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CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1930.

A Catholic Removes His Hat

who really and truly dwells therein, just as he, like every good American, re-

THE FATHER OF AMERICAN SHORTHAND,

THOMAS LLOYD, WAS A CATHOLIC

moves his hat in respect and honor to the flag passing by,

When passing a Catholic Church, as a mark of respect and honor to God

TELEPHONE MAIN 1567

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Priests of the Diocese, Maurice F. Sammons, Managing Editor

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Friday, February 14, 1930.

CATHOLIC ACTION IN CHINA

The consoling advance of the Catholic action movement in China has thrown into relief the importance for the Church of prepared leaders and has inspired a body of intellectuals of North China to organize an association to be known as the "Friends of Studies". The association has for specific scope the promotion of higher studies, a subject traditionally dear to the Chinese and one which attracts strongly all thinking Catholics who are concerned

about the prestige of the Church in China. Members of the association will be first of all Catholic men distinguished by their correct lives and their learning and then any other Church members interested in promoting the intellectual standing of **Catholics.** Students in higher schools likewise may inscribe. Membership re quires presentation by two "Friends" of good standing. The national center will apparently romain in Peking while each community will organize its own local.

It is inspiring to our people in America to read about work of this nature-effective, well organized work that has brought excellent results and that will continue to do so. A sincere love for religion inspires an enthusiasm for religion, and this enthusiasm finds its outlet in undertakings of this nature. The Chinese Catholics deserve our hearty commendation.

The Sanctuary Lamp A spark of flame, a pulse of fire, In the twilight church aglare" Is it a star let down from heaven And anchored in the air?

A golden star in golden chains, Suspended, sparkling, there.

Above, below, the shadows creep; The fragrant night is damp. Draw closer to the light, my soul!

It is the altar lamp. soft and sunny aureole, It sheddeth round, sweet lamp!

The trembling rays, like fingers, touch The tabernacle white.

Wouldst fain unlock the little door With key of amber light? A swinging shadow on the floor, It trembles in HIS sight.

Would I could catch the glittering chains And draw thee through the gloom' Thy precious oils my sinful hands, Would silently perfume,

And I would plunge my heart in thee, And let it there consume.

The wick of Faith; of love, the oil, Wherewith the flames are fed. Draw up my sout on golden chains,

To burn in thy sweet stead! O faithful watcher! let me share

Thy vigil overhead.

peared to a humble peasant girl who was ignorant, poor and plain, and the while she smiled at her, Bernardette's face became transfigured with an etheral beauty. Her body shone. The glory of her soul was seen in her eyes and she was bathed in a supreme joy.

From the grotto of heaven Our Lady's love shines forth upon the fields afar. It flings itself around the missionary and the while it caresses him his sorrow turns to joy. His hardships fade away and he. sees the heathen turn his face toward the skies.

But from the grotto of heaven Our Lady's love shines not only upon the fields afar, but also upon the whole world. It shines down on us; but do we realize it? It reaches out longingly, caressingly; but do we embrace it? Sometimes, perhaps, we cling to a slender ray of it, but more often we reject it entirely. Oh, how can we help the missionary if we reject the means? How can we hope to bring souls to the Son if we shun the love of the Mother? How can we gain immortality ourselves if Mary is not with us to show us the way? "Our Lady of the Missions," we need you; we want you; we love you. Mother of Christ, from your grotto of heaven, send forth your light.

A tortured Man carrying a cross mounts up the hill to Calvary. His head is bowed and His heart is bleeding. He slowly ascends and stands on the top of the hill. Lifting His thorn-crowned head, He looks out over the world and pointing His finger at each and everyone of us He seems to say: "Are you for my mother?" "Are you for Mary?" "Is she your strength and your light?" Then He smiles at our answer: "We are for Mary,

understanding, who will take the time even on the Lord's day to attend that solemn and inspiring service of holy mother Church, the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

When our time here is over; when our eyes are growing dim to the things of earth we have loved too well; when we see them fading from our view, and then pass forever; when our eyes open upon eternity, and we gaze into the living face of Him who is to be our Judge, who lived in our cities in the silence and loneliness of the tabernacle, deserted by us in life here -when that moment comes, I wonder what will be the feelings of the soul that honored men and sought for the things of earth and neglected to show love for Him who gave His life for us.

Let us honor men of worth. But let us honor above all, and always, God, made Man, living on our altars. Let more of us attend Mass on weekdays. Let us drop in to see Him on our way to work, on our way home. Let us start and continue a Back-To-Benediction-Movement on Sundays.

ARE CATHOLIC TEACHERS BARRED?

