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WITH THE GOVERNMENT

The United States Supreme Court, in a recent decision, holds that the various states and the Government itself have the right to punish any person who openly advocates the violent overthrow of the Government or of the present industrial system.

This is right. It is good sense. It is sticking with the Government. It is definite announcement to the professional trouble maker that the Government will tolerate freedom of speech only so long as that speech is kept within proper bounds. When speech becomes a menace to existing order, when it is charged with disloyalty, abuse and treason, when it breeds disorder, violence and possibly murder, then it should be checked.

Communists and Socialists will not like this decision. They will rant and rave about the "proletariat" buying up the U. S. Supreme Court and creating a situation hostile to human rights. But, in the last analysis, they cannot help but feel in their own hearts that it is mighty illogical for them to ask a Government to protect them while they are advocating the destruction of that Government. Their demands for protection such as this would put them in the light of the Irishman who said to his enemy: "Hold my coat while I hit you!"

OBSCENE BOOKS AND PICTURES

The sale of obscene books and pictures increased in a marked manner last year, according to a report just issued by Postmaster General Walter F. Brown. "Pornographic matter," the Postmaster General calls it. Nude and obscene cartoons and pamphlets were found in amazing frequency in the mails, but were removed and excluded when found. The report says in part:

"Rigid enforcement of State laws forbidding the sale and display of indecent publications and pictures would do much to help clear the field of such objectionable matter.

"The activity of certain foreign dealers has increased to a remarkable extent, and certain individuals and concerns which change their names frequently have undertaken to flood the country with circulars of an exceedingly obscene nature."

This is not to be wondered at. With Judge Ben Lindsey bobbing up like a jumping jack, shouting for companionate marriage and "scientific" divorce; with crowds of pin-headed women, many of whom could not tell a baby from a poodle dog, following him in ecstasy; with numberless so-called ministers of the gospel applauding this disciple of immorality and indecency, sugar-coated in rhetoric, and with boys and girls in many of our high schools and colleges discussing sex as frankly as if it were rheumatism or the weather, no one need pretend to be amazed if obscene books and pictures find a warm place at American hearthstones.

America needs a wholesome house-cleaning. The spirit of the great mass of our people is inherently decent at heart. But the poison of indifference to religion spreads contagion that breeds indifference to morality, with the result that we have gotten into the habit, many of us, of shrugging our shoulders at immoral plays, immoral pictures, shady "jokes" and all the other things that are harmful to virtue, right living and right thinking. There are crusaders aplenty for indecency. We need an army of real crusaders for decency. Our priests, and the decent ministers and rabbis cannot do it all. Laymen and women must help. In France, recently, a woman had a bookkeeper arrested for mailing his daughter a book of obscene pictures. In our own country, if the women of America would show the same moral courage to it—and if they would see to it that they were in just the right

A Christmas Gift

What can I give Thee, Lord, today?
No gems have I, no incense sweet;
A sinner's heart I tremble lay
As humble tribute at Thy feet.

How poor and worthless it must be,
Lord, in Thy sight, pure, undefiled;
And yet I dare to offer Thee
A heart contrite of erring child!

As one who touched Thy garments' hem,
The penitent—Thy love, I know,
Will pardon, and will not condemn—
O make my sin-stained heart like snow!

Accept it, Lord, and make the gift
Of worth, through Thy forgiving power;
Strengthen and heal, its aims uplift,
That it in Paradise may dwell.

Henry Taylor.

place, the postal authorities of America would find a satisfying shrinkage in the mailing of obscene matter. It is better to act than to talk about it.

JOHN GUTENBERG'S BIBLE

Several thousand students and adult lovers of books flocked to the Congressional Library in Washington, D. C., last Saturday to see the famous collections of books recently bought from Dr. Otto H. F. Vollbehre in Europe. It was the first public display of some three thousand books printed nearly five hundred years ago, when the art of printing from movable type was first discovered. The Government paid \$1,500,000 for these books, and thus obtained one of the most famous collections of old books in the world.

