

THE INTERMOUNTAIN CATHOLIC

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CARD FROM BISHOP SCANLAN.

I feel it my duty to protect Catholics and the public generally from fraud and imposition by notifying them from time to time that no person bearing the name and garb of a priest or sister, or anyone else, is authorized or permitted to solicit or collect in this diocese for any purpose, whether connected with the Catholic Church without having from me permission in writing, bearing my seal and signature. Should anyone be found engaged in doing this unlawful work or collecting without such a document, be it as she, as the case may be, should be regarded by all as a fraud and an impostor.

L. SCANLAN,
Bishop of Salt Lake.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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THE LAND OF EMPTY CRADLES.

The "Red Series," as the newspapers call the daily list of murders and the satanic crimes of violence in Paris, in the large cities, and in the provinces, is not, as some French optimists declare, a passing phase. The French voting public has broken with Christianity, has scattered the seeds of independent thought and independent morality in the furrows of society, and France is now reaping the harvest. Not alone as a prophet, but as a student of history, did Isaiah declare: "The people who will not serve God shall perish." And France is today, in fulfillment of the prophet's declaration, a nation drifting to its ruin.

Statistics show the tide of crime in France, during the last thirty years, has been, as in the United States, steadily rising, the figures almost doubled in that period.

What criminologists, like the late Signor Lombroso, regard as a most disquieting symptom is the enormous proportional increase of juvenile crime. The proportion of murders and attempted murders on the part of young people between the ages of 16 and 21 is startling. The bands of armed "Apaches"—thugs, thieves and murderers—which infest Paris are for the most part boys between 16 and 20, whose parents are enemies of all religion and all constituted authority.

But this increase of young criminals is not the most serious symptom of national decay. Two hundred years ago, when France was Christian, and known as "Catholic France," her population was forty per cent of that of the great powers of Europe. One hundred and fifty years ago the drift from the Christian harbor began and today her population has shrunk to twelve per cent. How to fill her empty cradles is the problem Frenchmen are trying to solve.

The fact that in the year 1908 there were 25,203 more deaths than births in France recalls the words of the famous Von Moltke to Bismarck that: "Germany will never again be forced into a war with France, for France will destroy itself." One hundred years ago the population of France numbered one-fourth of Europe; today its population is one-eighth. All the nations of Europe are profiting by the sad example of the lingering death of France which, if she continues to perpetuate race-suicide upon herself, will in time reduce her to a third power.

There are no statesmen in France today, and politicians are poor mathematicians.

In 1700 the population of France was 20,000,000; of Great Britain and Ireland, 8,000,000; of Austria, 12,000,000. The populations of these countries today are: France, 39,000,000; Great Britain and Ireland, 40,000,000; Austria, 47,000,000. Moreover, the population of these nations is increasing, except France, whose people are diminishing, although she sends out fewer emigrants by far than any other great country. That last year there were several thousands more deaths than births in France is an alarming fact. Facts are stubborn things to deal with, and French economists and military men are at last becoming alarmed. In their despair the patriots of France have founded the "Popular League of Fathers and Mothers of Numerous Families" and "The National Alliance for the Increase of the French Population."

The "Patriots" have enlisted the co-operation of the great railway companies, both state and private, and have prevailed upon them to grant supplementary allowances, amounting to about three francs the week, to those of their employees who have large families.

A few weeks ago a wily politician, knowing the amiable weakness of his countrymen for ribbons, proposed the establishing of a new "Order of Merit," whose decorations were to be bestowed on the sires of large families.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon, chief of the statistics bureau of the city of Paris and president of the National Alliance, has delved deeply into the problem, but confesses his inability to solve it, unless the state returns to the monarchical law of primogeniture; that is, willing the land, estate or property to the eldest son, who cannot dispose of it, but must hold it intact for his eldest son or heir, and so on.

His Holiness, the Pope, has no faith in any of these specifics for the national disease. "Tell the French people," he is reported to have said in the body of an address lately delivered to a group of French pilgrims visiting the shrine of St. Peter, "that there is no hope for France unless her people return to Christian principles and to a Christian education. A Godless nation is a nation retrograding."

We do not know what the future has stored away for the impulsive and light-hearted people of this great European power, but in sympathy with her best friends, we fear the worst and hope for the best.

DECLINE OF FAMOUS FAMILIES.