"My dear Miss Mulholland: You did not answer one of my questions satisfactorily. I was anxious to know whether or not you were a Protestant or a Catholic. If you belong to the Protestant religion, report immediately and send me a wire letting me know when you will arrive so that I can make my arrangements accordingly. If you are a Catholic, please me at my expense. A contract will be awarded you upon your arrival under the first condition only. Very truly yours, "William J. Hoffman,

"Shave the back of my neck straight down, if you please."

The Principal's letter, public property now, has caused a great uproar. Violent demands are being made for his removal as head of the Harriman High School. It is charged, and properly, that he has violated the school laws of the State, and the Constitution of the United States. But we would advocate his removal for worse cause than that-for dense ignorance. Any man who would write such a letter to a girl named Mulholland is unfit to teach a school of suckers in the village creek. Mulholland! As Irish as Brian Borou! As Catholic as St. Patrick! And Willy Hoffman, puffed up with his own inflated importance, telling her if she belongs to the Protestant religion to come to his arms!

In spite of the amazing candor of Principal Hoffman, we refuse to become unduly excited against him. In fact, the Catholics of this State owe him a vote of gracious thanks. He has let the pig out of the bag. He has opened the door to a malodorous condition that pollutes the very atmosphere of free America. For the village of Harriman is not an isolated case; nor is Principal Hoffman an exception. In Rochester we are happily free from this condition. But it exists in many villages and in quite a few cities. It is an unwritten law in hundreds of public schools that no Catholics need apply. Or one or two may be let into the larger schools to save the faces of the School Board.

In a number of villages in this State the meetings of Public School Boards are pened by prayer by Methodist or Baptist

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Mditte

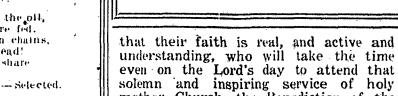
A Jesuit priest in New York City says too many Catholics are asleep. He probably made this discovery just before the collection box was passed. But there is no cause for worry. A good pastor wakes them up.

Good land o' Goshen! This is getting to be a queer country. You can shoot a man in Chicago, and hardly get your name in the papers. But 127 men who attended a rooster fight in Goshen, N. Y., were fined a total of approximately \$2,000 the other day. Fifteen State Troopers rounded up the bunch, roosters and all, and a country justice did the rest, by gosh!

A minister in New York City has been restrained by the Courts from further dealing in securities until an investigation has been completed of charges that he has been defrauding his parishioners by selling them worthless mining stock- It wouldn't be a bad idea, at the same time, to investigate the merits of the religion he has been dealing out to his people. If he has been selling them worthless stock, he has been hurting only their confidence and their pocketbooks; if he has been giving them worthless religion, he has been hurting their immortal souls.

Six banks closed their doors in one county in the State of North Carolina within 24 hours recently. North Carolina, it will be remembered, broke its traditional Democratic loyalty and went for Hoover in the late presidential election. In an atmosphere that is enriched by the aroma of thousands of "moonshine" stills, a ma-jority of the church people of that state veiled their bigotry by vicious attacks on the "wetness" of Al. Smith, and clamored for Hoover and Hoover prosperity. Well, they are enjoying it now, and if the banks keep on closing they won't have money enough left to buy the "corn pone" that is made in nearly every hamlet in the State. We are not rejoicing over the closing of these banks. Nor have we injured our eyes by excessive weeping. There is a lengthy word in Webster's dictionary called "retribution". The political parsons of the State might dissect that while they are leaning against the closed doors of the impoverished banks.

Two great meetings under Catholic auspices were held in Rochester this week, one on Monday evening by the Catholic Women's Club; the other on Wednesday evening by the Fourth Degree Knights of Columbus. Close to one thousand people were present at these meetings. Religion, love of home, love of children and love of country were emphasized at these meetings.



STRENGTHENING THE STRANDS

It is heartening to read about the way Catholic priests, Protestant ministers and Jewish rabbis are getting together in many places to give serious consideration to the serious subject of religious prejudices. One of the more recent of these conferences has just been closed in Alabama. This State, it will be remembered, is represented in the United States Senate by a mountebank of foul wind; a rhinoceros of bigotry; a sewer of falsehood. His party leaders have denied him a re-nomination. He has appealed to the sheet and shirt cowards of his State to stand back of him in his deathless fight against "the domina-tion of Romanism." This, in spite of the fact that less than five per cent. of the voters of his State are Catholics.

The Fellowship Roarem in Washington has sent out a violent appeal to all loyal Americans to stand back of Alabama's big bag of wind. The amusing part of the appeal is that they don't want votes; they want Dollars! "If a dollar is all you can give," says the appeal, "send that; if you can possibly do more, please do it now!"

There is nothing startling about this, for professional bigots are aways after the Dollar They have no principles, no worse than the lowest of thieves, the meanest of pickpockets.

