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THE BOOMHOUSE MAN'S STORY

What appeals to me as my most interesting experience as a writer occurred a winter or two ago in a little lumber hamlet of the hill region of Kentucky. For a moment at least it was quite thrilling—rather too thrilling indeed to be useful as material to me with my straight and simple art standards. I have a groveling fondness for reproducing only the usual features of life, and this little episode, though it was pitifully commonplace in its setting, had about it something that was not only unusual, but nearly sublime.

I had gone down to the village in question with the ambitious design of seeing a "tide" in the river. Tides are peculiar to wintry months. They are useful to lumbermen and incidentally to writers, but they have their unpleasant features. My little hill hamlet, having doffed its green livery, was cowed in dark mud. Rain sheeted the air. The inn seemed to be saturated, and the roar of the river on the skirts of the town corroborated the innkeeper's assurance concerning the magnitude of the special "tide" which was in progress.

"She's booming for all that's in her," declared the innkeeper, an elderly man, who had enjoyed during the previous summer the happy privilege of being useful to me in many ways. "They look for the boom to bust tonight. Thousands of dollars about. You see that man by the stove? He's one of the big timber fellers up north. Just come down. He'll lose heavy if she busts. Say, miss, take a look at that feller. You remember me telling you about the boomhouse man's daughter? Well, that feller—he was the man—he was Idy's beau."

I remembered the story. On a certain day in the previous June I was standing at the head of a mill shoot looking down at the sunken river. Suddenly a dugout shot round the bend. The man in the rude thing seemed only half human. He was bent and shrunk, with a clay-colored skin, matted red hair and such a woebegone vacancy of face as startled one. The innkeeper had related that this poor creature lived alone in the boomhouse, a shed on the river cliff, and that his duty was to cook for the loggers in time of tides.

"He's seen trouble," said the innkeeper. "Used to own a nice little farm up yonder and live well. He had an only daughter. Pretty as a peach, Idy was—slim waisted, with kinky red hair and big eyes. He set store by Idy. Nothing was too good for her. And one summer a son of one of the mill owners was down here settling up the mill books, and he took a fancy to Idy, and folks said it'd be a match. The boomhouse man was proud as a peacock, and after the young feller went north again, why, Idy's paw he narrated around that the wedding was to come off on Christmas day and how't Idy was going up north to live in great style. But the young feller never came back. He never came back," repeated the innkeeper, with a graphic sort of pause.

"And Idy—well, I always said if she'd had a mother things would have been different. I always said she took the best way out of it, for 'bout the time tongues was beginning to wag Idy was missing one day, and they found her tangled up in the river drift yonder where the sand bar reaches across the shallows."

"And what did her father do?"
"Do? Oh, he acted like he'd got it between the eyes—kind of daff. Ain't been just right ever since."
This tragic narrative, which the innkeeper related with the equanimity of an epic poet, recurred to me vividly as I observed the man by the stove.

He was middle aged. The story lay fifteen years behind him, but he had a chin which made me believe the innkeeper an honest chronicler. He was stolid and well fed. Apparently life had laid no heavy penalty upon him.

He seemed too vulgar and heavy a type of humanity to invite exceptional treatment of fate, yet I saw him that night in rather a notable situation.

wind's teeth, with a spitting rain in our faces. It was cold and bleak. Then in an instant the river flashed in sight. Its whole freshet swollen current flamed with red from countless fire baskets and lanterns. Long shafts of vermilion stabbed the packed timber in the boom, struck across the climbing banks and made fiery lances of the pike poles in the loggers' hands.

Men were leaping about on the logs. In a flare of crimson I saw on the wedged in float the man who had been Idy's lover. He was working sturdily as any logman about handling the heavy cables and shouting directions.

It was worth seeing, that mountain stream as it mouthed at the straining timber in the boom. It was worth seeing, but the air was cold and wet, and in the second hour of our watching the innkeeper's daughter, being upheld by neither hospitality nor ambition, besought me to accompany her to the boomhouse for the purpose of getting "thored out."

The boomhouse showed its little red window just below us on the rocks. The two tiny rooms of the place looked warm and bright as we opened the door.

Half a dozen men were drinking coffee from tin cups at a table. The boomhouse man, apathetic as ever, with his resinous looking hair in his pale eyes, was frying bacon in a great skillet.

The innkeeper joined the throng at the board. His daughter and I sat by the stove in the inner room. I shall never forget that room. The pattern of the homespun coverlet on the boomhouse man's pallet is indelibly with me.

