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Better Keep Watch!

Because a reporter chanced to be present and some fire-eating words breathing un-American and unpatriotic sentiments from Professor K. P. Shedd...

Bless your hearts! Professor Shedd's tactless, blundering speech is not the most obnoxious that has been heard in a social center or a social "civic club." If reporters were present at every meeting of these organizations...

Novel Mission Held.

Verily, there is no place to which the Catholic missionary has not penetrated. An exchange gives this interesting account of the first mission held on board an United States warship...

years that any religious service aboard the Virginia had attracted such a large and enthusiastic assemblage. Various denominations had held devotional exercises...

Non-Catholic Testimony

The following scathing arraignment of a Spanish enemy of the Church is not from a Catholic paper but from the non-sectarian secular New York "Sun." Senor Lebroux, the Socialist deputy representing Barcelona...

Militant Catholics

Evidently, the war upon the Church by the French atheists has jarred the French Catholics. One of the recent city ordinances provides for regular weekly Saturday night dances at the expense of the city...

Sister Patricia, for thirty-one years a member of the order of St. Joseph, died at Mount St. Joseph's, Chestnut Hill, on Christmas eve, of pneumonia, after an illness of only a few days. She was deaf and dumb from her eighth year.

This is from a New England exchange. In recognition of the services of Mr. Michael Driscoll, for thirty-six years a member of the Brookline (Mass.) school committee and thirty-five years superintendent of streets of the town, the school committee has decided to name the new school building under construction on Westbourne terrace, the "Michael Driscoll school." Mr. Driscoll was appointed to the school committee in Brookline when under its charge.

And still the Senatorial deadlock is unbroken!

That "City Beautiful" plan looks good on paper and in pictures.

Says the "Catholic Citizen" of Milwaukee.

The recent death of Father Garesche, the octogenarian Jesuit, recalls how our great civil war divided families as well as communities, along the border line especially. Father Garesche was in St. Louis when Fort Sumpter was fired on. He was strongly Southern in his views.

According to the Wichita Catholic Advocate.

"Milwaukee has a Socialist mayor elected to office by Catholic Poles. The new mayor is enjoying his salary just as if he were a Republican. One of the recent city ordinances provides for regular weekly Saturday night dances at the expense of the city."

Mrs. Anna M. Kerst, whose work for the Church was recognized by Pope Leo XIII and Pope Pius X by the sending of the apostolic blessing, died last week at the Villa Santa Scholastica, Duluth, Minn., aged 96 years. She is survived by two daughters, Maria Scholastica and Sister Alexa, both in the Villa, which Mrs. Kerst was instrumental in founding. Mrs. Kerst was born at Rheims, Germany, in 1814, and came to this country with her husband in 1832. They lived for twenty-five years in St Paul and then went to Duluth. Mr. Kerst died some years ago.

Pertinently remarks the Catholic "Standard and Times"

"It is a fact which may possibly escape the notice of vigilant guardians of American liberty as Henry Cabot Lodge, the Rev. Dr. Kerr Boyce Tupper and a few more lynx-eyed scrutineers of foreigners' demerits that the vote-market in Ohio has been preempted by the native-born citizens. Of the fifteen or sixteen hundred who have confessed, paid the five or five dollars and been disfranchised for five years, the patronymics are mostly American, and the little red schoolhouse their Alma Mater. Where now is the A. P. A.?"

FATHER KOENIG'S NERVE TONIC. Can Sleep Well and Has Splendid Appetite. Industry, Feb. 1, 1911. The doctor for whom I used Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a 55 year old lady...

A Problem That Stopped Rousseau. A curious little book is an old, old treatise on aeroplanes by Jean Jacques Rousseau, called "Le Nouveau Deale." Like Leonardo da Vinci and Cyrano de Bergerac, Rousseau was haunted by the dream of aerial navigation. We read "Men walk on the earth, they sail on the water and swim in it. Is not the air an element, like the others? What business have the birds to shut us out of their premises while we are made welcome in those of the fishes?" Rousseau took no stock in any theories propounded by the Dark Ages of his day. He sifted the matter for himself and thought it involved two problems. First to find a body lighter than air, so that it would rise. He imagined that sooner or later such a body might present itself. There was no telling. But what stumped him was his second problem how to make that obliging body stop rising and bow in creation to make it come down. This was too long for Jean Jacques, and he wound up his book by admitting it. For a long time "Le Nouveau Deale" remained unpublished, appearing only in 1801.

