

The Catholic Courier And Journal

Official Paper of the Diocese of Rochester Published at 237 Andrews St., every Friday by THE CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL, Inc. With the Approbation of the Right Rev. John Francis O'Hara, D.D., Bishop of Rochester TELEPHONE MAIN 1567

Courier Established 1919 Journal Established 1889 Subscriber to the N. O. W. C. News Service Entered at the Postoffice at Rochester, N. Y., as Second-Class Matter

SUBSCRIPTION RATES Payable in Advance One Year \$3.50 Foreign, one year 5.00 Make all checks payable to Catholic Courier and Journal, Inc. Advertising Rates gladly furnished on application. This newspaper will not accept unreliable or undesirable advertising.

Editorial Staff: Priests of the Diocese, Maurice F. Sammons, 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, November 21, 1930.

THANKSGIVING DAY

Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, in his Thanksgiving Day proclamation, sounds a deeply beautiful note, expressive in a fine way of the sincerity of the man and of the spiritual simplicity of his nature. He writes:

"Let the people of our State on that day give thanks and pray to Almighty God, who has given us this good land for our heritage, that we may prove ourselves a people mindful of His favor and glad to do His will; that he may bless our land with honorable industry, sound learning and pure manners; that He may save us from violence, discord and confusion; from pride and arrogance, and from every evil way; that He may defend our liberties and fashion into one united people the multitudes brought hither out of many kindreds and tongues; that He may endow with the spirit of wisdom those to whom we entrust the authority of government, that there may be justice and peace at home; that in the time of prosperity He may all our hearts with thankfulness, and in the day of trouble suffer not our trust in Him to fail."

To all of which we say a hearty "Amen!" Governor Roosevelt's heart, softened by the distress he has seen in the State and out of it, and attuned to the tenderest sympathy it is possible for one who has suffered himself to bestow upon others, surely was warmed in a keen way to his subject when he penned that message. It will do all of us good to read it.

\$270,600,000

The above figure is approximately what the Catholic schools of America are saving the taxpayers of America every year. There are approximately 2,640,000 children in Catholic schools. Statistics issued by the Federal Bureau of Education show that the average cost of educating a child in the public schools is \$102.50. Multiplying 2,640,000 by the average cost, and we obtain the approximate saving to taxpayers by the Catholic schools.

This is an amazing total. And year by year, as the number of Catholic schools aid the number of Catholic children increase, this total will be increased. Multiply this total by five, and we are running into the billions. But Catholic schools have a higher and better purpose than that of saving taxes. They teach religion, they teach morality, they teach every subject that helps make boys and girls better men and better women, better fathers and better mothers, better citizens and better Americans. The debt America owes the Catholic schools cannot be measured in dollars, or added up in columns of figures. It is something immeasurable and incalculable. It is something that is stabilizing the life, the character and the conduct of the American people. It is something priceless!

DRINKING, GAMBLING, FOOTBALL

The American public was solemnly assured some months ago by persons who claim to be experts in dry statistics that the use of liquor by college students is rapidly disappearing. Now comes Dr. Charles C. Seaman, president of Southern Methodist University, with the statement that inter-collegiate football will have to be abandoned in many colleges unless gambling and drinking are stopped. Officials of several institutions have already discussed the possibility of abandoning football because of the attendant gambling and drinking, he says.

We might add, for his benefit, that this is one of the blessings brought upon America by Prohibition. Hip flasks at an inter-collegiate football game are more numerous than flies at a barbecue. It is considered smart, an adjunct to whoopee, a necessity to the cultivation of rejoicing and to the drowning of sorrow. The sad part of it is that young boys and girls who are smart and physically, leave an untidy and unbecoming mess who are honest and clean and who are the future of the youth of

The Rickshaw Coolie

"He's but a rickshaw coolie," The maiden klibly said; I gazed upon the creature Who meekly bowed his head. The beads of sweat clung to him, He panted on his way, Pulling his heavy burden Each slowly passing day.