Soothed by the heat, the innkeeper's daughter dozed off, with her feet on the hearth. I remember observing with dreamy interest the yellowness of the teeth exhibited in the graceful abandon of her slumber. I thought of snuff. I think I had a drowsy moment myself.

Some one stamped noisily into the other room and asked for whiskey. I glanced out. It was the mill man of Idy's infatuation. He flung himself at length on a bench behind the cook stove and lay with shut eyes. His clothes were dripping with thin mud, and an air of utter weariness pervaded his attitude.

He had scarcely looked at the boomhouse man. I glanced at him, however, and became aware that his aspect had changed. Something like life shone in the pale eyes under that unkempt hair. He was standing still, just staring with a half blind gaze at the man on the bench.

Suddenly he stepped forward like a shadow.

"It's you, ain't it?" he said.
The man on the bench shot round a startled gaze. He saw the revolver in the lean hand leveled toward him. He must have recognized Idy's father in the figure standing over him, sternly poised as to a deed of necessary vengeance.

"I knowed God A'mighty'd give you up to me soon or late," said the old man simply. "I waited. They ain't nothin' to say. You know what you're dyin' for."
The whole thing was singularly passionless and without any aspect of tragedy. On the stove a painful of meat crackled. Noises from outside came distinctly. The candle flickered and cast a thread of light on the lifted face of the man on the bench.

I myself had a sense of inability to move or speak. The innkeeper's girl slept on. Whatever consciousness I had seemed to be in the mill man's frame, passively awaiting a sharp, metallic click. There was no chance at all for him. He seemed to see this and to take it calmly.

"Go on," he said. "I wronged you. I've got—a little daughter—myself. If you've any heart in you—don't say—why—"
His voice broke.

The briefest instant passed, and then there was a sound, but not the sound we waited for. The boomhouse man moved a little. The rig or left his form, and I saw his arm fall slowly against his side.

"I ain't goin' to kill you," he muttered. "You got a daughter. Go and see as no black hearted villain steals her from you."

The Discovery of Glass.

Though the Egyptians claim to have been taught by Hermes the art of making glass, it may be stated upon the authority of Pliny that its discovery belongs to the Syrians, or, rather, Phoenicians, who obtained

it accidentally. A small number of sailors who had landed upon the coast of Spain built a fire upon the sand and supported their cooking utensils with stones which they had found near the shore. After finishing their meal one of the party accidentally raked the ashes, and the action of the heat having combined the niter and sand, he found a crystalline substance, the glass of the present day.

Getting the Good of It.

A ten-year-old philosopher whose week end holiday gives him the only morning that he can be abed as long as he likes promulgated this order as he was leisurely absorbing his dessert at the dinner table last Friday night:

"Wake me up at just 7 o'clock, as usual, tomorrow morning, mamma. It seems so good to be able to turn over and take another nap!"—New York Commercial.

THE BAND'S PART.

Reasons Why It Would Rather Cut Ice Than Make Music

One winter when the First United States cavalry was stationed in Montana, says the Chicago News, the bandmaster went to the commander of the post, General Culver Grover, and reported that the members of the band had been ordered to help cut ice.

He said, "Sheneral, they did not enlist us to cut ice, but to make music."

The commanding officer called the adjutant and on his approach said: "Mr. Adjutant, Mr. Schmidt wishes the band excused from ice fatigue. He says they enlisted to make music."

Mr. Schmidt, bowing to the commanding officer, said, "Yes, sheneral, to make music."

The commanding officer then said, "Mr. Adjutant, the band will be excused from ice fatigue."

Mr. Schmidt bowed himself out, saying, "Thank you, sheneral; thank you, sheneral."
"But," continued the commanding officer as the door closed, "Mr. Adjutant, the band will take post on the bluff overlooking the river and will make music while the rest of the command cut ice."

The weather was intensely cold, and as a matter of course it was impossible for the players to make a sound, their breath freezing on their instruments.

The bandmaster again hurried to the commanding officer and said: "Sheneral, it is impossible to make music. The band would rather cut ice."

"Very well, Mr. Schmidt, just as you wish," replied the commanding officer, and, calling the adjutant, he said, "Mr. Adjutant, the band will cut ice."

A Chinese Legend About Tea.

There is a strange Chinese legend concerning the tea plant. According to the story, there once lived a very pious hermit who passed the greater part of his time in prayer and vigils. He was, however, unable to keep awake as long as he wished and often found his eyes closing while he was in the very midst of his devotions. This naturally annoyed him, and one day in a fit of wrath against this weakness of the flesh, which he seemed unable to overcome, he cut off the offending eyelids and cast them upon the ground. But his action had been observed by a god, who immediately caused a tea shrub to spring up from the spot where the eyelids had fallen. It is in reference to this, according to the legend, that the leaves of the tea plant are shaped like eyelids, fringed with lashes and possess the power of warding off sleep.

