

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Editorial Staff:

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

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Friday, October 24, 1930.

BOOSTING FOR NOTRE DAME

Not in recent years has any football game attracted such deep-seated interest as the Notre Dame-Carnegie Tech game Saturday. Both teams have good boosters in Rochester, but it is safe to say the great preponderance of boosting is with the Notre Dame team. Knute Rockne has spoken in this city. Notre Dame has a lot of graduates here and all through the Diocese, and altogether there is a fine feeling of friendship in Rochester and vicinity for the university, its great coach and its great team.

Wonder is expressed many times about the amazing football record of Notre Dame, and various reasons are advanced for the success. Two words sum up the whole situation—they fight and they pray. They fight for the honor of Notre Dame, they fight for the coach they love, the fight for the sheer thrill of a good clean, wholesome fight—the kind of sport that brings out the best there is in a man. And they pray to God for His strength. His help—not to win a mere football game; not to defeat some other team; not to win glory for themselves. But they pray to Him just as sincerely and deeply as if they were praying to Him when encompassed by some great trouble—because they love Him, because they have been taught to look to Him for His graces and blessings at all times; because, in short, they feel a sacred and solemn comradeship with Him, and in time of stress and trial they like to go to Him and ask Him to bless them and to be with them. It may be difficult for some persons to understand this spirit, and to accept it with reverence. But with the Notre Dame boys it is a wonderfully beautiful, uplifting and inspiring spirit, and it gives them heart, hope and courage.

Knute Rockne frankly confessed, not long ago, that it was this very spirit which made a convert of him—the spirit of prayer, the spirit of Faith, the spirit that brought his boys at all times, whether in victory or defeat, to the Church they love and to the God they worship.

REMEMBER THE MISSIONS

In all churches of the Diocese membership fees and alms for the Missions will be taken up Sunday. The contributions will go to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. The Rev. Leo C. Mooney, with offices in the Lincoln-Alliance Bank Building, 183 Main Street, E., Rochester, N. Y., is Diocesan Director of this society. This society has been in existence one hundred and twenty-two years. It is under the immediate supervision of the Pope, and its work has given great stimulus to the work and success of the Missions the world over.

In order to better understand the purpose for which we are making our contributions Sunday, it is well to remember that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith helps to maintain 4,720 mission churches; 42,792 mission schools; 1,850-824 pupils in Catholic schools; 617 hospitals; 1,866 medical dispensaries; 1,400 orphan asylums; 15,250 home and foreign missionary priests, and 40,150 missionary nuns in all parts of the world. Millions of converts have been made to the Church because of the work of these devoted missionaries. The Cross has been carried where the Cross had never before been seen, churches, schools, hospitals and asylums built, and blessings innumerable, spiritual and temporal, brought to the inhabitants of many lands.

When we contribute to this work we do so in a special way. It is worthy of our friendship and a generosity, and we do it with a little thought that what the people will give worth-while contributions when their hearts are made in their own hearts.

STAR of the SEA

Wild though the storm, dark though the night, Still thou dost shine, placid and bright, Sweet gleam of Hope, Love's gentle ray, Star of the Sea! guiding our way. Beaming through storms, fadeless and pure, Unto the goal, our beacon sure; Soft o'er the waves smiteth thy ray, Star of the Sea! guiding our way. Still lead us on, cheer from afar, Past the bleak reefs, over the bar; Safe into port, through lightnings play, Star of the Sea! guiding our way. Poor travelers we, tossed in despair, If, looking up, thou wert not there; From midnight dark to dawn of day, Star of the Sea! guiding our way. —Hope Willis.

THE C. Y. M. A. ANNIVERSARY

Forty years ago, the Rev. August Pingel, C. S. S. R., of St. Joseph's Church, looking ahead with prophetic eyes, founded the Catholic Young Men's Association of Rochester. His thought was to help give young men clean athletic and social entertainment, and help them meet the problems and temptations of life under proper conditions. There were fifty charter members, many of whom have answered the call of God; others of whom are respected and dependable citizens, a credit to the community and to their Church.

