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Friday, July 5, 1912

Appreciation

Brief references were made in these columns last week to the sudden death of Rev. William Gleeson, pastor of St. Mary's church. Neither in that mention nor in a more extended one can justice be done to the rare quality of the dead priest. Without disparagement of any of his co-workers, it may be said that even they unite in the sentiment that Father Gleeson exemplified in his daily life more than any other priest now living in Rochester the example of how Christ would have lived and acted, to paraphrase a once much advertised book.

And it is gratifying to note the appreciation in which Father Gleeson was held by his people and by the citizens of Rochester. Day by day, instances come to mind that prove even the non-Catholics knew of the dead priest's worth and of his secret charities. It is indeed pleasant to find that one is appreciated even after death.

Men and women paid rare tribute to their departed pastor and friend. Men of the Holy Name Society guarded the remains every minute from the hour of death until laid to rest in Holy Sepulchre cemetery. No monarch could have received greater tribute to his memory. Bishop, brother priests, parishioners, school children, all assembled at his bier and prayed for the repose of his soul. What more could be done? And when his work is over and God calls him home, who could wish him back? He is at peace now and may eternal rest be his!

What the World Owes

It is indeed gratifying to note the increasing need of tribute paid to the Church by the real student and seeker after truth. The researches of Able Gasquet and of non-Catholic unbiased students, too, are bound to refute many prejudicial statements and standards hitherto accepted as facts. In example, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting, in his book on "Progress and Poverty" has this to say:—

"The Church's contribution to civilization in the past has been immeasurable," says Mr. Cutting. "In the Middle Ages the monasteries were the refuges to which flocked the poor, the suffering, the widow, and the orphan. In fact, all who were oppressed found within their walls a refuge. The Church through her religious orders was the educator of society. It was they who first practiced scientific farming. They were the road-builders of the Dark Ages, the drainers of swamps and fens, the patrons of architecture and painting, and they supplied at the same time, in their own organizations, the object lesson of a model society."

Prepared

From the Catholic Standard and Times we glean the following pathetic account of how one

grave victim of the Titanic disaster met Death without fear:—

Clasping a crucifix and blessed candle in his hands and kneeling in devout prayer, Timothy J. McCarthy, a buyer for a Boston department store, met his God on board the ill-fated Titanic.

When his body was recovered a few days later his left hand still clasped the precious cross that meant so much to him at the passing of his soul.

One of the survivors who stood near Mr. McCarthy said in an interview:—

"When I last saw Mr. McCarthy he was on the saloon deck. In his left hand he held a lighted candle and in his right hand a crucifix. As long as I was able to see him he remained kneeling in an attitude of prayer."

The left hand is held in the position it would naturally assume in grasping a candle. Apparently the man realized that there was no hope for him and met his death with resignation, resolved to cling to the last to the insignia of his faith.

Mr. McCarthy was a man in the middle walk of life, but since nor in a more extended one can justice be done to the rare quality of the dead priest. Without disparagement of any of his co-workers, it may be said that even they unite in the sentiment that Father Gleeson exemplified in his daily life more than any other priest now living in Rochester the example of how Christ would have lived and acted, to paraphrase a once much advertised book.

Sound Sense

If all the advocacy of playgrounds for children possessed as much common sense or were as free from commercial instincts as Rev. John J. McCoy, of Worcester, Mass., then the movement would progress rapidly along sane and profitable lines. In a recent article, Father McCoy said:—

"The Catholic beyond any other should be deeply interested in everything that he has to do with the betterment of children. Most of them in America are his, and he must answer for all who bear his name.

"The promoters of the playground idea had in mind at first only the physical and moral dangers of the streets, and wished to take the children from these dangers. Every season the possibilities for good in the playgrounds widen, become more surely defined and now we look for deals not only in conduct, but in educational advance as well. Dr. Curtis says that six things are sought in the playground: First, the promotion of physical health of children in the open air; second, the development of vital or organic strength; fourth, the establishment of right habits; fifth, the development of energy and enthusiasm; sixth, pleasure.

"When young people play no games, they soon learn to run 'gangs,' and the gang spirit is near akin to the spirit of the wolf; it is a coward, but it soon learns to sneak and snarl and snap and rend. After thirty years in the priesthood, my feeling is that many a boy who becomes a 'curse' could have been saved had he had the sure right to play and do it in respectable companionship. His trend could have been pointed right."

Niagara University honored itself as well as the Catholic priesthood in the Diocese of Rochester when it conferred upon Rev. A. A. O'Neil, of the church of the Immaculate Conception, the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. Father O'Neil is worthy of all the honors which can be bestowed.

Bishop Hickey spoke eloquently, indeed, at the commencement exercises of the Cathedral High School, called attention to the heavy burden carried by the Catholics in paying taxes on Church property and in supporting their own schools. Some day Rochester will realize what it owes the Catholic population.

WILDS OF ENGLAND.

Devonshire's Rolling Slopes Are a Wilderness in Winter.

