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And Journal

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

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

Friday, May 23, 1930.

A LEGAL BLESSING ON DIRT

A New York City magistrate recently
decided that one of the modern "realistic"
books, "Pay Day," is not obscene. The
character of the book is vividly pictured
in two sentences in the decision of the
magistrate:

"It can be stated that the language
employed by the author of 'Pay Day'
is in many instances unequivocally
direct and bluntly explicit on matters
relating to sex and its consequent
psychological and physical reactions.
There can be no question that if the
language employed by the author
were isolated the same would be both
offensive and obscene."

But, says the magistrate, the wrong-
doing of the chief character of the book
is not glorified; on the contrary, he is
made to suffer because of his transgressions.
Therefore, says the magistrate,
the book points a good moral, the use of
such language is not criminal, and he
dismisses an action brought against the
publishers by the Society for the Suppression
of Vice.

The logic of this decision is that any
author may use any kind of vile, obscene
and lascivious language so long as he
points a good moral and punishes the vil-
lain. This makes it all the more impera-
tive that parents watch carefully that
their children read, and not place any
reliance on the virtue of any book
blessed by a court decision as to its dirt
or non-dirt. Novels that employ such
language are a distinct evil. Moral or
moral, legal approval or none, they are not
fit for Christian homes, and their merit is
emphatically non-existent.

PSYCHO-ANALYZING HUMANITY

New York City is famous for the
Statue of Liberty, Ellis Island, its auto
busses and its idiosyncrasies. A lot of the
last-named occupied the Booth Theater
last Sunday. Dr. Charles Francis Potter,
founder of "Humanism," and Leon Sam-
son, author, held a debate on "What Ails
the World," or something like that. Dr.
A. A. Brill, leading exponent of Freud in
America, was chairman. He enjoyed him-
self by "psycho-analyzing" his audience
and brushing flies off his nose.

Dr. Potter disposed of God in this
fashion:

"God has no more existence than
Santa Claus; prayer is simply man
calling on his own resources and
thanking God for it; but through the
terrible influence of orthodox religion
we have been kept so busy getting
ready for Heaven that we have had
no time to make this earth a better
place."

He said eighty-five per cent. of the
population of New York are interested in
his movement. He probably saw the
crowd headed for Coney Island and mis-
judged their intentions.

Mr. Samson dished out a lot of Com-
munist to the audience. He pronounced
"Humanism" incompetent, and shouted
for blood. He wants toil abolished, prole-
tariats pickled and the world renovated.
Dr. Potter arose and told him he was full
of hot air.

Dr. Brill announced that he had
psycho-analyzed the applause; that he
showed an emotional instinct, primal or
primeval, the fundamentals of which make
the prevention of war a great difficulty.

All of which comprised the religious
devotions of a good-sized audience Sun-
day. Educating boys and girls away from
God makes an audience of this kind pos-
sible in America. It will make Potters,
Samsons and Brills out of the boys and
girls of Christian parents, if they are
educated along the same lines, in schools
that sneer at God, in classrooms where
atheistic professors smirk and sputter.
Parents who are sending their boys and
girls to so-called modern educational insti-
tutions had better look to the Booth
Theater and find in its aisles the path-
etic little boys and girls who are mark-
ing for their loved ones who sneer at God.

Little Brother Charity

You came so early to our street,
You brave, sweet-throated happy thing!
When only swelling lilac buds
Gave any hint or hope of spring.

And tired folk smiled in their sleep
At visions your song brought to them.
The sick sent up fresh prayers of faith,
Like hands to touch the garments' hem.

Oh, little Brother Charity!
Who but a Robin—who would dare
To choose for choir and nesting place
A noisy city thoroughfare?

So many woods and country lanes
And village lawns and orchard trees
You passed in your long northward flight
To rest in humble boughs like these!

Perhaps this tiny song will live
When your light wings are turned to
dust—
Long silent, happy singing throat
And little heart of human trust.

—Alice P. Clark.

OIL MEN!

Let us see the styles for men, year
2030. I wonder if a view of this world
then would show us the following picture:
Two men are passing down the main
street of the town, dodging airplanes that
now and then fall into the street.

