

The Catholic Journal

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT 22 Cortland Street, Rochester, N. Y. CATHOLIC JOURNAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

If paper is not received today notify the office. Report without any delay change of address...

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

Rochester Telephone 4333 Friday, August 28, 1908.

Another Attack

The Catholic Journal has on several occasions lately warned Catholics against the Socialist propaganda, now being waged with such persistency...

But the Socialists insist upon their right to control the actions of their fellows, not only in politics but in religion and everything else.

The Socialists would obliterate the individual and exalt the state. Had the Socialist leaders their way Catholic parochial schools would be closed never to be reopened.

The Socialist holds the child to be the property of the State to be reared and educated as the State may dictate, regardless of the parents' wishes.

Within the last few days the American Catholic Federation in convention in Boston adopted these resolutions:

"We reject the main tenets of socialism that collective ownership of the means of production and distribution is necessary for the welfare of the human race. And we especially urge all Catholic workingmen against affiliating themselves with the Socialist movement, which in its literature its chief leaders and its fundamental theory of economic determinism is dominantly materialistic and atheistic.

"We, furthermore, recommend the formation of Catholic workingmen's societies, wherein our Catholic workingmen may be well grounded in the Christian principles of social justice as set forth by Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical on the condition of labor.

MODERNISM.

"Resolved, That as loyal sons of the Church, we receive with the most profound sentiments of reverence and docility the teachings of our holy father in his recent encyclical against the body of false religious opinion called modernism, and that we hail with joy the condemnation of this spurious learning which, despite its claim to the name and dignity of a new science, was in reality a covert attempt to subvert and to destroy the faith in the divinity of Christ and that the divine foundation upon which Christ built his church and upon which rests by divine appointment the doctrine, the law, the worship, and the government of His spiritual kingdom."

What is there in these to antagonize trades unions? Yet the "Call" the New York socialist daily under double column headlines prints this outburst: "No such bold attack upon the political freedom and liberty of labor has ever been made in this

country as this introduction of the German and French system of religious-labor unions here. The Catholic societies by this all resolution are called upon to form not even comprehended in the United States." Here is a source of discontent among the laboring class and a fertile field for Socialism.

"The shadowy hereafter is to be used as a specter to drive Catholic workmen out of their present organizations and to herd them together in unions dominated by the Church and its clergy and which are to be placed in line of battle with the plutocratic interests of the country, represented by Thomas F. Ryan et al.

"The encyclical of Leo XIII. of 1891 is to form the philosophy of the new organizations.

"The program of the bigoted attack upon the Catholic church which consolidated into the Know Nothing party was a mere fantastic chimera compared to the attack planned by the Church itself recently at Boston."

Can a practical Catholic read the above and not realize that the Socialist propaganda includes bitter warfare upon the Catholic church and Catholicity? Or that it is hoped to wheedle Catholic workmen away from the Catholic church and into the Socialist "Centers"?

The Catholic need is well put by Bishop Canevin, of Pittsburgh: "We need no carry on a work of education. The propaganda of atheism and of Socialism is being carried on in our mines, shops and in our factories, in the offices of our professional men and in the rural districts. Literature of this propaganda is circulated among those who are discontented with their position in life, whether old or young. The false doctrine of rebellion against law, both of God and country, of atheism and of Socialism, are being disseminated and discussed widely. The young men of today can argue Socialism and put forth its so called principles in a very plausible way.

"We must educate our young men so that they can meet the arguments of those socialistic atheists. Catholics must carry on this work of education among themselves, so that they may really know where they stand, so that they can tell just where they stand, and be able to overthrow the doctrines of their opponents. For this end they must be real Catholics, thinking as Catholics and living up to the teachings of Catholicity."

Remedies.

There is running in the "Catholic Citizen" of Milwaukee, a series of "short talks on labor." The latest is by Bishop Stang of Fall River on "Insurance vs. Socialism" and we commend it to the half-baked agitators who declare that the church has no insight into labor conditions and cares nothing of the wrongs of labor.

