

The Catholic Journal

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Friday Nov. 6, 1914.

Run Them Down

Now that election is over, the recent citizens of Rochester should see to it that the identity of the hounds who would make of religion a political football are made known to the general public and that they be ostracised personally, socially and in a business way.

For the honest bigot we may feel a tolerant pity because of their gross ignorance, but for the leader of bigots who knows better, who cares naught for religion as such but who is willing to foment religious hatred among his neighbors in order that success may come to this or that political party or candidate, we should have naught but contempt.

In the election just past there were such men at work in Rochester. They tried to incite Protestant voters to defeat their Catholic neighbors who aspired to public office. On the other hand, they endeavored to persuade Catholic voters to defeat certain candidates by the charge that these were affiliated with certain notoriously anti-Catholic societies. More than one worthy candidate met defeat because of the underhanded devilry of these scoundrels.

Not all non-Catholics are bigots but these scheming politician's would have us Catholics believe that they are when they aspire for office—but not on the ticket these schemers favor.

Hunt down the scoundrel who tries to capitalize bigotry for political effect!

William A. King

In the death of William A. King, Catholic journalism loses one of its remarkable figures. He was of that rare combination a polished editorial writer, a keenly shrewd news editor and an alert and sagacious business manager. While he possessed all these qualities Mr. King was a thoroughly equipped printer and publisher. In great measure the Catholic Union and Times owes its success to the business ability, energy and perseverance of William A. King. He was its guiding genius for many years and his place will not be easily filled.

Mr. King was more than a Catholic editor. He was a practical Catholic. He was a useful citizen. His services were ever at the disposal of any movement that had for its object the betterment of humanity or the community in which he lived. He was a loyal friend and a charming companion to those who enjoyed his personal acquaintance. To his sorrowing wife and children the Catholic Journal extends heartfelt sympathy in their crushing bereavement. To his colleagues we offer our sincere condolence in the loss of one who was ever a comrade and friend.

And so we say: Peace to his ashes and eternal rest to his soul.

Generous.

It is cheering to note the generous response to the appeals for aid for the suffering Belgians. Father Notebaert has been heard in his request for his unfortunate countrymen and Rochesterians, irrespective of religion, are contributing freely of their means. It may not be out of place here to reproduce Cardinal Gibbons' appeal penned after a personal survey of Belgian conditions.

"The sufferings of the Belgians probably are beyond words. Only a short time before the outbreak of the war I traveled through their bountiful country. Then I saw naught but peace and prosperity. Fields of grain were awaiting the harvest. The people were happy. No one then saw the cloud of war approaching. But now Belgium has been drawn into war without quarrel. The kingdom has become the battlefield for other nations. The people have been driven out of their homes. Innocent of any wrong-doing, they have suffered. Into France, England and Holland they have been driven, without funds and without means of getting enough to keep them alive. For years and years many of them have worked to build up the homes which fell before the ravages of war. All their efforts went to naught. The bread winners of many of those happy families have fallen in that war—a war in which Belgium had no part in the making. And now those families must look elsewhere for support. They cannot look to France or England for those countries, too, are in the throes of war. Therefore, when the appeal of Belgium comes to us, we should heed it. They are a people in distress without home and without country. All in this country who are able should aid them, regardless of their sympathies in this war, for Belgium deserves the sympathy of all."

His Life's Work.

Because of his death at such an early age, forty-three years, one might be pardoned for the reflection "Why was Monsignor Benson taken away at such an age, when at the zenith of his intellectual powers?" One who knew him is authority for the assertion that in his short life he had already accomplished much more than men who lived twice as long. Moreover, he labored assiduously to make the Catholic Church known in all her aspects. His books, his essays, his sermons, his lectures all had this end in mind.

"The triumph of Christ and His Church was the man's grand passion. For this he burned away untimely, as the world might reckon it, the flame of his young ardor and enthusiasm. For this, he reached out to the students of his own Alma Mater, Cambridge University, helping powerfully to secure for the Catholics there in advantages not less than the Catholics at Oxford enjoy.

"In 1911, he preached the Lenten sermons in the Church of San Silvestro, Rome, and before he left the Eternal City, Pope Pius X recognized the signal service of this young soldier of Christ by raising him to the rank of Domestic Prelate of the Vatican. Doubtless greater honors had been his had his life been even a little prolonged. Why was it not, in these days of our need of great men? The answer is with God, Whose ways are fire-tried and perfect, and for us remain regret and resignation."

