

THE CATHOLIC JOURNAL

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Friday, June 3, 1921

Rev. A. A. Notebaert

Regardless of creed, Rochesterians will do honor to Father Notebaert of Our Lady of Victory parish, who celebrates his golden jubilee next week Monday.

Father Notebaert's life is a part of the Catholic history of the Catholic Church in America for the last half a century. He has seen the Church grow and grow. He has seen the American Hierarchy expand from a few Bishops to a score of Archbishops and four times as many Bishops while the priesthood has swelled into a miniature army.

Rochester Diocese has been created, its first Bishop has passed to his last reward and the second Bishop sits on the episcopal throne.

Despite the encroachment of business and manufacture, Our Lady of Victory Church is still well attended and its early parishioners have clung to their first love, despite where they now reside in Rochester and they wish to do honor to her pastor, Father Notebaert.

Ad multos annos is the Catholic Journal's wish to Father Notebaert.

Showing His Hand

The Hon. William H. Anderson, titular head of the Anti-Saloon League and its real boss is indirectly furnishing circumstantial evidence of the underlying motive for the Eighteenth Amendment. In a "hot blast"—really hot air is Anderson's chief stock in trade—the other day he howled about the possibility that the Harding administration might be hoodwinked into appointing as chief prohibition agent in New York City "an associate member of the same Knights of Columbus Council as his predecessor who reports has it made a million dollars out of non-enforcement".

While it is not pertinent to the discussion, we wonder if Mr. Anderson is not fooled by the present prohibition enforcement agent. We all know that "Mac" and "O" no longer spell Catholic names, necessarily. The New York prohibition chief spells his name like "a regular Irishman" but he is either a Presbyterian or a Baptist, certainly not a Catholic and would be quite chagrined were he so listed.

But what difference does it make? Why should religion be dragged into it? Why the Knights of Columbus, especially? Whether Mr. Anderson knows it or not, the Knights of Columbus have always barred from membership any man connected with the manufacture or sale of intoxicating drink, long before the Eighteenth Amendment was considered a serious possibility.

And if a man is fitted for a public office what difference does it make about a man's religion? Would Mr. Anderson have it written in the Volstead law that every one connected with its enforcement must be an anti-Catholic? Must Mr. Anderson's Catholic sign manual be upon all appointments?

Oh, what's the use? Anderson must fulminate in order to keep up his bank roll!

That's The Truth

Writing about the value of the newspapers of New York and the captious criticism by ignorant carpenter, George W. Franklin has this to say and it is just as applicable to the railing critics of the Catholic press:—While some who attack newspapers have the temerity to criticize, it is doubtful if the daily or weekly would be what it is had they been given the responsibility of getting out a newspaper. There is no town, no matter how small or how large, that is not helped more by a newspaper than any other agency. The editor who goes along, many times under adverse circumstances, does more for the community than he is ever accredited with doing. The things which he does not print prove that he is human, and the things which he does print prove just as frequently that he is among those in the community who are worth while. Under his own name, or over it, he cannot prate about what he is doing, but he is worth a rose in his hand when he is alive, more so than a wreath on his grave.

During the course of any year, unquestionably so, the editor is asked to do more things for nothing than any other man in the county. When drives are made for money he is sought to print the facts for nothing, whereas those who are conducting them frequently work on a percentage. The value of the press is conceded, but the question arises, has it been fully appreciated? Perhaps not, but it is coming into its own because its value is increasing in the minds of those who sooner or later determine that which counts and which is essential. No trained psychologist is necessary to estimate the great value of a newspaper. To get along without it would be next to impossible.

Practices It

Chauncey M. Depew has ever been the apostle of optimism and this has helped him to be the living exemplar of perennial and perpetual youth. Years ago he gave a formula for being and keeping young and on his recent 87th birthday they were reproduced as follows:—

"Keep in touch with the young. Join in their games, be a feature in the dance, romp the fastest and turn the quickest in the Virginia reel or the country dance, go up to the old college and light your pipe and sing college songs, take your children to the theater and howl with them at the roaring farce and laugh with them at the comedy and cry with them at the tragedy; be their confident in their love affairs, and, if they are not equal to it, write their love letters and never stop writing some for yourself. Thus will the twentieth century with its clearer purposes, its higher endeavors and its limitless opportunities, welcome us older fellows as the youngest and most vigorous of those who are to solve its problems and make its record."

And years later, on his eighty-fourth birthday, the same cheery philosopher of the life worth living and successful practitioner of the principles of eternal youth recorded in simple and homely phrase this compend of his experience and observations: "This is a mighty good world to live in, and the people, take them as they come, a mighty good sort to live with."

That is the kernel of the optimism which makes Chauncey Depew love the world and which makes the world love him.

Industrial Commissioner Henry D. Sayer apparently possesses the qualities necessary for a successful administration of the important New York State Department of Labor.

The Real Fact

James J. Davis, the Welsh lad whose family left Tredegar, Wales, 40 years ago when "Jim" was but six years old, and now is Secretary of Labor in President Harding's Cabinet, evidently has the right idea of the relative value of industrial disputes as applied to all these happenings, in addition to the men who work and the men who pay. In a recent interview he said:—

"We are in the thick of a period when it is more than ever imperative for us all, those who work and those who employ, to exercise patience and forbearance toward each other. We must try to understand each other's problems. It is no time for tall talk, for heated controversies and the stubborn stands taken by employers and employees in the past."