"A sound insurance system, indemnifying not only against accidents, but also against reverses of life, such as sickness, loss of work, old age, would give the laboring classes what at the present they need most, security of existence, and would keep them from drifting into Socialism.

"Legislation should force such an accident insurance upon any business concern where machinery is employed. Nowhere in the world has machinery developed so swiftly as here in the United States, and nowhere has a more niggardly return been made to its victims than here, owing to the backwardness of our legislature.

"It would be difficult, Wilmoughby says in his 'Workingmen's Insurance,' to think of another field of social or legal reform in which the United States is so far behind other nations. The most depressing feature of the situation lies in the fact that the very principles involved in the gradual evolution from the

limited liability of the employers to that of the compulsory indemnification by them of practically all injured employees, are as yet not even comprehended in the United States." Here is a source of discontent among the laboring class and a fertile field for Socialism.

Women.

Robert L. Herrick is a professor in the University of Chicago. He is also a novelist. In his latter capacity he has written "Together" in which he makes some broad and stinging charges against American society women in general.

Mr. Herrick makes the society woman say to her husband: "Make me a name before the world and I will noise it abroad. Build me a house more splendid than other houses, set me above my sisters, and I will reflect honor on you among men for the clothes I wear and the excellent shape of my figure."

Then the author generalizes: "The flower of successful womanhood—those who have bargained shrewdly—are to be found overfed, overdressed, sensualized, in great hotels, or mammoth streets and luxurious trains, rushing hither and thither on idle errands.

"They have lost their prime function; they will not or they cannot bear children. They are free as never women were before. "Women in America; splendid, free and queen, what have you done with the men who were given into your charge? "The answer roars up from the city streets the most material age and the most material men, and the least lovely civilization of God's earth."

This sounds pretty bad but it is indorsed by Chicago woman of standing. Mrs. Chatfield-Taylor said to a reporter: "The average American woman is so selfish that she never considers anyone but herself and thinks of nothing but her own comfort and satisfaction. She is a butterfly who takes no thought of the hardships of that some one must suffer that she may be pampered. This is true in every class of society. The American woman is no longer the companion of her husband. She has been pampered into becoming a neurotic slave.

"Professor Herrick is right in his prophecy that in the dumb animal hordes that come through Castle Garden lies the future of the nation, that theirs will be the land when the 'hunter of the market,' and his 'pampered female' are 'swept into the dust heap.' The Catholic woman who lives up to her faith will never come under Mr. Herrick's classification.

"Appointment of Archbishop O'Connell of Boston as spiritual adviser of the A. O. H. will go far to allay any friction that may be present in the great Irish organization," says an exchange. Well does the Pilot say: "The order will henceforth have the advantage of his prudent advice and counsel, and the strong common sense which he brings to the consideration of all questions which come before him."

The Boston "Transcript" (Aug. 8th) pays this tribute to the beneficent influence of the Catholic press: "As one reads the Roman Catholic papers he is impressed with the conservative tone of the utterances bearing on theology and sociology. In this time of unrest and upheaval, the dominant attitude of the Roman Catholic church on these matters at least, should not escape the attention of those Protestants—and there are many in all communities—who look with suspicion and foreboding upon the rapidly moving currents of thought in certain Protestant circles.

WEIGHT OF A HORSE.

Bad Guesses Made by Men Unskilled in Horsemanship.

Many people, even among those who frequently make use of horses, have little idea what an ordinary horse weighs and would have much difficulty to guess whether a given animal standing before their eyes weighed 500 or 1,500 pounds. Yet they would have no such difficulty with a man and probably be able to guess, especially if they were good Yankees, within ten or twenty pounds of his weight. The governments of Europe have long been purchasing and weighing horses for the military service and transferring them from carriage or draft employment to the various branches of cavalry and artillery. The animals are ordinarily assigned according to weight. The French military authorities find that an ordinary light carriage or riding horse, such as in the United States would be called a "good little buggy horse," weighs from 300 to 400 kilograms—say from 800 to 900 pounds. Such horses as these are assigned to the light cavalry corps. The next grade above, which in civil life passes as a "coupe horse" or carriage horse of medium weight, ranges in weight up to 480 kilograms, about 1,050 pounds. This horse goes to help mount the cavalry of the line.

