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Friday, July 23, 1920

Courtesy.

Why is it that our American people are becoming so discourteous and betray such an astonishing lack of reverence? Men jostle the aged, push the infirm rudely aside that they may obtain a coveted seat in a street car. Youngsters reply sharply, even saucily to their elders. Even in Church, this lack of reverence is noticed and even common politeness is lacking.

It used to be the rule to wait your turn before going into Confession but now persons rush in ahead of others who have waited hours, sometimes. This is not only rude, it is very close to theft. One would not dare to usurp the seat in a theater for which another has paid. Why, then, should one steal the place in Confession for which another has paid by long minutes of waiting? How can one obtain the right feeling in approaching the Sacrament of Penance if he steal the place which rightfully belongs to another.

In approaching Communion, too, this hustle is seen. Oftentimes, when a society goes in a body and courtesy dictates that the congregation wait until the society returns from the rail we have noticed persons rush up and disarrange the ranks. One almost might think these imagine themselves at a bargain sale and possessed of a fear lest all the desirable articles be gone before they arrive on the scene.

We Americans may be proud of ourselves about many things, but we cannot plume ourselves on our excessive politeness.

Godless.

Supplementing Bishop McFaul's scathing attack upon the Godless instruction in American secular universities, Rev. John E. O'Malley, assistant pastor of St. Jarlath's, the most fashionable Catholic Church in Chicago, made a scathing attack upon the University of Chicago in a recent sermon.

Among other things, Father O'Malley said:

"A great trial presents itself to every Catholic and to every believer in the teachings of Jesus Christ. This trial is coming today and will become more pronounced during the next ten years.

"In the days of the apostles Christians were persecuted with death for defending their faith.

"Today the believers in Christianity are made the object of a more subtle attack. They must defend themselves against the men who openly attack the principles of the Christian faith.

"These men, among whom are the professors at the University of Chicago, are filled with intellectual pride that sways them from the path of truth and blinds them with their own importance.

"They are a detriment to Christianity. This is the condition that we are to face and we must prepare ourselves for it.

"Students are not to blame; it is their teachers who have instilled these views into their minds.

"Keep your children from such schools and institutions if you

don't want them to lose their faith and become like the lost spirits, wandering in the darkness of religious unbelief."

Help It.

If there is a more deserving charity in Rochester than the Infants' Summer Hospital it is hard to find. Hundreds of infants have been saved to their parents by the fine and scientific nursing given in the institution.

Each year the demands upon the institution increase and as it is supported by voluntary offerings its managers find it hard to meet current expenses let alone enlarging the institution and boardering its scope.

Prominent men of Rochester led by Mayor Edgerton, have organized a field day for the benefit of the Summer Hospital. It is to be a one-day carnival with plenty of fun for everybody. Those who attend will have a fine time at the same time will help a most deserving charity.

Let the Summer Hospital field day be patronized most liberally. You cannot tell when your own little one will be spared to you through this hospital.

Compromise.

Surely, there should not be any controversy over who shall build or control the proposed tuberculosis hospital. It is needed and should be built.

Experts have agreed that the ideal location for tuberculosis sanatorium is in the open country. Such a site is not available in the city of Rochester and that is as far as the power of the city authorities to erect and maintain in Confession for which another has paid by long minutes of waiting? How can one obtain the right feeling in approaching the Sacrament of Penance if he steal the place which rightfully belongs to another.

As well as we can ascertain, the physicians insist that the hospital must be under the control of Health Officer Goler. That cannot be expected by mutual agreement if the hospital is located in the country.

Why not compromise the matter by putting Dr. Goler on the board of managers and naming others agreeable to the Public Health association and then locating the hospital in the country, the Board of Supervisors purchasing the land and the City sharing the expense of erection and maintenance?

Rev. James J. Conway, S. J., for twenty years a Jesuit educator, died July 11th, at St. John's Hospital, St. Louis, after a long illness. He was taken seriously ill last November and since had been incapacitated for his duties at St. Louis University, where he had held the chair of ethics for many years. The cause of his death was cancer of the stomach and the end had been expected at any moment for three weeks.

There is no question that the Catholics schools surpass the secular ones in point of secular instruction. Besides, they educate the soul and that is even more important.

Do you take a Catholic paper? If not, why not?

Be careful what your children read.

This Tribute to the Church is from a writer in "Everybody's Magazine." "I am not a Roman Catholic, but I venture the assertion, without fear of successful contradiction, that the Roman Catholic Church is the only church in the land into which a poor, ragged, friendless man may go and feel that he is welcome. So far as outward appearances go, all are on the same plane in this Church, whether prince or pauper. This is one reason why this great Church has such a hold on the masses of people, for it has always stood for the people against their oppressors.

