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Marino F. Sammons, Managing Editor

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### MEMORIAL DAY

Memorial Day, dedicated to the memory of our heroic soldier dead, has expanded in love and in meaning so that it embraces all our dead. It is a day set apart for sacred communion with our dear departed. Flowers, flags, parades, oratory—these are part of the exercises attendant to the day. Important in themselves, they are not the most important by any means. Prayer transcends them—prayer for the soldier boy whose blood was shed at Gettysburg or Cold Harbor; prayer for the boy whose body nestles among the poppies in Flanders Fields; prayer for all our soldier dead; prayer and honor for the living soldier who walks with halting steps in the twilight of life; and prayer for all people we knew and loved in life.

The Church, sympathetic mother to all who sorrow, centuries ago gave the spirit of Memorial Day to her children. She taught her children to commune with their dead, to pray for them, to remember them, and to be solicitous for their immortal souls. Not the poor body, returned to dust for all time, but the soul, made in the image and likeness of God, triumphant over death, immortal—the soul is what we should remember above all else on Memorial Day, and on every other day of the year. Pray for the dead—prayers are our best flowers to God. Pray for the dead—prayers are our best oratory in tribute to those whom we loved in life. The flowers, the music, the oratory—let these be hand-maidens to prayer.

Memorial Day carries, too, a great patriotic message to every one of us. Let not those who suffered and died in battle have died in vain. They gave their lives for American ideals, for American principles. High among these ideals are equality of citizenship, freedom of religion, the right to worship God in our own way without interference. Trades against Catholic citizenship, the questioning of Catholic patriotism, insane rantings and raving against the Church and her children—these are not the things for which our soldiers fought and died.

"Whoever sows the seeds of religious hatred in this country is no patriot. However wildly he may wave the Stars and Stripes, he is a traitor to all the American flag proclaims," said William Allen White of Kansas in a recent article.

Memorial Day should knit us all closer together—all peoples, all religions, all races, all Americans. The blood of all our sons ran together on battlefields. A common brotherhood bound them in life, a common sorrow enveloped them in death. Kneeling by their graves, inspired by their memories, their sacrifices, their deaths, we should all resolve to be better Americans, better citizens, better Christians. Then will Memorial Day leave its true lesson in our hearts and our lives.

DANIEL M. EDWARDS

Death took an up-standing business man out of the world this week when Daniel Murray Edwards, owner of three great department stores, one in Rochester, one in Syracuse and another in Buffalo, passed from life at his home in Syracuse. Mr. Edwards set a splendid example in a business way to the youth of today. Starting in a small way, he developed a great business—a business that gave employment to several thousand people and sold more than fifteen million dollars worth of goods each year. Industry, hard work, push and energy were the chief capital at the start. They were the chief assets for many years.

For many years Mr. Edwards was an earnest member of the time to a wheel of many men possessed of his means. He kept his work under such conditions. He stayed right in harness. He directed his three great establishments in touch with all details. He was a sense of duty to his business.

In the midst of his own infirmities, he was good to the poor, generous to the sick, hospitable to the needy. He was most generous to all who were in need. He loved to give

### The Veterans

(From "A Round of Rimes," Published By Little, Brown Co., Boston)  
Every year they're marching slower,  
Every year they're stooping lower,  
Every year the lifting music stirs the hearts of older men;  
Every year the flags above them  
Seem to bend and bless and love them  
As if grieving for the future when they'll never march again!

Every year with dwindling number,  
Loyal still to those that slumber,  
Forth they march to where already many  
Have found peace at last.  
And they place the fairest blossoms  
O'er the silent, mould'ring bosoms  
Of the valiant friends and comrades of the battles of the past.

Every year we see them massing,  
Every year we watch them passing,  
Scarcely pausing in our hurry after pleasure, after gain,  
But the battle flags above them,  
Seem to bend and bless and love them,  
And through all the lifting music sounds  
An undertone of pain!  
—Denis A. McCarthy.

to them. He had great confidence in the loyalty and honesty of his Catholic employees. He had a big heart. His death will be sincerely mourned by many thousands of people, and many will be the prayers offered for the repose of his soul.

### WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Commissioner Whalen of New York City has appointed a Commission of prominent bankers and business men to study crime prevention. It was Mr. Dooley, silent too long now, who said there was more law in the end of a policeman's nightstick than in all the reform movements of the world. With 32,000 acknowledged speakeasies breaking one law in New York City, and with 18,000 policemen trying to enforce the other laws, Commissioner Whalen, overwhelmed by the results, turns for sympathy to the business world. He will find, in the last analysis, that Mr. Dooley's philosophy contains some digestible meat.

