

The Catholic Journal

The Only Catholic Newspaper
Published in the Diocese.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY AT
334 1/2 East Main Street, Rochester, N. Y.
BY THE
CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING
COMPANY

If paper is not received Saturday notify the office
Report without delay any change of address giving
both old and new.
Communications solicited from all Catholics,
accompanied in every instance by the name of the
author. Names of contributors withheld if desired.
Pay no more, or agents unless they have cre-
dentials signed by us up to date.
Advertisements may be made at our risk, either by
draft, express money order, post office money order
or registered letter, addressed E. J. Ryan,
Business Manager. They are sent in any other
way at the risk of the person sending it.
Discontinuance.—THE JOURNAL will be sent
to every subscriber until ordered stopped and all
arrearages are paid up. The only legal method
of stopping a paper is by paying up all dues.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Per Year, In Advance, \$1.00
Entered as second class mail matter.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1909.

TELEPHONE 3771.



City News Agents.

The CATHOLIC JOURNAL is sold by the
following newsdealers, and can be obtained
on their Saturday mornings.
L. Merk, 334 East Main Street.
E. C. Weddman, 126 State Street.
Yasman & Stupp, 327 E. Main St.
J. Sochner, 355 Hudson St.
Mrs. K. L. Wilcox, 744 E. Main Street.
Messinger Bros., 720 N. Clinton Street.
Miss J. Rose, 365 North St.

FEDERATION OF CATHOLIC SOCIETIES.

Some time ago we commented upon
the resolution passed by the German
Catholic Central Verein at Milwaukee,
whereby that society pledged itself to
promote the consolidation of all Catho-
lic mutual aid societies. At that
time reasons were stated why we did
not advocate the merging of all Catho-
lic societies into one general organi-
zation. Many of these societies have
different objects in view, and all
societies could not very well embrace
all the various objects. Other objec-
tions were given. The plan proposed
by the Knights of St. John at their
recent convention is one of the most
practicable we have heard of. The
Midland Review says in reference to
it that—

"It does not ask all other societies
to sink their identity and range them-
selves beneath its banner. Instead, it
proposes a federation of all, such as
we now see existing between the vari-
ous states of the Union. Each soci-
ety will retain its autonomy as now
possessed—name, purposes, regalia,
etc.—but will, in addition, be affili-
ated with a general society made up
wholly of a union of all Catholic soci-
eties—a Catholic Union of America,
similar to the Catholic Union of Great
Britain. Thus, owing to this union,
the membership card of one society
would entitle the holder, when sick or
in distress in a place where his society
did not exist, to aid from the society
existing there, the same to be reim-
bursed by the federation. In case of
proposed anti-Catholic legislation, the
protest of such Catholic union, com-
posed of 2,000,000 members, would
certainly be heeded. Numerous other
ways in which such federation would
be helpful will occur to any one after
a moment's reflection. It is unneces-
sary here to cite the ancient adage,
"In Union is Strength." Catholics
in America certainly need greater
unity. This proposed federation of
all Catholic societies will give union
without injury to the rights of any.
In a word, such affiliation at one stroke
would give us a Catholic society far
more potent for good than the Young
Men's Christian Association, so often
put forward as a model for Catholic
young men.

It is because we believe this proposed
federation perfectly feasible and cer-
tainly necessary that we approve the
suggestion and urge earnest considera-
tion upon the members of all Catholic
societies. Of all lay movements of
recent years we regard this the most
praiseworthy. The hour shows the
necessity of unity. We have stood
apart long enough. We have misun-
derstood each other too long. If all
the Catholic societies of England can
unite in a federation, surely the Catho-
lics of America can do likewise. There
will be loss to none; there will be
strengthening of all. Let us unite."

The testimony of the Dreyfus trial
show conclusively that the accused is

THE STREET FAIR.

The Elks' street fair ended last Sat-
urday night, and it is just as well that
it was not continued two or three days
longer, as was contemplated.