Among all of these treasures of the ancient printer's art, there were three volumes that stood out—three volumes everybody wanted to see—John Gutenberg's famous Bible, printed in 1451, a generation before Columbus discovered America, and seventy years before Martin Luther and his associates slandered the Church with the accusation that the Church was opposed to the Bible. These three volumes, the first ever printed from movable type, looked as fresh and clean and beautiful as if they had just come off the best printing press in America.

They are printed in Latin on vellum, from type beautifully cut by hand, with hand-colored capital letters in red and blue, and they are in perfect condition after all these long years, so superbly were they made and bound, and so carefully treasured.

And where did John Gutenberg get his text for these three volumes? From the Catholic Church—from monks who had given their lives and talents to printing the Bible by hand, and who had safeguarded every word of it, because every word was truth from God.

And who saved and preserved this Bible when John Gutenberg died more than four centuries ago? Benedictine monks, generation after generation of them—watched it, guarded it, loved it. And when Napoleon's mighty legions swept over Europe, carrying death, desola-

:: The Security of the Home ::

"A cross section of homes which reveal a flat, a dog with a long mane and a short tail, and an automobile, is not a very stable environment for instilling the Christian virtue of sacrifice, independence and fear of God. The failure of parents in such homes is revealed in the lives of their children. The security of the home rests upon the stability of the marriage bond, and despite modern practices there is room for only one mother in the home, and not a succession of different mothers."—Archbishop John J. Glennon, D.D., St. Louis, in address before International Boys' Work Council.

tion and terror wherever they went, Benedictine monks, fearful that their precious volumes might be stolen or destroyed, fled into Switzerland, carrying the precious books with them in the year 1807. Two years later they went to the Benedictine monastery of St. Paul in Carinthia. There, ever since, the monks guarded and treasured John Gutenberg's Bible. Four years ago, impoverished because the World War had ruined their revenues, the Monks sold these three precious volumes to Dr. Vollbehre, who in turn sold them to the American government for the amazing price of \$3,700,000—the highest price ever paid for any book in the history of the world.

John Gutenberg was a devout Catholic. When he invented the art of printing from movable type—one of the greatest inventions ever given to the world—his first thought was to print the Bible, to print the word of God, that more people might be able to see it and read it. How many volumes he printed we do not know. But we do know that there are only three editions of his Bible in existence after all these years—the one in Washington; another in the British Museum, London, in two volumes, and the third in the Bibliotheque Nationale, Paris, in four volumes. These rare and precious books were printed by a Catholic, from text supplied by the Catholic Church; from text preserved by the Church from the days of the Apostles. When lovers of rare books are privileged to see the famous Gutenberg Bible in Washington, they are therefore privileged to see living, beautiful evidences of the love of the Catholic Church for the Bible; of the solicitude of the Catholic Church for the Bible—treasured evidences of the fidelity of the Church in preserving the word of God throughout all the ages and centuries of Christian life. Not John Gutenberg alone, but the Church more than he; looks out from the pages of these rare and beautiful books.

CHRISTMAS

With this Christmas edition of the Catholic Courier & Journal, we take occasion to extend to all our friends, subscribers and readers our deep and sincere wishes for a happy and blessed Christmas. May the Babe of Bethlehem visit the hearts and souls of all, bless them and shower abundant benediction upon them all.

Christmas brings a spirit of exalted joy to us all. It lights anew the fires of Faith, of interest and good will one in another. It touches with a rarely kind hand the souls of the children. For then Santa Claus races through the world. His silver bells spread glad music through the sky-lands, and the hoofs of his reindeer fill all the world with mystic and magic sound. As the children grow older, love of Santa Claus becomes merged with love of the Christ-child, and they look with poetic eyes back through the centuries to the star-studded fields of Bethlehem of Judea two thousand years ago.

For all of us the story of Christmas is a story of inexpressible love and inexpressible sacrifice. It is good for us to walk in spirit with Mary and Joseph to the Inn where they were denied admittance, thence to the humble stable where our dear Lord was born. It is good for us to go out into the fields where the shepherds watched their flocks, and with amazed eyes see the angelic host appear in the clouds singing: "Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will." It is good to hear the angelic messenger call out: "Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people. For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David!"