One has a beard, a nice long one, his
coat has no collar, but is low cut in front
and in the back. That is all he has on his
upper story. Ear rings, dark in color and
large in size, hang from his ears. His
nose is powdered, his cheeks being cov-
ered do not need powder. And his lips are
cherry red, not natural and from them
hangs a good sized black pipe. His
trousers are wide and cut off just above
the knee, and he wears stockings, flesh
colored and shiny. On his feet are slippers
held by nothing that can be seen. Per-
haps a wad of chewing gum makes them
stick. His companion is clean shaven. His
face is like a rainbow for colors, cheeks
on shade of red, and so on with nose
powdered white. His hair is curled and
his ears decorated with ear rings the size
of a tomato, and of that color. His coat
is of many colors, deep cut before and be-
hind, and it is the only garment he has
above his waist. His trousers, or what-
ever they will call them then, are baggy
and wide and end above his knees. From
his knees to his feet, there is a lot of un-
covered surface. And his shoes, or slip-
pers, are red trimmed with green, and how
they are kept on is a mystery.

"Oh boy," as they say, "Let us end
the dream." Get a couple of blankets and
cover them both.

Our Holy Father, who represents our
Lord on earth, has made several attempts
to bring about a more modest way of
dressing in our days. His words no doubt
have brought forth fruit in some places.
In our own land there are still some who
show that the virtue of modesty is not
entirely dead. The extremes of fashion for
women and girls which seem to have been
imported from darkest Africa still rule.
Many protest, but dare not oppose Dame
Fashion. If women and girls dressed a
few years ago, as they do to-day, the
charitable people in the town would take
up collections to buy them stockings,
sleeves for their dresses and other gar-
ments that modesty for thousands of
years has deemed proper. But we hear that
health demands this detestable and un-
attractive style. If there were any truth
in many of the health fads, most of us
would have passed out again as babies.
Because we would not have had the benefit
of these so-called health aids. There are
too many, and they are not men who have
been slaves to a fashion which is opposed
to all the dictates of Christian modesty.
The modest sex, so-called, is a victim of
the pagan goddess of style.

All around us societies are being
formed for girls in accordance with the
wish of our Holy Father, to lead girls, who
at heart are modest, to brave opposition
of the worldly-minded and to dare to wear
enough clothing to cover them properly.

There is no beauty nor attractiveness
in the modern styles. And if the men
were to dress as the ladies do to-day, and
as we saw them in our pipe dream for the
year 2030, the women would put up such
a protest that the men would be glad to
change.

But it takes bravery, and love for
Christian modesty to dare to oppose the
evil dressing of these days. May the styles
soon change in accordance with the de-
sires of our Spiritual Leader, our Holy
Father.

MOTHERS

The closest approach to the infinite
love of Almighty God for His creatures is
the love which mothers have for their
children—the truth of the statement is
borne in the lives of each one of us born
of woman.

Mere men will never be able to com-
pletely understand the depth of those who
go down into the valley of death to give
us life, and who spend their mortal exis-
tence helping us to retain that life.

No matter that some few are un-
natural enough to be unfaithful to their
children. No matter that some, mis-
guided, like the creature who shot seven
of her children here Tuesday evening, fail
to understand what their duty is to the
children. The noble race of mothers is
one of the rare possessions of earth of
which it can be unreservedly proud.

God bless all our mothers.—Catholic
Columbian, Columbus, O.

Mixed Marriages

Matrimony is one of the seven Sacraments instituted by Christ—a holy
thing, a sacred contract, ended only by death. Being a Sacrament, the condi-
tions under which it is administered to Catholics are laid down by the Catholic
Church. All Catholics recognize the inalienable right of the Church to regulate
the conditions of all the Sacraments, Matrimony included. No Catholic would
go to a Justice of the Peace to go to Confession; so also no Catholic would go
anywhere but to a Catholic priest to be married.

Catholics believe Catholics should marry Catholics, Protestants marry
Protestants, and Jews marry Jews. The Catholic Church looks with disfavor
upon the marriage of persons of different religions. There may at times be
happiness in such marriages, but, alas, very many of them are unhappy, and
the faith of the children is imperiled.