Next come the fashionable "coach horses" of persons of luxury, which weigh from 500 to 580 kilograms, or from 1,100 to nearly 1,300 pounds. These horses go to serve the purpose of drill for the cavalry belonging to the reserve military forces. Above these there are still two grades of heavy horses. The first are those used for ordinary draft purposes and are commonly found drawing the omnibuses of Paris where such vehicles are still in use. These weigh from 1,100 to 1,500 pounds. The heaviest horses are the Clydesdales and Percherons, which are often in size and strength and which weigh from 900 to 800 and sometimes even up to 1,000 kilograms that is, from 1,300 up to nearly 2,000 pounds. Some of these Percherons of the heaviest weight are used in the military service, but some of the lighter ones are employed for draft and artillery purposes—Buffalo Commercial.

AIDED HER RIVAL.

Romance of a London Society Leader and a Diamond Necklace.

The Jewellers of Bond street could if they liked tell many an amazing story. There is no need to dilate on the fascination which scintillating gems exercise upon the feminine mind. That fascination is a fact and may serve to explain a mortal enmity which existed recently and probably still exists between two well known society leaders. To one of them a highly placed admirer mentioned his intention to purchase a diamond necklace. Knowing that the lady possessed more than a superficial knowledge of the value of stones, he begged her to select for him what he required. The price he was prepared to give was £1,500. The lady jumped to the conclusion that such a request could have but one meaning—viz, that she herself was to be the eventual recipient of the gift. She thereupon visited the Jeweller's shop and inspected his stock, but at the price she was empowered to give saw nothing that particularly took her fancy. A fascinating piece of workmanship, however, did attract her, the price of which was 3,000 guineas. The desire to possess it became irresistible. She arranged with the Jeweller to send the necklace to the purchaser and invoice it to him at the agreed upon price, while she gave her own check for the balance. Then she went home and awaited the arrival of the gift. Some days passed, but there was no appearance of the necklace. A horrible doubt which assailed her became certainly a day or two later when she saw the identical necklace she had helped to pay for sparkling on the neck of a younger and more beautiful rival.—Grand Magazine.

His Harmless Candidate.

A Georgia farmer posted this sign on his front gate: "Candidates Will Pass On. No Time to Talk to 'Em." One morning his little boy shouted from the garden walk: "There's one o' 'em canderdates here, and he says he'll come in any-how!" The man looked toward the gate and said: "Let him in. There's no harm in him. I know him. He's been runnin' ever since the war, jest to be a runnin'. It runs in his blood, an' he can't help it!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Explanations in Order.

A man whose wife was extremely jealous planned a pleasant surprise for her in the form of a trip to New York to see "The Merry Widow" and wrote a friend in the city to let him know the earliest date for which he could secure seats. The next day when he was away from home the following telegram was delivered there, addressed to him, but opened by his wife: "Nothing doing with the widow until the 10th. Will that suit you?" Explanations were demanded.

As to a Courtship.

"He's telling everybody that she is his first love." "And she?" "She is confiding to a select few that he is her last chance."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Boneless.

Captious Customer—I want a piece of meat without any bone, fat or gristle. Bewildered Butcher—Madam, I think you'd better have an egg-Whatch.

A WAR TRAGEDY.

Pathetic Incident at the Siege of Port Hudson.

