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Friday Sept. 26, 1913.

Blessing the Graves

On Sunday Rt. Rev. Bishop Hickey, assisted by the priests of the Diocese and thousands of devout Catholics, will perform the annual ceremony of blessing the graves in Holy Sepulchre cemetery. It is a beautiful ceremony and one which exemplifies our faith in large measure. One of the things we are taught continually is that we should not forget our deceased relatives in our prayers and that we should have masses offered for the eternal repose of their souls.

The annual ceremony of blessing the graves affords an opportunity for all Catholics to meet and unite in one grand prayer for the repose of the souls of those who lie buried there awaiting the summons on the last day. If we have loved ones buried there, we should make an effort to be present. If we have no loved ones there, we should be present and offer our prayers for all the souls in Purgatory. These will not forget us when, in turn, we lie in our last resting place, and, perchance, have no one to think of us or that those who should do so have forgotten or neglected their duty.

If there is one consolation that brings solace in time of death and grief it is that we are not separated forever from our loved ones and that we who are left behind can still aid the dead friend or relative by praying for the happy repose of their souls. No duty imposed is more sacred, no task performed will bring greater reward or recompense.

Slander

If there is one human fault that works more real damage to our neighbor it is that habit of slandering our fellows. Sometimes, we do not mean to inflict injury when we retail neighborhood gossip or repeat to another some fault that appears to us hateful in another person, but we should always recollect that the one we talk to may not be so careful in repeating.

Moreover, we should always bear in mind that the one who first told us the story may be inspired by malice and intends to induce us to spread the slander he himself is too cowardly to do himself. In lending ourselves to such an end, we become particeps criminis and are blamable.

A true story need not be retold, except in the interests of justice. A falsehood is easily told but its denial is hard to disseminate on equal terms and speed. Hence we should be careful not to slander our neighbor, either intentionally or unintentionally. A still tongue spreads no slander.

The Catholic Press

In Federations, large and small, in conventions large and small, in many gatherings during the last few months, the Catholic press has been praised, criticized mildly but, on the whole, it has been wished success in resolution and speech. Let us hope that awakened interest and stronger support to him who practices it.

will result from all these nice verbal tokens of appreciation.

The Catholic paper occupies a peculiar and difficult position. It must keep within certain lines. It cannot, perforce, accept any and all kinds of advertising, that necessary adjunct for financial success. And let it be understood that the Catholic paper, like every other industry or business, must have money to meet its obligations, pay its help and other bills.

To hear some persons talk one is impressed with the idea that they consider the Catholic paper as akin to the Church, it should ever be ready to respond to their call but they, in return, are not bound to support it.

Catholic papers are a necessary adjunct to the Church but they are private enterprises, in most cases. Hence they must have support else they cannot be published. We commend to every Catholic these words of Archbishop Christie to the Washington State Federation of Catholic Societies:—

"I would recommend that you strive to introduce into every Catholic home a weekly visit from a Catholic newspaper. This will strengthen our Catholics by instruction and in great part prevent leakage from the Church. A home without a Catholic paper is like a school without God, and we find that in such homes there are those who miss mass and neglect the sacraments and their other religious duties."

Last Words

Shortly before his death, Bishop Janssen, wrote a touching letter to his priests and people of the Diocese of Belleville, Ill., from which we quote these striking sentences:—
It seems that my earthly pilgrimage will soon come to a close. My remaining days are few. During the twenty-five years of my episcopate I have always endeavored to act justly and in accordance with the dictates of my conscience. If I have offended anyone I ask God's pardon.

My parting words to you, beloved priests and faithful of the diocese of Belleville, are the words of Tobias to his son: "Hearken, therefore, my children, to your father; serve the Lord in truth and seek to do things that please Him, and command your children that they be mindful of God and bless Him at all times in truth and with all their power."

When they have laid my body to rest, remember me at the altar of the Lord. Imparting to you the episcopal blessing, I ask your prayers.

A wholesome dignity surrounds the impeachment court that impels the thought that law and order are not lost to the State of New York.

How eager are the yellow journals, and some that lay pretension to higher journalistic level, to display in glaring headlines, anything that will reflect upon the Catholic Church!

There is one consolation in the latest revival of bigotry:—History tells us that the most virulent assailants of the Church, as a rule, have become the Church's most ardent defenders.

Well, the Perry centennial nears its end.

Rochester's exposition is growing to be some show, that is certain.

We agree with the C.M.B.A. Advocate that it were well if girls of today would forget to interpolate that much overworked "Listen!" into their daily conversation. It is neither necessary nor good form.

Charity is a virtue, the practice of which brings rich reward to him who practices it.

The shadow of the pluckin is over the horsehide.

The Panama canal has cost this far \$185,000,000. And that is "cut" rates too.

The highway to happiness is traversed by the trolley as well as by the auto.

The Big Dipper, says a scientist, is to vanish in 200,000 years. We should sit up and wait.

"Laugh at misfortune," says an Oxford professor. Yet it is said a Briton has no sense of humor.

A Scottish scientist says the world is headed for starvation. What a revenge on the beef trust.

