## The Catholic Courier And Journal

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#### THE MERCY KILLER

There has been a great deal of sensational matter published about that poor old man in Walton, N. Y., who killed his mentally defective daughter a few days ago, inspired by the fear that he might die and leave her helpless in the world. Many of the daily papers have been moralizing upon the right and wrong of his act—as though there could be any right side to a deed of this nature.

The charitable view of the case is that the poor father, mentally unbalanced by constant worry over the condition of the afflicted girl, lost his reason completely and committed an awful crime. Here is where prayer would have been a great help—prayer and a deep and sincere belief in the goodness and mercy of God. Every one of us should pray many times a day, and especially when afflicted by troubles or sorrows. The old, pious expression of the Irish people—God's will be done—covered many an aching heart with flowers of Faith, and brought peace to many a troubled soul.

Meanwhile, instead of getting excitedover a tragedy of this nature, it is always well to say a sincere prayer for the people involved in the tragedy, and to keep the sob-story mush of sensational papers away from our children and away from ourselves.

## THE CARMELITE NOVENA

The first public Novena of the Carmelite Sisters in Rochester was brought to a close on Wednesday of this week. Here was a test as to the interest of the people of the city and Diocese in the Carmelites. The results were most pleasing and most surprising. More than eight hundred persons were present at the services held at the Carmelite convent on Saratoga Street each day. The little chapel proved far too small, and the services were held in the yard at the rear of the convent. Here hymns were sung, prayers said, instructions given, and many persons brought closer to God.

In addition to those who went to the convent in person to make the Novena, a far greater number obtained the novena booklets and made the novena in their homes. The demand for the booklets was so unexpectedly large that on the first day of the Novena every one of many hundreds was gone, and a new supply had to be ordered. This interest, this response, this fine spirit of Faith, was heartening to the good Sisters. They knew at once that they are close to the hearts of the people of Rochester, among friends and brethern who walk the ways of God.

## BITING A HAND

Earl Carroll, New York theatrical producer, must feel like the city motorist who, stealing apples from the farmer, had his hand bitten by the watchful farm dog. Complaining violently to the farmer, the motorist was told: "That dog is set in his ways. He always bites a bad hand."

The law, watchful as a farm dog, has bitten Earl Carroll's hand again. It has bitten him before. And it is liable to bite him some more unless he mends his ways and his shows. Producing "Vanities", he produced lith in conjunction with art, and sought by deft stage contrivances to make that fifth seductive and profitable. How produced, may be judged by the fact that the police critic paid eleven dollars for a front seat. But he got his money's worth the servesting Mr. Carroll and his show

repapers, as a rule, are not cordial interests. But in this case it is admit a Carroll's show is "bad York." Comment on the corder until the Court acts, perhapsed that decent people seek up the New York of the court and to such the court and to the court and the court and

#### A Builder's Lesson

"How shall I a habit break?"
As you did that habit make.
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse.
Thread by thread the strands we twist.
This they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread the patient hand.
Must untwine ere free we stand.
As we builded, stone by stone.
We must toil unhelped, alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

But remember, as we try,
Lighter every test goes by:
Wading in, the stream grows deep
Toward the center's downward sweep.
Buckward term, each step astrore
Shallower is than that before,

Ah! the precious years we waste Leveling what we raised in haste;
Doing what must be undone
Ere content or love be won!
First across the gulf we cast
Kite-borne threads, till lines are passed,
And habit builds the bridge at last.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

#### QUACKS AND QUACKS

The New York City Health Department has just completed a tabulation of medical quacks engaged in buncoing the public. Each of the practitioners, manufacturers, peddlers or inventors has a folder in which is included his complete biography, the nature of the commodity with which he tricks the public, and his method of working.

The total number of quacks listed is slightly in excess of twenty-five thousand—a startling total of human leeches working chiefly upon persons afflicted with incurable diseases. With a complete record of every quack, the medical department believes it will soon be able to put an end to the business of these despicable frauds.

If this number is startling, how much more so the number of quacks who are posing as spiritual physicians of the soul. The medical quack preys upon the poor afflicted body, upon the tired mind and the dimming hopes of his victims. By lies, by false promises, by worthless guarantees, he promises cures just so long as he can inspire faith and see money in sight. Then he seeks new victims. His methods are vicious, criminal, despicable.

The spiritual quack is restrained by no law. He founds new religions. He twists old ones around to suit his own ends. He preys upon troubled souls unanchored on the sea of Faith, calls out to them that he will save them and bring them to port, and deserts them in their critical hour, as does the medical quack. One quack ruins the body. The other quack ruins the soul. Both are detestable in the sight of man and God, and ever we should remember, in dealing with both classes of quacks, the divine warning—"Beware of false prophets!"

