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THE IMPATIENT ROBIN

ROBIN had started too early from the South that year. His little wife told him so, but he would not listen. "I suppose you want all the nice locations to be taken when we arrive," he said to her. So they arrived one morning, and though the sun was shining, the air was chilly, and poor little Mrs. Redbreast sat shivering on a limb of a tree, huddled against the trunk, while her lord and master sat on the end of a branch singing lustily. "What did I tell you?" said Robin. "We are not a bit too early; and now let us find a home." It was some time, however, before the warm spring days came, but they did, and with them the blossoms and the leaves, and then the fruit began to grow—cherries and apples and berries and all the things that the robins like to eat. Robin was impatient. He wanted a nice cherry pie, and when his little wife told him the cherries were green and hard he began to scold. "My mother used to make the best cherry pie I ever ate," said he, "and I know she used to use them when they were hard, because I used to stoop them for her." "Stone them!" exclaimed Mrs. Robin with wide-open eyes. "Whoever heard of stoning cherries for a pie? My mother never did. What did she do with the stones—make a soup?" inquired Mrs. Robin in rather a sarcastic tone of voice. "Yes, she made a soup, now I come to think about it, and that cherry-stone soup was the best I ever ate!" replied Mrs. Robin, thinking that was a clever idea. "Well, will you make a cherry pie today?" he asked. "But, Robin, the cherries are not fit to use yet," pleaded Mrs. Robin, fluttering about at the very thought of such a thing. "All right, I'll make one myself," said Robin, bristling his feathers. "I can make a pie as well as anyone." "All right, make one," said Mrs. Redbreast; and off she flew. When she returned late that afternoon everything was covered with a fine—even Robin's bill and wings—and a strong smell of something burned was in the air. "I made that pie all right," he said, nodding his head toward the pantry,



but I did not say I could bake one. I guess it is a little overdone, but the inside is all right, I am certain." On the pantry shelf stood a pie almost as black as Johnny Blackbird's coat, but Mrs. Redbreast did not make any remark. She looked around the kitchen and asked: "Where is the cherry-stone soup, Robin? I declare I am quite hungry for some." Robin rubbed his bill and stood on one foot and then on another. "Well, I do not seem to remember about that soup, after all. I guess I was mistaken. It was applecore soup she used to make instead of cherry-stone," he said. "I am glad there is one thing I can make that your mother did not know about, for if you once had tasted cherry-stone soup you would never forget it," replied Mrs. Redbreast. "Now, you fly out and sit on a limb and sing a while, and I will call you when I have the soup ready. Where are the stones?" Robin brought a basinful of stones, eyeing his wife all the time, but she looked so wise and knowing that he did not ask any questions or venture to give advice. In fact, he had done all the cooking he wished to do, and gladly flew out to sit on a limb and sing. Robin spread the fame of his wife's cherry-stone soup far and wide, and the little wives came to call on Mrs. Redbreast, all in a flutter to get her recipe for the wonderful soup. Then they all flew home to make a cherry-stone soup just as Mrs. Redbreast had cooked it, which goes to prove that all wives stick together when it comes to managing a husband. (Copyright.)

LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

THE TWO CAPTAINS.

ONE captain went clear through the war And never struck a blow; He came home with a perfect score— A perfect letter O. Citations never mentioned him, For, neither good nor bad, He came home safe in life and limb— But that was all he had. 'Twas Captain Go-and-Do, the man Who served his flag in France; And well and wisely he could plan Just how men should advance. As brave as any soldier true, No fight he ever won— He didn't know that Go-and-Do Gets very little done. Another captain came back home With honors that they gave, Came proudly sailing o'er the foam, The idol of the brave. (No braver man than Go-and-Do) They hailed him Marne to Metz— The other captain of the two Was Captain Come-on-Lets. The war is over, industry The soldier now demands; And yet the fate of nations we Still carry in our hands. O captains of the battle new, When business duty frets Are you a Captain Go-and-Do Or Captain Come-on-Lets? (Copyright.)

Uncommon Sense

By JOHN BLAKE

ENERGY IS CAPITAL.

