

If paper is not received Saturday notify the office. Report without delay any change of address giving both old and new.

Remittances may be made at our own risk, either by draft, express money order, post office money order or registered letter, addressed to the Editor, Business Manager. Money sent in any other way is at the risk of the person sending it.

Discontinuance.—THE JOURNAL will be sent to every subscriber until ordered stopped and all arrears are paid up. The only legal method of stopping a paper is by paying up all dues.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES For Year, in Advance, \$1.00 Entered as second class mail matter

ROCHESTER TELEPHONE 1353. SATURDAY, AUG. 19, 1905.

Harper In the past, we have read Vincent Harper's writings with some interest. At times we have fancied that he was paying more attention to the development of his talent as a lampoonist, than to developing himself as a litterateur—if, indeed, he ever could attain to such a level.

Some months ago we read a story from Harper's pen in which he made a Catholic priest use very bad grammar. We did not think it showed a fine conception of the proprieties, neither was it a compliment to the writer's breadth either in knowledge or acquaintance, but we passed it over, because of the obvious moral to be drawn was clean and wholesome.

In a recent number of the "Saturday Evening Post" however, Harper has transgressed so glaringly all the limits of propriety, decency or fact that we are impelled to protest and vigorously at that.

This story is meant to be a character sketch—in reality, it is, by inference a gross libel on the Catholic priesthood of the United States. Harper has painted a New York city Catholic priest—upon whom he bestows the title of "Holy Joe"—in the guise of a meddlesome busybody who uses atrociously bad grammar, talks in a brogue that was never heard even in "boggiest Ireland," in Tipperary, or Cork, or Roscommon, or in Antrim.

Harper's hideous caricature goes on, by inference, to hint that the Catholics of New York City are uncultivated, uncouth and uneducated. We have an idea that there is as much cultivation on our side of the house as there is on the other. Let that pass, however, so far as the laity is concerned. But we do resent the imputation that priests are are bores. They are educated men and they can hold their own in any company—either from intellectual or grammatical standpoint. Many of them are graduates of European universities—they could not be guilty of the improprieties of speech which Harper has put in the mouth of the libel he has perpetrated. The standard of grammar in our Catholic seminaries is as high as in any of those of the opposite persuasion.

Would Harper paint an Episcopalian clergyman in the light he has portrayed the Catholic priest? Would the Curtis Co. print it if he did? Far better to adopt the rule laid down by Frank Munsey to the editors of his publications: "Avoid sectarian controversies, by inference, as well as directly."

Fortunately, Catholics have the remedy in their own hands, if they have the nerve to apply it. Let them read the riot act to the publishers of the "Saturday Evening Post." Tell them plainly that we will not buy the sheet neither will we advertise in it if Harper is to be a permanent fixture on its list of contributors. Application of this rule will decrease the company's receipts—just what it is not looking for.

Are there not persons in Rochester to whom might be applied Horace Bushnell's characterization of a reactionary clergyman as "one who is not merely behind the times but behind all times?"

There are still a number of institutions which are willing to apply antiseptics to tainted money.

What's The Use? So often have we had occasion to criticize the New York "Times" for its thinly-veiled dislike of certain things, dogmas and persons Catholic that we hoped the paper had turned over a new leaf when we read the other day, in the course of an editorial article on Cardinal Gibbons' address before the Pennsylvania Catholic Total Abstinence Union, this comment:

"There are still, unhappily, many 'good Americans' to whom it is inconceivable that a 'good Catholic' can be a good American."

But our hopes were dashed to earth by the following sentence: "This is not wholly a prejudice, nor wholly without rational justification. There is, in fact, a faction in the Roman Catholic Church in this country which cherishes and endeavors to propagate alien ideals, and upon which good Americans are entitled to look with considerable suspicion."

Why does not the "Times" specify instead of spreading abroad such general innuendoes? Give us the names of the prelates who are propagating "alien ideals"? Tell us, in detail, what ideas you consider detrimental to the brand of "Americanism" to which you were wedded? Go a little further, and tell us what your idea of a true American is. We maintain that the better Catholic one is, the better American he is, necessarily, if we are wrong, we will be glad to be corrected.

Does the "Times" mean that the Catholic bishops who are sturdy advocates of Catholic schools are propagating "alien ideals"? What is it driving at, anyway?