Whang Ship Turns Turtle. To "turn turtle" means in nautical language, that a ship rolls too heavily to recover herself and after a brief period on her beam ends turns topsy-turvy, so that her keel points skyward. Then, of course, she sinks. Frequently the compressed air imprisoned in her hull blows her bottom out as she goes down, or if she is a steamer her boilers burst, with like results. As a rule, ships turn turtle because they are burdened with too much "top hamper" or from lack of sufficient ballast, or both causes combined. Rarely does it happen that there is any survivor, but there is one notable exception in the case of the battleship Captain which was lost after this fashion in the bay of Hissai. In her case exactly three minutes elapsed from the time she first turned turtle until she finally sank and forty of her crew of 500 men clambered up her side as she rolled over and on to her keel. Of these eighteen men were eventually rescued and were able to describe later on precisely what occurred. Pearson's

Sing a Song of Sixpence. The London Globe attempts an explanation of the rhyme "Sing a Song of Sixpence." Here it is "The four and twenty blackbirds represent the four and twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world. The top crust represents the sky. The opening of the pie is the dawn of the day, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king. The king in his counting house counting out his money is the sun. The money the king is counting represents the golden sunshine. The queen, who sits in the parlor, is the moon. The honey she is eating is the moonlight. The industrious maid who is working in the garden before the sun has risen is the day dawn and the clothes she hangs out are clouds. The bird that so tragically ends the song by slipping off her nose is the hour of sunset."

Mining For Coffin Planks. One of the most curious industries in the world is the business of mining for coffin planks, which is carried on in upper Tonkin, a portion of the French possessions in southern Asia. In a certain district in this province there exists a great underground deposit of logs which were probably the trunks of trees squashed by an earthquake or some other convulsions of nature at a comparatively recent period. The trees are a species of pine known to the natives and go to some extent to European commerce as "bamboo." The wood is almost imperishable and has the quality of either through its nature or as the result of its sojourn underground, of resisting decay from damp. This quality makes it particularly valuable for the miner's train of collars and for the purpose it is largely exported to Europe. The trees are often a yard or more in diameter and are buried in the earth at depths of from two to eight yards and are dug up by native labor as described for them in Harper's Weekly.

How to Cool Things. A newly-wed named Jones was talking to his friend about the other day about the heat in his flat and was asking the other for a little advice. "Do you know the dining room is the hottest place in the world?" began the newly-wed. "Do you know of any way I might cool it?"

His Line. A charming young member of a woman's literary club, who adds the distinction of being a bride to successful authorship, recently met a gushing stranger at a club reception. "Oh, Mrs. Blank, I am so glad to meet you. I enjoy your stories so much, and you're husband's too." Then adding, as an afterthought, "He is literary, too, isn't he?"

Progressing. "This Ark Arthur would have proposed to me last night if you hadn't come in the room just when you did." "What reason have you for believing that?" "He had just taken - both of my hands in his. He had never held more than one of them at a time before."

Wide Margin 1798. An artist has advertised that he makes up wretched umbrellas into fashionable gypsy bonnets. The transaction is so easy that he is scarce to be pressed for the invention. -London Times, July 7, 1798.

Solid Goods. "What's because of that cake I baked for you?" demanded the fiancée. "I sent it downtown to have my monogram engraved on it," replied the bride. "He's in the coal business." -New York Press.

Not Always Desirable. "Shall we advertise for a man with experience?" "Well, I don't know. The last man had so much experience that we couldn't teach him anything." -Pittsburg Post.

Warranted Not to Fail. Doctor - Your wife needs outdoor exercise more than anything else. Her band - But she won't go out. What am I to do? Doctor - Give her plenty of money to shop with.

