

The Catholic Courier And Journal

Official Paper of the Diocese of Rochester... Published at 117 Andrews St., every Friday by THE CATHOLIC COURIER and JOURNAL, Inc.

Courier Established 1929 Journal Established 1889... Subscriber to the N. C. W. C. News Service

SUBSCRIPTION RATES Payable in Advance One Year \$2.50 Foreign, one year 3.00

Make all checks payable to Catholic Courier and Journal, Inc. Advertising Rates gladly furnished on application.

Editorial Staff: Priests of the Diocese, Maurice F. Hemmons, Managing Editor

All communications for publication must be signed with the name and address of the writer, and must be in the Courier office by Tuesday preceding the date of publication.

Friday, May 9, 1930.

SWEEPING OUT THE DIRT

A publisher in Paris recently mailed a catalogue of books to a Frenchman who is the father of nine children. The catalogue exploited a number of obscene books and quoted some snappy examples.

The example of this French father is worth imitating. Catholic parents should make emphatic protest against every indecent publication that may be mailed or sent to their homes.

A WARNING VOICE

A warning voice against filthy dramas was lifted at the recent Congress of State Societies in New York City, composed of representatives of the various societies of women in the city.

"It seems such a pity that almost the majority of leading actresses today choose for vehicles in which to exhibit their talents plays with themes that are loathsome and disgusting.

The immorality and profanity of the modern stage will write its doom in large letters in the not too distant future. The patronage aroused by such methods is an ephemeral patronage, enticed by curiosity and built upon the sands.

ST. BONAVENTURE'S LOSS

Sincere sympathy will be felt throughout the Diocese of Rochester over the serious loss sustained by St. Bonaventure's College and Seminary in the disastrous fire which destroyed the monastery, seminary and church at the college on Monday.

St. Bonaventure's, lamenting the loss of loved and treasured buildings and relics of past ages, will rise triumphant above the ashes of its grief. New buildings will be erected. New friends will be found.

BEHOLD THY MOTHER

In response to a petition addressed by the Servite Fathers in this country to Pope Pius XI a year ago, the Sacred Congregation of Rites has sanctioned the institution of a new ecclesiastical feast—the first that has ever been established for the United States—to "Mater Genitrix Humana" under the title "Behold Thy Mother." This feast to be observed each year on the second Sunday of May, popularly known in this country as "Mothers' Day."

To Jesus In The Eucharist

'Tis sweet to kneel at early dawn Before Thy earthly home, dear Lord. To offer Thee the new-born day.

'Tis sweet, while on my duties bent, To turn my mind, my soul, my heart, Through all the day's fast speeding hours.

'Tis sweet to kneel when eventide With beautiful light the church doth fill.

'Tis then so calm it seems I hear Those words of comfort: "Peace, be still."

'Tis sweet when all the earth is still And stars look down from Heaven above.

I wake in night's deep, lonely hours And think of Thee, My God, my Love, Then, turning toward Thy earthly home.

-Anastasia E. Conlon.

In turn should pay to our earthly mother. In the motherhood of Mary every mother on earth shares in a special way. It is certain that Catholics everywhere will enter wholeheartedly into the observance of this feast.

There is no more touching scene in all the story of the crucifixion than that in which Jesus, looking down from the Cross, saw his Mother and St. John, "whom He loved," standing near. He saith to His mother: "Woman, behold thy Son! And after that He saith to the disciple: "Behold thy mother!"

AMID ANCIENT ASHES

A new and mighty army is marching this week in the streets of Carthage, amid ancient ashes. Here a great republic, rival of Rome, was founded. Here a mighty city grew. Here warriors went forth to conquer nations and peoples long centuries ago.

Out of its ashes grew a new city, founded by Julius Caesar forty-four years before the coming of Christ. A new people walked the soil consecrated by the blood of heroic predecessors. Roman militarism flourished, and Roman antagonism to the Christian faith, Arenas and amphitheaters ran red with the blood of many martyrs.

Here Tertullian wrote and preached, and St. Cyprian, and long afterwards, St. Augustine—great voices, and great men, of heroic mold.

And so, mingling with the ashes of the past, the great city became again but a memory, tragic and pitiful. Through long centuries, never again triumphant as of old, it has dragged its feeble steps. Now but a little village, it is like an aged mother, decrepit amid ruins, weeping over the ashes of her children.

Nations and peoples may forget, but Holy Mother Church never forgets. The glory of the past is irrevocably linked with the glory of the Church, and now a great new army marches in the streets of ancient Carthage, proud mistress of the Mediterranean long ages ago.

Thousands of pious pilgrims are here, where Hannibal walked, where Scipio Africanus dictated his hard terms of peace, where Scipio Aemilianus put the city to the sword. In the beautiful new Cathedral of St. Louis services are being held, and hundreds of temporary altars all around are enlivened by the music of the Mass.

Thousands of pious pilgrims are here, where Hannibal walked, where Scipio Africanus dictated his hard terms of peace, where Scipio Aemilianus put the city to the sword. In the beautiful new Cathedral of St. Louis services are being held, and hundreds of temporary altars all around are enlivened by the music of the Mass.

