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Friday, November 1, 1929.

#### THEODORE ROOSEVELT

Seventy-one years ago this week Theodore Roosevelt was born. The anniversary of his birth was observed Sunday by many thousands of people making pilgrimage to his old home at Oyster Bay, L. I. A memorial tablet was unveiled in the pew he had occupied for thirty years in Christ Episcopal Church. Admirers by the hundreds of thousands, all over the land, undoubtedly said sincere prayers for the statesman they respected and the friend they loved.

Theodore Roosevelt grew into the hearts of the American people because he possessed characteristics that Americans love—virility, honesty, courage, determination, an illuminating touch of the spectacular, and a fine sense of fair play. These, coupled with great ability and a genius for leadership, endeared him to the people.

Early in his public career a bunch of men waited upon him and asked him not to point a certain Irish Catholic to an office because of his nationality and religion. He heard a few good American sentences and ordered them out of his presence, with the threat to kick them out if they didn't move quickly. He didn't wait for them to boast of the number of votes they controlled. He didn't "salve" them over with promises of secret sympathy and cooperation. He told them in vigorous language they were a disgrace to their country, and contemptible violators of the spirit of the American constitution. This one act lifted him instantly above the ranks of the average politician. For average politicians don't do that kind of business. They cling to every floating vote, no matter from what source it comes.

He showed the same spirit of fair play in everything, the same kind of fearlessness. His "square deal" became an American axiom. His expression "bully" became a byword. His honesty and courage became contagious. He was a new type of public servant, a fine and clean type, and in a few short years he rose from the common sea of humanity to the topmost wave of confidence and popularity.

His life, his work, his character—these have been great inspiration to millions of Americans. He loved children; therefore, he gave his life and his energies honestly to her service. He loved God; therefore he went to church on Sundays and prayed humbly and with reverence, as God gave him the light to worship and to pray. He exercised a noble influence upon his countrymen in life, and it is good to perpetuate that influence in all the land. For his life was manly, his ideals were noble, and his spirit was Christian. The world to-day needs a great deal of this kind of influence, and our country is pathetically in need of a great deal more of Theodore Roosevelt's kind of Americanism.

#### SENTIMENT REACHING TO GOD

Eleven years ago, July 18, 1918, the battle of Belleau Wood was at its height. The Twenty-Sixth Division, New England troops, shelled the wood and all the surrounding territory, then captured it after an extremely bloody battle. Death and devastation marked every foot of ground. The village church, some four-hundred years old, mingled its consecrated ashes with the awful ruins—victim, chiefly, of the American guns. When the war was over, and the refugees of Belleau came back home, they had no church, and were too impoverished by the war to build one.

Now they have a church, rebuilt from the sacred stones of the old one. It was dedicated the other day, with solemn and beautiful ceremony; dedicated in the presence of officers and veterans of the Twenty-Sixth Division, of French Generals and Marshals, and of all the people of the little village, by the Bishop of Soissons. The survivors of the Twenty-Sixth Division wanted to do something for the people of Belleau, and, mindful of the fact that their guns, in sweeping the ground with shells, had helped destroy the church, they thought they could do nothing that would be more appreciated than to re-build the church. They asked every survivor of the Division to donate one day's pay to the

#### When I Am Dead

(Written by the Rev. Joseph J. Ruby, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Woodport, a short time before his death in Elmira on July 11, 1929)

I do not want a gaping crowd,  
To come with lamentations loud,  
When life has fled,  
No, would I have my words and ways,  
Remembered perhaps, 'mid tardy praise  
—When I am dead—

I do not want strange, curious eyes  
To scan my face when still it lies,  
In silence dead;  
Nor do I want them if they would  
To tell my deeds were ill or good  
—When I am dead—

I only want the "very few"  
Who stood through good and evil too,  
Through friendship's test;  
Just they who sought to find the good  
And then, as only true friends could,  
Forgive the rest.

They, who with sympathetic heart,  
Sought hope and comfort to impart,  
When there was life;  
Not keeping all the tears and sighs,  
Till weary, worn out nature sighs,  
And ends the strife.