Before the fair opened we were given
to understand by members of the Elks
that no objectionable features would
be allowed, and we were congratulat-
ing ourselves on having a lodge of
Elks that were far different from the
Elks of other cities. We expected that
when the fair opened men, women and
children could visit the fair and at-
tractions freely and go away with a
recollection of having seen a good,
clean show. But in this we were dis-
appointed. We took the pains to find
out what kind of shows would be pre-
sented in the Midway, and we are
obliged to say that in two of the tents
exhibitions of the most vulgar and
disgusting kind were enacted in a wan-
ton manner. Men and women who
had a little sense of modesty turned
away in disgust. It was the most licen-
tious exhibition ever given in pub-
lic in this city, and we hold the Elks
responsible for it. They knew after
the first performance that it was a
dirty show, and still it was allowed to
proceed. A representative of this
paper complained to one of the
executive committee of the qual-
ity of the shows, and was told that
the police had instructions
to stop any indecent exhibition
that would give offense to any woman
and claimed that the Elks were doing
their best to give a good, clean show.
But still the nasty, immoral exhibi-
tions were continued up to the last
evening. We had hoped that when
our representative made a complaint
to the executive man that for the sake
of public decency he would see that
the shows would be moderated or cut
out entirely; but, as we said before,
they continued on to the very last,
under police scrutiny, and scrutiny it
was. They would not act. Where
was the "Law and Order League"
that we have heard so much about?
If it was a Sunday base ball game the
players would have been arrested and
fined, but circumstances alter cases.
We know that there are a number of
Catholics in the organization, and to
them we would say, either bring about
good moral exhibitions, if you are
powerful enough, and if not, the
sooner you leave the order the better.

IRISH HISTORY OF NO ACCOUNT.
EDITOR CATHOLIC JOURNAL:
Not many days ago your corre-
spondent, while at the public library
in this village, took occasion to call for
a history of Ireland. To his great
surprise there was none to be had, and
worse yet, there was no such book to
be found on the catalogue. My next
inquiry was for a history of these
United States. A standard history,
so called, was cheerfully supplied. The
reason granted for the non-appearance
of the first history ordered, was that
there was no "general" call for the
same. Secondly, to the great astonish-
ment of the person in charge, that
there was in existence such a book as
a history of Ireland. Furthermore,
didn't know that country is a nation!
Such, then is the condition of a library
for the public use, in an ordinary town
of the size of Watkins, 4,000 in-
habitants. No wonder there is a vast
amount of ignorance among the read-
ing class of people regarding Ireland's
greatness in ages past, when matters
are so "elated" in public institutions.
As it is with Ireland's great history
being kept in the dark, likewise it
might be so declared of the records of
Catholic achievements, of a nation's
character, as being held in the back-
ground from publicity in our
American histories. Such I dis-
covered in the standard history
above referred to, to be a plain fact.
Therein I failed to see any refer-
ence that would style John
Barry as "Father of the American
navy." No word whatever about
"Stonewall" Jackson, the greatest
commander of the southern rebellion,
Very poor effort is displayed when
speaking about any of our great Irish
Catholic generals in the civil war.
There is much left out in relation to
the noble lives and actions of Generals
Philip H. Sheridan, James Shields,
Philip H. Kearney, Thomas Francis
Meagher, Michael J. Corcoran and
many other heroes of the Irish race.
A "skeleton" mention is made of the
great Father Marquette. Why all
this? The answer is too apparent to
give expression.

The way to remedy this terrible
fault is for the Catholics to have their
share of representation in the board
of education in each and every town that
is characterized, at the present time,
with a vast majority, if not a full
board, of non-Catholics. Then the
books of the schools would also be in-
spected by the representatives of our
class of people.

H. O'C.

LUKEWARM CATHOLICS

Strange as it may seem, it is during
the summer months that one can best
detect lukewarm Catholics. For then
the warm days of summer mean cold
days of faith. When the thermometer
is up to a hundred they register down
to zero in things spiritual. It is not
hard to detect a lukewarm Catholic
at any season of the year; their cold-
ness toward religion is always to be
palpable. They have scarce any of the
natural virtues, not to say anything of
the supernatural. No one would ever
think them Catholics; perhaps a fortune-
teller might detect them as easily im-
agine them as Buddhists as Catholics.
If you took their lives as a criterion.
They occasionally drop in to church
of a Sunday to show that they are on
good terms with the Lord. Of course
they think the Lord is benefited by
their niggardly act of worship to
be sure they go—when they do go—to
a Low Mass. They manage to come in
after the first Gospel and leave be-
fore the last. They make a jerky sort
of genuflection, which would seem to
be intended to remove a kink from
the knee, and not an act of reverence
to the altar. They never look at a
prayer book, and as to saying the
Mass it is the last thing that would
occur to them. Do they pray? It
can hardly be called that. If they for-
get themselves and take holy water,
you would think they were brushing
a fly away. Poor creatures! It is
hard to do anything for them. They
won't listen to a sermon, they won't
come to the Sacraments. What can
you do with them? I am afraid it will
take hell fire to warm their cold, slug-
gish hearts.—Paulist Calendar