CONFESSION

Confession is a mockery and a sacrilege, unless the penitent has genuine interior sorrow for his sins; it must spring from the heart, and not the lips. This sorrow springs from a supernatural motive, that is, that his sin has offended God; moreover the sorrow must cover every single sin, without any exception, great and small, and we must grieve more for having offended God than for any other evil that can befall us.

Not every one who goes through the form of Confession actually has his sins forgiven. There are certain rigorous conditions to be complied with. These conditions are five in number.

- 1. Examination of conscience to know our sins. 2. Exciting in our hearts a sincere sorrow for ALL our sins, without exception. 3. A firm resolution to amend our lives, and never sin again. 4. A full Confession to a Priest of all our sins, without concealing any. 5. Reparation for the wrong we have done, and the performance of some penance.

PADEREWSKI, WORLD'S GREATEST PIANIST, IS A CATHOLIC

BANG! CRASH!

Jingle, bang, crash, bump, kerflump, etc. And it is Sunday. We are in the garage of a friend. He works all week, six days. He has a car. The car seems to be in need of hospital care most of the time.

When the time comes for dinner, at six in the evening, if you call it dinner, he goes into the kitchen, well greased and perspiring generously. But it is Sunday. He went to early Mass, and left while the priest was reading the last Gospel, so he could have more time to tinker with the car.

The questioner might look at the grease, the overalls, and the perspiration and suggest that it looks as if he had been doing servile work. And he might add: "Servile work is forbidden on Sunday unless it is necessary."

But he would get for an answer: "I am not working for pay, and I have no time during the week to fix it. As if working for pay had anything to do with it."

Then the inquisitor might, with the wings of speed, fly to another friend's home. It is Sunday still, and it is getting dark. He rings the door bell and notes that the parlor curtains and shades are all out of sight. He enters and finds himself in a mess. They are papering the parlor. Chairs, etc., are put where everyone would expect them not to be, traps for the unwary. And the man of the family is in the midst of the confusion.

And the visitor asks: "Why do the work on Sunday? Of course it is none of my business, but I am interested to know why you tire yourself out on the only day you have to rest."

Then the visitor goes home where he can find a chair safe to sit on, and the thought comes to him: "It is the Lord's day. He gave it to us for rest and to honor Him. And men turn it into a day of labor. That man works eight hours at his job and grumbles at the long hours. But he works 15 hours on Sunday, doing work that he is well able to have done by another. He has money. But he is so stingy with it that he gives none to God, and tries to save it by doing servile work on the Lord's own day, that he may save a few dollars he does not need."

Less work, and more rest and more good reading of good papers and books after we have been to Mass and Benediction is a program that thousands can well follow in these days of useless rush.

A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE

William Marks Simpson, Jr., of Norfolk, Va., a student in the Rinehart School of Sculpture, at the Maryland Institute of Fine Arts in Baltimore, Md., has just been awarded in New York City the Prix de Rome sculpture prize, which has a cash value of \$8,000 and expenses of a three-years' residence and study in Rome, Italy.

Mr. Simpson is a non-Catholic, but he chose for his prize-winning subject St. Francis of Assisi. Monks from Washington and nuns from Norfolk visited the young sculptor, advised him as to details of costume, etc., made many suggestions to him and gave him constant encouragement. When his work was completed they told him they would pray fervently for his success in the competition. And in his hour of triumph, he turns gratefully to

CURRENT COMMENT

IN OUR CHARITY

A goodly number of the prisoners who died in the Penitentiary fire Monday night were Catholics and were present the day before at Easter services and received Holy Communion. Let us hope that all of them who died had gone to Communion the day before. Most of the victims, doubtless, had time to say an act of contrition before the flames and smoke snuffed out their lives and before the priests in attendance could get to them.

NO PAINT ON THEIR LIPS

Seven hundred and fifty Children of Mary, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-five years, received Holy Communion in a body in St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, last Sunday, after which they attended a Communion Breakfast in the Hotel Pennsylvania. The New York Times, in describing their appearance, said:

Not a girl had paint on her lips, or rouge on her face. Most of them had dresses below their knees.

A spectacle so unusual, so extraordinary in these days of cosmetics gone mad, that the greatest daily in America saw fit to comment on it—no paint on their faces!

How fitting it was, and how beautiful, that these young girls should go to the altar railing and lift sweet, unpainted lips for the reception of the body and blood of our Lord and our Saviour.

"I shudder in repulsion," a pious priest said recently, "whenever I see a girl with hideously painted lips at the altar railing, waiting to receive Holy Communion. I almost feel like asking her to leave the railing and wash the paint from her lips."

We dare say most priests have the same feeling. Most young girls use lip paint from the mistaken sense that it is the thing to do, and that they will look pale and unattractive if they do not use it. If only they knew how it detracts from their looks, and how wholesome and winning they are without it! Bless them, with or without it, and may they all learn that no cosmetic concoction can ever add the slightest iota to the bloom and charm of youth.

