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SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1903.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday January 11—Gospel St. Luke 11:42-52—St. Hyginus, pope and martyr.
Monday 12—St. Arcadius, martyr.
Tuesday 13—St. Veronica, virgin.
Wednesday 14—St. Hilary, bishop, confessor and doctor.
Thursday 15—St. Paul, First Hermit.
Friday 16—St. Marcellus, pope and martyr.
Saturday 17—St. Anthony, Abbot.



Five Minute Sermon.

Jesus Found Among the Doctors.

St. Luke tells us that Our Lord at the age of twelve years went with His holy Mother and St. Joseph to Jerusalem to be present at the festival, which was solemnized for seven days, in the Temple, and the feast of the Pasch or Passover, that these days being over, He was lost from their sight and remained in Jerusalem in the Temple while they set out for their home believing that He was in the company of His relatives.

Mary and Joseph were in great affliction, and hastened to seek for Him among their friends and relatives and not finding Him, they returned to Jerusalem and found Him in the temple then He went with them.

From this we should learn that if Jesus Christ, King of kings, Lord of lords, did not refuse to obey Mary and Joseph, we should not refuse to obey humbly and voluntarily our parents, superiors, and all who are charged with our care and education. What a consolation to think when obeying that we imitate Jesus Christ, Who by His submission to Mary and Joseph sanctified and made obedience meritorious.

It is stated that Jesus increased in age, in wisdom, and in grace. From this we should learn that we also as we advance in years should increase in the knowledge of religion, in Christian virtue, and in the observance of the duties of our state in life. As Jesus increased in grace before men and in merit before God, so as we grow older should make ourselves beloved of men by our charity, and beloved of God by abounding in merit, by the exercises of piety, and above all by frequenting the holy sacraments.

International Catholic Truth Society.

The International Catholic Truth Society has published a symposium of views on the Friars in the Philippines which has attracted considerable notice, by reason of the variety of the opinions put forward, and the representative sources from which the information is drawn. The symposium consists of an article by Stephen Bousal, printed by special permission from the North American Review, a statement by Father Fernin P. San Julian a learned Dominican of St. Thomas' University Manila, and the pronouncement of the Catholic Centre Party of the Philippines.

The pamphlet has been issued in deference to requests from various quarters and will be found of much value to those who wish to gain a clear idea of the friar question.

Copies of the pamphlet may be obtained at sixty cents per dozen (less than the cost of publication) by application to the International Catholic Truth Society, Arbuttle Building, Brooklyn, New York.

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A ROUGH RIDE.

The Story Lincoln Told the Man Who Asked Him to Stop the War.

Soon after Lincoln issued his call for the first 75,000 men a well meaning man called on him and begged him to stop the war.

"That's what I'm trying to do," said Lincoln sadly, "and lying awake nights thinking how to do it."

"But you have called for volunteers."

"Yes."

"Well, do you mean that that is trying to stop the war?"

"Yes."

"You are joking, Mr. Lincoln."

"No, I'm in dead earnest. Some things are easier to stop by letting them run awhile and slow down gradually than by jerking them up suddenly, especially if you don't know just what is making them go. Let me tell you a story."

"When I was a boy about fifteen, I had to ride a horse over to a neighboring town. The man that owned him gave me a quarter to take him there and get him about Well, I didn't know much about horses except from behind with a plow dragging after them, so when I got on that horse I felt a little awkward. I thought I'd start right, so I cut a switch and rode off bravely."

"After I was beginning to get a little sore and the horse was beginning to find out the sort of green rider he had on his back something set him going, and he broke into a gallop. He got going so fast that I had to take both hands to the bridle, so I tucked my switch under my arm, grabbed the rein in both fists and yanked. He gave a leap and went harder than ever. I yanked, and he ran, and the harder I pulled the more unmanageable he got. After a mile or two of pretty uncomfortable going I found that the end of the switch under my arm struck him in the flank every time I pulled. Now, I don't know enough about this war yet to feel sure that I ought to yank back. But I hope if I let it run long enough to look carefully all round me I can make it slow down in reasonable time."

—Youth's Companion

How Water Freezes.

It used to puzzle all thinking people why ponds and rivers do not freeze beyond a certain depth. This depends on a most curious fact—namely, that water is at its heaviest when it reaches 40 degrees F.—that is, 8 degrees above freezing point. On a frosty night as each top layer of water falls to 40 degrees it sinks to the bottom, therefore the whole pond has to drop to 40 degrees before any of it can freeze.

At last it is all cooled to this point, and then ice begins to form. But ice is a very bad conductor of heat. Therefore it shuts off the freezing air from the big body of comparatively warm water underneath. The thicker it gets the more perfectly does it act as a greatcoat, and that is why even the Arctic ocean never freezes beyond a few feet in thickness. —Marine Journal.

