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Two Parts to It

Granted that the Catholic press is a prime necessity, granted that it is a supplement to the pulpit, how then can the Catholic press fulfill its mission? It is obvious that if the Catholic press is to wield the influence it should, the Catholic public in general must co-operate, must subscribe to it, must read it and must advertise in it.

John Ayacough, writing in the Universe and Catholic Weekly of London, England, puts it well as follows:-

The voice that speaks from the seven hills beside the yellow river has sent its sound into all lanes, insisting on the apostolate of the press, and every Catholic ear is listening. But the message cannot in the nature of things, be to the Christian press alone; it implies the correspondence of the Christian public. A duty is never like the leaning Tower of Pisa, all on one side.

Political nostrums change and fall, but the law of demand and supply will work in spite of us. Forced feeding is not possible outside prisons, and readers are at large. The apostolate of the Catholic press depends not on the Catholic press alone, but on the reasonable co-operation of the Catholic public. And that is precisely what the Catholic public does not seem alert to comprehend. A press, however solidly good, cannot maintain itself in vogue by its own weight. Writers presuppose readers. That the Catholic writers are there we believe is proved. Let the Catholic readers keep them going. The Pope's wise and solemn reminder of an imperious duty is to the public on which every press must depend as it is to those by whom the Catholic press must be provided.

How Many Are We?

Are there more Catholics in the United States than are chronicled by the official Catholic Directory? One would be disposed to credit the Directory, inasmuch as its figures are supposed to be furnished by the officials of the several Dioceses in the country. But here are two expressions to the contrary from widely separated parts of the country and from thoroughly representative Catholic papers:-

Of the 15,015,569 Catholics in the United States, Missouri is credited with only 455,000. She comes after New Jersey, Michigan, Wisconsin and Louisiana in point of Catholic population. The Diocese of St. Louis is credited with 375,000. There are that many Catholics in this city alone, and the accuracy of these figures can be proven. The whole Diocese of Kansas City is given as 55,000. There are that many in Kansas City itself. What good purpose can be subserved by concealing our numerical strength?—The Western Watchman, St. Louis.

"We took occasion last year to call attention to the inaccuracy of the statistics of Catholics as given from semi-official sources. The Western Watchman finds the estimates given for the

Archdiocese of St. Louis and the Diocese of Kansas City far below the actual Catholic population.

We feel confident, as we explained some few months ago in the "Monitor," that the estimated Catholic population of New Jersey, as it is announced, falls very far below the real figures.

We are decidedly of opinion that we have no accurate knowledge of the Catholic population in the United States. We are confident that it is much larger than any table of statistics has made it.—The Monitor, Newark.

There should be some authoritative settlement of the disputes.

Half to Charity

John Jacob Astor left an estate, estimated at from \$80,000,000 to \$125,000,000, not one cent went to charity!

Thomas F. H. Hayden died recently in St. Louis. His estate is estimated at \$240,000. He bequeathed \$120,000 or half of this to Religion and Charity!

He left \$10,000 to Archbishop Glennon for the new Cathedral and \$10,000 each to the managers of the Catholic Orphans' Board for the benefit of St. Mary's Asylum for Girls and St. Joseph's Asylum for Boys; Father Dunne's News Boys Home, Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Oblate Sisters of Providence, negro sisterhood at Normandy, Mo., Sisters of St. Joseph, conducting a deaf and dumb asylum on Cass avenue near St. Ann's Widows' Home, Lying in Hospital and Foundling Asylum; Sisters of St. Mary, conducting Mount St. Rose's Hospital for Consumptives; Little Sisters of the Poor, Kenrick Theological Seminary, pastor in charge of St. Francis Xavier's church for the use of the church, and St. Vincent de Paul Society.

Stimulates

The A. P. A., citizen of Boston affects to believe that the advent of Cardinal O'Connell will have a stimulating effect upon the "patriots" and cause them to flock into the A. P. A., and kindred organizations of bigots. The Catholic Union and Times thinks the A. P. A. outbreaks have a tendency toward arousing militant Catholicism and indirectly stimulating research into Catholic belief by non-Catholics.

The Sacred Heart Review goes on to say: "We rejoice if our growth here in America, misunderstood and mistrusted though it may be, will have the effect of stirring up our non-Catholic fellow citizens into more religious and spiritual activity. Better any brand of religion than the agnosticism and crass materialism into which so many non-Catholic American communities are sunk at the present time. We have no fear of abuse of cunning, or of force. All these have been tried and failed. And we certainly have no fear of increased religious activity among our Protestant brethren. It would seem that almost everybody was pretty nearly satisfied.

Mayor Gaynor has appointed Cornelius F. Collins as a justice of the Court of Special Sessions in New York. He is prominent in the Knights of Columbus and formerly was a member of the New York State Legislature.