Well, the campaign of 1914 was remarkable in the amount of political advertising it produced.

Who is really back of this sudden outburst against the poor hucksters? Who is trying his lawsuits in the newspapers?

Let 1914 be the last for the bigots.

Universal

Archbishop Ireland holds that prayers for peace should not be confined to Europe but should be universal in application. Speaking on "Peace" a few Sunday's since Mgr. Ireland said:—

"Let us also pray for peace in our neighboring republic of Mexico where bandits prowl about for pillage, trying to do away with everything that is sacred and conducting religious persecutions and atrocious things for whatever temporary gain may come to them—because the Church in Mexico is not running day after day to every revolution that comes up, but takes a stand for the preservation of law and order.

"The acts of these bandits challenge the attention and the intervention of the United States because by intervening before we have assumed a responsibility. So long as these attacks on priests and nuns and the Church continue, the United States stands responsible before the eyes of the world and Almighty God Himself."

The fraternal order that keeps the bigots will not profit thereby. We are loath to believe that there are Odd Fellow lodges in Rochester that encourage bigotry.

We wonder if William Sulzer really did make money out of his primary campaign and his other campaigns of 1914?

Let in the light of day into the sub-cellar gatherings of anti-Catholics. They are the "institutions" which need inspection, not Catholic and Jewish orphan asylums.

Oscar and Nathan Straus have let the people of New York state know that they have no sympathy with bigots or bigotry.

Even in wildest England the hand that rocks the cradle is probably not, as a rule, the hand that fires a church.

Should the Balkan strife be renewed on familiar lines the unspeakable Turk will soon have no disloyal subjects to rule over.

China wasn't ready for a republic, and we don't care to stomp any statesman by asking him what China is ready for.

Perhaps Dr. Anna Shaw is right in her opposition to the word obey in the marriage ceremony. It might as well not be there.

A city official in New York who has held his office twenty years says that a vacation is a bad thing. But how does he know?

Investigations of income tax returns may be relied on to produce further employment for the expert accountants and lightning calculators.

This is a billion dollar country in more ways than one. Young as electricity is in service, it costs the country a billion dollars annually.

Dr. Elliot could discover only three great poems, which convince us he never looked in the wastebaskets of leading literary magazines.

Speaking of the most accurate machine in the world, is there any that can beat the way your wife keeps tab on your pocket money?

Such has been the deterring influence of the gun men's electrifications that the average daily bumpings off in New York have decreased from two to eight.

Now if the British government were to decide to let the militants starve the prisoners would probably stuff them selves just to be consistently perverse.

He who knows the rules of common sense, says a Chinese sage, is below one who cherishes them. He who cherishes them is below one who follows them.

In any country but France a cabinet day would be considered a joke, but France is so fond of variety that it knows how to take a funny thing seriously and a serious thing jokingly.

New York enthusiastically announces that Sir Conan Doyle may become a resident of that burg. Showing that Sir Conan is something of a jester when he gets among the Gotham Rubes.

The Eiffel tower is being painted, which suggests that the number of Parisian idlers who stand around waiting for a painter to tumble must be larger than on previous occasions—because Paris is larger.

POTATOES AS FOOD.

At First Only the Seed of the Tubers Was Thought Fit to Eat.

When potatoes were first used for food it was the "seed" or "apple" that was used, and it was some time before the tuber was found to be the most delicious food. Up to the end of the seventeenth century the potato was out of the reach of people of moderate incomes. It is recorded that in 1662 potatoes were sold at 1 shilling (25 cents) a pound in the London markets, but the sale was small because so many people believed that the potato caused leprosy and fever. Others declared that they were endangering their souls if they ate the potato, since the tuber was not mentioned in the Bible.

The late Duke of Argyll in his history of Scotland says that little or nothing was known of the potato in Scotland until long past the middle of the eighteenth century. The Duchess of Buccleuch, in her "Household Book" for the year 1701, speaks of the potato as "an excellent of great rarity." Hugh Miller, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," says that his maternal grandfather about the year 1740 used to bring home in his pocket some three or four potatoes as great rarities grown by the gentry, for he was a friend of the head gardener at Bainsgown castle. Thomas Carlyle tells us that his father got possession of four potatoes and knew so little about them that he hid them away for a possible time of want and that potatoes were saved to be eaten at Halloween. There is no doubt that the Irish were the first people to recognize the value of the potato as a staple article of food.—Youth's Companion.