'I'd have them come, the "friendly few"  
And say for me a prayer or two,  
By kindness led,  
Not many tears I'd have them shed,  
Nor do I want much sung or said,  
—When I am dead—

To have them each come in alone,  
And call me in the old sweet tone,  
Would suit me best;  
And then, without a sob or moan  
Go softly out and leave alone  
—The dead to rest.

Just as I've lived for God alone,  
A life of toil, obscure and lone,  
So let me die;  
Just one who lived and worked and died—  
A mound of earth and cross beside  
—Toll where I lie.

restoration fund. This, with other gifts, made up a sum of \$50,000, which was used in the reconstruction of the church. The work done, some two hundred officers and men went back to Belleau and, with solemn eloquence and a touch of tender pathos, presented the church to the people of the village. The gift was as a gift from Heaven to the people.

At the same time the beginning of an association was formed between the children of Belleau village and the children of the Twenty-Sixth Division Veterans. Engraved parchments were presented, one to a French girl selected by the Mayor of the village, and the other to a son of one of the veterans, with instructions "to maintain always between us the spirit of comradeship, understanding and love that exists between our fathers who fought side by side in the common fight for human rights and peace."

Thus a beautiful occasion became a historic occasion. The restored church, properly inscribed, and the association of comradeship and love, so happily established, represent a tender and beautiful sentiment; a sentiment that will help bind two great nations irrevocably together, and a sentiment that, for all time, will reach constantly towards God.

#### DEADLY POISON—AN ANTIDOTE

In the section of the diocese where the writer lives there are a few rattlesnakes left. From his window he can see a hill only a mile away which harbors them even today. He does not refer to those which victims of the national beverage, pure alcohol, see since prohibition came into the nation's life, but to real, living, long, slippery, gliding, spotted reptiles, with beady eyes, sounding rattles, a bad disposition, sharp fangs and the well-developed will to use them on some human being.

Not long ago a man just escaped injury or death. He was picking berries on that hill, saw one of them gliding towards him with evil intentions, he stepped back to get a stick, and stepped on its mate. His companion killed the mate and he with a fortunate blow broke the neck of the oncoming reptile. He showed it to me, still warm, and it was nearly five feet long.

A girl not far from here was bitten by another one, and serum to counteract the poison was rushed to her bedside. Her life was saved after a great deal of suffering by her and hard work by the physicians.

But this is not a rattlesnake story exactly. It is meant as an illustration of another kind of poison, a moral poison which is doing deadly work in the souls of many people. That poison is injected into their souls by the bad reading of the day. And the occasion of being poisoned is not avoided as it should be. Parents are bringing into their homes, or are allowing to be brought into the homes, papers, magazines and pamphlets which are destructive to religion, faith, modesty and all the virtues which every Catholic should cultivate. They do not bring in any antidote for that poison. Or if they have that antidote, it is laid aside and the poison works without any attempt being made to counteract it. Watch the Catholic book or paper rack Sunday morning and watch many entering the church for Sunday Mass and carrying with them the poison found in many Sunday papers. They do not avoid it, but they carry it with them. They buy it before coming into the house of God and have it with them during the holy Sacrifice. And let me ask, do you see them take a pamphlet from the book rack, or a Catholic paper? Follow them to their homes and look about, as the writer has done, to find the slightest trace of the Diocesan paper, or of any Catholic magazine. Look there for some Catholic books that might aid in curing at least partly the poison injected

## PURGATORY

November 2, in the Catholic Church, is the Feast of All Souls and Catholics throughout the world pray for the souls in Purgatory, a place where those who die with slight sins on their souls are detained until they are cleansed sufficiently to enter heaven. Matt. 5-26. "Thou shalt by no means go out from thence till thou hast paid the last farthing."

THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN THE NEW WORLD WAS A CATHOLIC

#### CATECHISM

into their souls by the reading that is done on the Lord's day. You will find that they are not subscribers to any Catholic publication, and if they are, it is never read, because they cannot cultivate interest in it. Their minds have been so saturated by the frivolous writings of the day, by the imagination of so-called scientists, by enemies of God, that there is no room there for something that is solid and worth while.

