

Send us  
your  
Book and Job  
Printing.

# The Catholic Journal.

Fourteenth Year. No. 13.

Rochester, N. Y. Saturday, Dec. 27, 1902.

\$1.00 per Year, 3c per Copy

## BURIED YEARS.

[By S. E. Hampton.]

Yet another year lies buried,  
And the steady flow's unchecked  
Like Man's Eternal Destiny.  
Beyond material aught  
Hope leads,  
And Time speeds, while the years—  
Nay, Centuries! have their biers.  
The solemn train of memories  
Alone turn back, digging among  
The dust and mould of vanished days.  
The best we knew of joys  
Were dreams,  
So it seems, with the pall  
And earthly nothingness for all.

Alike are sorrows sealed within  
The silent tomb, and wisdom leads  
Along the highway filled with Hope.  
Break down unkind regret  
For light,  
Succeeds night, and your tears  
But fitly fit with gladd'ning cheers.

Another Century tuned for song,  
Begins with even, tireless pace,  
Nor flinching at the grave's beyond.  
No mortal thing escapes  
Nor stays  
Fleeting days, and the years,  
Lead to Eternal Life—past tears

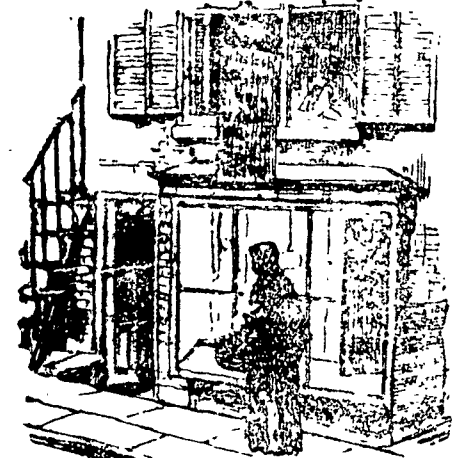
## A Story of New Years.

By George I. Putnam.

That this should happen at all is sad enough; but that it should have come so soon after the feasting and goodwill of Christmas and the New Year gives a refined intensity to its bitterness. And yet it is but a single incident, and aside from its pathos is capable only of illustrating life—actual existence—as it is seen by too many people in that vaguely-defined east-side tenement district of New York.

This is a true story. It needs no elaboration that it may appeal to the heart. Invention cannot produce a more pathetic picture of little children wise beyond their years through adversity's pressure; imagination cannot depict a more hopeless, lost, cold-souled condition than that of the ill-favored men and women who gathered at the last to smile at the dead, and sorrow over the living. It was Death's own pity that brought him to that poor room. And now, as you read, remember Ben Jonson's words: "Weep with me, all you that read: 'Tis with me, all you that read."

This little story:  
"And know, for whom a tear you shed  
Death's self is sorry."  
When snow came during the first week of the new year there came with it a sudden change of temperature. The air was biting cold, and the wet chill crept up the streets from the East river and fastened itself upon the marrow of the tenement dwellers. The poorly fitted doors and windows presented little opposition to the fierce wind, and the snow was blown into rooms in long angry streams. And in at least one room the snow did not melt as it came; there was no fire in that room, no fuel for a fire, no stove in which to build one. The only warmth there was that given out by the puny bodies of three spindling



East Side Tenement District.

children—two sisters just old enough to have been tucked into snug cribs in warm rooms and kissed to sleep by loving mothers, and their baby brother.

It is a terrible thing to say that there were those living who were responsible for the existence of these little ones, and that they did nothing—absolutely nothing—to warm, feed and clothe them. There was a father and a mother. The family had moved into the room during Christmas week. Moving was not a difficult task, for there were no household goods to warrant the employment of a single wagon. By turns the two little sisters carried the baby, wrapped in a ragged piece of bed-covering, and the mother bore the more important articles—more important because cups and plates might break and could not be replaced. But a baby—laugh! That was nothing! So cheap does human life become when daily bread is something more than a mere form of prayer.