The words struck cold and heartless I turned my eyes once more; A change passed over the figure; A nameless look he wore; The beads of sweat were bloody, And thorn-crowned was the head, And there, a rickshaw coolie, Stood Christ, his friend, instead.

I bowed down on the roadway And raised my eyes to see The wondrous Son of Mary A rickshaw coolie, He Who came all men to rescue Gasp'd on His way again, The Shameful One of Calvary, Bearing his load for men.

"Why weest Thou so, my Jesus?" Love pierced me like a daff, He turned His gaze upon me, Full captive was my heart, With sullen of tender pity He raised His bleeding head "I go to die for coolies Of all the world," He said.

The vision then passed from me, We paid our rickshaw fare, The street was grey and dirty, With only coolies there, But tears welled up within me, And I prayed on the Tajpuz Road That Christ, the Rickshaw Coolie, Would let me carry His load, A Sister of Charity in China, —The Far East.

IN THESE TRYING DAYS

In these trying days of unemployment, of want, and of dire need, our people should do everything possible to help everybody who is in distress. This helpfulness should embrace all humanity—no racial lines, no religious lines, no color lines. Do everything within our means, in the name of God, for the needy and the suffering.

No person is closer to the poor of a parish than the pastor. If you know of no needy persons, ask your pastor. He will readily give you the names and addresses of worthy poor families. They are in want now, and your love for Christ should inspire you to help them in every possible way. To know that you put food into hungry mouths; that you helped clothe a needy human being; that you brought sunlight into the shadows of desolation—surely this will be sweet happiness for every person who helps his fellow-beings in these trying days.

TOUCHING THE SORE SPOTS

Many men interested in public affairs are trying to heal the festering sores on the body of society in our land. They first touch the sore spots, pointing them out to law-abiding people and recommending action tending towards a cure.

"Prohibition," said Professor Harold R. Medina, a member of the Wicksham Commission, in a recent talk to the Pennsylvania League of Women Voters, "is mainly responsible for the disrespect of law in our country. The disrespect can also be traced to the late war, to the greediness of the modern generation, and to the lack of religious training. Perjury has become so common that juries are refusing to indict."

These are strong words. They paint a picture that many people will refuse to accept. But they are truth, however they may hurt some people. Temperance is a virtue. Prohibition is a violent command. "Stop using strong drink, in the name of God, and God will bless you for it," Father Mathew pleaded four score years ago. Millions took the pledge from him and kept it. "Stop drinking," commands the Prohibition law in effect, "for you are inciting others to violate the law of the land."

"Stop drinking, in the name of God," Father Mathew pleaded. "Stop drinking, in the name of the Law," America orders.

There is a vast difference between these two, and in this difference is anchored the rebellious attitude of millions of Americans to the voice of the law. And in this difference is the answer to the growing disrespect of law in America. Father Mathew's plea brought peace of soul, happiness and contentment to those who took his pledge of total abstinence from liquor. America's command brings resentment, rebellion, disrespect of law, and contempt of law from many people. All laws should be obeyed, but all laws should be of such character that they will inevitably win the respect and support of the people. But, according to Professor Medina, the Prohibition law has not done that, but the reverse.

Lack of religious training, as Professor Medina points out, is another source of disrespect of law. True religion teaches respect for and obedience of law, and respect for authority. This is a powerful help to the civil authorities in the enforcement of law and, lacking this, law enforcement becomes a serious problem.

Talking about sore spots will not cure them. If Prohibition, as Professor Medina says, "is mainly responsible for the disrespect of law," proper action should be taken in regard to it. Lack of religious training will never be remedied only in one way, and that is the right way. What are the American people going to do about it?

The reason the devil always gets his due is because he is always on the job.

Freedom of Thought and Catholics

We praise the captain of an ocean liner for obeying the warning signals flashed from the coast. Catholics should be praised for obeying the dogmatic decisions of the Church. Christ made the Catholic Church the beacon light of the world, flashing out to us warning signals that will guide us safely to eternity. The doctrines of the Catholic Church no more impede the freedom of Catholics than do the beacon lights set along the rocky coast impede the voyage of the navigator. He disobeys them at his peril.