Knew All About It. "Do any perquisites come in your way at the office?" "Not much they don't. We have a hunky janitor who throws them kind of folks out." -Baltimore American.

Cuffs and the Laundress. Why are laundry women the most forgiving of their sex? Because the more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

Waterspout. A waterspout is a miniature tornado originating in a strong upward draft of air which occurs above the surface of a body of comparatively warm water. Its effect first becomes visible in a circular motion at the point in the clouds to which it ascends. This becomes a whirl, which condenses the vapor at its center, causing the portion of the cloud there to drop downward in the shape of a gigantic jelly bag. At the same time the continuing upward draft increases the rapidity of its original swirl and the condensed vapor caught within it until the ascending and descending masses join to form the waterspout. Necessarily in this process the air beneath the spout is rarefied, and thus where the phenomenon occurs at sea the water always seems to be sucked up into it, although this is not really the case to any considerable extent. For similar reasons where a waterspout or tornado passes over a building it does most of its damage by exhausting the air outside, causing what is within to expand and blow the structure to pieces.

The White Whale. The white whale, or beluga, is an arctic cetacean and closely allied to the narwhal. It is pure white in color twelve to eighteen feet long, whale-like in form, with a large muzzle and numerous sharp central teeth.

The white whale swims with extraordinary speed by doubling its huge tail under its body and then striking out with it. Scientists who have studied it in its natural environs say that it is able to catch the swiftest of fish. It often pursues its prey far up the northern rivers. It is gregarious and may be seen at times in herds of forty or fifty.

Around these not infrequently gambol around herds in the arctic seas, and the natives of Greenland often capture them with harpoons or nets. The flesh of the white whale is in fact, is a considerable source of food supply to them. From it also is derived one of the finest grades of commercial oil. The skins are tanned and the leather sold in the trade as "porpoise hide." -New York Times.

Tradition of Mother Shipton. Of all London legends Mother Shipton is beyond doubt the most celebrated. She was, in fact, all that a prophet and witch should be, in strange contrast to the serious and scientific modernism. The day she was born the sky became dark and gloomy and according to her biography, "behind out nothing for an hour but flames thundering after a most hideous manner." Her personal appearance, described by her admiring biographer in 1902, is scarcely flattering. "Her physiognomy was so misshapen that it is altogether impossible to express fully in words or for the most ingenious to line her in colors, though many persons of eminent qualifications in that line have often attempted it, but without success." -Metropolitan Magazine.

Ups and Downs. Not every statesman takes his dismissal with the humor of the Duc d'Epemon, who fell into disgrace with Henry of Navarre. Descending one day the great staircase of the Louvre, he met the king ascending it, and on the cardinal asking indignantly if there was anything new taking place if there was anything new taking place D'Epemon replied, "Nothing except that, as you see, I am going down and you are going up." Mr. Blundell Burton tells the story in "The Fate of Henry of Navarre."

Advanced Fast. "Mike, didn't you have some trouble when you landed at New York?" "Divil a bit, sor." "You hadn't any passport admitting you to the country, had you?" "No, sor, but before I had been in the country ten days I had the grip." -Chicago Tribune.

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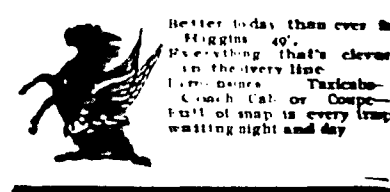
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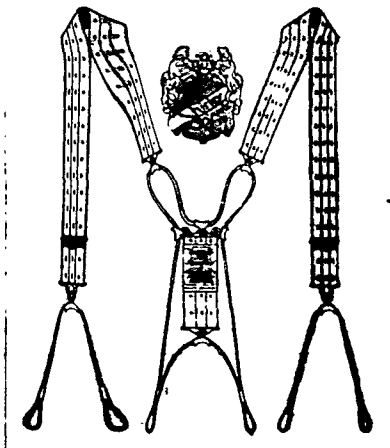
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