posted on Cemetery Hill. We were running short of ammunition, when General Meade, dismissing his staff below, rode with a single orderly to our exposed position. The boys were all at white heat and in a state of frenzy because the ammunition called for had not come. They heard the quiet man on horseback say repeatedly to the captain that the hill must be held at all hazards, ammunition or no ammunition. This vexed them, but they spoke that the officer, whoever he was, knew the truth and they began to collect the unexploded shells that had been fired at them from the confederate batteries.
"There were a great many of these scattered over our part of the hill and when Meade comprehended what the

AN ENDLESS CHAIN.

A Business Man Tangled Up With a General Utility Citizen.
"I suppose we all get caught at times," remarked a well-known business man. "But I have had an experience that was particularly mortifying to one who has been in business for forty years.
"I received, some time ago, a letter from a party living in a little town in the west, who wanted a small bill of goods.
"Not finding his name in either Dun's or Bradstreet's, I wrote the postmaster for the man's standing. I received a very flattering letter in return, saying that the party I inquired about was one of the town's solid citizens and good for any amount.
"This allayed any suspicion that I had, and I forwarded the goods ordered.
"I sent three bills before I received an answer, and then it was not satisfactory. I allowed the matter to run for some time, and, at last, getting a saucy answer in reply to a letter of mine asking for a settlement, I lost my temper and wrote the postmaster a letter, telling him to hand the matter over to the leading attorney in town for collection, no matter what the cost would be.
"It wasn't long before I received an answer from the postmaster saying he had followed my instructions and handed the matter to an attorney, who had succeeded in collecting the amount, but at a considerable expense. In fact, the attorney had a bill against me for \$25 more than he had collected, and that he (the postmaster) had paid it and would look to me for the amount.
"Here was a situation, I hadn't untrusted the postmaster to act as my cashier, but thinking that was the western way of it, and not caring to have the foul postmaster lose the amount, I sent him a check, and considered the matter closed.
"But the other day I chanced to meet a party who formerly lived in that town, and I asked him if he knew the party who had beaten me out of a bill of goods. He said he did. He was a general utility man for the whole neighborhood. Ran a general store, kept the post office, and, when he could get nothing else to do, took what business he could as a lawyer. He added that he appeared to be making money, but it was a mystery to every one how he managed it.
"But it was no mystery to me. I had seen a great light. He has an endless chain arrangement that will make him a fortune if some one doesn't get mad and go out there and kill him."
John's Butter-Making Chills.
"I notice there's a good deal of ague in this part of the country," said the tourist, who had stopped at the farmhouse for a drink of water. "That's a great drawback. It unfits a man for work entirely, does it not?"
"Genedly it does," said the sallow woman who handed him a tin cup. "Still, when John has a right hard fit of the shakes we fasten the churn jasher to him, and he brings the butter inside of fifteen minutes."

What the War Cost Spain.

Twenty-one warships and captured. Two armies defeated and captured. Cuba, 41,655 square miles and 1,600,000 inhabitants.
Porto Rico, 3,550 square miles and 800,000 inhabitants.
The Philippines, 114,326 square miles and 8,000,000 inhabitants.
The Sulu Islands, 950 square miles and 75,000 inhabitants.
Stray islands in other groups.
A year ago Spain governed over 10,000,000 people outside of her own limits. Now she governs less than 200,000.