The Maid and the Title.

Once upon a time there was a fair young girl who had many suitors, but she received them all with equal graciousness and waited for her affections to dictate which should be the especially favored one.

Finally she heard that a rich uncle of one of her wooers had died, leaving him a clear and unencumbered title to many acres of very valuable land. When next she met the young man, she showed quite plainly that her affections had begun to dictate.

The result was that they were married when the next June came around.

Moral.—Titles are attractive even in America. —New York Herald.

About Cutting the Finger Nails.

There are several well known sayings with regard to the paring of the finger nails, and among them are the following:

Cut them on Monday, cut them for health; cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth; cut them on Wednesday, cut them for a letter; cut them on Thursday for something better; cut them on Friday, you cut for a wife; cut them on Saturday, cut for long life; cut them on Sunday, you cut them for evil, for all of that week you'll be ruled by the devil.

Some Russian Customs.

In Russia a child ten years of age cannot go away from home to school without a passport, nor can common servants and peasants go away from where they live without one. A gentleman residing in Moscow or St. Petersburg cannot receive the visit of a friend who remains many hours without notifying the police. The porters of all houses are compelled to make returns of the arrival and departure of strangers, and for every one of the above passports a charge is made of some kind.

THE COWARD

At about 2 o'clock on a raw, blustery March morning the inhabitants of the little village of Shack-hunny, on the upper Sasquehanna, were roused from sleep by hoarse shouts and by the violent ringing of the church bell. Men and boys dressed in haste, and a crowd soon congregated on the river shore.

There was good cause for excitement. The ice, which seemed comparatively firm on the previous evening, had broken during the night. The yellow tide, already swollen to many feet above its normal level, was almost hidden by the heaving, grinding cakes.

And, worst of all, this unexpected event had placed an unknown human being in peril. From Scrub Island came hoarse shouts for help and at intervals the discharge of a gun. The red flashes could be plainly seen.

Scrubby Island lay in mid channel directly opposite the village. It was hardly more than a bar, for nothing grew upon it but bushes. Near the lower end was a small cabin, which some of the village boys built for amusement out of driftwood. Here the castaway had probably taken refuge, and his situation was extremely critical. In a short time the cabin would surely be carried off by the rising flood and ice.

As the crowd were speculating on the unknown one's identity and discussing the hopelessness of rescue Squire Tyson, the most wealthy and influential man of the village, came running down the shore.

"Jasper is on the island," he cried, wringing his hands in agon. "He went over this afternoon to shoot ducks and has not returned home. He must have fallen asleep in the cabin, and the ice has carried away his boat. Will no one save my poor boy? Are you all cowards?"

The unhappy man grasped a boat that lay bottom up on the shore and tried to drag it into the water.

Half a dozen men caught and held him.

"You will only throw your life away," they cried. "No boat could move a dozen yards in that ice. We could save your boy if there was any chance at all."

The square suddenly realized that this was true. He stood gazing mutely toward the island, his face rigid with despair. A group of pity burst from the crowd as another gunshot was heard, followed by hoarse appeals for help. The tide rose higher and higher, but now clear spots were visible here and there, and all at once the river seemed to become free of ice.

The meaning of this was plain. The ice had formed a gorge somewhere up stream. Here seemed a chance of rescue, but no one was willing to take advantage of it. The crowd knew by past experience that the gorge would likely break in a moment or two, and then the flood ice would sweep everything before it like an avalanche. In vain the square appealed to them. In vain the poor boy on the island cried for help. Not a man would risk what seemed certain death.

Suddenly a stoutly built lad of sixteen separated from the throng, and, running up the shore a few yards, he hauled a light skiff into the water. He seized the oars that lay in the bottom and pulled sturdily into the swirling current, heading in a diagonal course up stream.

A simultaneous cry of amazement burst from the crowd. Some cheered the daring lad; others warned him back.

"God bless him!" cried the square, bursting into tears.

Indeed Curt Webb was the last one any person would have believed capable of such a brave deed. He was an orphan and worked hard for a livelihood in a grocery store. The village boys, headed by Jasper Tyson, despised and hated him because he had persistently refused to join any of their mischievous depredations. He could never be induced to fight his tormentors, though Jasper and others dared him to combat many a time. So the boys gratified their malice by calling him the "coward," and by this epithet he was known in the village.

But the "coward" was surely astonishing his enemies now, and his progress was watched with breathless interest. No one expected to see him come back alive.