A Monkey and an Opera Glass.

The pet monkey of a German professor, having made his escape, climbed into a tree and defied all attempts to catch him. Well knowing the imitative habits of the animal, his master hit on a curious plan to regain his pet. He looked at the monkey through an opera glass, pointing the small end at him for some time, and then retired to a short distance, leaving the opera glass on the ground. The imitative monkey descended from the tree and, taking the opera glass, gazed after a similar manner at his master, who seemed to the deluded ape to be half a mile distant. The monkey, still looking through the same end of the opera glass, supposed his master was several hundred yards distant, when the latter, reaching out, secured the chain and led the victim of an optical illusion back to his cage.



Rector of St. Francis Xavier's Celebrates 25th Anniversary

Bishop McQuaid Preached the Sermon and Eulogized Father Netzel's Life and Labors—Many Prominent Priests Assisted

Rev. Joseph Netzel, pastor of St. Francis Xavier church celebrated the silver jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood last Sunday morning.

At the solemn high mass Father Netzel himself was the celebrant, assisted by Rev. Dr. Sinclair, of 88 Peter and Paul's church, deacon; Rev. John Meyer of New York city, sub-deacon; Rev. M. J. Hargater, assistant priest, and Rev. Emil Gefell, master of ceremonies.

Bishop McQuaid occupied the episcopal throne assisted by Rev. Wm. Kessel and Rev. John G. Van Ness. The bishop also preached the jubilee sermon in the course of which he eulogized the character and labors of Father Netzel during his 25 years in the church's service.

Father Netzel also spoke briefly and at the close of his address gave the congregation his blessing.

In the sanctuary were the Very Rev. Thomas F. Hickey, V. G.; the Very Rev. John Hamel of Olean; Rev. George Eisler of St. Bernard's seminary, and other priests.

The music for the occasion was Hayden's first mass under the direction of Mrs. Dr. N. F. Kiefer. A special feature was an offertory "Jurat Dominus," composed for the occasion by Mrs. Kiefer.

A full orchestra accompanied the singers and the choir was augmented by Mrs. John N. Rauber, soprano; Mrs. Theresa Frank, contralto; Frank Messmer, tenor; and Herman Haines and Ignatius Vetter, basses.

Father Netzel was born in Wurtemberg in 1855 and came to America in 1872. He studied at St. Joseph's seminary, Troy, and was ordained in 1878 by Bishop McQuaid, at the cathedral. He was assistant rector at 88 Peter and Paul's church for nine months, and served nine years each as rector of Holy Trinity church, Webster, and St. Alphonsus, Auburn. Father Netzel has been rector of St. Francis Xavier church for six years.

We offer our congratulations to Rev. Father Netzel on the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

Death of Mrs. Michael Nolan of Ithaca.

Mrs. Michael Nolan of Ithaca, N. Y., mother of James M. Nolan and Rev. Michael J. Nolan, D. D., of this city, died at the family residence in Ithaca last Sunday morning.

The funeral of Mrs. Michael Nolan was held Tuesday morning at 9:30 o'clock from the Church of the Immaculate Conception. Solemn requiem high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Michael J. Nolan, D. D., of Rochester, a son of the deceased. The Rev. A. A. Hughes of Genesee, was deacon and the Rev. J. J. Gibbons was the sub-deacon. The Rev. T. F. Hickey conducted the burial services at the church and at the cemetery. The floral offerings were very beautiful and the church was filled with many friends of the family. The visiting clergymen were the Rev. T. F. Hickey, of Rochester, vicar general of the Rochester diocese; the Rev. J. E. Gefell, the Rev. William P. Ryan, the Rev. G. V. Burns, of Rochester, the Rev. J. Kennedy of Hammondport, the Rev. J. W. E. Kelly of Auburn, and the Rev. Dr. Meehan of Rochester.

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SOCIETIES.

Co. A Hibernian Rifles held their annual New Year's party at their Armory on New Year's eve, which was a grand success and far exceeded anything heretofore held on that date. About 40 couples took part in the festivities which were on an elaborate scale, as Co. A never saves trouble or expense in giving its members and friends a good old time. Dancing commenced at 8:30 and continued until 11:30 p. m., when songs, recitations, jigs, reels and Irish Hornpipes followed in their order.