Father Vaughan, the eminent Jesuit preacher, saw his first game of baseball in Detroit the other day and liked it.

The eleventh annual convention of the American Catholic Federation will be held in Louisville, Ky., August 18-21.

After more than half a century in the Catholic publishing business, the firm of D. and J. Sadlier & Co., of New York City have retired.

MY GRANDPA WAS A SOLDIER



THE BOY SCOUT AND THE BULLET

By F. A. MITCHEL.

THE Union and Confederate armies were marching on and about that field where was to be fought the great decisive battle of the civil war, Gettysburg. Meade's army was concentrating from different directions each corps as it arrived taking position along that line of hills, one of which is now covered with stone and marble monuments of the thousands who fell in that gigantic struggle. Lee's army was marching from the south, its advance columns as they arrived distributing them in positions assigned them by the commander in chief, the whole when complete to form an attacking force.

Among the many detached Federal forces hurrying to the central point



"WELL," CALLED THE COLONEL, "WHAT DO YOU SEE?"

was a brigade marching on a road leading eastward and on a line south of Gettysburg. Its commander, a colonel, suddenly found his troops entangled among the scattered Confederate forces marching northward. Either he must find an outlet or he must be captured. Being without a guide and not knowing the country, his position was perilous. Sitting on his horse where two dirt roads met, surrounded by his staff, all wearing anxious faces, the colonel was at a loss what route to take. A house stood back in an angle between the roads, and in the doorway stood a boy about ten years old. He had never before seen a soldier and his eyes were wide open with astonishment and admiration. "Boy," said the colonel, pointing, "do you know where that road leads to?" "That road? That leads up on to the Hagerstown turnpike." "Straight?" "No, crooked." "Are there roads forking from it?" "Lots of 'em—dirt roads. But if you follow the creek you'll get there." "Where does the creek cross the Hagerstown pike?"

"'Bout a mile from town." "What town?" "Hagerstown." "How would you like to come along with us and show us the way?" "Bully." "Orderly, take him up with you." The boy eagerly ran forward. An orderly caught his extended hand and swung him up in front of him. Then the colonel sent an aid to order the brigade to follow.

Several roads converged toward the point the colonel was making for, and marching in the same direction on his right was a column of Confederate troops with another on his left. But the three columns were too far apart to know of one another's proximity. Finally the Union men heard sounds on their right. The colonel sent a small force of cavalry in that direction to reconnoiter. They came back reporting a road filled with Confederates. "We must get off this road," said the colonel, anxiously, and he gave an order for the command to oblique into the fields on the left.

"There's another road," said the boy, "on ahead, with a lot of timber on both sides. You might hide in there."

A grim smile stole over the features of the members of the staff at the idea of troops hiding from an enemy, but the colonel, too keenly sensitive to the situation to notice the way the boy had expressed it, gave an order to hurry on to the hiding place. The brigade soon reached the wood, and the colonel, listening, heard confused sounds—cannon rumbling, occasional shouts and now and again the report of a musket shot.

"Is there anybody here who can climb a tree?" asked the colonel. "I kin," cried the boy before any one else could reply.

"You gentlemen of the staff" snapped the commander. "Is there any one of you who can get up in that tree and look about? I want to know where the enemy is and how we can get away."

The staff officers were hoisted and spurred not a moment too soon, covering with which to climb trees. Each man looked up at the tree, but no one volunteered.

"Some one," the colonel went on irritably, "must get where he can see about us and find an unobstructed route or we'll all be captured."

"Why don't you let me go up?" said the boy.

"Go," said the colonel. The boy slid down from the orderly's horse and ran to the tree. Having no foot covering, he was well accoutred for climbing. One of the orderlies put him as high on the trunk as he could reach where there were a few scattered lower branches, and the boy did the rest. As soon as he got to a point where the branches were thick he ran up like a squirrel, never stopping even for breath till he reached a point where he had an unobstructed view.

"Well," called the colonel, "what do you see?"

"Sojers, lots of 'em, that a way," pointing.

"Where else?" "There and there, and there," looking east, west and south.

A bullet sang away up where the boy was.

"Come down," cried the colonel, "but note, if you can, a way for us to get away from those troops."

"March straight up there," pointing northeast. "That's the only place where there ain't none of 'em."

"Come down." And the boy did come down, pitching from his lofty perch, struck by a bullet from a sharpshooter. They picked him up and, carrying him with them, escaped by the route he had indicated. He was buried with the honors of war.

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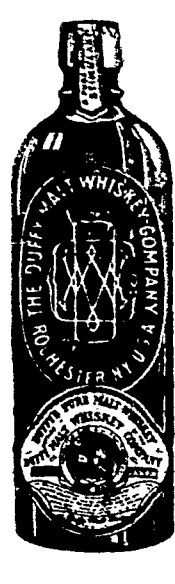
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