Weekly Church Calendar.

Sunday July—25 St. James, apostle
Monday 26—St. Anne, Mother of B. V. M.
Tuesday 27—St. Pantaleon, martyr
Wednesday 28—St. Nazarius and comp.
martyrs.
Thursday 29—St. Martha virgin
Friday 30—St. Abdon and Sennen, martyrs
Saturday 31—St. Ignatius Loyola, confessor.

Five Minute Sermon

The Parable of the Unjust Steward. With this parable Christ intended to rebuke the avarice of the Pharisees, who made bad use of their worldly goods; and besides, He advises us to make good use of riches, especially when they have been acquired by violating in some manner the law of God, and by offending the Divine Majesty.

This man, as you see, had the management of a large estate, and as this was not his, but his master's property, he had no right whatever to do with it as he pleased, to neglect or squander it, and for this reason was he accused of being an unfaithful servant and was dismissed. Now this steward is a figure of ourselves, who are the administrators of the treasures which God, the Author of all good, has confided to our care. Life, health, talent, beauty, nobility, riches, all that we have, are so many trusts that God has placed in our hands, which we are to manage for our benefit, but only in the manner prescribed by Him, and not otherwise. Whenever therefore, we make a different use of them, we are guilty before God of maladministration and of unfaithfulness, like the servant in the Gospel. Alas! What use have we so far made of so many good things which we have received from God? What have we done with our worldly goods, with our health, with our senses?

TO TELL WHEN MEAT IS DONE. Scientific Device Worthy a Place in Every Kitchen.

Cooks are accustomed to cut into a piece of meat when cooking to produce a hole with a fork, and to use a primitive method of ascertaining the stage to which the roast or boiling process has advanced. The first really scientific device to ensure the temperature inside a piece of cooking food has recently been invented in Copenhagen, Denmark. It is called a "thermo needle" and consists of a thin metal tube, inserted at one end and containing a spring held in tension by an alloy setting at a specified temperature, which is that desired for cooking. The melting of this alloy releases the spring and shoots up a pin as a signal that the desired temperature exists in the interior of the food into which the "needle" has been thrust. The instrument is withdrawn, the pin is pushed down and held while the fusible alloy "sets" when the device is ready for use again.

Pig Barks Like a Dog. Saco, Me. Fred M. Thim, of this city, a well-known electrician and a broad man, has at his home in low beach street a pig that barks like a dog. Mr. Thim has had many visitors to see the animal and hear it bark.

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TIME THAT COSTS.

One Reason Why More Photographs of Factories Are Not Taken.

The statement that it cost the Standard Oil Company \$48,000 to cease operations during the funeral services of H. H. Rogers is an apt illustration of the value of time in an industry," said the professional photographer. "If it wasn't for that we would double our business.

The officers of a concern may be enthusiastically in favor of having a set of pictures of the works, but they shirk when the general manager hands them a little slip showing just how much the time we use costs and how much net profit they are going to lose, etc. balanced against the speculative value of the pictures as business get- ters.

Our price, no matter how high, is no lie. It's the postage stamp account comparatively. For instance, we took a set of pictures of the American stockyards and plant. We were there an hour. The company paid only \$200 to us for the pictures, but it lost in time just \$4,000, making the cost of the pictures \$4,200 for about twenty photographs. Four hundred and twenty dollars each is a pretty good price for pictures of beef."

Domestic Incident in 1920.

My love, mentioned Mr. Bufferette. "I wonder—I wonder whether you would let me have the use of your watch key one day this week?"

"Latched key" bellowed his wife.

"What the blazes do you want with that key, my good man?"

"Well, my love," coughed Mr. Bufferette. "we are holding a series of 'sisters' foregatherings in the parish hall this week, when we hope to have a little needlework on behalf of the parish poor."

"Miss Nancy has kindly consented to come and talk to us about her recent farthest north trip and

"Great heavens!" roared the frate.

"I'm banging her pipe upon the table to emphasize her words. 'Don't you know your duty is at home!'

"On Monday I've got to attend the Women's Emancipation League."

"Wednesday the local police commission concert, Thursday the Daughters of Toil lecture, Friday the Women's League Research class and on Saturday, our football club's smoker. Now, don't you forget your duty is at home!"

"And so it came to pass.

What Hard Work is Like.