The western quarter of England has a set of literary associations second to no other district, not even the famed lakes of Cumberland and Westmoreland. The "Quiller-Couch country," which is Cornwall; the "Blackmore country," which is North Devon; the "Kingsley country," which is Devonshire, and the "Hardy country," which is Dorset, will be found rated rather than overrated in beauty and interest, which are greatly increased by their associations with "Lorna Doone" or "Tess of the d'Urbervilles."

The two great Devonshire towns, Exmoor and Dartmoor are particularly beautiful and offer a happy hunting ground to the artist. It seems strange that spaces of such wildness exist within the restrained and highly cultivated boundaries of southern England. The casual visitor would find it difficult to believe that on these splendid rolling slopes, purple with heather in August, people go astray and die of starvation every winter.

No visitor to England can afford to miss a visit to Devonshire, which around May especially is one of the most beautiful bits of country in Europe.—Exchange.

UNWRITTEN BOOKS.

Thackeray and Conan Doyle Both Found Themselves Forestalled.

How strange are literary coincidences occasionally is illustrated in the case of Thackeray and Dumas. Thackeray says "I came near writing a book on the same subject, 'Les Trois Mousquetaires,' and taking M. d'Artagnan for my hero. D'Artagnan was a real character of the age of Louis XIV and wrote his own memoirs. I remember picking up a dingy copy of them on an old bookstall in London, price six pence, and intended to make something of it. But Dumas got ahead of me. He snaps up everything."

A coincidence quite as remarkable occurred with Sir Conan Doyle for central figure. He learned while spending a holiday in a mountain inn in Switzerland that during the winter months for some reason two men remained in occupation. For four or five months they were isolated from the rest of the world. Suppose one of them went mad or committed suicide or—The possibilities were endless. He forthwith determined to embody the idea in a story. On his way home he happened to pick up a book of tales by Maupassant. There, in it, under the title "L'Auberge," he found himself forestalled in every particular.

An Old London Dining Club.

An old London dining club, the Dilettanti, was founded in 1738. This at one time was an extremely wealthy club, for, in addition to their subscription, members had to pay a fine when any money was bequeathed them. In 1799 the Dilettanti had £10,000 in hand. Soon after its foundation Horace Walpole wrote that "the qualification for the Dilettanti is having been in Italy and the rest one being drunk." It has grown respectable with years, but even now, when a new member is balloted, all the members have to make a complete circuit of the dining table before placing the ball in the box. And a rule still survives that "every member who shall produce on the table a dish of tea or coffee must pay into the general fund a guinea for every such drink.—London Spectator

St. Paul's, London.

London's great downtown cathedral, between Fleet street and Chesapeake stands like a huge rock fair amid the sea of traffic that wash up Ludgate hill from the Strand and on the east to the Bank of England; different from the Abbey, which stands remote at Westminster. St. Paul's was rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the great fire of 1666. It is 510 feet long and 210 feet wide, took twenty-two years to build until the time of opening, and thirteen years more for completion. St. Paul's is the tomb of many great men. Over the north door is the inscription, "Lector si monumentum requiris, circumspice." "Reader, if you seek this monument, look about you."

Willing to Be One.

"What?" began the father explosive. "You want to marry my daughter? You, who haven't a penny on earth? You, who aren't worth a pica-yune? You? Sir, let me ask you a question: You know that my daughter is accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth?" "Yes, sir," replied the suitor miserably. "But ain't I one of 'em?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Mean Thing.

"No," said Miss Passay. "I don't like the photos Kammor made for me. They make me look like a woman of forty." "Well," replied Miss Pepprey, "you should have told him not to touch them up if you didn't want them to look so youthful!"—Philadelphia Press

Painful Proof.

"What are you crying about, Willie?" "One of the boys called me 'teacher's pet,' an' I went an' told her, an' she licked me to prove I wasn't!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer

Too Much Light.

Daughter—I love him. He is the light of my life. Father—Well, that's all right, but I object to having my house lit up by him after midnight.

Harsh counsels have no effect. They are the hammers which are always repulsed by the anvil.—Heivetsius.

Captain Dan Went Some.

A vivid picture of the burdens which British policies had laid upon our infantile commerce is supplied by the experience of Captain Daniel Driver of the schooner Three Brothers, sailing to the West Indies in 1750 with a cargo valued at £550. First the Three Brothers was seized by an English privateer, the King of Russia, nine guns, Captain James Inclieto, and carried into Antigua, and that was the last of her. Sailing again in the schooner Betsey for Guadeloupe, a French frigate captured and carried him into that port, where he had to ransom his vessel for 4,000 livres (\$800) and leave three hostages for payment. Returning with the schooner Mary under a flag of truce, he was sent into New Providence by the English privateer Revenge. Captain James McDonald, which, however, had to release him. He reached Guadeloupe, paid the ransom, released his hostages and was bound for home when a Captain Blanche in a French frigate arrested the whole outfit and detained him until midwinter, when, penniless and worn out with undeserved persecution, he managed to get home.—National Magazine.

Easy to Make Space.