Meanwhile the father was drunk. He knew no intermediate degrees of intoxication; he drank to get drunk. The family had no food, but the kind-hearted people in the house fed the poor creatures from their own insufficient tables. They had but the bare allowance made them by the world, and they cursed the world for its meanness; but all unarmingly they divided with those worse off than themselves.

For a few days the mother sat in the room, crouched on the floor, a shawl over her head and rocking her body back and forth as she repeated: "Me man is drunk; me man is drunk." No

one disputed her. As no one could say he was sober, the fact of his drunkenness was accepted without question. The two little girls nursed the baby between them, feeding him bread soaked in milk and water or in undiluted water, to still his fretful cries. And they looked, with wonder in their large eyes, at their mother; for now she had changed her cry, and moaned: "Me man is dead; me man is dead." "They had not heard that before. It was not so awful to them as being drunk, however, for that meant curses and kicks and blows; but death was a mystery, and—well, who could tell them what it meant?

When the wind was shrieking its fiercest and the snow-cloud whirling highest, the mother rose to her feet and went out. She was away all the afternoon. There was no comfort for her at home; there was no fire, no food no bed. So she staid away. The little sisters huddled in a corner with the baby between them, and silently watched the snow shift in over the floor in lengthening windrows. The baby cried unceasingly. Little Mary said at last:

"Do you think baby's hungry?"

"I don't know. Do you?" replied Katy slowly.

"I don't know," said Mary. She and Katy were both very hungry, but they did not say this. They had lived so long in their few years, and been hungry so much, that they could accept it uncomplainingly as a part of life. But the baby—that was different. They could condone his crying from hunger, for he had it all to learn. By and by Mary spoke again: "I wish mother would come."

"I do too," said Katy. It was a lonesome. The room was darkening fast, and the snow, creeping over and past their feet, was so pitilessly cold; and it made such strange shapes, whirling in the half-light. The mother would have taken no notice of them had she been there, but they would have found an appreciable comfort in her presence. They knew the value of small joys; large ones did not enter into their sphere. They would have welcomed any animal's thing—a big warm dog to lie against; anything but the fearful dark, and the cold, insidious snow.

Finally Mary slipped out of the room. "I'll fetch mother," she said, and was gone. She knew very well where to look—just at the corner where the windows were warm with yellow light, and a hot draught of air was at the door. Mary pushed the swinging door, and stood inside. There to her eyes appeared men standing at a long table down one side of the room, drinking out of glasses yellow and red and white liquids. They called for more, and talked among themselves. They were engrossed in their own comfort.

No one saw Mary as she crept down the room, and at the end, at a table, found her mother. The woman was sodden. Her hair hung in thin strings about her shoulders, her shawl lay on the floor among the crusts and rinds of a free lunch, and she mumbled to herself inarticulately. Yet she recognized Mary, and drove her away by look and gesture. And the little girl crept out again, and returned to her sister and the baby.

Brave little girl! It was not necessary to explain to Katy why she came alone. She said nothing of the momentary warmth of the saloon that had set her chilled little frame to trembling all over. Katy herself was numb and blue, but that was not worth mentioning.

The baby was crying so querulously, so weakly, in little quick-drawn breaths. Mary took him into her own arms, but nothing she did could still his cries.

"I guess he's just cold," said she at last. "I don't believe he's hungry. I brought mother's shawl, and I'll wrap him up in it."

She gave the baby the benefit of every square inch of the worn old shawl, and held him close. She reached one hand out in the darkness, and felt towards Katy.

"I've got something to eat," said she. The refuse of the free lunch made such a supper as Mary and Katy had not eaten for many days. And when it was swallowed to the last crumb, Mary proposed that they lie down, one on each side of the baby, to keep him warm. Katy assented, and the three little bits of humanity lay so close together that one human arm might have embraced them all. But there was no arm; even the other dwellers in the house seemed to have forgotten them. And the very tears shed by angels weeping over their misery turned to snowflakes that fluttered through the room and lay cold against the sisters' cheeks.

By and by Mary stirred. She had been asleep. She spoke Katy. The baby was quiet. "I guess he's cried himself out," said Mary.

"Yes, he's asleep," said Katy. "They lay down and slept again. It was morning when they next awoke. They jumped up, and the snow fell from their thin little dresses and thin little legs on the floor. They looked at the baby, lying there, half covered with snow.

