

## The Necessity For A Constructive Viewpoint.

Positive Attitude Should Characterize Catholic Social Activity.

Dr. Ryan's Contribution Toward that End.

Negativeness of any kind goes but a little distance. It accomplishes but little at any time, and in the end practically nothing. Criticism of false proposals is indeed needed—and needed greatly—but criticism which is not coupled with a recognition of real existing evils, responsible for the erroneous doctrines, and which is unconnected with sound and constructive ideas of positive action is barren and wasteful. In the social field, which should be the occasion of so much grave consideration for us, this is strikingly the case. There has certainly been enough evidence furnished during the past few years to show that conditions in this country require radical attention and reform. The governmental reports as to the distribution of wealth, the holding of valuable natural resources by certain small numbers of the people, the increase in land values, the whole uncertainty and insecurity of our economic structure—should make us realize that changes are necessary for the great mass of the people. It is this very necessity for change which gives extreme and destructive proposals the occasion for their existence.

Catholics should, therefore, not alone be concerned with the correctness and evils of certain popular ideas, but should be equally anxious to positively find some remedy for the injustices which give rise to these ideas. They should not spend all their energies in attacks upon radical propaganda, as necessary as this may be, but should also strive to carefully study the disquietude of the times and make some step forward for its correction. The congested conditions in the cities, for instance, with all the social and economic ills that they contain, which give color and excuse for the spread of birth control among the poorer classes and the proposition to confiscate the land, cannot be allowed to continue. So far as native Irish are concerned, while we content ourselves merely with a broadside upon the destructive doctrines, we must strive to go into the depths of these questions and root out the causes which give a shade of half save the armless, legless, eye-strutted to these ideas which are being spread far and wide.

This is not an easy task, it is true, for our social problems are not simple affairs but very complex matters. One of the great attractions in such proposals as Socialism and Single Tax is that they offer a simple remedy as a panacea for all the ills from which we are suffering. The causes of our difficulties are complex and intertwining—and a simple remedy at the best looks at but one side of a many sided shield. We must not allow the intricacy of the situation to discourage us and cause us to withdraw. The duty is to meet the condition and do something in the matter, and our reluctance may bring the whole house of social cards down upon our necks and those of our fellows.

We can take encouragement in such a view in that leaders are rising up among us to give us the proper viewpoint, so much desired. Dr. John A. Ryan has already done much in this direction by his well known work on "A Living Wage" and his various smaller articles on minimum wage legislation. He has not confined himself to such efforts as his debate with Hillquit or his other refutations of Socialism, but has come forward with some positive proposals. In his newly issued book on "Distributive Justice", just off the Macmillan press, he adds another contribution to positive, constructive reform. He acknowledges that the matter is complex and tedious, but he stoutly breaks the stream of difficulties and clearly lays down certain ideas of change which will decidedly make for better and more equitable conditions. He does not rest content with merely showing in a clear-cut and convincing

fashion the errors of the Socialists and Henry George men in their attacks on the justice of private property, but he likewise states that the right of private property has been greatly exaggerated and proceeds to outline certain proposals for relief in regard to our unsatisfactory land situation that will do much good. He does not merely refute radical suggestions concerning industrial affairs but shows how through a legal minimum wage, the activity of trade unions and an increase in co-operation we could do much, together with other state action, to equalize the present untenable situation in industry. He emphasizes strongly the necessity of distributing superfluous wealth upon the part of those who have more than enough to satisfy their necessary wants. We note, in other words, throughout his entire work a positive, constructive, tone that is refreshingly welcome.

It is to be hoped that there will be in this country more efforts in this direction, not alone in treatises of this kind, but in actual activity on the part of Catholics toward reform. They should enter into the life of the community—basing their actions always on true Christian principles. These principles, they must realize, are decidedly positive in their essence, and so must their action be. Catholic attacks on Socialistic and other radical propaganda should not be mere apologies for capitalistic and agrarian exploitation and oppression. There must be the clear and positive view that present ills must be corrected, but in the right way. That is the thing greatly to be desired.

C. B. of C. V.

Irish Press and News Service

## Ireland At Bay

By James K. McGuire.

Five hundred thousand young men, the last remnants of an old race, are struggling to keep off the death damp from their brows once they are marched to the Somme, where the bones of the Irish regiments rot in nameless graves.