Of Pablo Sarasate the famous violinist who died at Biarritz, a New York musician said the other day:

"I dined with Sarasate during his last American tour. We talked of business and he declared that success was due in the main to excessively hard work.

To become a great violinist or a great pianist, he declared, one must have the exaggerated ideas of work that prevail among Scottish farmers.

He said that a young boy got a job with a Scottish farmer once.

"You'll sleep in the barn," the farmer said, "and I'll expect you out in the field at six o'clock."

"Very well, sir," said the boy.

"But the first morning he overslept a little and it was half past four when he reached the field.

"The farmer, leaning on his hoe, gave him a black look.

"Where have ye been all the forenoon?" he growled.

Laughing Gas.

Laughing gas nitrous oxide is a nickname because it does not make you laugh every pop, and you may do a lot of things you oughtn't to if you inhale it. You can rely on it hitting the weakest spot in your makeup. If you are a sponger, the girls had better skedaddle if you are pugnacious, anybody can get a fight out of you. But if you are one of these perpetual smiling asses, you will laugh all right. At college, when the professor administers laughing gas to his class in natural philosophy and chemistry, he perches himself high up, barricades his body against attack and turns his madmen loose on the fellows below.

Quite a Job.

"Gracious, Nora" called the housewife impatiently. "Isn't dinner nearly ready?"

"No, mum," responded Nora, through the speaking tube. "It won't be ready for two hours yet."

"Two hours? Why, what in the world is the cause of the delay?"

"Why, mum, you said you wanted split-pea soup, an', faith, it has taken me two hours and twenty minutes to split three hundred peas, an' there are four hundred and seventy-nine to be split yet! Oi counted them meself."

Microbes in Schoolrooms.

In the course of a report on the disinfection of school rooms W. H. Marsh, an English science teacher, asserts that tests made of samples of school room dust showed the number of micro-organisms therein to be from 50,000,000 to 80,000,000 an ounce. On some days as much as one and one-quarter pounds of dust were swept from a room 400 square feet in area, which on the basis of the figures quoted would yield from 1,000,000 to 2,800,000,000 micro-organisms.

Not Wholly Lacking.

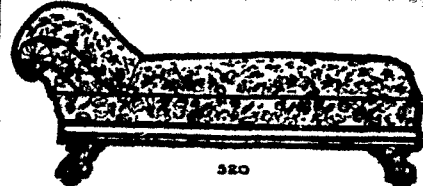
Little Harry, who was spending a summer in the mountains, stood one day caressing a Scotch collie. The young man who owned the dog, seeing the boy's admiration for the collie asked:

"Have you any animals at home Harry?"

"At this the little lad replied, after pondering a moment:

"Ye, we have fleas."

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How to be Happy Even if the Days are Inclement.

Every little while we hear a man or woman complaining about the weather. "Don't do it. Changes in the weather are one of our greatest blessings. The storm of to-day makes the fair skies of to-morrow the fairer. The colds of winter accentuate the charms of vernal spring. The heat of summer makes autumn's coolness grateful.

Happy is the man who lives in a changeable climate, as compared with him who must live in one where there are few if any changes. Constant blue skies are monotonous, dulling the imagination. Constant heat or constant cold have the same effect.

The dweller on the coral isle, seeing the same clouds sailing past in little flocks of cotton on a cobalt sky, day after day and the same serene sea sending its long and regular rollers on the beach in just the same way every hour in the year, feels sometimes like giving a loud about just to break the wearing monotony of it."

"Changes in weather is the philosopher's delight. The storm that blows ill to you may be craved by somebody else who has a dry well. The best to which you object may be needed by your neighbor to mature his crop. The cold and snow are part of nature's process in working her changes of rejuvenation of growing things from year to year.

Accept the weather as you find it.

Wise Beyond Her Age.

Rene La Montague, the crack polo player tells this story of a very small miss, the five-year-old daughter of a prominent merchant of the Cedarhurst set.

Mr. La Montague was driving a small trap from the Rockaway Hunt Club to his home in Cedarhurst, when he encountered the little miss, who was out for a walk with her nurse and a small baby brother, who occupied a perambulator. Being an intimate friend of the child's parents, he offered to give her a lift as far as her house. The offer was accepted, and on the way Mr. La Montague was regaled with interesting items of family news which were flapped out in rapid succession, until he pulled up in front of the house.

The child alighted, and as there was nobody in sight on the grounds, he asked her if she could get indoors safely.

"Oh, yes," said the little tot, "and thank you very much."