It is a splendid thing the Children of Mary in New York and other places are doing, teaching young girls that painless lips and rouged faces are more wholesome and attractive than the other kind, and that dresses below the knees are in keeping with the modesty desired by the Church and so beautifully exemplified in the life and ideals of the Mother of God. May this good work be continued all over the land!

When 2,000 members of the New York City Fire Department received Holy Communion in a body recently, and held a Communion Breakfast afterwards in the Hotel Astor, their guests included delegations from the Jewish and Masonic clubs of the department.

This is a beautiful example of kindly Christian spirit. The monks and nuns had the spirit of the Saint in their souls, and they imparted that spirit to him while he worked with skilled hand upon the statue. He was attracted, he said, to St. Francis by the sweetness and simplicity of his character, and he tried to inject these qualities into his work. The awarding of a magnificent prize to him is best evidence of the success of his efforts.

What a fine thing it would be if all of us would show interest and kindness similar to that of the monks and nuns in the labors and undertakings of our non-Catholic friends and neighbors. Mr. Simpson, we dare say, will never have aught but the finest of feelings towards our Church and its representatives in the years that are to come. And all because, when he worked on a Catholic subject, Catholic people came to him and gave him what he lacked, the soul of Faith to warm his statue into life.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

The 39th anniversary of Pope Leo's encyclical on the Condition of Labor will be observed during the week of May 11th.

Now that the baseball season has been opened officially, let us see St. Michael kalsomine St. Patrick.

Remo voted in favor of booze in the Literary Digest poll. Thus do children salute their parents.

And now comes a gentleman, a professor in the University of Georgia, who tells us that divorcees are caused by coffee. Maybe so, but we'll bet on canned beans every time.

Al Capone went to Cuba accompanied by a retinue of friends and servants, including a doctor. When he goes back to Chicago he had better add an ambulance to the outfit.

A movement to permit the ordination of women as ministers in the Presbyterian Church in the United States has failed. The ladies will, therefore, be compelled to continue to save their sermons for their husbands.

The President of the New Jersey Dental Society, at a recent convention of that body, asked 1,000 dentists to fight the Prohibition law until they get it out of the Constitution. Reflecting, of course, the pathetic appeals of patrons who want a "nip" before they get their teeth pulled.

Deadwood Dick is dead! Our poor old friend! Forty years ago he galloped over western plains, riding amazing horses, shooting myriad Indians, braving death at every turn, and turning just quick enough to dodge it. Time and again the villain had him at the brink of the grave, but lo! by a mighty magical twist of wrist or mind he was safe and free. Bandits trapped him, cowboys necked him with ropes, Indians tied him to stakes, and were prepared to remove his hair without aid of barbers. But in the nick of time, one-sixtieth of a split second before his doom, he was always rescued by pretty maidens, cyclones or prairie dogs—just about the time mothers wanted water or kindling wood, or teachers wanted to know who could bound Europe in the class room. "Deadwood Dick in the Gold Rush," "Deadwood Dick in the Grand Canyon," "Deadwood Dick in Bloody Gulch," "Deadwood Dick in Arizona"—what thrills, what heroism, what miracles of strategy and strength! And now he is dead in Deadwood, S. Dakota, at the age of 83, with his boots off—rare old competitor of the classics, rare old enemy of mathematics, poetry and piety. Well, peace to his ashes. He was our pal when apples were green and algebra was hard, and we have a right to shed a tear on the cactus bush over his grave.

OUR HEROIC MISSIONARIES

There are parts of China today where a white man may abide only at serious danger to his own life. The danger is so acute that state departments have disclaimed all responsibility for nationals who persist in remaining within the danger areas. Thoroughly understanding that they have been abandoned by human aid the missionaries have merely turned to lean with a greater confidence on the divine assistance.

The Holy Father has said: "Remain at your posts" and the soldiers of Christ have not moved. They have sacrificed all in life which the world counts worthwhile except life itself. Their zeal for Christ is without reserve. If the cause of Christ will be assisted by the shedding of martyr blood they will not refuse God this last gift He has so far left to them.—The Pilot, Boston, Mass.

REFLECTING ON A PROFESSION

New York State physicians have taken up the question of their right to prescribe liquors without limitation of time or quantity. This is one of the mooted questions that has come out of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The Volstead Act itself discloses no intention to limit the discretion of physicians. This was done by the Willis-Campbell amendment. The limitation is not only resisted by physicians, including many distinguished leaders of the profession, but by many invalids and old persons.

It is a cheap unwarranted insult to a great profession to make it evident that its members cannot be trusted to conscientiously and ethically pursue their calling. It behooves the members of the profession, whether they are in favor of prescribing liquor in any quantity, at any time or not, to get behind the movement abolishing the limitation of prescriptions. To suppose that there are anywhere any but the smallest number of physicians who would take a mercenary, illegal advantage of the right to prescribe is a wanton insult.

Either the physician should not be permitted to prescribe liquor as medicine, or he should be allowed to use his judgment as to how much, and when, it is to be given to the patient.—The Light, Scranton, Pa.