Rev. Father O'Sullivan, the Egyptian
missionary priest who is now in
Dubuque, has traveled all over the
land of the Pharaohs, and he hardly
found any place where there is not a
son of the Emerald Isle in the neigh-
borhood. One day he went to the
highest point of the pyramids and saw
several Bedouins sitting in the shade
of its base. As a rule, these Bedouins
are professional beggars, who are
constantly asking strangers for "black
sheesh"—money. They are ever ready
to act as guides for persons desiring
to ascend the pyramids. He was as-
tonished to see them sitting quietly,
but later he learned why it was that
they were not bothering visitors. As
he was passing on he saw a British
soldier, with a gun on his shoulder,
a match-box cap on one side of his
head, and a red jacket. Father O'Sul-
livan thought he was the servant of
an English officer that he had just
seen ascending the ancient pile, and
walking up to him, remarked "I sup-
pose you are an Englishman." The
soldier brought his gun to an "order
arms," and then, touching his cap
said "Faith, I'm not father; I'm a
County Longford man; and I'm here
to keep them black devils beyant from
bothering decent men like myself."

Catholicism is not so moribund in
France as some of our non-Catholic
friends would have us believe. The
Paris correspondent of the London
Daily News says: "The strength of
the clerical party here may be gauged
by a subscription to finish the dome
of the Church of the Sacred Heart at
Montmartre. The architect a month
ago stated that £16,000 was required
for the work. The Croix, the organ
of the ultra-Clericals, appealed to its
readers for that sum. The result was
that £40,000 have been subscribed.
The surplus will be spent on internal
decorations."

The first Catholic Church in the
United States for the use of Mormon
converts is now ready for dedication
by Bishop Glorieux, of Boise City,
Idaho. It is situated in a Mormon
valley called Dempsey. There are
fourteen converts without the chil-
dren, and there is a great prospect that
more of that deluded people will join
the only true Church of Jesus Christ.
The valley is attended by the Rev. W.
J. A. Hendricks, an old missionary of
Idaho, residing at Montpelier, Idaho.

Quite a number of Catholic sisters
and at least one Catholic priest are at-
tending the sessions of the Harvard
summer school. The nuns are follow-
ing special courses adapted to enhance
their pedagogical knowledge, and the
priest, Father McDonald, of St. Francis
Xavier's college, Antigonish, N. S.,
is attending the lectures on geology.

The youngest member of the Catho-
lic hierarchy is Bishop Valbonesi, re-
cently consecrated auxiliary to Cardi-
nal Verge, in the suburban see of Al-
bano. He is thirty-one years of age

Next Saturday THE JOURNAL will
issue a handsome jubilee number in
honor of the silver anniversary of St.
Michael's church. Pictures of the
church, school and presidents of the
various societies will be published, to-
gether with a complete history of the
church. Those desiring extra copies
should order now.

THE GOSPELS

GOSPEL—Thirteenth Sunday after
Pentecost. 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 glorify-
ing God, and he fell on his face,
before His feet, giving thanks: and
this was a Samaritan. And Jesus an-
swering 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."

What are we to learn from the Sa-
maritan who returned to thank Jesus?
We should learn to be really grate-
ful to the Divine mercy by which,
through the merits of Jesus Christ, we
have been cleansed not only once, but
very often from the leprosy of sin.
Let us not content ourselves
with mere words, but as this Samaritan
glorified God with loud voice and
prostrate at the feet of the Divine
Master, adore Him, so should we by our
actions and good example proclaim
the power of His grace, and make
known to all our faith and our sub-
mission to the majesty of the Lord.

Weekly Church Calendar
Sunday, August 20—Third Sunday after
Pentecost. St. Luke xvii. 11-19. St.
Joachim (father of St. J. M.)
Monday, 21—St. Inez, Francis de Chantal,
widow.
Tuesday, 22—St. Symphorian, martyr.
Wednesday, 23—St. Philip Benizi, confes-
sor.
Thursday, 24—St. Bartholomew, apostle.
Friday, 25—St. Louis, King of France.
Saturday, 26—St. Zephrinus, Pope and mar-
tyr.