BALBOA, DISCOVERER OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN, WAS A CATHOLIC

TWENTY-FIVE GOLDEN YEARS AGO

Twenty-five golden years ago, May 24,
1909, in the historic sanctuary of St.
Patrick's Cathedral, the Rt. Rev. Thomas
F. Hickey, D.D., was consecrated Auxili-
ary Bishop of the Diocese of Rochester.
For nearly four years he took from the
shoulders of the beloved first Bishop of
Rochester, the Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Mc-
Quaid, D.D., the heaviest burdens of the
Diocese. He was to him more than a co-
adjutor, more than a co-worker; he was,
in very truth, a dear and trusted friend,
a comrade, tried and true, in the vineyard
of God. And he walked and worked by
his side until the great mystery of Death
enfolded the form of his predecessor and
friend on the eighteenth day of January,
1909.

Then Bishop Hickey took upon his own
shoulders the full burden of the Diocese.
Everywhere there was growth, progress,
and a forward march of the army of the
Lord. New parishes were developed, new
churches built, new parish schools, con-
vents, rectories; and the sacred bonds of
religion were lengthened and strengthened
everywhere in the Diocese. Carefully and
well Bishop Hickey directed this work,
giving serious thought and devout prayer
to every task, and doing in God's sweet
name what he deemed best for the
Church, for religion, for humanity and for
God. He never flinched from his duty. He
gave unsparingly of his thought, his time,
his efforts, his zeal and enthusiasm to the
 manifold duties of the Diocese, until at
last, broken in health, he sought and
found needed rest.

Then did the Church, thoughtful
Mother, give him new honors—made him
Archbishop of Virannacium, and gave him
opportunity to rest, and pray and live
amongst the people and the friends he
loves.

And now the golden chariot of Time
has brought him the twenty-fifth anni-
versary of his consecration. Sweet,
blessed memories are his, and treasured
recollections of the labors of long and
fruitful years. The new Bishop of the
Diocese of Rochester, his own beloved
Vicar General and devoted co-worker—
John Francis O'Hern—and all the priests
of the Diocese, and all the good Sisters
and other religious, and all the adult laity,
and all the little children he loved and still
loves—all of these will join him in prayer
in celebration of his happy anniversary,
and will ask God to bless him with re-
newed health, ever-increasing happiness
and many more years of peace and com-
fort in his beloved city of Rochester.

SEEKING PEACE

The world is weary of war books,
weary of war and weary of parleys at-
tempting to end war. At this writing it
looks as if the London Naval Disarmament
Conference will be a failure. The nations
fear and distrust one another and in this
fact is the cause of the armaments main-
tained by all of them. Fear is the mother
of foresight and it is also the mother of
safety. Until nation ceases to fear nation
armaments will not be appreciably re-
duced. It was an old colonial American,
Dr. Witherspoon, we believe, who said:
"It is only the fear of God that can
deliver us from the fear of men." Fear
and love of God offer the one cure for the
evil of excessive armaments under which
the people of the world are groaning—the
only certain cure. When governments and
people have that fear and that love in
their hearts there is the spirit of brother-
hood, and when brotherhood prevails wars
must cease. As yet we are far from that
ideal condition, but it must be the aim
of all who profess allegiance to the Prince
of Peace.—The Witness, Dubuque, Iowa.

CATHOLIC ACTION

Catholic Action means leading a Catho-
lic life; for life is action and action is life.
Catholic Action is not a new thing. But
so many Catholics have been content to
live only a partway Catholic life, that it
sounds new. They have sliced their life
into parts and put the stamp of their
faith and their morals on a few slices and
not on all. They have divided their life
into compartments and have left religion
only for what are called Church duties,
family and life and the more personal re-
lationships. They have been fractional
Catholics. And when they have done this,
they have added to the host of evil that
afflicts public life, working life, and so-
cial and private life, too.—Northwest
Progress, Seattle, Washington.