The lads of a year ago are gone. So far as native Irish are concerned, the Munster Fusiliers, the Connaught Rangers, the Ulster division, Redmond's Volunteers and Devlin's men from Belvedere are the most dead. None return causes which give a shade of half save the armless, legless, eye-strutted to these ideas which are being spread far and wide.

The wastage of the Irish regiments shall no longer be supplied from our bone and sinew, is the cry that goes out to the conquerors and rulers of Ireland. "No Socialism and Single Tax is that more. We have given enough. Come and take us by force from our cabins. We can die but once, which we are suffering. The cause of our difficulties are complex and intertwining—and a simple remedy at the best looks at but one side of a many sided shield. We must not allow the intricacy of the situation to discourage us and cause us to withdraw. The duty is to meet the condition and do something in the matter, and our reluctance may bring the whole house of social cards down upon our necks and those of our fellows.

The tremendous casualty list of half a million is omitted. Newspapers announce tremendous Roumanian gains in Transylvania when the truth is they have been driven out of that country with one-fourth of their army destroyed.

Thirteen German priests, who have been interned in British prisons since October 24, 1914, have arrived in San Francisco en route from Sydney, Australia, to Germany.

They are traveling under guarantee of safe passage from England, and, like prisoners of war, were exchanged for interned British priests in Germany.

They all were stationed in the island of Ceylon and are members of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate.

## A Real Thanksgiving

Continued from last week.

"Oh, well, it's not for you or I to question, Nora. When he comes, poor man, I'll see him. Maybe he has a heavy heart and is in distress. Sure I think this will be a lean Thanksgiving for many. Well, God be praised, we have our health and we ought to be forever grateful. But my poor people—"

A ring at the door and in a few minutes Father Van was pushing a chair towards the fire for his visitor. The man was unkept-looking and, as Nora well said, had a frightened look as though he were haunted or in grave danger.

"Well, my good man," queried Father Van kindly, "is there anything I can do for you?"

The man started quickly, grasped the hand of the priest and half cried out, "Oh, you can help me and only you next to God Himself. I am almost insane through fear. I am a hunted man—"

"Take your time, my good man, and tell me all about it. If you are in distress, I will do all I can for you. We are very poor here this year, and have little to spare, but what we have we gladly divide with others less fortunate. Go on."

"It's not that, Father. Indeed, I am not hungry, nor in want of clothes. I have plenty, but I am in awful distress of mind. I am— I hate to say the word—but I am a thief—and I want you to save me from prison."

"A thief!"—and good Father Van mused quietly. He had taken a sharp look at his visitor and noted that he was a man of evident refinement. In a few minutes' conversation he learned that he, also, was an educated man, and then like a flash it went through his brain that here must be a victim of intemperate eating and drinking.

"You want me to help you, good friend," said the priest sadly. "I want to too, but how are we to begin?"

"Here," said the man half-choking with emotion, and drawing a package from his inside pocket with difficulty. "Here is thirty thousand dollars which I have fished—embezzled—stolen—or whatever you wish to call it—from my employers. I made false entries, used the money in speculation and fled in fear. Fortunately some of my stock was gilded and I realized. I know I am a hunted man. I know I have disgraced myself, but I want to try and get back to my family, and the only way in which I can do this is to have someone take this money to my old employers and try and induce them to square things with the officers of the law. I am almost crazed with worry. My conscience has been stinging me day and night ever since I fled two years ago."

"But first tell me, my good man, how you happened to come to me, in this out-of-the-way place?"

"For the very reason that it is out of the way. Furthermore I must tell you that I have been living in the mining country, under an assumed name, for some months, and lately I met several laborers, like myself, who have been singing your praises and telling their companions of the wonderful works of mercy you have accomplished here. I knew I would be safe in coming to see you. I am not afraid of you—though I am not a Catholic. Several of my relatives are converts and one time, before temptation beset me, I had pious intentions."

"And maybe it was a temptation—trying your strength and inclinations! Maybe, too, you will make all the more staunch a Catholic, if grace is given you in future. You know God's ways are wonderful, dear friend, and many of His wise plans are shattered through the stubbornness of poor nature."

"You will go," asked the man, now weeping quietly and bitterly.

"Oh, you know that! But prom-

ise me you will say a little prayer that we both may be successful in our undertakings."

The conscience-money turned into the coffers of the big Chicago firm made a stir in the private offices, and Father Van had to use considerable persuasion in order to secure the consent of the proprietors that no harm would come to the penitent clerk.