On Monday evening this week the C. Y. M. A. celebrated its fortieth anniversary. The occasion was a happy one. The attendance was excellent. The old-timers were there, looking young, as their countenances reflected the memories of forty years ago. A fine spirit of loyalty was evidenced, and of interest in the society and pride in its work. Speakers reviewed the accomplishments of the first forty years of life, and the record was an inspiring one.

The founders of this society had good vision. The present members of it have caught the torch thrown to them by their fathers. The flame has been kept burning brightly, and the good wishes, good will and congratulations of many people will be extended to the C. Y. M. A. on this anniversary. May it live thrice forty and more, to do helpful and appealing work for boys and young men, to exercise a fine Christian influence in the city, and to give a sustaining hand to all within its reach. Climbing the ladder of good citizenship and of Christian life is not hard when an organization like the C. Y. M. A. helps hold the ladder. Its founders had the right view. Planning for boys, they said:

"Give them a chance for innocent sport, give them a chance for fun— Better a playground plot than a court and a jail when the harm is done! Give them a chance—if you stint them now, to-morrow you'll have to pay A larger bill for a darker ill, so give them a place to play!"

THE DEMOCRACY OF THE CHURCH

On October twenty-eighth the Rev. Louis B. Kucera, pastor of Holy Trinity Church in the little village of Protivin, Ia., will be consecrated Bishop of Lincoln. An humble country priest, happy with his home people, zealous in his work and devoted to his Church, Father Kucera has been selected from many thousands of priests in America to become a Prince of the Church. His home people gave him a farewell reception the other evening. Editors of weekly papers came in from nearby villages, country justices, country storekeepers, neighboring priests, many non-Catholics, and his own people—all joined in honoring him, and in expressing sincere regret that he is to leave them.

The selection of a country pastor for the high and responsible office of Bishop of the Church is a striking example of the unflinching democracy of the Church. Many of the most distinguished prelates of the Church in America were and are sons of poor people. They were chosen because of their fitness, their qualifications, their piety, their zeal, and their devotion to God. There is no royal highway to the episcopacy—the pathway is always God's pathway, beautified by the lilies of service and the roses of sacrifice.

CHRIST THE KING

Sunday is the feast of Christ the King. Two thousand years ago Pilate asked our Saviour: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?" The Gospel Sunday recounts this dramatic scene in the passion of our Divine Lord. His hour had come. The chief priests and the scribes had plotted together how they might bring about His death. Judas Iscariot, arch traitor of all time, had gone to the enemies of Christ, arranged for the betrayal, and for his pitiful thirty pieces of silver. The Last Supper had been held, and the great Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist instituted. Our Lord had passed through the awful agony of Gethsemani. Judas had given Him a kiss of betrayal. His enemies had seized and taken Him before Caiaphas, the High Priest, and the rabble had spat upon Him and struck and mocked Him. And when morning was come, St. Matthew tells us, they brought Him, bound, and delivered Him to Pontius Pilate, the Roman Governor. And Pilate

Catholics Save Taxpayers \$282,804,000

This year on education. This total is based on the per capita cost of educating a child in Rochester schools—\$103.98 in elementary schools and \$199.01 in high schools. There are 2,283,000 pupils in Catholic elementary schools, and 228,000 in Catholic high schools in America. Catholics maintain their own schools because they want their children to be taught the truths of God in school.

DANTE, THE WORLD'S GREATEST POET, WAS A CATHOLIC

asked Him: "Art Thou the King of the Jews?"

The beautiful truth of the Kingship of Christ over all earth and all peoples, over Heaven and all things else, has ever been held by the Church. But in all the centuries that have elapsed since that memorable morning when He stood before Pilate, no special feast day had ever been established in commemoration of that Kingship until our present beloved Supreme Pontiff, at the close of the year 1925, announced to the world that the last Sunday of each October would be the Feast of Our Lord Jesus Christ, King.