CURRENT COMMENT

MIRACULOUS MEDAL CENTENARY

Pinned over the hearts of almost all
the patients in the numerous hospitals in
the care of the Sisters of Charity; hung
around the necks of all the children in
their charge in many infant homes and
asylums; presented as highly valued
prizes to the honor students in their
world-encircling academies, high schools
and colleges will be found the Miraculous
Medal of the Blessed Virgin. And it has
been so now for many, many years. Ever
since the apparitions of the Blessed Virgin
to Sister Catherine Laboure in the mod-
est chapel of their motherhouse in the
Rue de Bac, Paris, in 1830, the Sisters of
Charity have been diligent in bringing
clients to the Mother of God, under her
title of Our Lady of the Miraculous Medal.
This celebration gives all of us an op-
portunity to join with the Sisters in
thanking God for the blessings He has
bestowed upon them and in praying that
their patroness, Our Mother, will continue
to protect them in their labors which are
so fruitful for the greater glory of God
and for the salvation of souls.—The
Evangelist, Albany, N. Y.

HOLIDAY A MISTAKE

A proposal to make Good Friday a
legal holiday is to be taken up with the
state legislature of Ohio in 1931 by a com-
mittee of Catholics and non-Catholics.
Action to this effect was decided upon at
a meeting of Catholics and non-Catholics
in Cathedral hall, Cleveland.

Catholics connected with the Good Fri-
day closing movements in Detroit frown
on the idea of a general holiday. They con-
tend that this would minimize the observance
as many people would improve the
opportunity to indulge in sports, auto
trips, etc. Newspapers report that some
of those released from shops and offices
for three hours last Friday did not go to
church but spent the time in sightseeing.
Catholic leaders here feel that the present
three-hour suspension of business makes
for a much better commemoration of the
Savior's agony on the cross than would a
full holiday. Their opinion commands
respect, for Detroit leads all cities in Good
Friday closing.—Michigan Catholic, De-
troit, Mich.

CATHOLIC'S GRAVELY CONCERNED

It is important for every Catholic in
New York State to know just where
Governor Roosevelt stands on the ques-
tion of birth control. This fall the choice
of a governor will have to be made by the
electorate of this state. While we have
no definite proof of the attitude of Mrs.
Roosevelt and her husband, it is neces-
sary to learn how they feel on this sub-
ject. It may be that the birth control
propagandists will be able to jam a birth
control bill through the state legislature.
It may be that such a measure will be
presented to the governor for his signa-
ture during the next two years. Birth
control sentiment is gaining ground. The
persistence of the radicals favoring it is
leaving an impression upon the unthink-
ing and unsocial mind. Prominent preach-
ers have adopted it and a few lesser lights
among the medical profession are deliver-
ing lectures as if having authority to speak.

Mr. and Mrs. Roosevelt may oppose
birth control. They will have the oppor-
tunity between now and November 1st to
speak their minds. If they straddle the
question or evade the issue the Catholics
of this state will be forced to vote against
the return of the present governor to
office. Our concern is not with politics or
with politicians. Our concern is the pre-
vention of legalizing contraceptive in-
formation. The question is not political
but social. It is the most damnable piece
of propaganda ever spread in the United
States. Its defeat must be the high pur-
pose of every decent minded man or
woman in this or any other state.—Union
& Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

Rev. Kenneth C. MacArthur, rural
secretary of the Massachusetts Federation
of Churches, advocates the sterilization of
confirmed alcoholics, mental defectives and
criminals in the application of the doc-
trine of raising the standard of the human
race. If he would add "unfit preachers" to
that list he might find some good people
agreeing with him as to one class.

GOLD STAR MOTHERS

One of the most pathetic, and at the
same time one of the most beautiful pil-
grimages ever conducted, is that of the
Gold Star Mothers now in France. These
mothers—mothers of boys who gave their
lives for America in the great World War,
and who are buried in cemeteries in
France—these mothers were taken across
the ocean by our Government to visit the
graves of their sons. Some two hundred
in numbers—the first contingent of sev-
eral thousands—they were taken out to
the battle zones, to historic Verdun, to
Soissons, to St. Mihiel, St. Quentin, Bel-
leau Wood, and many another place where
great armies of men battled to the death
twelve sad years ago.