It is needless to say that the participants in these selections received unlimited applause. These were Miss Layden, Miss Lennon, Miss Kelly and Thos. Keogh sang Mike Sharkey's Wake which was very amusing. Those who entertained the guests with dancing were J. Breen, M. Breen, Thos. Keogh, J. Morris, J. O'Brien, Lunch and refreshments were served after which dancing was resumed until early in the morning. Music by Prof. Daley and Prof. Breen was considered excellent.

The committee worked hard to make it a success and triumphed on this as on other occasions. The Co.'s utmost object is to bring together as many of our race as possible and they hope that good results will follow. The Co. has also outlined their plans to bring into the fold of militarism Irishmen and sons of Irishmen, whose love of the old soil is only sleeping and needs to be aroused by the songs and recitals of the wrongs done to country. The Co. regretted the absence of their captain and secretary for the dance. The committee in charge were: Thos. Keogh, J. Breen, Thos. O'Neill, P. McCann, M. J. Connors. At the conclusion all sang "God Save Ireland."

Knight of Columbus.

There will be a meeting of the members of the Fourth Degree of the Knights of Columbus held at the Council Chambers next Sunday, Jan. 11th, at noon.

C. R. & B. A.

Council 23 will hold an open session at their rooms, No. 18 Durand Building, Wednesday evening, Jan. 14th. The installation of officers will take place and a musical program rendered in honor of the occasion. Members of Sister Councils and their friends are cordially invited to attend.

The following resolutions have been adopted by Division 7, A. O. H.

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove Mrs. Bridget Casey from the family of our beloved Brother Michael Casey, therefore, be it

Resolved, That we the members of Division 7 extend to the brother our heartfelt sympathy in this hour of his affliction.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our brother that these resolutions be spread on our minutes; a copy be sent to his bereaved family, and published in the Catholic Journal.

Committee: T. Egan, T. Downey, P. Kelly.

Entirely Different.

"Now in this literary line how are the returns?"
"They are all right when you get them."

"And when do you get them?"
"You get them when they come."

"Rather indefinite."
"Of course. That's the difference between literature and business. Business is business, but literature is something entirely different."—Brooklyn Eagle.

COOK OPERA HOUSE.

An attractive looking vaudeville show is announced for next week at the Cook Opera House. The headline act is that of Clayton White and Marie Stuart, who give their popular sketch, "Dicky." Clayton White is one of the best light comedians on the stage to-day, and his offering gives him plenty of opportunity for versatility.

A good many jugglers appear at the Cook during the course of a season, but it is doubtful if any has an act that resembles the one given by Sparrow, who calls himself "the mad juggler." Barker musical dogs give an act that is out of the ordinary. Genesee and Bailey will give "A Victim of Circumstances." The Romany Trio are musicians, Provost and Provost have their farcical offering, "Fun in a Turkish Bath." Wesook and Frank are expert rifle shots. The Three Navajos have a novelty acrobatic act, and the Dillon Brothers are singing comedians.

This bill will be given at the Cook twice every day next week.

The New National Theatre.

"Jerome", one of the most recent successful New England dramas, will be the attraction Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights, with matinees on Monday and Wednesday. The company presenting this quaint piece is one of the strongest ever engaged in this style of entertainment, and is headed by that clever actor Walter E. Perkins.

Mr. Harry Clay Blaney, the popular little comedian, who has made an excellent hit in the role of "Willie Live", the war correspondent, in "Across the Pacific" will be the attraction on Thursday, Friday and Saturday with matinees Thursday and Saturday. It is said that he is supported by an excellent company, and the production has been given complete new outfit of scenery and effects.

The management of the New National Theatre announces for Sunday night January 18, a musical entertainment entitled "Two Hours in the Realm of Music", Edward F. Kuntz who has made such a favorable impression upon Rochester people since he commenced directing the orchestra of the new theatre has organized an orchestra of 40 pieces, and will be heard for the first time on this occasion.

BAKER THEATRE.

The greatest of all big shows—A. G. Field's is the Master Midget Magnate positively the only musical that will visit Rochester this year, coming to Baker Theatre Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evening, with bargain day matinees Tuesday and Wednesday. The choir of 1000 singers embraces some of the best of the day. The comedians are headed by A. G. Field. The \$10,000 part, "The Roof Garden" is the most magnificent ever conceived and is replete with electrical surprises.

One of the most entertaining and finely mounted plays of the year will be seen at Baker Theatre 15, 16, 17, bargain day matinees Thursday and Saturday. The successful comedy drama, "The Victim's Daughter" is a new offering and credit is due to Mr. Shubert for securing this production. The play is a well defined plot, a story line, and effectively told. The effects are without parallel in any of our theatres.