There is no denying that this kind of buncombe and of bigotry has got a violent hold on the State of Alabama. We repeat, therefore, that it is heartening to read about good men of all religious beliefs getting together to put an end to it. To dam the flow of poison, to strengthen the strands of Americanism, and to help bring about good will and co-operation in the life. of every community in the State-that is the object of Alabama's recent conference. More than two-hundred representative Catholics, Protestants and Jews attended this conference. Priests, ministers and rabbis spoke. They dealt frankly with religious prejudices and practices. Let us hope they will put an end to the foul polmade their fair State a by-word and a thing of ridicule throughout the country, as well as a menace to the peace and good will of mankind.

OUR LADY OF THE MISSIONS

Who is the strength and the light and which leads the missionary over magan highways? Who is the tender who consoles him? Who is his yen of peace during storms of strife? Whor-but "Our Lady of the Mislend this great work on and

Jesus. From the cross on Calvary He slowly ascends into the blue above, but as the azure closes over Him, music like strains from an angel's harp comes floating on the air and this soft, sweet melody falls caressingly on our souls:

"Forsake her not, and she shall keep thee; love her, and she shall preserve thee."

EVELYN SEMO. Junior Class. Nazareth Academy.

OUR FRIEND

The papers have been filled with pictures often repeated of the home coming of one of the greatest men the country can boast of. Millions thought of him, alone in the air over the broad Atlantic, and from many lips came a murmured prayer for his safety. He reached the city he had sought and received an ovation such as never was given to any man perhaps before. The government brought him home m a warship, and then the great city woi New York was out to welcome him. All work seemed to be forgotten, the narrow canons called streets in that great city were packed with humanity; the windows of the high buildings filled with men and women who longed for a sight of the great aviator, and tons and tons of paper, torn to bits, were showered down upon him as a sign of good will and congratulation.

And all of this to honor a man who had ideals and who dared to try them out and who succeeded. It was as it should have been, we all say. And today the admiration given him then continues. And why not?

But there is another with us. And that other is He who died for mankind. He lives wherever there is a Catholic church. In the quiet of the tabernacle, He looks out upon His people. He sees the millions in all parts of the world for whom He gave up His life on the cross in agony untold. He is the Creator of us all. He is the Creator of those we run after and admire and feast. Greater love than this no man hath than to lay down his life for his friend. We all are His friends, and for us He died.

But do we see the crowds rushing to see Him? His home is open from daylight to dark. Now and then a few thoughtful friends drop in to show Him that all for whom He died have not forgotten Him. He comes on His altar at Benediction time in the golden monstrance, that He may look down upon His worshippers. But how few there are! Millions honored the famous aviator who was worthy of praise and nonce. This it is the few who show

"Principal."

The above letter was written by the Principal of the Public High School in the village of Harriman, Orange County, N. Y., a part of the great Archdiocese of New York. It was written to a school teacher in Plattsburg, N. Y., Miss Anna Mulholland, aged 24, who had made application to Principal Hoffman for a position as teacher in the Harriman High School. The principal sent her an application blank to be filled out by her and returned to him. She did this, answering all questions to his satisfaction "except one". That one, to his peanut mind, was so important that upon its answer depended her appointmentnot an educational qualification question; not a question as to moral character: not a question as to ability, integrity or honesty; nor even a question as to salary. But a question of religion, if you please. "If you belong to the Protestant religion, report immediately." "If you are a Catholic, please wire me at my expense. A contract will be awarded you under the first condition only."

No equivocation there. No hypocrisy. No running around the lilac tree. But right straight from the shoulder. . Give Willy Hoffman credit for that. He had been doing this thing for so long that it has become matter-of-fact with him. Just like: "Please pass the pie, Sister," at the village boarding house. Or, to the barber:

ministers. If the religion of a Catholic agent is known, he cannot sell two cents' worth of supplies to many of our public schools. He is automatically disbarred. It is a common thing for some School Boards, in letting contracts for new buildings, or new equipment, to "fish around" and try to find out if an agent is a Catholic. In not a few cases agents have been asked the question point blank. Normal school teachers will tell you, if they are honest, that they have a difficult time in getting positions for many of their Catholic graduates. In a city of approximately 100,000 population in this State, some few years ago, the Superintendent of Schools boasted at a closed meeting of the Ministers' Association that in thirteen years he had never recommended a Catholic teacher for promotion. On the strength of that glorious record he asked the ministers to help him get an increase in salary!