A little further on the "Times" says: "But there is another party in the Catholic Church whose secular ideas and aspirations are distinctly American and patriotic." Delightfully vague! There are Catholic prelates whose secular ideas are patriotic, even if their theology is alien! How delightful is the implied concession!

We hold no brief for Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland, but we feel certain that they will not feel complimented by the patronizing praise bestowed by the feeble New York imitation of the "Thunderer."

Confession In one of his books, Harold Frederic is evidently trying to convey to his reading public the subtle distinction between the Catholic and non-Catholic idea of religion and theology. While the average Catholic, likewise the average non-Catholic will feel disgusted and indignant, by turns, at the exaggerated ideas expressed both by the author's puppets and their creator, still there is one page which will not be without approbation by the Catholic. A cross-grained old bear of a fellow, who prides himself upon his non-religion, is trying to explain to a Methodist preacher the significance of the confessional.

"Some come every day," he says, "some only once a year, some perhaps never between their baptism and funeral. But they all have a right there, the professional burglar every whit as much as the speechless saint. The only stipulation is that they oughtn't to come under false pretenses; the burglar is in honor bound not to pass himself off to his priest as the saint. But that is merely a moral obligation, established in the burglar's own interest. It does him no good to come unless he feels that he is playing the rules of the game, and one of these is confession. If he cheats there, he knows that he is cheating nobody but himself, and might much better have stopped away altogether."

This is not expressed in elegant phraseology, but it should be understood by a non-Catholic. Evidently it is not, however, else one would not hear, as we did the other day, of a non-Catholic clergyman who took his twelve-year old son into a Catholic church. Showing him the confessional, he said solemnly: "My son, there is where the Catholics have their sins washed away by their priest."

Many a man's success is ascribed to luck, when it was due to his own hard work and perseverance.

Richard Le Gallienne once wrote "Beauty is the smile upon the face of power." That substitute for a comic paper in England promptly corrected: "Power is the smile upon the face of beauty."

Five Minute Sermon

The Pharisees and the Publican

The Pharisee boasted that he was not like other people; that he had no faults, that he had no vices, that he was not an adulterer, but that he practised virtue and was faithful in the observance of the law. But while he praised himself, he uncharitably condemned the publican.

We should learn to avoid the vice of pride and not to confide in our own good qualities, if we happen to have any, in order not to become, like the Pharisee, an object of aversion to God. To avoid this vice, let us bear in mind that the proud man is odious to heaven and earth, and that God, as St. Peter says, resents the proud and covers them with confusion, as he did Lucifer, the sons of Babel, Holofernes, and many others.

The publican is a figure of the sinner who, by the grace of God, knows his failings, humbles himself, and asks for mercy. He would not even lift his eyes to heaven, and God looked down on him with eyes of a father.

Weekly Church Calendar

Sunday August 20—Gospel, St. Luke xvii, v. 14—St. Joachim, Father B. V. M. Monday 21—St. Jane Frances de Chantal, widow Tuesday 22—St. Symphorian, martyr Wednesday 23—St. Philip Beniti Thursday 24—St. Basil, Bishop, apostles Friday 25—St. Louis, King of France Saturday 26—St. Zephyrinus, pope and martyr

Forty Hours

The devotion of the "Forty Hours" will be held in the churches of the diocese of Rochester as follows: August 27—Hammondsport

Excursion to Olcott Beach

Olcott Beach is famous for its good hotel and beautiful grove. It is a fine spot for a day's outing. The New York Central has arranged to run an excursion there next Sunday, Aug. 20th. Special train will leave State St. Station at 10 a. m., and two minutes later from Brinker Place. Excursion tickets will be sold at rate of \$1.00, and will read to Bart station. At this point special trolley cars will meet train and convey excursionists to Olcott Beach at a charge of ten cents for the round trip.

Another Excursion to Watkins Glen

This remarkable canyon is celebrated the world over for its marvellous scenery. It has as distinct an individuality as the Falls of Niagara, the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, or the Garden of the Gods. The New York Central offers the public another opportunity to see this wonderful work of nature Sunday, Aug. 20th, when excursion tickets for a round trip will be sold for \$1.25, children between five and twelve years of age 50c, while no charge is made for children under five. A special train will leave from Central Ave. Station at 9 a. m. The train runs along the shore of Seneca Lake for miles, and which in itself is a very pretty trip.