There was a remarkable book written some fifty years ago by Sir Bernard Burke. The Baronet called his book "The Vicissitudes of Noble Families." Reading in the New York Sun last week a pathetic history of the decay of one-time notable families of New York City, we were reminded of Sir Bernard's interesting researches, and we again looked through the work to find out if the popular adage, "from shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves" and three generations, was as applicable to Great Britain as to the United States. We discovered it was not, but we found some very sad and melancholy examples of the decline of great families. For instance, among the descendants of Thomas Plantagenet, Duke of Gloucester, fifth son of Edward III, King of England, was Stephen J. Penny, who was, not many years ago, sexton of a London church, on a salary of two hundred and fifty dollars a year.

Among the lineal descendants of Edmund of Woodstock, Earl of Kent and sixth son of Edward I, occur a butcher and a tax collector.

A story is told of a scion of the great house of Urquhart of Cromarty, who was obliged by his poverty to sell his inheritance, and who, sinking step by step to the lowest depths of wretchedness, came at last a wandering beggar to the door of the castle which had once been his own.

No race in Europe surpassed the Plantagenets in royal position and personal achievements, and yet, not to descend further than the year 1637, the great-grandson of Margaret Plantagenet, daughter and heiress of George, Duke of Clarence, followed the trade of a shoemaker in Newport, England.

Fraser of Kirkhill relates that he saw the Earl of Traquair, cousin of James VI, begging in the streets of Edinburgh. "He was," says Fraser, "dressed in an antique garb, and wore a broad, old hat, short coat and tattered breeches, and I contributed towards his relief. He was standing with his hat off, and received the pieces of money from my hand as humbly and thankfully as the poorest beggar."

One of Cromwell's granddaughters, after seeing her husband die in the poorhouse, died herself a pauper, leaving two daughters, the eldest the wife of a shoemaker, and the younger the wife of a butcher who had been her fellow servant. Another of Oliver Cromwell's granddaughters had two children, one of whom, the son, became a clock repairer, and the other, a daughter, the mistress of a small school.

Before his death, Cromwell's family possessed estates equal to the wealthiest peers of the present day, but less than a hundred years after he had passed away his great-grandson was a small grocer on Snow Hill, and this man's son, Oliver, the last male heir of the line, a struggling attorney in London.

When the twelfth Earl of Crawford was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle to restrain his recklessness and prodigality, he left one child, a daughter, who, having no one to look after her, received not a scrap of education and was allowed to run about like a gypsy. She eloped with a low fellow, and at one period of her life lived by begging. Charles II granted her a pension of one hundred pounds (\$500) a year, but owing to her utter degeneracy it did her more harm than good. The male heir of this aristocratic family died in 1744, at a beach-house at Kirkwall, Orkney Islands, where he was a hostler receiving tips from travelers. The estate had been dissipated by the "spendthrift Earl," his father, Lord Lindsay, Earl of Crawford. The son and heir to the earldom inherited a small property on which he resided for a few years, but through adverse fortune this also was lost, and to save himself from starvation he went to the Orkney Islands and became a hostler.

The great Irish actor, Tyrone Power, writes in his "Travels in America," 1833, that while in New Orleans he conversed with two dock laborers who were lineal descendants of two Irish Kings, and that at the Planter's House, St. Louis, he spoke with a luggage porter whose grand uncle was the Scotch Earl of Moncrieff. Of these and such as these the poet wrote:

Fictions and dreams inspire the bard
Who rolls the epic song;
Impoverished knights have no reward,
To them no bays belong.

THE STRANGE YOUNG MAN.

There is a prevailing delusion that the only homeless people in our city deserving of sympathy are young children cast upon the world. In the Christmas stories the orphan child is always the object of the reader's interest. And there can be no more pathetic object than the little orphan left to the mercy of the world—homeless and friendless—if Christian charity does not come to its rescue. But there are the homeless ones at Christmas time who seem doubly homeless at this season of the year, when families gather together and the word Home receives new luster. No pathos, no sentiment touches these. They are seldom the heroes of Christmas stories. They are supposed to be able to take care of themselves. They are not poor; they have enough to eat. They wear fine linen and coats of the newest fashion. They frequent the theatres, and they are not unknown in the pool rooms and billiard saloons. They are not persecuted by ruthless landlords, for they generally pay their rent—that is, their board bills. Yet the temptations to which their homeless condition exposes them are innumerable. These are the home-

less young men who live in our boarding houses or roomers who dine at restaurants.