Perhaps the apprehended decline of cricket in England is due to the lack of a baseball vocabulary.

Since the governments of the world invested in aeroplanes it hasn't been so hard to rise in the army.

"Lying," says a theological expert, "causes stuttering." Not if you think up your story well in advance.

Perry's arctic records have been found and returned to him, but Dr. Cook's records still remain a mystery.

A London specialist says frequent hiccups cause baldness, but it's our guess it only makes it look like it.

Good milk must contain only 200,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter. Consumers are warned to accept no more.

Still, when you come to think of it in the light of the well known law of gravitation, the leaves can do nothing but fall.

They say that the navy needs more drydocks. Of course. No matter how handsome a navy may be it is never so safe as in drydock.

Tales are coming in from different points of immense meteorites. Can it be that Mars from its superior height is throwing stones at us?

Now that Manuel has married and settled down, perhaps the Portuguese will look more tolerantly on his standing application for a job.

There is a report that another comet is headed for the earth, which seems unnecessary in view of all the different kinds of excitement we are now enjoying.

It is said that but 234 millionaires have been enumerated in Chicago. But who wants to be tagged as a millionaire in these parlous income tax times?

The landlords have got their nine foot sheets just in time. A Philadelphia doctor has discovered a process by which he can greatly increase a man's stature.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the government of Santo Domingo has any gunboats. But it has; also a president who was alive at the last writing.

An English police station provided its prisoners with a billiard room and a shooting gallery. And so proceeds the laudable effort to make useful citizens out of convicts.

The discussion as to whether women dress to please the men or to excite the envy of each other looks like a waste of time. Nobody knows but the women, and they won't tell.

Lord Chancellor Haldane says that in fifty years the United States will be the leading nation. He may be a bright light in his own line, but he is a trifle behind the times in his reckoning.

Now that a man has succeeded in flying upside down and women have decided to add X ray shoes to their attire, this faded world will be hard put to it for a new thrill in the way of sensations.

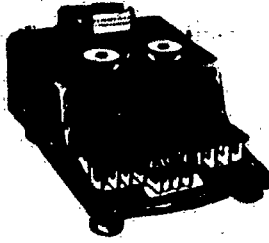
Recently collected statistics show that the proportion of bachelors to married men is steadily increasing in England. That's probably because more American girls are marrying at home nowadays.

A new folding bed is attached to the closet door and disappears when the door is closed, but the old kind that closes with you in the middle of the night and gently slips into the bureau drawer will remain in public favor.

A youth, dumb ten years, became so excited over a cricket match that his speech was restored. A person who could get excited over cricket would be a raving maniac over the game of throwing a cord of hardwood into the basement.

The equestrian statue of George Washington in Union square, New York, is to be turned around so that the first president will look down Broadway. This is calculated to hide from his reproving gaze the wickedest section of the bad old town.

Dr. McDougall, of Oxford, says that it is right and proper to laugh at others' mishaps, thus turning into a stimulant which promotes well being a mass of minor ills. Which is quite true, no doubt. Any one can try it for himself, beginning with his own mishaps.



Stenotypy Demonstration

in
Rochester Business Institute

In Assembly, on Friday last, Stenotypy students of both sexes wrote over one hundred words a minute of new matter and not only read back their notes rapidly and correctly, but exchanged notes and then read each other's notes as rapidly as their own, a feat practically impossible in Shorthand. The notes were also read backward, on request. Students who had been studying Stenotypy less than two months wrote over a hundred words a minute of familiar matter and read back as rapidly as the matter was originally dictated.

This marvelous little machine is justifying in our own class rooms the claims made for it as to speed, accuracy and legibility.

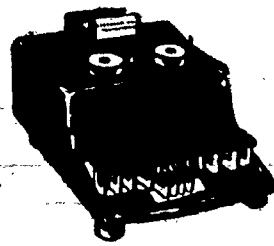
One of the greatest advantages of the Stenotype is the entire lack of strain with which it is operated. A Stenotype writer can work all day without nerve strain or weariness. Nerve-worn stenographers should look carefully into this important fact. We will demonstrate the Stenotype for anyone interested. Call us up and make an appointment. Class started last Monday night. You can get in to-morrow night or Night School and next Monday for Day School.

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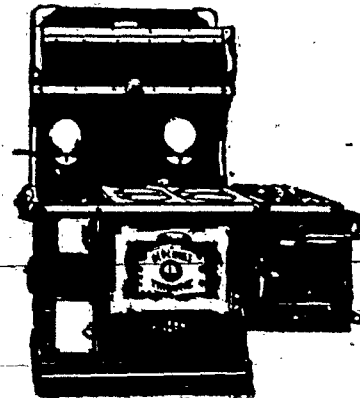
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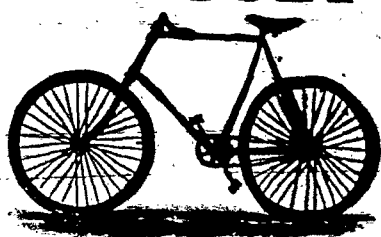
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