## 550,000 PILGRIMS

Five hundred and fifty thousand pilgrims visited the home of St. Teresa the Little Flower, at Lisieux, France, last year. In 1928 the number of pilgrims to her home was three hundred thousand. Many people thought this was an amazing number, and that it probably would never be equaled again in the history of the world. That it would be nearly doubled on the following year, no sensible man would dare prophesy. Yet it came to pass, and not through any extraordinary efforts, or spectacular publicity. It came naturally, quietly almost, representing in the increased number of pilgrims the increased love for The Little Flower, and the growing interest in her virtues and her life.

It is not quite thirty-three years since Marie Frances Teresa Martin died. It is only five years since she was canonized. Yet the fame of her sanctity has spread to the uttermost parts of the world. Protestant and Catholic have received innumerable favors through her; Protestant and Catholic unite everywhere in praying to her, in making novenas to her, in asking her to help some loved one, incurably ill, some child, abnormaly afflicted, or to obtain some favor, eagerly sought and badly needed.

Fifty-seven years ago The Little Flower was born, in Alencon, France. She is, therefore, of our own time and our own age. Contemporary with us. Walking, as it were by our side, our companion and our friend. She was one of nine children, all girls, four of whom died in infancy, four of whom became Carmelite nuns, and one a Visitation nun. This heritage of Faith was no accident, no miracle, no unusual blessing. These vocations were the fruits of prayer, faithfully practised, of religion, faithfully observed. Every little while they went to the altar railing, together, to receive the body and blood of Jesus Christ in the Sacrament of the altar. They observed the feasts and the fasts of the Church faithfully. They kept Sunday sacred—a day of prayer, and from the cradle they dedicated their children to Mary, the Mother of God. The first child was named Marie Louise, the second Marie Pauline, then, in succession, Marie Leonie, Marie Helene, Marie Joseph Louis, Marie Joseph Jean Baptiste, Marie Celine, Marie Melanie, and, finally, the fairest flower of all in that blessed family-Marie Frances Teresa. If the sacriligeous birth controlists of America had their way, The Little Flower never would have been born. Lisieux never would have become a shrine. Millions of human hearts never would have been softened and consoled by the beauty of her life, the sweetness of

her soul, the efficacy of her prayers. Never, in the history of the world, has

# The Greatest Thing in the World is the Catholic Church

founded by Christ upon St. Peter, Prince of the Apostles, (Matt. 16, 18) "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church." The present Pope, Pius XI., 261st head of the Catholic Church, is the successor of St. Peter, first Pope and head of the Catholic Church, and his supreme religious authority extends over all Catholics, BUT ONLY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION. (Read about Catholic Church in "Question Box," by Conway—all book stores.)

LAVOISIER, FATHER OF MODERN CHEMISTRY,
WAS A CATHOLIC

a Saint captivated the hearts of millions so quickly. Never has a Saint appealed to all people so quickly; to the Protestant as well as to the Catholic; to the sinful as well as to the pious. She shunned publicity; yet she has become the best-advertised Saint of our time and age. She shunned attention; yet she has become the best-loved Saint, perhaps, of all ages and all time.

Here in Rochester we have a Carmelite convent, newly established. This brings the Little Flower closer to us all. For she was a Carmelite. She lived their lives, practised their virtues, shared the same sacrifices, endured the same hardships, and walked the same pathways of poverty and of prayer. We should take these Carmelite nuns to our hearts, rejoice in their presence, be glad of their prayers, and, in spirit, walk with them the pathways of the Little Flower, God's fairest rose from the family garden of Faith and of prayer.

#### ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S SPIRIT

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, entertaining and clever writer, passed from the land of life the other day, apparently with all thought of his boyhood days and of the faith of his fathers shut out from his soul. He had been born and brought up in the Catholic faith. He had been educated in that great institution of Catholic learning, Stonyhurst College, England. His grandfather and uncle, of sound Irish blood and aggressive Catholic faith, were talented artists, and one was a gifted writer.

Early in life Conan Doyle became an indiscriminate reader, a dreamer, a visionary. He found his God in books, not in Faith and not in charity or love. He quarreled with the doctrine of original sin. He quarreled with other things. Religion hampered him. He wanted his mind to run wild and free. He wanted to be liberal in thought and act and deed, and eventually he used against God Himself the gift of freedom given to him by God. So he lost his faith-slid off the rock of Peter into the great whirlpool of an intellectual sea, abysmal and storm-tossed. His talents brought him fame. His genius brought him fortune. His soul-yearning for God, as the years came upon him, brought him spiritualism, the travesty of secret sounds, of moving chairs, of tables rapped by unseen hands. And he became a prophet of the mysterious.