LAKE cannot turn a turbine, though it contains more water than a cataract. All the knowledge you can accumulate in a lifetime will do you no good unless it can be translated into energy. The difference between doers and wishers in this life is a difference of energy. The wishers want things. The doers get them. It is hard work getting them, but energy is the force that can accomplish hard work. The reason you see so many men succeed whom you know to be no better fitted mentally than failures of your acquaintance is because the successful men are energetic. Energy is the driving force behind everything that is done. All of us have some of it, or we could not live. Those who have a great deal usually get along, unless they constantly misdirect it. There are, of course, energetic people who never get very far. But even they get farther than they would if they were content to sit still. If the maxim, "Everything comes to him who waits," were amended to read, "Nothing comes to him who waits," it would be true. As it stands it is one of the most misleading and dangerous falsehoods in existence. Your energy is your capital. Use it wisely and economically and it will pay you an almost usurious rate of interest. Half use it, or waste it on things that are of no value and you will just about make a living, which is a thing which no man of ambition wants to do. Education teaches us to use our energy profitably. An educated man can, or should, get more out of the same amount of energy than an uneducated man, exactly as a turbine gets more out of a column of falling water than the old-fashioned overshot wheel. Yet the energy must be there, or the Education teaches us to use our energy profitably. An educated man can, or should, get more out of the same amount of energy than an uneducated man, exactly as a turbine gets more out of a column of falling water than the old-fashioned overshot wheel. Yet the energy must be there, or the

LIFE'S SUNNY SIDE

Which? Cora—Every tongue in the college was wagging yesterday. Cousin Dick—Gossip or gum? Left High and Dry. "What made you drop out of the society?" "We didn't drop out; it slid out from under us." Not an Army. "He must be innocent." "What makes you think so?" "He's hired only one lawyer to defend him." And the Worm Turns. Rub—This work is an awful grind! Dub—Well, the boss is a crank!—Kansas City Star. Truly Transatlantic. North—How do you know Robb just arrived from Europe? West—He's whistling "Dardanella." The First Case. Adam and Eve were evicted. "We didn't think a whole apple a reasonable rent," they explained. The Good and Others. Unwin—The good die young. Sanwin—The others get married and wish they had! Poor Agnes Sipped. Katie—Agnes slipped on her veranda last night. Doris—Well, well. Did it fit her?

Something to Think About

By F. A. WALKER

THE ENNOBLING QUEST

SINCE the banishment of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden, there has been a quest among their kind which has continued without intermission. In this question there is at every turn of our hands and every shift of our eyes, signs of fear, doubt and greed. Time lightens not the labor of it, but the chase continues. All humans are in the struggle, seeking something—a cherished ideal or some tangible substance which they would gladly clasp to their bosoms and call their own. But the reward is for the faithful. The faithful and those who heed the teachings of the Golden Rule plod along uncomplainingly, steadily and silently like the tides. They accept conditions and do their best. They know not the petrifying fear that makes moral cowards of the legions, who shrink duty and are ashamed to soil their hands with the grime of honest toil. The commandment which says, "six days shalt thou labor" has no terrors for them, so they shoulder their burdens and march on to the end with clean souls and smiling faces. These are the real workers, the salt of the earth, the faithful and the trusting, the builders of nations. Life to them is endurable. It is sweet in the morning when the sun glids the east, seductive at night when they are tired and sleep comes unbidden and carries them to the land of dreams. They make agreeable friendships among their co-workers, and always have friends at home who are glad to welcome them. Their quest resolves itself into one of love, and in holding fast to divine precepts, it soon becomes their absorbing ambition. Their hearts are attuned to heaven's music. They have no wish to pile up gold, no greed that sours life, no fear of the outcome of their endeavors, no preference, except to do the will of the master and patiently await his reward at the end of their earthly journey. The idle know nothing of the supreme joys of those who labor and love. If you would have for your own the happiness which pays the richest dividends in life, let the ennobling quest of labor and love be yours until the end. (Copyright.)

YOUR HAND

How to Read Your Characteristics and Tendencies—The Capabilities or Weaknesses That Make for Success or Failure as Shown in Your Palm.

THE HAND OF A LAWYER.

TO JUDGE whether a person is fitted for success in the profession of law, note whether the hand possesses the following characteristics: The second phalanx of the thumb (between the first or nail joint, and the rest of the hand) should be long, strong and well proportioned. This indicates good reasoning power, a logical mind, and strong intellect generally. Now, as the will power in a lawyer must be strong, if he or she is to attain any rank in the chosen profession, the first phalanx of the thumb must also be markedly strong and well developed. Next, proceed to an inspection of the Line of the Head. Necessarily, this must be good. Eloquence must accompany the successful career in the law, and this is indicated by various signs, one of them being a decided line running between the second phalanx of the little finger and the third. (Copyright.)