From cemetery to cemetery they went,
where their war dead lie, and where the
heart of many a mother lies with her son;
and they walked among the beautiful
flowers, blossoming for soldiers that never
again shall see; and among the shrubs,
bent in mourning above the graves of the
fallen—Row on row, where the poppies
blow, they saw thousands of white crosses,
each cross with the name of some boy be-
loved and mourned by some mother. Kind
attendants brought each mother to her
own son's grave, and each knelt and
prayed and wept, and lived over again the
agony of days of war.

Everywhere the scars of war had been
worn away. The little church at Belleau
Wood, battered to pieces by giant cannon,
had been rebuilt by American soldiers and
turned over to the pious Catholic people
of that little hamlet. Mother Nature,
tender and thoughtful, had covered the
shell-scared fields with velvety grass,
bluebells, golden broom, lilies-of-the-valley
and poppies. Here and there a blasted
tree, reaching bare and battered arms
towards Heaven, stood mute sentinel of
death. All around were peaceful and
pleasant countrysides, with farm houses
filled with people whose hearts held
stirred memories as sad as those of the
Gold Star Mothers, and who joined these
mothers in the sweet and blessed com-
munion of prayers and tears.

What an unforgettable experience all of
this is for these good American mothers!
The adventurous voyage, the new and
strange land, the hospitable French peo-
ple, the storied treasures of other ages
and other races, the historic battlefields,
the marvelous Cathedrals of France—
Notre Dame, Rheims, Soissons—and
above all, and more than all else, the
dear sacred graves, well cared for by
hands guided by love, where they could
kneel, and weep and pray, and pillow again
upon their breasts the heads of the boys
they loved.

Oh, beautiful doctrine of the Com-
munion of the Saints, how empty and cold
would this world have been for these
mothers, and for every other mourning
mother in the world, were thy golden
chains of prayer, uniting living and spiri-
tual hearts, ever severed by infidel hands!
Here, by the white crosses, knelt mothers
of all creeds, and lifted hearts of agony to
God. Some mothers were especially
blessed by having been trained to say:
"Mother of Sorrows, Pray for Me!" What
sweet comfort they found in this prayer,
what indefinable consolation, what consol-
ing sympathy. For Mary, Mother of God,
and Mother of Sorrows, is to the sorrow-
ing Catholic heart the most treasured
balm in all the world.

But all of these Gold Star mothers will
come back dearer and better mothers be-
cause of their prayers at the graves
among the white crosses in France. God
will mean more to them, and the peace-
fulness of prayer will encompass their souls.
And ever they will think of the consol-
ation of sweet communion with their dear
dead boys, and ever will they thank God
that they were able to see them where

"On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead!"

THE OTHER SIDE OF LIFE

While some ministers, and quite a few
meddlesome fanatics, are prostituting
their manhood and womanhood by run-
ning up and down the country advocating
birth control, two American Sisters, mem-
bers of the Catholic Medical Missionaries,
have gone quietly into Dacca, Bengal,
India, and opened a Maternity Hospital.
Besides taking care of maternity cases,
these Sisters will train midwives to go
out into the community and give excellent
modern care to mothers.

The birthrate for Dacca is about 4,000
per year. Mothers of Dacca will be much
happier receiving instructions from these
good Sisters than they ever would be, or
could be, receiving instructions from men
and women deliberately defying God by
their teachings, nefarious in principle
and sinful in practice.

The order of the Catholic Medical Mis-
sionaries was founded in Baltimore in
1925, with the approval of Archbishop
Curley. It is an excellent order, dedicated
to a great work, and helpful to humanity
in ways approved by God.

A society matron in Chicago engaged
Fritz Kreisler to give a recital at her
home. She high-hatted Fritz horribly.
When other details were arranged, she
asked him his fee. "Two thousand dol-
lars," he told her. "Very well," she said,
somewhat scornfully, "but I want it
understood you are not to mingle with my
guests." "In that case, madam," he said,
bowing gallantly, "my fee will be only one
thousand dollars."