At the siege of Port Hudson, La., there was one gun commanded by Alphonso Dubreuil. He was a young sugar planter who had opposed secession, but maintained that if Louisiana succeeded he would go with his state. Dr. Chatraud, his neighbor, was a violent secessionist, and Dubreuil and the doctor's daughter Amelia were lovers. Louisiana seceded. Alphonso raised a company and proved so brave a Confederate that the doctor, who had opposed his daughter's marriage, readily consented, and the pair were married. His bride was accorded special permission to go into the bomb proofs of the fort, where in comparative safety she could be near her husband. There she saw him operating his enormous gun, but her heart was torn with fear for his safety. Suddenly she became excited by the noise of firing and, rushing out from her place of safety, was struck by a piece of shell and fell back lifeless. Dubreuil ran to her side, saw death in her face and went back bravely to his gun.

The next morning was beautiful, and the sun shone gloriously. There was cessation of hostilities that the dead might be buried. Thus engaged, a request came from the enemy to allow the body of a young lady to pass through our lines. It was granted. The little corpse came, preceded by a military band playing a mournful dirge, and halted at the outpost. The old musket box used as a bier was accompanied by two ladies and several officers. One of the latter, a handsome young fellow with long hair, walked calmly and slowly, but his face betrayed the greatest grief. A detail of Confederate privates acted as pallbearers. Our men uncovered their heads. All were blindfolded and led through our lines to the steambath. They bade a last adieu to the dead bride and returned blindfolded.

It was the saddest sight I ever saw.—G. N. Saussy in Spare Moments.

ASLEEP UNDER WATER.

One of the Funny Incidents Possible in a Diver's Life.

As showing how much at home a man may be today under water I may relate an amusing story. Some months ago while a great battleship was at Malta one of the seamen divers went down to clear her propeller from some botan that had become entangled, and he failed to come up. It chanced that the rest of the battleship's divers were ashore, and grave concern was felt on the ironclad for the missing worker. Signals by telephone and life-line were sent below without avail. In the launch above the thro-troth of the air pump's cylinders went on, but the attendants looked at one another in dismay, fearing some strange tragedy deep down in those heaving green seas.

The worst was feared when some big brushes and other tools came floating to the surface, and thereupon the navigating lieutenant sent ashore an urgent message for one of the other divers. The man came on board, dressed immediately and went below, only to come up full of indignation. "Why, that fellow's been asleep all this time!" he said wrathfully. It was true. The man had just had his lunch, and, finding the work much less serious than he had thought, he flushed it in a few minutes and then sat comfortably on one of the giant blades of the battleship propeller and went to sleep with inquisitive fishes swarming around him, attracted by the dazzling searchlight on his breast. The officers were so amused at the occurrence that no punishment was inflicted on the lazy one.—St. Nicholas.

The Kind of Boy He Was.

That Marshall Field of Chicago knew how to wrest victory from defeat and make stepping stones of stumbling blocks is shown by the following story told of him by a friend: When a boy young Field went to a great merchant and asked, "Do you want a boy?" "Nobody wants a boy," replied the merchant. "Do you need a boy?" the boy persisted, not at all abashed. "Nobody needs a boy," was the reply. But he would not give up. "Well, say, mister, do you have to have a boy?" "I think likely we do," replied the merchant, "and I rather think we will have to have a boy just like you."

Some Few Escaped.

"Oh, John," whimpered the wife as she seized the morning paper, "see what that editor has done with the account of our musicale! He has placed it alongside the column of death notices. It's a shame. And we had such prominent people as guests too." "I suppose," said the husband wearily, "that the editor wishes to call attention to the fact that some people are more fortunate than others."—Bobeman Magazine.

A Doubtful Proposition.

"Should a man go to college after fifty?" "Well, he might pass muster at tennis," answered the expert. "But a man can't expect to do much in baseball or football at that age."—Pittsburg Post.

No Change.

"Do you think the world is growing worse?" "Dunno as 'tis," responded the old man. "They're tellin' the very fish stories I heard when I was a boy."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Had we not faults of our own we should take less pleasure in complaining of others.—Fenelon.