Then death came, bringing to him no special favor, no magic privilege. His body was buried under an apple tree in the garden of his home, and a salaried clairvoyant came to the stage of a great half in London, to bring his spirit back, and to establish beyond all doubt the truth and the beauty of the things he talked and thought in life. Ten thousand people gathered for the magic event—for humanity, still reaches eager and empty hands towards the invisible, towards the spiritual, towards God.

The lights were dimmed. The great hall became surcharged with the electricity of human expectancy. The salaried clairvoyant announced, with slow and solemn emphasis, that five spirits stood behind her, pushing her. Hundreds gasped. Some one snickered, then laughed. The laugh, contagious relief to mystic oppression, spread with amazing speed. Many started for the door.

Many started for the door. Clairvoyants are quick. Clairvoyants understand psychology, as well as salaries. Like the snap of a whip the young lady who had been reaching into the mystic land of spiritualism, groping for the friendly hand of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, announced that the meeting was over, that the offending persons had broken the "spell". For spirits, like mortals poor and proud, resent laughter tinged with derision. But the clairvoyant whispered to Mrs. Doyle, mourning for a good husband, that she had seen Sir Arthur, that she had talked with him, that he had given her a message for Mrs. Doyle-and she whispered a few words that pleased the grieving lady.

"The message came in his own clear voice, and I understood it perfectly," said the salaried clairvoyant. No one else saw him. No one else out of all the ten thousand heard him—but what is the use of being a clairvoyant if you can't have a few special privileges of your own?

Meanwhile, it is just as well to understand that the Church condemns Spiritism and Spiritistic practises, and characterizes them as attempts to revive paganism and magic. Seances are forbidden, and participation in them, for they bring no good to the soul, no truths to the mind, and nothing but evil consequences to religion and to morality.

#### TWO MILLION CHILDREN

Approximately two million children in the United States are being educated outside of Catholic schools. This is nearly one half of all the Catholic children in the country. We pride ourselves, and with good reason, on the remarkable growth of our schools. And yet we are only half way up the grade—twice as many more schools to build; twice as many more children to teach; twice as many more children to teach; twice as many more children to teach;

\*There is no denying the fact that the Church is suffering serious loss in membership each year. The statistics show that. We gain, it is true, but only in a small way, compared with our numbers. The leakage may well be traced to the thousands of homes where the children receive no religious instruction; where parents lack the inspiration which comes always from little ones who are educated in parish schools, and where religion is lamentably missing in a greater or lesser degree.

Sunday schools and religious education classes help to quite an extent in safeguarding the faith of the two million children who never see the inside of a Catholic school. But in many places this is only a make-shift help. Competent teachers are hard to find. Overworked priests and Sisters cannot do it all, and the result is that many thousands of Catholic children are growing away from the Church and away from God all around us in America. A child who goes through years of school with hardly ever a word about God or the things of God; a child with little or no knowledge of the Sacraments, the Commandments and the precepts of the Church; a child seldom or never taught to pray, or to make 'sacrifices for the Church or for God—that child, surely, is in a pitiable way to face the world spiritually when the days of childhood are no more. Little wonder is it that such children slip into the great whirlpool of irreligion, amalgamating with the millions of Americans who walk daily apart from God, and apart from all religion.

Much good can be done if more lay people would take an interest in these children; if Catholic societies would give more time to catechetical work, providing competent teachers for priests who need them; and if influential Catholics would fraternize with school boards in communities where there are no Catholic schools, and urge the teaching of religion to all children, these children to be taught by instructors of their own faiths.

There is a great field in America for mission work of this kind. Not all Dioceses are as fortunate or progressive along lines of Catholic education as is Rochester. But even here, as in all Dioceses of America, there is room for improvement, there is room for growth, there is a field rich in the fertility of its soil awaiting hands that will labor. Every one of us should more readily and earnestly cooperate with priests who need us and who ask us to help them.

When readers of this paper read about the death of the late Vincenzo Cardinal Vannutelli, quite a few of them recalled the fact that he came to Rochester in 1910; that he visited every parish school in the city and spoke to the children and to the Sisters; that he assisted at the laying of the cornerstone of Holy Rosary Church in Lexington Avenue; that a Diocesan dinner was given in his honor; that he celebrated Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral, and that he visited the great Kodak plant, was photographed with George W. Eastman and others, and took home with him a copy of that picture. Four years later, when Bishop Thomas F. Hickey, accompanied by the present Bishop of Rochester, then Vicar General of the Diocese, visited Rome, they called upon Cardinal Vannutelli and received a most gracious welcome from him. One of the first things he did, after greeting them, was to bring forth the group photograph taken in Rochester, and recall the delightful time he had in this city. He spoke graciously of Mr. Eastman, and in admiration of the great Kodak plant. His death removes a prelate whose heart keenly attuned to the aspirations of the people of many nations, and who had warm friends the world over.

