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Write To The Editor

Perhaps, it was a good thing that the World Sunday School Convention was held in Washington, and, perhaps, it was a good thing that its delegates, at least some of them, pitched into the Catholics, because the episode has woke up the Catholics. Perhaps, the incident will act as a torch to light-up our quiescent flame of Catholic protest against intolerance and injustice.

Rev. Dr. Handy, himself an ex-newspaper man, prepared a strong protest against some of the insinuations made against Catholic faith, doctrines and practice which he submitted to the editor of the paper which printed the largest display of the non-Catholic attack. He promised to print it but when the article appeared it was cut down to almost nothing and hidden away in an obscure part of the paper.

Dr. Handy commented upon the episode as follows: "The newspaper is not to blame for the treatment Catholics receive in its columns. You are to blame for it. While plying their trade newspaper men are supposed to have neither prejudices nor politics nor principles. Their one aim in life is to print the news. And news is defined as what the public likes to read."

"Why are newspaper men out of touch with the real and vital interests of Catholics? Why do they distort and suppress general presentation of these interests, such as I made in my article this past week? I will tell you. It is mainly because a fish and worm has more courage of conviction than the ordinary Catholic shows to the outside world. There are none nobler than the Catholics of America in their expression of devotion to Christ inside the churches and parochial schools and in the collection box that supports these institutions. But their missionary zeal is about as substantial as the hole in a doughnut. Rabbits are more aggressive. We have not even enough spirit to defend ourselves when others walk over us and despoil us."

Intolerant Perhaps This is a day of "moral issues" so-called. Let a man or woman conceive of this or that change in existing conditions ought to be made. Forthwith, an organization is formed and everybody is within the reach of voice, or pen, or circular letter is importuned to attach themselves to it. Now, all this is perfectly proper, even if the matter in hand may not appeal to all of us. So long as promoters do not harm us or our Church, they may be permitted to go in their own sweet way. That is all they should ask.

Another Futile Effort Every little while we hear of an organization whose object is to unite all the sects into one body. As a rule, the stated object is to weld together the warring Protestant bodies but a few days ago another was formed with the boldly avowed end to absorb the Roman Catholic Church as well. This organization is officered at the start by prelates and laymen of the Episcopalian Church. It may be as well to state at the outset that there can be no union of Protestantism and Catholicism upon doctrinal grounds any more than there can be a blending of oil and water. The Catholic Church was founded by Christ upon a safe and secure foundation. It is founded upon fact, not upon fancy. Its teachers were commissioned to teach the truth and the latter-day sects seem to be founded to disseminate error and to destroy tradition. It is possible for an Episcopalian to become a Catholic, it is impossible for a Catholic to become an Episcopalian. The Episcopalian sacrifices nothing to become a Catholic, in fact he gains. The Catholic loses all he has in the way of faith and creed when he turns his back upon the Church of his ancestors.

The new automobile law goes into effect on August 1st. Then we shall see whether it will limit the number of accidents and cut down the list of reckless drivers.

Picture shows are the latest device to attract audiences, not congregations, to churches. Of course we refer now to non-Catholic affairs.

Are you going to the Eucharistic Congress in Montreal, from September 6th to 11th.

A Nun's Invention

That one little, sweet-faced nun should solve a Boston's garbage waste problem, a question which six trained men have spent months investigating seems hard to believe, and yet, if present indications count for anything says the Boston Post, that is the case in a problem which has cost the city many thousands of dollars and the solution of which may yet make up the deficit and in the years to come yield a proportionate profit.

Following the report of a commission last year that the garbage removal cost \$800,000 came a letter from the little nun. It was signed by the name she bore in the world, Mary F. Ward of Newport, R.I. She was born and brought up in the North End of Boston, and when she was a girl and John F. Fitzgerald a youth she knew him. So the letter was addressed to John F. Fitzgerald, Mayor, and it told him of her discovery and that she wanted Boston to be first to profit by it.

Coming as it did from the little Boston North end girl, the mayor took a second thought, and decided to give it a chance, which he did. It was sent to one of the engineers, who not knowing that it came from a woman, gave it a consistent trial, made a favorable report to the mayor who in turn passed the formula on to another man to experiment upon it. If all the reports are favorable it will mean that Boston will have solved a problem that has been trying to solve for many years.

The Great American

As the days go on, we wonder why it was that we were able to get along with out an adviser-in-extraordinary. Mr. Roosevelt, hardly had time to become acquainted with his family residence at Oyster Bay before all sorts and conditions of men were rushing to Sagamore Hill to ask advice upon all subjects under the sun from politics to woman suffrage and how to preserve our forests and streams.

