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And Journal

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

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ROSARY AND PRAYER BOOK

In the depths of the Belleau Wood,
where raged one of the bloodiest battles
of the World War twelve sad years ago,

No more—but here a sermon greater
than the tongue of man ever preached!
Gone for him the terrors of the mortal
combat, fear of the enemy, dreams of
conquest and of glory. Wounded to the death,

The cannon's roar about him, the deafening
din and terror of death-dealing missiles,
the cries of blood-mad men, the shocks
of massed artillery, the awful rat-tat-tat
of machine guns—all these meant nothing
to him now. Humbly he prayed. Tightly he
clasped his beads. With dimming eyes he
read the blood-stained pages of a prayer
book which, perhaps, a loving mother had
given to him, consecrated by her tears.

And now, ten years and more after-
wards, his fleshless fingers still hold the
beads. Mute witness, they, of his piety,
of his early training, of his love for God,
of the sublime Faith that brought his feet,
unflinching, to the Calvary of his patriot-
ism.

Vividly we recall the sad face of a
young Marine, home from the Belleau
Wood, gassed, wounded; eager relatives
asking him myriad questions of that awful
experience. "And what," asked one,
"was the saddest sight you saw in the
war?" "The saddest," he said, "was a
young soldier, wounded to death, trying to
pray, and he didn't know how."

Sweet, blessed beads, and treasured
prayer book, what a boon—Oh, what a
boon and a blessing were ye not to the
thousands of boys who knew how to pray,
and how to die, reaching humble, hopeful
hands, hearts and souls upwards to the
God of love, the God of pity, of mercy and
of compassion!

HAVE YOU SEEN IT?

Yet another chain prayer is on the
way. This one is carried from church to
church, and is spread like the measles. It
is a religious disease, with large germs
that can be seen without a microscope. It
seems to attack many and carries farther
than the old-fashioned measles of our
childhood days. The germs can be seen
with the naked eye. They are in the form
of paper, maybe of different colors and
shapes, and when looked at carefully it
shows writing on both sides. On one side
is a prayer to the Sacred Heart, many
words badly spelled. On the other side is
the usual bunk.

Write it nine times, say it nine days,
and put it in nine churches. And it cannot
fail!

The last part, "it cannot fail" seems to
be true. It cannot fail to make some peo-
ple waste ink and paper, to make them use
gasoline or shoe leather in going to the
churches, and then to give the poison
to some one else. They drop it on the floor
of the church, with the hope that some
one will have it and spread it to
some one more, and these eighty-one give

MOTHER

Time was she dreamed of selfish things,
Of pretty cloaks and jeweled rings
And beauty's grace and dances gay.
But all these things are put away
And now her world's supremest charm
Lie snuggled in her mother-arms.

No longer for herself she asks
Remer from all life's tedious tasks.
No longer does she wish for fame
Or popularity's acclaim.
From pleasure instantly she'll fly
If she but hears her baby cry.

What change is this, when time has
wrought
Within that lovely realm of thought?
Where has the laughing maiden gone?
The doubting old heads looked upon?
The miracle has come, it seems.
And now a baby rules her dreams.

Time was that Mary lilted to rest
The babe that snuggled at her breast;
And looking down with tender eyes
Crooned to the Christ-child lullabies.
And now this mother dreams again
As did the mother-Mary then.

—Edgar Guest.

it to nine more apiece. Oh, the number is
too large, just imagine where the disease
ends, if you can; and when, if ever.

It looks good to many, because it is
found in a church. But there are many
things found in the church that are swept
up and burned on Monday morning by the
janitor. This chain prayer was one of the
things he discovered lately. And now the
chain is broken in that particular
church. But the germs seem to be every-
where, and it will not be long before an-
other of its germs is planted in it.

This is a form of religious measles,
and we all should beware of it. Yet it
breaks out with great regularity, and all
the warnings of the priests in their ser-
mons, and the instructions given by our
Catholic papers seem to be useless. The
Catholic Courier has warned again and
yet again against this germ of chain pray-
ers, but the disease spreads. It must be
that the victims are not readers of their
own Diocesan Catholic paper, and that
they have nothing between their ears to
stop and hold what is said to them in the
sermons and instructions at the Masses
they are supposed to assist at on Sun-
days. The old scolding given to us in
school days: "Listen, let it in one ear and
do not let it get out of the other ear,"
surely applies to the warnings broad-
casted against the religious measles of
chain prayers.

RURAL PARISHES DECLINING

The Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelley, D.D.,
Bishop of Oklahoma, was the founder and
for many years the head of the Catholic
Church Extension Society. His work in
this capacity brought him into intimate
touch with many hundreds of rural par-
ishes, chiefly in the West, South and
Northwest. He helped pastors in these
parishes build and finance hundreds of
chapels and churches. He helped them
live, succeed and go forward. His work
brought him into close communication
with the Rt. Rev. Dr. Edwin V. O'Hara,
head of the Rural Life Bureau of the
N. C. W. C., and recently appointed
Bishop-elect of Great Falls, Mont.