WHY WOMEN ARE NERVOUS

[British Medical News.]
The frequent cases of nervous pro-
stration or utter collapse of the nervous
system under which women "go all to
pieces," as the saying is, have caused
much thought and investigation on the
part of physicians.
Certain inorganic substances are
well known to cause various forms of
nervous diseases which are readily
traced to the poisons producing them.
Further research leads to the belief
that alum is a prevailing cause of so-
called nervous prostration, for the
system it produces of the nervous
system after its absorption into the
blood are very remarkable indeed.
Experiments physiologically made
upon animals by Orfila, Professors
Hans Meyer, Paul Seim and others,
show that alum frequently produces no
visible symptoms for many days after
its introduction into the body. Then
follow the loss of appetite and other
alimentary disturbances, and finally a
serious prostration of the whole ner-
vous system. The most prominent
physicians now believe that "nervous
prostration" and many affections of
the nerves from which both men and
women suffer are caused by the con-
tinued absorption of alum into the
system.

It is probable that many medical
men are unaware of the extent to which
salts of alumina may be introduced
into the body, being under the impres-
sion that the use of alum in bread is
prohibited. Alum, however, is still
used surreptitiously to some extent to
whiten bread, and very largely in
making cheap kinds of baking pow-
der. In families where baking powder
is generally used great care should be
exercised to procure only those brands
made from cream of tartar. The
alum powders may generally be dis-
tinguished by the lower price at which
they are sold.

English experts are paying a good
deal of attention nowadays to the de-
velopment and application of electric-
ity to mining in America. The won-
derful advancement that has been
made in this country in the transmis-
sion of power through the agency of
electricity is attracting general atten-
tion throughout Europe, especially
wherever water power is available.
The elephant shooting of Ceylon is
the best in the world and the easiest
attainable. The reason all the Ceylon
elephants have not been exterminated
is that they have been carefully pre-
served by the government, which re-
gulates the shooting according to the
number of animals. The idea is to
keep a constant herd of 2,000 and
when there is not an excess of this
number the shooting is forbidden ab-
solutely.

THE GHOST OF HOSKANINNI.

They tell a tale on the Tichenoo
Beyond that narrow range,
A story, which if it be not true,
Is surely wondrous strange.
They say, at midnight when the winds
From out the canons blow,
And o'er the rafters foamy waves
Break on the reefs below,
A horse of solid silver
Whose feet are shod with gold,
Comes dashing down the canon
Keined by a rider bold.
The Ghost of Hoskaninni
With wild and wandering eye,
Who comes to guard the pathway
Of the Hosteen Peh' Lakl.
The shepherds tell the story;
And the prospectors who came
From Tatic mines in Utah,
Say they have heard the same;
The trapper by the river,
By guide the Navajo,
Says he has heard the story,
And knows that it is so.
That every night at midnight,
When the winds go wailing by,
Rides the Ghost of Hoskaninni
'Gainst the Hosteen Peh' Lakl.
"From here it was the Spaniard,"
He said, "made his way,
And may be so, the river
Flows sometimes by the grave
Of my own mother's mother,
Who ere she came to die,
Went and to dig the pass
For the Hosteen Peh' Lakl.
"But have you Hoskaninni,
Ere death his hand had tied,
Said he would guard the pass,
Made paper-talk and died.
"And even now, at midnight,
As we talk, you and I,
Rides the Ghost of Hoskaninni
'Gainst the Hosteen Peh' Lakl."
White silver hunter. —C. Warman.