For this is the heart and soul of Christmas—not presents, not carols, not good wishes, not holly decorations, not brilliantly lighted trees laden with gifts—but Christ the Lord. He is the heart and soul of Christmas and all who share His love, His thoughts, His sweet spirit of sacrifice—ah, but they will have truly a happy Christmas, blessed and beautiful with things spiritual as well as with things temporal.

And so, it is with this thought in mind—that the love of the Christ-child may be in every heart—that we wish our friends and readers all the blessings and joys of that day, the birthday of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our Redeemer.

VERY REV. LEWIS J. O'HERN, S.C.P.

After fifty-four years of life, twenty-seven of them as a priest of God, the Very Rev. Lewis J. O'Hern, D.D., C.S.P., rector of the Apostolic Mission House of the Catholic University at Washington, D. C., passed from life one week ago today. Brother of the Bishop of Rochester, and of the Misses Helen and Gertrude O'Hern of this city, he had visited many times in Rochester, had spoken here at banquets and at meetings, and had left the imprint of his glad, happy soul and sunny nature upon the hearts of many people.

On Monday morning the funeral of Father O'Hern was held in the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, New York City. This service had been preceded by another one in the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception at Washington, D. C., on Saturday morning. At the latter service His Excellency Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi, D.D., Apostolic Delegate to the United States, presided in the sanctuary, and in New York City His Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes presided. Bishop O'Hern celebrated both Masses, and there were many high prelates of the Church, priests, Sisters and laymen in attendance at both services. At the service in New York City there was a large delegation, lay, religious and clerical, present from the city and Diocese of Rochester. Cardinal Hayes gave the final blessing at the close of the service, and the body of Father O'Hern was placed in the crypt of the Paulist Fathers in the church where sleep their priestly brethren awaiting the judgment day.

There is something fine and wonderful in remembering Father Lewis J. O'Hern. One thinks of him not as dead, but as just beyond the hills of life, his face wreathed in smiles, his hand upraised in greeting, his eyes shining with the warmth of comradeship true and wholesome, his whole being reflecting joy, gladness, priestly zeal in the presence of human souls, and happiness linked by invisible bonds to the thought and presence of God. For it was with an exalted human exuberance that Father Lewis O'Hern gave his talents and energy to the work of God and the welfare of his fellow beings. He loved friends, comrades, and the companionship of all people. In this, he knew no racial, social or religious lines, but saw in every human being a brother in Christ the Lord. Well did Father John Burke, his friend for years, say of him in his funeral sermon in St. Paul's Church: "Catholic, Protestant and Jew will miss and mourn him, for he was friend to them all."

In the Southland he labored as a priest, then on the Missions, then among the

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

The whole range of Cardinal Newman's teaching has been set forth in "A Newman Synthesis," arranged by Father Erich Przywara, S.J., to be published in December by Longmans, Green & Co. Father Przywara has taken passages from every part of Newman's writings and arranged them so that they fall into a logical sequence.

Many Rochester people have heard the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.S.P., speak in this and other cities. Everybody in the Diocese, and outside of it, can hear him from six to seven o'clock every Sunday evening over the Radio—scholarly, beautiful talks. Tune in Sunday evening and you will enjoy him, and be benefited by him. He is one of the ablest Radio speakers in America.

A Federal judge in Detroit, Mich., Tuttle by name, says that a man who cannot drive an automobile properly should not be granted naturalization papers to become an American citizen. Toot! Toot! Tootle! But come to think of it, that's really a more practical qualification than singing "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Eighth Avenue Association, some four hundred strong, gave Al Smith a dinner in New York the other day. Some of the rhetorical labels attached to Al were: "Civic worker extraordinary," "our best-beloved friend and associate," "a genius in government," "a real self-made man," "Smith—builder, not of buildings, but of American ideals." Louis Wiley, business manager of the New York Times, said a proper appraisal of Mr. Smith's public service would "require so much time that business would be normal by the time we left this hall." Patrick E. Crowley, president of the New York Central railroad, was among the guests. It was a great event, and a splendid tribute to a great man.