In districts like ours the serum for rattlesnake bites is kept at hand by prominent physicians. They all know where they can get it in case of need. Why should not our Catholic people keep near them the only antidotes there is for what they see in the secular papers that are purposely sensational, often intentionally anti-Christian, the Diocesan paper, the magazines recommended by their pastors and some good Catholic books? Our Bishop is trying to do all he can by way of encouragement and approval to lead his dioceses to have good reading in their homes and to make use of it. The priests of the diocese realize the need of this strong antidote and are standing with their Bishop firmly in their efforts to lessen the amount of poison brought into homes by the printed matter of the day. Avoid the poison, but have the antidote, Catholic reading.

#### THE HISTORY OF AN INCONSISTENCY

There is a vast difference in the way men evaluate and estimate dogma and morality. There is a mentality in back of this. This mentality has a history. It has not blown suddenly across the horizon of civilization. Its history may be traced back several centuries. It springs from a gradual infiltration of Protestant influence. Protestantism is not so much the rejection of this dogma or that. It is rather fundamentally the distortion of the Christian concept of God. Gradually, but surely, the force of Protestantism vanished the "unlikeness" of God, and God became humanized. Man builds up a concept of God from his concept of himself. Such a concept of God would naturally be very limited. And with this man-made concept of God, limited and distorted, man forms all his other notions natural and supernatural. He looks at morality and dogmas first of all in light of himself, and he forms laws, doctrines and principles on the basis of his own experience only.

We have in this country a particular form of Apologetics to remedy such a situation. The young priest, teacher and preacher, as he emerges from the seminary is told by his professors that he should always adapt the exposition of Catholic Truth to the particular bond of our American mentality. This advice, though wise, is difficult to execute. Someone should do some thinking along these lines and give us the result. There is an opportunity for some efficient teaching and preaching from the Catholic chair and pulpit. There is much wasted energy. It might be harnessed and employed. The formation of an American system of Catholic apologetics might perhaps be the first step in the right direction. The Catholic City can make valuable contributions.

## Sunday's Liturgy

By DOM ERNEST KILZER, O.S.B.

By DOM CELESTINE KAPSNER, O.S.B.  
(Prepared for the N. C. W. C. News Service by the Liturgical Press, Collegeville, Minn.)

With the early advent of Easter this year, three Sundays after Epiphany had to give way and are now inserted before the last Sunday after Pentecost. Thus today, which is the twenty-fourth Sunday after Pentecost, the Mass is of the fourth Sunday after Epiphany. The Orations, Epistle, and Gospel are taken from the latter, whilst the other changing prayers are taken over from the twenty-third Sunday after Pentecost.

The central theme that merits our attention this Sunday is given in the words: "And there was a great calm" (Gospel). Our Lord frequently reveals His divine truths in a natural setting. There was a great storm on the sea. The waves were dashing against the small vessels. The life of the Apostles appeared to be in danger. Distressing their own skills though experienced fishermen, they sought help from the Master. He commanded the

surging waters to be calm, and appeased the anxiety of the apostles. The Collect of today's Mass recalls this deep confidence into our troubled souls: "O God, who knowest that placed as we are in such great dangers, we cannot be reason of our human frailty stand..." The Epistle centers upon a concept that will carry us through all trials: "The love of our neighbor worketh no evil. Love therefore is the fulfilling of the law." Filled with such lofty motives, guided by such an ideal we shall be aided in all trials and hardships of our lives. Whatever ordinary trials may try to upset our little vessel battling through the storm of life, perfect love will keep us calm under all circumstances and will bring us peace.

But it is in the Gospel of today that the real scene is re-enacted: "A great tempest arose in the sea, so that the boat was covered with waves, but He was asleep." "Hark, save us, we perish." "Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith?" Then rising up, He commanded the winds and the sea, and there came a great calm. Why should we be

anxious, if we trust in the Lord, if we are near Him, if we are in sanctifying grace? It is only when we part company with Him, when we disobey His laws, that we are drifting into dangerous paths, that the disturbing waves threaten to wreck us upon the rugged shores of a merciless world.