"Old Colonel Ruffenreddy was night editor of a morning paper," said the major, "and I was night city editor. The paper was small, and there was always more than enough to fill, even when the ads. were at the lowest point. When the ads. were up it was a fight to get anything into the sheet."

"But the colonel had a rule that always met the situation. In the early part of the evening, just as the crush was beginning, he would come into the news room and declare that everything must be cut to a paragraph. 'Any story can be told in a paragraph.'"

"Then he would slash into everything and as far as possible get things into paragraphs, even if they required scare heads. When makeup time came and there was a flood of ads, the colonel would throw out the paragraphs with the remark, 'If it isn't worth more than a paragraph it isn't worth using.'"

"No; he never had any trouble in making space for the ads.—New York Herald.

The Lydd of Lyddite.

Lyddite, the powder that has such enormous explosive force and that can be fired from a gun which is easily carried about, does not, as has been widely supposed, take its name from a man, but from an ancient town near the coast of Kent, in England—the town of Lydd, where there is a government artillery range. Here the tests were made that resulted in the preparation of this explosive, and the name of the peaceful Kentish village is now associated with a substance that has dealt out death to thousands. It has other odious qualities besides its explosive force, since its fumes are so suffocating as sometimes to be intolerable. Lydd shares the notoriety which attaches to the name of Dum-dum, that other peaceful city, in distant Bengal, where are manufactured the expanding bullets that Great Britain has used from time to time.—Harper's Weekly.

A Snail's Tongue.

A snail eats by rasping off small particles with the tongue. This tongue is a narrow band or ribbon with pointed teeth set in rows across it. The common slug, often found in damp places, has more than 25,000 teeth on the tongue, which act like the ridges on a file and scrape the food into the mouth. I once watched with a magnifying lens a small water snail feeding as it slowly crawled up the side of an aquarium, and, although I made no very accurate count, the tongue seemed to be pressed against the glass about forty times a minute.—Exchange.

Reciprocity.

"Sure," said Patrick, rubbing his head with delight at the prospect of a present, "I always mean to do me duty." "I believe you," replied his employer, "and therefore I shall make you a present of all you have stolen from me during the year." "Thank yer honor," replied Pat, "and may all your friends and acquaintances trate you as liberally!"—London Telegraph.

The Matrimonial League.

The baseball player gazed softly at her. "Would you sign with me for the game of life?" he whispered tenderly. "That will depend somewhat on your batting average and your capacity for making home runs," she replied.—Harper's Weekly.

You Never Can Tell.

Crawford—You spoke of opening a bank account in your wife's name in order to teach her the value of money. How did it turn out? Crabshaw—She used it up to pay a lot of bills I could have staved off for six months.—Lippincott's.

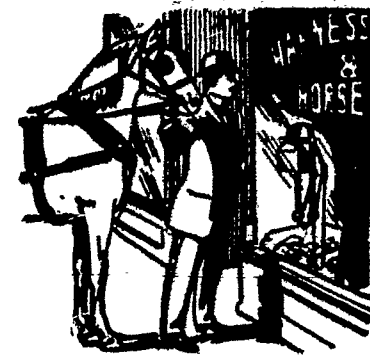
Her Sort.

Alice—What kind of girl has Jack engaged himself to? Rose—Oh, she's the sort of woman you never dare ask to luncheon for fear she'll stay to dinner.—Harper's Bazar.

Little Choice.

"Is there any choice in speculation between the bulls and bears?" "Well, it is the choice between a night session and a toss up."—Ball-moss American.

If we had no fallings ourselves we should not take so much pleasure in standing out those of others.—Rochester Herald.



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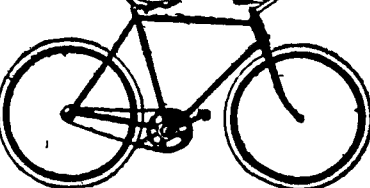
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Dogs and Porcupines.
No matter how many lessons a dog has received, it is a peculiarity long noted that it will attack a porcupine every time it is met. A setter or pointer after partridges, just as a half or full blooded bound after deer, will throw himself on a porcupine every time it is seen and immediately set up the same familiar howl of dismay. When cornered the porcupine rolls up into a ball, hiding legs, head and belly and presenting nothing except an animated cactus. It has the faculty of loosening its hold on the quills, which are imbedded in pores in its skin, and they come off and stick to another object at the slightest touch. In fact, so quick is the attack of the dog and so rapidly does he retreat, howling, with muzzle and breast covered with the spines, that many say the hedgehog can throw its quills, but this is nonsense.—Exchange.

China's Haunted Spots.
In China there is a strong belief that spots in rivers, creeks and ponds where people have been drowned are haunted by specters who spring out upon the unwary and drown them. Should the hauntings become very frequent the spot is exorcised. This ceremony consists in the decapitation of a white horse by a specially selected executioner on the site of the hauntings. The head of the slaughtered animal is buried in an earthenware jar and placed in the exact spot where it was killed, which spot is carefully marked by the erection of a stone tablet.

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