There was wonderment in many circles in America when it became known that Melville E. Stone, an organizer and for many years general manager of the Associated Press, left an estate of only \$2,000. Mr. Stone was an outstanding, as well as up-standing figure in American newspaper life for more than half a century. He held a position of great prominence and great responsibility. Had he possessed a dishonest nature, or even one that could have been disjoined occasionally from honesty, he might have made millions. But he was not of that type. He loved his profession. He fought to keep it clean, honest, free from suspicion, and he made the initials "AP" stand for something fine and forceful. American newspaper life is better and richer because of his life, his work, his ideals. His pitifully small estate is not a reflection on the ability of the man, but rather a monument to his fidelity to a great work and to great principles.

Plutarco Elias Calles, his bloody hands dried by the flaming fires of victory, returned in triumph to Mexico City a few days after having successfully crushed the rebellion that for a time seemed to threaten the established government of that unhappy land. American newspapers told of the "great throngs" that greeted the returning conqueror in the capital city. The staid New York Times gave the butcher a big heading, and said that "all of 10,000 people" gave him a great ovation when he arrived at the capital.

The estimated population of Mexico City in 1927 was 638,000 people. Less than two per cent. of this population turned out, therefore, to welcome the conquering hero, Rochester, or any other fairly large American city, would have a bigger crowd than that to welcome a victorious baseball team. And the greater portion of the crowd that welcomed Calles was composed of soldiers, with rifles loaded and bayonets fixed. Surely that kind of welcome did not come from the hearts of the people, nor even from the curiosity of the people—for the population of Mexico City did not turn out to welcome the man who by persecution, torture, exile and murder has sought to crush religion.

But, friends of Calles, may say, the people of Mexico are too terrified to turn out for such events. Not so. When Calles was President of Mexico and had Father Pro, a young Jesuit priest, shot to death for exercising his duties as a priest, fully 100,000 people turned out to follow the body of the priest to the grave. They did this knowing full well that many of them might be marked for death, imprisonment, or exile. Will any sane person believe that 10,000 people out of 638,000 population represented a "great ovation" to Calles? What a farce!

Sir Esme Howard, British Ambassador to America—and a devout Roman Catholic, by the way—sits among the angels of the "drys" because he has offered to forego his right to have liquor at his embassy, and to make the embassy dry, in keeping with American law. He is being lauded to the skies by fanatic drys for this act. They look upon it as a splendid tribute to the Prohibition Law. Better go slow. I'll bet Sir Esme wants to get liquor out of his embassy because so many American Congressmen, suffering from dry throats after making "dry" speeches in favor of the 18th Amend-

### Catholics, the First Missionaries

The Catholic Church is a vast Missionary society, started on the Feast of Pentecost, 1900 years ago, and it has never ceased its efforts to extend the work of Christ throughout the world. In doing this, it is but following the express command of Christ to the Apostles, Acts. 1-8, Matt. 24-14, "And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations."

The first celebration of "American Independence Day," July 4, 1779, was held in a Catholic Church in Philadelphia (St. Mary's), and was attended by the President, Members of Congress, and many prominent citizens.

ment, have been rushing to Sir Esme's embassy in search of high-balls. Sir Esme, of course, is too much of a gentleman to tell America this, and so he offers to get rid of the liquor rather than the Congressmen. When his memoirs are published later on, let's watch for this.

A committee of gentlemen, lawyers by profession, Americans by reason of the fortunate swinging or the pendulum of birth, waited upon Police Commissioner Whalen of New York City the other day. Studying the horizon of events, they had become greatly worried lest their lessening constitutional rights should disappear entirely. They told Mr. Whalen about their worries in a simple legal way. They explained that the growing custom of indiscriminate search and seizure, and the flagrant invasion of private homes, without proper authority, by officers of the law, caused them great concern lest the constitutional rights of all Americans should eventually become submerged. They cling tenaciously, it seems, to the old-fashioned idea that a man's home is his castle. Mr. Whalen they found "very sympathetic." He even encouraged them to hope.

The visit of these gentlemen, and their expressed views, are in irritating discord with the upward tendency of moral betterment in America. They are out of harmony with the spiritual perfection we are writing into our laws and their manner of enforcement. We have developed so we are shooting motorists, men and women, on the public highways, simply because they look, in the dust of speed, as though they had a flask on their hips or a pint in their hosiery. Gentlemen who proudly proclaim that they love America are clamoring for the right to stop all autos on the public highways and search them, not for burglar's tools, but for liquid with or without labels. Mothers and fathers who have attempted to resist unlawful inspection of their homes have been shot or black-jacked in the interests of moral uplift. And with public approval. Sedate Congressmen applauded the name of a Washington policeman who shot and killed a suspected motorist-bootlegger in the streets of the Capital the other day. There were some, even, who wanted to have the policeman's name engraved on the temple of fame beside the names of Washington and Lincoln.