Take the homeless young man who has worked all day. He wants recreation at night, and as a rule he cannot find it outside of public resorts. If he comes to Salt Lake—as nearly all young men do—without letters of introduction, he is as much alone, socially, as if he were on a sheep range or a mesquite prairie. He may pick up acquaintances—young men who will accompany him to various places of amusement, and young women whose parents are complaisant enough to let him escort them to public dance halls. But, if he be a Catholic, without good letters of introduction, his opportunities of making desirable social connections will be exceptionally rare.

The non-Catholic who "unites" with a Protestant church has greater chances of being admitted into self-respecting family circles, because among Protestants the church organization is the social hub. If he makes the acquaintance of his "pastor" and engages in a reasonable amount of "church work," he has offered to him a hundred opportunities of spending his evenings agreeably and profitably.

But a young Catholic, a stranger in our midst, may assist at Mass, Sunday after Sunday, without once receiving the slightest recognition from people among whom he habitually kneels. The young Catholic stranger, without letters of introduction to some Catholic family, is in a position similar to that of Moore's Peri at the gate of Paradise. That he is a Catholic, one of the household of the faith, is no recommendation whatever to the heads of the families who see him in church every Sunday. There is no complaint to be made of this. The Church is not an organization created for social purposes. And there is no reason why a Catholic father should be expected to invite to his home every strange young man he meets at church. Nevertheless, a little kindly interest in and a little quiet inquiring into the character of these strange young men would be very Christian, and perhaps be, in its results, the means of saving them from dangerous associations.

We may not sympathize with the spirit of the Young Men's Christian associations, nor with some of their methods, but we cannot help admiring the zeal and enterprise of the officials and directors who hold out every legitimate inducement to the strange young man "just come to town" to identify himself with the organization and shake "the glad hand" extended to him. We cannot afford to sneer at the Y. M. C. A.; not till we have done as much for our young Catholics, and not even then. The sneer came into fashion with Voltaire, and there is always a suspicion of sulphur about it. There may be hypocrites in the Young Men's Christian association. We say there may be, we do not say there are. But hypocrisy is an old leprosy. It was not introduced even by Judas. Before we sneer or gibe, let us find out some means of providing as thoroughly for the leisure hours of our young man as this Protestant organization has done and is doing. This we have not done yet.

The temptations to dissipation, late hours, extravagance—to the attractions of Luther's wine, web and Gesang—are exceedingly strong; and few young men, homeless and weary of the routine of work, entirely escape them. The Protestants of Salt Lake are taking care of their young men and strange young men settling in our midst. The Mormons are ready to open their splendid gymnasium, amusement hall and reading room for their young men. The sectarian churches have their socials, assemblies, and conversations where their young people meet under the eyes of the elders and preceptors. Now what are we Catholics doing? To ask our clergy to take the initiative would be unfair to them, for they already are overworked and have more than they can do. What are we Catholic laymen going to do about it?

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

"Christmas is such a bore," we heard a good woman remark as she took the elevator in one of the department stores of the city. And then, as the elevator went up, she told her friend how she was buying presents for her friends, and how she wondered if they would like her selections.

And the woman probably voiced the opinion of a great many others. The giving of Christmas presents to one's friends is a very commendable thing to do—if it is not a bore. But when the selection of presents is a source of worry, might we not as well abandon the practice? It has been truly said that this is a commercial age and that ours is a commercial nation, but there does not seem to be any reason why we should commercialize our celebration of the birth of our Savior. If we give presents at all, we should give them out of the fullness of our hearts. That seems to be the only right spirit in which to view the giving of presents. The giving of gifts should cheer the heart of the giver more than the heart of the recipient. If that feeling is absent, the spirit of the giver is not true to the spirit of the celebration. For Christmas and cheer are naturally associated. In no other holiday celebration is the combination thought of. We do not hear of a Merry Fourth of July or a happy Easter, or cheer connected with any other holiday celebration or festival. Cheer is a part of the Christmas season. And anything that tends to make the season a "bore" is not rightly an attribute of the celebration.

If we would rightly appreciate the Christmas season and the cheer which is its universal accompaniment, we must reflect on the sentiment that ushered in the first Christmas—the coming of our Lord to redeem the earth and to save mankind from destruction. Think on this subject; let it take possession of the mental faculties and reign supreme for a moment—this first Christmas, the Child in the manger, with His sainted Mother by His side. Throughout the ages there is no event, and there can never be any event, which measures up in importance to the world with this. Today we celebrate the birth of our nation, yet in ages past celebrations of events of similar importance have been carried on by the people of the world. Yet the nations of the past grew strong and great and then died. It is the way of all things earthly. As men are born, grow into sturdy manhood, reach

their zenith and then decline and die, so do nations. The things that remain forever unalterable are God Himself and the institutions of God. "I am with you unto the consummation of the world."