Very low round trip rates to Pacific Coast via Nickel Plate Road. \$69.50 Buffalo to Portland, Seattle or Tacoma and return. Tickets on sale every day. At a small additional cost tickets may be routed through California. Good return limit and stopover privileges. For full particulars, sleeping car reservations, etc., write R. E. Payne, General Agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Lowest round trip rates to Pacific coast points via the Nickel Plate Road. \$69.50 Buffalo to Portland, Seattle or Tacoma and return. On sale daily until September 29th. May be routed through California in one direction at slightly higher rate.

\$75.50 Buffalo to San Francisco or Los Angeles and return. Tickets on sale daily August 6th to 14th inclusive. Good return limit and stopover privileges. Proportionate rates from points east of Buffalo. Before arranging your trip write R. E. Payne, general agent, 291 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Fishing in the Manitow Ponds

Finest fishing in the state.

S. W. BEELER, 46-48 Reynolds Arcade

Cash or Credit!

A nice assortment of Ladies, Gents and Children's clothing in the latest up-to-date styles. Also jewelry, silverware and household specialties. Pictures framed or order, and photo's enlarged. Ladies skirts, suits and coats, also Gents suits made to measure. Prices low. Terms easy. Open Monday and Saturday evenings.

THE YAQUI DEATH LINE BY BAILEY MILLARD

"Uno" "Dos"

It was important that the two guards should keep each other awake. If the twelve Yaqui prisoners were to be shot at sunrise, as the captain had ordered, it was necessary that they should not escape from the corrugated iron ore-shed, the use of which, as a temporary prison, had been grudgingly granted by Mr Tom Bird, the man in charge of the Sahuaripa Mine Ore guard. In his muffled serape, leaned with infinite languor upon his rifle at one end of the shed, and now and again yawningly bawled "Uno" through the still night, on which the other, to show that he was not asleep, called back "Dos" from the other end of the shed and the very borders of dreamland. Occasionally, the order of calling was reversed. As for the Yaqui, they were quiet enough.

Now Mr Tom Bird's window was thirty feet away from the nearest guard, whom he was execrating vehemently from under the covers. "Thank the gods, they'll be moving on to-morrow," he breathed forth from amid a very ornamental set of curses elicited by a particularly loud challenge. "It will be Sunday, and I can sleep all day." He lay very quiet for half an hour, and was just dropping off, for the night wind had come up and the palms were whispering their mystic secrets.

"Uno" sharp and shock producing. "Dos" quickly on its heels, with a 'you don't catch me napping' note. That settles it," gasped Bird. He got up, lit his lamp and a big black cigar, and stood gazing into the night. Presently there came a quick spasmodic knock at the door. Of course, none of the moros was awake, so Bird had to go see what it meant.

When he opened the door a Yaqui woman with a three-year old child in her arms fluttered past him in her loose black gown and mantilla. He slammed and barred the door and strode after her into the patio. "Oh, senor!" cried the woman, her high voice quivering, and nina she is so sick. I bring her to you to make her well again. Los Americanos they have the power. I carry her here from La Puerta. It is two miles. I have done all I can. Everything. But the verbas buenas do not help her, nor the rosary."

"Come in," Bird took the tender little bundle from her arms, led the way into a side room, and deposited his unexpected and embarrassing charge upon the couch.

"The rosary. It was glass and very beautiful. I ground it, oh, so carefully, put it in the tiza sagrada which the good padre gave me last year, with a little water, and gave it all to the child. Porvida, there was not one drop left. She is a good nina she swallowed it all."

"Ground glass?" gasped Bird. "And she swallowed it all?"

"It was enough to kill her," said Bird, in his own speech. "How the devil do children ever live to be twelve years old in this country. Let's see, let's see." He went to his own room and stood reflectively before the medicine chest he had brought up from Mazatlan the summer before. He read the labels: "Quina? No good. Glicerina? He hesitated. "Acete de Castor? That's the stuff. It isn't very fresh, but—"

He grasped the bottle, and ran back to the bedside. The child took the medicine from his hand willingly. She was a good nina, as la madre had said. Then, too, she had lapsed into a lassid, indifferent state.

"No, senor. It was not the calentura. It was the agua mala. We come many miles—from San Esteban, on the Rio Yaqui. The soldiers came for us. They took fifteen—among them—my husband, my child, and I. They put the women and children away from the men. They would send us on the long voyage to Yucatan. But I escaped, with the ninita. It was one good senora who helped me. I come here. My husband—I do not know where he is. Perhaps the soldiers have killed him. They kill all—all but the women and children."