In speaking of the appointment of Dr.
O'Hara, Bishop Kelley has this to say
about rural parishes:

"Dr. O'Hara had gathered around
him a very devoted and intelligent
body of interested helpers, and the
number of them was constantly in-
creasing. They were all we had of
experts in rural parish work. Their
talents covered everything from the
raising of potatoes to the architecture
of the farm house. I never read their
little paper without a burst of re-
proach against myself for not almost
stealing to help them; for I never go
into the small country parishes of this
diocese without feeling sad in the
knowledge that most of them are
declining. The city is exercising such
a strong fascination for the country
boy and girl that the future of all
rural life is threatened. I have said
more than once that rural parishes
without schools are certain to die.
Some even with schools are battling
for their lives. It takes experience
and knowledge to work out a plan of
salvation for these parishes. With
what can we offset the lure of the
city? Thus far we have discovered
nothing.

"The greatest danger of course is
faced by the rural parish with mem-
bers scattered over a large territory,
since for them there is no Catholic
social life. The people get together
for Mass on Sunday and perhaps for
a picnic once a year. That's all the
opportunity they have to see one an-
other. The inevitable result is mixed
marriages, which in the country are
more dangerous than in the city. The
Bishop of a Southwestern diocese,
now dead, used to make it his effort
not to open new churches but to close
old ones. He would advise the people
of the little missions to move away
and get into a Catholic rural com-
munity where the children could have
the opportunity of securing a religious
education and the adults the
strengthening influence of Catholic
associations. But it is not an easy
thing to get people to give up old
homes and seek new ones. Could
colonization help? We are going to
try it in Oklahoma. But colonization
without colonists is impossible; and
where shall we find the colonists?"

Collection For The Diocesan Seminaries

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1930

OBJECTIVE—\$60,000.00

The enlargement of St. Andrews House to care for students from outside the
city of Rochester; extensive improvements at St. Bernard's Seminary, especial-
ly in facilities for preparation and serving of food; together with necessary
renewals and extensions at both seminaries, make our SEMINARY BUDGET
FOR 1930 — 1931 SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS. MAKE YOUR contribu-
tion larger and more generous than in past years!

NAME \_\_\_\_\_
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_
AMOUNT \$ \_\_\_\_\_
"Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He send laborers into His harvest."

\$60,000 FOR SEMINARIES

The annual collection for the two
Seminaries of the Diocese of Rochester—
St. Andrew's and St. Bernard's—will be
taken up in all churches of the Diocese
Sunday: Our Right Reverend Bishop, in
a letter to all Diocesans, has outlined the
cost of upkeep and maintenance and the
cost of necessary repairs for the coming
year. The estimates, prepared with the
utmost care, and with thoughtful econo-
my, total \$60,000.

In the expenditures of the year our
Right Reverend Bishop has in mind the
enlargement of the St. Andrew Home, to
care for an increased number of students
in St. Andrew's Seminary whose homes
are outside the city of Rochester; exten-
sive improvements at St. Bernard's Sem-
inary, especially in facilities for prepara-
tion and serving of food; and necessary
renewals and extensions at both Semin-
aries.

"Make your contribution larger and more
generous than in past years," Bishop
O'Hern says to every person.

There is great need of this. Buildings,
as they grow in years, grow in cost of up-
keep, and in cost of maintenance. Modern
equipment must be installed. Changes
must be made. Improvements are neces-
sary. The attendance increases. Enlarged
quarters are imperative—more furniture,
more supplies, more teachers, more ex-
pense all around.

There are close to five hundred stu-
dents in the two Diocesan Seminaries—
five hundred healthy, energetic young
men; five hundred future priests of God,
to go into many Dioceses, from coast to
coast, carrying the Cross, preaching the
word of God, champions of right living, of
decency, of justice, and of right religion.
To care properly for these students, to
house them and educate them according
to the high and exacting standards of the
Catholic Church, is a great task. Bishop
O'Hern has this task upon his shoulders.

He asks every person in the Diocese of
Rochester to help him in this task—for
no one man can accomplish it alone—by
contributing as generously as possible to
the annual Seminary Collection on Sunday.

This Diocese, great in numbers and of
broad expanse, and rich in the treasured
inheritance of a rugged and enduring
Faith, should go far beyond the quota set
—more than the Bishop asks, more than
the quota of \$60,000. Let us, then, on
Sunday morning, fairly swap our Right
Reverend Bishop with the size of our con-
tributions to the fund he needs for the
Seminaries, that he may face his work
Monday morning with a glad and inspired
heart, proud of his people, and over-
whelmed by their generosity!