VALENTINE, THE FATHER OF ANALYTICAL CHEMISTRY, WAS A CATHOLIC PRIEST

COLLEGE HUMOR

The authorities of the Louisiana State University apparently do not appreciate college humor. They have caused the arrest and conviction of one K. K. Kennedy—let the initials not alarm you—on the charge of distributing obscene literature. Kennedy graduated from the institution last June. He was president of the student body, president of the senior law class, and member of three honor fraternities. Likewise editor of a "pink sheet."

It was the "pink sheet" that raised the publication attributed to various members of the faculty immoral and vicious acts; theft, fraud, embezzlement and numerous other crimes. It also attacked the characters of coeds on the campus and women members of the faculty and various sororities. The editor generously included himself in the above category. The "pink sheet" victims appealed to the law, which has refused to laugh at and with the exuberant student.

College humor, we might add, is usually considered outside the pale of the law. Driving flippers through store windows, feeding gin to goats, turning greased pig-lose at prayer meetings, setting barns and haystacks on fire, tying dynamite to the tails of dogs, shooting gentle and kindly cows, hitting fatherly policemen with bricks, and a million and one other things invented by gifted and exuberant youths, all are supposed to come under the head of justifiable college humor, inspired by generous knowledge of Virgil and undying love for Euripides. If K. K. K. had stuck to these, and not enlarged upon the imaginary characters of gentle co-ed teachers and fellow students, the chances are the university authorities might have resorted to laughter instead of to law. Some of us cannot help wondering, however, just what kind of moral slant his education has given this bright young gentleman that he should exploit the subjects he did. Did his university feed him "modern" ethics, or did a fall in his babyhood cause a reversal of his vein of humor? If not, why the "pink sheet"?

THE CHURCH IN NEW YORK CITY

Fifty years ago, Cardinal Hayes pointed out at the recent golden jubilee of All Saints' Church in New York City, there were only two hundred and fifty Catholic churches in the New York Archdiocese, with approximately six hundred thousand members. To-day, he said, there are four hundred and fifty churches, with approximately 1,300,000 members. Charitable, welfare and educational institutions have grown in proportion.

When the Revolutionary War ended there were less than two hundred Catholics in New York City. These were faced by a vigorous feeling of bigotry and hostility. Thomas Stoughton, the Spanish Consul-general, and Dominick Lynch, afterwards one of the pioneer Catholics of the city of Rome, N. Y., loaned them five thousand dollars, and in October, 1785, the cornerstone of the first permanent Catholic Church in New York City was laid. Father William O'Brien, organizer of the parish, went to the city of Mexico to collect funds for the new church. He brought back with him \$5,920 and a number of vestments, paintings, etc. Father O'Brien established a parish school in 1801, and that school is still in existence.

When Bishop John Dubois, third Bishop of New York, took charge of the Diocese in 1826, he found only two Catholic churches in New York City, and a wild feeling of bigotry rampant in the city. The British were coming, and the Irish, kings of the metropolis now these many years, were not welcome. In 1844 the "Native Americans," and again in 1854, the "Know-nothings," threatened to destroy the Catholic churches in New York City. There is a story told that the great Archbishop Hughes, then at the head of the Church in the metropolis, called personally upon the Mayor of the city on each of these occasions, asked for police protection, received scant courtesy, and then sternly warned the Mayor that he would arm his people and defend the churches himself. Not a church was harmed, nor a Catholic assaulted in the city.

After the Civil war practically every newspaper in New York City, in the "Help-Wanted" columns, had an appendix to every advertisement—"No Irish Need Apply." Thus hard did bigotry die, dragging its laggard heels all through Colonial days, Revolutionary days, the days of the War of 1812, the days of the Mexican War, and finally the Civil War, gasping out its venomous breath with the slogan

"No Irish Need Apply." It was the last gasp. Better days were coming—and more Irish.