Bess is dead. Bess was the first elephant owned by the Ringling Bros., penniless boys who built up the world's greatest circus. She was ninety-three years
old, and had been forty-three years in captivity. Her trainer found her dead the
other day, and the millions of boys and
girls who have seen her perform will see
her no more.

#### METHODISTS LIKE RADIO HOUR

In its issue of June 19, The Christian Advocate of New York, a Methodist publication, has the following comment on the Catholic Radio Hour, inaugurated some time ago under the auspices of the National Council of Catholic Men, and launched by Cardinal Hayes of New York:

"The radio work of the Roman Catholic Church has been greatly enlarged, strengthened and improved within the past few months, and is now highly effective and holds the attention of many listeners in Protestant homes. It is dignified, free from vituperation, constructive and educational, in marked contrast to the tone of some of the radio talk which puts Protestants to the blush."

This comment carries an impressive lesson with it—the lesson of tolerance, of kindliness, of charity for the views of others, and above all a lesson of sincere friendly interest in our separated brethern. Bishop O'Hern is an enthusiasticchampion of this very thing. In Auburn the other day; at the laying of the cornerstone of the new St. Alphonsus' Church, he pledged the non-Catholic people of the city that no word offensive to them would ever be uttered from the pulpit of that church, and that always they would be welcome to visit the church. The effectiveness of this attitude is well evidenced by the comment of The Christian Advocate. It makes an immediate good impression. It wins appreciation. It establishes a kindly and friendly relationship. It establishes confidence. Thus the groundwork is laid for spreading a helpful knowledge of our faith, its truths and its meaning.

What Cardinal Hayes said of the Catholic Radio Hour, in launching it, is equally true of the church itself. He said: "The purpose of the National Catholic Hour is not to triumph or to boast; nor to attack nor to blame, but to serve. And in the measure that it serves, and only in that measure, will it succeed."

Every one of us should take this lesson home. Every one of us can serve our friends, neighbors, relatives, who are outside of the Church, and we should do it with the utmost kindness and charity, exemplifying by our lives and our language the beauty of the Faith we possess.

### WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

At the end of every day a man should know whether he has been tagged at a fire hydrant, or given an angelic mark for some kind deed.

A pessimist is a man who closes his eyes and commences to worry about getting to Heaven when the collection box is four pews away from him.

Fred A. Victor, State Superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, says Prohibition is gaining ground in New York State because the income of the League has increased fifteen per cent. in six months over last year. Spike Jardinski says the bootlegging business is gaining ground because his income has increased five hundred per cent. In the meantime approximately 70,000 arrests for alleged violation of the Volstead law were made in America last year. It's a wonderful life, if you don't tell the truth.

How many of us remember the boy who used to steal up behind us, hit us with a rotten tomato, and then run like scared jackrabbit? Deets Pickett, research secretary of the Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church, appears to be a grown up replica of that boy. Discussing the recent overwhelming victory of Dwight W. Morrow in New Jersey, Mr. Pickett writes:

"There is more than a little reason to suspect that half of those constituting his majority were, in fact, voting for Lindy and the other half for Anne."

Mr. Pickett should take another drink of diluted grape juice after that. We feel certain that anything he drinks will not add to the accumulation of water already on his brain.

A lady in Georgia, Mrs. E. C. Alumbaugh, recently completed a jail sentence of six months for distributing the notorious bogus "oath" of the Knights of Columbus. After her conviction and sentence, her case was appealed to the highest court in the State, but the sentence was affirmed. When released from jail she was met by a delegation of "one-hundred percenters" who presented her a bouquet and a silk American flag. The lady, of course, will be exploited as a martyr to patriotism, and she will get many a free meal until her associates run out of wind or cash. It is a tragic travesty upon the intelligence of our American people that any group of persons can be found anywhere in the land so devoid of the most ordinary common sense as to believe a single line of that so-called "oath." It is one of the most asinine, as well as blasphemous and libelous things ever written. Quite a few people have gone to jail for circulating it, and it is regrettable that quite a few more will undoubtedly have to go, too, before they wake up to the fact that they are silly dupes to the wiles of professional bigots.