The Mighty Hunter was "de-lighted" to see each and every one. To each individual caller he gave a reception that made him or her perfectly sure that the Colonel was his colleague and in his self-appointed mission. All such episodes make good press copy and the colonel knows as to the penny, the value of judicious advertising. Possibly, advertising is the base for the idea that the nephew upon the Herkimer county district as its representative in Congress. He is also busy trying to pick out the very best man for the Republicans to nominate for Governor of New York State, to select gubernatorial candidates in several other states to help Gifford Pinchot win his fight with the people who differ with him on conservation matters and so on.

Perhaps, it is well to have one big advertiser and arbitrator in all matters. We fancy Mr. Roosevelt, strenuous as he is, would find plenty of congenial employment in such a position.

If the Hustlers want to win that penant, they sure must play some ball, as the past-graduate in slangology would say.

Police patrol, or patrol of some sort that will lessen the number of fatal accidents and drowning, is imperative on the upper Genesee.

Despite the alleged hard times the summer resorts all report a flourishing season. So do the five-cent theaters.

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Yorkshire Man's Fingers

A Yorkshire man and a Lancashire man were conversing together the other day. The Lancashire man said to the Yorkshire man "Well, Bill, do you know the best way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers?" "No," says Bill. "Well, I will tell you what happened at our place the other day Yorkshire Dan had two of his fingers cut off with a steam saw and they got lost among the sawdust, and two of my mates were down on their hands and knees looking for them when the foreman came up and asked what they were doing. One of them said: "We are looking for Dan's fingers."

"Oh, come out of the road, said the foreman. That's out of the way to find a Yorkshire man's fingers. At the same time taking a shilling out of his pocket and throwing it among the sawdust where the two fingers at once popped up after it. "There!" said the foreman. That's the way to find a Yorkshire man's lost fingers."—Pearson's

Providing For His Guests Two men stopped at the store of a barber who displayed in his showcase a job lot of collars at five cents apiece. One of them bought two dozen, in sizes ranging from 15 to 17 1/2. His friend politely controlled his surprise at discovering that the broker wore five-cent collars and inquired only about the elastic neck. The purchaser said: "We live in the suburbs. Friends who visit us and remain overnight unexpectedly want clean collars the next morning. It deprives my own stock too far to keep furnishing these. I can't always supply a comfortable size either. Of course the collars never come back. Since I discovered the scheme of five-cent collars I can pick up anybody take him home with me and inform him that he need not bring any luggage, because one of my wife's attendances includes five-cent tooth brushes for the wayfarer."—New York Sun

A Martyr to Art "Which tooth?" inquired the man of torques grimly. "Any one you like," responded the victim calmly "so long as it's a front one." "But," began the astounded dentist. "Hurry up!" thundered the visitor. With bleeding heart the operator bitched his forceps on to a bit of absolutely sound ivory dragged his patient three times around the room and— "Hey, presto!" smiled the dentist. "It's out! But will you be so good as to tell me why on earth you wanted a sound tooth extracted?" "By all means," responded the patient. "You see, I'm an actor, and I have to take a part where the speaker utters a word that I couldn't mumble it, but now I'm there it'll be a thimble threatening to burst."

The Ever Active Brain The question "Does the brain ever rest?" would seem to be answerable only in the negative. Unconscious cerebration appears to be a necessary concomitant of the powers of intellect, and during sleep whether we remember it or not, we are always dreaming. Of course during waking time we are perpetually thinking, thinking—not always logically and deliberately, but all the same, thinking. Dream is the thought of the sleep time, when reason is out of the game, and the fancy or imagination, has the reins, with nothing to hold her back. We take many a trip under her guidance that we are unable to recall when she has resigned the reins into the hands of reason. Awake or asleep, we are always busy. The mind never rests.—New York American

The Turkish Soldier's Fatalism. The tenacity of mind which is the mental habit of the Turkish soldier—the personal expression of fatalism—is a most valuable quality in its way, for it means that its possessor is always cool and collected, grumbles little and has marvelous endurance. It is alien to all forms of panic, just as it is alien to a conspicuous elan. If the Turkish soldier never goes very fast, he never goes very slow. Except by the best trained or most dashing troops he is hard to beat.—London Spectator.

He Chose Quickly. "Gerald," she said, facing him with heightened color and putting her hands behind her, "you will have to choose between me and your old pipe." Not an instant did Gerald hesitate. "The old pipe goes, dear," he said, throwing it away. "I was thinking of buying a new one anyhow."—Chicago Tribune.