To-day, where the Know-nothings howled less than four-score years ago, there are approximately fifteen hundred priests working for God, Church and Country; three seminaries, with more than seven hundred young men studying for the priesthood; one Catholic University, with nearly ten thousand students; three colleges for boys, and four for girls, with nearly seven thousand students; thirteen high schools, with four thousand students, seventy-four academies, with thirteen thousand students; nearly three hundred parish schools, and nearly 200,000 children receiving Catholic education. Thirty hospitals and a great many other charitable and welfare institutions attest to the love and service of the Church for suffering and needy humanity. Bigotry, that shouted the cry of murder and arson in the year 1854, lifts its voice no more. All people dwell, as they should, in peace, harmony, mutual trust, and with a fine sense of American fair play. All this in a few score years—what of the future? Let the fidelity and zeal of our people answer that.

WHY ATTACK THE STAGE?

"Why attack the stage? We merely depict life," whined some of the New York City theatrical producers when the Catholic Theater Movement, through the Rt. Rev. Msgr. M. J. Lavelle, rector of St. Patrick's Cathedral, recently launched vigorous criticism against the lewdness, profanity, vulgarity and indecency of the metropolitan stage.

Well, why attack it? The Autumn Bulletin of the Catholic Theater Movement has just reached us. Only six plays are on the "White List"—decent plays, worthy of the stage and good to see. They are:

"Marigold," by L. Allen Harker and F. R. Pryor; "Mrs. Moonlight," by Benn W. Levy; "The Ninth Guest," by Owen Davis; "That's Gratitude," by Frank Craven; "Romeo and Juliet," and "Twelfth Night," by Shakespeare. "Journey's End" is listed as "an extraordinary decent play," and "a grim tale of war spiced with fun," but it was not deemed advisable to submit it for the "White List." "Solid South" is listed as "a pleasant satirical comedy of Southern hospitality."

What about the other metropolitan productions? The Bulletin lists twenty other plays, and quotes parts of criticisms of them taken from the New York daily papers. It makes no criticism of its own, nor is any needed after the quotations are read. These critical comments answer the question "Why Attack the Stage?" in a very emphatic way. Here are some of them:

"The Bad Girl," by Brian Marlow and Vina Delmar—"An atrocious childbirth scene."

"Blind Mice," by Vera Caspary and Winifred Lenihan—"Purity and chastity make themselves just as scarce in the recreation room of a residential home for self-supporting girls as they do in the men's locker rooms of a golf club."

"Cafe," by Marya Mannes—"A mean and hopeless presentation of human degradation."

"Dancing Partner," by Frederick and Fanny Hatton—"Its witless disingenuous lines are replete with devious nastiness."

"The Green Cockatoo," by Arthur Schnitzler—"Depicts the visits of roistering gallants and their fair companions to one of the lowest dives of the city on the Seine."

"Nine Till Six," by Airnee and Philip Stuart—"Girls going through a disrobing act in a dressing room, making snappy references, and occasionally indulging in profanity, form the main body of action."

"Suspense," by Patrick MacGill—"It blurs out the usual red-fire oaths, takes rather a fancy to the regulation obscenities."

"That's the Woman," by Bayard Veiler—"Adultery, infidelity and profanity form the basis of the play."

"And why attack the stage?" asks the dramatic producer, weeping like a Florida crocodile. The lovely slimy stage, the nice filthy stage, the creeping, crawling reptilian stage—why attack it?

One fist, one jaw. The two meet. Results: Tony Canzoneri is the new lightweight champion of the world, Al Singer toppling from the throne. Thus does the devil hit many a Christian a wallop when he is not fortified by prayer and good works. Tony, bright little Italian, sticks to his own name, which is to his credit.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Al. Capone was lifted out of the beer vats and given a place in the pulpit last Sunday. Bishop Jenkins, Episcopal, of Nevada, mentioned him in a sermon in New York City.