It is this Feast, therefore, that the Church will celebrate the world over on Sunday. King of earth. King of Heaven. King of men. King of angels. King of all empires, all nations and all peoples. King of the Universe—all the planets, the stars, sun and moon, time and eternity. King of kings, mighty and supreme, glorious and immortal, our Father, our Saviour, our Redeemer and our God. And always our Friend.

And so on Sunday, in a special manner with all the loyalty and love of our hearts and souls, with all the sincerity and devotion of our natures—we will pledge anew our fealty and our service to our King. We will pledge Him service. We will pledge Him all we are or hope to be, the things we have or hope to have, our joys, our labors, our desires and our accomplishments—our all! And it would be fitting and well for each and every one of us if we would open the doors of our souls and receive Him in the Blessed Sacrament of the altar, making our King our own dear Guest, giving Him the throne of our hearts and the shrine of our souls for now and for always, in Christ's sweet name.

THE HONORS OF THE WORLD

Captain General Valeriano Weyler, former Governor of Cuba, and whose iron hand was partly responsible for the Spanish-American War, died the other day in Madrid, Spain, at the great age of ninety-two years. He was the last surviving figure of the old military school in Spain, and he had received many honors from his home land and its people. Shortly before his death, he added a codicil to his will, ordering that he be buried without State honors, and with the most modest funeral possible.

"In my time," he wrote, "I have seen much of the honors of the world, and I know they are worth nothing."

In keeping with his wish—though all Spain was anxious to honor him—he was laid at rest, simply, quietly, with no public funeral, and with less than forty persons at his grave.

Instinctively his last wish recalls the Plains of Abraham the night before General Wolfe and his British army attacked Quebec long ago in Colonial days. The stars were shining down upon the sleeping army, the day's dawn was not far away, and General Wolfe, awake, repeated this verse from Gray's "Elegy":

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power, And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave, Await alike the inevitable hour— The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And to the grave they led Wolfe, for he died on the field of battle in the morning—died as Weyler died, believing that the honors of the world are worth nothing, that death takes them all.

The answer to all this is what the Church impresses upon her children again and again: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his immortal soul?" Many a man and woman have turned their backs upon God to win, to grasp, to cling to and cherish things that General Weyler has just told the world are "worth nothing." Peace gone, conscience marred, soul scarred, immortal happiness jeopardized for a few brief baubles, perishable and worthless—what an unhappy lot for those who tear God from their hearts and give themselves, body and soul, to the world!

A gentleman in Virginia has been arrested for going to church too often. The specific complaint is that he went at the wrong time, always at night, and stole practically everything movable. Suspicion was directed towards him when he presented his lady love with a fire extinguisher marked "Sunday School Department." The present amused her so she told her friends, and the friends told the police. The young Romeo will be limited to one church for a time, the jail chapel.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Fred Mandel, the great Jewish merchant who died in Paris recently, left \$10,000 to the Catholic charities of Chicago and a like sum to Mercy hospital of that city. His will puts to shame that of many a Catholic financier.

Albany is about to make great strides in religion. Methodist ministers in that city recently adopted a resolution, the purpose of which is to permit "frank discussion of moral and especially of political issues" in their pulpits. This will be a great help to the human race.

We have a new exhibit with us—a "dry-wet". Lieut. Governor Lehman calls his opponent, Senator Baumes, that. The next thing we know we'll have a Methodist-Catholic. Both of these would work out all right. A dry-wet who gets a good drink will be a happier man, and a Methodist-Catholic who sees the light of truth will wonder how he ever lived so long without it.