Look Up. We dig and toil, we worry and fret, and all the while close over us bends the infinite wonder and beauty of nature, saying: "Look up, my child! Feel my smile and be glad!"—G. S. Merriam.

Very Different. Mrs. Bronson—My husband is plain spoken. He calls a spade a spade. Mrs. Woodson—So does mine, but I must decline to repeat what he calls the lawn mower.—Boston Globe.

Caustic. The Girl—What's your opinion of women who imitate men? The Man—They're idiots. The Girl—Then the imitation is successful.—Cleveland Leader.

Reverence covers with its dark fog even the most distant horizon.—Blotter.

Etiquette and Danger

"Extra," said the farmer's wife. "I wish you wouldn't lean your elbows on the table." "Bob," sneered the farmer, "gettin' fastidious, ain't you? Mebbe you'll be warnin' me next to keep my knif' outen my mouth an' tellin' me not to cool my tea in my sassaer. But me granther kep' his elbows on th' table an' so did my father, an' by heck, I'm goin' to lean on it as hard an' as long as I dun please, so there!" Whereupon he leaned hard, so hard that the ancient table suddenly collapsed and sprawled out its legs and went down with a frightful crash of crockery.

"Well, you've gone an' done it now," screamed the old lady. "That's a pretty mess, ain't it? Ef you'd had th' sense of a chipmunk you'd have known th' reason I didn't want you to lean on th' table wuz cause th' legs wuz rickety. An' I guess a little etiquette wouldn't hurt you none anyway, Extra Doolittle, to say nothin' of savin' \$2 wuth of family crockery."

And the disgraced farmer stumbled out from the scene of wreckage and chased a harmless tramp three miles down the road with an ax handle.—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Handicapped

Englishmen use their hands comparatively little in conversation, but Frenchmen use them a good deal. Quaintly enough, Parisians have a very keen sense of the exaggerated way in which the southern Frenchman and the Italian help on what they have to say with their hands, and this accounts for the following story.

An Italian railway thief was caught redhanded in the train, handcuffed and brought to Paris. As he was walking out of the Gare de Lyon between two detectives a friend met him.

"Hello," he said. "Where have you been this long time, and how are you?" The prisoner looked at him pathetically and shook his head. "What's the matter?" said his friend. "Have you been stricken dumb?" The prisoner raised his handcuffed hands. "Very nearly," he said.—London M. A. P.

Room and Board For Single Gentleman "So, Helinda, I hear you and 'Doc' have parted company. Couldn't you get along?" "No'm, least I couldn't. D'ye know that low down nigger just malded me, to my money?" "No?" I said. "Yas'm. He saw all them things in my parlor, silver butter dishes and crayon portraits that you and the other white ladies gi me, and he just thought he was goin' to set in there and smoke while I washed and 'fined. And I had a big burial insurance, too, and he knowed that. So I jes' natch'ly runned him out."

"Yes," I said. "But I thought I saw him going to your back gate last week."

"Oh, to be sure! He's round, but he's jes' boad'in' with me now."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Beginning of the Germ Theory. Agostino Bassi, a country doctor in the north of Italy, early in the last century was the starter of the germ theory of disease. At that time a peculiar disease was killing the silkworms, bringing ruin to the whole silk country of Italy. Bassi, by the microscope, discovered the germ which is the cause of the disease. The germ later was named Bottritis bassiana. Bassi believed and stated that human diseases were also caused by germs. Bassi's work was sneered at and pooh-poohed by his fellow men and physicians, and he failed to make a lasting impression, thereby losing great glory for Italy.—New York Press.

The Orkney Islands. "The member from the Orkneys" is the only man in the British house of commons who can say he sits for 200 islands. Only sixty of the islands are inhabited, but the constituency embraces more than 80,000 people. The Orkneys were once given by Norway to England as security for a queen's dower and never redeemed. In the islands the voters must go to the polls by boat, and in some cases the distance to be traveled is eight miles.

First Aid. "Now," said the professor, "suppose you had been called to see a patient with hysterics—some one, for instance, who had started laughing and found it impossible to stop—what is the first thing you would do?" "Amputate his funny bone," promptly replied the new student.—Houston Post.

Did Her Best. "We're always careful about those contagious diseases," said Mrs. Lapsing. "When Johnny had got well of the measles we bought some sulphur candles and disinfected the house from top to bottom."—Chicago Tribune.