COLORED MOTION PICTURES

They Are Made by Using Screens of Red and Green Glass.

There are colored motion pictures that are made so by hand, each little picture being painted separately. In making pictures "in natural color" the film is the same as that of the ordinary motion picture. But in making it the speed is twice as fast, thirty two pictures to the second.

"Colored" pictures are photographed through mats or screens of colored glass. Two primary colors are used, red and green, with a sympathetic touch of blue. When the machine that makes the photograph is started a device causes the red screen to pass before the lens as the first photograph is taken, and the green screen passes the same way as the following picture is made. They continue to do so alternately as the film continues to be exposed.

The negative is developed and a positive printed, and when run through the projecting machine the color screens are used in the same way as when the negative was made, red and green pictures being flashed on the screen alternately. Those colors that are in sympathy with the red are brought out, and those that are in sympathy with the green are shown in the same way, and through the persistence of vision we do not notice the changes. Instead they blend harmoniously to our delight—Charles M. Seay in American Boy.

When Gas Was New. There is a tradition to the effect that when domestic lighting by gas was still a novelty Sir Walter Scott introduced it into every room and staircase of the house that he was building at Abbotsford and did so without provision for any unexpected failure. His entering into possession was made the occasion for a house warming on a scale of considerable magnitude, and in the very middle of the festivities all the lights suddenly went out. The guests were left in absolute darkness until such time as mounted messengers could return from Melrose, whither they had been dispatched with instructions to collect all the tallow candles and tin scones or candlesticks which the village contained.—London Times.

Function of Literature. "A book," said Dr. Johnson, "should show one either how to enjoy life or to endure it." Was ever the function of literature expressed more pungently or justly? Any man who enjoys or endures has a right to speak if he can help others to enjoy or endure. He has a right to speak, if he doubt as to his part in life, while if he cannot ecstatically enjoy he can at least good humoredly endure.—A. O. Benson in Century Magazine.

More Than He Needed. "At the end of five hours and a half if you are in town," said the judge, "you will be arrested on the same charge."

"You may live full hours of that time back," said the lawbreaker. "I can get along with the thirty minutes."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Scared. "What was the matter with old Boozle when he called the doctor at midnight last night?"

"He thought he had lost his sense of taste. His wife's hat was on the dining room table and he ate the grapes off it."—Houston Post.

Golden Fleece. The noted order of the Golden Fleece is a military one instituted by Philip the Good, duke of Burgundy, in 1429, on the occasion of his marriage with the Portuguese princess, Isabella. The order now belongs to both Spain and Austria.

If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone.—Franklin.

Our Motto: Dress Better-Pay Less

If you should decide to get An overcoat or suit, We'd like to have you come and try O'NEILL'S! They always suit. We always have the latest style, The best that you can get, We have a good line all the while And you'll get a perfect fit. The prices too, will just suit you, Because you'll find them low At O'NEILL'S on Webster Avenue, It's the place you'll always go. This same applies to hats and caps, Umbrellas, hats and hose, And sweaters and all winter wraps, You'll know, where your money goes. We'll press and clean that overcoat And make it look like new, We'd like to have you make a note That we call and deliver, too. Our store is always open From seven o'clock to ten, We thus make it convenient For every class of men. So when you decide to get Some clothing neat and new, Why not come down to us and let O'NEILL sell it to you.

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SALARIES OF SINGERS.

Present Day Stars Would Laugh at These Old Time Payments. In the good old days of 200 years ago or so singers and actors gave the world their greatest efforts for what was undoubtedly considered excellent remuneration, but what in these enlightened times of high priced voices and talents would seem to be pitifully small. And who shall say the performers of the past were not fully as capable as the pampered darlings of the present? The highest salary paid went to Chasse, who received 3,000 livres, or \$600, a year as her fixed salary, 1,000 livres extra for perquisites, 1,200 livres for Easter and 200 for bread, wine and boots, in those days an extraordinary allowance. Mlle. Aneler, the first soprano of her day, was a close second, with 4,800 francs, or nearly \$1,000, a year. Today a prima donna receives more than that for a single evening. In a year "La Camargo," the most beautiful woman of her day, received in France what many of the lesser singers of today receive in a week in dollars—2,700 francs. Louis XIV. had the reputation of being a most generous manager and dramatic agent, since he granted 200 livres (about \$40) for the first ten performances and about 100 livres for the following. The deviser of the ballet received 120 livres for the first six performances and sixty for later ones.—Argonaut.

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