Mr. William Randolph Hearst, back home after his expulsion from France by the French Government, is being welcomed by many people in many places. The vigilant Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, joined in the welcome by slapping a five million dollar libel suit upon the back of the returned Mr. Hearst. The latter, recovering from the shock, said he had no comment to make, whether from legal caution or financial nervousness he does not explain. It seems that the good Bishop, showing evidences of revived youth, courted an attractive widow not long hence, with resultant matrimony, the knot being knotted in London. Whereupon the Hearst papers, exploiting the alleged Romeo antics of his Lordship, did publish statements, insinuations, innuendos, allegations, et cetera, concerning the courtship of said Bishop, some of which were not according to Hoyle, to say nothing about Scripture. All of which the Bishop asserts to be false, libelous and villainous. Wherefore, he demands redress for five million dollars, that being the price he puts upon his ecclesiastical reputation. If things could be arranged so Al. Smith would be foreman of the jury in this case—providing it ever comes to trial—we would feel that ample justice would be meted out to his Lordship. Meanwhile the poor Bishop, like his sidekick in politics and bigotry, Tom Heflin, is afflicted by a son who has been passing bad checks—caught, perhaps, in the stock market, like his spiritual-minded father, or something worse. Being a Bishop, it seems, has its drawbacks.

We are just a mite sorry for President Hoover over the box he got himself into by his message to the Lutherans—a message historically untrue and worded so it could not help give grave offense to all Catholic people. We say we are a mite sorry for him, and yet we are not. President Hoover went into the White House riding on the most abominable wave of bigotry ever seen in America—bigotry exploited by the professional politician, the whispering snoop, the narrow-minded minister, the fanatic and professional champions of bigotry—the men and women who make their living off it. The American people, while intrinsically honest and fair and broad-minded, are easy victims, sometimes of this sort of business. If President Hoover had the backbone of a Roosevelt, or the solid Americanism of a Cleveland, he would immediately have appointed an outstanding Catholic to a high place in his cabinet, as a public declaration that he had not been contaminated or influenced by that bigotry. He owed this to himself far more than he owed it to his fellow-citizens of the Catholic faith. Yet he did nothing of the kind. The chief misfortune of President Hoover's present dilemma, says the New York Times, is "in the fact that Mr. Hoover was elected President in a din of anti-Catholic cat-calls."

Well, he certainly can't blame that upon anybody except his friends who put him there. Father Burke's criticism of the President's message to the Lutherans was short, sharp and smashing. Nothing like it has ever before been uttered by a Catholic priest against a President in the history of America. Every word of it was justified, and there isn't the least doubt but what the President is in a most unhappy frame of mind over it. If he had a devout, sincere and high-minded Catholic in his cabinet he could turn to him for sympathy and advice in his dilemma. But he hasn't. Our sympathy for the President comes through the belief that he was wholly innocent of any intention to offend the Catholics; that some smart secretary dashed off the message to the Lutherans, without giving serious thought to a word of it; that it sounded rhetorical and up-and-up to the President, and that he signed it without the slightest suspicion that it would bring swift and severe reaction. He cannot disown his words now. He cannot apologize to the Catholics without offending the Lutherans, and also that the noisy, un-American pack of yelping hyenas who boosted bigotry to help elect him. So he is between the devil and the deep sea, between Scylla and Charibdis.

Director Woodcock, of the U. S. Prohibition Bureau, sent out questionnaires some weeks ago to 3,000 newspapers, asking their opinions on the Prohibition Law, whether they are in favor of it, opposed to it, or just neutral. Many of these questionnaires were answered, then the Prohibition Chief suddenly flopped and sent other letters to the newspapers, telling them to disregard the questionnaires. Mr. Woodcock announces that he abandoned the plan "entirely on its own volition." That is a silly announcement. We would like to know just what pressure was brought upon the Prohibition Chief—were the first replies not to his liking, was his job in danger because of these replies, did he talk with the Anti-Saloon League crowd, or did some one higher up drop a big hint on the top of his head? Let us have the facts, Mr. Woodcock.