One of these men, more honorable than his associates, felt that the priest should be recompensed for his traveling expenses, and questioning the latter as to his parish, its size, location, etc., surprised those present at the confidential session, by handing him a check for five hundred dollars. Little did he realize the boon this sum was to the missionary of God whose heart was heavy over the demands pressing upon him so heavily. In grateful words, he expressed his thanks for the munificent gift, and when he said that he would have walked the distance to and fro, in order to do what he considered only a God-given mission, the hard calculators of stocks and bonds looked on their amazement.

With a light heart Father Van returned to St. Rose. All the journey homeward he planned what he would do with the money rolled tight in his worn pocketbook, and sometimes, when he figured out the calls he intended to settle, he would grow a bit discouraged to think that the five hundred dollars, munificent as it seemed when first given him, had dwindled to a widow's mite when he balanced the debit to his paid.

"And thank Heaven, now we can have a new roof on the rectory," ejaculated Nora when she learned of Father Van's gift—though she never knew the source of it.

"We will have to do while yet with the old one, Nora. Doctors are needed when one is ill, and you know there has been much sickness amongst the poor people that he, also, was an educated man, and then like a flash it went through his brain that here must be a victim of intemperate eating and drinking.

"Humph," sniffed Nora, as she set the table for the frugal meal; and "Humph" when said in a sniffling tone by this aged guardian of St. Rose's rectory meant volumes.

"What with boardin' strangers, giving out the back door to the poor, the little that is sent in the front, it's small wonder I have to stretch things to make a decent meal. Five hundred dollars and holes in the roof—Glory be—"

The penitent man, who remained quietly at the rectory until the return of Father Van from Chicago, did so in fear and trepidation. He knew the steely heart of his old employers, their unalterable decision, and he knew, too, that much of his own misery had been caused through theavariciousness of these men of steel and iron;—men whose only idea of religion was the giving of a donation occasionally that some club might have new swimming-baths or an up-to-date gymnasium. He did not fear the good priest. He trusted him absolutely, for he was not his own heart quickened to religious fervor once he clasped his friendly hand, and was he not determined to do right in future, and determining thus, he felt that God would not desert him—now that grace was his. But he did not fully realize the magnitude of the servant of God who charged of the orphanage in Jaffna, Ceylon.

"One day," he writes, "an aged pagan woman, so ill that she was hardly able to drag herself, appeared at the door leading to the little girl. 'Swami,' she entreated, 'you see how sick I am. I have no one to care for me, and in a few days I shall have to go to a hospital where I shall soon die. I beseech you to take my grandchild. She is an orphan and will be all alone when I pass away. I know she will be well cared for with the Catholic priests. Oh, try to make room for her.'

"With an aching heart I was obliged to turn the dying creature away. There was no room for the little girl in the orphanage, and no money to feed her even if shelter were to be found. Poverty hurts at such moments."

grieved to think that in a world teeming with riches there was to be found even one of God's anointed so neglected and despised. But he remembered, too, that the poor is, and always will be found with us, and only among God's chosen few is poverty greatest.

Then he decided to make use of his own preserved stocks, and in what better way could he do good than in devoting his future to the splendid man who was so self-sacrificing and who so gladly took him into his home and cared for him as a brother—irrespective of creed or race.

Never had St. Rose's parish a more bountiful Thanksgiving. Every poor family received turkey or chicken, with all its trimmings, and in the evening the school was given over to entertainment for young and old at which worn mothers found themselves smiling happily for the first time in months.

When the news spread that Brown & Co. had decided to lease an empty store and begin work at once, joy reigned, and letters were hurriedly sent to old employees urging them to hasten home. The people thronged the little church, offering prayers of thanksgiving, and now and again a mother from the very depths of her heart would exclaim, "This looked to be the blackest, but it has turned out the brightest Thanksgiving Day ever seen in St. Rose."

And quietly and light-heartedly Father Van assisted in the work of rehabilitation. Everyone wondered as to why Brown & Co. determined to open their factory and winter set in, and others queried as to whether they had received more insurance than was at first reported. Father Van kept his own counsel and dispensed the spiritual and temporal welfare of the community at large. Josephine Byrne-Sullivan in The Michigan Catholic.

## Foreign Mission News

Special correspondence by The Propagation of the Faith Society, 338 Lexington Ave., New York City.