BLESSING THE GRAVES

Sunday afternoon the Right Reverend
John Francis O'Hern, D.D., Bishop of
Rochester, will bless the graves in Holy
Sepulchre Cemetery. Here sleep the be-
loved Catholic dead of the city of Roches-
ter and vicinity. Many thousands of them
are here, the young, the middle-aged, and
the old folks, tired and spent at the end
of life's long journey, resting, sleeping,
waiting for the trumpet call to God.

All our lives we have been taught by
the most solicitous mother in the world—
our Holy Mother Church—that it is a holy
and wholesome thought to pray for the
dead that they may be loosed from their
sins. Each year, among the graves where
sleep our loved ones, our Bishop comes, to
bless anew the consecrated ground in
which they rest. A spirit of loving solici-
tude is back of this. There, among the
tombstones erected by loving hands, we
are brought closer to our dead. We are
their comrades again, their companions,
their sisters, brothers, children, husbands,
wives or parents. In a service most beau-
tiful and appealing, we are reminded in the
most impressive possible way to pray for
our dead. We are reminded that twenty
centuries of Time, with all their vicissi-
tudes and changes, have not altered one
whit the teachings of the Catholic Church
in regard to eternal life. We are linked,
in the tenderest possible manner, with the
spirits of our dead through that beautiful
doctrine, the Communion of the Saints,
and we are influenced to remember their
virtues, their ideals of goodness and of
truth, and their devoted and enduring
Faith in Almighty God and in His Holy
Church.

Many thousands of people should be at
Holy Sepulchre Cemetery Sunday after-
noon. The service will warm the heart
and inspire the soul of every person in
attendance. Bring with you Catholic and
non-Catholic friends, that they may see
and know and feel the beauty and loveli-

ness of Christian prayer for the dead.
Bring them so they may catch from the
very atmosphere the thoughts that stirred
to poetic expression the soul of Tennyson:

"For what are men better than sheep or
goats
That nourish a blind life within the
brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of
prayer
Both for themselves and those who call
them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every
way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of
God?"

CONVERTS TO THE CHURCH

Widespread interest is being caused by
the coming to this country from England
of Gilbert K. Chesterton, world-famous
editor, writer, lecturer, and a notable con-
vert to the Catholic Church. Mr. Ches-
terton will give a series of lectures in this
country, and it is no exaggeration to say
that the world has no more popular lec-
turer to-day than he.

England, in recent years, has given to
the church a veritable army of converts.
That a number of them have been gifted,
like Mr. Chesterton, with great intellec-
tual attainments, is merely proof that the
Church carries a convincing appeal to all
classes. In other words, she is a universal
Church, for all people—for black and
white, red and yellow, rich and poor, and
for persons of ordinary mentality as well
as of great mentality.

Here in America, as indeed everywhere
in the world, the number of converts is by
no means small. More and more, as
thoughtful people, sincere people, seek for
the living and eternal truths, they are
convinced that the Catholic Church,
mother of all churches—Mother of Chris-
tianity itself—has those truths, fully,
completely, unchanged and unaltered. The
pity of it is that here in America so many
millions of our lay people make no effort
whatever to transmit these truths to their
non-Catholic friends and neighbors. In
England, the Catholic people are far ahead
of us in this regard. They are active, mili-
tant lay apostles.

Our Holy Father recently made an ap-
peal to all the world for a more aggressive
Lay Apostolate. It is all right for us to
say we are proud of men like Gilbert
Chesterton, and Rev. Dr. Selden P. Delany,
the distinguished Episcopal minister who
recently joined the Church in New York.
But let us remember that the soul of John
Jones, the truck driver, of Thomas Smith,
the day laborer, and of every other person
in the world is just as precious in the
sight of the Church and in the sight of
God. The appeal of Pope Pius is for Lay
Apostles to work universally, and it is an
appeal that should be answered by im-
mediate, kindly and persistent effort to
bring the sunlight of Faith to the souls of
our friends and neighbors, to the end that
we may have more converts to the Church
in America.

THE VOICE IN THE AIR

Radio, the voice of the Air, is a mar-
velous opportunity for the Church to
spread the truths of Faith. For instance,
what an inexpressible privilege it was for
millions who were unable to attend the
recent Eucharistic Congress in Omaha to
sit by their radios and hear the great pro-
grams of that Congress—Cardinal Munde-
lein's talk on Wednesday evening, and
Judge Manton's great discourse, both of
them beautiful banquets for the soul, and
a superb musical program, being among
the features.

To all who listen—and we all should
listen to such programs—the Radio can-
not help but bring food for our Faith, fuel
to warm the soul, and inspiration to every
one of us. There is worry on the part of
many prelates lest rural parishes are
doomed to decay. But with the Radio to
carry such programs to every home, the
Catholic on the prairies, the Catholic in
the little village, the Catholic everywhere
is able to receive new inspiration, new
courage, new zeal—the fire of great as-
semblages, the oratory of great men, the
uplifting and glorifying spirit of song.