There is nothing about the Christmas season that should make it a "bore." If the giving of presents has become a "bore," it is an institution that should be removed, for the message brought by our Lord was one of cheer and good will toward men. That message has shed its beneficent influence upon the human race for more than nineteen hundred years; upon the prince and the pauper, upon the king and the peasant, the merchant prince and the laborer. It has survived the onslaughts of the enemies of Christ and His church; it has endured the passions of mankind, and after each struggle it has risen higher in its ennobling influence upon the world, and with each succeeding year furnishes its inspiration to a better life, a more near approach to the ideals of our Lord and Master. When worldly cares thrust themselves upon us and obscure the vision, perhaps more than any other time, the need of the Christmas cheer and comfort of the divine message is needed. Let us not obscure the real sentiment behind our celebration by making it a "bore." Inward peace, "the larger heart, the kinder hand," the light of faith to guide us—these are the animating forces which make for Christmas cheer, blessings, the possession of which indicates a growth in the true celebration of the birth of our Lord. Let us strive for these things rather than a display of gifts, the giving of which has so aptly been denominated a "bore."

"A HAPPY CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR."

Not because it is a custom, simply, but sincerely and heartily, we wish all our subscribers, friends and readers, a very happy Christmas and New Year. This from the bottom of our heart we wish to all our readers. And they are not to be kept from having it by any events of time. Sorrow sits by many a hearth-stone. There are vacant places that on other Christmas days were filled by those who made the old Christmases what they were.

There is disease, and there is danger of death, in other households. There is hard and groping poverty in some. There are sufferings and sorrows at other firesides. No one of us is without some special sorrow. And long observation convinces us that even those few who cannot find in their present lot any reason for sorrow, are least to be envied. Happiness, in this world, ought to make the heart of its wise possessor greatly afraid. It is because it is sure to have its bitter conclusions. It is the highest and truest wisdom, sanctioned by experience, that they who are in open suffering and sorrow are the most happy. You who suffer from poverty or physical pain, or from anguish of whatever kind, be glad and rejoice that you may be deemed one day worthy to be counted among those "that are clothed in white robes" and of whom the Angel of God spoke, when he said to John, the Divine: "These are they who have come out of great tribulation, and who hath borne grief and suffered sorrows."

This is the Christmas happiness we wish, above all, for each of our readers and friends—a more complete reconciliation with Him, Who, at this time, is offered to us as the Holy Infant, who is to be found with His Mother, and Who became man for us, and for our salvation. This reconciliation found, then will come the cheerful and happy heart that every Christian ought to have at Christmas.

PASTORAL OF BISHOP SCANLAN.

The Pastoral address of his Lordship, the Right Reverend Bishop Scanlan, which we publish on our initial page, calls for more than a passing reading. It is a vocal meditation on the life of Our Blessed Lord, and is worthy of the sympathetic heart and charitable impulses of a great missionary priest and kindly Bishop who in his day experienced the tribulations of poverty and the hardships of a self-denying life in the desert and in the mining camp. It is more than an expression of admiration for the sublime lessons of piety and self-denial taught by the New Testament; it is an expression of profound belief in the divinity of Christ, in the miracles He wrought when on earth, and the rehabilitation of the human race which Christ, Our Lord, effected. But its dominant note is the identification of Our Blessed Redeemer with the trade of the wage-earner, with his labor, his fatigue and sufferings. This address of our Bishop invites attention, in an especial manner, to the sympathy of our Savior for all forms of human sorrow, for physical pain and mental anguish; and it lays stress above all on the wonderful change for the betterment and uplifting of the human race accomplished by the doctrines and the sacraments of Jesus Christ, our Lord and our God. We earnestly recommend you to read carefully this admirable address.

HOME RULE.

The dispatches from England indicate that the Irish Nationalists have joined forces with the Liberals in the coming election, this circumstance no doubt resulting from the announcement of Premier Asquith that he favored home rule for Ireland. Further than this, it was pointed out that home rule was delayed by the failure of the house of lords to pass the budget, which resulted in the dissolution of parliament and the calling of a general election. While it might be presumptuous to argue the case at this distance from the seat of England's political troubles, nevertheless it seems patent that Premier Asquith is playing politics and favors home rule to secure the votes of the Irish Nationalists.