"From San Esteban," thought Bird. "That's where that crowd in the ore-shed are from. Of course, her husband is there with them. And she doesn't know he's within forty miles of her. There's tragedy. But this poor little nina—what can I do for her? The pain she's in from that ground glass! Morphine? If I only dared."

He looked at the child. She seemed a little quieter. There was less of the rubbing of the clenched fists against the round little stomach. The palm leaves whispered outside. The lids of the tired eyes that had been staring so hard at the ceiling drooped drowsily.

"Uno" barked the first sentry. "Dos" barked back the second guard.

"Hang those chaps!" muttered Bird to himself. "If I could only stop their senseless explosions. But it's no use. Think I'll have to use

the morphine. A very small injection in that little arm, and they can bawl at each other all night."

The morphine worked so magically that its results alarmed him for a time. But the breathing was strong and regular, and there was no growing paleness nor other bad symptom. The travel worn mother fell nodding in her chair in spite of herself, and so Bird had the watch all to himself. He was glad of it, too. He wanted to smoke again. Smoking had become very essential to him down in this country, as it does to every man, white or brown. But it was not to be thought of now. He fixed a shade on the lamp, fanned the gnats away from the child, and after the guards had called again and again to each other, sometimes awful weight of sleepiness in their tones, and as the roosters shrilled from a corner in the corral and the quick dawn of the tropics began to spread its rose burst over the palms, there was a bustle about the ore-house.

"Pretty near sunrise. Guess they're getting ready to lead those poor devils out."

The woman was awake now, looking at the child, and he left it in her charge while he went out to wash and get a cup of coffee. He was gone longer than he thought. When he returned the child was alone and a frenzied woman was flying toward the place of execution. "God!" groaned Bird. "And I could have saved her this. Poor, wretched, tortured soul! Soul! Of course, she's got a soul, just as much of a soul as el presidente himself, who is ordering all this butchery, or his wife, or anybody. And I can't—I simply can't look out there and see this thing done."

But he did, just the same. He saw the clam-faced Yaquis in their poor, gray cotton clothing, bare feet, and old straw sombreros, their arms tied behind them, standing in the death line.

He saw the soldiers in their dirty duck suits, with their absurd little caps on their heads, fasten the cheap gaudy bandanas over the faces of the doomed men. All but one face was covered. It was a quiet brown face, with eyes that looked straight toward the firing squad, now resting on its rifles. The woman had run a little way toward the man with the uncovered face. He stood at the end of the line and stopped there looking toward him appealingly. Once she put her hand to her forehead, but she did not venture to call aloud to him, nor even to wave her hand. If he saw her he made no sign.

And that's the father of the nina. He's a brave father, little girl, he said to the sleeping child—"a brave father to meet death with clear eyes. I suppose he sees a madre, but he won't look at her for fear he'll blinch."

The firing squad was moving back to its place.

"What can I do? What can I do?" groaned Bird. "I might speak to the captain and have the thing postponed, even for a day or two. But after all, he wouldn't listen to any Gringo interference. Useless!"

As the men leveled their rifles he saw the woman move forward, and just before the word was given she flung herself toward her husband and between him and the squad. There was a breath-cutting ratchet of shots, the smoke puffs cleared away instantly, and there, with their arms and legs sprawled any way, lay the line of men who had faced the squad a moment before, and a little nearer the breeze ruffling her cheap, thin skirt, lay la madre.

Bird leaned over the child's couch reverently and touched his lips to the brown little forehead. Before he could straighten up two salt tears fell upon her pillow.

"I'm not much in the father line," said he, "but I guess—Well, nina, cara, you shan't miss anything that Tom Bird can do for you."

He walked over to the firing ground and stared at the dead Yaquis. How flat they lay, in their inert, flaccid state against the gray earth. It was as if Nature were drawing her children back to her great bosom to hide them away forever. Bird looked at the straw sombrero lying under the head of la nina's father, and glanced down, over the slim form of the poor, bare feet, the soles of which were hardened by many a weary tramp over the desert.

He begged the two bodies from the captain, and had them buried very decently in one grave, with a coyote-proof pile of stones upon it and atop of the pile a little wooden cross.

He was planning for the nina, and wondering how his bride of the coming October would take the idea of having a three-year old Yaqui in the family. Ah, well, when that little brown hand should reach up for Dorothy's, it would be sure to catch at her heart.