"How good he sleeps!" said Katy. But Mary said, "I'm going to fetch somebody." And directly she brought in a woman of the house.

"The baby cried till he cried himself out," said Mary, "and then he slept. But he sleeps so still!"

The woman was a good creature, and possessed an unfortunate sympathetic temperament; something sadly out of place in a tenement house. Instantly she divined the case.

"Yes, yes," said she softly as she bent over the little form. "He's cried himself out, and he's gone to sleep. Yes, yes. He won't wake up, dearie.

He isn't cold, or hungry, or anything. He's just sound—very sound—asleep."

Then came others of the house—men and women—to look upon one who had escaped (their own hard fate. And they looked at the baby form, wrapped in a shawl, covered so lightly with the whitest snow, and said softly, "Lucky little chap!" And they looked at Mary and Katy, alone, cold forsaken, and said, "Still more gently, 'Poor little girls!'"

A young man, educated, refined, who is living on the east side and trying to better the condition of these people, climbed four awful flights of stairs, and came upon the group. There lay the baby's body. "God has taken him!" said the young man.

"Don't talk of God in a tenement house!" said one of the group bitterly. "We come into the world without choice, and we drag through it without choice, freezing, starving, all the way. He's got no use for us. It's only rich folks that can afford to have a God and to believe in one."

The young man was troubled. He was a good young man, with high aspirations, and it pained him to realize that such thoughts were harbored, such opinions expressed.

"I don't wonder your faith weakens," said he.

"It don't weaken" was the reply. "There isn't any. Faith is dead—as dead as that baby."

And no good words that the young man might have spoken could have undone the culminating harm of centuries.—Harper's Weekly

## HOLIDAY DECORATIONS.

MISS STROUD LUCKY.

In estimating the cost of decorations for even a simple home dinner it must be taken into consideration that flowers almost double in price at holiday season. And nowhere is the cheerful and brightening effect of a few blossoms so much appreciated as on the dinner table. Because everything in the floral line is so dear just at this time it is hard to estimate the cost of any decorations. I would suggest for a table decoration within \$10 or \$12 as a centre place a large star of ferns, smilax or anything green, edged with red berries or red carnations. This design would be symbolic bringing to mind the Star of Bethlehem.

A novel and decidedly satisfactory idea is for this floral piece to be made of separate bouquets the number being regulated by the guests expected. Each bunch must be arranged separately and tightly wired then so placed on the table that their detachment will come in the nature of a surprise. When the dinner is over the centre piece is broken among the guests the ladies receiving corsage adornments, the gentlemen button-hole bouquets.

In the middle of this floral star there should be a bowl of red carnations or red roses. Vases filled with the same crimson blooms, placed at each end of the table, complete the decoration. Of course any woman can decorate her own table for the family dinner party at a very much less cost than if she called in a florist.

In carrying out the star idea, she could make it entirely of holly, or even of some cheaper green and edge it with jolly, the bright berries lending themselves effectively to this border arrangement. Then if she is the fortunate possessor of a fernery she can use that for the centre of the star. She will find that with these simple decorations she has transformed her table into a thing of delight, and she will have the satisfaction of knowing it has cost but a trifle.

The cost of this decoration depends entirely upon the kind of green used and the size of the star, but certainly should amount only to a few dollars. The prudent housekeeper will find many inexpensive greens that can be utilized for the body of the star and bordered with holly. Much of the effect will depend not upon the particular green she uses but upon the regularity of the points. A lop-sided star will not be decorative.

Both Sides of the Question.



Tommy—Say, Sally, wouldn't ye like to be dere eatin' all dem fine things?  
Sally—An' den have nightmare, or lay erwake all night? I guess not.

**HEAD  
BACK  
LEGS  
ACHE**

Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

**Painkiller**

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller, "PERRY DAVIS".