Four thousand persons attended the wedding of Al Capone's sister in Chicago the other day. Another thousand, unable to get into the church, stood outside in the snow and slush. Five of the guests were arrested for carrying revolvers. The bride wore a gown of ivory satin, with a train twenty-five feet long, and she carried a shower bouquet of four hundred lilies of the valley. There were five bridesmaids and one matron-of-honor. The groom had seven attendants. The wedding attracted a bigger crowd than Gilbert Chesterton is able to draw to any of his lectures in America, and much larger than any Anti-Saloon League convention is able to muster. The crowd would have been a great deal larger, only the hour of the wedding was kept secret. Romance, we take it, even in bootleg circles, is very much alive. We hope the bride will be happy, and that the groom will not water his Scotch too heavily for the Christmas trade.

U. S. Army and Navy chaplains in the World War, then as a teacher, rector and editor of a great religious magazine, The Missionary, giving to all of these varied activities the fire of his ardent nature and the refined gold of his priestly soul. The great Cardinal of New York, whom he served as executive secretary of chaplains during the World War, pronounced him one of the most lovable and capable priests he has ever known. Pope Pius XI sent him his Papal blessing at the hour of his death, and from all over the land messages of sympathy and sorrow have come to his brother, the Bishop of Rochester, and to his other relatives. Thus close did he live and work to the hearts and souls of human beings, binding them to him with bonds of love.

Now that he sleeps in death, there is sweet comfort for all who knew and loved him in "the balm for the heart that's hidden afar in the solitudes!" His life was well lived. His work was well done. He labored devotedly in the vineyard of God. He sowed the good seeds of Faith, of Love and of Charity in many places and among many men, and when his tired hands were folded the Church blessed him with the benediction she gives to her best beloved children. He rests now among the priestly comrades who had gone before him. And though there is an undertone of pain in the hearts of all who knew and loved him well in life, there is likewise the sweet call of Faith and Prayer—the golden chains that bind the hearts of the living with the hearts of the dear departed dead. Many, many people who treasure the memory of his glad voice, his sunny nature and his sympathetic soul, will pray to God that he may enjoy for all eternity the unsearchable riches of Christ. And the people of the Diocese of Rochester—Protestant, Jew and Catholic—will extend to the beloved Bishop of Rochester, and his brothers and sisters, their prayerful sympathy in the loss of one so rarely well gifted and appreciated—brother, comrade and friend all the years of his fruitful life.

That First Christmas
By Katherine Edlund

OVER Judaea the night clouds had fallen,
The wide-spreading country lay quiet and still,
And all were at rest save a few humble shepherds
Who tended their flocks on a far lonely hill.

THEN on the stillness there came strains of music,
Songs that never had fallen there before,
Over and over the glad news repeating:
"Earth can rejoice, for the long night is o'er."

MAN from his bondage of darkness and doubting
Now can be free, for a Savior is born,
God has come down from the glory of heaven,
To bless and to gladden the earth on this morn.

OVER in Bethlehem, hallowed forever
Because he has chosen the place for his birth,
There, as a baby, lie Jesus the Savior,
Lord of the heavens and Lord of the earth.

HE, who could come on the wings of the morning,
In power and splendor, to palace or hall,
Has chosen the humblest and poorest of dwellings,
A stable in Bethlehem—a cold manger stall.

HE who is mighty beyond any telling,
Whose hand guides the sun and the stars in their way,
Has come from the glory and splendor of heaven
For love of mankind on this glad Christmas day.

THRILLED by the message, the shepherds stood
Watching,
Awe-stricken, speechless, they gazed at the sight,
Listening enchanted as angel songs echoed
Over the hills on that wonderful night.

HE, too, can hear the glad songs of the angels,
And feel their deep music so true and sublime,
If we open our hearts to the beautiful message,
To the joy and the peace of this glad Christmas time.