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL

As Gregory Laurence strolled down
the avenue one afternoon he thought
came to him that he might pay his
debt to society in a measure by a tea
in his studio. He was an artist of no
mean ability.
"I think Mrs. Van Brunt would be a
good one to chaperon the party and
Dolly would help to make it go off
well."
Gregory Laurence came of a good
old family and was well received in
the best society, the cultivated, well
educated old families. The "nouveau-
rich" uncultivated people had no
charms for him.
"Girls," he thought, "are always wild
over a studio tea, so I will have one."
Looking up, he saw he was just in
front of Mrs. Van Brunt's door.
"No time like the present," he said,
and ran up the steps.
The merry hum of voices came
through the portiere as he took off his
topcoat before entering the drawing
room.
"Ah, Mr. Laurence, just in time for a
cup of tea," said Mrs. Van Brunt as
she welcomed him.
"Dolly, give Mr. Laurence a cup of
tea."
"One lump or two, Mr. Laurence?"
"Two, thanks."
"One by one the callers dropped out.
After they had all gone Gregory told
Mrs. Van Brunt that he wanted to
give a tea in his studio.
"I should like to have you and Miss
Dolly assist me."
"Oh, how lovely Mr. Laurence; the
girls are all crazy to see your pic-
tures," said Dolly.
They talked it over and settled
everything to their satisfaction, and
Laurie made them adieu.
The afternoon came, and the studio
looked very pretty. The walls were
hung in oriental stuffs, coats of mail
and armor were all around, spears
stuck up on the wall, in one corner
was a complete suit of mail, and one
almost expected to see a grim visaged
warrior step therefrom.
The cups and saucers with their gilt
handles, delicate slices of bread and
butter, everything so pretty and
dainty one would have sworn a woman
had a hand in the preparation.
It was all arranged by Gregory
himself, with the assistance of his
valet.

Among the first to arrive was Graf
von Eltz, a popular German, though
why the girls liked him so well was
hard to determine. He was so sedate
and rather heavy, but a good, kind
heart spoke in his pleasant blue eyes.
The fun was at its height when the
door of the studio burst open, and a
tall, beautiful girl, with wild eyes,
rushed in.
"O, I haf to apologize, Herr Laurence,
but my mutton dies. I haf no
gold."
Herr von Eltz started. "Minna,
where did you come from?" said he,
and, turning to Mr. Laurence said, "I
will attend to her."
With a low bow to all, he left with
her. After they had gone, guests, one
and all, began to question Mr. Laurence.
"Who is she?"
"Where did she come from?"
"What a Hebe!"
"Well, this is an unexpected scene;
I did not anticipate such an addition
to my afternoon," said Gregory.
"But, Laurence, you did not tell us
who she was," said Dr. Addison.
"One of my models. I have not seen
her for a year."
"But how did Herr von Eltz know
her?"
"That I cannot say."
"I have found her," said one of the
young ladies, as she unearthed a "St.
Ceclia" from some corner of the
studio. "O, Mr. Laurence, why do you
not exhibit this? Isn't she sweet?"
"That picture is not quite finished,"
said Gregory.
The guests went into raptures over
the curious and bric-a-brac, and Grego-
ry's tea was a success. But curiosity
as to Graf von Eltz and the lovely
Minna was expressed openly.

The day after the tea Von Eltz went
to the studio.
"I suppose, Laurence," said he, "you
are filled with wonder at my apparent
interest in your former model. I will
tell you how long I have known her."
"But how did you find her mother?"
said Gregory.
"Very low, for want of sufficient
nourishment; but she is better now.
Now for the story."
"Minna is the daughter of one of
my father's old tenants. We grew up
and always played together until I
was sent away to school; when I re-
turned Minna had disappeared, and
no one could tell me anything about
her, except that her father had died,
and her mother had given up the farm,
I taken Minna away.
I have never seen her until yester-
day, and to see my old playmate in
such distress pained me; however, they

are comfortable now, and if Minna
can find work all will be right.
"I am not in love with her, so you
have no romance," said the Herr Graf
in conclusion.
Minna was a beautiful girl, tall and
willowy, with a Madonna-like face.
She had often served as a model for
different artists but they were doing
other work now, so Minna had suf-
fered in consequence.
But there was a romance after all.
One of the musicians concealed be-
hind the drapery at Gregory's tea saw
Minna when she rushed in, and, see-
ing her, loved her.
Mr. Laurence received a second call
the day after his "tea." This call was
also from a German, a good, steady
fellow, but not quite having the polish
belonging to Herr Graf. He said:
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Laurence,
for troubling you, but I am deeply
interested in the beautiful model I
saw here yesterday."
"O, nonsense, Kohler, how could
you love a girl you only saw for a
moment?"
"But she is so beautiful, Mr. Laurence,
everyone must love her who sees
her."
"Yes, she is beautiful."
"Won't you tell me where she lives?"
"But Kohler, I can't send a stranger
to see a young lady whose mother is
so ill."
"Couldn't I take her mother a bottle
of wine?"
"O, well, here's a bottle of wine,
take it and say I sent it."
How do such things happen? A
little word, a glance from the eye, and
love enters the heart. Kohler suc-
ceeded in convincing Minna that his
love was true, and in due season she
became his charming wife.