## YOUNG YEAR? OLD YEAR?

Young Nineteen-three.  
The midget le  
In horseless carriage speeds this way  
From smiling earth's  
Remotest girth  
Ring welcoming shouts. Hoorary.  
Hoorary

Old Nineteen-Two.  
It's fate with you,  
The jaded nag's lost away.  
It seems too bad  
That joys half sad  
Must lagor while we say "good-day"



## ORANGES AND LEMONS.

Time Was When These Fruits Were Scarce and Costly.

"Oranges are so abundant and so cheap nowadays," said the president of the Reminiscence club, "that we do not appreciate our good fortune. When I was a boy in Pennsylvania, one of my uncles came up from Florida on a visit, and the present he brought the family was a bag of oranges. I had never seen an orange before, and it seemed to me the most beautiful object my eyes had ever encountered. It was so good to look at that I didn't want to eat it, and I remember that when my mother had finally to compel me to eat it I cried so that I hardly enjoyed it. My father had typhoid fever very shortly afterward, and then I saw my first lemons. The local grocer had to send to Philadelphia for them, several hundred miles, and they cost 15 cents

"You were lucky indeed to have a whole orange all to yourself," commented a listener. "When I was a boy, oranges were scarce and high priced. Only the confectioners kept them, and they sometimes cost 10 cents apiece. Half an orange was all that we children ever expected to have given to us, and the grown folks fared no better. Once some country cousins, two spinsters, came to town to do their winter shopping. They stayed at our house a week, and before they left they bought half a dozen oranges, presenting each member of the family with half an orange. This return for my father's hospitality was considered satisfactory and even munificent, I believe."

"Yes, oranges then were made the subject of separate and special printed announcements," continued the president. "Here is an advertisement from an old newspaper, dated 1853, 'Oranges, sweet Havana oranges, received per steam this day and for sale by Blank'

## NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

The Bitter Sweet Memories that Welcome the Old Outgoing.

"O H, the cheery old custom of making New Year's calls!" said a woman of my acquaintance at a little tea party the other evening. "I am so sorry that it has gone out of fashion."

"It had its good points," I ventured. "Yes, and its bad ones," said the sweet old maid. Her kindly face darkened a little as she spoke, and I recalled a story.

"It took much diplomacy and an extra tart or two, but I gained my point. 'Thirty-five years ago,' said the manless one, 'the New Year's call was in full bloom. It was the proper thing everywhere, and was faithfully availed of. My sister and myself were working girls at that time, and occupied, with our mother, a small house in Morton street.

"Mother took a couple of borders and we did fairly well. 'I had a bean' then—the only 'bean' I ever did have, by the way—my voice broke a little here, I thought, 'and his name was Charley Van Buren. He was very fond of me, and I of him. 'New Year's,' 'it is during the war, I remember—my sister and I decided that we would receive callers, so we cooked and swept and dusted and our little parlor looked very nice on New Year's morning.

"We had five kinds of cake, including the rich plum stuffed black article, with a night-mare in every nut, raisin, fig, coffee, tea, cherry, whiskey and port wine.

"Mother objected to the liquor but we said she was old-fashioned, and gained our point, as in those days a house that didn't serve stimulants of a spirituous sort would have been generally well 'boycotted,' as we say to-day.

"Well, the callers—all men—began to arrive at about ten o'clock in the morning, and kept it up all day. 'At noon my Charley called on a huge omnibus, as was the custom among the middle class people in those days—and brought with him prominent fellows, not one of whom I had ever seen before.

"This was another absurd test of hospitality current at that time, and very trying it was.

"For seventeen lusty strangers to run amuck amid our already crowded stock was of itself an aggravation, but the quantities that they ate and drank, in honor of 'Charley's girl,' had an effect far from pleasing, for some of the callers became a trifle boisterous and seemed disinclined to depart.

"But my principal worry was about Charley.

"I had always supposed him strictly temperate, but on this occasion he drank a great deal. Oh, how I wished then that I had taken my mother's advice about the liquor.

"His face grew red, his eyes twinkled, his speech thick and his walk unsteady.

"I fancy now that he must have been drinking before he called on me, but at that time I felt that I was alone responsible for his condition.

When he approached me to say 'goodby' I shrunk from him in disgust. He saw it, and it angered him. We had some words, he dashed out and I went to my room to weep.