Steadily the boat crept toward the island. Curt bent to the oars with all his might and managed to hold his own against the fierce current. Occasionally he glanced over his shoulder and was relieved to see no trace of approaching ice. The shore soon faded from view, and as he neared the island he shouted cheerily to give notice of his approach. Jasper shouted back and fired a bunch of grass to guide his rescuer.

The water had already reached the cabin, and just as Curt swung the boat into the little eddy behind it he heard a grinding noise up the

river and saw a white mass looming into view. The gorge had broken, and the ice was coming down with sweeping force.

Jasper stood in the cabin door and when the flaming wisp of grass showed him the face of his rescuer he blushed with shame.

"You!" he exclaimed, and that single word spoke volumes.

"Don't stop to talk," cried Curt hurriedly. "Jump in. Here comes the ice, and we have a slim chance of dodging it."

Too late. Even as Jasper sprang to the boat the water heaved and tossed, and the rumble of the dread avalanche deepened to a roar. Half a dozen cakes of ice swirled by, rising and falling with the waves.

Curt pulled straight down stream, while his companion crouched in the stern of the boat, helpless with terror. But the race could end in only one way. The line of broken ice came grinding on like a race horse, growing with fury.

It smashed the cabin to fragments and sped after the frail little craft that was striving so hard to escape. Jasper cried out with terror and held his hands before his face to shut out the awful sight.

Curt stuck to his oars, but he knew nevertheless that escape was out of the question. His brave heart sickened at the thought of what would happen when the crashing ice cakes reached the boat.

Suddenly he saw something that roused a glimmer of hope. Twenty yards toward the left shore and slightly in advance of the avalanche floated a huge tree, evidently torn bodily from the soil. Its broad end, bristling with snakelike roots, was turned-down stream, and here and there it thrust out thick limbs that served to steady it like outriggers on a boat.

The opportunity was a good one, for the tree looked sufficiently strong and massive to hold its own against the turbulent ice. If the castaways could reach it, they stood a fair chance of escaping death.

Curt's resolve was instantly formed. He roused Jasper from his stupor of fear and briefly explained what he intended to do.

"Now!" cried Curt.

Jasper caught the dangling roots and pulled himself to a place of safety. An agile spring landed Curt beside him, and the next instant the boat was whirled into the gloom. As the lads crept higher up the trunk Jasper slipped and was precipitated into the water. In his struggles to keep from sinking he seized one of the roots and clung to it frantically, calling for help.

At the risk of his life Curt crawled down and with some difficulty rescued his companion. They lost no time in choosing positions among the heavy limbs and then had barely settled themselves when down the shock came.

The towering masses of ice surged around the tree, burying the trunk from sight at times and rocking it to and fro like a cradle. The peril was frightful and imminent for half an hour. The boys were beyond the reach of the ice, however, and happily the outriggers prevented the tree from rolling over.

The night wore on, and when it broke the tree stranded on one of the piers of the Catawissa bridge. Willing hands rescued the castaways with ropes, and when they had recovered from their exposure they were sent home by rail, whither the glad news had already preceded them.

It need hardly be said that Curt was never called a coward again.

Flowers Can Hate.

According to a French scientist, flowers are endowed with passions like human beings, and there are few among them which cannot love and hate fervently.

"They have their sympathies and antipathies," he explains, "and if we study them closely we can easily find them out. Roses are passionately fond of some flowers and loathsome when near them. On the other hand, they speedily wither when placed near other flowers, and we must infer that it is because the latter are not congenial to them. Heliotropes and violets have a lively sympathy for each other, and in like manner there seems to be a warm friendship between pansies and carnations."

"If it can be proved that flowers can love and hate," says a German writer commenting on this statement, "it ought not to be difficult to prove that they have souls."

Willing to Divide.

A Hartford lawyer tells of a client in one of the adjoining towns who had a farm to sell. He had recently sunk a well on it, and the job cost a sum, consequently when he talked of disposing of his property the well caused him considerable anxiety. "How much do you ask for the farm?" the lawyer asked.

"Waal, I'll tell yer," drawled the farmer, "I'll sell the place for \$700 with the well, and I'll let it go for \$600 without the well."

What Dr. Boyd Said

Father John's Medicine Had Cured His Patient of Pneumonia.

Captain Allen T. Hodge of the Capital Police Force, Washington, D. C., writes: "Father John's Medicine cured me of a bad attack of pneumonia and surprised Dr. Boyd, my physician, who said your medicine was all right and ought to be in every family."

Signed: Allen T. Hodge, Washington, D. C. Cures colds and all throat and lung troubles prevents pneumonia and consumption.

No morphine or poisonous drugs.

ORIENTAL BULLS.

Examples of the Stories the Arabs Tell About the Kurds.