Omaha's fifty thousand pilgrims were
at our fireside Wednesday night. Cardinal
Mundelein was our guest. Judge Manton
was a new friend. All the fire, all the
fervor, all the soul-lifting inspiration of
that great mass meeting of Catholic men
and women—these were ours, just as
truly, almost, as if we stood with uncov-
ered heads in that great assemblage of
pilgrims in Omaha, and gaw and heard

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

A Mohammedan mosque at Rhodes
has been transformed into a Catholic
Church. The next step will be to trans-
form the Mohammedan sinners into chil-
dren of the Church.

Bishop Cannon is coming home from
Brazil to face new charges. This is bad
enough, but wait until his new wife gets
making new charges in the department
stores.

An ex-policeman died in New York the
other day and left an estate valued at
\$115,598. No, he didn't. He made it in
real estate.

Salesian missionaries are winning
great favor in Japan by giving musical
concerts and including several Japanese
numbers in these concerts. The Japs love
music, and they are delighted when the
missionaries sing the native songs. ¶

Five members of the theatrical com-
pany playing "Bad Girl" were arrested
recently in New York on the charge of
staging an indecent performance. Hear-
ing of their cases has been postponed, and
their attorney promises that the objec-
tionable parts will be deleted from the
play. The recent vigorous action of the

Catholic Theater Movement, demanding a
thorough housecleaning of the metropoli-
tan stage, is bearing fruit. Protestants
and Jews have added voices of hearty ap-
proval to the work of the Catholic Thea-
ter Movement, and so will all decent peo-
ple. Dirt on the stage means dirt on
human souls.

The Catholics of India recently held an
All-India Conference. Delegates were
present from twenty-two Dioceses and
from ten Catholic societies, and a number
of helpful discussions gave inspiration to
everybody. The Church is progressing
rapidly in India, thanks to the energy of
the missionaries and to the generosity of
all who help the missionaries go forward.

Benedictine monks saved hundreds of
lives when a terrible typhoon swept Korea
several weeks ago. The monks have an
abbey high on the hills above the town of
Tokugen. They rushed into the valleys,
inundated by the sea, and helped the un-
fortunate people reach the safety of their
abbey, where they fed and cared for them.
Nearly two thousand people were killed in
Korea by this typhoon, and more than
eight thousand homes were destroyed.

Senator Fess of Ohio, Chairman of the
Republican National Committee, has just
announced that he "simply will not stand
for" any revival of the religious issue in
the Congressional campaign now under
way. If Senator Fess thinks this an-
nouncement will win him any Catholic
acclaim he has another guess coming. The
Republican party stood good and plenty
for the religious issue—not only stood for
it, but shoveled it in chunks into states
where it was expected to be effective—in
the late Presidential election. Some of the
libelous, dirty stuff went right out of the
National headquarters of the party. Now
when the Senator and his associates find
a healthy American reaction against this
kind of dirt, he is trying to wave a white
flag to the Catholic people. Silenced would
have been more eloquent on his part.

Thousands of youngsters enjoy the
Toonerville trolley funny picture in many
newspapers throughout the United States.
Many of them will be interested to know
that the original character of that "funny,"
George A. Imas, died in West Orange,
N. J., the other day, and was buried with
a solemn requiem high Mass in that city.
He is survived by three sisters and one
brother, and one of the sisters is Sister
Desanges of the Sisters of St. Joseph in
Bayonne, N. J. Mr. Imas served as motorm-
an and conductor of the "swamp line."
He is remembered by many residents of
Northern New Jersey as the conductor
who always was obliging in waiting for a
passenger to finish his second cup of cof-
fee, or who was delayed a few minutes at
the office at night. Not only were patrons
of the line who were strangers in the
vicinity informed of street destinations,
but also they were able to learn from
either the conductor or the motorman, the
name and address of every family along
the line. Since the discontinuance of the
trolley line Mr. Imas has been employed in
the terminal of the Public Service Corpo-
ration in Newark.

these things with our own eyes and ears.
Tuning in on our Radio, let us learn to
tune in on worthwhile programs. A little
rag-time will do no harm, nor comedy, nor
drama. But let us be careful not to over-
feed our souls with these things. Our own
Catholic Radio hour, broadcast every Sun-
day from St. Patrick's Cathedral; the
Catholic Radio hour from New York
every Sunday evening; the Paulist
Fathers Radio hour every day in the week;
and the many wonderful special features
that come to us, like the Omaha Congress,
every little while—what joys, what bless-
ings, what inspirations these are to every
Catholic soul; aye, and to every sincere
Christian soul, groping for truth and glad
to find the light.