It must be said, however, that the Liberal party from the days of Gladstone is the only one that has ever given any encouragement to the home rulers, though the constant failure to grant the demands for a parliament sitting in Dublin should dull the enthusiasm with which each recurring announcement of "favoring" home rule is received. "Home rule" is a great campaign war-cry; it gets votes, and it looks as if the Liberals will be returned.

But the fact that the Liberals and Premier As-

quith are favorable to home rule is not necessarily an indication that such will be the result of the continuation of the Liberal government. Political promises and performance are somewhat different in Great Britain and Ireland as well as in America. Home rule is like the fish that gets away. You are just about to land the fish when the line snaps or the hook breaks. Home rule is a good campaign cry, but when the time comes to act, there is as much in tradition and history and so much precedent to follow as to the indivisibility of the empire that some part of the machinery has always slipped—and may slip again. It is hard to be enthusiastic over the prospects at this distance.

THE COLD SNAP.

It is perhaps just as well to take the weather bureau on faith when it says the past week had the coldest December day in Salt Lake in thirty years. The oldest inhabitant will back the weather bureau in the statement. It was frizzly for Salt Lake, to be sure, though the thermometer failed to go as low as zero, and no one ought to complain if the thermometer refuses to seek the bulb. It was cold enough, however, to make an impression on the coal pile—the coal pile which all wise men (or men with the price) laid in last fall to last all winter—and many was the man who viewed the vanishing black diamonds and tried to figure out how much coal would be there the first of May.

It is a peculiar fact that stoves and furnaces get spiteful moods when the thermometer goes down. For some reason a furnace that will work admirably at all times when it is not especially needed will take on a perverse attitude which defies the skill of mere man—and his wife, too—when it is desired to have just a little more heat in the house. It is a privilege the furnace has, no doubt, along with all other inanimate things, of becoming perverse. The fire never goes out except when the weather record for thirty years is broken. And then, of course, it has to be rekindled.

How patiently are the ashes removed from the grate! The reflection naturally comes that the furnace will work much better for having been cleaned. Then a goodly supply of paper and kindling, a great deal more than seems necessary to ignite the coal, are carefully placed and the match applied. Triumphant the fire builder stands back to await the ignition, but what a sickly blaze is that which lights up the inside of that furnace! The paper burns, and part of the kindling, but the coal doesn't even get hot. Epithets—

But let us draw the curtain.

The Deseret News Christmas number was up to its enviable standard in every respect. It contained one hundred and four pages of write-ups and fine illustrations. The entire Intermountain region is well advertised, and no industry has been overlooked. The News is a credit to the Utah press, and is entitled to congratulations.

Discussion as to the size of Edward H. Harriman's fortune has been quieted by the report of the appraisers of the estate, who have placed a value on the late railroad magnate's holdings of \$149,000,000. The inheritance tax of New York state is 1 per cent, and the state will collect \$1,490,000 as its profits from the work of the railroad.

City employees of Denver have been forbidden to make contributions for gifts to others who receive a higher salary than themselves in the municipal service. No objection, however, will be made if higher-salaried employees give to those about them who draw less pay. The mayor in his order does not state his own compensation.

It is noticeable that few women nowadays have their pictures taken with their hats on. Probably they remember the laughs caused by the pictures of their ancestors taken in ante-bellum days.

In the light of recent developments, it appears that a knowledge of safe combinations is as important in the trust field as among the bank burglar fraternity.

An inventor has a fishing rod that will accurately weigh and measure every fish that is caught, but nothing is needed to weigh and measure those that get away.

The hardest thing in the world for a man to understand is why his wife can't get through her head some things he doesn't understand himself.

You can't be a musician by merely listening to the phonograph or automatic piano. You have to learn to play them first.

Maybe George Barnyard Pshaw could enlighten the deficient American people on the subject, "How old is Ann?"

The ordinance requiring the cleaning of snow from the sidewalks is enforced about as diligently as in previous winters.

Wonder if it was not a lover of the lilaceous plant with the strong-flavored bulb who first got a baited breath.

The small boy just at this season would be sure it was Santa Claus if Opportunity came battering on the door.

Some people think they are awfully good, because they do a kind deed or two in the course of their lifetime.

Somebody ought to send a little benzoin to soda down to Central America to help preserve the peace.

Failure in one line is sometimes only an indication that success will be the result in another.

Another objection to a squeaking boot is that it always wakes the baby when you enter the house.

Certainly the fellow with "hush money" in his pocket appreciates that silence is golden.