How impressive sounds the profound coming from the depths of the apparently buried and sea-tossed vessel: "From the depths I have cried out to Thee, O Lord, Lord hear my prayer" (Ps. 129). The liturgy of the Mass today really tries to achieve a two-fold purpose: to instill into our souls a longing desire for our heavenly home and to impress upon us that our life upon earth is a temporal banishment, to be compared to a ship battling the waves of a storm-tossed sea. However, there is a calm awaiting us, the Savior is not asleep. The Communion prayer again inspires confidence buoying up the surging vessel: "I have cried; for Thou, O God, hast heard me. O incline Thine ear unto me, and hear my words." This Sunday is an example of the

## WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

The sixth Pan-American Labor Congress has been indefinitely postponed by the committee in charge of its arrangements, headed by William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor. This action was taken, it is announced, because of labor conditions in the South. Mr. Green says "the very existence of the organized labor movement is threatened" by these conditions. That is pretty strong language. Too strong, we think. Organized labor is here to stay, whether all employers like it or not. It is the great safety valve that prevents the might amount almost to anarchy in the labor field. The South, in some sections, has set its face against organized labor. With its lash and gun, with brutality and murder, with lawlessness and crime, certain sections of the South are fighting organized labor. These conditions are deplorable. But organized labor, whether the South likes it or not, will ride to victory, unless Southern employers shorten their hours of employment, increase their wage schedule and do away with conditions that are arrogant and arbitrary. A starving man, Cardinal Manning once said, has a right to his neighbor's bread. And a laboring man, overworked and underpaid, has a right to organize and fight for a decent existence and a decent wage.

#### THE INVESTITURE OF MGR. HART

Gladness, pride, affection, and above all a sincere feeling of love—a communion of hearts in the vineyard of the Lord—these characterized the feelings of the people of Corpus Christi Church, and of many, many other people, when the rector of that church was formally invested as a Domestic Prelate, with the title of Monsignor, last Wednesday morning. The unusually large assemblage of priests and of members of the various Sisterhoods, and the great congregation of lay people who left their homes and their business on that morning—these bespoke something deeper than mere attendance at a solemn function of the church. There was heart interest there, a desire to see and pray for one whose work and sacrifices are appreciated; to rejoice with him in the honor that was conferred upon him by the Holy Father, through his beloved Bishop and friend, and to express in a sincere way the happiness and joy that this honor brought to all his friends. The ceremony of investiture was beautiful; the tribute of his friends, lay and clerical, was beautiful, and through it all, shining like sunlight of marvelous gold, was the thought that every bit of it was merited ever and over.

May long years of life, rich in blessings, replete with good works, and crowned by priestly attributes devoted to the welfare of mankind, be yours, Monsignor Hart, friend and pastor to many, many people.

leading a good life until you establish the truth of the religious principle, the dogmatic truth, which is basic and motivating the action which is characterized as of a good life. Please do not mistake or misinterpret. We are considering the matter objectively; though wrong subjective ignorance would exonerate the non-Catholic.

One other example. It is Catholic teaching that one two baptized Christians have married validly and lived together, no authority, civil or ecclesiastical, nor the Pope himself has the power to loose the bond. Total divorce must be rejected during the life time of both parties. From the Catholic's viewpoint, anyone who after a valid marriage, obtains a legal divorce in the law courts and takes a new partner, enters upon a criminal life of adultery, though the parties concerned may not know it. But many a non-Catholic upholds total divorce, and marries again during the life-time of the former spouse. Now you cannot settle whether this is a good life until the doctrinal, dogmatic point as to the indissoluble nature of matrimony has been decided. In this particular instance, as in many others, dogmas do matter for a good life.

There is a very intimate union between principles and conduct.

Nov. 3

## Fourth Sunday After Epiphany

#### Lateran Treaty Votive Lamp For Mt. Tabor

Rome, Nov. 1.—A committee has been organized in Rome which has for its object the collection of a fund to place a votive lamp commemorating the signing of the Lateran Treaty in the Basilica of St. Peter. The fund will be placed in the crypt of the Basilica on Mt. Tabor. The votive lamp will be carried by the olive grove at Gethsemane.