LYRICS OF LIFE

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

LIVE LIKE A ROSE.

THE year is coming to a close; The days are falling one by one Like petals of a dying rose. A bloom that still in beauty goes When all her garden days are done. And what is life? It is a year, However many years it span— In childhood's springtime to appear, To live the summer of a man, And then to feel the autumn here. And what is death? The final day Of life's short year, a day like these When summer puts her gawb away And winter winds begin to play Their wild, tempestuous harmonies. Live like the rose: The roses bloom Not for themselves but for the earth, Pink lamps that garden walls illumine— A decoration for our mirth, A holy solace for the tomb. Die like a rose: Its petals fall— But it is sweetness to the end— Oh, it is something, after all, To be a rose beside the wall, Beside the way to be a friend. (Copyright.)

The Surgeon's Delusion

By MARVIN ST. JOHNS.

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IT was after the meeting of the International Congress of Surgeons that a few men lingered behind to exchange reminiscences and cigars. Barth, the famous surgeon, had recognized an old colleague from St. Bartholomew's in O'Leary, professor of anatomy at Royal College. "I'm going to tell you something, gentlemen, that I have never told anybody before," he said. (The discussion had run upon the curiosities of surgery and thence branched into strange fields of psychology.) This was the story: The head nurse looked in at the house surgeon's office just as he was preparing to go home. "Can you operate in fifteen minutes?" she asked. "It's an emergency case—an automobile accident." "I can," he said. "You can't find Dr. Turner?" "No, sir. You are the only surgeon in the hospital at this minute." "Very well," answered the house surgeon. "Name?" "Stephen Reynolds, the traction magnate. He was crushed under his auto. His wife has been notified." The house surgeon nodded his head. He knew Reynolds. He had loved Reynolds' wife for three years before their marriage. The engagement had been broken off because of a foolish quarrel and Lillian Reynolds and the house surgeon had never met since. The house surgeon hurried into the operating room, and the unconscious patient was wheeled into the theater. There was just one chance to save Reynolds' life, and it was so small that only the present desperate circumstances would justify taking it. The nerve which controlled the heart's action was unjured, but the artery which supplied it with blood was ruptured. The house surgeon knew that if he could suture the broken coats of this artery, the nerve would continue to function. If he failed to attempt this the nerve would gradually cease to perform its task; the heart's action would quietly stop, and Reynolds would be dead by morning. The house surgeon, intent as he was upon his task, was well aware of what was happening around him. There was no one present who had the technical knowledge which he possessed. He could apparently complete the operation and yet leave this artery untouched. No one would know what he had failed to do. The thought of Lillian and of the worthless man upon the table urged him like a goad. What was the Hippocratic Oath which every doctor takes, that it should weigh in the balance against the happiness of two people who loved each other? With perfectly steady hands the house surgeon picked up an adjacent artery and sewed its coats together with a fine needle, leaving that which supplied blood to the heart nerve untouched. The surgeon sewed up the external wound as swiftly as possible—roughly, almost. "Finely done, sir," said the chief surgeon, when the operator had concluded. The house surgeon looked at him. He knew that the chief surgeon had seen everything. He wondered at his words. "If your patient lives," said the chief surgeon, "you will become the most famous surgeon in this country. That process of cross-connection between an artery and a vein will open an epoch in surgery." The house surgeon went home. He was amazed to learn that Reynolds was recovering. Unconsciously, unintentionally, the house surgeon had stumbled upon a revolutionary principle in surgery. That day he met Lillian by the patient's bedside. She rose and followed him outside the room. "You have saved my husband's life," she said. The house surgeon bowed his head. He had nothing to say. "I think you are the noblest man I have ever met," she continued. "It was wonderful." She stretched out her hands impulsively. "Oh, I understand," she said. Stephen Reynolds got well and left the hospital in due course of time. And the house surgeon became one of the most famous surgeons of the day. And he carried his secret shame with him everywhere. The irony of it ate into his soul. Three years after this event Stephen Reynolds died. Six months afterward the house surgeon met Lillian. They were married a week later. "I'm glad you told me this, Barth," said O'Leary, raising his white head and looking at the speaker with his direct, disconcerting glance. (As the story progressed all had known that Barth was laying bare his own past.) "My God, man, have you carried that delusion in your mind for fifteen years?" O'Leary continued. "I saw the operation from beginning to end and I can tell you that your idea is absolutely a delusion from first to last. Barth got up slowly and looked at O'Leary with a dazed expression which suddenly gave way to joy. "I never saw a man so transformed. He looked ten years younger. "Thank you, O'Leary," he said quietly. "Excuse me, gentlemen. I must go home. I— We knew that he had gone to open his heart to his wife.