Savage Ideas of Portraits.
If we suppose such a material rela-
tion between the image and the ob-
ject as there is between the shadow
and the object, it becomes evident that
the savage should depict himself in
the same way toward the image, the
shadow, and the object. From his
point of view, the image and the ob-
ject it represents are in close relation
and in acting upon the one he would
be acting in the same way upon the
other. By virtue of this way of think-
ing the savage is convinced that harm
done to the image passes to the ob-
ject, or that acting upon the copy we
attack the original.
Proofs are numerous to demonstrate
the importance which savages at-
tribute to this mode of action on the
original. Waitz tells, following Deng
hame, that it was dangerous in a cer-
tain tribe of West Africa to paint the
portraits of natives, because they were
afraid that a part of their soul would
pass, by some necromancy, into the
image. Sir John Lubbock relates the
fear of their portrait, entertained by
savages—and the more like the por-
trait, the greater the danger to the or-
iginal was supposed to be. Dr. Kane
got rid of the Indians one day when
they were making themselves trou-
blesome to him by beginning to paint
their portraits. Catlin relates an in-
cident, at the same time, and
and some of his drawing the profile
of a chief named Matochica, when the
Indians around him, seeing all at
once to move "Why did you not draw
the other half of his face?" they asked.
"Matochica was never ashamed to
look a white man in the face." Mato-
chica did not appear to have taken
offense till then, when one of the In-
dians came up to him, and, laughing,
said, "The Englishman knows very
well that you are only half a man, and
has only drawn half of your face,
because the other is worth nothing."
A fatal quarrel followed this expres-
sion, and Matochica was killed by a
bullet which struck him on the side
of the face that had not been drawn—
Lazar Popoff in the Popular Science
Monthly.

Glacial Traces not made by a Flood.
Besides these there are two other
phenomena absolutely inconsistent
with a diluvial agency. One is the
erroneous deposits of fine compact
clay bearing rounded and scratched
stones thickly scattered through it,
utterly unlike any deposit produced by
water, which would necessarily leave
the stones rounded and smooth all at
the place to which the fine mud would
be carried. The other is the existence
of well-defined heaps, mounds and
ridges of gravel and bowlders, form-
ing the terminal moraine of the ice-
sheet. This is exactly similar in gen-
eral form and structure to the mor-
aines left by the old Alpine or North
British glaciers, and if the former
could have been produced by a flood
so could the latter. But the Ameri-
can terminal moraine runs across the
country almost irrespective of its con-
tour, and if often as well marked on
plateaus as in valleys and on the in-
termediate slopes. Moreover, this
moraine often lies on the southern
slope of the hills draining toward the
Mississippi Valley; and we are asked
to believe that a flood vast enough to
carry gravel and rocks for hundreds
of miles to such a position, left them
all stranded on a slope down which it
must have been rushing with increased
velocity and without hindrance toward
the Gulf of Mexico! So far as I know
Sir Henry Howarth is absolutely alone
among living writers in his diluvial
theories, and I only give this brief
statement of their overwhelming im-
possibilities because his book is so in-
teresting, and his assertions that his
theory explains all the facts that are
so confident and so often repeated that
they are likely to confuse the judg-
ment of readers who have not paid
special attention to the subject.—
Alfred R. Wallace in the Popular
Science Monthly.

Magnolia Leaf Love Messages.
Southern lovers have a pretty cus-
tom that deserves poetical immortality.
It is well known that when the
petals of the great laurel magnolia are
touched, however lightly, the result is
a brown spot which develops in a few
hours. This fact is taken advantage
of by a lover, who pulls a magnolia
flower and on one of its pure white
petals writes a motto or message with
a hard-pointed pencil. Then he sends
the flower, the young lady puts it in
a vase of water, and in three or four
hours the message written on the leaf
becomes visible and remains so.—St.
Louis Globe-Democrat.

Fetters, though made of gold, are
fetters still.
He is idle who might be better em-
ployed.