INSIDE A SUBMARINE

You Are Greeted by a Deafening, Ear Splitting Racket.

WORSE THAN A BOILER SHOP.

To Make Yourself Heard at All You Must Shout Into the Ear of a Companion—The Economy of Space and the Simplicity of Arrangements.

Climbing down ten rungs of an iron ladder into the interior of a submarine is like going into a boiler shop where there is one continuous, deafening, ear splitting racket like a dozen trip hammers chattering a tattoo amid a grind and rumble and thump of machinery as if especially designed to burst your eardrums.

At first the noise in that narrowly confined space is painful and bewildering. To make yourself at all heard you must shout into the ear of a companion. So intense is the strain, says a writer in St. Nicholas, that you marvel how day in and day out human ears can withstand the ordeal. You find yourself inside what seems an enormous steel cigar painted a neat pearl gray, a color which is serviceable and does not dazzle the eye. Light comes to you partly through portholes and in part from incandescent lamps placed fore and aft in the darker parts of the hull.

You have expected, of course, to find in a tangle of whirling machinery that fills the inside of the boat from stem to stern, threatening with every revolution to take an arm or a leg off. Instead the first thing you see is an uninterrupted "working space" or deck, measuring 7 by 25 or 30 feet.

At the stern, far in the background, are the machines and engines. In fact, this section of the vessel is nothing but machinery, a rumbling mass of silvery steel and glittering brass revolving at the rate of 500 times a minute, so compact that you wonder how the various parts can turn without conflicting or how it is possible for human hands to squeeze through the maze to oil the machinery.

But this economy of space is as nothing to what you will see. The floor you stand on is a cover for the cells of a storage battery wherein is pent up the electricity with which your boat will propel herself when she runs submerged. The walls amidships and the tanks to be filled with water that will these are tool boxes and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in. The four torpedoes, measuring six feet three inches long, eighteen inches in diameter and weighing 1,500 pounds each, are stowed end for end in pairs at either side, and directly over these are tool boxes and hinged bunks for the crew to sleep in.

The very air which is taken along to keep life in you in case the boat should be detained beneath the surface longer than usual is compressed in a steel cylinder 2,000 pounds per square inch, a pressure so intense that were the cylinder to spring a leak no larger than a pin-hole and were the tiny stream of escaping air to strike a human being it would penetrate him through and through and drill a hole through an inch thick board behind him.

And yet everything about the interior arrangements of this boat is so simple that you can see at a glance its purpose. Away forward, where the tip of the cigar comes to a point, are the two torpedo tube out of which the gunner will send his deadly projectiles seething beneath the waters at the rate of 35 knots an hour against an unsuspecting hull.

Directly under the conning tower is a platform, three feet square and elevated three feet from the deck, upon which the captain stands, head and shoulders extending into the tower, so that while at his post he is visible to the crew only from the waist line down, and at the feet of the captain and on a level with his platform is stationed another of the officers, in charge of the wheel that controls the diving rudders and the gauges that register the angle of ascent and decline and show how deep the boat is down. The two officers are in personal communication, so that in case of heart disease or other mishap either can jump to the other man's place.

Time to Wake.

Judge Wheaton A. Gray was once harangue by the prosecuting counsel on a warm day at the end of a long harangue by the prosecuting counsel he noticed one of the jurymen asleep. As soon as the argument was completed the judge addressed the jury in this peculiar manner: "Gentlemen of the jury, the prosecuting attorney has completed his argument. Wake up and listen to the instructions of the court."—San Francisco Argonaut.

One Was Enough.

"Dad," said the white faced lad, "how many cigars does it take to hurt a boy?" "How many have you smoked?" "One." "That's the number," said dad, and, taking down the strap from behind the door, he soon convinced the boy that he was right.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Common.

"They are quite ordinary people, aren't they?" "Yes—keep their engagements, eat plain food, pay their bills and all that sort of thing."—Life.

The world has not yet learned the riches of frugality.—Cicero.