In the present state of the industrial machine it is the time for oil and not for monkey wrenches. It is the time for all wheels to cog together. We must postpone to another time questioning his senses resolved to reformations of principle that it may not be possible in this time of stress to work out to universal satisfaction. The country is still vexed by industrial disputes. Issues are at stake, interests are at odds, which it is hard to reconcile. We may well learn the truth, for it will be taught us in any case. We are all of us being rapidly put in our proper places.

"The industrial quarrels of recent years, the profiteering, the demands for higher and higher wages, the readiness to strike at the drop of the hat, have finally got us all in wrong with the biggest boss of all, the American public.

While Marshal Foch praised Napoleon's military genius he did not exalt the last of the French emperors as a man.

There should be some way to end these disastrous industrial disputes.

The Rochester papers make a new American Cardinal one day and unmake him the next. It amuses the newspaper chaps and really does no harm.

When another American Cardinal is named the National Catholic Welfare Council's News Service will give the accurate news—first hand.

Let's see: Was it not Theodore Roosevelt who essayed to make an American Cardinal satisfactory to the then Washington Administration? And in the sporting vernacular "he came an awful cropper, did he not?"

Golf and tennis have captured the first page.

The Knights of Columbus made a good choice when they selected James P. Jones to be a New York State delegate to the Supreme Council.

Pretty soon the commencement will be all over, the prize orations will have been delivered, the class day gowns will be packed away, the graduates will have said their last farewells and the world will be prepared for its annual reformation.

Mr. Harvey, at least, captured the first pages of the newspapers. Whether Mr. Harding was pleased or not is another story.

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Weekly Calendar Of Feast Days

(By N. C. W. C. News Service) Sunday, June 5.—St. Boniface, Bishop, martyr, was born at Crediton in Devonshire, A. D. 680. After receiving training far his value of industrial disputes as apostolic work in the monastery applied to the third great party at Exminster, he received authority from the Pope to preach to the German tribes and passed through Bavaria, Thuringia, Friesland, Hesse, and Saxony, spreading the word of God. He died in Devonshire, A. D. 754.

Monday, June 6.—St. Norbert, Bishop, after a most pious youth, entered the ecclesiastical state and was attached to the court of the Emperor Henry IV. Here in common with many other clerics, his conduct became a scandal to his sacred calling. One day he was thrown from his horse and severely injured and on recovery his senses resolved to reformations of principle that it may not be possible in this time of stress to work out to universal satisfaction. The country is still vexed by industrial disputes. Issues are at stake, interests are at odds, which it is hard to reconcile. We may well learn the truth, for it will be taught us in any case. We are all of us being rapidly put in our proper places.

Tuesday, June 7.—St. Robert of Newminster was a monk at Whitby, England, when the news arrived that thirteen religious had been expelled from the Abbey of St. Mary, in York, for having proposed to restore the strict Benedictine rule. He joined the expelled religious and later when a monastery was built for them at Newminster he became abbot. He died in 1159.

Wednesday, June 8.—St. Medard, Bishop, was born of a pious and noble family at Salency about the year 457. He was ordained to the priesthood in his thirty-third year and was later chosen Bishop of the Church of France to which dignity he was consecrated by St. Remigius, who had baptized King Clovis. He died at Noyon in 545.

Thursday, June 9.—St. Columba, abbot, the apostle of the Picts, was born of a noble family at Gartan, Ireland, A. D. 521. In 565 he went to Scotland where he founded a number of religious hospitals and converted the Picts, who in gratitude gave him the island of Iona. On this island, he founded his celebrated monastery. He died June 9, 597.

Friday, June 10.—St. Margaret of Scotland, was the granddaughter of an English King and in 1070 became the bride of Malcolm and reigned as Queen of Scotland until 1093. She built many churches and monasteries and was constantly busy making vestments. She could not rest until she saw the laws of God and His Church observed throughout her realm. When, on her deathbed, she received the news that her husband and eldest son had been killed in battle, she thanked God who had sent this last affliction as a penance for her sins.

Saturday, June 11.—St. Barnabas, apostle, was chosen for an important mission to the rapidly growing Church of Antioch. When he perceived the greatness of the work to be done among the Greeks he enlisted the aid of St. Paul. From Antioch, the two saints set out together to Cyprus and the cities of Asia Minor where their preaching struck men with amazement. Later, Barnabas and John, surnamed Mark, went again to Cyprus where the former gained his martyr's crown.

Shifting Sand Made Trouble. The shifting of the sands of the seashore very often involves expensive litigation. In 1885 the counties of Atlantic and Burlington, of New Jersey, entered into an expensive litigation concerning the boundary between them. There was a dispute as to one of the corners of this boundary. It was stated to be, in the original survey, "the next inlet in the south side of Little Egg Harbor's most southerly inlet, and thence along the seacoast to the line of partition between east and west Jersey." But it could not be found in its original home when they went to look for it, thus bringing up to date the ancient saying about a rope of sand.

No Cart Along. The girl walked briskly into the store and dropped her bag on the counter. "Give me a chicken," she said. "Do you want a pullet?" the storekeeper asked. "No," the girl replied. "I want a hen."—Brown Bull.

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Spring Time Advice For Tired Mothers

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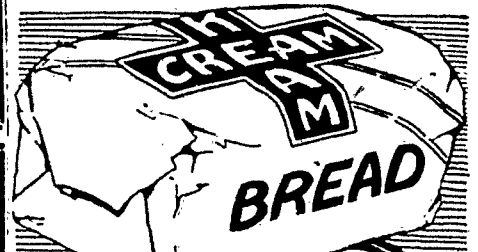
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