"She won't be as much worried about that as she will be about lots of other things—the heat and the gnats and the centipedes and all that," he thought. "What a country it is for a white woman to live in! What a cruel country!"

The bicycle boom is so big in England that the factories cannot keep pace with the demands.

DESERTS OF THE OCEAN

Watery Wastes as Dreary as Any on Land. BETWEEN OCEAN LANES.

Generally Supposed that Every Part of the Sea Has Been Traveled, But Such is Not the Case—Much Remains that Has Never Been Explored.

Oceans, like continents, have their deserts. On the high seas there are vast spaces whose waves have never been parted by the prow of a sailing vessel or lashed by the propeller of a steamer. Immense solitudes where the flap of a sail is never heard nor the strident cry of a siren, and deserts, whose silence is broken only by the howling of the wind and the roar of waves which have been vainly pursuing one another since the day of creation.

These deserts lie forgotten betwixt the narrow ocean highways traveled by vessels. In such waste places of the sea a disabled ship, driven out of its course by a hurricane, may drift for months, tossed by the ceaseless ground swell, without being able to hail assistance, her only chance of escape is the possibility that some oceanic current may drag her into a more frequented region.

It is generally supposed that by reason of the universal increase of maritime traffic the sea is everywhere furrowed by vessels. That is a mistake. The gradual but constant disappearance of sailing ships made the ocean more of a desert than before. Sailing vessels had their established routes in accordance with winds, currents and seasons; the gaps between, the gaps between the routes taken by outward-bound and home-ward-bound ships are often considerable.

Moreover, the capricious elements not infrequently played the mischief with nautical instructions, and as a result the field of operations for ocean shipping was vastly extended. This is no longer true to-day. The liner goes straight ahead in defiance of wind and wave. The ports between which she plies are great industrial or commercial centers, whether come numerous railways, serving as prolongations of the lines of navigation. Freight cars carry their loads of merchandise to the lesser ports and the cities of the interior. The railway has killed coastwise navigation.

The ocean highways are, therefore, anything but numerous. The most frequented of oceans is the Atlantic. Apart from polar seas we see that in its northern part there is only one desert zone—a dreary waste of waters between the routes from Europe to the United States or Canada and those from Europe to the Antilles. In the south between the routes from South America or the western American coast and the routes from South Africa, extends a desert occasionally traversed by the steamers of the lines from Cape Town and Mozambique, which, when the coffee season is at its height in Brazil, cross the Atlantic for cargoes at Rio Janeiro or Santos.

The Indian ocean is frequented only in the north by lines out of India and Indo-China, and a little in the west by liners from Oceania, which call at Colombo and then make straight for Australia. Two lines, each with a steamer a month, follow a slender lane from Australia to Cape Town. The Pacific is the Sahara of the great seas. Saving only the steamships from the far east to California and British Columbia, a line from Sydney to San Francisco and a one-horse line (with sailings four or five times a year) between Tahiti and the United States—save for these mere ribbon-like streaks the Pacific is a desert.

Only a few native canoes ply daintily from island to island in archipelagoes girt round with coral reefs—veritably ocean graveyards, the terror of seafaring men.—Le Matin.

Cultivating Sponges.

An interesting investigation now being made carried on in Florida by the Bureau of Fisheries has for its object the discovery and development of methods by which the valuable sheep-wool sponge may be cultivated artificially.

The method which promises the most satisfactory results, says Dr. Everman in The National Geographic Magazine, is that of using cuttings. Large sheep-wool sponges are cut in to small pieces, which are fastened to an insulated wire fixed in the water, so that the sponges are supported a few inches above the bottom. These small bits, placed at close intervals along the wire, soon heal and form an organic attachment to it, and very soon begin to grow. It is too soon to predict just what the results will be, but the indications are so far very encouraging, and it is believed that the time is not far distant when the sponge fisheries of Florida will be "vastly increased in productiveness and value."

Takes Two Days to Ascend.

The Alps comprise 180 mountains from 4,000 to 15,732 feet high, the latter being Mont Blanc, the highest spot in Europe. The summit is a sharp ridge, like the roof of a house, of nearly vertical granite rocks. The ascent requires two days' time and the assistance of six to eight guides. It was first ascended by two natives, Jacques Belmat and Dr. Packard, on August 8, 1786.

Imports of palm oil into the United States increased from 3,981,252 pounds in 1901 to 37,322,806 pounds in 1903. The 1903 imports were valued at \$2,083,506.