"Greatness consists in accomplishing great things with small means, in conquering might with weakness; it consists above all in surmounting obstacles and in defeating one's opponents—but always with due regard for right, truth and virtue. That is what the saints have ever sought, and therein consists their greatness."

—Montalembert.

Fr. J. Aelen, Jr., of Nellore, British India, has been afflicted with jungle fever each summer for the past five or six years. This season he has had double work to do on account of absent missionaries, but even on the hottest days he felt no fever at all. He says it seems as if Providence wants to keep him in good health so that he can perform the extra amount of tasks allotted him.

## When Poverty Hurts

How hard it is to refuse the poor creatures who come to the orphan asylums bringing destitute children is shown by Brother Groussault, O. M. I., who has charge of the orphanage in Jaffna, Ceylon.

"One day," he writes, "an aged pagan woman, so ill that she was hardly able to drag herself, appeared at the door leading to the little girl. 'Swami,' she entreated, 'you see how sick I am. I have no one to care for me, and in a few days I shall have to go to a hospital where I shall soon die. I beseech you to take my grandchild. She is an orphan and will be all alone when I pass away. I know she will be well cared for with the Catholic priests. Oh, try to make room for her.'

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## News From Ireland

Carlow. Carlow Urban Council have increased the pay of their permanent staff of workmen by 25 per cent.

Married—October 4, at the Church of the Assumption, Howth, by the Very Rev. J. Coleman, P.P., assisted by the Very Rev. A. Lynam, Adm., Carlow, Andrew, youngest son of the late Philip and Sarah Brennan, Tinnegarney House, Baginbally, to Kathleen M., only daughter of the late Ed. Fenelon and Mrs. O'Callaghan, late of Railway Hotel, Baginballytown, Carlow.

Died—Mary, daughter of the late John O'Loughlin, Bank place, Ennistymon.

Very Rev. J. D. Sexton, P. P., Ballinacorney, who has passed away in his sixty-fifth year, was a native of Cork, and uncle of D. Sexton, ex-T. C. In earlier years deceased ministered in Middleton, Queenstown, Mitchelstown, Kanturk and Charleville, and was in Lisacroll from 1903 until July last.

The death has occurred at an early age of Dr. C. Collins, Castle townshend, Skibbereen.

The "Dublin Gazette" announces that Denis Henry, K. C., M. P., has been appointed a deputy lieutenant for County Kerry.

Mary Gaffney, 5 Lower Kevin street, who was knocked down by a motor-car in Grafton street, has succumbed to her injuries in Vincent's hospital. The car, which was proceeding slowly, is the property of Martin Fitzgerald, a familiar figure in athletic and sporting circles in the city has died at his residence, Gardiner street, Thomas Monks, better known as "Tommy Monks."

The funeral of P. Byrne took place last week from the Church of St. Teresa, Clarendon street, after requiem Mass, for interment in Glasnevin cemetery. Mr. M. Byrne was for many years connected with the jewelry and antique business in Dublin, and had been for a number of years Poor Law guardian for the Royal-Exchange ward.

Dr. Lawlor, medical officer, Ely dispensary district, Enniskillen, has resigned.

Died—October 10, at her residence, 2 St. Joseph's terrace, Lower Salthill, Galway, Louisa, second daughter of the late W. H. McPharland, Mill street, Ennis, County Clare.

After requiem mass at St. Brigid's Kildare, the remains were interred at Tully graveyard of the well known auctioneer and victualler. Deceased, as a sportsman took a particular interest in coursing.

The marriage has taken place at the Cathedral, Waterford, of Edward O'Connell, town clerk of Kilkenny and Miss Mary Theresa Cuddihy, only daughter of the late Michael Cuddihy and Mrs. Cuddihy, Thomastown.

Rev. J. Fitzpatrick, O. P., St. Saviour's, Waterford, is being transferred to Trinidad. Father Fitzpatrick is a native of Kilkenny and is a young priest. During the two years which he spent in Waterford he endeared himself to the congregations attending the Dominican church, and his departure is much regretted.

Tullamore Old Age pensioners committee have appointed John Dunne, secretary, vice T. Walsh. The other candidates were Miss Rose Walsh (T. Walsh's sister) and P. Hannigan.

J. N. Ashe, cashier, Bank of Ireland, Dundalk, has been presented by his friends in Tuam on his transfer, with a gold watch.

Died—October 12, at Castlebar, Michael Kelly, auctioneer, aged 43 years.

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