"Don't mention it," nodded back the polo player, when to his surprise the child opened her eyes very much and murmured:

"I won't."

APPLES AND SHRIMP PILAU.

A Dish which Stands at the Head of American Vanda.

"Most people will agree," says the New York World, "that the apple is the king of fruits. It is good to eat as it comes from the tree. It can be prepared in many ways for the table. Pressed by the old-fashioned process it makes a superior beverage. It is more than merely healthful. To many people it is an appetizer, a relish, a food and a medicine all in one." This is another way of saying that the apple is to the fruit kingdom what the shrimp is to the shellfish kingdom. The shrimp has all those advantages except one; it cannot be pressed into a beverage, but the prohibitionists are about to deprive the apple of that virtue. In the mean time the shrimp pilau, when composed of South Carolina rice and Charleston shrimp, stands at the head of American dishes. It is a dainty beyond compare. It is cheap. It is filling. It is nourishing. For eight months in the year a man may "live like a lord" on shrimp pilau alone.

Detestable.

Two of the most detestable kinds of people in this world are the ones who are ashamed of their grandfathers and those who boast of the high positions their grandfathers had in society.

Architecture.

"A man who is the architect of his own fortune should get a great deal of comfort out of life." "But he doesn't as a rule," answered Miss Cayenne. "He's too busy building additions."

New York's Toll.

Seventy-three people were killed by automobiles in New York City in the last year.

Most Students in Motor Schools Have Sat on the Box.

The instructor of one the largest schools of motor instruction in the country says that 50 per cent of his pupils are old coachmen sent by their employers to learn how to drive the new carriages. They make good chauffeurs.

The simple reason is that while they may not be blessed with a great amount of mechanical knowledge they know what a vehicle is, what it is for and that it should be treated seriously.

The same testimony, according to the Review of Reviews, is given by one of the large automobile manufacturing companies which has established a chauffeurs' school. This school makes chauffeurs out of any kind of material that purchasers of cars may ship in.

Most of the material, and the best in a general way is composed of coachmen, old and young. They have had experience in caring for the carriages. They know how to drive on city streets.

Study Mysteries of the Air.

Man has been born of woman for centuries upon centuries, yet he is as little wise as he is to the truth of what comes after death. Must it be ever so? Is prophecy, even as it may some time be perfected, to remain the ineffective substitute for the power to regulate?

The air throbs with wonders. It enfolds the medium of wireless telegraphy, perhaps of telepathy. The mystery of how it absorbs and restrains or lets loose the elements that make for storm or sunshine is infinitely better worth attention than are the short-comings of a forecaster. Let some earnest seeker find a key to the riddle and see how the farmers and sailors and baseball players and Easter belles and all the sons and daughters of time sit up and take notice.

The Stock Gambler's Voice.

As a rule great manipulators have high thin voices and take a distrustful view of securities. Their vocal peculiarity must be left as an arbitrary fact; as to their bent as of mind, it is easily accounted for. It comes of the fact that their services are more often solicited by men having something to sell than by men wishing to buy in the ratio of about five to one. Nevertheless there is no instance of a bear manipulator's having died rich. It is a bull's country.—Everybody's Magazine

Microbes.

"Speaking of the ark," he said, "I saw a little boy at play with his Noah's ark the other day. I watched him put aboard all the people, all the painted animals, and then I saw him place carefully in a sheltered spot two tiny splinters of wood.

"What are they, my son?" I asked.

"Them's microbes," said he.

"It had never occurred to me before, but there must, of course, have been a pair of microbes in the ark." —Harper's Weekly.

Thorwaldsen.

Thorwaldsen was a Dane, born in Copenhagen, Denmark. It is hard to answer your question about his greatest work. He worked along various lines—that of the classic mythology, that of religion and that of history, and the question you raise would be answered differently by different people. One might say that his "chief work" was the "Martha," another "The Twelve Apostles," and still another the "Lion of Lucerne." Pretty nearly everything that Thorwaldsen did was great.

SHAVES IN LION'S CAGE.

Local Barber Shows His Great Nerve at a Tent Show.

Chillicothe, Mo.—Rather than take a dare Charles Goodner, twenty-four years of age, a nervy barber of Chillicothe, accepted a challenge issued by Capt. Cardova, a lion trainer with the Parker shows, giving a carnival here, and entering the steel arena, gave the captain a shave with a big lion perched on either side.

The tent where the feat was performed was jammed with those who were curious to see whether the captain's deft would be taken up. Goodner entered the cage, calmly lathered and shaved the captain and then shouted "next."