The American Bar Association votes 13,779 to 6,340, in favor of ending Prohibition. Are the briefs getting too dry, or is the middle name of the organization suggestive, too keenly, of the good old days?

Some optimists think the recent election wiped out the religious issue. It didn't. But it nearly wiped out the Republican party, and it wiped out Tom. Helin of Alabama, who was swinging from the coat-tails of the G. O. P. and the Klan in his State.

The first church in the world dedicated to the dogmatic doctrine of the Immaculate Conception is the Church of the Immaculate Conception, on Fourteenth Street, New York City. This church, renovated and decorated at a cost of \$70,000, celebrated its diamond jubilee the other day. Ex-Governor and Mrs. Alfred E. Smith occupied a front pew during the services. Cardinal Hayes officiated at the celebration. Al. Smith said, after the services, that he "came as an old East-sider" to pay his respects to the Cardinal, to the pastor of the church, Father Tierney, and to an historic church. Nine nationalities are represented in the congregation of this church to-day—and all nine races kneel together at the same Masses, receive Holy Communion at the same altar rail and meet and mingle as fellow-children of Jesus Christ. True Catholicity is here.

Sixteen million Americans visited Canada last year, we are told. Estimating that each one spent an average of \$100—which we think is low—we find that one billion, six hundred million healthy American dollars went into circulation among our neighbors across the border. Maybe that's the answer to "What has happened to Hoover prosperity?" Making generous allowance, perhaps one million of these visitors went over to see the Canadian scenery and the fish jump in the Welland canal. The other fifteen million, we believe, went over with a healthy expectation of being able to read the labels on Canadian bottles and test their muscles by pulling corks. If you doubt this statement, just stop in any Canadian hotel and see how many Americans you can find reading the Methodist Clip-Sheet, or looking for a dry spot even on a wet day. I cost a friend of ours—a Hebrew gentleman, by the way—\$78.90 for a few rounds of cocktails flavored with colored chemicals, and for some sandwiches, in a New York night club a few weeks ago, when he took several friends there. It cost him less than \$20 for a full course dinner and some excellent Canadian ale in a Montreal hotel the next week, and he had two more persons in his party in Montreal than in New York. "And that's why I'm heading for Canada in the future," says Jackie. Just put that in your pipe and smoke it, Mr. Business Man, when you're reading the next sermon on "moral uplift." As the lamented Fingy Connors of Buffalo used to say: "Them's cold facts."

COMMUNITY CHESTS

Community chests are maintained in three hundred and sixty cities in the United States. Of these, two hundred and twenty cities hold their Chest campaigns in the Fall. Thus far, according to reliable statistics gathered by The New York Times, sixty-four cities have held their campaigns, and have received more in subscriptions this year than last. A total of \$15,325,545 was raised for 1930 by these cities in their campaigns last Fall, and of \$16,623,015 for 1931, with returns from seven-tenths of these cities not yet complete.

The unemployment situation, creating a greater demand upon community chests, also has created, officials of the association declare, a greater interest and willingness to support the chests. In some cities the oversubscription has been the direct result of wealthy persons doubling or increasing their subscriptions. On the other hand, it was found that in every city a large part of the increase has come directly from job holders—persons who may at any time have to turn to the chests for aid.

Springfield, Mass., was cited as the best example of this. It has subscribed \$46,000 more than it did last year and \$40,000 more than its quota. An analysis of the subscriptions showed that contributions of \$1,000 or more balanced perfectly against these of last year, with the additional \$46,000 coming entirely from small salaried industrial job holders, who gave more and in larger numbers than previously.

Community Chests are a blessing to every city in which they are properly maintained. Rochester has one of the best in the country, representing not only the generosity and good-will of all people of the city, but representing a splendid spirit of kindness, of helpfulness and interest in all needy people. The spirit shown by other cities in this time of depression will surely be shown with energy and enthusiasm by Rochester—the spirit that wins in the face of every difficulty.