There isn't a particle of use in getting excited over this state of affairs. Breaking Principal Hoffman's head in the village of Harriman won't solve the trouble. Nor will the passing of fiery resolutions by Catholic societies, or the writing of denunciatory letters to School Boards. The Rev. P. F. MacAran, pastor of the Catholic Church in Harriman, wrote a beautiful letter to the School Board in that village about the Mulholland case. He addressed it to "My dear friends and neighbors," and the board kept as silent as a dead fish. Didn't even acknowledge receipt of his letter.

In a thriving village in Central New York not long ago, the Principal of the High School made a lot of scurrilous remarks about St. Patrick to his students one 17th of March. The village priest, hearing about it, wrote a letter that, for fire and brimstone, eclipsed the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. But a friend prevailed upon the priest to tear up the letter and invite the Principal to have dinner with him. This was done, and during the dinner the priest very nicely told the Principal he had heard about his remarks on St. Patrick, and how sorry he was to have such things told to American boys and girls in a village where everybody should live like brothers and sisters. The Principal, the next day, made an humble apology to hs students. Two years afterwards a beautiful new High School was built and dedicated in that village, and the Principal invited the priest to deliver the dedicatory address—the first time in more than 100 years that a Catholic priest had ever spoken in a public school in that

village. Therein, we believe, is the answer tointerest, not isolation; friendship, not criticism: kindliness, not aggressiveness. This course will help our people, and it will help our Church.

Feb. 16 Sunday's Liturgy Septuagasima Sunday

(Prepared for the N. C. W. C. News are given the time from Septua- punishing the whole human race on Life of Newman,

Service by the Liturgical Press, gesima Sunday to the beginning of account of sin.

By Dom Roger Schoenbechler, O.S.B.

Collegeville, Minn.) Collegeville, Minn.) Collegeville, Minn.) Collegeville, Minn.) Collegeville, Minn.) Lent to prepare ourselves gradually and its effects we do not, however, for the approaching austerities of give way to despair. "Out of the Lent with its prayer, fasting, and Groaning under this weight of sin montification in union with Christ mortification in union with Christ depths" of our affliction and spiritual ers of Thy people: that we, who are in the desert and on His way to misery we cry with the Psalmist: justly afflicted for our sins, may be Calvary. "Christ preaching" char- Lord, hear my voice (Tract), but not mercifully delivered for the glory of acterizes Septuagesima, while in a spirit of hopelessness. God will acterizes Septuagesima, while in a spirit of hopelessness. God will "Christ suffering" sums up Lent and "graciously hear our prayers" and Passiontide. During Lent we shall "mercifully deliver" us (Collect) if mercifully delivered for the glory of acterizes Thy name. Through our Lord Jesus

Christ." perform the works to which Mother we but strive again to "run in the Catholic Book Club, 461 Eighth Church exhorts us, through the race...to obtain ... not a corrupti-On Septuagesima Sunday the great liturgical drama of the Church liturgy, during the preceding season ble crown . . . but an incorruptible Avenue, New York City, that the year undergoes a complete shifting of septuagesima. of scenes. During the Christmas The Collect for today is thus a bringing it into subjection," as the man," by J. Lewis May, as the

cycle, which closed yesterday at Ves- true reflection of the earnestness Church, speaking to us in the Epistle Catholic book of the month, pers, we celebrate God's becoming with which the Church wishes us to for today, exhorts us to do. This sympathetic biography of one Perhaps, until now, we have been of the great, and, in his day, much

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man. We now begin the Easter enter upon her yearly liturgical rewhich celebrates the reason enactment of the events which sur-idle and sinful, refusing to serve the misunderstood Church leaders, comes why He became man, "to clothe us, round the great work of Redemption, Lord of the Vineyard. But, though at a time when much thought is benamely, with His glorious divinity in the second great cycle of the Church we may come to Him only at the ing devoted to educational fundathe mystery of the Resurrection." year. It should be recalled that, as "eleventh hour," He will not reject mentals. In the last century many From now until Advent, the liturgy Christ became man to redeem us, sojus. Indeed, He will give to us even things, some of them harsh, were of the season will have as its central redemption was made necessary on as He gives to those who came first said about Newman and his ideal theme the Redemption of man by account of original sin and its fatal (Gospel), "Mercifully delivering us Catholic University. We of today The climax is reached at consequences which are so indelibly for the glory of His name" (Collect), are realizing that his drams were Christ. Easter, the feast of the Resurrecton. impressed upon the nature of man

But lest we be plunged too sud- during his entire life here below. In denly into the "igrim realities" of the Collect, therefore, we humbly Lent and Passion ide, the immediate confess our guilt in that of Adam preparation for Baster proper, we and admit the justice of God in **Book Club Choice** For This Month

New York, Feb. 14 .--- Announcement has come from the offices of the

not those of a visionary, but repre-Subscribe for The Catholic

sented principles common to every age in which the Church functioned as the social arbiter, and not as a tolerated organization,