How is it, then, that gentlemen of the legal profession have the temerity to wait upon a Police Commissioner and ask him to give them even so much as a sympathetic word? The center of the American home was shifted long ago from the fireside to the front seat of the family bus. If we can search the bus and shoot the driver merely on suspicion, why bother public officials about the constitutional rights of the deserted home? Alas, we fear that lawyers, technical in court, are growing likewise in private life! Or can it be—perish the thought—that the cellars of the gentlemen are not in serene harmony with the Constitution of our land?

Kermit Roosevelt and Col. Theodore Roosevelt, sons of the beloved ex-President Roosevelt, shot and killed a giant bear-like animal, the Panda, in Lola, a tiny state bordering on Tibet and China—and they received columns upon columns of space in the daily papers. Scientists the world over exulted, and taxidermists lay awake nights, wondering and marveling. For Pandas are scarce, rare, unusual, almost unknown.

On the same continent, in Trichinopoly, India, there is a Jesuit College which is sending 681 students this year to the University of Madras for examinations. Of these, 295 are to take B.A. and M.A. exams; and 389 lesser exams. This college, St. Joseph's, is one of the nine Catholic colleges conducted by the Jesuits in the Province of Madras, India.

### PASTORAL CONTACT

In every business deal no one can deny the value of personal contact. While American trade does a mighty big mail-order business, every salesman, no matter what his merchandise, prefers the opportunity of a personal meeting. They hang around the door-step awaiting the return of the housewife, the maid-servant will not do; they hound your office, waiting for you, neither the secretary nor the stenographer will suffice. When any transaction of importance is under consideration, the personal contact of the interested parties, and that alone is the only thing worth while.

Now, in a certain very dignified sense, the pastor is a salesman. He is the intermediary instrument between Jesus Christ and an immortal soul. As a rule, he effects a union of these two parties by influences coming mostly from general contacts. Very large socio-religious processes make up the means of his influence—attendance at Mass, preaching, administration of the Sacraments, society and Sodality meetings, school visits, interviews at the parochial residence and at the home of the sick. The opportunities to establish personal contacts with his people are for the pastor very, very few. He may have the best intentions, the greatest zeal, but a lack of time, limitations of physical energy and strength, restricted assistance on the part of curates and lay people, united with the complexities of modern urban life make personal contacts almost a physical impossibility.

As he sits in the quiet of his study and reflects on the successes and failures of his work, the restrictions on personal contacts with the lambs and sheep of the flock must make the messenger of the Gospel of Christ and the dispenser of His mysteries sad. The one who wrote about the frequency of going out among men and returning less a man, would perhaps need to revise or at least re-state his idea, if brought face to face with modern social and religious conditions in metropolitan and urban Catholic Church.

To sit at home and theorize and conjecture is fatal. Little or no real good will be accomplished in this way. The pastor must know the individual's character; he must understand the particular social and ethical

situations under which the individual must live his life in the modern city. The opportunities for this knowledge are few and far between, without personal contact. True, he has a few possible opportunities with those already following in the footsteps of the Savior. But he seems to be unable to develop them into a large discipleship. Here the pastor's production seems to be limited. An interesting survey would be the one which shows the percentage of the laity in every American urban parish living the higher life of perfection and what has been the developmental increase in this, say the last two decades. Perhaps this is asking the impossible. Yet have not all received the command to be perfect? And is not spiritual perfection a matter of definite growth rather than a single endowment?

Lack of contacts inhibits the mission of the pastor to the ones who have strayed from the true sheep-fold; it also limits him in the opportunities to reclaim the lukewarm, the neither hot nor cold Catholics. The intricate problems involved in mixed or civil marriages cannot be solved without the priests' personal contact; seldom can the ignorant be enlightened by absent treatment. How much real unbiased and unprejudiced ignorance is diminished by sermonizing? Is the fault with the auditor or the preacher? This is another interesting problem. What business house would eliminate the personal contact of its agents and employ only en-masse methods for instructing the public on the merits of its merchandise and selling them?

These conditions of our modern city parishes present trying difficulties to the pastor of souls. The fact is that it is impossible for him to establish personal contacts with every man, woman, and child in his parish. May not the leak in the American Catholic Church, if there is a leak, be attributed to parishes territorially too large, and church buildings impractically too immense and financially overburdened, thus necessitating commercial rather than religious fields for the pastor's labors? But we must take conditions as they are, not promoting the mistakes of the past, but rather aiming at solutions for the future. A corporation like the New York Central forecasts its construction plans fifty to one hundred years. Here mammon may be our teacher.