An Advantage. "So you prefer servants who speak English imperfectly?" "Yes," replied the housewife. "If I don't understand what they say I am not obliged to dismiss them so frequently."—Exchange.

Suspicion. Once give your mind to suspicion and there is sure to be food enough for it. In the stillest night the air is filled with sounds for the wakeful ear that is resolved to listen.

The Common Complaint. Probably this expression is used oftener by people than any other: "Everything is blamed on me."—Atlantic Globe.

The Real Need

In negro households, especially in communities where negroes form a large portion of the population, it frequently happens that the woman is the head of the family being not only the breadwinner, but also the disciplinarian, and to that capacity on occasions she regards her putative lord and master as subject to her will. This at least was the assumption of the colored woman who was a party to a little scene enacted in the office of a justice of the peace.

A man had been arrested on the charge of beating and cruelty mistreating his wife. After hearing the charge against the prisoner the justice turned to the first witness.

"Madam," he said, "if this man were your husband and had given you a beating would you call in the police?" The woman addressed, a veritable amazon in size and aggressiveness, turned a smiling countenance toward the justice and answered: "No, jedge. If he was mah husband an' he treated me lak he did I wif, Ah wouldn't call no p'liceman. No, lah; Ah'd call de undertaker."—Youth's Companion.

Flexibility of English

English is not only, as Richard Jefferies asserted, the most expressive and flexible of tongues, but also, in Swinburne's opinion, the most musical. He proclaimed the lines—

Musio that gentler on the spirit lies Than drest eyalids upon drest eyes To be unmatched for melody in any language. And few would venture to contradict such a master of music and tongue. But surely French ranks next on the roll of languages. For clearness of diction it is unrivaled, and thanks to its abundance of vowels close on one for every consonant it flows rhythmically from the tongue. Against Westley's dictum, that French is to German as a bagpipe to an organ, may be cited a saying of another famous divine. Dr. Dollinger, "L'Allemand n'est pas une langue, mais c'est quel patient ce jargon as complaisant entre eux" (German is not a language, but those who speak this jargon understand one another).—London Chronicle.

Facts About Giants

That very few of the giants who have ever lived have been healthy or well formed recent researches prove beyond a doubt. All we know about Goliath is that he was very tall, but in the second book of Kings we read about another giant who had more fingers than an ordinary human being, and according to modern scientists, this is invariably a token of degeneracy. Marcel Donnai said at Milan a giant who was so tall that his body filled two beds at night, but whose legs were so weak that he could hardly stand upright. William IV. was the gigantic porter of Charles I., had little strength, and Cromwell's persecutor, another giant, ended his days in a lunatic asylum. Finally, O'Brien, the Irish giant, has been described as "an enormous sick child who grew up too fast."

Another Fake

"Did you see the lightning calculator in the sidewalk?" asked the old farmer in the wide straw hat. "By heck, yes," drawled the other ruralite, "and he was the biggest fake in the show." "How was that?" "Why, that was a thunderstorm going on while I was in the tent and when I asked him if he could calculate where the lightning was going to strike he just gave me the laugh."—Chicago News.

An Ominous Symptom

"A good wife is heaven's greatest gift to man and the rarest gem the earth holds," remarked Mr. Jarphly the other morning. "She is his joy, his inspiration and his very soul. Through her he learns to reach the pure and true, and her loving hands lead him softly over the rough places. She is!"

"Jeremiah," said Mrs. Jarphly solemnly. "Jeremiah, what wickedness have you been up to now?"

Doubled In Value

A Missourian who bought some Texas land and wanted to unload it told a prospective buyer that it had "doubled in value since I bought it." "But," said the other, "you offered to sell it to me for the same price you paid. How has it doubled in value?" "Well, you see, I gave twice as much as it was worth."—Kansas City Star.

Exchange of Compliments

Maud—My mamma says she can remember when your mamma kept a grocer's shop. Marie—My mamma says she can remember how much your mamma owed her for groceries.

The Danger

"It is always dangerous to try to get something for nothing," remarked the wise guy. "Yes, you might get what you deserve," added the simple mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Life

Life is a burden imposed upon you by God. What you make of it, that it will be to you. Take it up bravely, bear it joyfully, lay it down triumphantly.—Gail Hamilton.

The Obliging Proprietor

"Won't you please give me an order?" pleaded the persistent drummer. "Certainly," replied the crusty proprietor. "Get out!"—Lippincott's.

Heaven often smites in mercy, even when the blow is severest.—Baffia.

ROCHESTER