The Kurds in eastern Asia Minor are regarded by the Arabs as stupid people, wont to make the sort of bull that in the west is popularly ascribed to Iranistan. There is a collection of stories which the Arabs tell about them of which these are fair examples.

Once a detachment of Kurds was crossing a stream which was so muddy that they could not see their feet under the water.

"We have lost our legs," they said and stood helpless, because without legs they could not walk.

After awhile the pasha came by. "What are you standing in that water for?" he demanded.

"We have lost our legs and cannot walk."

The pasha got some of his attendants to apply things to the backs of the legs of the Kurds, and of course they jumped, thereby discovering their legs again. Whereupon they all fell on their knees and thanked the pasha for having restored their legs.

Once the Kurds were standing under a tree.

"Now," says one, "I know how high that cliff is."

"Now," replied another, "and a stranger might come by and ask us it would be disgraceful not to know."

"Then let us measure it."

"But we have no line long enough."

"Well, we can measure it with our bodies. Let one hang by his hands to the edge and another hang to his feet, and then on until we know how many men it takes to hang the whole distance."

So they started to form a living plank line. Just as the last man was climbing down the top man tried to change the position of his hands, and they all fell and broke their legs.

"Oh, well," said one when he came to, "we didn't need to know the height of the cliff."

"No," said another, "so it doesn't matter." —Youth's Companion.

A Milk Epidemic.

Of the typhoid epidemics traced to milk one of the most typical was that at Springfield, Mass., where in July and August of 1892 150 cases occurred concentrated in one of the most beautiful suburban districts of that city. The investigation by Professor W. T. Sedgwick showed that the path of the pestilence was coincident with the route of a certain milkman. It was next found that a portion of his product came from a farm where several cases of typhoid fever had occurred during the preceding summer. Shortly before the outbreak of the epidemic the discharges from the patients were spread upon a tobacco field. Manure from this field carried on the boots of the farmhands was obvious about and in a well near by. On the bottom

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Father John's Medicine is for sale by the following Rochester druggists. Any druggist can get it for you. Bryan Drug House, Duke Drug Co., H. B. Newman, 100 Jefferson Ave., G. W. Jones, 138 Central Ave., The Kobbe Pharmacy, Clinton Ave. and Andrew St., Chas. M. Peck, 173 Plymouth Ave., F. W. Fickett, 639 Lake Ave., Geo. Hahn, 561 State St., A. C. Dempsey, 159 East Ave.

If your druggist does not have it, send \$1 for a large bottle, express prepaid, Carleton and Hovey Co., Lowell, Mass. For sale in Geneva by Dr. A. L. Sweet, druggist, 20 Seneca St., and W. H. Partridge, 32 Seneca St.

of this well and submerged in heavy cans stood the milk to be cooled before it was sent to Springfield. The chain of evidence was thus complete. —C. E. A. Winslow in Atlantic.

Too Scientific.

The principal trustee of school district No. 16 was entertaining a young man fresh from college who had driven out to his home to apply for the position of teacher of the school in that district.

As they sat on the porch after dinner the trustee casually called attention to a familiar little orange colored bug with black spots on its back that was crawling on the floor.

"I suppose you know what that is?" he said.

"Yes," replied the applicant, eager to show his technical knowledge. "That is a *Coccinella septempunctata*."

"Young man," was the rejoinder, "a fellow that don't know a ladybug when he sees it can't get my vote for teacher in this district." —Youth's Companion.

A Disintegrating Bachelor.

A good looking, well-to-do bachelor who was long teased by the young women of the club for not marrying offered to make the girl whom the club should elect his wife just to show them that he was not averse to matrimony. Each girl went to a mirror and wrote her choice on a piece of paper, disguising her handwriting. There were nine members of the club, and the result showed one vote for each. The young man is still a bachelor, but the club is broken up, and its members are all mad at each other. —Kansas City Star.

An Old Story.

"I'm sorry we haven't much of a dinner," said Spratts to Bloomburper, whom he had urged to stay for that meal. "You ought to have dropped in last evening. We had a stunning dinner then."

"Why, papa," chirped Sammy Spratts, "that's just what you told Mr. Taddels at dinner yesterday."

Lincoln's Wit Won.

When Joseph Jefferson was a boy, he used to tramp from town to town in the United States as a small member of his father's traveling company. They once struck the town of Springfield, Ill., at a time when a great religious revival was in full swing. In the hope of preventing any play acting at such a period the town council demanded a heavy fee for permission. This was a serious matter for the strollers, who had to earn their daily bread, and a local lawyer took up their case out of good will. So persuasively did he plead that the fee was not insisted on, and the performance took place. The lawyer whose wit and humor served the players so well afterward became president of his native country and is known to fame as Abraham Lincoln. —Kansas City Journal.