FATIMA WAS

But, According to the Story, She Has Lived in the Present Day

Fatima lived in the Seventh Century, but by all rhyme and reason she has lived in the present day. She could see her name on the boards and all the stars and planets, remarks a writer in the National Commercial Tribune. Fatima, the perfect woman of her time, married to a nobleman, one of the routes of Egypt, she bore three whose first names all started with All. Fatima was beautiful to behold and tried during her marriage to grab all the best looking boys in and about Mecca—which she Fatima is celebrated in cigarette ads. Fatima was a daughter of Mohammed, who wrote a number of volumes of spectacles and staged several plays at the Arabian Hippodrome, but she was shocked to death after seeing an American veralor. Fatima shook her first husband and started in to win Bluebeard, not that the noted butcher appealed to her, but she was curious to know what happened to so many women in Bluebeard's balliwick. Fatima was the symbol of feminine curiosity—in that, every time she heard of any local scandal, she said "I'll look into that." Fatima lived for 26 years, which was a long, long time when she considers the period, in which she thrived—if she did thrive—and the very fact that she lasted over the honeymoon period with Bluebeard is greatly in her favor. She was one of the first electrocuted of her day, being associated intimately with "Aladdin's lamp"—and lived to see her husband "lit up" several times during the darkest spells.

FIRST TO ILLUSTRATE BOOK

Roman Writer is Credited With Invention, Many Years Before the Coming of Christ.

Book illustrations are so common nowadays, and the various processes of reproducing pictures in print so highly developed, that it seems almost strange to contemplate the fact that there was a time when the first illustrated book created a veritable sensation. The event occurred in the year 960 B. C. Varro, a rather mediocre writer of ancient Rome, had been struggling for recognition for a good many years when he suddenly conceived the idea of preparing a volume containing the biographies of 700 of his most famous fellow-citizens. History is silent on the rather interesting question whether Varro charged them for his services or not, but it is loud in his praise as the first writer who conceived the idea of illustrating his work with portraits. They were crudely drawn, and as to whether they were good likenesses or not, will always remain an open question. But they were illustrations all the same, and after that the custom of embellishing historical works with drawings became a fad among the writers of those days. Jenny Lind in 1851. Anne Hollingsworth Wharton wrote in her book, "In Old Pennsylvania Towns," that while visiting in Hollidaysburg friends told her of other and more romantic associations, still recalled by old inhabitants who remembered Jenny Lind's visit to Blair county in 1851. Mr. Sawyer related an incident connected with the Swedish singer's stay at the Mountain house, which was situated at a railroad junction near Hollidaysburg. While at this hotel the singer engaged a carriage to take her up the mountain side and on reaching a place from which there was an extended view of the distant mountains, the valley and the Juniata flowing through it, she was so impressed by beauty of the scene that she greeted it with an outburst of song so exquisite, said the narrator, that the birds, her only hearers except the coachman, must have felt that a rival of their own kind had joined them. The view of the hill and valley may have reminded the Swedish nightingale of some scene in her own land, as the song with which she broke in on the stillness of the mountain side was "Home, Sweet Home."

Erie Canal Souvenir

Nearly 100 years ago, when the Erie canal was opened, De Witt Clinton poured a bucket of water from Lake Erie into New York bay as a mark of the opening exercises. The keel which was made use of on this occasion was preserved and now resides in the museum of the New York Historical society. Clinton was really the father of the Erie canal and worked up a sentiment in its favor in the face of the greatest opposition. After he had served without any compensation for 15 years on the canal mission he was summarily removed by his political enemies and this resulted in a boomerang for a sympathy was expressed for a canal which ultimately resulted in his election as governor. It was then he brought about the completion of the canal. Natural Gas. Conductor (to a well, you'd better watch out for the gas). Nervous Gas. Do you bring home gas?