### MOTHERS DAY WITHOUT MOTHERS

The psychology of drives has taken possession of our nation. Whenever we want anything we drive for it. This may be a vestige of our mad and insane desire for organization, which is a strong power in promoting our disorganization. Whether it be a material or immaterial objective, we immediately organize ourselves into the drive movement. Each year, at this time, the call goes forth that we must arouse ourselves from a year long lethargy and join the national drive movement for the honor of our Mothers.

To deserve this tribute of national respect our Mothers must be real Mothers. The modern Mother does not seem to quite fit in the old picture. A Mother should be the wife of one husband. A Mother should be the rightful possessor of all her children. She should have come to this possession in its entirety by honest means. She should never be, either in private or in public, either in her own conscience or in her social world, ashamed of herself because of the possession of these children. A Mother should be the angel of the home. An angel is a spure spirit that moves prayerfully about its environment. By means of the force of prayer it draws all things to it. A Mother can do all this regardless of the specific nature and form her home may take.

This may be the old-fashioned picture but it is for yesterday, today and tomorrow the only true one. Say what you may and act as you will it is the only ideal of which a real Mother may boast. Now while we automatically, perhaps to be socially correct and in step, join this national drive movement to honor our Mothers, all Mothers, now and to be, should stop to think if they are real or decoys. The standard of measurement is easy to apply. Fortunately and accidentally, by no intent of national assignment, Mothers Day falls in the month of Mary—an old-fashioned Mother. American Mothers will always be safe, and sane, and respected if in vogue and virtue, they follow and imitate Mary.

### Sunday's Liturgy

By Rev. Joseph L. Lord

### June 2 Second Sunday After Pentecost

This Sunday falls within the octave of Corpus Christi; wherefore the Mass, as we should expect, keeps our attention directed toward the Holy Eucharist. The Gospel gives the parable of the great supper: "A certain man made a great supper, and invited many," etc. Placed as it is within the octave, it emphasizes the fact that the sacrifice of the Mass is also a sacrificial repast, a banquet to which all are invited.

It is the mind of the Church that when we assist at Mass we should also go to Holy Communion. The Mass is the sacrifice which, since the coming of Christ, has supplanted the various sacrifices which by order of God had to be offered formerly. The Son of God was slain on Calvary for our sins nineteen hundred years ago. He renews this immolation of Himself to the Father at every holy Mass. The priest offers the

Mass, not as an individual, but as a representative of the whole Church, and especially as the representative of those who are present at the divine drama with him. He is not supposed to make the offering alone; no, all those present are expected to offer up the great Sacrifice together with the priest. They do this by joining mind and heart with the prayers of the priest at the altar. From beginning to end they are to accompany him. Moreover, just as they are expected to offer up the Sacrifice together with the priest, so also should they become co-sharers with the priest in the consuming of the sacrificial Victim.

They do this when, immediately after the priest's communion, they themselves advance to the altar and receive the Body of Christ. Thus they share in the fruits of the Sacrifice; they make it a heavenly banquet, a banquet at which they re-

ceive new strength to meet the trials of life.

Holy Mass is then the "Great Supper" to which the King of Heaven and Earth invites us. His holy altar is the banquet-table. We cannot plead unworthiness to excuse our absence from it. The realization of our weakness, of our daily failings, should be but a further stimulus to more frequent heeding of the loving invitation and to more active participation in the heavenly banquet. The man of the Gospel sent his servants to bring in "the poor, and the feeble, and the blind, and the lame." A careful examination of conscience will show us wherein our daily life is defective; it will show us that we are the ones who are feeble, or lame, or even blind, in spirit. For the sake of our soul's salvation we dare not rest satisfied with such a diseased condition. We must hasten to receive the "Bread

"Bread of Life," that came down from Heaven," that is through active participation at the Mass, so pleasing to the sacrificial Victim and so advantageous to ourselves, that we gradually learn what wonders God has in store for those who take a personal and active interest in the sacramental mysteries. Such participation both broadens our knowledge of the things that count and intensifies our appetite for further participation. "I will sing to the Lord, who giveth me good things" (Communion).

Notre Dame Gets Etchings  
Notre Dame, Ind., May 24.—Charles A. Wightman, of Evanston, Ill., one of the outstanding benefactors of the University of Notre Dame, has just given a number of etchings of unusual value to the Wightman Art Gallery of the University.